

No. 5

Classic
Reprint

THE ORIGINAL

PARTY LINES



*Donny, you look so cute
in your new sailor outfit.
Now salute to your father
as he walks in the door.*



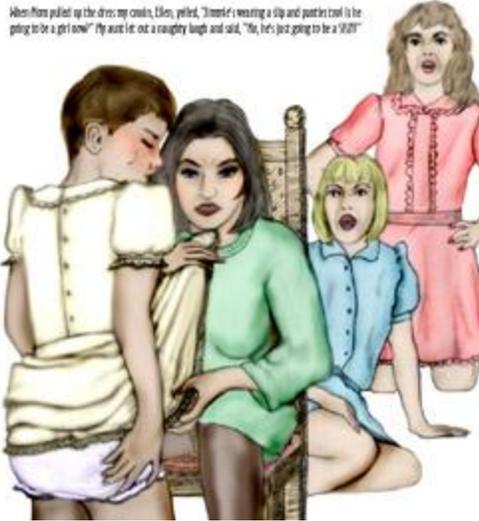
*Holy
shit!*

ADULTS ONLY

Stories, letters, articles, photos and drawings exclusively for and about adult sissies who dream of being naughty little boys forced to wear panties and other girls' clothing with an emphasis on pretty, frilly, silky, old-fashioned panties.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Part 5

This continuing true-life series relates the events and circumstances that led little Jimmie to want to become a girl like his sisters and resulted in turning him into a lifelong sissy.

When my sisters, Alice and Ann, walked into their bedroom and discovered me trying on Alice's First Communion dress, they started to yell and scream. I didn't know if they were mad at me because I was using my sister's new clothes without asking permission or because as a boy, I wasn't supposed to be wearing girls' clothes.

The clothes made me feel like a girl - at least until my sisters caught me. Their stares and bitchy little comments made me feel dirty and uncomfortable. I broke out into a cold sweat. Even in this desperate situation, I pondered a ray of hope. Maybe I would be forgiven. Perhaps everyone would understand that I really did want to wear clothes like my sisters. Maybe they would concede to my wishes and buy me some girls' clothes of my own. Then I could pretend - maybe even become - a girl! I just stood there contemplating all of this as Alice ran out of the room. A moment later she returned with my mother.

I peeked up as Mom entered the room. Her contemptuous expression I had seen many times before. She was angry. I knew I was in trouble. It took her only a moment to assess the situation. She stormed toward me, grabbed me by the arm and pulled me to her as her other hand started smacking my backside with quick, sharp swats. The arm pulling and spanking blows propelled me forward. Still swatting away at my butt, Mom dragged me crying from the bedroom. My sisters followed. Mom huffed and puffed in anger as she pulled me along while unleashing a stream of bitter words.

"Just wait till your father sees you in a DRESS! You're going to get it! Alice's First Communion is next week. She hasn't even worn this dress yet . . . and you . . . you better not have ruined it . . . you . . . you disgusting little pantywaist!"

I dreaded the worst - and it was happening. I was half running, half tripping as Mom dragged me faster than I could walk. We went through the dining room and down the hallway. I could hear Ann behind us laughing. Alice was crying as she complained that I was ruining her new dress. We were headed for the kitchen where my aunt Helen, my cousins, Ellen and Annie, and my father were gathered. Oh no! Everyone was going to see me. The whole world was going to make fun of me!

Everyone in the kitchen must have heard the commotion because, when we got there, they were all staring at us. I tried to hide behind Mom. I didn't want them to see me, but Mom yanked me around until I was on display in front of her. I knew Mom was very mad just by the way she was holding my arm. With a viselike grip she tugged back and forth on my arm, punctuating each word as she spoke.

"Well, look at what our little sissy Jimmie has been up to!"

My cousins let out with shrieks and giggles.

"Oh look Mommie, Jimmie's wearing a dress - a girl's dress!" Annie said.

My aunt had a very surprised expression on her face, but she couldn't help grinning.

"Oh dear, look at him. What a sissy!" Aunt Helen said.

I didn't have the courage to peek out of the corner of my eye to look at my father. I wanted to pretend he wasn't there. Mom explained to everyone how my sisters had caught me. The combined noises of giggling, screaming and yelling had a heart-wrenching effect upon me. Then my father's voice broke in and dominated all the other sounds.

"What in the hell is going on here? Do you mean to tell me he put this dress on himself? Jim, why in the hell did you put on this dress?"

The loudness and threatening tone of his voice made me crumble. I had been crying mildly, but hearing him made me breakdown completely. I buried my face in my mother's skirts. I couldn't face anyone - especially my father.

Just then Annie spotted the lace-trimmed satin slip peeking out beneath the hem of the dress.

"Oh Mommie, Mommie, Jimmie's wearing a slip too! Lookie, I can see it. It's got lace on it!"

Mom pushed my face away from her side and sat down. She ran her hand over her skirt to straighten out the tear-stained fabric. With one hand she maintained a firm grip on my arm. With her other hand, she reached for the hem of the dress and in one quick motion hoisted it high around my waist. The lovely satin slip with the delicately embroidered flowers and ruffled lace

trim was exposed to everyone's view. Her hand dipped down again and this time she raised not only the dress but also the slip high enough for everyone to see that I was wearing the matching white satin panties with the same embroidered flowers and lace-trimmed leg elastics. This exposure caused more groans, shrieks and sarcastic comments.



My cousin, Ellen, yelled out, "He's wearing a satin slip . . . and lace panties too! Oh, Mommie! Is Jimmie going to be a girl now?"

My aunt followed with a stinging reply that pierced right through me. "I don't think Jimmie is going to be a girl now, but he certainly is going to be a SISSY!" Then she let out a naughty laugh.

It made me feel horrible. Even at that tender age I knew it wasn't a good thing for a boy to be a sissy.

Alice had slowed her crying. Now she wanted vengeance. Between tears she demanded, "Daddy, make Jimmie take off my dress and panties. He's ruining them. I hate him. Daddy, give him a spanking so he never puts on my clothes again!"

Mom pushed me over to my father. Without hesitating, he hoisted me over his lap. It seemed like a hundred hands were holding me down and pushing the dress and slip out of the way. Then I felt Dad's powerful blows in rapid succession on my tender ass cheeks only covered by the thin satin and lace panties. My crying became louder and louder. I kicked and jumped around and tried to push the dress down, but I was totally overpowered. As per his usual custom, my father berated me as he spanked me, his slaps on my butt punctuating every word or two.

"You sissy. . . (smack) . . . you, little sissy . . . (smack) . . . damn . . . (smack) . . . sissy . . . (smack) . . . boy . . . (smack) . . . wearing . . . (smack) . . . your . . . (smack) . . . sister's . . . (smack) . . . dress . . . (smack) . . . and slip . . . (smack) . . . and panties . . . (smack) . . . sis-sy . . . (smack) . . . sis-sy . . . (smack) . . . you're going . . . (smack) . . . to bed . . . (smack) . . . right now . . . (smack) . . . you bad little panty sissyboy!"

Luckily it was over almost as soon as it started. I had obviously made my father very angry. He never had spanked me that hard before. But it was also one of the shortest spankings I had ever received. He must have been very ashamed of me and wanted to get it over with as fast as possible.

Mom quickly marched me back to my sisters' room where I had to take off all of the clothes and put them away where I had found them. She kept up the lecture as I was doing this. My sisters and cousins had followed us to the bedroom and watched my torment of being stripped in front of them. I tried to stop crying but between the spanking and humiliation, I couldn't control myself as my tears kept pouring out.

As my mom kept up her vicious verbal attack, calling me a crybaby and a sissy, my sisters and cousins stood by sneering and giggling.

As I stripped off each item, I slowed down more and more. I wanted this whole terrible episode to end, but I also realized that if I took off everything, I would be naked. It was bad enough being without clothes in front of my sisters and mother, but being naked in front of my cousins scared me even more.

Mom disregarded my protests when I said I didn't want to take off everything in front of the girls. She simply told me to "hurry up."

I kept the panties on as I tried my best to fold the slip. Mom wasn't satisfied, so she grabbed it out of my hands and folded it herself. She tucked it away in the dresser drawer and told me to hang up the dress. I wrestled with the dress as I tried to get it on the hanger. Once again Mom criticized how I did it, and then took it from me to adjust it neatly on the hanger and then cover it with its paper garment bag. As I walked back toward the dresser, I passed my cousins. Ellen reached out and snapped the elastic in the legband of the satin panties I had on. That caused me to jump and made all the girls laugh.

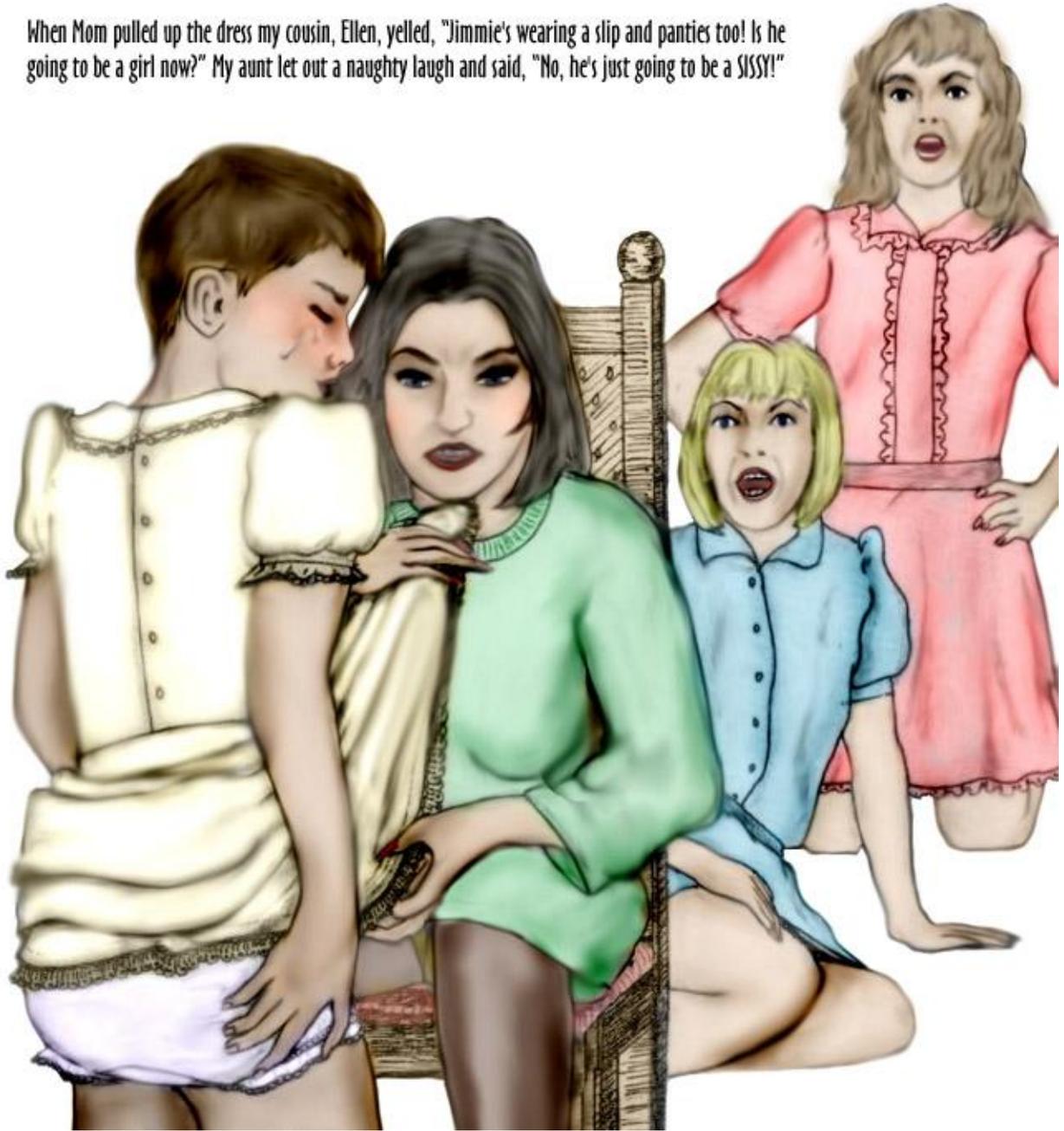
I wanted to stall. I didn't want to take off the panties in front of the girls, but Mom approached me from behind and grabbed the panty waistband. An instant later, the panties were yanked down my legs. Crying heartily as I stepped out of them, I felt very vulnerable and very much alone. My whole pretend world had exploded.

I was put into my pajamas and tucked into bed. I cried myself to sleep on this, the worst day of my young life.

In the next part of this fascinating series, Jimmie recalls more of the humiliation he experienced at the hands of his sisters, parents and relatives.

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When Mom pulled up the dress my cousin, Ellen, yelled, "Jimmie's wearing a slip and panties too! Is he going to be a girl now?" My aunt let out a naughty laugh and said, "No, he's just going to be a Sissy!"





Sissy!
We
dre
g



"Now hold still boy so I can see if these panties will fit you. Oh, look! Our naughty little boy is wearing panties already, pink ones!"

Mother's Methods

Dear Princess,

My mother's method of keeping me in line turned me into a sissy. Whenever I misbehaved, she would march me into my sister's bedroom, depants me and then force me to put on a pair of silky

panties. As time went on, she added refinements to increase my humiliation. Whenever I was being panty punished, Mom knew I hated to be called a sissy, and so she rarely missed an opportunity to call me one, especially in front of my father, which was doubly embarrassing for me because I tried to be a "little man" for his sake. Moreover, she had him well trained. She'd prod him into unzipping my fly and peeling open my trousers and then get him to inspect whatever panties she had forced me to wear that day. Panty punishment was horrible, but my father, with his humiliating laugh and cutting comments, made it an absolute nightmare.

Mom never hesitated to punish me this way because she knew it was an effective way to control me. After a while, she decided that I should have my own panties because I seemed to be wearing punishment panties more than I was wearing my regular underwear. In order to make the most of the situation, Mom pinned a note to my shirt and sent me into the girls' lingerie section of Kedzie Variety, a local discount department store.

"Mom, please don't make me buy panties!"

Despite my pleas, she made me go in. The saleslady let out a loud laugh when she read the note, which stated I was supposed to buy a half dozen pairs of lacy, silky girls' panties that would fit me. The lady had little regard for my feelings. She welcomed the opportunity to make fun of me, a naughty little boy according to the note. She made me stand still while she held numerous pairs of panties up to my waist to check the size, and she called over two other salesladies to join in the fun. What made it even worse, I was wearing a crop top T-shirt and pair of my sister's pink panties, which Mom had pulled up so they would peek out between my trousers and short T-shirt. I wanted to run away, but my mother and sister were keeping an eye on me from two aisles away - not to do as my mother had instructed would have earned me a punishment much more severe than anything the salesladies could do to me. To top it off, I had to pay for the panties with allowance money I had saved.

Of course, that night I had to show my father the panties I had gotten at the store. He laughed at me and said he was going to tell his secretary and his buddies at work about his sissy son, who had to buy himself girlie panties. The next night, he told me how his coworkers had laughed and ridiculed me after he had told them.

Mom loved to tease me in front of strangers. If I was wearing my punishment panties under my regular clothes and we were near some other people, she'd make an excuse to tuck in my shirt. She'd make an elaborate show of it, and in the process tuck my shirt into my panties and let the panty waistband stick out way above my trouser tops. She wanted to see how long it took people to notice. Mom loved to make me squirm with embarrassment as my girlish panties were on the verge of being discovered. My heart would beat rapidly as I watched them. I could tell immediately when and if they spotted the panties. They reacted with a change in expression that ranged from a grin to a look of horror. Sometimes these people would make a comment, but most of them seemed to be too shocked or confused to say anything. And if they did say something, Mom would answer them very matter-of-factly, not hesitating to confirm that I indeed was a boy wearing girls' panties. Mom really enjoyed these situations, controlling the conversation to maximize my humiliation.

One of Mom's favorite tricks was to make me sit at the kitchen table while she entertained one of our neighbors with a cup of coffee. Unknown to the visitor, Mom would unzip and open my pants and let my pantied penis poke out. Mom would then encourage me to have a lot of milk and cookies. After a while, I'd need to use the bathroom, but I'd squirm in torment rather than get up from the table and ask for permission to use the toilet with my pantied penis sticking out of my barn door.

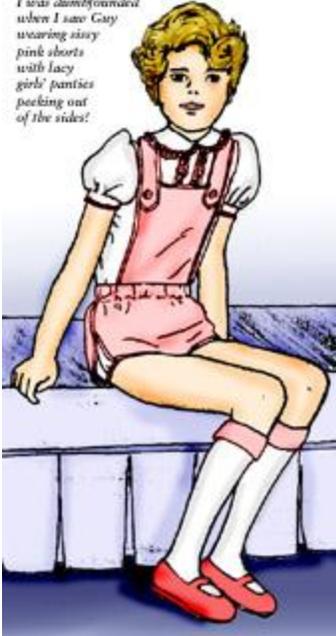
I love your publication. Keep up the good work. When I read it, I recall all those sissy feelings I have endured.

Yours in Panties

Artie M.

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*I was dumbfounded
when I saw Gary
wearing sissy
pink shorts
with lacy
girls' panties
peeking out
of the sides!*



"Now hold still boy so I can see if these panties will fit you. Oh, look! Our naughty little boy is wearing panties already, pink ones!"

An American Boy in England

Dear Princess,

My life changed the summer my father was assigned to London as an attaché at the American Embassy. Moving to a foreign country frightened me because I didn't want to give up the friends I had cultivated. My parents tried to ease my anxiety by assuring me that I wouldn't have any difficulty in finding new friends in England.

Shortly after we arrived, my mother announced that she had been invited to tea the following afternoon at Madame Giveny, one of our new neighbors. Mother said I also was invited because the Madame had a nephew about my age staying with her. His name was Guy.

When we arrived, the housekeeper showed us to the parlor. I was disappointed when I heard that Guy wasn't there yet. I really enjoyed the delicious little cakes served with the tea while we awaited his arrival but quickly became bored with the women's conversation. Then, from the hall we heard a terrible clatter. Madame excused herself in order to investigate the disturbance.

She began speaking in excited tones. We could overhear what she was saying. Obviously, Guy had arrived, and she was complaining that he was a disgraceful mess. He tried to explain that some rowdy boys had started a fight with him and then chased him home. She directed Guy to go upstairs and get himself cleaned up before joining us in the parlor.

Through the doorway, I saw a youth with a full head of blond curly hair running up the stairs with the housekeeper climbing after him. I only got a momentary glimpse of him, but I flinched when I realized what I saw. The boy's hair was quite girlish, I thought; and he was dressed in his school uniform of little shorts and a blazer. At that moment, I was very glad that I was attending the Embassy School with other Americans because the English schoolboys I had seen were always dressed in very sissy uniforms.

While Guy was changing his clothes, Madame rejoined us and explained that some ruffians frequented the local park, and they often picked on poor Guy.

A few moments later there was a soft knock on the door. Then a slim, almost frail young boy entered. He was about my age, maybe a bit younger. Obviously, it was Guy. He was rather good-looking, a little shorter than me. His hair was quite long and curly, but what struck me the most were his clothes.

He was dressed in a black velvet suit, consisting of a short waist jacket (what I later learned was called an Eton coat) and very short shorts, both highlighted with white ivory buttons. His shirt was frilly; the lace on it reminded me of my sister's blouses, even the shirt cuffs sticking out of his coat sleeves were heavily trimmed with lace. He wore knee-length white stockings and shiny black shoes with strap fasteners. His outfit made me uneasy. I don't know if I felt sorry for him or if my own masculinity was being challenged by this femininely dressed boy.

My mother was obviously delighted with the sight of him. She said, "Oh! How perfectly sweet! How English!"

I tried to adjust to his presence and look beyond the clothes. I looked at his clean scrubbed features and frail limbs. In an odd way, I thought he was very attractive, almost pretty. I was amazed to feel my penis twitching within the confines of my trousers. I was at a confusing stage in my life. Unlike my conferees, I did not like girls. Instead, for some strange reason, I liked boys-and only recently, I found myself being sexually attracted to good-looking young boys. I was just trying to come to grips with these feelings.

Guy got his aunt's permission then invited me up to his room.

We sat on his bed and talked about all kinds of things. I brought up about him getting beaten up in the park. He told me some roughneck boys liked to bull him and call him a sissy, and even though they were smaller than him, they could gang up on him and beat him up.

I asked Guy if he always dressed in the kind of clothes he was then wearing. When he said "yes," I told him that maybe his clothes were the reason they harassing him. I told him that back in the States if a boy went out dressed like he was, he would be in trouble. Guy said he didn't mind the clothes his aunt made him wear, in fact, he said, he kind of liked getting dressed up. He added that he didn't think his clothes were uncommon for other English boys his age.

I offered to play with him in the park the next day. Since I was quite a bit bigger than Guy, I told him I'd be able to protect him from the rough boys. Guy was genuinely thankful for the offer.

The time disappeared and we were soon summoned downstairs because it was time for me to go. Guy asked his aunt if it was okay for us to meet after school the next day and play in the park. She agreed and then said I could join them for tea afterward.

On our way home, my mother mentioned how much she enjoyed meeting Madame and her nephew. She told me she was glad I had become friends with Guy so quickly. She thought he was "adorable" - a word I thought was very feminine sounding. She also hoped I would learn some of Guy's delightful English manners and customs.

The next day at Embassy School, I found myself thinking of Guy often. I couldn't wait for my classes to finish. Finally, the last bell rang and I found myself running to Guy's house to meet up with him. An instant after I knocked on the door, the housemaid answered and Guy came out. I cringed because once again he was dressed in his childishly styled black velvet suit; however, this time, instead of the white stockings, he was wearing short turn down ankle socks with black strap shoes, like little girls wore. Those ridiculous socks were even trimmed in lace. Oh, well, "What the hell," I thought.

He said good-bye to his aunt and we were on our way. Outside, I was almost embarrassed to be with him. I was sure passersby were snickering behind our backs. At the same time I found myself becoming sexually excited once again. As we approached the park, Guy became agitated as he pointed to four boys about ten years old. He said that they were the bullies that had beaten him up the day before.

I was amazed that Guy couldn't have fought off these boys, which were much smaller and younger than he was. When I expressed that fact to Guy, he just cowered. He said that those little boys were very tough.

When the boys saw Guy, they ran up to us and began to tease him about being a sissy.

"'Ere, 'ere. Look at the blinkin' fruitcake. Doesn't he look cute now in his little velvet suit? Ain't he the delicate one? 'Ere, let's see your knickers..."

"Hey! 'Ave ya got the pink ones on today? Ya should always be wearing pink panties. Pink's the color for pansies, ya know."

Guy cringed. I couldn't believe him. He looked like he was ready to cry. I spoke up and with a few strong words sent those pests running. After that, they hung around on the sidelines, probably waiting for me to leave so they could torment poor Guy once again, but to their disappointment we played together and then walked back to Guy's house.

Every now and then, in an affectionate, childlike way, Guy would try to hold hands with me as we walked. I let him, but after a moment or two I would become quite self-conscious, and I'd find some reason to point to something to break it off. When we got back to his aunt's house, Guy was sent upstairs to change into his leisure clothes. His aunt took the opportunity to take me aside while tea was being prepared. She told me she was happy I had become friends with Guy and thanked me for standing up against the local bullies.

When the tea was ready, I followed the housekeeper up to Guy's room. She let me in and then served us the tea.

I was very unnerved when I saw Guy because he had changed clothes all right, but . . . the outfit he put on was more emasculating than his black velvet shorts costume. I just sat there for a moment and stared at him. I wanted to say something about the sissy nature of his clothes, but I waited until the maid left

Guy looked like a little kid in his pink satin shorts outfit with a bib-like front. Underneath was a white satin blouse with short puffy sleeves edged in red lace, and a bit of white satin also edged in red lace peeked out of the side slit of his shorts. He also wore pink and white knee-length stockings and bright red Maryjane.

He noticed me staring, but before I could put my words together, he said, "Auntie likes me to wear play clothes like these in the house."

As he spoke, I looked him over. My eyes focused on the slit on the side of his shorts. I wanted a closer look. Whatever he was wearing underneath, they looked like my sister's panties! In order to investigate my suspicions, I sat next to him while we sipped our tea. I asked him why he had to dress like that. He said his auntie designed his play outfits and insisted that he wear them. Eventually, my curiosity got the better of me. I reached out and snapped the satin fabric edged

with red lace peeking out of his shorts as I said, "Do you always wear these things? They uh, are gir-girl's satin panties. Aren't they?"

Instead of directly answering me, Guy laughed, jumped up and asked if I wanted to see his other outfits. When I told him "yes," he led me to his closet. He always smelled so nice, but when he opened that closet door, a large draft of that same lovely flowery fragrance filled my nose.

"I know you think these are sissy clothes," Guy volunteered, obviously in response to my puzzled expression, "but I really don't mind them. In fact, I like my auntie fussing over me and my fancy clothes."

Inside his closet were a half-dozen pastel-colored "play" outfits similar to one he was wearing. There were a lot of lace-trimmed blouses and assorted velvet suits. Guy beamed brightly as he showed me several kilts. I saw some things very puffy, frilly and soft-looking hanging in the back of the closet. They looked like my sister's party dresses, but Guy didn't say anything about them, and I didn't have the nerve to ask him if they were dresses.

"Show me your underwear drawer," I said.

He walked toward a bureau and opened the top drawer. I let out a little gasp as I looked inside because there were four stacks of panties (that's all you could call them because there was no mistaking what they were). The panties were separated by color. White, pink, yellow and lavender panties each formed a separate pile. The shocking part was that most of the panties had lace decorations. My cock started to swell within my pants as I picked up a pair to look at them closely. It was utterly fantastic that a boy would not only wear such girlish clothes and panties, much less enjoy them. It was confusing and erotic at the same time to my tender young brain.

I noticed a slight bulge developing in Guy's satin shorts. I approached him and put my hands on his hips as I told him he was very pretty. He blushed a bit and rested his head on my shoulder. Without even giving it a second thought, I gently kissed him on the lips. I had never kissed a boy before. It just felt like the most natural thing to do. Guy reacted by embracing me with emotion. He parted his lips and forced his tongue into my mouth. I wasn't ready for such a move, so I resisted slightly. Then I gave in to the intimate contact. I started to rub my hands over his tight ass cheeks covered in the sleek pink satin shorts. I traced the elastic legbands on his panties through the side slits of his shorts. Our hardening penises rubbed against one another.

We broke apart with a jump when we heard Madame calling us from downstairs. It was time for me to go.

Two days later I came back to Guy's house to play. My mother came along to visit Madame and have tea. Soon after we were there, my mother asked Madame about kilts for boys. I was surprised to hear her interest in kilts, but I was dumbstruck when she mentioned she wanted to buy one for me for formal occasions since she thought English boys looked so handsome in them.

Madame directed Guy to change into one of his kilt outfits so my mother could see it.

While Guy was out of the room, I protested. I told my mother that I didn't want a kilt. She silenced me. She said I was going to get a kilt, and I would be expected to wear it when she thought I should. I didn't mind Guy wearing a kilt or his other sissy clothes like lacy blouses and velvet shorts, but these were not the kind of clothes I would be caught dead in. I sank deep into the chair as I wondered how I could stop Mother from getting me sissy stuff like a kilt.

Guy reentered the room wearing a frilly white blouse, black strap shoes, red knee socks and a red plaid kilt with two straps that went up the front and over the shoulders. Mother reacted in enthusiastic tones as she complimented Guy on his stylish appearance. Then, she wrote down all the details about the outfit as Madame described them. She also took down the name of the store where Guy got the kilt and all the accessories he was wearing.

As Madame and Mother engaged themselves in conversation, Guy and I were allowed to go to his room to play. Once we were alone, I complained to him that I didn't want to wear a kilt because it looked like a girl's skirt.

Guy tried to ease my tension over the idea of wearing a kilt. He told me that it was an accepted form of dress in the UK. As he spoke, he flitted over to the bed and sat down on it with a flourish, a motion that caused the kilt to billow out. I could have sworn that I noticed a flash of lace exposed by his flirting skirt.

I approached Guy and sat down next to him on the bed. I reached down and grabbed a hold of his kilt as I asked him, "I always wondered what a boy wears under his kilt." With that I lifted his skirt. His thighs were draped with a shiny lavender half-slip with a wide lace hem. I barely hesitated as I grasped the sweet little slip and lifted it up to expose the soft lavender panties he was wearing underneath. Both the slip and the panties were decorated with several pastel-colored butterfly appliqués. At that moment, I realized I still had a lot of adjusting to do when it came to accepting boys in girls' clothes, especially lingerie. I was very attracted to Guy, and he looked as good as a girl in his girly clothes, but boys were boys and I couldn't understand why any boy would allow himself to be dressed in anything that was so girlish. At the same time, I realized that I liked Guy no matter how he was dressed.

He looked awfully cute in his lacy purple lingerie. I snuggled close to him and hugged him as I let one of my hands stroke his delicate body through the soft nylon and lace. Guy didn't resist. He was a willing partner. He toyed with my hair and massaged me lovingly. We became lost in each other's arms and quickly slid our hands down to stroke each other's hard penis.

We heard Madame let out a screech. Guy broke our embrace and jumped to his feet, as his aunt said, "Boys, boys! Stop that this instant!"

Guy modestly pulled down his kilt.

Madame entered. She had the housekeeper summon my mother from downstairs.

When Mom arrived, Madame explained in detail how she had caught us kissing and touching each other. Mother couldn't believe it. She grabbed me by the arm and held me with an iron grip

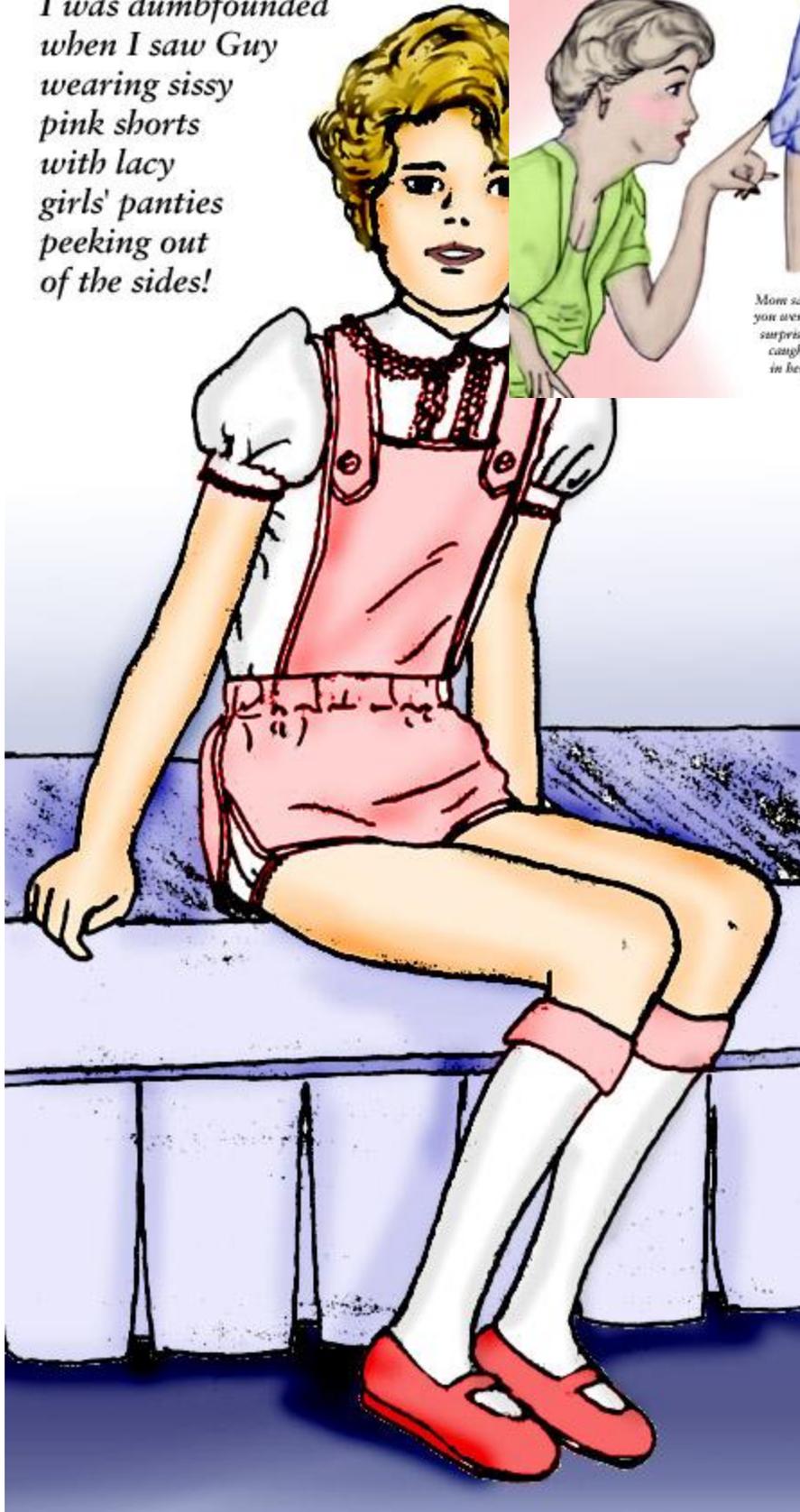
as she watched Madame scold Guy. The next thing we knew, Madame was pulling him over her lap. She hoisted his kilt and half-slip.

My mother stared in disbelief when she saw Guy's slip and lacy panties. Then, she burst into a grin and mumbled something about Guy being a 'sissy.' As Madame started spanking Guy's tender bottom with a wooden hairbrush, Mom pulled me across her own lap and started to swat my bottom until I was squirming and yelping with pain. During the spanking, my mother said she was not only going to get me a kilt, but also a girl's slip and panties just like the ones Guy was wearing. Thus was my introduction to homosexuality and being dressed in girl's clothes.

Still in a Kilt,
Fruity Jimmy

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*I was dumbfounded
when I saw Guy
wearing sissy
pink shorts
with lacy
girls' panties
peeking out
of the sides!*



*Mom said, "I always knew
you were a sissy, so I'm not
surprised that your sister
caught you jacking off
in her pretty panties."*

Patrick's Training in Panties

Dear Princess,

My name is Cindy. My mother saw a copy of your magazine at a friend's house. Since you're interested in sissy males, Mom said I should write to you about our liberal family, which consists of my strong, modern mother, my faggot brother and me.

I'm 5'2" and sixteen years old, but I look a lot older with my well developed, C-cup, 36-inch bust and long brown hair that reaches down to my firm, hot little butt (that's how my 26-year-old boyfriend describes it). Mom lets me wear clothes appropriate for adult women. However, she is old-fashioned in the lingerie and hosiery department. She only wears full-fashioned nylons with a frilly garter belt. And she says the same goes for me. No pantyhose allowed! Also no bikini panties! I have to wear full-cut, high-waisted briefs in nylon. Most of my panties have rows of lace ruffles sewn across the rear end like the fancy rhumba panties little girls wear. Mom says they contrast so cutely with my naughty garter belt and nylons-kind of like a real-life Lolita - emphasizing both my youth and my sexiness. But, enough about me, I'm writing to you to tell you about my pansy ass little brother, Patrick.

He's a year younger than me, but he looks even younger. Two years ago, I caught him playing with himself and that incident changed all of our lives.

Oh, by the way, our dad doesn't live with us anymore. He walked out several years ago. I think, that more than anything else, he was disappointed with Patrick. He probably got tired of coming home to find his son wearing fingernail polish, ribbons in his hair, and Mom's jewelry. When Patrick used to get dressed up in my clothes, Mom knew how much Dad hated it, so she'd usually make him change back into his own clothes before Dad got home. Patrick had no interest in becoming a 'man' like his father. He didn't care what his father thought about him.

Patrick's dressing up in my clothes was all very innocent. It was almost a game. It never was anything sexual until that one fateful day when I came home from school to what I thought was an empty house. I heard noise coming from upstairs, so I snuck up there. My bedroom door was slightly open, and I saw my prissy little brother standing in front of my wall mirror with his pants down around his ankles. He was pumping himself madly, running a pair of my panties wildly up and down the length of his little dick. I was both turned on and repulsed!

I pushed the door open and walked in. Patrick screamed in surprise. I immediately felt powerful over him. He tried to cover himself with his hands and stared up at me with a very pained expression.

"Hey, Patti-boy," I said. "What are ya trying to hide there?"

He got blistery red in the face and cried that he wasn't hiding anything. He pleaded to be left alone. I demanded to know what he was doing naked in my bedroom. I knew what he was doing, but I wanted him to admit it. Poor Patrick couldn't speak.

"Give me what you've got in your hands, or you're going to be in even more trouble."

Leaving one hand to still cover his penis, Pat meekly gave me the little ball of soft nylon that he held in his other hand.

Just as I had suspected, it was a pair of my panties - one of my favorite pairs! They were pale blue with wide bands of dark blue lace around the leg openings.

Realizing that I was at a great advantage, I took charge of the situation. "Well, well. Look at little Patti. I caught you beating off in my panties. Now put your hands on your sides. I want to look at your naked little penis."

He hesitated, so I shook the blue panties in his face as I told him that I was going to tell everyone in the neighborhood what I had caught him doing if he didn't do exactly what I said. Slowly, he took his hands away. It had lost some of its firmness, but it was still stiff enough to point straight out. It was tiny, about the size of my thumb.

He looked away when I laughed, "Holy shit! It's so little!"

Poor Patrick was about to die.

I made him take off all of his clothes. His thin naked body looked very feminine. That gave me an idea.

"You look more like a girl than a boy. You've always liked to dress up in my clothes and pretend you were a girl, so why don't you put on these panties?"

I handed the little blue panties back to him.

"Don't make me wear your panties, sis!"

But he knew better than to go against me. He stepped into the panties and snugged the soft nylon up around his hips. He had always loved wearing my clothes, but I guess the fact that I was forcing him to wear them made him feel powerless, and the fact that I caught him masturbating humiliated him. The sight of him squirming into panties I had worn many times before struck me as very erotic. I could feel the panties I was wearing becoming moist just by watching him.

Just then we heard Mom come home. She called out for us from downstairs. Ignoring Patrick's protests, I hollered back that we were in my bedroom. I asked her to hurry upstairs to see what I had found. Patrick wanted to run and hide, but I demanded that he leave the panties on and stand still.

When Mom entered my room, I explained what had been happening. She grabbed ahold of the doorknob to steady herself as she broke into laughter. I started laughing too. Poor Patrick was the picture of total defeat.

"Well, well, what do we have here? My little boy wearing his big sister's panties! My, my, and look at that little thing pushing out the front of those pretty panties."

Then she did a bizarre thing. She reached down the waistband of the panties and grabbed ahold of his cock. She jiggled it back and forth as she asked, "Hey girl, what is this little thing ya got in your nice little panties?"

Patrick was too embarrassed to answer.

I was a little shocked at my mother's boldness and a little surprised at her ability to take all of this in stride.

"Is this all the bigger it gets, kid? This is of no use to anybody!" she laughed and continued to yank on his dick.

"Well, we've always known what a little sissy you are, . . . always getting into your sister's clothes and things, . . . but trying to jump start this little thing in your big sister's panties! Is that what it takes to get your sissy stick up and running?"

"Hey, boy, don't you know you're supposed to put this thing in a girl's cunt - NOT her panties!"

Mom laughed and continued, "Only sissies fuck panties. Now tell me, kiddo. Does it feel really good when I play with your dickie in these nice silky panties? My, my, these fancy-nancy blue panties really look pretty on my little girly-boy."

Pat couldn't answer. He just swooned at Mom's words and stroking. He squirmed with sexual excitement. Mom started snapping the elastic legbands against his tender thighs, which only made him squirm more. Then, Pat's body stiffened. He collapsed in Mom's arms as his girlish body contorted with sexual spasms. His tiny little penis started shooting his messy cum into the panties. It saturated the thin nylon and began seeping through the panties in globs that coated Mom's fingers and dripped to the floor.

I could tell Pat was about to die. After blowing his wad, humiliation really set in. He buried his face against Mom's shoulder.

She was oohing, ahing and laughing as she chided Patty for being such a silly little sissy. Mom made him admit that he loved not only panties, but also everything girls wear. With that admission, she made Pat put on a pair of my lace-trimmed pink ankle socks, a pair of my Penny loafers and my summer coat.

Mom announced that we were going downtown to get Pat a new wardrobe, all girls' things to wear from now on. Pat didn't resist or complain as Mom went on to say that all of his clothes would be packed up and sent to Salvation Army. He would only be permitted to keep a few boys'

clothes for school; however, he wouldn't be allowed to keep any boys' underwear because from now on, he had to wear lace panties - even under his clothes at school.

Mom was going to make Pat keep on the cum-soaked panties, but at the last minute, she decided to take them off and cleaned him up. Then, she took a clean pair of panties from my dresser drawer and made him put them on. They were shiny white nylon with little rose buds printed all over them. Also, the panties had a little white lace trim that went around the leg openings. The coat he was wearing was quite short, and if he didn't hold himself just right, the little flowered panties would peek out.

Pat was very self-conscious. The feminine outfit must have made him feel very unmasculine as we passed people on the street on our way downtown. He complained about wearing nothing but my panties under the coat. He said people were staring at him. Mom told him that he was just imagining things because he looked just like a girl since his hair was long and almost like a girl's. When we got to the shop where Mom buys most of my clothes, she really humiliated Pat by making him take off the coat, leaving him standing there in just my flowered panties. He tried to hide behind one of the counters, but she pulled him out to face her friend the shop owner and her smirking salesladies who were instructed to outfit him with a complete wardrobe of girls' clothes.

Within a very short period, Pat adjusted to his girly clothes, in fact, he wasn't ashamed to let us know that he loved them, but we already knew that. Now he still wears boys' clothes to school, but he so loves his girlie things that Mom and I have to keep a close watch on him because he's always trying to get away with wearing a slightly lacy blouse or a nice pair of his girls' shoes.

He no longer cares what the other kids think of him, and I guess they're getting used to him because they don't really give him any problems. A few times he's been sent home with a note from the Principal about his feminine clothes. Mom and I love to read these notes because they display such an uptight reaction to a boy wearing girls' clothes. The main office hasn't found out about his panties yet, but we're sure that they will eventually. When it comes to the outer clothes, Mom says she can understand how it can be disruptive in school, but if they ever demand that Pat stop wearing panties for underwear, Mom says she'll take them to court if she has to. She says it's none of their business what he wears under his clothes.

Sister to a sissy,

Cindy F.
Pennsylvania

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Granny's Girl

Dear Princess,

After I lost both of my parents in a car accident and was taken in by my step-grandmother, my deceased grandfather's second wife, who had raised his two daughters plus one of her own from a previous marriage. "Granny" was still a very pretty woman and a very stylish dresser. She was in her early forties, and at that time, her own daughter was still living with her. My "Auntie

May" was twenty-four years old, a raven-haired beauty with peachy clean skin, but very domineering, which may explain why she wasn't married.

Leaving home to live with them meant losing the friends I grew up with, and I realized I was headed for a lonely existence when I found out that there weren't any boys my age in my new neighborhood. Granny and Auntie were not overly sympathetic with my plight. The room I was given was all pink and frilly. It obviously had belonged to one of my aunt's before she got married. All kinds of girls' clothes still filled the drawers and closet. My Grandmother had saved all of her daughters' clothes from the time they were babies. All my clothes were crammed into only two drawers.

From the start, I was uncomfortable in these strange new surroundings, and my nervousness brought back an old problem that I had only recently conquered - bed-wetting. I couldn't conceal my nighttime accidents, and it upset both Granny and Auntie Mary, who responded by making fun of me and calling me a baby. Granny tried to stop me by giving me a lecture and a spanking after each time I wet the bed.

When I had first moved in with Granny and Auntie, they sorted through my clothes and threw most of them away, saying that they were nothing but rags. They promised to take me shopping for new things soon. In the meantime, I had only a few changes of underwear, and since I wore my underwear to bed and was now wetting myself every night, it took only a few days until I had no more clean under shorts to put on. On that morning, after Auntie woke me up and discovered I had wet the bed again, she went to ask Granny what I could use for clean underwear.

Granny came into my room, cleaned me up and delivered the now routine scolding and spanking. As I slowed my crying to sniffing and mild sobbing, they debated about what they were going to dress me in until they could get me to the store or get a batch of laundry done.

Then Auntie Mary's eyes brightened. "I've got an idea! Why don't we let him wear some of Cathy's old things?" As she said that, she opened one of the dresser drawers and rummaged around until she drew out a heavily ruffled pair of white panties, which had pink bows on each hip. She danced around the room with the flimsy panties swinging from her fingertips, singing happily. Then, she approached me.

I took a step backward and bumped into Granny with my naked body as I tried to avoid Auntie and the dancing panties. Granny held me firmly as they both laughed and made a game of it. I thought they were just joking when they teased me about having me wear the frilly panties. I struggled against Granny's grip and looked down when I felt something cool brush against my nakedness.

"Oh, no!" I thought I'd die of shame. She was holding the silk panties up to my waist!

"Oh look, Granny," she said, "Cathy's old panties will fit him just fine!"

Granny took to the idea immediately. She held me still while Auntie Mary, with an evil grin on her face, stooped down and held wide open the waistband of the sickeningly girlish panties. I

closed my eyes, but could feel every sensation as she lifted each of my feet and slid the panties on me. She coaxed the panties up my legs, dragging them up very slowly, on purpose I'm sure, just so I could agonize over their silkiness as they traveled upward. They felt like a herd of snails crawling up my legs leaving behind their shiny, silky slime.

"From now on, you'll wear Cathy's old panties because you can't keep your own dry. No more big boy underwear for you until you can act like a big boy and not a baby. I'm not going to spend good money on new underwear for you if you're just going to piss them all up. You can wear Cathy's old panties until you grow up! Ya know, wearing these pretty panties will probably tickle the dickens out of your little pimple dick; they just might make you remember not to wet yourself."

As additional punishment they made me stand in front of a full-length mirror for what seemed like hours. I had to study my reflection and meditate on what a bed-wetting sissy I was. Of course, I wasn't allowed to remove the panties and Auntie came in to the room frequently to check on me. And whenever she did come in, she delighted in making me squirm as she got very close to me and examined every inch of the soft panties. She would pluck at them, tickle my penis through the silky panties and make fun of me for not being able to stand still. She said that it was a sure sign that I loved the panties.

How could she! 'Love the panties!' I hated them! When she teased me about 'loving the panties' tears came to my eyes. How could she be so cruel?"

Finally, they let me get dressed; of course, I had to keep on the panties! For the rest of the day, I just moped around. I couldn't get my mind off of what I was wearing. As time went on, Granny and Auntie joked less and less about them. It became less embarrassing to be wearing the panties. At the time I couldn't admit it to myself, but in the depths of my heart, I realized that the panties were not so bad after all. They were soft and pretty and they felt very luxurious, but it was very disturbing to think such thoughts.

As bedtime came around, I wondered what was going to happen concerning the panties. I was beginning to like them and I knew it. Maybe Granny and Auntie had felt they had punished me enough - maybe they would take the panties away. I felt very strange when I admitted to myself that I wanted to keep on wearing them.

In a businesslike manner, Granny took me to my bedroom and began undressing me for bed. Aunt Mary came walking in just as Granny was taking off my trousers. Auntie couldn't resist giving the legband of my panties a little snap as she said, "How cute!"

Yes, I liked the panties, but now that I was on display again before Granny and Auntie, I began having second thoughts. It was so confusing. The panties felt so nice, but when they smiled and stared at me in them, I wanted to take them off because their stares and smirks made me feel very uncomfortable.

As I stood around waiting for whatever was going to happen next and wondering if I would be stripped of the panties forever, Granny began digging around in one of the dresser drawers. A

moment later, she turned to face me. My eyes bugged out of my head, and Auntie laughed out loud because Granny was holding up a frilly babydoll nightie. Seconds later she slipped it over my head and pulled it into place. The babydoll was pink with white lace shoulder straps, plus more white lace trimming the top and hem. A number of little red satin bows decorated the bottom edge. Granny said that a girls' nightie was all I was entitled to wear. She kissed me good night, but threatened me with another spanking if I wet myself during the night.

Auntie took me upstairs and put me in bed. She massaged my breasts through the silky nightie. It tickled but felt good. Then she opened her blouse and let me massage her big breasts through her lacy bra. While I did that she masturbated my little penis in my panties. The way she did it drove me wild with tingly feelings like I had never felt before. My penis stayed hard all night long after that, and I couldn't keep my hands off my panties as I recalled how wonderful it felt when she did it.

The next morning Auntie awakened me. When she discovered I was dry, she ran to get Granny. I was totally embarrassed as they pulled open the curtains and inspected every inch of my panties in the humbling light of the bright morning sun. They wanted to make sure that I hadn't wet myself even a little bit. They did giggle and talk amongst themselves about how the panties were so twisted and crumpled over the area that covered my penis. That was embarrassing but not surprising since I had given my dickie a workout in the panties all night long. If I had been old enough to cum, those panties would have been saturated!

"Well, that settles it," Granny said loudly. "Wearing the panties and babydolls seems to have stopped our baby boy from wetting himself. From now on he's going to wear panties all of the time!"

Boom! With one loud command Granny sealed my fate. Panties! She was going to make me wear panties! Girls' panties! Every day! I became more confused than ever. Yes, I liked wearing them, but it felt strange to wear them in front of Granny and Auntie. I thought if I stayed dry I was supposed to go back to my boys' underwear, now I was going to have to wear panties because I didn't wet the bed! It was all so confusing.

I had to go to the bathroom badly. So after asking permission, they let me go. Just as I pulled up the nightie, pulled down the panties and aimed my penis in the toilet, they came bursting into the bathroom.

"What do you think you're doing?" Granny said. "Since you're wearing girls' panties and cute babydolls, you're a sissyboy. And sissyboys sit on the toilet like girls!"

Humiliated once again, I had stopped peeing in midstream, then lost no time in putting down the toilet seat and getting on it to finish relieving myself. However, with both of them standing there looking at me, I was too embarrassed to continue going. They sensed my shame so they left me alone, but I had to stay seated until I did go. Once I had finished, they reentered and showed me how to wipe my penis dry with a bit of toilet paper. They powdered my private parts before tugging up my panties and sending me to my bedroom to get dressed. They had commanded me

to keep the panties on. As I put on my shirt and trousers, I didn't know that it would be the last time I would be wearing any boys' clothes for a long time.

Later that day I had an accident. I ripped a hole in my trousers. When my bitchy Auntie started to lecture me, I vented my frustration and cursed her. She reacted by forcing me into the bedroom for a spanking. She made me strip off my trousers as she took off her dress, saying that she didn't want to wrinkle it up. I bit my lip and looked away from her when she saw me dressed in those sissy panties again because she couldn't hold back an intimidating laugh.

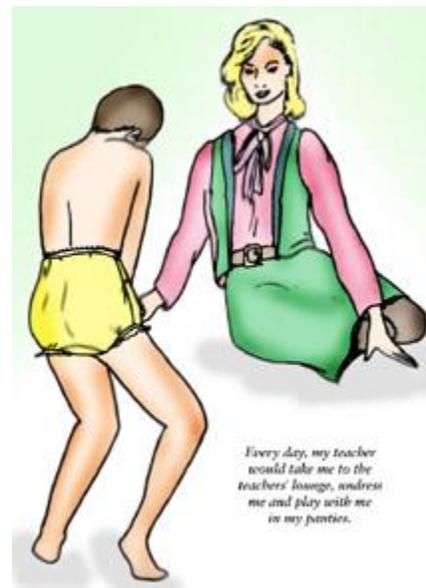
She was dressed in a rustling white satin full slip with a wide ruffled hem threaded with a pink satin ribbon. In one smooth, swift motion, she hoisted the ruffled hem of her slip until it was bunched about her hips. She sat down on the edge of the bed and yanked me across her lap. On the way down I got a glimpse of the bright pink panties that she was wearing. They peeped from beneath the hem of her slip.

I had been caught a little by surprise. I hadn't had a chance to warn her that I was in great need of going to the bathroom. I landed roughly on her inviting thighs. Almost immediately she began with a stinging spanking across the seat of my tingly pink panties. I hollered and squirmed and begged Auntie to stop. Then, to my shock as well as hers, I let go. I peed all over her stocking-covered legs.

Her immediate reaction was to dump me on the floor at her feet. I cried as much from embarrassment and fear as I did from the sharp spanking. Letting me know that she thought my piss was disgusting, she immediately unhooked her garters and peeled the wet nylons down her legs. She rubbed the soaked nylons stockings in my face and commanded me not to move. She went to get Granny. When they came back, Granny scolded me severely. She made me stay curled up on the floor as she grabbed up a hairbrush and gave me another hard spanking.

They made me clean everything up. Then, I was stripped of the wet panties and washed and dried. I had barely blinked clear my tear-drained eyes when a new pair of panties was thrust in front of me. I stepped into the peach colored rayon panties. They had little yellow buttercups decorating the hips. Both Auntie and Granny ran their hands over and over the panties to smooth out the fit (and I'm sure to drive me crazy). During all of this they went on and on about my need for discipline. Without asking my opinion, they agreed that I was going to wear girls' panties and vests all the time. They put me to bed without supper to let me think about my fate. The next morning they came into my bedroom and had me try on dozens of panties and vests and other things that they sorted out from auntie's hand-me-down lingerie.

They finally decided on an outfit for me, a matching set, silky vest and panties, in petal pink nylon with a ruffled white lace trimming the neck opening of the vest and the leg elastics of the panties. It was time for me to be put into my usual boys' outer clothes, but at Auntie's urging, they decided to dress me completely as a girl instead! Moments later, I was wearing a very short pink party dress that was loaded with lace around



Every day, my teacher would take me to the teachers' lounge, undress me and play with me in my panties.

the collar and skirt. The little puff sleeves and the stiff taffeta petticoat made it especially girlish. They didn't want to stop there, so they also forced me into white knee socks and a cute pair of white Maryjane shoes.

The dress must have belonged to one of my aunts when they were much smaller than I was at that time, because on me the dress was absurdly short. Of course, this did not go unnoticed. Both Auntie and Granny teased me about it.

"My, my, doesn't our little girl wear pretty little dresses," Auntie said.

"But it so-o-o short. You can see his, I mean 'her,' pink pan-ties!"

With that Granny grabbed at my silky panties under my skirts. They both laughed because I cowered like a little girl trying to keep her skirts down.

They then decided that I would be dressed completely in girls' clothes at all times in the house. My longish hair was brushed into a girlish style and some bright lipstick and rouge was put on me. I spent the rest of the day in those clothes and my tormentors never let me forget that I was a sissy in that outfit. At bedtime, they put me into a silky waltz-length white chiffon nightie. The next morning all of my boys' clothes were gone, and in their place was a complete wardrobe of girls' things. These became my daily clothes. After enduring many spankings and other forms of humiliation and discipline, I accepted them as my own.

One reward for my new life-style was that Auntie and Granny began to consider me one of the 'girls.' They treated me nicer and nicer as time went on. Also, they became less uptight about me seeing them in their lingerie. Eventually, I was treated to an almost constant display of everything from their slips peeking out beneath their dresses to them nonchalantly prancing about in only bras and panties. Wearing girls' clothes everyday while I watched my Aunt and Granny flirt around in their beautiful outfits completely reformed me. I hated to admit it, but I was beginning to fall in love with my clothes.

The summer after I turned six, Granny registered me for school. I'll never forget that day because for the first time in months, I was dressed in boys' clothes. They had appeared from nowhere. Granny and Auntie must have gone out and bought them because they were all new. However, I had to wear my usual soft, silky vest and panties underneath. I was registered at the local Catholic school and issued the obligatory school uniform: shorts, shirts, a blazer, knee socks and brown oxfords. Granny made it clear that while at school I had to wear my girlish vests and panties under the uniform, and at home, I was still going to be dressed completely in my girly clothes.

My sissy lingerie made me nervous at school because I knew the other boys wore regular boys' underwear. I tried not to use the rest room while other boys were in there. Consequently, I was constantly asking for permission to be excused during class so I could use the bathroom by myself. My teacher became concerned, wondering why I was continually excusing myself from class to use the restroom. One day she followed me. She walked right into the boys' room and opened the door of the stall I was sitting in because the stalls had no locks on them. She caught

me sitting on the stool with my shorts down and my pretty lace-trimmed pink panties stretched between my legs. She appeared shocked, then amused. After a long, tense moment, she asked me if I always wore girls' panties. With my head hanging down from embarrassment, I nodded 'yes.' She wanted to know why I wore them. I told her my Granny made me wear them all the time. She told me to see her after school. Then she told me to hurry up and finish and return to class.

After school my teacher gave me a note to give to Granny, but not before reaching down into my shorts to get another peek at my silky pink panties. She let out a little laugh as she snapped the elastic against my tummy and told me that they were pretty.

At home, I gave the note to Granny, but she didn't say anything about it. However, the next morning Granny took me to school and she had a talk with my teacher. I never learned what they discussed, but right after that, my teacher formed the habit of taking me to the teachers' lounge during recess. There, she explained to the other teachers that I had a physical problem and needed help going to the bathroom. Once we were alone in the teachers' restroom stall, she'd help me undo my shorts and then get all giggly about the pretty panties I was wearing as she fussed with the frills and tight elastics. She'd pull down my panties and place me on the toilet. After a while she even began to hold my little prick and point it down as she encouraged me to do my peepee. Afterwards, she would dry the tip of my penis with a piece of tissue and then rub it between her fingers before helping me dress. Sometimes she even kissed the end of it and licked off my final drops of peepee. She became friends with Granny and on one occasion came to our house for dinner, where she saw me fully dressed in girls' clothes. However, that's another story. I've gone on here long enough.

In Auntie's Panties,
J. M.
Monterey, California

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Granny loved to make me do things that would show off my panties, like reaching for a book off the top shelf of the bookcase.



While wearing a big pair of his mom's pretty panties, Michael obeyed his dad and gave him a blow job!



Reality Became His Fantasy

Dear Princess,

I'm writing to tell you about my son Michael and what happened the day I discovered he had been masturbating.

I was unloading the dirty clothes hamper, preparing to do the wash. At the bottom of the hamper I noticed a small tightly wadded ball of yellow nylon. When I picked it up, I noticed that it was a pair of my panties. I never wadded up my dirty panties like that so I wondered about it. When I uncrumpled them, I was surprised to find them heavily stained and encrusted with some kind of residue.

Confused, I cautiously held them by my nose to smell them. The odor was unmistakable: It was male cum! I didn't know what to make of it. I thought of my husband. I thought of my son. Was it either of them who did it? I couldn't figure it out. I set the stained panties aside while I did the wash. I needed time to think.

When my husband George came home for lunch, I gathered my courage and confronted him by leaving the panties on the kitchen table. When he sat down for lunch, he motioned towards them and asked what they were doing there. I told him of my discovery and watched for his reaction as I pointed out the semen stain.

I could tell he didn't know what it meant. He simply looked at me and asked if I thought Michael did it. A few moments later we both agreed that Michael was the prime suspect. George cursed as he jumped to the conclusion that his son was a sissy. After all it must have been him. Who else had access to my lingerie? The thought of him shooting off in my panties was very unsettling. Of course, I know a boy his age is going to play with himself, but using my panties made me angry.

George and I decided to set a trap for Michael just to make sure that it really was he who was responsible. I carefully arranged my lingerie drawer so I would know if it had been disturbed. When Michael came home from school, I told him I had to go out for a while to do some shopping. I asked him if he could put some boxes up on the top shelf of my closet while I was out. He agreed.

Once I was gone, I was counting on the fact that Michael being in my room would be enough to get him to repeat his affair with a pair of my panties. I had even left a couple pairs of panties innocently setting on the bed. About an hour later I returned. Without appearing suspicious, I went to my bedroom. On the surface everything seemed to be in order. The panties I had left on the bed were still there. If Michael had moved them, he had been very careful to replace them as

he found them.

I opened my lingerie drawer. Everything seemed undisturbed. Then, I noticed it. A pair of panties was missing, a silky white pair with rosebuds and lace decorating the sides. I had written down a list of my panties, according to how they were stacked in my drawer, and now that pair was gone. But where were they? I went to the bathroom and checked the hamper, but they weren't there. While Michael was busy, I snuck into his room and looked everywhere trying to find them, but I couldn't.

When George came home from work, he was very irritable. He admitted to me that he had been wondering all afternoon about our son and about the panties. He obviously couldn't handle the idea that his son might be a homosexual. After all only a fag sissy would play with his mother's panties.

When I told George about the missing panties and how I couldn't find them, he became enraged. We had no real evidence, but George was sure Michael had taken them. He wondered what Michael had done with them. He asked me if I thought our boy might be actually wearing them!

A moment later George got the stained yellow panties I had found earlier in the day and went into Michael's bedroom. He told me to send Michael up to his room so he could talk to him. I sent Michael up and see his father, and then I went to the kitchen because I had dinner on the stove. A minute or two later, I heard yelling and screaming coming from the bedroom. I went to see what was going on.

When I entered, I was shocked to see Michael over his father's lap. George was calling him all kinds of names like 'fairy' and 'pantywaist faggot' and spanking him wildly. Michael was wearing my missing white satin panties. I found out later that George had confronted Michael with the stained yellow panties. The boy was very embarrassed and began to cry. My husband decided to give him a spanking for punishment. Michael didn't want to take down his trousers, so after a brief wrestling match George overpowered the boy and yanked down his pants only to discover him wearing my frilly white panties.

Michael couldn't hold back the tears. He was crying loudly as his father dumped him off his lap. Something must have snapped in George's mind because he proceeded to stand up and unbuckle his pants. I watched in horror as my husband pulled out his big dick and wave it around in Michael's face. George taunted the boy and kept on calling him names. I tried to push George away and stop him from doing what he was doing, but he only slapped me and pushed me aside. He told me not to interfere. I stood motionless on the sidelines as my husband forced our son to suck on his cock even though I cried and pleaded with him not to do it. George finally withdrew his prick and shoved it back into his trousers. Thank goodness, at least he didn't make Michael suck on him to completion. But I did notice that George was fully erect.

George and I got into a huge fight over the whole situation. In fact, it was the major reason why we got a divorce a few months later. George's reaction to Michael jacking off in my panties was extreme. Overnight, all of our life-styles were forever changed. I had no idea my husband wouldn't be able to handle the situation. Afterward, George stormed out of the house and

Michael locked himself in his room. No one was in a mood to eat, so I packed away the dinner I had fixed and put it in the refrigerator.

Several hours later George came home. He had obviously been drinking, and he had a paper bag. He went directly to Michael's room. I followed in order to try to prevent any more trouble. George burst right through Michael's locked door. Michael was curled up in a little ball on his bed. He was still pouting. When he saw his father come in, he cowered and shrank away from him. George gleefully dumped the contents of the bag on the bed. About a dozen pairs of panties, all lace-trimmed and in pretty pastel colors, and several satiny preteen training bras poured out. With Michael looking on in fear, George called him names like "pansy," "panty-wearing sissy," and "queer boy pantywaist faggot."

George told Michael that forever more he had to wear a bra and panties twenty-four hours a day "since it was the only kind of underwear a nelly boy is entitled to wear." Furthermore, he said he was going to check the boy constantly, and if he ever caught his son without them on, he'd be in for the worst punishment of his life. I cried and argued with George, but he told me not to interfere as he pushed me aside and stumbled out of the room. I tried to console Michael, but since I knew how determined my husband could be in such situations, I told Michael that, at least for the time being, he should do as his father said and wear the bra and panties everyday. Perhaps, I suggested, this would all blow over within a day or two and things could get back to normal.

Well, Michael did as he was told and began to wear a bra and panties everyday. All of the lingerie my husband brought home was bright and new and shiny. He had obviously bought them because they still had the price tags on them. Surprisingly, the panties were just the right size. The bras were a little large, but I was able to correct the fit with a little padding.

Things didn't change. George was very persistent. He checked Michael several times a day to make sure he had on his bra and panties. George took a malicious delight in making Michael squirm whenever he checked to see which bra and panties he was wearing. He constantly pestered the boy by snapping his bra strap through his shirt or by making him sit next to him while they both watched television. During those times, George teased Michael by putting his hand down the boy's trousers so he could toy with the snappy elastics and stroke the soft nylon for what seemed like hours.

Poor Michael was going crazy from the embarrassment he was suffering, so I put an end to it. Late one night, while George was in one of his drunken stupors, Michael and I ran off. After securing a divorce, Michael and I moved back into the house since I had received it in the settlement. Michael was doing fine since he didn't have to wear lingerie or put up with his father's abuse anymore.

After moving back into the house, I forgot about those bras and panties tucked away in Michael's dresser drawers. I was going to give them away, but I never got around to it.

Then one night I decided to check on my son before going to bed. He was fast asleep. While straightening his blankets I was shocked to see a pink satin bra strap encircling his shoulder. I

carefully peeled back the covers to find him wearing one of those sissy preteen bras my ex-husband had humiliated him with. Pulling the blankets back farther, I could see he was wearing one of his pairs of pink nylon lace panties too. I didn't disturb him. I simply replaced the covers and left the room. I wondered to myself why he was wearing them. It didn't make much sense to me. Perhaps, it was some type of reflex action to what he had gone through.

The next day I didn't say anything to him, but I did start to keep an eye on what he was up to. I watched his lingerie drawer, and it was obvious that he was wearing those things regularly. Besides, I began watching him very closely. I started to notice little peeks of nylon panties when his shirt pulled out of his trouser tops. He wasn't wearing the bras, at least not under his clothes in my presence. I suppose he knew they would easily show through his thin shirts.



I didn't know what to do. So I visited a psychologist. He didn't seem surprised that Michael was wearing the panties. He said that Michael was probably well on his way to becoming a fetishist or maybe even a transvestite. He didn't hold much hope of being able to change that after everything the boy had been through. He said Michael couldn't make any progress unless he really wanted to, and even then, he said, the field of psychology has had very limited success with such cases. He did encourage me to talk with my son about the situation and perhaps help him cope during this time of stress. He encouraged me to be understanding and loving. He wanted me to bring Michael in for counseling.

Before I had a chance to talk with Michael about the panties, another incident happened. I came home one Saturday to what I thought was an empty house. Michael was supposed to be spending the day at one of his friend's houses. On the way to my room, I heard sounds coming from Michael's bedroom. I opened his door to investigate and found my son holding up a frilly pair of yellow satin panties for his friend Joey to see. They froze when I entered. Little Joey turned bright red. He had been fingering the lace on the soft panties. Joey looked like he was going to burst into tears, so I simply excused myself and went about my business.

A few minutes later Joey made a hasty exit. I went to Michael's room and before I said anything, I just held him and gave him a big hug. I let him know that I knew about him wearing panties under his clothes around the house and in bed at night. I encouraged him to talk to me because I didn't know what to make of this incident with Joey.

Poor Michael started to cry. When he settled down he told me about his feelings. I was shocked when he told me that he had been forced to suck off his father many times after that first occasion. His father would make him do it whenever he was sure I would be out of the house for any length of time. He warned Michael not to tell anyone under threat of severe punishment. At first, Michael said he hated doing that to his Father, but then he admitted that he began to enjoy it. With that admission he started crying again. He said he became very confused. He had a

real love-hate relationship with his father, and after we moved back into the house he found himself strangely attracted to the lingerie his father used to humiliate him with. He said he got pleasure fantasizing about giving his dad blowjobs. He admitted he missed being humiliated by his father. To say that I was amazed was an understatement.

We hadn't had much contact with my ex-husband since the divorce. It seemed that whenever we tried to get together so he could visit Michael there would be so much tension that no one got anything positive out of it. And, now I find out my boy likes the suffering I was trying to shield him from.

Michael said he fantasized about his father, but he was afraid of expressing his true feelings to his dad. As a substitute, Michael said he was attracted to his friend Joey. He said he told Joey about what his dad had done to him and how he began to enjoy wearing bras and panties. He was showing Joey his lingerie collection when I had walked in on them.

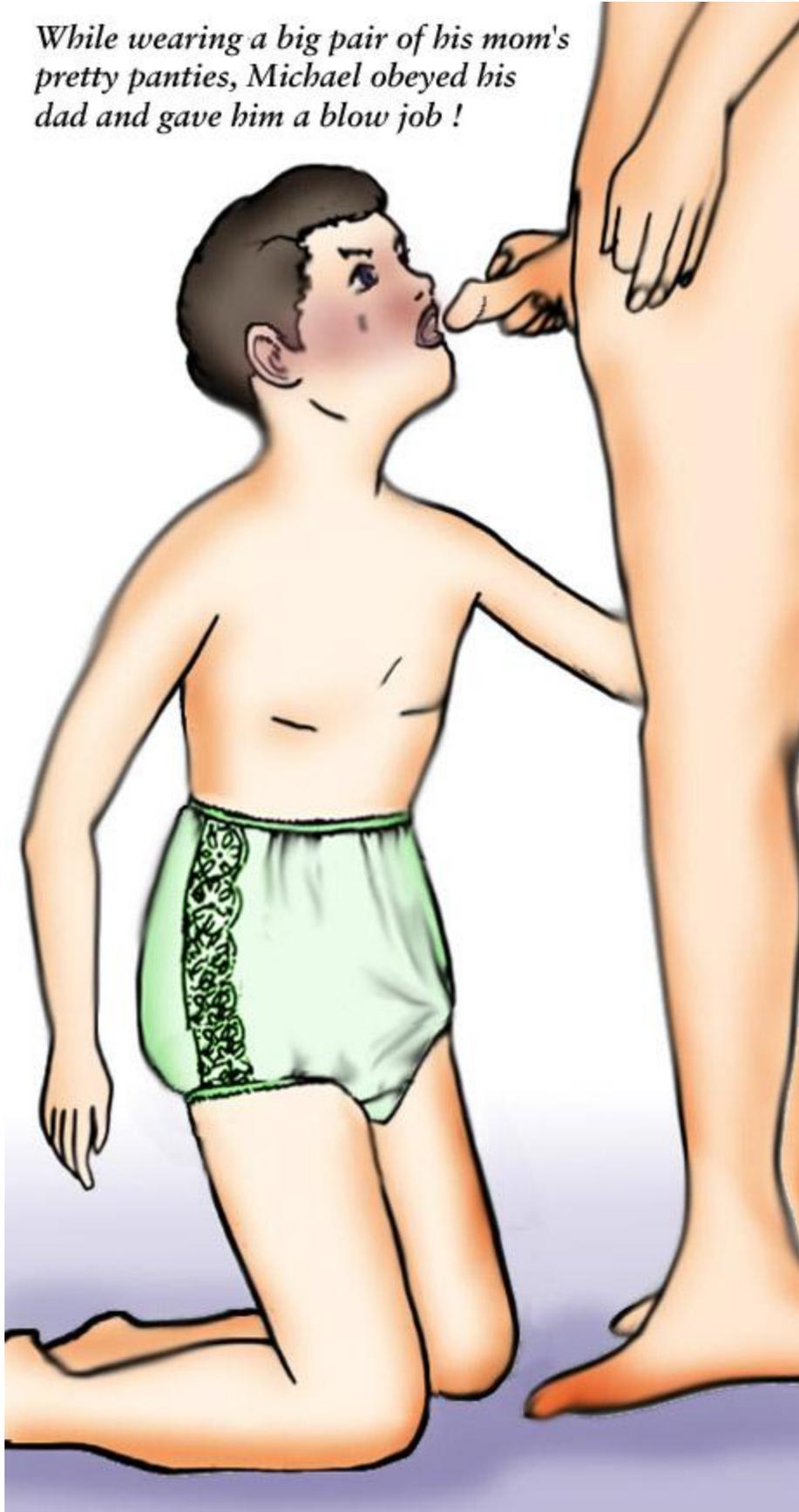
At my request, Michael did visit the psychologist for several sessions. However, Michael was determined to wear his lingerie. I started to buy him some more bras and panties because he insisted upon it as the things his father originally bought him were getting quite worn.

These days, Michael seems to be fairly well adjusted. He loves his life-style. Tension has let up between my ex and the two of us, but my ex has pretty well written us off. He seems to be totally disgusted with his son, especially since Michael doesn't hide his swishiness. I don't know how Michael is going to end up, but I know he will always be a very good and loving person. He's devoted to me and makes me very happy. So if letting him wear his lingerie and buying him some new panties once in a while makes him happy, I'm glad to oblige.

Mother of a Pantywaist Son,
Dorothy C.
Daytona Beach

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While wearing a big pair of his mom's pretty panties, Michael obeyed his dad and gave him a blow job !



Once a boy tries on a pair of panties and gets hard, he's hooked on them forever.





Sissyboys in the Movies

In each issue of Panty Lines, we usually present one or more scenes from a movie or television show in which a boy is dressed as a girl, but this time we are doing something a bit different, we are presenting still pictures from a homemade video.

Being homemade, the video is not of the best quality, but the video is exciting just the same because it is obvious what is going on. The film was made by a girl, who dominated her little brother into dressing up in her clothes. She did it to him frequently, and he had no power to refuse her because she was much older and stronger.

Here the boy is dressed in a light cotton summer dress with the addition of a little pinafore apron front. The way the boy is nervously twitching and fidgeting with the dress makes it clear that he's uncomfortable being dressed that way. But I'm sure he would have been even more nervous and upset if he knew that his sister was secretly videotaping him in a dress so she could use the video to further blackmail him into doing her will.

Note: There are no larger size images of these pictures because the technical quality is too poor.

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Dear Princess,
I thought you'd enjoy this childhood photo of my older brother (left) and sister (right) and me. During the summer we were always outfitted in these sissy little sunsuits, kind of like rompers with ribbons and ruffles and lace. Underneath we wore saucy little girls' nylon panties. Whenever anyone asked our mother why she dressed my bother and me in such girlie outfits like my sister, Mother would say such dainty clothes would help us to grow up, gentle, polite and affectionate.
Lester W., South Hampton

