

# Princess Access

Excerpts from

## Your Link to Exciting Internet Content

#3

When Mrs. Ardale went shopping and bought her daughter Tina a matching cancan petticoat and ruffled panty set, Tina's little brother Johnny screamed and cried so loudly in the store that his mother had to buy him a petticoat and matching panties too.



*Adults Only*

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

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## Mom's Petticoating Forever Change Me

When I was a 5 years old and my mother decided I merited punishment, she would make me wear girls' high-waisted, lacy nylon panties and a dress so short that the panties were almost fully exposed. I hated it but had to wear the dress and panties for one or more days depending upon how bad I had been. My dad complained it was too severe of a punishment for a young boy, who had enough difficulty trying to establish his masculinity while growing up in a rough neighborhood in South Philly. Finally dad persuaded mom to give me harsh spankings instead. The spankings didn't do much good because I still got into trouble a lot. The humiliation of girls' clothes was much more effective, but dad wouldn't allow it.

When I was twelve, dad died from a bad case of pneumonia, and I began acting worse than ever. Mom's spankings would only have a temporary effect, even though she could spank me awfully hard. She knew it wasn't enough, so without dad around, she decided to go back to humiliating me by dressing me in dresses and panties in addition to paddling me.

She had gotten some fancy clothes from one of my stupid girl cousins and forced me dress up in a party dress and frilly lace panties for my spankings that were given to me panties down on each Friday right after school, and then I had to stay in the outfit for the whole weekend. With my male hormones raging through my body, it was severely humbling to me since I was trying to be all boy to keep up with the tough boys in the area.

Forcing me into girls' clothes confused me. They felt weird, and mom would make me tell her the clothes were pretty, soft and silky and exciting to wear. I said those things because that's what she wanted me to say. But after making me talk about the clothes that way for a couple of months, my mind snapped in a way; I began to focus on soft and comfortable the were. I was especially attracted to the slips and panties.

They tickled and pleased my young body. The nylon panties would make my dick erect. I thrilled to look at myself

in the mirror and stroke my penis through the panties until I'd spurt my cum. The very first cum I ever experienced was into a pair of nylon panties! When mom did the laundry the next day and found my cum-soaked panties, she freaked out and shoved the smelly panties into my face as she called me a sissy and a sick little panty boy. She made me wear my girly clothes for the entire week. She even curled my hair and put pink ribbons in it, thinking she was punishing me. She did make me feel bad, but the erections were stronger than ever in my panties, and I began masturbating every day; however, I did hand wash out each pair of panties and let them dry before putting them in the laundry so mother wouldn't notice. After that punishment week was over, she had me go back to my boys' clothes but stored all my girls' clothes in my closet and dresser, warning me that she'd make me wear them again if I 'didn't grow up and learn how to be a man.'

But I had to admit to myself that I really liked the frilly nylon panties and continued to take them out of the bottom drawer of my dresser where mom had stored them. I'd put them on and play with my penis until I ejaculated.

Eventually, mom figured out what was going on, she was upset and scolded me regularly over it, but I did not stop. Several months later at Christmas, when I opened the stuff in my stocking, I found three pairs of lacy nylon panties in pink, pale yellow and sky blue. With me blushing, mom said that I could wear them whenever I had 'the need,' but to keep it a secret since she didn't want me to be an embarrassment amongst our relatives and neighbors.

She wanted to know if I was interested in other girls' clothes. I told her that I really loved pretty panties but wanted to try sleeping in silky girls' nightgowns, so she bought me two lacy nightgowns, one a pale pink babydoll with matching bloomer panties, and the other a waltz-length nylon satin nightie in pale green with pink and white flowers and a ruffled trim. She explained she felt guilty about my craving to wear lingerie; she blamed herself for my fetish because she had subjected me to petticoat punishment.

Immediately, I began wearing the panties every day and the nightgowns every night, and I was so happy to do it openly with my mother. I began wearing panties all the time under

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my boys' clothes too, and that scared mother a bit, as she always warned me to be careful so no one else found out.

Frequently, she worried aloud if I got into some kind of accident and had to go to the hospital where the doctors and nurses would see me wearing panties. But I always tried to calm her fears and told her it was a risk I was willing to take,

and if that ever did happen, I told her I, of course, would be embarrassed, but I wasn't ashamed of what I loved to wear and I wouldn't blame it on her or make up some lie to explain why I had girls' panties on; I would simply tell anyone who had to know that I always wore panties and always will. To this day I wear nothing but the prettiest, lacy nylon panties and sleep every night in a beautiful nightgown.



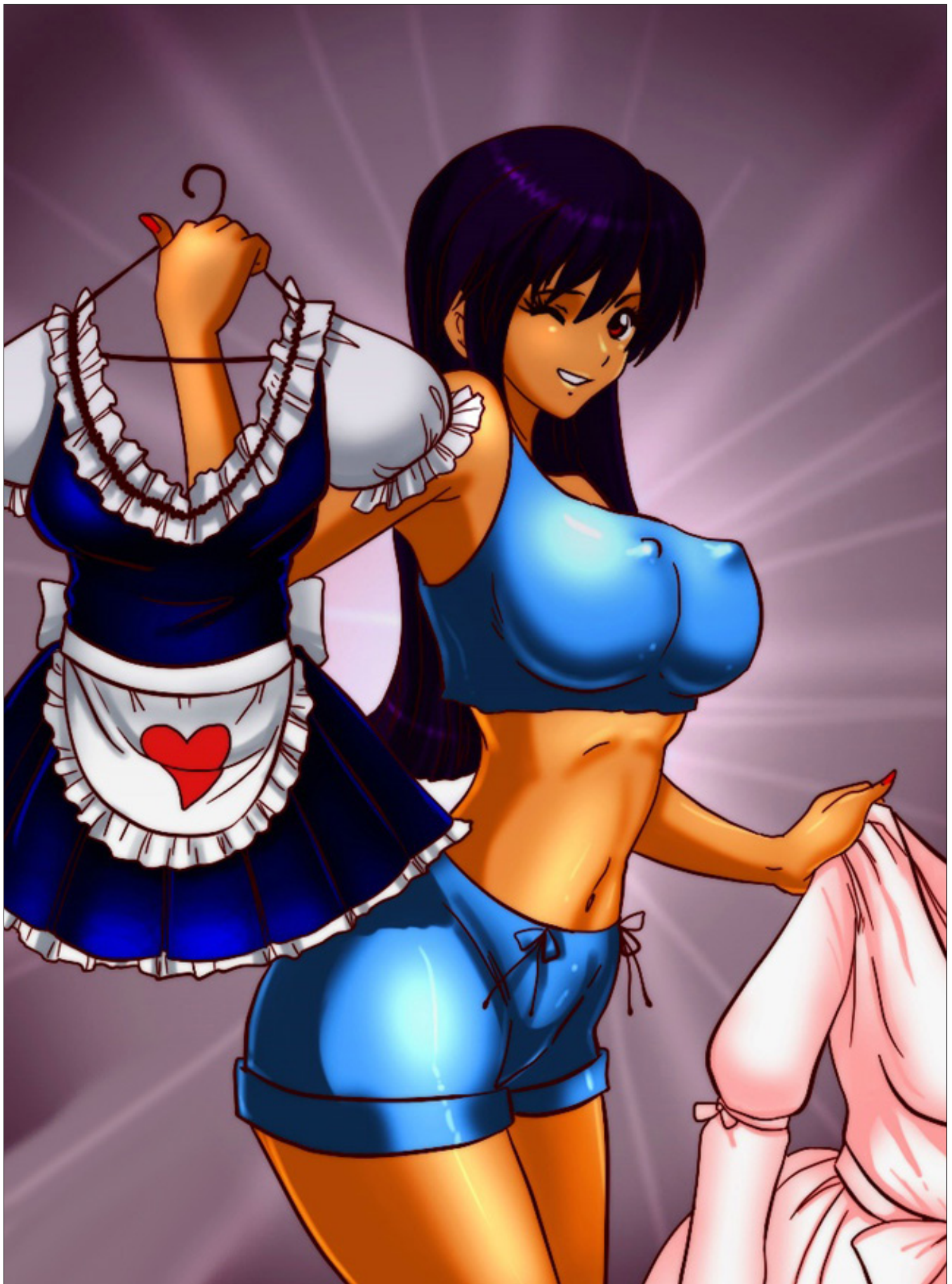


## Toddler's Ruffled Dresses for Little Boys

Here is a mainstream store that sells dresses for little boys on the Internet! Boys' Toddler Ruffle Dress On Sale \$17.99

**Celebrate having a sissy boy with one of our beautiful ruffled romper dresses.**

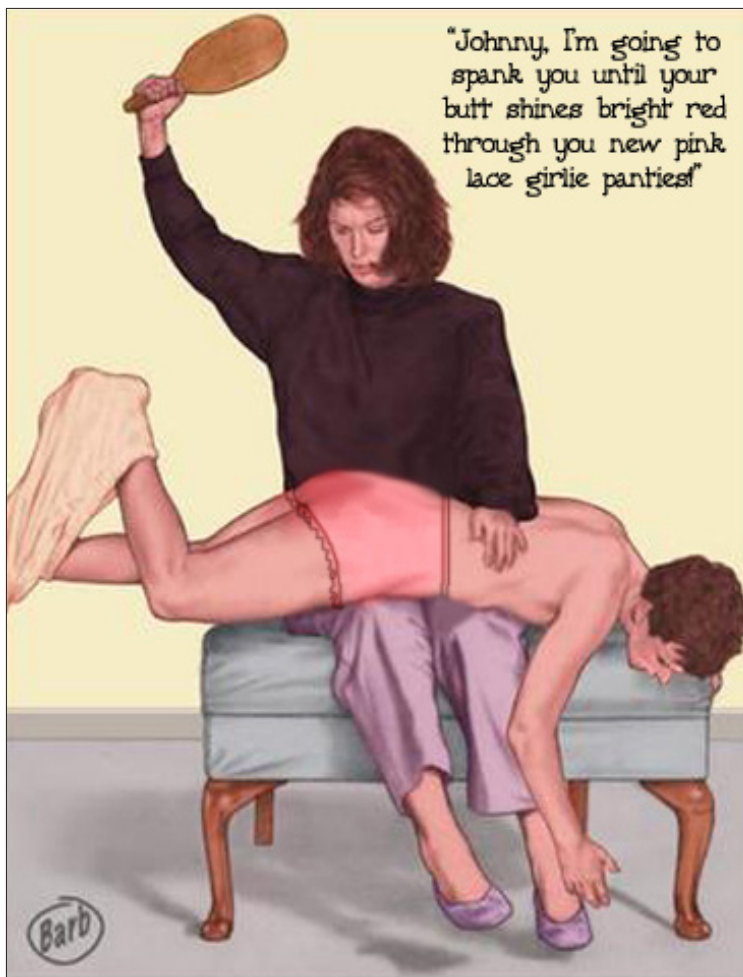
Website: [http://designer.inktastic.com/designer.php?design=Its-a-Boy.10724&product\\_type=Raspberry-Todder-Ruffle-Dress.267&aid=-4](http://designer.inktastic.com/designer.php?design=Its-a-Boy.10724&product_type=Raspberry-Todder-Ruffle-Dress.267&aid=-4)





"Master James, let  
me check you. Your  
mother wants you to  
be a nice baby girl.  
You better not have  
a big boy bump in  
the front of your  
baby panties!"





## The Day I was Pantied & Paddled

The day it happened, I had just come into the house from school and saw my fourteen-year-old sister, Kate, sitting on the couch with a big grin on her face. "Hey, jerk, you're going to get it! Mom saw you this morning when you took a piss in the flower garden before heading off to school; she's really mad and you are really going to get it."

"What's the big deal? I had to go pee and I couldn't wait until stupid you were out of the bathroom. So I peed on the lousy flowers; it's just like watering them."

"No, it isn't, young man," I heard mom's booming voice as she came into the front room. Your pee can kill my flowers; I just planted some tulip bulbs there." She had her paddle in her hand and I knew what was coming. "M-o-o-o-m! I'm sorry, Kate was in the bathroom and I couldn't wait; I had to get to school early today, and she takes forever in the bathroom."

At that moment, I barely noticed that mother also had a bunch of clothes over her arm. "Take all your clothes off right now." I looked at her and tried to beg off, but she wasn't about to

tolerate my whining. "Get all your clothes off this instant, or I'll add ten cracks with my paddle for every additional minute I have to wait."

"OK! OK, mom!" I answered as I pulled off my shoes and unbuckled my belt. "But do I have to get it in front of Kate?" I said taking off my clothes. When I was down to my undershorts, she pointed at them. "I said everything; take off your underwear too or I'll blister your bottom so much you won't want to wear underwear on your butt for a week."

As I tugged down my shorts, I turned away from Kate and put my hand in front of my penis so mom wouldn't see it. "Mom, can't I keep my underwear on. You always paddle me on my underwear. You always said, 'to keep me decent.'"

"I am not going to tell you again. You have exactly ten seconds to get your shorts off or ..." I got the message and hurriedly yanked them down and off. "Please, mom..."

"Johnny, put your hands at your sides and turn around so Kate and I can see you. You had no problem exposing your little boy equipment outside when you were peeing in my garden this morning, so what's the big deal now? Besides, I saw it when you were pissing on my new planted tulips. Now, if you ask me nicely, I will let you put on some underwear for your spanking, but right now, stand in front of us so we can see you as you ask. Boys your age start playing around with their penis a lot, so I want to take a look at your dick. I see the stains; I know you're playing with yours."

Kate gleefully said, "Mom, Johnny's penis is really small; isn't it? I bet the other boys laugh at him. He doesn't have much to play with, does he?" My sister was talking about my penis! I chose to ignore her comment, all I wanted at that moment, was to get my underpants back on. Blushing and in a rush, I bent over, picked them up off the floor and was about to step into them when mom said, "Oh, no you don't, mister! I have some new underpants for you. You can throw those old ones in the garbage. In fact, after your spanking, I want you to go to your bedroom, take out all of your underpants and throw them all in the trash."

She wasn't making sense. "Throw out all my underpants? What would I wear? Just then I took full notice of the clothes in her hands and folded over her arm. She had a bunch of Kate's clothes, and she was coming towards me with a pair of lacy pink panties dangling from her fingertips. "Here, you go, Johnny, pretty girls' panties are going to be your underwear from now on. Step into them, boy." By then she was stooping before me holding the elastic waistband of the slinky silken panties open by my feet.



"M-o-o-o-m! I can't wear those things! I'm a boy. I hate girls' stuff. I'm sorry about your flowers; I'll make it up to you. You can buy new flowers out of my allowance. Besides, mom, those underpants look too small for me. They wouldn't fit; I'm much bigger than that. Besides, they don't even have an opening in front. How am I supposed to go to the bathroom wearing those things."

Kate started to laugh. "Big? Who are you kidding. With a baby sized penis like that, you should be wearing panties and sitting down on the toilet to pee!"

I ignored my sister's slap at my masculinity. I wanted to complain that I didn't play with my penis, but instead, I bent down, grabbed my old underwear and got ready to put them back on as I begged, "I just can't wear those things, mom!"

"Don't you dare put your boys' underwear back on!" Mom yelled loud enough to make me freeze.

I dropped my shorts back to the ground. "Johnny, you are going to be wearing girls' fancy panties from now on. I bought a dozen pairs of the nicest nylon panties I could find in your size. And I'm happy to say that the store had some super pretty lace panties that I know are just right for you. Aren't you a lucky boy? You're going to find out what most boys never get to experience. Silky panties! You are going to love wearing panties. Now, step into these panties and let me put them on you, or I'll paddle you raw and then let Kate put the panties on you!" At that, Kate cheered and rushed over to stand in front of me next to mom.

Now, crying, with my grinning sister staring at my naked penis, I bowed my head and hurried to cover my nakedness. I stepped into the girlie panties, still I begged, "No, p-l-e-a-s-e, mom! I-uh-I-uh, can't..."

"Of course, you can, and you will," mom said. "You need to learn to be a nicer person, more like your sister, more like a sweet little girl. I'm tired of you acting like a nasty little boy who only cares about himself. Starting right now, you are a panty boy, a sissy, a pansy, a pantywaist -- yes, get used to those names because that is what we are going to make of you for as long as you live in this house."

Her words and my sister's teasing laughter and hissing made me shake with fear; I wasn't a sissy, and I would never give into being one, but the sensuous nylon panties now sliding up my legs shook my world like nothing else I could imagine. Through the tears in my eyes, the panties were a blur of pink and frills. I couldn't see them very well, but I could feel them touching every nerve in my legs as they traveled upward, the soft fabric and the snug waist and leg elastics scraped against me as they glided up and up until they slid with ease over my penis and balls. Ugh! I was wearing a pair of girls' panties! Things were moving much too fast. Before I knew it, Mom

was pulling me over her lap, and Kate was holding my arms. Not only was in the awful panties, I was about to be paddled!

"Mom, no, please, don't spank ..." but before I could even finish the sentence mom brought her paddle down on my pantied bottom. BANG! Oh, shit, that hurt! It hurt so much more than the other times I had been paddled; it was like the panties made it hurt even more. BANG! Another loud, hard swat hit me. "I'm sorry, mom, I-uh-uh..." BANG! I was crying like a little kid! Really bawling.

"Now, Johnny, if you want me to stop paddling you, tell us you want to be our sissy boy; tell us how much you want to be like your wonderful big sister; tell us you love your new panties -- yes, tell us all about your pretty panties, describe them to us and tell us how you will always wear them to remind you to be sweet like a girl. Tell us, now, or I'll just keep pounding on your bottom until you do!" BANG!

My butt was ablaze; I had no other choice, for fear of being beaten to death, I forced myself to scream out the words she wanted to hear. "Please, mommy, please, stop!" BANG! "Oh, mommy, I'll be good; I'll wear panties for you." BANG!

"Not for me; you silly wimp! You will be wearing panties because you WANT to wear them, want to be a girlie boy!"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, mom. I want to wear panties, pretty panties like these. Pretty panties with lace and bows and stuff on them. I love the panties you bought just for me. Thank you, thank you, thank you, mommy for the panties. Please, don't paddle me anymore. I want to be a sissy boy for you so I can wear pretty panties like a sweet little girl. Please, buy me more panties, mommy. I love my panties. I hate being a bad boy; I want to be a good panty girl." The paddling stopped.

There, I did it! I wanted to die of shame! How could I have said those things? My burning butt was the answer. The silky panties might have been the softest things I had ever touched in my life, but against my busted bottom they were like a fire-breathing dragon stoking the pain and permanently welding to my body those delicate but unbelievably powerful nylon panties. How could something so girlie be so destructive to a boy's spirit? As I continued to cry from the beating, mom and Kate ran their hands over the silken panties on my hot rear end. Their rubbing intensified the pain and made me squirm, gasping for breath. Mother demanded I keep still on her lap.

"We're rubbing your pretty new panties into your red hot butt to permanently fuse together this milestone paddling and your new panties. You will always remember this moment that changed your life forever. You will be amazed at how girlie you now want to be. You'll walk with a swish; you'll talk with a lisp, and every day you'll ask us to keep buying you more and more panties and soon you will beg us to cut off your dick and make you into a real girl! You are a lucky boy."



## When Boys Want to Be Like Girls

(From an mother's advisory Internet web site)

Mom of four boys, Debbie's eldest son, Jack, 6, has always been what she describes as 'a girly type of boy.'

"He's sensitive and thoughtful with a liking for all things pink and sparkly, and he begs for any clothing made of silk or nylon with lace and frills," she says. "All his friends are girls and he frequently goes to High School Musical parties at houses festooned with pink balloons where they sing and dance and wear costumes -- Jack always wears dresses and loves to spin around to show off his panties!"

"Oh, yes, panties! Jack insists that I buy him girl' nylon panties, and he doesn't want the plain styles; he only wants panties with as much lace and fancy decoration on them as can be found. He wears girls' nylon panties 24/7. All his friends, the neighbors and even all of our relatives know. Most people accept it as child's play, but I do wonder what they will think if at ten or twelve, he is still wearing panties instead of boys' underwear and dressing up like a girl every chance he gets.

Conversely, Jack still loves boyish pursuits like computer games, and the odd bout of wrestling with his brothers. I love that he likes to express himself in this way. In a house of all boys, I welcome his feminine traits. If girls can wear trousers, play football and cut their hair short if they want, why shouldn't boys be allowed to wear dresses, lace panties, do ballet, and paint their nails?

"Jack's three brothers are used to his feminine wiles and rarely tease him about it. They refer to him as their 'sister,' even when talking to other people about the family.

"Theo, my husband, never teases him about his choices and seems to even enjoy have a feminine son in contrast to his three thoroughly boyish brothers. During TV time after dinner, Jack loves to sit on his daddy's lap, and he's usually wearing a cute party dress or his pink babydoll nightie if he's ready for bed. Every day, daddy does play a game with Jack as soon as he comes home from work as he tries to guess what color panties our son is wearing that day.

Karen Sullivan, author of *Pregnancy and Birth: The Essential Checklists* (Dorling Kindersley) agrees: "It's fine with me -- why shouldn't kids wear whatever they want and pretend to be whatever they want? It's just about having a healthy imagination and being a free spirit."

"Under age of three or four, most children do not associate clothing or even toys and games with a particular gender, and experiment simply because it's fun or exciting, or because they want to emulate a particular friend, TV hero or even parent.

"There is absolutely nothing wrong with encouraging even older kids to express themselves and experiment a little with their 'look' and even their identities at this stage, in fact, it's healthy!"

"There should be no social pressure - or parental pressure -- to conform to 'norms' that will eventually exorcise themselves anyhow!"

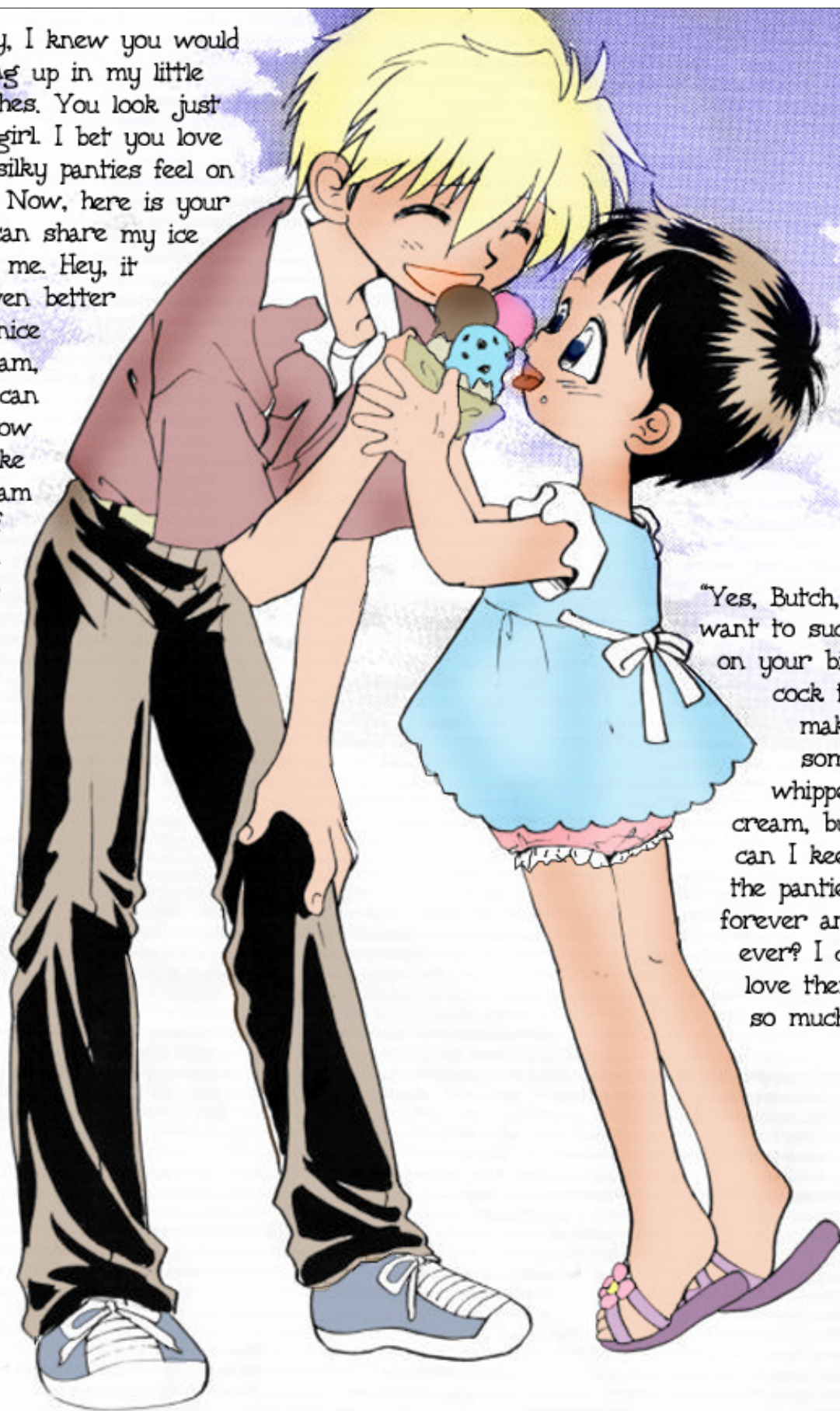
Does your child like dressing up? Have you ever had negative views from others?



Every day Kevin wants to dress like his sister, Kate.



"Oh, Tommy, I knew you would love dressing up in my little sister's clothes. You look just like a real girl. I bet you love how those silky panties feel on your dickie. Now, here is your treat; you can share my ice cream with me. Hey, it would be even better with some nice whipped cream, huh? And I can show you how you can make whipped cream come out of my cock; all you have to do is suck on it for a little while."



"Yes, Butch, I want to suck on your big cock to make some whipped cream, but can I keep the panties forever and ever? I do love them so much."



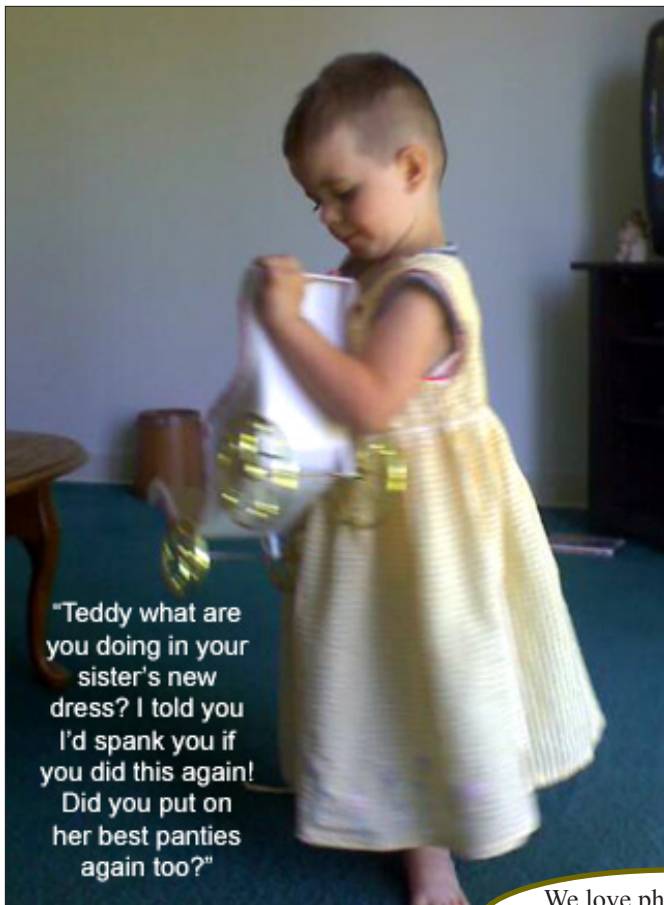


Something  
to help you  
with your sissy  
dreams!

Here's the web site for these delightful padded panties with satin penis sleeve!  
<http://cgi.ebay.com.sg/Hidden-Sleeve-Padded-Sissy-Panties-CHOICE-5-COLORS-/150299378842>

Sissy Padded  
Panties  
with a  
double  
satin lined  
penis sleeve!



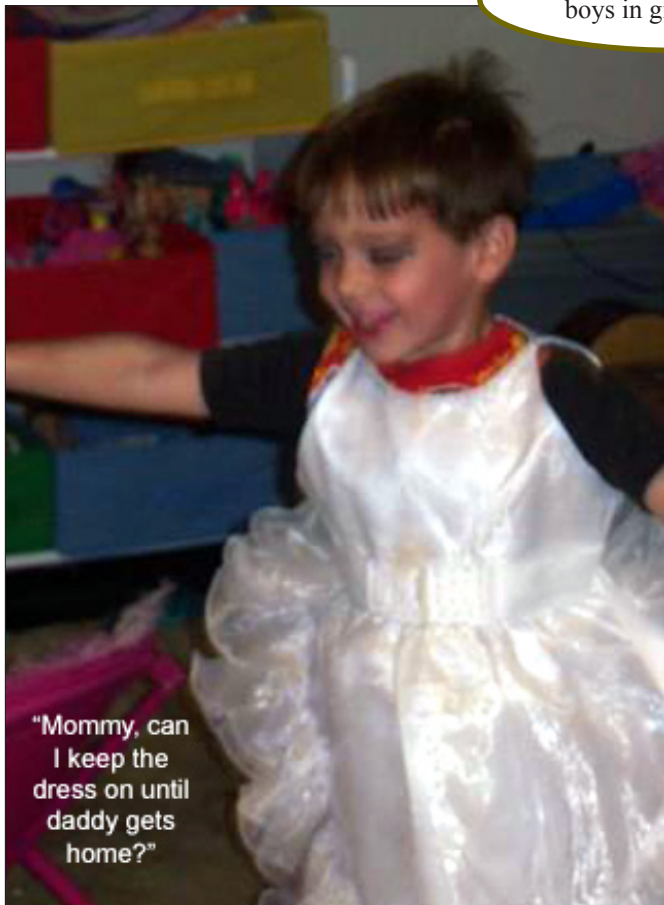


"Teddy what are you doing in your sister's new dress? I told you I'd spank you if you did this again! Did you put on her best panties again too?"

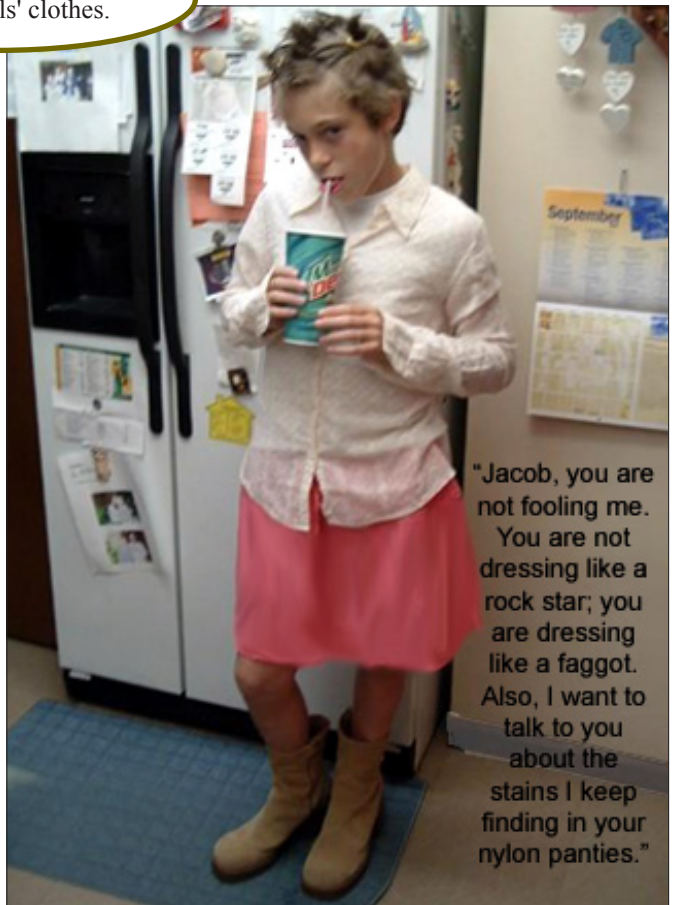


3-year-old Jack wants to be like his big sister.

We love photos of young boys in girls' clothes.



"Mommy, can I keep the dress on until daddy gets home?"



"Jacob, you are not fooling me. You are not dressing like a rock star; you are dressing like a faggot. Also, I want to talk to you about the stains I keep finding in your nylon panties."





# School for Sissies - Part 1

"Billy, are you still fussing around with that video game? I told you we're going to be very busy today. Please, hurry up. We have a lot of shopping to do before our appointment at 3."

"I'm coming, mom," Billy called out as he switched off the computer, tied his shoes and then scurried down the stairs two at a time. He didn't want to risk a spanking that his mother seemed to be dishing out more and more frequently of late.

"Where we going?" he asked when he reached the bottom of the stairs with one final jump.

"I told you," Janice replied sternly. "We're going shopping, and then we have an appointment with a woman I met last week. She's a child psychologist who has great success working with boys your age who are growing up too fast."

As his mother darted about locating her purse and putting on her coat, Billy mumbled too himself, "growing up too fast ... what?" He wasn't sure what she meant by that but decided not to question her as she appeared to have a lot on her mind. She drove them in silence to the mall and then walked briskly with him hand-in-hand to Bascomb's. Grabbing a shopping cart on the way in, she led him into the girls' department.

The strange surroundings silenced him. He was all eyes in this sea of pastel colors. Being just two weeks before Easter, the counters and racks were fully stocked with frilly party dresses and overly feminine accessories. Billy had been in this store many times but never in this area. As he looked uneasily at all the fancy girls' clothes, his mom stopped at displays here and there for a moment to feel the fabric of a thin blouse or lift wide the skirt of a dress to check the fullness; he wondered what his mom needed in this section but wasn't about to ask.

Janice kept Billy close to her as she dragged him trippingly along until they arrived at a display table with tiers of shelves neatly stocked with piles of lavishly trimmed girls' panties. As she fingered through the panties, she repeatedly looked back and forth from the panties to Billy and back again before selecting a pair of pale yellow panties with oodles of lace dripping from the sides. She held them by the waist elastic as she looked in his direction. Now, she gazed at her son over the delicate panty waistband stretched between her hands. As he looked back at her with the lower half of her face hidden behind the veil of lacy panties, he got a creepy sensation in his stomach. She gently placed the yellow panties in her cart; then selected three more pairs and put them in the basket too.

Billy's curiosity was aroused; despite the risk of bothering his mother while she was so busy, he asked, "Wh ... who are, um, these for, mom?"

"You'll find out soon enough," Janice Crawford said to her son. "Now, no more questions. Can't you see I'm busy? We have a lot more shopping to do and not a lot of time."

Then, to his further surprise, she held up three pairs of fancy nylon panties in succession, one in lavender with little bows, one in pink with lacy hems, and one in white with tiny pink roses all over them; then she asked him, "Billy, which pair do you like the most?" The boy was not sure what to answer, and certainly not sure why he was being asked, but he sensed it was no joke and his mother wanted him to choose. Hemming and hawing, he finally said, "Aw, gees, mom, I don't know. They ... they're all nice, I guess. I mean for a girl ... I don't know. Who are they for, anyway?" In a huff, she said, "Billy! I told you I don't have time for questions. Now, quickly, I just want your opinion on some of these clothes we'll be buying. So which pair of these panties do you think is the prettiest?"

Janice had carefully hung each of the three pairs of panties over the side of their shopping cart to lovingly display them before the bewildered boy. He quickly pointed to the pink nylon panties with a deep frill of white lace on the front highlighted with a tiny red bow on each hip. He didn't know what she wanted, so he picked what he thought were the most girlish, after all, if they were for a girl ... he was trying to give her the answer she wanted. He had never even been this close to a pair of girls' panties in his life. Sure, he had seen panties in newspaper ads and store windows and, from a distance, on neighbors' clotheslines, but being close enough to actually touch items of girlish lingerie made him cringe. Not wanting to touch the panties dangled before him even by accident caused him to put his hands behind his back. He had never imagined himself being in a situation like this; it unnerved him to stand next to his mother as she hummed happily but with a businesslike seriousness as she flipped through the neat stacks of panties.

On top of the display table stood three half manikins, girlishly shaped disembodied plastic torsos, each just from hips to midsection, each wearing a pair of high-waisted frilly panties. Billy looked up at them towering over him; it wasn't difficult for him to look at them and pretend he was looking at real little girls in just their panties. Just by focusing his stare on the panties on each manikin, his imagination went right to work filling in the blurry edges of his peripheral vision to picture in his mind's eye the missing parts of an actual girl; he could see her lithe, young body, complete from head to toes, just not in sharp focus. He sensed he had been staring at the models too long and glanced up at his mother; she was staring at him and smiling eerily. She then resumed humming and set the pink panties he had selected on the top of her pile of panties in her cart and then moved onto another display table.

Mrs. Crawford selected an assortment of girls' socks: bobby socks, knee socks and ankle-high socks with big lacy tops. Next they walked back to the display of blouses. Again, she



gave her son a long look before riffling through the items on display. Then taking one blouse down from the rack, she held it up in front of her son to check the size. "MOM!" Billy said in a loud whisper. "What are you doing? People are looking at us!" Janice replied, rather angrily, "BILLY! I need to check this for size. Don't worry about other people. I can't imagine anyone interested in what we're doing. I'm sure they don't really care. Now quit being silly. I need blouses close to your size; so just help me out here for a second."

Again, Billy apologized and stood motionless as his mother held three blouses of different sizes up against him. He was getting increasingly nervous. Looking around, two sneering sales ladies and a mother with two giggling daughters were nearby and he knew those sneers and giggles were aimed at him. However, to hurry things along, he asked, "Mom, are you sure the girl you're getting these for is my same size?"

"YES, BILLY, I'M SURE," she replied, sternly. "Now, stop being a bother to me or do you want me to take you into the dressing room and give you a hairbrushing on your smart-alecky bottom? I brought my hairbrush; it's in my purse. I brought it just in case you weren't about to cooperate. Now, are you going to behave?"

"I ... I'll behave," he replied like a smacked puppy. "I'm sorry," he mumbled and then followed her meekly with his eyes down as she continued shopping. After selecting three blouses, Mrs. Crawford pulled her son to the racks filled with flirty skirts and party dresses. Billy's face glowed bright red as she held items right up to his body to check the size and imagine they would look being worn. Billy wanted to shrink away each time she did that, especially with other people so nearby, but he obediently stayed silent and just kept his head down to avoid looking at anyone else.

The worst moment for him came in the sweater department. Billy's mother selected a pink pullover and cardigan sweater set. She held them up against him, stared for a long moment and then, to her son's horror, told him, "Billy, I really can't get a good idea of how these will look just by holding them up to you. I need you to put them on." The forlorn boy was hoping he hadn't heard her right, but he had. She spotted the changing room, pointed to it and commanded, "Go in there, take off your shirt, put on the pullover and then the cardigan." She shoved the sweater set into his limp hands and sent him in the direction of the dressing room. As she went back to look at more items, Billy stood frozen in place, stunned into inaction. Finally, his mother noticed he hadn't moved. She sensed his fear, and in a sweet motherly fashion, leaned over, gave him a kiss on the forehead and said, "Now, go get changed, sweetie. You know that we don't have a lot of time."

She knew he was shamed; it made her pussy tingle to see him like that. To lessen the blow to his boyhood, she said, "These sweaters are just like what I would buy for you in the boys' department. It's no big deal. It'll only take a moment." In a

moaning, scared voice, he said, "But, mom, they're pink!" However, she wasn't put off and answered, "Yeah, so what? Boys can wear pink. Pink is a very fashionable color for boys these days." Billy didn't recall ever seeing a boy wear anything pink. Oh, yes, he did remember a new kid at school who came to class one day with a pink shirt on. All the kids razzed him about it even after he explained his mom had no clean shirts for him and gave him a shirt — er blouse — from his sister. So he knew in his heart boys — at least boys he hung with — didn't wear pink, and he knew that if a boy did wear pink, he would be severely harassed by other kids.

Billy, dragging his feet, looked around, then quickly ducked into a changing room. He donned the fuzzy pink mohair pullover and matching pink cardigan, then poked his head out the door, and in a loud whisper, called, "Mom, I'm ... I'm ready." She turned around, saw her son's blushing face, and she called back to him, "Billy, come out here, so I can see you properly in the light." The frightened boy's eyes grew wide. He couldn't believe she was making him do this, but he knew it was a mistake to disobey. Taking a deep breath, he walked quickly toward her until he noticed, just beyond his mother, a group of three schoolgirls his own age who were staring at him with wide-open-mouthed looks of surprise, followed by childish giggling. Mrs. Crawford noticed her son staring in shock at the girls. She just shook her head. "Billy," she said quietly but firmly, "come over here right now. Don't fret about those foolish girls. I just want to see if the sweaters fit you properly and how a girl would look wearing them."

His cheeks were bright red like a candy apple. Thoroughly cowered, he kept his head down to avoid looking at the girls — he didn't need the image of those taunting little girls burned into his mind forever. Janice Crawford made her son stand for a moment while she looked at him from several angles. "Yes, I think they will do nicely; now, let's look at it like this..." she said flicking open the front of the girlish mohair cardigan and then plucking up in her fingers a bit of the pullover fabric on each side where his nipples were and pulled the sweater out to simulate what it would look like if he had two little tits underneath. As if that wasn't bad enough, in the process, she had actually pinched his nipples a bit, momentarily tweaking them much to his surprise. "Ouch!" he yelped as his legs weakened; he would have fallen down if he hadn't grabbed onto her arms to hold himself up. "Billy, Hold still; I have to see what this sweater will look like a on girl." The tears were now rolling down his face in full force. He wasn't audibly crying, but the tears were flowing. Having tortured him enough, she finally let go of the sweater and told him, "Billy, you look so nice in this sweater combination, why don't you just keep it on. Put your jacket on over them, and we'll be on our way." He wanted to object, but even more he wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible, so he stayed quiet as she went to the dressing room, got his shirt, helped him into his jacket and then headed to the cashier. That was another embarrassing situation to stand there in line with ladies and girls gawking at him and going wild when the

cashier had to take the price tags off the double sweater set he had on to ring them up along with the dresses, skirts, blouses, lacy socks, and the shamelessly frilly bunch of other girlie clothes his mother had packed into their cart along with the stack of fancy nylon panties.

Now wearing the pink sweater set, Billy was even more anxious about meeting the lady psychologist. Of course, it never occurred to him that this shopping expedition and their appointment were connected. He didn't know that the woman he would be meeting shortly was an expert in reforming boys by turning them into sissies or even complete girls.

As they drove from the shopping mall to the appointment, both Billy and his mother were quiet. He sensed she was deep in thought and in no mood for any questions. He wondered why she had to take him to a doctor about his attitude or whatever. While waiting for the traffic light to turn green, Mrs. Crawford suddenly broke the silence and startled her son as she commanded him, "Billy, we are going to be at the doctor's office in a few minutes and I want you to do a favor for me. Moreover, I don't want any arguing about it. This is an experiment. You remember the pretty girlie panties I just bought at the store, right?" She didn't wait for his answer. "Well, they are in this small bag. Here, take them. What I want you to do now is ... I want you to remove your pants and underpants and take a pair of the panties out of the bag and put them on. You may then put your pants back on." Billy wasn't expecting his mother to say anything like that. He started to protest, but as the first sound came from his lips, his mother reached over and put a finger to his lips. She then held her hand open threatening to slap him and said in a much louder voice, "DO AS I SAY, BILLY! I don't want a peep out of you. This is an experiment for our appointment. You'll understand why very soon. Just do it, young man? Why not put on that pair of pink panties you picked out in the store that you thought were the prettiest?"

The cowered boy knew it wasn't a question but a command. He had no idea what kind of weird experiment his mother wanted to do with this lady they were going to see, but ... he didn't know what to think. Actually, Billy was a good boy by most standards, but lately his mother had been demanding much more of him as well as spanking him more often. He always tried his best to do what she wanted, but frequently, it seemed like he wasn't being good enough for her, and any hesitation or argument in response to what she asked usually did nothing but earn him a hairbrush whipped butt. So, now, very nervously and tearfully, the confused little boy gingerly took the requested pink panties from the bag, obediently removed his ragged, old cutoff jean shorts and underpants and donned the panties; then he quickly pulled his shorts back up over the shameful panties to hide them from his own view as well as from his mother's smiling eyes that were beginning to scare him. His shorts were so short that the threadbare ends barely covered the wide rows of lace around the leg openings.

Billy wondered where they were going with him dressed like a 'sissy' — there was that word — he hated that word now bouncing around in his head — the tough boys at school called him a sissy sometimes, and now he really felt like one. The tears in his eyes blurred his vision as they drove along a country road ending at a spacious, well-maintained farmhouse, strangely painted in pink and white and set back from the road by a long winding drive lined with huge rows of flowers. At the end of the drive, his mother parked the car — behind three others. There wasn't a sign announcing an office or a doctor's name and Billy wondered if this was the office of the doctor who was an expert with 'boys maturing too quickly' as his mother had phrased it. He was in no hurry to go into this place, so his mother came around to his side and almost had to yank him out of the car. He pulled his jacket snugly about himself to cover as much of the pink sweater set as possible. As he walked, he wiggled; it felt strange to be wearing silky girlie panties. The lace around the legs tickled and itched; he desperately wanted to pull them off and throw them away. He was so worried about the strange sensations he felt from the nylon panties that he barely paid attention as they walked up to the door, knocked and waited.

As Mrs. Crawford held his hand in hers, she could feel his nervousness. Bending down, she gave him a little kiss and a hug. "Don't worry, dear, you look so sweet. Everything is going to be fine. There is just one thing for you to remember. Do as you are told. If you do, this meeting will go well. If you don't — you will disappoint me tremendously and your bottom will be on fire for a week!"

A moment later, the door was opened by an attractive teenage girl in a pleated miniskirt and a frilly, see-through blouse that exposed the lacy top of her pink slip and the pink straps of her bra underneath. The pixie-like girl was bubbly and purringly sweet as she ushered them inside. "The others are all here," she said. "Please follow me to Madame's office."

When they entered the office, Billy saw three women to one side, each with a boy about his own age. The boys looked nervous, and each was clinging to his mother's hand. One looked as if he had been crying. In the center of the room, in front of a large, ornately carved wooden desk room was a small woman, about 60 years of age, wearing a neatly pressed, black, knee-length skirt and crisp white blouse. Her graying hair was in a bun, and she wore dark-rimmed glasses and black seamed stockings with high heels. Billy also noticed in her well-manicured hands a small cane.

"Welcome to my home, Janice," she said warmly to Mrs. Crawford. "This must be your little son, Billy. Well, Billy — my name is Madame Stanton. This is my home and office but also my school for problem boys; perhaps your mother has told you about it." After his mother jabbed him in the back, Billy said in as politely as he could, "P ... pleased to meet you, ma'am." With the way he was dressed, still hugging his jacket closed to hide his girlie pink sweater combo, he was



blushing and very self-conscious, again on the brink of tears, and he was in no position to upset his mother or this lady with that threatening whipping cane in her hand. His mother then said to Madame Stanton, "Hello, Amanda. Actually I haven't mentioned anything about your school to Billy. I thought it might be better if it were a complete surprise."

"Well," said Madame, "that is no problem at all. Billy, step forward and let me take a look at you, and stop wringing your hands on your jacket." He took two steps toward the stern matronly lady, hung his head and let go of his jacket front, which promptly opened revealing his pink sweater. "Oh, how sweet, Billy. I see you like pink; that's nice. Now take your jacket all the way off so we can all appreciate the pretty pink sweater you have on." Billy's mother helped him off with his jacket fully revealing his sissy cardigan and pullover sweater combination. Amanda stepped up to the boy and began to run her hands over the soft pink sweaters. "Oh, how nice. Angora wool sweaters are so fuzzy, so girlie. I bet they make you feel very special, huh, boy?" With no appetite to be disagreeable, he simply nodded meekly. He wanted to scream, complain, run away, anything, but he was too confused to do anything at the moment. She continued, "Now, tell me, Billy, are you wearing anything else pink today?" He shook his head 'no.' But then his mother poked him again in the back, "Billy, tell Madame the truth. Did you forget about wearing something else pink? Tell your new teacher, tell her in words about what you have on under your raggedy old cutoff shorts, and just don't mumble or nod your head. You have a voice, use it."

'Yikes!' he thought to himself — yes, he did have something else on that was pink, but surely his mother didn't mean he should tell this scary-looking lady and these strange people about the panties. All he could do was clear his tear-tickled throat and say, "Yes, ma'am, I, uh, have pink on." The old lady peered at him over the top edge of her low-slung reading glasses, "Pink what, boy?" He gasped, "Um, my under stuff, ma'am." Now losing patience and with a voice gaining in volume, Amanda said, "Under stuff? What is that? Tell me about them or perhaps you should take down your shorts and let us all see them." Billy tightened up at the threat, "Oh, no, ma'am, you don't have to do ... I'm sorry, but they are girls' things, ma'am." His tears were now brimming over. With a test swing of her cane whooshing through the air, madame said, "Girls' things -- girls' what, you miserable wimp? Are they girls' panties? Are they girls' pink panties, huh, boy?" He nodded, now crying. "Well, tell us all about them, Billy, and remember to call them 'panties' not girls' things!" He then struggled to clear his throat, "Yes, ma'am. In the car, Mommy had me put on girls' pa ... pan ... pan ... pink ones." Now exasperated at his stuttering, Amanda shouted, "NOT 'pink ones,' you stupid boy. PINK PANTIES. Now, say 'pink panties' ten times. Do it now!" With tears draining down his throat, he said, "P-p-p-pink panties. Pink panties. Pink panties ..." but she then interrupted him, "No, say, 'I'm wearing pink panties' ten times." He took a deep breath. "I, um, I'm, um, wearing pink pa-panties. I'm wearing pink panties ..." but

she interrupted him again, "No, better yet, say ten times, 'I'm a sissy boy and I love wearing my pretty pink panties.'" Billy was ready to crash. He hemmed, he huffed, coughed, and screamed, "NO! NO! NO! I hate ...." But before he could finish, Amanda brought the cane down hard on his butt, so hard that he could well feel the sting right through his jean shorts. It shocked him but not as much as Mrs. Stanton and his mother seizing him, holding him and quickly pulling down his cutoffs, exposing to everyone the lacy pink panties he had on underneath. As his mother held him, the old lady delivered three sharp blows of the cane to his pink pantied butt. "Y-e-e-e-o-o-ow! Ouch! OUCH! Ow-w-w-w!" He screamed. Billy's mother said, "Now, tell us what you are supposed to say, or you'll surely get more of the cane!" The thoroughly cowered boy, coughed and moaned, and with a quivering voice said with barely a hesitation or stutter, "I'm a sissy boy and I love wearing my pretty pink panties. I'm a sissy boy and I love wearing my pretty pink panties. I'm a sissy boy and I love wearing my pretty pink panties." And he said it ten times as demanded of him while the other three mothers and their cringing sons watched with great interest.

Then turning her attention to the entire assembled group, the wicked, boy-killing old lady said, "OK, boys, remove your clothes now. Everything that is, except for your panties that I know you all of you already are wearing."

Billy clung tightly to his mother's hand and looked up at her with a perplexed expression. He noticed his mother did not seem surprised by what was going on at all. Instead, she held his hand tightly, walked over to a position near the others, and then let go of his hand while saying quietly but firmly, "Do as Madame says, Billy. Everything off but your panties. You will do as you are told when you are here, young man."

Amanda was waving her cane in the air with a whoosh-whoosh as she took practice swings. All the boys divested themselves of their clothes as instructed. Instinctively, each panty-clad boy stood close to his mother as he tried to guard his modesty. Billy didn't want to look at the other boys, but he couldn't resist little peeks at them to ascertain that they too were in panties; one wore fairly plain smooth sunshine yellow panties with a ruffle around the legs, another wore purple lacy ones with buttercups on the hips, and the third wore a huge pair of high-waisted pale blue panties with bows on the sides; they were much too big for him. That boy's mother was quick to explain that she was punishing her son by making him wear a pair of her dirty panties that day since he had resisted coming to this meeting. Billy could hear and see through his tear-clouded eyes that the other boys were also crying. One of the boys had hair that was much longer than was typical for a boy — in fact, in looking over at him briefly, Billy thought for a moment he was looking at a girl.

"OK," said Madame, as she tapped the cane against the palm of her hand, "I see you all have your panties on as required. It's nice to know you are learning how to obey. Now, step into



the center of the room, boys. You four will be spending a lot of time together. I'm going to make you into sissies, and in so doing, some of you may want to decide to fully become girls. Well, your mothers will be glad to know that I have two fine surgeons working with me, who love nothing better than to cut off a little boy's penis and balls and give them big titties and real working pussies. In fact, they are so good, even other doctors have a hard time detecting that those children ever were boys! But, perhaps, I'm moving a bit too fast for you right now; in time, my boys, you will learn all about being girls and just might want to become one for real. But now, our first job is to take away from you your boyhood and turn you into swishy sissies, pantywaist wimps, queers, faggots, and anything else we so choose, and we are starting that process right now. After your stay here, you will be very different from what you are today – much improved I dare say, and in a manner that, I'm certain, will please your mothers immensely. But for now, it is simply time to say hello and be introduced. Stand facing each other in a circle and as you tell each other your boy names, reach out to the boy to your right, take hold of his penis through his panties and shake his sissy penis like you are shaking his hand.” As the assembled mothers looked on and chatted excitedly amongst themselves, the boys stood tearfully in a circle in front of Madame and, fearing her cane, reached to the boy next to him, held onto his pantied penis and introduced themselves as they said their names: Paul, Chris, Eric, and Billy. “Very good, dears. Keep jerking on each other's penis. Now, do you know why you are here?”

Billy looked at the others and saw that two of them appeared to be as confused by the situation as he was. The third boy, Paul (the one with the long girlish hair and wearing that dirty pair of his mother's big pale blue panties), slowly nodded his head and quietly nodded. “I ... I do Madame. My mother told me a few days ago what will be happening to me here.”

Madame smiled at Paul, and the other boys looked at him as well. “Well, dear, what is it? Tell the others. I can see they are quite desperate to know what fate awaits them here.” Paul looked at the others and then started to cry so hard he was unable to speak. Instead, he suddenly broke from the circle, ran over to his mother and buried his face in her silky blouse. His mother, however, wasn't receptive to his distress. Instead, the other boys saw that she took him by the ear and walked him briskly back to the circle in front of Madame, giving his rear end a hard swat as she left him. Paul stood for a moment rubbing his eyes and trying to compose himself. Billy could see that Madame was not pleased – she was hitting the cane against her own hand more briskly now, and then with a series of quick motions brought it down quickly two times against Paul's pantied rear. “If you continue to cry and disobey,” she said firmly “I'll really give you something to cry about. Such a sissy you are. No wonder your mother brought you to me.”

Paul reached around to rub his stinging backside, but Madame intervened and took hold of both his hands. “NO – and this goes for all of you. When you are caned you will not – I repeat NOT – be allowed to rub your rear end after



being caned; however, since boys like you are well on their way to becoming big sissies with a very low tolerance for pain, what I will allow is for the other boys to rub your rear end for you to rub it thoroughly through your panties to assuage the pain. OK, boys -- Chris, Eric and Billy, what are you waiting for? Help Paul and rub the back of his panties for him. Each of you put one hand on his penis or balls and your other hand on his pantied butt and rub to ease his pain. The three boys hesitated but not for long, realizing any show of disobedience would surely lead to them being caned too. The three blushing and crying boys reached out and with gentle touches began to rub both the front and back of Paul's blue panties. Madame told them to rub harder, and told Paul to tell the boys how he wanted to be rubbed to best ease the pain.

"Boys, you did a good job for starters. You will have a lot of practice rubbing each other's panties as part of your training," Madame said with a smile as she noticed Paul's penis was now erect and thrusting within his sweet, bow-decorated satin panties. She nodded to the four mothers who then also noticed and began to whisper gleefully amongst themselves. "Now, my little twits," Madame explained, "I want you to know that my cane is your friend while you are here. It's used to help you learn your lessons, and I'll only apply my cane on your pantied backside when you are naughty boys, but always with the deepest love for you. Understand?" The four mothers were smiling and happy as they looked at their darlings who now answered the old lady with a submissive, "Yes, ma'am."

"Now, Paul," Madame continued, "let's start again, shall we? Please tell the others the purpose of you being here." Looking down, rather than at the others, Paul replied quietly, "We're ... we're here to learn how to be girls." Those words caused Billy's jaw to drop and his mouth to hang open, not believing such a thing was even possible. His mother certainly didn't want him to be turned into a sappy girl, did she? He was in shock. Madame went right on, "Yes dear, that's right. That is what we do at this school -- we teach boys how to be girls. And why are you here for that treatment, Paul?"

He looked scared but replied, "Because my mother said she is sick of me as a boy and now wants me to be turned into a girl." The other three boys were staring at him, trying to fully digest what he was saying. Mrs. Stanton hounded the boy for more information. "Part of your problem is that you get into a lot of trouble, don't you -- isn't that right Paul?"

He nodded, "Yes, ma'am. Also mother told me she was just tired of me being a boy." He then turned to his mother, "Mommy, I'm sorry. Please. I've told you I will always be good now and do whatever you want. I wear my panties for you every day, like you want me to. I let my nice girlie panties peek out of my shorts so other boys can see them and I try to get boys to let me kiss and play with them, just like you want, but now that is not enough and you want me to really be made into a girl. I want to do whatever you





want because I love you so much, even if you want to have a doctor cut off my penis and make me into a real girl." Hearing Paul say that, the other three boys stepped back away from him. They wondered exactly what was going to happen to them in this crazy school. Billy wanted desperately to his mother, but he didn't.

"OK, boys," said Madame, "you may go to your mothers now. They will come with us as I show you to your room and help you get settled, change your clothes and get you ready for the rest of the day. Then you will say goodbye to them. You will be going into my sissy boot camp and not allowed to have a visit from your mother or anyone else for six weeks. And the next time they see you, they will have the pleasure of greeting you as their daughters rather than as their sons."

Billy ran back to his mother. He, like the others, was crying. He was confused. He didn't understand what was happening, or why. "Sh-h," said Mrs. Crawford, as she gave her son a kiss. "Sh-h-h-h-h! Stop that crying. There really is nothing to cry about, sweetie. I'm sure you'll do well here."

"B ... but, mommy," cried Billy, "do I really have to stay? Please, don't make me. Don't let her do those things to me. I don't want to be a girl."

Mrs. Crawford smiled. "Don't worry. This is what I want. Even when you were a baby I thought you were much too pretty to be a boy, and I tried several times to convince your father that we should raise you as a girl, but he wouldn't listen to me. But that is all in the past now, and your drunkard of a father won't be coming back after repeatedly beating me up and putting me in the hospital. Daddy's gone, and now that our divorce is final and I have a restraining order against him, I'll have my way with you. I think you'll find that being a girl is a lot of fun and will prevent you from turning out like your father. It is the best thing I can do for you. I intend for you to be my daughter not my son. I have spoken with several mothers who have sent their boys here, and they are all extremely pleased with Madame's training program – and so are their sons. Those boys were just like you when they first came here, but now they are happy that they have been turned into girls — and I'm sure in just a couple of months you will be too." She then wiped away her son's tears, took his hand, and followed Madame into the large bedroom that the four boys would be sharing during their training at the school.

As they entered the bedroom, Billy immediately noticed it was very femininely appointed. The walls were pink, and the four beds, aligned along one wall, had matching 'Barbie' bedspreads. Across from each bed was a skirted dresser and off to the side a huge walking closet for them to share. On top of each bed was a stuffed animal. Madame directed Billy and his mother to the second bed from the end.

"OK, girls -- from this moment on, I will no longer refer to you as boys but as girls -- get used to it!" Madame said, once all the bed assignments had been made. "Time to unpack the newly purchased clothing your mothers have provided. Mrs. Crawford helped her son put his panties and socks and skirts in the dresser and then helped him hang up his new blouses and dresses in the closet. It was then that Billy noticed an odd feature of the bedroom. There wasn't a door. Just an opening. And the large bathroom just outside the bedroom was the same. Madame smiled as she noticed where Billy was looking and said, "Yes, my dears, there are no doors for you to hide behind and to do naughty things. Everything you have to do, we will do together. Sissies need no privacy. With everything put away, soon it was time for the mothers to say their good-byes to their sons who were about to be transformed into their new daughters.

***To be continued in Part 2 in Princess Access #4***