

From the Princess Archives

From Archives
Section 102-A

#5



Adults Only

ART

Wife Paddling Sissy Husband
Boy-Girls Pooping on Grandpa
Nurse Giving Sissy an Enema
Sis Watches a Bully Given Hormones
Schoolboy Forced to Do the Ironing!

STORIES

Panty Training: S&M with Sis and Mom
Advice to Panty Loving Boys Everywhere
in Search of that Special Lover
My Parents Did Not Know I was Being
Seduced into Girlhood
Box of Sweet Delights by Coquette

PHOTOS

9 Homemade Pics of Little Boys Dressing
Up Like Girls
Boys Getting Spanked on Hands at School
Boy Getting His Bottom Beaten in Class

OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST

Internet: Spanking School Children in
India and South Australia
Internet Retail: Sissy Heaven
Internet: Lollicocks Sissyboy Candy Treat

Items featured in this volume are of interest to crossdressers and pantywaist sissies like yourself and come from our readers, visitors to our web site, and our vast personal library that we have been collecting since the early 1960s!

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

Corporal Punishment of Children in India

Photo to the right from an article on a Hindu website describing corporal punishment still being used in India homes and schools. Full story at:

<http://www.hindu.com/mp/2004/09/30/stories/2004093001790100.htm>



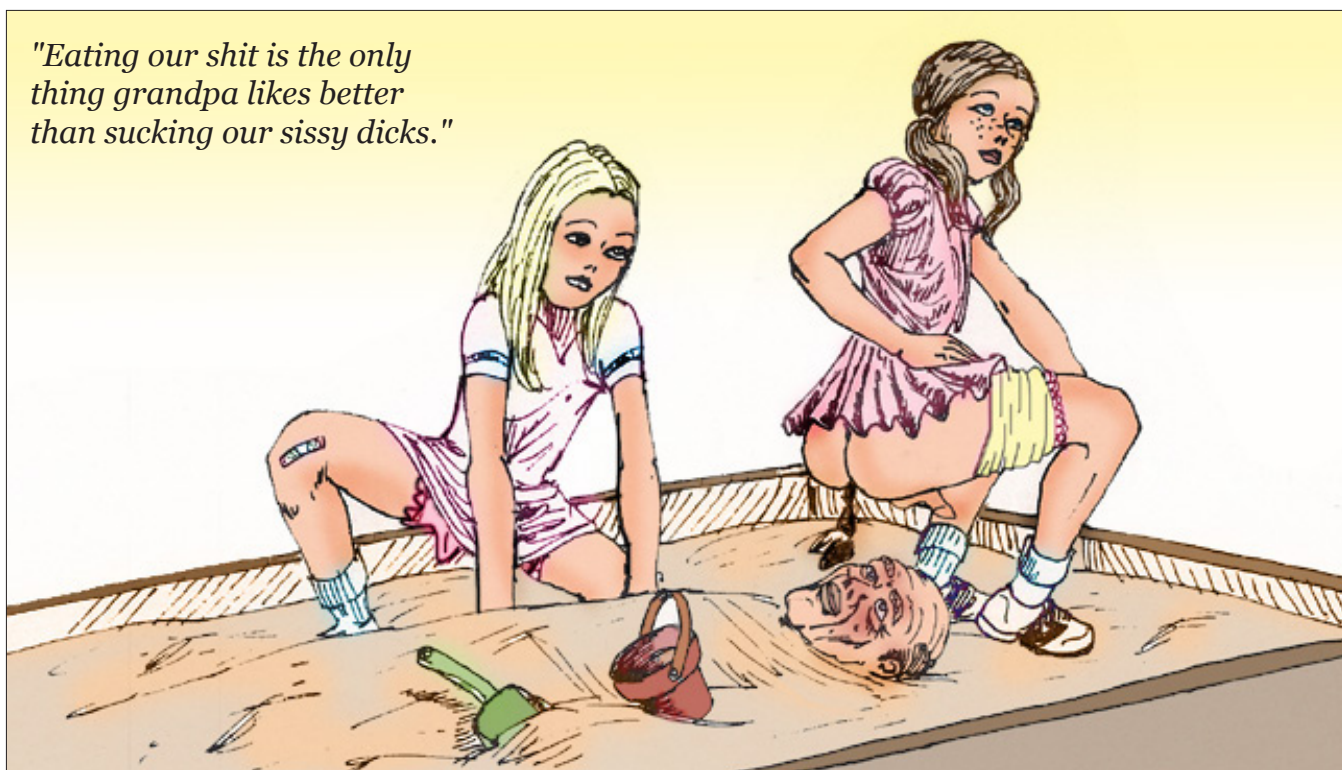
Corporal Punishment of Children in South Australian Schools

Photo to the left from an article about spanking still being used in Australia. For the full story go to:

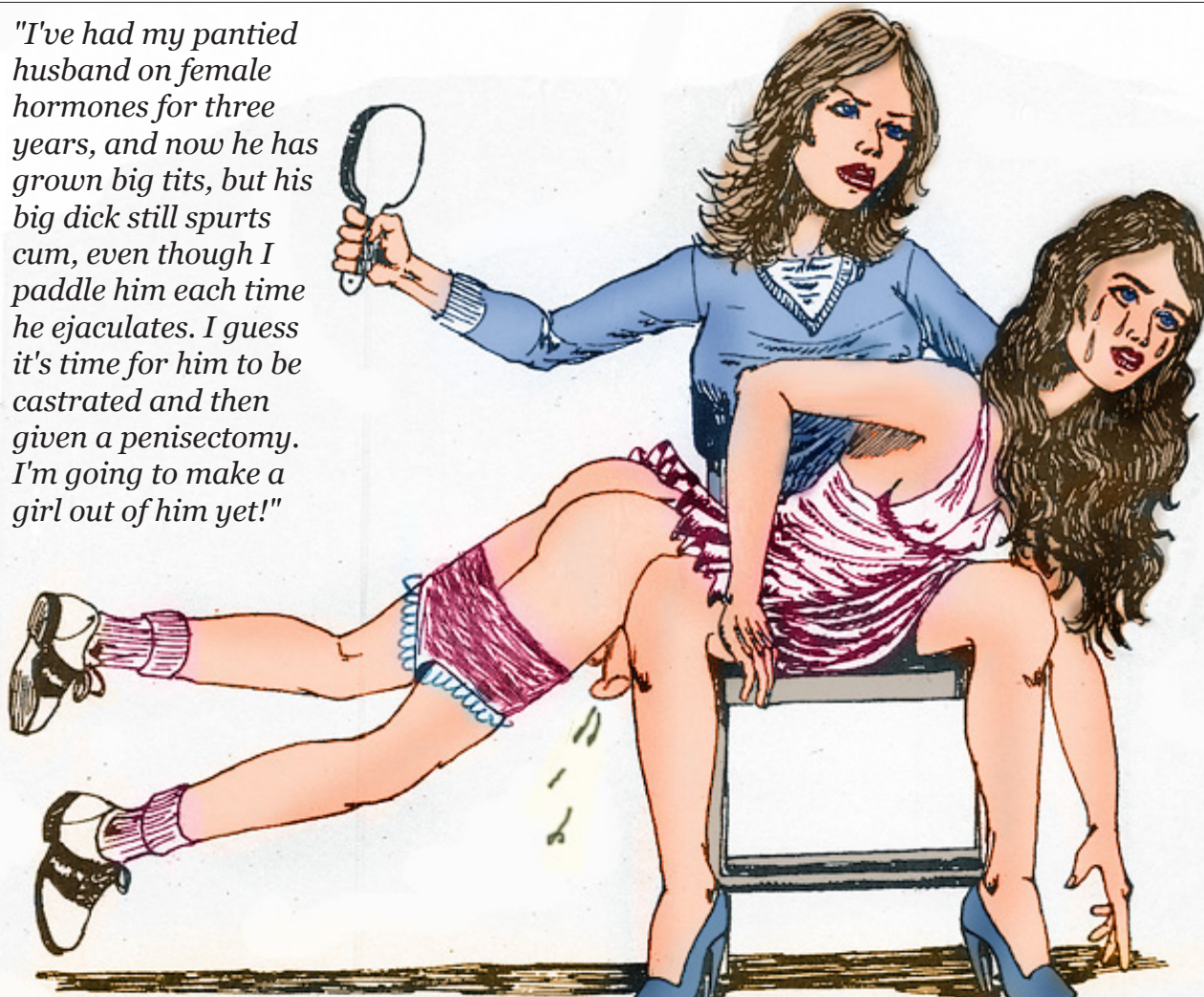
<http://ehlt.flinders.edu.au/education/DLiT/2005/corporalpunishment/intro.htm>

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"Eating our shit is the only thing grandpa likes better than sucking our sissy dicks."



"I've had my pantied husband on female hormones for three years, and now he has grown big tits, but his big dick still spurts cum, even though I paddle him each time he ejaculates. I guess it's time for him to be castrated and then given a penisectomy. I'm going to make a girl out of him yet!"

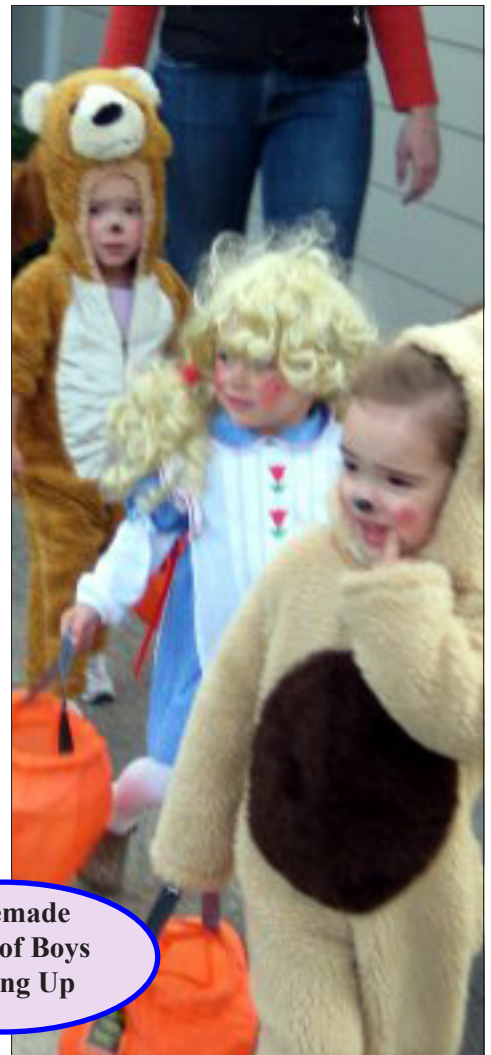
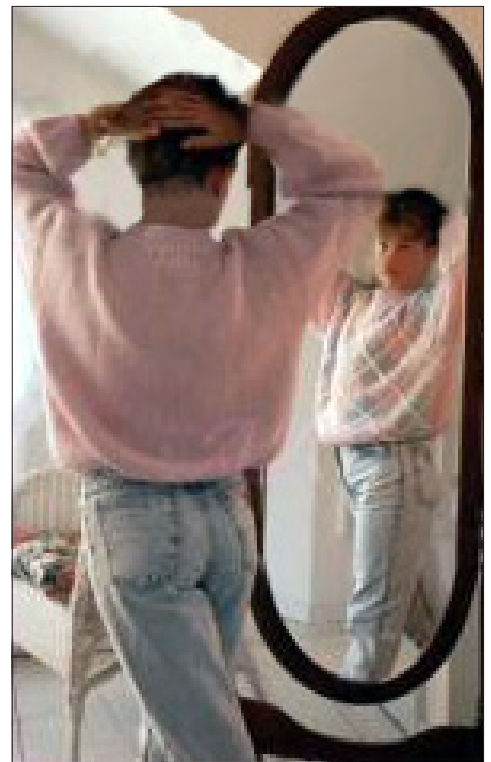




While in nursing school, my parents let me practice what I learned in school on my sissy baby brother. I especially loved taking down his nylon panties and giving him a big enema.



"Whenever Jack bullied me, mom and dad would make him wear my lacy panties under his clothes and have Doc Manly come to the house and give Jack a big shot of female hormones."



Homemade
Photos of Boys
Dressing Up



Homemade
Photos of Boys
Dressing Up





Panty Training - S&M with Sis & Mom

I'm sure I wasn't born with any masculine deficiencies, but I always struggled to be a boy like other boys because of a life of being browbeaten and dominated by my mother and older sister. That was especially true after my father walked out when I was ten years old because he couldn't take it anymore. By the time I was twelve, I realized the females in my house had won and I was broken.

That realization happened the day I came home from school and saw my mother sitting on the couch with a guy kneeling on the floor in front of her. He had on a pair of her gaudiest and laciest pink panties. His face was whorishly made-up with lipstick, rouge and eyeliner, and his hands bound behind him. Mother was slouched deep into the couch, her legs pulled up exposing her cunt pressed into his face. He had two bright yellow ribbons attached to earrings in his ears, and she pulled on the ribbons to control him, yanking on his freshly pierced ears to position his lapping tongue precisely where

she wanted him to lick her. She had a nasty look of vindictive pleasure on her face as she manipulated the ribbons, making him cry and moan — the combination of his pain and slaving tongue kept her at the height of pleasure. Her cunt and his face glistened with the juices of her excitement.

Upon hearing me enter, the man jerked his head up suddenly, yowling in pain as he momentarily forgot about the earrings he wore. Mom yelled at him, “What the fuck are YOU looking at?” as she pulled on the ribbons to force his face back to where she wanted him sucking her cunt. I stood in awe, staring. She did not attempt to cover either herself or what they were doing. Instead, she just closed her thighs around his head as he dutifully resumed adoring him with his mouth. Unfazed by my presence, mother looked at me with half-closed eyes and slurred her words as she said, “Oh, gees, honey, I forgot about the time. I didn’t expect you home so soon, but since you’re here, let me introduce you; this is my new pet, Walter. We’re just having a little fun. If you weren’t so damn much like your dad, such a fucking wimp, maybe I’d let you take Walter’s place, but I don’t think a panty wanker like you could handle the pain I like to inflict on my pets.”

A sudden uneasiness swept over me as I saw the calculating look in her bedroom eyes, the searching look that pierced through me. My knees shook, a fiery flush warming my cheeks. An amused sparkle came to her eyes; I sensed she knew what I wanted to say but was too scared to speak. She had called me a ‘panty wanker’ and the lurid way she said those words made them bounce back and forth inside my head as I rushed out of the room in confusion. I went to the kitchen and made my usual after-school snack, a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, but it tasted like cardboard so I threw it into the trash and walked back into the living room.

Deciding to give into my secret desires and give myself up completely to her, I moaned in a high-pitched voice wetted with tears of fear draining down my throat, “Mom?” I choked, trying to bolster my courage.

“Yes, dear,” she purred, the look in her eyes telling me she already knew what I was going to say.

“I want to take his place! I love you and I’ll do anything you say, anything at all! I just don’t want you to be angry with me all the time, anymore.”

For years, I had fought hard to be a strong boy and not a wimp like my mother and sister always accused me of being, but the way they treated me had taken a toll and made me question my masculinity. They were always teasing me with their bodies and talk, making it clear that I and all men and boys were inferior to all females. They would walk around the house with little or nothing on and talk about sexual things in front of me. They always left the door open when they went to the bathroom or took a bath and made me go with them when they went shopping for their clothes,

especially their lingerie, and then back at home, they would model for me the things they bought and teasingly ask me if I wanted some pretty girlie clothes too.

I, of course, was curious to see how their bodies differed from mine, but I was never sexually interested — until recently. Now, all of a sudden, I was changing. My penis would get painfully hard and leak juice when I would look at them. Just the day before this day, I had to stroke myself to ease the painful twitching in my dick and ease my frustration, and I squirted my first real cum. Lately, I had been going through the dirty laundry to find panties belonging to my mother and sister and holding them to my nose to smell their feminine aromas. Then I would take another pair of dirty panties and rub them against my naked butt, hips and penis. I had been doing it in secret, always careful not to make them suspicious, yet now, mom knew! She had called me a ‘panty wanker’ — how could she have known? And now, the very first time I had ejaculated, I did it into a pair of panties, and my mom already knew about it! I was crushed.

Breathing in the exotic aroma of mom’s dirty panties while massaging my penis with a pair of my sister’s silky nylon panties so excited me that I jerked off with abandon and shot cum for the first time in my life. I caught my cum in the panties, luxuriating in the great feelings surging through my body. But how did my mother know? She was asleep in a drunken stupor at the time! Then I realized how she knew. In the morning, I had overslept from my night long orgy with their panties, and in a rush to get to school, I left the soiled panties in my bed, shoving them under my pillow, telling myself they would dry and I’d put them back in the dirty laundry when I got home from school.

I loved the aroma my mom’s pussy left in her panties; I loved sucking the slimed crotch of her used panties. Now, I wanted more of her; I hungered to put my face where Walter had his face. I didn’t want to just smell mom’s panties; I wanted to smell and taste her pussy directly.

She stared at me with cold confidence, studying me as though I were a specimen under a microscope. “Joey, once you take his place, there’s no stopping. You’ll be a slave to your sister and me, a weak little sissy boy with no power over your own life. You understand that, don’t you?”

“Y-yes, Mom,” I muttered, my nervousness making me stutter, realizing it was a line I wanted to cross.

“What about me?” Walter whined, giving me a look of jealous hatred. “What am I to do? I desperately need your special love, Mistress.”

“Walter, you’re beginning to bore me, but now I’m going to make my wimpy son my personal sissy and piss pot, but don’t worry, my pet. I won’t throw you away. We’ll find some use for you!” Mother laughed and slapped him lightly across his

crazily made-up face. "My kid just started ejaculating; I saw the snot he left in his sister's panties. We've been waiting for this day, and the little prick has his first cum and he can't wait to get between my legs. Even I can't believe how fast this has happened. His sister Sue is going to be delighted. So, slut boy Walter, what in the hell am I going to do with you, huh? Oh, I have an idea; maybe I'll have you suck off Joey while he eats my cunt." Walter stared at her in horror. He silently shook his head; maybe he looked like a fag in mother's pink panties, but it was obvious he had no interest in becoming a cocksucker. However, mother just yanked on his ribboned earrings, made him scream and then kicked him away from her.

She stood up, took me by the arm and led me to the bathroom. After searching around in the dirty laundry hamper, she found a used pair of her panties, rubbed them all over my face and then pulled them up her legs and up over her plump, womanly rounded belly, white nylon briefs with little red rose buds all over the front and a narrow strip of white lace around the leg openings. She left me standing there for a minute, went to her room and then returned with a pointed, awl-like tool and sat down on the closed cover of the toilet.

She put her arm around my head to hold me immobile. Being held in a headlock and not knowing what to expect, I stood apprehensively and then winced as I felt the awl pierce the lobe of my left ear. I felt it withdrawn and a metal ring put in its place. She repeated the operation on my other ear and then led me into my sister's bedroom, where she rummaged through a dresser drawer, picking through items of lingerie until she pulled out a baby-girl like pair of pink panties with big white rows of ruffles across the bottom. She had also picked out a white satin training bra. "Before your sister grew up, I bought these panties for her to wear to tease my little pet slaves, and I loved their reaction to seeing her parading around in this training bra and panties like an innocent grade school girl. Now, you'll be taking her place, wearing these cute panties for my tricks and being my slutty little girl. I knew some day that you'd want to be a panty boy for your sister and me. As soon as I can, I'll buy you a drawerful of panties of your own, plus many other sexy girlie clothes. My pet slaves will be shocked to see a sissified boy with a tiny drooling dick in such pretty baby rhumba panties."

She shoved the panties into my hands.

"But, mother, I don't want to be a girl; I don't want to wear girls' clothes; I just want to serve you, lick your juices and make you happy."

She hit me across the face so hard it jarred my teeth and I tasted blood. "Well, stupid, you'll make me happy by doing what I say without question. Being raised in my house, you surely have learned that much by now, haven't you?"

"Yes, mother; I'm sorry, mother." I quivered with humiliation. The look on her face told me she wanted more, and I

wasn't about to keep her waiting. "Oh, sweet darling mother, I desperately want to wear sis's bra and pretty pink panties. I'm so excited that I can't wait to put them on."

"Well, that's better, so what in the hell are you waiting for?" mother asked with fire in her voice.

I hurriedly stepped into the panties and pulled them on as fast as I could. They really felt weird to wear, all slippery and silky, my penis was instantly tickled into hardness. Mother laughed and playfully slapped my penis within the panties making it bounce around inside their satiny silkiness.

Mother realized I didn't know how to put on the bra, so she put it on me. "When I'm finished with you, I want you to practice putting on and taking off this little training bra. Your sister can spend time with you and teach you how to wear lingerie and do other girlie things." She also pulled from the drawer a pair of garters, frilly pink lace things along with a pair of black silk stockings and showed me how to hook them up, making my legs look very girly and feel eerily creepy.

She then dragged me into her bedroom, perched me at her vanity bench and applied makeup to my face and arranged my longish hair like a girl's. I cringed with shame as she shoved me in front of her full-length mirror and made me look at myself. I complained, "Mother, I only want to service you; I'm not a girl - I'm a boy!" BAM! BAM! She hit me hard again on each side of my face. "Shut the fuck up, you little sissy, or I'll add more redness to your cheeks with even harder smacks plus beat the shit out of your pantied ass! Now, look at yourself and see what a nice little girl you make."

Being made up like a girl with makeup and wearing pink rhumba panties, a training bra and stockings was bad enough, but the worst part: I actually looked pretty! I had to look away in shame, but as I dropped my eyes, I caught sight of mother and I saw the look of satisfaction on her face and heard her derisive laughter. She pointed to her feet and smacked me on the back of my head for emphasis. I dropped to my hands and knees on the floor. I felt her naked foot on my back and had the wind knocked out of me as she stepped on me with her full weight and slammed me down hard onto the hardwood floor! My arms were pulled around behind me and I felt a silk scarf being wound around my wrists, securing them together. She pulled the scarf painfully tight, leaving me helpless with my arms bound behind me. Keeping me in position on the floor, she attached ribbons to the earrings she had put on me and pulled me up to my feet by yanking upward on the ribbon reins hooked to my skewered lobes. Unable to use my hands to get up made it nearly impossible to do, but with her pulling on my earring ears, I somehow did it.

"Wow, wimp boy, you really do look PRETTY!" she said and smiled, pinching me here and there through the bra and panties, as I blushed deep scarlet and moaned in pain. "I ought to take you outside for a walk and show you off to the

neighbors! Everyone around here knows what a wuss you are; no one would be surprised to see you in bra and panties and groveling like a proper sissy slave boy.” A hilarious scream of laughter burst from her as she saw the look of horror on my face and the big tears in my eyes. I was suddenly beginning to regret my decision to be her pet and loving slave. She took the ends of the ribbons delicately in her hands and pulled lightly on them to bring my face within a half inch of the nipple of her left breast.

“Lick every place I put your face to!” she commanded. She held my head in that position so I had to strain my tongue to reach the soft sponginess of her nipple. The pain in my earlobes prevented me from pressing my face to her breast. She moved me slowly down over her belly pausing as my tongue tickled her belly button through the high waist of her white nylon panties. I absently studied the soft panties prettily decorated with a hundred little rosebuds stretched over her hips. Her exciting feminine aromas drifting up from her hot pussy. Then pain shot through me again as she yanked me downward, interrupting my dreamy state as she jerked my head down to the crotch of her soiled panties that were already gooey, dripping with a fresh slimming of her hot cunny juices! I gasped as she kneed me between my legs with all her might and smashed my panty snugged-up nuts into my body. I winced as I pulled back in reflex and the pain increased as the earrings tore painfully into my freshly pierced ears.

“That’s just a reminder!” she spat. “When I want you to do something, you’d better jump to it!”

After I slaved away at her cunt and brought her to countless orgasms, mother got up and left me alone on my sister Sue’s bed with a cunt-juice sticky face and her womanly flavor lingering in my mouth. I was happy. Despite being pink pantied, made up like a freak and with blood trickling from my pierced ears, I was delighted, knowing that my mother now loved me. During the past hour, more than ever before in my life, mother showed me her love for me in her own perverse way. I wanted more, but I realized I would probably have to be satisfied with the terrorizing form of affection she was showing me. As she went from my room to hers, she said she needed to take a nap.

Exhausted, I too looked forward to falling into a deep, recuperative sleep. However, sleep was not my reward for long for loving my mother how she wanted to be loved because minutes later, the door burst open and my sister came walking in with one of her dim-witted muscle-bound boyfriends. It was Stan, a blonde Greek god always ready to do her bidding. She screamed at me, “What the fuck are you doing in my bed, you dumb freak! And what are you doing wearing my lingerie, pervert?”

Hearing the commotion, mother came in from her bedroom and reached out to calm Sue. “Honey, your sick little brother is now ready and willing to service us. We’ve been wait-

ing for his balls to drop and his cum to start flowing, and it has. Yesterday, he came for the first time – came into a pair of your fancy panties no less – I found them in his bed this morning. He had been sucking on a pair of my dirty panties too. Can you believe it, he shoots his wad for the first time, and today, the very next day, he comes home from school begging to take fag-face Walter’s place between my legs. We’ve trained him right, Sue.”

Sue’s expression changed from rage to sneering contempt. She always hated me despite that I loved her and so desperately wanted her to love me. From the dresser drawer, Sue pulled out her favorite sex toy that she loved to have shoved up her cunt as she walked around the house with her panties well snugged up to hold it in place. It was a perfect replica of an erect prick, with a big pair of balls at the base. Sue periodically threatened to make me suck on the plastic penis whenever she decided I had been talking too much. In reality, at home, I said very little around my sister or mother, but almost any comment I made they considered talking too much. Sis had never before made me suck on that dildo but I felt that was about to change.

With a preoccupied smile on her face, she straddled my chest and shoved the plastic cock into my mouth until the big balls were pushing on my lips. Stan was delighted, “Hey, man, I never saw a fag boy give a girl a blowjob! Awesome, man!” The dildo filled my mouth completely, keeping my jaws spread painfully apart.

Now, she climbed onto the bed, pulled up her pleated Catholic schoolgirl miniskirt, bowed her legs open and hunched her lavender-colored pantied cunt out towards me. Her pussy lips bulged under her panties, the crotch of her panties hung loose and wet; I feared it contained a fresh deposit of Stan’s semen draining from inside her belly. Her nylon-covered twat was bathed in thick transparent goo. The strong fishy odor combined with the smell of boy cum exuded from her cunt as she crushed herself down on my head. She dragged her wet pantied cunt over my head from my forehead down to the fake cock in my mouth; my face soon coated with her slimy cunt juices, I was shocked and in awe of her skillful dominance. She knew exactly what she was doing.

Instead of years of idle threats, she was now acting on those threats. But she backed off and stared down at me with a mature womanly arrogance, dismissing me with contempt. She took the dildo out of my mouth after first shoving it deep down my throat to make me choke and send me into a coughing spell. She repeatedly slapped my face and commanded me to stop coughing and choking. To be abused by her was scary, but I also knew it was what I needed, and my cock hardened in my pink rhumba panties as I stretched my tongue out to lick at her cunt lips through her sopping purple lace panties. She held my head just short of being able to fully press against her cunt, and I was soon going mad with frustration of not being able to dive fully into her juicy crotch. She

laughed as I squirmed on her bed as she let me come a fraction closer to her cunt until I could tease her twat but not eat her raw. I had never eaten a pussy before this day — oh, sure, growing up in my house I knew all about it — but my mother and sister had told me hundreds of times over the years that it was a pleasure I had to earn. I had always wondered what it was like to eat pussy; now I was finding out. Had I earned it? Earned it by just shooting off my dick into their panties? Such a short time before, in one long lesson, mother had taught me well; I knew that because I was making my sister jump around excitedly like a game winner on “The Price is Right.” Sue was cumming, screaming, humping me and singing out her pleasure. Stan had his meat out and was jacking on it. His log of a cock was aimed right at me, I feared he would slime me, but the fact that I was giving so much pleasure to my big sister made me forget that fear and delight in how good I was making her feel. The tip of my tongue was now tickling the silky wet softness of her panty-covered vulva and, now, she was banging herself up against my battered face. I trembled in ecstatic torment from the pain and delight of giving her pleasure. She was now controlling the ribbons attached to my burning sore ears. I felt my head pulled down and brought slowly up again so that my tongue trailed between the lips of her cunt, lapping away at her disgusting putrid but satisfying and flavorful drippings.

I felt a tremor through her flesh as she teased herself on my tongue — repeatedly she worked my tongue over her cunt until her juices were flowing freely; she was going for another orgasm. I could see Stan standing like a goofy-eyed robot looking down at me, his cock in hand. He reached out and started to snap my bra straps and my panty elastics. SNAP! SNAP! SNAP! He laughed and called me a sissy faggot. He knew I was sucking up his manly spend and grinned at me slavishly eating it up, trickles of the slick substance oozing slowly down my tongue and into my mouth, tickling my throat as it drained down into my stomach with syrupy slowness. Sue pulled down on the ribbons, forcing my head down deeper into her crotch, and now I stared up at the full expanse of her lavender panties with their high waist covering the womanly roundness of her belly. Then she pulled aside her loose panty leg elastic from behind and slowly lowered her naked bottom onto my face until my tongue lightly touched on the no-man’s land between her cunt and anus. I saw her shiver with sexy sensations as I lashed the sensitive area of her crotch with my tongue. Drops of juice from her excited cunt dripped onto my forehead and eyes, putting me in an erotic state of trembling excitement that threatened to make me cream all over my soft, feminine nylon panties! The ribbons tugged on my ears, forcing me farther back toward her anus. The odors from her asshole filled my nose as I ran the tip of my tongue with feather like softness over her little brown hole, bringing a giggling gasp of pleasure from her. Suddenly, she farted on my face—it was a shitty wet fart that left poop on my shocked face. Laughing uncontrollably, she got off the bed. Stan saw the shit on my face and had to hold himself up so he wouldn’t fall over laughing. Talk

about a pervert! My shitty face must have excited him to greater heights as he jerked his cock a few more times and then sprayed my face with his hot jism, me, a sorry little bra and panty wearing boy with shit on his face, and now several slugs of semen to boot!

The whole time, mother had been sitting on a side chair with eyes aglow as she watched my sister and her dumb boyfriend put me through my paces. When they were finished, mother told Sue and Stan to stay there, and she would bring me back in a little while for a surprise visit, but she told Stan to hold back from cumming again, since she wanted him to save up a big load for ‘a certain little panty-wearing sissy fag boy.’”

Mother then took the ribbons attached to my ears and led me in a crouched over-position into the living room where we had left Walter almost two hours earlier. He was still there on his knees. He laughed as we entered, getting a kick out of the way mother was leading me along like a puppy. He laughed some more when he saw the shit stains on my face and the cum dripping from me.

“Laugh all you want, little man,” mother said. “I’ve figured out how you can serve me, by servicing my sissy son.” Walter recoiled but remained in position kneeling with his head respectfully bowed, but the smirk was gone from his face and fear filled his downcast eyes. As she pulled on his ribbons and brought his face to mine, she commanded him to lick the shit off my face. He cried and moaned but did it. Moment by moment, I was getting an education in the type of depraved slavishness I was increasingly expected to endure. Mom next led me over to the couch, making me kneel with my back to it, and then she bent me over backward so my head was down on the cushion. She looked down at my juice smeared face with a grin and, holding my nose to force my mouth open, spat into my mouth, telling me to stay in that position, suck on her spit and learn to enjoy the flavor. A look of lewd joy filled her face as she turned to Walter. She grabbed the ribbons that dangled from his ears and pulled him over in front of me.

I heard his horrified gasp as he saw what she had intended for him to do; I listened in abstraction to his little boy pleadings. Mom gave a low laugh and I felt his hot face pressed to my groin. Holding him in that position before my boy parts, mom pulled aside the leg opening of my panties and revealed my slim dick. A nauseated sound of sobbing breath came from Walter as she forced his mouth open and made him swallow my limp prick. Much later, I learned that Walter had no gay interests but that made my mother want to subject him to homo punishments all the more. Despite his lack of experience, his licking excited me, and I felt my wick quiver in his mouth as it grew into a full erection.

Holding the ribbons in her hands like reins, keeping him in place with his mouth on my cock, mom turned, straddling me, and I saw the beautiful sight of her bottom hovering over me,

her soft flesh covered in her thin white nylon panties descending onto me, the nylon crotch spreading wide, her oil-slick lips spreading out over my face, the soft flesh of her posterior settling in heavy warmth on my head, driving me into the cushion of the couch. I felt her pelvis drop deeper and deeper over my face until my jaws were spread wide, her silky white, wet-pantied cunt pressing against my tongue and my face immersed in the hot balm of her juiciness.

The wet fire of mom's cunt on my face made my prick shoot to full erection in Walter's mouth! I felt the head of my prick swelling against his cheeks, puffing them out as my dickhead jumped around in his mouth. I felt mom's excitement as she watched Walter suck on me and felt the trembling in her flesh as I voraciously lapped up her cunny. She squirmed on my face, her juice-swamped twat making slurping sounds of suction over my mouth as her slobbery cunt lips sloshed over me. My lungs were straining for air as she drenched me with her powerfully scented fluids.

My prick was rumbling ominously in Walter's mouth, pulsating in slow, heaving motions. I squirmed in an agony of pleasure as my prick reached the point of ultra sensitivity, the electrifying moment that precipitates explosion. Mom's hot bottom thrashed in frenzied motion down on my head as she went into climax, her gushing cunt slipping over my mouth wildly, jamming down on me with mad deliberation as her whole body shook with the force of her climax! I felt my quivering tool jump like a striking snake, flooding Walter's mouth with an outpouring of hot sticky cum. I came and came, sobbing insanely under the splashing violence of mother's banging cunt!

Then it was over!

I lay in a daze, an unreal coma, as mother slowly lifted her dripping vagina from my face and my cock shrank down and withdrew in slow retreat from Walter's mouth. I looked over at Walter. He had an expression of absolute revulsion on his face. He looked like he was ready to throw up all over the place. A thin trickle of my semen dribbled out from the corner of his mouth as he gagged in nausea. Mom gave a scornful laugh and put her foot to his face and gave him a shove that sent him sprawling into the corner. She told him, "Keep my boy's cum in your mouth for fifteen minutes. If you swallow it before then, I'll serve you shit sandwiches for dinner and then have my daughter's boyfriend fuck you in the ass. And if you dare to throw up, I'll make you lick it up!"

She turned to me with an impersonal air, grabbing the ribbons and pulling, jerking me painfully from my reverie, yanking me to a trembling halt at her feet. My ears felt like they were on fire as I licked her toes like a dog. I was worn down from cumming and in need of a rest. Instead, she stood me up, took me to her room, freshened my makeup and finished my absurd costume by crowning my head with one of her wigs. She pulled on the ribbons, bringing me to my feet with

a sharp tug, the ribbons pulling on the earrings in my ears. She made me step into a pair of high-heeled shoes, gave me a final inspection and led me to Sue's bedroom where I knew my sister and her boyfriend would subject me to even further humiliations. I followed her, staggering to keep my balance in the unfamiliar high heels.

Laughter bubbled out from them when I entered Sue's room. They were laughing at my inability to walk in high heels. Stan gave a low whistle and mockingly winking at me. My face was on fire with shame.

"Do a little bump and grind for them, Joey," Mom ordered. I stood still, wavering in the unsteadiness of the heels. Tears sprang to my eyes as she twisted the ribbons in her hands, the earrings tearing at my ears. Feeling like the misfit of the century, my face burning scarlet, I unsteadily attempted a bump and grind. From my years of being a submissive son, I knew all about slutty things like a 'bump and grind.' Their laughter became hysterical as I wobbled through my dance with mother jerking on the ribbons, controlling me like a marionette, now and then making me go into weird contortions and movements. By the time she told me to stop, I was sobbing openly. Stan came over to me and patted me on my pantied ass in mock affection, ogling me exaggeratedly. Once again, he got a big kick out of snapping my bra straps and panty elastics, making me squirm to the repeated stinging snaps that mounted and were starting to become painful.

Walter had followed us from the living room and he was now looking at me with a mysterious look of glee, his lips still clamped shut with my cum rolling around inside.

The situation was bizarre. Stan was stripped down and shook his hefty pecker at me. I jumped as mom's hands came around from behind me. She gave me a kick right in the ass and I went sprawling onto the bed. The bed bounced wildly as the rest of them joined me.

Mom lay on her back and forced Sue's dildo into her cunt, attaching the ribbons to her garters as she had done before. Sue lay next to her and they began fondling each other's breasts, while necking like lovers. I noticed Walter crawl between Sue's legs and soon heard the telltale slurping sounds of cunilingus as he began to devour her cunt. Mom's hips began to heave up and down, her legs moving slightly, pulling on the ribbons and forcing me to bank the dildo into her cunt. I wondered vaguely where Stan was as I struggled to keep my movements harmonious with the movements of mother's hips, trying to avoid the torturous tearing of the earrings in the lobes of my ears.

I soon knew where Stan was at as I felt my panty leg elastic tugged aside, and then I stiffened with horrendous pain as I felt the head of his hard piston split wide the narrow passage of my anus! I became one big torn up and abused kid, flashes of pain were centered in my tortured mouth, my ears, my ass-

hole and they all came together to ripple through my whole body in continuous shock waves as I was jerked to-and-fro by the erotically maddened group!

I blacked out for a moment as Stan gave a herculean shove that drove his throbbing prick deep into my guts, feeling as though it would split me apart and drive itself up to my tonsils! A sort of numb abstraction of consciousness kept me dimly aware of what was happening. The pain seemed far away, the driving of his prick into my ass not quite so terrifying anymore, putting me even further into a dazed state. I felt my pecker swelling inside my silken panties, straining against the nylon that held it prisoner. I felt as though I were in a nightmarish dream, everything unreal as I felt myself approaching orgasm. Burning fire coursed through the shaft of my cock as my cum spurted out over my belly, the panties provided no resistance as my juices shot out and then bubbled through the porous slick nylon. I drifted into a deep well of blackness, sharp flashes of pain shooting through my skull as mother battered on the dildo forced into my mouth, through her climax, until I fell into a merciful, unfeeling coma. For a moment, I didn't know where I was. I felt myself being shifted and moved around, a strange numbness in my arms and a dull roaring in my ears.

As full consciousness came back, memory of what had happened returned and I found that they had put a box on the bed, propping me over it so that I was in a kneeling position. Mom sat on my back, holding the ribbons like reins, keeping my head pulled back and up. With a vindictive grin on his face because I was stealing his place in my mom's life, Walter moved onto the bed in front of me, kneeling so his loins were directly in front of my face. His fingers toyed with his half-hard prick. He had been excited to the point of cumming while eating out Sue's cunt and some of her cum was smeared over his prick. Sue was now eating her boyfriend Stan, working him up to another hard-on.

The ribbons pulled on my ears and strained my head backward and forced my mouth open. Walter moved closer, the heavy odor of his unclean prick nauseating me as it came under my nose. I felt the hot stocky head brush against my mouth, probing my lips, making me shudder with the queasy feeling of my stomach turning in revulsion and disgust. Sue had brought Stan to another hard-on and I prepared for another onslaught as he moved to the side of me; he played with the ruffles on the ass of my panties before yanking the leg opening aside. I gasped in terror as his huge prick waved in the air like a baseball bat before he stepped all the way behind me and began rubbing his cock against my ruffled panties. Then he slid it up the leg opening of my panties and used it to probe between my ass cheeks. This lowlife redneck wanted more of me! He was going to fuck me again!

Walter took his short but very thick prick in hand and rubbed it slowly over my face as the head of Stan's prick began its butt-ripping journey into my ass. I felt myself becoming

hysterical with torment and disgust as Walter rubbed his prick over my face and against my nose before he pushed it into my mouth. He laughed with glee at my misery as he pushed his cockhead all the way in and then began a slow fucking motion, stroking his cock shaft with his fingers, leering down at me, as it became rock hard, bulging against my cheeks. I felt it throbbing, pulsating in heaving swells.

"UNGH—UNG—GNOOO, NGH, NGH!" Choked screams came from my throat as my hysteria reached the point of insanity. My ass was burning up, my insides turning into watery mush from the furious banging of Stan's prick spearing in and out of me. Walter pulled his cock out of my mouth, moaning and writhing. He rubbed his prick over my face some more. I saw the evil-looking red head as it pointed at my eye and saw the silvery wetness forming in the little hole at the tip of it. It was trembling violently against my face. Suddenly he hooked his thumbs in my mouth, pulling it open wide and, aiming the head, jammed his prick inside. I gagged as sticky wetness blasted my mouth, clogging my throat in gooey floods. His prick jumped repeatedly, emptying the contents of his nuts into my mouth. Finally, he pulled it out, his prick quickly shrinking in size. Stan still hadn't cum and while I gagged in nausea, my sister's boyfriend continued the brutal banging of my ass until once more I began to slip into unconsciousness as I heard the sounds of my mother and sister laughing and high fiving each other and heard Stan yell, "I'm cumming!"


That was just my first day of the rest of my life, my life of total slavery to my mother and big sister! ♦

*#01091-P S&M with Sis & Mom
By Gina Kent. Revised by Princess Lacey.*

Advice to Panty Loving Boys Everywhere in Search of That Special Lover

Hi! I love panties too! Even though I'm a female, I'm a panty fetishist too! I only realized it after I met a man who became my husband and he had a lifelong addiction to girls' panties and wore them everyday since the day he left home after high school. For him it started because he had five sisters and wanted to be like them. Once we met and he told me about himself, I immediately accepted his fetish and started to think to myself that I had my own lifelong love of panties — even though as a female I never thought about it that way because I wore panties all the time.

Then I realized I had loved my panties my whole life; as a little girl, I was always pulling up my dress and dancing around to show people my rhumba panties. My mom and people would say, "Put your dress down, Linda." And "Nice girls don't show boys their panties," but I just kept doing it! I always had my mom buy me the prettiest panties I could find. In stores, I would go to the lingerie counter first and see if they had any fancy new panties for sale. In junior high and

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is looking over her shoulder at the camera. She is wearing a white, short-sleeved, lace-trimmed outfit with pink ribbons tied around her upper and lower arms. The background is dark and out of focus.

I've dated dozens of women in my lifetime, and more than half of them had no problem with me wearing women's panties, and most of them really got into me dressing completely in women's clothes while on a date with them!

high school, I wore mini skirts as short as the school would allow and loved it when some boy would tease me about seeing my panties. If I heard them say that, I'd say, "Prove it! Tell me what color they are." And laugh when they would tell me.

The only time in my life that I didn't wear panties very often was while I was married to my first husband. We had to get married because he had forced himself upon me and made me pregnant. I didn't want to get married but our parents made us. I put all my good panties away and would never wear them around him because I didn't want him sexually interested in me in any way. After two kids and several years of marriage, I finally was able to get a divorce even though my parents wanted me to stay married and continue to put up with the horrors I was living daily.

As soon as I was separated from him, I went right back to wearing pretty panties and perfectly willing to show them off to guys I found interesting and attractive. It was then that I realized panties were my best friend and a great comfort to me.

When I met Jim, he told me I excited him the first night we met, and on our second date, when we were getting ready to have sex, he first warned me that he wore girls' panties all the time and had done so his entire life. He told me because he didn't want to freak me out when we undressed, but I just hugged and kissed him and knew immediately I had found a very special man. I told him I loved him from the moment I had set eyes on him, and we are completely happy to this day.

My advice, my dear panty boys, is to keep searching for that special lady. Believe me, she is out there somewhere. In today's world, many women think a guy wearing fancy lacy panties is no big deal. To every panty-loving man I say: If you search, you will find a woman that's just right for you, and when you find her, treat her as if she's the queen of the world, and she'll love you in your panties forever!

Yours in panties,
Princess ♦



Drawing from http://oshioki.typepad.com/over_her_knee/

My Parents Did Not Know I was Being Seduced into Girlhood

As a very young boy, I was a loner because no other kids lived around my family. I would often play by myself outside for hours while my mother did chores in the house. The lady living next door to us befriended me and often talked to me. One summer day she said she had many nice toys in her house but no children to play with them, and then she invited me into her house. I went into her house without a second thought.

She had me sit on her lap and asked me questions as she put her one hand on my lap and other hand and arm around my waist and held me in a hug. She told me how much she loved me and then began giving me an open mouth french kiss. While kissing me, she played with my penis on the outside of my pants. She said, "Danny, did you know that you are pretty enough to be a girl? Have you ever thought about being a girl?" I told her I had never thought about it. She asked, "Do you think girls are pretty? Don't girls get to wear pretty clothes?" I nodded, thinking that's what she wanted me to say. "Danny, would you like to see what



you would look like as a girl?" She got me to say 'yes,' and then took me into a girl's bedroom filled with dolls, girls' toys and fancy clothes. (Years later, I found out she had a daughter who had died when she was eight years old.)

She took me into the closet and showed me very frilly dresses and took one out and put it on the bed. Then she showed me the little girl lingerie neatly folded in the drawers of the dresser. She took out a pair of lacy, white panties in heavy satin. "Here," she said, "hold them. Feel the lace and silky material. Aren't they exciting and fun to touch? They're even more fun to wear."

As she kept talking about the panties, she began taking off my clothes, and as soon as I was naked, she had me step into the panties. As she rubbed her hands all over the silky panties front and back, she asked, "O-o-o-o-o, aren't girls' panties great to wear?" Soon she settled on stroking my penis through the satin panties. It both tickled and excited me; I was swaying and breathing heavily. She had me lie down on the bed, and then she took my penis out of the lacy leg of the panties,

stroked it hard again and put it into her mouth and then put it into her pussy.

This was the beginning of me being molested. She told me never to tell my mother what we did because my mother didn't want me to know how great it felt to be a girl, but anytime I wanted to feel like that, I could come over to her house and she would dress me up in girls' clothes and we would do it again. I never did tell my mother.

Afterwards, I thought a lot about what I had done with the woman, and when she approached me again, I wasn't sure if I wanted to do it again, but she talked me into going into her house, making it sound so exciting as she got me to dress up again. The woman befriended my mother and offered to supervise me while my mom went shopping and ran errands. Mother was happy with the free babysitting service, and I found myself at the woman's house several times a week.

I never did tell my mother, but one day while I was at my grandmother's house (my father's mother), she grabbed my penis and jerked on it. It got hard and grandma asked if I liked playing with my dick. I innocently told her that I liked her playing with it and asked her if I could wear some pretty panties while she did it! Grandma laughed but then dug some little ruffled girls' panties out of the attic that she had packed away from when my aunt was a little girl and let me wear them. My grandpa called me a sissy; that was the first time I had ever heard that word. He went out to the local

bar, and as soon as he was gone, my grandmother took me to bed and had sex with me just as the neighbor lady had done. I had some experience by then, and grandma really liked how I could move my hard penis around and excite her as well as myself. She also told me not to tell my mom, and I never did.

Grandma had two lady friends, one had a daughter and the other one had a granddaughter and a grandson all close to my age and we would all play sex games with the ladies. The kids loved dressing me up in girlie clothes that my grandma started buying me and keeping at her house. We even got the other little boy to dress up in dresses and panties, and he liked it a lot too! The kids gave me a girls' name and started calling me Debbie. I liked wearing girls' clothes and playing sex games with the ladies and other kids. My grandfather would see me at times in girlie clothes and dismiss me as a sissy, but he was never aware of the sex because grandma only did those things when he wasn't around, which was quite often because he had a lot of drinking buddies and hobbies that kept him busy. ♦

Box of Sweet Delights

By Coquette

“Thank you Jane! What a lovely surprise!” Charlotte sang out as she untied the big pink bow and lifted the lid of the box. She scanned the tempting array of candies, each in a pretty paper cup, and each chocolate was decorated with a name written in pink icing — Jason, Edward, Reggie, David, etc. There were two each, a pair for each name, so if you had one, you then knew what the second one would be like. She picked out one with her slender fingers, “Arnold” it said on top. Jane watched expectantly as her dear friend’s snow-white teeth bit into the dark chocolate. She closed her eyes in ecstasy. “Mm! Jane! These nut truffles are sinfully delicious! Where on earth did you buy them?”

“I made them. They’re my own recipe, Charlotte — very special sweets I serve only to my dearest friends, sweetie.”

“Oh! So creamy! I’ve never tasted anything so scrumptious!” She popped another truffle into her mouth and sighed with pleasure as the filling melted on her tongue.

“I only use the finest quality ingredients,” she said as she twiddled the diamonds sparking across her inviting breasts.

“I don’t know how you do it ... m-m-m ...” Charlotte cooed as she swallowed another confection, sat back in her seat and adjusted her skirt that was riding up.

“I’ll let you in on my secret: I select the nuts myself and then tease them for ten minutes to make them tight and hot in their shell. It’s best to strip them first before plucking them from the tree. Tenderize them well and you will easily nip them off. If they are pink and at the point of juicing when you crop them, it makes for the best flavor. Then I steep them in hot water before whipping them until they form stiff peaks.”

“Jane, you certainly have mastered how to capture the greatest favor imaginable. This little one is so tender and juicy ...” Charlotte curled her long tongue and slowly drew it between her glossed lips, “...and there’s its tiny twin ... M-m-m! I can’t resist. I must have it too! ... M-m-m, heavenly!”

“The youngest fruits are best when just coming to ripeness, but don’t yet have their downy coating.”

“You’re such an expert.”

“You can tell when they are ready by feeling them through their thin, silky covering. The size of a nutmeg is quite large enough. When they get too big, they lose their flavor.”

“How do you preserve them?”

“Simmer them in syrup and then pot them with other select nuts in fruit juice of your choice and a jigger of Grand Marnier. Before making the mélange and letting it steep, you can trim the little stalk off each of the nutmeats, but you must keep them whole, or they can fall apart; they’re so delicate. After a week, they are beautifully soft, like glace cherries.”

“You must have worked very hard to make so many, Jane.”

“It’s a labor of love. Of course, it only takes six pairs to make a dozen. But, unfortunately, they fruit only once, so you need a constant source of supply for fresh ones.”

“Are they sad afterwards, the poor darlings?”

“Often, they ask for their mommy, and I’ve even been moved at times to shed a few tears for the darlings. But I have to be firm. However, they quickly come around to the joys of losing their nuts when I give them their little bras and panties. And if they are very good, I let them help me as a reward. They have such fun dipping their little friends’ balls in the chocolate and rolling them in sugar. They quickly become expert at using the pink icing to write their little friends’ names on the chocolates, and then arrange them so prettily in the box.”

“You are so good to them. I hope they appreciate how lucky they are. Oh, do join me and have one of your marvelous creations, Jane.”

“Thank you, dear; I think I will. It’s hard for me to resist them. I do have to be careful not to overindulge; they are so rich and filling. I have to watch my waistline, you know. Uh, um, I think I’ll take this one ... “Timmy,” she said with a hearty laugh. “I did love that little one, a precocious little choirboy who was always looking up my dresses. He was almost overripe, leading him to be so insatiably naughty. He needed a jolly good spanking. He put up such a fuss at first. He pretended to be so big and strong, but once his balls were on the cutting block, he was screaming so loudly for his mommy that I had to gag him with a juicy pair of my dirty bloomer panties. However, now, he loves his nylon panties and can’t get enough of looking in the mirror at his flat front, unspoiled by bulges not meant to be inside delicate panties. His mother is delighted with how sweet and calm he is now, and she can’t stop running her hands over the front of his panties. She gets such a thrill from making him shutter and shake with pleasure. Oh, my goodness, his candied balls are nice! They are simply melting in my mouth! The naughty ones, like Timmy, do have a wickedly piquant flavor underlying their sugary sweetness.”

“Oh, look,” said Charlotte, “This one is called Robert, like my grandson. He is such a bad boy.” Jane winked.

“Oh, I see...,” said Charlotte.

Jane speared 'Robert' with a cocktail stick and stirred him around in her Cosmopolitan. She popped it into her mouth, and then offered the matching little 'Robert' truffle to her friend and placed it on her tongue.

"Merry Christmas, Charlotte!" she said, guiding her hand between Charlotte's stocking tops. "Let me tell you about your grandson. He stopped by last Saturday. Such a sweet boy. Very sweet!"

"Oh, I didn't know that, Jane. I was staying in the country last weekend, and I came home to find he was in the hospital. His mother said he had some kind of accident but was going to be fine. I visited him in the hospital just before they released him. He was blushing a lot as he talked to me. He didn't want to talk about the accident. But while in the hospital, I saw the funniest thing. Robert seemed to be a bit uncomfortable and kept moving around and making gasping and moaning sounds as he moved from side to side. He was obviously in some pain, and at one point, he shifted around so much that his blanket slide to the side, and I saw he had on the most darling pair of yellow nylon panties with peach colored bows on the

sides and his name embroidered on them in pink. Of course, to spare his feelings, I pretended not to notice, but there was no mistaking about it — they were panties — very fancy girlie panties like those panties you make for your boys to wear when they are serving at our tea parties. I haven't had a chance to talk with his mother since I got back, but I'm going over there directly from here. I wonder if she knows her little troublemaking son is into wearing lacy nylon panties."

"Oh, really, Charlotte, that's quite a story. Boys at his age are so attracted to panties, you can hardly fault him. But changing the subject, will you be here for my tea party on Sunday?"

"Oh, Jane, you know I wouldn't miss it."

"Well, great, and I'm delighted to tell you that Robert's mother will be here as will his little seven-year-old sister, Angel — such a name for such a deliciously devilish little girl, and yes, Robert will be here too. He'll be helping the other boys with the tea service.

"Merry Christmas, darling, have another one of my fresh batch of candy-coated nuts." ♦

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flavours!



Each Lollcock contains a high protein cream inside the hard penis shell.

rough hard brown chocolate

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Jessica Sissy Panties

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The Jessica satin panties have gorgeous lace in abundance from the legs up, with little fixed bows all around the top to finish them off!

You won't be able to resist feeling girlie in these!



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Welcome to Sissy Heaven for the best in Sissy Clothes and accessories. Come on, take a peep inside! Let us help you become the Gorgeous girl you've always wanted to be!

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Alice Sissy Maids Uniform

Be feminised in this beautiful Alice style Sissy maids outfit with lots of lace in gorgeous Duchess satin which has a lovely soft feel and sheen. Madam will love seeing you in this outfit as it will keep its color and look good every time you wear it!

- Dress in deluxe duchess satin with plain bodice circle skirt and trimmed with cotton lace
- Neckline has a cotton Peter Pan collar
- Puff sleeves with cuffs
- Zip or button back
- White poly/cotton bib front apron with long ties and shoulder frills and trimmed with the same cotton lace as the dress. Can be starched to keep it looking crisp
- White poly/cotton Mob cap trimmed with the same lace as the uniform and finished with a satin bow to match the dress

• Please note the lace trim may vary from the one shown

You get the entire uniform made to your measurements



Color:

Chest/bust:

Waist:

Neck To Waist: