

# Panties, Pinnies & Petties

Panty Training, Pinafore Discipline & Petticoat Punishment



Real, old-time letters about panty training, pinafore discipline and petticoat punishment. Now uncensored and illustrated, these letters are a tribute to the legendary fetish publications of the 1950s and 60s, like *Justice Weekly*, which featured some of the best letters ever written on these subjects.

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Panties, Pinnies & Petties #1

## Letter #1 From Bully to Schoolgirl

22 Feb 1966  
Stornaway, Scotland  
The Editor,  
"Justice Weekly"

Dear Mr. Editor:

I thought you'd like to know how I am reforming Alec, my son, ever since he had started up with the wrong kind of boys last July.

Almost daily, I was receiving complaints about him from the other mothers in the area. He became quite disrespectful, in fact openly defiant, toward all adults and me in particular.

After reading a copy of your delightful publication that a friend had passed along, I became determined to stop his downward descent. Like many of the problem boys described in your readers' letters, I was sure that underneath, my Alec was nothing but a coward since he too was bullying the smaller children in our neighborhood.

Many of your writers suggest attacking the masculinity of such a boy. I was willing to give it a try. Soon after I had made my preparations, some high-pitched cries from outside caught my attention. I looked out the window just in time to see Alec and his nasty friends teasing little Sarah from next door. As she screamed, they just laughed at her, took her tricycle and rolled it down the street into oncoming traffic. The driver of a passing lorry probably didn't even know he hit it, but it ended up wrecked and beyond repair.

When Alec got home for the evening, I announced that I had enough of his behavior and told him to take down his jeans for a spanking because of the way he had treated Sarah. To my astonishment, he sheepishly obeyed. I pushed him over a footstool, drew back his shirttail and briskly smacked his bottom with a cane that I purchased precisely for that purpose. Soon he was crying like a big baby. There was such a fuss as he struggled and kicked, but I kept him firmly down over the stool. Despite his pleas, I whipped him until he agreed to mend his ways. But I wasn't finished. I grabbed him by the ear and led him out to the back yard. He was hobbling and stumbling all the way since his jeans and underwear were twisted around his ankles.

I sharply ordered him to strip off his jeans and put them in the trash burner. I lit it, then made him strip off and throw his T-shirt and underwear into the bonfire too, a symbolic gesture of him shedding his beastly ways.

After his clothes were fully engulfed in flames, I led him starkers back into the house. It was getting fairly dark out so I don't think anyone could see us, but he kept looking around to see if any of the neighbors were watching. Just in case, he tried to cower behind me, but I wouldn't have any of that. A few swats with the cane put snap into his step and reminded him to do as he was told. In the house, I directed him to my bedroom where I had my new purchases waiting.

We are Scottish, so I had decided to replace his jeans with the kilt. I got the idea from some of your letters. They reminded me about how he used to be when he was young, and I'd have him wear the kilt for dress-up occasions. I remember how well behaved he was while dressed that way.

But the kilt I was going to punish him in was different. Boys' kilts are very expensive while

girls' kilts are relatively cheap. Of course, young girls and children's kilts are often part of an all-in-one outfit with an attached bodice that is usually completed with a nice white over blouse or sweater. Such kilts are not so pleated and much shorter than regular boy's kilts.

When he saw the bodice kilt and accessories on my bed, he realized what I had in mind. People not from Scotland probably see little difference between boys and girls' kilts; however, everyone here is quite aware of the subtle differences. Alec knew immediately it was a girl's kilt that I had set out for him. I could sense his outrage. I expected a lot of resistance so I simply started beating him with the cane. He fell into a ball at my feet, pleading with me to stop. I stopped when he promised to let me dress him in his new clothes.

A man wears tartan trews under his kilt, but I didn't want Alec to get any manly ideas, so the problem of underwear I solved by purchasing some attractive, girlish panties. I wanted to strike at his emerging manhood. Your letter writers convinced me that his regular underwear or mannish trews would just promote nasty ideas.

As I held out the brand new, crisp white satin panties for him to step into, he cried and begged me not to make him wear them, but he did not refuse me. Once the cutie panties were up around his loins and encasing his smarting bottom, tears flowed freely from his downcast eyes. I kept tugging up on the delicate little waist elastic until I thought they were perfectly positioned high around his thin little body. Repeatedly, I snapped the thin, tight elastic, purposely stinging the sensitive pink skin around his waist. I made a ritual of toying with the delicate white lace trimming the leg openings until they fitted around his thighs to my satisfaction, and I rubbed the sleek, soft satin encasing his very warm, freshly beaten bottom. I rubbed his little balls and shriveled up penis through the embarrassing nylon panties as I laughed at him and commanded him not to be difficult. Several times I had to pick up my cane to make my point when he seemed to be on the verge of resisting. But a firm squeeze of his panty crotch and a threat to beat his penis and balls with the cane made him mind. Thereafter, just the sight of the cane was enough to make him quickly obey.

Following the panties, I made him don a matching white satin petticoat and black tights. I let him wear his regular boys' shoes (see photo that I took of him playing in the field behind our house) because I hadn't thought about footwear. I decided to correct that in the near future by getting for him a pair of single-strap, black patent leather dance slippers.

With a quick glance, his outfit fell into that gray area between boys' and girls' clothes. Unless he was careless, neither his petticoat nor panties showed beneath his kilt so the casual observer would never know what he was wearing underneath. Of course he knew, and that was enough to make him delightfully subdued. With a closer look, anyone so interested could probably pick up on the more feminine details and realize they were looking at a boy wearing girls' clothes.

Throughout his first twenty-four hours in the kilt, Alec earned repeated beatings with the cane. That first day, spots of blood had stained the rump side of three pairs of his new panties.

That next day, when his friends called, I asked them in. They were in shock as Alec stood before them, a beaten boy in a child's kilt outfit with a red face. He cried as I told them he wasn't allowed to go around with them any more. Judging from the expressions on their faces, the four boys were shocked at what they saw. Without saying a word, they turned and ran out of the house.

I had mastered my Alec. He did a quick turn-around, even though he was in a sour mood for days afterward, but he was polite to me and pretty much did whatever I asked him to do. I hung the cane on a hook in the kitchen in plain view as an ever-present reminder to him. I let him know that he was no longer allowed to go out alone, but I didn't have to worry because, in his

new clothes, he had lost all desire to go out, especially since he has a hard time keeping his pretty undies hidden whenever it's windy, and since we live near the shore, it's windy most of the time. Of course, his slip and panties can be seen if he slouches down when he sits. It's fun to see him force himself to sit rigidly upright with his legs held tightly together. Keeping his legs together so tightly must crush his pantied little boy parts.

Since being reintroduced to his kilt, I have purchased several similar outfits in different plaids and some solid colors. I have made other changes in Alec's routine and wardrobe. At bedtime, he wears either a long silky nightie. For mealtimes, he puts on a starched, old-fashioned girls' pinafore, complete with short flounced cap sleeves, lace-hemmed edges and a big tie that fastens in the back with a huge bow. Even though he looks very girlish, I do not pretend that he is a girl. He looks very neat in his pinafore, and he can't get dressed or undressed in his pinnie without my help because it buttons up the back.

Since his sissy panties have no front opening, he has to act like a girl and sit down to use the loo. I love watching him sitting on the commode with his skirts and slips bunched up around his waist. His legs are long, but they don't quite touch the floor when he's on the commode. It's a beautiful sight to see him with his legs dangling down swinging back and forth with his lace-trimmed panties hanging in a mass of nylon and frills draped in gentle folds around his ankles.

After he tends to nature, he has to dry the end of his penis with a piece of tissue and dust it with a lilac-scented talc before pulling his panties up and presenting himself for my inspection. After going to the WC, he has to find me and announce that he has gone. Then he must stand at attention with his petticoats and kilt held high around his waist while he awaits my inspection. I carefully look over his pristine panties to make sure they are pulled up nice and snug. I never can resist grabbing ahold of them by the waistband and pulling them up even higher. He squirms like a sissy because my tugging causes the soft, teasing panties to crush his boy parts against his body. Since any stray drops of urine staining his panties call for an immediate caning, he has learned to be especially mindful not to let that happen.

When it was time for him to start back to school, I didn't want him going back into his jeans and the type of clothing he used to wear, to undo what I had accomplished and get involved with all the wrong influences once again, but I couldn't keep him home doing nothing. I explained my problem to Colleen Naughton, a wise old woman who goes to our church. She had taught school for many years. I felt free to discuss my problem with her because she had once commended me for the way I was handling the boy after she had seen him in his kilt. She told me more mothers should turn their disobedient boys into sissies. She recommended I visit Mrs. Adelaide McNair, the headmistress of a girls' school in Compton that is only about six miles from where we live. Mrs. McNair, she explained, probably could be tempted into letting my boy enroll if I offered a little financial support for the school, since the school was always in need of funds. Moreover, since she caught her husband cheating on her, she made no secret of her dislike of men and boys and would probably relish the chance to humiliate one.

The school year was starting and I had to do something immediately. I visited Mrs. McNair on the first day of orientation at her school. After I explained my problem to her and offered the suggested financial incentive, she said she wanted to visit my home to see Alec for herself before deciding on the matter.

The poor boy was a sight the day she visited. He had been in kilts for almost a month by then so he was getting used to his skirts and panties. I told him someone was coming over to see if he was a properly behaved little boy and warned him of a severe beating if he got out of line, but he did not know the real reason for the woman's visit.

Up until that time, Alec had been seen in his kilt outfit only by a few of my friends during their visits, some of our neighbors and a few strangers we had passed during our rounds of the shops. Alec was always quite subdued whenever others saw him so dressed. On this particular day, I had purposely made him wear a petticoat that came right to the bottom edge of his kilt. Any swift movement and a generous bit of lace could be seen below the hem of his pleated skirt. That was exactly my intention.

Alec was a picture of a thoroughly cowered boy as he let Mrs. McNair in the door. I coaxed Alec into executing a curtsy for her. He blushed as she let out a little snort of a laugh as my boy dipped and spread his pleated skirt. The motion revealed a large expanse of the pink ribbon-threaded lace that trimmed his shimmering white petticoat. He blushed.

"The boy's a god damned sissy. Isn't he?" were the first words out of her mouth.

Tears came to Alec's eyes, and I feared he was about to run, but he remained standing before us as was expected of him.

Mrs. McNair was probably in her mid fifties. She looked every bit the part of a stern headmistress who would tolerate no nonsense. A tall, full-figured woman, she was dressed in a too tight navy blue school blazer and skirt. The pink-and-white silk scarf draped around her neck did little to soften the hard, angular features of her wide face. Lines around her narrow blue-gray eyes underscored her menacing and intimidating stare.

After she was seated in the den, we openly talked about the school and what it would be like if Alec attended there. The horror of such an idea was apparent in Alec's face as he listened to us and realized my plans for him.

On purpose, I hadn't let Alec relieve himself all afternoon. Soon he was squirming, and I knew why. When I asked him what the problem was, he admitted that he had to relieve himself. I dismissed him and told him to hurry up and go.

When he came back, he just stood and waited by the door of the den. When I noticed him I told him to enter and asked him why he hadn't immediately presented himself for inspection. He said that since we had company, he thought it wouldn't be required of him. By way of an answer, I jumped up, got my cane and came right back into the den with a flash. As soon as Alec saw me coming, he immediately yanked his skirts and petticoats up high around his waist fully exposing his heavily frilled pink satin panties that had a plethora of ribbon bows and ruffled lace decoration.

Mrs. McNair boldly laughed as she blurted out, "Got the little pantywaist exceedingly well trained I see.

"God, just look at those sissy panties. Come here boy," she commanded.

As he approached she reached out and touched the soft satin nylon and lace.

"Think even the Queen wears lace panties this fancy?" she asked as she broke out into uncontrollable laughter.

"I'll admit the little pantywaist to my school," she said to me as she got control of herself, "providing he wears the school uniform and pretends to be a girl. I'll tell the other teachers about him, but the students won't know. The girls would make life hell for him if they found out!

"And as for this little pimple he's got here between his legs," she laughed as she flicked her finger across his pantied penis.

"Better lock it up in a panty girdle underneath his panties. I'll not be responsible for what happens if he gets found out!"

I allowed Alec to drop his skirts, but the expression on his face dropped as well as Mrs. McNair and I described the uniform he would have to wear. I had seen her girls in their uniforms

when I had met Mrs. McNair at the school, so I simply reiterated about what I had seen: A dark blue gymslip, white blouse and knee-high light beige stockings for sports and recreation. A dark blue pleated skirt and blazer with the school emblem, white blouse with a maroon tie, white anklets with a maroon ruffled edging and black penny loafers for daily wear. To top it all off, a gauzy, crisp white pinafore was added and required to be worn during school hours. For outdoors, there was a tam and a vest-like sweater to be worn under the blazer during the cooler months. For dressier occasions pale beige nylons held up by a garter belt and black patent leather slippers finished off the costume. Slips and panties (and brassieres for the girls who needed them) were supplied by the girl's family.

Over the next couple of days, I had to give Alec a many reinforcing whacks with the cane, but he was making an effort to cooperate. No doubt my approach to caning helped. Each morning, I entered his bedroom, woke him up and demanded that he get out of bed and bend over for two swats of the cane. Thereafter, as the day proceeded, anytime he misbehaved or didn't do as I wanted, he was caned, and each time the punishment was doubled. Two, four, six, eight! The sound of my cane on his pantied butt was the music in our house. By the following Monday morning (the first day of school), I had Alec completely broken-in to his new uniform and well versed in how to act like a girl.

On that day, I personally escorted my red-faced little boy to school. He was very attractively turned out in his dress uniform complete with nylons, tam and blazer. Once inside the school, he had to put his things away in the cloakroom and put on his new pinafore. What a sight! All little boys should be made to wear a pinnie!

Up to this time, I had threatened to make him wear a training bra, but I hadn't actually done it. This most feminizing article of lingerie I was saving for an occasion in which I would really have to embarrass the little scoundrel.

But surprisingly, it was Alec himself who brought up the subject. After he had been in school for only three days, he began hinting around about a brassiere as I was getting him dressed. I figured out what he was trying to say, but I did make him suffer and come right out and say that he wanted "a bra" like most of the other girls wore. He said he was quite self-conscious around the girls when they all had to change into their gym slips for PE. He said almost all the girls wore bras, even if they were completely undeveloped.

I showed him the pink preteen training bra I had already purchased and was saving for the right occasion. It was certainly pretty, but the cups were simply two flat triangles of satin and lace. He needed little urging to try it on and wear it to school. It was probably a size too small because it really bit into his flesh, but I thought the snugness would be a good reminder to him that he was wearing it. The pink color and the little mounds of the gently padded bra were slightly visible through his white blouse, but that didn't seem to bother him. Here I had been saving it for an occasion to further embarrass him, and now he was willingly wearing it. This little brat of a boy certainly had been changed around within less than six months of effort.

I'm going to have to end soon because it's time to fetch him from school, but let me say that he has been in the school for five months now, and he is treated exactly like the other pupils. He even takes dancing class. Right now they are practicing ballet. I go along with this masquerade when I'm around the school, but elsewhere I make no effort to conceal the fact that he is a boy. I openly call him "Alec." That makes him go red because he knows he no longer looks like a boy. If he is naughty, I still cane his bottom, but less frequently now. He has piano lessons here at home, and his teacher doesn't hesitate to rap his knuckles if he makes mistakes. She has no fondness for slackers. She takes special pride in belittling his manhood. I've given her permission

to stroke his balls through his slips and beribboned panties while he tries to concentrate on doing his scales. She delights in pinching his penis or twisting his balls if he makes the slightest error.

At home, he wears his kilted skirts, but if he is naughty, he is made to wear one set I have specially shortened to show off a special pair of white frilly panties that are decorated with red lover's hearts. Inside each heart is a boy's name. My how he hates those panties, especially if any of my friends are over because they delight in teasing him about those panties, pointing to individual hearts while asking him which one is his boyfriend's name!

Alec is a reformed boy and seems to be quite happy at his school. He has developed new friends here in the neighborhood too. Only last week he had two friends, Eileen and Mary, in to tea and they all went into the garden to play, the girls in party frocks and Alec in his kilted skirt. All three wore flouncy pinafores so there was little to distinguish the boy from the girls. And since I had him in a particularly nice pair of frilled panties that day, as they ran, there was a pretty display of girlish frills.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. I McD.



## **Panties, Pinnies & Petties #1**

### **Letter #2** **My Brother's Life** **Under Petticoat Rule**

25 Mar 1969  
Sydney, Australia  
The Editor,  
"Justice Weekly"

Dear Mr. Editor:

I would like to hear more ideas and opinions on petticoat punishment. I hope you will print this letter very soon to encourage a bit of variety on this subject. While spanking has its place, I believe the best approach to discipline is psychological. I am interested in the various means of belittling or embarrassing delinquent teenage boys so they are mortified to appear before any person, adult or child. Nothing gives one control over a naughty boy like frocks and frills. They create maximum self-consciousness and restrained behavior.

I agree with the ladies who theorized on the feminizing effect of panties for "JW." Many years ago I witnessed this for myself when my mother and father used ladies panties on Tom, my oldest brother. This was done for periods up to two weeks, according to the extent of his misbehavior. Other sissy treatment was used like being made to wear one of my old party dresses (which was always much too short on him), a bow in his hair or a training bra under his T-shirt when he was sent out to play. These punishments made him most subdued.

Tom married at age twenty. After a while, Eleanor, his wife, had difficulty with Tom philandering. I suggested she try this old method of discipline. It took her more than a year to get

him into a punishment program utilizing full girlish attire, but she persisted and has finally succeeded. They have two children, a boy, Thomas Jr., and a beautiful little girl, Dolores. They were seven and five respectively at the time their father was fully domesticated. Tom had objected furiously, especially because he had to appear before Tom Jr., whom Eleanor decided to panty train at the same time.

After my husband died two years ago, I moved in with them. Now I see first hand how El is in full control and has the final word on everything that happens in their house. I have seen Tom dressed in his sissy clothes and I know how very, embarrassing it is for him. Regardless, I think he has gotten used to dresses and other frilly things by now. I wouldn't doubt if he even enjoys being so dressed after all these years between his childhood and now as a pantywaist husband even though he carries on so that he is forced to wear them and is mortified when outsiders see him, especially a lady with whom he had toyed with in the past.

He's so embarrassed because he knows he is a pathetic example of a male, especially for his son. Part of Eleanor's method of keeping Tom submissive involves keeping his juices tapped. While she has always forbidden him to masturbate unless it was under her direct supervision, she does make sure he unloads his sperm at least once daily. She always used to do this herself. Her favorite method was to wank him into a warm pair of panties she had just removed. Sometimes, when she was too tired, she'd make Tom stand in the corner and wank himself into her silky panties while we played with the children in the same room or watched the telly. Then she'd make him wash the panties out and hang them in the airing cupboard.

One time, I asked her if I could do it, and she gladly obliged. I found it fun to handle his big hard piece of meat. Even though he's a sissy, he does have a big penis that gets frightfully hard when it gets worked up. When I was a girl, I never got a chance to touch his penis, but I remember mother handling it frequently. I can still picture her pumping on his panty-covered penis as she called him names like "sissy" and "pantywaist." I remember desperately wanting to touch it, but Mom never allowed it. When I mentioned that to El, she thought about little Dolores. She immediately asked her if she wanted to touch her daddy's big dick. Dolores flashed a big smile and enthusiastically nodded "yes" as she giggled with glee.

At that very moment El made Tom strip to his panties. He was wearing a pretty yellow pair of nylon briefs that day which had a panel of white lace that went all the way around the leg just above the leg elastics. They were expensive panties, not like the cheap ones that just have lace going across the front. Dolores laughed because she could see his flaccid penis and balls peeking through the open lacework. El told her to touch her daddy's penis. Everyone except Tom laughed when it quickly shot up into a full-grown erection and wickedly pushed out the front of his delicate panties. El got angry with her husband because his penis had erected so quickly. She told him it was disgusting to get excited when his own little baby girl touched him. Tom complained that it was the silky panties and our presence that excited him, but El said she knew better because he had never erected as quickly for her. She called him a disgusting child molester who ought to be locked up.

In a complete about-face, El complimented her daughter on her ability to make her daddy's penis erect so quickly. Dolores must have paid close attention all those times her mother had wanked her daddy off. She needed no encouragement or advice on how to best handle her daddy's thrusting cock. She got real close to him and brought her face within inches of his twitching and bobbing John Henry so she could study it in detail as she wanked on it. She was overjoyed. And when her daddy erupted and soiled his panties, she stopped rubbing him, put her tiny hands on her hips and called him a "baby sissy boy." Waving a naughty finger at him, she

commanded him to go to the bathroom to wash out his panties, just like her mother always did. El and I really laughed at that.

Throughout all this, everyone almost forgot about little Tommy Jr. who was just sitting quietly in the corner and watching everything that had been going on. As the laughter died down, El called her little boy over to where she was sitting. She put him on her lap, and then while we all watched television, she undid his trousers and inserted her hand into his open fly. Tommy Jr. was wearing some cute little peach-colored panties that night. For years, he had been wearing his sister's hand-me-down panties. (Dolores specifically wears panties that are rather large on her because when she's finished with them, they have to then fit her big brother). Tommy Jr. does have some new pairs of panties of his own, but these are just reserved for Sunday church and special occasions.

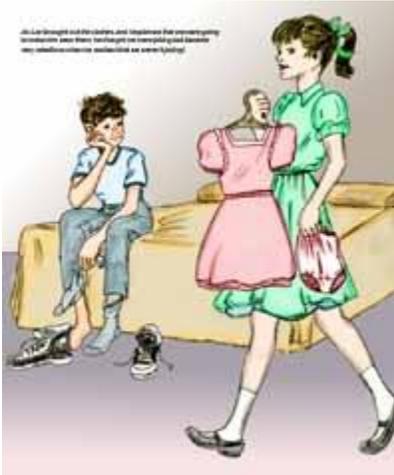
With El's stroking, of course, he didn't come because he's not old enough to do that yet, but he does get very hard and excited and experiences a pulsating climax even though nothing comes out of his little rubbery penis to soil the folds of his silky nylon panty briefs. The nice thing about Tommy Jr.'s orgasms is that he wants more immediately. It's not like a guy that shoots his cum and then can't perform for a long time. After a series of long pulsating surges made him uncoil, moan and plead for more, El commanded Tommy Jr. go over to his sister. Even after handling her daddy's big dick, Dolores really got an additional thrill out of playing with her brother's tiny pantied penis. Of course, she took the opportunity to tell him how little it was. She also told him he would probably grow up to be a bigger sissy than his daddy because his tiny little penis would never develop into a big one like his father's. Tommy Jr. cried himself to sleep that night.

Lately, Tom has been very good, but Tommy Jr. has shown signs of rebellion so every night after his father juices up his panties, El makes little Tommy Jr. suck on them while we all watch the telly, and then he has to hand wash his daddy's panties and put them up to dry. El has confided in me that if little Tommy doesn't straighten out soon, she'll give him the daily task of masturbating his daddy or possibly even making him suck on his daddy's big pacifier. I'd love to see that. I'm tempted to get Tommy Jr. into trouble just to hurry that along.

For the past month, El has forced Tommy Jr. to wear a butt plug under his silky panties whenever he is bad. The little devil squirms around like a belly dancer with it up his bottom. One night, she couldn't find the butt plug, so she made Tommy Jr. strip down to his panties and sit on his father's lap. After El had Dolores and I take turns teasing Tom to get him hard, she took his horn out of his stretchy soft panties and slipped it up under the rear leg elastic of Tommy Jr.'s pretty panties. They had to sit there together, son on daddy's lap while they watched the telly. Tom's big penis swelled and quivered, nestled in his son's ass crack. El kept threatening her son, saying if he didn't sit still, she'd have Tom put his huge tool up the boy's bum. She didn't have them do it, but could El be far from having them do it? Knowing her, I think the time is near. Secretly, I've gotten little Tommy to eat my pussy and lick my bum hole. He's destined to become a marvelous little submissive sissyboy.

My interest in using petticoat punishment and feminine control over men and boys continues. I hope that you will print more letters concerning this. Instead of so much spanking, I would like to read more letters about new ways to humiliate and belittle men and boys. I hope the new generation of wives and mothers appreciate and practice this form of control.

Yours sincerely,  
"E.M."



## **Panties, Pinnies & Petties #1**

### **Letter #3**

## **Sissy Boy Makes My Husband's Fantasies Cum True**

January 20, 1967  
Calgary, Alberta  
The Editor,  
"Justice Weekly"

Dear Sir:

For the past two years, my husband and I have been conducting an exciting experiment, which we feel is ready to describe to you. We live in a large farmhouse in a remote district north of Toronto, with our two daughters, Lori, twelve, and Sue, eight. I am twenty-eight, and my husband, George, is thirty-seven.

We are devoted readers of your paper and have always been fascinated by the idea of petticoating a boy. Our chance came two years ago, when my sister and her husband decided that their son, Ron, then eight, was too much for them to handle, and we volunteered to take over. They gave us a letter granting us absolute authority over the boy and went off to California. We haven't heard from them since.

We felt this was a heaven sent opportunity, and our girls too were delighted at the idea and eager to help convert a rude, rough brat of a boy into a charming and pretty little girl. We decided that whereas most of your correspondents merely put the boy into girls' clothes, we would go further, and actually convert him into a girl. When we told him, at our first meeting, what was to be done to him, he was, of course, very rebellious, necessitating a program of severe and unremitting discipline. He was a rough-and-ready urchin, but basically promising material, as he had very fine, delicate features, and a beautifully formed body and limbs, although his skin was very rough and tanned.

Clothes were the first consideration. Lori and Sue are very dainty, feminine little creatures and Ron had to be made a fitting sister to them. So I dressed him in the frilliest, fluffiest little girl clothes I could get (mostly hand-me-downs from his older stepsister), all in pastel shades, with ruffles and flounces. Initially, he looked just awful, which Lori and Sue, with the innocent, instinctive cruelty that I find so delightful in children, let him know about ceaselessly. But as his hair lengthened and other changes were made, he came to look presentable, and then advanced to become quite attractive. The girls actually started telling him how pretty he looked. I think he even got to like those clothes a bit. One day I found him swishing around and holding up his dainty slip and full skirts to admire himself in the big mirror I had installed in the girls' room. That told me we were on the road to success.

The second thing was to fix his hair, which he wore very short. I put the matter to my own hairdresser, who was very taken with the idea and glad to cooperate. From then on, once a week, we visited the beauty salon. As his hair grew out we trained it into a feminine style. Although

Ron always wore girls' clothes, the staff all knew he was a boy, and helped me break his masculine spirit by teasing him about it mercilessly. Occasionally, he would behave badly at the salon, in which case we would hoist his skirts and paddle his fancy panties right on the spot. Afterwards, we'd tie him in the chair, insert a pacifier in his mouth and tape his lips shut around it. At times, he so hated going for his weekly appointment that he would refuse to go. That's when George would strip him in the presence of Lori and Sue and spanked him until he promised to go quietly.

As his hair became longer, softer and more manageable, it was actually beautiful. Now it is well past his ears and falls softly in gentle waves, framing his pretty boyish face piquantly. We hope in time to see a mane of glossy, wavy brown hair all the way down to his waist.

You may be wondering why my husband permits all this and how he is involved. Well, George does more than just permit it: he has promoted it from the start. George's wish to relive some of his childhood experiences is how we got the idea to do this in the first place.

While growing up, George's best friend was a boy named Willie, and this boy had a kid brother, called Sandy (short for Sanford), who was always getting into trouble. Well, the boy's mother decided to change him by making him into her daughter. As it turned out, she did such a good job of it that Sandy loved being a girl and proudly strutted around the neighborhood in his girlish dresses even though everyone knew he was just a pretend girl, a petticoated boy. George claimed that little Sandy was prettier than any girl in his neighborhood and also admitted that little Sandy used to give him and the other boys blowjobs behind his garage.

George is a real he-man so this wasn't a homosexual kind of thing. He was turned on by Sandy because the kid looked and acted so much like a real girl. The problem is that George has always looked back fondly at this childhood fixation. He admitted that he still fantasizes about it at times when we make love. He can describe in minute detail what it was like to look down at Sandy as the boy sucked him off. George especially remembers the boy's pretty frilly panties since Sandy usually stripped down to just his girlish panties before performing his oral specialty so he wouldn't get his dress dirty. And when it was over, George would take his spent wet penis in his hand, stand behind Sandy and dry it off by wiping it on the faggot's frilly panties. George admits that he thrilled to the touch of those soft panties on his prick.

George's admissions did not put me off. On the contrary, I found his stories about Sandy very exciting. I know George loves me and this was just one of his quirks and nothing to get upset about. Besides, the idea of converting a boy into a girl I found very exciting. Long before Ron came along and we got a chance to explore George's fantasies, I used to take Lori and Sue's silky little panties and tease George with them. I'd pretend that I was going to kidnap one of the cute little neighbor boys, dress him in the panties and make him give my husband a blowjob. These little fantasy stories really turned George on, and I'd jack off my man into those sweet little virgin panties as I whispered the exciting details of my stories into his ear.

Back to telling you about Ron: The job of changing him into a girl was a dream come true, but it was not easy. The most challenging and delightful part of our task was in altering Ron's body itself, which we did by keeping him out of the sun to get rid of his tan and stripping him down nightly to sponge grapefruit juice on him to soften and smooth his skin with special attention to his (now delicate) hands and feet. His nails are attended to, his hair is brushed two hundred times, and then he is rubbed thoroughly with baby oil and dusted with baby powder. It's a long job, but we maintain high ambitions, and we find it most rewarding.

At first Ron resented this treatment and sometimes had to be tied hand and foot, in which case he was very severely spanked. But little by little, he came to accept it and then actually enjoy it.

Now we have a lovely boy-girl with soft, glossy, delicate white skin, exquisitely formed limbs and body, hair falling softly about his cute face, fingernails and toenails tastefully reddened, mouth and cheeks painted. He usually wears long, dangling earrings, gold bracelets or bright colored bangles on his arms and a slave anklet on his foot. His clothes are nothing but the most feminine, selected to highlight his slender waist. He is a truly beautiful sight-boyishly slim, girlishly soft and smooth. Beneath his skirts is a bushel basket full of silk, lace and nylon netting. One of these days he is going to lose his shrinking little manhood. I used to be a nurse so it's been easy for me to discreetly get him female hormones.

Even though I understand, I think I'm getting a little jealous because my husband is becoming obsessed with Ron's budding little mounds and widening nipples. Since he is only nine years old, he is so young and little to have breasts, especially since neither one of our daughters have any suggestion of development even though they both have worn pretty little training bras for years. Ron's breasts are an erotic delight. Our daughters love to touch them as much as we do. Another side effect of the hormones, Ron's penis and testicles are shrinking. He says he doesn't mind. Now, I think he has decided to become a girl completely. One of these days after his unneeded boy parts become almost totally useless, I'll surgically remove them. I had battlefield experience as a nurse, and during one extreme emergency I had to amputate a man's arm, which had been crushed beneath an overturned tank, so I know I can perform the operation that will neuter Ron. It will be the natural culmination of our efforts. I won't do it unless he asks me, but believe me, he'll ask. Already, I nearly have him brainwashed to the point that he will willingly give up his penis and balls.

To induce the proper ladylike walk, we at first tied Ron's ankles together with a light chain just a foot long, and he still wears this most of the time in the house. But the mincing, hip-swinging gait is almost natural to him now, especially with high-heeled shoes on. From the outset, he shared the girls' room. Every night I would-and still do-give them all a bath and then tuck them into their huge old feather bed. They all wear fairytale-like baby doll nighties, but just to play safe until I cut off Ron's boy parts, I insist he wears a chastity belt-like panty girdle that I designed with two padlocks.

Many of our closest friends know of Ron's treatment and are intrigued by it. We had screened our friends carefully and, one by one, before we let them know what we were doing. A few of them couldn't handle it. Well, we let them know that they weren't welcome as our friends if they were going to be so narrow-minded. Whenever we have people to the house for the first time after we've told them about Ron, we parade the three "sisters" before them, wearing only their pretty fluffy dresses and challenge them to pick out the boy. Usually, they do not believe it, so we force Ron to raise his skirts, lower his panties and display his little ribbon-tied penis. Recently, one woman who saw his penis remarked that it was so small that he was almost a girl already. That embarrassed Ron and tears came to his eyes as we all laughed at him.

Like all boy children, Ron must still be frequently and soundly spanked. We usually save up his punishments until we have company, as people enjoy the spectacle. We treat Ron as if he were about seven years old, which we feel is a satisfactory age for him. However, now that he is almost completely feminized, we need to do more things with him to bring him into full girlhood.

I know you're wondering if he has given my husband a blowjob yet. No, but we have set the date. It'll be on George's next birthday, July 29th. We've even made plans to return to George's old house on Jefferson Street so Ron can suck him off behind the garage just like little Sandy used to do. I get wet in my panties just thinking about watching Ron dressed up in makeup and

princess panties as George fucks his cunt face then makes our little girlie-boy bend over so he can wipe his sticky penis off on his delicate little panties. I told the girls about it. Of course, they're going to be there too.

As it is, we have three well-behaved, demure, pretty little "girls," utterly absorbed in dolls and pretty clothes, and we are so delighted that they are not a group of noisy, bad-mannered teenagers. For obvious reasons I cannot give you my real name and address. If you are interested enough to publish this, I will write again and describe in detail more about the feminization of Ron. In case you're wondering, we haven't given him a feminine name because he is not a full girl yet. We'll do that the day he takes his first real penis into his mouth and up his ass.

We belong to a progressive church, not one of those stuffy, uptight, mainstream religions. Since we seek advice frequently from our pastor, he knows about Ron. In fact, on the boy's first day as a full girl, we'll have Reverend Encil baptize him with his girl's name. Then we'll have a celebration dinner. Afterwards, our daughters will toss back Ron's skirts, drop his dinky panties and hold him down while my husband fucks Ron in the ass. For the finale, the boy will have to lick and suck on the big, shit-stained penis freshly withdrawn from his butt until my husband sprays him in the face with a second load of hot, sticky come. We should sell tickets!

Owner of a boy toy,  
"Nancy"

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## **Panties, Pinnies & Petties #1**

### **Letter #4 Humiliated in Front of My Wife's Friends**

March 30, 1972  
Lorain, Ohio  
The Editor,  
"Justice Weekly."

Dear Sir:

I have been a reader of "Justice Weekly" for many years and find it a fine publication. My wife also reads every issue since I introduced her to it three months ago. She ordered me to write you this letter about myself. I have been an amateur transvestite for years and have been able to keep it a closely guarded secret until recently. It used to be that I couldn't wait until Wednesday night came around every week because my wife would go out for the evening and I could secretly slip into her panties, bras, dresses and shoes and parade around the apartment while I masturbated.

My wife and I got married after knowing each other for only four months. She was on the rebound from a bad relationship and I was lonely

because my mother had recently died and I was alone in the world. I have loved dressing up in women's clothes since I was a small boy. My mother caught me at it many times. She'd scold me, but there always seemed to be a little twinkle in her eye like she understood and knew I would do it again. A couple of times (on my birthday), I found a new slip and panties in my "secret" lingerie hiding place.

I'm very small for a man since I'm only five foot three and weight one hundred and fifteen pounds; therefore, it's easy for me to impersonate a female. On some nights I used to dress up in my wife's things and go shopping as a woman at the plaza down the road. It thrilled me to try on shoes and dresses, finger lingerie and discuss fashions with the saleswomen. However, one night about two-and-a-half months ago I was discovered by my wife when she came home early. As soon as I heard her unlocking the door, I rushed into the bathroom to get out of her things. In my haste to undress, I ripped her bra that I was wearing. I thought it would go unnoticed, but it didn't, although she didn't say anything to me at the time.

The very next Wednesday night when she went out, I got dressed again in her panties, garter belt, nylons, and bra, but this time I put on her sheer nylon housecoat and her baby blue satin cocktail slippers and sat down to watch television. Moments later, the door opened and in came Anna Lee, my wife, with Millie and Rosalee, two of her friends. I was so embarrassed that I was speechless and couldn't even move as Millie aimed a camera at me and took a picture.

My wife grabbed me by the arm and said, "Come with me, Miss Prissy," as she led me into our bedroom, where I was forced to undress in front of the three of them. By the time I got down to just padded bra and panties, they were laughing uproariously at me. My wife laid some pieces of lingerie out on the bed and told me to put them on as she explained to her friends that she never understood why she had married me in the first place. She said that many times after she had been out, she noticed that her clothes had been disturbed. This especially happened after she came home from her Wednesday night hen sessions. She wasn't surprised that I had been wearing her clothes because she said she always thought I was somewhat of a sissy.

As she spoke so bluntly about our relationship in front of her friends, I was embarrassed but didn't know what else to do but put on the heavily frilled purple panties and matching bra she had picked out.

As I changed into the panties the women could see my little wrinkled penis. My wife called it her "little-boy penis." Our neighbor, Gail, corrected her and said it was my wife's "little sissyboy penis."

Next, I was handed a pair of nylons and some romper-style little girl pajamas which, I learned, she had specially made for me. Anna Lee then told me that these were to be my clothes every minute I was in the apartment, and if I refused to cooperate the picture Millie took of me would be shown to my friends. Since then, my wife has taken total control of my life. Her disgust for me knows no bounds, but she doesn't want a divorce since I'm in line to inherit my family's wealth once my old widow aunt dies. Anna Lee openly dates other "real" men, knowing that I can't object. My wife has just announced to me that she is pregnant, she says the child is mine since it would have happened about three months ago, which is before she caught me in her clothes and before she started going out on me.

I should love the fact that she is going give birth, but she uses it against me. She teases me and says that regardless of the sex of the child, she is going to raise it as a girl. She says she loves making love to men and now that she is pregnant she has nothing to worry about. She claims to have had sex with dozens of men since she found out I was a transvestite, and I believe her because she tells me in detail all about her sexual encounters and shows me he panties loaded

with cum from other men.

She says that whenever she finds a man whom she is attracted to, she simply tells him her husband is a faggot transvestite who doesn't know how to take care of her. One night when she was drunk, she described to me how she stripped out of her clothes on the dance floor of a local bar. Then she went to a back room, draped herself across a couch and took on the manager and several other men, so many that she lost count. They stuffed her mouth and pussy with sloppy cocks as she complained to them about me, her sissy husband who only wanted to jerk off in her panties.

Whenever she has sex with some man, she loves coming home and telling me what the man looked and smelled like. She usually makes a point of describing the guy's penis in detail. She laughs at me while she tells me what it felt like as the man shot cum into her.

While she loves to suck off men, she never lets them come in her mouth. Instead, she always insists that they shoot off in her pussy because, as she loves to tell me, that man's spunk will be shooting all over my baby. She says she's training the baby to be a cocksucker by training it to like the taste of come even before it is born.

She says she hopes it will be a boy baby because she wants to use him to humiliate me by turning him into a faggot boy. Instead of a pacifier, she claims she'll make the baby suck on a real penis, the penis belonging to whomever she is dating at the time.

I still have to go to work each day because she can't stand to have me at home all the time even though we are well enough off that I don't have to work. Besides, she deposits all the money I make into a special account, which she uses to embarrass me. She makes me buy my own feminine wardrobe with this money. She has even made me use some of this money to pay male hustlers come to the house for me to suck off while she watches.

She has already told me that future withdrawals from this account will be used to totally feminize my son if we have a boy. It will pay for the boy's girlie wardrobe, neighborhood boys to fuck him in the ass, and possibly even a sex change operation when he's eighteen. She has told many of her crazy friends about her intentions to feminize our boy if she has a son. They love it!

When I do go to work, she puts me into clean, frilly panties, a bra and a short silky slip every morning beneath my men's clothes. I always have to wear panties because she has thrown out all my men's under shorts. To further humiliate me, she sometimes takes me shopping with her to buy additions to my female wardrobe.

Two weeks ago we were downtown in a yard goods store where my wife bought some pink taffeta material to make me a new dress. She told the young salesgirl the dress was for me. The clerk laughed as if it were a joke, but when my wife reached into my trousers and pulled out the waist elastic and some of the lace and nylon of the green panties I was wearing to prove it to the girl, she stopped laughing and asked why.

After my wife told her the whole story, the girl looked at me like I had cancer or something. She said I deserved the treatment I was getting. She said panties and dresses for me were a wonderful idea. She also asked if she could see me in the dress when it was finished. My wife readily agreed.

Anna Lee has just about finished the dress. Tomorrow night, my wife and her two friends, my mother-in-law (who she let in on the secret almost from the start) and the sales clerk will all be here to fit me into the dress. My mother-in-law has already warned me that it will be the most humiliating night of my life. She says that you should be looking for a letter from her because she is going to write to you describing everything that takes place. She's even threatening to enclose a photo essay of the entire event!

Trained into servitude,  
"Miss Prissy"

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## **Panties, Pinnies & Petties #1**

### **Letter #5**

## **My Mother Promoted My Lingerie Love**

April 2, 1969  
London, Ontario  
The Editor,  
"Justice Weekly."

Dear Sir:

I can't remember how many times I have picked up "Justice" and read letters about some dominant woman putting a weak, docile boy into petticoats with the idea that she is punishing him. The term usually used in the letters to describe this is "Petticoat Discipline." No doubt most of the stories told are true, but as for the male being punished, it is a bunch of hogwash. The term used should be "Petticoat Pleasure."

Other than a very small boy, no male can be forced to be femininely dressed unless he wants to. I know one boy who is kept in petticoats permanently and a two others that are in them part-time. They all admit that petticoats are most enjoyable.

Since I was five (which was eighteen years ago), I've been kept in petticoats and panties, first by my mother and now my wife. For as long as I can remember, I've loved the feel of my mother's ruffled petticoats, silken slippers and soft panties. One day while I was helping mother take the laundry down from the clothesline, she noticed how I lovingly fondled a pair of her white satin panties. As I rubbed my hands over them, she giggled and simply said that if I liked them that much, maybe I would like to put them on. I was too shy to say anything, but she read my mind, handed me the beautiful lace panties and said, "Here, love, try them on."

Shrinking away with them reverently clasped in my baby boy hands, I quietly went off to the bathroom. In silence I took off my pants and underwear and stepped into the glimmering and sensuous panties. They were too big on me, but I had never felt anything so soft or wonderful in my entire life. I hoisted them up as high as they would go. They came almost up to my armpits. No sooner did I have them on when my mother pushed open the door, flashed a wild grin and laughed lightly at me. She hugged me close and told me I was beautiful, the sweetest boy she had ever seen. The big, bright panties enveloped me. The silky feeling of the soft fabric was entrancing. While she hugged me, Mom started flicking the panty waist elastic with her long fingernails and rubbing my little boy buttocks through the seat of the thrilling nylon.

She broke off her hug, reached into the linen closet where she kept some of her lingerie and handed me one of her half-slippers. It was light blue with some little pink flowers and ribbon edging. She had me step into it and pulled it all the way up to my armpits. It fitted me like a silky



dress going down past my knees.

Although a bit embarrassed, I knew that I wanted to wear such clothes forever. Mother sensed my feelings and saw her chance to make me more obedient. The next day she went downtown and bought me armfuls of frilly clothes. That night she took me into the bedroom and dressed me completely as a little girl with not just panties, but a petticoat, ankle socks, a flouncy white satin dress and even a teenage training bra that she altered to fit my bony little body. To top it off, she even gave me a lovely new pair of Maryjanes and a fully-fashioned pale pink chiffon pinafore.

Every night and weekend after that day, I would live like a girl and I loved it. Mother commented many times that I was very cute, and she wished that she had done it sooner. She never let me be seen publicly in girls' clothes until she got me a wig, so that I could fool people, but she did have me wear lingerie under my boys' clothes. "Just to remind you of that you are my pretty little sissy," she used to laughingly say. I wore nothing but the prettiest nylon panties everyday under my boy's clothes. When I got older, she had me wear a bra too, along with heavy sweaters to disguise it. I knew enough to be careful so no one ever saw them. I was never happier in my life.

Shortly after being introduced to girls' clothes, I tasted humiliation for the first time. Mother, knowing how much I loved my pretty things, saw her chance to humiliate me, which I suspect she had planned on doing for a long time. With the threat of losing my beautiful new wardrobe hanging over my head, I gave in to her wish and agreed to take ballet lessons. I did reasonably well mastering the various steps; however, the instructress and six girls in my class knew I was a boy. Of course, the girls teased me a lot. Even the teacher gave me sweet knowing smiles or rolled her eyes a lot at me. But the greatest humiliation came when my mother paraded me in front of her friends. Usually she made me put on my leotard and tutu for them and demonstrate my latest dance routine. But after being humiliated like this several times, I learned to like all the attention these ladies gave me. Many of mom's friends had delinquent sons or problem husbands so Mom delighted in showing them how well I had been trained.

One night a week, mom would have her neighborhood parties, and I would be humiliated, a symbol of manhood to be taunted and abused, the lone receiver of the pent-up hate these women harbored for most men. These sessions went on for years. Even after we had to move to another city, mom cultivated a new group of man-hating friends who delighted in having their way with me.

When I was sixteen, it was at one of these sessions that I met the woman who would become my wife. One of the women had brought her daughter who was six years older than me. I immediately fell in love with her. She was tall, elegant and very dominant. When she first saw me, she called me a "sissy" and adopted me as her little sister. That very evening, mom let her take me home to stay over night and meet her father because he was always after her to date boys so she'd get married and move out of the house.

Her father thought I was some kind of joke she was pulling on him, but after she convinced him that she was going to make me her boyfriend and slave, he just threw his arms up and told her he'd disown her if she ever married such of a faggot boy as me. Two years later, we did marry, but by that time Cindy's father had long ago disappeared from their home both because of me and the disrespectful way she and her mother had treated him.

Well, I think I have gone on long enough for now, but in a future letter I will describe my experiences since marriage.

Yours truly,  
"Petticoated and Happy"

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## **Panties, Pinnies & Petties #1**

### **Letter #5**

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April 2, 1969  
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Yours truly,  
"Petticoated and Happy"

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## **Panties, Pinnies & Petties #1**

### **Letter #6**

## **Dad Caught Me Trying On My Sister's Panties**

September 16, 1964  
Burlington, Ontario  
The Editor,  
"Justice Weekly."

Dear Sir:

I have been an avid reader of your paper for some years. I immensely enjoy the letters to the editor column; however, I sometimes chuckle to myself, when reading those about a male who is punished by being forced to wear feminine apparel by his wife or mother etc.

Unless a spanking or other punishment is incorporated into the male's petticoating, I can't imagine this being a punishment. Some embarrassment may be involved because males aren't supposed to wear women's things, but just how much punishment could it be? These are beautiful, wonderful, soft and delicate clothes that any man or boy would delight in wearing if he could. Maybe the first time it happened they protested, but I think subconsciously they get great pleasure from being forced to wear feminine frills.

I may be wrong (I am a transvestite) but my feeling is that once a male has experienced the exquisite thrill that is derived from the wearing of a feminine costume, from lingerie on up, it is quite difficult to ever again resist the temptation to wear such lovely frills. This is true even if wearing such clothes leads to humiliation and physical punishment as happened to me.

I have been a transvestite since, as a boy of twelve, I was alone at home and I tried on my sister's panties. While looking through the laundry for something I thought I had left in the pocket of a dirty pair of my jeans, I saw a bright shiny pair of my sister's pale blue panties. When I touched them, I couldn't believe they were so soft and felt so sexy. I felt funny about touching them, so I dropped them and went back to my room. But I couldn't forget about the incredibly teasing sensation of touching those silky panties. I had never felt anything like that in my life. Minutes later, I was back in the basement touching and looking at those panties again. On each side of the panties was a heart-shaped patch of satin-nylon about four inches wide. The satin was white with pink and red roses embroidered onto the fabric. The satin hearts were outlined with stiff white lace.

Of course, the idea of putting those panties on entered my mind almost as soon as I had touched them the first time, but I laughed to myself for thinking of something so foolish. However, the idea stayed with me. As much as I tried to forget about it and laugh it off, it came

back to me. I could picture myself pulling them up my legs and dancing around the room like a stupid, swishy girl. I was half convinced that if I put those panties on they would somehow devour my penis and balls and I wouldn't be a boy any longer. I knew I wouldn't be a girl either, I didn't know what I'd be if I let them cover up my boy equipment, but I did know that I wouldn't be a real boy anymore.

Touching those panties for the second time, I just couldn't believe how wonderful they felt. For my body to feel those wonderful sensations while wearing them around my hips had to be an incredible feeling, so I tossed care to the wind as I yanked off every bit of clothing I was wearing. The temperature was cool. I was trembling, but not because I was cold. It was because I was going to cross a bridge I would never be able to cross back from. I was going to do something that no real boy, even under pain of death, would ever do.

The sounds of huge waterfalls, crashing cars, growling animals and a barrage of fireworks all went off in my head at once. The sounds were so loud I couldn't think. It hurt my head thinking about what I was about to do. The touch of the soft nylon panties burned my outstretched fingertips as I held them in front of me.

With my eyes half closed, I stepped into the panties. I wanted to pull them up slowly and luxuriate in their sensation as they traveled up my legs, but now that I had decided to do it, I couldn't wait. I yanked them up into position, cocooning my body and crushing my manhood in their depths. I heard a coughing noise behind me, but it didn't even register. Then another, louder coughing noise. I turned around and found myself facing my father.

"Just what in the hell are you doing here!" he shouted in a voice so loud that it almost knocked me over.

I couldn't answer. I couldn't move. Finally, I made an attempt to shield the panties I was wearing with my hands.

He yelled at me to put my hands down. He commanded that I stand up straight and not move.

Dad left the basement and returned about one minute later with my mother and sister, Camille.

I had disobeyed Dad and taken the panties off as soon as he had left the room. Now, as they entered the basement, I was struggling to hurry back into my discarded boy's clothes. I pulled my trousers up and tried to run past them, but Dad grabbed me and made me go back to the laundry basket, find the soft blue panties and put them back on. He wanted to show them how he had caught me.

All the while my mother was screaming with laughter, Dad was calling me dirty names like "pantywaist," "sissy" and "queer," and Camille was whining and complaining that I was ruining a pair of her best panties.

Dad told sis he would have Mom buy her more panties because she couldn't wear the ones I had put on since my dirty little boy penis had been in them. Then Dad led me upstairs where he made me put on a full length petticoat and a party dress (made of a real sissyish light green chiffon) belonging to my sister. He got the punishment cane and handed it to Camille. Since they were her panties, she would be the one to punish me.

"Up with those skirts, boy," Dad said. "I want to see those panties of yours dance good as your sister gives it to you. Now bend over!"

Camille didn't hit too hard. It wasn't like getting it from Dad. But Dad made up for that by letting her hit me over and over again. I lost count. She must have hit me thirty or forty times at least. By the tenth blow, I was hopping around like crazy. Then came the tears, but they didn't get me any sympathy. Instead, Dad just added "cry baby" to the list of humiliating names he called me. The pain got so bad that I lost control and pissed right through the baby blue panties

and onto the floor.

When it was finally over, Dad pushed my face into the pissy carpet. He even made me taste it. I had to wear the pee-stained panties for the rest of the night. At bedtime, Mom supervised me cleaning myself up. She gave me a clean pair of panties. These were bright pink with some bows on them and a see-through, white nylon baby doll top to wear to bed. These things, of course, belonged to Camille too, but she gladly gave them to me because she had been promised all new things for anything that was used to punish me.

When I got up in the morning, Dad had already gone to work so I took off the panties and nightie and got dressed in my regular clothes for school. The day before, girl's panties had been the most exciting thing in the world I had ever seen or touched, but the humiliation of being taunted and teased in them by my family made me hate them.

While I ate my breakfast as fast as possible, Mom kept looking at me. She joked about the panties, saying how she was going to buy my sister some new ones along with a few other things later that day. She asked me if I wanted some, or better yet, should she wait until I got home from school, so that I could go shopping with her to pick out some femmy things of my own.

I wanted to cry as she said all that. Sis was still mad at me, at least she was acting real snotty toward me. I got the impression that neither of them were ever going to let me forget what I had been caught doing.

Mom told me about Mrs. Mauloff, one of our neighbors. It seems she had a son who used to dress up in his sister's clothes. Mom said he ran away, was caught dressed in girl's clothes by a group of drunk men who humiliated him and did a butcher job of castrating him with a hunting knife. The boy almost died. After he got better, his parents sent him off to live with a relative out of state, and he was never seen in the neighborhood again. I'm sure mom was trying to scare me, but I knew some of what she told me was true because I had heard bits and pieces of the story from other people over the years.

I ran ahead of my sister all the way to school. I was sure she was going to tell everyone. But Mom must have told her not to, because after I was at school for a while, I realized that no one knew about what I had done the night before. I also knew that without my parent's intervention, my gossipy sister would have told every person she met that day.

When I had left the house that morning, I was still so ashamed and embarrassed about the panties that I simply left them crumpled up on the floor with the nightie I had taken off. When I got home from school, no one was there. The baby dolls and the panties were gone. Minutes later, Mom came home from shopping. I saw that she had many packages.

When sis came home, Mom made both of us sit in the living room as she showed us her purchases. I was relieved because she hadn't bought me any panties, but she did make me hold and look at the new panties she had gotten for sis. They both laughed and said I looked like a scared rabbit as I handled them with tears welling up in my eyes. They both warned me to stay away from my sister's clothes or I would be sorry. Then I was sent off to play.

Later that day, I discovered those fateful blue panties I had tried on the day before, freshly laundered and neatly folded along with the baby doll top in my underwear drawer.

At bedtime that night, mom asked if I found the panties and I told her I did. She told me they were mine now because my sister couldn't wear them after I had put them on since she might get pregnant. I didn't understand all that but didn't say anything. She said if I wanted to wear them again, it would be okay in the house. She wouldn't tell my father or sister about it and she would wash and iron them whenever I did wear them. Then she said that I was probably just curious and she understood that. She also tried a little psychology with comments about what a big man I

was and how I now probably had all of those crazy notions out of my system and wouldn't want to do something so silly again.

All those things she was saying made my head swim. I didn't know what to think. But one thing I did know. I loved girls' panties. I had come to that conclusion that morning as I was on my way to school. As soon as I was out of sight of my mother and sister and out of their influence, I was free enough to be honest with myself. I couldn't imagine life without panties.

With the panties now in my dresser drawer, I didn't know quite what to do with them. Yes, I wanted to immediately tear off my clothes and put them on. After all, they were my panties now! Right? But Dad, sis and especially Mom had said so many things about panties and me wearing them that I didn't know if I should chance it. What would happen next if they found out? After agonizing for a long time, I decided to leave the panties where they were until everyone forgot about them, which I prayed would be very soon.

But I couldn't wait even a day. That night, I secreted the panties out of my drawer and wore them to bed under my pajamas. After that, I wore them on and off a half dozen times, but I didn't risk wearing the baby dolls. The panties got so dirty I tried to wash them, but they got all wrinkled when I tried to wring them out dry. I wore them again but wanted them all fresh and clean.

One morning a few days later (I remember it was a Tuesday because Tuesdays are when Mother always did the lingerie laundry) with second thoughts bouncing all around inside my head, I stuffed my dirty panties down into the bottom of the laundry hamper.

All day at school, I wondered if I had done the right thing. What was going on at home? Would Mom realize that I just wanted them washed and put back? Would she be mad at me for wearing them. Would she tell Dad and sis or some of our relatives, friends and neighbors?

Going home, I raced. I couldn't wait to find out the fate awaiting me, but once I got close to home, I slowed down afraid of what was in store for me. Finally, I got the courage to go into the house. I didn't want to be obvious and race up to my room to check for the panties so I lolled around and watched television. Mom sat nearby knitting some blue baby booties for my Aunt Carol who was expecting her first baby. I was relieved because Mom didn't say a word about the panties. During a commercial, I got up and headed for my room.

Just as I started up the stairs, Mom, without looking up from her knitting, calmly said, "Your nylon panties were really dirty. I washed and ironed them for you. Next time, don't wait so long before you have me wash them."

Of course, I was embarrassed, just like I was embarrassed when I was first caught in the panties, but even the worst moments of that first night when I was being punished and forced to wear the panties for the night were not like some real punishment, not like a spanking or being kept after school. The physical punishment was the worst part of that ordeal.

I maintain that petticoat punishment is a lot of pleasure and very little punishment. The clothes just feel so great that no one could really be punished very much by being forced to wear them. So what if people laugh at a boy dressed in panties and a dress: That can't possibly outweigh the pleasure of wearing such clothes.

Since that time the urge to dress as a female has increased to the point of being overwhelming, my mother understands, and I satisfy my urges every chance I get.

As a matter of fact while sitting writing this letter, I am completely attired as a woman, including garter belt and bra, sheer nylon hose, full slip, a satin torso dress, patent leather pumps, and my much beloved panties, pretty green panties with lots of lace. I'm also wearing pearl earrings, with a necklace and bracelet to match.

Perhaps some other transvestites or others for that matter, would like to write in their opinions and views on the subject of just how much punishment really is involved in so-called petticoat punishment.

Love to all,  
"Transvestite."

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## **Panties, Pinnies & Petties #1**

### **Letter #7** **Another Transvestite Wonders** **"What's the Punishment"**

Los Angeles, Calif.  
October 12, 1971

The Editor,  
"Justice Weekly."

Dear Sir:

Looking forward eagerly to every copy of your fine paper, I am most interested in letters on transvestism. I believe that petticoat punishment inflicted on boys by women is really nothing of the kind, at least not after the first time or two. Of course, it would not do for the victim to evince feelings of pleasure at being dressed in the clothes of the female sex, for this would no doubt terminate the 'punishment' right away.

I also agree that once a boy has donned girls' things, provided they were well fitting and becoming, he will want to do it again. I know because, as a boy of nine, I tried on the clothes of a girl cousin who was a little older than I, and from that time on, I have had an irresistible urge to periodically dress as a female. And every time I get dressed in my feminine things, I recall the vivid memory of my first time of stepping into my cousin's delicate pink rayon panties, wriggling into a matching slip and topping it off with her pink gingham summer skirt and white chiffon sissy blouse. That first time, I loved the soft feel of the clothes and the way the skirt swirled about my legs but hurriedly removed everything in case someone returned unexpectedly. Only gradually was I able to identify and fulfill my latent desires to their utmost. It takes years to overcome the natural shyness the transvestite feels. Anna, a charming older woman that was a friend of my aunt's lived alone because her husband had died a number of years earlier. She was the first to discover my transvestite desires. She was in her sixties even then. She had raised three daughters, who were now grown and out on their own.

Anna's perfume was the very first thing I noticed about her. I don't know what kind it was, but it was probably very expensive. It was a wonderfully sweet, heavy scent that preceded her entrance into a room. The day I met her, she was with my aunt who was visiting us for the afternoon.



I was hypnotized by her perfume, and with great embarrassment I had to tell her I thought it was "so very nice." Anna was delighted with the comment and insisted that I sit next to her on the davenport while they were there. I was quite shy, as she tried to talk with me. Eventually, I began to feel more comfortable being next to this exciting woman, who had taken an interest in me. She was striking in her shocking red skirt suit. Under the jacket, she wore a heavily frilled pink blouse with rows and rows of ruffled lace. Through the gossamer thin blouse could be seen the lacy bodice of her pink satin slip and well-filled brassiere. She playfully held my hands on her lap, and I couldn't resist stealing little touches of that soft blouse as I sat close to her. After a while, I knew she knew what I was doing. She'd catch me but wouldn't say anything, just look me in the eye and smile. By the time they were ready to leave, I was totally enthralled with this woman. I couldn't believe it when she came right out and asked my mother and me if I could come over to her house once in a while and keep her company for a day or two on weekends and during the summer. She asked under the pretense of needing someone around her house periodically to help her clean, do yard work and other odd jobs. She offered to pay me and also admitted that she longed for the company because she was often alone for long spells.

I agreed immediately even though I didn't think my mother would. But sometimes, things do go your way, and this was one of those times. Mom agreed. Less than a week later, I was sitting in Anna's living room with a little suitcase of clothes packed for the weekend. Mom had welcomed the chance to get me out of the house because she needed some peace and quiet to work on costumes for the Osborne High School annual musical. It was the school she had attended and the one I would be attending after I graduated grade school. Year after year, she swore she wasn't going to do it anymore, but she was a great seamstress and, year after year, they would talk her into doing the costumes for them once again.

Once I arrived at Anna's, we just sat and talked for the longest while. At first, I felt a little strange. I wasn't quite sure what I wanted and what I was doing there. She was wearing that same perfume, and it still impressed me as being about the sweetest aroma I had ever smelled. I was extremely embarrassed because I had boldly packed some of my girlish lingerie in my little suitcase. All during the week while waiting to come over to her house I had fantasized that she would dress me in girl's clothes and ravish me in some way. In actuality, I had no idea what we would do together with me dressed as a girl since I knew little about sex, but in my mind I was convinced it was going to be the most exciting weekend of my life.

But now in her presence, I was embarrassed with my little suitcase. My fantasies had melted away. I was very apprehensive, positive she would laugh at me, throw me out, call my parents or even call the police on me if she saw those girls' clothes in my case. I had brought all my prettiest things, mostly modest items of lingerie I had stolen from clotheslines or borrowed from my mother's vast wardrobe. That day beneath my blue jeans, in preparation for my visit, I had been bold enough to wear a pair of silky yellow panties. Then as I sat there, I became very unsure of myself. I kept my shirt extra tightly tucked-in and my jeans pulled up high. Initially, I had so wanted to let her know I was wearing panties just like her, but somehow everything in my head got turned upside down, I wondered what I was doing there and dreaded even accidentally exposing my panties to her.

She seemed to sense I was uncomfortable and suggested I help her with some boxes of her summer clothes that had to be packed away. She put on a very big, full-fashioned pinnie. I thought it was beautiful with its starched ruffled arm openings and wide gathered lace trim around the bottom. As I followed her up the stairs each time we took another trip, I was presented with a generous view up her full skirts and bright petticoats. Anna had a good figure

for her age, and that day I learned there is something very special about some older women. After a lifetime of mastering female mannerisms, they can pour on the charm, talk in excited tones, walk in breathtakingly teasing ways and put on a leg and lingerie show that make young girls look pitifully clumsy and inept. I was enthralled with the view up Anna's skirts. She knew it. I could have made a lifetime of following her up and down those stairs. Once we were finished, she feigned exhaustion and plopped down on a nearby chair. In the process her skirt got rucked up, exposing a wide expanse of pink and white frills that trimmed her under slip. The hem of her slip I had been stealing peeks at was now stretched out across her thighs in full view. With her head thrown back, she was breathing heavily and fanning herself with an oriental fan that she seemed to have produced from nowhere like a magician. She motioned for me sit next to sit next to her on the floor at her feet.

I wasn't sitting directly in front of her but close enough to have a wide view up her skirts. Her thighs, peeking above her stocking tops, were plaster white and unblemished, contrasting with the sturdy, pink ribbon garter straps that traveled upward under her lacy display. We sat in silence. She was fanning herself, breathing audibly and looking at the ceiling like she had no idea she was exposing so much of her femininity to me. I leaned a bit to one side to get a better view. Her thighs were already slightly parted but then they yawned. The mysteries of womanhood nestled in that deepening, lace-trimmed cavern of slips and skirts beckoned to me. Without even looking down, Anna drew her legs together and modestly pushed her skirt down in one show-ending, feminine flourish. She looked down at me, momentarily studying my eyes then she looked down at my lap. The fabric of my jeans was quite thick, but it couldn't hide my teeming erection.

"That's so cute," she half giggled still staring at my pushed-out trousers.

"Aren't you the naughty one? Got a horn on from looking up my frills?" she said as she returned to look into my cowering eyes. "Go sniffing around in my slips and I'll swallow you up right under them. Make you so dizzy, you'll follow me like a hound dog!" she joked.

She probably only stopped laughing as she sensed that she was scaring me. I felt totally unequipped to deal with such an experienced woman. My inadequacy and confusion caused my throbbing erection to subside. She apologized and explained that she was just having some fun. To cheer me up, she sat down on the floor next to me, hugged me a bit and comforted me with words as sweet as her powerful perfume. Side-by-side we sat, my body pressed into hers through the silky jersey fabric of her flowered dress. With one finger she touched my chin and directed my vision to the hem of her dress. With that same hand she fingered the hem for a moment then peeled back the flowery material to once again expose a bit of the lace and silkiness of her slip. I knew she wanted me to look. I stared. The ruffled slip hem was about three inches wide. It was edged with a fragile stream of pink lace.

"Pretty. Isn't it?" she purred as she let go of the dress hem and fingered the slip.

"Here, you touch it," she said as she place my hand in hers and on the edge of the slip.

"It won't bite you. Come on, I know you want to feel it," she urged me on.

I felt the ticklish, scratchy lace and the soft nylon ruffle. My hand in hers, she picked up the slip hem and brought it up by my face for a close-up view.

"See how the nice lace is so carefully made up of tiny bits of thread woven into this pretty pattern?"

Then she made a special point of having me run my fingertips teasingly along the length of pink satin ribbon that attached the fine lace to the heavily ruffled slip hem.

"People will tell you boys aren't supposed to like such things, like pretty slips, but that's for the

birds. Pretty slips and all the exciting lingerie ladies wear are pretty for everybody, not just women and girls. It's okay for boys to like to look at them and even touch them!"

I was thrilled with what she was saying and what we were doing, but there it ended. I was crying out inside for her to tell me it was all right for boys to wear such pretty lingerie too! But she didn't say it or do anything that suggested she would be open to such an idea. The idea seemed so close but so far away.

After a few minutes of touching and talking about her pretty slip, she got up, rolled her dress up all the way around her waist and pranced around modeling the bottom half of her fancy slip for me. While twisting and turning and letting me stare to my heart's content, she offhandedly commented that she saw how taken I was with her pretty clothes when we had first met. She thought that was an admirable quality in a man or boy and told me that it made me very special to be able to share such an appreciation with a mature woman.

Here I was all of thirteen, at the age when my penis was out of control. It could erect at a moment's notice. This encounter with Anna was a most amazing experience, but I wanted to race to the finish to see where it was going to end. Then again, I wanted to take a slow boat to China and enjoy every teasing moment of buildup. I hoped this was buildup. I hoped it wasn't going to end with what we were doing.

She broke my all-consuming concentration by dropping her skirts and offering me her hand so she could lead me back to the living room. My little overnight bag, actually an embarrassingly pale pink one belonging to my sister, was still setting near the chair I had been sitting in.

My heart jumped a leap when she grabbed it up and walked me into the spare bedroom where I would be staying. She set it down on the bed. I was sure she was going to open it up and start unpacking it. I was ready to pounce on it and take over that chore if she started to open it since I was in no way prepared for her to see the little selection of lingerie, wishfully, I had dared to pack. But I didn't have anything to fear because she left it alone after putting it on the bed.

Back in the living room, we sat and talked. She explained that she had a full schedule of chores around the house and yard work to be done the next day, Saturday, but for the moment, we should just get to know one another a little better. She tried to talk about things that she thought I would be interested in like sports and cars, but I told her flat out that I had no interest in those subjects. She asked me if I wanted to help her make a puzzle, and I jumped at the chance. I wasn't crazy about making a puzzle, but we were quickly running out of things to talk about it, so it would be something for us to do until bedtime.

Unknown to me while I was in the bathroom getting ready for bed, she went to the bedroom, turned down the bed and started unpacking my things. I came out of the bathroom just as she had discovered the lingerie in my case. She didn't try to hide her discovery; she just sat down on the edge of the bed like a grand lady and waited as I entered and saw what she had found.

Seeing my case open, I stood there with a grand look of horror on my face. She held up her hand as if to stop me from saying anything. She simply stood up, walked toward me and asked me if she could give me a hug. I hung my head and softly cried as she held me and asked for my forgiveness for having opened my case. She said she was only trying to help. We sat together on the edge of the bed in a gentle embrace.

"I can understand you like girls' things. They are so pretty and soft and feel so good. I don't mind. I'll keep your secret."

I would like to report to you that we fell into some type of intense sexual relationship that helped my development during this critical time, but things evolved differently than I had imagined. We did become extremely close friends and remain so to this day. She fell in love with

my need to dress in pretty clothes, and she thinks it's a lot of fun to tease me by always flipping up her skirts and talking endlessly about lingerie and all types of pretty clothes.

We've never had what you call "conventional" sex together. Instead, she knows how sexually stimulating pretty clothes are for me, and from time to time she masturbates me into my panties. She does demand that I pay proper respect for my girlie clothes and all women in general by maintaining an erection in her presence. To let my erection subside while in the same room with her earns me from two to four cracks of her sorority paddle. Consequently, I'm constantly touching myself through my soft clothes and delicate lingerie to make sure that I remain quite firm.

One day while I was walking through her living room rubbing myself through my dress and panties as usual, I heard a loud gasp. I turned to see a boy staring at me from the doorway. Anna came running in. As it turned out, the boy (whose name was Ethan) had just finished cutting the grass and had come into the house to get paid. Anna was quick to laugh it off, telling the boy that I was practicing for a school play. I bet he wondered what kind of school play would have me playing with myself in girls' clothes!

Currently, the only regular (if you want to call it that) kind of sex we have is she lets me masturbate while I look up her skirts as she sits back in a chair with her skirts up or twirls around doing a dance. When she allows this, she has rules. I'm only permitted to touch myself through my silky lingerie, and after I cum, she makes me take off my sticky panties and lick them clean. She constantly tells me that she is now way too old to be the sex object for a young boy. I assure her that no one can excite me like she does, but she insists that I should get interested in a younger woman who is broad-minded enough to take care of me and my special needs. She has even introduced me to several of her young women friends that she hopes to cultivate along these lines, but nothing has developed in this direction so far.

Ever since our relationship began, she has supplied me with all kinds of exciting articles of feminine clothing. She has taken me shopping hundreds of times over the years. With her, I developed the courage to be seen by her friends and in public prettily dressed as a young girl. She loves our relationship and insists that when we are out, I act like "a perfect lady."

Since that time I have acquired a wardrobe of smart and well-fitting feminine clothing - high heels, girdles, panties, slips and petticoats, nylons, skirts, blouses, hats, coats, jewelry, all kinds of dresses, including a navy blue velvet formal, gloves and a complete array of makeup. I even have three wigs, a long blonde one, a black one done up in a French twist, and a brunette pageboy wig.

I should stress the fact that I have no interest in my own sex and that I want a relationship with a woman that includes "normal" sex. Those females (friends of Anna) who know of my interest in their attire never suggest in any way that there is anything "sissy" about me. They are working to find just the right kind of girl for me now that I have expressed an interest in it.

It is a pity that more people do not understand the longing of some men for female attire. For me, they bring so much relief from the tensions of a busy and demanding world, and frankly, as a man, I envy women for the beautifying opportunities of frills, perfumes, jewelry, gay colors, flattering shoes and soft, flowing materials. At many times in history, men did spend as much time, sometimes more, as women in improving their appearance. Of course, in 1971, men as well as women must abide by the conventions of everyday attire and personally I do this very readily. I take pride in my normal appearance. But of course, my greatest pleasure comes from the caress of a slip or petticoat about my knees and thighs, dainty tap of my heels, constriction of my bra beneath my blouse, pull of the garters on my stocking tops, soft touch of my curls on my neck,

exciting aroma of my perfume and ticklish grip of my lacy panty elastics binding against my legs and hips as I walk down the street.

And now, would a transvestite care to answer my letter? Would ladies who have helped and given advice to TVs care to add to or comment on what I have written?

Sincerely,  
"Jo-Anne"  
(Anna says "hello" too!)

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**Panties, Pinnies & Petties #1**

**Letter #8**

**Mother Wanted a Girl**

Montreal, Quebec  
February 2, 1957

The Editor,  
"Justice Weekly."

Dear Sir:

Almost fifty years ago I was third born into a family of all boys. My mother had so desperately wanted a girl, but I came along. She was jealous of her sister, who had one daughter and three boys. As an infant, I was kept in lovely, long lace dresses. Until I had grown big enough to walk, my hair was curled and I wore short frocks with lots of lacy petticoats underneath.

I looked quite like a little girl, and I believe my mother was as happy as she could be under the circumstances, especially since two of her sons had died shortly after birth. That's probably why I was cuddled a lot. My father didn't oppose her feminizing me. I liked being the "little girl" of the family and playing "Girlie," as we used to call, with Kathleen, my girl cousin, who was my same age. My name is Pat, but it probably should have been "Pet" since I was my mother's pet - and father's too for that matter! I was always called Patricia when I was in dresses, which was at all times, except when I was naughty. At such times, my parents took away my pretty clothes, dressed me in my brothers' castoffs and called me a naughty little boy. After I'd plead with them and promise to be a "good little girl" again, they'd dress me in my frills once again.

You probably find it interesting that the reverse of petticoating a boy is punishment! But it was a very effective punishment on me because I loved my girlie clothes so much and everyone treated me so sweetly when I was in my lingerie and dresses. To be denied by girlie self was pure torture!

When I was five years old, my parents tried to graduate me into more boyish fashions. I was persuaded to wear Little Lord Fauntleroy suits of velvet with lace collars and cuffs and pretty patterned white stockings, but to me, even with a big ribbon sash round my waist like I had on

my dresses, I was not happy. I knew they were trying to turn me into a boy. I didn't even want to be a sissy boy; I wanted to be a girl!

Donald, my eldest brother never played with John, my other brother, or myself. He was six years older than John and eight years older than me. We were just too small for his interest. However, one day, Donald did decide to play with us. He was about thirteen at the time. That means I was about five and John was about seven. Donald started talking to us about men and women loving each other.

We didn't understand what he was trying to explain so he said that he would show us. Moments later all three of us were on his big bed. He started touching my legs and reaching under my skirts. It tickled and I couldn't stop laughing. Then He pulled John's little penis out of his jeans and it was standing straight up in the air. Donald tickled my penis through the peach-colored rhumba panties I was wearing that day, and my penis got hard too. Donald laughed as it pushed out the front of my sissy panties. Playfully, he tried to shove it down between my legs but it just kept springing back up. We all laughed at that. It made me feel all tingly. I was amazed when he pulled his own penis out because it was so big compared to my little ding-a-ling. His was hard too. He had us touch it, both of us at the same time. We laughed some more because it jumped all around in our hands like it was alive.

Then Donald had me sit on his lap. He pushed my skirts and petticoat out of the way. I sat on his hard dick in my ruffled lollipop panties. (I called them that because they had little lollipops decorating the front.) His cock was really hot. I could feel it as he hugged me close and pushed it into the crack of the ruffled butt of my panties. He had John stand in front of us playing with my penis through my panties in front. Donald in turn put his hand on John's naked penis. Together we sat like that playing with each other, breathing heavily and moaning a lot because it felt so funny and strange but real good. Donald readjusted his cock. He slipped it under the leg elastic of my panties and stuck it right between my ass cheeks, pointing straight up. Boy was his dick hot and hard. We kept playing like this until Donald shot a big load of sticky cum in my ass crack. I didn't know what had happened. I thought he had pissed in my panties. I started to cry, but Donald soothed me and told me not to worry. He would take care of everything. John knew what that stuff was. He kept calling it "jism," a word I had never heard before.

Donald soothed my fears by sucking on my tiny penis. He pulled it out of the leg opening of my panties, licked it and rolled it around in his mouth like a piece of candy. My tears changed to light laughter because it tickled as well as felt wonderful. Once I was settled down, Donald took off my panties, washed them out and put me into a new pair. He told me my panties would be just like new as soon as they were dry.

After that, Donald would play similar games with us every so often. However, John and I, having found a new way to have fun, played with each other's penises almost daily. Mother caught us playing our penis game one day. She laughed and said we were growing up to be "big boys."

I told her that I was a "little girl," but she just laughed and said that I was playing "big boy games" and couldn't hide my penis in girls' panties anymore.

Soon afterward, all my girls' clothes were given away to relatives, my hair was cut and I was given regular boys' clothes to wear. I cried and screamed for what seemed like months, but I was finally forced to accept my parents' wishes. To be dressed as a boy to attend school. I went through a long period during which I was terribly confused. Oddly enough, Donald came to my aid. He befriended me because he knew I was going through a terrible period. He'd often get John and me together and the three of us would play those sex games again. He taught me

how to give him a blowjob and I found that I quickly got used to the taste of his jism. Donald knew how much I longed to be a girl, so he bribed me by buying frilly little panties and other girls' clothes for me and help me hide them from Mom. For periods of time, he' let me wear them, sometimes even under my regular clothes to school. Of course, a blowjob and licking his asshole was always part of the bargain.

A Real Girly-Boy,  
Teddie D.

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## **Panties, Pinnies & Petties #1**

### **Letter #9**

## **Happy Transvestite is Not Gay**

Windsor, Ontario  
September 13, 1958

The Editor,  
"Justice Weekly."

Dear Editor:

Transvestism is a subject very dear to my heart as I have practiced it since my youth. I would love to recount some of my experiences, but first I would like to make one thing clear. I am single and live alone, but in all my twenty-eight years I have never once indulged in homosexuality or even considered it. I am simply a devotee of the bizarre and the unusual, and I particularly enjoy the luxurious sensation of silk and satin against my skin. Those of us who appreciate adorning our bodies in beautiful clothes must do so behind locked doors in the privacy of our own homes.

I do not think of myself as a woman or even wish to disguise myself as one. Of course, I love the firm pull of garters on the dark, sheer nylons that encase my legs. I know my feet look far more petite and attractive when I wear the latest in patent leather opera pumps with three-inch needle heels and tapered toes and there is something indescribably wonderful about the feel of satin lingerie against my skin. However, when I dress up, I never wear ladies dresses. Instead I don one of the velvet, lace-trimmed Little Lord Fauntleroy suits, which I have made on my sewing machine. I also wear a blonde or brunette pageboy wig, lipstick and rouge. Fortunately, I am very young looking, do not have a heavy beard and my skin is very fair. When I am all decked out in one of my costumes, I look very much like the portrait of some Renaissance prince!

I have always been passionately fond of jewelry, particularly earrings. Recently I was caught up by the fad that has been sweeping the country and I had my ears pierced. It delighted me no



end to feel the prick of the needle in the soft flesh of my earlobes for it meant that I would soon be able to wear the delightfully attractive and delicate earrings that are only made for pierced ears. The beautician who did my ears told me she has performed this service about twenty males, three of whom were young boys dressed as girls by their respective mothers. I wish my mother would have done that to me!

One young boy's mother said she had his ears pierced because she thought that dainty, little eardrops would improve the appearance of his face. The beautician said he was dressed in a royal blue velvet shorts outfit complete with a heavily frilled blouse and girlish Maryjane shoes. She knew he was wearing pink lace panties too because they peeked out of the leg openings of his very tight little shorts as he was seated in her chair for the piercing. She said that once the boy's ears healed and he was wearing the coral drops, his mother brought him back to show her. The beautician when agreed with the mother that the earrings added a dainty and elegant effect to his rouged and powdered face.

If anyone who reads this is thinking of having pierced ears, I would encourage them to have it done right away. If a professional does it, there is nothing to it. You have to wear little silk threads in your ears for a few days until the tiny punctures begin to heal. Then these are slipped out and replaced with little gold circlets called "sleepers." You can then wear your favorite earrings (mine are tiny gold studs, shaped like stars) without the least bit of pinching or discomfort. You have also put an end to the annoyance of lost earrings. I have invested in several pairs, which I change whenever the mood suits me or whenever I want to match different outfits.

Well, I hope that you and your readers find my experiences of some interest. I am signing my real name and address, but ask you not to publish it, our society being as prudish and unsympathetic as it is.

Sincerely yours,  
"Lover of the bizarre"

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## **Panties, Pinnies & Petties #1**

### **Letter #10 Parents Agree Petticoat Punishment Works**

Las Vegas, Nevada  
December 20, 1958

The Editor,  
"Justice Weekly."

Dear Sir:

Both my wife and I agree that corporal punishment and petticoat discipline have been most

helpful to us in correcting John, our fourteen-year-old son. Since we both work long hours, he hasn't been directed as carefully as he should have been, and he was on the verge of becoming a hoodlum.

At first, we administered the strap in liberal quantities, but he didn't improve. We therefore tried petticoat discipline after reading about it in your newspaper. We found it necessary for my wife to leave her job to keep an eye on him. Now he is both quite well behaved and responding to treatment.

On the fateful Friday night that we started our punishment program, we took John into his older sister's room after supper and made him strip. We then put him in the care of Donna Lee, his older sister and told her to dress him up with "the works." In other words, just as she would dress up to go out on a big date, and that included everything from all the underpinnings, nylons, panties, garter belt and bra, to slip, crinoline, a pretty nylon dress and high-heeled shoes. My wife brought a cute little apron and put it on him and then instructed him to get busy and wash the dishes. All this wasn't accomplished without plenty of tears and numerous good slaps. I even had to use my strap on him a half dozen times, but we finally got him "decked out." All the clothes were his sister's and they fitted quite well, except for a tuck here and there. When he had finished the dishes he was instructed to return to his sister's room so she could prepare him for bed. She really put her heart into it. I gave her the belt and told her to use it when necessary, which she did.

John was made to undress and hang up his new clothes neatly. His sister insisted that he leave on the pointed bra and his yellow satinette panties. Then she made him get into a filmy baby doll top, which was pink and quite lacy. In that costume, she brought him out to the living room to show us the results. We made him stay dressed like that to watch TV. As a joke, I made him sit next to me on the couch. I put my arm around him and treated him as if he were a girl, even putting my hand on his thigh and letting it travel upward to play with the lace on his pretty panties.

He stayed in that attire over Saturday and Sunday and for two weekends afterwards. He started behaving, so we gave him a little leeway. Now he just wears the feminine garments to bed at night.

Just one more thing: The first weekend he was "dressed up," our daughter's girlfriend was over and John was made to play with them the whole afternoon in his sister's clothes. They had great fun, dressing him in different clothes, including a cheerleader's outfit that Donna Lee wore while in grade school. It had a pale blue crew neck sweater with a big "C" on the front and a short, light, fully pleated gold skirt. Instead of the regulation underwear, underneath he wore blushing pink panties with a darling little bluebird appliqué for decoration and a matching camisole. Unfortunately for John, his buddies dropped by while the girls were making him do cheers in the yard. The moment they saw him, they turned and fled. About ten minutes later a note attached to a rock came flying into the yard. John read the note and cried. It was from his onetime friends. They called him a faggot sissy and told him to stay away from all of them.

I suppose a good number of people will be shocked by our methods, but I can assure you that instead of a hoodlum, we now have a mannerly young gentleman at home.

Spanking with a Ping-Pong paddle as well as a good hiding with the strap are still used in our home, but the added humiliation of petticoat discipline is what we feel was most successful. Believe me, John thinks twice before he even considers disobeying either my wife or me. We have spoken to the children's teacher about this and she also agreed, having been trained originally in the old country where such practices are quite common. She recounted for us how

her mother gave away all her outgrown clothing to the family next door for use in petticoating their youngest boy. She said she loved it. She'll never forget showing herself off to the boy whenever she got some new clothes. She'd model her dresses and tease him that he would soon be wearing them. She said she especially like to pull up her skirts when no one was watching and show him her fancy panties. She'd finger her crotch and tell him that his miserable little boy thing would be resting in the crotch of those silky panties very soon!

In fact, she said if it were possible she would do the same things with some of her pupils, but since it is a public school, this sort of thing just isn't allowed.

Sissified and satisfied,  
Mrs. & Mrs. RHL

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