

THE ORIGINAL
PARTY LINES



That's it, Timmie. Just a few more strokes on your tiny penis through these silky panties, and you'll be hooked on my lingerie for the rest of your miserable life! Okay? Good. Real good. Now shoot, you prissy little pantywaist!

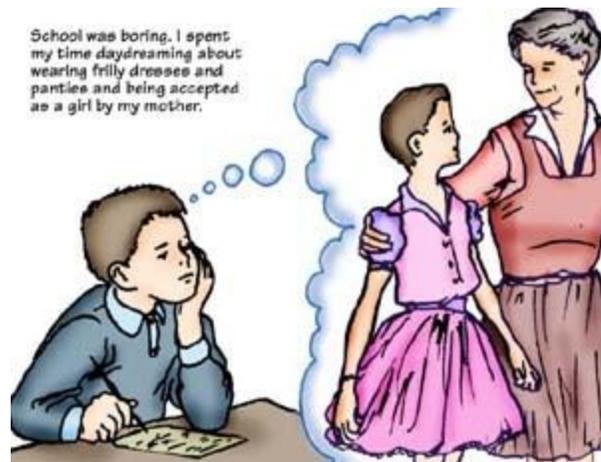
No. 7
Classic Reprint

Adults Only

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

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The Making of a Sissy

Part 7

In this continuing, true-life story, Sissyboy Jimmie describes the events that took place during his childhood and turned him into a sissy forever.

To summarize what has taken place so far: I grew up just after World War II in a female-oriented home. Since my father worked long hours, I spent most of my time with just my mother and two older sisters. Even when my father was home, I had difficulty relating to his firm, no-nonsense ways. At a very early age, I learned to avoid him as much as possible because I feared him; to me, his only role was the family disciplinarian.

I spent so much time with my sisters that my learning was limited to girls' games and girls' ways of doing things. Even when we'd fight, I didn't fight like a boy; I fought like they did, scratching and pulling hair. I knew I was different from my sisters, but I didn't understand exactly how or why. All I knew was that I wanted to be like them as much as possible.

One day as far back as I can remember, when I was about three or four years old, I found a new pair of my sister's silky yellow panties in the bathroom laundry hamper. They looked so pretty that I had to try them on. Immediately, they made me feel like I was transformed into a girl, but some inner voice told me that I wasn't supposed to be wearing my sister's clothes. Had I worn them at an even earlier age and been scolded for doing so? I don't know, but something inside me told me that what I was doing was wrong. Yet I found myself attracted to panties more and more, and I began to isolate myself in the bathroom at every opportunity, lock the door, and try on silky panties pilfered from the laundry. Then I'd dance around in front of the bathroom mirror.

I wanted my mother to allow me to wear silky panties like my sisters. So one day I let her discover me wearing them. She commanded me to take them off and never to do such a thing again. However, by that time, I was so addicted to wearing silky panties that I knew I would always want to wear them.

When my oldest sister was ready to make her First Communion, Mom went shopping for the fancy white dress and lingerie my sister needed for the occasion. Mom took my other sister and me along on that shopping trip, and I fell in love with those clothes the moment I saw them in the store. I had never seen anything so pretty as the flouncy dress, sissy slip and lace-trimmed, white satin panties.

The night before the ceremony and only a day after my mother had brought home the dress from the store, I was caught trying on both the beautiful dress and lingerie. For punishment, I was thoroughly humiliated, forced to parade around in the dress before my family and visiting relatives, and then given a sound spanking through those fancy lace panties.

The following year, I started school, but I still secretly dressed in my sisters' panties at every opportunity. I'd let my mother catch me again and again, hoping that eventually she would give in and let him wear nice panties like my sisters, but her reaction was always the same: she'd soundly scolded me, make me take the panties off and return them to the clothes hamper.

Now, to continue with my story.



I can only guess why I wanted to wear panties at every opportunity. Somehow I made the association that if I wore panties, I too would be a girl. To me, panties represented being a girl and being accepted by my mother and sisters, the most important people in my little world. Deep down in my heart I'm sure I knew that by simply wearing panties, I wouldn't change into a real girl, but I did feel that they would make me enough like a girl to be treated as an equal to my sisters.

Of course, I wanted to dress completely like a girl, but I knew that was out of the question following how everyone reacted when I was caught in Alice's First Communion dress. If I could get my mother to accept me as a girl, maybe she could get my dad to accept me as a girl too. And that was important because my sisters didn't seem to fear my father like I did, probably because they didn't get spanked by him like I did. I don't think they ever got spanked but I got spanked with regularity. So it wasn't important that my father accept me as a girl for its own sake, but by accepting me as a girl, maybe I too would no longer get spanked.

So for some indeterminable interim period (until I could wear dresses and have long hair too), I

decided panties were the first and most important step toward girlhood. If I wore panties like my sisters, I felt like I was one of them. Even if I didn't wear any other items of girls' clothing and simply wore panties under my boys' clothes, I felt that would be the start of changing me into a girl.

And to me the key was my mother. I felt that if she would accept me wearing panties, my sisters would accept me too and treat me as an equal in play and while doing chores around the house.

So, over the next few years I kept playing my secret dress-up game, all the while hoping and praying to become a girl. Occasionally, I'd let my mother catch me with a pair of panties peeking out above the waistband of my trousers. Every time I did, she would get angry and threaten to tell my father. She would always make me take the panties off, but I was sure with each time that she caught me, I was wearing her down a bit more, and eventually she'd give in to my wishes and let me wear panties. My nearly daily visits to the laundry hamper were very satisfying. The pretty panties I found there were magical, my entry into a make-believe world that soothed my tormented soul. I was convinced that wearing panties was the great equalizer with my sisters.

For years, I had looked forward to starting school because that was one more thing that separated me from my sisters. Since they were two and three years older than me, I spent a two-year period alone at home with my mother while my sisters were in school. But when I finally did start school, I wasn't a very good student because I found school boring. Instead, I'd sit at my desk and daydream about being a girl, dressing completely like a girl and having my mother accept me that way.

I remember very well my birthday when I turned seven. Of course, I wanted to ask my family to buy me lacy panties and other girls' clothes for presents, but that was only a dream, I knew there was no chance of that happening. I knew that if I told anyone I wanted panties and other girls' clothes for my birthday that they would make fun of me.



I loved celebrations, and like any other kid, only Christmas outdid my birthday as the most exciting day of the year. My mother made my favorite cake, and I couldn't wait for the party to begin.

My mother's older sister, my aunt Maryann, was a tough, domineering woman. Not some modern, kinky, leather-wearing monster of femininity, but the old-fashioned sort of domineering woman that was prim and proper but not afraid to speak her mind, regardless of who was listening. Her manner was a bit rough on the edges, but she was very smart, efficient and self-disciplined, qualities that made her good at her job as a manager over a huge pool of women typists at a local publishing company.

I liked her in a strange sort of way, probably because she said and did whatever she wanted to say and do. I appreciated that kind of power. She was the first person that I ever heard use a swear word. She said the word, "Shit!" The first time she said it, the whole house came to a

standstill. No one said a word; they could only stare at my aunt in shock. Of course, my aunt went right on talking like nothing had happened. At the time, I had never heard the word before. I asked my oldest sister what the word meant. Only after a couple of days of asking and a bribe did she whisper the meaning to me.

My aunt was ahead of her time. She didn't shirk from situations. It was her nature to tackle things head-on, and she was the only person I knew who would openly argue with my father when she disagreed with him.

Aunt Maryann held herself to high standards. For one, she was always very punctual. The day of my birthday, she was the first to arrive. As always, I was happy to see her. Of course, she came with a gift for me. I thanked her for it and put it on the table where, I hoped, it would be joined by many other gifts from the others that would be arriving.

Since it was my birthday, I had decided to treat myself by secretly wearing a pair of my sister's silky panties under my clothes. They were what I called her "cowboy panties" because they were light blue and decorated with a western scene, a man riding a bronco horse was stenciled in red ink on the left hip. Of course, I felt sure that these were the kind of panties that I should be allowed to wear, after all they had pictures of cowboys on them so in my mind they were for boys to wear too, even if my mother didn't agree with me.

It was a tradition in our house that the person having a birthday would get a birthday spanking. I felt sure I could get away with wearing the panties because my birthday spankings were always given over my trousers. No one would ever know that underneath I had on Alice's silky panties.

Once everyone arrived, they sat in a large circle in our small living room. My mother, father, two sisters and Aunt Maryann were there. My aunt Helen had to help out at our local church that night so she was going to stop by later with her two daughters. Since it was getting late, Mom suggested that I should open my gifts and not wait for Aunt Helen.

I opened the gifts. I got some money, clothes, a toy shovel and bucket for playing at the beach and a Mr. Peanut bank to hold my money. My aunt Maryann's gift was the last one for me to open. She picked it up and had me to come over by her to open it. She was a big woman, loud and jolly, commanding and strong. As she spread her legs and modestly tucked her long dress between her thighs, she grabbed me and pulled me close until I was standing between her legs with my back to her. Her big arms encircled me, and she held her gift while I opened it.

Quickly, I undid the ribbons and tore open the paper. It was a small flat box that made me think that it probably contained more clothes. I lifted off the lid and parted the tissue paper. I went to reach in, but I momentarily froze in position because inside the box I could see something frothy and satiny. Something shiny and delicate. Something in a rainbow of colors trimmed in bright white lace. Everyone was shouting for me to show them what was in the box. From behind me, I heard my aunt's booming voice urging me to hold up my gift so everyone could see them.

I couldn't move a muscle. I stared and stared into that box. Secretly, I had wanted it to be a box full of pretty panties. And that's exactly what it was! But, I couldn't believe it. I was sure that my

eyes were playing tricks on me. Finally, I realized I was not seeing things. My aunt really was giving me girls' panties for my birthday.

I still couldn't move.

My little mind was reeling as I tried to comprehend what was really happening. Embarrassment quickly set in because I knew that within seconds everyone was going to see what was in that box. Everyone was still yelling at me to show them my gift. I was confused and in shock. I had been thrown into an unbelievable situation. I wanted the panties. There was nothing I wanted more. But I really didn't want it to happen this way. With everyone staring, I was very self-conscious. I wanted to grab that box of panties before anyone could see them and run into the privacy of my room where I could put them on in secret.

With all the yelling going on, my aunt lost patience with me. She reached into the box and pulled out the three pairs of panties. Then she set the box aside and unfurled each pair. There was one pair in each color: pink, yellow and blue. They were decorated with white lace and little white satin bows. They were beautiful. They were prettier than any of my sisters' panties. They were the most beautiful panties I had ever seen. She held up each pair of the lacy panties so everyone could see them. She held them right up to my waist so everyone could get an idea of what I would look like wearing them.

There was a long moment of silence. I peeked at my mother, but she didn't say a word. She just sneered at me. Suddenly, there were a few shrieks. Everyone was coming to life, asking questions, getting louder and louder; shrill, annoying echoes of laughter heightened the commotion.

Tears of shame filled my eyes, but through the tears I saw my sisters huddling around our mother. Stone-faced, she was explaining something to them. They sank to their knees, threw their hands up and let loose with bursts of laughter. My father shook his head and grumbled something. I couldn't hear what he said, but I was sure it was a nasty comment.

My aunt swooned with delight, admiring her own gift to me. She cooed and giggled like a child, just to embarrass me, as she kept adjusting the panties across my hips, checking the size of each pair to see if they would fit me properly.

"Well, now aren't these little panties sweet, Jimmie?" She spoke in a teasing, rough voice.

She didn't wait for me to answer.

"I'll bet you're the only little boy in the world with your own supply of girls' panties. Why, Jimmie, I think you've turned yourself into a sissy.

"After all, only a sissy boy would wear girls' panties. My god, it looks like we have a real, honest-to-goodness little pantywaist sissy boy in the family.

"Is that what you are, boy? Tell me you're a sissy who wears girls' panties.

"Come on, tell me! I'll bet you'd like to wear a dress too? A sweet little party dress to wear over your nice new panties!"

I couldn't answer her. Tears were streaming down my cheeks. I was on the verge of breaking down completely.

Just then, I heard my mother say, "Well, that's what he wanted so let's put him into a pair of his pretty new panties.

"Maryann, since you bought them for him, why don't you take him into the bedroom and help him put on a pair. He can wear them for his birthday spanking," my mom said laughing.

I didn't dare look at my father's piercing, intimidating eyes, but I could hear him clearing his throat in disgust.

My sisters kept laughing, talking rapidly and squealing.

Alice yelled, "Yes, put him in the panties, . . . the yellow ones! We want to see Jimmie in his new yellow panties."

I didn't resist as my aunt took me by the hand and led me into my parent's bedroom, which was just off the living room.

She kept up a stream of little laughs and biting comments as she undid my belt buckle. I tried to push her away, but I was no match for her great strength. She flipped me onto the bed with ease and held me down as she tugged down my pants.

When she saw Alice's blue panties that I had been wearing beneath my trousers, she did a double take and almost gagged on a fresh explosion of laughter. As she continued to laugh, she depants me effortlessly, and then yanked down the blue panties and replaced them with the new bright yellow panties that she had bought for me.

Before I knew it, she grabbed me by the arm and dragged me back to the living room.

Everyone cheered upon my entrance because they could see the yellow panties peeking out from beneath my shirttails. They told me to turn around and model my new panties for them.

My aunt took both of my hands in hers and made me hold my arms high over my head. That action caused my short shirttail to creep up my body and totally expose my pretty panties. While keeping my arms up, she made me twirl around so everyone could see the lovely lace panties from every angle.

I wasn't crying out loud, but tears were steadily trickling down my cheeks. I tried to hold back my tears because my father hated it when I cried. He'd call me names like sissy, pantywaist and girlie-boy when I cried. I desperately wanted this whole situation to come to a quick end.

Just when I thought the worst was over, my aunt went into the pocket of her dress and pulled out Alice's blue panties that I had been wearing. She told everyone how she had found me secretly wearing those panties under my trousers.

Everyone laughed some more.

My sister Alice yelled in shock that they were her panties.

My dad called me a goddamn pantywaist sissy as he reached in my direction with his long arm and gave me a vicious swat across my panty-covered bottom. Mom led me over to him and pushed me over his lap, I realized that I was probably about to get my birthday spanking. I felt Dad's hand slide upward along my legs and across the soft silk of my panties as he pushed my shirttail out of the way. Mom held my arms to keep me from struggling. With one hand my dad pulled my legs in position across his lap. With his other hand, he roughly grabbed the waistband of the panties. For a moment, I thought that he was going to pull them down, but instead, with a strong yank, he pulled the panties up high around my body. He kept tugging upward on the waist elastic. The silky tightness between my legs made me squirm.

While birthday spankings in our family left you with a stinging rear end, they were not half as bad as punishment spankings. But, at that moment, I sensed my father's intense anger; I knew I was in for a hard spanking.

He let go of my legs. He knew that I knew better than to try and get off of his lap. With the nice panties still tightly stretched across my butt, he began to spank me. He made me count the seven spans that were due on that birthday. This was much more severe than a traditional birthday spanking, my father was hitting me with all his might. He was taking his anger out on my tight little yellow-pantied candy ass. By the time that my seven spans were over, I was screaming in terror, jumping and wiggling around in ass-burning pain.

My sisters had jumped up and stood close by to get a good view, and when my dad was finished, they took their turn spanking me, raining a series of little slaps across the seat of my well-smacked panties. Even their little spans hurt a lot following my dad's brutal wallop.

Finally, I was allowed to get up, but only after my father vigorously rubbed my spanking into my sizzling pantied butt with his big hands. Repeatedly, he rubbed his big fingers over my silky panties. His hard, calloused hands kept snagging the crisp new nylon. Then he laughed at me and asked how the panties felt with my bottom all heated up. I was allowed to put my trousers back on, but Mom thought it would be funny if I had to keep my shirt tucked into the waistband of the panties so the pretty yellow elastic and nylon could be pulled up high and kept on view above the top of my trousers.

Finally, my father pushed me away and told me to play some girlie games with my sisters. They got their dollhouse and set it up on the living room floor. I was forced to play with them while our parents and Aunt Maryann talked. Every once in a while my mom or my aunt would ask me about the panties, like how they felt, or they made me tell them how pretty they were and things like that. And several times, Mom made me stand up and come over to her so she could tuck my

shirt in a little tighter and pull my panties up a little higher to make sure that they stayed in plain view.

When my aunt Helen and her two daughters, Ellen and Annie, arrived, I was sitting on the couch next to my mom. My mind was in turmoil. I didn't want to be embarrassed in front of them, and so I decided to stay seated on the couch. Maybe I wouldn't have to get up. I knew they weren't going to stay long. Perhaps, I could avoid having them find out about the yellow panties that I was wearing.

Once they were inside, they all took turns in wishing me a happy birthday, and they each handed me a gift. My mother insisted that I get up and show them the gifts I had already received. I carefully got up but held my arms across my front to prevent my peeking panties from being seen.

As I showed them each of my gifts, my sisters began to laugh louder and louder. After I had shown them everything except the lace panties, my mother told me to show them what else I had received.

I didn't know what to do, so I just started to cry.

Mom handed me the box with the other two pairs of panties neatly folded inside. I had to open the box for them to see the panties, and my mom made me take out each pair and hold them up.

My little girl cousins screeched with laughter when it was explained to them that the panties really were for me.

Then, Mom pulled me over to her and pinned my arms to my sides by encircling me with one of her big strong arms. With the thumb and forefinger of her free hand, she daintily pulled up the elastic waistband of my yellow panties. She hauled them up into prominent view above my trouser tops, letting the elastic snap loudly back into position. She kept yanking up on the elastic all around as she laughed and talked with my aunt and cousins all about me liking to wear my sister's panties.

I hung my head in humiliation as she opened the front of my trousers and let them have a good look at the yellow panties I had forced to put on.

My cousins screeched and laughed really loud. Aunt Helen broke out into rich peals of laughter too.

I really liked my aunt Helen. She was always my favorite relative, and her laughing at me hurt me very much.

Determined to have the panties very neatly displayed above my trouser tops, Mom kept smoothing out the nylon and lace and kept readjusting the thin, snappy elastic. She commanded me to leave the panties the way she fixed them and not to try to cover them up again. With a

straight face, she explained that they were very pretty panties so they should be left out where everyone could see them!

Everyone sat down and started to talk. Every detail of the story about me wearing girls' panties was explained for my Aunt Helen's benefit because she didn't understand what was going on. Mom told her how she had repeatedly caught me wearing panties. After she had caught me numerous times, she explained that she told my dad. He couldn't believe it. He couldn't understand why I would do such a thing. Mom said Dad didn't want to deal with it. He suggested that she talk it over with her oldest sister (my aunt) Maryann about it.

After she told my aunt, they decided to try to embarrass me out of wanting to wear something so silly as girls' panties, and their plan was to buy me these panties and give them to me for a birthday gift. Well, that conversation explained some things for me, but it also left me wondering where everything stood and what was going to happen next.

As the night went on and once she had gotten over her initial laughter, my aunt Helen was very kind and sweet to me. She encouraged me to sit on her lap. She talked about the pictures I liked to draw and the toys and other gifts I had gotten. She didn't partake in most of the panty jokes and jibes that seemed to erupt every few minutes. Whenever someone would say something nasty to me, she'd just gently rub her soft hand on my shoulders and down my back in a very supportive and reassuring way.

That gentle rubbing had such a soothing effect. A couple of times, she rubbed her hands all the way down my back and over my exposed panties. She let her fingers teasingly linger there for a few moments as she playfully plucked at the silky fabric, but she didn't make any snide remarks or give me mean looks like everyone else was doing.

After we all had some cake and ice cream it was late, so my aunts and cousins had to go, and my sisters and I had to get ready for bed.

As my aunt Helen was putting on her coat, she leaned over and whispered in my ear so no one else could hear.

"Oh, Jimmie! You look so pretty in your yellow panties. You know, your cousins have lots of pretty clothes. When you come over to our place you can try on all their pretty dresses and panties and play with their dolls all day long."

She didn't say it in a mocking or nasty way. She made it sound so nice. As I said, she had always been my favorite relative. She always treated me so nice. And with those sweet, loving words, she came through for me once again and immediately solidified her position as my favorite relative and possibly the greatest person in the world. She was the only person who all night long said something about me wearing girls' clothes in a tone of approval and understanding. Her words were wonderful to hear.

After she left, I drifted into my room to get ready for bed. Her words help to insulate me from the parting jabs and verbal assaults that were thrown at me as everyone said their good-byes. For

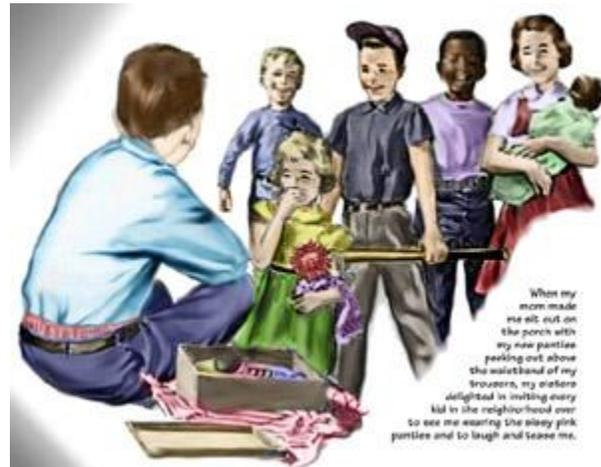
bedtime, I was forced to keep on the yellow panties. Mom also gave me a silky pink nightgown that I recognized as belonging to one of my sisters.

I didn't fight it as she pulled it over my head. In fact, I willingly put up my arms and couldn't wait to feel the nightgown's silkiness envelope me. Without comment she tucked me into bed. I was so emotionally drained from this traumatic experience that I drifted to sleep that night wrapped in the exciting feminine softness of the beautiful yellow panties and lacy nightgown. It was the first time I had ever worn a girls' nightgown and it was a wonderful thrill.

When I woke up the next morning, Mom told me to take off the nightgown and yellow panties and put on the pink panties. Then she dressed me in my regular boys' clothes but made sure to tuck my shirt into the panties. She pulled the panties up high around my waist so once again they could be seen sticking out high above the top of my trousers.

It was a Saturday so we didn't have school.

Mom made me sit on the front porch with my sisters who got all the kids in the neighborhood over to see me. My sisters told them about my birthday party and made me show them the pink panties sticking out of my trousers.



When my
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to see me wearing the silky pink
panties and to laugh and tease me.

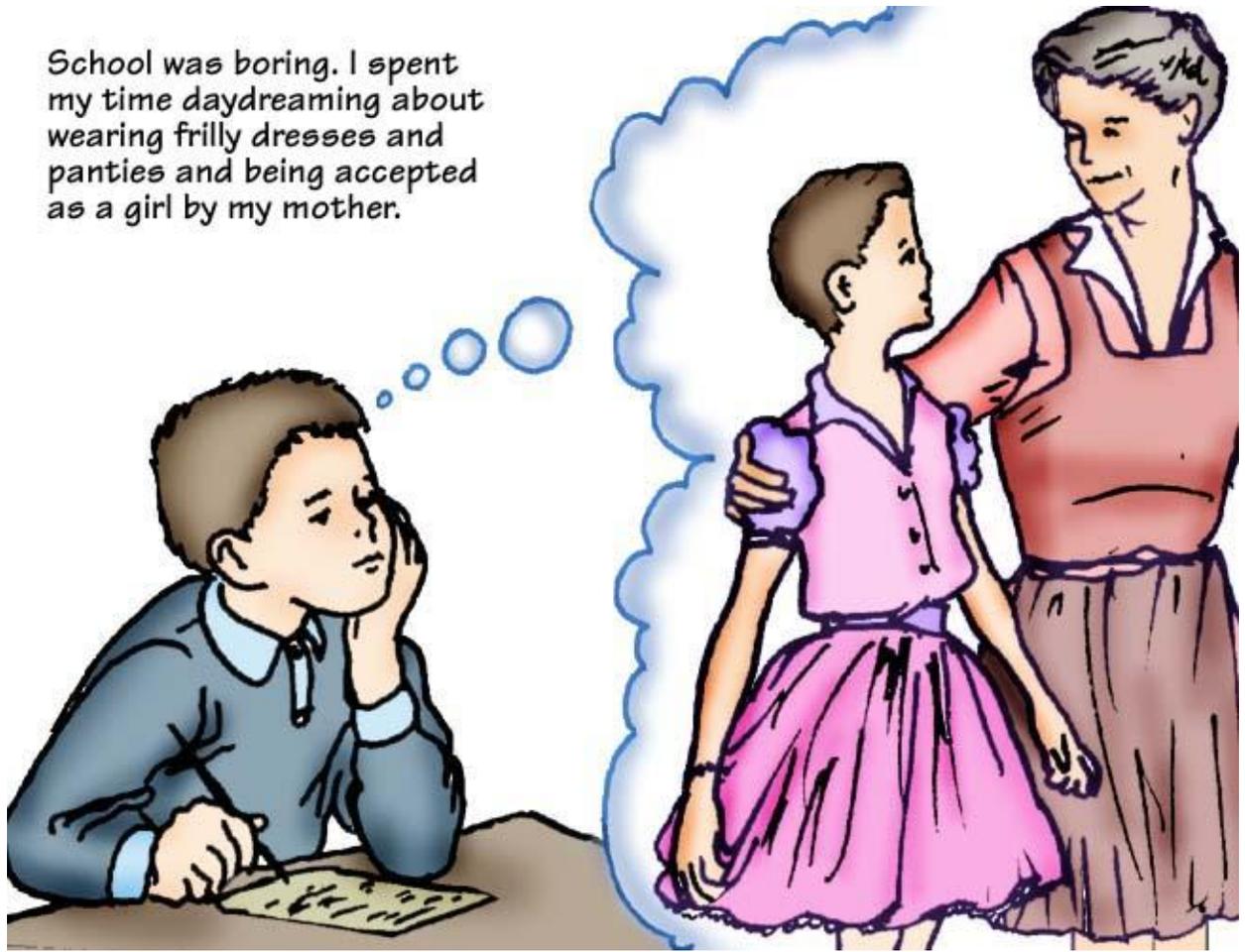
The kids teased the hell out of me and called me a sissy and a girl. Kelly, a nasty little girl from next door, cornered me repeatedly and laughed in my face as she snapped my panty elastic. Those snotty kids kept me in tears for over an hour before they tired of teasing me and let me run into the house and hide in the closet. Mom pulled me out of the closet, took off my pants and the panties and put my old boys' underwear back on me. As she gathered up the three pairs of panties and the nightgown, she proudly spoke like she had won some kind of lottery or something, saying she was confident that I had learned my lesson. She was sure I had been so embarrassed that I would never again want to wear panties.

I wondered what Mom had done with those panties after she had taken them away from me. A few days later, I found the panties, freshly laundered, in my sister's underwear drawer. I was mad about that. Those were my panties! They were given to me on my birthday! They were mine!

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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School was boring. I spent my time daydreaming about wearing frilly dresses and panties and being accepted as a girl by my mother.





OK, Jimmie,
don't cry!
Let's show
everyone all
the pretty lacy
panties I got
you for your
birthday!



On the occasion of my 7th birthday I wanted to ask my family to buy me lacy panties and other girls' clothes for my birthday gifts, but that was only a dream, I knew that there was absolutely no chance of that happening. I knew if I told anyone I wanted girls' clothes that they would laugh and make fun of me.



Sissy Boy to Sissy Husband

Dear Princess,

I am twenty years of age, but I've been a sissy ever since I was very young. I grew up in a rough neighborhood, and the boys wouldn't have anything to do with me except when they wanted to pick on me. They'd chase me, call me names and beat me up with regularity. As a result, I stayed away from the boys and played with the girls.

Most of the girls that lived nearby were a little older than I was, but they accepted me into their group and let me play with them as long as I did what they said. As time went on, they became more and more demanding. They'd make me run and fetch for them and then tease me about it. When they played house, they'd make me pretend to be a little baby boy. They got a big kick out of changing the diapers and rubber baby panties they made me wear. One day, when I told them that I didn't want to be the baby anymore, Melinda, the oldest in our little group, came up with a solution.

"Well, Peter, you're not old enough to play the daddy, and it wouldn't be any fun if you pretended to be a little boy because that's what you are, so let's see . . . I've got it! You can be a little girl."

I was surprised at her idea, but at her urging, I agreed, and the girls cheered.

When Melinda announced that I would have to dress up like a little girl, the girls cheered even more, and I started to have second thoughts.

Since I was closest to Gail' in size, the girls hustled our little clan over to her house to get me some clothes. I didn't resist too much as they undressed me, but I did balk when I saw Melinda advancing toward me with a pink satin slip draped over her arm and pink satin panties stretched open between her hands.

"Peter! Hold still!

"You better let us put these pretty clothes on you, or we won't let you play with us anymore.

"Besides, these are really nice things. They'll feel so good when you have them on, and they'll make you look just like a real pretty little girl when we play house."

I thought about running away from them, but I felt stupid standing there naked so I let them dress me in Gail's clothes even though I complained and wanted to resist.

Melinda took charge. With girlish glee, she orchestrated my transformation.

"Now, step into your pretty new panties, Peter. Hold still so I can pull them all the way up."

After tugging them up high around my waist, she let the elastic waistband go with a loud snap. I let my fingers roam over the strange lace and silky fabric covering my hips as I studied them and realized they were so much prettier than my regular underwear. The lace was white with a red edge. A shiny red bow was right in the middle of the lace over each leg. They really felt weird. Melinda saw me touching the lace.

"Uh-oh! I see you playing with your panties. You like them, don't you? I knew you'd love dressing up like a girl. "

The other girls were snickering, and I became embarrassed, but Melinda charged right ahead. She made me raise my arms so she could slide the ruffled slip over my head. A fluffy, pink dress with a wide lacy collar and big puffy sleeves and a pinafore front followed. The dress was short on me, but at least it covered up the feminine slip and panties. Little white ankle socks and white patent leather shoes were put on my feet. When I stood up and looked down at myself in all those fancy clothes, I felt very different. The taffeta petticoat was stiff and made whispering noises every time I moved. I looked in the mirror and saw that, except for my short boyish haircut, I did look just like a girl.

The girls couldn't do anything with my hair so they just tied a pink satin ribbon around my head and settled for me being a little girl with short hair.

I was uncomfortable in these strange new clothes, but I was surprised as to how fast I got used to wearing them. In fact, as we started to play house, I realized I was beginning to enjoy being dressed like that. Whenever I moved, the dress, slip and panties all rubbed against each other, tickling my body while making sweet rustling sounds. The exotic sensations caused by these soft clothes excited every nerve ending in my body.

The girls quickly accepted me as a girl. Except for an occasional giggle or comment, they tried to put me at ease. Since I was no longer playing the part of the baby, one of the littlest girls was designated to be the baby. During the game of playing house, someone decided that it was time to change the baby. When they unpinned the little towel, which served as a makeshift diaper, I was amazed when I looked between her legs. It was the first time I had seen a little girl "down there." I knew girls were somehow different between their legs because of the way my little girlfriends would comment about my penis when they were changing my diapers. But until this moment, I didn't know what girls looked like underneath their panties.

Half consciously I put my hand under the dress I had on and touched my rubbery penis through the silky pink panties. Girls didn't have a penis, but it sure felt good to rub my penis through the silky panties. I got carried away with rubbing my dick because it felt so good. I stopped doing it when I heard Melinda laughing at me.

She said, "I'm going to tell your mother on you Peter."

The other girls wanted to know what I had been doing so Melinda explained that a little boy wasn't supposed to pull on his penis. It was very naughty. Melinda said she had to report to her mother whenever she caught her baby brother playing with himself. Her mother would then punish him so he'd stop doing it.

Melinda announced that since I was caught doing that bad thing, she was going to tell my mother. She grabbed me by the arm, dragged me out of the house and started walking toward my house. The other girls followed and began to taunt me for playing with my "dinky" as Melinda kept calling it.

I became scared even though I didn't know what I had done wrong. I clacked along the sidewalk in the shiny girlish shoes. My dress got caught in a gentle breeze. It puffed out and flipped up and down as the wind swirled under my taffeta slip and silky skirts. It was a great sensation, but the pleasant feeling evaporated as we neared my house. I wondered what my mother would say when she saw me in a dress.

With a host of squeals and chirping little voices, the girls ran into my house with me in tow. In response to their calls, my mother came around the corner and into the living room. At first, Mom didn't recognize me. Then the girls blurted out what they had done to me and pushed me forward for my mother to see.

Mom smiled, then laughed, "Well, what do we have here? I thought we had a new little girl in the neighborhood, but I can see now that it's just my son. Peter, do you want to be a girl now?"

"You know girls, he's always been more like a girl than a boy, the older kids call him a mama's boy. I'm not surprised that he likes to dress up like a girl."

I wanted to protest. I didn't want to be a girl, even though the clothes felt kind of fun. Being the center of attention had been interesting, but I had enough of being in the spotlight. Just then Melinda turned that light up a lot brighter. She took credit for dressing me up, and then, she tattled on me.

"Guess what, Mrs. Kayser? Guess what we caught Peter doing?"

"What, Melinda?"

"Well, after we dressed Peter up real nice like this, we caught him pulling on his dinky through his girls' panties."

Mom's eyes widened and she choked back half a laugh.

"Pulling on his thing in his panties?" she squealed. "Oh, that's naughty!"

"See, Peter, I told you it was naughty!" Melinda taunted.

"So my little boy is wearing panties, too! Come here, honey, and let me lift up your skirt I want to see your panties."

The girls had my dress up instantly and then shoved me toward my mother. She laughed with her eyes as much as her voice and seemed to enjoy looking up my skirt like that. Melinda held the dress up in back too so Mom could see them all the way around. Mom stooped down in front of me to closely examine the panties. She rubbed her hands all over them.

"Peter!" she said sternly but with a huge grin on her face. "Were you playing with your little thing inside your panties?"

I didn't understand all this stuff about my "thing" and my "dinky" and "playing with myself."

My eyes became moist and I hung my head in shame because I had obviously done something wrong.

"There, there, Peter," Mom said, as she hugged me and rubbed my little body through the rustling clothes.

She continued, "I don't suppose that I can be too hard on you, honey. After all these are very pretty panties and they are awfully soft and silky. I'll bet you just couldn't help it. You just had to touch your little boy thingie while it was covered with all this nice stuff." And as she said those things she gently squeezed and massaged my penis in the pink panties.

Melinda added that her mother always spanked her baby brother when they caught him playing with himself.

Mother said, "Well, we'll give Peter a little spanking to let him know that boys are not supposed to touch themselves."

She hoisted me over her lap and smacked me a number of times across my panty-covered rear. She didn't hit me very hard, but being the sissy that I am, I broke out into tears. Then Mom hugged me and kissed away my tears. She sent the girls home since it was getting close to dinnertime, and then she called Gail's mother and explained to that the girls had dressed me up in Gail's clothes. Mom told her that she would wash the clothes and then return them to her.

When we were alone, Mom asked me if I liked wearing girls' clothes. I couldn't find the voice in my throat to answer her so I just hugged her. I wasn't sure myself how about felt about them. It was confusing. Mom understood my gesture to mean, "Yes," so she told me to go out in the backyard until dinner was ready. She said that I could keep the dress and other things on until bedtime, if I wanted.

I hugged Mom again before running out the back door. I remembered how great it felt to have the breeze blow around under my skirts so I took off my shoes and went running across the yard. We had a large backyard. I ran and ran and ran. I twirled and hopped and skipped. I tried every kind of movement and step, as I wanted to experience every kind of motion in the freedom of a silky dress. I bent over to pick wild flowers and the wind caught my skirts and slip and blew up them high over my back. Anyone watching would have seen my frilly panties all the way up to the waistband. I didn't know what modesty was when it came to wearing a dress. I just knew I loved the feeling of a dress floating around my body, dancing in the wind.

At dinnertime, Mom called me from the back porch. When I saw her, I wondered how long she had been standing there and staring at me.

After that, the girls frequently dressed me in their clothes, and they always delighted in taking me home to my mother to show her how I looked because my mom always made a big fuss over how pretty I looked. From all of these dress-up sessions, I acquired a few pieces of girls' clothing, things I forgot to return or things the girls told my mother I could keep. I had several lacy undershirts, camisoles and pairs of panties. I started to dress myself in them in the mornings and wear them under my regular clothes because I liked how nice and silky they felt on my body. Mom noticed I was wearing them, but she didn't say much about it.

So the next time I needed new underwear, Mom took me to a girls' shop. She told me that I could wear girls' lingerie all the time if I wanted. I told her that I'd love to do that but I was afraid of others finding out because the girls told me people would call me names if they found out I liked to wear girls' clothes. Mom assured me that what other people thought didn't make any difference so I, of course, said "yes." Mom bought me a glorious collection of lacy vests and panties. The saleslady couldn't stop laughing after Mom told her that these clothes were for me. The woman sarcastically told us that I would turn into a sissy. Mom simply told her that I was already a sissy.

As the clerk took our purchases to the counter to ring them up, Mom explained to me that the woman was an example of a narrow-minded person. People who didn't understand a 'gentle' boy. People who thought there was something wrong with a boy wearing girls' clothes. Mom said such people weren't worth bothering with. After she paid for my new lingerie, Mom put her nose in the air, and we walked out of the store.

"Peter, darling," she said, "If you can handle being called a Sissy by a few dumb people, you can be as much of a girlie-boy as you want to be."

My mom was really a great mom. I already loved being a sissy boy, and I was willing to put up with the consequences of proclaiming my sissiness, especially with my mother ready to defend me. Except for my longtime girlfriends from the neighborhood, I was an outcast at school once word got out that I wore girls' panties. But my mom stood by me, and even today, I can count on her to come to my rescue if anyone tries to make trouble for me or take advantage of me.

My little group of girlfriends and I stuck together over the years, and last year, Melinda asked me to marry her. I've always loved Melinda, but I was a little afraid of marrying her because she had grown into such a strong and powerful woman. When Mom found out about the proposal, she was totally in favor of our marriage. My mom knows me well, and she also has a way of saying things to get me to do whatever she thinks is right.

She held me in her arms and said, "Peter, you're a pantywaist-sissyboy. You love being that way, and you're never going to change. You love Melinda. She's going to college to become a lawyer, and she'll satisfy all your needs. In return, she wants you to be her sissyboy husband. She needs you to take care of her needs while she attends college. You can do things for her like the cleaning, laundry and cooking. You can give her back rubs and massage her tired feet. She also needs you to be her pussy slave and to provide her with a few laughs when she returns from a busy day of work. I know you get embarrassed when she forces you to entertain her friends, but that's a small price to pay considering that, with her family's wealth, your financial future will be completely taken care of."

The date was set. Melinda had dominated me ever since I was a small child; now she would control me forever.

Her parents bought us a big house for a wedding present. Mom moved in with us and helped me keep up the house while Melinda attended college. My wife was much more demanding and forceful than my mother had ever been. Melinda belittled me constantly, but I loved her, so I didn't mind being the butt of her jokes, a mere possession to be abused. She especially liked to humiliate me in front of her friends and demonstrate to them how well she had me trained.

Now, I wait on her friends and her and do whatever I'm told to do. They tell me I'm a cute little wife while they run their hands over my clean-shaven body. It's particularly embarrassing when Melinda's friends, both men and women, play with my penis in my silky panties until I explode with an orgasm. They think it's so funny to see a sissyboy get his rocks off from being dressed in fancy girls' clothes. The torment I have to put up with has no end. I've learned not to complain. Any complaint from me, and Melinda turns me over her knee and wales the daylight out of me

as she spans me across my feminine panties. Moreover, she doesn't care where we are or who's watching.

Three months ago my wife got me a job in a ladies' apparel shop that belongs to one of her girlfriends. On the job, I wear my male clothes, but underneath I have to wear lace panties, stockings, an old-fashioned lace-up corset and a lightly padded brassiere. Some of the women who frequent the store know about my sissy status and enjoy bossing me around and making fun of me. They bring their teenage daughters in and point out to them my bra straps which show through my thin shirt or they make me go into the dressing room to model dresses for them.

I'm in charge of keeping the shelves stocked in the lingerie department. All day long, the salesladies make me hold up frilly panties, nighties or other bits of lingerie to my body so a customer can get an idea what the item will look like being worn. I try to stay busy and keep out of everyone's way, but everyday, they find some new way to poke fun at me. At the store, everyone wears nametags. Mine simply says, "PS" While I'm out on the sales floor, the clerks call me "PS." They usually say it with a slight chuckle. Of course, the PS stands for "pantywaist sissy," and all of the help and many of the customers know it. Down in the storeroom or back in the offices, they call me by my full nickname, always.

A few weeks ago, one of our best customers came in with her daughter and an anxious-looking boy in tow, whom I assumed was her son. They went right over to the owner and she escorted them all to one of the dressing rooms. A moment later, I was summoned to the same room. After knocking, I was told to enter and kneel on the floor. For the first time, I got a good look at the boy. His eyes were red. He must have been crying. He looked desperate and frightened. The daughter made no attempt to stifle her laughter at my expense. She knew me from previous visits to the store.

"Hi, faggot! I bet the boys just love your little titties," she said as she squeezed the cups of my padded bra through my shirt. Then she reached behind me and snapped the bra strap against my back.

My boss and the mother just sat back and let the daughter take charge. Through her words I learned what was going on and what was expected of me. She addressed the boy.

"Joey, this little fairy boy that you're looking at is called, PS, which stands for Pantywaist Sissy. We made this trip down here today to show you what's going to happen to you if you don't start minding both your mother and me, and I mean minding us in every little thing-without question, without moaning and without running and complaining to your father.

"Since your coach caught you peeking into the girls' locker room, Dad has washed his hands of you. He wants us to prevent you from ever doing such a thing again. In his business, he can't afford to have a Peeping Tom for a son. It would ruin his company if word of that got around."

She continued, "So we're here to introduce you to PS and to let you know how far we'll go to get you to mind us and to stay out of trouble. And that even includes turning you into a faggot sissy like PS here, if that's what it takes."

The daughter whose name was Margo turned to me and said, "Hey, Pansy! Do you have your lacy panties on today?"

"Of course, he does, dear," her mother interrupted. "You know that's the only kind of underwear he owns."

She looked me in the eye and said, "Okay, wimp! Drop your pants so my kid brother can see what you're wearing."

I knew better than to disobey. I undid my belt, unzipped my fly and let my trousers slide down my nylon-covered legs. Since I was still kneeling, my pants fell down around my knees. Next, I was commanded to unbutton and spread open my shirt. Which I did without hesitation. The boy's eyes widened in disbelief as he stared at my fancy lingerie. The three women found my attire good for a laugh especially when they spotted the embroidery on my panties, which said, "Peter's Panties."

The women made Joey come close to examine every detail of my lingerie. They made him squeeze the padded bra, feel my nyloned legs, snap my garters and finger the lace on my lovely purple panties. Then they made the horror-stricken boy reach into my lace panties and grab hold of my cock. They made him dig it out of the crotch and point it upwards in the front of my panties as they explained to the crestfallen boy that they wanted to prove to him that I really was a male even if I was just a lowly sissy male.

The boy cried when he was forced to handle my penis. He kept saying that it was "gay" to do something like that. He tried to follow the women's instructions and handle my penis like they told him to, but he was scared to death. He could only gingerly touch my dick with the tips of his fingers. He repeatedly tried to touch it only to yank his hand back in terror a soon as he felt it. His mother got tired of these shenanigans. She simply grabbed hold of his hand and forced it down into my panties and held it there until he took a hold of my dick. All of these maneuvers started to have an effect on me. My cock began to grow. And even though it isn't very big, it can get very hard and jut boldly out into my panties. With that, the women went into hysterics.

When their laughter died down, the mother said, "Well, Joey, your little faggot friend seems to like it when you play with his penis inside his swishy panties. I bet he'd love to make gay love with you."

The sister cackled with laughter as she said, "Yeah, I think Joey wants to get a blow job from our panty-wearing fag, here . . . or better yet, I think Joey wants to suck this boys' cock wrapped up in those sexy purple lace panties."

Joey cried. He tried to fight them, and he tried to run away, but the three women successfully restrained him. The boy was certainly distraught, but his mother knew that his spirit was

probably a long way from being broken. While I watched, she outlined a set of rules for the boy designed to whip him into shape and strip him of his manhood. Since his sexual curiosity had gotten him into trouble, she was going to make sure that he would be sexually under control from then on.

The boy was stripped of his clothes and forced into a pair of little girl rhumba panties with lace all over the backside and across the front. The pale yellow panties were decorated with pink lace and little bows in an assortment of pastel colors, but the most interesting thing was that the panties were sewn to a garter belt and the garter belt had been reinforced and fitted with a padlock in the back so that the panty-garter belt combination couldn't be removed without the key.

After the boy was fitted into the special panties, a pair of nylons were teasingly slid up his legs and attached to the garters. He was allowed to put on his regular boys' shirt and pants, but a warning followed: If this panty training did not cure him, he'd be forced to wear a complete outfit of girls' clothes to places where his friends would see him. That poor boy was well on his way to being completely pussy-whipped by the time he left the store that day.

Just yesterday, I heard that his mother was going to bring him into the store next Tuesday to be fitted for a training bra since his mother decided to take him a step further. She had started to put female hormone pills into his food. He'll probably be developing some little titties very soon. Within no time, he'll probably have bigger titties than most of the girls in his class. They're just at that age where they're starting to sprout breasts.

I can't wait for them to come in for the fitting. I don't think there is anything more traumatic for a boy than being fitted for his first bra while being told that he's been receiving female hormones.

My working hours at the store coincide to my wife's class schedule at college so we're able to ride together to and from my job. Recently, however, Melinda discovered that John Mautter, one of our good neighbors, works near her campus. Melinda suggested that we all form a car pool. John accepted. Prior to that, he knew some things about me because Melinda doesn't keep my sissy status or her domineering ways secret from anyone. And whatever he didn't know about us, she revealed to him during the first few days that we rode together. On the third day, she made me open my coat and show him my bra. Then she unzipped my fly and showed him the primrose-colored panties that I was wearing that day. He got a good laugh out of that.

He still smirks every time he sees me. I know he told his wife about me because when I saw her in the grocery store last week, she made a point of brushing up against me several times while we stood in the checkout line. I was sure that she was trying to feel my corset, bra and panties through my outer clothes.

By the second week of our car-pooling I was permanently designated to sit in the back. My wife and John took turns doing the driving, but as each day went on, they started to sit closer and closer together. It wasn't long before they were playfully poking and touching each other during our daily drive. Soon they were sharing some playful kisses. That quickly evolved into deep

tongue-sucking kisses. Naturally, their hands began exploring each other's body. Everyday became a sexual interlude for them as they practically made love right in front of me.

When I finally got up the nerve to mention to Melinda that I thought it had gone far enough, she slapped me on the face and told me to mind my own business. Then she shocked me by saying that she had been fucking around for years. In fact, she said she had never been faithful to me. For trying to control her, she commanded me to ask her for forgiveness, which I immediately did. She said I was a silly sissy and not capable of satisfying her sexually so she was entitled to have a real man from time to time.

She said a sissy whose idea of good sex is pulling on his pud until he spurts a thimble full of cum into his wife's dirty panties should know that he couldn't possibly satisfy her. She had never before told me about her infidelities because she wanted to spare my feelings. I suppose it was no real surprise for me. After all, we never have had conventional sex. I had tried once on our honeymoon, but I was so inept that she threw me off her and made me tongue her clit all night long. Ever since, that's how I please her.

Melinda explained that it was about time that I learned about her affairs. To further define this new dimension in our relationship, she told me to get my Shirley Temple outfit cleaned and pressed because she wanted me to wear it on the following Saturday night while I served her and John a special dinner. John's wife was out of town, and I knew that Melinda and John would make love all night long, and that's just what they did.

My wife was nice enough to add that if I did a good job of waiting on them, she'd let me lick his big uncircumcised cock clean while whacking myself off into a very special pair of panties. When I asked her what she meant by a 'special pair of panties', she explained that she had gotten from Mrs. O'Dell (she's the woman who had brought her son into the store to be fitted for panties) a pair of Joey's pretty rhumba panties. In fact, she said they were the first pair of panties that he had been forced to wear.

Mrs. O'Dell had given them to her as a souvenir and to thank her for my help in shocking her boy into the world of sissiness. From when Joey was first pantied in the store, I remembered those panties. They were very pretty panties. And I had a spectacular cum in them that night. My wicked wife really knows how to get to me. Here I was giving in to her, drooling at the opportunity of waiting on her and our neighbor while I was being cuckolded in exchange for being able to jack off into a little boy's first pair of ruffled panties. God, I really am a sissy!

Sincerely,
Pantied Peter

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I ran and twirled and hopped and skipped. I loved the feeling of a dress floating around my body, dancing in the wind. Mom called me from the back porch. When I saw her, I wondered how long she had been standing there staring at me.



Panty-Crazed Shopper

Dear Princess,

My natural curiosity led me to become attracted to panties while innocently looking through my mother's lingerie drawer. Since they felt so good in my fingers, I wondered what they might feel like to wear. I waited until one night when I was home alone. After stripping off my boys' clothes, I bravely tried on a pair of my mother's white panties. They were very silky, but fairly plain except for a little ruffle of white lace around the leg openings. They felt utterly fantastic.

I knew that a boy who did such a thing was a sissy. But, I didn't care. I guess I resigned myself to being a sissy right from that special moment. I danced around the house only stopping here or there to peer at myself in one of our full-length mirrors. Surprisingly, I wasn't all that embarrassed to be wearing my mother's panties. I was just twelve years old, but my penis throbbed wickedly in delight. Automatically, I rubbed my hands over the front and back of the soft panties. My penis jumped for joy inside the silky nylon. I walked to the front door and opened it. The front door of our house is very close to the street, and anyone driving by can see right into our house. So I just stood in the open doorway while cars passed by. I waved to them so they'd look at me. I don't know if any of the people in those cars could tell that I was wearing my mother's panties, but some of the drivers honked at me when I yelled out to them and waved.

At that moment I didn't know there was a name for it, but I was a little sissy exhibitionist. By standing in the doorway with just the panties on, I was proclaiming to the world that I was a full-blooded sissy. I finally closed the door, went back to the mirror and finished masturbating to my first-ever climax. It was a sensational feeling. From that moment, I knew that I wanted to forever wear all kinds of feminine clothes, especially lingerie.

I began stealing panties off clotheslines from houses where pretty girls lived. I studied pretty girls and their clothes hanging out on the line. I became an expert on the lingerie of every pretty girl in my class and in my neighborhood. I'd steal their panties, take them home and masturbate into them.

Once, I stole some really gaudy, fancy ones that belonged to a exciting Latino beauty named Jaunita who dressed like a whore. They were orange with red and pink lace panels on each side. I wore those panties every chance I got. I must have blown my wad into them over a hundred times before they finally became too tattered to save.

My mother eventually caught me with a hoard of over 50 pairs of panties belonging not only to her but to women from all over the neighborhood. She told me that she always knew I was very feminine in my ways so she wasn't surprised. I did tell her that I wasn't gay and I loved females, especially her. She made me promise to stop stealing panties because I could get into big trouble doing that. She promised to keep me supplied with panties so I wouldn't have to steal them. Mom and I quickly developed a very satisfying sexual relationship. And for years, the standard outfit for both of us around the house was just a pretty pair of panties. Mom went topless, and I loved her sexy titties. She saw how I was always staring at them, so she welcomed me kissing and

hugging them constantly. She encouraged me to become even more feminine. She let me grow my hair long, and she curled and bleached it. I really looked like a sexy teenage girl, and I moved beyond just dressing in lingerie and started to dress completely in girls' clothes, so Mom and I could go out shopping, to movies and to restaurants. Just as she started me on hormones (birth control pills that she got) so I could have nice titties too, she died. It was the saddest day of my life. To this day, I miss her dearly.

I tried to get my life together. I started college, and I knew I would have to start buying my own girls' clothes now that Mom was gone. I went into all kinds of women's stores to buy my needed dresses and panties. I never told the clerks that they were for a gift or anything, and I'm sure some of the salesladies guessed that they were for me. But that was okay. It was both pleasurable and humiliating when salesgirls gave me that "I know what you are" look.

Ever since I started buying my own lingerie, it has become one of my favorite things to do. I do try to shop when few other people are around, not because I don't want other people to see me but so I can talk to the salesgirls when they aren't too busy. I love engaging them in long conversations about panties and bras and other pretty things. I like to let them know that I am buying the bras and panties for myself. Some of the girls are surprised, but many of them have told me that they have sold lingerie to men in the past, knowing that the lingerie was for those men and not for some wife or girlfriend.

I keep my hair bleached and long and still look like a very young girl; however, I have a very deep voice, so when I say something, people usually know that I'm a male. It's exciting to talk to the girls about buying panties. I can talk on and on about styles, colors, designs, lace trims and elastics. Some of the saleswomen daintily hold the panties up to their waist to show me what the panties will look like being worn. On a couple of occasions, I've held the panties up to my own waist and asked the clerks their opinion.

When I was in college and still new at buying panties, one particular store I stocked a large selection of beautiful panties. I just had to keep going back and buying more and more of them. Almost every time I went there, the same salesgirl waited on me. Whenever I walked in, she'd brighten up with a big smile and come right over to the panty department to take care of me. She'd love to hold the panties up high so I (and everyone else) could see them. She'd talk in a loud voice as she questioned me in detail about what kind of panties I wanted. She'd drape the panties over my hands, pull on the elastics and point out the fine detail of the lace trim as she showed me selection after selection. Several times she encouraged me to finger the silky fabric covering the crotch. And once, she admitted that she was wearing panties exactly like the ones she was showing me. When she held them up to her hips, in delight, I leaked cum into the panties I was wearing.

One day she asked me, "Do you need a bra, a slip or some nylons?"

I wasn't expecting the question so I didn't know what to say. Being a bit flustered, I simply said "no thank you," but immediately, I was sorry that I didn't say "yes."

I would have loved to have bought an assortment of lingerie from her. Now, I have a huge wardrobe of bras and slips as well as panties, dresses and hot pants. The next time I'm back in

my old college town, I'm going to go back to that store and buy all kinds of things just for old times sake. I hope that same salesgirl is still there. She provided me with a lot of exciting memories.

After all the clothes my mother had gotten me started to wear out, I finally got up the nerve to buy myself a bra, a garter belt and nylons when I saw a beautiful blue satin garter belt and nylons on a mannequin in the window of a lingerie store, I knew that buying these additional items of women's wear would mark me even more as a hopeless girlie boy and cause me to fall even further away from my already limited manhood. But I didn't care, I knew I was ready to delve deeper into femininity.

Inside the store, a warm and talkative young girl came over to help me. I had difficulty telling her what I wanted so I simply took her over to the window, pointed to the mannequin and told her I wanted "them" and "one of those (as I pointed to a 50s style full, padded bra) to match."

When she asked me what size, I hemmed and hawed, then finally said, "Large." She just smiled knowingly, gave my physique a once-over and suggested, "You should try a 38."

I said "okay" to all her suggestions on size and style because even though I was used to buying panties for myself, buying these new bits of feminine lingerie brought a new sense of embarrassment because it was an advancement of my sissyhood.

On my way home from the store, I was so excited that I had to stroke my aching cock a few times through my pants and silky panties because it was throbbing for release. When I finally got home, I ripped off my outer clothes like lightening and got into my new bra, garter belt and tingly nylons. I was thrilled. Everything fit perfectly. I wanted to savor that moment forever, but my penis would not be denied any longer.

So that's a little about me and my life. Since you so love sissyboys, I hope my experiences have entertained you for a few moments.

Love,
Elaine Boy in KC.

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TV Maid Service

Dear Princess,

My dream has always been to be a maid to a beautiful lady and her friends. For various masquerade parties I have rented a maid's outfit from a theatrical costume supply house. Doing this is always a lot of fun because I get to try the outfit on before renting it, and I'd often have a young salesgirl helping me and giving me advice.

What a thrill it is to talk to a girl about bras, panties, sexy slips and pretty dresses while she zips you up and fluffs up your cancan petticoats. If you haven't tried it guys, I really recommend it for a great sissyboy high. Over the years, I've rented ballerina outfits, cheerleader skirts and sweaters, even a schoolgirl uniform in my size!

Anyway, I decided that I'd like to have a maid's outfit of my own, a cute little creation that I could wear around the place while doing the housekeeping, and so I went to a western wear store that special made square dance dresses in hopes that they'd be able to alter one of their patterns and make it into a maid's outfit for me.

The woman at the store accepted my explanation that I needed a costume for a play. She discussed it with me in detail, and then I picked out a pattern that with the skirt severely shortened would look like a classic French maid's dress. I got horny as hell just talking to her and ordering everything. She told me to come back the next day to meet the seamstress and finalize the order.

She smiled when she added, "You know, you'll have to come in for several fittings."

I agreed.

I met and consulted with the seamstress. She was very nice, but I swore she was laughing at me inside. I bought a pair of ruffled rhumba panties and a full cancan petticoat to wear with the dress. She had me select the fabric and took my measurements. She asked about shoes and accessories, and I told her what I wanted.

She said that for a proper fitting, I'd have to wear everything that would go with the dress.

I agreed.

Less than a week later, the woman called and told me to come in for a preliminary fitting. When I arrived, under my clothes, I was wearing a padded bra, a waist cincher and pink, full-cut, nylon panties with a lacy flower on the front. I didn't know how the woman owner and the seamstress would react to me in these items of silky lingerie, but I was excited at the thought of being in a women's dressing room, attired in bra and panties with two women helping me to try on a dress.

As I waited in the dressing room to try on the dress, I stripped to my lingerie. Then there was a knock at the door. The owner stuck her head inside and told me that she would be a few minutes because she had to take care of another customer. She looked at me, smiled and told me to turn around.

As I turned, she said, "Adorable, sweetie," and then closed the door.

I waited for what seemed like forever. She finally returned with the seamstress, and they both were all giggly and full of smiles as they fitted me into the half-completed dress. It was a lot of fun with the two women, pulling and pinning and reshaping the dress while I wore it. They discussed every detail and accidentally (?) kept touching almost every part of my body (breasts, hips, butt and even between my legs!) through the silky material.

At one point the owner went right under my skirt and petticoats. I couldn't see what she was doing down there. For the longest time, she had her head under my petticoats and her face only inches from my very excited panty-covered penis. She kept pulling on the skirt and petticoats as

she adjusted everything underneath. It took all my will power to hold back from exploding in my panties while she was fiddling around down there.

She didn't touch me, just the material, but it was one of my all-time great highs. The additional fittings were also very thrilling, and the costume really turned out beautifully.

Now, I wear it at every opportunity including when I serve my girlfriend and her male and female friends. I have a million fantasies, but this is absolutely a true story. I encourage all would-be TV maids to follow through with their dreams and get themselves a full maid's outfit.

Your sissy,

Bobbi
Chicago

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I'm living
a maid
her male and female friends.

She told me about
her gay brother, whom
she used to dress up
with his slip hanging
out. Black guys love
to see a girl or a
fag's lingerie.

Cuckolded Pantywaist

Dear Princess,

My wife Brenda is a knockout! She always gets noticed by every man she passes on the street, especially since she dresses very provocatively in public, usually short minis along with a very sheer halter or cutoff T-shirt. God how she loves to prick-tease! I'm her slave, and I'll do anything for her.

There were signs of what was to come during our engagement. When we would go out on dates, Brenda liked to take me with her to black dance clubs. She explained that she loved to dance, and since I didn't dance very much, she could always find a lot of guys who were very good dancers that would dance with her at these clubs.

Well, she would flirt shamelessly with any black stud that gave her "the look." On these occasions her mode of dress was even more revealing than what she usually wore, daring these men to hit on her. I didn't know how to handle these situations, so I just sat at the bar looking like a loser. When I finally got up the nerve to complain to her, she called me a boring wimp since I couldn't dance and told me that coming to these clubs was very important to her and if I wanted to keep seeing her, we'd keep coming to these places.

Well, I was thoroughly hooked on Brenda in every other way, so I meekly went along.

Throughout our engagement, she never allowed me to have sex with her, though I pleaded incessantly. She said that if I loved her, I would wait until we got married.

Needless to say, on our wedding night I had the hardest boner of my life! When I stood before her and dropped my boxer shorts, she took one look and began giggling uncontrollably! It was the most humiliating thing that had ever happened to me. After a few minutes, she finally stopped laughing and apologized. She explained that my 4 inch erection looked like it belonged on a little boy, not a grown man!

I knew my penis was on the small size from when I used to swim nude with the guys at the YMCA when I was in high school, but I didn't think it was laughable like she did. And how did she know so much about penises? Since we had never had sex, I assumed that she was a virgin. Humiliated and confused, I began to put two and two together. I thought of all those nightclubs and all those black men. Was she having sex with some of those guys? When I confronted her with it, she confessed.

"Yeah," she admitted, "I've had dozens of men in the past, most of them black, and most of them had a penis at least twice the size of yours."

I think she felt a little sorry for me because she told me to come to bed and we'd make love anyway. For the longest time, I cried in her arms like a baby. I squirmed when she touched my

penis and began to stroke it because I know she was trying not to laugh. I got on top of her and fed my penis into her pussy but my dick was like a pencil in a canyon. Her cunt had been stretched beyond belief. She must have been fucking big black guys for a long time. Even though I was thoroughly demoralized, I still had the firmest erection of my young life. She kept telling me to shove it all in her! I think I was shoving in not only my penis by my balls too, but it was obvious that she wanted so much more. She was huffing and puffing in frustration and crushing my hips against hers, but I couldn't get her excited enough to get her over that hump to an orgasm as I flopped around in her wet voluminous pussy, sliding around so much that I couldn't get enough friction to spurt. It felt like I was waving my erect cock around in a bucket full of warm water. Finally she got so frustrated that she pushed me down and shoved her smelly pussy in my face. She instructed me in how to tantalize her clitty with my tongue until she screamed in fulfillment.

Afterwards, I sat on the end of the bed trying to deal with the fact that I couldn't make love to my wife, even though it was my honeymoon and I still had a firm hard-on!

"Oh, my dear," she said when she noticed I was still hard. "You, didn't cum, did you, baby?"

I shook my head "no" and was on the verge of tears.

"Here, take these," she said as she picked up her panties off the floor and handed them to me.

"Take my panties and jack off into them. That'll give you relief."

In awe, I stared at her and then at her white satin panties draped over my fingers. Jackoff! On my wedding night!

"I know it might not be like making love, but at least it will give you pleasure. I'd do it for you, but I think you understand. I just wouldn't be good at it. I'm afraid I'd laugh and that wouldn't do, would it?"

"So go ahead and stroke yourself off with my nice panties. They're very silky and they'll feel really good on your penis. I know guys like to do that sometimes. Tossing off into a pair of silky panties feels real good on a guy's meat when he can't have regular sex. I know because I used to give my brother pairs of my panties to jackoff in when I lived a home. I admit I've always been a bit of a cock tease with the sexy way I dress. My brother would get a hard-on looking at me all the time. After I caught him shooting off in my panties once, I told him I didn't mind helping him out of a 'hard' situation once in a while," she laughed.

"From then on, I'd offer him a pair of my panties to use whenever he got all hot and bothered. Sometimes it seemed like almost everyday he was whimpering around like a puppy dog sheepishly begging me for my panties. A lot of times, I'd pull up my skirt and take off the panties I was wearing right in front of him and hand them to him. Many times, I made him panty hand fuck himself while I watched.

"So go ahead, use my panties. Jackoff and let me see you cum!"

I was still in shock as she took my hand holding her panties and placed it over my dick. She held my hand there with the panties wrapped around my cock and showed me how her brother liked to massage himself. She let go and told me to continue stroking myself. Tears rolled down my cheeks as I bucked wildly back and forth and shot off into those panties.

She lovingly took the panties from me and opened them up. She grinned crazily as she looked at the spots of my semen on the shiny white satin. I know she was laughing inside at the quantity. I'm sure her big black men shot buckets full of cum into her. How was I ever going to satisfy my wife! Of course, I was never going to satisfy her in bed. With the exception of giving her oral sex, there was little I could do for her. I feared it would only be a matter of time before she'd want to have sex again with some of her big black studs.

We should have been having the time of our lives, honeymooning on a Caribbean cruise ship, but we were both very depressed that first night. The next day and the days after, we did our best to enjoy the other aspects of the trip. Everything else was ideal. Outside of some of the help, there were practically no black men on the ship. I considered that a blessing. I thought I'd lose her to the first black man that came along.

For the rest of the honeymoon, that's how it went. Me eating her out and then jacking off in her panties. We did do a lot of talking. She told me she was used to hot sex with well-endowed guys. She had never seen my dick before we got married. She just assumed that I was at least average size in the penis department. She said that would have been good enough. I wondered if she was telling me the truth, but I had to take her word for it.

Her frustration with me came out in the way she began treating me and the things she told me about herself. Even though I really didn't want to hear a lot of those things, she didn't spare my feelings or sugarcoat what she was saying. A lot of what she told me was difficult to listen to. She explained that she had always been a sexpot and had been having sex with guys since she was thirteen, but she didn't want sex with me after we met because she wanted to marry me and didn't want to spoil it with sex before marriage, hoping she'd be content to be with one man. But all during the time we were dating and engaged, she was having sex with her big black boyfriends! She told me that when her brother was twelve, he had a bigger cock than I have. She went into detail, describing many of her black lovers; she told me about one after the other, told me about this one's long penis, that one's fat penis, and how one guy could get his penis to twitch and tickle her like it had a life of its own. I could tell that she was getting highly aroused just talking about those guys. I was feeling more and more intimidated and insignificant. I was ashamed of my tiny penis. The final shocker came when she admitted that for more than any other reason, she had married me for my money and to fulfill the normal suburban family image that her family and friends expected of her.

If only they knew, I thought!

She said she thought I was a very nice guy and knew that I loved her thoroughly. She said she'd play the part of the ideal wife in public, but in private she wanted to continue her relationships with black men because there was no way I could satisfy her in bed. She said that's not what she

envisioned when we got married, but with my baby penis that was the way it would have to be unless I wanted a divorce.

I didn't know what to do. I still loved her. I wanted to stay with her, so I agreed to what she wanted.

On the fourth night of our honeymoon, she had me put on the panties and wear them while I masturbated. And the next night, she made me taste my own cum. It didn't taste as bad as I thought it would. Then she floored me by asking me if I would like to learn how to suck cock. She said maybe I'd like it. Then we could double-date with some of her black boyfriends. Just the thought of it turned my stomach.

She explained that sometimes she used to make her brother get dressed up in her clothes and the make him parade around before her like a swishy little girl before having him jackoff. She said he made a very pretty girl and it wasn't long before the two of them were going out together with him dressed up. She realized long before he did that he was gay or at least bisexual, so she taught him how to suck cock. After that the two of them went out picking up guys together. She'd dress him up in sexy little dresses and leave his lacy slip stick out under his skirt. She said black guys love their little white girls in lacy lingerie, so why not give them a preview! She added that they liked their girls in lingerie, but those guys were all man and would never want to wear women's lingerie. And she was telling me that while I stood before her in pair of her pink panties slobbered across the front with my fresh jism. She asked me if I would like to dress up completely in her things, learn to suck cock and go out whoring around with her!

I pleaded with her not to make fun of me like that.

She said a lot of guys are gay and they don't even know it, and maybe I was one of them.

All I could do was cry. How did I ever get into such a mess!

As a final zinger, she admitted to me that she had sex with one of her favorite black men only hours before we got married. She feared that she was giving up her sex life with her black lovers when she married me and wanted to make love with a big black man one last time. But now she seemed to be very happy knowing that she was going to return to her black boyfriends -- with my permission! -- the moment we returned home.

Throughout our honeymoon, she talked to me so abusively for so long, I guess I became numb to hearing such things. She alternated the nasty things she said to me with teasing little comments in addition to lounging around half naked every moment we were in the room together. Even though I was depressed and upset, my hard-on kept returning and I was beating myself off several times each day on most days.

She got me to wear a frilly pair of pastel blue panties under my shorts one day while we went ashore to go dining and shopping. I was scared out of my wits all day long, thinking somehow my panties were peeking out or in some other way people could tell what I was wearing. Repeatedly she'd sneak her fingers down the back of my shorts and play with the waist elastic of

the panties as we walked along or sat in a restaurant. She drove me crazy that day, both from fear of exposure and with her sexual teasing. At one point we were having a drink in a beachside bar and she told me to go into a rest room and jackoff in my panties and to leave my cum in them as we went around for the rest of the day before going back to the ship. I told her I wouldn't do such a thing, but she insisted and gave me the cold shoulder until I agreed to do it. When I came back to the table, she opened my pants and took a look, then made me stay sitting there like that as we drank our drinks. When the little cocktail waitress came by to bring us refills, Brenda showed the girl me sitting there with my pants open and the fresh cum stains dribbled across the front of the sky blue panties. The waitress laughed and said in her heavy accent, "Is he girlie or boy?"

My wife said, "He's a boy."

"But why he wear girlie panties?"

"Because he's a big sissy," my wife explained.

I hung my head and blushed. The waitress laughed in a high-pitched laugh and ran to tell the other waitresses.

Moments later, the other waitresses were at our table and my wife showed them my panties sticking out of my open pants. One of the girls said something about the wetness on the panties in her broken English, my wife just smiled and told her that I was no good in bed so that is how I had sex. A few of the girls understood enough English to know what she said, and in highly excited tones, they rapidly interpreted what my wife had said about me. Now they were all laughing, blushing, pointing and carrying on like little schoolgirls that had just heard a dirty joke. And I was that joke!

Before our honeymoon was over, Brenda had sex with a black man who was on the maintenance crew of the ship. She arranged to have him come to our cabin supposedly to fix our sink, but when he arrived, she threw me a pair of panties and told me to put them on in front of him. Then she had me get dressed and told me to leave them alone for at least an hour before coming back. She did add that I could stay there and watch if I wanted, but I hurriedly got dressed and left the moment both of them started taking off their clothes.

Since then you can imagine how things have evolved for me. I don't go out dressed up, I'm too scared to do that, but I do wear female clothes around the house and wait on her and her black lovers. If people only knew what went on in our house the moment we close our door and she invites a few of her special friends over for the night. Yes, I'm now sucking black cock almost daily. Sometimes I'm raped anally at the same time. I'm getting used to being used like that.

I still love her, and to the outside world people think we are the ideal couple. In their eyes she hangs on my every word and does everything I tell her to do like an old-fashioned wife. I supposed half of an ideal life is better than none at all!

Jeff G.
Wilmington, DE

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Dad decided to punish me for not being like my sister, so he had them dress me up in their fancy clothes when I wanted to get the public not and regard me.



She told me about her gay brother, whom she used to dress up with his slip hanging out. Black guys love to see a girl or a fag's lingerie.

My Father Wanted Another Daughter

Dear Princess,

I was the third child in our family following my two sisters, Angelina and Rosalee. Our parents loved us, but especially my two sisters. When I was about four years old, I became quite aware of the difference. Everything my sisters did was good and to be applauded; everything I did was bad or wrong.

My dad kept telling me to act more like my sisters: They were so good and fawned over him all the time. He loved how they played up to him, jumped up on his lap and were always kissing him.

I thought that kind of stuff was stupid. I wanted to play with my trucks and not do things with my bossy sisters, who always had to have everything their way.

Well, one day Dad decided that he wanted me to be more like my sisters, so he had them dress me up in their clothes and made me play with them. When I resisted, he got out the paddle and spanked my pantied butt until I did what they wanted.

That following Christmas, all the toys I got were girls' toys, plus I got a lot of girls' clothes from party dresses to panties. My parents told that Santa Claus gave me those things because he wanted me to be good and be more like my sisters too!

You can understand why I had a very low opinion of Santa Claus after that. With Santa Claus, I felt like the whole world was against me and wanted me to be a girl. But since everyone seem to want that from me so much, I didn't want it. I fought them every inch of the way. I never gave them the satisfaction of thinking I liked those girlish clothes or those stupid toys. They'd get me babydolls and Barbie dolls to play with and I'd play rough with them and break them, and as soon as I'd break them, I'd get a spanking and told to play nice.

Mom even took me to the beauty shop to have my hair curled. I'd go there in my boys' clothes, but end up looking real girly and sweet smelling. At home Mom was always putting my hair in ribbons or barrettes. When people would come over, she'd dress me up in my girlie clothes, then stand my sisters and me in front of guests and challenge them to pick out the boy! It's a game I hated but one they never got tired of playing.

Every Halloween, I was sent out trick-or-treating dressed as a girl, anything from a harem girl to a princess or from a cheerleader to a nurse.

School was the only refuge for me. There I could mix with boys, act tough and rough house. I became very good at sports and was able to hide the sissy things my parents and sisters did to me at home. I went to a boys' school and my sisters went to a girls' school and I was thankful for

that. If we had gone to the same school, they probably would have let everyone know how I was often dressed and treated at home.

Finally, by time I got to high school, my parents pretty much let me put aside those girlie things and let me be a boy, but the only problem: By then my hormones were surging through my body. I became interested in girls and girls' things. I often found myself looking in my dresser drawers or closet at my old girlie clothes. I experimented with them and found them very pleasurable for dressing up for my masturbator sessions, but by then I was growing out of those clothes, so I started borrowing (stealing) things from my mother and sisters. Isn't' life crazy? Now, of course, I love to dress up, even though for a major part of my childhood I thought it was very demeaning and shameful.

Andrew P.
Fairview, California

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Dad decided he wanted me to be more like my sisters, so he had them dress me up in their fancy clothes, when I resisted, he got the paddle out and spanked me.



Sissyboys in the Movies

Look for *Sleepaway Camp* at your local video store. In this 1980s horror film, you have to wait until the very end of the movie for the crossdressing sequence since it is the explanation of all the horror that takes place in the story.



If you plan on renting this film *and don't want to know the ending*, don't continue reading this article because it will spoil the ending of the story for you. The basic premise is that the young woman who is committing all the murders is actually a boy who was coerced into being raised as a girl, and supposedly that is what pushed him over the edge and made him into a serial killer.

It's pretty corny in that regard as they show a quick flash of him as a nude girl with a penis. The best scene is the one in which the aunt explains the situation. As young children, the boy and his sister were in a boating accident with their parents. Only the boy survived. He is taken in by his aunt, who already has a son, so she insists upon raising him as the daughter she always wanted. In the scene in which she explains this, the sad little boy is sitting down with his head in bandages from the accident, and she is holding up a frilly dress as she tells him that he is now going to be a girl.

The End

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