

Tales of Tights Punishment

by Janice

This story was put aside for publication in the 'Petticoat Discipline Monthly' Christmas Annual last year. However, in the extensive amount of organisation necessary to prepare a book as large as the Annual, I mistakenly overlooked it.

'Petticoat Discipline Monthly' is primarily a journal of correspondence, and I only publish stories as a part of the Christmas Annual. Therefore, it at last gives me great pleasure to present Janice's story to readers.

On many occasions, I either witnessed, or participated in, tights and petticoat punishment. This narrative is about some of these experiences.

My First Experience

One of my first experiences with 'tights punishment' occurred when I was 11 years old. I went over to a fellow scout's home and was invited in to the living room by his older sister. I turned to the right, and there was his little sister (who was about 10) on the phone, with her back to me wearing nothing but a white blouse, navy blue tights with white panties beneath, and clumsy tie shoes. I snickered as the older sister tried to block my view, and proceeded into the living room.

I learned later that she was being punished for some transgression, and the clothes forced her to be more compliant through beneficial humiliation and shame.

I discussed this with some friends at home, and hoped no one else was listening. My young sister Elana (five years younger) was always poking around in my business and we never did really get along. My friends and I were laughing a lot, and after that I seemed to forget all about it.

Then, one day years later, my sister was walking up the stairs. She wore a yellow party dress with red tights. I peeked up her dress from the landing and saw the white nylon panties beneath, and the seam running straight up her bottom. I laughed up a storm and she turned around really mad. I didn't know Mom was at the foot of the stairs and she came up, grabbing me by the ear, and marched me into the bathroom. I had my mouth thoroughly washed with bar soap. She stripped me of all my clothes and gave me a bubble bath in pink suds. This was humiliating. A washcloth with soapsuds in my mouth kept me quiet for the remainder of the bath. Then she made me stand, and applied a thick pink lotion that denuded me of all body hair from the waist down.

The feeling on my legs was one of total nakedness. Somehow the leg hair acted like clothing. The silkiness of my legs was the first change I noticed, and I didn't like it one bit. She marched me into the bedroom and put a turtleneck long sleeve shirt on me. It was my sister's. The funny thing was is that it was the middle of summer, and hot for such a garment. Next she forced me to sit and put on a pair of white nylon panties, with hearts on them, and handed a pair of rolled up red tights. I was told I was to be punished by losing my trousers for looking up her dress, and that tights would become my new pants. I complained, but she ignored me. The anger turned to tears and pleading, much to her delight I suppose, and she just kept on talking to me like a child, and saying how pretty I looked.

Once I stood up, she drew up the tights and stretched them over my buttocks. She snapped the waistband several times and straightened out the seam in front and back. She took some straight pins and rolled up the shirt until the waistband of the tights was in view. She then took my shirt off with the pins marking the margin, and sewed the material in place. Now the underpants and tights were in

full view for all to see. I was sat back down and a pair of clumsy platform shoes with two inch heels were put on and tied. These shoes were very clumsy and awkward, and I protested.

Mom said that I would now act better, and be subjected to further punishment. I later learned that public exposure in the outfit would be common, spankings regular, and early to bed punishment was to be my way of life for that summer. Incidentally bed was 3pm each day after seven hours of 'tights punishment'. It was hard having to go to bed so early during a hot summer day, with your baby sister's monitor in place and the room darkened and locked.

Well that's how my experience with 'tights punishment' started. I was not at all pleased with this treatment. I cried for trousers and my jockey shorts, but was met with deaf ears. I was tights punished often, the outfit varied from one of my sister's super short silky blouses, turtleneck shirts, and sometimes just a colored T-shirt. I always wore her panties, and this I found demeaning and humiliating. I wore my outfit outside in the yard and was taken for walks around the block dressed this way, with often my sister's snotty little friends catcalling, laughing, and running their fingers up the seam to irritate me. I was humiliated and ashamed - but well behaved just as Mom said I would be.

At parties, and even if visitors were present, I was 'tights punished'. The things I hated the most was the feeling of the panties, the sense of nakedness from my legs being silky smooth, and those damn clumsy tie shoes. I felt foolish and couldn't face anyone. The teasing and ridiculing of others stopped because all I concentrated on was this humiliating outfit. Often my female cousins and little sister's friends would run a finger up my backside causing me to get angry and yell. A bar of soap, a spanking, and slap in the face soon stopped all that.

Occasions would arise when I was made to wear a dress that had a high bodice and waistline, and ended about halfway down the panties. On Sundays, when we would visit relatives, I was dressed this way and my cousins loved to tease and annoy me with all kinds of name-calling and humiliation. Bar soap was in my mouth a lot and kept there for long periods for swearing and talking back. Mom also used castor oil on a spoon. Incidentally, the girls in my teen years wore garter belts and nylons, not pantyhose: tights looked very babyish.

'Tights and panty punishment' was used on me quite often in my teen years, but I hated every minute of it. One more incident that irritated me a great deal occurred on a Saturday. I remember I was watching television at around noon and my sister and three friends were cackling so loud that I couldn't hear. I told them all to 'shut up and leave'. My sister told my mom, who marched me upstairs and dressed me in tights and a childish pajama top, and I had to stand in a corner for several hours before going to bed at 2pm in the afternoon. The girls laughed and chided me for the entire time. At bedtime they got to see me tucked in, and ridiculed me as if I were a child. My sister was always getting me into trouble. I still hate her to this day!

This treatment continued until I was twenty. That was when my wife took over...

More Tights Adventures

1. Wearing tights at home for my sister's birthday party

As I grew up in my teen years, the punishments decreased and so I drifted back into a bratty, high-and-mighty attitude about teasing my little sister. I am now 15, and have a steady girlfriend who is 14. My little sister is 9. I am macho and mature, I think, and I have a pretty girlfriend. My sister Elana is a snot, always trying to get me into trouble. Unfortunately Mom believes her more than me, so I am in for some trouble.

Well it was Elana's tenth birthday and Mom wanted a nice afternoon party at home. It was a hot and muggy summer's day. She was dressed nicely in a party dress of green plaid, with stiff petticoats and nylons! (very grown-up: remember pantyhose was only a novelty) She sat down and I could see her light green pantied crotch, bare thighs, black stocking tops and garters. I giggled and she saw me. I walked away and watched her head up the stairs. Before I could do anything, a younger cousin took a rubber band and, unfolding a paperclip and aiming it carefully, fired it into one of the round cheeks of her pantied bottom.

She screamed a blood curdling scream, and turned around only to see me standing there laughing. My little cousin had escaped, much to my chagrin. Elana looked at me, 'Your in big trouble..!' and stormed off upstairs crying to Mommy. I thought nothing of it, and went on my way. The guests, consisting of family and friends, started to arrive, and soon my mother was staring down at me. She took me by the ear and upstairs before anyone knew what was happening. Into the bathroom I went, and she turned on the hot water and began lathering a bar of my sister's beauty soap. She lathered it well and forced it into my mouth back and forth and left it in and started to strip me. I was a bit hairy, so she used a creamy depilatory and rubbed me down from my neck to my toes, and made me stand with the soap in my mouth.

I was bathed and patted dry, and marched to my sister's room. This time was very different. She told me that I would be dressed as a girl from head to toe, and then would meet all the guests. I was dressed in a training bra, chemise, nylon panties, white garter belt, gray seamed nylons, crinoline rustling petticoats, a yellow lacy party dress, and two inch platform shoes with straps, Mary Jane style. The dress was so short that the tops of the stockings and several inches of thigh showed, much to Mom's amusement. I was made up with lipstick and blusher, and a ribbon tied in my hair for a sissy type effect. I was a 15 year old sissy in a girl's dress. Then I remembered my girlfriend was invited over..!

The dress bounced and the crinolines made it stand almost straight out, and I felt so naked on my freshly shaved and creamy-smooth legs. I was embarrassed, ashamed, humiliated, and unaware that Mom had been planning this for some time, and had prepared for this opportunity. She always loved to publicly humiliate me, and said it would be beneficial for my training for others to see me and treat me accordingly. I still could not get used to the feel of nylon panties with the squirmy silky feeling caressing my freshly shaved body. This angered me, for the ticklish feeling kept reminding me of what I was wearing, and why.

And now a new indignity...high heel platform shoes with two inch heels, they were Mary Janes like a little girl's, and in black patent leather no less! The garter belt was another torture device. The taut garters were pulling on the stocking tops and that was a new and uncomfortable feeling that felt very sissy, and which I could live without. I am trying to say that I totally resented this petticoat and sissy treatment. I did not like it, or encourage it, or want to be a sissified boy. I was forced and coerced into it totally because of my sister and mother.

Mother was behind me, and we approached the landing. My snotty sister was waiting at the foot of the stairs smirking with my cousin Cathy (part of the second story, see below) and several other little girls. The gentle rustling of the petticoats, the pull of the garters, the naked feeling on my thighs, and the high heels were starting to have an effect on me. I also hated the lipstick. It was all terrible.

My sister laughed and, in turn, my cousins pointed at me, laughing and staring. I felt like smacking them. I was introduced as 'Sissy', the teenage boy with the wrong attitude. I felt like crawling into a hole and hiding. The snide remarks, finger pointing, chiding, jokes, whispering, and talk about me was just too much. The little girls even pinched me on my panty clad bottom, and, giggling even more, pulled the garters. Mother was pleased. Her scheme had worked. But my furious blushing became even pinker when my girlfriend arrived.

I thought that my young girlfriend would come to my aid and embarrass my mom, and I was right. She took one look at me and shook her head in disgust. Mother took her into the kitchen and they talked awhile, then she left. I was told that she was ashamed of dating a sissy, and would seek out another mate. That was not true of course, but I didn't know any differently at the time. Actually my girlfriend had taken my side, and was involved in some of my adventures, but that's another story.

2. Wearing tights and a dress to my cousin's house for Sunday dinner

The second adventure that stands out in mind is the Sunday we went to our cousin's house for dinner. We usually headed out on Sunday, dressed properly in our good clothes, as opposed to the sloppy dress style of today of jeans, sneakers and old shirt. But back then, it was different. Elana and I were arguing all morning and at church. I really tried Mom's patience. I was eleven at the time, and Elana was six. She bent over and picked up her purse that she had carelessly dropped and her dress rose high, exposing her childish frilly panties that were tight on her bottom, and her pettis. I snickered in church, something that was looked down upon, and my mother warned me that once we got home, I was to be punished. I felt foolish as others looked on and smiled. That really was humiliating and embarrassing.

Once we got home, I was marched up to the bathroom and given a bubble bath and a thorough mouthsoaping, before being dragged naked by the ear to my sister's room. There my mother sat me down and read me the riot act. I was to wear tights and panties under my dress clothes. For the first sign of misbehavior the pants would come off and there would be other surprises in store for me. I was sure my sister was outside the door eagerly listening, and taking this all in.

Mom proceeded to dress me in yellow nylon panties with multi-colored flower prints. They looked like a flower garden. I guess mom intended them to be seen. Then the tights I hated so much were pulled on, and my dress shirt, and I was ordered to put back on my trousers and socks. Luckily I wore my regular shoes, and not those platform heels mentioned earlier.

At my aunt's house I knew Cathy, my cousin, and Elana were up to something, and I was right. They ran to the dining room and told Mom I was pulling up their dresses and calling them names. This resulted in my mom and aunt marching into the living room to get me and pulled me away by the ear. I was taken across Auntie's lap, but only after my trousers, socks and shoes were removed. My cousins broke out in laughter at the sight of the yellow flower print panties and red tights. I was spanked with a wooden spoon, and then my aunt brought my 'surprise' into the room.

It was a white party dress with flouncy crinoline petticoats. My shirt was removed, and the waistband of the tights adjusted, then a training bra and chemise followed, and finally the crowning humiliation of the petticoats and dress. It didn't even cover half of those hideous flowered panties. The black patent Mary-Jane style platform shoes followed, and boy, were they ever clumsy and awkward to walk in. My cousin and Elana ran their fingers up the seam of the tights and subjected me to playful ridicule, shame, and embarrassment. I wore those clothes all day and it was decided that every Sunday I would be dressed in this manner and I started to cry. My feet hurt from the heels, I felt naked from the flimsy clothing, and they even made me up like a little girl after being tied to a chair, while everyone else looked on.

3. The Ice Skating Event

It was a typical Sunday during the winter, where the sun was out and it was relatively warm. I had been in a bad mood, and wanted no part of conversing with anyone. Elana sought to get me into an argument more than once, but I was smart and walked away. That is, until she called me some names like 'Sissyboy', 'Pantywaist' and 'Nancy Wallflower'. I chased her to hit her and was caught by Mom. She grabbed me by the ear and marched me upstairs, telling me that tights were in order right now. I begged no, because we were all going skating, but I was stripped and had to wear navy blue tights, white panties, and a T-shirt. I wore an insulated hooded sweatshirt and that's it. When we got to the

rink we put our skates on. You should have seen the looks I got, and comments and stares, as half of my panties showed. Despite the warm weather, I did chill very quickly and ran to the car from all the ridicule I took. I was known as 'Tights boy' at the rink after that day.