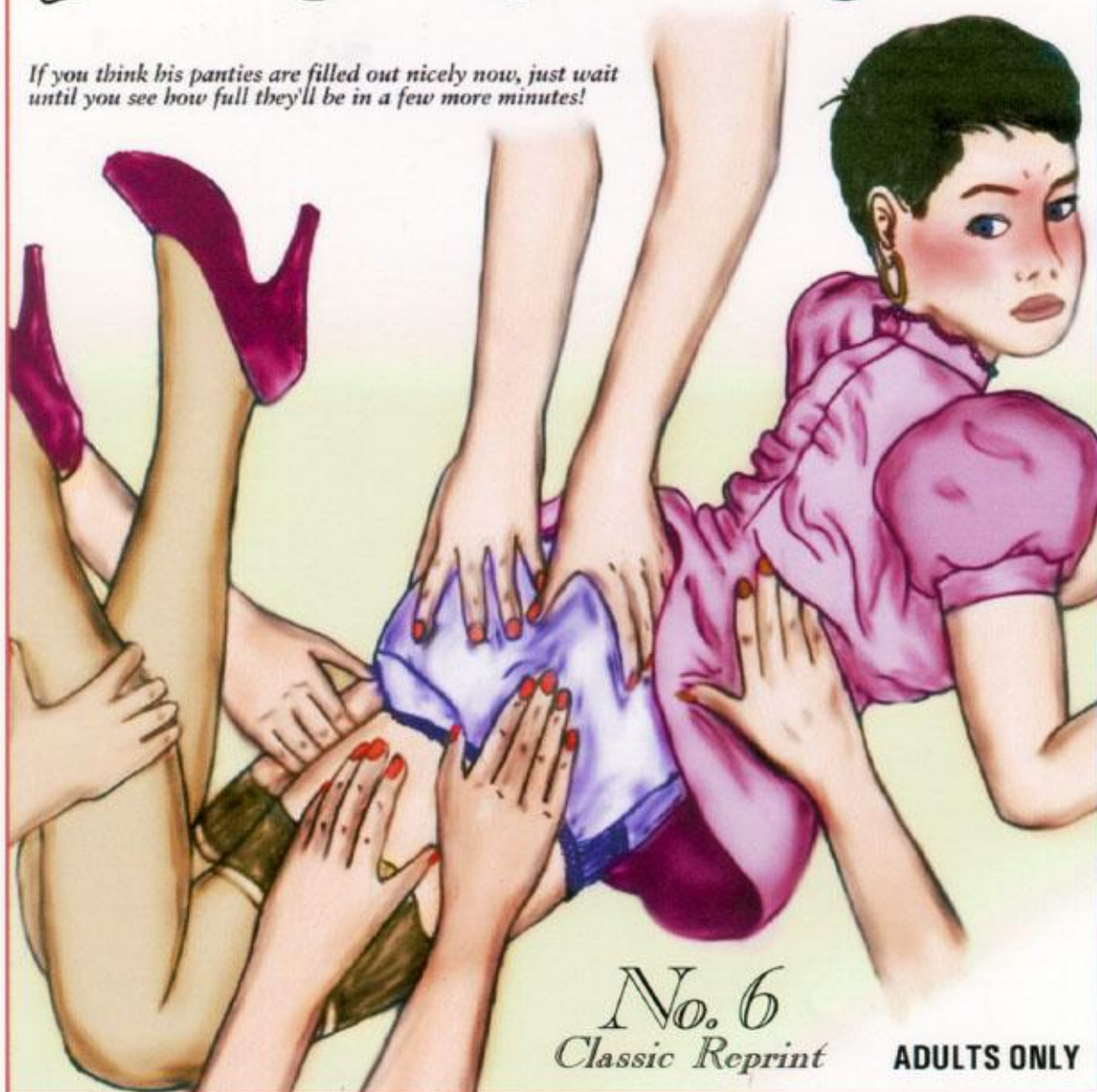


THE ORIGINAL
PARTY LINES

If you think his panties are filled out nicely now, just wait until you see how full they'll be in a few more minutes!



No. 6
Classic Reprint

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

The Making of a Sissy

Part 6



In this ongoing, true-life series,

Jimmie describes his upbringing in which his masculinity was stripped away and he was turned into a sissy forever!

Jimmie was brought up in a female-oriented household just after World War II. His father worked long hours and was rarely home. Jimmie was the only boy in a house with his mother and five sisters. From a very early age, he felt like an outsider. He just wanted to be one of the group; he wanted to be like his sisters.

Secretly, he'd spend time in the bathroom imitating his sisters while wearing their panties that he had stolen out of the laundry hamper. When he was only four years old, hoping to be accepted as a girl, he let his mother see him wearing a pretty pair of his sister's lacy, yellow panties. She admonished him and commanded him never to do such a thing again.

However, Jimmie was addicted to his fantasy play while wearing his sister's panties, and so he continued his game in secret. A short time after that, he was caught trying on his sister's First Communion dress and dragged out before his family and visiting relatives. He was thoroughly humiliated as his father yanked up his dress and gave him a sound spanking across the lace-trimmed satin panties he was wearing.

Now, Jimmie continues his story, describing the traumatic events of his childhood that shaped his life forever after. These events devastated him, but his story is more than a revelation of hurt. From these tortured beginnings, Jimmie developed a positive attitude despite the circumstances, and today, he is not only a very strong, stable, and successful individual, but he is also a sissy and proud of it!

After the incident with the First Communion dress, I temporarily withdrew into a shell. I thought I would never live down the embarrassment. Day after day, my sisters kept reminding me about how funny I looked while wearing the dress.

Wearing the dress had been a delicious, magical event, but their humiliating comments made me momentarily hate the dress and wonder why had I done such a thing. But from the moment they left me alone, I started to think about that dress and the lingerie all over again, and for some strange reason, I knew I did not hate the dress. In fact, I knew that I wanted to try all those luscious things on again as soon as possible!

Within hours (or perhaps even within minutes), this desire to put on Alice's First Communion dress returned. At first, I tried to fight off the urge. The vivid memory of the embarrassment I experienced at the hands of my family and relatives burned in my young mind, but eventually, I

had to admit to myself that I really did want to put on the silky slip, the fancy dress, and most of all the frilly white satin panties. And, I did not want these things just a little bit - NO! I wanted to prance around in those silly sissy girly clothes more than I wanted anything else in the world.

To my surprise, within less than a week, everyone stopped talking about my being caught while wearing the dress. I was very relieved as I realized that everyone seemed to have forgotten about it. The desire to dress in my sister's clothes kept growing stronger. I knew I would put it on again at the first possible opportunity, but I also knew I would have to be very careful not to get caught and spanked and humiliated once again. So, once again, I began plundering my sister's panties from the laundry hamper just so I could revel in wearing them for a few precious, stolen moments each day while pretending to be going to the toilet. I desperately wanted to put on the fancy dress too, but with people around most of the time, it was almost impossible.

Over the next year or so, I rarely had a chance to try on the dress. The only opportunities I had were when my father was at work, my two sisters were in school, and my mother was taking one of her short afternoon naps.

During these rare, unguarded moments, I'd risk the humiliation of being caught as I'd sneak into my sister's closet and very carefully get the lingerie and the dress. I had to be extremely careful because the dress was kept in a thick paper garment bag with a see-through plastic panel in front that would make loud crackling noises unless it was handled very gently.

I'd take the slip and panties out of the drawer and the dress still in its bag and quietly tiptoe to the bathroom. Once there, I would strip naked, slide into the silky lingerie and then ease the dress out of its noisy paper covering. I'd pull the dress on but never button up the back in case I had to extricate myself from the dress in a hurry. After only a few exhilarating and satisfying moments of massaging my chest, hips, butt and groin through the combined thickness of this silky and heavenly soft array, I'd have to shed my girly shell, painstakingly repack the dress in the garment bag and secrete it and the slip and panties back to their proper place. The closet and dresser drawers were such placid, sterile, impersonal places, such undeserving places for the beautiful raiment of full girlhood.

In the late 1940s, kindergarten was a new concept and only beginning to be offered in our small town. Rather than attend kindergarten, my parents had decided that my mother would stay home with me until I was ready for first grade. And the year after the now famous (to me) First Communion dress episode, I turned six years old and sent off to school. As soon as the school year started, my mother went back to work. She went back to her old job at Montgomery Wards, where she had worked before she got married and had us kids.

Dad explained that, with Mom working, we'd be able to afford more things but since he worked until eight every night and Mom would be working until five-thirty, we children would be on our own from the time school was out until she got home.

Dad demanded that we behave ourselves while home alone. He explained that when he was home he was the boss, and when he wasn't home, Mom was the boss. Then, he shocked me when he said that when neither he nor Mom was home, Alice (my oldest sister) would be the boss.

At that very moment, to myself, I questioned that reasoning because even at that early age I had knowledge of masculine and feminine roles. Yes, both of my sisters were older than me, but I was a boy! And since I was a boy, why wasn't I put in charge? I didn't like how Dad had laid out the chain of command, but as I thought about it, I told myself that it wouldn't mean anything, anyway.

But, was I wrong!

I can still remember the very first day my mother started back to work. As soon as my sisters and I got home from school, Alice took charge and began to tell Ann and me what to do. Immediately, I resented her and challenged her authority. We ended up fighting until Mom got home.

Then Alice told her that I wouldn't behave. I complained that she was bossing me around, but Alice was more skillful in pleading her case, and my mother sided with her. Mom explained that, in the future, I would have to do everything Alice told me to do. I couldn't believe it. If I didn't do what she told me to do, she'd tell Mom or Dad when they got home and I'd be punished no matter what excuses I made.

My sister's dictatorial rule forever changed my outlook on the world. I developed a hate for (what I considered) unjust authority, and that spread into a contemptuous attitude in general. Since Alice was older than me, she knew more things and I had to concede that she was smarter than me. She was also physically stronger than me. And since she could both outtalk me and beat me up that led to my next most wanted childhood wish (after wanting to be a girl): I wanted to grow up. I wanted to be bigger, stronger and smarter than my sister. Older kids and adults seemed to be able to do whatever they wanted to do, and smaller kids (like me) had to do everything older people told them to do.

So I wanted to be older. I wanted to be in charge of my own destiny. If I couldn't be a girl, at least I wanted to be able to dress and act like a girl and have my own way. At this point in my life I had no idea that the world despised boys who were sissies. I thought the only battleground was within my own house. The only people stopping me from being like my sisters were my sisters and my parents. But I was just a kid and kids have a strange way of thinking sometime. From my point of view, to be older meant being able to do whatever I wanted to do.

But, as much as I wanted to grow up, wishing for it didn't help me at that very moment. So in the meantime, I became a sneaky little manipulator and, eventually, a very clever talker. I learned how to get back at my sister by sabotaging her every way I could and blaming her for everything that went wrong. My terrorist tactics were my only defense against her. Little did I know at the time that I would be in high school before I would be able to physically overpower her! And for the rest of our lives, we would verbally duke it out at every opportunity. Still the dream remained, and for years, I could only dream about growing up and being in charge, at least in charge of my own destiny.

Since my father was rarely home while I was awake (and, even then he was a quiet man), I was always in the company of females, my mother and my sisters, and they all had the power to boss

me around. As well as being the youngest in the family, I blamed my lowly position even more on the fact that I was a boy. More than ever, I wanted to be a girl. I wanted to be accepted as a girl, blend into the background with my sisters. I felt that as a girl I would fit in and that I wouldn't be singled out every time something went wrong. But as much as I wanted to be a girl, I knew I couldn't tell anyone about that desire.

So I bided my time by continuing to steal a few moments here and there, hiding in the bathroom and secretly putting on my sister's panties out of the laundry hamper. The clandestine joy of wearing a pair of silky panties never failed to be an exhilarating experience; it was the only thing that could refresh my whole spirit.

I loved wearing the sissy panties, and I cherished the peace I felt while wearing them, but I still wanted my mother to know about my love for panties. I wanted her to accept my desire to wear them. I was convinced that my mother had misunderstood me in the past. I was sure that if I approached her properly, she would let me wear panties and treat me just like my sisters.

On numerous occasions, I would let my mother catch me wearing a pair of lace panties, but her reaction was always the same. She'd simply reprimand me, demand that I take them off immediately and insist that I never put them on again. But I was always hopeful that she'd change her mind, convinced that if I kept after her, she would eventually give up and let me wear the panties. So periodically, like a battering ram, I would test her resolve. I'd let her catch me wearing a pair of sis's pretty panties. Before long, it became a one-act play that was repeated time and again without any changes in dialogue or action. Today, I'm a very optimistic person, and perhaps it was during this time that I developed my optimism even though, daily, I felt surrounded by the most negative of influences and the direst chances of having things go my way. For some unknown reason, I felt in my heart that if I persisted, the very next time Mom would give in.

But she never did.

During this time, I began to realize that I had a penis and my sisters didn't. I'm sure I had noticed that long before since my sisters and I took baths together from the time we were toddlers, but to my immature mind, it just didn't seem to register, or have any significance. But as I kept analyzing the differences between my sisters and me, eventually, I realized that physically, my penis made a big (no pun intended) difference. So I would put on my sister's panties in the quietude behind the locked bathroom door, sit on the floor, look down at my panty-covered penis and try to hide it in the panties. I'd pull it up and try to pull the panties tight to flatten it out; I'd tuck it down between my legs, yank the panties up so tight that they'd hurt and then cross my legs and squeeze them together to make my boy parts disappear. Or I'd take my penis and balls out of the leg opening of the panties, hold them with my hand to cover them up and look at myself in the bathroom mirror to show myself that I did look like a girl between my legs.

One day, when I was about seven or eight, while I was sneaking through my sister's dresser drawer I saw three brand new pairs of panties. One pair was pink, one was yellow, and third was blue. I became very excited because each pair of panties featured a cowboy and Indian scene stenciled across each hip.

"Wow!" I thought, "These panties must be for boys too because they had pictures of cowboys and Indians on them!"

The very next time that I was alone with my mother, I explained to her that I didn't like the boxer shorts she made me wear. I told her that I wanted "panties" with cowboys and Indians pictured on them. She thought about it for a moment, and then told me that the store where she worked stocked some nice underwear for boys with western scenes pictured on them. She had seen them. She said she'd buy some for me.

I was excited beyond belief; Mom had given in! She didn't buy them for me immediately, but after I pestered her for two or three days in a row, she came home one night carrying a paper bag which she gave to me.

I quickly opened the bag. Then, I stared in horror as I slowly pulled out the contents only to discover that she had bought me three pairs of boys' cotton boxer shorts just like I always wore, but these were decorated with little pictures of cowboys and Indians all over them.

She saw my disappointment and saw I was about to cry, so she asked me what was wrong. I explained to her that they weren't what I wanted. I took her into my sister's room, opened the dresser drawer, showed her Alice's pastel-colored, silky panties with the western scenes printed on them and told her that I wanted panties just like them.

Mom quickly closed the drawer as she said, "That's ridiculous. Those are girls' panties, and you're a boy. You can't wear girls' panties!"

"Besides," she continued, "you'll just have to wear these that I bought for you because the store won't let anyone return underwear."

I persisted with my attempt to tell her how I wanted cowboy panties just like my big sister. Finally, after several minutes, Mom said, "Perhaps, we can get you some panties like Alice's after you've worn out the ones I just bought for you."

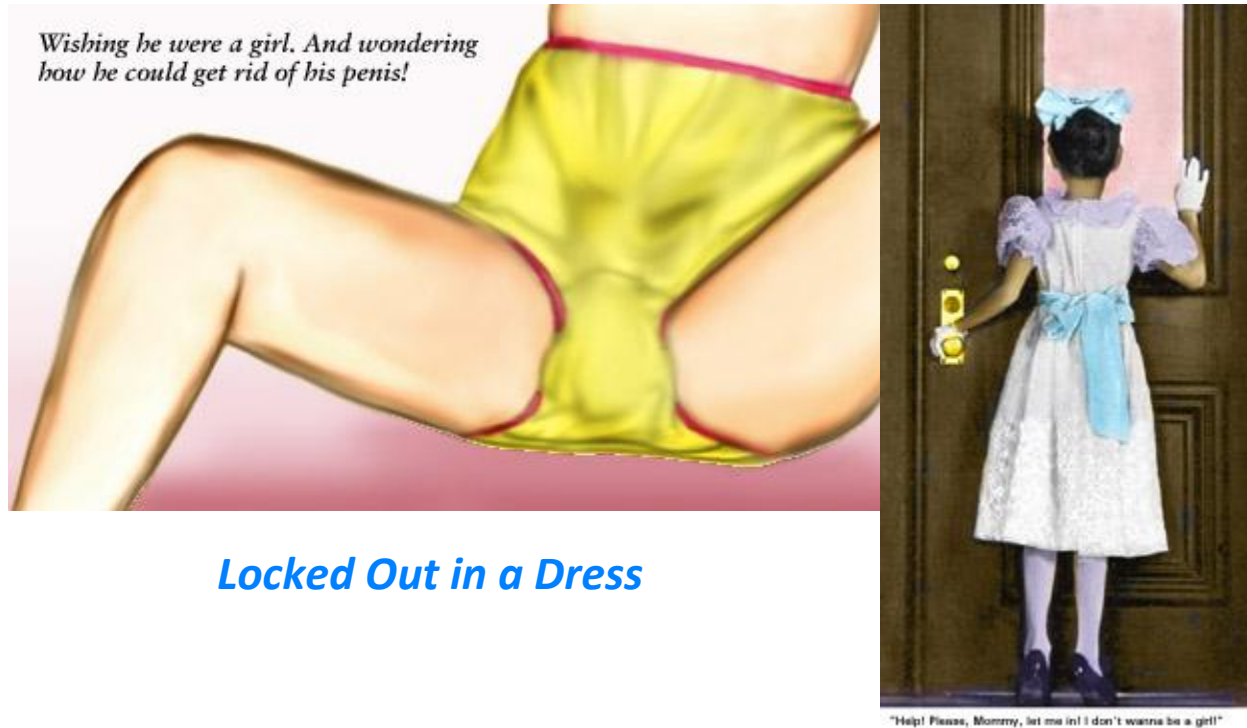
She gave in! Or was she was just buying time in hopes I would stop pestering her and probably forget about wanting something as foolish as girls' panties?

My natural optimism pushed that negative thought right out of my head! What joyous words! My mother was actually going to buy me pretty panties of my very own - and she'd let me wear them - all the time! I'd be just like my big sister (at least in one major way)!

I tried my darndest to quickly wear out those stupid boxer shorts. While wearing them, I'd wiggle around and rub them against anything in an attempt to wear them out. Finally after weeks of putting those icky underpants through my own kind of war games, Mom finally commented that I needed new underwear. I reminded her about her promise to buy me panties with cowboy pictures on them just like Alice had, but my heart sank as she looked at me strangely and told me that she didn't know what I was talking about!

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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Locked Out in a Dress

Dear Princess,

After hearing about your publication, I had to write to you to tell you about my younger brother. You see, when we lived at home with our parents, they used to employ what you call petticoat punishment whenever he got into trouble. This goes back to the late 1950s. All of these memories came back to me because I came across an old photo album, and in it was a delightful picture of my brother, Danny, being punished. I've enclosed a copy for your enjoyment.

He got into trouble often. In an attempt to control him, Dad used to take his belt and give him some pretty harsh whippings, but it didn't seem to do much good because before you knew it, Danny was in trouble again. Our folks didn't know what to do to tame him down. Then, one Saturday afternoon, Mrs. McManus, our next-door neighbor, came to our door and told my parents that Danny had been terrorizing her little daughter, Cindy. She said he had been chasing Cindy around the backyard, and when he'd catch her, he'd pull up her dress and look at her panties. Mrs. McManus said she had caught him holding her daughter down while he laughed at her and told her that girls wore funny-looking panties with stupid lace and other junk on them.

By the time Danny got home, Dad was madder than hell. After he gave Danny a severe belting, he told my Mom and me to dress him up in some of my fanciest party clothes because he was going to punish him for taking advantage of a girl.

Mom and Dad pushed him into my room and wrestled his clothes off of him. I stood back in amazement because I could hardly believe what I was seeing. Mom went to my chest of drawers, took out some of my lingerie and forced him to put them on. He was crying like a baby but he knew that if he resisted, Dad would give him another belting. Mom made him step into one of my best pairs of panties. They were purple with pastel-colored satin ribbons running down each side and some white scratchy lace on the edges. Danny squirmed as she pulled them up around his body, but I could understand that because those panties were so silky that I used to shiver whenever I would put them on too.

I was embarrassed because everyone was going through all my very personal lingerie, but I didn't protest. I was just in awe as to what was happening, and I thought to myself that if I was embarrassed because Mom and Dad were invading my personal property, I wondered how my little brother felt. Dressing up in girls' clothes had to be mind-blowing for a tough, nasty little boy like him.

The panties were followed by one of my flowered satin training bras. It was humiliating for me to have everyone talking about and handle one of my bras. They just put it right on him and then followed with a white lace-trimmed full slip, a white satin garter belt, cocoa milk brown nylons, black low-heeled pumps, my newest blue and white Cinderella party dress, and white lace gloves. They topped everything off with a huge blue satin bow that they bobby pinned to his short hair.

A couple of times while Mom and Dad were dressing Danny, he tried to resist, but Dad let him have a good swat, and that would make my brother cower in defeat. Mom and Dad also kept up a running lecture as they dressed him. They berated him for picking on a little girl.

"Well, since you're so curious about the pretty things little girls wear under their dresses," Mom said, "we're going to let you wear them too. I bet you'll think twice about looking at a girl's lacy panties after you've worn a pair yourself!"

"Mom, don't make me wear these clothes!"

"If we tell you to wear them, you'll wear them. Now hush up, let me finish making you up so you'll look nice and pretty for everyone to see."

"Mom, you're not going to let anyone see me like this, are you?"

"Why of course, dear. You are looking quite cute. You'll make a pretty girl."

"Dad, please, don't, don't do this!"

Dad was really angry, and he gave Danny a backhand across the face, followed by some biting comments.

"For crying out loud! Are you some kind of sissy or something? Lookin' up a girl's dress. You should be ashamed of yourself. Well, now you look just like a little sissy girl yourself. If your

hair were longer, you'd be a girl! Hey, do we have a wig he can wear? No, on second thought, that wouldn't be any fun, then, he'd look just like a real girl. But he'd probably like that, seein' how he likes to look at girls' clothes and stuff. No, let's not cover up his hair with a wig. Let's make it obvious to everyone who sees him that he is a boy in a girl's dress. Yeah, just a sissyboy in a girly dress - and panties too!

"Hey, can I see your pretty panties little sissyboy?" Dad teased as he grabbed the hem of the party dress and pulled it up to look at Danny's, I mean my purple panties that he was wearing. Dad let out a loud whistle, and Danny cried like a girl and tried to pull the dress down.

As soon as Danny was completely dressed in my clothes, they escorted him downstairs, out the front door and onto the front porch. Danny was commanded to stay dressed like that and sit on the porch until Dad said he could come back into the house. Then Dad closed the front door, leaving him stranded outside.

Poor Danny cried and carried on. He kept banging on the door as he pleaded to be let back in. He kept promising to be good. Of course, he was making so much noise that people in the neighborhood heard him. Within minutes people were looking out windows, pointing and laughing at the little boy wearing his big sister's party dress.

After about ten minutes (which must have seemed like ten hours to Danny), Dad let him back inside, but only after Danny had promised to wear the dress for the rest of the day and to stay out of trouble. Following supper, Danny we had company. Our parents had invited Mrs. McManus and her daughter over so they could see how my brother was being punished.

Mrs. McManus thought it served him right, she said, "Well, boy. I hope this teaches you a lesson. By the way how do you like wearing girls' panties?"

At that Danny just about died of shame. And, when little Cindy heard her mother comment that he was wearing panties, she wanted to see his panties just like he had seen hers. Poor Danny had to stand defenseless and submit to the supreme indignity of taking off his taffeta party dress and holding up his lace-trimmed slip, so the little girl half his size could inspect the ribbon-decorated purple panties he was wearing.

Cindy screamed with delight, "Oh, Mommy, he really does have pretty panties on! Danny wears girls' panties! Danny wears girls' panties! Danny wears girls' panties!" She kept on chanting over and over again in a singsongy little voice while Danny turned red and cried. But little Cindy really wanted to rub it in. She insisted on touching the panties. The little devil told him how soft and pretty his panties were while she kept sharply snapping the tight leg elastic against his thigh.

Danny was glad when that day was over. He was on his best behavior for a long time after that, but about two months latter, he was caught peeking in a window while a young girl was undressing. You guessed it. Within moments of finding out about his crime, Mom had him all dolled up in my clothes again.

Over the years, he frequently ended up dressed as a girl, and he was usually taken out shopping so attired or in some other way publicly humiliated as well. I'll write again and tell you about some of the other things that my poor kid brother had to endure.

A Sister to a Sissy,
Janice

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"Help! Please, Mommy, let me in! I don't wanna be a girl!"

Vintage 1970s Letter from Our Files

Dear Princess,

I love the panties you sent to me they are so frilly and feminine with the little bows on them. I especially love wearing them in front of a woman.

Lately, I've been thinking about my experiences with women. I first had sex with a woman when I was in high school. Her name was Louisa. When we started going out, I tried to make love to her, but my penis wilted as soon as she took off her panties. She wondered what was going on. I have always been very shy, and I had a difficult time explaining to her that I had a fetish for panties, and I needed for her to wear them for me to stay erect.

She laughed and called me a pervert, and then picked up her panties off the floor and demanded that I put them on.

When I did, I got real hard even though she couldn't stop laughing at me and calling me "panty boy." She tickled my pantied penis through the panties and I blew my wad. She got mad at me for shooting off in her best panties instead of screwing her. After that, for some reason she still wanted to go out with me. Two nights later, the same thing happened all over again. I pleaded with her not to tell our friends about my fetish, but she was so disgusted with me that she went right to the phone and called her best friend, Kim. I was crying as she told her all about me coming in the panties. She even put me on the phone so I could hear Kim laughing me, and I had to put up with listening to her humiliating comments. She put me down something terrible and told Louisa that I was a queer.

After that things went downhill quickly, but she kept dating me because she liked having me around to tease, and I put up with it because I was falling in love with her. One by one, she had her girlfriends come over to her apartment to see for themselves that I wore panties. Every day, Louisa demanded I wear gaudy, ruffled panties and a big 1950s bra, waist cincher and silk stockings that used to belong to her mother. I was so embarrassed because with the panties on I was constantly hard.

She'd make me masturbate into the panties, and then take them off and stuff them into my mouth as she laughed at me. She took Polaroid pictures of me like that and gave them to her girlfriends of their visit. At other times, she refused to let me cum, only made me keep stroking my cock to keep it hard in the panties so they could make fun of my cock as it bounced around inside the panties as they had me run around waiting on them.

Through one of her friends, Louisa met Wendy, a topless go-go dancer, who told us the men at the club often bought used panties from the girls. She said most of these men wanted the girls' normal every day panties, not the G-stings that they wore on stage. A lot of the men liked the panties really dirty, all stained and funky. The girls would tease these guys in the back room and

make them get down on their knees and beg for their panties. The girls knew when they had a guy hooked on their panties. They'd keep raising the price of a pair of their panties every time the guy returned. Some of these girls were getting a \$100 a pair! But most of all, the girls teased these men no end. And they almost always made the guys jack off into the panties once they did sell their dirty panties to one of them. One girl liked to take the cum-soaked panties, rub them all over the guy's face and make him go back out and sit in the front row without washing the cum off his face. Eventually, all the girls and a lot of the regulars knew what she was doing. They'd get a big laugh out of these guys whose face was glistening with their own cum.

Louisa loved these stories, and not to be outdone, she no longer limited herself to exposing my panties to her girlfriends. She started inviting men into see me in my lingerie too. Many of those guys were mutual friends. Well, most of them didn't stay friends with me for long after seeing me like that.

One day she went out to buy some cigarettes and never came back. She had gotten into a horrible automobile accident and died. Even though she humiliated me to the ultimate degree, I loved her and missed her terribly. I had become addicted to her dominating ways. I realized that I loved her making me into a laughing stock.

So as you can see, I'm totally in need of a mistress. I'll do anything for a woman. I know I need humiliation and I'm desperately looking for such a woman.

Your sissy,
Donald

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for



Women's Lib with a Vengeance

Dear Princess,

Although many of us women have regarded ourselves as more than equal to men for years, it is nice to see the new laws come in to prevent discrimination against women. With the recent anniversary honoring Women's liberation, I hope other women celebrated in the same way as I did. What could be more appropriate than a good spanking to remind my sissyboy that women's lib is here to stay!

As I write this letter, my nephew is standing at attention before me with his slip up around his waist and a prominent hard-on sticking out of the front of his pretty pink panties. His erection is a tribute to me and all women. For him not to be hard in my presence is an insult. If he's soft, my punishment of him is swift and immediate. I don't allow him to soil his panties with his nasty boy semen. He has to hold off as long as he can; that makes it possible for him to have an almost constant erection. If he's not erect, I know he's recently shot out his nasty little puddle of goo.

Norman came to live with me four years ago after his mother died and his father (my brother) more or less went crazy. Norman arrived a classic male chauvinist pig, so turning him into sissy of a male appealed to me as a suitable way to treat him as I trained him to respect and revere women. Within the house, I keep him in girls' clothes all the time, and when we go out, he wears lingerie under his pants and shirts (and most of these are girls' slacks and blouses).

Other than failing to erect, Norman usually only gets spanked when he has been naughty, the severity of the spanking being in proportion to the crime, but his most recent spanking was entirely to commemorate the historic occasion. Since from his point of view the spanking was quite undeserved, I took great pleasure in being more severe than usual.

So last Saturday, as always, the proceedings began with my boy face down on my bed, naked except for his nylon panties, his wrists and ankles tied to the corner posts.

I am afraid he can be quite noisy during these events so a pair of my dirty panties stuffed into his mouth and secured with one of my old nylon stockings helped to keep him quiet. I began by thoroughly warming his botty with an old slipper. A few minutes sufficed to transform his botty from the usual unpleasant off-white to a lovely glowing pink, an aesthetic improvement which my boy never appreciates as he should. For some reason he is quite embarrassed when I pull down his panties so I can give his bottom a good close-up inspection.

Of course the slipper is no punishment for a growing boy, so after fifty or more hard smacks, I got down to business with a nice whippy cane. Letting about ten seconds lapse between strokes, I gave him twenty with great precision across his botty, carefully distributed, leaving him with bright red and purple zebra stripes. The last five strokes I aimed at where his buttocks meet the

tops of his thighs, at the point where his panty leg elastics digs into his thighs, so that his binding panty elastics will chafe him every time he takes a step to remind him of this punishment.

Following my usual practice I then picked up a leather strap. Usually, I whip his botty and thighs but on this occasion I began to concentrate more on his inner thighs. This is the great advantage of using a strap, one can reach the sensitive inner thighs, which are not easily accessible with a cane, not even when the recipient's legs are held wide apart.

As I progressed further and further up his inner thighs, my boy began to look even more anxious and unhappy than before. It would have been a pity to disappoint him so I eventually gave him several of what he had been expecting, lashes right where his legs join. When one does this the tip of the strap makes contact with the particularly delicate male apparatus and my boy always makes a lot of noise, despite his dirty panty gag.

After a short rest for both of us, I began the second part of the ritual. I untied him, pulled up his panties and made him turn over, before tying his wrists and ankles again. He knows from bitter experience that it is unwise to resist at this stage.

Then I was able to celebrate women's lib in the best way possible. Picking up my old school cane, a light, wispy model but still most efficient, I began flicking at my boy's penis, held prominent in his pink panties. For the first few minutes I contented myself with flicking him just hard enough for the strokes to be painful, but employed no real venom. Then I gave him a few beauties, aimed mainly at the tip of his sorry penis. I am afraid he was not too pleased.

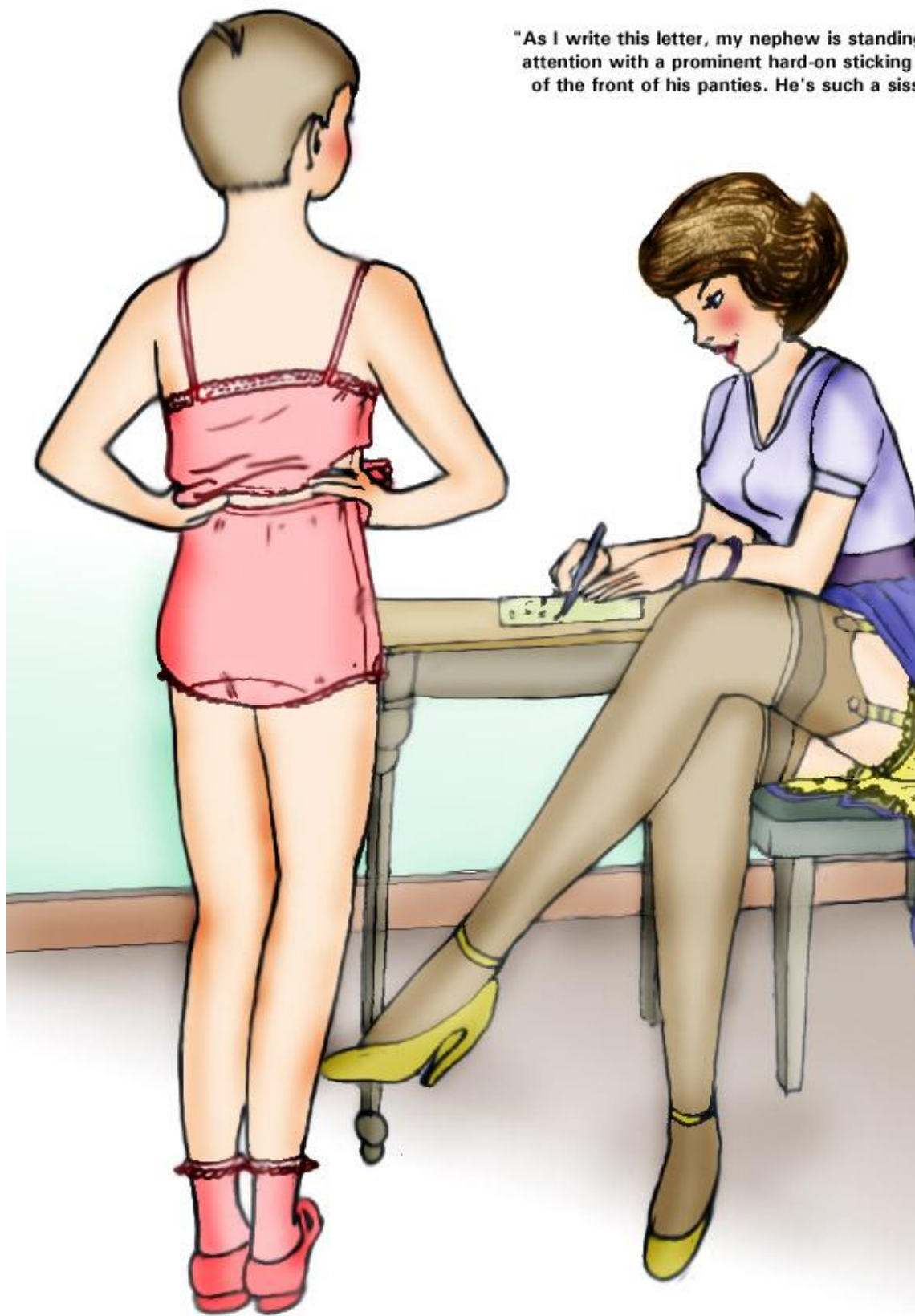
I left him for three or four hours, checking that his gag was still safe, and then applied "Mummy's special lotion" to his sore manhood. This is a liberally applied Ralgex stick. If you know this product, you know that its action can be described as soothing but intensely burning. It certainly gives my boy plenty to think about for the following half hour.

After I released him, he was a good boy and remembered to kneel and use his tongue just where any sensible lady likes it. Still, I was very pleased with the success of that final strapping. I think I'll use it as part of his regular routine from now on!

I suppose I should finish with a final comment, in answer to the men who will now write in complaining about what they will surely term "my barbarity." I just want to remind them of the far worse treatment most women have suffered from men throughout history and that such treatment still continues. Think about it.

G.D.A. (Mrs.)
Edinburgh.

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Panting for Panties

Dear Princess,

I'm twenty-five now, but I've been dressing up in femmy clothes ever since I was a kid. I don't remember the first time I did it, but I do remember how excited I would get over a pair of panties.

While playing at a friend's house, I'd always sneak away and go hunting for his sister or mother's lingerie in their dresser drawers or in the dirty laundry. I'll never forget how excited I would get sneaking around in forbidden territory. My little heart would beat with frightful, thundering force; my breath would go in and out with rapid, irregular gasps. It was both thrilling and terrifying to be secretly searching for panties in some unknowing girl or woman's bedroom or bathroom. And when I did find a cache of panties, I'd usually steal the fanciest pair, stuff them down my trousers and inside my underwear because they would make too big of a bulge if I simply shoved them into my pocket. Besides, I loved how they felt as they rubbed against my penis as I walked around until I got home and took them out of hiding.

I've always loved to put on panties and other feminine clothes. Now, I'm married, and we have a couple of kids. My wife knows all about my fetish for panties. She doesn't mind, in fact, she loves to periodically surprise me with a fancy new pair. She's great! I've always been attracted to females as well as their clothes. However, my first sexual experience was with a guy from my neighborhood when I was thirteen. He was a year and a half older than me. Moreover, to this day, neither one of us is gay.

My sexual awakening happened while we were alone in his house playing a card game. At what I thought was the right moment, I made the excuse that I had to use the bathroom. Then, instead of using the bathroom, I tiptoed into his sister's room.

It was beautiful. The soft bed, delicate curtains, ornate vanity, everything was so feminine, decorated with lace and ruffles. Since I wasn't supposed to be in there, my blood was racing through my body. I could hear and feel my heart pounding against my chest. I tried to be quiet as I moved about the room. I wanted to do what I had to do quickly and then leave, but rational thinking was difficult.

I went directly to the white and gold Italian Provincial chest of drawers. With a safe cracker's sense of touch, I quietly eased open each drawer until I found what I wanted. The third drawer was it. Inside, it was completely filled with colorful, lacy, ribbon-decorated panties. My fingertips burned with pleasure as I touched each pair. My dick throbbed in my pants; it wanted to touch those beautiful, dainty panties too!

Several especially fancy pairs of the pretty panties I draped over the edge of the drawer so I could admire them. Then, towards the bottom of one of the stacks of panties, I saw a particularly

fancy pair. I immediately pulled them out of the drawer and held them up to the light to get a better look. They were very bright and satiny, pristine white in color, but the waist elastic was shiny pink and lace of the same color trimmed each leg opening and ran across the backside of the panties in a half dozen rows. A couple of pink satin bows decorated the front on each side. These were definitely the most beautiful pair of panties I had ever seen. I was lost in their feminine heaven. I held them to my face and inhaled their perfumed sexiness. I've never taken drugs, but I'm sure no drug could have given me a greater high than the high that I had experienced at that moment.

Then, I heard a burst of laughter behind me. It was my friend, Paul.

"Hey! What are ya doin' in my sister's room? She'd kill ya if she knew you were going through her things."

Being caught in this embarrassing situation, I couldn't turn around and look at Paul. I had hoped that my body shielded him from seeing all the panties I had hanging over the edge of the drawer. Without any quick or unusual movements, I tried to push the panties back into the drawer; perhaps he hadn't seen what I was doing.

Just as I had gotten all the panties back inside, I realized that he was standing right behind me. I wanted to shove the drawer closed, but he reached around me and held on to the drawer. I kept my back to him. My shoulders were slumped and my head was bowed. I was desperately trying to dream up some kind of excuse. I wanted to tell him something, anything, and then just get the hell out of there. But even if I could invent some crazy reason why I was going through his sister's panty drawer, I don't think it would have done any good because in my choked up throat I didn't have a voice to speak with.

"So, Timmy, you like my sister's panties. Don't ya?" Paul asked.

I couldn't answer.

"Oh, come on, don't be scared.

"My sister would have a fit if she knew you were messing around in here, but I don't care, and she's not home!"

He must have noticed how flustered I was because he began to joke around as if he were trying to put me at ease.

Then, he said, "How'd ya like to put on some of these panties? Come on. It'll be fun. And, I'll put on a pair of 'em too!"

Up until that moment, I thought that I was the only boy in the world that had ever even thought of putting on girls' panties. Yes. Yes. YES! I wanted to put on some of those panties, but in front of Paul? But, he did say that he'd put on a pair of them too.

Then, before I knew what was happening, he grabbed a couple of pairs of panties with one hand, closed the drawer and grabbed me with his other hand. He led me out of his sister's room and into his own room and explained that even though no one else was at home, it would be safer in case someone came home unexpectedly. Once we were in his room, he began pulling off his clothes. He urged me to get undressed too. I began unbuttoning my shirt even though I still hadn't said a word. Completely naked, I stood in a slight crouch to hide my nudity. Paul offered me a pair of panties. I recognized them immediately. They were the dainty white panties with the pink lacy trim that I had so admired. Just looking at them again thrilled me. They were gorgeous rhumba panties like a little princess would wear.

Either I couldn't move, or I didn't move fast enough for Paul because he quickly bent down on one knee and held open theissy panties for me to step into. He grabbed my foot and threaded the pink panties over it. Then, he did the same with my other foot, and in one smooth motion, he pulled the tingly panties up my legs with nerve-shattering sensations. My hardened penis bobbed up and down as it twitched in anticipation of being touched by these sassy pink panties.

Finally, he pulled them up over my hips, gently tugging them high around my waist, which made the femmy panties softly crush my penis and balls between my legs. Then, with a loud snap, he released the elastic waistband stinging me sharply as it bit into my flat boyish stomach. There I was - wearing a lovely pair of girls' panties in front of one of my best friends. I felt beautiful, but with him looking on, also uncomfortable. I tried to double over slightly in order to partially conceal the embarrassing girly panties.

I was unnerved as my friend started to giggle like a daffy girl, but he immediately put me at ease by stepping into the other pair of silk panties and then dancing around the room like a ballerina. The panties he put on were crisp lemon yellow with rows of white ruffles all over the back and white lace on the legs.

He looked both kind of funny and kind of cute in the panties. His prancing around made me crack a smile as I started to loosen up. He grabbed hold of me and tried to include me into his impromptu dance routine, but I resisted because I felt so foolish. Then, he pushed me down onto the bed, and we began to wrestle. Since he was bigger than me, he quickly got on top and held me down. I was on my back and he was sitting on my tummy. I happened to look down at the yellow panties he was wearing. His penis pushed out the front of the cute panties with an unfeminine bulge.

As he continued to hold me down, he slid his hips down my body until his panty-covered penis was rubbing against my panty-covered penis. We were both very hard. He just kept smiling and letting out little laughs as he rocked himself back and forth against me. It was a maddening but also exhilarating sensation to feel his penis rubbing up against my penis through two layers of soft nylon and lace.

All of a sudden, he rolled off me, lay on the bed beside me and started to stroke his dick through the filmy yellow panties. He violently pumped on his panty-covered penis while he squirmed in ecstasy. I became enthralled with his consuming emotion. I don't know why, but I took his lead and started to touch myself through the sexy panties that I was wearing. Then I don't know who

did it first or second, but we started to touch each other's penis as well as our own. Within moments, we were both huffing and puffing and shooting wads of cum into the panties we were wearing. Our hands were coated with our own juices as well as each other's. He took one of my hands and put it up to my face. He licked some of the cum off his own hand and I giggled and tasted the mixed juices on my own hand. He laughed a bit too.

Then for a few long moments, we just lay on the bed breathing heavily until we settled down. Then, Paul got up and went into the adjoining bathroom. When he came back out, he was dressed again in his regular clothing. He obviously had washed out the panties because they were dripping wet.

Without looking at me, he opened a closet door and said, "Make sure that you wash those things out and leave them in here to dry. I'll put them away later." Then, he put his wet silky panties on a hanger in the closet and went downstairs. I quickly followed suit.

I told Paul, "I washed them out and put them in your closet." I realized that I was so embarrassed that I couldn't even say the word "panties." Without saying anything else, I left.

A few times after that, Paul made a joke about panties or gave me a knowing look when someone would say the word panties, but other than that, we never even spoke to one another about what we had done that day.

Several months later, I happened to see those pink lace rhumba panties hanging on their clothesline. That night I snuck out of the house and into their yard and stole them. I still have them and they still can bring me to the peak of excitability within minutes.

Prissy Pantywaist,
Timmy C.

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I Turned My Husband into a Tart

Dear Princess,

It's been a long time since I promised to write to you about how I have turned my husband into a tart, but I'm finally getting around to it.

You will recall how I had taken my husband, Jack, shopping to a boutique owned by a dear friend of mine. Secretly, poor Jack has always wanted to be a girl. Before we got married, he admitted to me he liked to wear women's panties, but that was only part of it. It took years for the

whole story to come out. When I finally learned of his innermost desires, I was only too happy to help him fulfill his dreams.

After that shopping expedition, Jack would race home every night from work and get completely dressed in all of his feminine finery. He obviously enjoyed doing it, but I still detected that somehow he was not completely satisfied. Only after a lot of talking and careful prying on my part did he admit that he wanted to go out in public dressed as a woman. I didn't consider it any big deal so we started to venture outside. At first, it was just a quick trip around the block, at night. Then, we graduated to walking in a nearby park, then to movie theaters, and eventually to restaurants. We even dared to go out on a few daytime excursions.

The next series of events totally confused me. We were having a great time, and we were pleasing each other in every way including sexually. It was then I found out that my husband had been carrying on an affair with a young girl from his office. Yes, she was cute, but she was an airhead. How could he be interested in her? Wasn't I pleasing him in every way?

Jack explained to me that his affair with this girl was all over with. He told me that since I had gone along with his fetish for feminine clothes, he had stopped going out with her. He convinced me that the affair was over; however, I was very hurt. I decided that he was going to pay for what he had done to me.

Initially, I felt he had soiled our relationship. I didn't even want him to touch me. He kept pleading with me to have sex but I refused. I told him that if he wanted sexual release, he'd have to jack off in his nylon panties like he used to do when he was a little boy. Almost daily, he continued to pursue me. He'd tell me he desperately wanted to have sex with me, but I'd just get a pair of my dirty panties from the laundry, throw them at him and tell him to put them on and yank on his dick. Dejected, he'd pick up my smelly dirty panties and retreat to the bedroom for a nice little wanking session. I'd just hiss and laugh as he left the room with my panties dangling from his fingertips.

After a while, I got more aggressive. I demanded he pull himself off while I watched. That was a lot of fun because he was embarrassed to do something so private like that in front of me, but he knew he had to do it because I demanded he do it and, besides, he badly needed sexual release. And, I made sure that his sexual appetite was always well primed because I got into the habit of walking around the house in just my flimsy bra and panties.

He pleaded with me not to walk around like that because he couldn't stop thinking about sex with me in just my lingerie all the time. But I kept on teasing him with my little lingerie shows since I loved to frustrate him.

Our town has an annual hayride. I thought that it would be a great occasion to really humiliate him. It wasn't difficult to talk Jack into attending the hayride in drag because it had been so long since we had gone out with him dressed up as a girl.

During the weeks leading up to the hayride, Jack and I carefully planned his costume and makeup. I stopped bringing up his unfaithfulness and started again to show enthusiasm for his

dressing up. He kept chasing me hoping I would soften my stand and let him have sex with me. Finally, I gave in halfway - I simply told him that he could give me oral sex, my way, but that I wasn't ready to touch him. He'd still have to take care of himself.

He agreed.

I made up a little sex game that almost became a nightly ritual. The first time we did it, Jack was shocked, but I didn't care, I loved it. I made him take a perfumed bath just before bedtime. Then, I made him dress up in a flouncy pair of baby doll pajamas I still had from my high school days. The baby doll top was in pretty pink nylon with a pleated, nylon chiffon overlay. It had delicate little spaghetti straps and a huge bow at the collar in front made of rose-colored satin. The bottom hem was edged with a matching, ruffled, rose-colored lace and several small satin bows. The matching pink nylon, full-cut panties featured the same lace around the leg openings and more of the pert little bows decorated each hip. I let him wear his shoulder length girlish ash-blond wig and I layered on the makeup.

All the time I was dressing him and making him up, I kept chiding him and calling him names like, "pansy," "teenybopper sissy," "pantywaist nelly boy," and "baby doll boy." I continued the name-calling as he covered me with kisses until he was pleasuring me with his tongue while I held aside the lacy legband of the panties I was wearing. After reaching two series of strong climaxes, I pulled out a double-headed dildo. I inserted one of the penis-shaped ends into my pulsating pussy and, then, forced my candy-assed husband to suck on the other penis-shaped end.

I loved it! I was getting off on his humiliation as much as from the stimulation provided by the big dildo.

Afterwards, he was embarrassed from having to do such a thing, but I also noticed the huge cum stain in his panties. After that, whenever I felt like it, anywhere, I'd call him a "pantywaist faggot," or a "cocksucking sissy whore." I'd say it loud, but not quite loud enough for anyone else to hear me. My words would embarrass the hell out of Jack. He would look around wildly and tell me to be careful because somebody might hear. I'd just laugh and keep on taking chances.

I was constantly telling him that I was training him to be a good little sissy by teaching him how to suck cock. I kept threatening him by saying that one of these days I was going to substitute a real penis for the rubber dildo. He was never quite sure if I was joking or telling the truth, but I did notice that he'd get very hard whenever I told him I was going to make him suck a real cock.

Our costumes for the hayride were matching. Everyone was encouraged to wear old-fashioned western wear, so we were outfitted at the local western apparel store with fancy square dance dresses.

They were in white with red polka dots and lavishly overdone with loads of lace, ribbons, ruffles and bows. Of course, the skirts were big and full and flounced out with four, full-circle, pink bouffant petticoats like cancan girls wear. The neckline was scooped, but not too low cut, and with our pointed pink satin push-up bras, it created just the right effect. Our outfits were

completed with bright red patent leather pumps, a pussy pink garter belt, naughty black nylon stockings, and, of course, ruffled pink satin rhumba panties.

The day of the hayride, we spent hours getting ready. I really loaded him up with makeup. I wanted him to look like a two-bit whore. Jack was quite nervous. He kept telling me that I had put too much makeup on him, and even though he was right (because I wanted him to look very tarty), I kept telling him that he looked just fine. Just to make him really feel like a woman, I shoved a Tampax up his ass just before we went out.

On our way to the hayride, we were greeted with catcalls, whistles, and honking horns. It wasn't long before we attracted the attention of two young fellows. They started to follow us, and when we selected a wagon to board for the ride, they got on too. Unknown to Jack, I had deliberately given these guys the 'eye' because they looked just right for what I had in mind: It was time to see if I could make my sissy husband into a real cocksucker. The one fellow was young and athletic looking. He was a macho Eastern European type. His buddy was a well-muscled, young black man.

Once the wagon was in motion, they approached us and engaged us in conversation. As the ride continued through heavily wooded areas, there was little light other than the nearly full moon. I had maneuvered us around until I was paired off with the white guy, which left Jack with the black fellow. Jack was a bit nervous, but I smiled at him frequently and let him know that he was doing just fine. Both of the fellows were pleasant to talk to and keenly interested in us. They were office supply salesmen in town for a convention. They had noticed the advertisement for the hayride and decided to join in for some fun. And, within a half an hour, we were having fun!

I started making out with my guy right in front of my horror-stricken husband. During a break, I leaned over to him and simply told him that I was getting even with him for being unfaithful to me, and that if he didn't go along with everything, I'd rip his wig off and expose him as a faggot. My date was so cute and so nice. I got carried away with him and let him get his hands up my petticoats. I whispered to Jack that I wanted him to start necking with his guy. Jack couldn't believe how far I was taking this when I opened my guy's pants and massaged his hard dick. Jack tried to limit his guy's advances to just some innocent kisses. But I pulled him aside and told him I'd forgive him for his infidelity if he sucked the guy off.

"But, Linda! I don't want that! Don't make me suck on him!"

"But I want it, and you'll please me by doing it. Now get on with it!"

With tear-filled eyes shining in the moonlight, I watched Jack get down on his knees before his date. It was really rich watching him do a Linda Lovelace job on this nice black man with a big fat prick. I guess my dildo training had paid off. I had my date all worked up with the hand job I was giving him. When he was ready to cum, I pulled my skirt and slips out of the way and held his penis against the front of my new pink panties and let him squirt his love globs onto the smooth nylon.

After the hayride, the men wanted another date with us. I didn't want them bothering us so I gave them a fake phone number. When we got home, I made Jack suck on the double-headed dildo while the other end was stuck up my cunt. Of course, I kept on the cum-stained panties. I simply pulled them aside to insert the dildo. This way Jack's face was right next to those smelly panties so he could breathe in the aroma of my date's cum while he sucked on the rubber penis. I had a great time belittling him while he sucked. I described in great detail all of the events of the evening but especially focused on how he looked, his head bobbing up and down like a jackhammer while he gave that black guy a blow job. I called Jack every humiliating name I could think of, and I took off those drenched panties and made him smell them and suck on them all night long.

Thank goodness Jack was off work the next day. I let him sleep in late. Then, that night as we were going to bed, I told Jack that I was proud of him. Then, to my surprise, he shyly admitted to me that he had enjoyed sucking off that guy. I even got him to admit that he wanted to do it again!

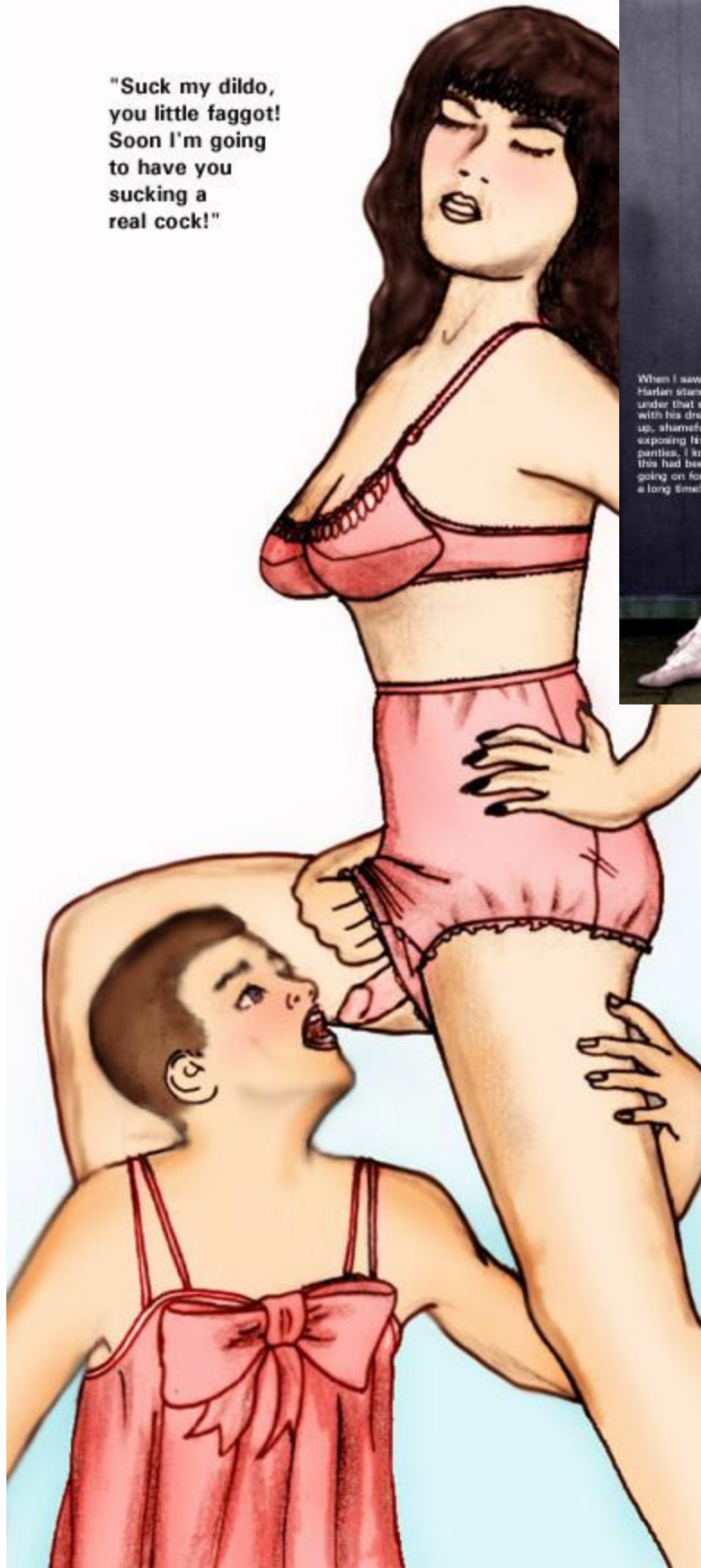
I had to laugh, but I thought what the hell, I had fun too. So since that night we often go out dressed up in very tarty fashions and go picking up strange guys. We always end up having sex with them. Jack has become an accomplished cocksucker, and I finally told him that I never wanted to have sex with him again. His puny little penis just wasn't big enough to give me any real pleasure anymore. However, I did tell him that I still loved him, but it was a different kind of love, the kind of love girlfriends or a mother and daughter have for one another. After all, I kind of feel like he's my girlfriend, and I taught him how to suck cock! Now I bring home guys whenever I please. If I'm in one of my bitchy moods, I make Jack wait on us in one of his cute little maid's uniforms. And maid service in our house means I make Jack warm up my guy with a blowjob before I have sex with the man, and Jack has to tongue bath both of us clean after sex too!

It's time to go now. This letter has gone on long enough. My faggot husband is calling out for me to help him zip up his new dress. It's party time tonight!

The Wife of a Sissy,
Linda L.

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"Suck my dildo,
you little faggot!
Soon I'm going
to have you
sucking a
real cock!"



When I saw
Harlan standing
under that sign
with his dress
up, shamefully
exposing his
panties, I knew
this had been
going on for
a long time!

My Girlfriend's Sissy Brother

Dear Princess,

I recently broke up with Donna, my girlfriend of over two years. She said she was tired of my sissy ways and wanted a real man, and so now I'm very lonely. I don't know why she broke up with me. I let her go out with other men any time she wanted. I used to do her laundry, clean her apartment, buy her groceries and everything.

While Donna and I were first dating, I tried to hide my sissyness from her. I was trying my best to be "normal," but I gave myself away by the way I'd always touch her slips and panties when we'd make out. One night, she asked me straight out, and I admitted it. She said she knew all about guys like me because while she was growing up, her father had a thing for her lingerie, and she had caught him several times going through her dresser drawers. He always made some excuse to her why he was looking through her lingerie, but she figured it all out after she talked about it with some of her girlfriends.

Then she really laid a bomb on me, she said she dominated her little brother, Harlan, and she regularly forced him into girls' clothes for punishment.

A few days later when I went to her house, her brother was in the midst of a petticoat punishment session. She had him dressed up in a pink dress with the hem of the dress held up by his teeth, exposing the pink panties he was wearing underneath. He was standing under a sign on the wall that read "Sissy Time Out." That sign convinced me that this was no one-time thing. I was sure it had been going on for some time.

Harlan started crying the moment he saw me there. I guess it was really humiliating for him to be seen by a man while he was being punished like that.

For my sake, Donna asked him why he was dressed like that, but between his mouth being stuffed with the hem of that dress and the fact that he was crying very hard, all he could do for an answer was point up at the sign. That kid was one sorry sight. Donna explained that she had been using girls' clothes to put her brother in his place ever since their mother died when he was still a preschooler.

Then she really embarrassed me by telling her brother that unlike him, I loved women's lingerie and was a confirmed sissy! She gave me a pair of her light blue panties and told me to put them on. I wanted to use the bathroom, but she told me to do it right there in front of them. After I put them on she said she was getting tired of me, tired of dating a sissy, and perhaps I'd be a good mate for her little brother.

Of course I protested, saying I wasn't gay, but she just laughed in my face and told me to shut up. And that's what I did; I just stood there like an idiot in those blue panties.

Next she took Harlan over her lap and gave him a good hand spanking; he was protesting all the way, but she didn't let up one inch. I could tell she was strong and had a lot of practice, as she easily handled him, pulled him over her knee, lifted his skirt and beat him severely across the seat of his purple nylon panties.

Crying and holding onto his stinging butt, she made him apologize for leaving a mess in the kitchen, which is what he was being punished for. Throughout his spanking, I developed a huge hard-on in the panties. I was embarrassed by it, but I couldn't do anything to prevent it or hide it. After the spanking, Donna noticed my erection. She made her brother stand in the corner with his skirt pulled aside and his satin panties tucked beneath his butt cheeks to expose his flaming red bottom.

She didn't say a word to me. She just started to stroke my penis. As I got more and more turned on, she reached up under her skirt, pulled down her soft, white nylon panties, held them on my face and forced me to breathe her aromas as she continued to masturbate me. When I was ready to shoot, she scooted me up close behind her brother, pulled down my panties in front and aimed my penis in his direction. My spunk shot out and landed on his hot butt. He flinched when he felt my jism hit him, but Donna had him well trained. He knew better than to turn around or ask what was happening.

He must have wondered what we were doing because I couldn't keep quiet as I let my load loose. He didn't even turn around when she forced me down on my knees and made me lick my cum off his bottom.

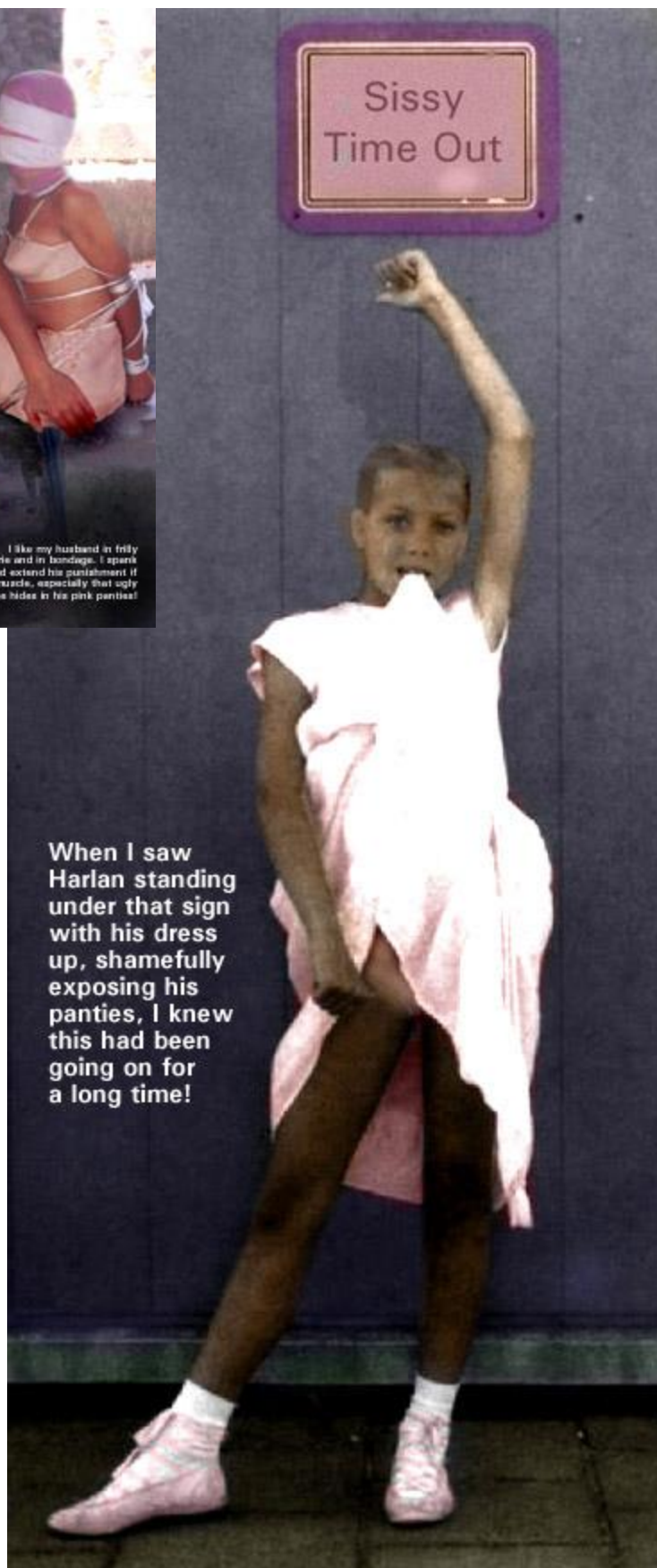
After that, Donna made me do things with her brother. Both of us complained, but we both loved her and found ourselves unable to go against her. She'd make both of us dress up in her things, kiss each other and stroke one another to climax. She'd laugh and one time she even videotaped us. She always threatened to show those tapes to other people, but I have no idea if she ever did.

Simon
South Florida

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When I saw Harlan standing under that sign with his dress up, shamefully exposing his panties, I knew this had been going on for a long time!



Several of the Most Interesting Replies to a Feminist Internet Advice Column

Tue Jan 26 12:41:37 PST 1999

Need help with my panty-wearing husband

I recently caught my husband masturbating into a pair of panties. I was furious! I called him a pervert, a sissy and a faggot and asked him how he could do something like that. The most troubling part, the panties belonged to our 12-yr-old daughter. He insisted that the fact they belonged to our daughter didn't mean anything. He just used them because they were silky and felt good when he rubbed them on his disgusting penis. I'd like to hear other opinions. Should I believe him and how should I punish him for engaging in this disgraceful act?

Thu Jan 28 17:44:54 PST 1999

Re: Need help with panty-wearing husband

When I caught my husband masturbating into my sister-in-law's panties, I made him jackoff while I watched him and lick up his mess. I told him there would be no sex with me for a month, and he'd have to wash out her panties, return them to her and tell her what he had done in them. He begged not to do it, but I won!

It was so neat watching his embarrassment as he licked and sucked up his cum. Since he has not yet gotten up the courage to return her panties to her, I said that until he did, he'd have to wear panties at all times and a bra when at home.

He has three weeks of no sex left, and last week I added a baby doll for him to wear to bed because I found cum stains in his panties when I woke him up one morning. Obviously, he is enjoying his punishment too much, and I'm thinking of putting his toy in a chastity cuff to keep it under control. Of course, he'll have to wear panties over his cuff as a reminder of what got him into trouble in the first place!

Thu Jan 28 21:34:55 PST 1999

Re: Need help with panty-wearing husband

It's my theory that these males that are attracted to lingerie would not be so anxious to wear panties if they had to do so 24/7, along with other items. After my husband admitted to me that he liked to wear women's panties at times, I made him wear a bra and lace panties all the time, and a nice old-fashioned tight panty-girdle over the panties whenever he goes to work, plus other female clothing at home. He got tired of them in a real hurry. Housework, humiliation, sexual denial are all fine, but don't forget to show your authority and control with a little punishment as well. I like restraining my husband and watching him as he "sweats it out" wondering what I have in store for him. Sometimes I give him a good spanking and at other times I dildo fuck him. Those are just two of things I do to him. He never knows what to expect. I agree, don't stop this thread. We can all learn from it.

Thu Jan 30 12:23:25 PST 1999

Re: Need help with panty-wearing husband

I'm sure your husband is sexually attracted to your daughter, even if he can't admit it. Be careful. Watch him and don't leave him alone with her, but do give him plenty of her panties to play with, and laugh at him as you make him play with those panties in front of you!

Then do these things: 1) Make him start addressing you as Mistress. 2) Take him shopping for his own panties to wear. Its a good idea to have him standing with you while you are looking, a little bit of humiliation is good, but you don't want to come on too strong with it. Like asking the sales girl which size he needs is a little too bold at first, but you should be able to get him to that point quickly. Humiliation is a strong factor in giving you the upper hand. 3) Have him wear the panties after work everyday. Soon you'll be able to make him wear the panties too work too! On weekends have him clean the house, do chores, whatever you feel like. 4) Take control of his orgasms, and you will be in full control of him. This is difficult because you can't be with him all the time, so get him a male chastity belt. Allow him to masturbate only with your permission, and once a week is more than enough. As soon as possible, try to limit him to once a month. He'll be crying and pleading for sex, but don't give it to him! You'll be amazed how mindful is a man with a cork in his dick! 5) Don't allow intercourse unless you need it, but never allow him to cum inside you, and if it does happen, make him clean his sperm out of you with his mouth. This will be a hard thing for him, but be prepared to throw him out of the house if he doesn't do it! 6) Make him always sit down to pee.

These are just a few things to help you get started. Personally I have my husband trained to do all the housework, and we live in a huge house, so that's no simple task. I like him in bondage when all his work is done and he has free time. I get him dressed in his frilliest lingerie, tie him up and make him sit motionless for hours at a time. The moment he moves in the least, I slap him around a bit or to take my belt to him. For more ideas, search the web; there are many great femdom sites with all kinds of ideas for you. If you would like to really heat things up, have some of your friends over and make him serve you and your guests. You've caught your man and got him where you want him, so start turning the screws, sit back, relax and have fun!

Good Luck!

PS Start training your daughter in femdom. Tell her what you caught her father doing with her panties. Have her start bossing him around and sitting carelessly around the house, teasing him with her panties!

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Maid to Have Sex

Dear Princess,

I hope that you enjoy the following story; it's about my lifelong relationship with my devoted sissy male maid. I first met Allie (born Alan) over seven years ago. He lived with his divorced working mother in a high rise in downtown Fresno. My mother and I lived across the hall.

One day I went down to do our weekly wash in the basement laundry room, and that is where I met Allie. I recognized him from the times I had seen him going in and out of his apartment. The

most we had ever said to one another was "hello" as we passed in the hallway. He was shy, but I pursued a conversation with him. Almost immediately, I noticed how feminine he was. I became very curious, so after this initial introduction, I made it a point to get to know more about him and his mother.

His mother, Mrs. Stawski, took an immediate liking to me. Within no time she told me all about her son that she had been feminizing because she hated men. She wanted her son to be completely dependent upon her and wait on her hand and foot. I thought that she was weird, but she was a likeable person and it was a remarkable situation.

I was stunned when she commanded little Allie to strip off his shirt and trousers to show me that he was wearing a baby blue chemise with matching silky panties. Mrs. Stawski had taught Allie to be quite accomplished with needle and thread and his lingerie was decorated with fine old-world embroidery and delicate handmade lace. She made him hold high the edge of his chemise so I could see his panties, which went high up on his waist, and closely examine the embroidery and lace.

It was amazing what this woman had done to sissify her son. I didn't think anything else would surprise me, but on my next visit, Allie was decked out in a full French maid's uniform. It had a humiliatingly short skirt. His silky panties were constantly on view. Mrs. Stawski explained that he had to wear the maid's outfit whenever he had to do the house cleaning. She also told me that she wanted to feminize him even more because he was starting to develop a little bit of a beard and some other hair on his body. She had also discovered some naughty stains in his panties within the last few weeks. She wanted to put him on female hormones but didn't know how to go about doing it.

By then, I was hooked. I had no idea a sissy boy could be so much fun! The feminization of this prissy kid was exciting. I told her that hormones were no problem because I was a candy striper at a local clinic, and I knew a lesbian doctor who would probably love the opportunity to feminize a boy.

I was right. We got the hormones without a problem. And after Allie was on them, he was punished if we found any cum stains in his panties. We'd hang the stained panties on his wall and make him pray to them not to tempt him anymore. I used to love to force him to try to have sex with me just to see if I could get any cum out of him. His mom would often peek in at us during these sessions and laugh. For the longest time, I could get little jets of jism out of him, but as his hips and breasts developed, his erections lessened and his cum became thin. It would take him a long time to build up a wad of cum between orgasms. It was a game with me and I'd do everything imaginable to get juice out of him, and when I did, I'd peg his cum-stained panties up on the wall, just to remind him what a total sissy he was.

But I still needed sex, so I usually sat on his face for long periods of time and made him bring me to repeated orgasms, as I had him lick me both with and without my panties on. I'd make him lick both my asshole (sometimes fresh after a good shit) and my pussy (even if I was having my period). The leg elastics on my panties would leave big red marks on his face after I'd sit on him

for an hour or more at a time, him licking away, and me reading a magazine or watching television. My mom loves oral sex too, so I had him eating her out whenever she wanted it.

Allie's mother thought it was funny to see his face all marked up like that. I told her to get into the act, and before long, she was sitting on his face more often than I was. We gave Allie the nickname "queen" because the three of us were sitting on him so much! Not long after that Allie's mom died unexpectedly, so Mom and I had the sissy move in with us.

He's still my maid and homebound sissyboy. I'm glad I didn't spurn the little creep the moment I met him. Sissyboy maids are really a godsend for a busy girl like me! Mom and I don't have to do a lick of work around the house. Our sissy does all the work and all the licking too!

With a Maid Forever,
Ms. T.L.C.

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Forcing the cum out of a hormone filled sissyboy is a challenge! And whenever I do get him to juice his panties, I hang them up on the wall and make him pray to them not to tempt him anymore!



Sissyboys in the Movies

Billy Elliot is a must-see for crossdressing fans. It's a wonderful story about a boy who wants to become a ballet dancer despite impossible odds.

In the story, Billy's best friend likes to dress up in his sister's clothes when no one is home, and at one point, Billy lets the boy put lipstick on him. In another scene, the boy dresses in a tutu and dances a ballet as Billy's female partner.

It's a great film for the whole family and available now in video stores. Rent it!

The End

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