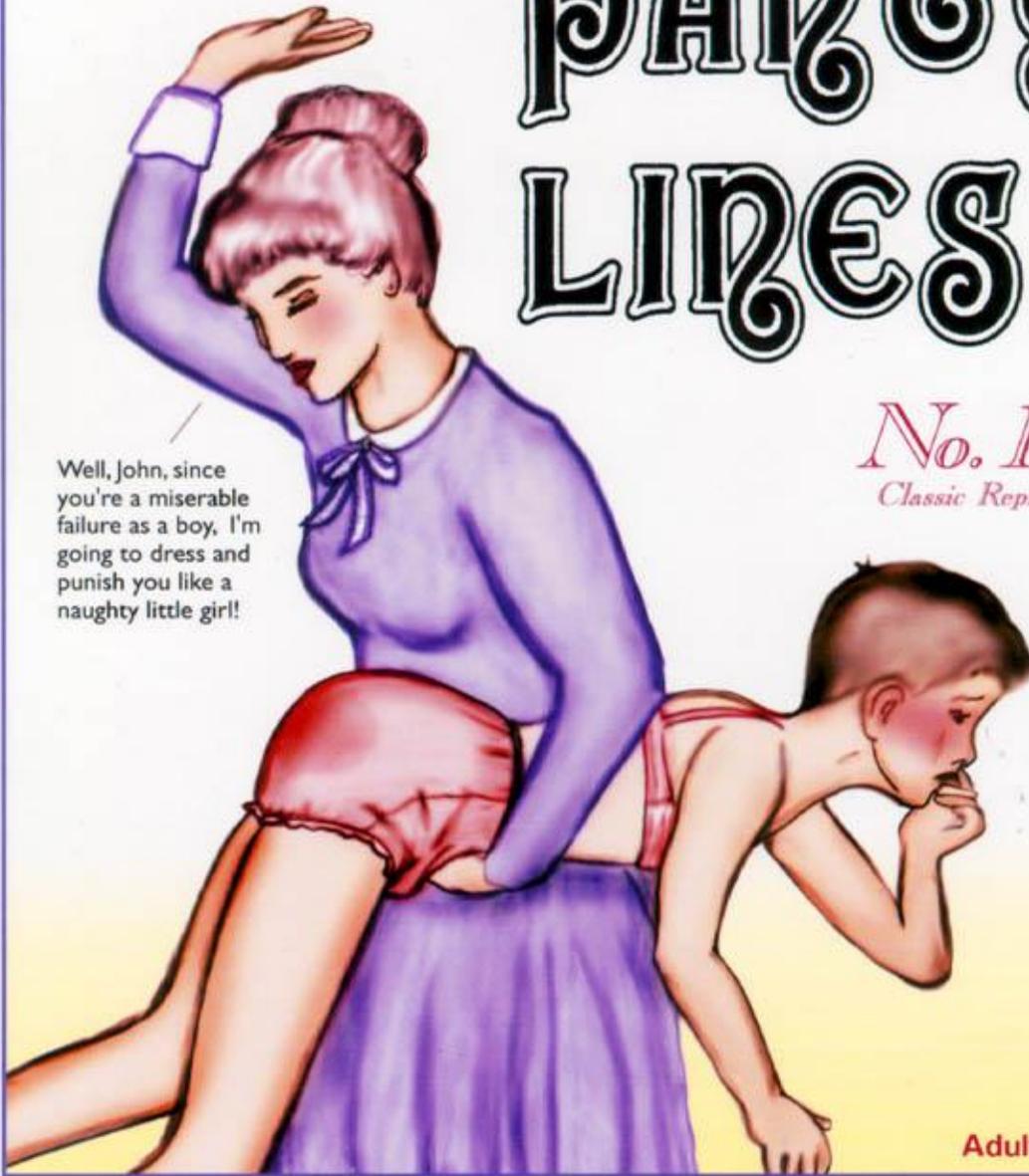


THE ORIGINAL

# PARTY LINES

*No. 11*  
*Classic Reprint*

Well, John, since you're a miserable failure as a boy, I'm going to dress and punish you like a naughty little girl!



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**



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[Next](#) | [Index](#)

## *The Making of a Sissy*

### Part 11

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

My sisters were always having their hair done. During the winter they wore it long, but as summer approached, Mom would have them get it cut, anything from a pixie cut to a page boy and then give them a Toni Home Permanent so their hair would hold its style. The Toni do-it-yourself kit came in a little blue box containing the rollers, solution and everything needed for the job. I remember the rollers, little plastic sticks with a rubber band attached to one end. They came in either clear or a milky white color. To me, they looked like little



chicken bones. But the most distinctive thing about these treatments was the odor! Wow! That's a smell I'll never forget, an unbelievably strong, ethereal, intoxicating aroma that made my head spin.

Sometimes my mom and sisters would go to our Aunt Henrietta's for a professional permanent. Aunt Henrietta was a distant relative. She operated a beauty shop in one big room of her house. Whenever they went to her for a permanent, I had to go along because I was too young to be left home alone.

Aunt Henrietta had a daughter, Mildred, who was about ten years older than me. She was a bossy witch and liked to pick on me! I stayed clear of her. Aunt Henrietta also had a son and another daughter, Robbie and Gail. They were twins and about two years younger than me. They were wild. They'd run and jump on furniture and destroy everything they touched. Their destructiveness didn't seem to bother Aunt Henrietta; she barely looked up whenever we heard something falling or breaking. Their house was a mess. You had to move things just to walk into a room or sit in a chair.

On one particular visit to Aunt Henrietta's, it ended up being an evening-long event since my mother as well as my two sisters were to get a permanent. I was seven at the time and had been stealing and wearing my sister's panties for years.

At home, I loved wearing them all day long under my boys' clothes, and I really wanted to wear them all the time, even when outside or visiting relatives, but I was afraid about leaving the security of home wearing panties. I felt vulnerable to exposure since I wouldn't have a way of getting out of the panties and back into my regular underwear if something happened and I had to take off my clothes. And since I still wet my pants at times, that was a very real fear. A few times, I had experimented with wearing panties under my clothes when we went out somewhere. It was exciting, but it was scary too. On this occasion, I was wearing a shiny white pair of my sister's panties. I had planned on changing out of them before we left, but I had procrastinated and we were running late. Mom hustled me out of the house before I had a chance to change.

After we arrived at Aunt Henrietta's, I tried playing games with the twins, but kept yelling, screaming and throwing things. I didn't want any part of that, so I ended up sitting alone playing with a partial set of Lincoln Logs. A short time later, I really did have to go to the toilet. Robbie pointed me in the direction of the bathroom, which was at the end of a long hallway. As I walked toward it, I got scared because the corridor was dark and the old grey linoleum floor creaked under my feet.

In the bathroom, I was looked in their laundry hamper for panties but found only a T-shirt and a couple of towels. When I left the bathroom, I was ready to run down that scary dark hallway to rejoin everyone else, but there was a light coming from an open doorway along the hall. I hadn't noticed it before, but I did now. I looked in. Since it was decorated with frills and lace curtains, I knew it was a girl's bedroom. I figured it must have been Mildred's. A small nightstand light was on. It cast a pastel glow over the sweet-smelling room, which was relatively clean, at least compared to the rest of the house. What immediately caught my attention was a stack of neatly folded panties stacked on top of a low chest of drawers. I couldn't resist fingering the lacy

panties. They were a mix of white and pastel colors, most of them had pretty lace trims, some embroidery or appliques sewn on. Picking up a pink pair, I saw they were much too big for me, but I loved looking at them and touching the silky fabric.

Just then I heard someone coming down the hallway. In shock, I dropped the panties. They fell to the floor as Mildred came walking in. I was afraid. I really didn't want to get caught. I feared a repeat of the humiliation I had suffered when I had been caught with my sister's things. Mildred asked me what I was doing in her room. I told her that I was looking for the bathroom and got scared because everything was so dark. She bought my story then simply led me out of her room and into the bathroom.

I was breathing heavily, happy I had escaped being caught. That was the first time I had ever gone looking for panties in a stranger's bedroom. It was an exhilarating feeling, sneaking around like that, a feeling I would experience hundreds of times in the years to come. I went back into the beauty shop and idly thumbed through some magazines.

Then Mildred came in and announced, "I caught Jimmie in my bedroom playing with my panties!"

In shock, I excitedly protested I had just been looking for the bathroom and gotten lost. Aunt Henrietta bought it, but when I looked at Mom, she had that look in her eye. She wasn't fooled. Mildred was almost in tears. I had never seen a big girl like her, who was about to cry. When her little brother and sister walked into the room, she told them. She demanded that I should be punished. She said I should be dressed up like a girl and given a permanent too since that's what I probably wanted anyway. Then she grabbed a handful of those little spindle curlers and began chasing me, threatening to pin up my hair.

We ran around through the rooms, but I kept tripping over junk and she finally caught me. I began to cry because I was afraid of what she'd do to me. But crying to a girl like Mildred just made her feel more powerful. She laughed and kept calling me sissy as she held me down on the floor, sat on me and tried to roll some of my hair onto one of the curlers. I struggled so much that she couldn't do it. But she wouldn't let me up. Then she twisted my arm, made me say 'uncle' and promise to get into the beauty shop chair and sit still while she put curlers in my hair. I was really crying when she let me up. She had hurt my arm, I feared everything was going wrong and everyone would somehow find out about my sister's white lace panties I had on under my clothes.

In the beauty shop, Mildred fastened a pink cape around me. "Henrietta's Beauty Salon" was embroidered on it. I felt foolish wearing it because I had on shorts and the cape came down past the bottom of my shorts. It must have looked like I was wearing a dress! Of course, there was nothing I wanted more, but I wanted to be in control of that kind of situation. I didn't want to be laughed at.

I was in the chair next to Mom. Mildred tried to twirl my hair around a curler, but it wasn't long enough. In frustration, she announced she was going to give me a permanent with finger curls instead. She shoved some bobby pins in between her lips and began rolling little tufts of my hair

into neat little circles, fastening them with crisscrossed bobby pins. But my hair was even too short. The bobby pins fell out soon after she put them on me. In disgust, she spit the bobby pins out. She did find a hank of my hair on top right in front that was a bit longer. She pulled it together and bobby pinned on a shiny pink bow. Then she pulled me out of the chair and had me model my hair ribbon for my mother and sisters.

Mom just shook her head and mumbled, "Serves you right."

My sisters cackled with girlish giggles between calling me a "baby" and a "sissy"

Little Robbie was also laughing at me, but all along he was also making fun of Mildred too because she was having so much trouble trying to pin up my hair. She told him to quiet down. They got into an argument, and Robbie spit in her face! Aunt Henrietta got mad at him for that! For punishment, she picked him up, bent him over and lashed at his butt with a razor strap that appeared from nowhere. Then she told Mildred to get him ready for bed because he was going be given a head full of curls and then sent to bed early. Mildred led him away.

Minutes later they came back with Mildred laughing at him and pushing him ahead of her. He was wearing an ankle-length girls' nightgown, made of a flowered blue silky fabric with bands of white lace around the neck and hem. When Gail saw him, she complained that he was wearing her nightgown, but her mother just told her that he was being taught to act nicely like a girl.

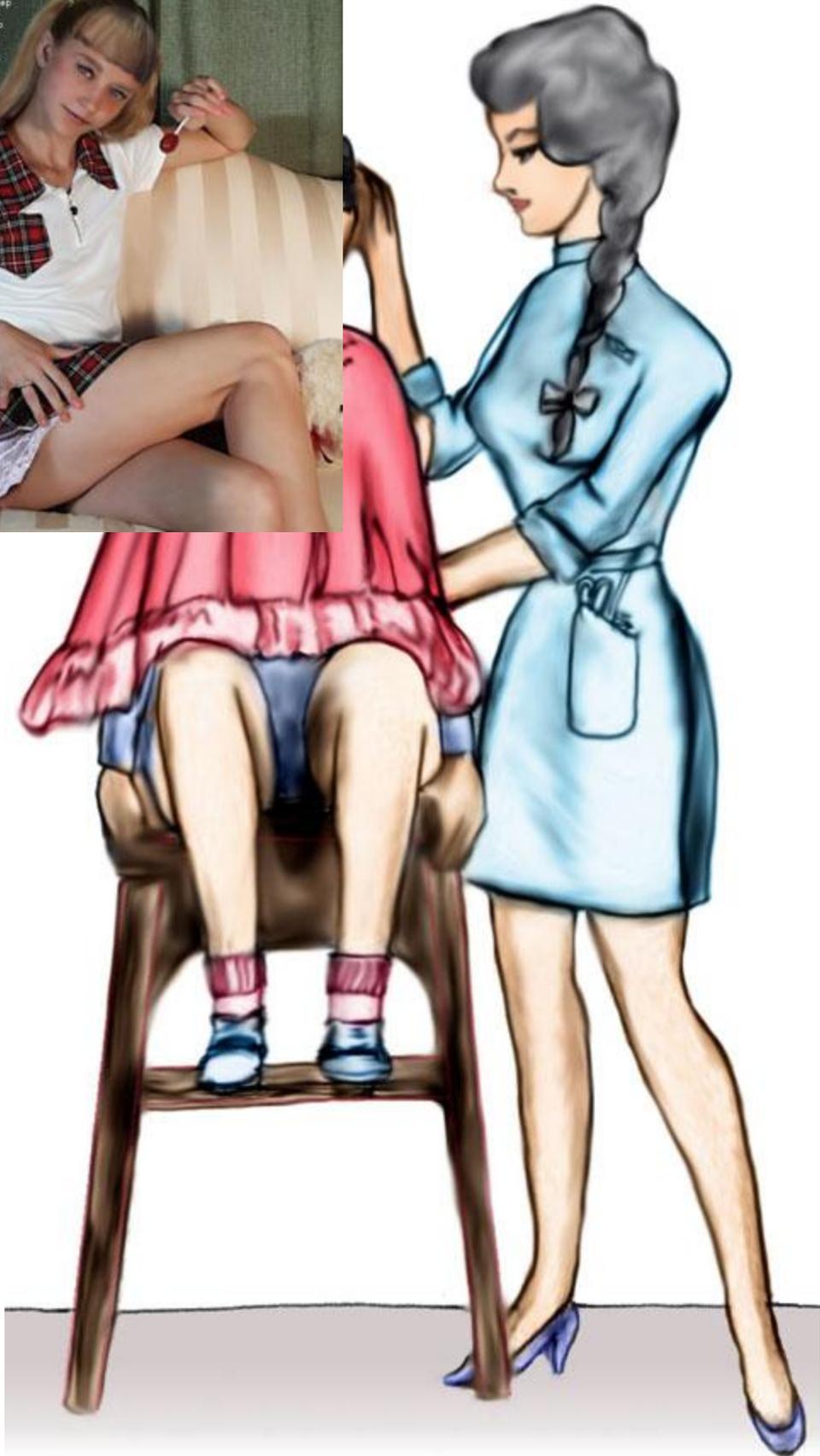
Robbie's hair was much longer than mine. His sister had no problem twisting it around those little spindles. He squirmed around in the seat obviously still in pain from the strapping, but he didn't seem to mind having his hair pinned up! I stared at him in awe. I both envied him and felt embarrassed for him. Once his hair was all pinned up, his mother checked that Mildred had done a proper job. Little Robbie was taking it all in stride by then. I think he enjoyed the silky nightie because I saw him repeatedly rub his little fingers over the soft fabric.

Another first! The first time I witnessed another boy undergoing petticoat punishment!

A couple of hours later my mother and sisters were finished. As we were going out the door, I took one last look at Robbie who was then sitting in the styling chair. His mother was just finishing combing out his head full of curls!

*To be continued in Panty Lines #12.*

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



## *One Mother's Story*

**(The following letter continues B.C.'s story about the feminization of her son. Her first letter was published in Panty Lines #10.)**

Dear Princess,

Now that our son had grown up into being nothing short of a big sissy, my husband, Paul, and I were ready to accelerate his indoctrination into the world of femininity. As you may remember, this was Dale's first day in a dress of his own. It was also the day I had shown him how to do a curtsy. And when Paul came home, I called Dale from the kitchen to greet his father. Dale came prissily through the doorway, grasped the hem of his dress on each side, put one foot behind the other and executed a perfect curtsy.

"Daddy, do you like my new dress?" he said.

Paul greeted him with a big hug and surprised him with a gift that I had told him to get at the mall: a Teency Weency baby doll complete with her own doll carriage. Dale took the doll out of the carriage and cuddled it in his arms.

"He really likes the doll," I thought.

Paul, standing beside me, put his arm around my waist and gave me a squeeze. I noticed from the corner of my eye he was also watching how Dale hugged his first doll. I know little girls play with dolls but by the time they get to Dale's age, they generally have put them aside. Now here was our son with his doll and behaving younger than his years. A baby doll bottle was tucked into a holder on the side of the carriage, and when Dale noticed it, he settled down on our Brentwood rocker and started feeding his baby doll the bottle.

"I'm going to call her 'Tina,'" he announced.

"But didn't you notice that it's a boy doll?" I asked.

He nodded then quickly added, "I'm still going to call him Tina because I going to dress like a little girl anyway!"

"Speaking of dresses, pull your dress down, Dale," I had to tell him because in all the excitement he must have been unaware that the side of his own dress had crept up his thigh so high that the hem of his pink panties was visible.

Eventually, Dale went to his bedroom to get his new dolly and all the doll clothes properly settled in.

Once he left, Paul gave me a warm bear hug and whispered, "He makes a very convincing girl. The way you fixed his hair with the ribbon reminds me of you when we first met."

I hadn't noticed but Paul was right. Dale did look a lot like me when I was younger. When Dale came back into the room, his father called him over to us and told him to turn around. Dale was still carrying his doll as he turned back to his father. Paul reached up and buttoned one of the buttons that had come undone on his dress. Then Paul gave him a loving pat on his behind and told him to finish feeding his doll. This time Dale smoothed out his dress as he sat down.

"He's learning fast," I whispered to Paul. Then I went on to tell him about the spanking Dale had earned earlier in the day.

"Last night, our sweet little sissy boy soiled his panties and nightie by shooting his goo into them."

Dale could hear me. He reacted by squirming in his seat.

"So I had him write 'I am a naughty girl' 100 times.

"Dale, go show Daddy your sentences."

He got up and brought his notebook papers with his written sentences to his father.

"Were you a naughty girl, Dale?" Paul asked.

"Yes, Daddy, but I won't do it again," he promised as he stared down at his white T-strap shoes, his face burning with an embarrassed blush.

Paul looked at the papers then handed them back and told him to tape them on his bedroom mirror as a reminder.

"He is taking to girl's clothes and dolls like it's a natural thing for him to do," Paul said to me.

"I agree. He probably should have been put into dresses a long time ago. You know what a sissy he always has been. I think boys should be raised as girls and girls raised as boys according to their temperament if the boys are sissies and the girls are tomboys. As you know, my mother always thought Dale was a sissy through and through."

"Are you going to tell her about how Dale is being dressed now?" Paul asked.

"Of course, a girl should never hide things from her mother. Besides, when she visits us over Thanksgiving, she'll see Dale in dresses then."

When Dale returned, I sent him to set the table for dinner. Everything went well that first full day of Dale's entry into girlhood. Even at bedtime, we acted like mother and daughter, with him clad in his nightie and me brushing out his hair and putting it up in curlers. And I'm also happy to report that the next morning he had not stained his panties and nightie by shooting his goo into them.

Three days later he wasn't so lucky.

Each day, before he goes to work, Paul has the practice of going into Dale's bedroom to give him a good morning kiss. Well, on that particular morning, Paul said he recognized a 'distinctive' odor in the room. When he asked our son about it, Dale broke down. Crying, he admitted to his father that he had gone off in his panties during the night. Paul lifted up Dale's baby doll nightie and saw the evidence for himself. But what I found most interesting was the fact that Paul had a throbbing hard-on in his trousers as he told me about Dale's 'accident.' I grabbed it through his clothes and gave it a few gentle, long strokes. No words were exchanged, but Paul was blushing profusely. He really liked having a sissy for a son!

All through the summer months that followed, Dale never wore any shorts and of course no pants. Only dresses and skirts. I'm sure Dale's education that followed was difficult but he did learn the household tasks all girls learn from their mothers. Each morning was devoted to work around the house. The afternoons were his to play or ride the new girls' bike we bought him for his birthday. Then he'd have to come and help me prepare dinner. Evenings were usually spent with him reading Cosmo and some of my other women's magazines or embroidering his name on his slips and panties as we all watched television.

Dale was fast becoming a good cook. He especially loved baking and many days he spent his entire afternoon learning how to make many of our classic family desserts from scratch. Right from the start, he seemed to have a knack for baking. In fact, I think when he makes my mother's recipe for homemade New York-style cheesecake, it turns out better than when she makes it! However, when he bakes, he seems to get flour everywhere so he still has a lot to learn about neatness while he works. I did buy him several aprons (frilly pinafore-style ones of course) to protect his dresses.

Paul and I had joined a church nearby and Dale went with us for Sunday School. At first, he was apprehensive but soon came to enjoy it. He made many friends, both boys and girls, something that he had not done at his regular school. No need to say that he looked as pretty as any of the other girls with his summer dress, hat, sandals and little purse.

The minister kept after us to get Dale baptized. Eventually, we conceded. On that day Dale wore his baptismal dress, still in low heels as I had not broken down and gotten him pumps that he was begging for. He outshined all the other girls as being the cutest. He wore a long slip under his dress that reached to his ankles. Everything he wore was white including a short veil, his pillbox hat and a long hair ribbon that hung down in the back over his brown tresses. After the ceremony was over we received his baptismal certificate announcing his name as "Dale Shelley" and his



sex as "female." The following week the Sentinel, our local newspaper, had a picture of those who had received their baptism. Dale was right in front, a real beauty in his virginal white dress.

As you may imagine, most of his boys' we gave away. His school clothes are all girls' clothes, although the outer wear are very similar to boys' clothes but purchased in the girls' department. He wears girls' jeans over his panties and a velour or loose cotton top over his bra and, more recently, chemise. His footwear has been penny loafers over girls' colored socks. Even his jacket, although it's a windbreaker zipper type, was purchased in the girls' department.

Since letting his hair grow for the past six months, it is beyond shoulder length now. It gets curled every Friday evening. Everyday after school when Dale comes home and changes into a dress, he puts barrettes in it to keep it out of his face. It must bother him some during the school hours but he never says anything about it. I've noticed several times at breakfast, he's put some of my bobby pins in his hair to keep it away from his face. I haven't said anything, but the bobby pins are gone when he heads out the door for school.

At the beginning of the new school year, I had some nagging doubts. Were we going too far in making Dale over into a girl? He seemed better adjusted and had made friends, all together impressive gains over his days as a lonely boy. He always had been such a sissy, tagging around with me more than going with his father, playing with stuffed animals, and occupying himself with drawing, painting and artsy things. For so long, I chose to ignore it, but other children had seen it in him and picked on him for years.

A call to my mother erased my doubts. After I explained everything that we had been doing, she told me it was the best thing we could do. Mom's an avant garde woman and much more liberal than I am. She even told me that sissy males are in great demand in California where she lives. She said one of her friends had told her that she knew of a household where a young sissy male was employed as maid and nanny. She also said she knew of one single mother who was raising a boy and a girl both as girls and another family of all boys where the parents were raising the youngest one as a girl. Mom didn't hesitate to give her blessing to Dale's feminization. She said he had "always been that way" and it was wise to help him. Most boys like him, she told me, are put through years of stress and hardship because their parents don't or can't understand. And so Dale's feminization continued.

As the Christmas season was fast approaching, I had already started purchasing some of Dale's presents. The very first item was a pair of high-heeled shoes. Actually the heels are petite and just an inch and a half high. I think the time is right to introduce him to nylons and heels. The shoes are light brown, almost a tan, and have a darker brown bow. Dale wears a size six which is an easy size to find. I've also gotten him two frilly garter belts (one in white and one in pink with white lace) and a half dozen pairs of nylons in shades ranging from beige and nude to taupe. I know everyone is wearing pantyhose now, but I'm old-fashioned and have always been partial to garters and nylons. For a boy they have to feel so much more girlish than pantyhose. In addition, I did find a matching sweater set consisting of a cardigan and a pullover in a burgundy that he is sure to like.

As I mentioned before, his father, and even myself for that matter, has not seen him except in girls' clothing for over six months. His father only sees him in dresses and skirts while I do see him in jeans. Dale is becoming quite the young lady but once in a while he needs tending to. Only the other night he talked back to his father and before you could wink, his father had him over his lap with skirts and slips up for a paddling on an especially saucy pair of gaudy orange and pink panties. After only a few slaps, Dale's feet were kicking and he was sobbing an apology to his father. With only a few more spanks on his pantied derriere, Dale was told to get up, straighten his slip and dress and go to his room.

Tender hearted that I am, I went up to his room shortly after and found him still sobbing on his bed. I guess I've never mentioned we had sold his old bed and purchased a canopy bed that matched the pink curtains I had put up in his room in June. I brushed away his tears and gave him a tube of lipstick to freshen up with. Then I helped him in a change of dress and even took out his barrettes and put a ribbon in his hair. All freshened up, he went back to the living room and lovingly hugged his daddy and promised to be a good girl. Such troubles a mother goes through raising a sissy son!

Let me go back a little to last summer when Dale was first put into dresses and where I left off last time I wrote.

The day came when I had made an appointment at the beauty parlor for Dale and me to have our hair cut and curled. I had of course been there before but Dale had only accompanied me as a boy. So I made the appointment for me and my daughter. I had Dale put on his white Swiss organdy dress and white strap sandals. His slip showed through the dress and when he questioned me if it was supposed to, I told him it was. Actually his bra straps showed too, but I didn't tell him that. With his little breasts protruding he looked every inch a sexy little jailbait teenage girl. That day, I had planned another stop after the beauty parlor, but I didn't tell him. It was to be a surprise, in fact, a surprise even to his father.

(You know it is becoming harder and more difficult to keep referring to Dale as a 'he' because he is girlish in his ways and dresses as a 'she,' so please excuse me if I make a slip now and then and say 'she'.)

Anyway while my hair was getting thinned and set, Dale had his formed and curled. Every few minutes his beautician would come over to me and ask if it suited me. Upon leaving he had a neat shoulder cut with just a slight upturn curl. He really looked cute. Then it was time for the surprise. Paul had been after me for some time to get my ears pierced, so today I decided that both Dale and I would take that step.

As we entered the jewelry store, Dale asked, "What are we going to get in here, Mommy?"

"We're going to get our ears pierced," I answered.

"Me too, Mommy?"

"Yes, you too. You've been a good girl lately and I know you would like to wear pretty earrings."

A short time later with very little discomfort, Dale and I walked out of the store sporting trainers in our ears. Needless to say, Paul was pleased that evening when he came home and found my ears were pierced. Dale proudly showed him his too, and Paul voiced no objections. Within a week both of us were wearing earrings that we couldn't wear before.

From a drug store I had gotten some of the double-sided adhesive tape men use to hold on a toupee. I found it worked nicely to attach Dale's "little lies" to his chest; his falsies stayed in place without a bra, nicely pressing outward. His nighties posed no problems. His first teddy did pose a problem although not in that region. The problem was down below. His rod would not stay down and tucked under. I know that Dale was struggling with unintended erections, and he also tried to hide evidence of his wet dreams, which seemed to be happening more and more frequently. Many mornings I knew he was secretly washing out his soiled panties and nighties. I wondered how I could help Dale control his emissions. While I was no stranger to what my husband calls "a blow job," I had never done it to any male other than Paul. I toyed with the idea of offering such a service to Dale. I know all the puritanical excuses many people would put forth, but in the end, I couldn't think of any real reason not to do it. I was determined to devise a way to keep his male hormones in check. Furthermore, I thought maybe the time had come for Dale to taste semen.

So one night after I noticed he was fighting to hide a bulge under his skirt all day long, I went to his bedroom. With him lying on his canopy bed, I unsnapped his baby blue teddy, eased down the waist elastic of his matching blue lace panties and took his little dickie into my mouth. It grew even larger as I sucked away. Soon he came and I proceeded to transfer it from my mouth to his. He was, to say the least, rather startled. I made sure he swallowed it.

"You might as well get used to the taste," I said, "because you will have it again and again."

"Okay, Mommy," he blushing replied as soon as he finished swallowing his semen.

I pulled up his panties. But before snapping together his teddy, I put him into six more pairs of his super feminine brief-style panties. As I pulled each new pair up his legs, he looked at me wondering what I was doing. With his tamed and limp penis tucked out of the way, all of those panties had the effect of totally smoothing over his crotch. There wasn't even the slightest sign of his nasty bulge! What's more, all those panties added width to his hips and a feminine roundness to his behind. Now his figure was as girlish as anyone could want. Now, with no sign of his once protruding rod, a sexually satisfied glow on his face, and his little titties stretching out the fabric of his teddy over his lithe tiny body, he looked like a little Lolita.

I agonized with myself over what I had done, but the next day with him dressed in his white blouse, half slip, and pink miniskirt, I took him with me to pick up his father from work. As we walked to the car, I thought to myself how much nicer it was to have a daughter instead of a sissy son. I knew for certain that everything I was doing was the right. And Paul seemed to be of the same mind. He thought of Dale as a daughter rather than as a son. And Paul didn't object when I told him about the little sexual service I had provided for our son.

Halloween was celebrated on Friday evening this year and Dales' Sunday School Dale was having a party. He went as Cinderella in a white chiffon party dress with silver slippers and my diamond pendant earrings. He had a wonderful time, and I got to witness his joy because I was there as one of the chaperons. After the apple bobbing and games, they had a dance party. Leading up to the event, I had taken the opportunity to teach Dale some basic dance steps. He had practiced dancing at home several times with his father too. At the party, Dale danced with a string of boys, but then I did notice that he started to spend a lot of time dancing with one very nice boy who had come over and introduced himself. His name was Mark, a well-mannered athletic type, even in a suit, he looked ruggedly handsome and quite muscular. When he asked if Dale could go to a movie with him, I told him Dale wasn't old enough yet to date.

Dale seemed to like him quite a bit as I noticed they were dancing close. On the way home from the party I told Dale not to get any romantic ideas about the boy, but I think it went in one ear and out the other. It appeared the boy had gotten our telephone number from Dale as we are unlisted. When Paul and I found out the next day, Dale was told that any calls on school days would have to be after all his home work was finished. What choice did we have?

Discovery of Dale being in dresses by an outsider who knew him as a boy happened that Saturday. Rather than being a disaster it turned out rather well, to put it mildly. Paul works in a town about seven miles away from our home. On that fateful day, I needed to use the car so I had taken Paul to work. And that afternoon, I took Dale with me to pick him up after work. Paul works near a huge mall so Dale and I left a little early so we could do some shopping. Being so far away, we felt it was safe for Dale to go in dresses. It was fairly warm for that time of the year so Dale wore his beige plaid pleated miniskirt and a thin pink cardigan over a pink shell. His usual barrettes, brown school loafers and knee-high socks completed his outfit.

We went into Ogden's, the best women and children's store in the mall. Dale had just picked out a wine-colored corduroy jumper and went into the changing booth to try it on. Then I heard a voice behind me.

"Why, Betty, how nice to see you."

My heart skipped a beat as I turned around. Actually, I was quite startled. I must have jumped a foot. It was, Mona Lyons, Dale's homeroom teacher from last year.

"And how is Dale doing this year?" she asked.

"He's doing his home work every night and his midterm report was very good," I replied. "His grades should be good, this year."

She went on discussing not only Dale but other students both from last year and this year. I could see that she wasn't about to leave. She had a dress on her arm and was waiting for this changing room, the changing room Dale was in!

Dale came out of the booth and evidently not noticing her said to me, "Isn't this the neatest jumper, Mommy? I just love the color, and look at these cute pockets . . . ," his voice trailed off as he noticed Mrs. Lyons.

"Betty, I didn't know you had a daughter," she said. Then she was the one to be surprised.

"Why this is Dale. Isn't it? And all prettied up! How nice!"

Dale didn't seem able to say or do anything.

I answered, "Yes, it's Dale. He's just picking out a few new things. This is how he likes to dress when he gets home after school."

Dale, frozen in time and space, just stood there staring at his former teacher. She didn't seem to be upset at seeing him in girl's clothing. She just smiled broadly and nodded her head as I continued to speak. Taking this as a positive sign, I said, "Dale give your teacher a curtsy."

He did just that. In fact, it was almost perfectly executed.

"I haven't seen a girl do that since I was in school myself," she said. "That was very nicely done."

I directed Dale back into the dressing room to change back into his skirt and blouse. As soon as he left, Mona told me that she had noticed how much longer and curlier Dale's hair had become recently. She also referred to the clothing he was now wearing, "femmy" she termed it. Straightforward, I informed her that Dale was wearing girls' clothing all the time now. Even the jeans and shirts he wore to school were from the girls' department. I even told her that he wore a training bra and lace panties everyday under his unisex-looking girls' outfits.

Rather than condemning me, she seemed quite delighted with the information. When Dale emerged now wearing his pleated plaid skirt and his soft sweater that modestly covered his revealing shell, she told him to turn around so she could get a good look at him all over. Then she complimented him and gave him an enthusiastic little kiss on the cheek. She added that she tutored several girls and would be happy to do the same for Dale if he ever needed it. After thanking her for her offer, Dale and I left to pay for his jumper and to pick up Paul.

Dale opened his shoulder bag at the checkout counter and paid for his jumper from the money earned doing dishes, dusting and other household chores. Upon leaving the store, Dale took my hand in his and we walked to the car, a delightfully happy mother and a son turned daughter.

That evening Dale spent over an hour on the phone talking to Mark, the boy from the church. Finally she had to be told to say good night. When he went to his room to get ready for bed that night, I went with him to help my daughter get undressed. I unzipped his dress and helped him out of his petticoat and slip and bra. Then I picked out a waltz-length night gown in blue with forget-me-nots embroidered on the lace. After he had taken out his earrings and removed his necklace, shoes and socks, I had him lay on the bed, and I noticed he was very excited from talking with Mark. I pulled his pretty pink panties down and put his rod in my mouth.

"For being such a good girl today," I said as I did it. Soon I had a mouthful of his semen and then transferred it to his open mouth. He swallowed it as I gave him a motherly kiss and handed him his doll before I left the room.

I was content with the way the meeting with Dale's former teacher had gone. But I did wonder if news of Dale being in dresses, bras and panties would spread at his school. That was over three weeks ago. Dale said that no one else has given him any indication that they know anything more than before. Of course, Dale is a notorious sissy at school; he always has been. I'm sure it wouldn't be a surprise to most of the teachers and other students if they found out that Dale wears dresses at home; however, we know from experience some discretion is advisable. Since Mona apparently didn't spill the news to others at school, I believe she approves as my mother does.

Now to bring you right up to date and tell you the real news that prompted me to write again so soon. The day before last, Dale made most of the dinner with a minimum of my supervision. He looked so cute in his yellow flowered apron and with yellow ribbons hanging down from each side of his hair to compliment his yellow princess dress. He had an embroidered full slip on as well as a fluffy bouffant petticoat that showed every time he turned. Overdressed for sure, even for a nice Sunday dinner at home, but that's how it has been going lately. Dale evidently knew he was showing a lot of his petticoat because he constantly swung his hips with an exaggerated motion as he went back and forth from the kitchen to the dining room and the living room where Paul was watching football.

I noticed Paul taking a great deal of interest in Dale's swirling petticoats as our boy swished back and forth busying himself with serving appetizers and doing dinner preparations. He did look enticing in his black patent leather flats and lace-trimmed yellow anklets. I had loaned him some of my bricktop nail polish and my new Revlon "Cherries in the Snow" lipstick. Both his slip, a pale yellow, and his panties, which for some reason were pink with lace panels down the sides, had his name embroidered on them. I made him show them to me when he asked to borrow my nail polish and lipstick.

With the way he kept marching back and forth swirling his petticoats, it was no wonder Paul got a hard on. He tried to hide it underneath the TV Guide that he had discreetly placed on his lap, but his penis had grown just too large to disguise!

We ate towards the end of the first game as it became a runaway and Paul wanted to see the second game. My daughter did himself proud as it was one of the best dinners we had ever eaten. After the second game, we all settled down to watch a tape of Shirley Temple's Heidi, Dale's favorite movie, but our little girl-boy must have been totally exhausted from preparing, enjoying and then cleaning up after his delightful dinner because soon after we started the tape, he leaned back on the couch and fell fast asleep. We left him undisturbed for the moment and continued to watch the movie. But as Dale slept and twisted around, his bouncy bouffant petticoats got bunched up and pointed skyward. His tensed little balls and firm little penis were exposed, hidden only by the thin veil of his smooth pink lace panties.

Paul politely tried not to stare, but our boy's panty show was a little more than my husband could handle, and I knew it!

When I went over and discreetly pulled down his petticoats to hide his brazen sissyboy lingerie exhibition, he woke up. I thought it was a good time for a lesson in being a female.

I hugged him and whispered sweetly into his ear as he became fully awake. Then I took him over to Paul and made him straddle his father's lap so they faced each other. I pulled up Dale's skirt and big petticoats and tucked them under his arms to keep them up. While Paul had a full view of his son's pantied hard-on, I had Dale undo his father's trousers and take out his hard penis.

"See what you do to your father. You're a very sexy young lady. And this," I said with emphasis as I touched Paul's penis, "is the effect you have on men when you accidentally show them your panties.

"You have to realize that rape is just about the worst thing that can happen to a woman, and when you go around flashing your sexy lingerie you might tempt some men beyond their control.

"Now I want you to just sit there for a moment and keep holding your father's big hot penis in your tender little hands. This, hopefully, will be a lesson to teach you just how much you can excite a strong, red-blooded male."

Sexually, I know Paul quite well. I could tell that he was quickly moving to the point of no return. I had not planned on this and realized that something had to be done.

"Just look at the state you've gotten your father in!" I almost shouted.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I demanded.

Dale was embarrassed but quite excited too. Near tears, he hugged his father. In a tight embrace they rubbed their bodies together. With some whispered encouragement from me, Paul erupted all over Dale's panties. Moments later, with a little help from my teasing fingers, Dale himself erupted into his sodden, silky panties too.

Where is all this leading? I don't know. But it's going to be fun getting there! Wow! I love being the mother of a lovely girl-boy and wife of an understanding man.

Your friend,  
B.C.  
Frederick, MD

[Next](#) | [Index](#)

I had always let Dale keep his hair long, but once I immersing him fully into girlhood we let it grow very long. It's been just six months and it's past his shoulders, and now, even when he wears boys' clothes, people think he's a girl!





## *My Initiation into Sissyhood*

Dear Princess,

While growing up, I wanted to be accepted by the boys in our neighborhood, but I was small for my age so they rarely allowed me to play their games, and I usually ended up playing with some of the girls.

One girl I liked was Nancy; however, her mother didn't like me so whenever she saw me playing with the girls, she'd tell her daughter to send me home. But one day I wanted to keep on playing with the girls so I made up my mind to stand my ground. At least with a bunch of girls, I was determined to have my way not be shooed away, so I boldly told her mother, "No! I'm not going home!"

Nancy's mother laughed at me, and then told her daughter, "Kick his ass!"

Even though Nancy was a year younger than me, she was bigger and stronger than me so she easily wrestled me to the ground then sat on my chest. With her mother's encouragement, she started slapping me on the face. When I started to cry, she called me a weakling and a little cry baby.

"Is little sissy Robert crying?" her mother taunted.

"Nancy, let him up.

"Now get out of here and stay away. When you get home, ask your mother to put you in a dress, you puny little pantywaist!"

Even at home, I had some of the same problems. My sister Sharon was two years older than me. She was strong and towered over me so she could easily beat me up too. She delighted in bossing me around all the time. But I also had two younger sisters, Pam and Kimmy. I picked on them a lot and pushing them around because it felt good to be physically superior at least to someone.

I was very confused. I wanted to be tough and all boy, but I also was in adoration of my older sister and mother. At times when no one was home, I used to go into my older sister's dresser and look at her pretty lingerie. Everything she had in there was so soft and smelled so good. For years, I thought about trying on some of her wonderful lingerie, but I couldn't get up the nerve to do it.

Then one summer day, after the boys had told me to "scram" because they didn't want me around, I went by Nancy's house. She was sitting out in her front yard with two other girls, dreamily talking about love and marriage. As I approached, her mother came to the front door and saw me. She told Nancy I needed to be taught another lesson. All three of the girls pulled me to the ground, sat on me and had fun calling me names and slapping me on the face. They finally let me up.

I ran home to the sounds of her mother calling me "Roberta" and Nancy's laughter ringing in my ears. When I got home, no one was there. I went to my bedroom. It was a large room that I shared with my three sisters. I got that urge again to look at and touch my sister's pretty panties. I opened the bottom drawer of Sharon's dresser and fingered through her neat little pile of panties. I found what I was looking for, a pair of her pink panties with a little pink bow on the front. They were my favorite. As I looked at them, I felt very weak. At that moment I decided to give into my urge to try them on once and for all. I don't know what was different about that day. I don't know what made me do it, but I knew I had to do it.

I tried reasoning with myself about that decision. I admitted I was inadequate as a boy — so what was the difference I thought? So what if boys weren't supposed to wear things that sissy girls wore. I wasn't much of a boy anyway. Besides, I just wanted to see what they were like to wear, and deep down, I knew I had been wanting to try them on for a very long time. From the moment I picked them up with the intention of putting them on, the soft nylon felt good, felt better than I ever remember it had felt, even though I had held her panties in my hands dozens of times before.

Once I had decided to do it, I was unwilling to wait a moment longer. I didn't take the time to neatly refold all the panties. I told myself that I'd do that later. I didn't even completely close the drawer. In my excitement, I was careless, leaving an open invitation to be caught. I simply took the pink panties, ran to the bathroom and shut the door. As fast as I could, I pulled off my clothes and hurriedly stepped into the panties that my body craved. I had to have them on me. My racing excitement made me unsteady on my feet. I had to consciously think about standing up in order to stay standing or I would have fallen into a worthless heap on the floor. I grabbed hold of the edge of the sink to steady myself. I looked at my reflection in the mirror.

My head swam in a sea of emotion. A wonderful rushing feeling came over me. I had a hard-on that ached with pain; the panties felt so-o-o-o good. Without even thinking about it, I rubbed them into my ass and hips and squeezed my penis through the silky nylon. I moaned. I knew I was turning myself into a sissy and a pantywaist. My legs were shaking. I was so weak that I had to kneel down on the floor as I continued to feel myself up in the sweet, femmy pink panties. I guess I was making too much noise because the next thing I knew, Sharon was loudly knocking at the door and asking what I was doing in there. I mumbled an excuse then quickly pulled on my jeans and T-shirt but left the panties on underneath.

As I went out the door, I saw Sharon standing there in a powerful pose, wearing a cute little cotton summer dress, but still looking so strong and so formidable. In one hand she had a pair of yellow panties. I remembered those panties. Only moments before I had seen them in her dresser drawer. With her other hand, she grabbed me by the front of my T-shirt and pulled me toward her. With her lips only inches from my face, she started shouting at me.

"What in the hell have you been doing in my drawer?"

Tears flooded my eyes as she looked down on me with anger. I didn't have an excuse to offer. I just cried. She grabbed the front of my T-shirt and pulled me towards her as she shouted at me only inches from my face.

"Now, listen to me, you little sissy. I'm going to teach you a lesson to stay out of my things!" she shouted as she twisted my arm and propelled me our bedroom.

"Please! Sharon, please, stop! Don't hurt me! Ouch! Don't tell Mom! Please? Promise don't tell Mom!" I pleaded.

She finally told me to "shut up" and shoved me down on the bed.

I lay there crying. Looking at me she noticed the waist elastic of her pink panties sticking out above my trouser tops. She touched the panty elastic with her fingers. I hid my face in shame. She grabbed the pink elastic, pulled it out and let it snap against my tender stomach.

"You little faggot! Wearing my good panties! How long has this been going on?"

When she started to open my jeans, I tried to squirm away, but I couldn't fight her. She pulled my jeans down to look at me in her panties.

"I always thought those panties were awfully sissy, with that bow and on them and everything. It figures those would be the ones you'd pick to put on. Wait till I tell everybody."

I pleaded with her not to tell. She told me to "shut up" again then took the opportunity to get a close-up view of my penis in her panties as she touched it and laughed. I was so embarrassed, but my penis was quite firm, and she thought it was funny the way it bulged in the stretchy panties.

Then she said, "You'll never talk back to me again. What's more, I'm going to tell Pam and Kimmy."

I pleaded with her not to tell them, but she slapped me on the face and told me to "shut up!" (Those were her two favorite words in dealing with me!) She was old enough to guess what I had been doing in the bathroom, but she shocked me when she told me to get down on my knees, touch myself and let her watch as I finished masturbating into the panties.

I was thoroughly embarrassed, but there was also something very thrilling about the whole situation. I didn't want to touch myself in front of her, but I feared her now more than anything. I did what she told me to do, hoping she would keep it a secret from Mom, Dad and the kids in the neighborhood.

Just touching myself wasn't enough for her, she made me admit to her that I was "a weak little sissy," "a pantywaist," and "a faggot."

As I came into her panties, tears of shame came to my eyes.

She grabbed my softening penis within the panties and yanked on it, signalling me to stand up. Then she led me by my penis into the bathroom. Some of my cum had oozed out of the panties and got on her fingers so she shoved her fingers in my face and made me lick them off. Then she made me take off the wet panties and showed me how to suds them clean in the bathroom sink.

"Those pink panties are yours now," she said. "I wouldn't wear them again if you paid me."

With me now naked, she led me by my penis back to the bedroom, took a white pair of panties out of her drawer and waved them in my face. They had a wide fringe of black lace that went all around the legs.

"These pretty little panties will be yours from now on too! They're too faggy looking for me. Now put them on because you're going to wear them. In fact, I might make you wear my panties all the time. It would be fun."

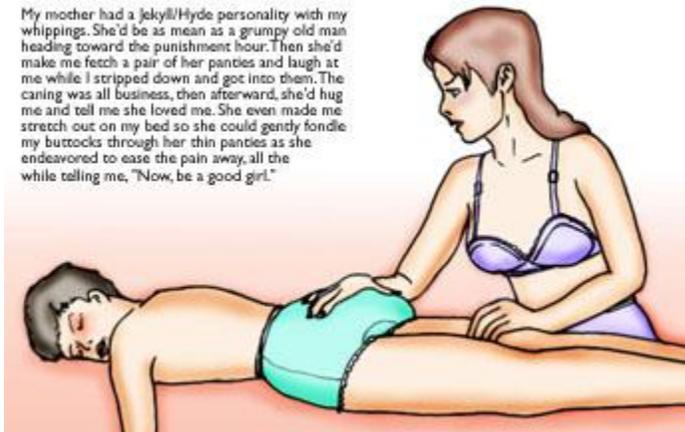
Can you imagine my luck? After thinking about trying on my sister's panties for years, I get caught the very first time I put them on!

Robert(a) G.  
Washington, D.C.

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



My mother had a Jekyll/Hyde personality with my whippings. She'd be as mean as a grumpy old man heading toward the punishment hour. Then she'd make me fetch a pair of her panties and laugh at me while I stripped down and got into them. The caring was all business, then afterward, she'd hug me and tell me she loved me. She even made me stretch out on my bed so she could gently fondle my buttocks through her thin panties as she endeavored to ease the pain away, all the while telling me, "Now, be a good girl."



## *German Landlady Mistress*

Dear Princess,

I am thirty-two. I'd love it if you'd do a series of letters from men about how they became hooked on panties and spanking. I'll start the ball rolling but only state true facts. I detest fantasy.

As a young boy I frequently got whipped by my parents up to the age of fourteen. They used a small thin crook-handled cane I recall, and usually on my bare bottom, about six strokes. I merited each chastisement. They were fair and reasonable and the punishments had no ill effect upon me. When I started to get erections during my spankings, my mother began putting me into a pair of her panties to cover it up during my punishment. She knew that they totally embarrassed me, and that's just what she wanted! She also theorized that such a feminine garment would make me feel very unmanly and my erection would go down. It never did!

My mother had a Jekyll/Hyde personality with my whippings. She'd be as mean as a grumpy old man heading toward the punishment hour. Then she'd make me fetch a pair of her panties and laugh at me while I stripped down and got into them. The caning was all business, then afterward, she'd hug me and tell me she loved me. She even made me stretch out on my bed so she could gently fondle my buttocks through her thin panties as she endeavored to ease the pain away, all the while telling me, "Now, be a good girl."

I got caned good a few times at school as well. I went to a strict boarding school where the headmaster meted out the punishments only after careful thought. He made us bare our bottoms, used a small cane and, as a rule, gave us six strokes. We all wore shorts there. They were neatly made, very brief and wide so that of course a good deal of thigh was visible. We wore long trousers after the age of thirteen and only on Sundays. Boys look far more attractive in brief shorts I think. One added punishment for "unmanly" behavior was being forced to wear silky little panties under one's shorts. The wide-legged short shorts easily exposed the frilly legs of these lacy panties and the treatment from the other boys was unbearable. I was lucky enough never to have received that treatment, but just the threat of it preyed on my mind, and I often fantasized about being forced to wear girls' panties and being ridiculed in them like my mother used to do to me.

Eventually, panties were on my mind more and more. I loved to peek at them in store windows or on clotheslines. I regret to say I couldn't get up the nerve to buy some so I found myself stealing them off clotheslines like a common thief. I felt very guilty about stealing them, but I knew I had to do it. I had to have them! After I stole them, I'd masturbate into them until I wore them out. Then I have to steal another pair.

At the age of nineteen I took a job that caused me a good deal of travel. On a visit to Germany I first became enamored of spanking, quite by chance. I was staying in a small boarding house outside Munich. Mrs. H.P., a woman of about forty looked after me. She had a grown daughter, Joanna, and a stepson, Tony. She was an attractive widow with black hair parted in the middle and fine, firm figure. The house was well furnished. What I remember most is the huge bathroom which had both a shower and a bathtub as well as a toilet and a bidet.

Having lived eleven years in Britain and the woman having been married to a Scot, both the woman and her stepson spoke perfect English.

On the fourth day there I was busily bathing myself when in walked Tony clad in a feminine-looking satin dressing gown. He bade me good morning and proceeded to take a shower. I noticed he had a good figure, quite a manly penis and a chubby dimpled bottom. Undaunted, he showered while I lay admiring him. He dried himself and departed. This procedure continued almost every day after that.

Then one day he appeared with five definite weals on his bottom, leaving me in no doubt that he had been caned the previous day by someone. I asked him about it. He told me his stepmother had whipped him but he didn't tell me why. I must say the marks were neatly placed over his buttocks and vivid. Some two days later I happened to pass his bedroom and he was undressed except for a lace training bra and a smooth-looking pair of girlish panties. He was obviously playing with his little organ through the soft folds of his silky, flower-printed panties.

His hands were really going at it. He looked up and saw me staring at him and his erection as he stroked himself, but he did not stop. He simply smiled at me as he continued to masturbate. All I could do was smile back as I stood there in awe, staring at this unusual sight. He was having a very good rub! But what most impressed me were the bra and panties. I thought that I was one of the few men in the world who did such a thing. It was absolutely amazing to see another boy in the flesh getting all worked up in panties! I had never tried a bra, but at that moment I decided I would add one to my sexual games too!

Tony almost always wore shorts, neatly made ones and very brief too. As days went by I came to admire his bottom. I imagined it being spanked with the cane and covered in panties. It was well rounded and the shorts showed it off to perfection. Then it happened. I had been at the house some twelve days. The three of us were watching television. Tony wore only his dressing gown and sandals as he sat in a low easy chair. In the semidarkness I could see some definite movements. He was playing with his prick. I was certain. His stepmother could not see him however. I made no comment, and had a difficult time trying not to stare at him.

When the film ended, Tony rose from his chair and his dressing gown flew wide open, exposing his prick jutting up firmly inside a fancy pair of little girl-style panties! They were white with some pretty flowers and lace on the sides. I thought it was a wonderful sight to behold, but Mrs. H.P. saw it too.

"Tony. Have you been wearing your sister's panties and playing with yourself again? You naughty little sissy. You know the punishment. I will not tolerate such things. Get yourself ready then fetch the cane and I shall whip you in front of Mr. Tom (as she called me)."

Tony stared at me and then at her. Slowly he went to his room. Minutes later he returned with a cane in his right hand.

"Now Mr. Tom, please sit there and watch how dirty little boys get their bottoms smacked hard. Tony, take off your dressing gown and bend across the sofa. I am going to whip you on those pretty little panties you like so much" she ordered.

I got a huge erection and knew I had no hope of getting rid of it. Tony had strappy little ballet slippers on and ruffled ankle socks on his feet. I watched as Tony stripped off the gown in a flash. He was dressed in a short little baby doll nightie. It was transparent yellow and the yellow panties he wore beneath it were clearly on view. He handed something to his stepmother. It was a big, floppy pink satin bow. He leaned forward and she pinned it in his hair. This must have been what she termed his punishment uniform.



Then she stood up, cane in hand and bent him over a hard, straight-back chair. In the process I had a chance to admire his firm erection and big bottom filling out the girlish panties. She whipped him slowly. Each time the cane landed on his buttocks he writhed only a bit. He was a brave lad to be sure. She took her time and carefully adjusted his panties between every blow, all the while talking to him and assaulting him with belittling comments.

"A right big sissy you are. Imagine wearing your sister's panties and wanking yourself in them. Well, I'll not have you put those panties back in your sister's drawer. Those are your panties now, and I'll see to it that you'll wear them out! I have a mind to invite the neighbor girls over to see you in them too! You'll have to come up with some new ones for your sister out of your allowance, you know. And just when you've barely paid off the last panty purchase. This is a nasty little habit you have here. Joanna thinks you'll turn queer. I dare say she's probably right."

Six strokes, then six more and his cheeks were flaming red. It was apparent even through his panties! He stood up at the twelfth and faced us. When she pulled the panties down far enough to inspect the damage his penis was really stiff. It looked like it would shoot forth its spunk on to the carpet at any moment. Tony replaced the cane back in the hallway closet. He was sent to his room, and I was left with the woman who by this time was flushed.

"Well, do you agree? He earned that spanking. He is a devil really. He plays with himself often. I cannot stop him. I do however forbid him to masturbate in my presence or anyone else's. I understand boys. I know they must get relief. I do not however like exhibitions. It is the second time I have whipped him this week. It cannot harm him. Matter of fact, I'm sure it does him good. With him hooked on his sister's panties, it's probably a strange sight for you. I don't know what I'm going to do with that boy. Just cane him a lot, I guess. A cane cannot injure him. Anyhow he has a tough little bottom as you saw," she said with a broad smile.

The conversation continued on spanking and the boy's habit of sneaking off to put on his sister's lingerie. She said that he now had a drawer full of his own lingerie, things he had been caught wearing. She admitted that she secretly loved the idea of him wearing lingerie, but she said she had to put up a show of not approving. I was really intrigued.

That night in bed I could not resist the temptation, and I masturbated into a pair of the woman's panties that I had stolen from her wash bin that afternoon. I lay there remembering watching young Tony playing with himself in his lingerie. Then his whipping through the thin panties, and his erection as he left the room. It was too much for a man to handle. The whole topic of spanking now interested me. I wanted another chat with her very soon. I was certain there was much more to it.

On the following Sunday I learned a great deal more. Tony was spending the day with some of his friends. I stayed in bed until ten, lingering on and luxuriating in the delightful feel of wearing Mrs. H.P.'s full-cut, frilly panties. Suddenly, the door opened and she entered with my coffee and roll, clad in a satin kimono and probably little beneath. In fact, as she bent over to set the tray on the bedside table she exposed plenty of bare breast that looked highly inviting. I was delighted when she sat on the bed and leaned toward me with her left arm pressing on my left leg, but I was nervous because under the blankets I was still wearing her panties that I had masturbated into. We chatted and her hand began to wander nearer my crotch with the inevitable result. Then she smiled and gently touched my manhood through the blankets.

"Naughty, naughty . . . you are feeling like that, are you?" she asked.

I grinned. Her grip became firm. Even through the covers her grip was strong.

"You know what Tony got for being like that. You're not too old to be whipped, Mr. Tom," she said smiling broadly.

I said nothing.

"How long is it since your lovely bottom was caned?" she asked.

I could not remember.

Then she pulled down the bedclothes very slowly. She didn't seem a bit surprised to see me in her panties. And of course my erect prick stood out a mile.

"Somehow, I thought it might have been you who had taken these," she said as she fingered the nylon panty fabric covering my erection.

"Turn over, Mr. Tom. Let me see if you have a nice bottom."

I turned over and Mrs. H. P. carefully massaged me through the rich-textured nylon. She stroked both cheeks. I was in heaven. Then she smacked my bottom on each cheek in turn. Yes, I was hooked all right, and she let me know beyond doubt that spanking fascinated her.

"Mr. Tom, I think you deserve the real thing. You are not too old. I think the cane is required?"

The very words excited me intensely. She left the room for a moment or two then returned with a cane. As she entered I saw that her kimono was loosely wrapped and I saw her long bare legs to the crotch of her black panties and her breasts suspended from a uplift bra.

"Out of bed, down with your panties, hold your cock and bend over the side of the bed."

I obeyed without a word. I bent over, gripping my penis which was as hard as a rock.

"Oooh . . . oooh!"

Two hard strokes. I wriggled. It hurt.

"Ooooh!"

Another fell upon my bottom.

I do not recall how many strokes she gave me — ten at least. They really hurt. Yet I did manage to take them all. I stood up then paused in front of the long mirror to survey the damage. Red weals crisscrossed my butt. I felt really randy and dearly wanted to fuck her then and there. She pulled up my panties and had me lay on the bed on my stomach and began stroking and kissing my pantied bottom. She reached down the back of my panties, parted my cheeks and gently massaged me down there.

"Feeling naughty?" she asked.

I told her that I was then looked round. She had taken off the kimono and was naked except for her big, soft, black satin panties and a sexy black bra. She had lovely firm breasts. She stood pulled aside the crotch of her panties. She had a shaven vagina. Not a hair to be seen. It was smooth as silk. The slit was divine. I fingered her as she stood by the bed. I inserted first one, then two fingers right inside her. They went in easily for she was soaking wet with love juices. I was about to come. I could hardly hold out any longer. My bottom tingled from the recent whipping.

Then I pulled her down onto the bed, took my penis out of the leg opening of my panties and inserted it under the legband of her panties. My sissy prick slid along side her hairless vagina and inside her panties. It was bliss. I stroked her firm smooth, silk-encased bottom. Then I came, I was in her panties, but I was not inside her! We lay like that for an age. Then she suggested we shower together. She joked that we could wash our panties at the same time as we washed ourselves. She peeked into my panties to admire my stricken bottom. We strolled forward to the huge bathroom. We kept our panties on as we showered holding one another all the time.

Then to my utter amazement she went over not to the toilet but the bidet. She squatted in front of me and started to urinate right through her wet panties. I could see the golden shower pouring out of her. I had never seen a woman piss in my life. It was erotic. She emptied a very full bladder! She grinned as she saw me staring.

"Boys who watch girls pee should be whipped," she said. "You must be punished again, I think, Mr. Tom."

My penis started to erect once more in the hot panties, which of course were soaking wet. Off she went for that cane. Back she came. Over the bidet I was bent, my face in the bowl filled with her steaming urine. I got six hard strokes. I could hardly bear them. However I did. This experience getting thoroughly caned through wet panties with my face in her bidet was terrific.

A week later I had to leave for Britain. I did however sleep with her three nights in a row though sleep is not the true word. No woman I have ever met was more sexy. Before I left, we had an opportunity to talk a lot. Freely she admitted that she liked spanking Tony. She also admitted that over the years, she had carefully orchestrated his love of pretty panties and other girlish clothes. She said she pretended to be offended when she caught him dressed in lingerie, but in reality she loved having a sissy panty boy for a stepson. She said if she showed acceptance for his fetish, it would probably become boring to him, and perhaps, he'd move onto something and someone else. But as long as he was a panty slave with her as the center of his attention, she knew he would forever be loyal to her.

Her plan had worked very well. He desperately wanted her approval to let him wear silky panties, and that's why he repeatedly let her catch him wearing them; however, she was wise enough to develop his fetish by teasing him then rejecting him for it, only to turn around again and promote his lingerie love in a hundred other ways. That woman sure knew a lot about male-manipulating psychology!

She also told me that she preferred shorts for boys his age to expose bare flesh at all times. Shorts also allowed for peeks up the short legs, and she really enjoyed it when she could see he had on some panties underneath. Of course when they were obviously on display like that day his dressing gown flew open, she had to go into her act and pretend to be shocked so she could belittle him and play havoc with his mind.

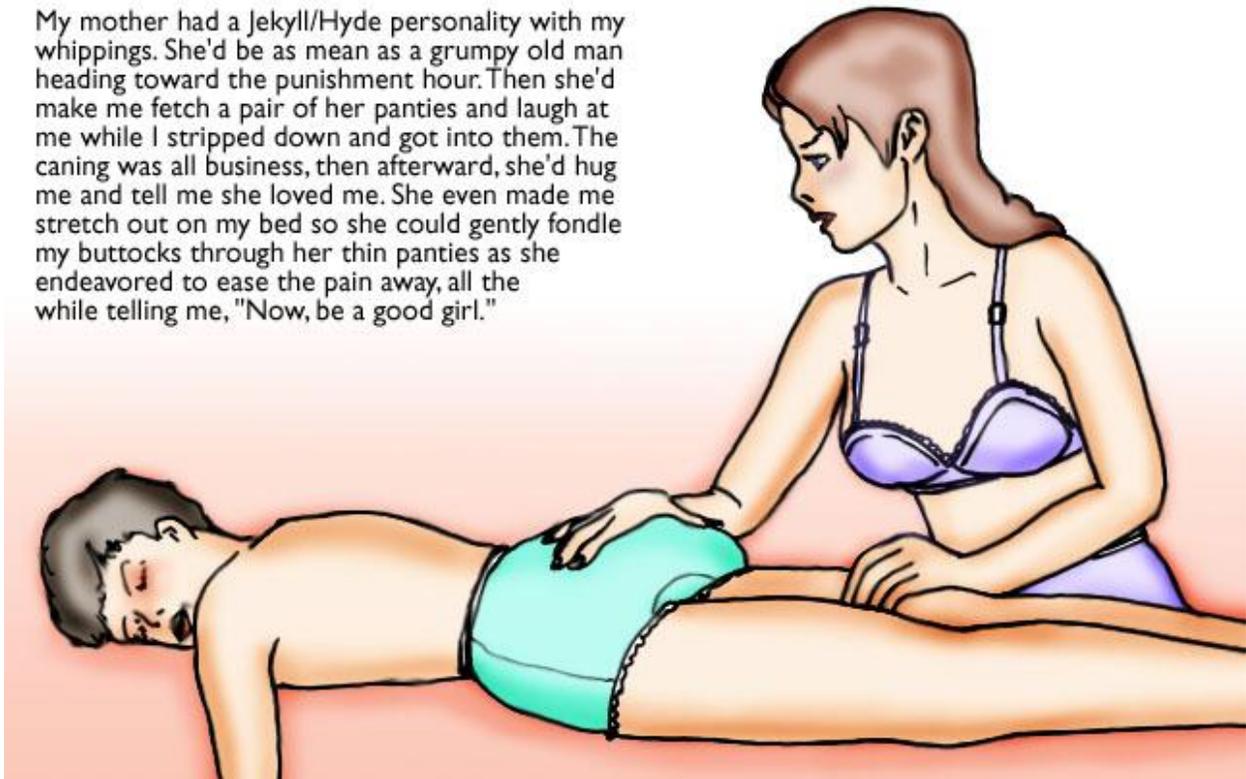
Ever since, I have often thought about Mrs. H. P. and Tony. Unfortunately, I did not keep in touch with them frequently enough; they moved away without leaving a forwarding address, and I lost contact with them.

I love panties, the cane and being humiliated. And now you can probably understand why I am so hooked.

Tom G.  
London, S.W.

[Next](#) | [Index](#)

My mother had a Jekyll/Hyde personality with my whippings. She'd be as mean as a grumpy old man heading toward the punishment hour. Then she'd make me fetch a pair of her panties and laugh at me while I stripped down and got into them. The caning was all business, then afterward, she'd hug me and tell me she loved me. She even made me stretch out on my bed so she could gently fondle my buttocks through her thin panties as she endeavored to ease the pain away, all the while telling me, "Now, be a good girl."



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

Dear Princess,

As I promised here are a couple more pics of Jerry. I know you're like me and love to laugh at sissyboys; well, these photos should do the trick. I have additional copies, and I carry them around in my purse to show people just like my girlfriends show off pictures of their boyfriends, husbands and children.

I even show pictures like these to strangers while I'm standing in line somewhere or waiting in an office. I talk proudly about my boyfriend and how sweet and obedient he is to me and ask whomever I'm talking to if they'd like to see a picture of him, and then I pull out my pics. Most of my pictures don't show his face, but as I explain to them, his face isn't what's important. It's what's in his pants and panties that interests me. I have had a wide range of reactions to these pictures, but believe it or not, most of these reactions are very positive. A lot of the women cheer me on, and it's obvious they're quite envious!

Thanks for your idea about making one's sissyboy keep his shirt tucked into the waistband of his panties. I tried it, and wow!, it was wonderful. Now, whenever we go out and around, he's as meek as a mouse. He's so self-conscious because his pretty high-waisted pink briefs are constantly on the verge of being discovered just above the waistband of his jeans. Of course, if he gets out of line in the least, I can have him in tears almost immediately by simply pulling up on the waist elastic of his panties so they show above his jeans. Then, depending on my mood, I can subject him to some pretty humiliating situations, like making him walk past a group of teenage girls — their giggling can be the ultimate emasculating experience — or, I can make him go into a lingerie store and have him buy some panties! Of course, the diversity of possible humiliating situations is unlimited.

Right now, I'm considering having him pull his panties up high over his jeans then making him walk past the big construction project that we have going on at the end of our block. The dozens of construction workers constantly milling around down there would surely give him a hard time!

Time for me to go. Just briefly, here's a pic with Jerry's panties exposed above his jeans and another with his hard penis secured with a rubber band over the outside of his panties. Enjoy!

Patricia  
Winnipeg, Manitoba

[Next](#) | [Index](#)

# Boys' undies shock stepdad

By JEFFREY ZASLOW

DEAR ZAZZ — I recently married a woman with two sons, ages 12 and 16.

Last week, I was putting away T-shirts from the laundry in the 12-year-old's dresser. In the drawer, to my surprise, I found a pair of woman's panties, a night gown, slips and a bra.

After talking to my wife, I was even more surprised. She knows that her two sons wear this clothing. In fact, she purchased these things for them! Her one rule is that they wear these things in the house only — usually to bed.

Then she told me that her late husband also wore these things to bed. She saw nothing wrong with it. She even said she'd buy me a nightgown if I wanted one.

I was very upset. I said this should stop, for the boys' own good. She said we should be glad that the boys don't smoke or take drugs and that they get good grades.

She said a lot of men wear women's clothes, and women wear men's clothing.

I'm so beside myself that I'm contemplating divorce.

Please print my letter. Maybe if my wife reads it, and your answer, she'll change her mind. — SHOCKED BY MY NEW FAMILY

DEAR SHOCKED — There are several reasons why you, your wife and her sons ought to consider visiting a therapist. A therapist might be able to sort out why the boys want to wear women's clothing, the role their father's death might play in this, and the reasons your wife approves

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**All  
that  
Zazz**

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and encourages this cross-dressing.

Also, because you're considering a very big step — divorce — your wife should realize how seriously disturbed you are by your discovery and her odd nonchalance about it. She needs to know how confused you are, and how you feel your marriage is in jeopardy. Therapy might help you both come to terms with this.

*In the News . . .*

[Next](#) | [Index](#)

## **Oakton Mall: Girls panties showing up in the boy's department!**

Security in area stores have been alerted to find the person who, as some kind of weird joke, has been putting girls' panties in the boys' departments of various stores. K-Mart, Neilson's, Murphy's and Sears have all reported that pairs of girls' panties have been showing up amongst their boys' wear.

The panties are sometimes stuffed into pockets of jackets, put on the inside hanger of suits, and tucked into the legs of trousers. The panties are always of the silky/frilly variety and are from that same store's girls' department, and therefore, actual theft is not involved. Shoppers reactions range from shock to amusement when they are discovered as a boy is trying on clothes.

Clerks in the various stores have reported

that funny, tragic and amazing scenes have followed some of these incidents. Numerous parents scolded their boys, accusing them of playing with or stealing the panties. One group of boys caused a major disturbance at the Besonville Sears when they scuffled following the discovery of a pair of panties sticking out of the pocket of a jacket one boy had just tried on.

In another incident, a mother admonished her boy in a loud voice saying, "I thought you promised me you would stop wearing your sister's panties!" That mother proceeded to buy the panties when it was discovered that they were not his sisters' but from the store's girls' department. That mother wouldn't accept the boy's explanation that he had no idea where the panties had come from.

Instead she made a big show of buying the panties and telling everyone that she fully intended to make him wear them for punishment! It's tough enough being a boy these days, but things like this make it almost impossible!

*In the News . . .*

[Next](#) | [Index](#)

## Son's lingerie is kinky, but that's only half of it



**Ann Landers**

**D**ear Ann Landers: Last week my wife and I discovered that our 16-year-old son has been wearing his sister's underwear. When we questioned "Brent," he admitted that he has worn her panties and other pieces of lingerie ever since he was 6.

Our 17-year-old daughter, "Annie," has known about this for quite some time and says she doesn't mind as long as the panties are clean when he puts them back in her drawer.

My wife is inclined to let Brent "express himself," as

she puts it. She is a psychologist and says a great many more males like to wear lingerie than most people would believe. Furthermore, she sees nothing wrong with it and indicated that she might buy him his own panties and bras so he wouldn't have to borrow his sister's.

Brent insists that he is not gay and reminds us that he has a very lovely girlfriend. According to him, his girlfriend is aware of his interest in women's under attire and she doesn't mind.

Can you suggest anything I can do about this? I feel as if I am fighting a losing battle. My wife, son and daughter all think that what "Joanne" (as Brent calls himself) is doing is cool.

How does one cope with the situation when a psychologist approves of behavior that is clearly abnormal? Please let them know that they are encouraging sick behavior.

John in Mission Viejo, Calif.

**Dear Viejo:** Your son's interest in wearing women's lingerie is pretty kinky, but he is not going to stop because his dad doesn't approve of it.

What is involved here is far more complicated than mere cross-dressing. When you mentioned that he calls himself "Joanne," a whole new dimension opened up.

It appears that your son enjoys thinking of himself as a woman. Your wife, the psychologist, knows that counseling will not "straighten him out." It might, however, help him deal more successfully with a world that does not view his behavior as normal. Good luck.

*In the News . . .*

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



As part of his juvenile court sentence, convicted "Eastside Panty Bandit" Mark Stoller, 12, had to pose for photographs with tear-stained face and holding a pair of stolen panties.

## Judge orders thief to wear panties he stole

Twenty-two angry females, 11 to 36 in age, attended the trial of Mark Stoller, the 12-year-old Rosemore boy accused of being the Eastside Panty Bandit.

Juvenile court Judge Salina A. Malecurr took less than two hours to hear the case and find Stoller guilty. Some in attendance laughed and others howled in shock when stacks of panties, which had

been confiscated from Stoller's bedroom, were presented into evidence.

Malecurr allowed all of the 22 female victims to testify. Most of their testimony consisted of identifying specific pairs of panties from the evidence on display. The judge allowed the repetitive testimony to emphasize the scope and depth of the crime.

None of the witnesses wanted their panties returned. Three of the women requested the court have them destroyed. Other victims reiterated the comment of one woman who said she wouldn't think of wearing them again after that "nasty little boy had his dirty hands on them."

The females were also in agreement that the boy should be severely punished "to teach him a lesson."

Panty thieves are nothing new. Probably ever since the invention of panties, there have been some boys and men who couldn't resist stealing them. Police files are full of such cases, but they rarely merit this much attention. Here the number of panties seized from young Stoller and the number of his victims are extraordinary. Prosecuting attorney Anton Armand said more than fifty women had been victimized by the Eastside panty bandit over the past eighteen months.

Stoller was finally caught by Thomas and JoBeth Listack of Morton. After she had lost a half dozen pairs of gaily decorated panties to the bandit, they devised a trap to catch him since they heard the bandit often repeatedly stole from the same clothesline. Thomas, an electronics engineer at Logue International, devised clothespins with electrical contacts that completed an electrical circuit running the clothesline. Whenever one of these special pins was removed from the line an alarm was set off inside the house.

Less than two weeks after setting the trap, the alarm went off and they caught the surprised Stoller, his pockets stuffed with panties, trying to climb over the 5-foot high hurricane fence surrounding their yard.

The police were called, and after questioning Stoller, a warrant to search his home was issued. From his bedroom, police seized a cedar chest containing 632 pairs of neatly folded and stacked panties as well as a notebook detailing most of the thefts.

Under questioning, Stoller's parents admitted to knowing about their son's fetish for panties and the chest full of panties in his room, but they thought it was

*Continued Panty Bandit page B16*

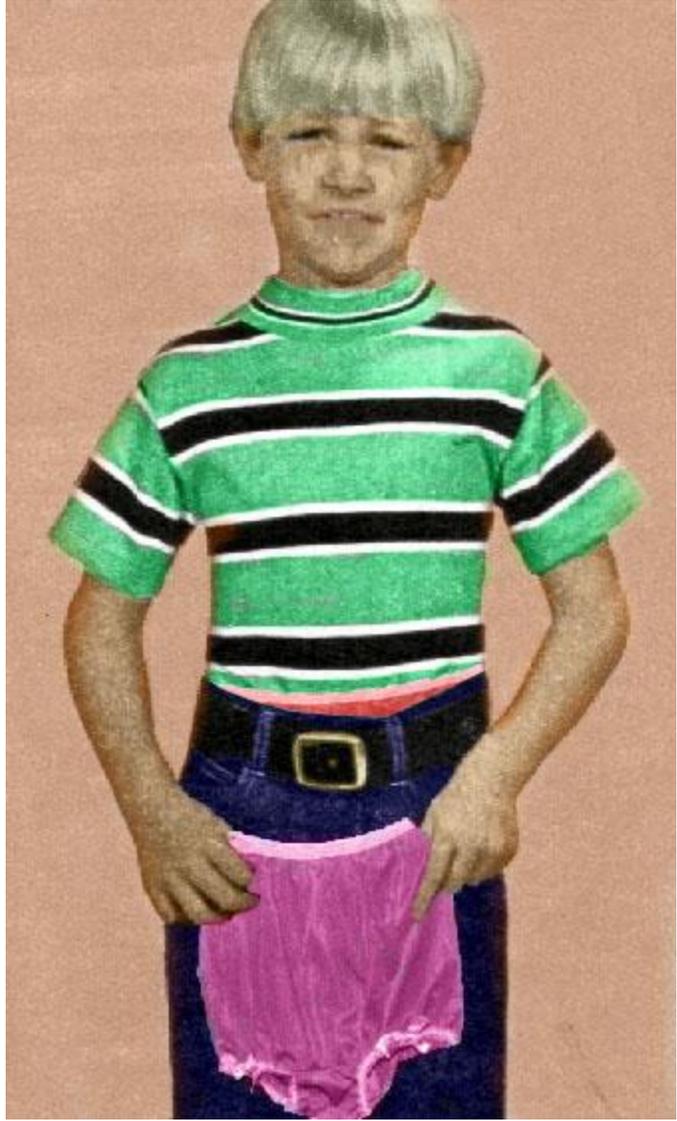
## *In the News . . .*

**Note:** To read the continuation of this story, click on "[next.](#)"

For an enlarge copy of the photo, [click here.](#)

For a text only version of the article for print out, [click here.](#)

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



## ***Panty Bandit*** *Continued from page A4*

a harmless hobby like collecting butterflies or stamps. When asked if they thought their son was gay, what he did with the panties and if he ever wore them, both parents resented the implications and said that he was "normal" in every way. They also shrugged off questions when asked if they thought it was unusual for a boy to have such a large collection of intimate female apparel. However, Mrs. Stoller did admit that her son had been attracted to panties for as long as she could remember. She said to her knowledge, he just liked to spread them out on his bed and look at them. She also admitted that he slept with one or two pairs of the panties every night, clutching them like a teddy bear.

Furthermore, his mother blushing admitted that he first borrowed pairs from her drawer or from the laundry to play with. After repeatedly being caught with them, she resigned herself to the fact that he had a strong attraction to panties, and therefore she, along with her husband, simply decided to let him play with them whenever he wanted. She did admit under further questioning that the boy's collection had been growing into huge numbers over the last two years; however, she never suspected that he might be the Eastside Panty Bandit.

The fact that they never had the slightest suspicion that their son might be the much wanted criminal who had neighborhood women in fear for over a year made Judge Malecurr wonder what it would have taken for them to make the connection.

The boy did not admit his guilt until the overwhelming testimony of the Listacks and the parade of women identifying their stolen panties was almost concluded. He finally broke down and cried when 16-yr-old Lisa Bonicarto approached the evidence and held up over a dozen pairs of panties that she said had been stolen from her. Stoller admitted to being seriously attracted to Bonicarto; however, the girl had shunned his advances because he was so much younger than she.

On one occasion, she actually saw him steal a pair of panties from her clothesline, but she didn't report it because she felt sorry for him and thought he just wanted a personal token of her to savor. However, as her panties kept being stolen, she was sure he was responsible. She tried to approach him about it. In

school she handed him a note saying she knew he was stealing them. She begged him to stop doing it and told him to get some professional help. She had suspected that he was the Eastside Panty Bandit and even stated so in the note; however, she didn't report her suspicions to the police until after he had been apprehended.

In an unusual move, Judge Malecurr said the boy's name and picture should be made public in the media even though he is a minor. Her reasoning was that being known, he would be much less likely to repeat his crime and the embarrassment to him and his family was just punishment for the terror he had created in so many women, especially those living on the Eastside.

Judge Malecurr sentenced Stoller to thirty days in the Kasselott Juvenile Home for his crimes. In an unprecedented move, she ordered that the boy wear the panties he had stolen as further punishment. To paraphrase her comments, she stated that since the victims did not want their panties returned, she concluded that it would be a practical way of punishing the boy while driving home the point that panties are to be worn, worn by women and not be stolen and played with by preteen boys. She also added that the other inmates at the home would constantly tease him and remind him of that fact.

In a further move, she let JoBeth Listack select a pair of panties from the booty for the boy to put on immediately. The grinning woman selected an elaborately frilled pair of pink panties decorated with red hearts and satin bows. Then Listack, her husband, the judge and all twenty-two of the victimized women adjourned to the judge's chambers to witness the boy being forced to don the panties.

In the courtroom, cheers, laughter and a fury of cutting comments were overheard since the judge left open her chamber door during the punishing ritual. Moments later, the humiliated boy was led back into the court, and if there was any doubt that the boy had been pantied, it was immediately obvious because under the judge's direction, the women had put the boy's shirttails into the panties and hoisted the waist elastic high on his body. The pink panties he had been forced into were clearly visible, exposed above the waist of his snug-fitting jeans as he was led off to serve his sentence. Many in attendance expressed their concern for the future of the boy and hoped he'd be helped with counselling during his detention.

*In the News . . .*

For an enlarged colorized copy of the photo, [click here](#).

For a text only version of the article for print out, [click here](#).

[Next](#) | [Index](#)





### *Sissyboys in the Movies*

Miss All-American Beauty is a 1982 made-for-TV movie about the life of a beauty pageant contestant. Twice during the film, the beauty queen's younger brothers dress up in her clothes and tease her about being a beauty queen.

In one scene, she thinks it's funny and the other she gets angry, but the parents think it's funny that the boys like to dress up and tease the girl.

If this movie isn't available on tape from your video store, look for it as a rerun on television.

### *The End of Panty Lines #11*

[Index](#)







