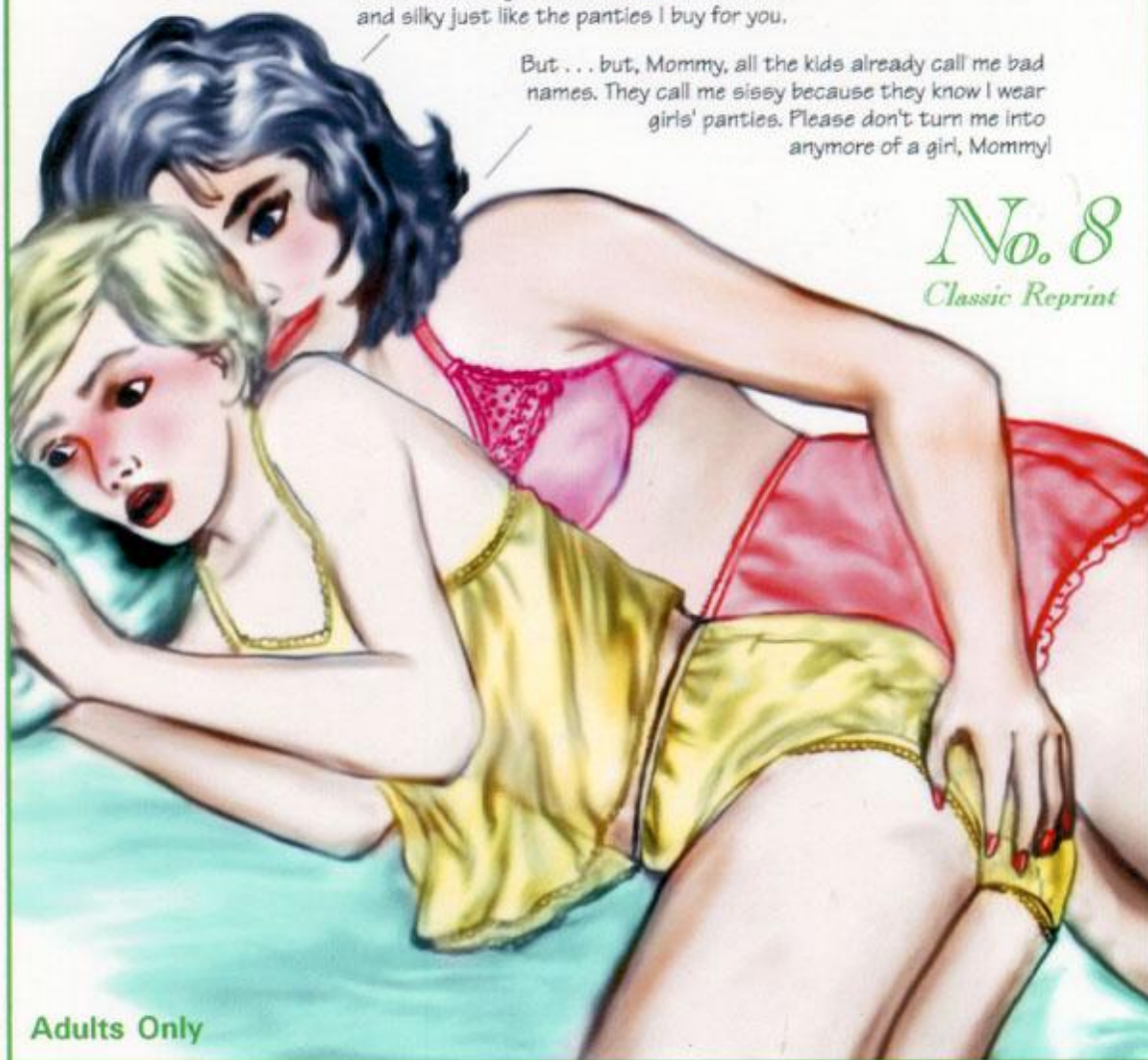


# THE ORIGINAL PARTY LINES

Now, isn't this cute little babydoll nightie fun to wear? I know you'll like it because it's soft and silky just like the panties I buy for you.

But . . . but, Mommy, all the kids already call me bad names. They call me sissy because they know I wear girls' panties. Please don't turn me into anymore of a girl, Mommy!

No. 8  
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

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**

## *The Making of a Sissy*

### Part 8

**This continuing true-life series relates the events and circumstances that caused little Jimmie to become a lifelong sissy. Last issue's episode was about Jimmie's aunt Maryann, who had bought him three pairs of pretty panties for his birthday to embarrass him out of ever wanting to wear them again. The ups and downs of that experience both thrilled and confused him. He had been so close to happiness because he thought that he would finally be allowed to wear prissy little panties just like his sisters and then be just like them. Sure it would be embarrassing, but he thought that some humiliation was a small price to pay for something he so desperately wanted. And now to continue the story.**



Ever since I was a toddler, I loved to draw and color pictures, especially pictures of women and girls in fancy dresses because I was so in love with girls' pretty clothes even if I wasn't allowed to wear them myself. One day, I discovered a scotch whisky advertisement in a magazine. It caught my attention because it showed a Scotsman in a kilt. I was fascinated by a man in a skirt since I was always looking for any support for my desire to wear girls' clothes. My mom always told me boys don't wear girls' clothes, and her word was law. So when I showed Mom the picture to prove to her that men could wear skirts, she explained that men in Scotland wear kilts. She said it looked like a skirt, but it wasn't. It was a kilt. To me it looked like a skirt, especially since that is what I wanted it to be. Well, Mom refused to listen to my argument. No, I couldn't wear a skirt because Scottish men wear kilts. Nevertheless, I treasured that picture and became so enamored of it that, over the years, I drew it a thousand times if I drew it once. That one picture inspired me to work tirelessly to develop my ability to draw, shade and color since I repeatedly redrew that one picture so many times.

My early interest in drawing and coloring pictures brought me to the attention of Clair Henderson, an old lady my sisters and I were encouraged to call "Aunt Clair," even though she wasn't related to us. She wasn't even a close friend, so I never understood the "aunt" title. But there were several friends of the family that we called "uncle" or "aunt," according to our parents' wishes.

Clair was an acquaintance of my (real) aunt Maryann. "Aunt" Clair was much older than any of my real aunts. I had seen her periodically over the years, but I had no interest in her and she seemed to have no interest in me. She was stiff and cold, didn't play around with us kids and had little patience with us. Then one day, we took an interest in each other.

It was during the summer just before I started first grade. Aunt Maryann was a frequent visitor to our house, and on this day she brought along Aunt Clair, who sat down in a loveseat, which was near me, while I sat on the floor with one of my sister's coloring books and coloring a picture of Alice in Wonderland, prettily outfitted in a pinafore dress with peeking petticoats.

"That's a pretty picture," Aunt Clair said.

I had been taught to say "thank you" to such comments, and I did. However, her comment did wake me out of my dream world and made me realize that I was being watched.

When she asked me if she could see more of the pictures I had colored, I offered her the book.

"So very nice. You stay inside the lines so well. Such lovely colors," she complimented me on and on in a dozen different ways.

"But Jimmie," she said with a puzzled look on her face, "you only colored the pictures of the pretty little girls. I guess you don't like to color pictures of the little boys."

Of course, it was true, but I don't know why I didn't think anyone else noticed what I colored. My coloring and drawing was my escape, my dream world. I didn't think anyone ever noticed. And except for my picture of the Scotsman, the subjects of my artistry were always female. I didn't say anything in response to her comments. When she gave me back my book, I wasted no time in sitting back down on the floor to continue coloring.

Up until that time, I had never exchanged anything more than a few words with Aunt Clair. Now, she kept trying to engage me in conversation, but her manner was not especially warm or inviting. She had a matter-of-fact way about her that fit her stodgy appearance. She always wore simple and boring long grandmother-type dresses and practical low, thick-heeled shoes. On that fateful day, she did manage to engage me in a few words of conversation. In turn, I looked at her closer than ever before. She was not a pretty woman. Her face sagged and was wrinkled like a loose-fitting blouse. Her hair was an even mix of black and grey. Her voice was high-pitched and warbled like a lot of old people. It lacked warmth and feeling. She wasn't sugary sweet and entrancingly feminine like my idealized version of a woman. Aunt Clair was aloof and stern. I expected her to ridicule or reprimand me at any moment.

I was wearing a pair of my sister's silky white panties under my trousers that day, and whenever I wore them, I was very self-conscious, always fearful that someone would discover me in panties and tease, humiliate or punish me. When Aunt Clair started talking to me, it made me uncomfortable; I was gun-shy from being ridiculed in the past. I wanted to get up and move to another place on the floor where I would be left alone, but she kept trying to talk to me, and I knew it was impolite to ignore her. So I responded to her simple, probing questions, most of the time with just a nod or a little "yes" or "no." I was trying to be nice and do what I was expected to do.

"That's a really pretty one," she said pointing at one of my pictures. "You made her skirt such a nice shade of yellow. And you made her shoes to match. How sweet!"

Her voice didn't mellow, but her interest in my pictures made her sound a lot nicer to my ears. Most people didn't spend very much time with me so when she went on and on about how nice my pictures were, I became more and more attuned to her.

Her long dress extended well below her knees as she sat in the big overstuffed love seat. Periodically, she crossed her legs and swung her foot back and forth. I looked up at her swinging foot and my vision was drawn under the edge of her skirt. I noticed she was wearing a light blue slip with a fancy ruffled edge of pink and blue chiffon lace. It was very pretty, but even at my young age, I realized that it was quite ornate for an old lady like her. It was more like something a little girl would wear in those days. I became curious. Her clothes on the outside were so dull and old-ladyish, but underneath, this slip was a feminine dream. I couldn't take my eyes off that slip. Undaunted, I boldly stared and stared, and my staring reminded me of the panties I had on and heightened my awareness of them. They were so nice and silky, just like her slip. I slid my hand down the front of my trousers and touched my silky panties while I continued to stare up her skirt. My penis tingled in the silkiness. It was probably erect, but I didn't know much about such things then. I always got a funny feeling in my penis when I purloined my sister's panties and put them on, but this was the first times I recall getting that same kind of feeling by looking at someone else, seeing someone else's pretty lingerie. The butterflies in my stomach and the light-headedness I felt are one of the earliest memories I have of becoming sexually aroused. She noticed me staring and stroking myself but didn't say anything. She just smiled at me, stared into my eyes and kept bobbing her foot up and down, a motion which gave me more of those little peeks up her skirt.

All of a sudden my mother noticed me with my hand down the front of my pants, vigorously rubbing my penis in my panties. She screamed, "Jim, what are you doing?"

"Clair! What's he up to? Is he bothering you?"

I was distracted from my sensual delights. I didn't know it wasn't nice to stare up a woman's skirt, and if I did know I had conveniently forgotten that little no-no! I immediately stopped touching myself and slid my hand out of my pants. It had felt so good, but from the sound of my mother's screaming, I knew from experience, that anything that felt that good had to be bad or wrong!

My mother's reprimand was interrupted by Aunt Clair who assured her that I wasn't being a nuisance. Then she reached down, pulled me to my feet and gave me a hug and told my mother that I was a "sweet boy." That surprised me both because it was so unexpected and also because Aunt Clair with her cold, hard way of speaking, stopped my mother from castigating me any further.

Moments later, all the adults took seats around a big card table to play canasta. My sisters went into their room to play. The sight of Aunt Clair's slip fascinated me. It was so pretty. So, hoping to get another peek up her skirt, I crawled under the table. I frequently liked to stretch out under the table and do my drawings. It's something I did all the time, so no one thought much about it.

From under the table, I could see her pretty pink and blue slip once again. However, to my delight, her skirt seemed a lot shorter. It was a hot summer day, and she had pulled it up a bit, giving me a great view of her shimmering, girlish slip. They played cards for hours. The only times I came out from underneath the table were to go to the bathroom, get something to drink or to get some potato chips or pretzels. The adults drank highballs, and I was given a Pepsi. Then it was back to the card game for the adults, and I went back under the table.

After they had several drinks, they relaxed a bit. They stretched their feet out and parted their legs. I got a chance to look under both my mother's dress and my aunt Maryann's skirt. There was a fourth woman at the table too, but I don't remember anything about her. I could see bits of their slips too, but they were just plain white with a little lace or decoration on the edge. Aunt Clair had now pulled her dress way up. I could see a lot of her shiny blue and pink slip and her nylons going all the way up to her garters. I think I spent hours under the table that day. I think I could have stayed under there forever. I was sad when the game was over and they all got up to leave.

Once Aunt Clair got her coat on, she put her hands on my hips, dangerously close to the panties I had on under my pants. She massaged me with her hands, rubbing all around my waist and butt as if she knew I had panties on and was massaging me with their silkiness. She leaned over, gave me a kiss and spoke to me.

"I really loved seeing all your pretty pictures. I'm sure you'll grow up to be a famous artist."

Then she whispered, "Your aunt Maryann told me how much you like girls' things. I don't blame you, they are so-o-o pret-ty."

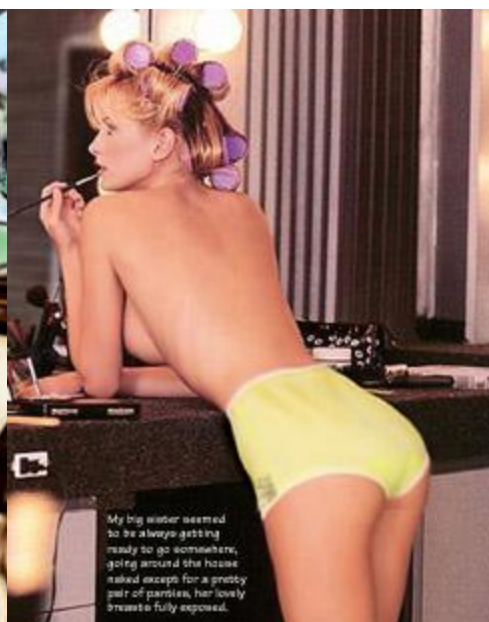
That made me blush. My aunt must have told her about the panties she had bought for me on my birthday! I feared my panties were on the verge of being exposed, and I was about to be ridiculed once again, but it ended right there as everyone said good-bye. Sure, I loved those panties, but it unnerved me whenever I was about to be exposed because I now knew that I wasn't supposed to wear panties, and whenever other people found me out, I'd get yelled at, spanked and humiliated. But that didn't happen this time.

A few years later, I had an opportunity to spend a weekend with Aunt Clair and that exciting experience I'll be writing about in a future chapter of my story.

***In the next part of this fascinating series, Jimmie tells about stealing panties from his friend's sisters.***

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## *Like My Father, I'm a Sissy Wimp*

Dear Princess,

I am thankful my parents, especially my mother, raised me in an ideal family environment. Throughout my early years, I was shielded from a lot of what went on in our home, but that probably wasn't hard to do since I was so consumed with soccer, toys, and playing with my friends. I had little interest in most other things happening around me.

However, through example, I was taught about the naturally superior position of the female. My dad almost always deferred to my mother and my sister, Cathy. Dad frequently blushed and acted confused and unsure in their presence. Moreover, he rarely objected to anything they did or said. I imitated his actions since that was the way I thought men were supposed to act toward women.

But when visiting the homes of my friends, I was often shocked at how other fathers behaved, which tended to be loud and demanding. They'd boss around their wives and children and demand having things their way. As I grew older and I saw such things more and more, it started to sink in. Why was our house so different? I didn't really mind. In fact, I soon realized that our house was so much more quiet and pleasant. It confused me, but I was glad that my dad wasn't like other boorish, brute fathers.

As far back as I can remember, the females in our household (my mother and my sister) had control over my father. It wasn't until I was ten years old that I found out how much they did control him. Before that time there were plenty of signs, but I never put two and two together. Looking back now, I realize that, like a game, Mom and sis frequently toyed with exposing to me the way my father was enslaved to them. But when they did go too far and I noticed something unusual, they were always ready with an excuse to explain away any situation. There were hundreds of such incidents, a typical one happened when I was about eight years old. I had fallen off my bicycle as a station wagon came barreling past me. I had skinned my knee so I ran home crying and burst into the living room.

Dad was sitting on the floor in front of my sister painting her toenails. He tried to jump up, but Mom screamed at him to stay where he was and to continue what he was doing. Dad was squirming around, and my sister was grinning. She had her foot pushed deep into his groin. She kept moving it around and pushing it against his lap right and his penis as he tried to hold still and neatly apply the polish.

Since Mom didn't allow me to run in the house, she was on the verge of scolding me for bursting in like a wild man, but when she saw my injury and torn pants, she came to minister to me. When she saw me staring at what was going on, she calmly explained that Dad was painting Cathy's toenails because Cathy had hurt her hand and couldn't do it for herself. (Her hand looked fine to me.)

Dad was sniffing and moaning like he was in pain and couldn't catch his breath. When I noticed that he was barefoot and his toenails were painted with the same bright red polish, Mom calmly explained with a laugh that she had made him practice on himself before she decided he was good enough to do Dorothy's nails.

Dad was very embarrassed but said nothing. At that age, I didn't know such a thing as nail polish remover existed so I didn't think too much about it when I saw Dad numerous times over the next week without his shoes and still sporting the polish. Mom and sis even made a point out how nice it looked and teasingly asked him if he wanted to wear it all the time. One time sis asked me if I wanted some too. She had a big laugh as she chased me around the house waving the nail polish until Mom made her stop.

There was another time I remember. I got scared during a rain storm and ran into my parent's room. Mom was sitting on Dad's face. He was huffing and puffing and trying to get some air as she scrambled off him. I could see everything because they had the lights all on. Mom told me it was a game adults played, but Dad didn't look like he was having too much fun, and his face was purple-red and covered with deep marks from where my mother's panty elastics had dug into his face. She had to be sitting on his face for a long time for that to happen!

Panties! Eventually, they were my downfall that enslaved me to females.

Years later Mom explained it all to me, how my sister and she gradually drew me into their special world where all males are submissive to all females. She used silky panties to turn me into a devoted panty fetishist and feminized male. Throughout my life, my mother and sister would walk around the house in just their panties. I grew up seeing their bare breasts and pretty panties. It was part of Mom's plan to get me interested in panties.

But a steady diet of them in their panties didn't do anything for me -- until, I was ten years old and my hormones were getting ready to start me on the road to puberty. Then I did start to notice my mother and sister always running around in their lingerie.

Panties. On Saturday of every week, Dad washed all the lingerie. There were always oodles of pretty panties, bras, slips and other frilly things. Dad did the lingerie wash on Saturdays because I would be home from school and doing my chores as he handled these pretty clothes. Hoping I'd notice and become interested in them, Mom would have them sitting in a basket next to her chair during breakfast, when she'd sort through them as we all sat and ate. She'd frequently pause to hold up one frilly item or another and comment about it, saying how pretty it was or how well it would go with a particular outfit, etc. After Dad washed them all by hand, he'd hang them up. If it was raining out, he'd string them up on a clothesline in our bathroom and a second line in our extra bedroom that I used as a playroom. Once they were dry, Dad would take them down, iron them (yes, iron them!) and fold them. He always did this in the living room, wearing a ruffled apron over his clothes while we all watched TV shows. He had worn that apron every time he did the laundry, ever since I was born, so I never thought much about it.

When it was raining out, I had to stay inside and play with my cars or some of my games, usually in the shadow of pretty lingerie on the line in my play room.



When it was nice out I got to play outside but had to stay in our backyard, and on such days Dad would hang all the lingerie outside on the clothesline near where I was playing. After the clothes were dry, he would have to bring them in and as usual iron them in the living room during TV time.

Panties! How beautiful they looked as they fluttered limply in the breeze. The clothesline would be full of soft, glowing pinks, bright yellows, shiny purples, pristine whites, layer of delicate lace, and an long line of sweet ruffles, rippling folds of filmy, lightweight nylon, rayon, silk, satin, and taffeta, all furling and unfurling with every tiny breeze. Dripping with appliques, ruffles, delicate embroidery. Highlighted at points with brightly colored ribbons and satin bows.

For all the years I saw my father doing the panty laundry, those panties never meant anything special to me. Then, one day not long after my tenth birthday, something changed, and I found myself standing on our rear porch, motionless, staring at the approximately two dozen pairs of panties hanging from our clothesline. They were in a variety of sizes and styles, mostly heavily decorated. Very feminine. They swung back and forth in an ethereal, mysterious way. Sure, they looked kind of cute, kind of sexy. Soft. Pretty. But what in the hell was I thinking and doing?

Why was I just standing there unable to pull myself away from the sight of those intriguing bits of lingerie. There were only two females in our house, my mother and my bitchy seventeen-year-old sister. Mom did the underwear laundry once a week, and during an average week, I'd change my underwear three, maybe four, times. Mom was always getting after me, saying that I had to change my underwear everyday. But what for? I didn't know why.

But there was this huge clothesline full of panties. I tried to count them several times, but each time, I found myself distracted by one fluttering pair or another and I'd lose count. There had to be at least two dozen pairs of panties on the line that day. Why so many? Just for my mother and my sister? How many times everyday did they change them? Women and girls, who could understand them? Oh yes, there, on the far end of the line, were my four pairs of shorts, my contribution to the underwear wash for the week. They did look pretty dull, boring and plain next to all those fancy panties. For a flitting moment, I pictured myself wearing fancy panties like those on the line, but just the thought got me sick to my stomach and light-headed. What a stupid idea! Weird! Funny! Disgusting! Was I nuts or something?



I dreamt of being caught by my mother, father and sister, all of them touching me and my panties.

My dad didn't have any underwear on the line because he didn't wear any. Anyway, that's what Mom and Cathy always told me. They often joked about it. Like Dad, I had tried going without my shorts on occasion, but my trousers were too rough and scratchy. It's was bad enough I was

always itching myself down there. Mom scolded me whenever she caught me, and sis would tell Mom if she caught me scratching.

Finally, I was able to pull myself away from that hypnotizing clothesline display. With a laugh at myself for wasting my time and doing something so stupid, I went to my room and took out a book to study. But I couldn't get my mind off those goddamn panties. Minutes later, I was on the back porch again staring at them like a zombie.

Besides panties, there was plenty of other lingerie on the line, all kinds of fancy slips, garter belts and bras. Yeah, my sister had some pretty fancy things. I knew they were my sisters because I saw her wearing them all the time. Why did the underwear women wear have to be so fancy? Women and their crazy clothes. What was the point? But those damn dumb panties. I kept thinking about them! Pretty panties. Icky girlie panties.

I didn't know until it was too late that my mother was watching me as I stood there in a trance.

"Instead of just standing there and staring," she said, "you may as well give me a hand and help me bring in the wash, your father is still out shopping and it might rain soon."

I followed her into the yard. She showed me how to unpin the clothes from the line, fold them and put them in the basket.

Blushing profusely, I gathered the panties and other bits of lingerie. It was the first time I had held a pair of panties. They made me feel all fidgety and queasy. I took down my own shorts too.

Back in the house, Mom had me help her sort everything out and get them ready for Dad to iron. As Dad did the ironing that night, I kept sneaking peeks at him and the panties. He handled them reverently as he took his time and meticulously pressed each pair then put them in neat little piles. Since my dad had done that chore for as long as I could remember, I didn't think it was unusual that he did it, but for some strange reason, I couldn't keep my eyes off him on that turning point night.

Mom told Dad and sis about my helping her bring in the wash. Sis let out with, "Well, it's about time!" as she laughed heartily and then asked if Dad would also be teaching me how to iron slips and panties soon.

Dad just shook his head and said it was nice that I had helped out that day.

When Dad was finished, Mom directed me to put all the clothes away. She showed me how to handle them with care and where everything was kept. Delving into my sister and mother's dresser drawers opened a whole new world to me. I was stunned to see what seemed like hundreds of pairs of panties and neatly folded stacks of other lingerie.

Periodically, for the rest of that evening, when I least expected it, images of panties appeared in my mind. I thought I was going crazy or something.

It happened to be bath night. Ugh! After my bath I went to put on clean underwear. Much to my surprise, mixed in the stack of my freshly laundered briefs was a pair of white satin panties. Pure white and covered with little red hearts embroidered into the soft nylon fabric.

I recognized them from the clothesline. They must have accidentally been mixed up with my shorts when Dad put my things away. They were one of the smaller pairs so I figured they belonged to my sister. I didn't know what to do with them. I thought of taking them out and giving them to my sister or mother, but I was too embarrassed to do that. I thought of sneaking them into my sister's dresser drawer, but I was afraid to go into her room without her permission. So I just folded them up and stuck them in the back of my underwear drawer.

When I went to bed that night, I kept thinking about those girlie panties in my dresser. Repeatedly, I found myself getting out of bed, turning on the light and opening the drawer to take them out and look at them. Altogether, I'm sure I spent more than an hour looking at them that night. I didn't sleep very well because I kept thinking about them.

Thinking back, I realized that in the weeks leading up to that night, every time I turned around, a pair of panties seemed to be on a book, a pencil, a toy or something I was looking for or using. Why were panties everywhere?

Sunday, the next day, my curiosity got to me. As the sun streamed in through my bedroom window, I stripped off my clothes and pulled on the soft, pretty panties. I had to try them on. The second I snugged those panties up high around my waist and crushed my little boyhood into their silky depths, my mother, who must have been watching me somehow, came barging into my room.

"Jerry! What in the devil are you up to?" she said in a scolding but sugary sweet voice. "My, my, trying on our sister's panties are we?"

"Now, you should know better than that. Panties are for girls. Or do I now have a little sissyboy on my hands?"

"You know, a lot of boys do like to wear pretty girls' panties?"

Yes! Yes! Yes! I loved wearing the pretty panties. I knew it instantly! But I was too embarrassed to admit it. With tears streaming down my face, I hurriedly stripped them off. With downcast eyes, I handed them to her and pleaded, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything. I don't know why I did it."

She said, "It's okay with me if you want to wear them for a while, after all, Dad and sis won't be home for hours. It'll be fun and just be our secret."

Tears were streaming down my face even though I wasn't audibly crying. Mom hugged me and held the panties open for me to slip on. Like a robot without free will, through my blurred vision, I found myself stepping into the panties. Mom took her time slowly slipping them up my legs and snugging them into place. She let the firm waistband snap hard against my tummy. She

continued to hug me as she stroked my limp, little panty-clad body with her soft, teasing hands. Her fingers seemed to be charged with electricity as she dragged them over and over my buns in the silken panties.

She let me keep the panties on, but didn't allow me to put on any other clothes. I was very self-conscious running around in just the panties. Mom checked on me every few minutes, and only let me get dressed when she heard Dad's car pull up into the garage. Mom took back the panties, but made me promise to ask her if I ever wanted to wear them again. She warned that if she ever caught me wearing them without permission, she'd make me wear panties, a training bra and a party dress to one of my boy scout meetings.

I fought with myself for days. I desperately wanted to wear the panties again, but I was so embarrassed. One afternoon, I snuck into my sister's room and felt them as they lay in her dresser drawer. The next afternoon, I even stole a pair from her drawer and put them on in the bathroom. In fear, I returned them soon after. But the few moments of wearing them only made me want to wear them more. On the floor in our living room, I saw a newspaper. It was opened to a page showing an ad for panties. I tore the picture out and studied it in secret in my room. That night, instead of sleeping I tried drawing pictures of panties, finally exhausted, I cried myself to sleep, and I dreamt about being caught wearing pink panties by my mother, father and sister, and they all taunted me and drove me crazy touching my pantied ass, pinching my penis and pulling on my panties. The next afternoon, with red eyes from crying and lack of sleep, I finally got up the nerve to ask my mother if I could wear some panties.

Mom hugged me and said, "Sure! It's fine with me if you want to wear girlie panties and be a sissy! But you'll first have to ask your father!"

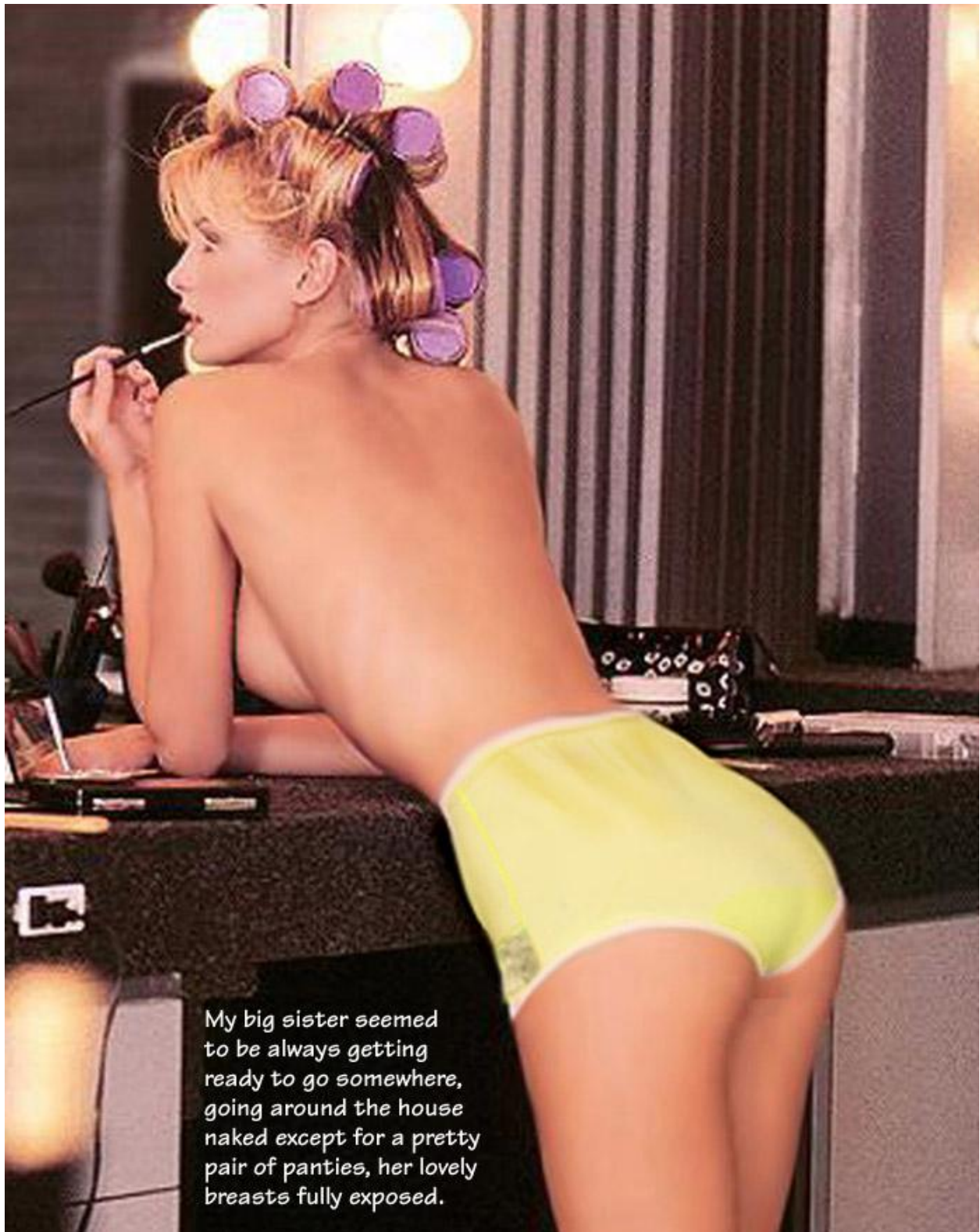
Totally embarrassed and eyes filled with tears, I cried my way through my request to my father.

He hugged me and kissed me and told me, "Of course, Jerry, you can wear pretty little girls' panties just like your sister!"

From that day on I always wore panties, and soon after that, I found out why there were so many panties on our clothesline each week. My father wore panties too! From then on, every week, there were even more panties on our clothesline -- mine!

Like father, like son,  
Jerry, West Virginia

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My big sister seemed to be always getting ready to go somewhere, going around the house naked except for a pretty pair of panties, her lovely breasts fully exposed.





I dreamt of being caught by my mother, father and sister, all of them touching me and my panties.



## ***More Motherfucker Pictures***

Dear Princess,

Since you had such a positive reaction to the first girlie-boy photo I sent you [published in Panty Lines #7 along with Elaine' Boy's first letter], I'm enclosing three more. While my dear mother was alive, you can see from these pictures that we had a very close relationship.

You said people couldn't believe that I was eighteen and a male when these photos were taken because I looked so young and girlish. But I assure you I was. In fact, I was in my first year of college. I have my mother to thank for my youthful appearance. She taught me about makeup, supplied me with the best wigs, developed my breasts with hormone creams, and gave me skin treatments. People think it's wrong to be a motherfucker, but for me, those were the best years of my life!

Love,  
Elaine Boy in KC

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### ***Sissyboy in Training***

Click on picture for enlarged view.

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Almost overnight, little Tommy developed an unquenchable fetish for frilly panties.



I see you  
dolly. D  
of you  
so you  
today  
you h



## *The Proper Care & Handling of a Pantywaist*

"Honey, are you okay? What are you doing in there?" she shouted to Tommy who had been in the bathroom for a long time.

"I'm all right, Mommy," he answered through the closed door.

About two minutes later, he sheepishly walked out and quickly headed for his room. He was blushing and avoiding her stare.

Sally knew something was wrong. He had been spending a lot of time in the bathroom lately. She went into the bathroom to investigate.

Checking the medicine cabinet, waste basket, linen closet, nothing seemed out of order until she got to the hamper. Inside, a pair of her pale blue panties were setting on top of all the other dirty clothes. At first, she didn't think much of it, then she realized that she had worn those panties two or three days earlier. Logically, she thought, unless someone had rearranged the clothes, they should have been buried down deep in the pile.

Trying to figure it out, she picked up the panties and took a close look at them. Nothing unusual, but they did feel a bit damp. She didn't know what to think so she just threw them back into the hamper. Then in a near automatic motion, she reached back into the hamper and shoved the panties down deep into the pile, where she thought they should have been.

"Was Tommy doing something with my panties?" she thought to herself only to immediately discard the idea with a little laugh.

"After all, what would he want with my dirty lingerie?"

Again later that day, Tommy spent a long time in the bathroom. He didn't come out until she started knocking on the door again.

Curious, Sally went into the bathroom to investigate again. Nothing was out of order, except that same pair of her baby blue panties were again on top of all the other clothes in the hamper. And once again, they felt a bit wet!

Sally tried to ask Tommy why he had been spending so much time in the bathroom, but he just shrugged his shoulders and mumbled that he was just going to the bathroom and washing up. He pretended nothing unusual was going on. Then he told his mother he wanted to go to bed early.

As soon as he was in his pajamas, he went into the bathroom. Sally braced herself for another one of his long stays, but he was out within minutes.

After Tommy was safely tucked into bed, Sally went to the bathroom and checked the old wicker hamper for the third time that day. It was a big hamper, almost as tall as Tommy and large

enough to hold a week's worth of the family wash. She dug through the pile of clothes, but she couldn't find the panties.

"Could Tommy have them?" she wondered.

She wanted to discard the idea as ridiculous. What would he want them for? And if Tommy didn't have them, where else could they be? Surely, no one else could have taken them.

When Sally burst into Tommy's bedroom, he quickly turned over and snuggled deep under the covers.

She sat down on the edge of his bed.

"Honey, this may sound strange, but . . . but, did you, uh . . . well, did you take my blue panties from the laundry hamper?"

Tommy reacted with a little jerk.

"No. No, Mommy," he whimpered as he squirmed his way deeper under the blankets.

Sally knew him and knew he was lying!

"Tell me where they are, baby?"

Tommy buried his face in the pillow.

Sally pulled back the blankets. Tommy flipped all the way over on his stomach as he tried to hide his hands.

Sally pried open his hands and gently pulled her blue panties free. She held them up.

"Tommy. Turn around and look at me."

Slowly, blushing deeply, he turned around but kept his eyes focused downward and away from his mother.

"What are you doing with these?" she said as she shook the limp panties in front of his face.

He shrugged his shoulders and mumbled, "I dunno."

"I don't understand this. What do you want with my dirty old panties? Huh?" she questioned.

"I like you, Mommy."

"I like you too. In fact, I love you, but this," she said as she continued waving the panties in front of his eyes, "this, I don't understand. Don't let me catch you with them again. Okay?"



"Okay, Mommy," Tommy mumbled.

Sally thought that would be the end of it, but the very next day, Tommy went into the bathroom and stayed there for a long time again.

"Tommy! What are you doing in there? Are you playing with my panties again?"

"No, Mommy, no," Tommy cooed from inside.

A few moments later, he came shuffling out, his eyes downcast.

Sally went into the bathroom. This time not only were her blue panties on top of the pile of clothes but three other pairs of her panties were all gathered together and resting on top too.

Sally grabbed the four pairs of panties and headed straight for Tommy's room.

"Didn't we have a discussion about this last night? Tommy, why were you playing with my panties again?"

Tommy just shrugged his shoulders, mumbled, "I don't know," and rolled over pouting on his bed.

Sally shoved the handful of smelly panties into his face and rubbed them all over his nose and mouth.

"There! Is that what you want? Is this what you do with my dirty panties?"

"Now I want this to stop. You're a boy. Boys aren't supposed to be interested in women's things. Do you want to grow up to be a pervert? Now, just stop it, or I'll . . . I'll have to punish you."

Sally took all the panties and her other lingerie out of the hamper, hand washed and dried them, then folded them and put them away in her room.

The rest of that day, Tommy didn't spend a lot of time in the bathroom. Sally was convinced that she had solved the problem, but just to play it safe, she decided not to leave any of her lingerie in the bathroom hamper anymore, at least until she was sure he was over this little aberration.

That night, Tommy asked again if he could go to bed early.

Everything went along fine for several days. Tommy didn't spend a lot of time in the bathroom, but he did ask to go to bed early each night. What was strange is that for all the extra sleep time he was getting, Tommy seemed to be tired most of the time. Often his eyes were bloodshot and had rings around them.

Then one evening, Sally had a date and had arranged for a baby-sitter. She laid out her white mohair sweater and peach-pink knit suit. Wanting to be color coordinated, she searched for her

peach-colored lingerie, a matching set she had purchased to wear with this outfit. She found the brassiere and the full slip but couldn't find the matching panties.

She didn't want to think it, but she immediately thought of Tommy.

She found him watching television, grabbed him by the arm and demanded to know where her peach panties were. Repeatedly he denied knowing anything about them, but she knew he was lying. Crying, he finally broke down and led her to his room where he dug the peach panties out of a box buried in his closet.

Sally pushed him out of the way, went to that box, opened it up for herself and found seven pairs of her panties inside. In a rage, she lashed out at Tommy and hit him across the face for lying. Then she put him over her knee and spanked him. She hit him twenty to thirty times before her hand got too sore to continue. Tommy cried furiously. She shoved him off her lap, sent him to bed for the night without supper and took her panties away. She was so distraught, she canceled the baby-sitter and called off her date.

The next day, Sally boxed up all of her panties, both clean and dirty, and put them in the hall closet because that closet could be locked. For the time being, they would all be safely hidden from her panty-crazy son. Tommy was miserable for a few days. Then he started acting like his old self again. Sally thought he was getting over his strange addiction.

Then she got a call from Mrs. Kunsleur, a neighbor lady she barely knew. The lady claimed that she saw Tommy stealing some her daughter's panties from her clothesline. Sally defended Tommy and told the woman she was nuts, but in her heart, she knew the woman was probably right. As soon as she hung up, she went to Tommy's room and tore it apart until she found his stash: eleven pairs of panties in different sizes, styles and colors hidden in a box under his bed. None of them were her panties. Tommy must have stolen all of them! She spread the panties out neatly on the living room couch and waited for him to come home from school.

When Tommy walked in the door, saw the panties, and the angry expression on his mother's face, he stopped abruptly. With a stern spanking, Sally got a confession out of him along with a promise to never steal panties from clotheslines again.

But two days later, Sally found three more pairs of stolen panties during one of her surprise inspections of his room. Another spanking and more promises but she knew she needed help.

She called Tommy's pediatrician, Dr. Wilma Whiten, who was also a good friend. After listening, the doctor recommended Sally visit a woman, named Millie Rayfield, who ran a foster home, taking care of children until they were placed in a permanent home. The doctor explained that Ms. Rayfield had dealt with the same type of problem a number of times with boys she had in her care. Perhaps she would be of help.

Two days later, Sally was sitting in Millie's living room trying to explain her problem to the woman over a cup of coffee.

A big-eyed little boy with a full head of white-blond hair sat at Millie's feet and sucked his thumb as he fingered the ruffled edge of Millie's flowered apron. He didn't take his eyes off Millie as the two women talked. He watched their every move through the thick, neatly trimmed bangs of his bowl-cut hairdo.

"As I tried to explain on the phone, I hope you can help me with my son, Tommy," Sally said. "Dr. Whiten said if anyone could, it would be you."

Millie answered, "Wilma, I mean, Dr. Whiten, she's a wonderful woman. We were roommates at Michigan State. So how long has she been your boy's doctor?"

"Over two years now, ever since we moved here from Mason City," Sally answered.

They were distracted by a little moaning and clicking sound only to look down at the boy on the floor who was stroking and kissing Millie's nylon-covered legs.

"Jamie! Not now!" Millie commanded as she shook her leg to pry him loose. "Sorry 'bout that. He's such a loving little boy. Now, you were saying."

"It's kind of difficult to talk about. You know . . . I mean, I don't understand. Tommy's always been so good. Not like my ex. He's a bastard! Excuse the language."

As Sally stumbled over how to begin her story, she stared at the cowering, angelic little boy and at Millie, a classically beautiful woman in her mid forties, a motherly type but, Sally concluded, wearing too much makeup. The woman's cheeks were too darkly rouged and her mascara was too liberally applied, especially for eleven o'clock in the morning. When she caught herself staring too long, she switched her gaze to the nearby window, which overlooked the back yard. There was a cherry tree, the ubiquitous swing hanging from its bough and laundry pinned up to the clothesline.

"I don't know if Dr. Whiten told you, but my ex was quite abusive. He beat both Tommy and me for years. See," she said as she held up her irregularly shaped ring finger. "He broke it. Not to mention a hundred other bruises, numerous black eyes, a few concussions, broken bones . . . he broke Tommy's arm once too. You get the idea. We had to get out of there."

"What a son-of-a-bitch," Millie commented as she shook her head.

"Anyway," Sally continued, "I'm a little lost. I don't know about raising a boy to be a man. I mean, Tommy is, is shy, withdrawn, not very manly, and . . ."

"What's wrong with that? Sounds like a sweet kid. Kind of like little Jamie here," Millie said nodding in the direction of the boy still snuggled up by her legs.

"Well, it's just that. He's not interested in boy-type things, and he's overly attached to me," Sally complained.

Looking at Jamie, she realized Millie's little boy was a mama's boy too. The kid, she thought, might even be a sissy. After all, he was openly playing with the lacy hem and soft nylon fabric of the bright purple slip sticking out from beneath the hem of Millie's pink housecoat.

"Dr. Whiten said it wasn't all that uncommon. A boy like my boy; I mean about him being so interested in my things. It's so embarrassing for a mother."

As soon as they heard a little snuffle, Millie reached into her apron pocket, took out a lace-trimmed blue hankie, bent down and held it for Jamie to blow his nose. Realizing that Sally was having a difficult time detailing her problem, Millie decided to stop all the hemming and hawing by jumping right into the heart of the matter.

"Has your boy stolen anymore of your panties since I talked with you on the phone?"

Sally took a gulp of air, a bit surprised by the woman's directness.

"Yesterday morning, while I was watching Donahue, I realized he was spending a lot of time in the bathroom again. He came out when I called to him, but he had one of those real sheepish expressions on his face. His blushing told me that he was up to it again."

"Acting nervous? Breathing heavily?"

"Oh, yes. His little chest was pumping up and down. He couldn't look me in the eye. I knew what he was up to."

"What happened?"

"I walked right into the bathroom and went through the laundry hamper, the linen cabinet, finally found a pair of green panties tucked behind the radiator. They weren't mine so I knew he must have stolen them."

"Did he admit to playing with them?"

"Not at first. That's what gets me. Every time, I catch him, he lies and denies it. I don't know what to do. I can't stop him. I hate it when he lies to me."

"Does he smell them?"

"S-s-mell . . . smell them?" Sally seemed surprised at the thought.

"No, I mean, I don't know. I don't think . . . Yuk! Do you seriously think he wants to do that?"

"Some boys like to. Some like the silkiness. They were nylon panties, right? Satin, nylon, rayon or something silky like that?"

"Yeah, nylon, I think. Brand new ones. Green ones with a lace applique. Yeah, they were silky. But smell . . . ? What does he do with . . . ?"

Millie laughed, "Touch them. Smell them. Study them. Wear them!"

"Wear them? Oh, god, NO! He doesn't wear them. He's a boy! You mean some boys actually . . . ? No. NO! Not my Tommy. He's not that kind of . . . He, he just takes them out of the hamper or out of my dresser. He likes to take them to bed with him. He tries to anyway. I catch him almost every night with a pair hidden under his pillow or under the covers. I have to check all his hiding places every night. Just exactly what does he do with them? Why? What . . . ?"

"Some boys love to study them for hours, draw pictures of them. Touch them and smell them and drive themselves crazy. Even deprive themselves of sleep to the point of exhaustion! Their grades start falling in school."

"You said wear them?" Sally asked. "Are you serious, I can't believe . . . not my Tommy, anyway, but what does he want with them? What can I do . . . ? No matter what I do, he won't stop! Yes! He draws pictures of them too! How did you know? And last week I found a bunch of pictures, lingerie ads he had torn out of the newspaper. I don't get it!"

"One time I caught him with a dirty pair of my tennis panties. You know, the kind with all the ruffles? These were white with yellow lace and ruffles. They were really dirty because it was a hot day and I had just finished playing three sets. I always just considered them part of my tennis outfit, so I didn't think twice about throwing them in the laundry hamper, instead of locking them away with my other panties.

"Less than a half hour later, I noticed everything was too quite. You know what I mean when you sense something is wrong. I looked for Tommy everywhere. Well, I finally found him in his bedroom closet. He jumped when I opened the door and tried to hide something. When I made him hand over what he was hiding, I was shocked to see it was those ruffled panties. I was so mad, I rubbed his face in those stinky, sweaty panties. I thought that would make him think twice about doing something like that again. But it didn't. Every time I catch him, I make him promise to stop. He promises, but he doesn't change! What does he want with my panties?"

"Boys do lots of things with panties, like I said," Millie continued. "Lots of boys like girls' panties, women's panties, panties that belong to their sisters, their mothers, panties on display in department stores, hanging on clotheslines," Millie said as she motioned for Sally to look out the kitchen window. Sally had noticed the clothesline before, but now when she took a closer look at it, she realized that the clothesline was filled with nothing but panties and other women's and girls' lingerie flapping in the breeze.

"Every Tuesday we wash all the lingerie. That's why I told you to come here today. I have to keep all our panties locked up too, otherwise at least two of my boys would be into them all the time. We wash them all together and only once a week so we can keep an eye on them until they're dry. See the little girl at the end of the yard? That's Rene. She's on guard duty. Hardly a day goes by around here that at least one of my girls doesn't complain to me about one of the



boys she caught looking up her skirt or peeking at her while she was changing clothes. Over the years, I've had many panty-stealing boys, sometimes they steal bras, slips, girdles, and nylons too."

"So you've really had this happen to you too?" Sally wanted to know.

"Hundreds of times!" she laughed.

"I feel sorry for boys these days," Millie continued. "Girls, even young girls, have become quite dominant. They tease boys like crazy. For some strange reason, lingerie, especially panties, has become the focus of attention for a lot of boys. I don't know why, but since I've taken care of over sixty boys and twenty girls over the years, I've seen it a lot.

"I'll tell you one thing, if the girls around here discover a boy is fascinated with their panties, they're merciless."

"What do they do to them?" Sally asked.

"What don't they do to them would probably be an easier question to answer. In no time flat, they'll have that boy waiting on them hand and foot. They'll humiliate him and make him do things any other boy wouldn't do for a million dollars."

"What do you do when you find out?"

"This may surprise you, but generally, I don't interfere. Besides, there are benefits."

"Benefits?" Sally asked.

"Well, for one thing, the boys that are attracted to panties are usually the nicest, quietest and best behaved of all the boys that stay here."

"But my Tommy is already nice. I want him to grow up to be a man. I think it's so strange that he's interested . . ."

Millie interrupted, "Hold on. Relax.

"Wilma, Dr. Whiten that is, and I have known each other for many years. She didn't hesitate to give you my number because she knows I have a lot of experience in this sort of thing. In fact, she stayed here on and off over a three month period doing an observation on one of my boys who was terribly addicted to panties. She published a paper on the kid and gave a seminar about him at a convention of the Southeastern Conference of Psychologists.

"Believe me, this kind of thing happens all the time. It's probably happening more and more as girls become more aggressive, and I don't think there is much any of us can do about it."

"I can't believe there's nothing I can do. Please help me. I need to cure Tommy of this, this perverse . . . ."

"Now, now, calm down. Listen, like it or not, psychologists will be the first ones to tell you that once a boy gets hooked on panties, he'll probably be hooked on them for the rest of his life!"

Sally looked like she was about ready to cry.

"There, there, Sally," Millie tried to soothe her.

Turning to the boy playing at their feet, she commanded, "Jamie. Come here, honey."

The boy got up and pressed up close to Millie.

"Jamie here is my pride and joy. He's adorable. Isn't he?"

Sally agreed as Millie bent over to give him a big hug. In the process, a long swathe of her silver-black hair fell loose from her hurriedly tied French twist. Like a streamer on a windless day, the hank of hair framed her pale, round face. With a hardy laugh she enveloped the boy's tiny body with her large, soft arms, cuddled him and massaged him all over with soothing strokes.

"Panties are probably the ultimate feminine garment," she continued. "Many girls know this and think nothing of teasing boys with their sexy lingerie. Girls can tease boys with their panties in a thousand different ways. Being here with a lot of both boys and girls, I see it all the time."

Sally asked, "Is it, I mean, should you be talking like that, I mean about such stuff in front of . . . ?"

"Sure. It's okay. Little Jamie here knows all about things like girlie panties. Don't you, baby?" she asked.

Jamie blushed, squirmed in her petting arms and crushed the length of his body into her side as she lightly chuckled.

Sally wanted to know, "But teasing? What do you mean? Are you saying, it's okay with you if they do that? But I don't want to tease my Tommy. I want him to stop going after my, my panties. It's embarrassing."

"For him or you? . . . Never mind. Sorry.

"Let me explain. Girls tease boys all the time . . . because there's a lot to be gained!"

While Millie was speaking, Sally noticed a little movement from behind a partially open door facing them. It was the door to the basement. Millie, in her rocking chair, twisted around in her seat so her slightly parted legs were pointing directly toward the door.

Even though she didn't need any, Sally reached for the sugar. It was a discreet attempt to cover her actions as she put her head near Millie's and whispered, "I think one of your boys is hiding behind that door and trying to look up your legs."

Millie just smiled, slid forward on her chair and opened her legs even wider.

"That's the kind of thing they do when they're hot for some panties."

"Is that what you mean by teasing them? You surely don't tease them like that on purpose?"

"Why not! They have fun, I have fun and they stay out of mischief," Millie laughed as she took her hand and pulled back the hem of her housecoat further.

"Sally, you're too old-fashioned! Go ahead, tease your boy with those sexy panties of yours and see what happens."

"Sexy? Except for those tennis panties. I wear plain ones, the plainest white ones I can buy. I've started buying plain ones now because Tommy seems to like the frilly ones best. Maybe the plain ones won't . . . ."

"Sally, even the plainest, most ordinary panties can get a young boy!"

"But look at these . . . ," Sally said as she started to lift up her skirt on the side to show Millie her panties. For a quick moment, she had forgotten about Jamie and the boy hiding behind the door. She wanted to show Millie her "ordinary" nylon panties, but as she pulled up her skirt, a gasp came from the slightly open door and Jamie had scooted around to get a view up her skirt with bugged-out eyes.

Millie laughed out loud and then encouraged her, "Go on, tease him; you'll learn something."

Filled with the moment and not thinking clearly, a wicked grin came over Sally's face. Play acting, she vamped the boys, slid forward on her chair and pulled her skirt up even higher the way she supposed an evil teasing women would do it. A curly haired boy dressed in a pale blue smock came running out from behind the door. He dived down in front of Millie and started hugging her ankles while hungrily staring directly up Sally's dress.

The boy's sudden movement shocked Sally. She came to her senses and pushed her skirt modestly back into place. The curly haired boy reached up to yank back her skirt, but Millie slapped away his hands and commanded him to "heel." The boy stopped immediately, huddled along side the other boy next to Millie's feet and let out little whimpering sounds.

"See even your simple little white nylon briefs get them something terrible."

"Sally, let me introduce you to Dale. Dale and little Jamie here are my two current panty boys, at least they're the only ones I know about. I'm working on the others, but who knows . . . well, anyway. To these boys panties are much more important than playing games, watching

television, sleeping, eating or anything else! My girls have already got them wearing panties everyday under their regular clothes. Sure, they're embarrassed to wear them, especially when other people find out what they wear for underwear, but being panty tamed keeps them out of trouble 24 hours a day! You should do the same to Tommy. It would make him into a very devoted little slave boy."

"I couldn't do that, Millie!"

Millie smiled broadly and asked, "And why not?"

"Well, I don't think . . I mean, it seems so awful to, to, . . . I mean, it's like brainwashing a boy. My Tommy used to be so wonderful, now he's so lost, confused, but wearing panties? I don't know!"

Millie laughed, "Believe me, if he's hooked on panties, you'll only destroy him trying to undo it. The best thing you can do for your boy is to let him have them, but take control of him at the same time. Love him and give him your support. If you let him have panties, he won't mind being a slave to your every whim. A lot of really bad things can happen to a growing boy, but being devoted to panties isn't one of them. Through the panties, you can make him into the most wonderful son, a sissy for sure, but the most wonderful little boy that any woman could ever hope for.

"You're actually very lucky to catch him at this tender stage. Handle him with understanding and gentleness, and you'll have a devoted son who will idolize you for the rest of your life."

"Oh, I'd so love to have him be the wonderful little boy that I know he can be, but I don't want him to turn into a sissy!" Sally moaned.

"And why not?" Millie responded. "Sissy boys are a dream come true. They can make your life truly exciting.

"Come here, Dale."

The curly-haired boy came out from under the table. Timidly, he hugged his frail thin body against Millie. Sally had noticed his little smock before, but she was so involved in her conversation with Millie that somehow the extreme girlishness of the garment had escaped her attention until now. The smock was made from a soft fluttery, jersey-like fabric with white lace trimming the collar and cuffs. Sally looked at the boy, he certainly appeared very sissy like, he did look sweet, and he did seem to be totally devoted to Millie.

Dale blushed when Millie pulled up his short little flared smock to expose a heavy satin pair of soft, cuddly girlie panties in sunshine bright yellow, which were also edged with a thin row of lace.

Sally gasped when Millie boldly grabbed his balls right through the panty nylon and squeezed them real hard.

Dale collapsed over her leg and moaned. "Ah, gee! O-o-o-ooo-uh! Ms. Rayfield!" he cried out.

But Millie wasn't finished.

The boy started saying, "I love you. I love you," over and over again in a very excited voice as Millie slid her hand down the back of his panties. Sally saw her thrusting her middle "fuck" finger in and out of his little bum hole. Immediately, his breathing became heavy. He moaned, almost cried, but the expression on his face was one of pure ecstasy.

"Dale is about ready to go to Seattle. He's turning out to be a textbook case. Like the others, I broke him of delinquent tendencies by hooking him on panties. Now, any woman who knows the art of handling a pantywaist boy can take full charge of him.

"A friend of mine runs a very special adoption agency in Seattle. She only deals with female-dominant families, supplies them with sweet little puppy dog sissy boys. The adopting parents use these boys as faggot maids, cuntlapping slaves, or for god knows what else - whatever type of cute little playtoy one of her foster families wants."

Sally was stunned. "I can't believe I'm hearing this. Are you joking with me? Isn't that like white slavery? Now, really . . . I mean, people don't really do things like that. Do they?"

"Of course they do, my dear," Millie calmly said as she pushed Dale aside and poured them both some more coffee. "This is the 90s, and all kinds of exciting things are happening with women making advances in the world. The boys I get here have done some very bad things in their past, that's how they got referred to me in the first place. But panty training isn't just for bad boys; it works equally well on good boys, the mechanics are all the same.

"Wilma told me a lot about you. She sent you here because she thought you could handle this. Now that you're here, I'm not trying to frighten you away. On the contrary, I'm trying to show you the immense potential you have with a devoted little sissy son ready to be trained to total slavery. Such a boy will do anything, and I mean ANYTHING, for you."

"I want my son to be devoted and loving, but I don't think I want him to be a slave."



"So you don't want a slave. How about a completely submissive companion, a personal maid or a lingerie-loving lackey ready to follow your every command? He may not know what he wants, but I can tell you what he wants. He's on the road to loving all females and everything feminine. He'll be forever thankful to you if you embrace him and his love of panties. Call him what you want, but with a boy like yours to make him happy, give him your panties. Buy him panties to wear too. Take control. Embarrass him in front of the salesgirls when you take him shopping for panties. Let him make you happy! You can train him to lick your ass after you shit, suck your boyfriends off, eat your pussy like it's going out of style, entertain your girlfriends with a cancan dance, or any of a million other things.,"

Sally was smiling, her mind alive with the possibilities, but she had doubts.

"Here, let me demonstrate," Millie said as she snapped her fingers.

Both Dale and Jamie snapped to attention. Millie laughed as she unbuttoned a few buttons of her housecoat, peeled it back and adjusted the delicate lace trim on her panty leg elastic. At the sight of her thighs and her regally feminine purple-pantied hips, both boys stared like they were seeing God.

When Millie snapped her fingers again, both boys knelt at her feet. Dale pulled up his smock and Jamie spread open his jeans, exposing his pink and white polka dot panties. They started feeling themselves up through their panties. Breathing heavily, they played with the lace, elastics and slick-feeling fabric. Sally studied them, especially Dale who was teasingly tweaking his panty-covered cock.

After another snap of her fingers and wave of her hand, the boys started playing with each other's pretty panties.

"But your boys are runaways, from broken homes, in trouble with the police. How can you do this? Don't the welfare agencies and police ever find out what you're doing to them?" Sally asked.

"Are you kidding? The welfare agencies love to bring a boy here because they know once he gets here, he'll do a complete turnaround. My boys stay off the streets and out of the system. They couldn't care less about how I do it. And the police? This town is loaded with wild runaways and problem kids of every sort. These are throwaway children, the cops don't give a damn what I do to them as long as they don't show up again on delinquency petitions and in criminal complaints."

Millie continued, "I'm not going to tell you that we have 100% success, we have a few boys that aren't worth saving. We ship them back to the authorities. God knows what happens to them then. But in 90% of cases, my boys come out sweeter acting and more obedient than any prissy little girl you've ever seen. Believe me when I tell you, there's nothing, and I mean nothing, my boys won't do for me."



Sally glanced toward the boys who were obviously in the throws of sexual delight. She could see they were sneaking in little strokes to each other's pantied peter. Jamie was luxuriating in the tantalizing caresses, but Dale was in another world altogether, panting, wheezing heavily, eyes closed - even drooling like a dog in heat!

"Millie did you see that story in the paper about a week ago? The one about a woman in Detroit with an orphanage who put her boys into a specially constructed toilet if they didn't mind her?"

"No, I didn't, but it sounds great! I tell you, women are doing all kinds of wild things these days.

"Making them eat shit," she continued, "now that's rich!"

"You don't do things like that to your boys, do you?"

"Of course not," Millie assured her as she beamed a bright smile, "but if I told my boys to eat my shit, they'd do it.

"Isn't that right, boys?"

"Yes, oh yes, Ms. Rayfield," Jamie moaned while Dale wobbled to and fro and slobbered drool, eyes wide with anticipation.

"Oh, yes! Mrs. Rayfield, I'd eat your poopy," he whimpered.

"I know you would," Millie said as she patted him on the head.

"I'm so lucky. My boys are so sweet and so totally devoted to me," Millie laughed

Sally shook her head in wonder.

Millie noticed that Dale was getting worked up to the point of being out of control so she snapped her fingers again.

Both boys stopped touching each other's panties and dropped to their haunches on the floor by her feet. Dale was bordering on losing control as he huffed and puffed and started sucking on the lacy hem of Millie's purple slip.

"Now stop that this instant, Dale. This is a brand new slip, and I'll not have you ruining it," Millie admonished with a laugh. "For punishment, suck on Jamie for a while!"

Dale immediately bent down and sucked in Jamie's small penis, which was tenting up the front of his polka dot panties. Millie shoved her hand down the back of Dale's panties, pushed a finger into his asshole and scolded him for being a naughty boy by soiling her new slip. As she pumped her finger in and out of his butt, Dale started bucking back and forth but he must have been experienced at this. He didn't let Jamie's pantied penis slip from his lips and he rode him like a bronco through his convulsants of ecstasy.

This time it was Millie who had gotten carried away; things were happening faster than she wanted. Seeing Sally's golf ball size eyes staring at this whole scene, Millie realized that her guest probably had seen enough for a first visit, and it was time to stop for the day. She abruptly halted butt fucking Dale and snapped her fingers. Both boys came to an immediate, huffing, puffing and groaning halt.

"I hate to bring our little visit to an end," she said, "but I just remembered, I have a stack of bills that needs to get into today's mail. Please excuse me. Why not come back tomorrow? I'm sure you have a lot of questions and need to digest a lot of what you've learned here. Tomorrow, I'll show you around the place and you can talk with the boys. They'll tell you how much they love the way they've been trained.

"By the way, when you're at home alone with your boy tonight, see if you can get him to admit that he has been wearing your panties, not just playing with them!

"I'll bet you he has!"

Sally had seen and heard so much. Her head was in a whirl. She mumbled a confused good-bye to Millie and the boys.

As she was leaving, both boys ran after her and insisted upon giving her big slobbery sissyboy kisses right on the mouth. While they kissed her, she felt both of them press their bodies up against hers and felt their little baby hands stroking her breasts.

Sally was dazed and confused but also strangely elated with all this newfound information. Jamie and Dale, wow! She never had seen boys quite like those two. There was no questioning their total obedience to Millie. Maybe it wasn't the worst thing in the world if Tommy was addicted to panties. She had a lot to think about.

After Sally left, Millie sat down again in her rocking chair. She had the boys sit near her on little stools. Dale was whining as he kept digging his way under her housecoat to fondle her shiny purple slip. He had pulled up his little smock dress, exposing his throbbing, pantied penis.

"Please Miss Rayfield, pl-ple-e-e-ase! Please release it! You're had it in me for three whole days now!"

"Okay, Dale. I guess it's been in long enough, but you know what you have to do first."

He quickly pulled off his smock, fell to his knees, and panted in anticipation. Dale was then naked except for his ruffled yellow panties. Millie stood up and calmly took off her housecoat, leaving herself dressed just in her purple nylon bra and panties, elegantly trimmed with thin bands of sexy lace.

"Now, Jamie, shove your hand down the back of your nice little panties, stick a finger up your butt and wiggle it all around as you watch Dale. Pay attention because now that you're learning how to eat little Judy's pussy, I'm going to have her start doing this to you."

Millie nodded to Dale.

Immediately he began kissing and stroking her exposed panty crotch.

"Panties! Panties! Oh, pan-ties! Your pa-panties are making me crazy!"

After Dale went on and on about his love for Millie's panties, and Millie was satisfied with his show of devotion, she reached over to a side table, pulled open the drawer and took out a syringe the size of a hot dog. She inserted her fingers under the leg elastic of Dale's panties and, with one quick flick of her wrist pulled his penis out. Protruding about a quarter of an inch from the end of his bright pink penis was a thin clear plastic tube. Millie inserted the syringe's needle into the tube, pushed the plunger in a little then pulled it all the way out.

Dale let out an ear-piercing moan and collapsed in her arms as his body violently shook and writhed, exploding into sexual convulsants. His now unblocked penis twitched and throbbed as it shot round after round of a thin, watery, murky, milky fluid into the waiting cylinder. As he shot his boy juice with wild abandon, Millie held him securely and tickled his rosebud and balls through the sexy fabric of his girlishly sweet nylon panties.



When it was finally over, he was totally exhausted and crawled away to seek rest in the nearest bedroom. He needed to sleep off the devastating release of his pent-up animalistic urges.

Millie told Jamie to open his mouth wide. She squirted the contents of the syringe into his waiting mouth. He gulped it down without complaint.

Most boys Dale's age hadn't even started cumming yet, but Millie had him on a special diet, supplemented with male hormones so his balls would prematurely start producing jism. Millie had worked him up to cumming four and five times a day, but then, three days ago, she put a stopper in his penis and hadn't allowed him to spurt until now.

Her handling of him had changed gears, now she was gong to regularly plug him up for an ever-increasing number of days so his balls would grow nice and big like ripe peaches, which she would periodically release and then start the process all over again. Those backed-up juices

would drive him wild for panties and he'd implicitly obey anyone who had the power to periodically unplug him and let him shoot. Maybe she'd make his balls grow to the size of grapefruits before she'd let up on him; she had done that to some boys in the past. She thought it was so much fun to put those boys with oversized balls into big pairs of frilly granny panties and watch them waddle around the house with their aching penises and big blue balls, walking like bowlegged old cowboys. And the cum such boys produced had a strong salty, stale flavor. It

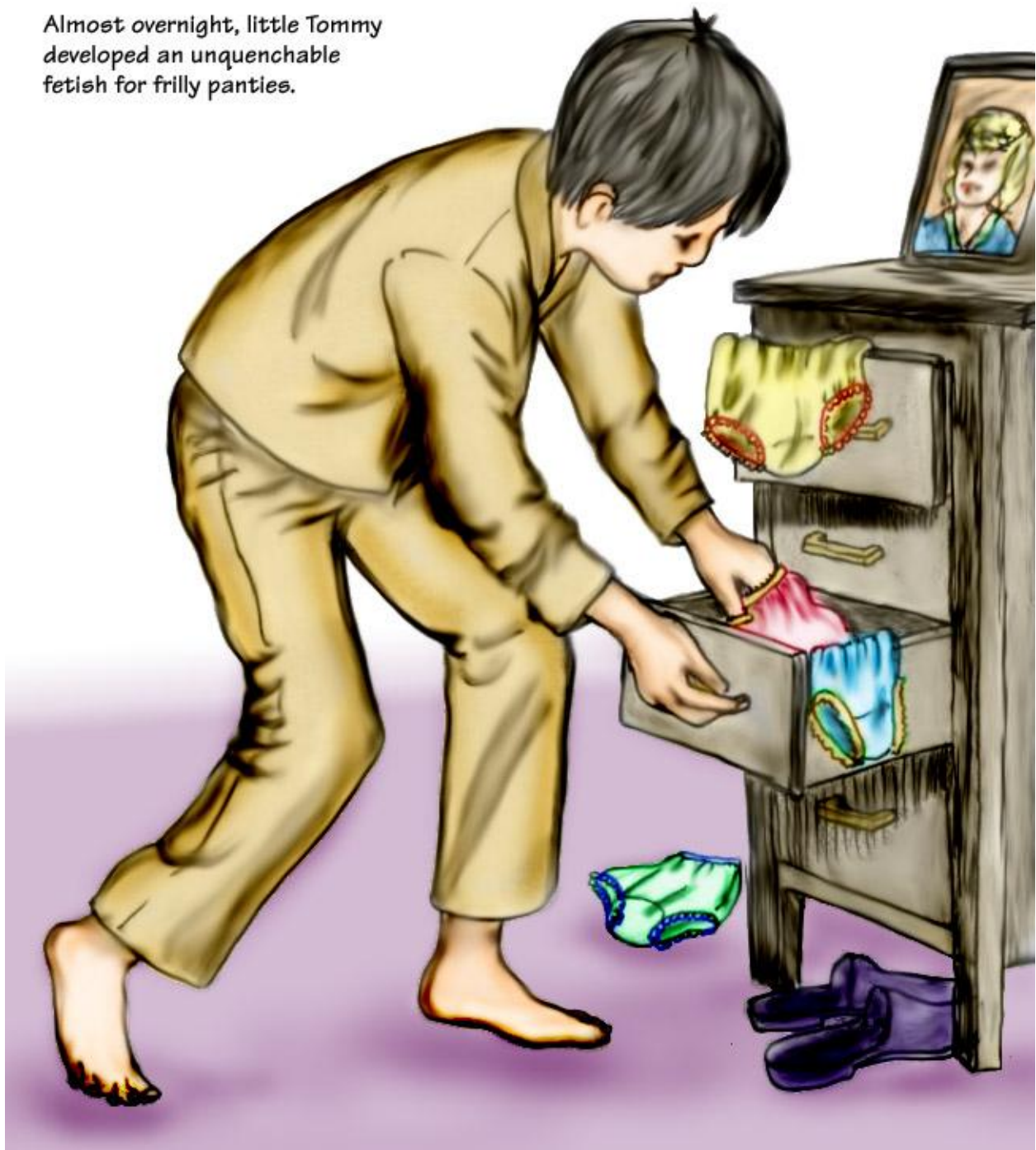
must have tasted horrible to Jamie, but the docile little sissyboy just smiled sweetly and thanked Millie for this sticky little treat as it slid down his throat.

He knew better than to complain about the putrid taste. Otherwise, he would be next in line to be fitted with a penis tube. Little Judy had explained to him that a penis tube would put Mrs. Rayfield in full control of his cumming. He'd become like Dale, a panty maniac, addicted to spurting, but only allowed to cum when Millie allowed it. And when a woman like Millie is put in control of a sissyboy's cumming, she never lets him shoot off often enough to remain sane for long!

Then Millie had Jamie crawl between her thighs and bring her to a rapid series of orgasms. This little cuntlapper was quickly becoming an expert! She smiled in the afterglow and then whispered to him, "Go upstairs and get ready for your nap. I'll be up in a minute to put you into your Barbie nightie and give you my soaking wet purple panties to suck."

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Almost overnight, little Tommy developed an unquenchable fetish for frilly panties.





Your little penis has been throbbing for days. You've been good so I'll give you this injection and remove the plug.





OK,  
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## *Sissyboys in the Movies*

Look for the movie **Beyond the Door II** at your favorite video store. It's a 1979 Italian (dubbed into English) film with an "Exorcist"-like plot.

A small boy is possessed by his evil dead father because the man wants to seek vengeance on his wife. At one point, while the wife is taking a shower, the little boy peeks at her then goes to her lingerie drawer and steals a pair of her white panties (shown in the photo to the left).

Later, the woman is thoroughly upset when she discovers the panties cut to shreds and hidden away in the boy's dresser drawer.

## The End of Panty Lines #8

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