

Panties, Pinnies & Petties

Panty Training, Pinafore Discipline & Petticoat Punishment

Classic Reprint



Adults Only

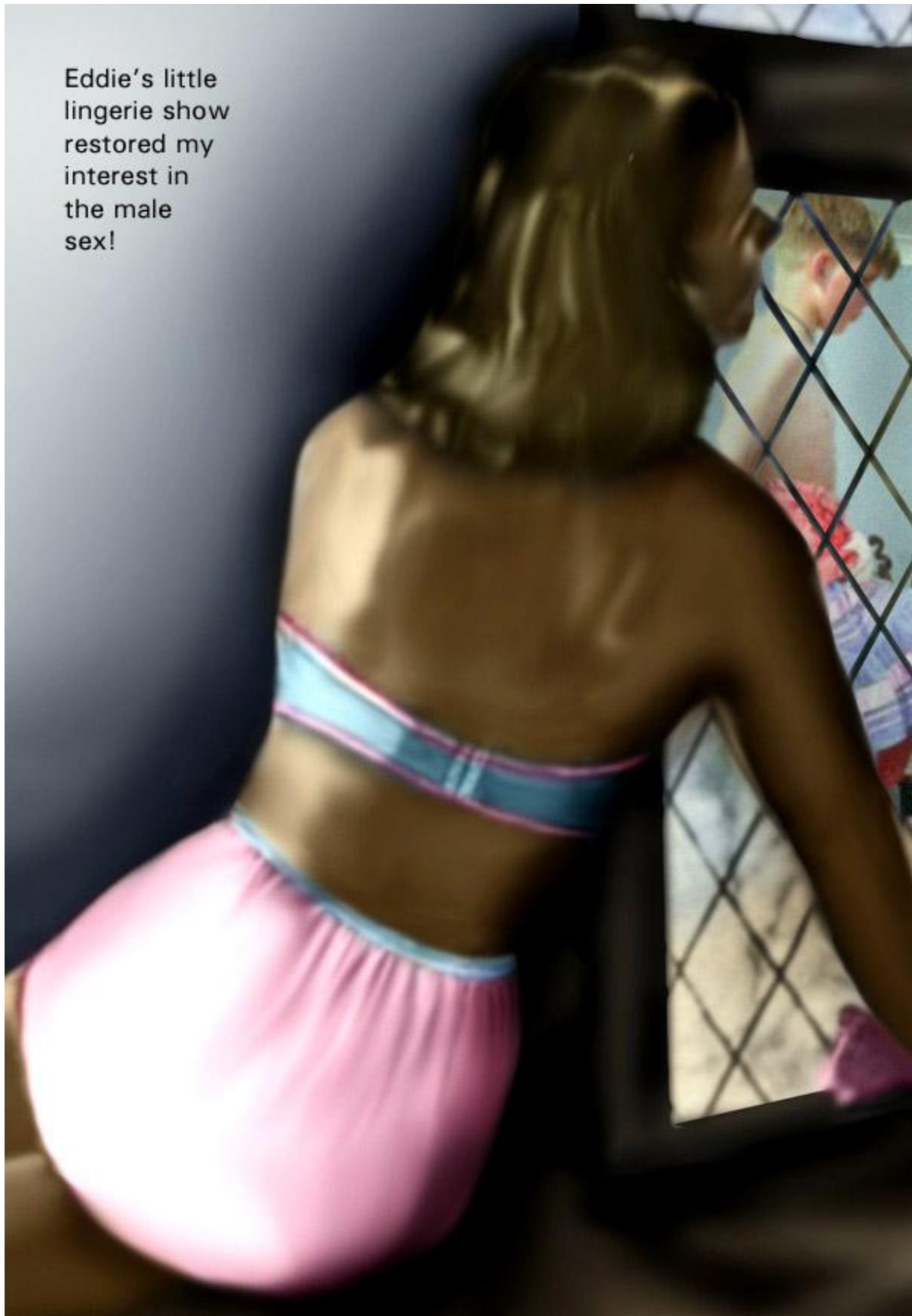
Number 2

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 that featured some of the best letters ever written on these subjects.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

Eddie's little
lingerie show
restored my
interest in
the male
sex!





Panties, Pinnies & Petties #2

#1 Discovering His Love for Lingerie - Part 1

In June of 1959 I was in the doldrums because I had just broken up with Paul, my longtime boyfriend and feared I was headed for a lackluster summer off of school. My mother suggested I get away for a few days and visit my aging Aunt Grace in Pittsburgh. I took mom's advice because I liked my aunty a lot but rarely got to see her.

As the train pulled out of the station, Paul was still on my mind. I had broken up with him because he had no idea how to treat me. His idea of romance was to manhandle me and constantly pressure me into having sex. I wasn't a prude, but it was the 1950s, and good girls didn't mess around with a guy unless they were well on their way to getting married. Yes, it thrilled me to get him all worked up and make his cock hard, but Paul's style of lovemaking left me cold. I wanted a guy who would take his time, talk sweetly to me and tell me how much he loved me. I had an expensive wardrobe that included a lot of sexy lingerie. I wanted to be lovingly petted and watch my guy to go gaga over me and my frilly lingerie.

Looking back, the 1950s were the golden era for a lot of fetish fashions. Every woman and girl wore garter belts and nylons, lavishly decorated panties, frothy cancan slips, full-skirted dresses and spike heels. I loved those clothes and still do! But Paul never noticed what I was wearing. He'd just pant like an animal, rip at my pretty clothes and force himself on me. Many times I told him how I wanted to be treated, but he never heard me; he just tried to force himself on me all over again. That's when I told him it was over. On the overnight train trip to Pittsburgh, I didn't get much sleep, wondering if breaking up with Paul had been the right thing to do. I just stared out the window at the passing lights and tried to think things out. I thought about all the qualities I wanted in a boyfriend, only to realize I didn't know any guys even remotely like that. Without Paul, I was lonely, but I knew all men were not brute animals; I was sure of that. I was determined to find a guy who was understanding and sensitive to my needs.

Upon my arrival, Aunt Grace picked me up at the station. I hadn't seen her since the funeral of her husband over two years earlier, but she looked great even though I knew she was well past sixty. Her home was a well kept up old Victorian in the middle of a block crowded with similar houses. Each had a small front and back lot and a pillared front porch, but in the mountains of Pennsylvania flat land was at a premium, so all the houses were very close to one another with just narrow walkways separating them.

We had an early dinner, and since I was tired from not getting any sleep on the train, I went to bed before nine o'clock. My aunt didn't have air conditioning, and it had been a hot day, so after about an hour of sleep the heat woke me up. I went to open the window, hoping it had cooled off

outside. As I pulled up the shade, I found myself staring directly into the bedroom window of the house next door only a few feet away. The lights were on, and I could see perfectly into that room. It took a little effort, but I finally got my window open. A gentle breeze was blowing, and for a long moment I just stood in my darkened room letting the cool air waft over my body. Due to the heat, I wasn't wearing a nightgown, just my pale pink and blue bra and panties.

Since the light was on in that neighbor's bedroom, I couldn't help but notice a fully dressed girl lying on top of the covers of a double-size brass bed, curled up and wearing a big-skirted, pink satin dress puffed up with many layers of bouffant petticoats. Maybe she had just returned from a party or something because she even had on a pair of white lace gloves. I thought to myself that she had to be baking in the heat because the storm windows were still up on her house, and therefore she couldn't open her window for some fresh air like I had done.

The girl in the neighboring bedroom was lying on her side, and I assumed she was reading before going to bed. I was about to pull the shade back down and go back to bed when I noticed that the girl had her hands under her skirt and full slips, and she was gently rocking back and forth. Her back was turned to me, but I could tell – she was masturbating! I was immediately fascinated and found it impossible not to watch! But the biggest shock came as the girl got up off the bed. I blinked a couple of times to clear my vision because I had a hard time believing that the person didn't appear to be a girl at all but a young boy!

I watched in stunned silence as he calmly undressed, expertly undoing the top of the two-piece satin dress and slipping it down, revealing himself in a well-padded, pointy brassiere, so common in the 1950s. He reached behind himself and unsnapped the bra, took it off, folded it and put it down. Now there was no doubt it was a boy because if it were a girl, she was at an age where she would have had at some breast development or at least an enlargement of her nipples. But it was a boy because he was totally flat in front and without even the slightest bit of nipple enlargement.

I sat on the sill of the bay window and stared boldly from my window into his as he undressed himself while staring into a full-length mirror. He twirled back and forth to make his skirt and voluminous petticoats swish wildly around his hips. It was an expensive cancan petti; its many layers of lace and frills in pale azure nylon were carefully crafted tiers edged with purple ribbon. With his window closed, I couldn't hear, but I was well familiar with the frou-frou noise of swishing big petticoats back and forth, and in my mind, I could hear them loudly whispering their sexy sounds. Standing in just his ornately decorated pale blue petticoat and rucked up pink skirt, he was gorgeous! And with my love of fancy lingerie, I just stood and stared, fully appreciating what he was enjoying.

Once he stashed away the dress and big slip in the back of his closet, he stood before the mirror and admired himself in the white satin garter belt, rich beige nylon stockings, and purple frilled light blue panties that perfectly matched the slip. The panties featured rows of lace and satin ribbon trim down the sides and around the leg openings. The panties, in fact all the clothes, were a little large on him, so I guessed they possibly belonged to his mother or an older sister. His every movement pulled on the nylon and elastics and caused fluttering tension lines to ripple across the stretchy nylon of his panties. His little boy parts were lovingly nestled in the crotch of

heavy nylon satin. His little cocky was hard and sticking straight up. It was a boy for sure! And even though he had been masturbating, I guessed he hadn't cum. He was quite young, so I thought that maybe he wasn't old enough yet to juice himself.

I had no idea being a peeping Tom could be so exciting! This was the strangest sight I had ever seen. Good he had his window closed because even to myself I was chuckling loud enough that he would have heard. He looked so funny, especially with his little penis was pushing upwards into the folds of the slinky silk panties. He couldn't keep his hands off himself as he tickled his hips and fingered his ass through the panties, snapping the elastics and rubbing his hands all over his tummy and bottom, and then teasingly dipping his fingers downward and stroking his hard little nubbin. As he did that, he shuttered.

After a few more minutes of pleasuring himself, I saw the reflection of a set of headlights flash by and heard a car pull into the garage behind his house. He must have been home alone, and he must have heard the car too because all of a sudden, he hurriedly took off the garter belt and nylons and put them away with the brasserie under some sweaters in the bottom drawer of his dresser. Still hurrying, he pulled out a plain pair of cotton pajamas and put them on over his sissy panties. Then he turned off the overhead light, got into bed and switched off the nightstand light.

I left the window of my darkened room open but pulled my shade all the way down before going back to bed. As I lay there, I kept laughing to myself and reliving what I had just seen. Watching that boy go crazy playing with himself in lingerie had made me horny. I teasingly caressed myself through my own pink panties, as I promised myself to find out more about my little lingerie-loving neighbor boy.

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Panties, Pinnies & Petties #2

#2 Discovering His Love for Lingerie - Part 2

After a night of repeatedly waking up, checking the window and going back to sleep, it was after nine by the time I woke up the next morning. Immediately, I thought about the little sissy boy next door. The poor kid probably would have been devastated if he knew someone had been watching him during his lingerie-play time. I carefully peeled back the shade and took a look. The room was empty. The bed was made and no one was in sight.

At breakfast, I discreetly asked Aunt Grace about the neighbors and got her to talk about the family next door. Their name was Flores. The boy's name was Eddie. He was eleven years old and lived with his mother and older sister. His father had died a number of years before. Aunt

Grace said Eddie was a nice kid, but he didn't seem to have many friends and spent most of his time around the house. She said she had hired him to cut the lawn or shovel snow on several occasions, but he wasn't very strong and didn't do a good job of it. I think she was trying to tell me the kid was a sissy, but I was sure she had no idea just how much of a sissy he really was. I was tempted to tell her about what I had seen him doing the night before but decided not to. I wanted to see if I could use my knowledge of his secret in some exciting way. She went on to tell me she wasn't too close to the Flores because she didn't approve of the mother, who she said drank rather heavily.

I kept asking aunt Grace questions. She told me that ever since my uncle had died, she never used the back section of the house, which included the bedroom I was using. It had been locked up for years because she didn't need all that room and it was too much trouble to keep clean and maintain. I guessed that Eddie knew that room was unused and therefore didn't see a need to keep his bedroom window shade pulled down. Also, I'm sure he didn't know my aunt had a visitor who was using that room; otherwise, he surely would have drawn his shade!

Aunt Grace had her windows open in the kitchen, and as we finished up breakfast, I heard men's gruff voices coming from the alleyway between our house and the Flores house next door. I went back to my bedroom and peeked out. Eddie's room was empty and everything was in order. Looking around, I noticed that two big men in coveralls were working taking the storm windows off the Flores house and installing screens for the summer. As I stood there, I saw that the storm window on Eddie's room had been removed, and the regular window was wide open. Obviously, the men would return momentarily with the screen. On a crazy impulse, I raced over to my dresser drawer, took out a pair of my prettiest panties – yellow ones with luscious white lace across the front and wrapped them around the first thing I could find, one of those brown, wedge-shaped rubber doorstops. I looked out to make sure that the men were busy working on another window as I unlatched the screen from my window and pushed it out of the way, and then I threw those wadded up panties into Eddie's window! The panties just made it inside his window, and when they hit the floor, the panties unfurled and the doorstop went rolling.

Quickly, I closed my window and set up guard. With a pair of scissors I cut a slit on the side of the shade to make a flap that I could pull back so I could discreetly look out the window without being noticed. Then I pulled the shade down until it was about two inches from the windowsill. I put a chair in front of the window, sat in it and scooted way down. From that position, I could detect any movement in his room and then get into position for a peek. I held a book in front of me as if I were reading and waited for any sign of movement.

The workmen put in the screen and left. When Aunt Grace came to check on me, I made up the excuse that I wasn't feeling well and just wanted to take it easy and do some reading. She fixed me an ice tea and brought it to me. She almost pulled open the shade, but I stopped her just in time, explaining that I wanted to keep out the bright sunlight.

As soon as she left me alone, I went back to spying on Eddie's room. About twenty minutes later, under the edge of my shade I saw some movement. I jumped up and pressed my eye to the opening I had made. A woman, who I assumed to be Mrs. Flores, was folding clean laundry and placing it in his dresser drawers. Obviously, she hadn't noticed the panties lying on the floor on

the other side of his room. It was a close call. I took a deep breath and resumed my watch.

Just then, I realized that I didn't know what I wanted. I had done the whole thing on a wild impulse. I suppose one part of me wanted Mrs. Flores to find the panties and question her son about them. It would be great if I could see her giving the boy the third degree. But then again, another part of me wanted Eddie to find the panties. I wanted him to be shocked to find them and watch him as he wondered how they could have gotten there. It was all very exciting. I thought up a dozen different scenarios, but of course, I had no idea what was going to happen. One thing was for sure, I was going to see whoever found the panties and watch his or her reaction—and I didn't care if I had to stay in that room all day to see it.

Slouched down and stretched out across the chair with my feet propped up on some cushions, my mind wondered. The sun was shining brightly so, by contrast, Eddie's room was quite dark, and it was a strain on my eyes to keep watch. I almost nodded off a couple of times as I fought to stay awake. Then once again, I noticed movement in the room.

I jumped into position. It was Eddie. He took something out of his dresser drawer before turning and walking toward his closet on the other side of his room. As he walked past the window, he stopped and looked down. He was looking at my panties on the floor. Quickly, he picked them up and looked around. Then looking at them again, he kept blinking his eyes. I could see him trembling. His mouth was open. His face was a mixture of wonderment and terror. He sat down on the bed and just kept looking down at the panties in his hands. Nervously, he moved around. He got up and sat down. He walked back and forth and shook his head. At one point he looked right out his window in my direction. He touched the screen and seemed to be trying to see if it opened up or something. He seemed to be satisfied that the screen was secure. He kept toying with the nylon panties in his hands as he sat back down on the bed. Then, he jumped to his feet, dropped the panties to the floor and kicked them under his bed. Since his window was still open, through the screen, I could hear his mother calling. He was sitting on the bed as his mother came into the room. She wanted to know why he wasn't outside playing since it was such a nice day. Eddie just mumbled that he was trying to find his dominoes.

Once his mother left the room, Eddie seemed to be relieved; but his expression made it evident that he was still confused. He took the panties out from underneath the bed, shook them out and carefully folded them up. He hid them away in the bottom drawer of his dresser where the night before he had stashed his other lingerie.

It was thrilling to secretly witness this crazy situation that I had created! Inside my stomach churned. It was an amazing feeling. I wondered how Eddie was feeling at that very moment. His stomach was probably churning too, and his head was probably spinning too! I reached under my skirt to touch my "satin feel" deluxe nylon panties. They were drenched. Teasing this sweet little sissy boy was exquisitely thrilling. I never had a boyfriend give me sexual thrills like that. I couldn't keep my hands off myself. I took my middle finger and pressed my soft nylon panties into my wet cleft. I ascended to repeated orgasms that spread throughout my entire body. I rolled from one earthshaking frenzied thrill to another. I muffled my screams of sexual delight. Had any woman ever experienced a wild sexual kick like this?

I fell asleep in the chair.

My aunt woke me up when she brought in lunch. I was embarrassed because I still had my hand up my dress, and I could swear that the whole room smelled of my sexual juices, but my aunt said nothing.

I stayed there three more days, but I didn't see anything except little Eddie in his boys' pajamas and going to bed. Almost as quickly as it had started, it was over, and I was back on the train and heading home. I wanted to stay longer, but I had obligations and I had to get back. I had totally forgotten about Paul from the first moment I had spotted little Eddie doing his girly thing! I promised myself a return visit to my aunt as soon as possible, but it wasn't until the following summer that I was able to go back, but by then the Flores family had moved away. But forever after, I have always remembered that cute little boy playing sissy dress up and masturbating in his sister's pretty clothes.

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Panties, Pinnies & Petties #2 **# 3 The Pinafore Club**

Mom belonged to a sewing club for close to fifteen years, and on one of my visits home, she asked if I wanted to come along to their next meeting. I knew that all the women in the club were about her age, so I told her I thought I would feel out of place. She told me a number of the women brought their daughters from time to time and reminded me that I used to go with her when I was a little girl. It would be like old times.

"Besides, something is going on at the club that I know you'd get a kick out of," she said as she tried to peak my interest. She was being mysterious, and despite my begging, she wouldn't tell me what was 'going on' as she had put it. She said I'd have to go along with her to find out, but she guaranteed me that I wouldn't be disappointed.

I remembered those meetings. The women would sit around enjoying drinks and snacks while gossiping and showing off their current sewing projects. It was as much as a girls' night out as a sewing club.

I reminded Mom that my sewing skills were limited to a few basic stitches for putting on buttons or mending a torn seam.

"Oh, that's not important," she said. "I'll tell you what. Since you like all that fancy lingerie you wear, why don't you bring along a few of your slips and panties and sew some more lace and bows on them? I have a box full of lace and ribbons."



I agreed and after dinner, we took our sewing materials and went down the block to the meeting, which on that week was being held at Mrs. Mantey's house.

She answered the bell. Mom introduced me, and she in turn introduced herself and her daughter, Anita, who was right behind her, explaining that everyone simply called her "Nita." The girl was about thirteen because she said she was all excited about starting high school in the fall. Mrs. Mantey explained to me that Nita was wearing her starched white pinafore because, as usual, the children would be serving drinks and snacks.

Within minutes, four other women arrived, and one of them brought her daughter who was about Anita's age and wearing a similar pinafore apron in pink. They went to the kitchen and came back out with wine glasses and a couple a bottles of French chardonnay in an ice bucket. But in addition to the two girls was a boy several years younger than the girls, and he had on a frilly pinafore too! He wasn't wearing any other girls' clothes, just his regular clothes – sweater and slacks – with a pale blue pinafore apron over them!

The women greeted him with hugs and kisses, and since they didn't comment about his apron, I assumed they didn't consider it unusual. When I got a close look at the boy's pinafore, I let out a giggle because it was so girlish, made of thin nylon chiffon and decorated with eyelet lace, ribbons, wide ruffles and a huge bow that tied in back. He didn't seem to mind wearing the pinafore. That is, until he heard my giggle, which caused him and everyone else to stop talking and look in my direction. He was probably used to appearing so attired before these old women and their daughters, but he seemed upset to see me, a strange new young women in their midst.

Quickly, he put down the tray he was holding and tried to leave the room, but his mother grabbed him by the arm.

"Danny, where are you going?"

He only mumbled an answer as he struggled to hide behind her.

"Danny? What's gotten into you? Oh, I bet you're embarrassed about wearing your little pinnie in front of our new guest. Well, no reason to be embarrassed. You look adorable. Now, why don't you let Mrs. Jordan introduce you?"

Danny was still struggling, but his mother held him firmly until he stood still. He plucked at the ruffled hem of his pinafore and kept twisting it back and forth in his fingers.

"Hi, Danny," my mom said. "I want you to meet my daughter Anna. She's on vacation from her job in Philly and staying with me for a few days."

Danny mumbled "hi" without looking up. Once again, he tried to break away, but his mother didn't let go.

"I guess Danny is a little embarrassed about meeting you because he's dressed in his little

apron,” his mother said.

“It’s so cute. Isn’t it, Anna?” my mom said.

As I smiled and nodded in agreement, Danny’s mother continued, “You see, Danny along with the girls always helps serve the refreshments at our meetings.”

“He does a wonderful job of it too,” one of the women interjected.

“Yes, he does,” Mrs. Mantey continued. “Well, a couple months ago, Mildred over there,” she nodded toward one of the women, “was making pinafore aprons for her twin daughters, and someone suggested that she should make pinafores for the all the little girls that sometimes help...”

Another woman finished the sentence, “... and are so sweet to serve the food and drinks so we can concentrated on our sewing. And Danny always helps so we all thought she should make a pinnie for him too.”

“Well, it’s just to protect his clothes,” Mrs. Mantey defended. “But anyway, all she had was this rather girlish pattern ...”

“And we all thought it looked so cute,” Mom giggled. “Well, Mildred made all these lovely pinafore aprons, and Danny agreed to be a good sport and wear one just like the girls.

Danny's mother asked him, "And you really doesn't mind wearing it. Do you, dear?"

The blushing boy didn't answer. He was still twisting the hem of the apron in his hands. As his mother pried the fabric free of his grip and smoothed it out, she continued, “Now, don’t be so embarrassed. It’s just an apron — a pretty one at that, but just an apron. Besides, big men, like chefs, wear aprons too.”

That probably did little to soothe Danny's nerves, but after much cajoling, he settled down even though he seemed to be avoiding me, the stranger in the group. He never looked in my direction and just sat between his mother and sister, blushing and looking cheerless. This little sissy amazed me. I had never seen a boy anything like him. I couldn’t stop talking to Mom about him.

“Now, aren’t you glad you came tonight?” she said. “That boy is my little surprise. I knew you’d love seeing him. You told me once about a boy that was in your class who got caught wearing girls’ clothes. You were so fascinated with that, so I knew you’d love seeing little Danny here.”

“Terry ... Terry Mason, that boy in my class ... that was his name, but he was wearing dresses and lingerie, the works.”

“I have a feeling that little Danny here might not be a stranger to dresses and panties too.”

“Really! God, I’d love to see that! But how do you know? Have you seen the boy dressed like

that?"

"Well, no, but I've seen their clothesline. Regularly it's hung with young girls' dresses, slips, skirts, and even bras and panties – side-by-side in two different sizes? And you can see what a little priss the kid is. I don't doubt it for a minute!"

By then, all the women were bringing out their sewing projects and starting to work on them. I kept asking Mom about the boy as I helped her with her shawl. I held the sections in line while she tacked the edges so she could then sew them together. I wondered if the girls' clothes she had seen on their clothesline he wore willingly or if he was badgered into wearing them by his domineering mother and older sister. From the way both of them treated to him, I could tell they really lorded it over the kid. As I took out my little stack of lingerie to begin sewing on some lace and frills, I looked at my things and then at Mom and laughed.

"Mom, if he's really into girls' things, I bet he'd be very interested in my little frillies."

"That's why I suggested you put lace on your lingerie for your sewing project," Mom said laughing loud enough for others to look in our direction and wonder what was so funny.

"Why you little devil. Are you suggesting I tease the little pantywaist?"

Mom laughed at my choice of words as much as the idea.

"Okay," I said, "I can do that. It sounds like fun!"

After a while, the children went to the kitchen and soon returned with crackers, cheese and little finger sandwiches. We all took a break to have some snacks. The wine began to loosen everyone up and girlish giggles and loud gossiping began at a Mad Hatter's pace. As we enjoyed the tidbits, each woman took a turn showing what she was working on. Little Danny, still dressed in his Alice-in-Wonderland-style apron that looked more like the top to a babydoll nightie than an apron, was sitting by his mother and sister, eating crackers and drinking a Coke.

When it came to my turn, I had lost a little bit of my daring. Not just because I felt woefully inadequate in the talent department compared to these other women who were displaying the beautiful and complicated things they were making, but also because I was a bit embarrassed about boldly showing off my harlot lingerie to these older ladies who probably had very conservative tastes (like my mom) when it came to underwear. And as much as I wanted to tease Danny, a part of me made me feel sorry for him. Teasing him in private would be one thing, but in front of all these women and girls, I hesitated.

I started my little commentary by apologizing for my lack of sewing prowess. And since I was slow to show off my frilly things so publicly, but Mom brushed aside my bashfulness. She stepped in and began holding up my tantalizing bits of lingerie and passing them around for everyone to see. Some of the other women suggested ways to add lace and other kinds of decoration, and one woman said that sewing lace on lingerie was a good way to begin learning about sewing.

I kept peeking at Danny as Mom held up various pieces. Poor Danny was torn between staring and looking away like a love-starved warden's daughter at an all-male prison. He was blushing and breathing heavily. He just sat there in silence playing with his food. I imagined he had a little hard on pushing out his trousers and the stiff folds of his flouncy pinafore, and I convinced myself that he had on a frilly pair of panties under his plain old boys' clothes. The emotions going through me were both strange and thrilling. They were like love feelings but different, something more exciting, something more maddening.

After my little presentation was over, I got to work sewing, but I knew I was doing a lousy job. I had a hard time concentrating on even the most basic stitches since I was constantly peeking over at Danny and watching his reactions to everything. After a long while, my nervousness died down. Danny seemed to relax a bit too. I did get a chance to speak with him a few times during the evening as he passed by me refilling drinks or picking up dirty plates.

At one time, I coaxed him into sitting down next to me, and at that moment, I was sewing some pale blue lace onto a pair of white satin panties. Now emboldened -- with a few glasses of wine in me -- I leaned toward him and dangled the panties before his blinking eyes as I asked him his opinion. He pulled back like a fly escaping a black widow only to find himself stuck in her web. All he could do was whisper his approval. I could tell I was making him uncomfortable so, with a laugh, I whisked the panties away and changed the subject to keep him from getting up and leaving. But eventually I was able to turn our conversation back into a more exciting direction.

"You do such a good job of serving the food."

"Thank you," he said.

"Just between you and me, I think you look very nice in that apron," I said wheedling him.

He started to squirm at the mention of the apron.

"You don't have to be embarrassed about wearing it in front of me. I really like you in it. I bet most boys would like to wear something so nice, but they just won't admit it."

At that moment, his sister ran up to us wearing a full-skirted, sunshine bright, yellow dress puffed out with many layers of frothy petticoats.

"Danny! Lookie me! Mommy's almost finished with my new dress," she cooed as she held out the skirt of the puff of femininity in her fingertips and twirled around on her tiptoes.

The woman next to me said, "Nita looks like a fresh spring blossom in that dress; it's for her first boy-girl dance next week."

Nita walked up to Danny and aggressively pushed her heavily petticoated body right against him, imprisoning him in her sea of thoroughly feminine frilly slips. His face glowed a burning red.

“Isn’t it pretty, Danny? Isn’t it pretty?” she echoed. “Mommy got me some new party panties too. They’re yellow to match the dress! I’ll show you later!”

Dorothy was the woman sitting next to me. She was slurring her words, obviously from the effects of the wine. When Danny didn’t say anything, she answered for him, “Of course, he thinks your dress is pretty, honey, but don’t tease him too much or he’ll be asking your mother to make him one just like it.”

That was enough to send Danny scurrying away. He was so embarrassed that he ran back into the kitchen, and we barely saw him again for the rest of the night!

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Panties, Pinnies & Petties #2

#4 The Picnic

“Mom says I can go with you on a picnic tomorrow, but we have to take Murray.”

On the other end of the phone, Irene shrieked, “But, Anne, who wants a boy along with us? Besides, you know, he’s an awful sissy, the way your mother dresses him. I mean half the time she has him in a kilt. You’re not even Scottish! Most of the time, he doesn’t even look like a boy! And I bet we’re better at climbing trees and playing ball than he is! What’s a boy like him doing hanging around with his little sister? Isn’t it time he starts acting like a boy and not a little pansy?”

I couldn’t blame Irene for ragging on about Murray. He was an awful sissy, not that it was his fault. He was fifteen -- two years older than Irene and I -- but Mother still had him firmly under her thumb. Most boys that age put on manly airs and want to impress people with how macho they are. Well, Murray knew better than to even try to act like that.

I tried to soothe her, “Well, I’m sorry, Irene, but that’s the only way that Mother will let me go. And honest, it won’t be so bad. You know we’ll have lots of fun teasing Murray. He’s such a weakling mama’s boy that we can boss him around and get him to wait on us and do stuff like that. And I really want to see you because Mother said since you’ve been my best friend for so long, it’s time I let you in on a big secret. She gave me permission to tell you when I told her I want to have you for a sleepover. She said I’d have to let you in on our family secret first so you’d understand how things are when you visit here.”

Irene shouted over the phone, “So, Anne, what’s the big secret?”

“I’ll tell you tomorrow at the picnic. You’ll just have to be patient until then.”

The next day at 10 o’clock in the morning, Murray and I got on our bikes and joined Irene as she came cycling up the street. With Murray in his plaid kilt and red knee socks, Irene kept looking at him and grinning. She made a comment about his riding a girls’ bike. I explained that Mother got him a girls’ bike so he could modestly keep his kilt down while bicycling. Casual passersby could easily take him for a girl with his kilt and white blouse. It was a back-buttoning girls’ blouse, but plain in style and without any lace or frills. Mother had also made Murray wear one of her own floppy wide-brimmed hats since he has sensitive skin and needed to be protected from the sun. But without the hat, he was unmistakably a boy with his extremely short hair. Mother is considering having him grow out his hair, wondering if it would be a good idea for when we are out, so he doesn’t draw unneeded attention to himself. She likes it now that people make fun of him, but she says she’d also like to see how things go with him in long hair and fully disguised as a girl.

As we were going along, Murray cycled up ahead until I called out to him to come back and ride behind us. He meekly obeyed. Irene knew Murray had to mind me even though he was older

than I and logically should have been in charge, but when she saw how quickly and sheepishly he obeyed, she looked at me quizzically, and said, "What a pansy! He is altogether too obedient for an older brother!"

Upon our arrival at our favorite picnic spot, I ordered Murray to unload the food and things from the bikes, and as it was already close to lunchtime, we spread the cloth and set everything up.

As Murray busied himself, Irene took me aside. "Your secret has something to do with Murray, doesn't it? I've never seen such an obedient boy. He seems to obey you as if he were afraid not to do so!"

I told her that the secret had to do with Murray and the power I had over him but urged her to just to wait and watch. Then I called out to Murray, "Mary, you forgot to put out the napkins."

Irene looked at me strangely. Murray dropped his head and momentarily froze in position, but then dutifully went back to the picnic basket and got the napkins. I explained to Irene.

"The secret is that Mother is bringing up Murray to be obedient at all times, and she is letting me help. When Murray is at home, Mother and I call him 'Mary' and treat him as if he were a girl. We even make him dress like a girl except when he goes to school. And now that you know the secret, he will have to obey you too. Mother doesn't want him turning into one of those nasty boys we see all too often, so this is how she's preventing that from happening."

"Anne," Murray said tearfully, "Mother said you weren't supposed to call me by that name in front of strangers! And you're not supposed to tell!"

"Well, that's changing, Mary! Since Irene is my best friend, he's not a stranger, and Mother said I could tell her everything! More than that, you have to obey Irene now just like you obey Mother and me."

Murray was quietly sobbing.

Irene looked at me excitedly. "Oh, how perfectly thrilling. Tell me more!"

"I'll tell you more over lunch and show you just how well trained Mary is." Then I turned to Murray and said, "Go into my handlebar basket. You'll find something that belongs to you. Irene is your new little, I mean, big sister (giggle), and you know what to ask her."

He went to the basket, and when he saw what was there, his face went pale, but nevertheless, he knew better than to refuse to do what I had asked him. So he lifted out the bright white garment, but did not unfold it. He hesitantly brought it to Irene, and standing in front of her, said in a choked voice, "Please, Irene, will you be so good as to button on my pinnie?"

With a look of amazement, Irene took the garment and shook the folds out. Her eyes glowed fiendishly as she gazed at the pale blue nylon child's pinafore with a ruffle of lace round the hem. She burst into uncontrolled giggling, as she helped him on with it and turned him around to

button it in back, while saying, "My this is precious! A big teenage boy wearing a little girls' pinafore! Oh, wouldn't the kids at school love to see Murray now!"

I hastily said, "Oh, but Irene, you must keep our secret. You must promise not to tell anyone about this. If word got out, it would be bad for Daddy's business."

"Okay! Yes," she answered, "I shall not tell a soul, but you must admit all the kids would have a great time if they did know! And mentioning you father. What does he think about Murray in a pinafore."

I said, "Father has washed his hands of him. Murray is a stepson to him. Father hasn't liked him from the start, always saying he's too skinny and too stupid and not worthy to be any son of his. He's from Mother's first marriage, so he's a half-brother to me. Father ignores him completely, except when he needs something. Then he treats Murray like the lowliest servant, and he calls him 'Mary-boy' and lets mother can do what she wants with him. Like the pinafore is one of the symbols of Murray's status, just as his changed name to Mary is another. Mother has reduced him in status from a fifteen-year-old boy to a preteen girl, and often for tighter control and good discipline he is treated as if he were even younger."

Murray, now buttoned into his pinnie, was a picture of mortified boyhood. He was blushing furiously and crying, "Oh Sis! How could you be so mean to me? How could you let Irene know!"

I grew quite stern, as I said, "Mary, stop it this instant! You're forgetting yourself. You know you must never question what Mother and I do. We know what is best for you. Now, you must be taught a lesson for your naughtiness, for daring to criticize me, for talking out of turn and for acting like an ill-mannered child. Speak up! What must I do to you?"

"Aw, sis, please don't make me say it!"

"Come, Mary, you are only adding to your punishment. Wait till Mother hears about how you are acting!"

"Please don't tell Mother! I'll obey! Please Sis, let me suck on my dummy to keep me from speaking out of turn, and I should get a good spanking right now for daring to criticize your orders and for acting like a baby, for naughty babies get spanked!"

Irene cooed, "Oh, how lovely! Does Mary really use a dummy? And do you really spank him like a little child?"

"Indeed I do!" I said, "I am allowed to spank him with my bare hand, slipper, hairbrush or a switch; naturally Mother's punishments are much more severe, as she uses a leather strap or the cane. And yes, use of the dummy is very beneficial for Mary. He knows it makes him look childish while making him keep quiet!"

Irene said excitedly, "Well, I never! Fancy a big boy being spanked by his younger sister! And

do you spank his bare bottom?”

I laughed and said, “Too many questions! It will take time to initiate you into all the ways we treat Mary, and there is no hurry. To begin with, Mary will be spanked after we have had our lunch, and you will see then, how I do it, or better still, I may allow you to do it! Mother and I always believe one should not punish him right away, but give him time to anticipate and think about his naughtiness. But there is one thing we can do right away.

“Mary, in the bottom of my handlebar basket you will find your dummy. Bring it here and I will pin it on your pinnie”

With a look of utter distaste, Murray again went to the basket and drew out a child’s pacifier, a huge amber rubber teat attached to a pink plastic ring tied to a pink ribbon. He brought it to me and stood in front of me, so I could pin it to the front of his white pinnie. Then I shoved the dummy against his lips, which he instantly opened. He sucked the big teat into his mouth.

However, with a look of extreme distress, he reached up and took his dummy out and said, “Please, Sis, I’ll wear my pinnie and suck my dummy all you want at home, and even in front of Irene here, but please not out here in public. What if anyone should see me?”

I was getting cross now, and said sternly, “Mary, you bad girl, how dare you take out your dummy without permission, and as you know, when you have to suck your dummy it is a sign that you must not talk at all! You know that this insolence will not be forgotten and will add ten spanks to your punishment. And in regard to your fears, even if any other picnickers come by, all they will see is a babyish big girl wearing her pinnie and sucking her pacifier. Now ask Irene prettily to put your dummy back in your mouth. And be quick about it!”

Murray, tears still coating his cheeks, went to Irene and asked, “Please, Irene, will you be so kind as to put my dummy in my mouth, as I want to suck it!”

Irene took her time teasing him a bit with the dummy as she brought it up to his lips and then pulled it back several times, so each time he had to lean forward and try to suck it in. Finally, she let him have it. “Suck on it, Mary boy! You big sissy!”

“It’s time to eat lunch,” I announced. “Now, Mary, remember to sit cross-legged like a good girl.”

Murray looked at me with a bit of terror on his face. He and I knew sitting that way would make it difficult for him to keep hidden what he wore under his kilt with Irene sitting across from him. Until now, Murray had been very careful about riding his bike and bending down to get things; he had done it all cautiously, but this would be the moment of truth. He’d be lucky if he could keep his lingerie secret for long.

During our meal, as if making idle conversation, I suddenly said, “I’m wearing pale green panties under my slacks!” And I stood up and lifted my top out of the way, unzipped the side of my slacks and pulled them down halfway to show my panties. Then I turned to Irene and added,

“What kind of panties are you wearing today?”

Irene looked somewhat startled. I hadn't known her to be shy about such things, but with Murray there, she hesitated and gave me a strange look. In response, I smiled and gave a slight nod of my head as encouragement. She got the idea, and with a girlish giggle and a flourish, she stood up and raised her short skirt to give us a quick look at her white half-slip, which she quickly raised to expose her panties, shiny silky panties with little red and green flowers printed on them.

I turned to Murray, who had begun to blush, and said, “That leaves only you, Mary. What did Mother dress you in today under your kilt?”

Poor Murray knew he could no longer hide what he was wearing, so with a sort of despairing sigh, he too stood, lifted up his kilt to reveal that he wore a short white satin half-slip and pale pink panties with a lace flower on each hip.

“Gosh,” Irene screamed, “I never would have believed it! Imagine, a boy in a slip and panties! I must say he looks adorable!”

I said, “And guess what? Even when he's in his school clothes, Mother makes him wear panties under them!”

Murray, who, of course, was not sucking his dummy, seeing I had allowed him to spit it out when we started to eat, cried, “Please, Sis!”

Ignoring him, I turned to Irene and said, “At times when you visit us, you'll surely see Mary in some of her truly adorable outfits! Wait till you see the all the lovely lace and beribboned panties and petties and dresses he has in his closet. And wait till you see him prancing about dressed as a little girl. She looks ever so sweet. And prance is the right word. Mother makes him swish around like a true little pansy at home.

“Mary, stick your dummy back in your mouth, get up and walk back and forth to that tree. Show Irene how Mother makes you walk at home!”

Murray pranced his way to the tree and back, holding his wrist out like a faggot and swinging his hips in a way that gave frequent glimpses of his frilly half-slip. Irene loved it!

“I have to admit,” she said, “this is one of the most amazing days of my life. I never dreamed such a sissy of a boy even existed! Anne, you and your mother have created a really sweet boy. He'll never be any good at boy things. All he'll be good for is being a lady's maid or something like that!” she said without even attempting to hold back her humiliating laughter.

Once we finished lunch, I announced it was time for Mary's spanking.

He looked positively terrified and aghast, as he stammered, “Please, Anna, don't spank me out here! Someone could come by and see!”

“Of course, you're going to get spanked, spanked right here, and spanked thoroughly. If anyone should see, they will just think it's three girls fooling about! Now go and break off a couple of switches that we can chose from.”

With blushing cheeks and head bowed, thoroughly downtrodden Murray went on his humiliating errand and soon returned with a couple of green switches.

I told him to hand them to Irene since she was going to do the honors, and when he did, I could not help saying to Irene, “See, how well trained he is. You will notice that he has not brought the thinnest and weakest switches he could find. Oh, no! He knows better than that. He has brought ones which will teach him a lesson if you lay them on hard, Irene!”

Then turning to Murray, I said, “Ask Irene nicely to prepare you for your punishment!”

With his face filled with despair, he humbly went over to her, and in the girlishly lisping, singsongy voice Mother and I make him use at such times, he said, “Irene, wouth you pleath take down my pan-ties and swith me hard forth being a naughty girl-boy.”

Irene was enjoying herself ever so much and was in no hurry. She let Murray stand there in his humiliating position while she said to me. “It's remarkable how well you have him trained. It must be humiliating for him to have to obey you in everything and be punished by you whenever you think he requires it! I have never spanked anyone, although I have been on the receiving end a few times when I was younger! I'm going to enjoy switching this big sissy brother of yours!”

So saying, she seated herself on a log and pulled Murray close. “Hold your kilt and pinnie up so I can get to your panties, you big pantywaist.”

The silent tears flowing from Murray's eyes contrasted with the cold stare from Irene's eyes as she tried to assume the pose of a strict disciplinarian. But her seething expression changed to a devilish grin as Murray hung his head and reached for the hems of his pinnie, kilt and half-slip. As he raised them up far beyond his waistline – as he had been trained to do – Irene laughed aloud at him. She made no effort to stifle her glee, but instead got into the moment and obviously relished what she was about to do.

“Mary boy,” she said taunting him, “you're crying already and I haven't even put the switch to you yet. These panties you are wearing are pretty indeed. Do they belong to Anne or are these your girlie panties?”

“Oh, Irene, these are my pretty panties. I love to wear them because the silky panties on my dingy makes it feel so good.”

“Oh, my gosh!” Irene laughed. “That's more that I expected to hear even from a big sissy like you, Mary-boy.”

“I told you he was well trained,” I said.

“And indeed he is,” Irene continued. “How you ever got him to this stage is amazing. Now let’s get these pretty pink panties down so I can get to our target!”

She slowly inserted her fingers in the waist elastic of his frilly panties and eased them down his thighs, but at the sight of his little, shriveled up penis and robin’s egg-size balls, she squealed! “Oh, my! No wonder you wear panties. My five-year-old cousin has you beat in the boyhood department!”

Murray now cried out loud from the indignity. He squirmed in front of her, and it was obvious that he wanted to cover his naked penis with his hands, but he dared not. I would have severely punished him for that; plus Mother would punish him again upon our return for such unacceptable behavior.

When Irene indicated it was time for him to get over her lap, he seemed anxious to do so, obviously glad to hide his nudity. But before she let him lie across her lap, she whisked up her skirt and had him settle himself across her thighs covered only with her silky white half-slip. He groaned through his tears. The silkiness of her slip surely tantalized his miniature boy parts, but he knew he had to lie quietly and patiently wait for his punishment.

Irene raised the short switch and brought it down with a sharp whack over his buttocks. She could see his bottom was already well colored, both with old scares and fresh marks. Irene’s first strike of the switch left a bright red mark. She held him steady, and in quick succession, hit him three more times.

“Bravo!” I said, “For someone who has never spanked anyone before, you certainly know how to do it!”

Irene paused and asked, “How many is he to get?”

“Oh, I think a half dozen of your sharpest and hardest cracks should teach him his lesson. And then add ten for his earlier impertinence. That should do for the time being!”

Then Irene switched his butt with a will that brought howls and bountiful tears from the suffering boy. His bottom turned nicely crimson, crisscrossed with weals from the green switch. Then it was over.

I told him, “Let this be a lesson to you. You know you are to obey me in everything, and why you aren’t a totally obedient child, I don’t know! You will get up now and say to Irene what you are accustomed to saying to Mother or me, after we have had to spank you for naughtiness! Then Irene can pull up your fancy panties and adjust your clothing. Remember, from now on, you are to obey Irene no matter what she tells you to do, and she now has authority to punish you in the same way as I do. Now get up!”

Poor Murray arose from his humiliating position across Irene’s knees and stood before her with his lace panties still down about his ankles. Then still pouting and squealing, he began his customary speech that he is required to say after every spanking. “Thank you, Irene, forth giving

me my well-deserved switching. I am sorry forth cauthing trouble. I promith to obey you in everything in the future.”

Irene giggled, but I could tell she was enjoying her taste of authority and power over this simpering little pussy boy. She laughed louder when she noticed the rigid state of his penis.

“Oh, my, god! Look at that!” she said to me as she pointed to his little erection.

“He probably got that from rubbing up against your silky slip,” I said. “The little sissy so loves silky slips and panties. Pull his panties up and his dinky dickie will put on a show for you.”

Irene was laughing so hard that she had to fumble repeatedly with his panties as she drew them up his legs from his ankles to his waist. As she stretched the silky fabric over his hips, the pain in his butt plus the ticklish sensation of the silky panties on his penis made him involuntarily twist and squirm.

“May I touch his little dickie?” she asked.

“By all means,” I replied. “You can do whatever you want with him – and he dare not disobey.”

Irene lightly touched his penis protruding upward within the thin panties. She hissed at him and called him a “pansy” and a “sissy” and laughed herself silly.

We heard voices approaching, so she stopped fondling his pantied penis and hurriedly smoothed out his slip, kilt and pinnie. Moments later, two teenage boys passed. They possibly had seen some of what Irene had been doing and recognized Murray as a boy despite his sissy clothes. They whistled and yelled, “What a sissy!” and fell over each other laughing as they continued on their way. They then kept turning back in our direction, pointing at us, laughing and without a doubt cracking jokes about Murray.

Irene and I got quite a thrill out of that, although poor Murray was devastated!

By the time we got home, we were tired, and I arranged with Irene to come by the next evening, as I was baby-sitting my brother, and she would have an opportunity to see how we kept him dressed at home, plus help put him to bed. I promised her she would surely find it very exciting!

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Panties, Pinnies & Petties #2 **#5 Little Panty Thief - Part 1**

Little Panty Thief

While recuperating from a severely sprained ankle, I went



home to stay with my widowed mother for a while. Mom lived in a rental townhouse, one of those in a cluster of townhouses that shared a large backyard area. Once I settled in, she made us some tea and then sat down and brought me up-to-date with local news.

She said a new family had moved into the Thompson's old house about three months earlier. The woman's name was Rita Bobbek, a single mother with a son and a daughter. The back of their house was almost directly across from the back of Mom's house. Another thing she mentioned was that there was a pervert going around stealing panties off people's clotheslines. When I asked how long that had been going on, she said it had started about three months before. I put two and two together and asked her if she thought there was any connection, suggesting that the Bobbek boy might be the culprit. Mother laughed it off, saying he was just a little boy, about ten years old, surely too young to be interested in anything like that. But I knew from my psychology courses at school that even very young boys could get interested in stuff like pretty lingerie. I was going to do some investigating!

Of the Bobbek family, the girl's name was Jill, and the boy's name was Vince. That afternoon, I saw the two of them playing in our common backyard. Both were wearing pedal pushers and Vince's were pink! Plus he had on a sweater and it buttoned on the girls' side. Obviously, he was wearing some of his sister's outgrown clothes. Another indication that I was on the right track!

Noticing all the clotheslines strung up in our yard, I got an idea. I told Mom that my lingerie had gotten all wrinkled up from being packed in my suitcase so I was going to wash them by hand and hang them out to dry. Mom asked if I wanted to hang them in the bathroom, reminding me about the panty thief that was on the loose. I discounted her fears, saying that I'd be on the back porch keeping an eye on them. I wanted to let them dry in the bright sun and be freshen up in the cool fall breeze.

As I had expected, Mom told me I should stay off my bad ankle and offered to help me. So as I sat on a stool and washed them, she took my things outside and hung them up to dry. Once I was finished washing, I told her I wanted to rest for a while in the hammock on her screened-in back porch. The hammock overlooked the clothesline. It was going to be perfect for my plan.

Mom made me some ice tea and then left me alone when I told her I just wanted to relax and catch up on reading my fashion magazines. As she went inside to do housework, she commented that I had some of the prettiest lingerie she had ever seen and laughed that it wasn't anything like the plain undies she used to buy me while I lived at home. She also made a sly little remark about my wearing such fancy stuff for the guys I was dating. In response, I just rolled my eyes at her.

The rear porch of my mother's house is heavily shaded by a wide roof, and with the screens, it is difficult for anyone outside to see in. I wore a wide-brimmed hat and sunglasses since I wasn't really reading the magazine propped up on my lap. Instead, I was looking over the top of the open magazine toward Vince and his sister playing in the yard. I wanted to see if Vince would notice my lingerie on the clothesline, and if he did, how he would react to it.

After waiting about twenty minutes, Vince and his sister began running around and chasing each

other. Well, as he passed my goodies-filled clothesline, he stopped and stared at them for a moment. Then, as if it were an afterthought, he quickly looked around as if he was trying to see if anyone was watching him. He didn't notice me quietly sitting in the shade less than 30 feet away. He chased his sister some more, but kept coming back to take little looks at my lingerie.

His expression was one of awe. His little chest heaved quickly up and down, as he seemed to be breathing heavily, probably both from running and from getting excited at what he was looking at. He kept looking around and shuffling his feet, but he also kept looking at my silken treasure. He looked and looked, looked away, then turned around and looked some more.

Finally, his sister called out and asked him something. That woke him out of his stupor, and he went into their house. His sister looked up at my things on the clothesline. She had a puzzled expression on her face like she was trying to figure out what her brother had been doing. And then she smiled to herself! A few moments later, Vince came back out of the house with a board game. He motioned to his sister and directed her to sit on the ground close to our clothesline. He positioned her so she had her back to my gently fluttering lingerie while he sat so he was facing it. For close to an hour, they played, and all during that time he couldn't keep his eyes off my frilly girlie show. His sister seemed to be winning every game because every few minutes, she'd get up and jump up and down, screaming in apparent triumph. Eventually, their mother called them in for dinner. Poor Vince took his time getting up and going inside.

Mom came out and took her things off the line, but I told her to leave my things up so they could get a good airing out.

I left my lingerie on the line well into the evening. I had made a list of everything that was hanging out there because I wanted to see if anything would get stolen. More than ever, I was sure Vince was the panty bandit.

After dinner, Mom asked me if I had forgotten about my lingerie hanging outside. I pretended to have forgotten all about it.

What I really wanted to do was to leave it hanging up all night long to see if little Vince – or whoever was the panty thief —would be tempted to steal some of my things, but I decided to bring everything in lest Mom think something strange was going on. Of course, Mom volunteered and soon had all my things back in.

I counted every piece. It was all there. While I sat with Mom watching an old Bob Hope movie on TV, I folded my lingerie and put them into neat piles. When I got to a pair of bright yellow panties with a wide panel of white lace on the front and sides, I let out a moan because they had some dirty smudges on them. I was going to say something to Mom, but when I looked closer at the smudges, they were, I was sure, small fingerprints! Vince must have gotten his hands dirty and then touched my panties. I fought to hold back a triumphant screech of joy. I was sure Vince had taken the bait!

But I did wonder if he had touched the panties, why he hadn't taken them. Maybe someone came by and interrupted him in the process. Maybe he thought it was too chancy to steal this close to

home. Maybe he suspected a trap. Then I realized it. Vince was a very small boy and our clothesline was up pretty high. I bet myself that it was just a little too high for him to reach the clothespins, and he couldn't get my panties off the line! That was it. I was sure!

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Panties, Pinnies & Petties #2

#6 Little Panty Thief - Part 2

In bed that night, I fantasized about little Vince stealing and wearing my panties. The dampness between my legs made me realize just how deeply I was getting hooked on this strange kid. I ached for some touching so I started rubbing myself all over through my nightie and panties. It felt wonderful. I had always loved how my pretty, silky lingerie looked and felt but didn't dwell on it. As Mom had guessed, I wore pretty lingerie because I was dating a lot. That was all there was to it. I guess I took my lingerie for granted, but thinking how a guy could get so hooked on lingerie that he'd turn into a pervert stealing panties off clotheslines intrigued me! Wow! That had to be a strong obsession to take chances like that. For some guys, lingerie must really have something special about it to make them do that. I was shocked at myself when I realized I was getting excited just thinking about weird guys and strange little boys who go gaga over girls' lingerie. I didn't understand it, but there was something very thrilling about the whole thing. It was weird, but a really good kind of weird. I laughed and moaned as I played with myself and dreamt about the little panty boy in our neighborhood.

The next day, my ankle was feeling a lot better. I got a small box, some plain wrapping paper and a greeting card. On the card, I wrote:

Dearest Vince,

I know you like my panties and that you touched them, so I am giving them to you. Don't be afraid, your secret is safe with me. I love pretty lingerie too and hope you enjoy wearing these panties as much as I have enjoyed wearing them.

When you put on these pretty yellow panties, think of me. You might figure out who I am, and maybe when you get a few years older, we can meet – if you'll still love pretty panties – and I know you will. Boys, who like panties, like them forever! Someday, I'd like to get to know you better.

*So until then, love,
A Friend.*

I wrapped up the yellow panties (still with the dirty fingerprints on them) and put the card inside the package, which I then put into the largest purse I owned. I was ready for any opportunity. Then the next morning, while Mrs. Bobbek drove Vince and his sister in the car to school, I walked out back. I saw Vince's bike leaning up against their house, so I took my little gift and stuck it between the bike and the house, so when he moved it the package would drop out.

Then at the end of the school day, I took up my position once again on the hammock on the back porch and watching for Vince to come home and find my gift. I had to wait a long time, but he finally did come into the yard and get his bicycle. When he saw my gift, he picked it up, looked at it for a moment, and then took it into their garage, supposedly to open it. He was in that garage for about fifteen minutes, and he only came out when his mother called him to come in for

dinner. He ran into the house and that was the last I ever saw of Vince because I had to leave the next morning and go back home and back to work. From time to time after that, I'd come home and visit my mother and try to see what was happening with Vince. I only got to see him from afar and for a moment here or there, and never had an opportunity to follow up that first time, but I was sure he was the panty bandit. And, what was no surprise to me: Mom said the panty thief never struck again! By the time Vince would have been old enough for me to contact in anything more than a friendly way, the Bobbeks had moved away. Even though that was more than ten years ago, I still frequently think about that little panty boy!

PS A Southern Belle of a Boy

As I mentioned, I knew about sissyboys like Vince from my psychology class. We had a discussion about the use of punishment to change behavior, and one of my classmates, Deanna, told us about how her mother used girls' clothes to modify the behavior of her kid brother. Kurt, as she explained, had been a real pain but was now a good kid since her mother had been using sissy punishment on him.

All of us in class, including our professor, were fascinated with her story, and we had a huge discussion about it. Some of the kids didn't believe it, so she said for the next class she'd bring in a picture of her brother in one of his punishment outfits. Well she did, and it was an amazing sight. This once headstrong thirteen-year-old boy was a model of contrite sissiness in an outlandishly frilly Southern belle costume, complete with a beribboned pinafore, mounds of lacy petticoats and heavily frilled pantaloons extending below his skirts and petties!

Deanna's presentation in our class got others to talk about boys who wore girls' clothes either because they were forced to so or voluntarily did so because they had a fetish for silky girls' things like slips and panties.

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Panties, Pinnies & Petties #2

#7 Aunt Noreen - Part 1

Yes, I know stories about an aunt petticoating a boy are one of the most overused fictional story lines in crossdressing literature, but I really did have an aunt like that.

the day my aunt told me, “Get me my hairbrush from the vanity in my room,” my life took a gigantic U-turn.

I was at her house because her husband was serving a long stretch in the army and my mother, her sister, thought it would be good for me to stay with her on weekends to keep her company and to help her do chores around her house.

That first day, she kept me cleaning, polishing, scrubbing and doing all kinds of odd jobs for her, and that evening, when she at bedtime, she gave me that request to get her hairbrush. When I returned from her bedroom and gave it to her, she stunned me when she said, “I’m going to give you a thorough spanking.”

“But, Auntie, I didn’t do anything wrong. I’ve been a good boy and did all the cleaning and stuff you wanted me to do.”

My mom spanked me frequently, so I was no stranger to spankings, but Mom only hit me when I did something wrong.

“I believe children should be spanked every night before bed. It assures their proper behavior the following day.”

With that, she lowered my shorts and underwear and had me step out of them. She pulled off my flannel shirt and left me buck -naked before her. I was shivering because I was both cold and fearing the upcoming spanking. She picked up something pink and lacy on the table next to her and had me step into it as she held it open at her feet. It was a pink satin half-slip with a wide band of white lace around the bottom. She pulled it up above my waist, all the way up to my armpits and let the waist elastic go with a loud snap against my thin little chest.

“There, now, we got you ready,” she said as she pulled me over her lap and then slid the lacy bottom edge of the slip up to bare my behind.

She banged away on me with the wooden hairbrush, holding me firmly as I squirmed and jerked and cried uncontrollably. I had never received a spanking that severe. When she decided I had enough, she stood me up and led me to the corner.

“Keep your nose in the corner now, and hold up your pretty slip so I can see your rosy cheeks.



Stop your slobbering and get that slip up – or do you want some more of my hairbrush?”

It took a long time for my sobbing to subside. Finally, she had me kiss the hairbrush good night and sent me off to bed, telling me to leave the slip on since it would be my regular sleeping outfit instead of pajamas. I lay on my stomach and cried myself to sleep with the silkiness of the slip and scratchiness of the lace tormenting my tender bottom.

In the morning, I awoke as I heard Aunt Noreen running water for my bath. She pulled me out of bed, took the half-slip off me and led me to the bathtub. I told her I was eight and old enough to bathe myself, but she just gave me a stern look, picked me up and deposited me into the tub of perfumed water. She cleaned me thoroughly, including pulling back my foreskin and using her mouth to clean my exposed penis head. That made me squirm with a new kind of terror!

I was thankful that she was gentle when it came to washing and drying my still aching butt. I felt really stupid when she took a big puff and dusted me off with a sweet-smelling pink powder. Completely naked, I was led back to the spare bedroom where I was staying. She opened the door to the closet, and I saw a big cardboard box with a handwritten sign on it “Johnny’s Girlie Clothes”!

“Your mother tells me you’ve been getting a little snotty lately. She also said she caught you touching her silky nightgowns and slips and panties. Well, I told her I knew how to cure a little sissy boy like you. So while you’re here each weekend, these will be your clothes. Girls’ clothes plus a lot of good spankings will make you into a contrite little boy,” Auntie said as she pulled frilly slips and panties and garter belts and other fancy things from that box. She picked up a pink half-slip like I had worn the night before, and held it open for me to put on. I panicked. I stood there without moving.

“Well, do you want to get dressed? Or do you want to go to my bedroom and get me my hairbrush? Come on, now, get into your nice little petticoat.”

Totally defeated, I gingerly stepped into the pink half-slip as tears filled my eyes. Once again, she pulled it up until it was high on my chest. She pulled a plain blue knit shirt over my head that hung down almost like a simple dress, but it was only waist length, so the lacy hem of the slip stuck way out all around the bottom. She stuck a long blonde wig on my head and told me I was ready for my panties. She handed me a pair of peach-pink panties with cream lace and told me to put them on.

“When a boy is being pantied for the first time, it’s important for him to put the panties on himself. So don’t dawdle. These are really nice panties. In fact, I got you a drawer full of them! Now get them on. We have a lot of work to do today. And if you don’t get those panties on now, I’ll smack your butt harder than I did last night, and you’ll still have to wear the panties.”

I slowly put one foot and then the other into the panty leg holes but briskly pulled them up my legs when she threatened me with the hairbrush and told me to “hurry it up!”

As I settled the strange feeling panties around my hips under the half-slip, she said, “I don’t have

proper shoes for you this time, but I'll get some before next weekend.”

I stared at the floor, dumbfounded at the things she was saying and the way she had dressed me. I had never been so humbled before. She pulled me along to the kitchen, gave me some cereal and juice and then announced that it was time to get cleaning around the house once again. She was going to be entertaining friends that week so there was a lot of work to be done.

But that day, with me in girls' clothes, was much easier and nicer than the day before. Auntie was cheerful and the work was not that difficult. We sang songs along with the radio and took frequent breaks and even played a game of Old Maid while dinner was cooking.

At bedtime, she told me to come to her for my nightly spanking. As I approached her, tears were running down my cheeks. She had been referring to me as a girl all day that day, and now as she took me over her lap and pulled up the slip and shirt, she left my pink panties in place. And even though she treated me like a girl, she still called me by my name instead of calling me by a girls' name.

“Johnny, little girls get to keep their panties up for their spankings. They have to be modest and preserve their dignity,” she said and then spanked me over the panties. But she only spanked me with her hand not the hairbrush, explaining, “Girls' bottoms are soft and tender, and girls don't do really bad things like boys do.”

When she was finished, instead of making me stand in the corner, she rubbed her hand gently over my stinging panty-covered butt until my sobbing stopped. Then she set me on the couch next to her, kissed me warmly and stuck her tongue into my little mouth as we kissed. I tried to push her away, but I was no match for her strength and her probing tongue. And as she kissed me, she rubbed my penis through the panties. I groaned and moaned through the open-mouth kiss.

In bed that night I couldn't understand the abrupt change in my auntie. Having me dress like a girl seemed to make all the difference. I was confused.

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Panties, Pinnies & Petties #2

#8 Aunt Noreen - Part 2

The following weekend she had more girls' clothes for me, including a pinafore, which she had me wear at all times. It was old-fashioned, made of a thin white fabric with big ruffles around the hem and the arm openings. It tied in back. The starched fabric made for a big wide bow. And that weekend we did less cleaning. Instead she gave me all kinds of lessons in how to act like a girl: How to sit, stand and walk properly. How to curtsy, take care of my clothes and serve her food at meal times.

"It's a privilege to be a little girl. And anytime you are not good, I'll take away your pretty clothes and turn you into a naughty boy again," she reminded me frequently. And when that happened, she was firm and demanding, and the spankings with her hairbrush were pure torture, and the spankings were followed by corner time. And she didn't give me any hugs, kisses or loving touches.

Yet, as her little girl, I didn't have to do a lot of work, and that work was never exhausting like the hard work I had to do as a boy. As a little girl, she often took me to the park or the movies or for ice cream. Going outside in a dress scared me to no end, but no one ever guessed that I was a boy. The spankings were light and the intimate times afterwards were absolute heaven. Her kisses were warm and sexy. Her hands would sneak under my dress and slips and touch me lovingly through my panties. I truly loved her, and if pleasing her meant being her little girl, I was willing to do it. Each weekend I visited, immediately upon arrival, I'd ask her if I could wear my pretty frocks and panties. When she'd smile and nod her head approvingly, I was ecstatic. But when she denied me permission to dress up, I became sullen and withdrawn, knowing I faced a rough day, hard spankings and worst of all – no kissing and cuddling. At such times, I'd beg, "Oh, Auntie, please let me be your a little girl. I love my dresses and panties and being a sissy girl for you." But my pleading would never make her change her mind. I didn't really like to wear girls' clothes, but I did like how nice Auntie was to me when she let me dress up. It was embarrassing to wear silky slips and panties and dresses. And the little shoes with heels on them made me feel foolish and hurt my feet. Going out in public was most embarrassing, but I got used to it. Auntie's love was worth it.

Throughout this time, Auntie's husband would come home from the army on leave from time to time, and during those times, I didn't visit her, and that made me miserable!

But as I matured, Auntie Noreen started touching me more and more in my panties. After a spanking and with me stretched over her lap, she'd reach underneath me and stroke my penis, or she'd sit me beside her and masturbate me into my panties until I soaked them with my semen. She was hooking me on lingerie, and to bolster her effect on me, she started going around the house in just her bra and panties, which were always matching. Often she wore a garter belt and nylons too, and sometimes a lovely slip or negligee, which was always thin enough to be see-through. With me in dresses, full slips and a pinafore – my standard attire – I always felt over dressed around her in her semi-naked condition. But she knew what she was doing. She knew I

was taking a sexual interest in her body and her clothes. She got me to help her dress and undress. She'd even let me see her completely nude whenever she had me assist her in her bath.

During those years, my mother had no idea what was going on between Auntie and me. A few times at home, Mother would catch me doing something rather feminine like swinging my hips or lisping (things Auntie made me do all the time). I'd usually catch myself and then tried to turn it into a joke like I was doing it on purpose to be funny. Mom would raise her eyebrows and look at me questioningly but seemed to discount it with a little laugh and a shake of her head.

Eventually, my uncle retired from the army and he and my aunt moved to Florida. It was the end of our auntie-sissy boy sessions, and after that I only got to see her when my mom and I visited them once or twice a year.

On those occasions, whenever my aunt and I were able to steal a private moment together, she'd tease me about our fun times in the past and ask me if I still liked to dress up. I'd be on the verge of tears, telling her how much I missed her and how thoroughly hooked I was on lingerie and little girls' clothes like fancy slips and starched pinafores. That seemed to make her very happy. She'd ask me if I was wearing panties at that moment under my clothes, and I usually told her 'yes' because I was. She'd ask me what color they were, and I'd tell her. A couple of times, if no one was close by, I'd show her, and she'd touch me in the panties – feeling her sexy touch on my panties and penis, which I longed for so much, made me dizzy with excitement.

Every Christmas, Auntie Noreen would include some panties in her gifts to my mother. They were always in my size and of a little girl style. Mom would complain that they were in the wrong size or in a style she wouldn't be caught dead wearing, but she thought it was inappropriate to do anything more than to hint as much to her sister. So Auntie kept on sending them each year because she knew I'd steal them from my mother's drawer and wear them even if Mom didn't. A lot of times, Mom would put them in the ongoing stack of things we would collect for charity. Usually, I found them and took them before they got shipped off to the Salvation Army or to our church when they had a clothing drive.

Of course, there were many, many close calls, but my mother never caught me wearing panties or other girls' clothes. Mom always told me my room was my private domain. She respected my privacy and never entered my room without knocking or asking my permission. And Auntie had schooled me well in how to keep that part of my life secret from my mother. Auntie constantly threatened that if Mom found out, it would be the end of our dress up sessions.

The end of Panties, Pinnies & Petties #2

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