

THE ORIGINAL

# PARTY LINES

Mother! Mother! Come in here right away. Johnny is trying on my bra and panties again!

No. 4

Classic Reprint

No! Please, sis, no! Mom said she'd make me wear panties to school if she caught me playing with your things again!



ADULTS ONLY

Stories, letters, articles, photos and drawings exclusively for and about adult sissies who dream of being naughty little boys forced to wear panties and other girls' clothing with an emphasis on silky, old-fashioned, frilly, brief-style panties.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

## The Making of a Sissy

### Part 4

**This continuing true-life series relates the events and circumstances that led little Jimmie to want to become a girl like his sisters but only succeeded in turning him into a lifelong sissy.**

After my mother caught me wearing my sister's panties, I became more interested than ever in girls' clothing. I continued being a frequent visitor to our bathroom, where I would find silky panties in the laundry hamper. Excitedly, I would pull them on and tuck my little peepee between my legs so I would look like a little girl "down there."

Pretending to be a swishy, frilly and feminine little girl, I would quietly sit on the closed toilet and sing to myself as I repeatedly stroked the soft panties over my hips and bottom. Only someone banging on the door in desperate need of using the bathroom would awaken me from my daydreaming. Such an interruption would send me stripping off the panties. With great regret, I'd replace them in the old wicker laundry basket, quickly get back into my own clothes and make a hasty exit.

As far back as when I was three or four years old, I remember spending eons in the bathroom playing with my sister's panties. Even before my mother caught me, I sensed that I was doing something wrong. As I exited the bathroom, I was always red faced with embarrassment. I couldn't stop myself from blushing with shame. Whenever anyone asked why I took so long in the bathroom, I'd just shrug my shoulders and avoid answering them. Surprisingly, it was often my mom who would come to my defense and tell them that it took me a long time to have a "BM" (bowel movement). How could I ever explain to anyone about my secret dream world and my love for pretty little panties? Somehow I knew no one would understand.

Just a few weeks before my fifth birthday the most traumatic event of my young life took place. Alice, my oldest sister, was going to be making her First Communion. So, on a nice spring day, Mom dragged my sisters and me downtown to buy Alice a dress for the occasion. I wanted to stay home and play, but I was too young to be left alone, so I had to join them, giving up playing out on a beautiful day for what I thought would be a boring shopping trip.

We went to the local Montgomery Wards store. Once inside, Mom steered us directly up the stairs to the mezzanine where they featured little girls' clothing. We approached a display mannequin wearing a complete First Communion outfit. Behind the mannequin were two racks filled with these frilly outfits. It was the first time I had ever seen a First Communion dress, and I was immediately fascinated by these bright white, frothy, lace-encrusted creations. I had never seen anything so utterly fancy and feminine.

I pretended to be bored. I ran around the department, ducked in and out around clothes racks,



danced around like a fool and pestered almost everyone. I didn't want anyone to know that I had taken an intense interest in those clothes. However, I kept a close watch out of the corner of my eye as Mom had Alice sort through the dresses and try several on. Mom didn't bother to use the dressing room, she just had Alice strip down to her white ruffled camisole and panties right there in the aisle.

They finally selected one. Sis pranced around, twisting and turning her hips to make the full skirt flare up and bounce around. The outfit made the most delicious rustling, whispering sounds every time she moved. Later, I found out that her full slip under the dress was made of taffeta, a fabric that immediately impressed me as being supremely feminine.

Up until that time, I had only been attracted to panties because they were so soft and lacy, but here was a dress that was frilly and sensuous just like panties. I had never really paid any attention to the dresses my sisters wore. However, this dress was impossible to ignore. When I realized my mother was buying it for Alice, I became very excited, because I knew that once it was home, I'd have a chance to examine it closely when no one else was around. I knew right then that I wanted to try it on - as soon as I could.

Before leaving the department, they selected accessories to go with the dress in addition to the seductive taffeta slip. Alice blushed a little, when Mom selected a pretty white pair of panties and held them up to her waist to check the size. The beautiful panties were made of that same taffeta fabric and had a fragile white lace trim around the leg openings and a little bouquet of flowers embroidered in white thread on each hip. They also selected a veil, satin gloves, lacy ankle socks and a purse, all in white of course. Next, we all went to the shoe department where they bought a pair of white patent leather Maryjane shoes to complete the outfit.

All the way home on the bus, I couldn't get my mind off the beautiful clothes that my mother was carrying in the boxes and bags setting on her lap. When we got home, I made a point of hanging around my mother so I could discreetly watch where she hung the dress in my sister's closet and where she put the lingerie in her drawer.

I lost all interest in playing outside that day; I just kept sitting around the house waiting for an opportunity to sneak into my sister's room.

Finally, an opportunity presented itself as Mom and my two sisters sat in the kitchen sorting freshly laundered clothes and listening to some old radio show. I quickly ran into my sisters' room.

Ensnared in its long paper-hanging bag, the dress looked like a fancy gift. I was shocked at how much noise that paper bag made as I lifted it up to look at the precious dress. It creaked and crackled with the slightest touch as it loudly announced my intrusion into this feminine wonderland. I feared being discovered, but I had to chance it. I had to finger the stiff, soft, silky material. It was even more beautiful than I had remembered it. Realizing that I'd have to wait until a more opportune time, I reluctantly eased the noisy paper covering back into place.

Next I slowly slid open the creaky bottom drawer of my sister's dresser. Inside, still in the gift box, was the full-length slip. It wasn't a cancan slip but was made up of several tiers of taffeta, ribbon and lace. It sent shivers up and down my spine to touch it. But it was so noisy too! It

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seemed like it was loud enough to be heard a mile away. I touched it oh so carefully, both

dreading and loving every little sound it made. Along side it was little box, containing the

panties. They shimmered in the faint late-afternoon sunlight pouring through the gossamer

drapes of the unshaded window. The rich fabric sent electrical shocks through my fingers when I

touched them. I had never felt anything so soft or luxurious.

I thought that just a little peek might satisfy my curiosity about this exotic outfit, but I was wrong. After touching the prettiest and frilliest clothes I had ever seen, I only wanted one thing: I wanted to wear them. My stomach churned and became queasy and my knees weakened just wondering about how fabulous it would be to wear such lovely things. At that moment, my time was very limited, so I closed the drawer and snuck back out of the room. I wondered how I was ever going to have enough time and privacy to actually try on all those amazing clothes, but I knew I'd do it, because I had to do it!

We lived in a small cottage during those years and I was still sleeping in a youth bed with bars and sides on it like an oversized crib. My bed was in my sisters' bedroom. But it was their room with an adjoining closet for all their clothes and things. All my clothes and toys were kept in a closet in another room. I looked forward to bedtime that night because I was hoping for a chance to further investigate those clothes. As soon as I thought my sisters were asleep, I crawled over the side of my bed and landed on the floor with a modest thud. I went to the dresser between my bed and my sisters' bed and tried to open the bottom drawer but it squeaked so loudly that my sister, Carol, asked me what I was doing. After I told her,

"Nothing," she told me to get back in bed.

The next day, Mom was busy straightening out the house and baking a cake because my aunt Helen and her two daughters, Ellen and Annie, were coming over after supper for a visit. Shortly after they arrived, everyone got comfortable in the kitchen to have some cake. My father, mother and aunt had coffee, and my sisters, cousins and I got milk to drink with the cake.

As we were eating, I realized that there was no one in the front of the house and no one near my sisters' bedroom. I convinced myself that I could get away without being noticed. I gulped down the milk and cake. Then, I mumbled an excuse about needing to go to the bathroom.

I spent only a moment in the bathroom then quickly exited and made my way to my sisters' bedroom. I took the dress out of its noisy hanging bag and set it on my sisters' bed. Then I opened the dresser drawer and opened the boxes containing the slip and panties. After momentarily running my hands over them, I just kept staring at them as my hands busily yanked off my clothes on the spot, leaving them in a heap at my feet.

It was cold in the bedroom. I shivered as I quickly drew the panties up my quivering legs. I became light-headed as the cold, crisp, soft fabric settled on my hips. The strong new elastic bit into my waist and the pretty lace around the leg openings scratched my thighs. My first experience wearing taffeta panties was trilling beyond belief.

After a brief moment to steady my nerves, I took the full slip from the drawer and pulled it over my head as I had seen my sisters do on numerous occasions. It was the first time I had ever worn any girl's clothes except panties. I got tangled up in the slip a bit; I didn't know it was going to be so difficult to put on. But since it was a little big on me, I was finally able to get it into the right position and smooth it out over my body. Just touching my hips through the double satiny covering of slip and panties sent shivers through me like lightening bolts. The lacy edge of the slip tickled my legs.

The slip rubbing against the panties was noisy; I thought everyone would come running to see what all the noise was about. I



For a Halloween costume when I was seven years old, my mother put me into my sister's old First Communion dress. All was picture perfect, however I had forgotten to take off my boy's watch!

twisted my hips back and forth like Alice had done in the store. It did make the bouncy slip twirl back and forth. That lingerie created so much noise!

I picked up the heavenly elegant dress. I knew it was necessary to open the buttons going up the back before putting it on. I remembered the struggling I had done with the slip, so I cautiously slipped the dress over my head. It went on fairly easily. I pulled it down over the slip and put my arms into the short puffy sleeves. Then, I realized the problem of buttoning it up in the back. I reached back and, after a long struggle, buttoned the top button by the collar. But I became frustrated because I couldn't close any of the other buttons.

As I continued to struggle with the buttons, I heard some voices, and they were becoming louder as they got closer and closer. I froze. A moment later, the drapes covering the entrance to the bedroom parted, and I found myself staring at my two older sisters.

There was a brief, excruciating moment of silence. I knew very well that I wasn't supposed to be doing what I was doing. For an instant I felt like I almost wanted to be discovered, perhaps they would accept me as a girl. But, my sisters just started screaming at me. Immediately, I knew I was really in trouble.

"Uh-oh! Alice, Jimmie's got your new dress on!" Ann said.

"Jimmie! What are you doing?" she continued. "You're really going to be sorry. Daddy will spank you for this, you little sissy."

Alice started crying. All she could do was point and repeatedly moan, "Th-that's my new dress! That's my new dress!"

Then she yelled toward the kitchen, "Mom! Mo-o-om! Come here right away! Jimmie's got on my new dress!"

Obviously upset, she sobbed as she ran out of the room, screaming, "Mom! He's going to ruin it. Make him to take it off right way."

Ann didn't move from the spot, she just stood there and stared at me, then reprimanded me, "You're going to be sorry you did this. You're a sissy!"

My heart sank. I couldn't say a word. I was in a state of suspended animation - I didn't know if things were moving at a snail's pace or a million miles an hour.

Alice ran to the kitchen to get my mother. I just stood there fingering the fabric of the now humiliating dress. I reached back and started to try to unbutton the dress and take it off, but then I stopped because I thought I didn't want anyone to see what I was wearing under the dress.

Ann was still in the doorway. She had a wide sneering grin on her face. "Oh Jimmie, dresses are only for girls. You're a bad little boy. Any boy who wears a dress is a sissy."

There was that word again "sissy." I wondered what it meant. Was a sissy a boy who wore dresses? It didn't sound like a bad word. It sounded strangely familiar. I think my sisters or other people had used that word around me before, but it just didn't register. Now I was being called a sissy to my face and wondered exactly what that entailed. If sissies got to wear dresses, I thought that had to be good!

But I didn't have a chance to think about all that just then because Alice reappeared at the door with my mother close behind. I prepared myself for the worst, but I had no idea as to what was going to happen to me next.

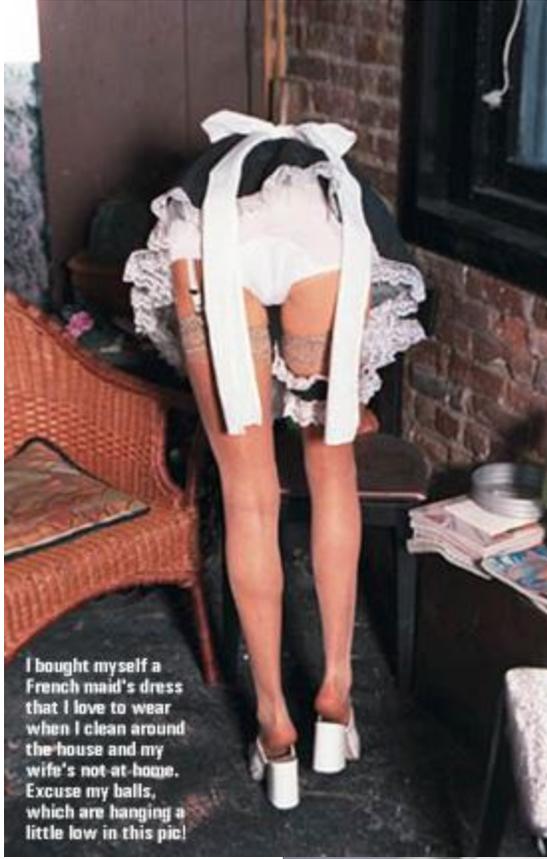
***In the next part of this fascinating series, Jimmie will relive the humiliation he experienced at the hands of his sisters and relatives. But the vicissitudes of his young sissy's life were truly remarkable: For a Halloween costume just two-and-one-half years later, it was his mother's idea to put him into his sister's old First Communion dress!***

Uh-oh! Jimmie's got your new dress on! You're really going to be sorry. Daddy will spank you for this, you little sissy!



**Oh, Jimmie,  
dresses are only  
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I bought myself a French maid's dress that I love to wear when I clean around the house and my wife's not at home. Excuse my balls, which are hanging a little low in this pic!



For a Halloween costume when I was seven years old, my mother put me into my sister's old First Communion dress. All was picture perfect, however I had forgotten to take off my boy's watch!

## *A Sissy About Being a Sissy*

Dear Princess,

I try very hard to be manly, but I can't stop myself from reverting to my inner sissy nature. For example, I received your magazine in the mail today, and when I got home, I discovered Brit, my well-endowed wife, was out, so I couldn't resist playing with myself while reading your latest issue of Panty Lines.

Of course, I followed your instructions, went to the laundry hamper, found some of my wife's whiffy, sniffy dirty silk panties and put them on. They were a gorgeous lemon yellow pair with sissy little buttercups sewn on the hips. Before settling down to read in our bedroom I searched for more things to put on. On our bed she had left one of her big white, lacy underwire bras. She must have changed it for a fresh bra just before leaving because it was saturated with her sweet scent. On the bedroom floor, I saw her black silky panties with "Saturday" written on the front. I picked them up and noticed her dried pussy cum in the crotch.

I know she left her lingerie out on purpose where I'd find them. She knows I love her worn bras and panties. She thinks it's funny that I can go crazy for hours wanking myself while I smell and play with her lingerie. By leaving her dirty panties in my path, she knows I'll stay home and play with them rather than go out and mess around.

On the outside, I try my best to be "macho" like the other guys, but today is one of those days, and just as it happens all too often, I find myself with this uncontrollable urge to dress myself in her freshly worn lingerie. So I padded out the bra with several pairs of panties from her tall boy. Then I put on one of her dainty little baby doll tops - a white nightie in satin and chiffon with bright red lace trim. At other times, when I know she's going to be gone for a long time, I put on a French maid's uniform that I bought from a theatrical costume house last year. I love to wear it and clean around the house like I really am the maid.

But today, I couldn't find her wig, so except for my hair, I looked just like a woman in her nightie and panties. I wonder if my wife hid the wig somewhere? I looked in the closet and everywhere I could think of, but I don't know where she put it. I wanted it so bad. Maybe she hid it because a few times in the past when I've used it, I messed up an expensive hairdo she had done on it.

She thinks I just like to look at and touch her pretty things while I wank on my wiener. She doesn't know that I put them on when she is out of the house. At least, I don't think she knows. My playtime with her sexy lingerie and other clothes is usually very limited because she doesn't go out very often or for long periods of time. And I go crazy as a sissy in woolen long johns if every few days or so I can't be alone to doll myself up. Many times, in desperation, I have to be content with sneaking a pair of her panties into the bathroom to have a quick wank while she's in another part of our condo cooking or watching television.

She may suspect that I have tried on a few of her things every so often, but she has never caught me red-handed wearing anything of hers. Yes, there have been a lot of close calls. Many times I've had to fly into the bathroom huffing and puffing with blood racing and do a quick change act as I heard her pulling into the garage. I do have a devilish desire to be caught in the act and humiliated by her. I know it wouldn't be fun at the time because she'd probably really be pissed at me, playing with her clothes is one thing, but dressing and acting like a sissy would probably really get her mad.

Just last week she called me a sissy several times as I was doing the dishes with a towel tied around my waist. She said it reminded her of an apron or a skirt. At first I was upset with her name-calling, but then I became sexually aroused and began to enjoy it as she continued to make fun of me. She complained that I'm always doing too many women's things around the house like cooking, washing and cleaning instead of doing traditional men's jobs like cutting the grass and fixing things. I'm sure most women would be delighted if her husband helped out around the house, but not my Brit.

Three days ago, she told me that she had overheard Sally and Dina, two of our neighbors, say that I was a sissy. I was utterly shocked to hear her say that, but inside I jumped for joy. I've wanted to be called a sissy for so long. I'd love it if her girl friends called me a sissy! She didn't know what had prompted the comment, but she got mad at them as they laughed about me. She didn't want to be known as the wife of a sissy man.

When I saw your advertisement - a small figure with a big hard-on in a pair of full-cut, lacy panties - I immediately knew who that person was. It was I. I have repeated that act hundreds of times in front of the mirror in our bathroom or bedroom. I've tried on panties belonging to family and friends while visiting them and pretending to use the toilet. What really gets to me is if a female friend or relative sits around carelessly in a skirt, and I get a peek at her slip or panties, or if she is wearing slacks and bends over and I get a peek of her panty briefs peeking out above the back of her slacks. At such times, I can't control myself. I usually have to excuse myself and go to the bathroom to jackoff. Many times, I've found a great pair of panties in the dirty laundry or a dresser drawer and had to jack off quickly and quietly in the neighbor's bathroom while my wife was visiting with our hosts in the next room!

I can't help it. I know that at such times, I come out of the bathroom with a sheepish expression on my face (and usually a stolen pair of lace panties in my pocket). I just can't help it. I believe the risks are small in comparison to the fantastic rewards. I thought I was the only person in the world with such desires, but after seeing your magazine, it's very comforting to know that there are thousands of others like me.

When most macho guys say they got into a girl's panties, they mean that they fucked them. However, for me when I get into a girl's panties, I really do get into them. And I usually cum all over them too! When I score, it means I've stolen some sweet-smelling dirty panties and that I can whiff and lick and jack off in. I love to mix my own cum with pussy stains in some gal's panties, mix it all up and lick it out!

Well, your little faggot-ass magazine almost got me into trouble. I was busy reading your mag and didn't hear my wife come home because she parked out front instead of driving into the garage. She came up to the side door with her arms full of groceries and started ringing the bell. I dropped your mag and rushed into the bathroom. I had a difficult time unhooking the bra. I finally got it off and threw everything into the hamper before I jumped into my regular clothes (over her panties) and ran to open the door for her.

When I let her in, she asked why the side door was locked since we usually leave it open. I made up a lame excuse, but don't know if she bought it. Then she yelled at me and asked what took me so long to answer the door. I told her the truth. "I was in the bathroom," I said.

She went right into the bedroom and noticed her bra on the bed. She knew it was in a different position than how she had left it. She seemed to be looking for the panties. Then, she turned in my direction and flashed a knowing look at me as she snidely mumbled the word "sissy." Without saying anything else, she just brushed me aside and walked back into the kitchen to put away the groceries.

At such times, just her presence and demeanor embarrasses me. She can look right through me. I felt so humbled that I went into the bathroom and took the panties off. I wasn't ready this time to let her catch me. As much as I wanted it, I just couldn't do it.

Maybe Next Time,  
Bobbie W. Louisville

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Mom, hold him still while I milk the juice out of this miserable little sissy. Wwee! He's got a big dick and balls for a fag boy!



I bought myself a French maid's dress that I love to wear when I clean around the house and my wife's not at home. Excuse my balls, which are hanging a little low in this pic!

## *I'm a Fem-Boy*

Dear Princess,

I realized my feminine inner self when I was still an infant. In my earliest memories I felt I should have been born a girl. I constantly rummaged through my sister's and mother's lingerie drawers. Whenever I got the chance, I'd put on their clothes and preen before the vanity mirror. I found that by tucking my penis and balls deep down between my legs I could simulate a girl's pussy. The panties I'd pull on were magic - the nylon so light, soft, sensual and snug on my hips and ass.

My mother knew about my preoccupation with lingerie. She also knew that I would read through my dad's pornography, but she never rebuked me for it. She'd occasionally mention that someone had been playing with her panties and then she'd look directly at me and wink.

One day when I was secretly going through my mother's things, I found a seven-inch vibrator. I slipped off the sweet pink lace panties I had on, lubricated it and slowly shoved it up my ass, just like I had seen in pictures of queer boys in some of my dad's dirty books.

After the initial pain, I relaxed and enjoyed the full feeling. I turned on the dildo and almost went berserk as I snugged up the pink panties to hold it in place. But the vibrating was too much for me. I had to let it slide out and turn it off. But I had loved the sensation of being fucked like a girl and the humiliation of being a sissy bum fucking himself. I reinserted the dildo but didn't turn on the vibrator and then I took a dirty pair of my mother's frilly purple panties and pulled them over my head. I fell across the bed and twisted and moaned until I blew a big wad of cum into my pretty pink panties.

I wanted to see how my mother would react to my using her dildo so I replaced it in her drawer still greased and shit-stained. I anxiously awaited her response, but surprisingly, she said nothing.

Two days later I had a chance to play my games again. Mom was at work and my sister was out with her friends. Again I put on a pair of my mother's pink panties. These were some brand new ones she had with a wide ruffled frill around the leg openings. I found the vibrator cleaned and returned to its place in her drawer! To me this meant my mother not only knew what I was doing, but didn't mind it. Maybe she even wanted to encourage me!

Soon I was on my mother's bed again, squirming around, fucking my asshole with her dildo and smelling a dirty pair of her panties. Then to my horror, Marsha, my older sister burst into the room wearing only a filmy white lace bra and panties. Before I had a chance to move and try to cover myself from her view, she jumped on the bed and told me to keep still. She took a moment just to look me over.

"Mom told me that were a bad little fem-boy. So, I decided to see for myself. She said you were even playing with her vibrator now.

"Well, where is it?"

I couldn't say anything, my heart racing and in shock with the dildo still up my ass.

But she seemed to put two and two together. She rolled me over on my side and started touching my ass through the panties. When she felt the end of the vibrator pushing out the panties in back, she giggled then grabbed ahold of it and boldly started pushing it in and out as she held it through the panties. She was raping me with it! I hadn't turned it on, but she reached

inside the panties and switched it on with a quick twist. I tensed and wiggled with sexual frenzy. In no time at all, I shot my hot cum just as she touched my pantied prick and lightly pinched it. My cum got all over her hand. I yelled and screamed for her to turn it off because it was just too intense for me, especially after I had shot off my cum. She finally got me to lay still long enough for her to shut it off and ease it out of my ass. She was laughing like a hyena.

Then she screeched, "Oh-oh, icky!" as she looked at my jism all over her hand. She shoved her hand in my face and wiped my juice all over my face. Tears of embarrassment welled up in my eyes, but she began laughing at me at me again as she got up and waltzed out of the bedroom.

When Mom got home, Marsha told her all about it. Mom laughed her head off, saying she had pretty well figured out what I had been doing all along and was now glad I had been caught. But she wanted more than just to hear about it, she insisted on having a demonstration! I was so embarrassed that I refused, but Mom held me down while sis beat me up until I stopped resisting as she put me in a pair of her panties and played with me until I was crying in pain as she roughly masturbated me through her panties until I shot a sticky load of cum for Mom's sake.

After that, the two of them decided that everyone in the family should know about little sissy faggot me. When my dad came home from work, they told him. But he never interfered in how they handled me, so he just grunted and went to the den to watch television like he always does. They got on the phone that night and proceeded to tell most of our aunts, uncles, cousins and even two of our neighbors. Thank goodness Mom said they weren't going to tell anybody at my school, but she did say that if I didn't mind them and do my share of the work around the house, she'd tell them in no time flat. Of course, my 'work' around the house immediately increased about tenfold, while Mom made my sister's main job bossing me around and making sure I did the work!

Every time we had family get-togethers after that, they all openly talked about me being a sissy and my fetish for lingerie. They'd joke about the dildo and give me things like vibrators and lingerie for Christmas and my birthday. I've never lived it down. I tried to pretend that I didn't like lingerie, hoping everyone thought it was a passing phase, but no one ever really forgot it or let me forget it. They kept on calling me their fem-boy. They still do.

That was years ago, but I still have to put up with it when I go home for a visit.

Still Doing It,  
Fem-Boy Sonny, Pittsburgh

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Patrick! Little boys aren't supposed to look up and reach under little girls' dresses!



Mom, hold him out of this mess!  
He's got a big d



## *Potty Trained in Panties*

Dear Princess,

A friend told me about your publication. I'm writing because I thought you would be interested in the following about how I potty trained my children.

Years ago I heard a woman psychologist on a local radio station give suggestions for potty training toddlers. In the case of a girl, she recommended purchasing several pairs of frilly party panties. Then using the reward system, the little girl would be allowed to wear them whenever she stayed dry. At the time I was potty training my daughter, Cathy, so I decided to try it. I was amazed. Almost immediately, she stopped wetting.

Boy did she really get to love those panties since I had made such a big deal about them. She really loved showing off her 'big girl' panties, her reward for 'being good' and using the potty. For years afterward, I was always telling her to modestly keep her skirts down, but she enjoyed showing them off and didn't mind if people saw them. To this day she wears nothing but the frilliest and silkiest of panties.

My son, Patrick, is three years younger than Cathy. He proved to be quite a problem when it came to potty training. I had to keep him in diapers almost constantly because he wet his pants not just at night but sometimes during the day too. Our doctor said there was nothing wrong with Patrick physically. He told me to be patient and gave me a book on toilet training. The book didn't help.

While I was talking with my friend Anita, I mentioned the problem I was having. She asked me how I had trained Cathy. I told her about the pretty panties reward system for staying dry. As a joke, she suggested I try the same procedure with Patrick.

We both laughed at the time, but afterward, I couldn't get the idea out of my head. I had tried everything else. But putting my boy in girls' panties seemed to be drastic. Yet, I was willing to risk almost any consequences to get him to stop wetting. I started to think about it more and more.

One Sunday afternoon we were all dressed in our Sunday best and waiting for the bird to finish cooking. When I heard my husband reprimanding Patrick, I looked up from reading the paper to see Cathy all fours down on the floor. Patrick had crawled up behind her and pushed her skirt way up to rub the back of her frilly lavender panties. Cathy just stayed there, a little surprised, but smiling brightly as he touched her.

My husband commanded Patrick to stop doing it.

"Little boys," he explained, "aren't supposed to look up and reach under little girls' dresses."

I realized at that moment that my little boy had an interest in panties. It renewed my interest in trying to potty train him like I had trained his sister. That night in bed, I cautiously mentioned my idea to my husband. I thought he might get angry for even thinking of such a thing or I thought he would laugh at me and try to protect his son's masculinity. But he listened patiently. I was surprised when he told me to go ahead and do it.

He justified his okay by saying, "Pat's so young that if wearing girl's panties helps cure him of wetting, I see no harm in it.

"He'll soon find out that he can't wear panties and be a real boy. Then he'll stop wearing them. In the meantime, let's give it a try. I'm sick and tired of having his smelly diapers around the house, and I know you've tried everything else."

Early the next morning, I took Pat shopping while Cathy was at school. I went into a little girls clothing store. We went to the lingerie section. I watched for Patrick's reaction to his surroundings. He was all eyes as he looked over all the lacy items on display. Just seeing his look of interest increased my confidence. I was confident my plan would work.

I let him run off and play around the store as I began selecting about a dozen pairs of the frilliest and fanciest panties I could find. I asked the young salesgirl for advice on size. When I told her that they were for the little boy running around by our feet, she froze and halfway choked. She couldn't believe that I would buy girl's panties for a boy, much less for my own son! Her expression of disapproval let me know that she wasn't going to be much help. I selected the panties on my own. I had to estimate what size he would take.

After I paid for them, and we were on the way out the door, I saw the dumbfounded girl run over to two of her associates. She was obviously telling them about my boy and the panties. One of them began laughing and howling so loud that I could hear her across the entire store.

When we got home, I took Pat to his bedroom. I had him sit down on the bed and started a carefully worded little speech.

"Patrick, I know you want to stop wearing diapers. I have an offer to make that might help you stop."

He looked at me with interest. I know he didn't like running around in wet diapers. I sincerely think he wanted to stop wetting.

"When I saw you looking up your sister's dress yesterday, I realized that you were very interested in her pretty panties."

His placid expression changed to one of shame as he remembered being caught with his hand under Cathy's dress.

But he became wide-eyed and curious when I reached into the bag and took out an especially fancy pair of pink panties.

They were rhumba-style with lots of white lace in a half dozen rows running across the bottom and trimming the leg openings. The edge of the lace was a bright contrasting red. Two little red satin bows adorned the hips in front, and a big bow was set right in the middle of the rear end. They were adorable. I held them up.

"Aren't these pret-ty panties?" I asked him in a cheerily singsongy voice.

He just sat and stared at them as I continued, "It's okay honey; you can touch them if you like them."



After a moment's hesitation he reached up and touched the soft silky fabric. I bent forward and whispered in his ear, "Do you want to try them on?"

Patrick was a little startled. He stopped stroking the panties and withdrew a bit. He was breathing deeply as he sighed, "But, but they're for girls."

"That's okay, Pat. If you want to try them on, it's all right with me. Just look at the pretty lace. They're so soft and silky. And, oh, don't you just love the pretty little satin bows?"

My comments and cooing broke down any defenses he might have had. He didn't resist as I handed him the panties to hold as I undid his pants and removed them. I took off his diapers. I was happy that he was dry; it

saved me from having to clean him up. His tiny penis was rigid. It was so cute - waving around

in the air as if it couldn't wait to be covered with silky girlie panties.

I kept up a steady stream of talk as I slowly held the panties open by the waistband for him to step into. I kept reassuring him that it was okay to put them on, telling him how pretty they were and how nice they would feel on his body.

He slid off the bed and stepped into the panties. I pulled them over his smooth skinny legs as they came up over his thighs, he put his hand down there for a moment as if to resist. A thread of his manhood seemed to emerge as he tried for a moment to stop the panties from creeping up his thighs. He trembled a bit. He seemed to fear having these swishy panties pulled up over his penis.

I gently but firmly moved his hand out of the way as I continued, "Come on, sweetie. I know you want to see how these silky pink panties feel when you've got them on."

Finally they were in place around his hips. I spent a lot of time fidgeting with the lace trim and elastic leg bands as I adjusted the fit. My teasing fingers made him squirm. I made sure that the silkiness of the panties drove him crazy. I sat him down on the edge of the bed but continued stroking his little ass cheeks through the rows of silk and lace as I embraced him tightly.

I whispered in his ear, "Aren't they ni-i-ice pan-ties, Patty dear?"

Without hesitating, he vigorously nodded his head "yes."

"Well Patty, look at all the pretty panties I bought today." I said as I pulled away from him, opened the bag and spilled its contents onto his bare legs.

He weaved his legs back and forth as he reacted to the silky, scratchy lace panties tickling his thighs.

He stopped and looked away from me when I told him that I had bought them just for him. As I explained my reasoning to him, his rapid breathing increased even more. He hung his head down and meekly fingered the panties draped over his lap as I talked.

"Patty, you know that I want you to stop wetting your pants. I know you're a good boy, and you want to stop wetting too, but sometimes, you just can't help it. I figure, you get your mind on something and forget all about trying to make it to the bathroom on time. I thought if you were wearing something that reminded you about your little dickie when it started to want to do peepee, something that you didn't want to get dirty, that you would remember in time and have a chance to get to the bathroom before you had an accident. And since I know you like pretty panties so much, I bought you some of your very own.

I'm sure they'll feel so good that you won't forget about your penis," I said as I hugged him and massaged the pile of panties on his lap up against his stiff little dickie.

"Patty, would you like to wear pretty girlie panties all the time?"

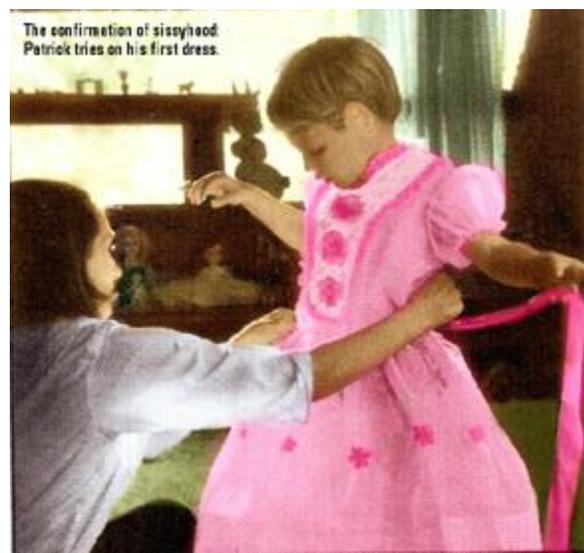
He gestured a "yes."

"Well, I'll let you wear girls' panties, but only if you can keep them clean. You are not allowed to do pee in your panties. If you do, I'll take them away and you'll have to wear diapers again.

"Now, will you keep your new panties clean?"

He vigorously shook his head "yes." Then he cleared his throat and quietly asked me to keep it a secret. He didn't want his sister or his daddy to know about the panties. He was afraid that they would make fun of him.

I told him that his daddy already knew about the panties, and he didn't mind. As for his sister, I



told him not to worry. She would probably find out sooner or later, so it would be better if we told her in the first place. I told him, I would make her promise not to tease him or let any of his little friends know about his little secret panties.

Well, I couldn't believe it. Patty stopped wetting himself immediately! He stayed in the house that day. I suppose he was too self-conscious about the panties under his boy clothes to risk going outside to play. He was a bag of mixed emotions, one moment highly spirited and full of joy, the next quiet, shy and introspective. And he kept his trousers pulled way up high around his waist; I suppose he somehow feared they would peek out or something. He avoided looking me in the eye whenever he saw me, but I did notice a stiff little bulge in his trousers all day long. Well, I guess that was one way to stop him from wetting-if his penis was hard all the time, he wouldn't be able to do pee!

He kept going in and out of the bathroom that day. Periodically, I checked his panties. I did notice a few drops of moisture, but I didn't say anything. I guessed that a few drops couldn't be helped. Besides, I knew that when a boy had an erection and finally was able to pee, that a few drops sometimes stayed in his penis to leak out a few minutes later.

I kept complimenting Patrick for staying dry. As the day went on, he seemed to adjust to wearing the panties. He seemed to becoming more and more relaxed. But when his sister came home from school, he appeared nervous again. He went to his room until dinnertime.

I took Cathy aside and told her about Patrick's training program. She couldn't believe it. She couldn't stop laughing either. It was good that Pat was in his room. By the time dinner was ready, she had gotten used to the idea, somewhat. She did giggle a bit when Pat entered the room, but she didn't say anything. Patrick calmed down once he knew she wasn't going to make fun of him.

My husband likes to eat dinner the moment he gets home, so as usual, we were all sitting at the table when he walked in. He gave everyone a big kiss then sat down. During dinner, he asked Pat how he was doing that day. Pat took a deep breath and said, "fine." Pat reacted with a shamed expression on his face whenever he was asked anything, so my husband didn't bother him with continuous questioning.

While watching TV, my husband encouraged Patrick sit on his lap. This was nothing unusual. They did it often. I sat behind them. I saw my husband gradually slip his hand down the back of Patrick's trousers to stroke the silky pink panty fabric. Immediately, Pat must have felt what his father was doing because he stopped watching TV and simply dug his head into his daddy's shoulder.

My husband whispered something in his ear. Pat nodded, and, a moment later, they both got up and went into Pat's bedroom. A moment later, I followed and from the hallway, I watched Patrick standing before his daddy with his trousers pulled down to his ankles, fully exposing the pretty pink panties for my husband's view.

He complimented Patrick on his pretty panties and let him know that it was okay to wear them if they would help him control himself and stop wetting. Pat was relieved to receive his father's acceptance. Our son's excitement over wearing his panties helped to let him relax in the presence of his big, strong father, helped to let him overcome any fear he might have had of his father. And when his daddy asked if he could see any other panties he had gotten, with little hesitation, Patrick led him over to his dresser and showed his daddy all of his new panties, neatly folded and stacked up next to his diapers, which were pushed to the back of the drawer. That very night, Pat stayed dry. It was the first night in a long time that he hadn't wet the bed.

Eventually, of course, Cathy happened to see him in his panties, but she handled herself very well. Her naturally girlish nature exuded a certain mocking cynicism and her grins frequently

melled into laughter, but she tried very hard to be nice.

Pat went on from that day to never wet the bed again. One time he did lose control while we were driving on a long trip, but I didn't make too much of it because it had been a long time since we had stopped, and he did let me know that he really was sorry. Since he had wet himself, he thought I would take away his cherished panties. It was almost funny when he started to cry and plead out loud in front of his sister and father to be allowed to keep his panties.

For several years now, Patty has been cured of wetting himself. Everyone seemed to forget as time passed by. Patty just kept on wearing his pretty panties. His father originally thought that he would grow out of his fascination for panties and want to dress and act more like other boys, but that didn't happen. Patty ended up loving his panties as much as any real girl ever could. He amassed a huge collection of them, most were probably prettier than those worn by girls in his school.

I almost went into shock one day when Patrick asked me to buy him a party dress. He admitted that he had been secretly trying on his sister's dresses and other clothes for several years. I had to do some very hard thinking over that one. Eventually, I told my husband about Patrick asking for a dress. I was afraid that he would really get angry over that request, but he surprised me once again.

"Well, Patrick has been wearing girls' panties for a long time now," he said, "and I have to admit that I even enjoy seeing him running around in them.

"At first, I thought it was all kind of funny, but I was all for it when I saw the immediate results in curing his wetting problem. I know wearing panties has probably contributed to making him into somewhat of a sissy, but if he doesn't mind, I certainly don't. So if he wants a party dress, I say, why not."

Well, the very next day I took Pat shopping. We ended up going to several stores, and he wasn't embarrassed in the least as he tried on dress after dress in front of bewildered salesgirls. I went overboard a bit. We came home with not only three pretty dresses, but bags and boxes filled with a mini skirt, two frilly blouses, some nice full and half slips, and even stockings, a tiny garter belt and a training bra.

That night he proudly modeled all of his clothes before the whole family. We all complimented him and no one made fun of him. He has worn girls' clothes exclusively when at home ever since. He makes a beautiful girl, especially since I have let him grow his hair nice and long.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you about my friend Anita - the one who first suggested that I use panties to potty train Patrick. Well, shortly after I had Patty in panties, I invited her over. I made an excuse to give Patty a spanking in front of her. When I pulled his trousers down to spank him on his little peach-colored nylon panties, Anita went wild with delight. After that, she visited regularly and Patty got used to her seeing him in panties.

I highly recommend mothers use pretty panties to potty train their sons as well as their little girls. Of course, the little darlings might not want to give up their panties once they've been trained. I'm sure it's because of his panties that Patrick has turned into a wonderful little boy, even if a lot of the time he dresses and acts like a little girl. He's very happy and that's all that matters.

Satisfied Mom,  
Carmen K. Montreal

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**Patrick! Little boys aren't supposed to look up and reach under little girls' dresses!**



**Look at all the pretty panties  
I bought you today!**

**But they're for girls!**





## *Panty Sniffer*

Dear Princess,

I'm a panty fetishist. All kinds of panties have always excited me since I was very young. New or clean ones are nice, but I really go wild over freshly worn panties that contain a beautiful female's aroma.

I was the only male child in my family. Since I was small and weak compared to my sisters, Amanda and Jill, they bossed me around. Amanda was six years older than me, and even though Jill was a year younger than me, she was taller and stronger than me. I have one other sister, Jennifer. She's four years younger than me, but even she grew up to get me under her thumb. Like all siblings, we used to fight; however, all three of the girls usually ganged up on me at one

time. I didn't have a chance.

One day while wrestling and playing around in our backyard, Amanda discovered she could hold me down indefinitely by sitting on my chest and straddling my arms with her legs. On that particular day, she was wearing a short skirt. It got twisted up high around her thighs as she held me down. I could see her panties in plain view. I remember them very well. They were yellow with a frill of black lace around the edges. A little stain highlighted her panties between her legs.

She scolded me for looking up her skirt then decided to punish me further by sliding upward on my chest until her dirty panty crotch was resting right on my mouth and nose. She threatened to smother me if I didn't apologize for looking under her skirt. I was half hypnotized. Her body odors were very strange and stinky so I really tried to throw her off me.

She was trying to be serious but couldn't stop laughing at me at the same time. She called me a wimp and a weakling. Finally, I couldn't take it anymore so I gave up and apologized, but she made me say I was a 'weak little sissy girl' before she would let me up. When I complained about how terrible it was to smell her dirty panties between her legs, she just laughed. After that, she started to pin me on the ground more and more. And boy did her panties stink sometimes! At one point, she even admitted that she kept especially dirty panties in her dresser to use when she knew she was going to be sitting on me.

The thought of those dirty panties preyed on my mind. They were all I could think about! Soon, I found myself sneaking into her bedroom and searching for them.

Sure enough! Tucked away in the back of her lingerie drawer were three pairs of frilly nylon panties just oozing with her juices. I took them to my bedroom to study them closer. I hated the smell of them, but I was so curious. I teased myself with smelling them, getting them closer and closer to my nose. Then, I don't know what happened. I wanted to really get my nose right into the depths of those panties. They were delicious! Fully clothed, I stretched out on my bed and played with those panties for what seemed like hours.

My sisters never knocked when they came into my bedroom. Well, for some reason, Amanda had picked that very night to enter my room to borrow some notebook paper. As she entered, I rolled over in an attempt to conceal the panties, but she realized I was trying to hide something so she made me show her what it was.

She was really angry and was about to get Mom, but then decided to give me a punishment herself by spanking and then sitting on me. She prepared herself by putting on all three pairs of panties. She pinned me down and nearly smothered me as she sat on my face and made me ask repeatedly for her forgiveness. Within a few days she did it to me several more times. Then, she showed my other sisters how she controlled me by sitting on me with her dirty panties. She let each of them sit on my face too. They loved it.

Soon each of the girls sat on my face with regularity, and I quickly realized each of my sisters had a very different and distinctive aroma. I knew it was very strange, but I accepted the fact that I was becoming attracted to their female aromas. And another thing started happening: whenever I was being held helpless while under their skirts I became erect. Somehow it was very exciting.

When I grew a little older, I started to masturbate. I quickly discovered that the laundry hamper was often loaded with my sister's dirty panties, and they were a great aid for jacking off. I would inhale their sweet aromas, as I'd wildly bring myself to a wondrous orgasm.

It was Jennifer who got me to wear panties for the first time. It was when we were all going to a Halloween party in medieval costume. Amanda dressed up as a knight, Jill as a queen and Jennifer as a lady-in-waiting. I was dressed as a page. I wanted to be a king, but they told me I was too little. A king was a big man. As a page, they put me into a thin lavender chiffon blouse,

a pair of purple crushed velvet hot pants, light blue tights and some bright blue bedroom slippers. All were really girls' clothes. In fact, they belonged to Jill.

Once I got myself dressed in everything, they all laughed at me because they could see my boy's T-shirt and cotton shorts showing through my costume. Jennifer made me take off my boys' underclothes. Mom said I couldn't go around without underwear on beneath the costume, so when Jennifer suggested that I should put one of her camisoles and a pair of panties, Mom told her to go get them. I protested, but they all decided that it was the right solution. A moment later, all three of my sisters were off looking for things for me to put on. When they returned, I was forced to disrobe right in front of them.

Here, I might mention that I was never allowed to see them nude, but they had all seen me nude many times, going way back to when I was just a baby. Still I never got used to it. I tried to be brave, but tears rolled down my cheeks as Amanda held open a pair of Jill's pink satin panties for me to step into. Like the three girls, Mom really got a big laugh out of it and just brushed it off when I complained. A matching chemise was slipped over my head, and I was put back into my costume.

I complained that people would be able to see the chemise and panties, but they all told me that they didn't show at all. Somehow, no one did notice what I was wearing under my costume that night, but I was so self-conscious that I couldn't enjoy the party. All night long, I kept my arms folded in front of my chest to block any view. Periodically, I slipped my fingers under the edge of the shorts to feel the lacy edge on those pink panties and make sure that they were well tucked away and out of sight.

That night, I took my costume off in my room and got ready for bed. I just piled everything up on my dresser. I lay in bed that night unable to sleep, thinking about the silky feeling of that lingerie. After everyone else had gone to bed, I got up, touched and played with that lingerie for a while then got up the nerve to put them on again. I put my pajamas on over them and fell asleep that way that night. In the morning, I woke with a start. Immediately, I reached into my pajamas and fingered the delicate lingerie. They felt so wonderful to wear. That started my lingerie-wearing fetish, and almost immediately, I was stealing pairs of my sister's panties not only to smell but also to secretly wear under my boy's clothes.

One day while teasing my sisters, they decided I needed a spell under their skirts. I became very scared because I was wearing a pair of my oldest sister's panties. I fought with all my might, but it was no use. They quickly overcame my resistance and held me to the ground. I was very afraid, but also very excited.

Jill noticed my erection making a large bulge under my trousers. They started to talk about my penis and how it was acting. Jennifer didn't know what they were talking about, so they decided it was time for a little anatomy lesson.

Once again I tried to get them off me, but my struggles were in vain. They wondered what was going on when I started to cry as I felt them opening my belt and unzipping my jeans. The sound of their screeching laughter when they saw the fancy blue panties I was wearing will remain locked in my memory forever. They couldn't get over the strange sight, my cock involuntarily bobbing back and forth within the thin panties as they inspected them. They took great delight in pulling on the elastics and poking at the nylon. They pointed out that the little satin flower appliqués decorating the side panels made the panties especially feminine.

I protested, but they wouldn't stop touching me through my panties. Amanda openly talked about boys' sex organs for the benefit of my two younger sisters. When she encouraged Jennifer to rub my dick through the panties, I couldn't hold back anymore. I blew a full load of hot sticky

cum into the panties. Some of it went right through the panties and got on her hand. She became frightened and ran crying into the house to show our mother.

My older sisters saw what had happened but couldn't stop her. They wisely got off of me and helped me pull up my jeans and get straightened up. A moment later, Mom came out and asked what was going on. Thank goodness my other two sisters explained it away as some kind of game where everyone had to put their hand into something sticky.

After Mother told us to do something else and stop getting our little sister upset, Amanda and Jill pulled me aside. I tried to explain about the panties, but they didn't buy it. Amanda and Jill told me that they knew I had worn their panties before and had suspected me of wearing them that day and that's how everything happened. They never let me forget that time.

Eventually, Mom found out about me wearing panties too. She had a good laugh over it. She told me that if I wanted to wear panties, it was okay with her, but she wisely warned me that I should keep it a secret from my school chums. I agreed that they wouldn't understand. After that, my panty wearing was periodically joked about but not much was made of it.

Now, I wear panties constantly. Over the years I've stolen panties at every opportunity, my friends and neighbors' clotheslines and laundry hampers are never safe when I'm around! I love to smell and wear panties that some female has made especially dirty. I've gotten a few of my girlfriends to jack me off in panties right after they had taken them off. That is a very special and sensational thrill.

Your Pilfering Pantywaist,  
Milton, Maryland

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## ***Pantied Lick-Up Slave***

Dear Princess,

I believe women should be the rulers of the roost and men should beckon to their every need and desire. As a newly wed, I'm not losing any time turning my groom into a pantywaist slave. I purposely selected a wimp of a man when I started to think about marriage. He was so thrilled with my interest in him that it was easy to hook my nails into him and overcome any of his objections to me taking charge.

Within weeks of us knowing one another, I had him cleaning my house and washing my clothes every Saturday while I went shopping with my girlfriends. During sex I always assumed the female dominant position so I could control the pace of our love making and cum many times over a long period of time, while I denied him from reaching his peak until I was totally satiated. Once I let him cum, his pent-up orgasms drove him crazy.

I love to watch a man cum over me, especially if he has been put into some kind of humiliating situation, so I started to use the panties I had been wearing to jack him off. I wear real silk panties that I buy at a special place in Manhattan, and I keep them well perfumed. Even after one of our lengthy sex bouts, it took only a few strokes of his penis in the folds of those scented silk panties to drain him of more of his cum. Since we did this with him lying on his back, I'd point his penis up towards his head and encourage him to try and catch some in his mouth.

While we were in final preparations for our wedding, I told him that I wanted him to wear my

panties during sex. It was great. I simply pulled his penis out from under the leg band and gloriously rode it. After I was satisfied, I didn't let him cum inside me. Instead, I tucked his penis back under the panties and stroked it until he blew his cum that way. He really looked funny running to the bathroom to clean himself up. His ass was so cute in those frilly panties.

On our wedding day, I made him wear the panties I had designed to go with my wedding dress. Throughout that day, I made sure that he didn't forget for a moment that he was wearing my lacy white panties under his tuxedo. That night I made him swear to me that he'd wear my used panties every day forever after. And he has.

I have a great job, so I had him quit working his stupid delivery job so he could handle everything at home. I've turned him into a great little housewife. It didn't take me long to get tired of his little penis and his limited sexual ability, so I started to pick up a lovers and bring them home. My husband is now well trained to wait on my lover and me. My husband has progressed beyond my wildest expectations. Now, with just a snap of my fingers, he cleans me out with his tongue after a torrid love session with one of my regular guys. One night I brought home a well-endowed black man. He was terrific! My silly husband wanted to resist, but I eventually made him suck on the black guy's cock to warm him up. After we had sex, I made my panty-wearing sissy clean up both of us with his lipsticked mouth.

Currently, I have little interest in his sex life. His little penis is boring, and I don't have time to be bothered. But I don't let him play with himself either. Most of the times his outfit is the full slip and panties I had worn the day before. Each morning and evening, I make him lift of the slip and show me the panties he's wearing. I spend plenty of time each day thinking up cutting things I can say to him during these twice-daily panty inspections. Here are some of the kinds of things I like to say to him:

"You know sissyboys wear panties, but only cocksuckers let another man see them in panties!"

"I've been thinking of having you wear a fully padded bra and lipstick to church next Sunday."

"You know, I think pink is your color. I'm going to get some pink tennis shoes and lacy ankle socks for you to wear whenever we talk walks in the park."

"If you scorch any of my clothes while you are ironing them, I'll make you wear it while we go grocery shopping. I don't care if it's a skirt, a frilly blouse or even one of my nylon nighties."

"I think I'll put you in a mini skirt and take you across the street to that nice young mother who just moved in to let her know that you are available to baby-sit her two little boys."

You can tell that by saying such things, my husband is constantly living in terror. He never knows when I'm joking or serious.

After the regular panty inspection, I have a ritual as I reach into his panties, cup his balls and weigh them in the palm of my hand. After doing this daily almost since we've been married, I can immediately tell when he's unloaded his spunk. He's generally very good. He lives in so much fear of me that I've gotten him to go weeks without cumming. If I detect that he has masturbated, I take him to the basement for fifty cracks with my sorority paddle over his flimsy panties. But first he has to call his mother and tell her that he was bad and earned a well-deserved spanking from me. His mother doesn't know about him wearing panties, but I threaten to tell her all the time. I do let him dream up some offense that he committed that he can report to his mother as the reason he needs to be paddled.

When he calls to tell her about his misdeeds, she bawls him out and makes him keep the phone off the hook so she can listen while I beat the hell out of his ass. Afterwards, he's crying like a baby. She makes him apologize to me then tells him to grow up and hang up on him.

His current record for abstaining from masturbating is twenty-two days. On a few occasions,

I've felt sorry for him and let him jackoff in his panties while standing at attention before me and one of my lovers. He hates doing that, but his need to spurt can become so great that he willingly makes a fool of himself. Afterwards, he has to lick his spend out of the panties and brag to us how nice his fresh clean panties fit him with his naughty nubbin all soft and shrunken away. I make him walk around the room swishing his pantied ass back and forth in a very exaggerated fashion. It really makes me laugh to have him act like that. Then he has to submit to a spanking from my boyfriend for dirtying up my panties.

We live in a pretty grand life-style because my folks left me a big portfolio of stocks and bonds. My husband doesn't have any money and no practical skills. If he ever got fed up enough to run off, he'd have a problem making it in the world. Right now, outside of sucking a few cocks and doing a few shores around the house, he has it quite easy. I know him: He's not going anywhere.

I've started to experiment with makeup and a full range of other women's clothes on my husband. I also have him taking my birth control pills so he'll grow tits. He's not very happy about being feminized, but I simply told him that what he wants doesn't matter. Some people are just meant to live a dog's life, and I think he understands that!

Husband Tamer,  
Dee, Michigan

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By letting him have a peek at me in just my bra and panties,  
I can get him to have a raging hard-on anytime I want!



## *Lacy Lad*

Dear Princess,

I was born and raised in London. As a girl, I witnessed several cases of 'petticoat punishment.' It was not uncommon in our neighborhood to dress a boy in a fancy dress whenever they were too rough and mean with the other kids. It was a drastic sort of punishment, but it certainly was effective. Any boy so dressed was very subdued, and he usually got teased about it for months afterward.

When Conrad, my own boy, turned twelve, his personality seemed to change overnight. He became a real bully and caused me nothing by aggravation. I was tempted to use petticoat punishment but thought it would be just too devastating for him. Eventually, I developed a variation of petticoat punishment so I could obtain the desired results without humiliating him too severely. My idea was to put him into little boy short pants when he was naughty. However, as an added little refinement, I bought some very fancy little girl's panties for him to wear under the shorts.

It was quite a project to get him into the shorts and panties the first time, but after a lot of screaming, chasing him around the den, name-calling and more than a few stinging whacks to his virgin bottom, he gave in. The panties I forced him to put on were bright pink and loaded with lace and satin ribbon frills. Then I added the shorts. These were made of soft pink velour, quite feminine in their own right.

He sulked and moaned a lot, but the effects of these clothes killed his boyish spirits immediately. To let him know that an even worse punishment was ready in case it was needed, I showed him a sweet little pleated kilt that I had also purchased along with a fancy pink half slip I got for him to wear under the kilt. Just the sight of those items made him promise to be good. His father didn't offer him any sympathy. He congratulated me on my ingenuity and said he was tired of apologizing to neighbors for all the trouble Conrad had been causing lately.

A few times I did have to resort to the petticoat and kilt. The first time this happened, he almost died of embarrassment when he discovered the slip was too long. The lacy pink hem could be clearly seen because it hung about two inches lower than the kilt. I loved it. Of course, I refused to shorten it. Well, that outfit really worked so it became my ultimate secret weapon. If I just threaten him with his punishment petticoat and kilt, he started crying and begging forgiveness.

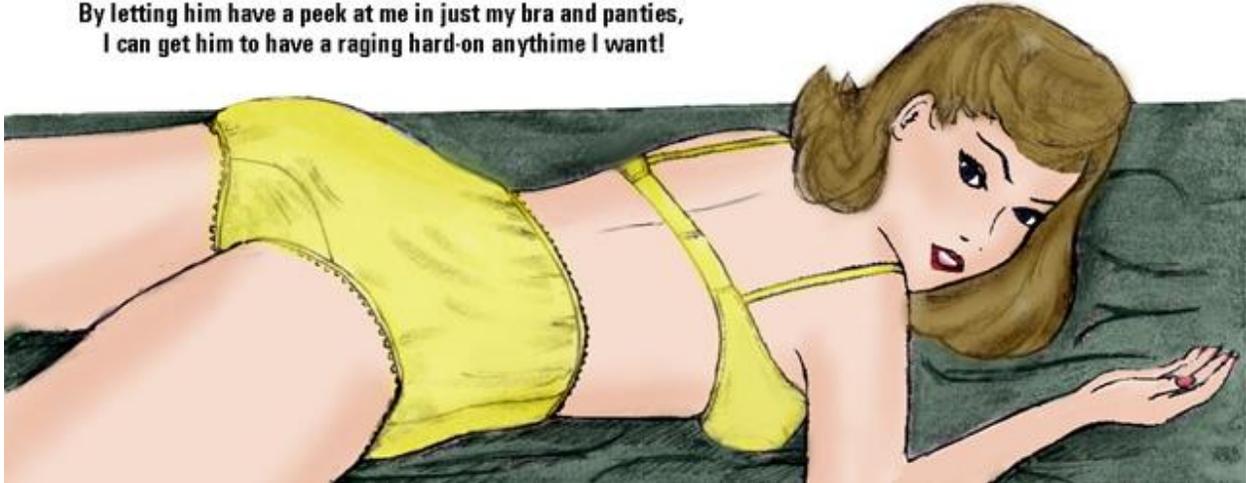
Connie (my fem name for him when he's doing time in lace) doesn't realize it, but I know that deep down he really loves his silk panties. He tries to hide it, but several times I've already seen the first little squirts of his cum in some of his panties. He hand washes them whenever he has one of his little accidents. He tries to do it without me knowing, but I found several pairs of his cum-filled panties before he's had a chance to rinse them out. I also discovered that by letting him have a peek at me while I'm only in my bra and panties, I can get him to have a raging hard-on anytime I want.

He doesn't hang around with the rough boys in the neighborhood anymore. In fact, now he avoids them completely. I can thoroughly recommend full petticoat punishment for naughty boys, but even my tamed down version is extremely effective. Whenever my boy goes out he may be the only one to know that he has a pair of girls' panties on under his boy clothes, but believe me, that's enough to do the trick!

Mother of a Fancy Boy,  
Elizabeth, Norfolk

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By letting him have a peek at me in just my bra and panties,  
I can get him to have a raging hard-on anytime I want!



[Link to Close-up of Photo and Text](#)

## Sissy Boys in the Movies

### Ma Vie en Rose

*Click on each photo for a close-up view.*





**Ma Vie en Rose (My Life in Pink) explores the vicissitudes of being a boy-girl from the child's point of view and the reactions of family, friends and neighbors. From Belgian director Alain Berliner, this wonderfully refreshing film (in French with subtitles) is about Ludovic, a seven-year-old boy, who is convinced he was supposed to be born a little girl and not a little boy. .**

**His family makes every attempt to stop him from acting and dressing like a girl. But the boy will not be dissuaded even after his father loses his job and the family has to move because neighbors are so outraged when they discover that he is in love with another boy, and the two boys were caught pretending to get married..**

**Eventually, Ludovic is forced to get his hair cut and act like a 'normal' boy. Heavily depressed, he tries his best only to be forced by other children back into a dress. Instead of a usual Hollywood ending in which the boy renounces his girlish desires and is 'cured' of his deviation, this film ends on an optimistic note with his family trying to accept him as he is even though he is different. However this sweet and sensitive little boy's future is still uncertain. .**

**The part of Ludovic is wonderfully played by a real boy, George du Fresne, unlike some films of this nature that cast a girl in the role of a gender-confused boy. This 1997 film has won numerous awards, including "Best Foreign Film" at the Golden Globes.**

From Sony Pictures. Currently available on video.

Official website: <http://www.spe.sony.com/classics/mavieenrose/>

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# Behavior Modification Victorian Style

*Put a naughty boy in a petti  
and he's ready  
to see the light  
Put a naughty boy in a dress  
guarantees success  
growing up right!*



Since spanking is no longer acceptable and most of us don't have the skill or patience to properly discipline children when they need it, parents are often at a loss on how to control their offspring. School counsellors and high-priced psychologists are of little help because kids close their ears while being lectured and distrust adults with all the hypocrisy they see in the world.

Perhaps, we can take a lesson from those living in Victorian times.

It was standard practice in those days to dress both boys and girls in dresses and frilly clothes until they were out of diapers and sometimes even until they started school. Before that time they were simply regarded as children and little difference was paid to gender.

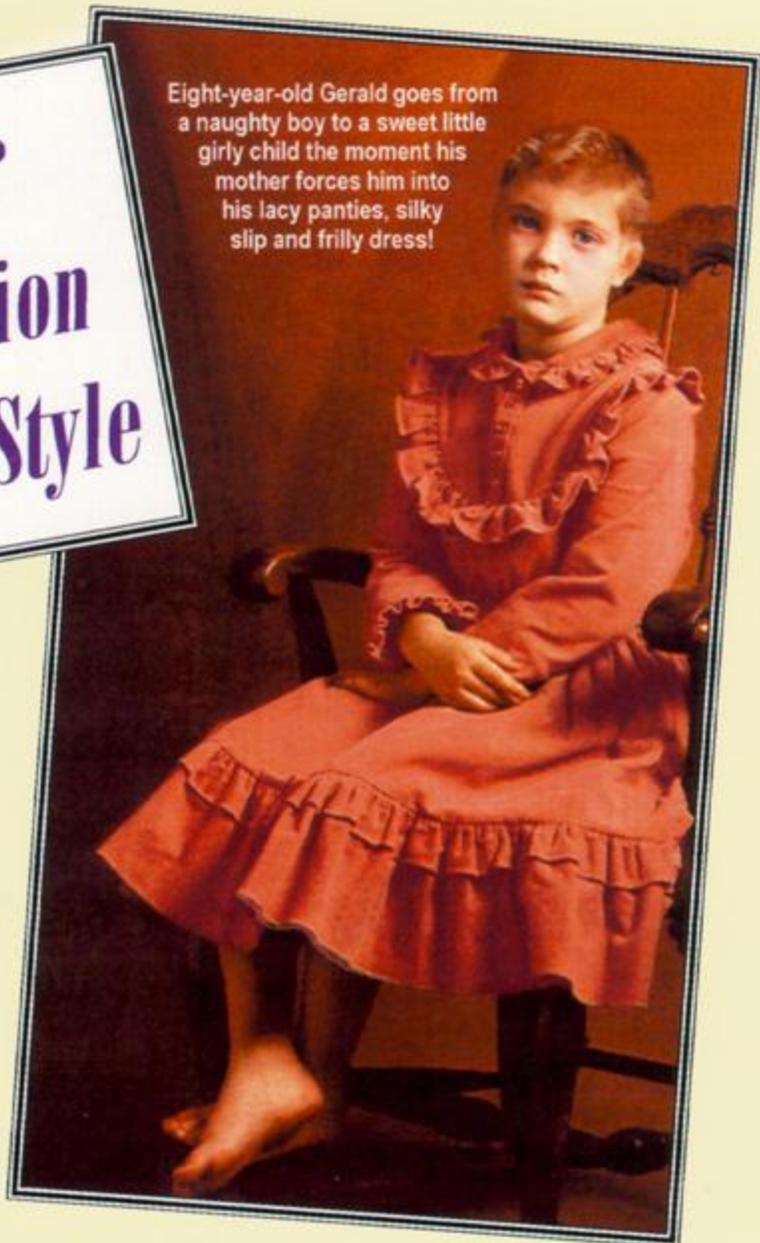
But once they were of school age, they graduated into more grown-up styles of clothing; most notably, boys were put into shorts or trousers. However, mothers didn't dispose of the child's baby clothes. They were kept for punishment. Both boys and

girls were often put back into their baby clothes whenever they misbehaved.

This form of punishment was extremely effective, since once out of the nursery, no child wanted to be considered a 'baby.' Being seen in baby clothes by one's friends and family was so shameful that children found it much wiser to be good than to risk such severe humiliation.

But this was a much greater humiliation for boys than girls because girls' clothing was not much different than the frills and dresses that babies wore. Parents realized that boys abhorred girls' clothing as much as baby clothing because boys looked down upon girls as being weak and inferior. The term 'sissy' came into use. So when boys

Eight-year-old Gerald goes from a naughty boy to a sweet little girly child the moment his mother forces him into his lacy panties, silky slip and frilly dress!



outgrew their baby punishment clothes, they were put into girls' clothing (usually belonging to one of their sisters or a neighbor), and it was an equally effective form of punishment.

It became known as 'petticoat punishment' or 'pinafore discipline' because the culprit invariably wore a petticoat and a pinafore along with all the other accessories while being punished in a dress. The practice was widespread and many well-known and successful men could recall being punished in dresses, petticoats and pinafores while growing up.



