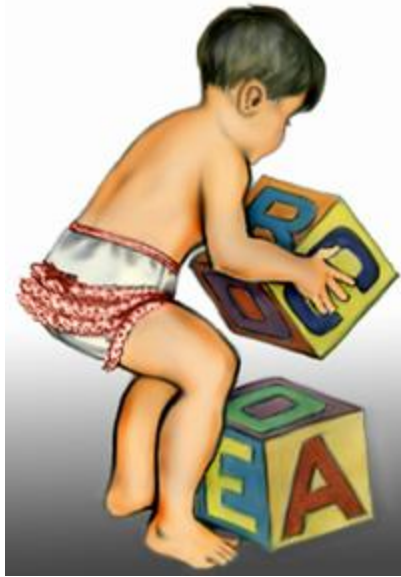


Real sissyboy panty stories, with both straight and forced gay themes, exclusively for and about adult pantywaist sissies who dream of being naughty little boys forced to wear girls and sissy clothing with an emphasis on old-fashioned, silky, frilly, brief-style panties.

Since 1981

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**



## *The Making of a Sissy*

### **Part 10**

**This continuing true-life series relates the events and circumstances that caused little Jimmie to become a lifelong sissy.**

With both my sisters in school, I spent each day home alone with my mother. I soon realized that school is where people learn how to do things, and while my sisters were learning how to do things, I was left behind. I pleaded with everyone to let me go to school too (even though I had no real idea what a school was), but everyone just told me I wasn't old enough. I wanted to learn things and be an equal to my sisters, but no one would listen to me.

Not wanting to be left behind, I got my sisters to teach me the things they were learning in school. Over the two years before I went into first grade (we didn't yet have kindergarten in our small town parish school), my sisters taught me how to count, print words, read and write my name in script. I felt I was advancing to their level. I especially excelled in spelling.

Spelling is just a memory trick, and all day long, home alone with my mother, I had plenty of time to practice. I soon could do it better than both my sisters. I was hailed as a gifted child, but in reality I was just an ordinary kid with time on his hands that desperately wanted to be on a plane with my sisters. And while they advanced in school, all I could do was play around the house, secretly wear my sister's dirty panties, pray for long hair and pigtails, wish I could be a little girl, practice my spelling, and wait to be old enough to go to school.

During that time, my sister Ann turned seven and had a birthday party. Up until that time, all of our birthday parties were simple family affairs with just our parents and a few relatives. But this was the first birthday party in which my sister's playmates were invited. So besides the usual guests, there were girls from the neighborhood and from her class. Many of those girls came dressed up in party clothes. Other than my sister's First Communion dress, I had never seen such fancy dresses.

Of course, I was the only boy there, and I was dressed in my usual boring corduroy trousers and flannel shirt. I really enjoyed being with these girls with their cheerful smiles and giggling voices. And when they sat on the floor to play some games, I got to play along with them. My eyes were treated to a sea of pastel-colored panties, since sitting on the floor billowed up their skirts and the girls gave up trying to hold them down. One of the girls, Peggy -- I'll always remember her name -- was wearing a pretty pair of rhumba panties. I got a good look at them as she sat on the floor with her legs pulled up under her chin and slightly parted. She kept swinging

her legs back and forth. It drove me crazy to look at those amazing panties. They were bright white with pink ruffled lace all over them, and some red bows too. They were beautiful! I was staring at them hungrily. Totally expressionless, she kept looking at me looking up her dress, but she didn't put her legs down or modestly tug down her dress. And she kept swinging her legs back and forth like slowly clapping hands, the wide silky crotch of her shiny white panties had lace around the legs but the crotch itself was just an expanse of sissy soft nylon, stretching, twisting and rippling wildly back and forth with her every move. She kept furtively putting her hand on the crotch of her panties and touching herself down there. She'd touch herself, and then pull back her hand. Then scratch herself down there a few times and take her hand away. God was that maddening! Then she started to keep her hand down between her legs for longer and longer periods of time. We were all sitting around in a circle and she was absentmindedly stroking herself off to beat the band! Everyone was involved in the game and I don't think anyone but me noticed Peggy doing a panty jerk off! Only after the longest time did my aunt tell her, "Pull your dress down and sit like a lady." But not long after that, Peggy was at it again. Wow! All I could do was stare. We were playing the card game concentration, and several times I lost my place in the game because I was daydreaming and staring at this marvelously sweet little girl masturbator. Of course at that age I didn't know what masturbation was, and so I had no idea what she was doing, but it sure looked like fun to me! All I could think of doing was wearing panties like those and rubbing myself between my legs just like she was doing!

Most people probably don't think much about the rhumba panties little girls wear under their party dresses. However, I was just four years old and looking at rhumba panties for the first time in my life. And they were on a girl who was about six or seven years old. So from the start, rhumba panties, to me, have always been "big girl" panties.

Sure, I loved my sister's silky panties with the pretty lace trim and little bows, but these rhumba panties were something else!

When my sister opened her gifts, I was disappointed to see that she got several pairs of panties from Mom, a half dozen pairs of plain cotton briefs. Yuk! However, my aunt gave her a package of day-of-the-week panties in rayon. Seven pairs, each in a different color with a little lace-trimmed white oval on the left hip, and inside the oval was embroidered the name of one of the days of the week. Of course with my ability to read and spell I could read all the names with ease. I thought they were really nice, but I wondered if she would ever wear them because she always wore her ugly old plain white cotton ones. All the panties I would take and wear from the laundry hamper belonged to my oldest sister, Alice. All her panties were silky and often trimmed with lace or other decoration.

I was in heaven when Ann opened one a gift containing three pairs of the lacy rhumba panties like Peggy had on. All three were in white, but each had a different color of lace trimming them all across the back and around the legs. When she held them up for everyone to see, I heard people call them "rhumba panties." Someone mentioned "ruffles like Carmen Miranda wears." Someone else said they were like "the panties (tennis player) Gussie Moran wore."

If it weren't for all the panty action that day, I probably wouldn't have remembered much about that party. At four years old, it takes an impressive event to leave a mark since your memory

process is just beginning to fully function. Also I remember a lot about that day because my mother had the habit of telling stories over and over again. And over the years, she liked to tell people about the time Ann got rhumba panties for her birthday. Something about the story Mom thought was entertaining. And when she told it, she'd always mentioned Carmen Miranda and Gussie Moran, and that's how those names got burned into my memory.

Before the party was even over, I was trying to figure out how to get my hands on those panties. I desperately wanted to try them on. All the gifts were stacked up on our dining room table, but the rhumba panties were stuck somewhere in the back, out of my view since I could barely see over the table. However, the box of day-of-the-week panties was right on the edge of the table. I had to try them! Boldly, as I walked past the table, I simply grabbed the box and hid them with my body as I ran for the bathroom. In the open-faced box, the panties were each rolled up to show the day-of-the-week applique and covered with a heavy clear plastic that made loud crackling noises whenever it was handled.

Inside the bathroom, I struggled to open the plastic top. It was stapled closed, but I finally broke it open. Half the panties fell out of the box and onto my feet. I was wearing shorts, and as they fell, those silky panties slid down my bare legs and caused me to get goosebumps and chills. I was terrified because I knew I'd never be able to put them back in the box the way they were. Putting off thinking about how I would remedy that, I bent over and picked up those soft, new panties. I loved how they felt in my hands. There's something about the feel of brand new panties that is very special. I suppose it's the sizing in them and the newness of the slinky fabric, new panties are a unique thrill to the touch. Rayon is a fabric that isn't around anymore because it's so highly flammable; however, for those who remember it, rayon was a limp, squiggly, silky, sensuous fabric. Heavier than nylon and extremely stretchy. When you put on rayon panties they clung to you closely but had no strong holding power like tight nylon. Rayon's pull was much softer than the tight snugness of nylon. It had a thickness but closely coated the body with a caressing, ticklish grip, a smooth film that perfectly clung to whatever it contained. A very special fabric that, I'm sure, is missed by a lot of fetishists.

I didn't even get a chance to try on the panties because with all those girls in the house, every minute or two one of them was banging on the bathroom door to get in. I was scared to death because I had ripped open this box of panties, and I didn't know how I was going to conceal what I had done. Bravely I put the panties back together as best I could. Then I held them under the front of my shirt, opened the bathroom door and rushed out. As I exited, two girls ran in. I did a quick look around, ran into the dining room and threw the panties on the table behind the other gifts.



Not long after that I saw my mother pass through the dining room. She saw the opened box of panties. I discreetly watched her pick them up and neatly fold them. She called my sister Alice into the room and asked her about them, but Alice shrugged her shoulders.

It was two days before I had the opportunity to sneak into my sisters' room and locate the panties in her lingerie



drawer. I fell in love with those panties even more (both the day-of-the-week panties and, of course, the marvelous rhumba panties). I wore them frequently after that. One time I did get caught wearing the "Sunday" pair of panties. (And it was a Sunday!). They were blue with a little purple lace around the edges of the legs and around the white oval with the word "Sunday" embroidered on it. I was home alone with Mom. She had fallen asleep in her favorite wingback chair. I gave into my temptation and dressed myself in the panties, a white slip, pink dress, knee socks and a pair of my sister's red strap shoes. I had changed into everything in the bathroom, and I left the door open a little so I could hear if my mother woke up. Well, I didn't hear her until she pushed open the bathroom door and stood there yelling at me. She whacked me a couple of times on my bottom over the dress, and then made me stand in the corner with my nose against the wall. Sundays were the only day my father was home during the day. He had been out somewhere with my sisters. Not long after my mother caught me, they all came home. My sisters were really pissed off at me because I was wearing some of each of their clothes. Dad put me over his lap and spanked me with his huge rough hand. I was so sore that I don't think it could have hurt anymore if he had broken my butt bone! After the spanking I had to take off all the clothes right in front of everybody. When Ann said she didn't even want the panties back after a dirty little boy like me wore them, Dad told me to keep them on and wear nothing else for the rest of the night.

Ann kept wearing her plain cotton briefs everyday. Once in a great while she'd wear a pair of the rhumba panties, usually on Sundays or for a dress-up occasion. A few times she wore a pair of the day-of-the week panties, but I remember she wore them without regard to the name of the day embroidered on the hip. She wore any pair on any day she felt like it, and she didn't feel like it often. I know from overhearing her while panty shopping with my mother that she didn't like silky or lacy panties because they tickled her between the legs! And that was exactly how she described it. Wow! I lived to be tickled between the legs by a fancy pair of sissy panties! Maybe she didn't wear them, but I wore them as often as I could!

My sister getting these birthday panties marked another first for me. Other than the time when I had put on my sister's First Communion dress, it was the first time I had gone into my sisters' dresser to get their panties. That's because the lingerie for the First Communion dress was kept in the bottom drawer, which I could reach. Ann's lingerie was kept in the next drawer up, but until she got those birthday panties, I wasn't interested in her panties. Alice's panties (which until the birthday party were the only ones I was interested in) were kept in the drawer above, and I couldn't easily see into her drawer unless I stood on a couple of the giant size blocks we had. So until this time I had to be contented with fishing Alice's silky panties out of the dirty laundry hamper.

A year and a half following this incident, my sister Ann made her First Communion. I wasn't invited on the shopping trip when she got her dress. In fact, I didn't even see her First Communion dress until the day of the ceremony. (I guess Mom didn't want me to get into it like I had with my oldest sister's dress and panties.) It was a beautiful dress, of course, and I knew I'd be trying it on at the first opportunity; however, I discovered later that she wore a pair of her white cotton panties that day. It really puzzled me why she wore them when she could have worn beautiful silky and lace-trimmed panties like a princess.

That year, I wore all Ann's fancy panties ten times more than she did. I wore them out! And when Mom put some of them in the rag bin, I snuck them out. My sister was getting bigger and when the rest of the panties didn't fit her anymore, Mom put them in the box marked "Sally's," for the Salvation Army. Of course, they immediately became mine!

*To be continued in Panty Lines #11.*

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## *One Mother's Story*

Dear Princess,

Dale is in the kitchen setting the supper table while I type this account about his being in a skirt and blouse rather than the pants and shirt most boys wear at home.

School has been in session only a few days; however, Dale, my son, already has his routine down pat. As soon as he gets home, he leaves his books on the coffee table, goes straight to the bathroom, removes his outer clothes, and then wearing only his frilly panties, goes to his bedroom to get dressed. Once he's properly attired, he comes to me for inspection.

I was just finishing folding clothes when he came to me for my once-over. Wearing an orange pleated skirt and an orange shell, he said, "I'm ready for you to check my clothes, Mommy."

Since he became a sissyboy, I have him call me "Mommy" and his father "Daddy."

I could see he had taken a brush to his hair and used two barrettes to hold it back from his face. His only makeup was pink lipstick which he is quite adept at applying. Two small mounds pressed against his blouse so it was obvious he had on his bra, complete with his "Little Lies" inserts.

"Lift up your skirt," I said.

He did and I could see his red flowered half-slip. One day he forgot to put on a slip and that resulted in a spanking so he knows better than to appear without one.

He gets spanked quite often for other reasons.

"Now your slip!" I commanded, because I wanted to be sure he had changed his panties after coming home from school.

With his skirt and slip raised he slowly turned around as I felt his pink flowered panties. They felt dry. Even his little rod was dry as I touched it to make sure. The ribbon on each leg of the panties was in a neat bow which told me they were fresh. Even the "DALE" embroidered on the front in red thread looked fresh.

"All right, do your homework, and after it's done, set the table."

As he smoothed down his slip and skirt, I thought to myself how nice he looks - white ankle socks, low-heeled black T-strap shoes. He's a little too young for heels but maybe for Christmas I'll get him some. I know he's waiting for cooler weather so he can wear nylons. He's asked several times when he can have his own nylons, and I told him probably in month or so.



We live on a fairly large tract several miles from the city where Paul, my husband, works. He and another worker share driving. They meet at a common point a mile away. I hear his car coming up the driveway nearly every evening and tonight was no exception.

"Dale, Daddy's coming," I called out, but he evidently had heard the car too as he was already racing out the door with his skirt and hair flying behind him. As I watched from the doorway, I saw them greet each other with a hug and kiss. Then Paul handed him a long box tied with a red ribbon.

"See what Daddy brought me, Mommy!" he exclaimed as he skipped up the walk, holding the box up for me to see.

Through the clear plastic cover of the box, I could see it was an 18" doll, complete with several changes of clothes, a lovely addition to his doll collection.

"It's lovely, dear, but put it up for now," I told him. "You can play with it after we eat."

"Thank you, Daddy," Dale said as he hugged his father. I thought to myself the difference a summer makes. To explain, let me take you back to when Dale was not in dresses.

Last winter I was sick for over a week and was not able to wash any dirty clothes. Dale compounded the problem by dirtying several extra pairs of underwear. So when he ran out I told him to wear my panties for several days. He wasn't too happy with the idea, but I reminded him that no one would see them since he wasn't having gym class that week because his school was preparing for the annual talent show in the auditorium. Dale wore my panties for several days until I was able to wash again.

Actually the incident had slipped my mind until late spring when I began to notice some of my clothing had been rearranged in my bureau and came across a pair of my supposedly clean yellow panties with a hard crust on the front of them.

My suspicions were confirmed the following week. Since Paul works until late noon on Saturday, I usually drive to town to meet him and we grocery shop. On that particular Saturday I made sure my clothes were extra neat in my bureau and all my panties were clean. Upon examination after returning home, the slips and panties were mussed up and underneath the panty pile was one pair that was still damp. A look in the closet showed a skirt and blouse not having been hung the way I usually hang them. No doubt about it, Dale was trying on my clothes.

That evening while getting ready for bed, I told Paul what his son was doing. He was surprised but not overly, probably because Dale had always been a bit of a sissy. Having a night light, sleeping with his teddy bear, wearing his favorite bunny slippers, and pouting whenever he was scolded or told "no."

"Well, if he's sneaking around getting into your clothes, get him some of his own!" my husband said.

I was a little surprised at his suggestion and easy acceptance that he was willing to let his son dress up in girls' clothes. Then he explained that making Dale wear them just might make him shape up. He reminded me that everyone in our family and all of our neighbors knew that he was quite effeminate so if he was destined for a life as a sissy now was the time to find out. Dale would either take to it or resist and go about becoming a man.

"Vacation starts next week," I said. "I could pick up some things this week and start him as soon as school gets out. We have all summer to experiment with him wearing girls' clothes and for him to sort out his feelings."

That week I spent several days shopping in town. Each day, I returned after Dale had already gotten home from school. And I kept finding more evidence that he had been into my panties. I even saved several pairs to confront him with on Friday. I also saved an old-fashioned full-length satin slip that I loved so much, a pink one which really showed the stain of his seminal emission.

Friday night it was customary for Paul to work late. He usually arrived home after Dale was asleep. So during the day I removed all Dale's clothes from his room and placed them in a locked trunk in the attic. In their place went two dresses, four blouses, four skirts, six pairs of very fancy silk panties, three bras, two full slips, one half-slip, an assortment of ankle socks, two nighties, two pairs of strap shoes (one black the other white) and a pink cardigan sweater. On top of the bureau I placed a girls' brush and comb set, pink nail polish, a tube of pink lipstick, a package of barrettes (six to the pack), and hung two hair ribbons over the mirror, one pink and one sea green-blue. The only jewelry was a heart-shaped gold locket that I laid on the bureau. The pair of "Little Lies" falsies that I had purchased arrived just the day before and were inside one of the bras in his drawer. Everything was ready.

When Dale came into the house, I called him into my bedroom. There on the bed I had the stained slip and several pairs of the cum-plastered panties he had worn.

He saw them but before he could say anything, I spoke.

"Don't deny it. I know you've been into my clothes and wearing them. The fronts of all these panties are hard from your shooting off in them. Also, just look at the crotches." I said as I held up a pair. "They hang down. When I wear them, I have nothing there to make them hang down. Also, my slip. You've dirtied it too.

You've probably ruined it. These are my good clothes and I don't want you wearing them unless I give you permission."

"But, Ma . . . ," he started.

"Don't 'but Ma' me," I interrupted. "Take off all your clothes right now. And put on these panties." I said as I handed him a light blue pair of the soiled panties on the bed.

Tears came down his cheeks as he started to take off his clothes. When he hesitated before removing his underwear, I pulled them down and gave him a smack on his bottom. "I mean right now!" I repeated.

"And from now on I want you to call me 'Mommy' and your father 'Daddy.'"

Once he had the panties on, I made him walk around, waltzing back and forth like a fairy boy as he modeled them for me. Except for the stained front, they were really cute panties with insets of chiffon ruching on each hip. In just the flimsy panties, I had him sit on the edge of the bed. I opened up a bottle of my nail polish and painted his fingernails and toenails. He surely had an inkling of what was to come but probably didn't realize how far I was going to go.

After his nails were polished I sat him on my vanity stool and put his hair in curlers. He was still sobbing when I finished.

I took him by the hand and led him to his room. While I stood in the doorway, I told him to get a night gown from his bureau. He opened the top drawer first and saw his panties and bras. He shut the drawer quickly.

"Don't you want to see your pretty new clothes?" I asked. "They are all yours."

"I don't want them, Ma," he answered.

I spun him around and whacked him with my hand across his pantied bottom.

"I told you to call me 'Mommy.' And you had better want them because they are all you have to wear. Now open the next drawer, get a nightie and put it on."

The blue nightie was on top and that's the one he put on. It came just a bit below his knees. Handing him his bunny slippers, he put them on too. He really looked delightful standing there. His panties could just barely be seen through his nightie. With his hair in curlers, he could easily be taken for a girl.

"Come on in the kitchen and we'll eat. After that you can watch television for a while before you go to bed."

"Like this, Mommy?" he asked.

I was thrilled that he called me 'Mommy' and pleased that he really wasn't putting up too much of a fuss. I wonder what he'd say the next day when I was going to make him put on his first dress.

"Yes, no one is expected here tonight," I replied. To myself I added, "even if someone comes they would only see a young girl in her nightie with curlers in her hair."

Dale had gone to bed and was asleep by the time Paul came home. He asked me how it went. I told him and then we peeked in at Dale. He was cuddled up with his teddy bear and his nightie was rucked up so that his blue panties (actually mine) showed. We left as quietly as we came.

Paul said he'd get the groceries the next day and asked if he should pick up anything for Dale. I said that a little doll baby would be nice. Maybe a doll carriage too, so I could teach him to play like a girl. Paul said he would try to get them.

The next morning, Saturday, Paul left long before Dale was up. In fact, at eight I woke Dale up myself.

"Come on baby," I said as I shook him gently by the shoulder. "Time to take a bath and get dressed."

I perfumed the bath water and was waiting for him in his room when he finished his bath. He was wrapped only in a towel. I had his top drawer open and told him to pick out his panties for the day.

The ones he decided on, after I insisted that he look at all of them, were purple with a darker band of purple lace on the front and around both leg holes. After he had them on I got his bra with the inserts in it and helped him put it on. I showed him how to fasten it in front, then turn it around, putting his arms through the straps and told him that he would have to do it himself in the future.

I let him pick out his own slip. He chose one with straps. One of those was white and the other was pink. He chose the white one maybe because it had a cute layer of lace at the hem and little satin bows that the pink one didn't have. The lengths of the straps on the bra and the slip were both all right and no adjustment was needed.

I opened the closet and he picked out the green dress. It had a Peter Pan collar with white lace on the short sleeves and two front pockets. It buttoned up the back and had a sash that tied in the back also. He slipped it on. I fastened it up and tied the sash.

White socks were put on and he fumbled a bit with the straps on the white shoes. He was used to tie shoes. I had him sit on the bed while I took the curlers out of his hair and used his brush to comb out the ringlets. As a lot of boys his age, his hair came down to his shoulders, and even after curling, it was still a good length.

After forming his hair as best I could, I got a ribbon from the mirror and smoothed it over the top and tied it under his hair in the back.

I took the tube of lipstick off his bureau and told him I would put it on him if he liked. He surprised me.

"I can put it on, Mommy."

I almost wet my panties. Here I had expected to have all sorts of trouble this morning and Dale was behaving like a full-fledged sissyboy already; he was wanting to put on his own lipstick.

"Of course you can," I answered. And he did. Showing that he had been experimenting with my lipstick too.

My amazement did not end there for as he sat down at the kitchen table, I noticed he smoothed his dress under him before sitting.

While he was eating his breakfast, I went to clean the tub and put the panties and nightie he had worn into the clothes hamper. That was when I noticed the front of the panties were damp and crusty. So was the nightie.

I went into his room and got his new hair brush and sat on the living room sofa while waiting for him to finish eating. When he was done, I called him in and showed him his nightie. "This playing with yourself and shooting off on your clothes is naughty. You'll have to be punished."

"I won't do it again," he promised.

"I should hope not but you're going to be punished for doing it this time. Get over my lap for your spanking."

As he was arranging himself to over my legs I reached under his dress and pulled down his panties. Then as he lay there, I pulled his dress and slip over his back giving me a straight view of the target area. I hit him hard, but he was sobbing even before the first swat. Then he cried harder and began kicking. Between sobs he kept saying he wouldn't do it again. After his cheeks were rosy red, I told him to stand in the corner. He started to pull up his panties but I told him to leave them around his thighs for awhile.

I added, "In the future, if you have to shoot, come tell Mommy, and I'll help you. After I let you out of the corner, you can pull up your panties and write on your notebook paper 100 times 'Dale is a bad girl when she shoots off in her panties.'"

There I had said it. After only a few hours, I was thinking of Dale as a girl. His acceptance of his clothes that morning was encouraging. Since there was nothing boyish in the way he looked or acted, I decided to simply start treating him like a girl and my daughter. And it's nice that we baptized him 'Dale' because it is a name that can be for a girl as well as a boy.

After an hour I told Dale to pull up his panties and start writing his lines. Upon completion of the writing task, I showed him how to curtsy and how to greet his father. After only a few attempts, he did rather well.

Paul arrived a little after three. Dale was in the kitchen putting away clean dishes so I greeted Paul at the door and told him Dale was in the kitchen wearing his new dress. Paul said he had found both items for Dale.

I called to the kitchen, "Come on out and greet your father, Dale"



As Dale came through the doorway he grasped the hem of his dress on each side, put one foot behind the other, gave a curtsy and asked, "Do you like my pretty dress, Daddy?"

Even though I had put him up to asking the question, he did it so beautifully that I wanted to run over and hug him. And the way Paul answered!

"It's pretty, Dale, but not as pretty as the girl wearing it. Come give your Daddy a hug and then we'll go out to the car. I have a surprise for you."

Dale gave his father a hug and walked to the car with him. Shortly afterwards Dale came into the house all smiles wheeling a doll carriage with a little doll baby, the start of his doll and girlie toy collection.

Two days later Dale came to me and said he had a problem. I asked what was troubling him.

"My, uh, my . . . ," he said but instead of finishing the sentence he blushed and point between his legs.

All day long that day, I had noticed a bulge showing itself through his skirt. I just chalked it up to the silkiness of lingerie on his penis. With time that he'd get used to wearing silky clothes and those bothersome erections would go away. Giving him female hormones would help too. I motioned for him up to upend his skirt and slip. His penis was hidden (and not very well) by his white panties. I touched it, and it was warm, hot in fact. As I gently squeezed it to ascertain the degree of hardness, his cock throbbed in my fingers. I kept his penis cupped in one hand as I used my other hand to pull down the waistband of his panties and hold it wide open. Dale looked down at himself, looked at his penis past the gathered up folds of his pleated skirt and the shimmering lacy edge of his white satin slip. He looked and I looked at his penis nestled in my upturned hand, alive in a pool of soft white panties. Lace, elastics and folds of nylon, all bright virginal white -- except for his red hot penis. It was obviously irritated. I asked him if he had been masturbating, he said that he hadn't because he had promised me. Just holding his meat in my hand made him swoon; he was ready to blowing his juices. It wouldn't take much. He needed my help. I decided to turn it into an object lesson.

"Keep looking down at my hand on you," I commanded as I stroked him and pointed his penis up toward his face. When he started rocking his body back and forth in response to my ministrations, I yelled, "Open your mouth, sweetie. Try to hit your mouth when you shoot, sissy boy. Go. Go. Go!"

I was shouting encouragement as he shot. He didn't get any in his mouth, but he got some on his face, a stripe across his right cheek, and the rest of it went flying all over the place. A dollop landed on my lips. He watched me in awe as I whipped out my tongue and lovingly flicked it into my mouth.

And that is how it began. Of course there is more, Dale spent the summer in dresses, and since school has started, he wears dresses all the time at home. In fact, Paul hasn't seen him without either a dress or skirt on since he I first put him girls' clothes. And Dale loves it. He wears a

camisole and panties under his boys' clothes now for underwear, and there have been no problems. Maybe by next year he can switch and go to an all-girls school.

B.C.

Frederick, MD

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## *Mother Turned My Husband into a Swisy Sissy*

Dear Princess,

To most of our friends and neighbors, Don, my husband, and I appear to be a typical happy couple. Don works as a travel agent while I stay at home. However in our case, 'home' means my mother's house. We could easily afford a place of our own, but Mother insists that we stay with her.

My name is Iris, and my mother's name is Helen, even though no one (me included) is allowed to call her anything but "Mother," "Mistress" or "Madam." She's a professional dominatrix. Most of her customers are men, but she has a few women customers too.

Growing up, I was always under her thumb as I am to this day. In the house, I don't have to do any housework because Mother has many male maids who pay her to perform such chores. Instead, she has me lounging around in splendid lingerie and doing her bidding, which can include anything from teasing her sissy slaves with my near naked body to performing cunnilingus on her for hours at a time. One of her favorite things is to put me in a revealing dress, take me to the local train or bus station and recruit young boys for her network of slaves. She also calls me in to participate in sex sessions with her slaves and fellow dominants. She demands that I give my body to anyone of her choosing.

To give you an idea of the kind of life I lead, let me tell you about my husband and our wedding night.

Don, my husband, is a sweet little priss, small in stature and very timid. He makes a very pretty teenage girl. He's five years younger than me and the son of one of Mother's male maids, who she has been training most of his life. The man's wife had left him and their baby boy because Don's father was such a wimpy little twerp. I guess she just wanted to get away from him and his offspring and find a real man. Don and his father were left on their own and Mother started baby-sitting Don while his father went to work. So Don has been in our household for almost eleven years before we got married and he knew what went on there because Mother exposed him to more and more over the years until he was a fully trained, petticoated slave boy willing to do anything Mother told him to do. If she spit on the floor, he'd go right down and lick it up. If she had to fart, she'd get him to ask her if he could put his face between her ass cheeks as she let it blow. He was a hot looking little minx of a girl, so Mother used him to tease and taunt her big macho straight guys when she wanted sex with them. I don't think any of them ever guessed that he was a boy and not a girl. When one of those guys went beyond kissing Don (Donna we call him when he's a girl) and tried to feel him up, Mother would put an end to it and tell him that the little girl was still a virgin and not old enough to go any further at that point. Mother did keep him a virgin (from fucking females) until our wedding night, even though she had trained him to take some of her smaller dildos and strap-on cocks up his tender, sweet little ass. He was great entertainment at Mother's S&M parties too. She'd have him serving drinks and sitting on laps of all the dominant men, wiggling his silk panty-cover butt over their bulging trousers.

Mother made him into quite a tease.

Anyway, now let me tell you about our wedding. Our ceremony took place in the afternoon. As soon as we returned home, I had to strip off my gown and Mother tied me to my bedpost while she took Don to her bedroom to prepare him. I started was very horny so I began to rub my pussy up against the bedpost through my satin panties. It felt so good, but I knew that if I rubbed myself to an orgasm, I would probably get my new, white lace panties all sticky with my juices. Common sense told me that I'd better stop before I got too excited because Mother doesn't allow me to masturbate without her permission. And if Mother checked my panties (and she just might), she would be angry. I didn't want to do anything to spoil my wedding night, and so, reluctantly, I pulled away from the post, just stood around and waited for Mother to return.

I studied myself in the mirror. My hair had been beautifully styled, and the nipples of my bare breasts stood erect. My fancy panties looked more like they belonged to a baby girl than a grown woman. However, my tight garters and long white stockings made my legs look anything but little girlish.

The door opened, and Mother entered. She had taken off her dress too. She had on a black, lavender and pink Victorian-styled waist cincher with ribbon garters, fluffy silken pink panties and black high-heeled boots. She wore dark nylons, and her lush breasts were bare. She came over to the bedpost and untied me. Her breasts rubbed against mine, and the contact made both of our nipples get hard. The ropes were taken off my wrists. Just looking at her breasts made me want to take one of her hot nipples into my mouth and suck it. I remember taking in her milk as a child because she nursed me until I started grade school. And ever since, I periodically hunger to let me suckle on one of her long, thumb-size nipples.

"Well, here we go," she said as she helped me into a new see-through white negligee. Then leading me by the hand down the hall to her room she said, "Your husband is waiting. Are you a little nervous, darling?"

"A little," I confessed.

Her bedroom is fit for royalty, quite appropriate since she rules like a queen. For this special occasion, she had put white satin sheets on her oversized round bed. Don was kneeling on the floor. Mother had dressed him identically to me. His lean, lovely body was shaved clean, the way Mother kept all her boys and men. His pink skin was smooth and glowing. Like me, he wore a lacy garter belt, gay satin panties, stockings, and high heels. His garments, including his high heels, were gleaming white, but there were a few differences in our outfits.

Unlike me, Don wore a waist cincher. It was made of white brocade and laced up the back, forcing his tummy in and bunching up his bottom cheeks and pectoral muscles, plumping them up. He didn't have a negligee like I had, but Mother had put touches of makeup on his face, some eye liner, rouge and lipstick.

The average person would have found his appearance bizarre, but it was perfectly natural to me. Growing up with my mother, I had seen a lot of her crossdressed male slaves. I love a man in



panties, as does Mother, which was why her training program for Don had included lots of forced feminization.

He was kneeling bent over with his forehead pressed against the floor. I know he wanted to look at me, but he didn't dare look up until Mother gave him permission. Mother had me kneel down beside him.

"This afternoon's ceremony satisfied the law. Now, I will celebrate your marriage with a ritual of my own," she said as she took out her familiar black leather strap.

"This is the symbol of my authority and power over you children. Kiss the strap to demonstrate your total submission to my will."

I kissed it. So did Don.

"Now, before anything else, I want the two of you to demonstrate your love and loyalty to me in another way."

She stood between the two of us, pulled aside the lacy crotch of her loose-fitting, high-waisted panties, put her hand on my head and pulled me to her. I pressed my mouth against her pussy and lovingly kissed it and started licking. She pulled Don's head to her bottom. He rubbed his face against her silk-covered plump bottom cheeks, pulled aside her panties and started licking between her ass cheeks. As I slipped my tongue inside her pussy lips and Don licked her rosebud, she became very excited. She rocked through a series of orgasms recklessly banging her hips against our upturned faces, and then untangled herself from us. We were made to kneel at her bedside holding hands, where she could keep an eye on us as she rested to regain her energy.

Once she recovered, she said, "Before I graciously allow you two to enjoy each other's bodies for the first time, there's still one more ceremony to perform. Iris, get the box out of the top drawer of my dresser."

Inside the box was a ten-inch dildo. Mother touched it to my nipple and told me that she was going to fuck me with it. Then she made Don strip off everything except his panties and rubbed it across his pantied penis. "I'm going to use it on you too, sweetie," she said.

Since I was to go first, Mother pulled a stool up near the bed and made Don sit in it. Mother cuffed his hands behind his back so he couldn't touch his erection and demanded he keep his legs spread so his pantied cock would be on display for her amusement while she tended to me.

Mother directed me to crawl onto the bed and settle myself amongst a pile of pillows. My virgin white negligee billowed out around me. It rustled as I she had me pull my legs up with my knees almost up to my chin. I had to put my arms around my legs and hold that position. Mother lowered her panties and strapped on a dildo. It jutted obscenely from her hips. Then she pulled her panties back up and over the big plastic penis.

As she got ready a blue jar of lubricating jelly, her dildo bobbed and jiggled around and pushed out the front of her pretty panties in a most unfeminine way. She pulled the dildo out of the legband of her panties and greased it, then she pulled the legband of my panties aside and mounted me. Her large breasts hung down and slapped my face as she fucked my pussy. Mother reached under me and gripped my bottom and held my panty-clad buttocks as she wildly pumped the dildo in and out of me, kissing at my breasts and nibbling on my hardened nipples. I was kept busy kissing and sucking her flapping in my face. She humped away for about fifteen minutes. When she was getting close to an orgasm, she told me to finger her butt. I wrapped my arms around her broad back and played with her pantied ass, letting my fingers slip up under the leg band so I could tickle her naked rosebud. Finally, exhausted and shaking with pulsating pleasure, she kissed me on the lips with an open mouth then pulled out of me. She pulled me around and made me deep throat the dildo head, which was wet with my juices and the lubricant.

She kicked me off the bed. It was Don's turn.

She removed his handcuffs and made him get on the bed on his hands and knees. He was looking nervous. He wasn't a virgin in his ass, but he hadn't been fucked there many times before and the dildo Mother was wearing was bigger than anything he had been fucked with before. He started to moan, babble and cry like a school girl about to be raped. I leaned forward in the chair so I could have a better look. I love to watch a man being fucked from behind by a woman. Living with Mother, I saw a lot of it. My pantied bottom rested on the plush cushion of the chair. My pussy tingled, still quivering from her fingers playing with my clitoris as she fucked me with the dildo. She knew how to turn me on. That little stunt brought me to a series of orgasms that washed over me like the torrent of Niagara Falls.

Don knelt with his upper body flat against the mattress, his bottom pointing up in the air. His head was turned in my direction so he could look at me. I smiled and blew him a kiss. He was more nervous than I had been. Of course, I had taken the dildo in my pussy, which was much more able to accommodate it than his tight little ass hole.

Mother sat down on the bed and eased Don's nervousness with soothing caresses all over his white satin panties. She made a big fuss of toying with the little bows on his panties as she talked sweetly to him.

"Your panties are so pretty. Aren't you lucky to wear such pretty things everyday?"

Don groaned, "Yes, Mother."

"Has anyone at your office discovered your little secret yet? Discovered that you wear girls' panties under your big, tough, he-man clothes?"

"No, Mother," he clearly said.

"Oh, just you wait. I'm sure, somehow, one of those young little slut secretaries or one of those faggot agents in your office will find out. You'll have to tell me all about it when it happens. In fact, I want you to **MAKE IT HAPPEN, SISSYBOY!**

"Starting Monday, tuck your shirt into the waistband of your panties everyday, so the pretty elastic, nylon and a bit of lace peek out above your trousers. Let those sexy young secretaries in your office see them, then watch they go about telling each other, whispering and laughing at you. Pay attention because I want a detailed report on how they react."

"Too bad we can't get that on tape," I mumbled.

"Great idea, Iris," Mother said. "Of course, we can get it on tape. Get that pocket tape recorder I got you last Christmas. Don can leave it running in the coffee room. Then he can flash one of those little girls just before break time. Right, Don?"

"Uh-u-u-uh, right, Mother," Don muttered, clearly flustered. The idea surely horrified him, but if that's what Mother wanted, he and everyone else knew, he would do it.

Mother eased aside the legband of his soft panties. His buttocks still showed a tinge of pink from the spanking she had given him the night before. His nervousness didn't make his erection any less hard. It was thick and full and jutting from his hips, pushing out his white panties and staining the front of them with drops of pre-cum. She stroked his stockinged thighs. He was trembling with fear. She playfully patted his pantied bottom and stroked the length of his panty-encased shaft.

He moaned from her touch.

As Mother stood up and reached for the lubricant she said, "It's only proper that you get fucked by the same dildo that was just inside Iris."

He groaned and whimpered nervously as she took some lubricant and thrust her hand down the back of his cute panties to grease his bottom. She slipped her middle finger deep in his asshole and massaged in the ointment. His penis twitched and jerked inside his sweet panties as she fully penetrated him and moved her finger around inside, stretching him out for her dildo. As soon as she took her finger out she knelt between his legs from behind, lifted aside the lacy legband of his dainty panties, parted his buttocks once more and guided the head of her dildo between his smooth ass cheeks. She thrust it up his anus.

He moaned in pain. I leaned so far forward I almost fell out of the chair. My pussy was tingling with moist heat. I squeezed my thighs together and squirmed around to excite my pussy. Mother pushed the dildo head into him further. When he moaned even louder, she swatted his bottom, then started riding him like a bronco. When she shouted "Cum, you fucking pantywaist!" He shot his wad on command. His cum spurted right through the tented front of his hot satin panties. Don't I have a lovely family? (1083-P)

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### ***Tales of Debauchery:***

#### ***Aunt Joanna***

The gag couldn't hold back her agonizing moans, excitement, terror. The ropes couldn't keep her from twisting, convulsing and pulsating to his touch.

Aunt Joanna came home early and entered the guest bedroom when she heard the muffled noises.

"What the hell is going on here?" she screamed.

"I'm sorry," was all Lance could say as he backed away from his advancing aunt. "We were just playing," he tried to explain as she studied the scene. He was dressed in nothing but a pair of her silky black panties and standing over Trish, his sister, who was fully dressed but tied spread-eagled to the bedposts.

"'Playing?' My ass! What in the hell are you doing to your little sister?" she said pointing to the her plaid schoolgirl skirt that had been pulled up to fully expose her waist-high, pink ruffled nylon panties.

As Aunt Jo undid the ropes, she noticed that the crotch of Trish's panties were wrinkled, twisted and wet. She grabbed Lance's right hand and smelled his fingers.

"Ugh!!" You nasty boy. You were playing all right. You were playing with your sister's . . . and my panties! How dare you invade my room and my things! Are you a faggot or something?"

Now ungagged, Trish joined her brother's attempt to reason with their aunt.

"He didn't hurt me. I let him do it. Don't be mad at us!"

"I'm going to take charge right now. You two think you can play adult sex games, huh? You're playing with fire. Well, I'll cure your curiosity. Get yourselves in order. We're going out."

"Where you taking us? It's late. Isn't everything closed?" Trish asked.

"You dumb little suburban brats don't know anything do you? Lance, leave those panties on and finish untying your little sister. Then both of you get your coats on. Meet me at the front door."

They had always thought their aunt was an extremely broad-minded person. Sure they were playing in a way that might have warranted a scolding, but they wouldn't have expected her to get so upset. After all, for as far back as they could remember, Aunt Jo seemed to love talking very openly about sex right in front of them. But in her present state of rage, they didn't know what to expect next. They quickly straightened their clothes and went down the hallway. Their aunt was putting on a long beige cape. Without a word, she opened the door and escorted them out.

"Where we going?" Trish asked.

"Kleig's," the woman said. "It's an all-night deli."

"But I'm not hungry," Lance said.

Aunt Jo didn't care whether or not they were hungry. She needed a cup of coffee. She wanted to talk to them, a lot of things needed explaining and the quiet corner of a dimly lit restaurant seemed to be a good place to do it. Besides, she thought the time was right for a little public humiliation.

Once they were in the car, she surprised them both when she pulled out two black leather dog collars with metal spikes. A long leash was attached to each collar.

"Don't say a word. Each of you just put one of these around your neck," she ordered. When they hesitated, she continued, "Or I'll put them on for you. And I'm warning you, I won't be gentle."

At the deli, the children were highly embarrassed as their aunt led them by the leash past many people. She could tell that Lance was on the verge of resisting, but when she whispered in his ear that she would open his coat and pants and expose his panties to everyone there, he blushed and quietly followed along. She even stopped to talk with one of the waitresses and a table full of people who laughed and made whispering comments about the kids that were being led around on a leashes.



Aunt Jo overheard their comments and addressed them directly, simply explaining that she was sick and tired of the little brats running off and doing any wild thing they pleased so she decided they had to be trained like dogs to stay nearby and be obedient. Many of the people continued to stare and point, but after Aunt Jo's little speech about today's unmanageable kids, almost of them were on the verge of applauding her efforts.

Perhaps such treatment sounds a bit bizarre, but for Aunt Jo, it wasn't because for over eight years he had been a nurse at a state mental institution for the criminally insane. A strong and forceful woman, she was used to taking on even the biggest of strong men and literally whipping them into shape. That's why her sister, the kids' mother, had sent Trish and Lance to stay with her for a few weeks. They had been running wild and boldly experimenting with sex games at home. Their Mother wanted to knock them down a notch as well as quell their interest in sex. She thought her sister was the one who could do it.

Once the children had arrived, Aunt Jo gave them many opportunities to be alone so she could catch them in the act.

Now over a cup of coffee, Aunt Jo openly told them about what she did for a living. Startled by her detailed stories of how she was used to dealing with every type of sexual pervert, the awestruck brother and sister listened intently, giving off an occasional giggle or shocked expression. Sure the kids had played their tie-up, fetish and transvestite games, but they were all ears as their aunt explained things about sex and the strange real worlds of S&M and B&D.

Back at the apartment, Aunt Jo made both of them put on matching blue-green baby doll nighties. Lance opened his mouth to protest but was greeted with a hard slap across the face.

As he pulled the gown over his head, he felt the wide hem of bright white lace tickle his thighs. He started to cry, "I'm not a sissy! Ple-e-a-ase, no! Auntie, do I have to wear it?"

His aunt delivered a stinging blow to his pantied ass cheeks and reminded him that it was his idea to dress in her panties in the first place. Therefore, she explained, the nightie was the natural next step. Embarrassed at wearing the nightie but excited from the sensuous touch of the silky fabric, he developed a large erection. When she noticed the bulge, she lifted up the nightie's short hem and stared at his little boy prick, pointing straight up toward the sky as it pushed out the front of the soft satiny panties.

"This," she said while yanking on his pantied penis, "doesn't seem to mind pretty clothes. "Admit it," she yelled as she roughly jerked on his dick. "You love your sexy little nightie and little girlie panties, but you're afraid to say so."

While she kept egging him on, she kept rasping the head of his peter across the ticklish nylon and prickly lace. As soon as she finally got him to admit that he liked the gown and panties, she let go of his throbbing meat and pushed him back onto her bed. She tied his hands together explaining that she wanted him to "stay out of trouble."

She made it clear to him that while they were there, any pleasure he got from his little boy tool would be under her supervision. Playing with himself without her permission would bring severe punishment. She decided it was time to fill them in on more information about herself. She explained that her years as a nurse had fostered in her a love for dominating and humiliating males, and at times females as well. She had Trish get into the bed too, where she tied her hands together also. Then, she turned off the lights and got into bed between them. Throughout the night, she molested both of them without compunction, repeatedly finger fucking Trish and masturbating Lance. Before leaving them to go to sleep, she gagged both of them with stinky dirty pairs of her panties and then taped their mouths shut. Up each child's ass, she inserted a vibrating dildo, and throughout the night she'd switch them on and off to anally terrorize them and rudely wake them up from a sound sleep.

The next day, Aunt Jo began their intense training program. By the afternoon, Trish had been made to kiss her aunt's pussy and Lance had admitted that he often dressed up in his sister's clothes so the two of them could play girls games together. Trish added that she knew he liked pretty panties so she had her mother keep her lingerie drawer well stocked, and Trish said she always put on a fresh pair of panties when they played their girly games and made Lance put on the pair of panties that she had just taken off. That prompted Aunt Jo to demand that Lance be dressed in panties at all times and be kept as a girl all the times in the house.

Lance explained that he liked the pretty clothes but was very embarrassed to be seen in them by anyone except his sister. Aunt Jo laughed at his fears and started immediately to get him used to wearing female clothes in front of people by making him model a wide range of his sister's and her clothes. Joanna and Trish laughed at his efforts to walk in high heels and made fun of him whenever he got excited and couldn't hide his erection. When he stayed hard, they made him entertain them by masturbating himself in his panties. He was very embarrassed to do that, but he eventually got up the nerve to do it, especially when Joanna threatened him with a whipping if he didn't. When he finally did cum, they made him take off his panties and leisurely lick his clotted cum out of the inside of his silky panties. Trish had never seen anything like that and roared with laughter, teasing him she said she was going to tell everyone in school that he liked to drink his own cum.

With each new sexually depraved innovation, Lance kept resisting but repeated encounters between his butt and his Auntie's sorority paddle broke his spirit. Beneath his frills his bottom was on fire. Aunt Jo made it clear to him that she expected him to act like a proper young lady. Furthermore, she told him that he could expect to be put on display for her many friends and periodically even forced to go outside fully dressed as a girl.

Aunt Jo had planned for the kids to spend the afternoon at the movies because unknown to them, she was having a boyfriend over for a visit, a submissive male who was hopelessly in love with her. But now that her niece and nephew and her own sex lives were out in the open, she changed her mind and decided to include Trish and Lance in the humiliation of her dominated boyfriend. Trish was naturally submissive and very curious about everything sexual. Lance was well on his way to becoming a cute little sex slave even though he needed a lot more humbling.

At four o'clock that afternoon, the door bell rang. Lance was instructed to answer it. He was hesitant because Aunt Jo had him dressed completely as an adorable little French maid. Aunt Jo knew that exposing him to outsiders would intensify his crossdressing training and make him even more submissive to her and his sister. Especially being seen by a man, even if that man was a submissive himself, made most crossdressers very uncomfortable, embarrassed and increasingly easy to handle.

Lance was still quite wobbly on his little high heels as he approached the door. His auntie had pulled back his longish brownish-blond hair and added a flowing hair piece that closely matched his own in color. His red satin miniskirted uniform didn't with puffy sleeves even cover his hips, and fully exposed the red lace edging on his black satin panties from every angle. He wore dark beige nylon stockings attached to black garters that traveled up his boyishly thin, extremely long legs. Full makeup, earrings and a creamy yellow over-the-shoulder apron completed his outfit.

"Hello," Lance softly whispered, trying to imitate a little girl's voice.

"Hello, there. I'm Kurt," the man said in surprise, smiling as he watched the pretty little maid open the door wide for him to enter.

The man took off his coat and gave it to Lance who exposed the bottom half of his silk-clad ass from beneath his little maid's skirt as he stretched to hang the coat on the coat rack.

The man's gaze widened, taking in this delightful sight. Lance's frilly black panties were a treat for the man's eyes. Even as he stood without stretching, the hem of his skirt didn't even come close to covering his saucy panties. As he walked ahead of the man and led him down the hall to his aunt, his swinging skirt revealed huge expanses of his nylon-clad butt.

When they got to the bedroom, Lance turned to face the man and saw how he was devouring his body in his sissy clothes. Embarrassed, Lance had to look away. It was so strange to have someone, especially a man, look at him like he was food on a plate. The boy just lowered his eyes and directed the man to go in.

Kurt walked in the door and saw the regal Joanna perched on the edge of the huge old four-poster bed in one corner of her Victorian-styled bedroom. The room was lit from overhead by torch-like sconces which cast a menacing mix of light and shadows on the silver-blue velvet drapes, which covered almost all of the room's wall space.

Aunt Jo didn't say a word, she just flicked her hand and the man dropped his pants and underwear and got down on his knees on the floor beside her. She gave his hardening dick a few rough yanks, then slapped him in the face.

Trish made her entrance. Unseen by the man, she came up behind him, rubbed her body against his back and then reached around him to finger his penis. She laughingly toyed with it as it bobbed and pulsed. Kurt breathed very heavily as he saw the thin arms and tiny, delicate hands reaching around his body to play with him. Trish's little arms barely made it around him so she

couldn't even see what she was doing, but she laughed as she felt her way around his dick and balls.

Aunt Jo had Trish walk around in front of the man so he could appreciate her youth and beauty. He gasped with pleasure as he looked over the sweet, dimpled waif, who was blushing with a pixie-like, embarrassed smile. Her pale girlish skin was spotted with a few tiny freckles and anointed with a sweet perfume. She was dressed only in a white satin training bra that was plastered flat to her undeveloped breasts and a pair of heavily frilled white nylon rhumba panties like tennis players wear, loaded with ruffles, frills, bows and lace. Trish couldn't stop blushing, but she did let them know that she was having fun showing herself off like that to a handsome, sex-crazed man. She seemed proud of her ability to excite the him, but she was also sure she'd be severely punished if her auntie wasn't entirely pleased.

Joanna pulled little Trish's panties down off her hips. The white satin and lace shimmered as they slid down her thin little legs. Kurt gasped and groaned when she took those innocent little baby panties and wrapped them around his thick, throbbing member. His face blushed beet red as her long-nailed fingers nimbly tied the panties around his rod so that they stayed on by themselves. Joanna ordered him to turn to one side and stand in profile. Kurt was upset. This wasn't their usual routine. But he was also very excited and turned on by the lithe little girls watching him model his panty-wrapped penis. Both the kids laughed at him. They said he looked funny.

Aunt Jo wanted the kids to get a good look a real masochist. They might learn something, especially considering what she planned to do next. She picked up her leather strap.

"I am now going to stroke you," she said, in mock gentility.

With that she hauled her leather strap back and slapped it hard against his bare buttock. Repeatedly, she whipped his ass until he was crying like a baby.

"Now you work on your front!" she demanded.

Kurt closed his fist around his pantied dick. He was in pain and having a difficult time remaining on his knees. He moved his hand slowly up and down his shaft. He was startled by another crack of leather across his buttocks. He whimpered, he moaned, but he also speeded up the rate at which he pulled and kneaded his panty-covered cock. Joanna kept walking back and forth, all around him. She kept whipping his bottom while he masturbated. The strapping increased his excitement and soon he was breathing hard and fast. He had never been so hot. The excitement was heightened by the presence of (what he thought were) two little girls just sitting on the edge of the bed, watching him. Trish couldn't resist tickling her bare pussy. Lance was breathing heavily and watching every move.

Unconsciously, he kept fingering the folds of satin and lace that covered his body. Kurt's butt mounds turned first pink, then red. His breath came in sobbing moans. His hand was a blur of motion, sliding like lightning up and down his hard dick. The strap struck him again and again. He came. He shivered convulsively and his balls pumped semen out the slit in his hard prick. It jetted from his cock into the panties. The last drops of semen were wrung from his dick slit. He

gasped for breath. A few feet away the girl and her feminized brother were getting off as they saw the man reach his orgasm.

Lance moaned to his sister, "Please, pull my thing, sis!"

Trish took a quick look toward her aunt who was almost laughing with a wild grin on her face and breathing hard from the hard whipping she had given the still crying and groaning Kurt. Confident that it was all right to touch him, Trish aggressively pulled the boy's skirts and slips all the way up and pulled his hands off his panty covered dick. She dug under the legband of his panties, grabbed hold of his peter and yanked it out just as the boy let loose with a powerful orgasm that shot high into the air.

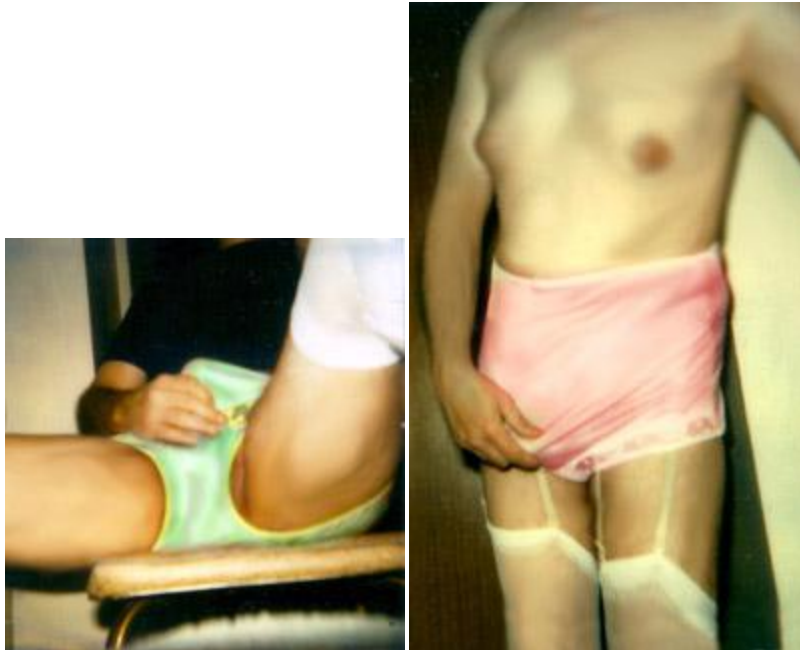
"Aim it at stupid, here!" Aunt Jo yelled, pointing to her slave male's face.

Trish pointed the pulsating prick in the man's direction and managed to get one blob of hot boy cum to hit the man right across his nose. Kurt was shocked to see that one of the little girls was actually a boy, but he was even more shocked to be kneeling there and used as a target for the boy's spurting cum. (#1069-P)

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### ***Boyfriend to Girlfriend***

I understand you like those faggot-types who like to play with themselves while wearing silky panties. Well, almost a year ago I caught Jerry, my boyfriend, wearing a pair of my panties. That ended our relationship as lovers, but I took advantage of the situation and have turned him into my play toy. He's kind of like a girlfriend to me now.

The day I caught him, I got him to admit that he had jacked off in my panties many times. From what he told me, it seems like he's been hooked on panties all his life. He cried, but under threats of exposure, I made him show me how he played with his puny boner in my panties. I had him model almost all my panties, and I took pictures of him too. He pleaded with me not to, but he had no choice in the matter.

Immediately, I made him buy his own panties and start wearing panties all the time under his regular clothes. I had him well-trained in no time. Now he even has to jerk himself off in his panties anytime I or any of my friends (both male and female) want a little entertainment.

The photo on the right is rather recent. I gave him my birth control pills because I heard they feminize the male body. Well, he's been on them for about six months now, and as you can see, his nipples have enlarged and his breasts can now fill a small-size bra. I have tons of sissy pics of him. I'll send more and write again in the future.

Patricia  
Winnipeg, Manitoba

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Six-year-old Tommy Bell was awarded the grand prize in the costume competition for his "Sissy Little Bloomer Boy" outfit.

A SPRINGFIELD TRIBUNE ORIGINAL FEATURE

# Fancy costumes upstage marching bands and stir debate!

*Benton's Springtime Tradition:  
23rd Annual Easter Parade*

By Toni Wright

The Benton annual Easter Parade in Springfield may pale in size compared to the New York City classic; however, it makes up for that difference with its own brand of merriment and glitz. In recent years, marching bands were the highlight of the March 27 event, which has just marked its 23rd consecutive year.

Bands from as far away as Cleveland competed for the \$10,000 first prize. The winning unit, Taft High School Drum & Bugle Corps from Clayton (see photo on page 24), dazzled the crowd with acrobatic stunts and complex, crisscrossing formations, all done at a crisp, nonstop pace.

However, this year an Easter costume competition was added, and it proved to be an attraction even bigger than the excitement of the bands. Anyone in costume was welcome to compete. Marchers from near and far dressed in their fanciest duds and competed for the \$5,000 first prize. The parade judges were looking for the participant whose costume most typified the spirit and merriment of Easter.

For the grand prize winner, they selected Tommy Bell, a six-year-old Morton Township native. Bell's costume certainly made most people stop and take notice! His gender-bender

outfit combined the sweet little-boy-next-door look with girlish accessories. The result wowed the judges and caused onlookers to react with everything from bug-eyed stares, derisive comments and snickers to outright belly-wrenching laughter.

From the waist up, Tommy wore a lightweight white sports coat, striped shirt and blue satin ribbon bow tie. However, from the waist down, he was anything but boyish with his bouncy, pleated, shocking pink mini skirt, ribbed white knee socks and white patent leather, one-strap Maryjane shoes. But the crowning glory was his heavily frilled, billowy pink satin panty bloomers. The legbands of his pretty panties featured wide ruffled leg bands trimmed with two-inch wide eyelet lace and big pink satin bows. Since the breeze off the lake front was brisk, poor little Tommy had the impossible task of trying to keep his skirt down. But his attempts at modesty were for naught, because the windy onslaught treated everyone to almost continual views of the voluminous frilly fullness of his sissy panties.

One young woman, seemingly both distressed and obsessed with Tommy's costume, followed him around and kept calling him names

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## Cal City Man Given Suspended Sentence in Girl-Boy Injury/Abuse Case

Ashton-Calvin Marks, 32, was given a suspended 6 year sentence in the abuse/injury case involving his 8-year-old nephew, who is now confined to a wheelchair due to a spinal cord injury suffered at the time of the incident.

On July 18, according to the testimony of Angela Kyrovitch, her son was staying with Marks for the weekend. The boy spent most weekends with Marks who watched him while Kyrovitch worked in a convenience store.

On the date of the incident, Kyrovitch arrived at Marks apartment at 1143 Jefferson Street in Calvary City to find him and her son sleeping; however, she screamed when she saw them because Marks was partially nude and her son was lying between his legs and wearing a little girl-style white party dress, which was disarrayed, revealing that he was also wearing a mass of pink petticoats and matching lace-covered panties.

Marks, a large man in excess of 300 pounds, obviously startled by her scream, rolled over and tried to grab some nearby clothes. That action apparently twisted the boy's head and resulted in the neck injury which has left the boy a quadriplegic.

Most amazing, the boy arrived at the trial to testify wearing a flouncy blue party dress. As he sat in his wheelchair, his skirts were puffed out by a mass of net and lace-trimmed pink petticoats. Under oath, the boy refused to confirm that he had administered oral sex to the defendant, despite the fact that sperm evidence was collected from the boy's face and clothing.

The boy told the court that it was his idea to dress in girl's clothing because he always wanted to be a girl, and when he expressed his feelings to his uncle, Marks agreed to buy the boy some girl's clothes. Over the previous several months, the uncle had taken the boy shopping on numerous occasions. In fact, one of those shopping excursions led to the mother's discovery.

Around noon on the day of the incident, Marks and his nephew were noticed shopping in the girls' lingerie department of the Mayar store in the Harford Mall by Mrs. Matilda Naglesen, the boy's former babysitter. After she saw Marks sizing his nephew for little training bras, lacy slips and silken panties by holding each item up to the boy's body, Naglesen went to the convenience store where the boy's mother was employed and told her what she had seen. That prompted the mother to leave work and go to Marks' house, where she discovered the pair.

The boy maintained that he loved his uncle since "he was the only person who was nice to me and ever spent time with me." He said he had no friends his age and all the kids at school knew he was effeminate. They called

him a "sissy, faggot, pantywaist queer" and other terms which are not printable. Even the girls teased and shunned him.

The boy refused to speak against his uncle and told the court that the uncle had not forced him to do anything against his will. Under careful questioning, the boy himself said that he initiated all intimate contact with his uncle because "he wanted to act like a girl in every way."

Despite Marks maintaining his innocence and pleas and tears from the boy, the man was given the six-year sentence by Judge A. R. Mickelanz for the three counts against him. However, the sentence was suspended, providing there is no more intimate contact between the two.

The judge suspended the sentence in part because of testimony by Kyrovitch in which she admitted to supporting her son's aberration for girls' clothing and desire to be a girl. For more than a year before the incident, she herself bought and supplied him with silky, lace-trimmed panties to wear under his boy's clothes because he had insisted upon it.

Further testimony revealed that Naglesen, while caring for the boy over a two-year period, became aware that the boy wore girls' panties all the time instead of regular boys' underwear.

That called into question her motivation for reporting the incident to the mother, especially since the woman had originally told the mother that Marks was indecently touching the boy as he sized him up for the lingerie purchases. That is why the mother left the store to confront Marks.

After further questioning, Naglesen recanted, saying that she did not witness any indecent touching in the store. Furthermore, she admitted to being jealous of Marks because he had taken over baby-sitting chores for the boy, which had been earning her between \$50 and \$75 each weekend.

When the boy was called back to the stand, it was a surprise to all when he revealed that it was Naglesen, and not his uncle, who had first initiated him into sex while he was under her care.

He said she used to punish him whenever he was naughty by making him strip down to his panties for her own (at the time) six-year old twin son and daughter to laugh at and humiliate. The boy asserted that on numerous occasions, Naglesen forced him to perform oral sex on both her son and daughter, under threat of taking away his lace panties.

Naglesen interrupted the court, demanding that the boy was lying; however, the boy willingly testified in great detail about numerous alleged incidents.

In response to that testimony, the state's

attorney's office said they were considering filing charges against Naglesen, especially since a probe has resulted in other evidence and witnesses, including the woman's estranged husband.

The boy's injuries are not quite as severe as first thought. He has been steadily regaining feeling and movement in his upper body. Doctors are cautious but optimistic concerning his prognosis. At the hospital where he obtains physical therapy, all the attendants call him by his girl's name and seem to have no problem accepting him as a girl. Since the incident, the boy has been dressing full-time as a girl and has even had his ears pierced. Even though he now attends school in girls' clothes, those clothes have been limited to girls' slacks and blouses. Under threat of disciplinary action, other students have been warned not to tease or harm him. □

### FANCY COSTUMES, CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

like "sissy," "baby panties," and "girly-boy."

The woman, who refused to be identified, laughed uproariously whenever Tommy's skirt was lifted by the wind, and when Tommy's father ushered him up to the grandstand for the final round, the woman shouted, "Hey, mister! How could you let your wife buy those outrageous pink panties for your sissy son?"

Anthony Bell, Tommy's father, scowled at the woman and explained that Tommy himself had picked out the outfit, and Anthony added that he was the one who had purchased the outfit for his son.

In accepting the award, Tommy's mother, Tricia, explained that she called her son's outfit the "Sissy Little Bloomer Boy." She got the idea to dress the boy in this fashion because it had long been her practice to punish Tommy, when he needed correction, by making him wear his big sister's frilliest panties. She eventually discovered that Tommy liked the punishment and even suspected he got into trouble on purpose so he would be forced to wear the lacy panties belonging to his nine-year-old sister, Carri, whom he idolized.

To anyone nearby, Tricia extolled her views, explaining that putting boys in frilly girls' clothes taught them to be sweet and gentle. She would not tolerate a loud, boisterous, roughneck boy around the house so she brought Tommy up to be a mother's soft and cute dream child. All the while she was talking, she kept fidgeting with Tommy's outfit, pulling up his knee socks straightening out his skirt and fluffing up the bows and frills on his bloomer legs. In fact, she didn't hesitate hoisting his skirt right up to his waist so she could snug his satin panties up high around his tiny body. As he squirmed in the satiny panty folds enveloping his hips, she cooed in his ear and told him how pretty he was and how lucky he was to be able to wear such wonderful little princess panties.

Tommy just sighed. He seemed to be lost in his little sissy boy world, a world from which he might never escape. \*

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## *Sissyboys in the Movies*

At your local video store, you can possibly find the made-for-television special *The Life and Loves of a She-Devil*, a British production made in about 1983. During one scene, a bored little boy and girl decide to pretend to be adults. The boy dresses up in his stepmother's white satin panties and teddy (photo #1, above left) and waits on his bossy sister, pouring her wine (#2, above right). They both get drunk and pass out. They are discovered by the maid and their parents. The boy, still in his lingerie (#3, below left) is helped up by the maid and put on the couch (#4, below right).



## The End of Panty lines #10

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