

# Princess Access

Excerpts from

Your Link to Exciting Internet Content

**#2**

*Adults Only*

**November 2010**



Photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and other items of interest from our Internet website for the fantasy fulfillment of adult sissies. A wide range of items for sissies from "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

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



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## Petticoating a Family Tradition in Our House

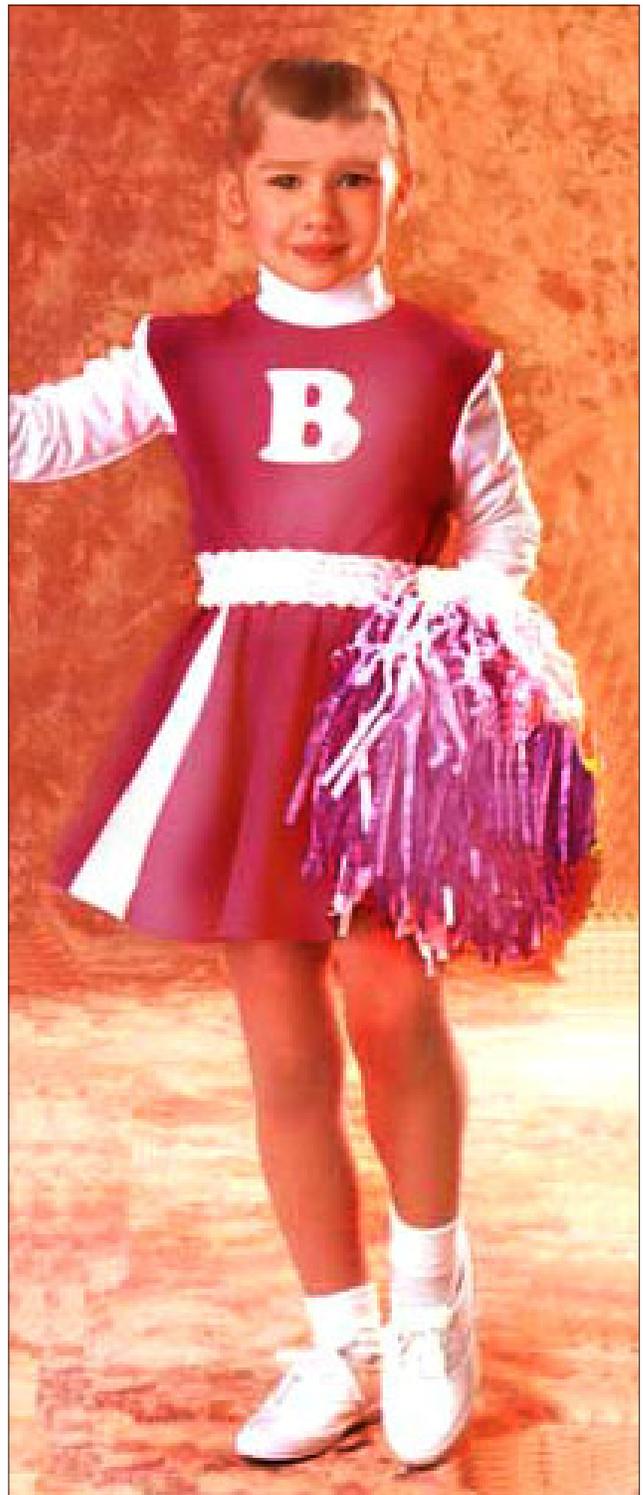
I am a big believer in the use of petticoat discipline since I come from a family where petticoating unruly boys was the norm and it worked very well. My grandmother made regular use of petticoat discipline when she baby sat my brother and me; my mom followed her lead and made my brother and me spend many a weekend in frillies. And now, as the father of a preteen son, I am continuing our family tradition and doing the same with my son, and I couldn't be happier with the result.

What I have done with my son is to turn petticoating him into a fun ritual by forcing him to dress in various types of costumes such as a cowgirl, dancehall girl, cheerleader, and even a sexy little minx.

This practice has made the process really fun for me — and it definitely ensures that when I take him out, he draws a lot of attention and curious stares.

Most often, people don't realize he is not a girl and ask why "she" is dressed in costume. I use the opportunity to increase the impact of his punishment time by making Justin answer them. I make him explain to them that he is a boy and is dressed him in a girls' costume to punish him for various misdeeds.

I actually started this unique way of costuming him when he was just an infant and have continued doing it ever since. He's in elementary school now, and a sweeter, more obedient, more compliant and polite teenaged boy you will probably never meet. But that doesn't mean that his costuming has ended. I can always



find a reason to dress him up at least a couple of times each week.

The outfit he's in in this picture is one of my favorites for a couple of reasons. First because a cheerleader costume is so totally feminine, and second,

because of the wonderful fancy rhumba panties that I make him wear under the skirt, and since the skirt is short, he always fears that the wind will make his skirt fly off and expose his panties, or worse, yet, he fears that I'll make him lift his skirt and show off his panties when I get into a detailed discussion about the way he is dressed with some total stranger we meet on the street.

From my years of being petticoated, I am now a total crossdresser. When I was dating, I told all the girls I went out with that I not only wear women's nylon panties all the time, but fully dress up in female clothes every chance I get. When I found Jilly, she loved my crossdressing from the start, and I knew I would do anything to have her for my wife. Now, dressing up is a joy to me now, not a punishment; however, I do love play acting with her as she acts the stern mommy at times when we play our sex games.

When we had our son, she fully supported continuing the family tradition. Now, I live vicariously as we put him in panties and dresses and spank, tease and humiliate him. He hates being punished in this way -- and that is a good thing because I know it is a traumatic

experience for him now as it was for me as a boy, but when he gets a little older he will go from hating girlie clothes to loving them.

As you can see in the photo, our son makes a lovely girl cheerleader even with short hair. Even though he begs us to let him grow his hair long so he will be better disguised as a girl when we go out in public, we purposely keep his hair boyishly short precisely because we want people to know he is a boy under punishment and not a girl!





## *A Pansy Prostitutes His Sissy Son*

Izzy was setting up the cameras with Jeff helping him as Jeff was asking a lot of questions. Izzy was patiently trying to explain things. "The cams on the tripods are for the overall scene, viewed from different angles and directions. They stay still and don't move, those handy cams over there, we'll use those tonight as we all move around the room."

Jeff nodded, "But why so many cameras, there's five, plus two handy cams?"

Izzy answered, "Because there are going to be four of us tonight, and all of us are going to be using your pantywaist son, and you too of course. These cameras will create plenty of footage while we fuck Winston. Whoever is waiting in line for a fuck or a suck can pick up a hand cam for close-ups. We're going to make a lot of money sexing up your little sissy boy. Then we can sell the videos for big bucks to people I know in Amsterdam, who will sell them to perverts all over the world who love seeing preschool-age boys in fancy panties sucking off their daddies and their daddies' friends."

Jeff, the sissy boy's father interjected, "Oh, and remember to call Winston 'Winnie' when he's wearing his sissy clothes. His big sister has trained him well to not only suck cock but to love doing it as he play acts being a girl. The kid loves dressing up as a princess. You can call him 'princess' too; he loves that."

Izzy smile at him, "Sure, man, it will be princess or Winnie all the way."

Winston/Winnie was in the bath and they could hear him making noise playing with his toys. Jeff asked Izzy, "You don't think that's too many guys, do you? Winnie's just a panty boy and he's still pretty small. I've been using the dildo on him as you told me, but you have only butt fucked him once, and you aren't as big as Turk and Mo?"

Izzy sighed, "Jeff, you know as well as I do that you want to see your boy dressed in a party dress, slip and lacy panties like a little Lolita and getting used hard by a group of big dick men. And now that we have his tight little boy pussy broke in real nice, its time to share him. You've enjoyed the hell out of watching me fuck his mouth and ass, just imagine four of us doing him."

That was Jeff's main problem, he couldn't stop imagining it, and especially after Izzy told him he was going to

share Winnie with other guys with even bigger cocks. At first he wasn't sure about it but he knew wanted to see his little faggot in training get abused by more and more men.

He had dreams about it and wanted to do the same things to Winnie that his own dad had done to him. When he watched Izzy using the boy it drove him over the edge and he agreed. Now he would be getting to see Izzy and three other men fucking his kid up close, Jeff's cock had been hard for days. He looked at Izzy, and asked, "Can I suck their cocks too?"

Izzy smiled, "Of course you can Jeff, you old pantywaist sissy. You just have to understand that Winnie is why they're coming, they all want to fuck Winnie's mouth and ass, but you can keep them hard while they wait for a hole to open."

Jeff smiled, he looked at Izzy's crotch, "Do you want a blowjob before they get here?"

Izzy smiled and thought that maybe it would calm him down. "Sure, Jeff, let's go in the bathroom so Winnie can watch."

The two men walked to the bathroom, little Winston was playing with his toy boats and smiled when they came in, "Can I play a little more, daddy?"

Jeff smiled back, "Sure, honey, you play while daddy sucks Izzy's cock and when I'm done we'll get you out of the tub. But just don't play; wash yourself really good too."

Izzy closed the toilet seat and dropped his shorts, releasing his hardening 7-inch cock and sat down. Jeff got two thick towels and put them down to kneel on and then got on his knees. Jeff loved sucking cock; he used to wear fancy panties and suck his dad and his dad's friends everyday for almost 20 years until the old man passed away. He took Izzy's cock in his hand and stroked it lightly, he smiled and said, "I'm sorry I'm such a cock slut, Izzy, I just can't help it, as much as I enjoy watching Winnie sucking you, I wish it was me doing it instead." Izzy thought that at least Jeff was honest about being a serious fag, "It's fortunate I found you peeking at guy's cocks in those video booths at the dirty book store. Then while you were sucking me off while I was pumping quarters into the machine and watching a faggot video I saw you had pink panties on, I love queer boys in panties. Then when I found out you are married with a slut wife and two kids that really excited me, but you blew me away completely when you said your family knows you're a pantywaist cocksucker and your wife and seven-year-old daughter were feminizing your five-year-old son. Panties on boys are my fetish. I don't wear them myself, but I sure love seeing panties on boys.



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Well, as I told you, I met this guy who's willing to pay really big bucks for a video of a preschool kid being abused by big manly men. It's so cool, Jeff; I've put six other little boys in girlie panties and fucked the hell out of them, and all their dad's loved seeing their boys dancing around in lacy panties. All of those boys' dads I made suck my cock too, and got it on videotape for a little blackmail just in case they decided at the last minute that they didn't want to go through with making pink pantied cocksucking fags of their little boys. But then, you come along, and you and your boy are already into everything I love; this is a marriage made in heaven. I can go for the ladies and girls too, but nothing lights my fire like a baby boy in nylon panties. And of the six boys, all their dads, except one, ended up loving to suck cocks too. I only ran into one dad in all those times who just wanted to watch and jack off, and when he did come, it had to be in his pantywaist son's mouth. This guy was divorced and shooting his cum down the boy's throat was a way he was getting even with his ex-wife."

Jeff smiled and opened his mouth and took the fat head of Izzy's cock into his mouth, Izzy sighed; Jeff was a very good cocksucker and he knew he wouldn't last long. Winnie, who had been washing himself with a soapy pair of pink rhumba panties as a washcloth, was now watching his faggot daddy suck off Izzy instead of playing with his toys.

Izzy smiled at him, "Is the water getting cold, Winnie? You can add more hot if it is." Winnie shook his head, "It's OK."

Izzy asked him "You like watching your daddy suck cock, don't you?" Another nod. "You know you're going to get fucked really good tonight; don't you, panty boy? We're going to fill up your mouth and asshole with cocks and fill your tummy and butt with cum, lots and lots of cum. Your daddy wants to see the four of us fuck you bad; he wants to see his little boy get gangbanged by four adult men with big hard cocks." Jeff moaned as he sucked and jacked his own short skinny cock as he listened to his son answering Izzy. Winnie asked, "Will mommy and Belle be here to see?" The man's cum was boiling in his balls as he answered with gasping breaths, "No, your mommy and sister went to visit your Auntie Zenia and won't be home until very late."

Actually, the boy's mother and sister were spending the night with her big black lover and her lover's teenage son who was going to deflower the young girl.

Winston's slut mommy fully approved of the boy's feminization and even his introduction into being a cum-loving faggot, Jeff was sure his wife wouldn't OK having their panty boy being filmed and that video being sold around the world for the entertainment of perverts. So with his wife and daughter away, Jeff had chosen this night to have his son filmed as the center of a faggot orgy.

As he got ready to ejaculate, the man put his hand on Jeff's head and looked at Winnie, who was rubbing his baby-sized



dick with his panty wash cloth. "You're a little fucking slut, Winnie, and your daddy loves it. He wants your boy pussy stretched tonight, and you know what, tonight is just the start." Jeff was whimpering as he listened, "That's right, baby girlie boy, I have a lot of plans for you your daddy doesn't even know about yet, like taking you to the park, to the men's room there and letting you give free blow jobs. Jeff groaned, "Yeah, and taking you to a truck stop on the interstate and renting you out at \$5.00 a pop for blowjobs and \$10.00 for ass fucks. And I'm going to make videos of you doing all those things and sell those videos."

Jeff groaned loudly as he sucked; Izzy's hard cock was ready to blow, "Yeah, aaaah, yeah, you fucking needle dick faggot, suck me you fucking cock whore; I going to take your baby boy and turn him into a panty whore! The little fucking sissy's going to make me some big money, Jeff; uh-uh-uh, yeah, here it is cum slut; a-a-a-ah, fuck, yeah!" Izzy's cock exploded and he unloaded jet after jet of hot thick cum into Jeff's mouth. Jeff's own wimpy dick was squirting jism as Izzy filled his belly with semen. Jeff didn't miss a drop, and as he finished swallowing, he licked Izzy once more and smiled. "When can we take him to the park?"

Within an hour, everyone had arrived and Izzy had put Winnie in a pink princess dress and pink panties with pink socks and shoes and made Jeff wear a maids' outfit. Turk and Ben were burly truck drivers who worked out of Izzy's

dispatch office, each had a cock in the 7 to 8 inch range. Mo was a short, stocky black man with a huge nine-incher.

Things were in full swing; the men were drinking and popping piles, the cameras were on, and Jeff was doing what Izzy had expected, giving blowjobs to any of the guys waiting to use one of his son's holes, and after they would cum, Jeff would scurry over in his maids' outfit and beg to clean the cum off softening cocks and off his feminized baby boy.

Winnie was made up with a touch of lip gloss and eyeliner. The kid's princess dress lasted long enough for Izzy to get excellent footage of the boy sucking off each man with it on. He had great close ups of the five-year-old as pre-cum and saliva oozed from the sides of his mouth and nice shots as one of the guys splattered his angelic face with gobs of semen.

Little Winnie was game, he tried hard but these guys were horny and their first load was always the biggest. So even swallowing hard Winnie ended up having his pretty little boy face painted with cock juice. The second guy rubbed his leaking cock all over Winnie's face, smearing the cum all over and then feeding his cum coated cock head to the nasty little guy. Winnie worked hard, these guys were seven to nine inches long and thick. Winnie's small mouth was stretched; he couldn't take more than a couple inches from any of them, but really that's all that's necessary for a guy to get a nice nut, and Winnie's little hands were busy jacking the men's cock shafts as he sucked the fat swollen heads.



Turk liked cumming on kids' faces, so when he was ready he tilted Winnie's head back and called for daddy. Jeff knelt next to his son and when the guy blew his load he creamed all over Winnie, covering his face in thick ropes of semen and then turned to Jeff and finished up in daddy's mouth.

Mo fed Winnie his cock as cum dripped off the boys face and Jeff licked it from his chest, so delightfully cute in a baby-size pink silk training bra Izzy had picked up when he was in Mexico. Izzy, himself, blew his wad into Winnie's mouth, who couldn't handle it all and had to let go of the spurting cock. Winnie got a mess of it down but still ended up with his forehead and hair getting several ropes of Izzy's thick goo.

After the initial blowjobs, the men were anxious to get to Winnie's asshole and the stained dress that had been pulled down to expose his training bra, now was taken off the boy.



It was fun to watch Winnie's dad jacking off as Winnie was manhandled, literally, like a little boy fuck doll in his dainty pink satin rhumba panties and silk training bra. The kid's panties were pulled aside, and cocks were shoved into his add and his mouth at the same time as the men took turn holding the boy in midair between the two of them at a time. Izzy knew his shit so he had given Jeff some goodies to feed Winnie before and during the party. The little boy was looped and feeling no pain, and Izzy was enjoying himself immensely.

As the drinks and drugs made everyone mellow, the pace slowed and Winnie was now in the lap of one guy, a 7-inch cock was about three inches up his baby boy's ass, as his wide stretched mouth was taking about two inches of a fat 8 inch cock. The boy's body was streaked with dried cum and he was halfway between heaven and hell as he intermittently moaned and groaned as his young body was being used. Daddy Jeff was beside himself. He was crawling from cock to cock, licking, sucking and cleaning up errant drops of cock juice wherever they landed. His own ass went unused as he was not the main entertainment for the evening. Winnie was now on his stomach on the bed, two pillows under his belly, his asshole gaping and oozing cum; Jeff was looking hungrily at his son's ass as another man mounted the boy.

Izzy decided to shut him down for a little while. "Jeff, god damn it, you're getting to be a pain in the ass, go sit over there," Izzy pointed to a chair, "and don't do anything but jack on your dick through your panties unless I tell you something different. Now the four of us are going to fuck the hell out of your son for the rest of the night. You just sit tight and enjoy the show, and stroke your little dick till it falls off, for all I care. Now, sit!"

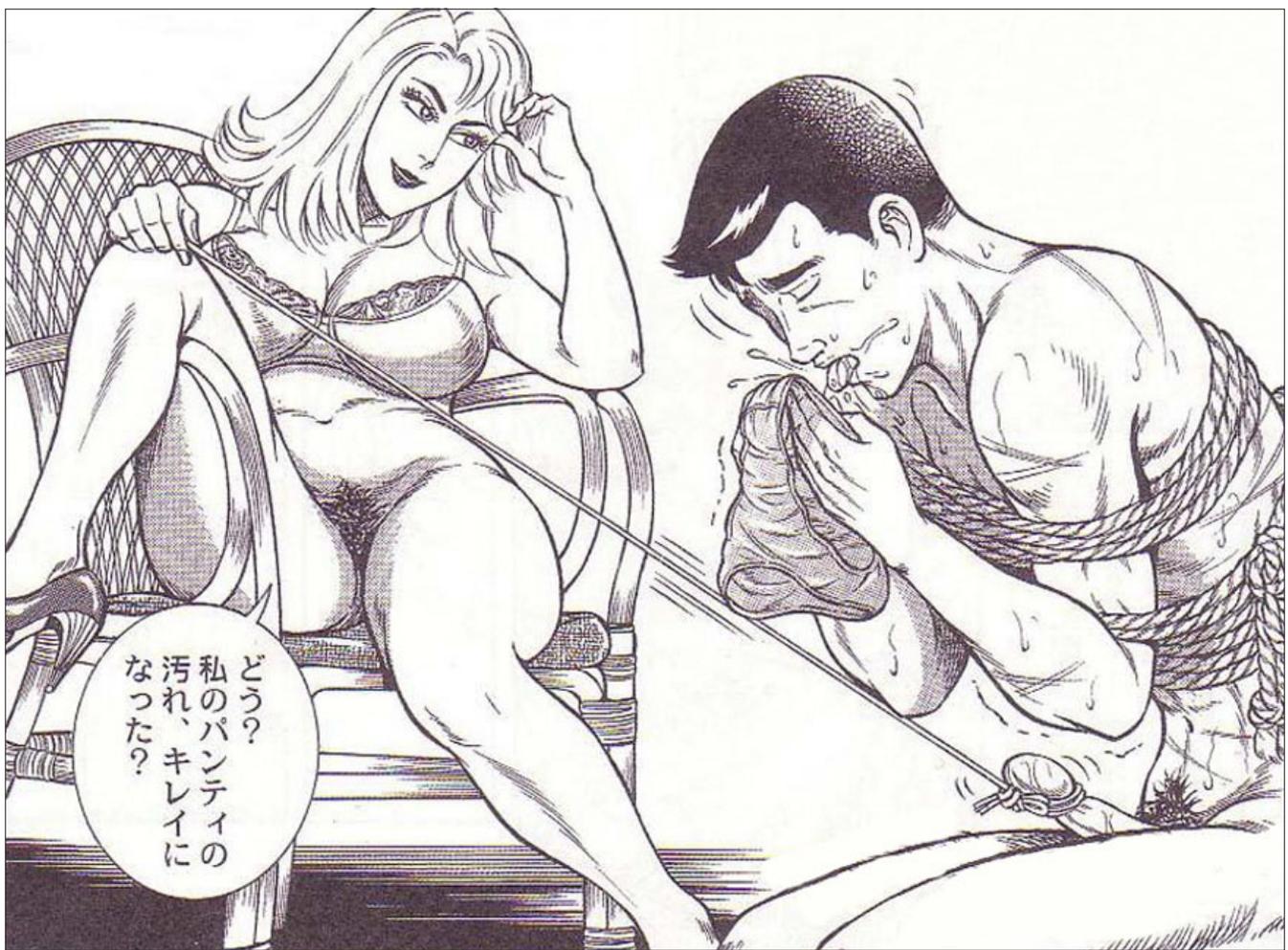
Jeff was red faced, but he sat, and as the men laughed, he put his hand under his petticoats and maids' dress and started stroking his short, skinny cock through his ruffled maids' panties, and like Izzy said, he enjoyed the show. Izzy and his friends used the boy thoroughly, again and again and again. Winnie's asshole was the size of a quarter, and it wasn't closing up after the men made their multiple deposits. It went on for another two hours, and Izzy permitted Jeff to get them beers and drinks, and to wash their cocks after each ass fucking.

Eventually, the studs were out of spunk. Izzy told Jeff, "OK, take your slut panty boy for a hot bath and put him to bed, he's going to be sore as hell tomorrow, so you do your daddy thing, hug and cuddle him, tell him how much you love him and

how proud you are of him. You got all that pussy face?" Jeff nodded and daddy and son, both in slimy panties, went toddling down the hall toward the bathroom.

"Damn if that isn't one fairy ass daddy and son combo," Turk said. Izzy nodded, "Hey, I got another daddy I'm working; I just about got him ready to share; he's got two boys, five and seven, and they are sweet. I'm already fucking the hell out of the seven year old and his daddy has both his boys wearing lacy pink panties everyday for underwear. But this dad isn't like Jeff, he's big and strong and got a very nice fat cock, but he sure loves seeing me fuck his boys, so you fellows try to stay open for next week, I may have some new little boy pussy in panties ready for you fuck."





## *Cuckolded Pantywaist*

Max jumped with nervous apprehension at the sound of ringing the bell connected to the servant's quarters. His wife was summoning him. He hurriedly turned off the steam iron and whipped off his pinafore, hesitating just an instant to fold it neatly over the back of his chair before darting silently up the five stairs into the hall, composing himself with his hand on the sitting room doorknob before stepping into her presence.

"What the hell took you so long, you miserable fag!" inquired Sylvia, not raising her eyes from her magazine.

"Pardon me, Madam, I-I thought It best to turn the iron off . . . i-in case you required me to perform any lengthy duties. I'm really sorry for my delay ... I know I ...

"All right, all right!" frowned his long-suffering wife, talking into her martini glass. "Are you nearly finished ironing?"

"W-w-well, ma'am, I have finished all your panties ..."

"Well, hooked on panties as you are, I'm not surprised you finished with my panties first, and you better not have soiled any of them, but for heaven's sake, answer me straight; are you nearly finished? I have many other things for you to do."

"I've one more of your petticoats to do, Ma'am, and three of mine," replied the trembling husband.

"Well you'd better look sharp, today," replied his wife; "Ray is coming round. He'll be here any minute. Get out!"

"Y-yes, Madam, I'll get my new maids' uniform ready," stammered the nineteen-year-old husband, retreating to the door. His haste went for nothing, however, for as he was halfway up the stairs, the front door chime told him that Mr. Adams had already arrived. Dressed in just a pointy 1950s bra, waist-high satin pink panties and garter belt and nylons, the young wimp of a hubby hesitated momentarily in front of the hall mirror - there would be all hell to pay if his appearance didn't suit his position as the resident pantywaist pansy.

If any of Sylvia's guests voiced any sort of disapproval





about Max, the poor boy's life would change from awful to unbearable, so being constantly mindful of how he looked, he straightened his platinum blonde wig to hide his dark brown hair underneath and put his hair-slide in again neatly. He did a quick turn to each side to see in the mirror that his full-cut panties were neatly arranged on his hips and then looked down to check his red patent Mary Jane shoes. ... Yes, they were nice and shiny, happy that he had taken the time earlier to polish them. ... He scurried towards the door . . . Oh horrors! He remembered just in time that Mr. Adams preferred his penis pushed back deep into the crotch of his panties to give himself a girlish front. ... Hurriedly, he pulled out his panty waistband, thrust his hand down into his big panties and struggled to conceal his always half-hard dick to make himself as presentable as he could, and then opened the door.

"Good evening, Panty Boy ... Are you pleased to see me?" Max wished he wouldn't call him that name; it made such a ridiculous comparison between his sissiness and this man's powerful masculinity. "Why yes, Mr. Adams Sir," replied the slim youthful husband, stepping back head bowed into his deep reverent curtsy with his hands plucking at the sides of his full-cut pink panties, pulling them out like spreading out a full skirt for his perfectly executed curtsy.

"Stand up, my dear panty boy," said the visitor. With liquor on his breath, the vile man took the sissy's hand in both of his and caressed the delicate smooth flesh of Max' wrist and forearm. "Are you sure you are pleased to see me, my little pantied pussy?"

Max knew better than to resist the sarcastic wet kisses that were being planted on his hand: "I-I'm very pleased to see you again, Sir ... I-I'm thrilled that you could come and spend a pleasant evening with my Mistress Sylvia ..." Interrupting the sissy, Adams lifted the embarrassed chin of the nineteen-year-old with his fingertips so Max had to look him straight in the eye. "Are you really, really delighted to see me again, Maxine?"

Max hated being called by the feminine version of his name; he was beside himself with shame gnawing at his stomach, and his long mascara lashes just barely holding back the tears he fought to overcome. With hollow gulps in his throat, he tried to answer in a way to keep the man at bay. "Oh, Mr. Adams, sir, (gulp) I-I'm ... I'm absolutely de-LIGHT-ed that you, my very best friend, w-would come tonight to help me in my lessons and teach me



(gulp) how t-to be a real husband s-some day."

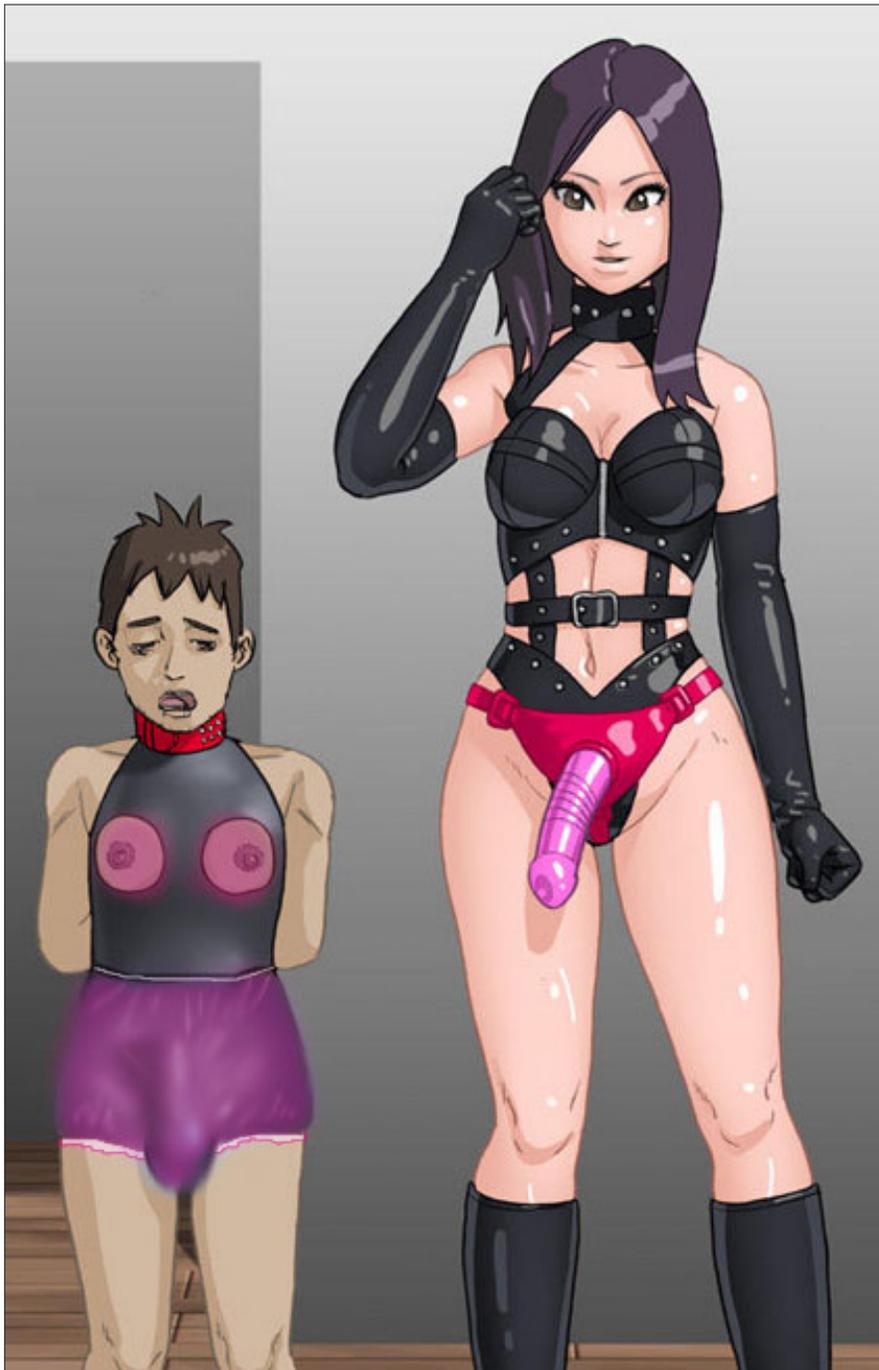
"All right then, my little pansy," growled Adams, pushing himself all the way in the front door. "Get over here, you pink asshole, show me how pleased you are to see me."

The terrified youth was a quiver as he held the living-room door open for his wife's guest and announced his arrival: "Mr. Adams, my dear friend, Ray, has come to see you, Mistress."

As he went in, Adams stepped on Max's foot with his full weight. Max gasped from the pain as well as the instant

fear that Adams may have scuffed his red Mary Janes. "Hi honey, you savage beast!" Sylvia said.

Like a chivalrous gentleman, the brute Mr. Adams bowed before her, the better to receive her affections, the tender caresses of her hands as she drew her lover's head to her warm lips with excited gasps escaping from their mouths between intense kisses. Watching it, sent tingling waves of jealousy through Max's wimpy weak body. He knew quite well that his wife would never switch her admiration and affection from a gruff, beefy male to such an unmanly lightweight as himself.



Adams interrupted his enjoyable greetings to cast a look of mock surprise over the back of the sofa to the door where Max waited obediently, hands by his side. "Well, panty boy, why aren't you getting into your new school boy uniform!"

"Go, get it on quickly, you twit!" his wife's voice came from the depths of the sofa. "No, wait a minute ... Go and get it, and bring it down here ... we'll dress you ourselves." They then cackled with self-satisfaction as they plunged back into their embrace.

Max ruefully closed the door behind him and hurried upstairs to get his hateful little-schoolboy costume from his wardrobe of shame clothing. One minute later, he politely knocked again at the living room door. He was answered by a couple of distant giggles, and ten minutes later, was told to come in.

He opened the door, his costume neatly draped over one arm, and moved forward to stand respectfully in front of the sofa, where Adams and Sylvia got up to stand before him, "Put your nice little clothes over the back of that chair," she snarled coldly, "and bring it over here."

The young husband did as he was bidden and felt his trembles getting beyond the point where he could control them as he positioned the chair within reach of his wife and stood as straight and as still as he could beside it.

"Come closer," she beckoned with

her hands, and Max inched forward until the rounded toes of his red shoes were touching his wife's sandal and her lover's elegant boot. With his calloused hands, Adams slid his fingers down over the sides of the youth's silken pink panties and then slowly up the inside of the kid's trembling thighs, until his teasing fingers found Max's defenseless penis and balls so neatly tucked away in the snug crotch of his sissy panties, Adams began to play with the little jewels. The boy hung his head in shame at being so intimately handled by a big, burly man. Reacting to the invasion, Max tensed up, stretching his fingers as wide as they could alongside his thighs, absolutely forbidden to attempt to resist any treatment he might be given. ... It was, after all, totally deserved, as his wife and mistress never stopped telling him.

"Oh, I'm sure you really like it when Ray does that for you, don't you, you pansy? You can't fool me," smiled his wife at him with a contemptuous wrinkle in her lip.

"Y-yes sir, I enjoy it very m-much."

"Well, that's all you're getting for now, panty boy, because we want to undress you and then properly dress you, don't we," she said.

The trembling, red-faced husband thought it best to help, and started to reach behind himself to undo his bra.

"Leave that!" ordered his wife. "Were going to do that. Just turn around."

So Max turned and then stood obediently, now facing away from them, his blushing face hidden momentarily from their taunting stares. He then felt Adams' rough hands being inserted into the waist elastic of his pretty panties and next expected to feel them being pulled down his hips, but instead, Adams was in a playful mood and

**I don't think that I can do this anymore. This isn't fair! Sensei put me in the upcoming show, but this is too much. The costume shows everything! I have learned my lesson. I have been behaving.. I don't want to be a girl anymore. But when I spoke with mother she said that I would be letting the team down if I didn't dance with them.**



I don't want to let them all down. Mother says if I am good till graduation I can go back if I want too. So its back to practice with me then. I still hate this outfit. Especially with this post for the flyer for the show. Worse yet, those boys are even more persistent now that we have them.

I really don't like how the one keeps smiling at me...

began snapping the snug waist elastic; then he switched off and began snapping the kid's leg elastics too. It didn't take long and after only a few snaps, Max was in pain and began to wiggle and dance to dispel the little pinging hurts that were building up into a lot of pain.

"Very sweet," Adams observed to Max as he continued the loud snapping of pink panty elastics. "Yes, very sweet panties indeed, panty boy."

A deep depth of shame showed on the youth's face as his wife's lover complimented him on his sissy panties and those words were accompanied by the robust chuckles of his wife in precise cadence with the stinging waist and leg band snaps. She was thoroughly in love with Ray Adams, and she delighted in all the little ways he could make her pansy husband squirm and grovel. The panties on the boy were in pastel pink nylon, not a skimpy bikini style, but luscious full-cut briefs like Max's mommy used to wear. In fact they were an actual pair of his mother's old-fashioned

panties. When Max's mother died four months earlier, it opened the door for their new life. With his mother out of the way, Sylvia could do what she wanted and not fear being cut off from his family's fortune. And now the money was all theirs -- well, all hers, actually, since she had Max put all their assets in her name alone, and in their State there was no mandatory sharing of the wealth between marriage partners.

Sylvia did love Max when she first married him but she couldn't break off seeing Adams, her old boyfriend, who had no interest in marriage. And she kept going with him because Max was a hopelessly inadequate lover, plus he had an undersized penis -- a pimple she called it. Then she came home one day to find him masturbating while sniffing handfuls of her dirty panties, and that explained a lot. She knew enough about such things that Max was a panty fetishist, and as such, he was probably incurable. In fact, it soon began apparent he was a hopelessly crazed masturbator, and she then knew why he never had

enough energy or devotion to her to properly make love to her, even though she was convinced that he was deeply in love with her -- he just loved panties more!

Max's fetishism seemed to give Sylvia permission to continue her love affair with Adams, and then when Max's mother died and Sylvia was able to work on Max's guilt over being a poor lover and panty-addicted pervert she got him to funnel all the family assets exclusively to her control, she was set to construct their present life the way she wanted it, and that is what she now enjoyed.

As an added twist, after Max's mother dies, Sylvia was delighted to discover the wealthy woman's huge stock of old-time panties, each pair with ruffles, ribbons, lace and frills. No wonder her son became a panty fetishist! So Sylvia took all of those panties and now has her husband wear them for the enjoyment of her and her lover, Adams.

Now, on this day, Max was, as usual, wearing a pair of those panties -- pink panties with enough frills to choke a prissy princess. A two-inch wide trim of white lace around the leg elastics and a panel of embroidered buttercups at the front of each leg led the eye of the observer to the little male parts, nestled compactly in the pink panty crotch. Ray Adams stood close to the helpless and





For my punishments, my mother kept a supply of nylon panties in my size; however, my kid sister used to tease me by putting on a pair of my punishment panties and then parading in front of me. They were too big for her, so she had to roll them up to fit her.

defenseless youth, spread his large hands across the awaiting stomach and small of his back, and threaded his fingers inside the waist elastic, stretching it and making Max fearful that he was going to be subjected to another round of panty elastic snapping. But instead, Adams slowly and tantalizingly worked his fingertips down the outside of the boy's panties, cupping the boy's cool buttocks and then down and over the kid's smooth pantied belly, until the gruff man was then resting his fingers over the tamed penis and balls and then slid over the crotch to hold in his big palm the little sex toys of this wimpy pantywaist sissy thoroughly hooked for life on his mommy's big panties.

The emasculated husband was powerless to prevent his knees buckling beneath him, and with a huffing gasp, his legs gave out and his full weight was supported on the fondling hands of his wife's lover. He felt his wife's hand smacking his bare exposed legs to get them wide apart to give Adams even more access. Adams continued to enjoy the manipulations in which he was engaged; Sylvia stood up on the other side of her suffering husband and enjoyed watching Adams so humiliate him.

"Hands by your side, you lispng sissy boy!" she snapped.

Adams continued his disgusting ministrations, humbling the boy, who was becoming quite excited; his pimple penis was standing up in his mommy's panties. His wife and her lover both laughed at the sight.

"Let's not get the little sissy too excited. We don't want him to soil his fancy panties," his wife laughingly said, and then commanded, "Now, close your legs, so we can change your panties to go with your schoolboy outfit." A couple of sharp smacks on the back of his bare legs told him to bring his knees together, and Ray Adams drew the soft pink nylon panties down the victim's legs, standing before them in white ankle socks and tight-fitting red patent girls' shoes. Max longed to cover his privates with his hand, but that, he knew, would be unforgivable. The manual attentions he had just received had erected him, and he knew he was on exhibit.

"Shit, just look at him erect in those panties!" scorned his wife, sitting back on the sofa and viewing Max's penis with abject disgust. "That's all the excitement we're going to let you have, honey ... That's it!"

"What a joke! That's as big as his dick gets?" sneered Ray Adams. "It's like a toy prick; do you mean that's it?"

"Sure is, honey. In fact you've done a great job of getting it to stand up. I've never seen it get bigger. I think my sissy hubby likes you jacking on him in his panties; be careful there - our panty boy might want you for a lover!" She laughed, and reached out to flick his husband's tiny

pink pantied exposed member.

Adams was laughing too. He sat forward to examine it closely. "Damn! At best, it may be four inches, tops!" he marveled. "That's it?"

"Three and three eights to be precise," laughed Sylvia, getting up to begin redressing the naked unfortunate.

"I don't believe it can't get any bigger than that!" exclaimed her paramour with a smile of disbelief.

"The absolute limit, honestly," she assured him, getting Max to put his arms through the shoulder-ribbons of his nylon camisole and drawing it together behind his shoulder blades to tie the ribbon at the yoke and fasten the two little mother-of-pearl buttons down the back.

"And that's the fattest it ever gets too," she laughed.

Adams fluffed out the lace-trimmed hem of Max's flared white camisole, hanging effectively from the narrow pink shoulder ribbons, leaving his shoulders bare and extending from his armpits almost to the bottom of his ribs. He put his index finger against the side of the tumescent member, and burst out into uncontrollable laughter. "Look at that, Vi ... It's smaller than my finger!"

During the last couple of months as Sylvia molded their lives to her wishes, she brought Ray Adams into their home and demoted her husband more and more as she took control and more and more blatantly cuckolded her husband, leaving him wallow in his panty heaven in exchange for her turning her sex fantasies into reality.

Sylvia, picking up her husband's schoolboy blouse, said, "Come on, let's get the thing dressed and out of the way. Oh, look, Raymond, with all your talk about how little his peter is, you've made him cry! You are nasty," and she burst out laughing. The tears were indeed running down both cheeks of the whimpering male, who made a pitiful sight in his white shortie camisole, his bare arms hanging limply by his sides, and his smooth bare legs looking so long and slim.

"Ah, but he's really enjoying himself," replied Adams with mock seriousness, standing up on the other side of Max. "Aren't you, panty boy?" The tears burst out in an uncontrollable flow of weeping as the wimp tried to no avail to put a voice to this request.

"I'm not having this, you puny pink pantied pussy boy," snarled Adams, his mood changing in a flash as he grabbed the arm of the youth and swung him across his knees as he sat down again on the sofa. "You'll stop your crying now or I'll beat the hell out of your butt. Adams then rained down vicious slaps with the full strength of his

arm on the kid's bare buttocks as Sylvia held out of the way her husband's flailing defensive arms.

"I can hold them," exclaimed Adams, grabbing both bare arms in one of his and readjusting the youth across his knees to expose bottom and legs more effectively.

"Warm the back of his legs for him ... Give it all you've got," Sylvia yelled as a rapid torrent of ringing smacks rained down on the back of the defenseless pair of legs from waist to ankles.

Eventually, it ceased, when both the smackers were feeling they'd had enough. Adams hauled the quivering

young victim up on his feet. The bawling boy could barely stand upright with the contraction of his stinging reddened skin. At least he was able to pull himself together and stop most of his crying, knowing that might spare him even further chastisement, for the time being.

"Now, as I was saying, little panty boy," murmured the man with menace as he towered over the smarting youth, "Tell me, Ray Adams, your best friend, if you are having a nice time."

"M-m-m-um. I-I-ng," (gulp) ... Max struggled to overcome the deep sobs of shame and do as he was told. ... "I-I-I-I'm having a lovely, nice evening, Sir. ... Th-thank you SO



much for playing with me ..."

The bully Adams seemed to be satisfied with this.

"Come on," Ray; let's hurry and finished dressing him," urged Sylvia, who had her mind on more serious fun on the bed upstairs. "Get his velvet shorts ready for him while I'm doing up his blouse."

Once the ruffled white girls' blouse was on the boy, both his captors admired how his skimpy camisole fetchingly showed through the thin chiffon fabric. Sylvia than drew his flimsy lace-trimmed panties up his legs, another pair of mother's fancy panties that no modern girl would be caught wearing since they featured so many frills and ribbons. Then the two got him down on the carpet for the job of beshorting him. Max didn't enjoy this bit, as his dark blue velvet shorts were extremely tight.

With a lot of squeezing and pulling, the soft velvet pants were eased over his red, smarting calves, delicate knees, and raw thighs of the whimpering husband, whose pain wracked buttocks were being mercilessly pulled to and fro on the carpet by the gyrations required to get the shorts on him. His mistress holding one cuff and Adams holding the other, the main job of getting the tight shorts into place over his nylon panties began.

"Thumbs in your mouth, little boy," ordered Adams. Max was never allowed to lend a helping hand at this stage; his arms had to be kept completely out of the way.

The tedious process of inching these snug shorts up her husbands baby-soft thighs exasperated Sylvia ... it took all of their combined strength to gain just an inch at a time; but the final reward made all worthwhile. When they got to his buttocks, his little boy penis had to be positioned downwards into the gusset and his pelvis thrust forward as far as possible with his girlish buttocks pressed closely together. Another ten minutes of heaving and squeezing and master and mistress would be able to fasten the rows of delicate guilt hooks and eyes down the back of the brief restricting garment. With the hem of his blouse tucked (with difficulty) into his shorts, and the little pop fasteners pressed shut at the back of his waistband, Ray Adams and Sylvia lifted their humiliated victim onto his feet - with such tight shorts gripping his pelvis, it was impossible for the nineteen-year-old little schoolboy to produce more than a slight bend at the hips, and it was impossible for him to get up from a reclining position.

"Now, let's take a look at you," said Sylvia, standing back to see what else needed doing. Max stood motionless, his hips thrust forward, his knees and ankles pressed together, and his head bowed in embarrassment. His smooth silky blouse with lace-trimmed cuffs and round collar made him look more like a schoolgirl than a schoolboy.

Matching lace panels decorated the front of the bodice, on either side of the row of small white pearl buttons that fastened it down the front. Sylvia and her lover had replaced his schoolboy socks with white nylon ankle socks edged with white lace, which turned down sweetly over the edge of the apple green patent one-strap shoes that they were now squeezing onto his feet.

"Turn round, you panty faggot," ordered Sylvia, taking the wide waist sash from the back of the chair. She slipped the luxurious ribbon of double-faced apple green satin around Max's waist and fastened a large butterfly bow at the back, leaving sweet green drapes hanging down six inches below the bottom edge of his dark blue velvet shorts. Finally, white nylon wrist length gloves were squeezed into place and the tiny glass buttons fastened down the palm of the hand. Max's inability to prevent the whimpering sobs escaping from his pouting mouth made him look a truly sorry sight.

He was set on his high stool (with the shorts on, it was impossible to sit him on his usual low toddler chair that had been purchased from the daycare school). With him on his stool, he was positioned at his specially made high desk, and given a pencil and paper.

"Now, panty boy," instructed his wife, "your essay tonight will be entitled 'Fifty good reasons why my Mistress Sylvia should invite gentlemen friends to the house to laugh at me,' and every one of the reasons must have the words my tiny penis and my pretty panties in it. When you are finished, you will start your lines: 'I must keep on trying to be masculine, even though it is hopeless.' We expect you to have completed at least 2,000 by the time we come down to examine your work. Get going!"

Max found himself on his own and knew only too well that every second was precious if he was to complete all his lines on time. He had been hard at his essay for some ten minutes, having concocted some frightfully embarrassing details to write about which made his stomach turn with shame at the cowardice of his fearful obedience when his wife popped her head round the door and informed him in a voice of bitter contempt: "My mother was just on the phone to say she's coming for a visit tomorrow and staying until the weekend, and she's bringing little Freda with her."

"Oh no!" thought Max to himself. "Two extra lots of underwear to wash, and five days without a moments peace!" Visits from his mother-in-law were dreaded episodes because she insisted on having him dressed as a little girl; however, even she wasn't as bad as her little ten-year-old daughter, who could make Max cry like a baby with humiliation within moments of entering the house! But at least it meant there would be no more of Ray Adams around until after they had gone!