

THE ORIGINAL

PARTY LINES

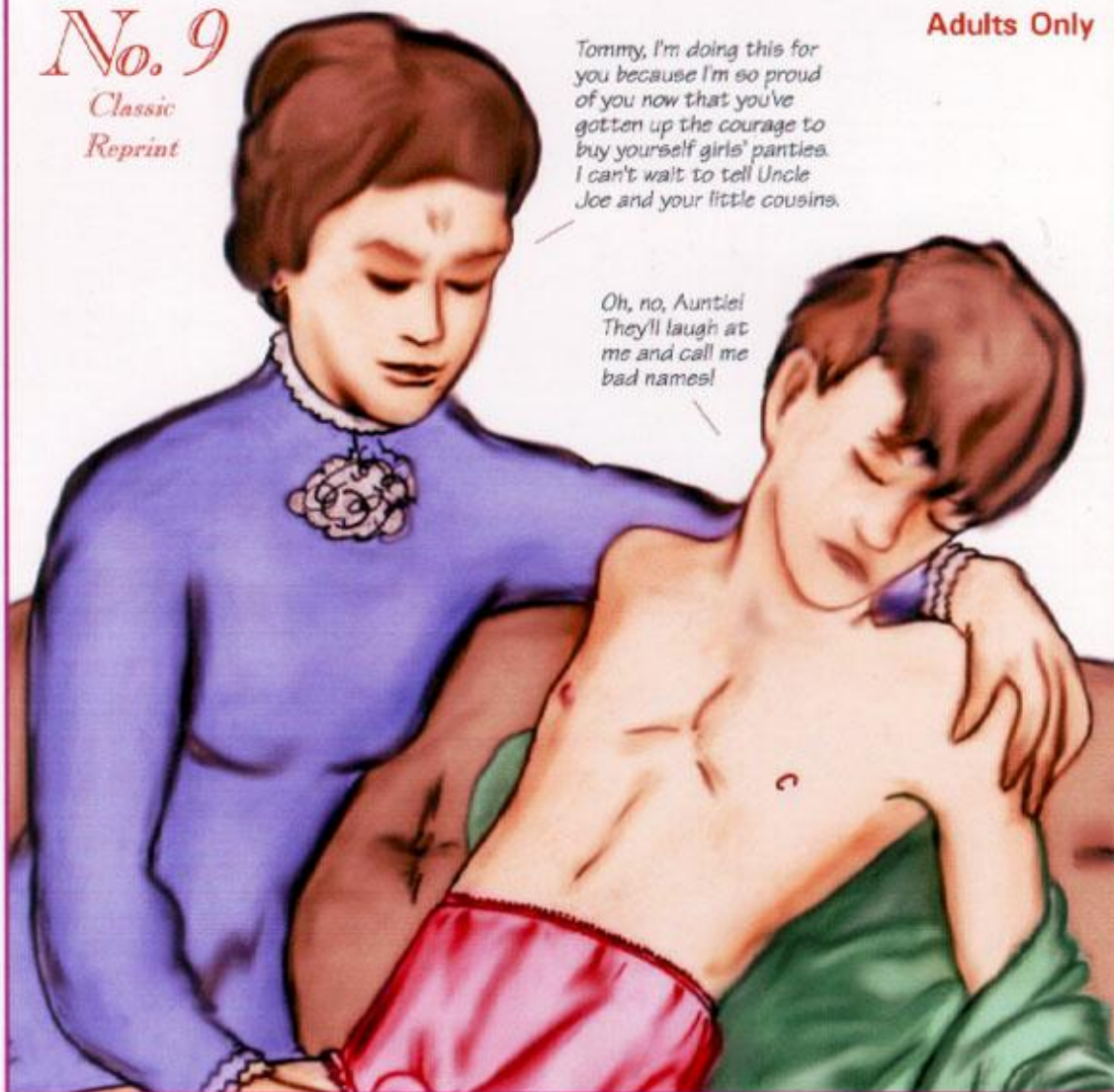
No. 9

Classic
Reprint

Adults Only

Tommy, I'm doing this for you because I'm so proud of you now that you've gotten up the courage to buy yourself girls' panties. I can't wait to tell Uncle Joe and your little cousins.

Oh, no, Auntie! They'll laugh at me and call me bad names!



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 9

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

My sisters, Alice and Ann, were my idols. They had long, chestnut-brown hair, and every morning, they would take turns sitting on the edge of the dining room table so Mom could stand before them, brush

their hair and hand-weave it into two long braids. The ends of the pigtails were secured with rubber bands and finished with satin bows. Ignoring the fact that my hair was very short, I would beg Mom to tie my hair into pigtails too because I wanted to do be exactly like my big sisters. Day after day I'd ask and ask.

Mom would just laugh at me and say something like, "No! Pigtails are just for girls!" Then she'd reinforce the point by grabbing a swatch of my hair, pulling on it and saying, "Besides, your hair's not long enough."

Then one Sunday in the Blondie comic strip of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, I discovered Dagwood. Immediately I noticed that Dagwood, a man with short hair, was always drawn with two cowlicks sticking out of his head. Of course I didn't know what a cowlick was. To my wishful thinking, those cowlicks were little pigtails. So even though my hair was at best two inches long, I was determined that I could have little pigtails just like Dagwood (and my sisters)! So the next morning while my mother dressed my sisters' hair, I snuck into the bathroom, searched through the dirty laundry hamper and found some pretty peach-colored rayon panties to wear. As I slipped them on I panted over the dainty red ribbon bow on each hip. I put my boys' clothes back on over the butt-tingling panties and marched out into the dining room. Mom had just finished with my sisters and sent them on their way to play quietly. I got up my nerve and asked her again to give me pigtails. She roughly grabbed a hank of my hair and once again tried to show me that it was too short.

But I was ready for her.

As I writhed in pain, I pointed to the comic strip picture of Dagwood and half screamed, "But, lookie, Mom! Dagwood has pigtails!"

She let go of my hair, looked at the picture, then laughed and tried to explain to me that those weren't pigtails but cowlicks. But I wouldn't take "no" for an answer and in the process learned the value of persistence.

Fed up with my pleading, Mom sat me down, and with unnecessary roughness combed out and twisted two little tufts of my hair into sprouts and secured them with doubled-over rubber bands that pinched and pulled. Then she marched me out to show me off to my sisters.

"Look! He wanted pigtails like you girls. So, now he's got 'em!"

I countered her statement by murmuring the words "like Dagwood" but was drowned out by my

sisters' cutting comments.

"Jimmie, you look so funny!" yelled Ann.

"How stupid! You look like a sissy!" Alice laughed. "Hey, Mom, if he wants pigtails you should put some ribbons in his hair too!"

I stood my ground. I had my pigtails, and I refused to be annoyed by their teasing. Mom had left the room, but I didn't even notice until a moment later when she marched back in with some blue ribbons in her hand.

"Get over here," she demanded.

As soon as I approached she pulled me close and proceeded to put a purple-pink satin ribbon on each one of my miniature pigtails.

When Dad came home for dinner, he looked at me and asked what was going on. When Mom explained that I wanted to look like Dagwood, he scowled and shook his head.

"Dagwood doesn't wear ribbons in his hair!" he yelled. "Disgusting!"

"Oh, that was Alice's idea," Mom said as she showed him the picture of Dagwood that I had shown her.

"Pigtails," I moaned, "I want pigtails."

"But Dagwood doesn't have pigtails," Dad continued. "His hair's just messed up - He doesn't have pigtails. Pigtails are for girls!" I could tell he was getting irritated. "Pigtails! Sissy pigtails! I

thought this business of you wearing your sisters' clothes was all over." He was shouting loudly now.

"Pigtails! When is this crap going to stop!"

"Alice, get me one of your dresses!" he commanded.

A minute later Alice came back with a pink-and-white sleeveless dress.

Dad took the dress, held it up to get a good look at it, and told Mom to take off my clothes.

My T-shirt was pulled over my head in an instant. My corduroy trousers were unzipped and peeled down.

"Panties! Where in the hell?" Mom roared when she saw me wearing Alice's silky peach panties.

"Mommy! Those are my new panties. Mommy, make him take them off!" Alice screamed as she started hitting me.

"Stop it! Stop it!" Dad yelled at Alice. "Jimmie what in the hell is going on here? Why are you wearing your sister's panties?"

Everyone was angry with me. I froze. I couldn't answer.

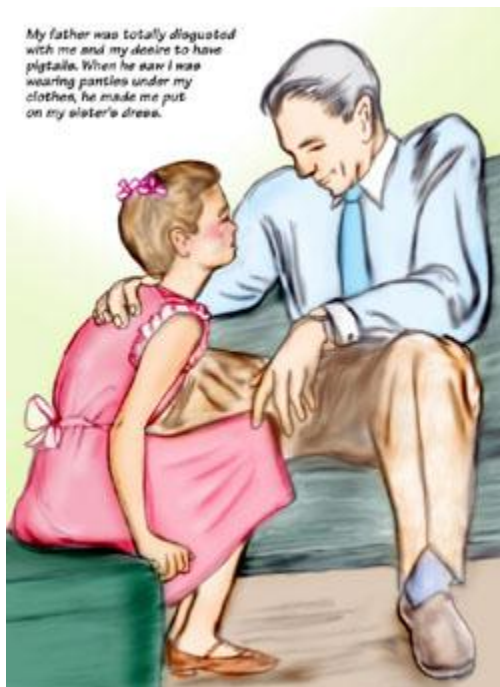
Dad hit me across the seat of the thin rayon panties with a powerful smack then instructed Mom to put me in the

dress.

"I thought we'd seen the end of this kind of sissy stuff. I guess spankings haven't done the job.

"Now you'll wear this dress while you think about how foolish you look. If you want to have pigtails like a girl, you can wear a dress too. God, what a sissy you are. You gonna be a queer? Damn you anyway!"

With all the commotion, my hair ribbons and rubber bands had become undone. Mom got a hairbrush and fixed up my pigtails again. All the while berating me.



"I don't know what I'm going to do with you. What do you want girls' stuff for? You're a boy. Boys don't want pigtails. And what's with the panties! Did you take these out of the dirty laundry again? Well, I'll teach you not to steal your sisters panties."

Dad had enough; he stormed out of the room. Alice was still bemoaning the fact that I was wearing her dress and her panties and I was ruining them. Mom consoled her by saying she'd buy her a new pair of panties.

Over the next few days, each morning Mom put me in a dress and panties. As usual, she'd braid the girls' hair, and then she'd put my hair into those little stubby pigtails, topped off with satin ribbons. But since my hair was so short, the ribbons and rubber bands kept coming out. I was constantly after my mom to refasten the rubber bands and ribbons, a job she treated with disdain as she roughly yanked, pulled and twisted my hair as she communicated to me.

"Just when are you going to have enough of this?" she'd taunted. "You look stupid. This is goin' to wreck your hair for good!"

My insistence to keep my pigtails resulted in a lot of physical and mental pain, but I didn't care. I loved my pigtails because I wanted my sisters to include me in their fun and games, and I wanted my parents to treat me like they treated my sisters, which I imagined was far superior to how they treated me. Finally, in the illogical way children sometimes think, I became convinced that boys were not able to grow their hair long. It was one of the things that made boys and girls different. I feared that I was never going to have hair long enough to have real pigtails like my sisters. Moreover, my attempt to have pigtails was not winning me any favor with either my parents or my sisters. If anything, my pleas drove everyone further away from me. A few days later, I relented. The rubber bands had become undone for the last time. I was tired of putting up with the teasing and the mistreatment. My head was burning sore from the overly tight rubber bands and Mom's twisting and pulling on my hair.

I would never again ask her to put my hair in pigtails.

The next time Mom noticed my pigtails undone, she reached out to retie them, but I stopped her.

With tears in my eyes, I told her "no."

When she realized that I didn't want her to do my hair into pigtails again, she pulled the dress off me and told me to take the panties off and change into my regular clothes.

Embarrassed and defeated. I did.

Females had it made. I was a second-class citizen. Everyone was bigger than me. I was the only boy I knew. People kept telling me I was supposed to be like my dad, but he was scary and mysterious to me. Even though my sisters and I took baths together, I must have known they were built differently than I was, yet I was convinced that

the only real difference between boys and girls was the clothes they wore and their hair. I was sure that if I simply wore girls' clothes and did my hair in a girl's style, I'd become a girl. I still believed this even after the disastrous incidents with me wearing dresses, panties and pigtails. Since I hadn't started school yet, I spent each day at home with my mother. I soon realized that school was where my sisters learned how to do things, and while they were learning, I was being

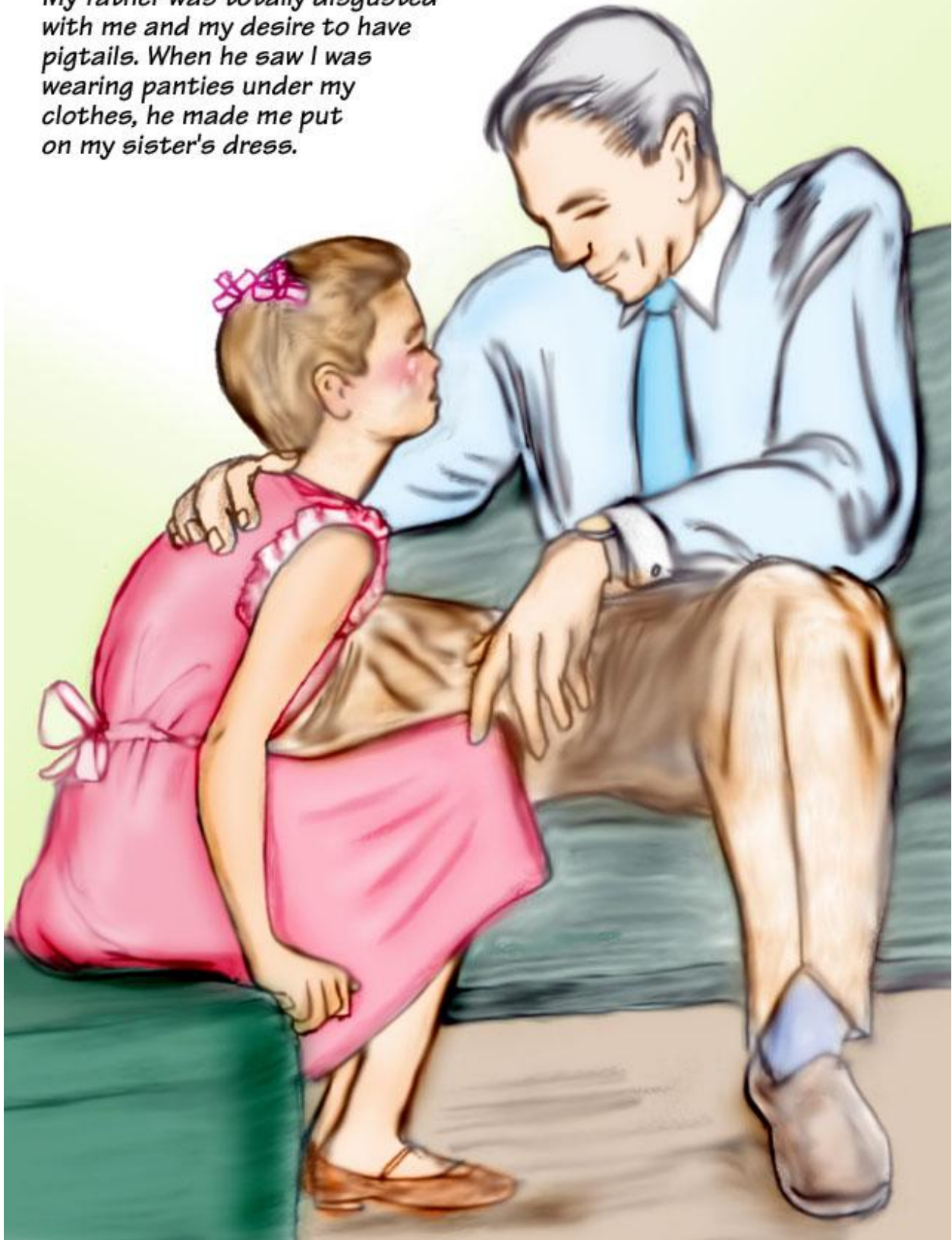


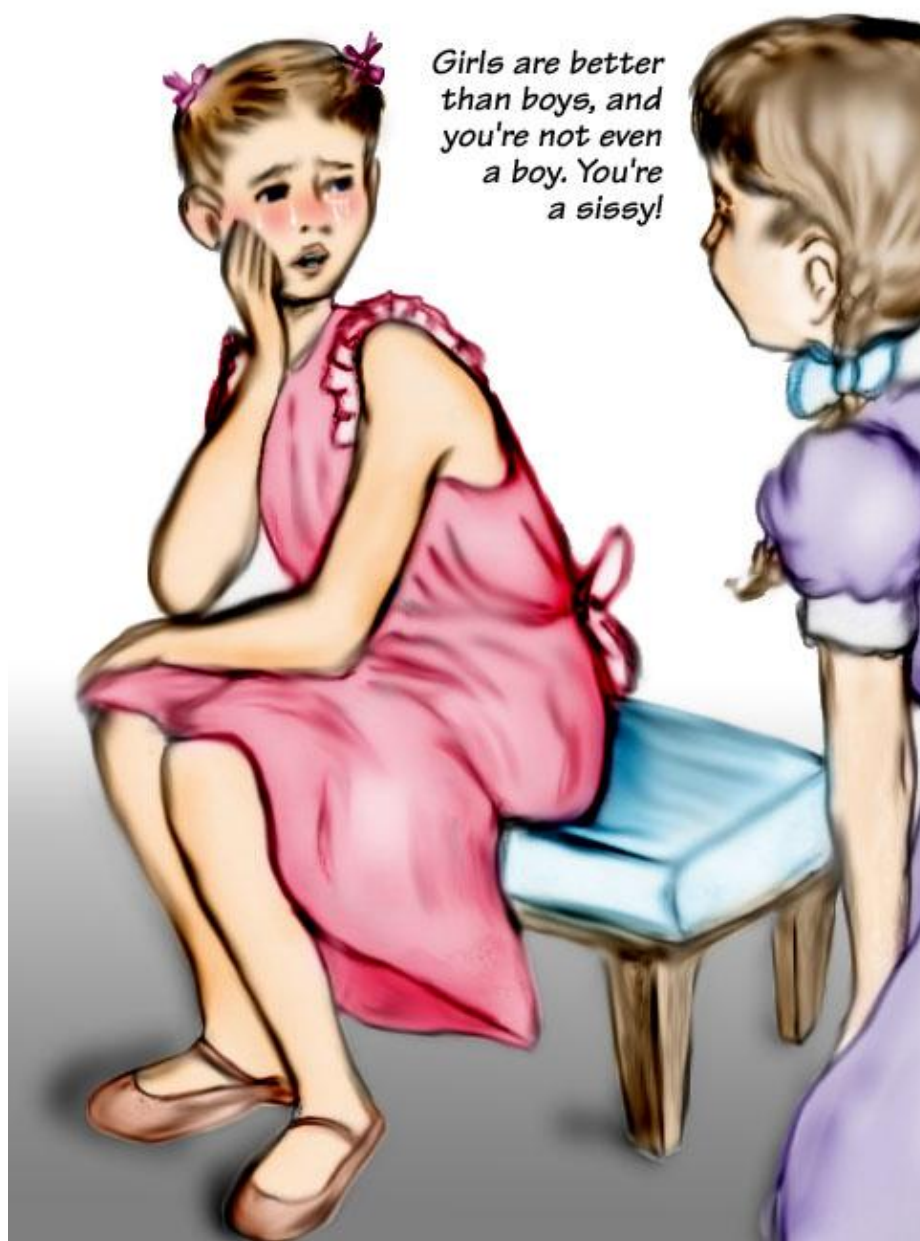
left behind. I pleaded with everyone to let me go to school too (even though I had no real idea what school was), but everyone told me I wasn't old enough yet. I wanted to learn things. I wanted to go to school. Most of all, I wanted to be a girl like my sisters in every way, but no one listened.

To be continued in Panty Lines #10.

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My father was totally disgusted with me and my desire to have pigtails. When he saw I was wearing panties under my clothes, he made me put on my sister's dress.





TV Father Exposed

Dear Princess,

I'll never forget the night our son David discovered that his dad was a transvestite.

At that time, Harold, my husband, and I belonged to a square dance club. We weren't really into country music. We only joined the club and went dancing twice a month because Harold had a fetish for the outfits. And to make it more exciting for himself, he would even wear a pair of the lacy square dance panties under his regular clothes. They were awfully full with an abundance of lace covering the panties. All those frills made his slacks bulge out all around. With those panties

on under his clothes, Harold always took a chance with exposure at the dance club, and one time the inevitable happened. He slipped and fell during a dance number and tore the ass out of his trousers, exposing the white panties with the pink ruffles he was wearing that night. Before he could cover up, a lot of people saw what he was wearing. You have to realize that most of the people who belong to these square dance groups are uptight Bible-toting squares. (Square dancing is a good name for it in that respect.) Anyway, we were asked to leave and not come back.

But Harold and I really didn't care. We live in the Chicago area and there are dozens of square dance groups so it was easy to find another group not much further away. After dancing and watching the swirling skirts all evening long, Harold would get real worked up in his hot little panties, but the real fun would start when we got home. In our bedroom, he'd strip down to his rhumba panties and get dressed in a half dozen or more of my big square dance cancan petticoats to play our sex games.

Being exposed to strangers is one thing, but being exposed to your son is something else. It happened on a night after we came home from our square dancing club. David was asleep in the living room with the television blaring.

I was dressed in my square dancing outfit. He was stretched out on the couch. When he opened his eyes from that position, he had to have a good view right up my skirt and into the mass of crackling white petticoats, which puffed out my full-skirted dress at an absurd angle. Such slips look soft and dainty, but in actuality, the stiff tulle and lacy edges are quite scratchy to the touch. A fact I'm sure David discovered as I playfully brushed all those slips up against his sleepy face.

David had always been a sensitive boy and quite curious about female things. Some boys are just like that, and me, I promoted it. His whole life I did playful little things to him like letting him try on my makeup, painting his fingernails and 'accidentally' leaving a pretty pair of my panties in his path. So, on the night I'm telling you about, after teasing him with my slips, he finally woke up. I took him to his bedroom, wished him a "good night" and tucked him in with Fluffy, his well worn doll that he has had since he was a toddler.

When I got to our bedroom, Harold was already into the cancan petticoats. Normally, I'm geared up for our sessions, but on this occasion, I was heavy into my period, exhausted after a long day of chasing slow payers (I work collections for a gynecologist) and square dancing all night. So when I entered our bedroom, I simply snapped my fingers and pointed downward. Harold immediately dropped to his knees, pulled up his petticoats, grabbed hold of his ruffle-pantied penis and stroked himself to hardness in adoration of me.

Since I was flowing heavily and leaking out of my tampon, I took off my bloodstained panties and pulled out my saturated tampon. I shoved the tampon into Harold's mouth, pulled my bloody panties over his head, and then commanded him to continue jerking himself off. Watching him play with himself always excited me so I pulled up my big, full skirt and slips and played with my pussy lips as he stared.

I thought that David had gone right off to sleep, but he hadn't. Later, I found out that pushing my fancy petticoats into his face preyed upon his mind and stirred his emotions. Quite agitated and unable to sleep, he came to our bedroom. He heard us making noise so he gently knocked. We didn't hear him, but through the noise we were making, he thought we had told him to enter.

Upon opening the door, the sight of his father with his head in my dirty panties, dressed in my square dance slips and pulling on his pantied pud must have been a shock for David. He immediately knew he had made a mistake and tried to turn around quietly and leave, but I had seen him from the moment he had opened the door.

"David!" I yelled. "Get in here!"

In shock, Harold let the tampon fall from his mouth as he tried to jump behind the door to hide himself.

"Did I tell you to stop? Pick up that bloody tampon and go back to sucking on it!" I shouted at Harold as I took off the belt from my dress and gave him a slap across the back with it.

"Continue jerking of, you miserable pantywaist, or I'll beat you with my paddle!"

Our son was all eyes. Turning my attention to him, I scolded, "David, you know better than to just come barging in! Why didn't you knock?"

He mumbled, saying that he had.

"Well, as long as you're here, you may as well stay. Come closer. It's about time that you learned your proper place in this house.

"Your faggot father is pretty well trained. Took me enough years . . . come closer. Take a good look at your pussy-whipped daddy doing his duty.

"O-o-o-o, it must feel so good, huh, hussy?" I said to Harold as I cupped my hand over his as he stroked himself.

"Keep that hand moving, you good for nothing douche bag!" I hollered as I struck Harold again with my belt.

David cautiously approached. I made him strip off his pajamas on the spot.

"Now, open up the second drawer of my dresser," I commanded.

"That's my panty drawer, but you probably already know that. Go in there. You'll find my panties all stacked up nice and neat. Pick out a pretty pair . . . then put them on!"

I could tell that he wanted to protest but decided not to defy me.

He picked out some light blue panties with some cute little nylon rushing going around the leg holes.

"Don't take all day, you worthless piece of shit! Get those panties on, wimp boy. Lately, I've been giving a lot of thought about turning you into a faggot like your father . . . maybe then you'd be good for something around here!"

I wasn't in the mood for any nonsense from the kid. Of late his behavior had been deplorable. Moreover, he was flunking math.

In recent weeks, I had come to my wit's end. Verbally, I had become increasingly abusive toward him. I was letting him have it now. I knew it was time to go beyond just words with David.

He almost tripped stepping into the panties. I looked down at them and laughed. Boy, were they a frilly, sissy mass of ruffles and lace. Powder blue with frilly bits of pink and white. Very silky and soft. They had to be ticking the hell out of his legs. I got fed up with his dawdling and reached over and helped pull them up his thin thighs. I chuckled as I teasingly yanked them up hard against his crotch then let the tight elastic waist go with a loud snap.

David wasn't laughing. I think he was in shock.

I straightened the panties out over his prick as it erected to monstrous proportions. My Little David had a huge cock, for a guy of any age. It pushed out the front of his sexy panties in a weird and funny way.

"Been a while since I've seen you down there!" I cooed. "At least you have a decent size prick, not like your father's limp little pimple. Now get really close, baby. I want your daddy to watch me touch you up in my panties as he jacks himself off in his own panties."

I grabbed hold of David's pantied prick. It was a joy to handle something so vibrant and strong. Firmly and methodically, I stroked it up and down through the smooth panties, working my thumb over the very end of his dick through the full folds of teasing nylon.



"Feel good? I knew you'd like it. You've always been a sissy. Don't know why I didn't put you in panties and dresses years ago like your aunt Hilda had recommended.

"I can teach you how to fix my hair. Maybe you could become a hairdresser. When you were small, your cousin Ester used to put you in a dress and the two of you would play beauty shop with her little toy vanity set. Your aunt said you were a natural. Even then she said you'd grow up to be a faggot. If I had followed her

advice, you'd be a sweet little thing now, not the fuck-face, lazy, candy ass that you're turning into!"

I continued with the verbal insults. Combined with my stroking of his nylon-coated dick, I could tell that I was making his head spin. Not satisfied with just giving him easy pleasure, I began handling him roughly, squeezing his penis very hard and pulling on it until he probably thought I was trying to rip it off.

David was crying as I pulled his penis out from under the leg band of the panties and used it like a handle to lead him over to his father. I grabbed hold of Harold's hair and pulled him down to David's penis. He jerked back and made a motion to resist, but I yanked on his hair even harder. He gave out with a short moan then following my instructions, deep throating our little boy's dick like a pro.

"He's sucked cock before. Not real ones mind you, just the dildos in my sex toy collection. 'Bout time he sucks a real squirter. For years, I've been teasing him about making him suck you off. 'Bout time, boy. 'Bout time!

"Don't be sad, honey!" I told David. "It feels good, huh? A sissy like you loves to wear girls' panties and his cock sucked.

"Probably 'bout the only thing a sissy likes better is doing the sucking himself! I got your number. You're a sissy and a miserable little pantywaist, just like your father! I raised you that way, and tonight is when I really start your upbringing!

"You two make a pretty picture," I told them. "Don't worry, David baby; I'll teach you how to suck cock too. And suck cock you will! Real ones! You'll be a deep throat master! In no time at all, you'll have a string of boyfriends buying you panties to reward you for your talented lips. Horny boys will be chasing you all hours of the day and night!

"That cock of yours seems to like wearing my panties. Well, don't fret, baby. I'll get you scads of panties all your own. Better yet, I'll make your faggot father take you panty shopping at Fields tomorrow afternoon!"

I knew my outrageous words were having an effect when, with a sudden blast, David went over the edge and started shooting like an overdue volcano. It was hot and surging. I grabbed his father's head and rammed David's cock deep down his throat. Harold gagged and coughed as he swallowed under my command. I kept beating on him with the belt lest he back off and have second thoughts about guzzling down every drop. David and Harold were both stunned, understandable considering what just had taken place. I put my arm around David and pulled him close.

"Honey, ever since you were a baby, we've been careful to keep what we do in private a secret from you. But now I decided was a good time to show you. Your dad is getting close to being a fully certified faggot transvestite. I've been training him for years. Now, I'm going to train you

that way too. You've always been sensitive and gentle for a boy. Remember when you were in the first grade and I dressed you as a cheerleader for Halloween?

"Well, that's when I really wanted to start changing you into a girly-boy, but that little bastard Joey Ripkin and his friends kept calling you a "sissy" and beating you up almost every day after school so I decided to wait until you were older and better able to handle such problems.

"Now, thanks to your barging in, I'm starting you down the road to full femininity. You're going to love it! Boy, will Aunt Hilda be delighted. She's been wanting me to have you suck off Uncle Art for years. They used to have a faggot boy for a border. Uncle Art loved to spank him then shove his big cock down the boy's throat for a good blowjob. I've been promising her that some day you'll fill that role for them, and believe me, it will happen. Almost every time we see them, they ask me 'when.'"

"I've been preparing for this day. Just waiting for the right opportunity to train you into servitude. Been going over it a thousand times in my mind. Well, I guess we're just starting a little sooner than I had expected."

"David, go in my drawer, . . . get yourself another pair of my panties to wear. Clean yourself up and put on my pink baby doll top hanging on the back of the bathroom door. I know you like it, that's why I always leave it in there! Through the crack in the door, I've seen you put it on before so don't try to tell me you're too embarrassed or something."

Moments later we all reassembled in the living room. David, looking very embarrassed, was dressed in the panties and baby doll as I had commanded.

"Harold, tell your pansy son about your sissy self," I said as I lifted up David's baby doll top to inspect the crisp blue-green panties he had changed into. He must have been self-conscious because he kept his eyes downcast.

"Your mom likes me to dress this way," Harold told him, "but I must admit, I was a transvestite - - that's a man who likes to dress up like a woman -- long before I met your mother. I've always loved the soft feel of women's clothing."

As he spoke, Harold opened an old book containing pictures of himself in feminine outfits. The pictures went way back to when he was very young. There were pictures of him in all kinds of cute outfits from infantile clothes to things a mature woman would wear. In a lot of the more recent shots, he was in some sexual pose with me or alone sucking on dildos. There were poses of him in a wedding dress, a bathing suit, nightgowns, skirts, party dresses, and just about every type of outfit a woman or girl might ever wear, including a lot of lingerie "cheesecake" shots. David's eyes bugged out at those.

Harold explained that when he was seven, his mother dressed him up like a ballerina for Halloween (at about the same age when David had been dressed as a cheerleader). Well, Harold liked the tutu, tights and other clothes so much, that every chance he got he used to sneak into his sister's room to put them on again.

One day his sister figured out what he was doing and told their parents on him. His father called him a disgusting little pervert, but his mother just laughed and said she had known about his private dressing up games for a long time. Then instead of punishing him, she went through his sister's wardrobe and gave him everything that she had outgrown. His mother let him wear those clothes as much as he wanted around the house but warned him against going outside so dressed. His sister accepted his transvestism as soon as she realized he could be a sweet sister to her as well as a wimp brother that she could push around. His father thought it was foolish, and after about a year of protesting, his mother threw the old man out of the house and filed for divorce. From then on his mother treated Harold like a girl, even calling him "Sandy." He became so good at playing a girl's role that his mother and sister started to take him outside to go shopping, to movies, to restaurants and eventually even dances!

I explained to David how I had met his father when we were young and in the same class together. I also told him that I found out about him dressing as a girl when I saw him buying clothes at Penny's with his sister and mother. I noticed him because at the time he was dressed in his regular boy's clothes, yet without compunction, he was picking out and holding up to himself various girls' things to buy. This chance discovery had really intrigued me, and the very next day I made an excuse to go over to their house. Harold went on to tell David how our relationship developed over the years. I could see that David was probably confused and quite tired so I called it a night and sent him off to bed with the command that he keep on the baby doll top and panties.

The following day, except for a few small comments and sidelong glances, I didn't say anything to David until after our evening meal when I simply looked at him and asked him if he was ready to go panty shopping. He blushed deeply, but nodded "yes."

Then I called his aunt Hilda (Harold's sister). Tears came to his eyes as he begged me not to say anything when he heard me telling her, but of course, I told her anyway about David's official introduction to the sissy life-style. I thought he'd die on the spot. She laughed so loud that David could hear her over the phone even though he was several feet away. When I asked her if she wanted to join us panty shopping, she screamed "yes" and said she'd meet us at the store.

Harold smiled and gave David a big hug as he explained how dominant women loved to humiliate little sissyboys.

When Aunt Hilda asked if David would soon be ready for Uncle Art's spanking, petticoat punishment and cocksucking sessions, I assured her that he would! She said she couldn't wait to help her husband yank up David's short dress and give him a good spanking on his scanty little panties.

Queen of the House,
Mary Lynn, Evanston, IL

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Even before David went to school, his aunt Hilda predicted he'd grow up to become a gay boy after she saw him playing beauty shop with her daughter.





Raised as a Girl

Dear Princess,

I am a lifelong TV, having been raised as a girl by my three maiden aunts on a farm in Ohio from the time I was a toddler. I was left there by my mother who was a disgrace to her sisters because she did drugs and took up with bad men.

My aunts were delighted when my mother finally settled down in Nevada and became a full-time prostitute. She promised to send for me once she got some money, but she never did. My aunts hated all males even though they employed five farm hands year round, who stayed in quarters over the stables. But my aunts especially resented me since I had been dumped upon them. Initially, they didn't exactly know what to do with me. Their hatred of men led them to decide to raise me as a girl.

At that time, the state of Ohio had a special law regarding retarded children which allowed them to be kept out of regular schools as long as they were certified mentally retarded by an qualified doctor. My aunt Shelly was a nurse in a mental hospital so she had no trouble faking the necessary papers so I could be kept at home and out of school. On the farm, I was dressed and raised as a girl and learned all the things little girls learn.

My three aunts disciplined me sternly. Punishments included spankings, enemas and servicing them orally, which they said was what little girls do for women.

My first sexual contact with a male happened as I was seven and playing with my penis through the silky folds of my girlish panties like my aunts had taught me to do to give myself pleasure. The man was a hired hand. He found me behind the chicken coop with my skirt up, playing with my pantied penis. He laughed lightly at me and then charmed me into letting him touch my panties covering my penis. He laughed some more, then said he had a big thing just like "that" and asked me if I wanted to see it.

As soon as I nodded "yes," he unzipped his jeans and pulled out his huge pink tool. He told me to touch it. We touched each other then he leaned down and sucked on me. It felt wonderful. I didn't want him to ever stop. When he asked me to suck on his cock "like a lollypop," I complied without much prompting even though I pulled back as soon as it touched my lips because of the salty taste. But with his gentle assurances, I put it all the way in my mouth. Then I got used to the taste and found it fun to roll it around in my mouth and tease it with my tongue. It didn't take long for him to shoot. When he did, he pulled out of my mouth. I'll always remember the red paint on the side of the barn as it turned darker red from the wetness of his emission as it splattered on it. Moments later, my aunt Hermalina came looking for me. She found me with the farm hand (I never learned his name). Luckily for him, we were both "decent" and just quietly talking. Still I never saw him again. He was fired the next day. My aunt probably suspected something.

After that, one of my aunts used to sit me on the living room couch and masturbate me every couple of days, whenever one of them thought I was "getting randy" and "acting a little crazy,"

as they used to say. My aunts said they didn't mind doing it because then they knew I'd be drained and stay out of trouble with the hired help, whom they said were good-for-nothings. I didn't understand a lot of things they said, but they became expert at pulling me off, and I liked it a lot better than jacking myself off.

In the fall of 1952 all three of my aunts were killed in a car accident. The farm was put under a management company until my fate was decided. As it turned out this company came in and ran the farm until I became twenty-one. Following the accident, I was sent to a foster home. They soon discovered that I was not a girl. They also discovered that I lacked formal education but was not retarded. The events and terror of those days will live forever in my mind. It was my foster mother who made this discovery. She was a religious nut and acted like she saw a ghost when she saw the bump in my panties and pulled them down to see the penis between my legs. On the spot, I was stripped of my pretty dresses and frilly underwear. She called in her husband and their two oldest boys; they held me down, gave me a butch haircut and rough boys' clothes to wear.

I pleaded for them not to do it, but my stepfather told me I was "a boy, not a girl, and all screwed up." To drive home their point, they took me out to the incinerator and forced me to watch as they burned my girls' clothes and doll collection. To top it off, they threw into the fire the beautiful long locks that they had shorn from my head.

I was sent to a public school, just about my first-ever contact with others my age. In my mind, I was a girl. All I knew were girls' things. I didn't know how to be a boy. For four long years I endured beatings, being teased and two locker room rapes. I also had pleasurable intimate contacts with one boy, two girls and one of my teachers.

At age twenty-one, I was given my inheritance, which included the farm and everything my aunts had owned because I was the only known and living relative since my aunts never had married and it was unknown if my mother was even alive. I had my lawyer sell everything, took the money and moved to California. I wound up in Hollywood where I met the local "queens." With their kind help, I became a girl again. I went to nursing school. Upon graduation, I got a job with an advocacy group helping women find medical services.

I know my story sounds like a fantasy, but I assure you it is all true. I can prove it with many photos and other mementoes that I was able to salvage from the attic of the farmhouse before it was sold.

With Love,
C. A., San Gabriel, California.

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I caught my stepbrother in my mom's wig and my dress and panties.

Sissy Maker

Dear Princess,

As a dominant wife and mother, I was delighted to discover your publications. All the gay books on the market are about macho gays. They tend to shun the feminine male, and all the TV publications are about men who want to be women. But for me, you have it right!

Sissy males are where it's at. They are different from most gays and TVs who want to dress up and pretend to be women. Sissies often resist wearing their frilly clothes, especially in public (even though they love wearing them in secret). They get so embarrassed to wear them in front of others. I look at it this way: A real man likes to lead others, but beyond stealing panties out of laundry hampers and from clotheslines, a sissy can't even lead himself. A real man can control himself, but beyond holding in his cravings long enough to buy a dirty book and a pair of panties, sissies have no self-control and are totally addicted to jerking off. A real man knows what he wants, but beyond a desire to wear frilly clothes and grow breasts, a sissy has no idea what he wants.

As such, the sissy male is easy prey for anyone who wants to take charge of him. Aggressive males or females can take advantage of him in any way they choose. Since sissies always feel inferior to everyone else, they are thrilled to serve anyone who shows any interest in them, even if that means being humiliated or used as a slave or a sex toy. Sissies love to please. It makes them feel worthwhile.

I learned all about sissies at home. As a small girl, I saw how Kevin, my stepbrother, was being trained by my mother. He idolized me, his big sister, and all females. One day I caught him in my room wearing one of my dresses and Mom's wig. I took him right downstairs for Mom and Dad to see. Dad was embarrassed and told him he shouldn't do that. Mom laughed her head off, especially when she lifted up the dress and saw he was wearing my prissy pink panties too. Mom told him he could dress up like that any time he wanted. When I complained about him using my clothes, Mom said she'd buy me some new ones and give Kevin some of the clothes I didn't want anymore. My brother began wearing panties all the time and dressing up a lot. Frequently, he even ventured outside with my girlfriends and me. Everybody got to know that a sissy he had turned into. Even all the kids at school soon found out.

Kevin so admired the other boys but knew he could never be one of them. When he was in high school, just to be a part of the other boys' activities, he persuaded the baseball coach to let him be the batboy for the team. The coach laughed at him, but thought all the boys would get a kick out of it so he said "yes."

Well, Kevin held all those ball players in such awe, he swore to them that he'd do anything for them. And anything, he did. They started out having him fetch things for them. This quickly escalated into having Kevin sew little tears in their uniforms, wash out their jock straps and clean their lockers. By the end of summer he was eventually called upon to do the most degrading things, like helping the boys in the shower.

They'd make him strip down to his panties (all the kids knew Kevin wore panties under his boys' clothes) and go into the shower to scrub the boys' backs. A few of the boys even insisted that he wash their cocks, balls and ass cracks. Whenever one of the boys in the shower got a hard-on, all the other boys would make Kevin offer his services as a cocksucker. As a joke many of the boys took him up on the offer, pretending just to play along, but many of them must have really gotten turned on by it because they shot their cum into his mouth.

On one occasion, he got deathly ill from something he had eaten. He had to be taken to the hospital to have his stomach pumped. When the doctor came out to tell Mother what he had ingested, she laughed right in his face. Kevin had more than a half cup of sperm in his belly. That combined with some mint-flavored antiseptic had made him sick.

Kevin had told the doctor that the boys made him wash his mouth out with the antiseptic solution between sucking cocks. The stupid kid drank the shit instead of spitting it out!

When Mom and I went into see him in the recovery room, she asked him how many dicks he had sucked. He said probably more than a dozen, but he wasn't sure because he wasn't counting. I really laughed when Kevin admitted that a few of the boys couldn't cum. He was genuinely upset that he couldn't satisfy them. Mom told him not to worry about that, he was a good sissy. Besides, she said, some men and boys just weren't capable of being satisfied by sissy faggots.

Kevin started to cry then. He didn't like to be called a "faggot." Mom apologized with a laugh. She said it was a slip of the tongue, and no, he wasn't a faggot, even though he had to do faggot-like things if anyone asked him to do so. Kevin said he loved being a sissy. He didn't mind having people take advantage of him. That's what he was for. Mom really had trained him well!

I know that since birth Kevin had been taught to suck his daddy's skinny cock, but now with him sucking off all the boys on the baseball team, I felt he was open season. Two days later, I had my girlfriends over along with many of their boyfriends. I brought out Kevin in a little Shirley Temple party dress and had him sucking on the boys pricks to give us girls lessons on how to best suck cock. A few of the girls got jealous because my little fag brother could bring their boyfriends off a lot quicker than they could! When Mom came home, she called the party quits. She said Kevin was still too weak from having his stomach pumped. She told us to postpone it until he built up his strength a little more before trying to make him suck off so many boys at once.

So as you can see, I've had a lot of early experience dealing with sissies. Presently, I have two daughters of my own. I was disappointed that my sissy husband was not able to give me a boy we could train to be a sissy so we adopted one. We put him in a chiffon party dress and pink rhumba panties the first night we brought him home from the placement agency. He loved them! His name is Richard Lynn, so we call him "Lynn" all the time.

Even after he got out of the toddler stage, he wanted to hold onto his old pacifier. Well, I took care of that. Whenever I saw him with it, I'd rub the pacifier deep in my pussy and then shove it back into his mouth. At times, I'd spit on it and then make him suck on it. And a few times I even wiped his daddy's ass with it before forcing it back into his mouth. Finally, I threw his pacifier

into the garbage and told him that anytime he wanted to suck on a pacifier, he could suck on his daddy's dinky little pencil dick. I called Charles in and made him drop his pants and panties. I had Lynn sucking on his cock in nothing flat. I made Charles promise to make himself available to Lynn anytime the boy wanted to suck on his cock.

I better cut it short for now. I've got a date with two of the hottest hunks in town tonight. Charles is putting out my clothes and Lynn is waiting to lick my cunt and ass sissyboy clean.

Much Success,
Rita B., Folcroft, Pennsylvania

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I caught my stepbrother in my

He Thought I Didn't Know

Dear Princess,

I found your publications among my son's stash of pretty panties. I must say I found your booklets quite interesting. I like the service you are providing for sissyboys everywhere. They certainly need someone to pay attention to them if my son Elliot is typical of a sissy. I'm writing because I thought you'd enjoy hearing from me since you like stories about males wearing women's panties. Moreover, my son just might read this in your magazine some day (if you decide to publish it) and realize how much his mother loves him.

These days, Elliot is a successful graphic artist with his own business, but he started getting into my panties many years ago. He was always a rough and tumble sort of boy and not interested in anything female. Then one day when he was about ten, I walked into my room and found him with my dresser drawer open. He had several pairs of my best panties in his hands. The poor thing looked like he was ready to die on the spot. He dropped the panties and immediately started crying and begging for my forgiveness.

I was angry with him for invading my privacy, and I scolded him severely. He cried for ages and couldn't look me in the eye for days. I tried to forget about it, but every once in a while, I noticed my lingerie drawer had been disturbed, and I knew Elliot was doing it. During this same time, I noticed how he was changing. He became much more feminine in his ways. He no longer liked to roughhouse and play with bad boys. Instead, he'd follow me around and help me with the housework. I thought it a bit strange for a boy to like to do that, but I also appreciated the help! I wondered how that was all linked to his interest in my lingerie.

Several times I wanted to confront him with the evidence of my lingerie disturbed in my dresser drawers, but I didn't. I remembered how devastated he was when I had originally caught him. In all other respects Elliot was becoming such a good boy; I just couldn't bear embarrassing him so much again. After all, I thought, what's the big deal. So he's curious about my panties. That's no reason to destroy the great relationship we were cultivating. So I turned a blind eye to his little fetish. Well, not exactly. Since he liked my panties so much, I always kept him in the back of my mind when I went lingerie shopping. I noticed that he liked my fanciest and brightest colored panties most, and so I made a point of buying those kinds of panties. And I bought more of them than most other women would. I had probably had about two hundred pairs of panties at any one time.

Whenever I bought new panties, I would go through my panty drawer and get rid of a bunch of the old ones. Then I'd give them to Elliot to take to our church (along with other old clothes) for their periodic rummage sales. I often wondered how many of those panties made it to the church. Sometimes while cleaning Elliot's room, I'd find some of those old panties, but I never confronted him with them.

For a short time, Elliot kept a diary. I found it one day. Of course, I couldn't resist reading it, especially when I discovered that it covered the period of time when he first started getting into my panties. He described in detail how he had first noticed my panties when he was going

through my dresser drawers. I wasn't home at the time and he was looking for some bobby pins, which I used to give to him to hold together pieces of his model planes while he was gluing them together. When he first came across my panty drawer, he was attracted to the silky smoothness of the panties.

At first, he was greatly troubled by the panties, and when he was alone, he'd go back to my room, look at them and touch them. He finally decided that if they felt so good in his hands they would probably feel wonderful on his hips and penis. So one night when everyone else was out, he took a pair to try on. To quote from his diary (Note: At the time we lived near a busy intersection and our front door was only a few feet from the street.):

"I wanted to do this for three days. The panties I took were plain white ones. They had really nice lace on the legs. Beautiful feeling to wear them. I don't know why I did it. No one saw me, but I'm sad because I don't want to do stuff like a girl. That makes me ashamed. Why do I like panties? They feel so great. I danced around in them. They feel so good when I move around. I love touching them all over. I went kind of crazy, I think. I then stood in the doorway with the front door wide open in just the panties. I kept snapping the elastics and I wanted people passing cars to see me. I'd wave to them, but I don't think anyone noticed."

The entries after that date tended to be very similar, as he expressed his love for wearing panties. However, two other things I did find very interesting. He wrote about wearing panties under his regular clothes at times even to school and he also talked about stealing panties from the clotheslines of pretty girls he knew. One of the pairs he took, some fancy orange ones with red lace up each side were a favorite of his along with my yellow satin panties with white lace on the leg openings. He openly expressed a wish to wear panties all the time. He hid his diary in his model airplane paint kit, so I knew where to find it and regularly read it while he was out.

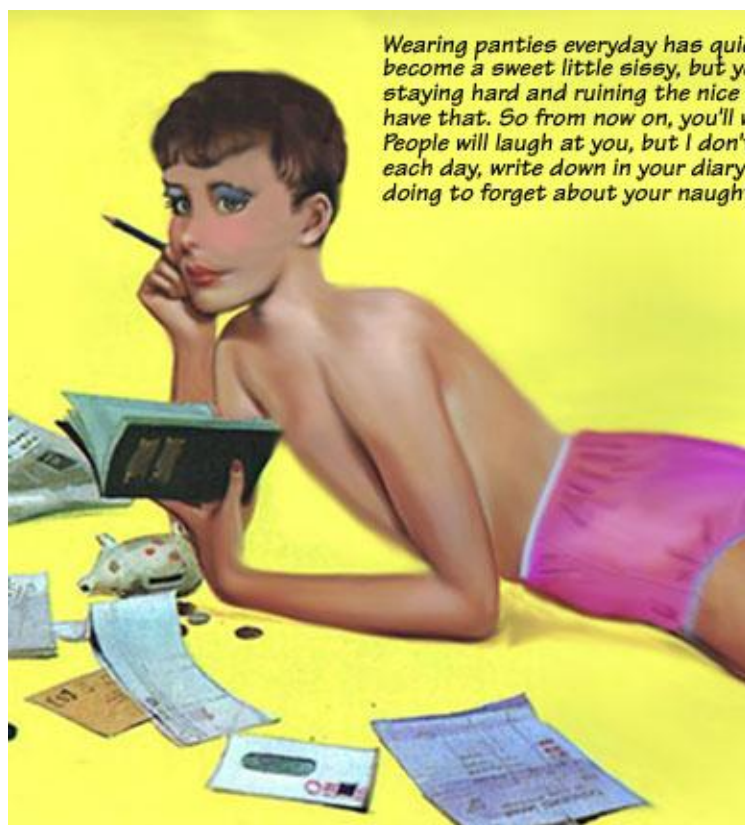
I soon discovered that he had a lot of problems with erections, especially as his hormones developed in his body. I could sense his pain and confusion, so one night, I told him I knew all about his love for panties and I knew what he was going through. I took advantage of him. I loved how he had evolved. I know he wanted to be more girlish, and I wanted that for him too, but he was having problems admitting that to himself. So I simply sat him down and told him he was a sissy, not a real boy at all. I had him start wearing makeup everyday, even little touches of lipstick and eyeliner to school. He already had a reputation as a sissy, so the makeup didn't surprise many people. I explained that if he stopped getting erections in his panties, he'd become more girl like and be much happier, and wearing makeup and doing other feminine things would help him in that regard. I knew enough about males that you could get a boy to do whatever you wanted if you took control of his penis. I did kind of a reverse of that by gently making fun of his erections and pretending to help him. I told him to write in his diary every day everything he was doing to stop having erections, and of course, that had the reverse effect. It only made him concentrate on his hard penis all the more! I also made him confess to me every Friday night, made him report to me about every time he had an erection, and every time he had to masturbate. I didn't let him off with a simple confession. I made him describe those situations in great detail, even to the thoughts he was thinking as he soiled his panties with his cum. It was most embarrassing for him but very exciting for me. And it made him even more devoted to me, more of a sissy, and a compulsive pantywaist masturbator.

He's still that way, and I love it!

So Elliot, if you are reading this, I want you to know that I love you and always will. Don't feel bad that I helped you along the road to sissyness by tricking you into becoming totally infatuated with panties. In my heart I knew that's what you really wanted. I was just helping you get there a little faster than if you had to do it all on your own with a lot of bad karma and guilt feelings.

With a Mother's Love,
Elaine B., Kansas City, Missouri

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I Made My Boyfriend into My Sissy

Dear Princess,

Throughout my school years, I was very popular. Boys thought I was pretty with my long white-blond hair and thin body. Since so many boys were interested in me, I wasn't very interested in them. I suppose they were too easy to get.

I hung around with another girl by the name of Celia. She was a model-caliber beauty, and like me, easily attracted boys. It led to a friendly competition between us, seeing who could snag the most and the cutest boys. But we soon got bored of that game, and that led to a bet between us. We realized that since the boys were so hungry to be our boyfriends that they would do most anything for us. We were feeling our oats and looking for some fun so we made a bet to see who could get a boy to do the most humiliating things.

We agreed to play the game throughout the summer, and on Labor Day, the game would end. We got three other girls to act as a judging committee, and we had to bring proof to them of our exploits or have them personally witness these stunts. We didn't tell the other girls what the prize was, but it was no small bet: The loser had to eat the winner's pussy! Neither of us had ever done anything like that (even though we both had many boys do it to us), so the stakes were very substantial!

At the time Celia wasn't going with anyone and I was seeing a boy named Martin. I didn't really love him or anything. I just went with him because he was the best of what was available. Well, my first challenge to Martin was for him to kiss me deep between my bare ass cheeks in front of one of the judges. He promised me he'd do it, but when the time came, he chickened out. I said "good-bye" to him then and there.

He relented and pleaded with me to let him do it. So I pulled up my mini skirt, pulled down my polka dot panties and got ready to let him plant a kiss on my bare butt. As he got behind me, I pointed my asshole squarely at his lips and when he drew near, I farted in his face. He screamed bloody murder as he was spitting, cussing and acting like I had shit on him or something. I think the committee gave me good points for that, but I couldn't be sure because the rules we made up called for the boys to allow us to do humiliating things to them with their consent or have them humiliate themselves, not to trick them into things.

Anyway it didn't take Celia long to do something. She looked up one of her old boyfriends who was still in love with her. She made him write a letter to her promising to outdo anything any boy would do for me! I complained and said that wasn't fair, but the committee overruled me. As long as the boy did it, that was all that counted. To prove his promise, Celia had the boy not only kiss her ass but use his tongue to thoroughly clean her asshole while the whole judging committee looked on!

I became more sociable than ever with boys. I talked to every one of them who indicated the slightest interest in me. I was looking for the ideal candidate. I was sure that Tom (Celia's boyfriend) had his limits. I was determined to find a boy that would do things that Tom wouldn't do. It was one day during this time that Mom asked me if I had taken some of my panties off the clothesline before she had a chance to bring the wash in. I answered "no" and told her I thought that was a strange thing to ask.

"Well, then I think there's a panty thief in the neighborhood. This is the third time over the past several weeks that some of your panties have disappeared from the clothesline."

My immediate reaction was rage. How dare anyone do such a thing? Probably some dirty old man, I surmised, a pervert who lusted after pretty young girls and stole their panties because he was too old and ugly to date them. I wanted to call the police, but Mom told me to forget about it. She'd just hang my panties indoors from then on.

The thought of someone stealing my panties really played on my mind. The more I thought about it, the angrier I got. I felt violated; it was almost like being raped in some way. I kept wondering who would do such a thing. What did he look like? I assumed it was a he. After all, women didn't do such things. In my mind I decided that he had to be old, fat and ugly. Then I had a brainstorm. If I caught such a guy, he'd have to be my slave. Do whatever I told him to do. Otherwise, I'd call the cops on him. That was it! I'd catch this guy and he'd do absolutely anything for me. So what if he was old, fat and ugly. Nowhere in the rules did it say anything about the guy's age or looks.

I told Mom I wanted to set a trap and find out who was stealing my panties, but I didn't tell her why. She was a little afraid, saying the thief might be crazy, armed or dangerous. I assured her that I wouldn't take any chances. I would simply set a trap and see who showed up.

Mom always did our lingerie laundry on Friday, so we'd have all of our best things fresh and clean and available to wear for the weekend. She always did the wash mid afternoon then hung it out to dry until the sun went down. That worked to my advantage because the panty thief probably knew that much about Mom's laundry routine too. So I set my sights on the following Friday. We had a screened-in back porch that was hard to see into but easy for someone inside to see out of. I decided it was the perfect lookout post because one end of the clothesline was less than twenty feet away from the porch.

When Friday came around I helped Mom with the wash. I made sure a big selection of my prettiest panties was included. We hung them on the line as close to the back porch as possible. Then I took up my lookout position. It was about 4 PM. I had stocked myself with snack food, drinks and reading material.

I sat out there reading a book and waiting for almost two hours. As I was about to call it quits, I noticed movement in the bushes bordering our backyard. A moment later, a small figure dashed out of the bushes and started pulling pairs of my panties off the line. I wanted to scream out, but what I was so amazed I couldn't move. A few seconds later, the figure disappeared back through the bushes.

Part of the reason I couldn't say anything was because I couldn't believe it. The other part of the reason was that I knew the panty thief! I was amazed because the thief was a young boy, not a fat, ugly, dirty old man. He was Gene Wellbaum, a good friend of Hal, my younger brother. Both of them had just graduated from Fulton Junior High.

I decided to keep the information to myself. I took down all the laundry so Mom wouldn't notice the missing panties. That night, I wrote a note to Gene, sealed it and gave it to his mom who was a clerk at the corner drug store. I told her it was an invitation to a party. In the note I asked him to meet me alone at my house the next day before my brother got home from football practice. I

used the excuse that I wanted him to help me with birthday gift suggestions for Hal since his birthday was coming up.

The next day, I got Mom to run an errand to get her out of the house so I'd be home alone when Gene showed up. He appeared right on cue but acted a little sheepish in my presence. He became obviously nervous when he realized that we alone together.

I started out with some lame talk about Hal's birthday, and then hit him with it.

"So exactly what do you do with all the panties you've been stolen from me?"

I thought he was going to go into cardiac arrest right there. He dissolved, whining, crying and begging forgiveness.

"Stop your crying, you little sissy. Answer my question. What do you do with my panties?"

Just terrorized moans and groans came out of his mouth, still no answer.

"Do you smell them? I hear perverts like you like to smell girls' panties. Or are you one of those faggot types who wears them? Yeah, I bet you're one of those. Are you wearing a pair right now!"

He swore he wasn't. I started to feel sorry for the miserable little brat so I took him in my arms and brushed away his tears. All he could do was keep on apologizing and asking for forgiveness. He pleaded with me not to tell anyone. I thought of threatening him with the police but that was a trump card I could always play later. I sat him down and explained my problem. I needed a boyfriend, who would do any disgusting, humiliating thing that I would ask him to do.

Without a second thought, he agreed.

We ended up talking for over an hour. Even though I was three years older than him, I decided that we would present ourselves as boyfriend and girlfriend. I began seeing him nearly everyday after that. A lot of people raised their eyebrows when they found out I was dating such a young boy, but I ignored them. Quietly, I was hatching my plan. I talked a lot with Gene, and the more we talked, the more intrigued I became. It seems he got hooked on panties when he was very young because the little girl who lived next door to him wouldn't let him play with her unless he dressed up like a girl whenever she wanted to play dress up. Well, he was so lonely for a friend and she was the only other kid near his age in the neighborhood to play with that he agreed to do it. He soon found himself being outfitted in beautiful dresses, slips, panties -- the works. Well, one day his father caught him all dressed up. He spanked Gene on the spot then made him stay in the dress and lingerie for the entire weekend.

That was traumatic enough, but the next night things got worse when his father came home drunk and raped him. Gene said he'd never forget how he was made to bend over the edge of the couch so his father could pull up the yellow flowered sun dress he was wearing to expose his panties for another spanking. Something about the excessively fancy panties set the old man off.

They were pink and loaded with ruffles across the rear end. Well his dad saw those panties and went nuts. He started calling him a faggot sissy and a queer little girl. Before he knew it, he felt his father's penis rubbing across his ruffled-pantied ass. Gene got scared at the sight of his father's big dick, but his dad just hit him and told him to lie still. Next his disgusting old man slipped his angry penis under the legband of those ruffled panties and jerked himself off in the boy's ass crack. Gene went to bed that night with his father's sperm all over his pantied ass cheeks and his father's laughter and degrading name calling still ringing in his ears.

Gene's mother never found out what had happened. His father never bothered him again and nothing was ever said. One thing did remain though. Gene developed a fixation for pretty panties. The frillier the better. When his little neighbor girlfriend moved away, Gene started to steal panties from girls he thought were pretty. Lately, he admitted to stealing my panties because I was the prettiest woman he had ever seen. I was flattered, and I was becoming very attracted to this little sissy. Better yet, whenever I gazed into his longing eyes, I knew I was he sure would even die for me!

Needless to say, I won the competition. I'll tell you exactly how I brought Gene along. I started out by giving him some big time necking. I could get Mom's car most any night so night after night I'd take Gene out and we'd neck. He was from a single parent home. His mother worked most evenings so I had no trouble from her. By our third date I had him wearing panties under his boys clothes. I told him that from then on I'd give him a pair of panties each time we went out and that I would only go out with him if he had those panties on when he arrived at my house for our next date.

That night, I let him touch my breasts and reach up under my skirt to feel my panties. Tears! Genuine tears came to his eyes as I teasingly pulled up my beige mini skirt to show him the dainty rhumba panties that I had on. They were pink and styled just like the ones he had described to me that he was wearing when his father raped him. I let him play with my pussy through the panties. I became wet with his gentle touching. When I unzipped his pants, I complimented him on the pretty green panties he was wearing for me.

I tugged his trousers all the way off. Then I slid off my pink ruffled panties and put them up to his nose and made him inhale my fragrance while I jacked him off in his panties. My warm hand drove him crazy thought his silky nylon and within moments he was jumping around, pumping his hips and squirting hot semen into the soft folds of his panties. After a brief rest, I took his panties off and put them on myself - cum and all! He stared in disbelief as I rubbed his cum into my cunt. (Looking back, I took a stupid chance. After all, I could have gotten pregnant from his spermed panties, but I wasn't thinking too clearly that night). Then I took my pink rhumba panties, put them on him and made him promise to wear them on our next date.

Soon after he asked if we could have traditional-type sex, but I let him know that he was my sissy slave not a real boyfriend, and that I'd never allow him to do that. I let him know that the only way he'd cum with me was by my hand. But he was such a little lamb that he didn't argue my decision. So night after night, we'd kiss and touch and I'd jack him off into his panties. Then one night I pretended to have hurt my arm so I told him to jack himself off for my entertainment.

Almost immediately that became our routine. Then I taught him how to eat my cunny, and he was a quick learner.

I really liked Gene. In fact, in a screwy kind of way, I loved him. But he was a pansy, not a real man so I told him that I was going to start dating real men again to get some good fucking because my cunt was aching for a big hard dick. He cried at that but understood his place. He offered once again to fuck me, but I just laughed at him and told him I loved playing "sissy sex" with him in his panties but I wasn't interested in letting a sissyboy like him stick his baby dick into me. I started to make him wear a dog collar all the time too. And when we were together I experimented with bondage, tying him up and teasing him, doing things like rubbing my dirty panties in his face, panties with both piss and brown stains in them! Even that he told me he love it!

I told several of my girlfriends about Gene and how I had trained him to me and panties. I even told Celia. Of course, she didn't believe me at first even though she gave me a pair of her dirty panties when I asked for them to use in his training. I told several of my other girlfriends too, and I asked some of them for panties. When I'd meet them on the street, I'd make Gene undo his belt and unzip his fly so the girls could see and touch the panties I had him wearing that day. When Celia finally saw him for the first time, and saw him in his panties, she laughed, but she also cried foul, saying that he was so young I could probably train him to do anything. So I told her that if that was the case, she should go out and get a young boy of her own. She just turned and walked away complaining.

The pièce de résistance came one warm summer night, the Friday just before Labor Day. Once again, my screened-in back porch came in handy. I positioned Celia and the three judges on the porch and out of sight. Gene came over at the appointed time, and I took him out into the back yard and sat him on the bench without letting him know that an audience was waiting to see him perform. The laundry was hanging on the line, with plenty of my prettiest lingerie overhead.

I gave him instructions of what to do, and without hesitating, he went over to the clothesline and picking out a pair of pink panties with flowered embroidery on the sides. Gene carefully unpinned them from the line, kissed them, then stripped naked and put the panties on. As he was stepping into them, one of the girls couldn't contain herself and let out with a little squeal. Gene jumped thinking that someone was nearby, but I told him it was just the neighbor's dog.

As soon as he had the panties on, I made him say loud enough for the girls to hear that he was a sissy who would do anything for me, even suck a boy's cock. Then he took a matching uplift bra and put it on. That's when I brought out my surprise. It was Frank, a big muscular guy I was dating (leading along) at the time. When Gene saw Frank, he started to cry from embarrassment. I knew he was most ashamed about appearing like a sissy in front of other males. I reminded him of the promise he had just made to me. Frank laughed and said he had heard what he had said too and he was there so Gene could prove that he meant it.

Gene's eyes were a study in agony, but he knew he had no choice. Without any urging, he got down on his knees in front of Frank and sucked him off. By the time he was choking down hot cum, all the girls had left the secrecy of the porch and were standing close by to get a good look.

When he had finished, he lay back on the grass crying. That's when I stood over him and pulled tight my pussy through my panties and pissed all over him, shooting my pee right through the thin nylon of my yellow panties, a lot of it hitting him in the face and mouth. When it was over, Frank and the girls applauded. Celia willingly forfeited the bet. As everyone was leaving, I told Celia to be at my place at 8 PM the following evening, so I could collect on our bet.

Throughout the years, I've kept in contact with Gene. Today, he's as big of a sissy as ever. But I still love him in "a screwy kind of way."

With Love,
Lynette B.
New York City

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I kept my boyfriend in panties and a dog collar at the start of his training. For the competition, I took him out into my backyard, made him put on a pair of my pink panties and a bra, tied him up, made him suck cock and then pissed on him!



Pricilla Pops: A cartoon with our kind of twist!

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Anne Reardon is sizing up her son Sean, 8, for a traditional schoolgirl-style jumper.

Boys in dresses! Mock fashion show to benefit Halpern Memorial

By Sherry-Lynn Molten

Anyone stumbling into the girls' section of Byard's Department Store Tuesday night would have been amazed to see over a dozen boys being outfitted in dresses and other girlish finery.

No, the boys did not suddenly have an urge to become girls. They were the lucky(?) boys who had volunteered to be models for a mock fashion show to benefit Halpern Memorial Hospital.

A collection of onlookers gathered to witness this unusual sight. They smiled or even giggled out loud as they saw the boys outfitted with everything girls wear, including strappy shoes, stockings or anklets, and even frilly lingerie like nylon and lace-trimmed panties, slips and matching camisoles, dainty training bras or lightly padded bras for the older boys.

One got the feeling that mothers had recruited most of the boys because the anxious, pained expressions on some of the boys' faces made it obvious that they weren't too happy to be part of this turnabout program. A couple of

the boys even had tear-stained faces, probably signaling that they had been pressured into participating. However, three of the boys seemed to be in heaven, gleefully dancing and prancing around like prissy little girls, giving the impression that they were absolutely delighted to wear such nifty little outfits usually reserved only for girls. The other boys could be seen giving them contemptuous looks.

All the mothers, aunts, sisters and other women who were helping to outfit the boys seemed to be taking great pleasure in this rare opportunity to feminize their dutiful male charges.

Comments overheard included, "You're beautiful! You should have been born a girl!" One woman said, "Now stop your whining, I know you love every minute of this, seeing how your sister is always catching you snooping in your her things!"

The show, entitled "Pretty Boys on Parade," will be held on Tuesday, November 10, at 7 PM at the Rand-Phillips Auditorium, 552 S. Wheatly, in Melville.

Admission is by donation. Suggested donation is \$10 for adults and \$5 for children. All monies will

help treat un- and under-insured children at the clinic.

The scene at Byard's was a shock to the senses. Boys, between the ages of 5 and 15, running in and out of dressing rooms in various stages of undress. The women in charge were holding articles of girls' clothing up to the reluctant boys to size them up and once they were zipped into one of the outfits, the embarrassed boys were forced to curtsy, take mincing, feminine steps and do other girlish moves like spinning around to show off the delicate frills of the lingerie they wore underneath.

Since there was a shortage of dressing rooms, some impatient women got tired of waiting and simply had their boys strip down right in the store aisles so they could try on various outfits.

A hearty laugh was heard when one mother stripped off her boy's shirt and trousers. He was devastated because underneath he was wearing a pair of pink, lace-trimmed panties and a matching training bra, both decorated with cute little pink satin bows. His mother explained that she had bought him several bra and panties sets so he could get used to wearing them before the event!

Most of the boys were very self-conscious about their underwear, but they were also very curious about these intimate frillies and couldn't resist lifting up their own and each other's skirts to take playful little peeks at the soft, frilly lingerie hidden under their dainty dresses.

An interesting sidelight: All the clothing is being donated by Byard's, and each boy will get to keep the clothes he models. It would be fun to discover what the boys do with those clothes after the show! I wonder if some of the more conservative mothers won't allow the clothes to go to waste and make their boys get some use out of their new girlie outfits!

In the News . . .

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Sissy Boys in the Movies

Ma Vie en Rose

In Panty Lines #4, we presented still photos from the movie *Ma Vie en Rose* (My Life in Pink), which is about young Ludovic, who is convinced he was supposed to have been born a girl and not a boy. Here, we're happy to bring you more darling pictures from this wonderful film.

Unlike some films of this nature that cast a girl in the role of a gender-confused boy, the part of Ludovic is beautifully played by a real boy, George du Fresne. To the film's credit, the boy is not "cured" of his desires with a Hollywood-style ending.

This 1997 film has won numerous awards, including "Best Foreign Film" at the Golden Globes.

From Sony Pictures. Currently available on video. Official website:
<http://www.spe.sony.com/classics/mavieenrose/>

The End of Panty Lines #9

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