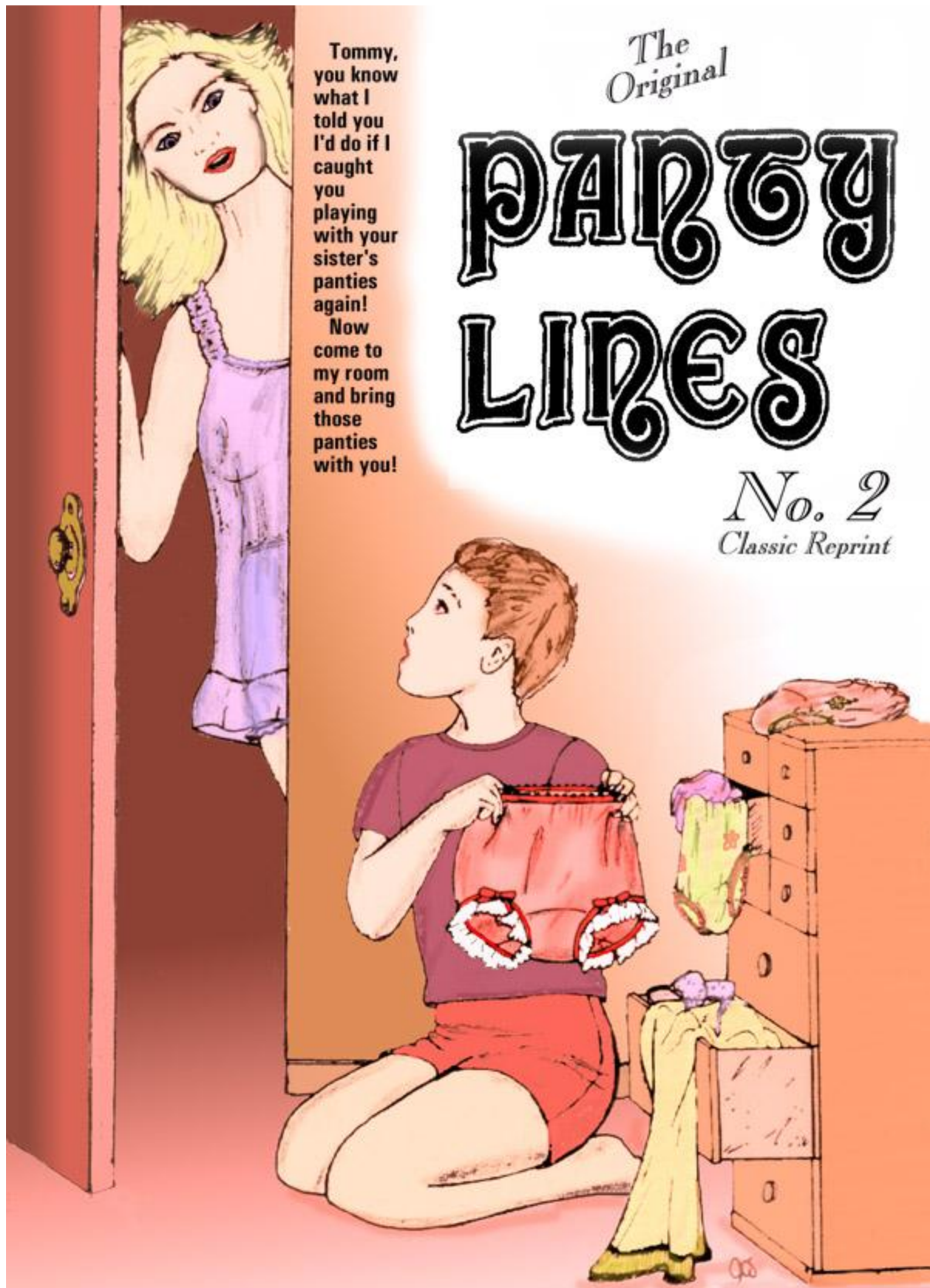


*The
Original*

PARTY LINES

*No. 2
Classic Reprint*

Tommy,
you know
what I
told you
I'd do if I
caught
you
playing
with your
sister's
panties
again!
Now
come to
my room
and bring
those
panties
with you!





The Making of a Sissy

Part 2

(Continued from Panty Lines #1)

The following is the second in a series about the circumstances and events that helped to turn one little boy into a lifelong sissy. By exploring this true case history, we hope our readers gain understanding into the process that locks a male into a life where everything feminine is the ideal, acceptance as 'one of the girls' is the goal and pleasure is based upon humiliation.

In the first part of this true-life narrative, we learned about Jimmie's earliest memories. His parents were plain, ordinary people: a quiet, serious, stubborn mother

and a low profile, hard working father, whom he greatly feared. Jimmie also had two sisters. Alice was three years older, very domineering and nasty toward him. Ann was two years older and very easygoing but under the control of her older sister. All together they formed this somewhat average, lower-middle class family struggling to live the American dream.

Jimmie's home life was devoid of any positive masculine influence because his father worked long hours and spent little time at home. Jimmie spent all his time with his mother and sisters. In addition to being the only boy, he was the youngest and, therefore, the "baby of the family," a distinction that made him feel even more alienated. He wanted to be loved and treated as an equal to his sisters, but being dressed differently and treated differently made him feel cheated and out-of-place. In his eyes, his sisters were always given preferential treatment so he decided that he wanted to be a girl too. He began to imitate how his sisters talked and acted. And being ignorant of important differences between boys and girls, he thought that he could become a girl simply by dressing like one. Part I ended with Jimmie alone in the bathroom, trying on a pair of Alice's panties.

It was early morning, my sisters had gone off to school, and since I was not yet old enough to attend, I was home alone with my mother. While she was busy putting in a load of laundry in the washer, I went into the bathroom, where I often went to secretly put on panties I knew I could find in the laundry hamper.

On this particular morning, a brand new pair of silky yellow panties was sitting on top of a pile of sorted laundry ready to be washed. They were the prettiest things I had ever seen. Cute girlish ruffles encircled each leg opening and a yellow satin bow adorned each hip.

Anxiously, I shed my clothes then stepped into my sister's pretty panties. Whenever I gave into this urge, I would get a strange feeling in the pit of my stomach. I sensed that I might be doing something wrong, but I wasn't sure. I disregarded my nervous queasiness and continued with

what I had already developed into a ritual.

Instinctively, I tucked my penis deep into the silky double crotch of the panties and snugged the soft material up high around my waist. I was in wonderland pretending to be a little girl like my older sisters. I closed the toilet seat cover and sat down on it. As I became thoroughly engrossed in daydreams of being treated like a girl by my mother and sisters, I gently rubbed my hips and ass through the slinky rayon.

After some minutes, a loud knocking awoke me from my reverie. It was my mother. She wanted to know what I was doing in the bathroom so long. The tempo of my breathing that had increased when I first put on the panties now skyrocketed. Self-conscious feelings of being dirty and naughty engulfed me. Yet, this secret rendezvous with my sister's panties was, as always, thoroughly exhilarating.

For a long time, I had been thinking about telling my mother how much I liked to wear panties. I wanted to ask her if I could wear panties all the time just like my sisters. Without further hesitation, I decided now was the time to do it. I quickly formulated a plan as I pulled on my heavy corduroy trousers over the panties. For the first time I was going to be wearing panties outside of the bathroom. I wanted Mom to know, but I didn't have the nerve to come right out and tell her, so without actually saying anything, I was simply going to let her see me wearing them. I wasn't 100% sure that my theory would work, but I believed that once she saw me in the panties, she'd let me wear panties too, all the time. I had to try.

Hoping that my plan would work, I tucked the shirttail of my plaid flannel shirt into the waistband of the panties. I tugged the panties up high around my waist then I pulled up my coarse trousers and buckled my belt. Looking down, I saw the feminine waist elastic and bright yellow rayon peeking out above my trouser tops. Excitedly, I fingered the silky band of prettiness stretching around my tummy. I was nervous, but I was ready.

As I walked out of the bathroom, the tempo of my breathing and the beating of my little heart increased furiously. Mother was sitting in the living room in her favorite chair and darning some socks. She was working only by the dim light coming from an overcast sky through the nearby window and the light from a small table lamp. I untied one of my shoelaces and let it drag after me as I walked, knowing that Mom couldn't stand to see them untied and would instinctively grab me around the waist and pull me toward her so she could reach down to tie it up again. Of course, even without her God-given eye for detail, I was sure that such an action would make her notice the yellow panties peeking out of my pants. As soon as I entered the living room, she spotted the dangling shoelace.

"Come here," she said setting down her darning. "Let me tie your shoelace before you trip on it."

The plan's irreversible wheels had been set into motion.

I slowly approached. With a quick motion, she grabbed me with one hand and yanked me toward her, pulling me in between her legs as she simultaneously used her other hand to modestly push her dress down between her thighs. Facing away from her, I lifted my foot, and she crouched forward to reach around me to tie my errant shoelace.

Since I was deep in her clutches, I had to lean forward as she pressed herself against my back to reach around me for the shoelace, an action that brought her face within inches of the bright panties peeking out of my trousers.

Once my shoe was tied, I started to move away from her. I thought, "Didn't she notice the panties? Or, did she notice but didn't care?"

However, before I could walk out from between her legs, her arm caught me firmly around the

waist. My thoughts were soon answered. My plan was working. This was the moment I wanted but also greatly feared.

"Wait a minute. What in the heck . . ." she said as her voice trailed off. There was a long pause. While holding me with one arm, she took her free hand and grabbed the dainty yellow elastic and rayon encircling my waist. She closely examined it. "Where did you get these from?" she angrily wanted to know.

Her voice was loud. Even though I was right up against her she was shouting. The sound reverberated up and down my spine. In that instant I knew that what I had done was wrong. Tears welled up in my eyes. I fought to hold them back. My throat went dry, and I couldn't speak. I could only shrug my shoulders, indicating an "I don't know" response.

"These are your sister's new panties. What in the heck are you doing wearing them?"

As she spoke, she was still gripping the panty waistband. In her anger she was violently yanking up on it, crushing my little penis and balls up against my body in the crotch of the panties. I squirmed to lessen the pain. With ease, Mom flipped me around and undid my belt and zipper. She peeled open my trousers to expose me in the panties. She paused and didn't say a thing for the longest time, just stared at my pantied hips in the cold, dimly lit room. The silence was broken by the sound of my pants being yanked down far enough to clear my buttocks. She grunted and I groaned as she bent me over her leg and started slapping me on my ass. Within moments, her rapid smack, smack, smack lit my butt on fire. The sensitivity of my nerve endings increased a thousandfold. I could feel the silkiness of those panties over every square inch of my bottom. They burned. The anger-induced paddling also began an upward spiral of pain that increased by the second.

"What are you wearing these for?" she asked as she beat me.

"For criminally sakes. You're not a girl! You're a boy! A bad boy! A very bad little boy!" She took a breath then hit me some more!

"Wearing panties! If your dad saw you, he'd beat the living daylights out of you!"

But she wasn't finished. She hit me some more. When it finally ended, she pushed me off her lap. I stumbled and almost fell with my pants bunched around my thighs.

"Get into the bathroom and take those panties off! Right now!" she said as she reached out, pulled my shirt up from behind and grabbed the waist elastic.

She stretched it way out then let it snap hard against me. It stung my tender back horribly and further underlined her rage. She propelled me toward the hallway. As I hurriedly ran toward the bathroom and then entered, she continued to berate me.

"Panties are just for nice little girls! Not bad little boys! You really are the baby in this family. Now I guess you wanna be a sissy too!" she yelled then added, "Now, get those panties off! And, bring them back to me."

Totally defeated and crying like the dickens, I closed the door behind me and let my trousers fall to the floor. Ever so slowly I pulled the lovely little yellow panties away from my stinging butt and slid them down my legs. Not all of my tears were from the pain of that spanking; a lot of them came from the shame and the failure of my plan to work. And some of them were good-bye tears to the lovely panties. After I had redressed myself, I came out of the bathroom with my spirit broken and the soft rayon panties dangling from my fingertips. I couldn't look up at my mother as I walked toward her. The humiliation I was feeling made the silky panties feel hot. They burned my little fingers. Avoiding her angry gaze, I gingerly offered her the naughty panties.

She further expressed her disgust by roughly jerking the frilly panties out of my hand. She took

them by the waistband and with a snap of her wrists smoothed them out. Dangling them from her fingertips, she inspected them then held them right up to my face for a close-up object lesson. I knew her ways. When she spread them out over the palm of her one hand, I knew what was coming next. She shoved them right into my face.

"What in the heck ever possessed you put on your sister's panties? These are brand new panties. They cost good money. I'll not have you ruining them. Keep this up and you'll grow up to be a sissy?"

I was struggling to breathe and twist my face away from her smothering hand. At that very moment, I was so embarrassed that I wished I had never even seen those panties. Nearly dying of shame, I totally broke down and the tears poured forth wetting the panties. I ran to my bedroom and curled up on my bed. Rejected, scorned and without anyone to console me, I continued to cry.

I was very ashamed for what I had done. However, as I thought about it, I openly admitted to myself that I loved wearing those panties, and I wanted to wear them again as soon as possible. I was just going to have to do it secretly.

Part III of this fascinating story will published in the next issue of Panty Lines.

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Mama's Boy

"Mommy, where is Daddy taking me tomorrow?" Tommy asked as he crawled under the covers.

As Laura sat down on the edge of his bed and brushed a lock of hair out of the eyes of her five-year-old, she said, "Over to Compton. To that new country club. He says he wants to show you how to play tennis."

"Mommy, do I have to? I wanna go to the sewing club with you. I hate those games Daddy wants me to play."

Ever since their divorce, Tommy didn't see his father very often, and he had grown away from him. Conversely, he had grown ever closer to his mother, and she had molded him into a sweet loving son. In fact, people described him as a "mama's boy." His father obviously had sensed Tommy's growing withdrawal from him and the usual things most boys like to do. Only a few weeks before, during an argument with Laura, he called Tommy a "sissy" and blamed her for making him that way.

Now he was committed to developing his son's masculine side. His method was to push him into playing sports. His attempts were not working, but Laura didn't put up too much resistance since she considered it a temporary situation. She was sure her ex-husband would soon lose interest when he realized just how thoroughly girlish their son had become. Then he would just have to accept it.

"Tommy, don't worry about tomorrow. If you don't like to play those games, just keep telling your daddy and pretty soon he'll give into you and forget about all this sports junk."

While she was talking to Tommy, she saw him repeatedly looking past her and intently staring at something. She followed his gaze and saw what he was looking at. It was a pair of her panties casually draped over the edge of his nightstand. They were a pale purple pair of her best panties with "Laura" delicately embroidered in scarlet on the left hip and heavily anointed with "Here's My Heart," her favorite perfume.

She was not surprised to see the panties there. On the contrary, she is the one who carefully placed them there while he was getting ready for bed.

Tommy glanced at his mother, and when she smiled at him, he realized that she had caught him staring at the pretty panties. She picked them up and held them daintily by the thin elastic waistband. Slowly unfurling the delicate nylon, she dangled them before his unblinking eyes. Her smile beamed. She swung them to and fro as she made the panties gently dance before his entranced eyes. Tommy became a little nervous. He blushed but dutifully kept staring at the fluttering, sexy panties.

He was the picture of angelic innocence with his feminine little hands resting on his chest outside the covers and his fingers in a praying-like clasp. Those delicate little hands had just been freshly moisturized with a generous application of lotion, part of his bedtime ritual. Laura lowered the panties until the silky panty crotch teasingly touched his dainty fingers. Contact with the naughty nylon caused his breathing to become more audible.

Tommy's sighing was the only sound to be heard until his mother asked, "Tommy, you love Mommy's pretty silky panties. Don't you sweetie?"

He seemed to find it difficult to speak. She knew he had been fascinated by her clothing for a long time, especially her silky lingerie. She was cornering him and forcing him to admit it. With a slight nod of his head he indicated that she was right; he did love her panties. His blushing, embarrassed expression told his mother that he was a sissy, her sissy. This was the signal she had been waiting for.

She struggled not to laugh out loud as she thought about her ex, and how he would react when he realized that their son was turning into a prissy little swish. Laura was delighted to see Tommy's little fingers reach up to touch the silky panties that she still dangled in front of him. She smiled approvingly then playfully dropped the panties over his trembling hands.

As he was occupied staring down at the soft panties and rubbing them in his fingers, she opened the drawer in his nightstand and took something out. He saw that she had something in her hands. She flashed a broad smile at him and showed him what it was.

Tommy blinked.

In her hands, Laura was daintily holding something silky and lacy. It was a pair of panties, purple panties just like the ones she had teasingly shown him only a moment before. But, these were smaller. Tommy wondered for a moment why they were so small. They were definitely too small for his mother. They were identical to his mother's panties that he now held in his hands. They even had the same type of cute little embroidery on the left hip. He was just learning how to read, but he could read the word "Tommy" that the scarlet letters spelled out.

"TOMMY!" He let out a nervous little sigh as he read it. "Oh my god," he thought to himself, "that's my name." And he knew they were probably small enough to fit him.

Tears came to his eyes as his mother said, "Aren't they beautiful, sweetie? Tommy, I know how much you like my lingerie. I've often seen you secretly touching my silky little things.

"Oh, don't be ashamed dear. If you like my pretty panties and other lacy lingerie, I don't mind. In fact, I've known it for a long time. That's why I like to wear short skirts and little night gowns so you can peek at all my pretty clothes. You know how I leave my lingerie all around. Well, I'll let you in on a secret. It's for you dear so you can touch them anytime you want."

Little tears streamed down his tender cheeks. Yes, he liked her clothes, but he was ashamed to admit it. She dried his eyes with her panties still resting on his hands and continued.

"It's okay, honey. I know you love Mommy's things. That's why I decided to get you some of your own, and these are the first pair of your very own panties!

"And, look," she cooed, "I got you a sweet little purple training bra to match. It's even gently padded to make you look like a real little girl. Come on. Get out of bed and take off your pajamas. Let's have you try them on right now."

Almost in a trace but totally captivated by his seductive mother, Tommy slid out of bed. He felt a naughty thrill as he let his mother remove all of his clothes and help him into his new lingerie. She held the panties open, and he stepped into them. She slid the tiny bra up his arms and snapped it tightly around his flat chest.

"Oh, Mommy," he half cried trembling with emotion.

"They're pretty, huh?" she coaxed.

Speechless, Tommy could only nod enthusiastically.

As she took a purple satin bow from her own hair and tied it into his boyish locks, he cleared his throat and finally was able force out a few words.

"Mom, they make my thingie tingle," he said as he fingered his little pantied penis.

"Don't worry about that Tommy, you'll get used to them. Tomorrow, we can throw out all your dumb old boys' underwear and you can wear nice lingerie everyday just like Mommy!

"Well, maybe not around your father. I don't think he's ready for this."



Joan dreamed
about how her
son would look
dressed like a
sweet, frilly
little girl.



ow we
throw
ll your
'boys'
rwear
d you
wear
pretty
ra and
anties
y day!



Dear Santa

"Tom! You're not going to believe this!" Joan screamed as she came running into the living room waving a piece of paper.

The alarm in her voice pulled his attention away from the football game on television.

"What is it?"

"It's our sissy son, Sandy. You'll never believe what he wants from Santa Claus."

The quizzical expression on Tom's face revealed his lack of enthusiasm for wanting to know what their son wanted for Christmas at this particular moment. His attention waned, and he turned back toward the TV screen.

Intent upon getting Tom's attention as well as motivating him to help her with this problem, Joan hurriedly explained that she didn't know what to get Sandy for Christmas so she had peek into his diary to get some ideas. Folded up between the pages of his diary was a letter Sandy had written to Santa Claus. He was surely too old to believe in Santa Claus so he must have written it to express some secret desires.

"So what?" Tom said, hoping to bring an end to the conversation. "He does stuff like that. Ever since you bought him that diary, he writes in it all the time, just like a girl."

"That's it! That's what he wants! He wants to be a girl!" she blurted out.

Tom turned completely toward her and blinked his eyes several times as he tried to mentally shift gears from "fourth down and one yard to go" to what she just had said. His what-are-bothering-me-for-now expression quickly changed to puzzlement that seemed to say, "What did you say?"

Joan was obviously upset and confused. Her frustration showed in her voice as she pointed to the letter in her hand.

"Right here in the letter. He says he wants to be a girl so he can wear 'pretty dresses and lacy panties.'"

She thrust the handwritten note into her husband's hand.

Still trying to comprehend the situation, he focused his attention on the letter and read aloud.

"Dear Santa, I've been very good this year because I want something very special for Christmas. I don't like being a boy. I want to be a girl.

"All of the kids at school call me a sissy and other bad names. Everyone, even most of the girls can beat me up. They like to make me cry. Even the gym teacher told me, I should ask my mother for a dress to wear because I'm as weak as a silly girl.

"One day after school, a whole bunch of boys ganged up on me. Mark Callabria took a pair of girls' panties out of his pocket that he had stolen from his sister. I saw they were pink with little butterflies on them. He made me put them on. Then he made me take down his pants, put his dick in my mouth and swallow his pee. He was very bad to me, but I kept the panties. I still have them. I like them very much and wear them to bed every night. Everybody at school heard what Mark did to me, even the girls. They all laugh at me and call me a faggot.

"All the boys are real nice to all of the girls. I want them to be nice to me too that's why I want to be a girl. If they are nice to me, I don't mind putting their dicks in my mouth. I'm getting used to it.

Please make me into a girl. I don't know if you can do that. If you can't change me into a girl, could you at least bring me some pretty girls' clothes for Christmas? I want to wear pretty dresses and lacy panties all the time. Please help me, Sandy."

Tom twisted around in his chair and looked up at his wife, who was wide-eyes and agitated.

"Oh my god . . . a dress and panties!"

"And he's gay too!" Joan added. "Our son a little cocksucking pansy!"

Just then, she happened to look down at her husband's lap. She was surprised to see a huge hard-on pushing out his pants that he was trying to hide with the TV Guide.

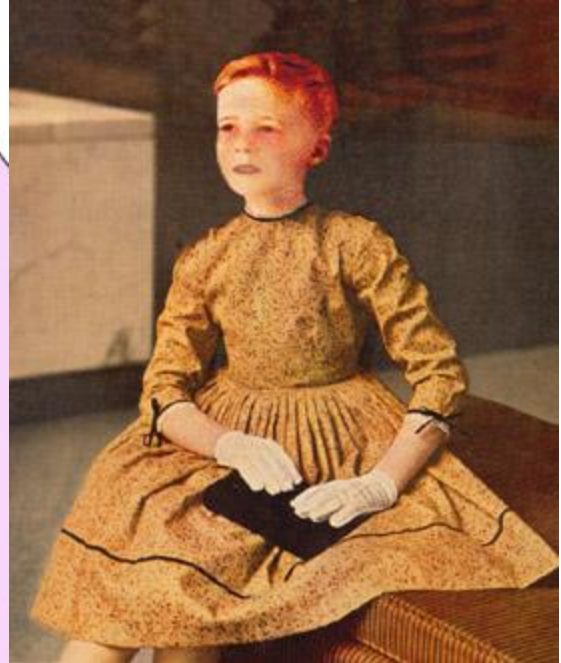
Somewhat stunned, she paused for a moment then pointed at his hard-on and said, "Well, well, my big handsome husband is turned on reading about his little sissy son. Does he want to dress our boy in girly clothes and make him suck Daddy's big cock? That's rich. I'm going to have fun with this!"

"Oh, don't be ridiculous," Tom said with a quivering laugh as he tried to fend off her teasing taunts.

But like an animal on the attack, Joan wasn't going away. She leaned over her husband, grabbed his throbbing cock through his pants and spoke to him quietly.

"Tom honey, let's get Sandy some really nice outfits: cute little party dresses with full skirts and crinoline slips, garter belts and nylons, lacy little training bras in pink, frilly silk panties. In fact, let's get him a whole load of panties so he can wear them all the time. He can wear his little panties under his boys' clothes to school, show them off to the boys while he sucks them off. And of course, he can wear them at home under his sweet little dresses. Then he can do a little striptease for you until he's wearing nothing but his lacy flat little bra and his little-girl frilled panties while he sucks your monster hammerhead cock! I can picture it now! You're going to love this!"

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Life in Lace

Dear Princess,

I've been submissive to females ever since I can remember. I lived in the shadow of my four sisters and our strict mother. My father was weak-willed. He never interfered with my mother's wishes. My sister's rarely got disciplined, and even when they did, it was only a light spanking. However, Mother firmly believed in severe spankings as well as petticoat punishment for me.

Mom had several complete girls' outfit for me including a flouncy party dress, a cheerleader's uniform and a maid's costume. She had all the trimmings too: lace-hemmed full-length satin slips, matching panties, shoes, nylons, ankle socks etc. Whenever I outgrew something, my sisters were more than happy to donate more things to me. Punishment time for me included each of my sisters reminding me that this, that or the other article of clothing had been theirs and worn next to their body!

I'll always remember the first day Mom had collected some of the girls' clothes for my use after hearing from one of our neighbors that it was a good way to punish bad boys. It was just after I turned eight years old. Mom announced to the family at the dinner table that I was "growing up in the wrong direction, becoming selfish, nasty and disrespectful." Then she showed all of us the clothes she had put together and explained how the punishment would work to make me a better person. My sisters couldn't control their laughter, but when Mom held up a handful of fancy lace panties, they went into hysterics. Worst of all, my father didn't say a single word to oppose her.

The first time Mom put me in one of the outfits was for giving Tilly, my second youngest sister, a nasty look. A minor misdeed for sure, but Mom was looking for the slightest reason to try out petticoat punishment. She wanted to see how I looked in girls' clothes and wanted to see if this type of punishment worked as well as she had heard.

Once she had me all dressed up, she made a big show of marching me downstairs to face my father. He was sitting in the living room reading the newspaper. Dad reacted by shaking his head in amazement.

"For God's sake, don't let any of the neighbors see him like that. They'll think we've got a queer for a son."

I was upset with my father because he wasn't trying to stop my mother from doing this to me. At least he had enough backbone to tell her to limit my punishment just to our own house.

Moments later several loud shrieks of laughter announced my sisters as they entered the room. Now I was feeling the full impact of this form of punishment as I was put on display for their teasing. Tears formed in my eyes.

The girls danced around me shouting and laughing. Humiliating comments mixed with male-crushing giggles brought me to the point of total shame. I tried to jump out of the way when their exploring fingers started to touch the fabric of my dress and examine the details of my outfit, but Mom told me to stand still so the girls could get a good look (and feel)! If I didn't stand still, she said she'd add a brisk spanking to my punishment.

Little feminine hands stroked and pawed at the soft bits of nylon, lace and frills that covered almost every inch of my body. Their comments were a running description of my costume as they discovered each humiliating detail.

"Oh gee, look at the pretty ruffles and lace all around the collar . . . and the little puffy sleeves. Don't ya' just love 'em?"

"John's a sissy now, isn't he? A big sissy!"

"Mom, I don't remember this dress. It's very nice. Can I wear it sometime? We're close to the same size."

Another one of my sisters just couldn't stop laughing. She laughed as she fingered the satin bow in my hair, laughed some more, toyed and snapped the elasticized hem of the little puffed sleeves, knelt down on the floor and continued laughing as she touched my soft, lace-edged ankle socks. She didn't have to say anything to humiliate me. I was devastated by her laughter. Whenever I recall this first experience in girls' clothes, her laughter still rings in my ears.

Then the worst was about to happen. I felt several cold little fingers on my bare thighs. I looked down in front of me. My littlest sister, Patty, was also kneeling on the floor; however, she was bent over trying to look up my short skirt. Not being satisfied with her attempt to find out what I was wearing underneath, her little hands rested on my thighs and pushed the skirt upward. I felt the hem of my dress being pushed out of the way. The wide edging of delicate lace trimming my shiny new slip was exposed to her view. I put my hands in front of me and tried to hold the dress down. Mother saw what was going on. She knew that I was probably most embarrassed by the girlish lingerie, and she didn't want to spare me from any part of her well-planned punishment. She didn't say anything to stop Patty. Instead she looked me in the eye with one of her determined and domineering expressions as she pulled my defending arms away from my body. I was forced to let go of my skirts in the process. Patty's little hands continued to pull my dress and then the slip out of the way.

"Oh, wow! Get a load of these." The excitement registered by the shrillness of her voice caused everyone to pause. Then, they soon saw the source of her glee.

"Johnny's got panties on! Johnny's got panties on! Real girly panties with lots of lace and everything." Everyone stared. "Look at his matching satin slip too!" Patty announced as she plucked the nylon material. "His slip and panties are so-o-o silky."

Within moments all of the girls joined in, touching my lingerie as they closely examined every detail of these most feminine of all garments. Comments poured forth. Every word chipped away at any remaining bit of maleness that I had left. My sisters' sarcastic remarks continued on and on.

"Well, Johnny don't be sad. Look at how lucky you are to be wearing such soft and silky panties under your pretty girly dress. Don't they feel tingly soft on your tiny peepee?"

With that comment, she hugged me to her, reached under my dress and stroked her hands all over my panties. Her touching and the silkiness of the panties made me swoon.

"Yeah, I'll bet he's going to love wearing girls' panties. Maybe now he'll stop trying to peek up my skirt all the time to see mine!"

My sisters were being cruel; however, it hurt the most when my father spoke, "Jesus Christ! You're turning him into a little sissy."

With a sharply critical and snickering voice he continued, "Holy shit! My son with his own dress and pink panties! Well, John, I hope you're satisfied. Maybe now you'll mind your mother."

Lucy, my oldest sister said, "I can't wait to tell everybody at school about this!"

Thank goodness my father repeated to my sisters his command to keep it all quiet.

"For god's sake," he said, "I don't want anyone to tell anybody about this. We'd be laughed out of town. Let's keep this in the family."

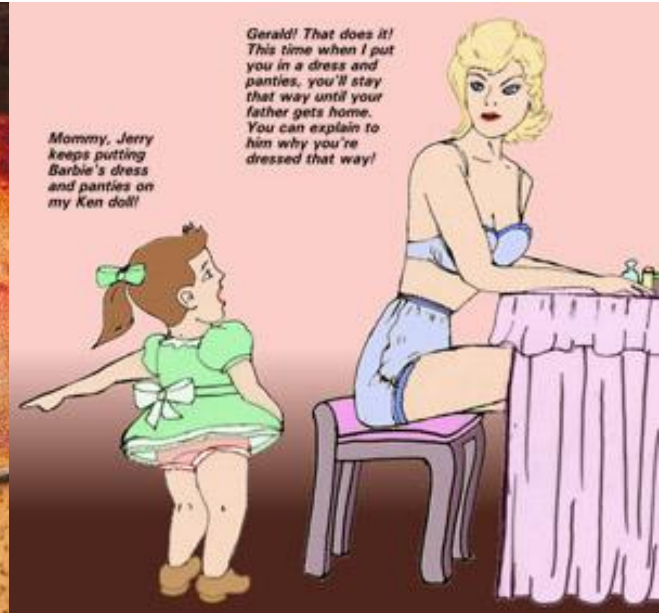
And so the format for my punishment was set. After that, one or two times a week I was given a dose of petticoat punishment. This continued throughout high school and until I left home to get married. During those years there were many close calls with outsiders. And, on many occasions friends or relatives accidentally saw me in a dress. However, my mother or sisters were always able to come up with some plausible excuse in order to cover up the true reason why I was wearing girls' clothes. Nevertheless, rumors periodically went around about me, and I was always afraid that they would get out of hand.

The only other person to ever learn the details of my treatment at home was the girl I married. After we dated for over a year, my mother decided it was time to let her in on the family secret. So one night my mother told her all about my petticoating. Then, two of my sisters led me down to the living room to greet her while I was dressed up in my newest and prettiest dress and lingerie. Rather than hating me, my girlfriend was thrilled by the whole concept. Soon after that night we were married, and in no time at all she made me into a househusband. Now, I'm forced to wear feminine clothing more than ever. And on more than one occasion she has made me up completely and the two of us have gone out to movies and restaurants. Needless to say, I've become completely submissive and adjusted to a life of total sissyness and enslavement to the women in my life.

Forever a Sissy, Johnny G.

Springfield, Mass.

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***Mother Let Me
Wear Panties***

Dear Princess,

Though I am forty years old, I find great comfort in wearing girls' panties, and I like to read about other little sissies like me. Most of the fancy panties available for women today are bikini style, but I love the old-fashioned, waist-high briefs. Compared to what is available in women's sizes, there is a much larger selection of fancy styles in little girl briefs. Happily, I am quite small and can fit into size fourteen in girls' panties so I'm able to shop in the girls' department where they usually have a large selection of briefs in fancy styles and colors.

Something else that I enjoy doing is going into the large stores that specialize in toys. They always have extensive doll collections complete with extra wardrobe sets for the various dolls. These separate sets often include lacy little panties.

Since boy dolls are very popular these days, I bought one of the well-known "Ken" dolls. Then, I purchased some of the individual wardrobe sets made for "Barbie" and the other girl dolls. Now, I spend hours dressing up my Ken doll in the prettiest girl doll clothes right down to the fancy little bras and panties.

I've been wearing girls' silky panties for as long as I can remember. Originally, my mother bought them for me. It didn't bother her that I wanted to wear panties made for girls, but she was wise enough to constantly remind me to be discreet about it. She often told me that many people are very narrow-minded and wouldn't understand why a little boy would want to do such a thing. I was too young to remember the first time I wore panties, but Mom told me the story about how it all got started.

When I was very small, I used to play with my cousin, Tina. She was about my same age. Obviously during one of our play sessions, I had noticed her ruffled rhumba panties peeking out from beneath her short dress. Later, when I was alone with my mother, I innocently asked her if I could wear fancy panties just like Tina. Mom said she laughed at first, but after she thought about it for a while, she said why not? So, she told me that if I wanted to wear girls' panties, it would be all right with her.

That afternoon Mom took me to Glazer's Department Store, where she let me pick out about a dozen pairs of panties, all very silky and all trimmed in lace. As Mom was holding various pairs of panties up to my waist to see what size I needed, a saleslady noticed what we were doing and approached. While I was excitedly dancing around without a care in the world and holding several pairs of panties in my little hands, the saleslady grumbled to my mother that she didn't think it was right for a boy to wear girls' panties. She told my mother point blank that she was turning me into a sissy. My mother said she calmly looked at the saleslady and said, "But, I can see that you think it's all right for women to wear trousers." (The saleslady was wearing slacks.) Mom paid for my panties, and we rushed home so I could try them on.

As I said, I don't remember very much about that incident, but I've been wearing pretty panties ever since. I love how they feel so nice and soft and silky on my ass and how the lace tickles my hips. The elastics femininely tug on my waist and legs. I love to play with my panties; in fact I love to play with any panties. Whenever I have the opportunity while visiting friends or neighbors, I search through their laundry hampers and dresser drawers. Many times I've stolen panties from clotheslines, and in college, I was always getting others to participate in panty raids. I've gotten caught several times while pinching panties; however, I've always been able to BS my way out of it. Just seeing the lacy hem of a slip peeking out from under a lady's skirt gets me all excited, but to be lucky enough to catch a glimpse of panties under a swirling skirt is sheer heaven. Any accidental exposure of a lady's lingerie excites me to the point of wanting to go home to masturbate in my own silky panties.

Panty Raised,
Gerry G., Bronx

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Anything for My Mistress

Dear Princess,

I am a sissyboy. For years I fooled people with a tough persona and only indulged in my fantasies in secret. Then my mistress (who used to be my wife) discovered my fetish for pink

nylon panties and took control of my life. Now, she has sexually manipulated me into becoming a complete sissy. She's been able to do it because she knows I'll do anything for her, no matter how humiliating!

Not satisfied with just making me wear panties all of the time, she now makes me dress up completely in female clothing at home. She especially enjoys putting me in little-girl type dresses complete with ruffled rhumba panties underneath. Just last week, she bought a babyish party dress for me.

The day she got that dress, she told me that if I was a good little girl and did everything I was told to do that night that she would reward me with a terrific surprise. My experience told me that my surprise would be whatever humiliating act she could dream up. A chill went over me as I wondered what new and demeaning thing she was going to make me do.

She started out by having me put on my brand new dress. It is pink satin with a white organdy pinafore. I am ashamed to admit that I have come to like all my girlish clothes, even including my childish party dresses. I don't mind wearing little girl outfits in front of my mistress anymore, but it is very humiliating if I have to appear before anyone else in these ridiculous sissified clothes. That night, I fervently hoped my mistress wasn't going to invite some outsiders to our house. Knowing my mistress, I was worried about what kind of surprise she had for me.

My new dress was very pretty with short puffed up little sleeves and a very lacy bodice. The full but short skirt was made up of several tiers of ruffles. A wide pink satin sash was tied into a large bow in back. Three very full cancan petticoats made of ticklish chiffon and lace pushed my skirts out to a very feminine, if not absurdly girlish, angle.

The only adult-like part of my costume was a very sheer pair of seamed nylon stockings. However, instead of being held up by a garter belt, my mistress had supplied me with lacy pale blue garters like brides wear to hold up their stockings. Low-heeled, girlish white patent leather shoes covered my feet. Underneath, besides the bouffant petticoats, I was wearing a shortened version of a silky full-length slip.

I wasn't wearing a bra; however, the lacy bodice of the slip was discreetly padded to form little titties on my flat chest. It was the kind of slip little girls wear before they get their first training bra. Of course, under my slips I was wearing one of my prettiest pairs of dainty pink rhumba panties. These were shiny bright party panties with rows and rows of white ruffled lace across the ass.

My lovely mistress called me to her. After inspecting my new outfit, she put a matching pink satin ribbon in my hair. Then, while she dabbed my cheeks with rouge and applied a bit of lipstick to my lips, she explained that she had to go out for a while and had arranged for a baby-sitter.

I panicked, but she told me to quiet down, then added it wouldn't be so bad, especially since she had a reward for me if obeyed the baby-sitter's every wish.

I was scared to death of being with a stranger, especially since my mistress was not even going to be present.

My mistress demanded that I play with my dolls until the sitter arrived. When the doorbell rang terror and a deep sense of shame came over me.

At the door was young girl. I guessed that she was still in high school. Immediately, I became embarrassed because she was so much younger than I was. I was going to be left in the hands of a girl young enough to be my daughter!

My petticoat training and panty fetishism had obviously been explained to her in detail before her arrival because as soon as she spotted me sitting in the corner, she walked directly over to me

and said, "Hi, I'm Patricia, your baby-sitter. And, you must be Lisa, the old fag who wants to be a little girl."

Tears came to my eyes. She told me to get up and welcome her with a big hug. Of course my ruffled rhumba panties were the most embarrassing part of my childish outfit, so I was very careful to keep them well covered by pressing my skirts down as I meekly got up and approached her.

Timidly, I stretched my arms out to greet her with a hug. Her sweet smile changed to a sneering grin. We embraced. My muscles tightened up as I felt the back of my pretty party dress and rustling slip inching upward. She had just come in from outside and her fingers were ice cold. Momentarily, she rested her frigid hands on my thighs then quickly inched them upward. Oh, my god! I couldn't believe what this young sweet thing was doing!

She boldly rubbed her hands all over the ruffles on my pantied bottom then grabbed hold of my panties' elastic leg openings and began snapping them against my tender thighs! She was not gentle with me. The lace was new and scratchy. The snapping lace irritated my skin and made me squirm. She let go with a final loud snap as she whispered in my ear.

"Sissyboys wear frilly dresses, but only cocksuckers wear lacy panties like these!"

Between those comments and my stinging thighs, I really started to cry. She handed me a Kleenex. I tried to dry my eyes as she spoke softly to me, but I was shaking with embarrassment.

"O-o-oh, did I make the poor itty-bitty girlie baby cry? I'm sorry. But, I just couldn't resist playing with such frilly panties. Here let me give you a special kiss."

I pursed my lips ready for a kiss.

"No, not like that sissy! Open your mouth. Wide! I'm going to spit in your mouth and you're going to enjoy it!"

I obeyed. She sounded like a crusty old sailor as she hacked up some saliva. Once she spit it into my open mouth, she commanded me not to swallow it, but to roll it around in my mouth and concentrate on the flavor!

By now, my mistress had put her coat on. I was very agitated because I didn't want to be left alone with this very aggressive young baby-sitter. I felt very unsure of myself, and when second-naturedly I slipped my thumb into my mouth and started to suck on it, my mistress scolded me and told me to stop that nasty habit. Then, she produced my little penis-shaped dildo and said I should suck on it rather than my dirty little thumb. She made me stand in the corner and continue sucking on the rubber dickie as my mistress gave her last minute instructions and reminded me that my sitter also had a great surprise for me if I was good.

Once my beloved mistress left, Patricia told me to remain standing in the punishment corner and keep on sucking on the dildo, adding, "I love the sound of a big pansy like you slurping on your big cock pacifier. So let me hear you while you stand there!"

The next thing I knew, she was on the telephone. I couldn't hear what she was saying, but she was speaking in very excited but muffled tones.

For fifteen or twenty minutes nothing really happened. I just continued to stand in the corner sucking away as I had been instructed. Periodically, I heard her giggling and then laughing as she watched something on television.

Then, most unexpectedly, I was stunned by sound of the doorbell. I turned to look in the direction of the front door; however, Patricia shouted out for me to stay facing the corner and not to turn around unless I was told.

With both fear and curiosity mounting, I held my breath as I heard her open the door and let someone in. A moment of silence was followed by the sound of a deep-voiced chuckle that grew

into a baritone belly laugh. Then, a loud masculine voice thundered, "She-e-e-it!" Would ja looky here! Ize jus love swe-e-e-t lil white gals."

Jesus Christ! I just about died. Here I was in my little party dress, sucking on my dildo, and my mistress was gone. Bad enough that I was with a strange teenybopper baby-sitter, but now, horror of horrors, I was on display for a male. And holy shit! This was my greatest fear: it sounded like a big, black male. Just from the sound of his voice, I could tell that he was very big and strong and very masculine. My heart was skipping beats. I quaked at the sound of his voice as he continued talking with a heavy mix of jive street talk.

"Hey, honkie, youz show looks good. Youz turn round, now, so eyez kin see ya sweet lil lips 'n ev-ra-thang elze youz got."

Patricia spoke with authority. "You heard him, Lisa. Turn around. He wants to see all of you."

Slowly I turned around. Oh my god! He was black, and he was huge. With a big, bright white and gold-toothed sneering grin, he showed his disdain for me. I felt totally shamed, frail and worthless next to this extremely macho, powerful man.

My baby-sitter introduced us. "Lisa, this is my boyfriend, Big Willie. I call him Big Willie because he's a really big man! And I mean that in more ways than one!"

She continued, "Big Willie, this is our sweet little sissyboy, Lisa. He's not only a pretty little fairy girl but also a sweet dildo-sucking slut. Don't ya just love his pretty party dress?"

Big Willie grinned and nodded. He was getting a lot of enjoyment from looking me over head to toe. He seemed to suppress some of his laughter and shake his head from side to side as Patricia pointed out the various feminine and childish frills decorating my costume.

Patricia drew the pacifier out of my mouth, and when he saw it was shaped like a big black penis his eyes widened and his interest perked. Then he got right in my face. He slapped my cheek hard then pushed me down on my knees. He called me names and roughly ran his hands over my satiny dress. Patricia laughed but told him to be nice to me.

Then she gently kissed my aching cheek and told me to be very nice to her boyfriend. Otherwise, he would get mad and hurt me. She put my hand on his zipper and commanded me to pull it down. Fearing the worst, I slid the zipper open. His huge penis appeared. I pulled back, but Patricia grabbed me by the neck and slowly forced my head toward his bobbing dick. I resisted but Big Willie pulled me by the hair. Then he gave me another sharp slap on the face.

"Go to it fairy boy. Open yo sweet lips and start suck'n!"

Patricia laughed loudly as she directed me what to do.

"Hey, pantywaist sissy, I want you to put your hand under your skirt and pull on your little penis while you give Big Willie a blowjob. Hurry up now. Put one of your hands under that party dress you're wearing and start pulling on your tiny pud right through your silky panties. I want you to shoot your cum into those panties so we can show your Mistress how well you've behaved. Start pulling and get busy sucking. And I mean now!"

Totally overpowered, I began stroking myself through my pretty pink panties. As I was about to take his big meat into my mouth I told myself it was going to be just like sucking on my black dildo and I should try not to get too upset. Hesitating momentarily, I gathered my courage then opened my lips. I didn't know how I would get very much of his big dick in my mouth. It was so big! But, I knew it would be really bad for me if I didn't at least try. I had no choice. After I finally slipped my lips over his manhood, Big Willie coached me.

"Ah, yo is gonna be a go-o-o-d cocksuck'n fag. Take it all, baby! When eyes cum, swallow it all, pansy! Oh, lick it good, pussy face, or eyes going ta beat the shit out of yo pink-pantied ass. Suck mez off real good now, queer white boy."

My mouth ached as I sucked and sucked, but thank goodness that it didn't take him too long to reach a climax. My lips were sore and chapped. My tongue was numb from licking up and down his macho dick. My jaws hurt. With so much pain it was difficult to concentrate, but I did my best. I wanted to please my Mistress.

When he did cum, it was a flood of sticky hot juice that made me gag as it poured down my throat. There was so much cum that I couldn't swallow it fast enough, but somehow I managed to drink most of it. The rest spilled out of my lips and dribbled down the front of my new dress. I hoped my mistress wouldn't get angry with me for that.

Tears dripped down my cheeks from the strain and humiliation of the ordeal I had just gone through. Big Willie's dripping penis bobbed with satisfaction as it slid out of my mouth and started to deflate. I was directed to clean off the remaining drops from his softening prick. I did as I was told.

Drying my eyes, I relaxed a bit and sank to the floor in exhaustion. I looked up to see not only Patricia and Big Willie but also my Mistress. She must have returned without my knowledge and watched the degrading adventure I had just been put through.

She was happy to see me, even giving me a little kiss on the forehead. She hoisted my skirts and laughed when she saw that I had dribbled my come into my silky pink rhumba panties. She told me that she was proud of me, and since I had followed all of her orders, she was going to give me my big surprise. Her reward was a videotape of the humiliation I had just endured. I wanted to cry, but I think I had run out of tears. Instead, I just thanked my Mistress, Patricia and Big Willie. Completely dominated and degraded, I put my little thumb in my mouth and started sucking. My Mistress saw me, but she didn't say anything. I guess she felt I had enough for one night.

I do love my pretty panties and all of the other girls' clothes I have to wear. However, I don't think I'll ever get used to sucking cock. But if my Mistress wants me to be a cocksucker for her, I will. I'll do anything for her.

Lisa,

Louisville

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Schoolmistress

Aunt

Dear Princess,

My sister, Colleen, up and disappeared one night after a carnival was in town. She called me the next day and told me she couldn't deal with living in our town anymore. She said she needed a fresh start and wanted to get away from Gary, her ex-boyfriend, who had fathered their boy, Todd. She said Gary was queer. She even said that it was one of the Seven Wonders of the World that they were ever able to have a child together.

She made it clear that she loved her son but couldn't stand being around him because he was a big mistake, and every time she looked at him, she was reminded of that fact.

As Colleen left town she had dropped Todd off to stay with his father. Except for her call to me, no one has seen her since, and that was over five years ago.

Then just last year, Gary died from a stupid accident at his work. He painted billboards, and one day he hadn't properly attached his safety belt, lost his footing and fell to his death. I say it was a stupid accident because if I had ever met anyone who fit the description of accident-prone, it was Gary. He shouldn't have been doing that kind of work in the first place.

Regardless, I felt it was my duty to take Todd in after the accident since I was his only other relative. He was fifteen at the time and a wild thing, undisciplined and sassy. Yet, he was so weak and frail he reminded me more of a girl than a boy.

Within days after he moved in with me, I was able to get him to talk. He told me a lot of strange things about the life he had with his father. The guy was without a doubt queer. He did the weirdest things to Todd. For example, each night, he made the boy dress in one of his mother's old nightgowns and sleep with him. Todd said that started almost immediately after his mother had left town. He trained the boy to act like a maid to him and his lovers and wait on them as they did anything from watching television to making love. And all during the time he was in the house, he had to wear female clothes. At first his mother's old things, then eventually, Gary bought his son girls' things that were in a size to fit him better.

When Todd told me about those things, I didn't have much sympathy for the kid because I did not like him. To me he was a brat and a nuisance. But I did realize that he was quite cute and would probably look good in girly clothes. I asked him if he liked dressing in those things. He insisted that he hated it, but the next day I saw all kinds of girls' clothes packed in his bags, especially panties. It seems like that's all the kid was wearing for underwear.

I was strangely attracted to the idea of dressing him up and making him into a little housemaid too. However, I had just retired from twenty-two years of teaching at an all-girls prep school, the Kelsey-Gore Academy, and I missed disciplining my young charges. I had an idea, and it didn't take much effort to convert my old sewing room into a schoolroom. Less than a week later, I had assembled all the clothes I would need. That first time when he was shown the schoolroom setup and introduced to those clothes was a sight to behold. Of course, he cried at first, but he went along with me once he knew I wasn't just pretending. Soon after that we evolved into a regular routine, and whenever he was due for punishment, I'd send him to the schoolroom to don his uniform and get himself into his desk. With the help of my whip, paddle and cane, he learned to perfectly imitate a bashful, prim and proper schoolgirl just like my former charges. And as he sprang to attention whenever I entered, the old memories came back and I glided naturally back into my role as a stern schoolmistress. The only physical contact that we had was the palm of my right hand across his pantied or bare bottom, or that same hand using his ear as a handle to steer him ignominiously across my desk for punishment.

His correction was the type any conscientious schoolmistress would employ to properly chastise a girl pupil. As I see it, punishment for serious offenses should be severe enough to be memorable for the remainder of the recipient's lifetime. For example, breaking a boy of a certain undesirable habit is an example of a very serious offense that calls for severe punishment.

My nephew was frequently punished during our 'school' sessions, but most of those offenses were minor infractions of the rules so he rarely received more than a mild spanking or two or three strokes with the cane. It was humiliating for him that a growing boy should be treated in the way that I have described, but I am a dominant person (I detest the description 'sadistic'), and always have been, even as a young girl. As such, I relish humiliating members of the male sex, whether by word or by deed. My nephew, on the other hand, was and still is a submissive type, who has learned to accept his lot and the shame of being made to dress in the uniform of a junior schoolgirl!

Boys should not be allowed to play with themselves. It's a repulsive and detestable habit. On one unfortunate and unhappy occasion, I discovered my nephew engaged in this disgusting act, pulling on this penis through the silken confines of his frilled purple panties. For that, he was bent across my desk and strapped to the frame by his wrists and ankles (the only time, I might say, that I have ever placed him under such restraint). Then he was thrashed in the sense that I would interpret the word. Angry beyond words, I went to work on him with a birch; it seemed to me to be the instrument most appropriate for such an occasion. He received, as I recollect, twenty well-laid-on strokes to the extent that by the time I had finished with him his posterior was red raw and he was blubbering from the pain like a terror-stricken baby. Such was the severity of the correction that he could not resume his seat at the end of the punishment. The next two weeks of regular evening 'school' had the further effect of significantly altering the situation because it was accompanied by enforced celibacy. He slept in the spare room for that fortnight with his wrists strapped to the bedposts. It was a salutary reminder of the consequence of any subsequent fall from grace.

I frequently chastise him, as you might a child at a boarding school or strict home. In Victorian times, the governess handled such tasks in the course of her duties. She would whip her charge with regularity, especially if it was a boy, and it was never regarded as injuring him. Rather it was seen as educating and correcting him so that his future behavior might be thereby improved. Given that a boy, of whatever age, required strict disciplining, it was rightly believed that to 'spare the rod' would do him a grave disservice. I believe firmly in this Victorian attitude. The governess also taught both her male and female charges about sex, and it was standard practice for such women to awaken the sexual appetites of both the girls and boys in their care by regularly masturbating them. Petticoat punishment, in which boys were dressed in girls' clothes to embarrass them into being good to earn back their much-prized trousers was also a standard Victorian practice. And many a governess loved to take special liberties with a petticoated boy, doing things like making him appear before his taunting sisters with his penis pulled out of the leg opening of his panties. One governess I knew about loved to suck on her boy's penis within his panties and when he gave up his nasty cum, she held it in her mouth then spit it into his mouth. Of course, she'd make him swallow it then punish him so more for being so naughty and challenge him to act like a man if he ever wanted to get his britches back! And all of this was perfectly okay under the guise of preparing a boy for life!

As to the shame my nephew felt by being put into a school girl's uniform: It is true that he never completely lost his sense of embarrassment at having to be seen by me when dressed in this way. But it was supposed to be unpleasant for him. After all, it was punishment! Besides, it

amuses me to see him dressed like a young girl.

He now has been my well-disciplined little sissyboy for almost a year, and I have assembled for my nephew quite a nice girlish wardrobe. In terms of girls' school uniforms alone, he now has three complete outfits, one 'senior' rig out with pleated skirt and blouse and two others of the 'junior' type based upon the gymslip. And one of these is specially designed as a 'punishment outfit.'

I devised it for him myself. Unlike the 32" long tunic, which is his regular one, his punishment gym is a mere 24" in length. For a boy now barely 5 foot tall (I am, incidentally, taller than he is by five full inches and even more in my heels), the edge of his tunic skirt comes only to the tops of his thighs. His skirt does little to hide is shameful undies, which are not uniform code but of the frilliest and fanciest sort. These he wears at all times. This particular gym tunic which belonged to my younger sister and which we have had for years, is an old-fashioned pleated type. I imagine Colleen must have worn it when she was nine or ten years of age. In those days, serge material was still relatively easy to obtain, and it was a simple matter to adjust it to fit him. Thus, although almost as broad as it is long, it sits neatly on his shoulders, and he looks very much the junior schoolgirl as he stands to attention at his school desk. With just the slightest movement, his lace and beribboned panties show below the level of his tunic hem, and his black stockings secured with black suspender elastics are visible all the way up and around his thin thighs. Topped by his school boater and juvenile pigtail wig, I tell him that he looks like one of the nasty little tykes who attended St. Trinian's in those ever-popular Terry Thomas movies. From a functional point of view, this saucy uniform is also advantageous for those occasions when he is ordered to take down his panties and bend over for bare-bottom punishment. The ultra short mini-tunic then rides up well clear of his exposed behind so that there is never any question of my having to shout at him to get his skirts up. The mere act of his bending over is enough to present me with the area where the punishment will be inflicted.

Many times my pupil has had the tawse taken across his legs, and that fairly makes him hop. He is punished too on crossed hands, and he gets it there just as much as elsewhere. At times, I've even put itching powder into his stockings and panties! He's coming along nicely and has made great strides toward developing into a polite and courteous young man. His manners have improved beyond all recognition.

Ladies, believe me, wonders can be done with just six strokes of a good leather tawse or standard school cane. Just six, and I have him squealing like a whipped cur and begging me to stop. By the time I get to the sixth stroke his attempts at manly silence are long since broken. Even in the hands of my young niece, she can have him groveling on his knees for mercy in less than two minutes.

Let me illustrate what I mean by telling you that just after her fourteenth birthday she persuaded her parents to allow her to baby-sit for a ten-year-old boy on a regular basis. The kid's parents worked different shifts and were almost always sleeping or working at their combination inn/restaurant which was open around the clock. They needed help watching over the boy. Marie's parents were reluctant to allow her to do it because the kid was known to be troublesome and very disobedient. In the course of the summer and throughout her vacation from school, she had the boy trained to instant obedience and he now responds with alacrity to single word commands. She accomplished it all in her own back garden with a short training lead in one hand and in the other an 18" long thick leather strap, which she herself slit for two thirds of its length into two very serviceable thongs. Throughout the summer, her commands rang out, followed gradually by words of praise, but at the beginning by the crack of the strap on the boy's rump as

he painfully learned to do as he was told. I must admit that she took ideas from my training of Todd because she had the boy in little girls' clothes in no time. As a matter of fact, she so cleverly explained the benefits of dress discipline to the kid's parents that they agreed that it was a good idea! That girl is some salesperson! Even the boy's tough old goat of a father was thoroughly convinced that Maria was the answer to handle their errant son. She keeps that strap of hers on display, hanging by the kitchen door for the boy's benefit. And on those occasions when she goes for it, the boy whines before she has even laid it across his rear. Indeed, the very utterance on her part of "I'm going to get my strap!" is enough to send him skulking and cowering into a corner. And when she does fetch it and orders him to "come to me," he doesn't resist but moves to her with speed and wiggles his hips as she has taught him as he pulls up his pretty dress and pulls down his frilly panties to prepare for his punishment.

That is rather a digression, I fear, but I inserted it to support the view that even a determined young lady of tender years, as my niece undoubtedly is, would have no difficulty in making most any man or boy suffer.

When Todd is undergoing discipline, there is no question that it will help him be a better little boy. When I get tired of beating his butt, I often set him an essay to do in class with a title such as "The Joys of Wearing Girls' Panties" or "Why All Boys Should Be Made to Wear Training Bras" or some similar title.

A.L. (Mrs.)

Kent.

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*Even big naughty
boys can be
suitably retrained
with schoolgirl
discipline.*

In the News . . . (Click each article to

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Hamilton Observer, December 12, 1989 - Section 3, Page 8

Acquittal in boy-girl case

By Joan Kelchelski
Observer Staff Writer

Ashton-Calvin Marks, 32, was acquitted of charges of improper contact with a minor in the abuse/injury case involving his 8-year-old nephew, who had been temporarily confined to a wheelchair due to an injury suffered at the time of the incident.

According to the testimony of the boy's mother, Angela Kyrovitch, on July 18 of last year, her son was staying with Marks for the weekend. The boy had been spending most weekends with Marks who watched him while Kyrovitch worked at a local convenience store.

On that date, Kyrovitch arrived at Marks apartment at 1143 Anderson Circle in Callera to find him and her son sleeping; however, she screamed when she saw them because both Marks and her son were dressed only in their underwear and the boy was lying facedown between Marks' legs. Marks, a large man in excess of 300 pounds, obviously startled by her scream, rolled over and tried to grab some nearby clothes. In doing so, he apparently didn't immediately realize that his leg was around his nephew's neck, and when he turned to get his clothes it resulted in a serious neck injury to the boy. Spectators in the courtroom gasped when she also testified that the boy's underwear at the time consisted only of a brand new pair of girls' pink panties.

The judge had to quiet the crowd when the boy arrived to testify because he came outfitted in a purple cardigan sweater, plaid pleated skirt and a pink blouse. The collar of the blouse had been pulled up to cover a brace that the boy still wears around his neck. Upon being seated, a pink lace-trimmed slip could be seen peeking out from beneath his kilt-like skirt. Under oath, the boy refused to admit that he had engaged in any sexual act with the defendant, despite the fact that sperm evidence was collected from the boy's face and clothing as well as Marks' underwear. DNA tests linked the sperm to Marks.

The boy told the court that he wears girls' clothing as much as possible because he wants to be a girl, and when he expressed those feelings to his uncle, Marks agreed to help the



The boy in the Marks case happily posed in his girlish outfit and showed that he has regained almost full movement in his neck and upper body.

boy buy some girls' clothes as a birthday present. And it was that shopping excursion that led to the incident.

Around noon on that day, Marks and his nephew were noticed shopping in the girls' lingerie department of the Mayar store on Crowfoot Highway by Mrs. Matilda Naglesen, the boy's former baby-sitter. After she saw Marks sizing up his nephew for little training bras, lacy slips and silken panties by holding them up to the boy's body, Naglesen went to the convenience store where the mother was employed and told her what she had seen, adding that the uncle was openly touching the boy in an indecent manner while he measured him for the lingerie. That accusation caused the mother to leave the store and go to Marks' house where she discovered the pair sleep

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BOY-GIRL

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ing in a compromising position.

The boy maintained that he loved his uncle because "he was the only person who was really nice to me and spent time with me." He said he had no friends his age and all the kids at school called him a "sissy, faggot, queer" and other names because he acted like a girl. He said even the girls teased and shunned him.

The boy refused to speak against his uncle and told the court that the uncle had not forced him to do anything against his will. Under careful questioning, the boy said he loved to kiss and hug his big uncle because "that's what little girls do with their uncles," and he wanted to be like a girl in every way. Still he denied any sexual contact.

Marks took the stand in his own defense and maintained his innocence for the three counts against him. Regarding the fact that both he and the boy were only in their underwear, Marks stated that they were taking a nap because it was a hot summer day and he had no air-conditioning. As to explain the sperm stains, Marks admitted that he was not a very clean or tidy person and the boy must have picked up the stains from being in close contact with him in his dirty underwear. Judge A. R. Mickelanz acquitted Marks but warned him that buying girls' panties for a boy and sleeping with that boy while he was in those panties certainly did appear strange; however, without additional evidence there was nothing to incriminate him and therefore she acquitted him of all charges. However, the judge did warn him against intimate and questionable contact with the boy in the future and recommended to the boy's mother to find another baby-sitter and to get some counselling from a specialist in gender identity problems.

The judge's decision was also influenced by Kyrovitch, who testified that she knew about her son's aberration for girls' clothing and desire to be a girl. In fact, she herself regularly bought and supplied the boy with silky, lace-trimmed panties to wear under his boys' clothes because he had insisted upon it.

An unusual twist in the case came when Naglesen admitted that while caring for the boy over a previous two-year period, she knew that he regularly wore various items of girls'

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clothing including lace panties instead of boys' underwear.

Since it was no news to either Naglesen or the mother that the boy wore girls' clothes, the defense questioned Naglesen about her motivation for reporting the incident to the mother. Naglesen said it was to report the abuse, the indecent touching of the boy by Marks. However, a saleslady from the Mayar store reported selling the lingerie to the boy and his uncle and stated that she saw nothing indecent taking place between the two and she was with them almost the entire time they were in her department. She did admit that it was highly unusual to take part in such a sale, but she said Marks was very upfront about it and explained the situation. For her testimony, she was just doing her job and was willing to help a man who was trying to make his nephew happy.

After further questioning, Naglesen admitted to being jealous of Marks because he had taken over baby-sitting chores for the boy, which had been earning her between \$50 and \$75 each week. Since the prosecution had opened a line of questioning about the relationship between Naglesen and the boy, the defense followed up by calling the boy back to the stand. He surprised everyone when he said that Naglesen and her children had repeatedly abused him while he was in their care.

The boy said she used to punish him by making him put on her daughter's panties because he was such a sissy. Sometimes she put him in a dress too. He said that was how he originally became interested in girls' clothes, which he learned to like even though they'd dress him up and make fun of him for acting like a girl. Naglesen's twin son and daughter, who were seven- to nine-years-old during that period, dressed him up, laughed at him and humiliated him on a daily basis. He never told his mother about the abuse because they had threatened him into silence. However, he did like the panties and dresses and asked his mother to buy him some girls' clothes and let him wear them. He said his mother was reluctant to let him wear dresses, but she did get him a supply of lacy nylon panties. When the boy started to describe how Naglesen's son and daughter forced him to perform oral sex on them, the judge halted that line of questioning and indicated that she would ask the state's attorney's office to conduct an investigation of those charges.

Mrs. Naglesen interrupted the court, claiming that the boy was lying; however, the boy seemed to be only too willing to testify in great detail about numerous alleged incidents. In a follow-up, the state's attorney's office indicated that they may file charges against the Naglesens. The Observer has learned that other evidence has been uncovered and another witness (thought to be Naglesen's estranged husband) is willing to testify that the boy had been abused while in her care.

The boy's injuries are not as severe as first thought. He has been steadily regaining feeling and movement in his neck and upper body. And in the courtroom, it was obvious that he had regained almost full control of his neck and upper body. Doctors are optimistic concerning his prognosis. At the facility where he receives physical therapy, all the attendants call him by his girl's name and seem to have no problem treating him like a girl. Since the incident, the boy has been dressing full-time as a girl and has even had his ears pierced. He now attends school in girls' clothes, but those clothes are limited to slacks and blouses. Under threat of disciplinary action, other students have been warned not to tease or harm him. ♦



Raymond Garfield and Arturo Ramirez pictured in their First Communion dresses following the controversial ceremony.

Two boys in dresses receive 1st Communion

AUGUSTA—On Saturday, two boys from St. Boniface school received their First Holy Communion attired in fancy white satin and lace dresses traditionally worn only by girls.

Since word of what was to take place had circulated throughout the community earlier in the week, a large crowd of onlookers gathered to witness the event, including four sign-carrying protesters who picketed outside the church, protesting that the ceremony was sacrilegious.

Raymond Garfield, 8, and Arturo Ramirez, 7, stood out among the group of 63 children participating because the two boys, even though they were wearing the dresses, had to sit with the other boys, all of whom were attired in the traditional dark blue suits, white shirts and ties.

Raymond and Arturo, seemingly unembarrassed to be seen in their fancy dresses, white patent leather shoes, gloves and ankle socks, said that they were best friends and had known for some time that they were gay.

Rev. Virgo Artemis, pastor of St. Boniface who had approved the boys' request, said they were a progressive parish, and he saw no reason why the boys couldn't wear the dresses if they so wanted.

In response to the protestors, Artemis said that a person's sexual orientation is not a sin, and as long as the boys behaved modestly and with proper decorum, what they wore made little difference.

When asked about their outfits, the boys said they love pretty girls' clothes and had played dress-up with their sisters for many years.

Arturo admitted that they were wearing frilly white satin slips and panties under their dresses just like the regular girls. Raymond added it was no secret among their schoolmates that they had worn lacy girls' panties for years instead of regular boys' underwear.

The other children didn't seem to have a problem accepting the way the boys were dressed. One student said that the two boys had often worn dresses to take girls' parts in school plays. □

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Sissy Boys on TV and in the Movies



The Life and Loves of a She-Devil

The Life and Loves of a She-Devil is a television series originally made for British TV in approximately 1983. In one episode a young girl and her brother decide to play act like grown-ups. They raid the liquor cabinet, dress up in their stepmother's clothes, get drunk and pass out until the butler, maid and their parents discover them.

The boy is quite cute shown wearing a white ruffled teddy and panties belonging to his

stepmother. I don't know if this series is available at video stores, but look for it on TV since once in a while it is shown, especially on public television, which initially sponsored its showing. This series was remade into a big budget Hollywood movie starring Rosanne and Meryl Streep; however, that movie version did not include this pivotal scene.

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