

THE ORIGINAL

PARTY LINES

*So what if the kids call you a
sissy. You are a sissy. Now tell
me how much you love it when
I rub you like this in your panties.*

No. 3

ADULTS ONLY

The Making of a Sissy

Part 3



In the first two parts of this true-life narrative, little Jimmy described the circumstances, which led him to secretly try on his sister's panties. He explained that in his family, the females outnumbered the males and the females had total control over him. He wanted to be a girl so he too could be a part of the dominant group. He hated being a boy - an outsider. He thought all of his problems would be solved if he were magically changed into a little girl. He became attracted to his sister's panties, which he found in the dirty laundry hamper. He thought somehow that they'd make him like his sisters. Secretly, he'd try them on and wear them for a few minutes at a time in the privacy of the bathroom.

He loved those solitary moments wearing the panties, but he wanted his mother to know that he liked to wear them. He wanted her to allow him to wear panties like his sisters, and perhaps then she and everyone else would love him like they loved his sisters. One day, in an attempt to gain his mother's approval, he decided to keep the panties on under his boys' clothes. He concocted a plan for her to see that he was wearing the panties by letting the silky fabric peek out above his trouser waistband. He let her discover them for herself

because he didn't have the nerve to ask her outright if he could wear them. He was shy, and this was his own way of meekly asking. Once his mother would notice the peeking panty elastic, he was confident she would be very accepting and let him keep the panties on, and perhaps, she would even allow him to wear other girls' clothes so he could be a girl too.

Well, his mother saw the panties all right, but instead of being accepting, she became angry, ridiculed him and made him take them off.

When my mother saw me wearing my sister's panties, she immediately sent me to the bathroom to change back into my regular boys' underwear. Her rejection of my need made me feel very sad. I didn't understand why I couldn't wear clothes like my sisters. They were so pretty and felt so good. Why couldn't I be a girl too? I certainly was miserable being the only boy.

Something confused me a great deal about that incident with my mother. I loved the panties so much; they felt so good on my tender skin, yet when my mother saw them, her angry, cutting comments, at least momentarily, changed my whole attitude toward the panties. Instantly, the once precious panties felt very different. The soft fabric felt cold and clammy, and the lace-frilled legbands gripped my thighs like barbed wire. At that very moment, I hated the panties. I hurried out of her sight to go to the bathroom so I could take them off.

All alone in the bathroom, I struggled with my clothes. I couldn't get the panties off fast enough. I was crying and my mind was in a whirl, but even as I tugged the panties down my legs, in a flash, my original feelings returned. Once again, I loved the panties and dreaded taking them off. My emotions had swung completely around: I now loved the panties more than ever before. I knew that I wanted to wear them again and never take them off. And at the first possible opportunity, I knew in my heart that I would put them on again. But, it was very stressful and confusing to love the panties one moment, then hate them the instant my mother ridiculed me for wearing them, only to return to loving them totally just moments later - in fact, to love them more than ever before! Oh! The torturous mind of a sissyboy!

After my mother's scolding, I spent a long time in my bedroom just crying and feeling very upset. I was afraid that Mom would tell my father and my sisters about the incident. I wanted to plead with her not to tell anyone, but I didn't have the nerve to ask her.

At lunchtime I told my mother I wasn't hungry because I was afraid of facing my sisters while they were home for lunch. I was sure Mom would tell them what I had done, but Mom overruled me and insisted that I eat. She dragged me out to the kitchen to join my sisters at the table.

Throughout the meal, I was afraid that, at any moment, Mom would say something. That lunch seemed to last forever. I sat on the edge of my chair, expecting the bomb to explode. My mother did stare at me periodically with a combined icy cold look and a slight shaking of her head in an "I don't believe what you did" type of expression, but I was amazed because she never mentioned the panty episode to my sisters.

As my mother was busy helping them on with their coats and sending them back off to school, my urge to find some panties erupted again. I dashed into the bathroom and began to look through the laundry for some panties, but there were none to be found. Mother had obviously taken them all out of the laundry basket to be washed that morning.

I was out of the bathroom before my mother had even noticed that I went in there. Frustrated, I returned to my bedroom. I was hoping that time would fly by and separate me from the humiliating situation that had taken place that morning.

I was still very worried that Mom would tell my father when he got home from work, but I did feel a bit safer concerning my sisters. Since Mom didn't mention it to them at lunch, I was pretty

sure she was not going to tell Dad about it either.

After lunch my mother hung the freshly laundered clothes up to dry. I saw the yellow panties that I had worn that morning, hanging on the backyard clothesline by our big lilac bush. They were fluttering in the wind and glistening in the bright sunshine, but they seemed to be a million miles away from me.

Towards the end of the afternoon, Mom collected the dry clothes from the clothesline and put them in her old wicker laundry basket. Then she sat in her favorite Queen Anne chair in the living room as she sorted and folded each item from the basket.

When she went to the kitchen to begin fixing supper, I snuck into the living room and cautiously inspected the stack of neatly folded panties, which contained the incriminating yellow pair that I adored. I just stood there and kept touching them. I wanted to take them, but I was afraid that Mom would realize that they were missing, so I forced myself to stop fondling the panties. I went back to my room. While the pot roast was cooking, my sisters came home from school and Mom went back to the living room and finished sorting the clean laundry. She inspected each piece and was ready with needle and thread to darn or mend any item that needed to be repaired.

When Mom went back to the kitchen to finish supper, I snuck back into the living room. At that time, the yellow panties that I so adored were setting right on top of the colorful stack of my sisters' silky panties.

Oh, god! How I wanted to take them. I touched them and just stood there looking at them. My sisters were running around chasing each other and when they came barging into the living room, I yanked my hand away from the panties like they were burning coals. Alice stared at me for a minute wondering what I was doing standing by all the stacks of clean laundry, but she obviously didn't think anything about it because, a moment later, she just turned and ran off again with Anne, my other sister.

Seeing those panties on the top of the pile worried me. It was like they were waiting there to be handy for when my father came home from work so Mom could quickly grab them up and show him the evidence. I was expecting the worst, watching the clock as it neared the time he would be home.

However, as it turned out, I don't think Mom told him about it. Dad didn't do or say anything to me to indicate that he was aware of what I had done. That precious pair of panties stayed on the top of that stack of panties until it was bedtime. All evening long, as we were all gathered in the living room - Dad was reading the paper, Mom was darning socks, my sisters were playing with their Katy Keene paper dolls and I was drawing pictures - at any moment, I expected Mom to grab up the panties wave them in the air for all to see as she announced to everyone, "I caught Jimmie wearing these panties today!" But it didn't happen! As we were getting ready for bed, Mom was going back and forth between the living room and our various bedrooms putting away all the finished laundry. At one point I came out of the bathroom just as she was walking past carrying the stack of panties. She called me to her then sat down on a nearby chair and put the stack of panties on her lap. She went through the nightly ritual of inspecting me to see if I had brushed my teeth and washed behind my ears. As she pulled my head this way and that to look behind my ears, my face was only inches from her lap and those beautiful, silky yellow panties. I obviously passed inspection because a moment later, I was shooed off to bed.

Still, I was sure that Mom would tell Dad and my sisters at some point. But as each day passed without anyone saying anything, my fears faded. She didn't tell any of them, and gradually, I felt increasingly comfortable in dealing with members of my family.

In the next installment of this series, Jimmie tells about the time he was caught while trying on his sister's brand new First Communion outfit as the family was entertaining a house full of relatives.

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Oh, you lucky
boy! We can
wear matching
panties today!

my sister's panties,
embarrassing when
I'm doing it.



My Girlfriend Tells

Her Friends that

I Wear Panties

Dear Princess,

My girlfriend saw your ad and made me write to you. She is a beautiful woman and in complete control of my life. She wears the sexiest and prettiest full-cut, brief-style panties and makes me lick her through the delicate nylon while I'm dressed in my lingerie and other humiliating outfits.

For many years, I would steal my older sister's panties to wear because I loved the feel of them. When my mother discovered what I was doing, she didn't react like most mothers I've heard about. She loved the idea! Much to my embarrassment, she went right out and told my father, older sister and two younger brothers. They all had a good laugh, and I was horrified to be exposed. Mom went right out and took me shopping for panties of my own. My eyes didn't stop leaking tears for days. After that Mom was forever embarrassing me as she told all of her friends and our relatives about my hobby: my special interest in panties and lingerie. She'd do things like buy us matching panties and then proceed to show them off to whomever we ran into.

I did love the panties. I didn't wear them all the time because it was embarrassing for others to know about them, but I did wear them frequently, especially to bed. And Mom always made sure I had a clean pair of my prettiest panties on for under my Sunday suit for church and for whenever we traveled to visit family friends and relatives. As I grew older, I started to jackoff in them. Then I got interested in girls for sex. I indulged in a very active sex life with a long line of girlfriends in an attempt to lessen my attraction for lingerie, for now I wanted to "be a man."

Still I couldn't go for a long period of time without whacking off into a pair, and when I did, I'd feel very guilty and childish. I'd usually end up throwing the panties away as I tried not to think about them anymore, but I always found myself returning to panties for a sense of satisfaction that I couldn't get any other way, no matter how much sex I had with my girlfriends.

Over the last year, I have settled down to one girlfriend. Her name is Jeanette, and she is the most amazing woman I've ever met. As soon as I was introduced to her, I was attracted by her obvious charms. She is what many people would consider is a dominant female. However, to me, she is the sweetest and most loving woman I've ever known. Her commanding ways come to her naturally. She is not the least bit unfeminine as she competently handles everything that gets thrown her way.

About six months ago, I couldn't resist stealing an especially pretty pair of her pink panties. She caught me coming out of her bedroom, stuffing the lovely panties into my coat pocket. Instead of getting mad and calling me a pervert or something, she simply asked me to sit down with her and explain my actions. I told her about my lifelong addiction to lingerie and especially panties. She wasn't shocked. Instead, she was warm and understanding.

She asked me many probing and very personal questions. I answered with complete honesty. She had the ability to make me feel at ease while I described in detail things about myself that I had never even told to anyone before. She responded to my needs immediately. Not that she didn't tease me a bit, because she did.

However, she realized that I was supremely excited as well as embarrassed by her sweet teasing. Instantly, she saw beyond our immediate relationship and understood the advantages of having me as a boyfriend. Jeanette wasted little time in supplying me with all my own beautiful lingerie.

Now, through her manipulation of my fetish, I am totally enslaved to her. She even bought some complete outfits of women's clothes for me, including a satin French maid's uniform. Jeanette makes the rules. I have to report to her every Friday night and do whatever she commands for the entire weekend.

This usually includes changing into my maid's uniform complete with numerous scratchy layers of stiff bouffant petticoats. The skirt is so short that it doesn't hide the frills of my petticoats or even the reinforced tops of my seamed nylons attached to my gaudy red and pink garter belt. The panties I have to wear are in silk and rhumba-style. The blushing pink panties are loaded with multicolored rows of lace across the backside. Once in my maid's outfit I have to clean her house and prepare for any guests that she might be having. Jeanette never misses an opportunity to perform a task that will make me bend over to reveal the full backside of my beribboned and lace-frilled panties for her guests.

After dressing in the maid's outfit for the first time, she made me sit on the floor next to her as she called one of her favorite girlfriends. She let me share the earpiece as she carried on a torrid conversation with her friend, describing how she had caught me with her panties and how she now treats me. Jeanette also let her know that I was sitting there in a maid's outfit complete with bra, panties and everything and listening to their conversation. As they continued to talk, Jeanette slipped her hand under the stiff new petticoats I was wearing and massaged my silky panties over my penis. She tormented me by stroking my prick at a maddening slow pace.

Almost immediately, I began to breathe heavily, and I became very excited and very embarrassed as she told her friend about my outfit and my love for women's panties. She proceeded to describe the panties I was wearing. Then, she told her friend to talk to me directly.

My hand holding the phone trembled as Jeanette's girlfriend asked me all about my panties and how it felt to wear them. When she laughed at me and called me a sissy pantywaist, I shot spurt after agonizing spurt of hot cum through the silken panties and into Jeanette's stroking hand. She kept on tugging on my pantied penis until I begged for mercy. When Jeanette finally stopped pulling on my sore penis, she took her cum soaked hand from underneath my skirts and forced me lick it clean. As I slurped it up (an embarrassing first for me!), she described every detail of what I was doing for her laughing girlfriend.

After a brief rest, she called a second girlfriend and then a third. Both times she repeated the same erotic conversation and the same maddening stroking of my penis, which by the third go around became unbearably sore and irritated.

Each of her friends gave a different reaction as she told them about me wearing women's panties and other feminine things. The first one thought it was hilarious. The second thought I was crazy but also admitted that it sounded exciting. And the last one was very understanding. In fact, she described in detail how her parents made her younger brother wear a corset when he started to put on too much weight. One night to humiliate him into wanting to lose weight, they also made him wear a pair of her pink panties, a satin slip and nylons for "fun." Those conversations will live forever in my mind.

After cleaning Jeanette's house each weekend, her girlfriends (the same three that originally teased me over the phone) come over and I am forced to entertain them. They enjoy having me parade around modeling various outfits, wait on them hand and foot and, in general, do any

humiliating thing they can think up. They frequently make me bend over and raise my skirts for a little lingerie fashion show or for a spanking session across the seat of my ruffled panties.

Jeanette has recently threatened to remove all my body hair. As a coach and schoolteacher, this could be very embarrassing, so I've pleaded with her not to do it. But an even bigger problem: she has threatened to start dating guys the moment I can't get hard and sexually please her on command. She says she'll let her boyfriends use me like a woman if I can't perform like a man. That really scares me! However, if she gets her way (and, she always does), I'll have to find some way to live with it.

Maid By Love,
Ray, Cleveland

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Oh, you lucky
boy! We can
wear matching
panties today!

Forced Out

of the Closet

Dear Princess,

For years I have fought the temptation to wear girls' panties. I love them! My urges have always made me feel very uncomfortable mentally; however, physically, the sensuous panties with their snappy elastics are thrilling and wonderful. My life has been a quest for panties. I've begged, borrowed, purchased and stolen panties for as long as I can remember. My compulsion is an all-consuming, unpredictable and almost uncontrollable urge to collect, wear and jerk off in silky women's panties.

After masturbating into a pair of frilly panties, I always feel guilty and very unmasculine. Throughout my life, I have constantly fought to suppress my attraction to lingerie. I thought that I would eventually be able to conquer my illogical and all-powerful fetish. I was extremely happy when I met a young lady by the name of Anita. We became lovers. She didn't know about my panty fetish, but she made me feel like I could overcome my interest in women's clothing.

For the first few months of our relationship, our almost constant lovemaking and my determination to put lingerie out of my mind was fairly successful. I honestly believed that I could become the master of my emotions. My modest success put me in the situation of being caught off guard.

Then one evening with my lovely Anita, my life was forever changed. On that particular night, I had arrived earlier than expected for a dinner date we were planning. She invited me into the bedroom and told me to wait a few minutes while she went into the bathroom to finish getting ready.

Her dress and lingerie were laid out neatly on her bed. Left alone in her bedroom next to her sensuous clothes, I just stared at them. I wasn't mentally prepared to be left alone with the delicate feminine clothing belonging to my loved one. Without warning, the old urges exploded. I couldn't believe the risk I was taking, but I was uncontrollably drawn to her sexy lingerie. I approached the bed and started to examine the delicate frills on her silky panties.

They were so pretty. Actually, they were quite gaudy, but that only made them more exciting. The soft panties were bright pink with sexy black elastic waist and leg bands and exotic scarlet rosebuds embroidered on each hip. My fingers trembled as I daintily picked them up by the waist elastic and held them before my hips. I looked in the full-length mirror as I tried to envision how I would look wearing these thoroughly feminine panties.

I was lost in my dream world, but I jumped in fear of discovery as I noticed a slight movement in the doorway. I turned to see my dear Anita standing there staring at me with a puzzled, horror-struck expression on her face. I thought of trying to hide the panties still dangling from my fingers, but it was obviously too late. Blushing with embarrassment, I looked away from her and set the panties down on the bed. She seemed to be upset.

"Oh my god!" she said. "What in the hell are you doing with my panties? You were holding them up to yourself, like you wanted to wear them. Are you a fag or something?"

I sat down on the edge of the bed and stared at the floor. I couldn't bear to look at her. She continued to unleash verbal abuse upon me. Finally, from somewhere, I pulled together the courage to talk. Starting in very quiet and subdued tones, I tried to explain my motives in handling her lingerie. Eventually, she quieted down and I told her of my lifelong fascination, my fetish that I was trying so hard to control. After a long and painful confession, I gathered the courage to look her in the eye as I told her

how much I loved her and didn't want to hurt her in any way. But, her expression seemed to be a bit distant. The wheels in her mind seemed to be spinning at a tremendous rate.

She was dressed only in a towel that hugged her beautiful body. She approached the bed and slowly picked up the pretty pink panties that I had been caught holding. Before she said anything, she momentarily studied the delicate flower decoration and stroked the silky fabric. Her horror-struck expression had been replaced with a stern look that transcended simple understanding. Within a matter of moments she had changed before my eyes from an innocent, shocked young lady into a mature woman with great human insight and a sinister expression that conveyed a certain mastery of this unusual situation. I was to learn later that her younger brother also had a penchant for girls' clothing, so from her childhood years she had gained understanding of the lingerie fetishist from first hand experience. Moreover, she knew how to make the situation work to her advantage.

With those menacing frilly pink panties still dangling from her fingertips, she approached me sitting on the edge of the bed. The panties she hoisted to within inches of my face. She teased me with them as she caused them to flit and flutter before my eyes.

She finally spoke. "Well sissyboy, if you like my silky panties so much, why don't you put them on!

"Right now!" she demanded as she dropped the panties on my lap. I hesitated; she was still standing so very close to me. I tried to argue, but she wouldn't listen.

She interrupted my pleading, "Get these sweet femmy panties on, NOW!

"Hurry up, pantywaist. I can't wait to see you in all of my pretty clothes!"

I was still moaning and trying to dissuade her, but she wouldn't accept any excuses. Mechanically, I undressed, but I wasn't fast enough for her, so she helped me every inch of the way. All the while, she kept up a running line of chatter. It was puzzling, but she sounded like she was happy that she had discovered me in such a compromising situation.

"Just wait until I tell everybody that my lover likes to wear women's panties!"

I pleaded with her not to tell anyone, but she simply laughed at me and told me to shut-up! The cool nylon panties made me shudder with both delight and extreme embarrassment as she slid them up my legs. Anita impatiently grasped the waistband and tugged the silky panties up around my hips. She couldn't resist snapping the elastic waist and leg bands several times as she adjusted the slinky panties high around my waist.

It was very humiliating to have her so close to me in the brightly lit room with only the incriminating panties between my body and her fingers. She sensed this and continued to prolong the situation by bending down and putting her face only inches from the panties as she examined every inch of the electrifying fabric stretched over my body. Her little giggles and cutting comments made me feel like the little boy that just gotten caught by his mother as he was trying on her clothes.

Without warning, she grabbed my cock through the silky folds of the panties and started a rhythmic stroking that immediately traveled through all the nerves of my body. She made me tell her how much I loved panties. She made me describe in detail my earliest memories involving my desire to wear girls' clothes.

She continued to vigorously rub my tender panty-covered penis. With her other hand she began to stroke my ass through the soft material. Then she leaned over me and began kissing my ear. All of a sudden her wet, warm tongue plunged into my ear. Then she began to whisper in hot sexy tones. In an excited, but almost laughing way, she told me how pretty I looked in her girlish panties. She made

me promise to always wear panties. She went on to explain how she was going to take over my entire life, and make me love it!

When she poked at my asshole with her finger through the silky nylon, my hot cum started shooting into the pretty panties. She aggressively pumped and pumped on my prick as she kept repeating the word 'panties.'

"Cum panty boy. Cum in your pretty panties, silky panties, girly panties, YOUR panties. You're just a damned pantywaist sissy. Shoot your cum, sissy baby! Shoot it into your pretty girly panties. Cum some more for me."

After I shot what seemed like gallons, she taunted, "Is that all you have, sissy!"

I was still shaking with the violent surges of sexual emotion, and she began laughing in triumph as she fell back on the bed. Once we had both recovered, she had me get dressed again; however, she made me keep the cum-soaked panties on. She told me to keep them. In fact, she demanded that I wash them out when I got home. She told me to forget about our planned date for the evening because of this turn of events, she was going to do some alternative planning. She simply told me to go home and wait for her call the next day.

She wasted no time in taking over my life. When she called the next day she outlined a plan that included a long list of conditions and instructions. I couldn't resist her. I agreed to everything. She met me at the mall, and we went shopping to begin my wardrobe of women's clothing including lacy slips, training bras, old-fashioned waist cinchers, spiked heels, seamed silk stockings, cancan petticoats, fancy dresses and, of course, stacks of frilly women's panties.

Now, every Friday night I must report to her apartment. She strips me of my male clothes and dresses me in my female wardrobe and makes me entertain her and her girlfriends. My life has turned out to be more than my giving into the urge to wear panties. In fact, now, my lovely Mistress Anita makes me wear them all the time. Even though I'm humiliated every time I have to appear before her and her friends, I've learned to accept my role as a feminized male.

Ever since that fateful night when she discovered my true nature, she has established a ritual that now takes place every Friday night and lasts all weekend. The very first of these weekend escapades was quite embarrassing. I arrived at the appointed time to find my Mistress Anita and several of her closest girlfriends. They giggled when they saw me. Obviously, they had been told of my misfortune. I had to undress for them.

They broke out into howls of laughter the instant my pants zipper was undone, because bits of the fancy pink and lavender panties I was wearing came into view. When my pants came down and they saw all the gaudy ribbons, pastel bows, and feminine lace decorating my panties, they laughed even harder. I was paraded before them. They couldn't resist touching and snapping my silky panties. I was so ashamed that I almost fainted on the spot. I cried and pleaded with them to stop making fun of me, but to no avail.

A few minutes later, I was forced to dress in the black, seamed silk stockings and a frilly white satin garter belt. Next, I was forced into a pink silk training bra. The cups were filled with extra pairs of panties from my wardrobe. Three white lace crinoline slips were pulled over my hips. Then, a black satin skirt and white blouse was put over my exotic lingerie. They told me I looked like a maid. They put a ruffled, full-length bib apron on me and put me to waiting on them.

After I served them drinks, I was forced to model the outfit, including being made to lift my skirts and

petticoats to display my gaudy feminine panties. The session ended with me being forced over a stool with my skirts and petticoats raised out of the way for a spanking. They all took turns using a hairbrush on my panty-clad bottom, all the while they commented upon how sissified and old-fashioned my naughty nylon panties were.

Since that first occasion, the weekend rituals have developed to include a long list of humiliations for me. But during all of these sessions, Mistress Anita does not allow me sexual relief until Sunday evening. At these times she dresses me in some of my prettiest lingerie. My overly teased dick throbs for relief within my pretty panties. It bobs up and down against the silkiness of the panties and the scratchy and stiff, old-fashioned, white bouffant petticoats. Her teasing seems to go on forever. She makes me tell her how much I love her treatments.

She loves to lay back and finger herself to repeated climaxes while she directs me to slowly manipulate my tensed penis through the rasping stiff petticoats and soft panties. As I cum, she makes me tell her what a pussy-whipped sissy I am. She makes me stand before her in my cum-drenched girlish clothing as she pours out a vicious attack on my weak manhood.

She threatens to get a boyfriend, or as she says, a "real" boyfriend. She says that she will fuck him in front of me as they make me hold up my skirts so they can laugh at my tiny penis in my girlish panties.

A further threat, which scares the hell out of me, is that she says she just might make me clean both of them up after their fuck session - with my tongue!

Scared but Learning
Jay L., Ohio

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Mother Teased Me

Dear Princess,

I must reluctantly confess my sissyness. For years I would steal my sisters' panties and use them for masturbation. There were many close calls, but no one ever caught me in the act. However, my mother was often suspicious of some of my actions, and at times she made it obvious that she knew of my attraction to my sisters' lingerie.

On one occasion when I was twelve years old, I had to go shopping with my mother because I needed some new clothes. As we were walking through Marshall's department store, she asked me if I needed some new underwear. I mumbled a "yes." Mom stopped dead in her tracks and started to look through some clothing on a nearby counter. It was just then that I realized that we were



in the girls' lingerie department.

When I turned to face her, I noticed that she had a wicked grin on her face, and she was holding a dainty pair of satiny yellow panties - GIRLS' PANTIES - with a large orange lace flower on the left hip and white ruffles on the leg openings. Holding the panties in her outstretched hands, she approached me, and before I could react, she held the silky panties up to my waist as if she was checking to see if they would fit me.

She said, "Don't you just love the pretty lace and frills on these panties?"

Completely embarrassed, I jumped back. I was shocked. I started to take a few steps backward. I was trying to get away from my teasing mother, but I ended up walking directly into a very bitchy looking saleslady. She had witnessed the entire episode. She seemed to be trying to hold back her laughter.

"Would you like me to show you some other panties?" she asked. "With our sale on, it's a great time to stock up."

I wanted to run away. Everything was much too close for comfort, but my mother had me firmly in her grip, and in her other hand she continued to hold onto those shiny yellow panties. The saleslady continued, "What size panties does he wear?" And, "How long has your boy been wearing girls' panties?"

I pulled myself free from my mother's hold and ran over to the next department. About fifteen minutes later, Mother found me. She was beaming with an intimidating grin and carrying a large bag. My mind started to race. I thought to myself. Did my mother really buy a bunch of panties? GIRLS PANTIES - FOR ME!

Yes, I did love panties and all girls' clothes, but I was a confused young boy who wanted to appear masculine in everyone's eyes. I couldn't bear the thought of anyone knowing of my interest in girls' things. I started to sob and moan as I trailed my mother out of the store. I finally obtained the courage to talk to her. I was feeling very emasculated, but I had to know. I asked her if she had bought any of those "things." I used the word "things" because I couldn't even say the word "panties." When she told me she had, my face must have dropped a foot. Seeing my shock and frustration, she confessed that she actually had bought the panties for my two sisters. She explained that she just thought it would be fun to use the situation to tease me a bit.

Just as I was beginning to relax a little after that horrible event, my mother said, "Billy, I didn't mean to upset you so much. But you can't fool me. I know that you like your sisters' panties and things. I see you peeking up their skirts every chance you get, and many times the girls have complained that someone has messed up their lingerie drawers. I know you're a little panty lover, but I also know that it's not at all unusual for a boy your age to be interested in panties and the things girls wear."

Her words almost brought tears to my eyes. I had no idea that anyone knew of my interest in girls' things.

When we got home from our shopping expedition, Mother delighted in retelling the story of my humiliation to my sisters and father. They all laughed at me. My sisters begged my parents to really make me wear panties. My father laughed at me and reminded me of the incident every time he saw me during the next few days, by asking questions like, "How's my little pantywaist son today?" Or, "What color panties are you wearing today? Do they have any lace and bows on them?" Then he'd let out a hearty laugh.

The panties that my mother had bought on that dreadful day were the focal point in her story as she told the family about our shopping trip. She took each frilly pair of panties from the bag and held them up for everyone to see. They all o-o-ohed and a-a-aahed as they examined the lacy

decorations on each pair. I had to stand nearby and try not to blush as Mom demonstrated our encounter with the saleslady. She even held several pairs of dainty panties up to my waist just as she had done in the store. I was forced to put up with this humiliation. When I tried to get out of the room, my father told me to sit back down. He said that he really would make me wear girls' panties if I couldn't take a harmless joke!

After that night, my sisters, Sally and Trish, seemed to go out of their way to tease me with panties. Whenever they bought some new pairs, they would make a point of showing them to me and asking my opinion of them. They always wore short skirts around the house, and they delighted in sitting carelessly, exposing their lace-trimmed panties for my benefit. Repeatedly, they would catch me peeking up under their skirts, but they didn't get angry with me. Instead, they'd just smile and wink at me. Only when our parents were around did they bother to modestly cover their panties with their skirts.

My sisters literally hypnotized me with their panty flashing. To further complicate matters, they loved to leave their lacy panties all over the house. At any particular time, girlish panties could be seen hanging from doorknobs, laying on tables or clinging to a chair. Frequently, a discarded pair turned up in my room, and several times I even found a pair teasingly left on my pillow! Our house was panty heaven. Looking at panties everywhere, all day long, got to me. I'm sure it was a plot to slash at my masculinity. I was crazed by it all. No one, not even my father, said anything about it or seemed to consider it unusual.

As I got older, the ongoing panty show made me constantly horny. Often, several times daily, they would get to me. I'd have to search the laundry hamper or my sister's dresser drawers until I found an especially pretty pair. Then, I would rip off my own clothes and pull on the slinky silk panties and rub my penis through the thrilling nylon until I had a violent orgasm.

Sometimes, during these masturbation sessions, I would dress up completely in my sisters' clothes, including a slip, nylons, a little lacy bra and a satin bow for my hair. On one occasion, a new pink satin party dress belonging to my sister Sally was hanging in the bathroom, as she was getting ready to go to a party. I just had to try it on. I peeked out of the bathroom to make sure no one was nearby. The coast was clear. I put on a pair of high heels belonging to my mother, added a very soft purple pair of heavily frilled panties and then pulled the dress over my quivering body. No sooner had I slipped into the dress than I was disrupted with a loud knocking on the door. My sister was yelling for me to hurry up because she was running late and had to get into the bathroom to put on her new dress. In panic I removed all the pretty clothing (without having a chance to satisfy myself) and made a hasty, self-conscious, red-faced exit. On my way out, my sister looked at me kind of funny. I always wondered if she had any idea as to what I was doing only moments before with her pretty pink party dress.

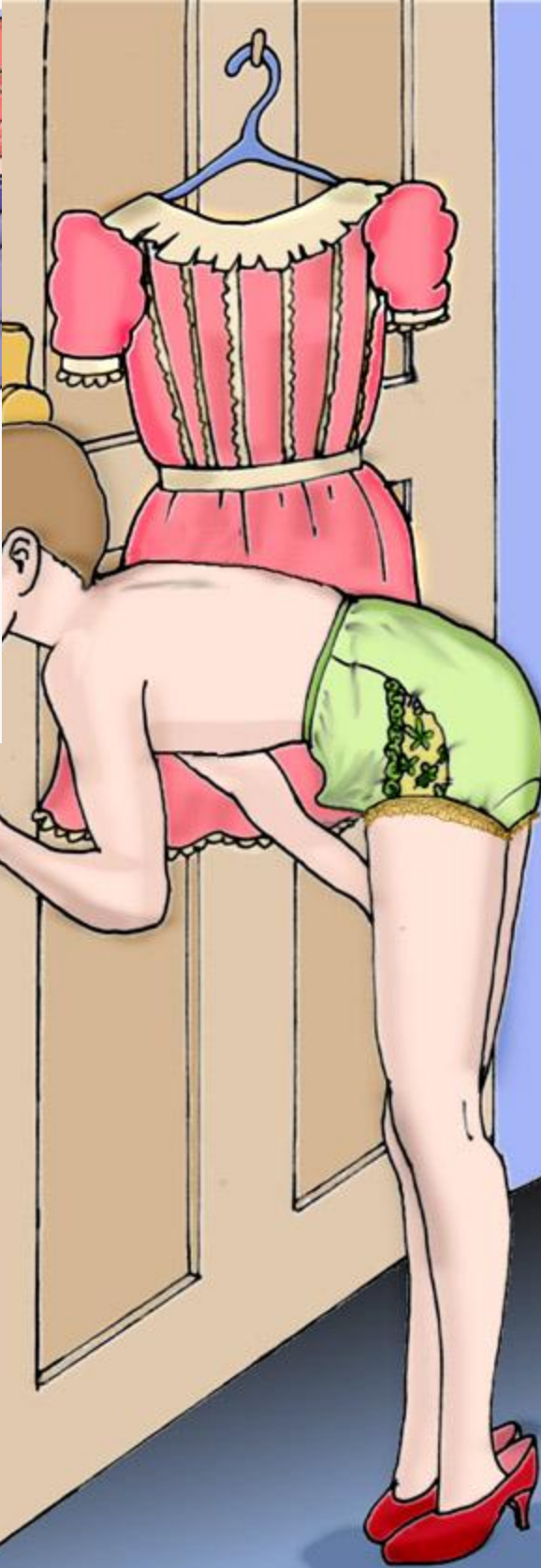
I often thought about wearing panties under my boys' clothes, and occasionally I did, but I generally suppressed my desires in this respect because if anyone ever found out, I knew I would be humiliated in front of not only my family, but my friends as well.

So as you can see in my own home, panties drove me wild. They controlled me. I gave into their overwhelming influence and admitted their power over me. The first thing I did after graduating school was to get my own apartment, and once I did, I threw out all of my boys' underwear and filled my dresser drawers with panties and other girlish lingerie. From then on, I wore panties constantly, even under my regular clothes. However, a longing for the panty-heaven home I was brought up in, made me a frequent visitor to my family's house. On my return visits home, I was rewarded with things as usual - with plenty of panties always on display around the house.

Panty Crazy, Billy C.
Fall River, Mass.

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Since I loved my auntie, I'd do
anything she'd tell me to do.



Seeing if the coast is clear!

Playing House in Panties

Dear Princess,

This is your little sissy boy Arnold. I have been wearing a bra for about two years. When I go bare-chested, it looks like I have two budding titties. I love to make love to a woman while I am dressed in girly lingerie. I am not interested in having sex in the nude. I am desperately looking for a woman to share love and dressing up. I would do anything for her.

I have to take care of my ill mother. I have her sister with me to help out so I can't wear my lingerie without wearing men's clothes over them. I am a heterosexual male that loves to wear silky underthings. My interest in girls' clothing started when I was eight years old.

At that time my cousin, Linda, was sixteen years old, and she enjoyed visiting me. We played all kinds of games, and I always looked forward to her coming over. One day she said she always wanted a little sister, but since she was an only child and her parents were divorced, she knew that it would never happen. Then, she asked me if I would like to play house with her and pretend to be her little sister.

I loved my cousin Linda, so I agreed, but I thought we'd just pretend I was a girl. I became a little scared when she said she wanted me to look like a real girl and started to take some pretty pastel-colored lingerie out of a big paper bag she had.

For a few moments I was a little confused. I sat there contemplating the situation. I didn't say anything. I just nervously sat next to her as she explained what she wanted to do. I felt that it might be wrong for me, a boy, to put on girls' clothes, but she kept telling me how nice they would feel on my body. She kept running her hands over the silky pieces of lingerie as she described how exciting it was to wear such pretty things.

One by one, she held up each shimmering item for both of us to examine closely as she talked on and on. With thrilling words, she described each article in embarrassing detail. As she finished with each piece of clothing, she laid it on my lap. I was wearing shorts at the time and the silky bits of lingerie on my bare legs sent electrifying shivers through me. The touch of those sensuous garments and her alluring words unnerved me. I was in a trance as I got up and she started to help me out of my little boy clothes.

Linda sorted through the clothes and found the dainty panties. She held them before me for a second look. They were soft and shiny, and they fluttered in her fingers with her every movement. These delicious panties were made of golden yellow rayon with delicate lace going around the legs. I couldn't take my eyes off them as she bent before me and opened the waistband so I could step into them.

She slowly pulled the feminine panties up my legs until they encased my hips and settled high on my waist with a loud snap. They tingled and tickled. They were warm and yet cool. They were everything. The panties ignited every nerve in my body that they touched. My little boy penis had never felt such a luxurious feeling. I was genuinely scared. Tears came to my eyes. She seemed disappointed in me that I was about to cry. She threatened to hit me with a short little stick she had, if I didn't cooperate.

With tears continuing to run down my cheeks, I apologized and told her I'd do whatever she wanted me to do. She smiled and started to tickle me to get me to laugh. Then she pinched the end of my wiener through the panties. I jumped in surprise. My attention was drawn to my penis and I realized that it had gotten very hard. It bobbed up and down within the silky panties. As Linda watched it grow hard, she rubbed it some more and tickled my balls through the silky

yellow rayon.

My legs gave way and I fell back on the couch while the sexual surges spread over my body. Linda laughed. She playfully tried to push my penis down and adjust the panties for a proper fit but it just kept sticking its head up again.

Realizing that it wasn't going to stay down, she shrugged her shoulders and decided to ignore it. Then she helped me into a tiny satin training bra and a very silky babydoll nightie top that had a wide lacy hem and more lace around the top. She even added a big floppy bow to my hair.

When I looked at myself in the mirror, I realized that you could see the pretty golden yellow bra and panties right through the shimmering short nightgown. Linda expressed her delight with me in the clothes she had brought. She told me that next time she would bring some more clothes, including a dress, little girls' high-heeled shoes and some sexy nylon stockings.

Following her instructions, she made a game of playing house with me as her little sister; of course, I stayed dressed in the lingerie. I loved all of the attention she showered upon me. Linda made many excuses to touch and fondle me intimately through the silky, lacy clothes while we played.

Ever since that day, I've loved to dress in lingerie. I wear panties all of the time. They make me feel good, and I pretend I'm a girl. My cousin, Linda, is now married with three boys. She lives in Idaho so I don't get to see her very often. The few times we have been together, she always makes some coded little comment to me that she completely remembers our little dressing up games. I constantly wonder with her three boys how often she makes them dress up in lingerie and girlie clothes! Knowing her, it's not a question of whether or not she does it; it's just a question of how often!

When I lived alone I could wear all kinds of lingerie around the house and pretty nighties to bed every night, but now living with my mother and aunt, I don't have the freedom to do that. That's why I really want to find a woman that I can serve who will enjoy me. We could live together and have a great life.

Your Sissy Boy,
Arnold, Chicago

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Since I loved my cousin Linda so much,
I would do anything she told me to do.



Peeking in

the Park

Dear Princess,

Ever since I was very small I've secretly worn girls' panties. I'm able to wear size fourteen briefs, which is a girl's size. I am quite slim and they fit perfectly. I like little girls' panties more than women's panties because they are fancier. Also, with most women these days wearing bikini panties, fancy brief styles are difficult to find. However, a lot of little girls still wear briefs so the selection is much wider and easier to find.

I never miss an opportunity to peer up a girl's skirt. Whenever I see panties, I get very hard in my own panties. Recently, as I was passing through our nearby park, I saw two girls riding on the swings. Both were wearing short plaid skirts, the school uniform of the local Catholic girls' school. They were swinging back and forth and chatting away.

I walked slowly by and lingered a bit by the fountain trying to get lucky in case their skirts flipped up to expose their panties. I didn't have any luck, and I was about to leave the park when both of the girls moved up into a standing position on the swings. I decided to make another slow pass of the area. I just hoped the girls wouldn't notice me staring.

As I slowly passed by them once again, I got the feeling that they had noticed me looking, but I had to look because the breeze was billowing their short pleated skirts to and fro. Now, they were the ones to stare. They looked directly at me as they continued to make the swings go higher and higher. However, I couldn't resist taking fleeting glances up their flying skirts. And they just kept looking at me and smiling as I watched them. I was rewarded with views of their delightfully beautiful, nylon, waist-high brief panties. One girl's panties were white nylon with a lace decoration on the side in yellow and the other girl's panties were a shimmering pink nylon.

They continued to swing wildly and giggle as I looked directly under their skirts. The girl with the white lace panties even parted her legs a bit more and thrust her hips forward as she pumped the swing to go high just as I passed close by. I walked around to the backside of the swings and was able to see their entire panty clad bottoms as they swung high overhead. The girls looked over their shoulders and watched me watching them. They made some catcalls and said something in a singsongy voice, but I couldn't hear what they were saying. Then they simultaneously bent far forward on their swings and the wind caught their skirts and hoisted them high above their waists. Their boldness caught me off guard. I could only stand and stare at their youthful, panty-clad bottoms, reflecting the brightness of the sunlight.

As I did, one of them shouted, "Hey mister, if you like looking at panties so much, buy some of your own and leave us alone!"

Their brazen comments made me blush. I left the scene immediately and went home. When I got undressed in my bedroom, I discovered that I had already leaked a huge amount of pre-cum into my panties. My penis ached because it was erect for such a long period of time. The little girls in the park had teased and humiliated me but I loved it. The events in the park seemed to take forever as they unfolded; however, it lasted no more than three or four minutes. But I was in ecstasy as I shot a load of cum into my panties.

If those young girls are that bold now, what will they be like when they are in their twenties and thirties?

The Girl in the Family,
Little Gerry, Bronx, NY

P.S. At the moment I am lying face down and wearing nothing but briefs. They are a very pretty pink, waist high, with adorable lacy side panels in a dainty floral design. The panels are about two inches wide and cover an area from the waist to the legband. My gracious, they're so silky to the touch. Oh, by the way, I bought this particular pair at Woolworth's. Also the waist and leg elastics are white and very snappy. I have many girls' panties in size fourteen. My favorites are a white pair with large red and pink polka dots and a soft silk pink pair with dainty white lace around the leg openings and tiny red satin bows on each of the hips. I also have two similar pairs in blue and two more pink pairs with nursery rhyme characters in front. It shows two impish little girls making their way through a giant field of mushrooms. The adorable picture covers most of the front of the panties.

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Pantied Poor Boy

1/19/99

Dear Princess,

Hello Princess! I love your website; it is great to see a real girl that is into this stuff. I have never told anyone about myself, but I've wanted to for a long time, so you will be the first. I'll make it kind of short because I'm very busy with schoolwork. Soon I will take the time to write about my life in a long story.

I have been wearing girls' clothes since I was born. My family was poor, so to save money, my aunt and mother agreed that when my cousin Melissa, who is two years older than me, outgrew her clothes, they would be passed on to me. My entire childhood was spent in girls' shirts, jeans, shorts, socks, jackets, pajamas, and even panties. Mom and Dad only had me wear dresses in the house. The first few years of my life I had no idea that these were not the clothes that boys normally wore. I was about four when I first realized that I was wearing girls' clothes. Of course I tried to rebel and tell my parents that I didn't want to wear them, but they refused to buy new clothes. To school I wore things that I hoped people could not tell were made for girls, such as jeans and plain shirts. However, at night and when I did not have school, I had to wear really girly things like fancy blouses, frilly dresses and lacy ankle socks. Also, I had to wear a lot of pink things. The worst to me, though, were the Barbie clothes. My cousin was really into Barbie, so I always had shirts and panties with Barbie on it. I remember I had Barbie pajamas, which were pink babydolls with matching panties and a picture of Barbie on the frilly top.

The types of panties I wore when I was little were quite feminine. I had Barbie panties, My Little Pony panties, Cabbage Patch Kids panties, and anything else that my cousin was into during the 1980s. Many of them had flowers, bows and lace on them. I also had solid color panties.

I tried my best to wear the most unfeminine clothing to school, but there were several times I was caught. Interestingly, most of the time it was by a girl. One that I can remember vividly is the time that somehow a girl saw that I was wearing panties. She made fun of me with her friends, but I don't think she told anybody else. Now that I think back, it is interesting how boys reacted the few times a boy discovered that I was wearing girls' clothes. They made fun of me but then ignored me like I had the plague. But when girls realized what I was wearing, they still made fun of me at first, but invariably they made overtures to become my friend. They seemed to enjoy my company and didn't make fun of me any more after the novelty of my situation wore off for them.

I did have some embarrassing moments when people realized I had girls' clothes on. Of course, going to the doctor was always embarrassing. I would always be embarrassed when I had to strip down to my panties and the nurse or doctor would see them. If it was one of the male nurses, he would look at me funny but usually they didn't say anything. If it was a female nurse, they would look at me funny too, but they always asked me why I was wearing panties. Once I told them that it was because my family was poor and they were handed down from my cousin, they understood and treated me normally.

I wore nothing but panties from the time I was out of diapers until I went into puberty. Then one day Mom noticed cum stains in my panties. I had just started to cum and it felt good to spurt off into my soft panties. That's when Mom decided it was time for me to have regular boys' clothes to wear. All my girls' clothes were put into the attic.

I thought it was going to be great to have my own clothes -- boys' clothes! However, something funny happened. A few days after I started wearing boys' clothes, I began to miss the silky panties. I hated the look and feel of my new boys' underwear. I realized then that I really liked how pretty my girls' panties were and how they felt. I did not care about any of the other girls' clothes, just the panties. So I got my old panties out of the attic and wore them like I used to do. I had to hide this from my parents though because I did not want them to think I was weird because now that I had boys' underwear I still preferred the panties. When I grew so much that they became too tight for me, I started wearing my mother's panties. I wore them everyday except days I had to change for gym class.

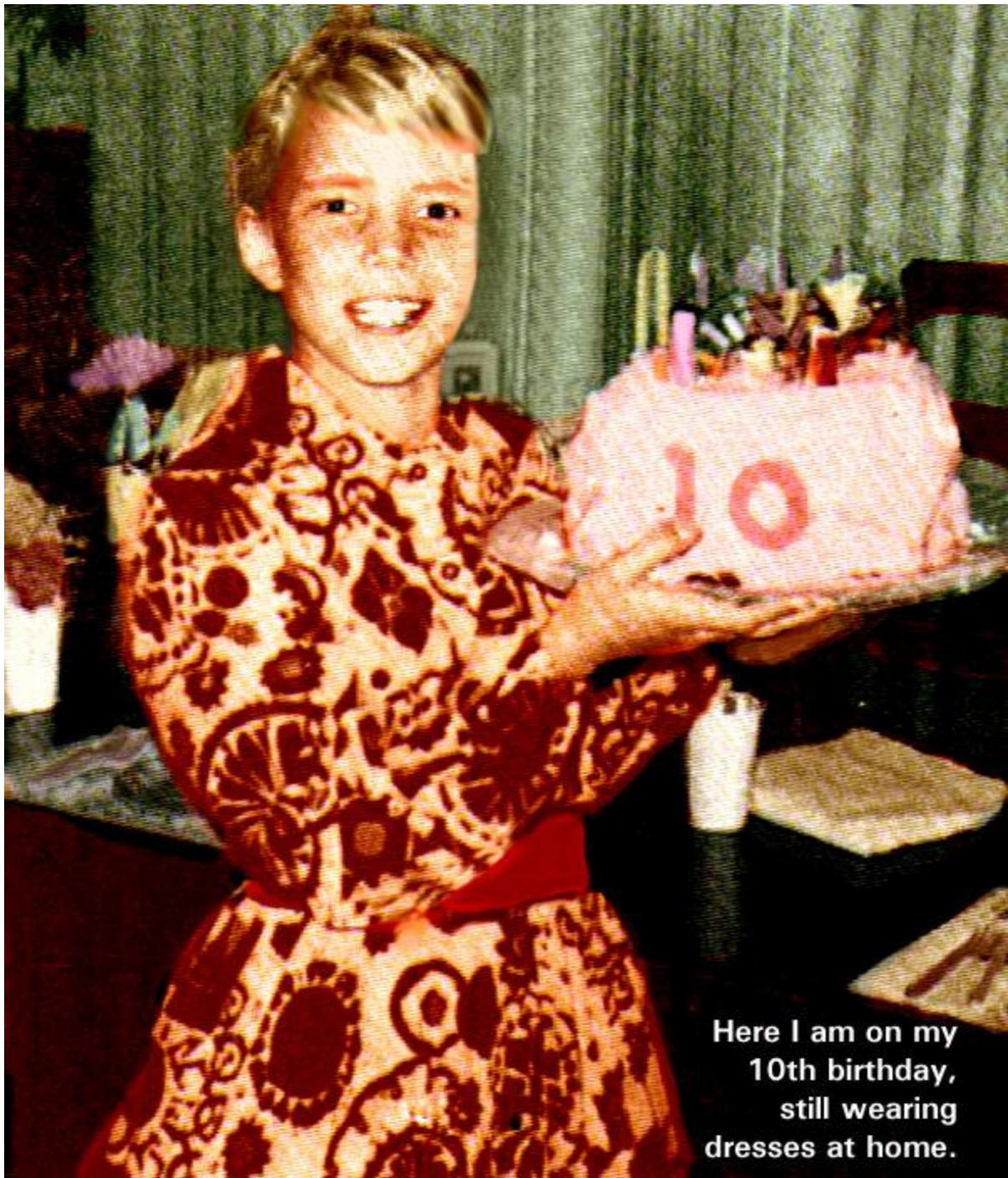
I'm in my last year of high school and still wearing my mother's panties since I am too embarrassed to buy my own. Recently I have found out that I also like to wear dresses, bras, and slips. I also like to paint my nails. I have taken the name of Katie when I am dressed this way. I am not gay and I do not want to have a sex change, I just think of myself as having a feminine side that I need to express.

I thank you for your offer of the catalogue, but as I still live at home with my parents, I can't take a chance on having them find out about my dressing up. Even though I wore girls' clothes when I was a kid, I know they could not understand or except it now that they can afford to buy me my own clothes. Over the years, Mom has caught me a few times or found my stash of girls' clothes. She was always very upset at such times and cried about it but did not tell Dad. I don't know how much being raised in girls' clothes had to do with my present desires, but I am now glad that I was raised that way. If I ever have a son, I know I won't be able to resist initiating him into the joys of girls' clothes at an early age.

I tried to make this a brief summary of myself, if you want to know any details please e-mail me.

Love, Katie

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Here I am on my
10th birthday,
still wearing
dresses at home.

ONE BIG HAPPY



10 GOOD REASONS WHY I DON'T WEAR DRESSES BY RUTHIE.



7. THEY'RE NOT GOOD FOR SLIDING HOME.



6. TOO MANY SISSIES WEAR 'EM.



5. THEY COME WITH A NASTY SONG.



4. THEY TEND TO MULTIPLY.



3. THEY'RE TOO COMPLICATED.



2. MY BROTHER DOESN'T HAVE TO WEAR 'EM.



AND THE NUMBER ONE REASON WHY I DON'T WEAR DRESSES:



Click on this article for a color photo.

Local BOY tries out for Annie!

Boston: Last week, Ellwood Michelson of Lawndale journeyed to Boston to try out for a part in an upcoming movie. Nothing unusual about that. The six-year-old is an experienced actor, having appeared in two major motion pictures and six professional theater productions.

What was unusual was that he was trying out for the female lead in the upcoming movie production of *Annie*, an adaptation of the highly successful Broadway musical. Perhaps what was even more unusual, his parents were behind him 100%. Most parents would probably seek a psychiatrist if their young son told them that he wanted to dress up like a girl and try out for the girl's part in a play. But not the Michelsons. Lizzy and Brian Michelson are used to such things with their boy.

"Elly has always been dressing up around the house and imitating people -- both males and females -- that he has seen on television," Lizzy admitted. "That's why we started to take him to auditions before he was even four years old."

"Of course, I'm prejudiced, and I think he's going to be a great actor some day, but many people have told us that he is very talented. You should see him do [Flip Wilson's] Geraldine!"

"That's the first character he imitated. He seems to especially enjoy playing girls' parts."

At the audition, over three hundred girls from five to ten years old crowded into the old Addison Hotel ballroom.

See "Audition" page 8.



Lizzy Michelson adjusts her son, Ellwood's, comic wig just prior to his audition for the part of Annie.

Audition continued from page 3.

They were decked out in everything from fancy party dresses to classic Little Orphan Annie outfits. A lot of them sported fright wigs or dyed, bright red hair done up in a mound of curls and short red dresses. The audition included dancing, singing and reciting memorized lines. Auditions are being held in six other cities, and the best from each city will meet in Hollywood next month on the 24th and 25th for final auditions.

Ellwood wasn't the only boy there. Two other boys were also trying out. However, compared to the other two (in this writer's opinion), Ellwood or "Elly" as his parents like to call him, was the best, and perhaps the better than all the girls too! He was dressed in a cartoonish short dress with a wide collar and puffed sleeves. He used a mop-type orange-red wig over his usual short brown hair.

Everyone took him to be a girl. He was that convincing. While others more closely resembled the Annie character in dress and hairdo, few others could compete with Ellwood's dancing and singing talents. Most agreed that he would make a very good Annie. His gender wasn't known until the boy had completed the audition. As he was about to

leave the stage, one of the men conducting the audition announced that he had made a mistake in filling out the application, having incorrectly checked the box for sex as "male." That's when the lad set them straight and admitted that he was indeed a boy.

Brian Michelson didn't seem to be bothered by his son's interest in playing around in girls' clothes.

"I know a lot of fathers would be bothered by it, but I say 'what the hell! Let the kid have some fun. He's not hurting anyone any way. Besides," he said with a laugh, "the Missus and I always wanted a daughter anyway!"

Elly himself seems perfectly comfortable in girls' clothes. He had no compunction about showing off his costume, even doing a girlish curtsy and twirling around to show off his heavily frilled panties. When asked if he wasn't embarrassed to wear such clothes, he simply answered, "No!"

When asked if the other kids teased him about dressing up in girls' clothes, he admitted that they did but said that he was used to it and it didn't bother him anymore.

Mrs. Michelson was a bonafide stage mom, hovering over her girlish son like a mother hen, fussing with his fake hair, straightening up his

costume, fluffing up his slips and adjusting the elastics on his frilled white bloomer panties.

When asked if she thought all this play acting like a girl might possibly have an adverse effect in later years for her boy, she was genuinely offended by the question.

"What could possibly be wrong with wearing girls' clothes? You make it sound like they might give him cancer or leprosy or something. They're just clothes. What difference does it make what anyone wears? If Elly wants to wear dresses and hair ribbons, he knows he can do it. More than that, he knows that both his father or I will never make fun of him for what he wants to do or wear."

"Elly has played several girls' parts very successfully, but once the makeup and costumes come off, he's back to being a fairly typical boy. One thing I will tell you, Elly likes girls' panties. After all, who wouldn't if you had a choice. So I keep him supplied with silky panties because he insists on it. But it's nobody's business what he wants to wear anyway!"



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Sissy Boys on TV and in the Movies



The Little Rascals

***The Little Rascals* is a 1994 movie based upon the famous "Our Gang" comedy serials of the 1930s. Many of the original episodes featured the boys in the gang having to get dressed as girls for one reason or another. This movie also has a nice crossdressing scene. Spanky and Alfalfa disguise themselves in ballerina outfits and have to join a group of girls in a dance number. The outfits are cute and the boys are adorable.**

First produced by Hal Roach in the 1930s, the original films are known collectively as the "Our Gang" comedies, the makers of this film have gone to great lengths to cast kids who look a lot like the original actors. Travis Tedford, as Spanky, and Bug Hall, as the squeaky-voiced Alfalfa, are adorable in their fairy ballerina outfits, complete with tights and tutus. Director Penelope Spheeris. The Little Rascals (as well as many of the original episodes) are currently available at video stores.

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