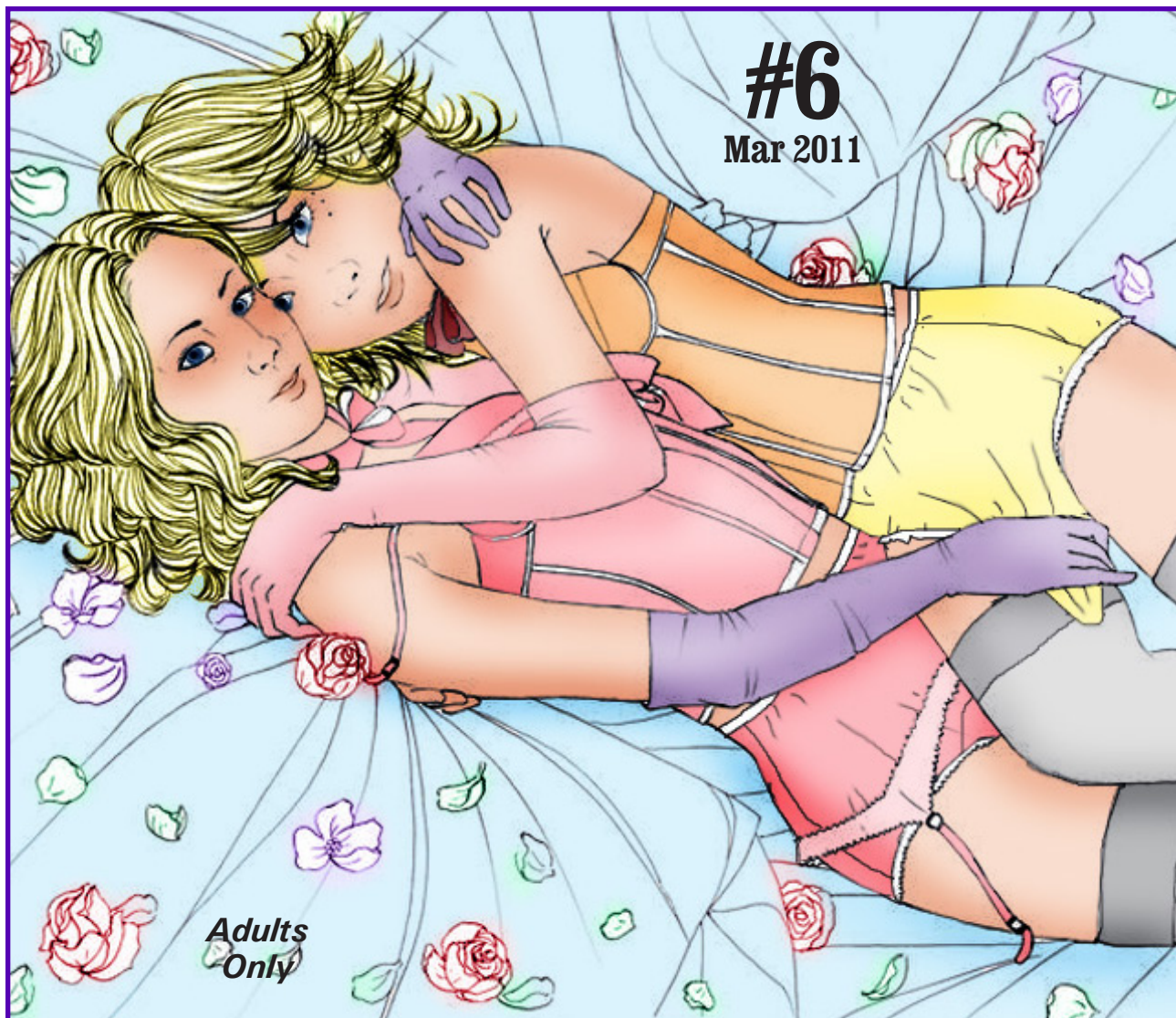


Princess Access

Excerpts from

Your Link to Exciting Internet Content



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 including crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

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Man gets 'high' on panties

By R.S.N. MURALI

Wednesday June 9, 2010

KUALA TERENGGANU: A medical assistant's fetish for used panties was uncovered when police found hundreds of underwear hidden in a cabinet when they searched his home for drugs.

The 2.45 AM raid yesterday at Kampung Rawai, Alor Limbat in Marang did not yield any drugs but police found about 400 pairs of panties and 10 bras that the 39-year-old man had stolen from homes over the past year.

"He has been stealing panties since his school days. He normally sniffs a panty for a day or two and then keeps it.

"After that, it becomes part of his collection. He doesn't wear men's underwear but wears the stolen panties instead," said a police source yesterday. "He gets a 'high' from sniffing panties."

State narcotics chief Supt Roslan Abdul Wahid told a press conference that police also believed that the assistant, who is attached to a government clinic in Marang, had stolen panties from patients during his previous stints at other hospitals and clinics in Dungun and Marang.

Police officers were also taken aback when they found that the man was wearing one of the stolen panties when they conducted a body search.

"The suspect, who is a hardcore drug user, is neither a transvestite nor does he have previous record of sexual crimes," he said.

Supt Roslan added that the man, who is a bachelor and lives alone, revealed that he had the fetish since his school days and had stolen thousands of panties in the last two decades.

He said the man also had two previous cases under Section 51 (1)(a) of the Dangerous Drug Act for drug abuse and



Out in the open: Police showing the panties collection belonging to the medical assistant during a press conference in Kuala Terengganu.

tested positive for drugs yesterday.

5.30 AM the same day.

Supt Roslan said another four people, including a woman, were detained in a another raid at Alor Limbat in Marang at

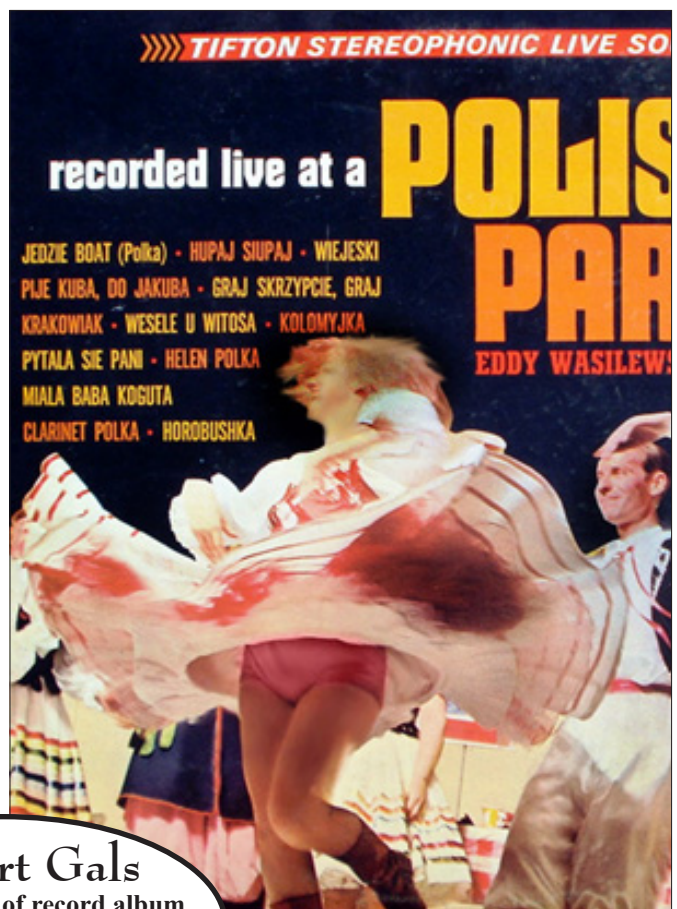
Police recovered 60 amphetamine-type pills from the four.





School Show
Two boys singing and dancing
in their school talent show.





Upskirt Gals
Rare collection of record album covers with girls dancing and giving peeks up their skirts!





Upskirt Gals
Rare collection of record album covers with girls dancing and giving peeks up their skirts!





My Stepdad Talked My Mom into Having Me Pantied!

I'm waking up. I'm trying to wake up quickly but the fog in my mind is so slow to lift. My eyelids are heavy; it's a chore to open them. Through my bleary vision everything is pink and purple, ivory and gold, and heavy floral perfume invades my every breath. I am in what looks like a rich woman's bedroom. As my vision clears I guess it's an older woman's room because everything is old-fashioned and that perfume in the air reminds me of what old ladies smell like. Fear clutches my gut — what happened to me? Why am I here? I look around at the sumptuously decorated room. I start to remember things — or am I remembering my dream, but no — somehow I know what I'm remembering is real. I'm in an enormous bed in an ultra femininely appointed bedroom; the candy-pink sheets and the frilly heart-shaped pillows seem to laugh at me for being a boy. My body aches.

Suddenly, I sit up and look in the huge gilt-edged mirror covering the near wall; the bed's thin sheet falls down from my shoulders and I cringe with shame. I look like a girl! I'm covered in pink, something sheer and fluttery soft. I'm wearing a young girls' nightie, and through the nightgown I can see I'm wearing sleek, lacy pink panties! I had dreamt I was wearing them — so it's not a dream. But why am I here?

I'm still groggy, but as quickly as I can, I struggle to my feet and go to the mirror. The pain in my bottom, my penis, my balls and my nipples scream out that it was no dream. I'm dressed like a slutty girl with garish makeup, and I realize I had been repeatedly raped like a girl. It's torture for me to try to remember something I know I want to forget, but I know I have to sort it out, figure out how and why it all happened.

I wobble as I get fully to my feet and take a close look at myself in the enormous mirror that spans the wall. "Hello, Arnold, so nice to meet you." Those words flash into my head. I remember those words but not much else, but wait, just now more is becoming clear. My stepfather, my hated stepfather took me to a big old house; almost like a mansion. I think I'm in the bedroom of that house right now, and every horrid thing bounding around in the depths of my mind took place in this house. Why am I in these dumb girlie clothes and why does my whole body ache so much?

The things I'm now remembering are not pleasant — abusive things — being dressed like a faggot — hot smelly, sweaty bodies pounding into me — a sea of hands grabbing me, pinching me and inflicting pain on every sensitive part of my body. But why? It's a struggle to think back. My asshole stepfather brought me here. I remember coming up the walk, entering and going into a big room, like a den or something with a half dozen or so people standing around. Following

first name only introductions, everyone was served tea. It's difficult trying to recall anything after I drank the tea; it was strong tea — the tea! They must have drugged me! But why? I recall drinking the tea, but I don't remember the taste of the tea because I now have a strange, putrid taste of something in my mouth. My lips are chapped and bruised. As I look in the mirror, I see the makeup I have on, a thick coat of paint like a slutty preteen girl trying to be a sexy lady. In addition to the makeup, now well smeared, I can feel parts of my face coated with a smelly, dried-on scum of some sort.

As my stepfather drove me to this house, he was complaining about me. "I'm sick of you embarrassing me in front of our friends, relatives and my business associates. Ever since I married your mother, you have had contempt for me. You think you're the man of the house; well, I have news for you, you're not. You're nothing but a sissy of a boy, and I won't have you challenging my authority. You're skinny and a weakling, yet you fight me and everything I am trying to accomplish. Well, it's about time you learn how to act in accordance with what you are."

Well, he was right that I regularly disobeyed him, acted up and pretty much ignored him. I hate him! Life was so great when it was just mom and me. Oh, yeah, mom! Where is my mom! I remember as we were leaving to come to this house, she said, "Now, just go along with your 'daddy' and do whatever he tells you to do; he's going out of his way to help you to fit better into our new family."

Ever since mom had married him, she has been trying to get me to call my stepfather 'daddy;' he isn't my daddy! He's an asshole! But I came here for mom's sake. She said I would learn things that would help me get along better with my stepdad. Mort, that's my stepfather's name, started calling me a sissy weeks ago. Sometimes he calls me a pantywaist or a pansy. I complained to mom but she told me that Mort didn't think I was very manly and by calling me those names, he was just trying to push me into being more masculine! What is wrong with me? I play soccer and baseball. I'm not the best on my teams, but I think I'm pretty good. Yet, Mort kept telling me I was lousy at sports and that's why I didn't get much playing time. He said I should just quit sports altogether and stay home and play with my dolls.

He's gotten on my case about 'playing with dolls' ever since he saw the Barbie and Ken dolls that I have in my room. He laughed his head off when he first saw them. Years ago, I got my mom to buy them for me. I was eight at the time. I had seen my little cousin's Barbie doll without her clothes on and I was intrigued because she had big breasts. I wanted to have a Barbie doll of my own just so I could undress her and see and feel those breasts! So I asked my mom for a Ken doll, and naturally, I told her I then had to have a Barbie doll too since she was his girlfriend. Mom said it was OK for a boy to play with dolls, especially a boy doll, so she bought me both a Ken and a Barbie doll. I have two girl cousins, both a bit

younger than I am, and after that, whenever they did come over, they would play with them. Of course, mom would have me play with my dolls with the girl. She thought it was nice of me to be a good cousin like that.

Mort made evil comments about my dolls. He called Ken a faggot and asked if he wore lacy panties like Barbie. Several times, he told me to tell him whenever I became tired of wearing boys' underwear, and he would take me to the store and buy me some really soft and silky girls' panties. He said he knew I would love them because he was sure plain old boys' underwear was much too rough on my sensitive skin.

Another little grain of truth. I did have very sensitive skin. For some reason, I would frequently get a rash when certain items of clothing would chafe me. When Mort would hear I had a rash, he'd laugh and offer to buy me nylon panties and girls' clothes. Mom would scold him but then tell me he meant well and was just thinking about my sensitive skin and that I should just tell him 'no thank you' instead of screaming at him for teasing me. Boy, he has my mother bowled over. Mom loves him and does everything he says without question! I don't know what she sees in him.

Now, I wonder, does she know what happened to me after Mort brought me to this house? Surely, she wouldn't allow him to abuse me like this. He must have bullshitted her something royal to get her to let him bring me to this house of Hell!

Now, I'm up close to the mirror and looking at the nightie I'm wearing. I'm trying to remember everything. Just flashes of images and bits of conversation bounce in and out of my head. As I look at the thin nightgown, I remember the chill that went up my spine as someone slid it down over my head. "Arnold, you're going to love this gown. My dear boy, you were born to wear sissy pink nightgowns and girlie clothes." That was my stepfather's voice I recall hearing him say that as the nightgown floated downward and took possession of me. I then heard echoes of other voices, cooing in agreement.

As I look at the panties — they can't be missed because the gown is so thin and I can see them right through it. Pink panties! You can't get any more girlie than pink panties, plus they have lace and bows on them. I remember how the lacy leg openings of the panties tickled my legs as they traveled up over my calves and thighs. I did step into the panties, like I was willing to do it! I was sure I would never willing do such a thing; my memory must be faulty. I wouldn't let them put sissy panties on me without putting up a fight, but I don't remember resisting. And right now at this very moment, why wasn't I hurriedly ripping them down and off me. They must have drugged me. My head hurt along with the rest of my body, and I had almost no energy. At the moment, yanking the clothes off my body seemed like a huge chore. Half of me wanted to crawl back into bed and rest my aching body, and the other half of me fought to stand here and remember how

I had been so violated. I felt dirty and ugly, sad and freaky. In my heart, I know I had let them do it. That fat old lady that was there — Mable or Molly — or something like that was her name. She seemed to be in charge. She looked like a pig! Her smile gave me the creeps. She was the one who put those panties on me. "Tell me you're a girl and want to put on your pretty panties because you want to be pretty for your daddy!" She kept coaxing me to tell her that. Oh, gosh! Now, I remember, she got the panties up on me and then grabbed my penis through the panties and kept yanking on it through the silkiness until I told her what she wanted to hear just so she would stop pulling on me. "Oh, yes! I'm a girl, and I want to be a real pretty girl. So please, put lots of pretty panties on me! I want to wear girlie panties for my big strong daddy." Yuck! I actually said the shit she wanted me to say? When I did say those things, I heard whoops and hollers go up from the people watching.

I pulled up the nightgown for a good look at the humiliating panties they had put on me. Pink satin panties. Ridiculous high-waisted panties with tight elastic legs that bite deeply into my skinny white thighs. Shimmering panties that are tugged high on my body, making the bulge of my penis and balls look so very small. GIRLS' panties. As I stare at my face, with the makeup, a doll's face stares back. They had painted my tender lips bright red. My cheeks are covered with powder and bold red highlights on my cheekbones, a very slutty look. Long fake eyelashes flutter as I blink my tear-stained eyes.

I feel the nylon of the nightgown brushing up against my nipples — they hurt! The nightie is about the softest thing I have ever felt in my life, but when it slides over my nipples, even something that soft makes them hurt!

Now, the door flies open. It's the fat old lady. She's dressed like she's going to a fancy party. What time is it anyway? I have no idea if it's morning or the middle of the night. "Oh, hi, dearie, I see that you are up. How nice. You had quite a night; I bet you have a little headache, huh?" I complained that I hurt all over. "Stay away from me. What did you do to me! Look at me!"

She smiles her creepy smile and advances toward me. Behind her is my stepfather and other people waltzing into the room. I want to scream, but have no energy to challenge them. The old witch offers me two aspirin and a glass of water. Without thinking, I take them. I'm in such pain. I hope they help. I cry and they sit me in a chair; a young lady who smells nice and sweet comes close to me and starts playing with my hair, combing it and cutting it. My hair is rather long so I do need a haircut, but now? Thankfully the aspirin starts working; my pains are going away. In fact, I even feel giddy. Now, I'm becoming drowsy. Oh, no! They drugged me again!

As I start to wake up, it's like I'm inside a giant vacuum cleaner; but I realize I am under a salon-style hair dryer. My

head hurts; my hair is being pinched from all angles. The hair dryer is turned off and rolled away. My hair is in curlers and it has been bleached a shocking blonde color! I am strapped in the chair. The pins and curlers are being taken out of my hair and that ends the pinching of my scalp, but that same girl combs and styles my hair as I looked at myself in the mirror, she fashions my hair into a short, shaggy girlish hairdo. I am fully awake now, and quite angry. I guess they sense it. My stepfather asks, "My dear little sissy boy, if we unstrap you from the chair so we can finish dressing you, will you be good and do what we tell you?" I do want to be free of the restraints, so I agree.

They untethered my arms and legs. I am a bit unsteady on my feet as they helped me up. I guess I've been sitting for quite a long time. I still have the nightgown on, but they take it off of me, being careful going over my head with it not to mess up my new hairdo. All I have on now is a fresh pair of sissy pink panties and white nylon, thigh high, stay-up stockings. I see my makeup has been repaired. They put on me what the old lady describes as a pleasant-style droopy white blouse and follow by squeezing my feet into high heeled shoes. My stepdaddy says, "It's time you learn how to walk in high heels, so you will wear these shoes until you know how to walk like a real lady. And don't think you can just take them off whenever you want, the ankle straps have a secret locking mechanism and only we can take them off of you."

Under my breath, I call him an 'asshole.'

He hears me and slaps my bare thighs. He tells me to show him some respect or he'll put me outside as I am dressed for people to laugh at me. That doesn't scare me. Well, it does in a way because I'm sure people would laugh at me and this house is on a busy street so people pass by all the time. But I am also confident that he won't do that because I would tell the first person I see to call the police and have them all arrested for what they are doing to me.

I decide to call his bluff, "You're an asshole!" I scream this time. "Wait until mom sees what you horrible people have done to me. She will divorce you!"

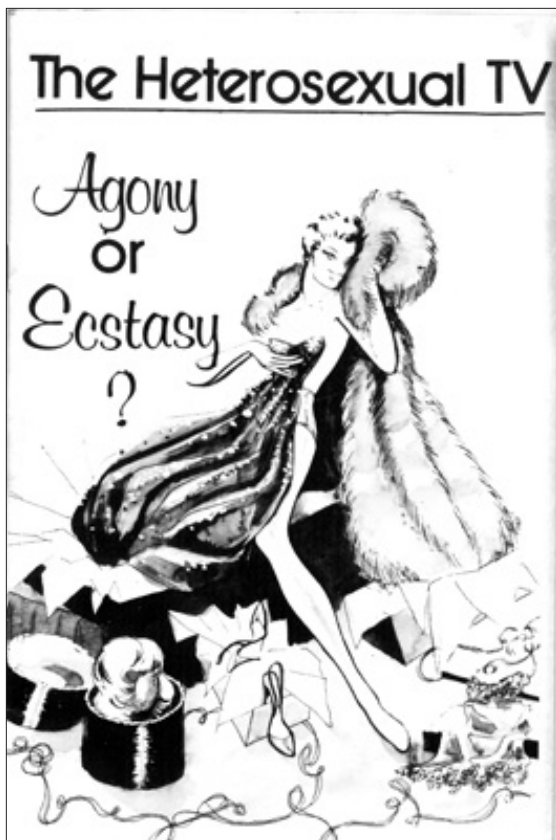
Repeatedly, Mort smacks my naked thighs above my stocking tops. I'm crying in a fresh bout of pain. "Listen, you little faggot. I told you what I would do to you if you resisted, so I'm hauling you outside right now. You can sit on the front steps so anyone coming down the street will see you. And as for your mother, she's delighted with what we have done to you and she is on her way over here now to see the results. She had to spend the night with her sick sister, your Aunt Elly. She was saddened to miss your introduction into girlhood last night and this morning. She can't wait to see you as our new daughter. She said you always were a pantywaist, but she didn't realize just how much until I pointed it out to her that everything about you is so girlie."

"You are going to love being a sexy teen girl for us. And just in case you think you are going to try and do something crazy like get people to take you away from here or try to go to the police, I should inform you that we took a whole bunch of photographs last night and this morning, and we have pictures of you sucking penises and being fucked in the ass. Here, look at these!" I see the pictures. I just close my eyes. I don't need to see them. "Plus, we have a real nice video of you begging to be put into pretty girls' panties and dancing around like a fag. Now, if you don't want us to put those pictures up on your bulletin board at school and send them out to all your former friends, just continue to resist me. I'm the alpha male around here, and the sooner you learn it and accept it, the better off you will be. Now, get out of this house. Go sit on the stoop until you mom arrives!"

I wobble as I try to walk in the extremely high heels. They hold me as they guide me out the door. It's a bright day and my eyes hurt with the intense sunlight after being in that darkened house all that time. I can't walk in these locked-on shoes. All I can do is halfway fall down as I sit down on the steps, blushing and wondering if there is any possible escape.

People do pass by. I try not to look at them. Most people barely seem to notice. Thankfully, I don't hear anyone laughing; I guess the people walking on the sidewalk aren't close enough to really get a good look at how I am dressed. I am trying not to cry. That would only draw more attention to me and make things worse. I sit and wait. It's only been about twenty minutes; I see mom pull up. She parks the car in the circular driveway and rushes up to me, her high heels clicking on the pavement. She's all smiles. No, she's not laughing at me, I don't think. She just seems happy to see me. Behind me, I hear someone. It's Mort, I'm sure, coming out of the house. Mom looks me over like a photographer, and then hugs me as I complain, "Mom, look what Mart did to me. Please, take me home and get me out of here. I don't want to wear these horrible clothes. Mom, they really hurt me!" I wanted to say more, but she hushed me up.

"Oh, I knew it. I knew you would make a lovely girl. You're beautiful, and I love what they have done to your hair." I try to complain some more, but she isn't listening. "Arnold, listen to me. You're a sissy boy, a pantywaist, a pansy; I guess I've always known it but just never wanted to admit it. Don't you think I've always known that you have a very small penis? I was always concerned how you would ever be able to please a girl with that dinky little finger you have between your legs. Believe me this is for the best. Don't fret. You're not the first boy to be forced into panties! You needed a rude awakening to bring you into girlhood. You tried so hard being a boy like other boys, but you have to admit that it isn't working out. Believe me, you are much better off as a girl. Mort tells me that you performed beautifully last night having sex like a girl. You're going to love your new life!"

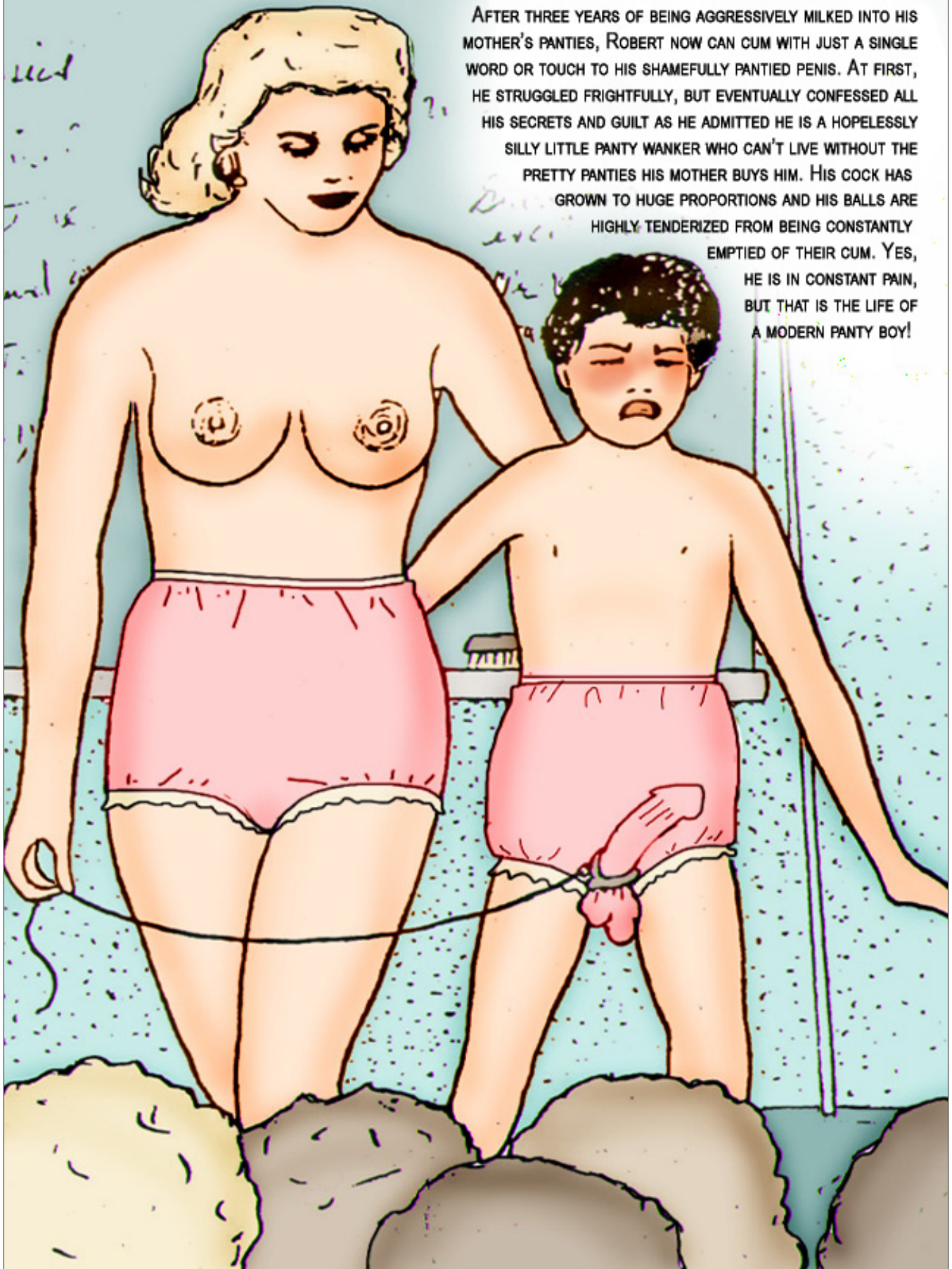


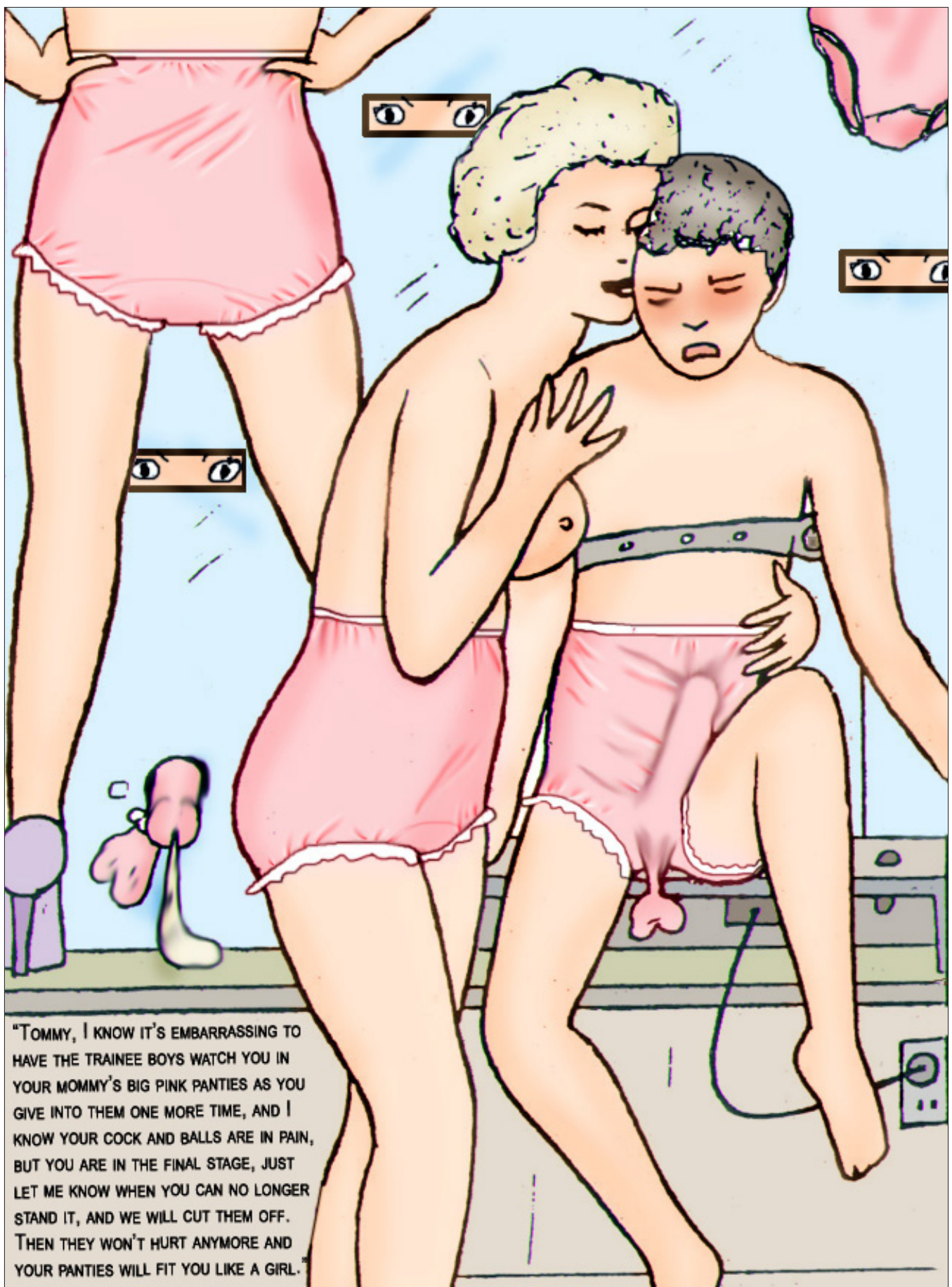
Vicky West Artist Exceptional

Vicky West is a famed crossdressing artist whose drawings were featured on the covers of countless TV booklets, magazines and advertisements, especially items published by Lee Brewster of Lee's Mardi Gras in New York City before his death in 2000. Vicky's drawings have an intensely feminine quality to them as well as a whimsical aura that appeals to classic crossdressing fantasies.



AFTER THREE YEARS OF BEING AGGRESSIVELY MILKED INTO HIS MOTHER'S PANTIES, ROBERT NOW CAN CUM WITH JUST A SINGLE WORD OR TOUCH TO HIS SHAMEFULLY PANTIED PENIS. AT FIRST, HE STRUGGLED FRIGHTFULLY, BUT EVENTUALLY CONFESSED ALL HIS SECRETS AND GUILT AS HE ADMITTED HE IS A HOPELESSLY SILLY LITTLE PANTY WANKER WHO CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT THE PRETTY PANTIES HIS MOTHER BUYS HIM. HIS COCK HAS GROWN TO HUGE PROPORTIONS AND HIS BALLS ARE HIGHLY TENDERIZED FROM BEING CONSTANTLY EMPTIED OF THEIR CUM. YES, HE IS IN CONSTANT PAIN, BUT THAT IS THE LIFE OF A MODERN PANTY BOY!





"TOMMY, I KNOW IT'S EMBARRASSING TO HAVE THE TRAINEE BOYS WATCH YOU IN YOUR MOMMY'S BIG PINK PANTIES AS YOU GIVE INTO THEM ONE MORE TIME, AND I KNOW YOUR COCK AND BALLS ARE IN PAIN, BUT YOU ARE IN THE FINAL STAGE, JUST LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU CAN NO LONGER STAND IT, AND WE WILL CUT THEM OFF. THEN THEY WON'T HURT ANYMORE AND YOUR PANTIES WILL FIT YOU LIKE A GIRL."

MADAME 'MOMMY' KIMURA IS A PANTY BOY ARTIST!

AFTER A CAREER IN THE FILM INDUSTRY AS A MAKEUP ARTIST, MADAME KIMURA IS NOW RETIRED AND HAS SET UP HER EXCLUSIVE SALON WHERE SHE TRAINS MEN AND BOYS TO BE SERVING GIRLS. SHE HAD BEEN WELL-KNOWN FOR TRANSFORMING HER OWN SON AFTER HE BECAME A PROBLEM CHILD AS HE GREW INTO PUBERTY.

JAPANESE MALES HAVE A WELL-KNOWN PREOCCUPATION WITH GIRLS' PANTIES. MADAME'S HUSBAND WAS AN ARDENT PANTY FETISHIST, AND SHE HAD USED HER PANTIES TO BRING HIM COMPLETELY UNDER HER CONTROL YEARS AGO, SO IT WAS ONLY LOGICAL THAT SHE DO THE SAME WITH HER SON TO CURE HIM OF HIS HORRID WAYS. THE AMERICANIZED TEEN PROVED TO BE QUITE A CHALLENGE, BUT AFTER SIX MONTHS OF BEING LOCKED IN HIS ROOM, TIED DOWN, PUMPED WITH FEMALE HORMONES AND FORCIBLY MASTURBATED INTO PANTIES UNTIL IT BECAME MORE AND MORE DIFFICULT FOR HIM TO EJACULATE AND EVEN GET AN ERECTION, HE GAVE INTO HER WILL.

DURING THAT TIME, HE WAS ONLY GIVEN FOOD TO EAT OR ALLOWED TO SLEEP IN HE WORE THE FRILLY GIRLS' CLOTHES SUPPLIED TO HIM AND ADHERED TO HER STRICT TRAINING SCHEDULE. HE WAS TAUGHT TO BE A GIRL IN EVERY WAY, FROM LEARNING HOW TO STAND AND WALK TO HOW TO CARE FOR HIS HAIR AND CLOTHES AND FROM LEARNING HOW TO ACT, THINK, AND SPEAK LIKE A DEMURE LITTLE GIRL.

AT BIRTH, HE HAD BEEN NAMED NAOKI, MEANING 'DOCILE TREE' IN JAPANESE, BUT AFTER THOSE SIX MONTHS. MADAME PAID OFF A JUDGE TO LEGALLY CHANGE HIS NAME TO 'PANTY BOY.' HE WAS A PROBLEM BOY NO MORE, NOW TRANSFORMED INTO HER PANTY SLAVE BOY. MADAME ONLY ALLOWED HIM TO ADDRESS HER AS 'MOMMY,' AND HIS FATHER A "SISSY," HIS DADDY'S NEW NAME.

MOMMY LOVED SHOWING OFF HER FEMINIZED MALES TO FRIENDS AND SOON THOSE WOMEN WANTED HER HELP IN TRANSFORMING THEIR OWN MALES, AND MOMMY WAS ONLY TOO GLAD TO OBLIGE. SOON SHE GAINED A REPUTATION FOR SUCCESSFULLY TEACHING FEMALES OF ALL AGES HOW TO TRAIN THE MEN AND BOYS IN THEIR FAMILIES. OF COURSE, THOSE BOYS STILL HAD TO ATTEND SCHOOL, AND THAT LED TO SEVERAL COURT CASES THAT MADE THE SCHOOLS IN CALIFORNIA A SAFE PLACE FOR THESE SISSY BOYS IN WHICH THEY ARE FREE FROM BEING BULLIED AND HARASSED AND EVEN ALLOWED TO USE THE GIRLS' RESTROOMS!

MADAME, OR 'MOMMY' AS MOST EVERYONE CALLS HER NOW, HAS SHOWN FEMALES HOW THEY CAN TAKE CHARGE OF THEIR OWN PROBLEM MALES. SHE IS AN EXAMPLE TO BE EMULATED FOR A NEW GENERATION DESTINED TO CONTRIBUTE TO A NEW WORLD ORDER WITH WOMEN AND GIRLS IN CHARGE.



Changing a Boy into a Girl -- or at Least into a Panty Boy!

Sally said to her little boy, "Johnny, from now on you are going to be a girl. You are not a boy anymore. Understand?"

The four-year-old boy blinked but didn't question his pretty mommy, whom he loved so much. "To turn you into a girl, the first thing we have to do is put you into the proper clothes. You're going to love all the pretty clothes. Come here and step into these nice panties." He hesitated ... and then obeyed. "Does they feel good, Angel? 'Johnny' isn't your name



rubbed her hand over his sissified body, ending up with one hand massaging his butt and her other hand stroking his compact penis and balls through his silky clothes.

"You LOVE being a girl! You LIKE wearing panties ... and you ENJOY wearing silk and satin. You are a girl, now!" She squeezed him hard asking at the same time. "You are a girl called Angel ... aren't you?"

He moaned and said. "Yes, Mommy, I'm Angel!" And he felt shamed by his own words!

Her hands worked even faster now. And her words came in a rush. "And Angel is a girl, a girl who likes wearing panties, doesn't she?"

His jaw sagged. "Yes ... aaahh! YES YES YES!" he yelled as he went weak with a dry cum and collapsed into her arms.



anymore; 'Angel' is your new name." She slid her hands over his panties and said, "Do you like these panties, Angel?" As she lovingly tweaked his penis through the nylon panties, he squirmed, licked his lips and said, "Yes, Mommy." His voice hushed in wonderment of his new situation. "Yes, I love my panties, Mommy!"

His excitement and sense of adventure increased as she then had him put on white tights followed by a pink leotard. A pink hair band completed his outfit. "There, now, don't all these nice clothes feel so good to wear," she said as she



Transvestite Panty Tales

FORCED INTO PANTIES!

The three women overpower him, spanked and beat him until he is crying and begging them to stop. They dress him in pink satin panties with lace and frills to intimidate the male-ness right out of him. They curl his hair. They paint his soft lips coral pink. His cheeks with powder and old-fashioned rouge that gives his face a blushing, sissified look. His long false eyelashes flutter as he blinks away tears of misery. His eyes drop reluctantly to his once manly chest as they inject a solution to inflate his pectoral muscles. He bites his lip as his eyes sweep over the small but perfect breasts that now peep shyly from a pink and impossibly pretty bra. "Your new titties won't last long, but they will give you an idea of what they will be like once our regimen of male hormone blockers take effect and let the female hormones we give you do their work." The bra pulled his flesh upwards and outwards, a lace and satin creation cunningly underwired to lift his small but now ballooned into teenage girl-like mounds. A SEXY bra! A woman's bra! He wanted to rip it from his chest ... but he could barely move with the drugs they had given him and he believed their threat of more spanking. He is helpless! Unshed tears sting his eyelids. He shakes his head as though to deny what is happening ... and he feels the pain of the tight, long, heavy gold earrings that brush his powdered cheeks every time he moves his head. He drops his eyes once more and licks his dry lips as he gazes down at his bright pink panties and his high-heeled slippers. He then closes his eyes and lets the females do their work of shaving and waxing his legs to feminine elegance. His toes are painted pink. A bright glossy pink. It is bad enough that his wife, sick of his macho attitude has ganged up on him and knocked him off his male perch with the help of her friends, but now, suddenly the door bursts open and his mother walks in.

PANTY SCHOOL!

Jenny, wide-eyed with disbelief, listens to her friend Olga speaking like an expert. "ANY male can be trained to ANY female's needs — no matter how old or how unattractive the female may be ... ANY man CAN be programmed to not only perform but actually enjoy serving any and all females. My organization trains dozens of cute young males every year." Jenny speaks for the first time. "And you SELL them? After you've trained them, you sell them ... to well, wealthy older women?" she asks breathlessly. Olga smiles, "No. I don't sell them. I RENT them. My clients are adventurous, needy females who want something other than the typical male. Something exciting. I provide them with beautiful and obedient young men and boys who are skillful in bed." Jenny shakes her head. "But how? How do you get them to ... well

perform? You can't tell me that a lusty young man is turned-on by the sight of a fifty-year-old woman!"

Olga grins wickedly. She seduced this lovely young woman only hours after she started nursing at the hospital where Jenny was a nurse too. Jenny had no idea that lesbian love could be so satisfying, and she still feels guilt and fear at her own emotions. Olga takes her hand. "It's all a matter of training, my dear. If I get them young enough and innocent enough, I can make them do ANYTHING. I can turn them into slaves! I can train older males too, but they are a lot more work; the young ones are so easy to control. I ply them with piles of bullshit and I use panties. Lacy silk and satin panties. After a couple of weeks being repeatedly groped, fondled and milked through a pair of satin panties, most males give in and admit they can't live without them. Then, all my client has to do is tease him with panties until he's gasping for more. Then she takes him to bed where he'll do anything the lady wants!"

Jenny isn't convinced, "But how do you get a guy into a pair of panties in the first place?" she asks impatiently.

Olga waves her hand, "Oh, by force, my dear. How else? I use drugs. I use force, I even tie them up and spank them — whatever it takes ... just until they are convinced that panties have taken over and now possess their mind and body ... then it's easy. Once I have my hands between their thighs and pumping away at them through lacy smooth panties ... they soon relax and want more and more."

Jenny goes pink in the face. "Can you train Alan? Can you get my husband into panties ... for me? He never thinks of my needs. Out love making is like him jacking off on me."

The older woman strokes Jenny's face with her thick pudgy fingers. The idea of feminizing and training Jenny's husband excites her enormously. "If that is what you want, I can and I will get him into panties. But I'll need your help. Has he ever worn any of your clothes?" Jenny shakes her head, "Never! I think Alan would simply DIE if I even ask him to wear any kind of female clothes."

"Tell him to meet you at the La Domaine Club tomorrow at seven. Bring with you a half dozen pairs of new pink panties, high-waisted panties with lace and frills, a sexy B cup bra and a full set of very feminine clothes that will fit him. Buy him the panties at the New Woman Lingerie Shop I told you about. I have a potion to put in his drink to start him off on the right track and some straps to secure him. Call his work and tell them he won't be in for the rest of the week.

LESBIAN WIVES CLUB!

Jenny had heard about La Domaine, the private club for women. Many rumors have circulated about what goes on in the secret confines of the establishment, but it's expensive to join and you can only get in if a member invites you. Olga is

a member and she explained to Jenny that at the La Domaine Club men are trained to be serving girls. Wives and mothers bring their husbands, sons and brothers to be broken of their macho ways. The dominant female members can relax and be served by submissive males, men and boys trained to serve women. Jenny is anxious to train her husband. Their marriage has turned out nothing like she had hoped it would be. And now seduced into a lesbian relationship by Olga, Jenny wants the control over Alan the old woman tells her she can have, so Jenny bought six pairs of nice nylon panties from the lingerie shop, special male-trapping panties, and she bought some lovely female clothes from Salvation Army and brought them to the club with Olga where they await Alan's arrival.

At the La Domaine Club, men serve as waitresses dressed in feminine attire of some sort, everything from cancan skirts to miniskirts. Jenny grins and shakes her head at the sight of the feminized young men. She finishes a gin and tonic and giggles. She orders another from a young man wearing a tiny silk apron over his crop top and very short, short shorts that expose bits of his lacy pink panties peeking out.

For the next round of drinks, Olga asks the waiter if Benny is on and if he can bring their order. The waiter in short shorts bows and wiggles his hips as he swishes away. They wait in silence. Jenny is the first to see him, a young man in a little girls' style pink satin party dress. It's Benny. Jenny's mouth makes a small O of surprise. Olga grins and orders him to stand next to her. Jenny can hardly believe her eyes. He wears a short white nylon party frock with a dainty, pink, over-the-shoulder pinafore-style tea-apron made of satin!

Olga slides her palm up his thigh and under his skirt. "Are you wearing a petticoat?" she asks.

The young man bites his lip and blushes when Jenny giggles. "Yes, Miss, a pink nylon half-slip with a wide edge of lace."

Olga raises the hem of his white skirt; the frothy white lace hem of his pink nylon half-slip is visible "Let us see. Let us see all of the half-slip you are wearing!"

After a slight hesitation he takes hold of his skirt and raises the hem so they can see his pink nylon half-slip. His face has gone red and even his ears are burning pink.

"Why does he do it?" wonders Jenny; he's clearly brimming with embarrassment. But Olga is enjoying his shame. "And are you wearing ... panties?" she teases the nervous waiter. For a moment Jenny thinks he will faint. His face and neck are on fire and he wobbles on his high-heeled shoes. "Yes, Miss. I'm wearing white panties," he whispers faintly.

Olga glances at Jenny and then back at the helpless youth, "Bend over! Turn around and bend over! We want to SEE your panties! And they better be lacy with some kind of frills on them or I'll spank the dickens out of your butt."

The young man closes his eyes; slowly he turns and bends low. He slides his short skirt and half-slip up, exposing his snow white nylon panties decorated with a froth of petal pink lace and white satin bows. Others in the club look in their direction, cheer and start to clap. Jenny giggles.

HIS FIRST PANTIES!

When Alan arrives, at the entrance, Jenny and Olga meet him and hand him a drink. He sips it as he looks at the strangely feminine decor with lace and bows on the club's pink walls. The decor of this weird women's club makes him feel weird, but the drug secreted into his drink relaxes him. He only sees women, sexy women, and they don't take him into the bar and let him catch sight of any of those feminized young men who wait on the ladies. Instead, after Jenny introduces Alan to Olga, who is also a nurse with her at the hospital, they take him upstairs to a bedroom-like room. Alan frowns; he isn't comfortable in these ultra feminine surroundings. Olga is a fat old woman; she draws the curtains. Jenny tells him to relax! To the women, the air is heavy with excitement. He senses something is up and becomes scared because his head starts to spin. The two women speak over his head, as though he isn't even present! "A man's first panties MUST be pink! Nylon, silk or satin are all fine, but they must be pink," the sneering woman says. He stares at her as her words echo in his head. The fat woman is pretty with jet black hair and nice facial features, but the way she arches her one eyebrow and twists her lip makes her look daunting and evil with graying hair and thick red lips. Her large eyes glitter with excitement as she holds out a pair of the panties Jenny brought — pink, of course and dripping with ribbons and ruffles. The room is suddenly quiet as he is shown the incredibly girlish panties; a bright candy cane pink with snow white lace on the front. Old-fashioned panties in shiny satin with a high-cut waist and low-cut legs fitted with thin, dainty, but powerfully strong elastic purposely made extra tight to be a constant reminder to the poor male wearer in their grip. The wide, double-thick satin crotch can more than amply cover even the most well-endowed male, but any man or boy suckered into wearing such panties probably wouldn't be very well-endowed for long. They shimmer in the indirect lighting as she holds them out. Saucy, satin panties for HIM!

Alan is startled when a young girl of twelve enters the room. She is also quite pretty like the fat woman but she's a svelte little thing with a thin cruel little mouth. She whispers, "Oh, Auntie, can I spank him? Can I help you put him in panties and spank the devil out of him?" she asks eagerly. Alan wonders why the old bag is offering him panties and wonders what the Hell this young girl is doing there and what she is talking about. The drug in his drink is taking hold of him. Jenny giggles but holds his hand. To the girl, the old woman answers, "Of course, you can spank him, Carla, just as soon as we have him in panties. His shame will then make him much more manageable and his spanking much more pain-

ful.” Alan cringed and blushed when the old woman held the frilly panties out for him and told him, “Put your panties on, Alan. They are yours. Your very own pair of satin panties. You’re a wicked man, but your panties are made by angels and they are your only salvation. Without them, the devil in you will kill you, and you wouldn’t be of any use to anyone then, would you?” She was a clever old hag, still pretty in a way despite her age, but her most powerful feature was her hypnotic voice and combined with the drugs, he was unable to resist her.

With a master’s degree in psychology, her words came at him from every angle, triggering different parts of his brain, rarely used parts of his mind that seemed to bypass much of his critical thinking process — she must have been a sorcerer in a previous life. She is a high priestess of this evil religion she is foisting upon Alan’s and his submissive and impressionable wife. “Put your panties on, now, Alan. They are waiting for you. They are your ticket to freedom from this cruel world. Put them on and they will free you from your problems and your head will stop hurting. You’ve always had a problem measuring up, haven’t you? As a boy you couldn’t run, fight and play sports like the other boys. You always were always far behind. How do I know? I can tell. It’s my specialty — picking out sissy men and boys who need to be in panties. You know what I mean. I look into your eyes and see into your fragile little brain. You’re a weakling, a wimp and a pantywaist. I know it, you know it, the world knows it! Give up. There’s no sense in fighting the panties — your panties. Put them on, girly man.” He had barely realized it, but throughout her verbal attack, they had been divesting him of his clothes, now he was naked but not self-conscious, he meekly steps into the pink panty’s elastic waistband. What choice does he have? He is bound by the limits of his mind. Alan thought Olga was crazy, but the fat old woman had an irresistible charm that turns on you when you least expect it and dominates your will, and that’s what she was doing it to him, like she had done to Jenny to seduce her into a lesbian relationship. Alan told himself he was just going to step into the panties, pull them up, then put on the rest of his clothes and get out of there. He was just going to put them on to drown out her melodious voice. It hurt his head to keep listening to her. She was shoving foreign ideas into his head faster than he could unearth himself from them. ‘Yes,’ he thought, ‘just get into the damn panties and escape from her!’

The old witch unexpectedly came into their lives. Jenny had known her while growing up. Jenny was much younger than Olga who seemed to rule their neighborhood until she moved away; then she suddenly returned to the area and took the job at the hospital where Olga quickly seduced Jenny.

Now, Alan stares at Olga’s little twelve-year-old niece, Carla, who is in the room and there to help panty train him. The child shocks him as she pulls up her skirt, rubs the crotch of her pink panties into her pussy, soaking them with her little girl juices before swiftly tugging them down and off and

shoving them into his mouth. Alan is stunned, but for some strange reason his wife thought it was funny to see a bit of the lacy pink nylon of the little girl’s panties sticking out between his lips. “Keep my panties in your mouth. If you remove them, I’ll spank you like a naughty little boy.” Carla says. Olga then takes over. “Now, be quiet while I talk to you about important things.” She talks and talks and talks until his head hurts even more, but his wife is getting turned on by the thrilling things the fat old woman is saying. He is still gagged with that child’s old-fashioned party panties. They are panties filled with ruffles across the back, rhumba panties that fill his mouth to overflowing and almost gag him. If he tries to take a deep breath through his mouth, he is in danger of halfway swallowing them and choking. He knows they could easily asphyxiate him. What an embarrassing way to go! He is terribly afraid. His wife now slaps him ... ‘what made her do that?’ he wonders, and for no apparent reason! Olga had her do it! “Pay attention, sissy boy;” the woman snarls, “let’s get you fully involved in your panties.” He senses she enjoys hurting him. He is helpless. He simply HAS to obey! The panties are large on him but the elastics are several sizes too small. When they went up his legs, they scratched and tickled his knees and thighs. Then snap! They went around his waist with a loud crack of the snappy elastic. He had no idea such thin elastic could be so powerfully strong, their attention-getting grip so painful. Hands begin to touch him all over through the panties, and he feels the nylon wrap up his mind as well as his body. As he hangs his head in defeat, with an effortless gesture, Olga pulls him over her lap. A hand lies flat on his buttocks. He feels himself caressed by three pairs of hands. The young girl gives him little pinches to his balls. The old hag excites him with her caresses, but then suddenly, his wife starts to spank him in between those caresses. Pain and pleasure mix to subdue him. No one is holding him down; no one is stopping him from resisting. He just lies there and lets them do it. He is a wimp, a sick little pansy in a world of those better than he is and that includes just about everyone else. He is a worthless nancy boy in fancy girlie panties. He fears this is where he belongs. He has no ability to stop his slide into sissy Hell at the hands of this devil in a dress, her tiny niece, and his wife, who is quickly turning into an ardent panty boy dominatrix. The tears of humiliation that had been stinging his eyes, now pour over his cheeks! As the scalding hot tears roll down, the trio of females laughs aloud. Crying brings such wonderful relief for him. He is left with one need in the world, the intense need to spill his cum into the cruel but forgiving panties — that is all he knows for sure, and he feels even better about himself as all those hands find his stiffening penis and aching balls and manipulate them through his heavy satin panties. He gasps as little baby Carla makes a fist of his flesh. Using the slippery smooth satin as her lubricant she pumps her fist as his wife massages his balls and Olga snaps his panty elastics. He stops crying. His eyes glaze over. His legs tremble! He cums!

PANTY BONDAGE!

He falls asleep. He thinks for just minutes but with the drugs it is over two hours. He awakens with Olga unfurling another sparkling new pair of the pink nylon panties, holding them up for him to see. The old witch has changed into a sexy nurse's uniform. Standing next to his bed, she says thickly, "Time to clean you up." Alan has an intense fetish of females in nurses' uniforms, how did she know? Oh, yeah, he recalls she's a nurse at the same hospital as Jenny, his wife. Now, Jenny too appears in her nurse's uniform, and even the twelve-year-old little Carla is in a nurses' uniform, cut down to her size.

Alan is excited to see them so dressed and doesn't resist as Olga takes off his sticky panties and the three of them wash him up and dry him as his penis thickens again. He's helpless as the three coo and hum busily. Olga then holds open the panties and he steps into them, careful not to lose his balance. In an instant, the panties are up and encase his boyhood. The pink on his cheeks matches the pinkness of his panties. Alan is a horny young man with a fetish for nurses in uniform. His mother is a nurse, and he has always been captivated by her thin white nylon outfit that perfectly reveals her full slip, bra and full-cut panties she always wears beneath her uniform. Now, his wife is a nurse but she usually doesn't wear her uniform at home — she knows all too well how it gets to him!

Early on, Jenny discovered his fetish and enjoyed teasing him with it. He loves her. Or is it just that he loves her in her nurses' costume? Now, she is learning dominant ways as she panties him, makes fun of him and they wank him into his nylon panties. When he is with her, he lives out his fantasy built around his mother; he was always too ashamed to tell his mother that she is the center of his fantasy sex life.

Alan had met Jenny at the hospital where his mother works. She was sitting in the lunchroom with her legs spread open a bit too much as she was deeply involved reading a paperback romance novel. She looked up and caught him leaning low in his seat to peek up her dress. Being discovered, he moved to get up and leave, but she was too fast for him, caught up with him and made him promise to meet her at her apartment, and if he didn't show up, she was going to tell his mother she had caught him peeking at her with an erection in his trousers. That was their start that led to their marriage, and now that Jenny had revealed the secret of his fetish to Olga, her new lesbian lover, the old lady is using it to ensnare him and drag him down. He had always played with his mom's panties, smelled them, and dream about her in her uniform, but he had never worn those panties. Olga was now taking him further, having him actually wearing panties as they tease the cum out of him while training him to their needs.

His penis is sore from all the manipulation and he needs to sleep, and they allow him a short rest and leave him alone. Then he is awakened by Carla; the little girl is in a childish

dress like Shirley Temple would wear, all puffed out with lacy petticoats, her hair done in ringlets. She teases him as she cleans him up from his last spend and helps him into a fresh pair of pink panties. Alan is embarrassed to be alone and handled intimately in lacy panties by such a cute young girl. He's helpless, even when she shoves a penis-shaped dildo into his mouth that she secures with a strap that snugly goes around his head to keep it in place. "We're alone now," she tells him. "I know how you like to scream when you cum, so this little — I mean big, gag will help keep you quiet! Just suck on it, baby."

Then she reaches under her short party dress, pulls down her rose pink panties fragrant with her juices, pulls them over his head and secures them with a nylon scarf around his neck. He can see through the thin panties; they're like the cliché 'rose-colored glasses' — now, to him, everything has a feminine pinkish hue. The world looks pretty through the sexy nylon, much less scary for a guy with doubts about his masculinity. Carla smiles at his helplessness and runs her fingers up his bare leg ... until she touches the lacy edge of his panties. Alan inhales sharply, but the penis gag slows his breathing and he experiences a moment of panic, almost gags, alone with this child, not knowing what to expect next. His eyes bulge, his body shakes ... but as her hand slides over the silken mound at the front of his soft panties, he relaxes and closes his eyes. She fondles him as she talks in sexy, whispered tones. Her words wash over him in waves like background music, a teasing melody leading up to his orgasm. Instantly, he falls in love with her. He loves his wife and his mother. He thought he could never love anyone like he loves them. His mother was always so unapproachable, so unable to take care of his shameful and secret needs, but Jenny, his wife, did things his mother couldn't do for him. But now little Carla was tending to him. Did his wife know he was alone with this little girl and she was feeling him up like this? He stopped questioning himself, he was enjoying her baby fingers too much as they wanked him into fresh pink panties. He can't even stop him when she laughs at his masculinity with the humbling things she is saying. "You LOVE being a girl! You LIKE wearing panties ... and you ENJOY wearing like a girl. You are a girl!" Her hand is pumping him furiously through the silky smooth nylon of his bloomer panties; he wonders what more she wants from him as she asks, "Do they feel good, Alice? Do you like these nice panties, Alice?"

He licks his lips. "Yes," he answers. His weak, squeaky voice distorted by the penis gag fucking his mouth. He can't say 'no' to anything she says out of fear she may stop and leave him hanging. "Tell me, Alice, how much you love panties." He lisps, "Yes, I love my panties!" She squeezes his pantied penis hard asking at the same time, "You are a girl called 'Alice' ... aren't you?" He moans and says, "Yes, I'm Alice!" He feels shamed by his own words! Her hand works even faster now. And her words come in a rush. "My sweet Alice is a girl, a girl who loves wearing nothing but the nicest and prettiest panties, right, my little panty girl?" He answers, "Yes

... aaahh! YES, YES, YES!” His penis erupts as he lets out a choking moan and falls back fully spent.

Olga and Jenny were watching through the two-way mirror of this special room in the club. Alan’s mother was there too! Olga then said, “It’s time we advance his training some more. All of us will now have Alan in nurse heaven every day, all day long as we use his fetish to fully break him into service of females. They were all in their crisp white uniforms with sexy lingerie underneath. They march into the room to his surprise; he is stunned that they are all there, especially his mother! He had everything working so well with Jenny.

He loved every cum-filled moment of living out this fantasy with her, his own personal nurse as his wife, but he hadn’t been taking care of HER needs. She was bored with him as a wimp with a fetish. She was ripe for Olga’s lesbian seduction, and Olga did it with ease. The old lady loved dominating males and welcomed panty training the young husband. Jenny was submissive to Olga, but the woman was teaching her how to be dominant with her husband, and with Alan’s fetishes for panties and nurses’ uniforms, he was easy to manipulate. Jenny wanted to be in charge, and that’s exactly where she was now headed.

Little did Alan know that his mother had orchestrated all of this. She had discovered his stash of porn and panty fetish long ago. She knew she could get him to marry Jenny since she was a nurse too plus submissive herself; she would submit to him, but now his meek little wife wanted to be in control! His mother now understood that too, and when Olga, by chance, happened on the scene, the timing was perfect. His mother was convinced that his sexual perversion had gone on long enough and only getting worse and consuming him more and more. He was being selfish and needed to be trained to serve women instead of them serving him. She didn’t like how her son turned out. It wasn’t fair to Jenny. His mother thought Jenny could break him of his fetish and be a great husband but things didn’t go that way, and he only seemed to want to use Jenny as a fetish sex object. Now, they had a chance to change that and they decided to use his panty love to dominate him and make him into something useful. Olga convinced them that with her expertise and her sexually advance little niece, Carla, they could train him to be what ever they wanted.

Millie, Alan’s mother had always wanted nothing but the best for her son, but she had come to the conclusion that he was now saddled with a heavy duty uniform and panty fetish that he would never be able to shake. The best she could do for him now was to make into something better. Alan had become an embarrassment even to himself; he was not a good son or husband. They had to help him, even if it meant destroying him with his own fetishes. The nurse thing, the panties, his submissiveness. He now lay there in shock in saucy pink nylon panties saturated with his fresh cum from the talented ministrations of a little girl and his mother and

wife are now standing by gawking at him, making him feel like he is the world’s biggest pervert, a panty pervert to boot!

Alan is unable to speak. He lies there with cum dripping from his panties. His mother, Millie, speaks first. “Now, what are we going to do with this one?” she says with a big grin as she stares at her panty boy. He lurches as his mother grabs his wet panty front with her experienced nurse’s hands and gently pinches a few more drops of cum out of his nylon-bound penis. She then puts her face to his face and says, “Carla did a great job with you. Didn’t she? Just feel all of this sissy juice rolling around inside your nice panties. She’s good, huh? She made you tell her that you are now a girl, and she renamed you ‘Alice’ and you agreed that is your name now. Alan, my dear son, you are lost and we are here to save you. You don’t know it, but I originally got Jenny to trap you by letting you peek up her skirt. I thought she could cure you once she snatched you up and married you. But you were too selfish to change. So, now things will be different. We are taking full charge of you. Take a look, how do you like me, Olga, and your sweet wife all in our nurses’ uniforms? You’ll be happy to know that we are going to wear them all the time now, not just at work. I bet that makes you happy. And we’ll all spend a lot of time at your home while we have you undergo intense panty training. You will have no relief from us until you only think of serving us, not yourself. And if that doesn’t work well enough, we will cut off your penis and balls and make you less than a panty wearing eunuch, a neutered thing, neither male nor female.

“Alan, my dear boy, this all started when you began trying to stare up my dress when you were a kid. As you matured, I figured you’d get over it and find the right girl and love her in a ‘normal’ way; but after reading many books about your fetish and consulting with doctors here at the hospital, I’ve finally come to the conclusion that you are hooked on panties and nurses’ uniforms so severely, that you will not get over them for the rest of your life and there is no cure for you. So the best thing we can do is to take those otherwise unhealthy desires and channel them into constructive ends. You’ve been stealing my panties for years. Don’t you really think a mother knows such things about her boy? Starting now, there is a new set up in your life. We are all going to take part in it, and with us in our nice crisp white nurses’ uniforms, you will do whatever we want, won’t you, panty boy?” Alan feels his face burn. He can only bite his lip and nod. But his mother wants more, “Say it. Tell me you want to see your wife and me as nurses and serve us for every minute of your life!” He swallows painfully, and whispers, “Yes. I want you to ... I want ... I love you, Mother. I love you, Jenny!”

“We know you do, son — at least in your own perverted way, but that’s not good enough, and you will be our panty slave now or we will cut off your genitals and ...”

“I will obey you, mother! I will obey you, Jenny! Please ...”