

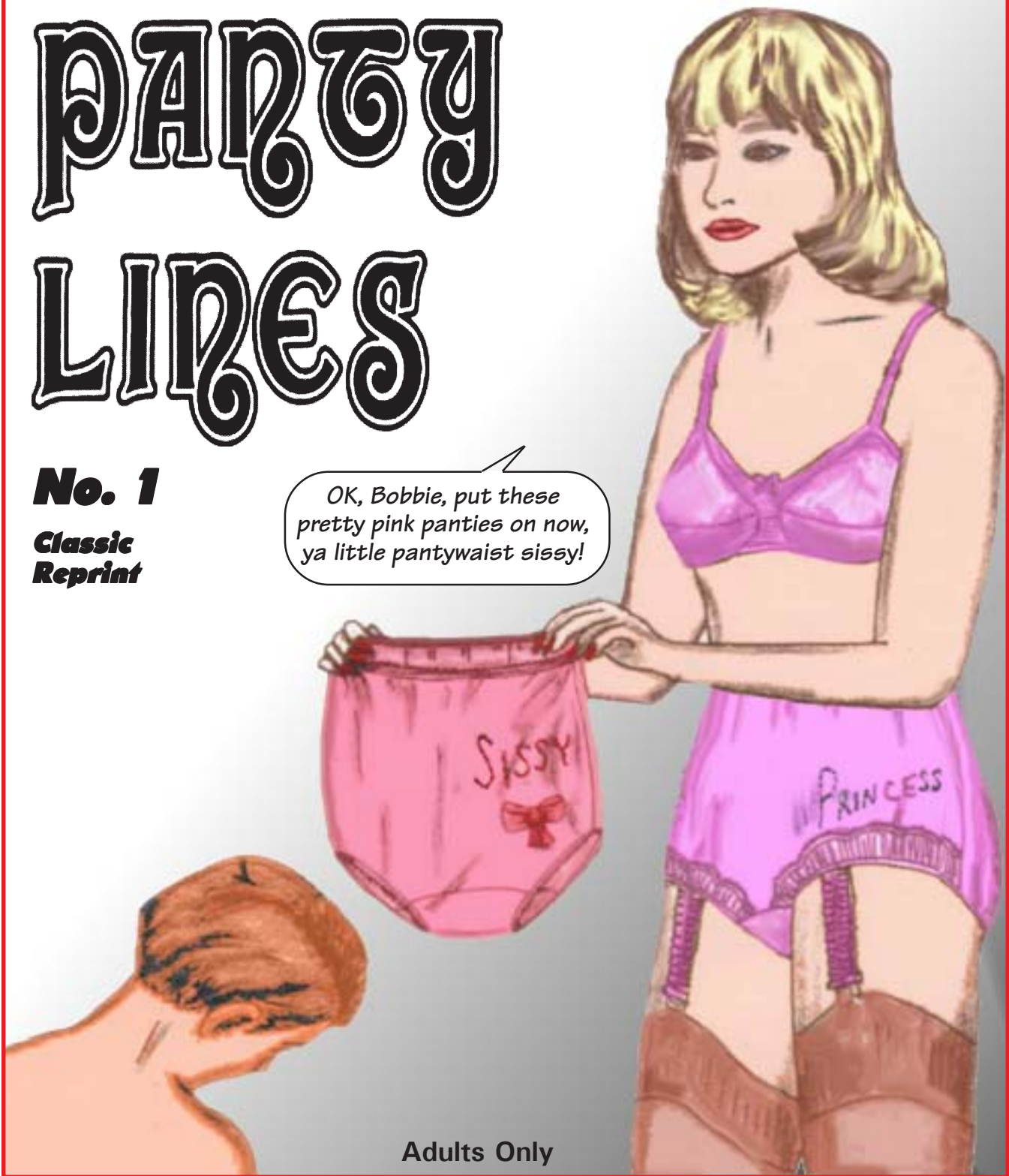
THE ORIGINAL

PARTY LINES

No. 1

**Classic
Reprint**

OK, Bobbie, put these
pretty pink panties on now,
ya little pantywaist sissy!



Adults Only

Real sissyboy panty stories, with both straight and forced gay themes, exclusively for and about adult pantywaist sissies who dream of being naughty little boys forced to wear girls and sissy clothing with an emphasis on old-fashioned, silky, frilly, brief-style panties.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



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A Message from Princess Lacey

*OK, boys,
show me your panties!*

Dear Sissies,

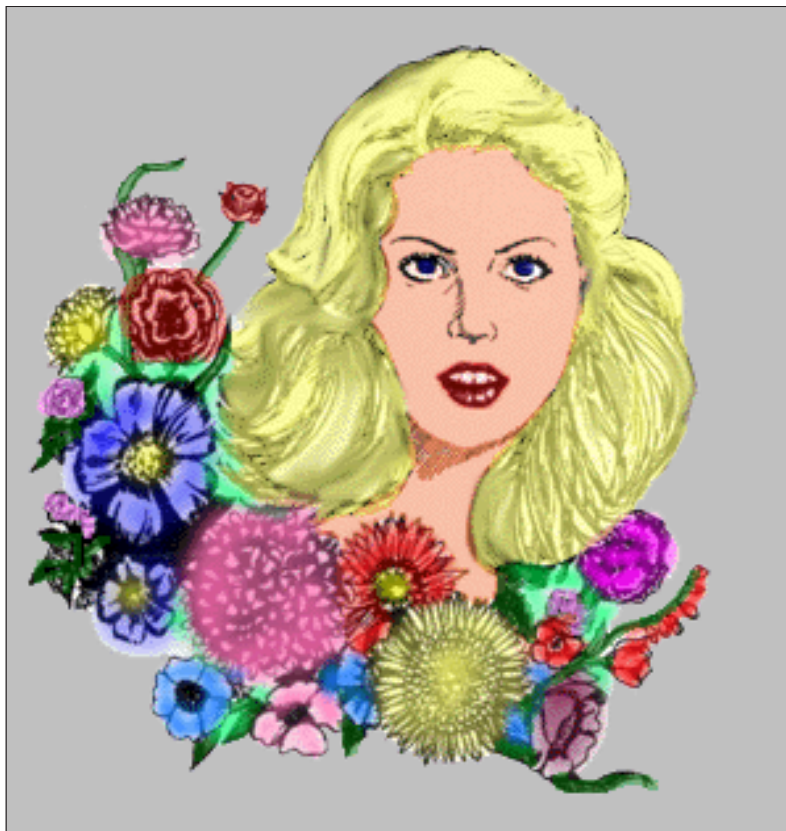
A boy tagged as a 'sissy' during childhood may forever after be plagued with feelings of inadequacy. He may grow up to lead a lonely, unfulfilled life. Then again, he may become one of the most fortunate of all human beings -- a person who truly knows what makes him happy.

In these days of the macho male, the sissy is sadly neglected. Pity the boy who acknowledges his sissyhood, a boy who hungers to express his identity -- his swishy feminine side -- but is too inhibited and embarrassed to show people his true self in today's macho world.

This publication is designed to comfort sissy males, let them know they are not alone in the world, help them enjoy their sissyhood and give them an outlet for their suppressed desires.

Being a sissy is a strangely rewarding experience. For a boy to be called a sissy by his peers can be devastated, but it also can be a humiliation that becomes pleasurable. A sissyboy, who truly knows himself, understands the mental relief and great joy that can come from giving into his need to be feminized and humiliated. He knows he's a pantywaist and longs to be treated accordingly. A sissy male is difficult to typify. He can be a submissive, a panty fetishist, a transvestite -- he can be one of these, all of these or none of these. He can be a heterosexual or homosexual, or only homosexual while being forced into it. He can be a he-man on the outside and a sissy on the inside. Very frilly panties and other feminine attire are the only proper attire for a sissy. Every day, many sissy males wear girlish lingerie under their business suits and work uniforms. Humiliation is the key to pleasuring a sissy because he obtained sissy status through some humiliating act, words or situation. The terror and embarrassment of being labeled a sissy often results in a desire to seek a repeat of that shame. And, even though he usually has to put on a normal personality and appearance to make it in the outside world, he longs to relive his never-to-be-forgotten shame.

Self-exploitation of his shame can catapult a sissy into the



ultimate peace of mind. It's an exquisitely exciting, though temporary, reward because Nirvana for a sissyboy means regularly revisiting the shame tucked away in the deepest corners of his mind.

The name of my publication is Panty Lines, and of course, the focus of my attention is on panties -- pretty, silky, frilly panties -- not the modern strings of cloth called bikinis or thongs, but rather full-cut lacy panties and other lingerie of the 1950s, like cancan petticoats, babydoll nighties, and garter belts with nylons. I concentrate on panties, because I too have a fetish for them. Moreover, they are my method of training, controlling and satisfying sissy males. I've dedicated my life to understanding them. I know how to make pansies feel like the simpering little sissies they know they are.

This publication is for sissies and everyone who loves them. In it, I will not be appealing to a wide range of exotic tastes. Instead, I will be presenting items that 'turn me on,' hoping to reach individuals whose desires are similar to my own. This is a publication of love not a commercial, money-motivated venture. I have specific objectives for a select readership.

And, yes, I need your help. If your tastes are similar to mine,

I need your letters, stories, fantasies, photos, and drawings in order to produce a publication to fulfill your needs. I need the help of those who believe in my ideas. They will be rewarded with a publication they can call their own.

Pretty panties, humiliation, feminization and sissyboys are a natural combination. Panty Lines' format includes news, case histories, photographs, illustrations, fantasies and personal letters about panty fetishism, petticoat punishment and the sexual humiliation of pantywaist males. I hope each issue of Panty Lines will explore these topics and related situations better than any other publication.

To keep this publication alive, I need your help. Place an order now -- and while you are at it, write to me a long letter telling me about yourself. Describe in detail how you became a sissy. Describe the pretty panties you can not live without. Tell me about humiliating situations you have experienced or dream about. Write to me now!

Now, put on a pretty pair of silky panties -- I'm sure I would laugh at you if I could see you -- and start touching your silk-encased ass and your little pantied prick. Then start reading the following stories and get ready to spurt a hot load of cum into your sweet little panties.

Welcome to my new publication,



Princess Lacey

THE MAKING OF A SISSY

Part 1

This is the first in a series detailing the circumstances and events that contributed to turning one little boy into a lifelong sissy. By exploring this true case history, we hope our readers will gain understanding into the process that locks a male into a life, where everything feminine is the ideal, to be loved and accepted like a girl is the goal, and the ultimate satisfaction is based upon guilt and humiliation.

My name is Jimmie. I was born in a small Midwestern town near the end of World War II into a lower-middle class, strict Catholic family: my mother and father and two older sisters. We had a strong bond of love and sense of family and home but didn't engage in many outward signs of affection like hugging and kissing. Despite the lack of warmth and tenderness, we had a strong family unit, a young family with very simple goals, trying to cope.

Though our parents were strict, I'm sure they tried to be fair with us kids, and now that we are grown, each of us admits that during our childhood years, we thought our parents played favorites.

My father should have been my role model, but he worked long hours so I didn't see him very much and I didn't relate to him. My early years were mostly spent with my mother and sisters, and as the only boy, I felt like a second-class citizen.

Whenever I was treated differently, I thought it was because I was a boy, feelings that surely prompted my desire to be a girl. Going back as far as I can remember I wanted to be a girl more than anything else. As a girl, I thought, I would be treated fairly, treated like my sisters were treated.

Like most other kids, I fought a lot with my siblings, but my sisters were bigger and stronger than I was. This led me to think all females were stronger than males, a fact that probably contributed to my admiration of females.

Being the youngest child was an added burden because I was called, 'the baby of the family,' a nickname my sisters knew I despised. Whenever they called me that, I would start a fight with them. I constantly begged my mother for a baby brother because secretly I wanted

someone else to be the 'baby of the family.' I also wanted a baby brother so I would have someone to play with, but it didn't happen until years later. My mother eventually did have three more children; however, they were all girls. And it was too late for them to be my playmates since they weren't born until I was a teenager.

My father was quiet and stern but well-liked by everyone who knew him; however, as a preschooler, I feared him because he doled out the punishment. In our family that meant a sound spanking with a wooden yardstick. I seemed to get spanked a lot more than my sisters, another fact that made it unappealing to be a boy. Every week or two, I was put over my dad's lap for some offense. My father's spankings scared the hell out of me and made me minimize all contact with him. I thought avoiding him would lessen my chances of being spanked, which I was always in fear of because I was often unsure if something I was doing would merit a hiding.

My dad was the quiet, stern ruler in our family, and even though my sisters and mother bossed me around, I wanted to

be like them. So when my sisters played house, paper dolls and other typical girls' games, I joined them. And when I got into a fight with them, I would fight like a girl -- slapping, biting, pulling hair, scratching and crying.

My mother was quiet and easygoing, but rather joyless. Punishment for serious offenses she left up to Dad. "Just wait until your father gets home" was a frequently refrain in our house. However, Mom took care of the day-to-day discipline for minor offenses. With me that usually meant a quick swat on the rear or being led by the ear to my bedroom and forced to go to bed without supper. My mom did like to 'box my ears' when I did something seriously bad, but her punishments usually weren't so much physical as verbal. No, she didn't use profanity. Instead, she hurled biting comments. She understood my sensitivity about being the only boy and the baby of the family (my sisters surely did). She as well as my sisters knew they could easily 'get to me' by calling me a sissy or a baby, and mentally they broke me. Eventually, I started to believe these humiliating nicknames and accepted them as my identity.

The clothes I wore as a boy were drab: rough and dull corduroy trousers and flannel shirts. They were simple but, at my mother's insistence, always neat and clean (at least when I put them on). But I was a very active child -- today I would be labeled hyperactive -- so my shirt would constantly be pulled loose of the waistband of my trousers. Mom was always tucking it back in. While doing so she never failed to add, "If you don't keep your shirt in, I'm going to sew LACE on your shirttails."

Those were embarrassing words, and if I heard them once, I heard them a million times. Even though she used those words for the first fifteen years of my life, she never did put lace on my shirttails. Yet, those words had a powerful effect on me. Even as a preschooler, it was made clear to me that lace was for girls and any boy wearing lace would be laughed at and



Alice's pretty yellow panties setting on top of the heap of laundry were the most beautiful and feminine thing I had ever seen.

teased -- and because of the 'baby of the family' moniker, I was so conditioned to teasing and it upset me than anything else. Even though I was humiliated with the thought of my mother adding lace to my shirttails, I had heard her say it so many times that I started to entertain the bizarre idea and it excited me.

Eventually, even though I knew it would be supremely embarrassing, I actually wanted my mother to follow through on her threat. I didn't have the courage to ask her to do it, but many times I did leave my shirttail hanging out on purpose hoping she would get out some lace and her needle and thread. During these times when I flaunted my shirt pulled loose of my pants, my heart would beat rapidly. The sensations I experienced were a memorable combination of fear, hope and excitement.

My two sisters were a major influence on my life. Alice was three years older than me, and Ann was two years my senior. Ann bridged the span, to some degree, between Alice, the oldest, and me, even though she generally sided with Alice in any dispute. Compared to Alice and myself, Ann was easygoing. She was the person I liked most in our family. At times Ann provided me with

a degree of comfort and understanding. On the other hand, I disliked Alice. As time went on, I grew to actually hate her. She was very bossy, and we always had to play her games and do whatever she wanted. What made it worse, our parents clearly gave her the authority to rule over Ann and me. Physically, Alice was strong. She could beat me up until I was in high school! I never understood or accepted her bossy ways, resulting in my love-hate relationship with Alice. I hated her because she was next in command after our parents and very bitchy about it, but I envied her because she was in charge and seemingly better than I was in all respects and even 'beat me up' verbally as well as physically.

My mother, father and Alice were much harder on me than they ever were on Ann. In later years, my father readily admitted he had been hard on me when I was young so I would be better prepared for life as I got older. Instead, his strict ways fostered in me a dislike for all authority and an extreme hatred for anything that I considered unjust authority -- like my sister's authority over me that I considered extremely unjust and an abuse of power.

Strangely, this authority issue, I believe, helped to lead me to the conclusion,



From the instant I pulled those panties up my legs and over my boyhood, I was in love with them and their power to feminize me.

that if I were a girl, like Ann and Alice, I would be subject to less abuse. Also, as a girl, I was convinced I would get 'lost in the crowd' of females (my mother and sisters), avoid being noticed and abused by my father and accepted by the female members of our family as a female. As a preschooler, I was barely aware of the significance of the physical differences between boys and girls. I thought that if I simply acted like my sisters, I would become one. That I soon discovered didn't work, but it did help. Consequently, I'm sure I acted very girlish (possibly alienating my father).

Then, realizing my sisters always dressed differently than me led me to believe that if I dressed like a girl, I would become one. My earliest memories of trying on girls' clothes go back

to when I was four years old. I would stay in the bathroom for long periods secretly putting on pairs of my sisters' panties I found in the dirty clothes hamper. Quietly, I would dance around and pretend to be a little girl. I'd climb up on the toilet seat, kneel on the edge of the sink and strain to see how girlish I looked in the medicine cabinet mirror. After a while, my mother would knock loudly on the door and ask why I was taking so long in the bathroom. Even though I expected it, her knocking always startled me and shook me from my dream world. In my heart, I sensed I was doing something wrong. Then, under pressure from my mother's knocking, I'd quickly slide off the sweet panties, replace them in the dirty laundry and leave the bathroom.

During those sessions I would think back to the times when I took baths together with my sisters. Even though they were shaped differently between their legs, I didn't think that was the determining factor between being a boy and a girl. But since they didn't have a 'thingie' like I did and I did want to be like them, I'd shove my penis down between my legs, pull the panties up tight and squeeze my legs together to hide it in the crotch of the panties.

I don't remember the first time I put on my sister's panties, but I do remember with great clarity one morning in September 1948. I was four years old, my sisters had just left for school, and I was home alone with my mother. I know it was a Monday because it was wash day, and Mom did the wash every Monday morning. I knew her routine, and right on schedule, she sorted the clothes to be washed from the hamper into piles on the bathroom floor. And as soon as she had completed sorting the clothes and took the first batch to be washed, I excused myself and entered the bathroom, pretending I needed to relieve myself. In actuality, I wanted to do something I know I had done many times before -- I wanted to try on a pair of my sister's panties from one of the piles of dirty laundry stacked up and waiting to be washed.

I remember this particular day because as I entered the bathroom, I noticed a beautiful pair of silky yellow panties. These were the fanciest, most exciting and feminine pair of panties I had ever seen. They must have been new. I had never seen them before. They had a white chiffon frill, edged in yellow, encircling each of the elastic leg openings. A little yellow satin bow adorned each hip. They were very silky and shiny. My little heart raced like a thief's as I tore off my clothes and nervously stepped into those dainty new panties.

Even at that early age, I had already developed my panty play into a ritual. I remember precisely how I used to tear off my clothes, put on the silky little panties then touch my hips and ass through the smooth, electrically charged fabric. Somehow I knew those fancy yellow panties were extra special panties, and instantly I knew I wanted to wear them forever!

(To be continued next issue.)

READER'S LETTERS



BABYDOLL BOY

Dearest Princess,

Even though we've been friends for a long time, I've always thought you were a little far out with your ideas about feminizing males, enslaving boys to panties and doing all the other things you constantly talk about. I doubted much of what you've said because I've never seen such things firsthand. Well, that all changed recently, culminating in a shocking display I witnessed just last night. Knowing your interest in such subjects, I had to sit down and write you about it as soon as possible. The surprising part about this experience, it's about my own nephew!

Last night on my way home from my bridge club, I stopped over at my sister's house to pick up some serving trays I had loaned to her for a baby shower. Even though it was late, she invited me in. I had intended to stay for only a moment, but she served up coffee, one thing led to another, and time slipped away as we talked on and on.

I should mention her son, Elliot, is a sissy if I've ever seen one. Linda has always opposed his feminine ways, but I never understood the things she did to try to force him to change. I found it odd that she liked to humiliate him into acting more like a normal little boy. I've seen her do things like putting lipstick on his lips or satin ribbons in his hair whenever she would catch him acting like a wimpy cry baby or sissy. One occasion I'll never forget.

Right in the middle of a family party, Elly (my sister's nickname for Elliot, fully intended to degrade him) got into a fight with one of the little girls, and the girl beat him up! Poor Elly went crying to his mother. She was so ashamed of him that she made him prove to everyone he really was a boy by making him step out of his pants and underwear to show everyone he did indeed have a penis (even though it was a very small one). Everyone laughed at him, and she kept him naked from the waist down for the rest of the evening. When he complained about being naked, she took the satin hair ribbon she usually punishes him with and tied it around his genitals!

Personally, I think her methods have a reverse effect! He's more of a sissy now than ever. Well, back to my story. I hadn't seen Linda or Elly for couple of weeks, and when I had last seen them, she said she was experimenting with a new way to cure her son of his whining sissy ways, but she didn't give me any details. So as we sat and talked, I asked her how the new discipline program was going and whether or not she had achieved any results.

The moment I asked, her eyes lit up and a broad smile gave way to a devilish grin. She explained her new method was to humiliate Elly to the limit with 'petticoat punishment,' a term you use that I never quite understood how it worked, but I do now! Linda explained she was forcing her son to be even more of a sissy, and at some point in the future, she said confidently, he was bound to rebel and decide to make a man of himself. She realized I didn't get it, so she took me by the hand and led me down the hall to what I knew was her son's room. As we entered, she motioned for me to be quiet then switched on a small bedside lamp. Elly was fast asleep snuggled under the blankets with his back to me. I saw nothing unusual until she peeled back his blanket. For a moment, I thought I was seeing things as I saw her son wearing a frilly white satin babydoll nightie. The shoulder straps and hem were decorated with a deep ruffle

threaded with a pink satin ribbon. I couldn't help it, I gasped in shock.

Linda carefully bunched the blankets at his feet trying not to disturb him in his sleep and then pulled up the frilly hem of his babydolls to show me the matching silky white nylon panties covering his ass. It was a weird sight! The small of his boyish back was highlighted by the feathered edge of the tight pink waist elastic. It matched the frilly pink lace that edged the panty's leg openings. Elly stirred in his sleep and rolled over towards us. I could see the front of his panties, embroidered on the left hip were the words 'Sissy Boy Elly.' That really made me gasp.

She motioned again for me to remain quiet, but I couldn't hold back breathy shocked groan as I watched her gently toy with Elly's penis through the folds of his panties! I had never seen such a sight in my life -- a boy decked out in a filmy little girl nightie femininely and gracefully draped over his thin body. The front of the delicate babydolls was frilled with more ribbon-threaded ruffles, each ending in satin bows. Looking up, I noticed his cuter than usual face. Even in the dim light, I could see he was wearing little touches of makeup. But the biggest shock was yet to come.

Linda's manipulations caused Elly to moan and twist in his sleep. When he rolled over I could see he was sucking on a pacifier of some sort. Linda pulled it half way out of his mouth, but his anxious lips began a vigorous sucking motion to pull it back in. He sucked with a loud slurping sound. His sleepy eyes blinked. His rising sexual excitement disturbed the peacefulness of his sleep. His facial expressions showed he was waking up and going right into a sexual frenzy. My knees went weak when he stopped sucking because he let out a loud groan and the pacifier fell from his mouth. I was astounded -- it was a dildo, actually a small-sized, rubber version of a black man's cock and balls.

Until that moment Elliot didn't realize I

was there. Another uncontrollable gasp from me caused him to twist around to look right at me. His expression of shock was modified by his sexual excitement. He was too far gone. My presence didn't disrupt the excitement he was experiencing at his mother's hands. He was close to shooting.

Between heated gasps and sighs, he moaned, "Mommy, please . . . I'll be a good, ah, . . . sissyboy, ooh, uh, . . . but, tah, . . . please, . . . oh-h-h-h!"

Linda just laughed and shoved the ugly dildo back into his mouth. Elly slurped, moaned and gagged. Tears formed in his eyes as she yelled, "Shoot your cum now, ya little pantywaist fag. Show us how much of a sissy you really are."

Elly exploded with a strong series of spurts, saturating his delicate panties with globs of cum. Now, of course, he was now fully awake. Sexually he surely had been relieved; however, now guilt and humiliation quickly took hold of him. My presence appeared to severely embarrass him. He broke down into tears. His mother loved every though she hadn't gone into details at the time, minute of his humiliation. She stuck her sticky, cum-slick fingers into his mouth. He licked them clean as she continued to make fun of him.

"Oh, my little sissy boy has wet his pretty panties. You better ask your auntie to get you a clean pair."

He hesitated, so she added, "Ask her now, and ask just like I've taught you."

Elly was a sight. I could tell he really feared his mother. Even though he was thoroughly shamed, he asked, "Auntie, I've been a very naughty sissyboy because I wet my nice panties. Would you please get me a fresh pair of pretty panties from my drawer?"

Shock piled upon shock, stunned from the events I had just witnessed, I was in befuddled but found myself responding to his request. I looked around, and located his dresser.

"Top drawer," Linda directed.

After what I had just been through, I was not surprised to see Elly's drawer loaded with lingerie. Panties by the dozen, all very frilly and in assorted pastel colors. Dainty training bras, lacy slips and delicate nighties were in full supply. Obviously, Linda was prepared to carry out the feminization of Elly for quite some time. From the top of a pile of new panties, I picked up a bright pink pair, closed the drawer and handed them to Linda. After she changed his panties. She told him to roll over and go back to sleep as we returned to the kitchen for a fresh cup of coffee.

In the conversation that followed, I learned the details of her plans for Elly. She was not going to let up until he fought back and showed her he wanted to become a man. Currently, she said he only cried. She said she masturbated him to humiliate him not to pleasure him. She was determined to increase his humiliation until he did rebel. She claims to have all kinds of humiliations planned for him and she swears she'll

do whatever she has to do in order to force him into manhood. Since I had seen no evidence he would resist his mother's humiliations, I asked Linda, "What if Elly never fights back? Will he always have to wear girl's clothes?"

Linda dismissed the idea. She was confident her plan would work, and just in case it didn't -- she would make him her sissy houseboy for life. She explained he was already trained to do the laundry as well as some of the cleaning and cooking. She said if he remained a sissy, she wouldn't have any qualms about forcing him to be a faggot whore to earn money to support her in her old age. And knowing her, I know she wasn't joking!

To me, Linda's methods are extreme. She does seem to have everything well thought-out, but I can't imagine Elly ever overcoming what she is doing to him. I don't think he ever will fight back. He'll always be a sissy.

Sincerely,
Ms. Kilton, San Francisco

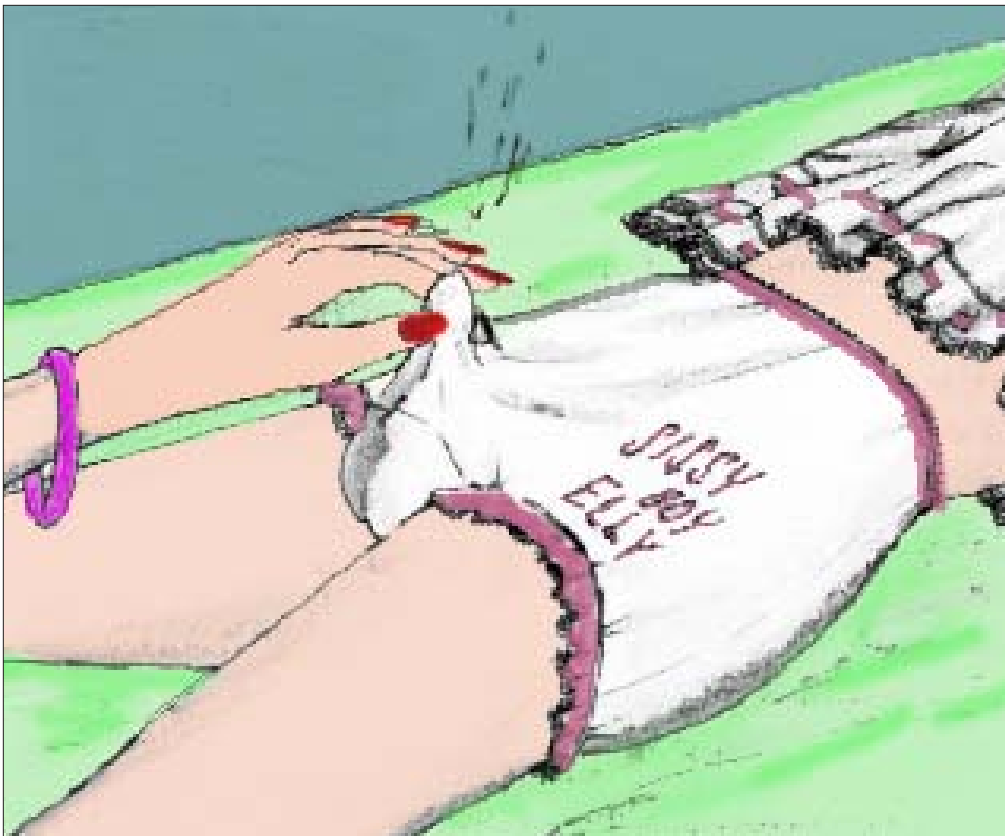
THE CUMMING MATRIARCHY

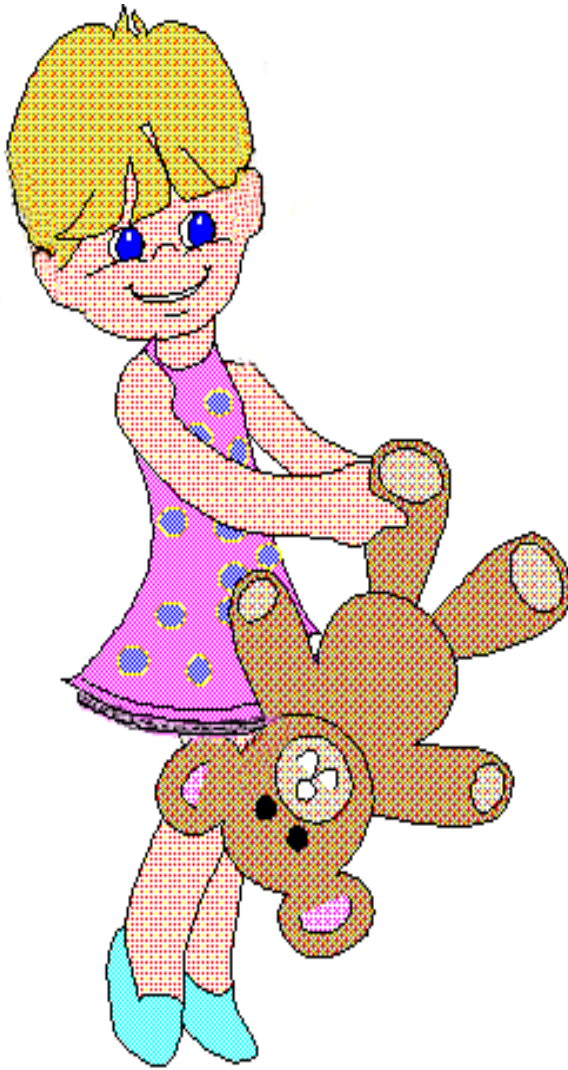
Dear Princess,

Now that our male-oriented world is gradually coming under control of females, I believe women should hasten the process by even more aggressively pursuing leadership roles. The natural place to start is right in one's own home. When a woman selects a mate, she should be confident she will be able to control him. Concerning the raising of children, you can't start too early to train them to accept female superiority. I have two daughters, Shelly and Cindy, who are in training to be dominant, and a sissy son, Francis.

My husband as well as our children have learned to accept my rule and are subject to my strict discipline. The girls are being raised to be strong, competent women, and, even though they are subject to my discipline, they are considered superior to my son and husband. I believe they will become more effective leaders and disciplinarians by learning what it is like to serve a dominant woman.

Since the time he was born, Francis has always worn girls' clothes at home like short silky dresses with heavily frilled rhumba panties that peeked out with his every movement. I have trained him to believe it is a great privilege to wear clothes made for the superior sex. Even though he is perfectly used to such attire at home, he is still embarrassed to be seen by strangers because he knows boys aren't supposed to wear girls' clothes. Most people immediately realize he is a boy because I keep his hair in a short crew cut. At times in the past he has rebelled (usually brought on by the tittering laughter of





outsiders), but a few strokes of the paddle across his pink pantied ass and a strong lecture extolling the advantages of wearing girls' clothes draws him back into line.

I bought him a Shirley Temple wig, and he's allowed to wear it in front of strangers if he's been good. With his little wig, he appears to be a cute teenage girl and his only humiliation is the childish style of his clothes. So now, to prevent being exposed as a boy in girls' clothes to strangers, he has to go through the humiliation of begging me to allow him to wear his wig and the shame of acting like a swishy girl in public.

As a mother concerned with disciplining a rowdy boy I took the advice of some friends and introduced my boy to the world of petticoats, dresses and silky panties. A boy should be punished if he dirties or harms his delicate attire in any way. Just making him keep clean and tidy is great training. Short skirts that only teasingly cover lace-hemmed slips and silky baby girl panties keep the culprit from acting up since he's afraid of accidentally displaying the girlish lingerie he is forced to wear. He'll no longer have a desire to mix with rough boys in the neighborhood because they would ridicule

his sissy appearance. Mini skirts and short dresses also make it convenient for you to inspect his little pantied penis as well as administer spanks to his silk-encased ass cheeks.

Francis knows any infraction of my rules will result in his being punished, generally with a spanking. Unless strangers are present, whenever he acts up, I deal with him on the spot. I prepare him by making his tiny penis sore. I pull my skirt up to my waist and spread my nyloned legs for his viewing. He has to kneel before me and pay homage to my beribboned garter belt, nylons and lace-trimmed panties. He has to raise his little dress so I can grasp his tiny little penis through his pink, lace-trimmed panties. I roughly yank on his prissy cock until it is erect and he is moaning from pleasure and pain. I love to make his dick sore. With him twisting and groaning with ecstasy I force him over my lap. Then I slip his dinky little cock out through the lacy leg band of his rhumba panties and insert it under the tight elastic leg band of the panties I'm wearing. Then I keep up a constant pulsating, throbbing motion in my pussy against his imprisoned pantied penis as I deliver anywhere from twenty to forty or more stinging smacks to his plump and tender sissy bottom. During the spanking his sore penis is tortured as it throbs against the tight elastics of both his own and my panties and as it rasps against my wiry haired bush. If he squirms too much and his penis pulls out from underneath my panty elastic, he is given additional punishment. With this treatment, it doesn't take him long before he's exploding in an agonizing and thoroughly painful orgasm into my panties. Then, I throw him off my lap, which wrenches his extremely sensitive penis out from under my panty elastic. At this point I always laugh as he screams in horror. Then, I force him up on his knees and make him suck up his globs of stinky sticky hot cum through my panties. He not only has to suck out all the cum, he also has to eat my cunt through the panties until I reach several orgasms. While he is eating me out, I reach down and reinsert his aching penis into his own lace frilled panties and immediately begin a rough stroking of it through his panty nylon. Often, I lose a bit of control, especially when I cum, and I yank on him a bit too hard and his screams can be heard all over the neighborhood. But, the sissy loves it. It is the only sex life he has. So, as you can see, I have built a vicious circle of pain and pleasure, which keeps him obedient, yet subconsciously forces him to periodically misbehave in order to obtain sexual relief through the humiliation of intense petticoat punishment.

My two daughters also receive periodic spankings; however, these are mild compared to what Francis has to endure. I always expect the girls to be ladylike as well as domineering over all males. Shelly has several boyfriends, and as a precondition to dating her, they have to consent to her every wish. Any first date requires them to visit our house in order to show them the plight of my sissy son and his fag father. In this way they are prepared for some of the things that may be expected of them if they continue to date Shelly. By the way, just last night she gave one of her boyfriends a pair of yellow

panties with pink lace around the leg openings and made him promise to wear them to school today under his boys' clothes. She also made him swear he would keep them on under his shorts for PE. She said the pink lace will probably show under his very short gym shorts. Perhaps the other boys and maybe even the coach will notice. He has a geometry class with my daughter right after his PE class so she'll immediately find out anything that happened. Right now, I'm waiting for the kids to come home from school. I can't wait to hear. Perhaps I can write to you about her submissive sissy boyfriend in my next letter. Knowing the determination of my Shelly, I'm sure it was a successful experiment (for her).

Cindy, my other daughter, is too young to date; however, she is definitely gaining control over the boys in her class. In fact, she's already tried panty training a boy who lives alone with his workaholic father. This boy is so in love with her that he follows her home from school almost every day. One day she had him come into the house and showed him how Francis is dressed and treated. That didn't scare the boy off so she told him go home to ask his father if he could have some money to buy himself some silky girls' panties. He told his dad Cindy demanded he buy them and wear them in order to visit her. The request enraged the boy's father, who gave him the money to buy the panties all right. When the kid came home from the store, the father had the boy to put on the frilly panties and nothing else. Then he made his pantied son sit on their front porch for the entire neighborhood to see. Then the man prohibited him from seeing Cindy; however, the boy is hopelessly in love with my daughter and he sneaks out of his house to come over to our house whenever he can. And that's often because his dad is so busy working all the time. One of these days he's going to be caught. His father has already warned him, that if he finds out he's seeing Cindy, he'll dress him up completely as a girl and take him to see the their minister (who the kids says is gay) to ask him for forgiveness. I can't wait for that day!

I've barely mentioned my well-trained husband, but, since I've gone on so long already, I'm going to have to save the details of his enslavement for another letter. Anyway, I wanted to pass on some of my views on what I think is a properly run household ad news of what I'm doing. Others might think it strange, but I don't give a damn what they think. I do look forward to comments from others detailing panty training males.

Yours,
Mrs. P. E., Milwaukee

FEMINIZED FOR FIGHTING

Dear Princess,

I saw your ad for true life experiences involving boys being dressed in girls' clothes. I couldn't resist sending you a copy of one of my favorite family pictures. The enclosed photo was taking in 1967. It shows my younger brother, Danny, dressed in my old clothes, a punishment mom and dad used on him sometimes. He had been in a fight, gotten a black eye and bruises all over. Our folks pretty much let him run wild with his usual rough and tumble ways, but fighting was always a no-no because still to this day, our dad has scars on his face from a fight he had when he was twelve years old.

As you can see in the picture, mom really dressed him up in the works. When he told mom he should at least be able to keep on his boys' under shorts instead of my panties because they wouldn't be seen under the dress anyway, she not only insisted on the garter belt, nylons, full slip and lacy panties, she made him lie on the floor to watch TV and do his homework, all the while with his skirts and slips pulled up to expose his stocking tops, garters and panties. This kind of treatment really worked well on Danny. It was always a long time before he got into another fight or did something else bad enough to warrant being dolled up in my things.

Yours, Joanne K.
Yukon Territory



CAUGHT CUMMING

Dear Princess,

Ever since I was divorced, my son has been acting strangely. A few months ago I noticed pairs of my panties had gone missing. I didn't know what was happening to them. Then, one day while cleaning under my son's bed, I found my missing panties. Most of them were bulged out in the front and cum stained. More than shocked, I was angry my Tommy was ruining my delicate lingerie. I had a hard time believing it, so I wanted proof. I wanted to catch him in the act so I carefully replaced my things as I had found them and patiently waited.

I didn't have to wait long. After he had gone to sleep, I quietly snuck into his bedroom and peeked under his covers. Sure enough, he was wearing my panties -- a yellow pair I recognized immediately. I wanted to catch him in the act of jacking off, and the panties were dry, so I figured he was planning on whacking off in the morning and exited his room in silence. I set my alarm for an hour before he has to get up in the morning and tried to get some sleep despite my excitement.

When my alarm rang, I was already filled with the anticipation building within me. I couldn't wait to catch the little sissy. As I crept along the hallway toward his bedroom, I heard him moaning and making little noises, and rather than burst into his bedroom, I quietly eased the door open and peeked in. I wanted to see exactly what he was doing. Tommy had his light on. He was stretched out on his bed with his back toward me so he didn't notice me in the doorway. His covers had been thrown on the floor. He was naked except for the lovely flowered yellow panties I had seen him wearing the night before. He seemed to be on the verge of blowing his hot wad as he squirmed around in excitement and turned more toward my direction. In the light I could see the panties clearly. The frills decorated each side with pastel flowers on

delicate chiffon netting. He lifted his hips slightly and inserted one hand under his silk-clad butt. After caressing the slinky panties against his bottom, he shoved his finger deep into his ass crack and gyrated his hips a bit. While obviously tickling his asshole through the teasing nylon with one hand, he was using his other hand to rhythmically stroke his boner through the shiny, pretty, lace-trimmed panties.

Now, I was practically standing over him. However, Tommy didn't even see or hear me. He was lost in the depths of his self-induced stimulation. Before revealing my presence, I looked around. And, my god, there was plenty to see! The floor was strewn with pictures and books depicting blacks (male and female) dominating white boys. They were fucking and sucking, debasing the little white fags in every way imaginable. But he wasn't paying any attention to those books and pictures. This little ding-a-ling son of mine has always been a sissy, a real pantywaist; however, I wasn't ready for what I saw when I focused my attention on what he was looking at.

It was a photograph, a homemade picture, greatly enlarged like from one of those photo enlargement places that advertise in the back of women's magazines. It must have been about three feet square. He had it propped up against his dresser so he could see it. In the photo were four blacks and a fag white boy wearing overdone makeup, long dangling rhinestone earrings like a whore would wear, a pink lace training bra adorned with gaudy red rosettes, and a 1950s-style cancan petticoat of white nylon and netting. Each tier of the bouffant petticoat was edged with orange satin ribbon and ruffled lace. His feet were covered with silky ankle socks with big frills on them, like little girls wear. The thoroughly feminine old-fashioned petticoats were bunched up around his waist, exposing a gaudy pair of 1950s-style brief panties, purple ones, heavily decorated with sheer ruffles about the legs. The boys' whorish costume was the least of his humiliation because he was being

grossly abused by the four blacks. His costume was nothing compared to what he was doing!

He was kneeling on all fours with his fancy, purple-pantied ass bobbing up in the air. A dildo must have been shoved into his ass because there was an exotic bulge that stretched out the rear of the nellie's panties. Two big black brothers with big hard-ons were simultaneously shoving them down his fag throat, stretching his rouged cheeks and lipsticked mouth to the limit. Globbs of cum oozed from the pantywaist's stretched lips, and tears streaked his heavy mascara. Two dominating black girls were also in the picture locked into an embrace over the pantied ass of the bent-over sissy. They were sticking their tongues out in an elaborate french kiss. From their pussies they were shooting streams of piss onto the boy's flimsy panties.

Then, the real shock-- through the cum, piss, tarty clothes and thick makeup, I recognized the fag boy in that blown-up photo: It was Tommy! Just then he tried to suppress a loud groan as his penis saturated the front of his (my) nylon panties. While in the midst of his cum, he arched his back and threw back his head. He caught sight of me standing near him. I thought he was going to die. A moan, more like a scream of horror overtook him. He quickly went from being a sissy blowing his wad into an embarrassed caught-in-the-act wanker. He quickly rolled off the bed and tried to hide behind it all the while pleading with me to 'get out!' But he knew all too well, it was too late. He was crying of shame because I had seen everything.

I paused for a moment because my mind was racing. I was shocked, but I was also happy because I finally had my son exactly where I wanted him, and if I handled everything just right -- he'd be my slave for life!

As his crying was slowed, I went down to him curled up on the floor. I hugged him and let my hand touch the middle of his back. He acknowledged my touch with a slight jump and shiver that

traveled the length of his body. I let my fingers travel downward until they reached the frill of the bright yellow elastic waistband on his girlish panties. I momentarily toyed with the tight elastic. His crying dwindled to sobbing and abrupt gasps for air. He kept his head smothered in the pillow. My rapid little snaps and tugs on his little panties made him twitch and shake.

Suddenly, I took a strong hold on the feminine panty waistband and yanked the filmy, flowered nylon up tightly between his ass cheeks. He howled as I crushed his recently spent and tender dick in the tightened panty crotch, which now caused only a minor bulge in the soggy front of the sissy little panties. I grabbed his hair with one hand and forced him to look up at me. With my other hand I plucked at the frilly trim on the front of his panties. I looked him straight in the eye and shouted, "Why in the hell did you steal my panties? What in the fuck are you doing? Now, explain to me about this picture, or I'll make you into a girl all right, I'll take a knife and cut your cock and balls off right now!"

I could tell I was scaring the hell out of him. His crying increased. He tried to talk, but only sobbing and blabbering sounds came from his lips. Sneering at him, I sat there staring at him with a mocking grin while he struggled to compose himself. He tried to reach for the blanket on the floor, but I stopped him. I wanted him to be on view in his peter-pulling panties.

When he finally calmed down, I said, "You just shot your cum into one of my best pairs of panties. I saw you do it. As a matter of fact, I peeked in on you last night and saw you wearing them so I know you've been stealing them from me for some time."

He kept his head down in deep shame, and when he finally stopped crying, I continued. "I can understand a growing boy jacking off. And, it's no big surprise you're attracted to silk panties. You have always been a pansy. They become you. But, you are not going to leave this room until you explain that disgusting picture."

I waited. His tear-streaked eyes peeked up at me. He was still trying to catch his breath. A few syllables, then a stream of words poured forth as he tried to explain: He said he was attracted to and then fell in love with a domineering black girl at school by the name of Angel. At first, she didn't want anything to do with him. After he tried to talk to her a number of times, she seemed to change her mind and told him to meet her after school. When he met her, she painfully grabbed his cock and made him kneel before her. She said she'd let him hang around with her if he obeyed her completely. He promised. Then, she reached under her skirt and tugged down her panties. He said they were a bright white, satiny pair with her name 'Angel' embroidered in pink on the front. She made him kiss the moist crotch. Then, she handed them to Tommy and ordered him to wear them to school the next day. Which he did.

From then on she had him wearing a pair of her panties every day until one day when she said she wasn't giving him any more. Instead, she demanded he wear a pair of panties he would have to steal from his mother (me) every day. Not only did he have to steal them, he had to jack off in them in the morning, and then wear the cum-stained panties all day at school. And he said Angel checked up on him as soon as he arrived at school. In fact, she would pull the thin elastic waistband out of his pants no matter where they were and in front of other people, she didn't care. She'd further call attention to him by calling him degrading names, like sissy or pantywaist and talk to him in a loud voice and say stuff like, "Did you jackoff in these pretty ladies' panties this morning?"

She'd insist upon knowing, and he'd have to answer in an equally loud voice. To embarrass him even more and to show her friends how she had him in total control, she would often undo his pants on the spot and show them his panties were indeed stained with cum.

And once she had him stealing panties from me, I'm sure she knew I would start missing them. I'm sure she wanted me to catch Tommy.

Then he explained she often ordered him to come over to her house after school and take advantage of him every way imaginable, gradually introducing him into more and more perverse acts until she had fully trained him to be a white trash, sissy fag, slave boy. It was



during one of those sessions that the repulsive photo was taken. I learned the gaudy panties and cancan petticoats he had on in the picture were typical of the humiliating outfits he has to wear while serving her and her friends. He broke down again, this time admitting he had been trained to servicing and obeying her every command. He admitted he actually loves being a slave to her because he loves her so much.

I secretly thanked this black bitch for training my nellie son. I told my boy to ask her over after school today. Knowing the situation, I'm sure she'll be here. When they arrive, I am going to inform her that, starting today, I will be taking over the training of my son. I'll let her have her fun with him when and where I decide, but he's going to be my panty slave now. My plan is to take life easy, and I can think of a thousand ways to use Tommy to make me money. I'll hustle his tender ass all over town. Of course, he'll also be expected to wait on me hand and foot while at home. I'll write again with more details.

Overjoyed, Mrs. D.G., St. Louis

TO OUR PANTYWAIST READERS

Hi! I'm Sissyboy Jimmie, the secretary at Princess Productions and the one who handles the day-to-day work load and more mundane aspects of the business for the love of my life, Princess Lacey. She is the "Princess of Panties." This publication, Panty Lines, is her means of expanding her influence over sissy males.

Princess Lacey is not a butch, whip-swinging, dressed-in-leather distortion of the female. On the contrary, she is extremely feminine and beautiful enough to be a fashion model. Princess dresses in frilly, sexy clothes. She is the epitome of femininity in her silky dresses and classic, lacy lingerie. You'll never find her in sloppy jeans or ill-fitting, unflattering clothes. Her personality is sweet, warm and sensuous. She is dainty and refined. She can wrap the world around her little finger. But, make no mistake about it, she IS the boss. She does not hide her femininity -- she rules with it. Princess Lacey does not like anything masculine, especially macho males. However, she loves sissy males.

Today's popular machismo attitudes have been promoted by ignorant individuals (both male and female) who are either to afraid of or unaware of their finest side, the feminine part of us that is a natural part of everyone's psyche. The beautiful Princess has no interest in traditional males. She only has time to satisfy males who qualify for her attention by admitting they are sissies.

Therefore, if you want to please our supreme Princess, send her a letter describing your personal experiences in panties. Tell her in detail about your pretty panties, how you first were introduced to them and the humiliating situations a sissy like you has gotten into. Superior females should write to us too and describe their progress in feminizing males.

Hope you're having fun,
Sissy Boy Jimmie

Be sure to order our next issue!



Princess
Lacey

To My Mom

While all of my friends
play baseball and "war,"
wearing pretty things
is what I adore;
and though my feet don't
quite fill up your shoes,
this is the game
I will always choose.
For playing pretend
is so much more fun
when I'm dressed as
your daughter,
not as your son!!!

*Have a happy
Mother's Day!*

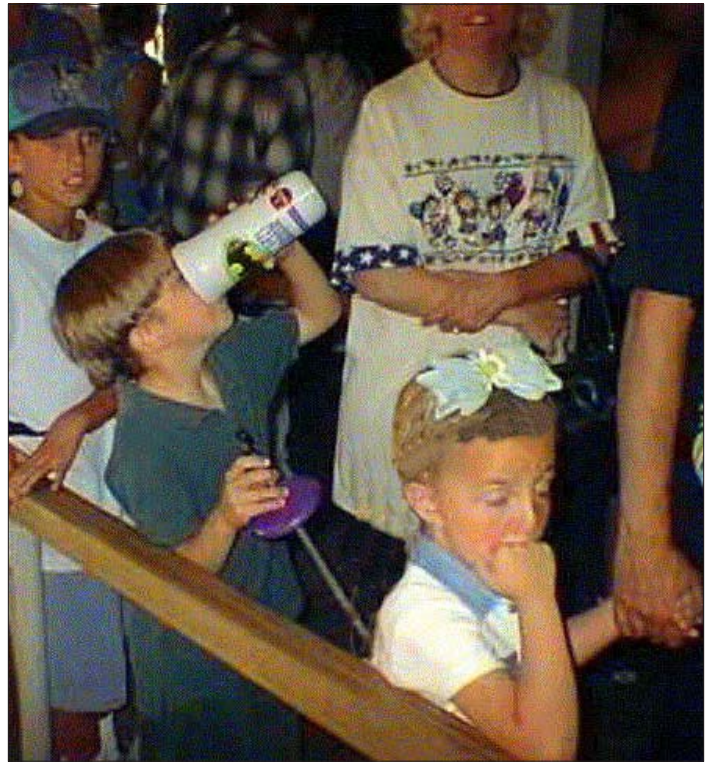


Sissy of the Month (above): Comic illustration from a mainstream magazine for Mother's Day!

Another Sissy of the month (next page): A boy out in public with a huge bow in his hair caught on film.

Petticoat Punishment (next page): From England, a boy gets "skirt punishment" for fighting.

Cute Drawing (next page): A guy in his bra and panties washing out his lingerie!



After mom 'made' him a girl, son comes to terms with sex

Dear Zazz: You recently wrote about a homo sexual who, in an effort to please his manipulative boyfriend, had a sex-change operation he/she now regrets. "Sharon's" situation is similar to my own.

For me, it was my mother who wanted me to be a girl, and eventually. She got her way.

My parents were divorced before I was born, and I was an only child. From the moment I was born, my mother was disappointed that I was a boy. She gave me a unisex name and did all she could to establish my identity as a female. She'd shame me out of having male interests.

Before I entered junior high, we moved to another state and Mom decided that I was going to become a girl once and for all. She worked in a medical field and got hormones easily. She began to give me doses of female hormones, and because I hadn't started puberty, they had a dramatic effect on my body. By the time school started, I had curls, used makeup, and needed a training bra.

During high school, my voice did not get lower and I developed a feminine figure, including a large bust. The final step was an operation just after I turned 18. At that point, I had no doubts about doing this because I trusted my mother. I lost my virginity during senior prom

weekend.

At age 20, I became a secretary. It was then, on my own, that I began to wonder about the masculinity that was somewhere inside me. For the next eight years, I went through varying degrees of depression, doubt and frustration. I had problems on my job because my appearance became bizarre as I tried to look less feminine and more masculine.



**Jeffrey
Zaslow**

Finally, I found a good therapist who helped me understand that I did not really want to be, because I knew nothing about what that was like. I was, angry at men for the way they treated women, while I also felt cheated because I

was not one of them.

In the end, I came to realize that I could be happy as a woman. At age 35, I am confident in my status as a woman and can maintain stable relationships with both men and women, and romantic relationships with men.

As for Sharon: She needs to accept that, physically, it's impossible to become a man again. But if she finds a good counselor, she can come to terms with herself. She probably can't remain with her boyfriend because of his role in her life. However, she may be able to comfortably remain as a woman in an environment more of her own choosing. I hope she finds peace.

**NOW ENJOYS
BEING A WOMAN**

Young boys in lingerie found in sex club raid

CHARLESTON--Following a raid Tuesday night on a northwest side apartment, located at 41 West Ponelli Drive, nine people were arrested and are facing charges ranging from prostitution and kidnapping to crimes against nature.

Officer Carl R. Lynx, who led the raid, stated that the apartment housed an underground sex club catering to wealthy clients with bizarre tastes. The club had been under surveillance for over a week so the arresting officers were not surprised to catch various club members engaged in assorted sex acts.

However, during the raid, police were surprised to find three underage boys wearing makeup, wigs, fancy dresses and girlish lingerie. It was later learned that the femininely clad boys were a special attraction of the club.

But police were especially surprised to discover that one of the three underage boys was the 15-year-old homeless boy, who has been the subject of a statewide search since he was reported missing October 22.

At the time of the incident, the missing boy was dressed in only a skimpy training bra and pink ruffled panties. Following an examination at Newton General Hospital, a spokesperson stated that the boy had sustained a multitude of cuts and bruises during his captivity, and evidence suggests that he had been brutally violated anally, probably numerous times.

The other two underage boys showed similar trauma; however, they were both known to police, having been arrested at least one time before on prostitution charges.

In a bizarre twist following the raid, the homeless boy refused to change into boys' clothes, preferring instead to remain dressed in the party dress and lingerie that he had been forced to wear by his kidnappers. Also he is refusing to cooperate with authorities to formally accuse those arrested with kidnapping and raping him. His only statement was that they treated him better than any of the foster homes he had ever been forced to stay in.

Junior high teacher makes forgetful boys dress like girls

MAYFIELD On gym day at Roosevelt Junior High, any boy who has forgotten his workout clothes is punished by being forced to wear an outfit of girls' clothes, and for the rest of the day, he must sit with the girls and attend girls-only classes like sewing, ballet and home ec.

This unique punishment is the brainchild of physical education teacher Alex Winford, who claims that it has made the boys much more mindful. He claims that in the past, up to 50 percent of the boys were being excused from PE each day by saying that they

had forgotten their gym clothes.

Now, such boys are immediately sent to Miss Theiz, who has been teaching English at Roosevelt for thirty-six years and who teaches the drama classes.

From the drama department's wardrobe room, she selects especially girlish costumes for the miscreants to wear as they serve out their punishment. Much to the boys' embarrassment, she helps them get dressed in the humiliating outfits and makes sure "they wear the whole lot" as she says, that means having to endure the indignity of being dressed in all the appropriate extras, which invariably includes high-heeled shoes, a garter belt, nylons, makeup, padded brassiere, fluffy petticoats and a pair of darling frilly panties.

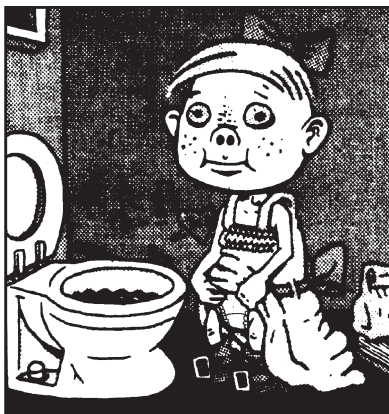
Winford defends his punishment by saying that since he instituted this punishment program, the boys rarely forget to bring their gym clothes. When asked how often he has had to carry out this punishment, he laughed, and said "more than a few times.



This photo, from the *Roosevelt Times*, shows 7th grader Thom Keating being dressed for punishment by Miss Theiz.



In his Little Bo Peep dress, young Thomas drew the laughter and catcalls of both the faculty and his peers.



The Litigious Society

* Rochelle Rutherford filed a lawsuit recently against a local school district near Minneapolis because her nine-year-old son had taken to wearing girls' clothes. At one time many of the boys, including him, had been forced to use the girls' rest room at school because of a shortage of facilities, and they had been required to wear girls' gymslips, panties and bloomers during recreational activities because of a shortage of boys' clothing.

--The Reader

"Such boys," he explained, "after being dressed in their frillies, are also photographed. Copies of the photos are sent home to his parents as well as published in the school newspaper.

When asked if any of the boys didn't mind such a punishment, Winford admitted that he has two problem boys, each of whom have been punished in girls' clothes over a dozen times. He dismisses them as weaklings who probably don't mind the punishment. He said that they've been christened the class 'sissies' and given invitations to run for queen at the year-end dance!

Alice Springs Leader, November 16, 1989



Sissyboys in the Movies

You can probably find the 1956 black and white film *Rock Pretty Baby* at your favorite video store. During one scene, a mother is making a party dress for her daughter. She pays her young son ten cents to put on his sister's dress so she can hem it. The boy's father, older brother and sister all see him in the dress and accept it as nothing unusual!