

Petticoat Punishment Quarterly



Adults Only

No. 5

Real old-fashioned petticoat punishment stories about both the famous and not-so-famous for the fantasy entertainment of adults who love to read about naughty little boys who are forced to wear girls' clothing to tame their boyish spirits.

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N



Petticoated
by My
Babysitter

When I was 12 I thought I was too old for a babysitter, but my mother had a girl of 19 come in nonetheless. The girl had been shopping and arrived carrying a big bag. From the start, I was rude, and when I called her a f---ing bitch, she surprised me by pulling down my shorts and spanking me. I got off her lap and was so angry I picked up her bag and threw it down and in the process knocked over a glass of soda pop. Inside the bag had been a complete new Easter outfit for her kid sister and now it was stained with the pop. She was so mad at me she overpowered me and made me strip naked and put on the panties, slip and lemon chiffon dress. She even had a new pair of dress shoes and ankle socks. She frightened me because she said she was going to make me stay dressed that way until my mother came home. Late in the day she found me trying to take off the dress and gave me the worst spanking of my life with the dress up and panties down. Soon after mom came home and found me crying and sissified. It took almost a year of me doing extra chores to pay for that outfit that forever after was kept in my closet along with the shoes. The panties, slip, and socks were put in my drawer, and I had to look at those clothes every time I got dressed. On Halloween mother wanted to use it as my costume, but fortunately for me I had grown too much and I couldn't fit into it. Never again did I have to wear girls' clothes, but the damage had been done! ♦

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Petticoating Backfired!

Following a recommendation from a friend, I forced my son to put on a dress, petticoat and panties to humiliate him into staying out of trouble, but now, he purposely does things he knows will irritate me and then comes parading out of his bedroom and salutes to me reporting for duty in his dress and full lingerie and swishing around like a faggot. He beginning to alarms me, especially the way his dresses poke out in front!
What can I do now?

W. C. Kansas
01798-M ♦

Controlled by Petticoats

I have a friend whose stepson has for some years now, been brought up under petticoat punishment, and it has proved wonderfully successful. He was fourteen when she first put him back into petticoats. I well remember visiting seeing him for the first time humbled and scarlet with embarrassment in a lovely girls' plaid school uniform with the frilly lace of his petticoat peeping prettily beneath. To complete the outfit, he was wearing knee-length white socks and penny loafers, and the whole effect was so delightfully childish it was difficult to believe that, in spite of his short hair, he was actually a fourteen-year-old boy.

His mama was so tired of his naughty ways had put him back into petticoats to remind him he was not a young man but still a mere child. To his shame, she made him lift up his frock and petticoats to show me the deliciously childish little frilly-legged white panties he was wearing, and he was then ordered to stand before me and 'give Auntie a nice big kiss,' and he cried as he stood with his hands behind his back, his skirts up high and his sulkily-pursed lips to be kissed – a picture of squirming humiliation I will never forget.



Since he was still attending school, of course, his girlish discipline could only be carried out during the evenings and at weekends. For going outdoors, she very wisely dressed him in a girls' plain blouse and a girls' kilt to wear instead of his frock with petticoats and panties underneath; their lacy frills visible under his kilt if he doesn't always sit, stand and walk properly without slouching and being his usual clumsy self. On Saturday mornings she would take him shopping, much to his misery as he was subjected to the stares and scornful comments of passersby. To keep his lacy lingerie from showing, he walked stiffly and had to constantly keep his hands down to keep his kilt (actually a girls' pleated plaid skirt made of a thin summer fabric) from flying up with the slightest breeze.

He was always begging most pitifully not to be humiliated as they went from store to store, but she gave his protests no heed, and it was a chance encounter with a delightfully modern and aggressive girl who waited on us at teen girls' clothing store who was so enthralled with the boy that the mother invited over for tea, and soon after the two were dating and are now married and his new wife now lives in his house with his mama! His wife was able to secure a job for him working at home calculating doing inventory and distribution records for the chain of stores where she works. So now, he's almost never out of skirts and panties and remains constantly under mama's stern and watchful eye when his wife is working at the office or having fun going out with her many friends who so envy the sissy husband she has at home!

#01420-M ♦

Pantied Forever

I was born after the war in the late 1940's and unfortunately was brought up by a very strict mother and four equally domineering elder sisters. My father died just after I was born, and I grew up thinking I was the odd one, being the only boy and the youngest.

It seemed like I was punished for everything, even for doing the most normal boy things like running around the house or getting the slightest bit dirty. My punishments usually involved a thrashing over my mother's knee, often with my head placed between her legs so I wouldn't move, and that left me with my head half under her dress and staring directly into the crotch of her lacy nylon panties, so you can understand how thoroughly I got programmed to the sight and aroma of my mother's panties – even the touch of them because my hands usually ended up under her dress too holding onto her hips through the silkiness of her panties while I got a sound hiding.

Looking back, I'm sure this was done deliberately, my mother's way of forcing her femaleness on me, and resulted in my being a panty trained to the point of obsession. My oldest sister is eight years older than I am, and when she was thirteen and I was five, mother let her thrash or paddle me too. Soon after, all my sisters were given the privilege of spanking me, and they all did it exactly like mother did with my head under their skirts, staring at their panties, but with my sisters, since they were much smaller than mother, my face usually ended up being pressed right against their silk panty-covered pussies. Is it any wonder I became addicted to panties?

Then one day when I was twelve and walking past my eldest sister Kate's bedroom (where I was never allowed to wander), I unexpectedly saw her undressing. She accused me of being a pervert and staring her panties. She wore panties like my other sisters, very frilly and lacy, usually in a pastel color and on this occasion pale purple, instead of the plain white variety I eventually learned most women and girls wear.

This incident was purely accidental but immediately reported to my mother and other sisters as something I had done on purpose, and mother said she was going to punish me in a way I "would not soon forget" – she should have said that I would never forget!"

I had no idea what mother meant when she said she was going to 'panty me,' and a dizzying instant, she undressed me to the bare and forced me to gather up all my boys' underwear from my drawer and toss them into the incinerator. Almost instantly they were replaced with a collection of my sisters' outgrown ruffled panties from the attic. And now that I think back, it had happened all so quickly, mother must have had it all planned out and just waited for the opportunity, and my sister undressing with her bedroom door left open quite possibly was a setup to effect this punishment.

Then as they all laughed, mother handed me a pair of the slinky nylon panties and made me put them on — my first pair of panties, pink panties with little red hearts on them and a bow on each hip, and I had to stay in them and wear them for underwear each day.

But unknown to them, I refused to wear them to school. On the way to school each day, I'd duck off in the bushes, take them off, stash them in my book bag and then proceed on naked under my school uniform trousers, which was a bit uncomfortable but infinitely better than the humiliation of having to wear girls' panties to school.

However, this lasted only a matter of days before one of my sisters demanded a 'panty inspection' upon my return from school. She pretended it was a game for our mother's amusement, and at her signal, all four of my sisters pulled up

The humiliation of wearing five pairs of dirty panties, including four pairs of my sisters' panties topped off with my mother's big frilly bloomer panties!



their skirts and displayed their panties, and then they forced me to drop my trousers and exhibit my panties. When they found me panty-less, mother was highly dismayed and demanded I be punished. She directed each girl to get a pair of her dirty panties out of the wash bin, and they soon returned cheering and laughing with soiled panties held aloft as they danced across the room and stood before me. They took off my trousers, made me lie on the floor and danced over me, holding their dirty panties out towards me and twirling their skirts and demanding I look up and watch their panty show. Then, one-by-one, starting with my next oldest, each sister put her dirty panties on me until I was clothed in each pair from the smallest (but still roomy for me) to the largest. Then mother stood up, removed her big bloomer panties and the girls put them on me too!

Not only was I forced to wear the five pairs of panties, but they took turns sitting on my chest, forcing me to look up their skirts at their panties exposed between their legs, and as each girl sat on me, my other three sisters took turns pinching the elastics in the five pairs of panties I had on. I endured this experience because if I didn't let them have their way with me, they assured me they would expose me to my friends as a panty-wearing pervert sissy boy. And once they had me on the ground, pantied and being queened by them, mother recorded the moment to more firmly enslave me to them by taking pictures of me in my helpless, pantied and pitiful state.

From then onward, they forced me to wear panties at all times including to school. They checked me going to and from school almost every day, but since I attended an all boys' private school, they had no way of checking on me until halfway through the semester when my mother befriended a teacher at my school. I wasn't in any of her classes, and I only found out about it when she pulled me off the playground one day and conducted a panty inspection of me in a secluded corner of the teacher's lounge. Almost daily, I had been in the practice of ditching the panties I had on once I got to school and would put them on again at the end of the day before returning home, but luckily for me, I did have my panties on that day simply because I had been a little late to school had not yet had the opportunity to rid myself of them before morning recess. Forever after, I had no choice but to wear panties every day while at school, plus I now had to put up with the knowing stares and giggles of that teacher whenever I crossed paths with her as well as suffer through her impromptu panty inspections accompanied with her cutting comments (like calling me a sissy and a pantywaist) and her inappropriate fondling of me through my silken panties.

I remember all the events of those days, both at home and in school with a great degree of shame and humiliation; I was always dead scared the other boys and teachers would find out, but somehow I managed to keep my sissy secret for a long time.

My sisters continued to dominate me and would take any opportunity to tease and bully me, usually with me ending up flat on my back with my sisters taking turns sitting on me and then sliding forward my chest until my mouth was jammed up against their panties.

Being brought up that way, left me a sissy and a panty fetishist for sure. When I finally left home for college, I was glad it was only 150 miles away because by then I had been so thoroughly trained that I longed to trek home every weekend and subject myself to being dominated by my mother and sisters.

#01420-M ♦

Stepmother Pantied Me

It happened when I was ten years old. I was fussing with my two stepsisters for the umpteenth time. They were eleven and six and not easy to get along with, always picking on me, and always sticking together against me. Whenever we played a game, one of them always won because they worked together to make me lose and then laugh at me and tease me about it. Anyway, on this one particular day, they were doing it again, working together as we played Monopoly and running me out of the game and laughing about how badly I played. I got mad and told them I knew what they were doing and I wasn't going to play with them anymore because they cheated. As I was ranting and raving, I looked behind me and saw my stepmom standing there.

"Honestly Bobby, you're such a little whiner," she said.

Her daughters giggled.

With a red face I said, "At least I'm not a cheater, like they are!"

My stepmother's face got red. "You mustn't call my girls names, Bobby, because you lost a game!"

Karen, the eleven year old said, "He whines and calls us cheaters all the time, mommy."

Stacy, her little sister added, "And he pushes me sometimes."

I got redder and said, "Yeah, when you won't let me get by, you make me have to push you!"

My stepmom shouted out over our bickering, "All right! That's enough!" And then she looked at her daughters and

said, "You girls go to the living room."

As soon as they headed out of their bedroom where we had been playing, to my surprise, my stepmother took hold of my arm and said, "I've had enough from you, Bobby. I know just how to make you play nice like my little girls." And in one quick motion, she pulled me over to the bed, sat down on it, and then yanked my pants down, turned me over her lap and gave me my very first spanking!

It really hurt as she hand smacked my bare bottom repeatedly. I kicked my feet and squealed. Tears of pain and shame ran down my cheeks as my spanking continued, and I began to beg. "O-O-OW-W! P-P-PLEASE STOP! P-P-PL-L-LE-E-EASE!"

Between spans came a litany of questions: "Bobby, will you be good?

"Will you play nice like my sweet little girls?"

"Will you stop whining like a sissy?"

"Will you stop tormenting my girls?"

With each question I got another hard smack on my sore red bottom and I squealed and cried out, "Yes MOMMY!" Then she said, "Well, since you're a sissy, I guess I'll have to treat you like a sissy!"

Without any thought, I said, "Yes, mommy!" to that statement too because I was so shocked and hurting with being spanked that I would have said, 'Yes, MOMMY!' to anything she said. When she stopped spanking me, she lifted me off her lap and stood me before her with my pants and underpants pushed down around my knees.

"I'm going to make sure you don't act up anymore, Bobby." She said as she went over to the girls' dresser. As I reached to pull up my pants and underpants, she shouted, "Stop! Don't pull up your pants, just stand there!"

I reddened, let go of my pants and put my hands in front to cover my little privates.

She smiled with a little sneer and turned back to the dresser saying. "I know just how to make whiney little boys learn to play nice." And after opening a drawer and taking something out, she turned around, and I saw them in her hands: Pink nylon panties with white lace around the legs and hot pink ribbon bows on the front.

I tried to run, but with my pants around my knees, I started to fall. She grabbed my arm and dragged me over to the bed and pushed me back onto it.

I sensed what she was going to do, and I cried out, "PLEASE

NO-O-O-O!"

But she had me on the bed and finished depantsing me, and then she forced my feet through the panties' lacy leg openings. Instantly, I went into shock: I was wearing them, pink lace-trimmed nylon panties!

She picked me up, sat me on her lap and asked, "Do you want me to let you put your pants back on so your sisters won't see you're a pantywaist, Bobby?"

Gagging on my tears, I had lost my voice, and with tears running down my face, all I could do was nod my head 'yes.'

She chuckled and as she called me a "pantywaist sissy," pulled out the elastic waistband and let it go with a harsh snap. She helped me put my trousers back on over the panties. "Now, you play nice, Bobby, or I'll take your trousers down, let them see you wearing girls' nylon panties and let them watch as I spank you on your new panties." She zipped up and fastened my pants and then led me out of my stepsisters' room with tears in my eyes and my eleven-year-old stepsister's lace-trimmed, pink nylon panties tickling and torturing my sore, red butt.

I ran to my room, fell facedown on my bed and sobbed. I was ten years old and wearing girls' panties with sissy bows on them! I was so-o-o humiliated and ashamed about being put into panties. I lay there crying until a while later when I heard my bedroom door open. I turned to see my stepsisters standing there.

Karen said, "Mommy said you're now ready to play nice with us, Bobby. She said you're going to play whatever we want and do whatever we want to do, so we decided we want to play dollies with you."

I guessed my stepmom hadn't told them I was wearing Karen's panties, because if she had, they surely would have been laughing at me and teasing me. I felt my stomach knot up and my face burning and turning red. I felt the panties beneath my trousers and hoped no one could see them. Just the same, I knew they were there, and that made me feel weak and crushed.

When I didn't move off the bed, Karen said, "Shall I call mommy! Or are you going to come and play dollies like a good little girl?"

I felt sick, but I knew if she called my stepmom, I would get another spanking and the girls would find out my secret, find out I was wearing pink panties. I lowered my head and said, "I'll play nice, but I'm not a girl. Don't call me a girl!"

Both my stepsisters just giggled. I felt ashamed and humbled as they pulled me back to their room. I played dollies with them the rest of that afternoon, and I obeyed them, even six-



year-old Stacy kept calling me a girl. When Karen started calling me 'Roberta,' Stacy couldn't stop laughing over that, and she started calling me that name too. To keep the peace, I would answer them when they called me that, but I just tried to ignore it.

My stepmother came in and checked on us. The girls told her I was being good. Then little Stacy just had to show off her newfound power and piped up, "He even minds me, mommy. And we call him 'Roberta,' now!" Then she looked at me and said, "Bring me my tiny Tammy dolly, Roberta."

I blushed, got up off the floor and brought her the dolly. She took it, and they all giggled.

"Good, Robert!" my stepmother said with a laugh. She hugged me, and I felt humiliated and froze in shock as she took her slender fingers with their bright red nail polish and slid them down the back of my trousers, snapped my pink panty waist elastic and said, "Bobby is going to be good from now on, just like a little girl; aren't you, Bobby?"

I felt my face redden even more and said softly, "Yes, mommy."

As the girls' giggles sent shivers over my whole body, my stepmom repeatedly strummed the elastic panty waist elastic on my panties like the strings on a guitar. I feared any moment she was going to pull them up and out of my trousers and show the girls I was wearing pink panties just like they wore, but she didn't. But the horror of almost being exposed, I now think, was worse than if she had actually pulled out the panties and showed the girls.

That was the first time. I should have told my dad what she was doing to me, but I didn't.

That night as I got ready for bed, I just took off my sister's panties and put them in the dirty clothes hamper, passing up the opportunity to complain to my dad and show him the evidence. Looking back, I feared what he would say and do. I wasn't sure if he would laugh at me, get mad at me and call me a sissy too, or if he would back up my stepmother and tell me to do whatever she wanted and maybe even give me another spanking. I was certain any reaction he would have would not be good.

After that day, my stepsisters became bossier towards me than ever, and I did not argue with them. I didn't want a repeat of the humiliating spanking and the panty punishment.

Then one weekend, my dad, stepmom and my two stepsisters went to day for two days at my Aunt Carol's house. She is the sister to my stepmom with two daughters too. After breakfast, Aunt Carol sent all the girls off to get dressed, and my stepmom told me to clear the table and rinse the dishes

before I got dressed so I wouldn't soil my clothes. At home, I was always the one to clear the table and do the dishes, so I obeyed. Aunt Carol commented that it was nice that I had been so well trained, but she then got another surprise that made her glow and giggle, as much to my shame, my stepmom pulled a lacy and ruffled pink apron off a hook on the wall and slipped it on me. My dad looked a little shocked, and I'm sure he was about to say something, but one look from my stepmom and he just went back to reading the morning newspaper. I hurried to finish cleaning up, and once I was finished, I had to go to my stepmom so she could untie the back of the apron and let me out of it, and then she called my dad's attention to it.

"See, Carl," she said, as he lowered his paper. "I know this apron is a little feminine, but it's all we have here. And look, see the jelly stains on the apron from his clearing the dishes? If he hadn't had the apron on, those stains would now be all over his pajamas."

I was breathing heavily and I'm sure she sensed my inward rage being forced to stand before my dad like that in the frilly apron.

Dad nodded and then seemed to be in a rush to pull the paper back up and go back to his reading."

I ran off to my room to get dressed, but my stepmother was right behind me. "Bobby, I don't want any trouble out of you today. You are to play nice with your sisters and Carols' girls, no fussing or I'll paddle you good." And then she closed the door and said, "Get your pjs off, hurry up. Don't make me spank."

I obeyed and pulled off my pajama top and then pulled down my pants and stepped out of them. She opened the drawer in the dresser where she had unpacked my clothes and took out a fancy pair of pink lace-trimmed panties with bright pink ribbon bows and white ruffles across the bottom. My mouth went wide open. She held them up just inched before my face so I could get a good, close-up view of them and said, "I bought these for you to wear on days when I want you to be especially good. With all these ruffles on the back, they'll constantly tickle your sissy little butt and keep reminding you to be good.

"Now, put on your special new panties. Hurry up, Bobby, or I'll give you a hard spanking with a ruler, a spanking hard enough for everyone to hear, and they will surely come to see, and right in front of them, I'll still make you put on the panties. So get them on, now! Hurry up; do it quickly, so your sisters and your daddy don't find out what a big sissy you really are. I know you're a pantywaist, and it's our secret unless you don't do what I tell you; then everyone will know you wear panties like a girl."

Quiet tears ran down my cheek as I took the childishly full-

cut childish little girls' party panties and stepped into them. As I hurriedly pulled them up my legs and haphazardly settled them about my skinny little waist and hips, my stepmother slowed everything down and carefully adjusted and untwisted the waist and legs elastics and smoothed the nylon over my front and hips. As she fluffed up the big ruffles stretched across my quivering bottom, she said, "Oh my, you look so sweet, Bobby, just like a little girl. Now, I expect you act like one too, or I'll pull your little britches down for a spanking and everyone will see your pretty baby girl silky rhumba panties." She then pulled me to her, gave me a bug and a heart-stopping massage on my ruffled pantied bottom as we stood together staring at our reflection before a full-length mirror. After she finished dressing me, she again stood me before the mirror. I looked just as always, but I wasn't the same. Under my boys' clothes, I was pantied. I knew it, and I felt like a sissy. Then she added, "Bobby, whenever you walk, I want you to swing your hips a little from side to side, so your rhumba panties will tickle you

bottom. I want to see you do it every time you walk because that way you can let me know your new panties are doing their job and reminding you to be nice. Walk up and down for me now. Look in the mirror. OK, let's practice you panty swishing, Roberta!"

She even called me Roberta in front of my father add moreover, and when I didn't swing my hips like fag as I walked, she kept threatening to make me stand outside on the curbing holding a sign that said, "I'm wearing little girls' pink satin and lace panties." Of course, I thought she was just trying to scare me. Then one day, she showed me she had made the sign, and within two weeks I had to stand outside for an hour holding the sign as cars went by, many of them slowed down to read the sign, then blasted their horn or yelled out their window some derogatory name at me, like sissy or queer.

#09961-U from Bobbi, 2003 ♦

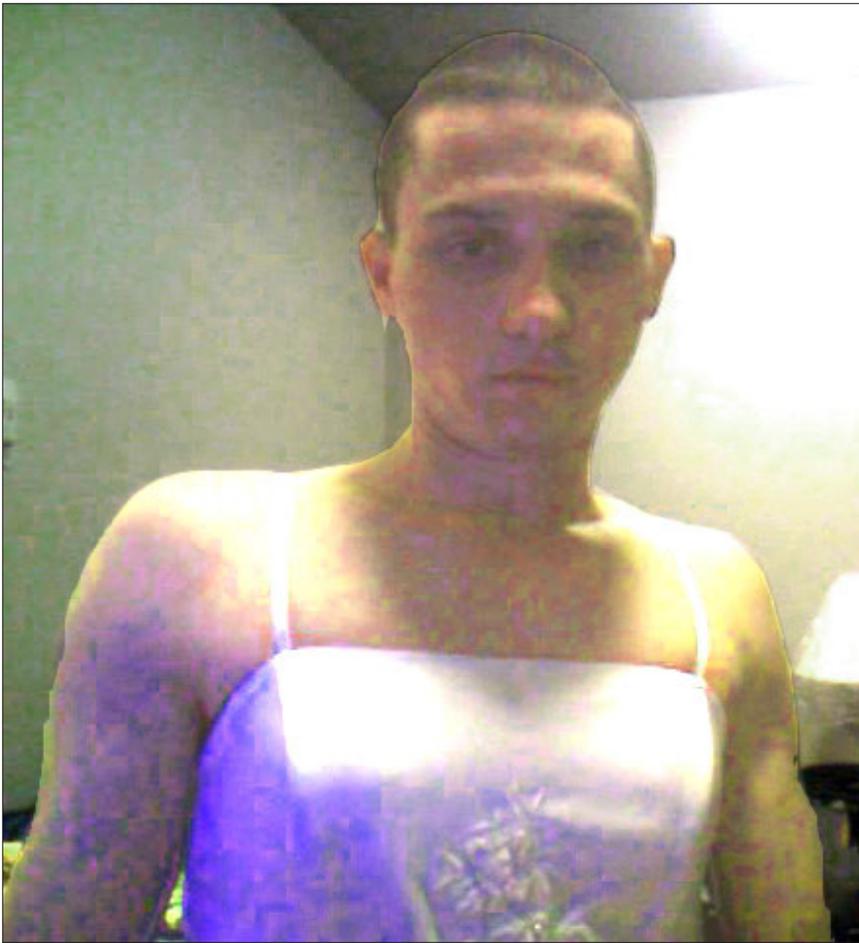


How I Petticoat My Boyfriends

Ever since my teens (I'm now 28), I've enjoyed teasing and humiliating males and reducing them into effeminate lapdogs. Over the years I've met many boys who actually enjoy such treatment, and I've taken full advantage of them and used them for my pleasure. However, I especially prefer subjugating so-called macho males and reducing them into sissy slaves. Nothing equals sexually exciting a man to great heights, having him fall instantly in love with you, and then

taking advantage of him and getting him to do the most humiliating things like dressing in outrageously frilly and sassy girly clothes (that I just happen to have on hand in his size!). These guys wake up the next morning astonished at themselves for having been prancing around like a sissy the night before. I'm sure some of them think they dreamt it or thought they did it in a drunken stupor, but then look down and see the flouncy pink babydoll pajamas they are wearing and awake to a horrified realization of what really happened. Usually, they are in an extreme rush to pull off the babydolls, but I immediately wrap them up in hugs and kisses and play with them through their nylon nightie and panties. Some give in and gasp at my touch, but some others try to break loose of me and continue to struggle to free themselves from the lingerie I made them put on during a weaker moment. A couple of these macho guys were so upset they threatened me, but I'm always ready because I took photos of them while they were having such a fun time the night before in my collection of little girl dresses and sweet lingerie, and my threat to let others see those pictures puts them right back in the position of being totally submissive to me. That's when I usually make the guy put on my panties and send him off to work – the same soiled panties I had on while he had made love the night before. If I'm so interested I follow up with these guys, and many of them I have little trouble getting to dress up again and again in humiliating feminine costumes, and once I see they're wanting to dress up, I usually end the relationship and tell them In need a real man not a sissy, and make it sound like they are the one who wants to dress up. A few of them beg and tell me that is not the case, but I then get to go right back humiliating themselves doing things like making him parade himself in lingerie in front of my friends.

#09009-M ♦



Trained to Love Humiliation

My greatest thrill is to be humiliated. I love to humiliate myself in front of others, especially females, I was trained that way in high school by a girl I was insanely in love with, but she didn't love me and just used my love for her to tease me and taunt me as she got me to do every humiliating thing she could think of to take advantage of me. One thing she loved to do was dress me in her clothes and show me off to her friends (both male and female) and even her parents, who thought I looked like a dope and told me so to my face while congratulating their daughter on being so creative!

Eventually, she was bored with me and told me to get lost, and now ever since I find I crave extreme humiliation, and since I have no girl to treat me like that anymore, I dream up ways of putting myself in embarrassing situations.

One thing I like to do is pretend I have a girlfriend and she sends me out shopping. I always wear lace-edged panties and a modestly padded bra under my clothes, and one warm day I went shopping for a pair of ladies' high heels wearing just

extremely short shorts and a thin nylon shirt. The lacy hems on my panties came right to the edge of the legs of my shorts and surely peeked out as I moved, and the frilly pink bra could easily be discerned through my thin shirt.

Soon after I entered the shopping center, I passed three high school girls who obviously took notice of me as they started to walk close behind me laughing and talking quite loudly. "I bet he's wearing panties as well," said one girl. The second one said, "I'm sure he is. I think I can see a bit of pink lace around his leg." Then the third girl said in a loud voice, surely meant for me to hear, "I bet he's got more lingerie in his bedroom than us three put together!" I was so excited by those comments and their laughter I had to duck into the nearest restroom – thank goodness there weren't any other men in there and relieve my tension!

When I went back out into the mall, I didn't see the three girls, so I hurried on my way to the shoe store. A forty something woman helped me. She couldn't hold back her smirks and wide-eyed looks. As I left the store with two pairs of shoes, I saw her rush over to her coworker, point to me and excitedly talk to her amid both of them making squeals of laughter.

Another time I went to a drugstore, dressed in my normal workday business suit but with a little pink bow clipped into the side of my hair, took a basket and picked up the following items: a packet of sanitary towels, a box of Tampax, a packet of panty liners, a packet of false finger nails, lipstick, eye shadow and eyeliner. The look I got from the checkout girl was worth every penny of what I spent.

The most exciting thing I've done recently was pin a note to the back of my jacket saying, "He's wearing ladies' panties," and walk around a crowded amusement park. Of course people thought someone else had pinned it to me, but the laughs and humiliation I endured was incredible. The choice of a very crowded place was a wise move because I could easily duck into somewhere or get lost in the crowd if I sensed trouble from undesirable youths or homophobic guys taking notice of me.

Your devoted loner,
Pansy
#09009-M ♦

Spanking & panty Discipline

When I was twelve, I was well on my way to becoming a juvenile delinquent. I had been suspended from school so many times, I was threatened with expulsion. My folks had tried everything to straighten me out and do halfway decent in school, but nothing worked. Both my mom and dad were prominent psychiatrists so you think they would have known how to deal with a nasty boy, but they didn't! Happily for me, they didn't believe in spanking, and all they did was usually ground me for weeks at a time. Still, I'd sneak out whenever I pleased and do whatever I wanted.

Then my Aunt Marion, my mother's youngest sister, got involved one evening when she was over for dinner and my folks were singing the blues about how bad I had been both at home and in school. "Let him live with me for a month," she promised, "and I'll guarantee you he'll be cured."

"But," my mother protested. "I don't see how you can do anything with him if Harold and I can't control him."

"You forget there are two of us. I'll just turn him over to my little tiger Sandy. She'll straighten him out."

Well, my folks agreed to have me move in with Aunt Marion and my cousin Sandy between the holidays, and on the day after Christmas, a Saturday, I was dropped off, with a little suitcase of the clothes I'd need for the week. Just after they showed me into the guest room, my aunt laid it out for me.

"Sandy will be in charge of you, young man, and you will do everything she says ... without question."

"Her? Sandy? She's ... she's a kid."

"So are you," snapped my cousin, "As much of a kid as I am ... you're even more of a kid. And don't forget it!"

"Yeah, sure," I scoffed.

"For one thing," replied Sandy, "you won't need your under shorts. I have some nice lacy girls' panties for you to wear."

"Panties? Are you fucking dreaming?"

"No, you'll wear your panties at all times ... here, during the day and even to bed, as well as whenever we go out, every where you'll wear girls' panties from now on, even after you go back home and then even at school. If I ever catch you without your panties on ..."

"Aunt Mm? Are you gonna ...?"

"You'll do what Sandy says," snarled my aunt. "If she says you'll wear panties, you'll wear panties. Is that clear?"

"That's the dumbest fucking thing I ever heard of," I shouted.

My aunt yelled, "I've heard enough of that filthy talk from your mouth, young man; let's get him!"

And before I had a chance to react, both my aunt and cousin pounced upon me. I had always been taught that a boy never hits a female. My mother always said if a man or boy hits a female, he's afraid to hit another man — he's a coward! Of course, Mother didn't say anything about wrestling! I tried to fend them off, but they were amazingly strong, and after practically destroying the bedroom, I found myself stripped naked and tied facedown to the bed! Then I saw Sandy hovering over me with an immense leather belt that must have belonged to my uncle.

I had never been spanked in my life, but then that belt came crashing down on my bare butt and I got my first agonizing taste of corporal punishment! It was only the beginning! She whipped me until I was screaming and crying and hoarse from pleading for her to stop.

My aunt just stood there with a smug look on her face while Sandy was giving it to me. Whatever macho attitude I had was gone with the first few cracks of that belt, and by the time the strapping was over, I was a sniveling wretch and ready to agree to anything!

"Are you ready to do whatever Sandy tells you to do?" my aunt asked.

"Yes! Oh, yes, please ... no more!"

"And ready to wear pretty girls' panties with lace and frills?"

"Yes! Yes, ma'am!" I squealed still panting and crying.

"He's all yours, Sandy, to do with as you wish."

"Great!" my cousin said. "I've been thinking he's been too big for his britches for a long time, but these nice panties we bought for him should change all that! Get 'em on, boy!"

Once they untied me, I thought about running, but I found I barely had enough power to slide off the bed and stand up with the help of holding onto the nightstand. I had a hellish time easing the dumb panties up over my destroyed rear end. I was so wiped out from the shipping that I think it took me fifteen minutes to find the strength to bend over, step into the panties and draw them up my weakened legs. They let me rest for about a half an hour and then made me get up and they helped me into a child's white taffeta slip and what looked like a second grade girls' First Communion dress. They also had white ankle socks and girls' slipper shoes for



me, and then topped me off with a heavy coat of red lipstick on my pouting lips! They made me stay that way for the entire week between the holidays, and on New Year's Eve, I was taken home to my parents, who took it all in stride. My dad told me I looked stupid, and if I didn't get myself together and do well in school, I'd find myself wearing this outfit to classes.

Mom took me to my room and showed me the drawer full of new panties she had for me since that's all I would be wearing for underwear. I heard my dad whisper, "Stupid shthead," and then walk out of the room.

Two weeks later, I was sent home from school for cutting up in class. As soon as I got in the door, my dad was there, and tackled me and personally supervised dressing me in my slip, dress, and shoes from my closet that had been waiting for me to screw up. With mom and my aunt looking on, there was something very weird and extra shameful having my dad do that to me. I knew I was really a 'shthead' in his eyes, his favorite word for me whenever I fucked up.

Sandy came over after school and took the reins lording it over me. She had the strap and after getting stripped down to just my panties and getting a thorough beating -- a beating so hard it ruined the thin panties, she took me to one of her girlfriend's and made me play with her six-year-old sister, whom they told I was a big girl who loved to play like a little girl. In tears I did play -- for fear of the strap, and when the girl kept asking why I was crying, they just told her I was crying because I was so happy to be able to play with a real little girl, and play I did! I wasn't about to have that strap hit my bare ass again!

After that, at least once every week I was given a terrible spanking, paddling or strapping by Sandy! Sometimes my mom, dad and/or my Aunt Marion were there and sometimes they weren't. It didn't matter. I never questioned Sandy's authority over me. I knew better.

That was ten years ago. And Sandy, even though she's married with two kids, she still spansks me, almost every time I'm home from college. And most recently, her kids, Matthew age 5 and Caroline age 4 were outside the bedroom door, while I was getting it. They didn't seem too surprised or shocked when Sandy led me out of the den in just my tattered pink panties on her way to the master bedroom where she took those panties off and put me into a fresh pair of her own panties. The little girl gilled -- boy is that humbling to be giggled at by a four-year-old girl, but the boy was blushing and very quiet. It was at that moment that I was sure that little boy knew all about wearing lacy panties and being severely spanked by his mommy, my cousin Sandy!

Jerry
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#06903-M ♦

SISSY SHAMED TO THE LIMIT

Between the ages of 7 and 11 my mom occasionally made me wear my sister's dress and underwear when I got into trouble. It was very traumatic and I hated it. Usually it was just for the day, but the last time she did it, I was kept dressed for a weekend and she made me go with her twice to do shopping. I feared we would run into people we knew or worse yet some kids from my school. Being forced to go out in public like that so scared me I never got in trouble serious enough to warrant being made to wear girls stuff and taken out again.

That had happened on a Friday. The principal called my mom and told her I was in trouble for beating up a girl, but what the principal didn't know or explain was that girl was a real tomboy and the class bully. She could beat up most every other boy in our class. She picked on me just once too many times, and I about laid her out flat. Mom however didn't see it my way and when I got home, she said since I wanted to fight with girls, she was going to turn me into one.

She told me to get dressed in all the clothes laid out on my bed and not to forget any of them, as she would check up on me within fifteen minutes and then she was taking me out. I about died when I went into the room and saw she had a put out a complete girls' outfit for me. At that time, I hadn't been subjected to petticoat punishment for nearly six months because I had been very careful to be good. But now I stood before my bed and stared at the pink nylon panties, white anklets, a white satin and chiffon party dress, and girls' shoes. I was horrified but knew mom would dress me by force and make my punishment even worse if I didn't put all those sissy clothes on with haste. Minutes later, mom came in to check on me and found me all dressed up and crying on the bed.

She said, "What's wrong with my little girl, are you OK? You and mommy are going out, so come on, let's go to the car."

I was so scared I cringed and hurried out to the car before anyone saw me. Once in the car, she said we were going to Dying to Change, a beauty shop run by a friend, and I was going to have my hair done up proper. Like many boys at that time, I had long hair, and I liked it -- but as a boy. Yet, now, I was about to have it styled like a girl! We got to the shop and mom forced me to go in. Her friend greeted us as we entered. Mom said, "Here's my little girl. Give her a nice curly perm, like you used to give my kid sister."

Being a boy I didn't exactly know what a 'perm' was, but I cried because I knew perm meant a permanent style put into your hair. Actually, they were just scaring me, and instead of a real perm, Amanda, the lady, just slathered smelly setting lotion on my hair put it in rollers. I was petrified as she sat me under a dryer to set the curls. Once it was dry, she styled



my long hair into a mass of fluffy curls that stuck out like Shirley Temple. That was bad enough, but then she really dealt a blow to my masculinity as she decorated my hair with tiny bows. Mom paid her and then forced me back to car. I ran the whole way not looking to see if anyone noticed me.

Mom drove us to Mason's Department Store. I cowered behind mom as I tried to hide. She ran into a woman she knew. I didn't know the woman and she didn't know me, but still I was stunned when mom told the woman I was her daughter, and I was crying because I was extremely shy. I felt stupid because I was all dressed up like I was on my way to a party with the fancy white dress and my big new hair style. The woman wanted to know what the occasion was since I was dressed to the nines. Mom told her it was no special occasion, and I just loved to dress up in party clothes everyday. The woman laughed and said condescendingly, "Oh, how nice." The cashier told my mother I was a lovely little girl so nicely dressed compared to the sloppy clothes most girls liked to wear. Mom said I had just gotten my hair done and was a little shy and upset and avoiding people.

When we got home, many of the older neighborhood kids were hanging out in the yard next to our house. I refused to get out of car, but she made me and told me I had better get used to other people seeing me looking like a girl because I was going to be wearing girls' clothes for quite some time -- maybe forever if I did not comply. The kids stared at me as I ran into the house; it was terrible. My two sisters were home from school, and they ridiculed me, told me I was a pretty girl and proud to have me as their new little sister again.

Soon after, dad came home from a metals wholesalers' convention he had been attending downtown, took one look at me in disgust and asked mom "How long is this going to go on. I thought he outgrew this sissy stuff." I cried when mom said, "Maybe forever." Dad grumbled he had to go somewhere and practically ran out of the house no even bothering to stay for the dinner my sisters had all ready. Mom took a number of pictures of me, and then as we ate, my sisters gave me a running commentary about how to act like a proper little girl with little tips on how to sit, stand, walk, handle myself at the table, etc.

It wasn't even eight o'clock when mom told me it was nearing my bedtime and directed me to wear the things laid out on my bed. The 'things' turned out to be a pink waltz-length nightie with a lacy, wide, petticoat-like bottom hem and a matching set of large panties with ribbon bows that scared me just to look at. I sat pouting in my room until mom came in and on the nightie and panties. She said I could go out and watch TV with my sisters, but I just stayed in my room and cried myself to sleep.

The next day was Saturday. I had to wear a blouse and skirt and go with mom to the grocery store where we ran into a woman with an eight-year-old daughter whom we did know.

The girl stared at me like I was poison -- at least she didn't stab me in the heart with high-pitched giggles little girls do. Mom explained to them I was being punished for beating up a girl. The woman was aghast I had done such a thing and then said I was being appropriately punished.

Dad had been out doing chores as he always did on Saturdays, and I didn't see him until dinner time when he just took his plate of food and went into the great room to eat while watching the news on television. After supper mom had me get dressed for bed again in the boy-killing frilly nightie and bloomer panties. She made me come out and watch TV with dad and the girls. Dad totally ignored me until bedtime when mom made me give him a kiss good night on the cheek. I could smell his breath and he reeked of alcohol. I guess he needed it to put up with his only son now living in a dress, nightie and lingerie. Plus mom took my picture again.

On Sunday she let me wear a pair of girls' slacks and blouse to go with her to the mall for a short trip. Nobody noticed I wasn't a girl, so it wasn't too bad until she started talking on and on to a saleslady in the cosmetic section -- an old lady with her glasses on a gold chain and wearing a ton of makeup. She complimented mom on having a lovely little daughter and then insisted upon spraying me with a sample of expensive perfume. I sneezed, and both of them laughed!

Back home, mom told me I should go out and play in the backyard if I wanted, but I went in and watched TV. After supper Mom told dad and my sisters how well behaved I had been all day. Dad shrugged and said Mom had always wanted thee girls, so he hoped she was now happy. Then mom told me to take a shower and wash my hair to get ready for school the next day. I cried, thinking, "I can't go to school like this!" as I showered, but was thrilled when all the curls washed out of my hair! I was so happy, but I became ecstatic when I went into my room and saw mom had laid out a set of my regular boys' clothes for school the next day. The dreaded nightgown and panties were again on the bed and waiting for me, but I was so overjoyed that I wouldn't have to wear girls' clothes to school that the nightie and bloomer panties couldn't dampen my spirits. With barely a shaming thought, I put them on and jumped right into bed with a big smile.

In the morning, mom woke me up holding in her hands a pair of white nylon panties with just a modest bit of lace and explained to me I could wear my boys' clothes to school, but I had to wear panties as a reminder to be good, and after I did my morning wash up, she helped me change into the panties and then watched as I got dressed and told me I had to wear girls' panties for the whole week, which I didn't mind -- after all I'd been through over the weekend. I wore the panties for the week and never had to wear a dress or any girls' things again. However, mom still has those pictures, and for about a year she left the dress hanging in the back of my closet, lest I forget. It made a big difference in my behavior. ♦



Petticoat Punished in an Actual Petticoat!

We use the term 'petticoat punishment,' but the boy being punished is put into all kinds of girls' clothes but rarely a petticoat! I guess it's because girls rarely wear even a half-slip, much less a full-length petticoat anymore. But when I was disciplined, a petti was a key part of my punishment.

When I was eleven, mom sent me away to live with my aunt and uncle for several weeks during the summer because I was a brat and extremely unruly. Mother couldn't bring herself to spank me but decided that was what I needed, so she sent me to stay with my Aunt Ethel and Uncle Ed. Unlike my mother, they had no qualms about spanking me; however, I remained defiant until my aunt read an article about how naughty boys in Victorian times were "petticoated."

Anyway, one day I was throwing one of my tantrums when she sat me down next to my cigar-chewing uncle until she came back. My aunt returned with a bag. "I went into town and bought a couple of things for you because your uncle and I decided that if are going to act like a spoiled sissy little girl who thinks she can sass back at us and do whatever she pleases, we'll dress and treat you like a sissy from now on."

She reached into the bag and what she pulled out struck fear in me like little else could. She held up a girls' white satin petticoat made of several layers of stiff, noisy fabric that rustled as she swished it around. After ordering me to stand up and take all my clothes off except my under shorts, she spread the waistband of the petticoat and set it on the floor. With my uncle looking at me through dark glasses, I couldn't tell his reaction, but he was just staring at me as my aunt made me step into the open petticoat circle that she had made. She then pulled it up to my waist and with a snap of the elastic that sent a jolt through me. I tried to squirm away from her as she reached under the petticoat, so she held my arms and told my uncle to reach under the petti and take off my underwear and put on me the other thing that was in the bag. He whisked off my under shorts, opened the bag, stared inside for a long moment and then with a shitty grin on his face he pulled out a pair of white satin panties that had lace on the legs and some flowers embroidered on them. He laughed up a storm as he held them open as I was made to step into them. He pulled them up and stung my waist against he let the elastic waist band go with a loud 'pop.'

The two of them then looked at me with great satisfaction. I was made to wear the petticoat for the rest of the day and to bed that night. From then on I was forced to wear it whenever my aunt decided my behavior was unacceptable, which from that day on wasn't very often because I immediately became much more amenable. (Photo previous page.) ♦

Caught and Panty Castrated

Back in the 1960s, I was going through my 10-year-old son's room when I found he had stolen and hidden in his closet clothing belonging to his three sisters, two dresses but mostly their lingerie including slips, beginner bras and Sunday best panties. When I went to confront him about what I had found, I caught him looking through the bathroom keyhole trying to spy on his oldest sister who was getting ready to take a bath.

Immediately I led him to the living room, where I brought in his sisters, showed them his stash of their clothes he had hidden away and told them he had been stealing their clothes and peeking at them undressing. Then I made him take off all his clothes and let the girls look at him as punishment for his invading their privacy and peeping at them. I told him I was going to give him a spanking as punishment, but then my oldest daughter suggested I make him wear some of the clothes he had stolen too. I thought that was a good idea.

I made him put on a pair of gaily colored lavender panties he had stolen, and then put him over my lap for to be spanked as hard as I could spank him, and when my hand got tired, I had his twin sister bring me the fly swatter, and I used it to continue his spanking. I pushed him off my lap and onto the floor, and then let his sisters dress him up in more panties, the slip and the dress. They got penny loafers and ankle socks from their room and put them on him to complete his outfit that he had to keep on for the rest of the day. He was terribly humiliated as he had to sit in the living room and watch TV. (Picture on previous page.)

We decided his punishment would last for the week. Every night he'd have to sleep in a pair of his sisters' Sunday best panties he had stolen and a nightie. However, I commanded he would be in panties longer because the panties he had taken were now his and he would have to wear them for underwear until they were worn out because I didn't want his sisters to put on any of the panties after they had touched his disgusting little boy penis. Each day that week, first thing in the morning he was stripped and given a bath while his sisters watched (as further punishment for spying) and then taken to his room to be dressed panties first -- what a lovely ritual it is putting a naughty boy in girlie nylon panties! I'd tuck his little thing between his legs and put a second and third pair on panties on him, and then had his sisters put the slip, dress, shoes and other clothes on him. They really had fun, it was like playing with a big Barbie doll. The multiple pairs of panties secured his little penis and smoothed out his front so it wasn't even noticeable! It was like the panties castrated him and eliminated his penis! And whenever he had to go to the bathroom, we made him keep the door open so we could watch him and make sure he sat down to pee. ♦

