

Princess Extra!

FEATURING:

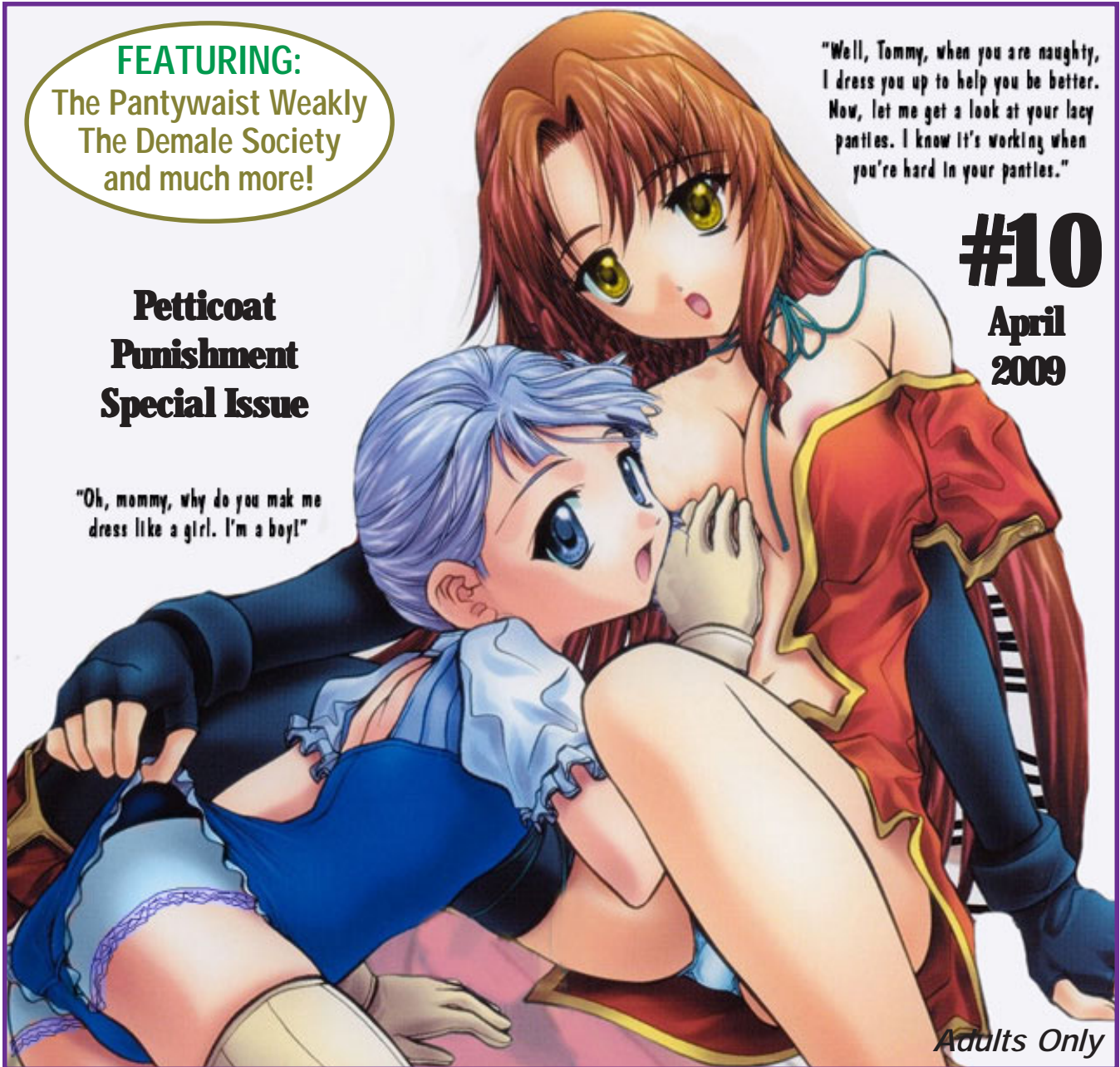
The Pantywaist Weakly
The Demale Society
and much more!

**Petticoat
Punishment
Special Issue**

"Oh, mommy, why do you mak me
dress like a girl. I'm a boy!"

"Well, Tommy, when you are naughty,
I dress you up to help you be better.
Now, let me get a look at your lacy
panties. I know it's working when
you're hard in your panties."

#10
April
2009

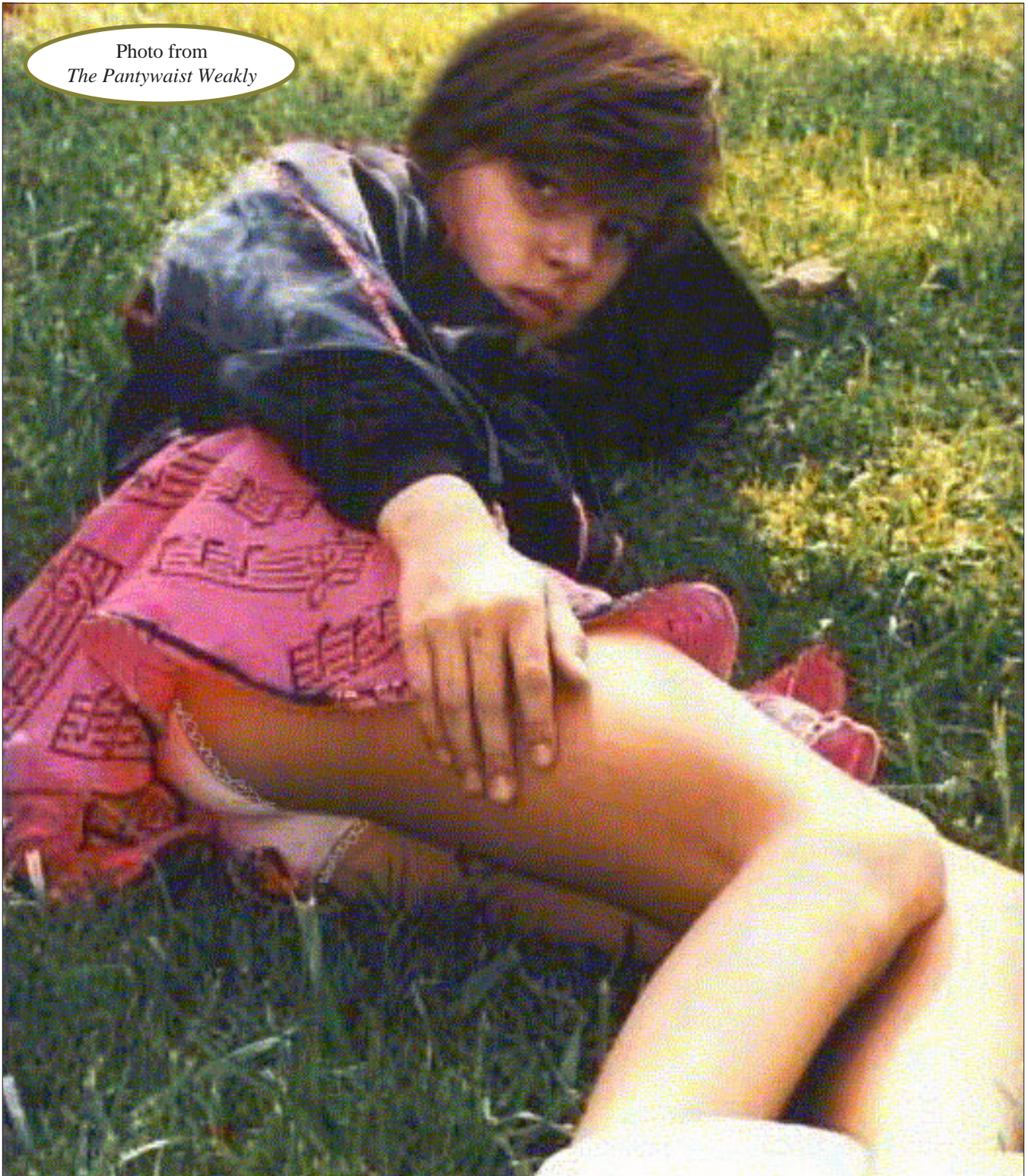


From our Internet website, these are photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and other items of interest for the fantasy fulfillment of adult sissies. Items range from "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N

Photo from
The Pantywaist Weakly



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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Published weakly, never weekly!
Published only when we find the
time after raiding clotheslines,
dressing up and jerking off!

Vol 7 No 4
April 2009

HEALTH



The last son syndrome:
An amazing number of mothers who bore only sons desperately want a daughter, and once they realize they will not be having anymore children, they often begin feminizing their youngest son despite the objections of her husband and other sons, who often have no power to stop her!

LIFESTYLE



Petticoats are rarely used anymore when punishing a boy in girls' clothes because girls today rarely use petticoats themselves. Still, we continue to call it petticoating or petticoat punishment when forcing a boy to dress and act like a girl for discipline. A petticoat -- especially lacy, full-length slips and multi-tiered and cancan petticoats are so girly-girly and so effectively feminize a boy. It's a pity boys who are naughty so rarely experience the devastating thrill of wearing lacy, frilly petticoats anymore!

The survey results we already knew: Training a boy in petticoats prevents him from turning into a bully and is easier than bailing him out of jail or getting him to quit drugs. Plus he will love you evermore!

HEADLINES

Spanking can harm mentally & physically but petticoat punishment reforms & refines

Once denounced by experts as being too shaming and harmful, petticoat punishment now getting second look

Laddie Falls, UT: All one has to do is closely watch children playing to see that today's boys are meaner and much more aggressive than boys from previous generations.

In those bygone days spanking kept children, especially boys, in line.

Petticoat punishment -- shaming boys into behaving by dressing them in girls' clothes -- was also used but much less than spanking. Now experts are taking a second look at disciplining children and acknowledge that shameful punishments are the most effective way to get them to behave. Consequently, the old practice of petticoat punishment is once again quickly gaining in popularity in disciplining boys since boys cause most of the problems in home and in school.



Survey: Why does petticoat punishment work?

Weird to wear silky clothes 4% Afraid of becoming a girl - 6%
Shame of being laughed at - 21% All of the above - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

After being petticoat punished, a boy can never again look at fancy girls' clothes without reliving the shame

How devastating is petticoat punishment? Most boys say they would rather be brutally spanked!

Dressing a boy in girls' clothes immediately saps his strength and takes away his macho self-image

To make petticoat punishment even more effective, a boy should then be forcibly wanked into his panties

Mothers who regularly use dress discipline report that their son's penis grows faster than other boys his age

First Bra & Panty Sets for Boys!

For sensitive boys who envy the pretty bras and panties their mommies and sisters wear!

"Thanks, mom, I'll never steal Jane's panties again!"

"Dad, can I show Tommy my panties?"

Now nylon padded to hide what boys need to hide and what they need to highlight!

Guaranteed to be as fancy as any girls' lingerie available!

1 Pre-teen boys' panty and bra set has stretchable Helanca nylon cups and panty. Yellow embroidered nylon bra has elastic insert, 3-way back hooks and adjustable straps. Nylon tricot panty front has sheer overlay. 4 garters.

In sizes 10, 12, 14. State size using chart below.

18 H 1701F—Wt. set 7 oz. Set \$3.80...2 sets for \$7.30

2 A boys' bra and panty set of pretty lace and embroidery-trimmed nylon tricot. Ribbon straps on bra. Panty has puckered elastic (rayon, rubber) top, doubled fabric crotch and garter tabs.

In sizes 8, 10, 12, 14. State size, using chart.

18 H 1700F—Wt. set 4 oz. Set \$1.97...2 sets for \$3.84

Size is....	8	10	12	14
If chest is..	26	28	30	32
If waist is..	20	22	24	26

1
\$3.80
Set

2
\$1.97
Set

Vintage Lingerie:

We'd love to see today's stores advertising petticoat punishment lingerie for naughty boys like this fun old ad from the 1940s.

Petticoat Discipline:

Husband Supports His Wife's Punishments for Their Naughty Son

My wife Tammy is a firm believer in petticoat discipline, and since I am often away from home on business, she handles the discipline of our nine-year-old son, Carl. Believe me, he is no stranger to a pair of panties and a skirt. She started this

regime four years ago after reading a magazine article about Victorian times and how mothers and nannies would dress boys as girls to tame them down.

Before she did it the first time, she told me of her intensions. I spoke on behalf of little Carl and said I didn't think he was naughty enough to warrant such a drastic and humiliating punishment, but my wife was ready with her arguments and after citing a long list of infractions of her rules, I had to agree he was on the wrong track and needed some strong action to get him to change. I gave her my OK. Three days later, a

bunch of packages arrived from "The Pampered Princess," a boutique specializing in clothing for little girls.

My wife spread out her purchases on our bed for me to see. I didn't know what to expect, perhaps a simple little dress and some girls' underthings, so I was stunned at the girlishness and variety of the clothes. I have to admit they were beautiful and quite befitting a princess. I had a hard time imagining our son wearing them -- especially the panties dripping with huge rows of lace and a baby-size lace and satin training bra. Tammy explained the point system she had worked out and gave me details of how she was going to administer his petticoat discipline. I had my doubts and wondered how it would all turn out, so I stepped back and let Tammy do whatever she wanted. In the morning, I had to leave for Philly for four days.

When I came home that Friday night, our reckless and constantly running around and knocking-things-over son Carl was not to be found, and in his place I saw a pretty little five-year-old girl in a Disney Princess dress, quietly sitting on the floor playing with a miniature tea set. He even had lipstick and eye liner on! At my wife's urging, he got up and curtsied for me. I could see he had been crying but was doing his best to hide his tears as he carefully obeyed his mommy's slightest orders.

Over the next few years, whenever Carl needed discipline, Tammy would dress him in a similar outfit of fancy panties, a slip, party dress, white lace ankle socks and black patent leather shoes. She would put a ribbon in his hair and make him play dolls or some other girlish game. Subsequently, I came home many times to find my son dressed that way.

Presently, Tammy does things more elaborately, requiring him to wear a complete outfit of feminine clothing for punishment. She has him in earrings (and had his ears pierced), keeps his finger and toe nails polished, and much to my initial surprise, she frequently makes him wear up his butt a well-



greased dildo shaped like a penis, secured with a sanitary belt that goes around his waist and between the cheeks of his bottom. I first discovered his dildo when my wife had him sitting on my lap to watch a television show. I felt the hard base of the dildo digging into my thigh. I looked at my wife and asked her what he was wearing under his panties. She told me to put Carl over my lap, take down his panties and find out for myself. That was a bit unnerving, and I was taken aback when I slid down his silken panties, undid the sanitary belt and heard him groan in relief as he squeezed the rubber cock out of his asshole. My wife laughed and told me, "Well, don't just sit there with that dick in your hand, shove it back up your son's rear cunt; his punishment time isn't yet over!" Not knowing what else to do, I did ease it back up his poop chute, and my son squirmed and moaned as I worked it in deeper and deeper. That was about the weirdest thing I had ever done in my life. My wife masturbated me into a pair of little Carl's fancy nylon panties that night as she laughingly retold the whole story of watching me dildo fuck our son. She made me admit I had gotten some perverse pleasure out of doing it. But she wasn't going to stop there. She told me she wanted to make Carl into not just a sissy but into a cocksucking sissy faggot and told me that she was going to have our boy learn the fine points of downing cock by having him suck me off. She said she already had him practicing cocksucking on rubber dildos, plus she has him jacking off Barny, our family dog, and is preparing him to suck off the dog too!

Tammy keeps a record of his punishable offenses, assigning points for each infraction and when he reaches 100 points, she makes him dress up for a specific period. She does this because now that he is older, it takes longer to feminize him. She makes him dress for as long as a week including nights. I will never forget the first time I came home from a trip to find my son in a padded bra, elegant brief-style panties, a garter belt with nylon stockings, a full slip, skirt, blouse, heels, makeup, and with his hair back combed to give him some soft bangs. She doesn't let his hair get very long because she wants him to be a sissy fag, not a girl. She dresses him in everything from little girl shorts to evening gowns and always with the proper lingerie, makeup and accessories. She makes him run errands and go shopping with her dressed as a girl. Many people only now him as a girl. Some know he is a boy, but my wife has convinced them that Carl wants to dress like a girl and be a swishy sissy because he hates being a boy.

Two months ago, we had to go to a semiformal dinner given by my company. It fell during a week when our son was being punished so my wife dressed him in an elegant red satin dress, sleeveless and perfectly flat in front with no bra beneath it. He wore sparkly silver shoes and real silk stockings. With his hair combed forward he looked girlish for sure, but many people did give him second looks. Two people who know me well commented that they thought I had a son and not a daughter, but my wife corrected them and simply said, "Well, as you can see; we don't have a son." Mercifully for him, we referred to him as "Carla" that night. He was on his best

behavior because beneath his satin dress and girlish panties he was wearing the rubber cock up is butt. After a while it really unnerved him, especially with so many people taking an interest in and trying to engage him in small talk. On his behalf, we did leave a bit early. He was grateful when the evening was over. My wife gave him a good butt fucking that night with an even larger rubber dildo in bed as she masturbated him into his panties and then made him sleep in his stained panties.

When dressed up, my son makes a lovely girl. He is very feminine and obedient. Now, I actually prefer him as a girl and we are considering dressing him as one all the time. I keep thinking about him sucking my cock and I can't keep it a secret from my wife. She knows I'm greatly excited by the idea and can't wait for it to happen. I think she wants me to beg to have him do it -- in fact, I know that is what she wants me to do, and I am on the verge of doing it!

J.M., Kansas

Pre-Trained Cuckold: A Radical Petticoating

Since we had been married for six years, you would think that certainly would be enough time for me to get to know most everything about my husband, but there was so much I didn't know about him until just the last two years when I became angry because of his lack of interest in having sex with me, a situation that had been building almost from the time we had gotten married. Instead of performing his sexual duties with me I suspected my husband was masturbating; I would accuse him of it but he always denied it. I became even more disturbed because I suspected he was playing around with my clothes too since I kept finding my lingerie drawers in disarray. I wondered if he was some kind of pervert. I decided to look for evidence and searched the house. In the backyard shed I found his hiding place, a tool box filled with men's magazines and five pairs of my panties that I hadn't even missed. The panties were crumpled and encrusted with his slime, but the most interesting items were several female domination and gay booklets I found among his magazines. In disgust I sat down and began to look through them. One had a long article about a disobedient husband brought to heel with petticoat punishment, complete with pictures of a shamed husband as a sissified wimp servicing his wife and her lover!

It was my turn to fantasize! I laughed and thought to myself that seemed to be just the thing Jim needed -- for me to be the boss and use him for a change. The gay thing really threw me -- my uptight, straightlaced husband a fag! I had a hard time imagining it, and I laughed aloud imagining my hubby deep throating a nice big cock, a cock that he was sucking in preparation for a well-endowed guy to fuck me! With my

hubby, I had always been sex starved mostly because he is underdeveloped in the penis department in addition to his low level of desire. I remembered having great sex a few times with other guys before we were married and how nice it felt having a big beautiful cock filling me up and thrusting into me. I had almost forgotten how great sex could be but my husband's dirty little books made me realize how much I missed a good fuck!

I found a few other interesting articles and after reading everything, I sat down and reassessed our complete relationship. When Jim and I had first met it was like most. He was the boss, we did what he wanted. We are Baptists and our preacher bombarded us every Sunday with the message of how the woman is subservient to her husband was required to do what she is told. Oh, our minister wasn't mean or anything, it was just that he believed the man of the house was king. Jim worked hard and provided nicely for us as an insurance agent. He eventually was promoted to an executive position in the corporate office, but he had two days off every week, and my job as the faithful little housewife was a 24/7 job with no time off. I mentioned how I too would love to have some time off occasionally and how I'd like to have Jim help around the house on weekends to ease my workload, but my husband pretty much ignored that suggestion. That upset me, so I started to assert myself a bit, slacking off on some of the things he expected me to do for him every day. My new attitude caused tension between us and our limited sex life went even further downhill from there. I resented his being the boss in everything. I was as good as he was if not better, but when I told him how I wanted some things to change he ignored me as if what I wanted meant nothing. But now that I had found his sex stash, I was sure I could force myself upon him and shame him into some changes in our relationship. I was going to pussy whip him – a term I learned from those books of his. Moreover, I was going to find myself a real man – or maybe two or more – so I could have some sexual satisfaction too. If he wanted to jack off into panties that was fine with me, but I was going to have a great sex life as part of the bargain. Then again, I liked the idea of locking his penis away so he'd have to come to me and ask permission to masturbate -- another idea I got from reading his porn.

Miffed after discovering Jim's secret panty-cumming and dirty book sex life I went into action. From his dresser I removed all of his underwear. When he got home from work he went straight to the shower like always. As he stepped out of the



shower I handed him a pair of my dainty, pink panties. He asked what he was supposed to do with them. I looked at him and told he wouldn't be wearing men's underwear anymore because his dick was so small he didn't deserve to wear them. I told him if he refused, I would divorce him and show everyone in court the pairs of my panties he had filled with cum along with his perverted magazine collection that I had found in his hiding place. I called him a fag and how I now knew why he was unable to sexually satisfy me. I said there would be some drastic changes and he was to wear those panties as punishment for his past behavior. He became very

angry; he screamed that he wasn't gay and that he jacked off in my panties just as a release -- to keep from going crazy because I had turned into such a sexually cold bitch toward him in recent years. He pushed me aside and got dressed without any underwear. I told him he had a couple of hours to think it over, and if he didn't do what I was telling him, I'd start calling people, tell them about his panty and book collection and explain to them my predicament. First, I'd call back the lawyer I had contacted earlier that day and get details about proceeding with a divorce, then I would call his father, mother, brothers and sister (all who always had a low opinion of him), then our minister (even that Baptist old prick said the husband had a duty to be a man and that he had a sexual responsibility to his wife), then I was going to start calling relatives, neighbors, and finally his boss and the people he worked with. He said nobody would believe me and then stormed out of the house. I reminded him I had the books and my panties with his slime on them. I told him he had until 8 PM, and if he wasn't home and ready to agree to whatever I wanted, I was going to start making those calls.

It was almost 8:30 PM when Jim came stumbling home. From the smell of him, I knew he'd been drinking. I had already spoken with the lawyer and he had outlined what I needed to do to proceed if I wanted a divorce. I had just dialed Jim's mother and was talking with her as he came in. He could tell I was engaged in small talk with her, and from the look on his face, he was worried that I had already told her about the situation. He sank down to his knees in front of me and whispered that he was sorry. I told his mother that I had to go and wondered when we'd get together again since it had been a while. We agreed to meet after church the following Sunday and have a picnic since the weather was supposed to be beautiful on the weekend.

As soon as I hung up, Jim immediately started slurring his words as he explained he didn't want a divorce because it would ruin his image at work where they highly prized 'family values' and frowned upon divorced employees. He begged for my forgiveness and a chance to reconsider. I simply reached into my apron pocket, took out the pink panties I had ready for him and told him to put them on and then we would talk. He was about to balk, but when I picked up the phone again; he hurriedly took the panties and scurried off to our bedroom. Ten minutes later, he sheepishly approached me and asked, "What now?"

I asked him if he had the panties on, and he nodded that he did. I told him panties would be his underwear from then on, and anytime he wanted to jack off in them all he had to do was start rubbing himself through them since that was how he apparently enjoyed sex. He protested that wasn't what he wanted, but I shut him up and told him that was what I wanted, so he had to do it or have his image and life ruined. I told him if he objected to anything I was planning it would result in his wearing more female clothing. I made him open his trousers and show me how he looked in the panties.

Blushing terribly, he undid his zip and peeled his pants down. I saw a modest bulge in the front so I pulled down his panties and from behind pulled his cock back between his legs then restored his panties pulling them up tightly. I told him I think it would be best for him to wear three pairs of panties at a time as that would keep his little erections squashed against his body and neatly hidden -- and told him I'd have a big supply of fresh new panties for him the following day. I told him that I had found an ad in one of his books for a chastity belt and I was going to send away for it so I could lock his dick away. Then he'd have to come to me to be allowed go to the bathroom as well as the pleasure of masturbating himself.

He did as he was told and it made me feel great. Being on top is ever so sweet. Over the next couple of days I thought he might have masturbated a few times, but I wasn't sure. Maybe he washed out his panties without me knowing. But I didn't mind. Soon the chastity belt would arrive and I would then have the control over his masturbating that I knew would be key to being in charge of him. Three pairs of panties became his everyday wear and they did a nice job of flattening his front even when his little guy became agitated.

At home, I told him he had to start doing some work around the house, and I wanted him more femininely dressed in my presence. I drove him to May's Department Store where we quickly went to the ladies department. He was red in the face but stayed right next to me as I demanded. We looked at some dresses; I totally humiliated him by holding them up to him to see how they would look. When he begged me to stop, I said, in a voice loud enough for several women nearby to hear, "Dear, these nice dresses are for you. Jim, don't you want to look pretty?" He shut right up and although I thought he would faint from fright, he did exactly as I wanted. I bought him a blonde wig, four dresses, a purse, shoes with two pairs of high heels, makeup (that I would teach him how to apply), some bras, three slips, two pairs of babydoll pjs and a half dozen pairs of stay-up thigh-high stockings. When the sales girl, also the owner, asked me if I needed any help I was quick to accept it. She asked what sizes I wanted and I told her his size. She didn't catch on right away but soon she too was holding things up to Jim and enjoying his shame.

Of course I taught Jim to be a perfect lady and he now fills the role all wimpy males are meant to fill as a feminized servant to perform for females. His chastity belt finally came and his penis has been locked in it ever since, he can not even relieve himself without me unlocking it for him. I do allow him to masturbate quite regularly because I know the more he jacks off into panties the more he becomes addicted to them. I'm learning that a panty-trained man will do most anything for you when he is in need of relief. He does all the demeaning chores like dishes, floors, washing, ironing, etc. I never did ironing or hand wash stuff but since I now have a slave, I buy those types of delicate things that require such special care.

I am quite proud of myself. I now have the self-confidence I lacked before the reversal. I find life fun now that I don't have to slave away or feel guilty about what I spend money on. And best of all I have two steady boyfriends, both of whom know about all about my sissified husband. They think it's wild how I make Jim run around waiting on us in his femmy little outfits and blonde wig. On the Internet I read about how women with cuckold husbands have made them go gay, sucking off their lovers and even being ass fucked by them. That definitely interested me, and having taken control of him, I used my position to make him open up to me about all of his little secrets. It wasn't as difficult as you might imagine to convert Jim into a feminize slave once I started learning about his abusive childhood.

I was especially interested in knowing his interest in being gay. He said he had no interest in it but had been abused by his family as a kid and didn't want to talk about it. But talk about it he did since every time his sex juices got backed up and he wanted to cum, he had to have me unlock his chastity belt, and in exchange he eventually told me all the details of his early sex life. I had known him for six years, four years of marriage at that point and two years before that while dating. I was astounded when he finally came completely clean and told what growing had been like for him. It's taken almost two more years now for Jim to tell me everything about his abusive upbringing, but as he told me I didn't really feel sorry for him because in part I was convinced he had enjoyed it! And once he did start to open up to me, he got on a roll, and it seemed like he wanted to tell me even more than I wanted to know. And as he talked, he always developed an erection! That's what tipped me off that even if he hadn't enjoyed it at the time, he certainly did enjoy recalling those shaming events. He was confused during those years, and yes he was abused, eventually he got way from home and started going to the Baptist church we still attend. Mentally he buried his past before we met, but his stash of porn and panties demonstrated the lingering effect those years have on him to this day. He wanted to be abused and he didn't want to be abused. He had gay fantasies and yet was repelled by them. I did see an opening to dominate him and he didn't have the will power to refuse me. It was my turn in our relationship, and that was how it was going to be. Now I'll let you read Jim's story as he told it to me:

At fourteen I had a girlfriend Connie; we would pet on the two-seater swing in our backyard. She was very sexually aware and open about sex and readily admitted she had sex with both of my older brothers. She got me to open up to her as we played with each other. My cock was oozing pre cum as we talked and stroked each other. I loved to talk dirty but I even shocked myself telling her so much about myself and how my brothers and then my father dominated me and made me take dick up my ass and down my throat. She said she loved getting double fucked with one cock up her ass and another one up her cunt. She said that she had her heart set on adding one more hole, her mouth, to that action. It was funny

when we talked about my Dad since both of us had been fucked by him but each of us had different feelings on how we felt about it. That is when she said to me, "Shit! The thought of watching you suck cock makes me hot! Please do it for me. I have to see you suck cock. Talk to your Daddy and see if he is game to let you suck him off in front of me. You must know how much he likes to do twisted things like that. I know he would. Ask him, I think he'll do it since I'm a pussy girl for both of you."

She got me to agree to ask my dad; what was the big deal -- he was making me do it anyway, and now that she knew -- what was the difference! I'd do it just to excite her because she made me so happy.

I tried to explain to Connie what being the submissive runt of the family, to be degraded, shamed and humiliated. She didn't really get it at first because she thought I really wanted it and wanted to be called disgusting names like sissy, cocksucker and faggot while people were sexing me. I explained to her how I was able to block it out of my mind and just do whatever any of them wanted to spare myself a beating and then go on with my life -- what was it just a few minutes each day? The rest of my life was pretty good.

Connie misinterpreted what I was telling her and thought that I wanted to be mistreated so she slapped my face hard and said "You slimy piece of fucking shit, you queer, you pervert, you disgust me the way you let your whole family use you like a common slut." Coming from her, my love, those words were delicious to hear. Did she know more about me than I knew about me? Secretly, did I really enjoy the mayhem and terror? My cock was so hard it hurt and it made me not just seep cum but release little squirts of it. As she left, she said, "Talk to your Dad. I'm so fucking hot just thinking about it; I know I won't be able to stop fingering myself until we get together with him."

When I got home Dad was sitting in the living room watching TV. I sat next to him and said "I need to talk to you, Daddy." He said "What the fuck do you want?" I said "To bring Connie over for a visit." "Why are you asking me, you know that you can?" he said in a puzzled tone. "She told me about you fucking her. I told her about you fucking me and having me suck you off. It turned her on and she wants to watch me suck your cock. I love Connie, Daddy, and when we get older, I want to marry her and make her my wife. I'll do anything she wants just like I've always done anything you want." He said "Marry her? Which one of you will wear the wedding dress?" he said with a hardy laugh. "Well, you're going to have to ask much better than that if you want her to watch you swing on my dick, boy. It's been a while, so maybe you don't think you are a sissy boy anymore. Remember, I still have a nice supply of bras, panties and lipstick for you. Just in case you think you like a girl now and are above all that. I think I need to show you again how much of a fucking sissy you really are."

Daddy had started calling me a sissy boy and making me wear girls' bras and nylon panties when I was five years old after mom had dressed me up in some lingerie she bought me for fun at a rummage sale. Mom was always doing crazy stuff like that. It excited Daddy to see me dress like a saucy little girl in a tiny training bra and ruffled satin panties that hid my little peepee. My two brothers took me into their bedroom and taught me all about sucking their dicks and being fucked by them. Mom thought it was funny the way my brothers and their friends were using me like a girl. Daddy then tried me out and quickly decided I was his. He stopped my brothers and their friends from making me fuck and suck them. I guess I brought out something that was always in my Daddy but until he had started messing with me he did not realize how much he liked to use gay sex to humiliate another person and bring them under his control. The fact that I didn't fight him off only made his desires stronger. When I began to be exclusively his I became a defiant, smart-assed little boy because I could get Daddy to do most anything for me a great contrast from when he used to never pay attention to me. But he also realized I needed to be broken for me to give him the type of obedience he demanded. He was determined to show me who I was and what my place was in life.

When you grow up in an all male household, masculinity is very important and the worst thing that could happen to you is to be a sissy. Daddy knew that and decided to use it to break me. Letting me touch him and him in turn touch me but never allowing me to cum -- even dry cum in those days before my balls dropped and I was able to ejaculate. He would put a little training bra and fancy nylon panties and lipstick on me and then he would talk about me being the girl in the family. He'd play with my penis through the panties and my nipples through the skimpy satin bra. He trained me to become erect just at the sight of him going into his dresser and getting my girlie lingerie out. It did release my feminine side. He'd put that stuff on me and I would become the cheapest most willing slut you could find. Once you begin stuff like that it just progresses and we both needed things that were more and more extreme to get us off. Another favorite was humiliation. And now bearing Connie's request, I knelt before him and asked him again. "Daddy, can I put on a pretty bra and panties and have Connie come over and let her watch me give you a good blowjob?"

I knew that would settle Daddy down. I went on, "No, Daddy, you're right. I am a sissy boy and as always you know what is best for me. I would be honored to give you head at anytime, as you know, but I would love you even more if you would let me do it while Connie watches."

He answered, "That's better. I thought for a moment you had lost your head, forgot what a fag sissy boy you are, thinking you are some kind of normal boy now that you have a slutty little girlfriend. Sure she can come over and watch," he replied. "Now start to practice by sucking my dick you sissy boy," he said to me as he took out his cock and pointed the head at me. I fell on my knees before him and began slipping my tongue around the head of his cock as he had taught me. He was an Alpha male and I could only lick his head but not his shaft unless he decided to fuck my mouth, but usually after a few minutes he rammed it down my throat.

After we were done and I properly licked his cock clean I said to him "I told Connie about my special likes Daddy, the ones you taught me. Since she fucked you, I would love it if I could see you fuck her, if you both would let me, and while you do it maybe I could touch myself and cum in my panties for you or let you use me in some way. You can show her what a well trained sissy I am. I know she would like that."

I invited Connie to come over the following evening. Dad answered the door, and after she entered he began to kiss her



Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly

as he brushed the outside of her dress trying to get at her pussy as he said to me, "Here is your slut girlfriend, asshole, get up off your ass and welcome her." She giggled when she saw me in a new set of lavender bra and panties and said, "I'm not here to be greeted; I'm here to watch my sissy boyfriend suck his Daddy's dick. Daddy -- is it all right if I call you that too?" He nodded. "Daddy, tell me how long has your baby panty boy been nursing on your big cock?"

Daddy smiled and said, "Call me whatever the fuck you want because soon you will be screaming it out once I give your little box another taste of my cock. This little asshole has been sucking cock almost longer than he's been eating solid food."

Now it was her turn to smile when she said "And when did you find out your son was a pervert, a queer, a cocksucker?" He told her, "When he five years old, he was sucking off his brothers and their friends and that's when I took him under my wing so to speak and showed him he was a girly boy with another hole that needed a man-sized cock, his pussy."

Connie had been fingering her cunt through her panties as Daddy was talking. She pulled up her dress and slid aside her little panties that glistened with pussy juice. She said to him, "That sure is good to know; I appreciate you telling me that and thank you for getting my kitty to purr like you have."

Both Connie and my Daddy stripped but I was told that my body and weewee were too disgusting for them to look at it so they wanted me to stay in my purple bra and panties. Daddy added my blonde wig, and Connie remarked how much it made me look like a real girl.

Connie giggled and said, "Do you think we might get to the cocksucking now, Daddy? I can't wait; my pussy might drown pretty soon in all this nice juice."

"Sure," he said to her and then turned toward me. There was his cock with all of its pre cum glory as it glistened with his juice. I leaned forward to take him in my mouth and he gave me a nasty backhand and said "Never start eating until your Daddy says that you can, piggy girly boy." He began rubbing his cock all over my face as he said to Connie "I just hope you're ready to take over his training. His cock sucking still needs lots of work." It made me so hot when he talked about me as if I were some animal and it must have excited him as well because his cock gave a little drools of pre cum. Then he added to Connie "I'll explain as he works my dick so you know." That was my signal and I engulfed his cock with my mouth. What bullshit! I needed no training in cocksucking! I have been sucking dick regularly for 11 years and in order not to shock you I won't even tell you how many different cocks shot their seed into my mouth over the years. I was working Daddy just how he likes it, sliding slowly up and down his cock as I turned my head slightly and never stopped working it with my tongue, mouth and throat.

Connie pulled my head off his dick. "I love watching him suck you off, Daddy, but right now, I need your big cock in me. Let him watch and jack off in his panties while he sees how a real man fucks a woman. I want a man. He can suck some more of your cock after you pull out of me." And they fucked with me doing a slutty wank job on myself in my nice panties as they did it.

I never really enjoyed intercourse with Jim, but how could I expect him to be much good with a history like his plus a much smaller than average cock. Never once during our years of marriage did he make me climax, but I have now trained him to bring me to orgasm with oral sex, and he has gotten good at it. A sissified male is far better suited to giving pleasure by lapping pussy. It puts him in his right place. I bought a dildo that straps on it from one of those ads in his dirty magazines. I remember there were times years ago when some guys with big cocks screwed me hard and I was sore for days afterwards. So I purchased a large dildo, and now when I get the urge, I make him bend over a chair in the living room, lift his dress, pull down his panties and rape him -- sort of getting even with guys who had fucked me beautifully but rather abusively in the past. I continue until I climax which is easy with the way the dildo rubs me. The amount of lubricant I use depends if I'm mad at him or not. Now he knows what it's like to be around for someone's pleasure. I know it won't be too long before I get one of my lovers to rape Jim in the ass for my entertainment. I've talked with them about it, and they both thought it would be a good way to decisively show my sissy hubby his place! It's too bad Jim's Daddy is a sickly old man now; otherwise, I think I would have enjoyed revisiting the relationship they had years ago!

SPANKING: Trained to Old-Fashioned Clothes

In the 1970s I had to stay with my Auntie Em during my summer holiday from school while my parents went on an around-the-world tour to celebrate their 20th anniversary. At the time, Auntie was in her 60s but still very pretty. She was very old-fashioned with a huge wardrobe of fancy and classically feminine clothing. I liked the way she always dressed. I knew little about female fashions, but even I knew she overdressed. Her everyday outfits were like she was going to church or to a formal dance. Just to do her daily things like going grocery shopping she'd wear a veiled hat, long gloves, high heels, full skirts with big petticoats and pearls around her neck. And in the house, she always wore a ruffled, full-length pinafore apron to protect her good clothes.



She was delighted to have me for the summer. Auntie Em likes all her nieces and nephews, but I sensed she especially liked me who she nicknamed 'pup' because I was the youngest of her relatives. I was always getting into trouble, breaking her little house rules, doing things like running in the house, not making my bed properly, leaving my toys around where people could trip over them, etc. Still, she had a lot of affection for me even when I was naughty.

Auntie Em could be very strict and stern and liked to use discipline to teach proper behavior. She loved using her slipper on my behind as well as her big kitchen spoon, a big wooden spoon for stirring the stock pot. Of course, the spoon could be used for more than just spankings — the long wooden handle had many tormenting uses, and when she would bring it out I would shake, fearing she would grease the handle with Crisco and impale me with it to make a point! Auntie Em loves those wonderful little holes on naughty boys.

I had never taken too much notice of how auntie dressed, but that summer, as a horny teenager, I was constantly distracted by the rustling sounds of the satin, silks and taffetas of her elaborate clothes. I found myself looking as the lacy trim of her slips peeking out from underneath her skirts. And when she bent over toward me, I'd get dizzy looking down into her low-cut dresses that exposed her lush titties gift wrapped in a lacy brassiere. She caught me staring — a lot!

Auntie always gave me plenty of opportunities to be naughty, probably because she enjoyed spanking and humbling me with that spoon shoved up my ass. Whack! Whack! Whack! The big spoon would be pelting my ass. Auntie would hit me fast and hard, and then when I was very red and sore, she would apply a generous coating of Crisco to the wooden handle just before it disappeared up my little hole. It was both a nice and painful feeling, a naughty sensation. I always moaned. She liked that. It was like music to her. But wait! I was being punished, so Auntie stopped smiling and enjoying herself and began to use the spoon hard and fast, butt fucking me like it was her penis. She was often quite brutal!

The first time Auntie punished me with a spanking that summer, she thought I needed more, so she took me into the bathroom and made me kneel in the bathtub. She then lifted her skirt, showing off her elaborately frilly femme panties. She noticed that my little dick got quite large and hard, and accused him of being a perverted little boy who got off on looking up ladies' skirts. She said she had noticed how I was always trying to look up her skirt and down her blouses. She said I needed to be taught differently. Then she removed her warm panties and put them over my head. My dick bounced around. I was both excited and terrified as I breathed her pussy juices



Petticoated for Adoption:
Fifty years ago, both boys and girls in Russian orphanages were dressed as girls when they were put up for adoption because 99% of people wanted to adopt a girl. What a little surprise some of them surely discovered after they brought their new little girl home!

through her panties. With he dress still held high, she shocked me when she started to pee all over me, including pissing on the panties over my head with a nice long stream of hot, wet piss. She then pushed me back down into the tub and climbed in. She put her hot cunt on my hard penis and fucked me. The way she did it -- it was more like she was fucking me rather than I was fucking her. As she orgasmed, she dropped her voluminous skirts over me and screamed out in pleasure. Under those thick folds of silks and satins of her skirt and slips I was in a feminine wonderland and spurted deep and hard into her pussy. After a long pause, auntie em got out of the tub, turned on the shower and told me to clean myself up as she went to the master bathroom to bathe, clean herself up and change into fresh clothes.

About a half hour later, I was in my room with just my bathrobe on. My mind blown to bits by what had taken place, my sex-crazed teenage erection hard and throbbing; I didn't think it would ever go down again. Auntie called me into her room. I kept my hands in front of my robe trying to disguise my erection but it didn't escape her notice. She was fully dressed once again, fancy cocktail dress, gloves and all. She placed me on her lap and kissed me all over, hugging me and giving me much comfort. Auntie Em could be sadistic, but she could also be very loving. As she slipped her hand inside my robe and grasped my firm little cock, she gently rubbed

my dick with something silky, she directed me to look over at her bed. Spread out like on display for a store catalog picture was a complete set of clothes just like the clothes she always wore: a dress, bouffant slips, bullet brassiere, long real silk stockings, modestly high-heeled shoes and all the accessories.

She didn't have to say anything to me; I knew what was next. She did talk to me as she took her hand out from beneath my robe and showed me the lovely pink silk panties she had been stroking over my dickie. I didn't resist as she slid me off her lap and had me step into the panties. "Pup, you're a special little boy. Yes, you are a pervert. You like Auntie's clothes so I am going to let you wear them, and you'll wear them often. I don't want you going out raping some nice lady just to get to her clothes, so I'll take care of you while you are here and keep you dressed in my expensive clothes as I train you to be a sissy crossdresser. I know that is what you want even though you probably don't even know it yourself. Now that you are hooked on fancy ladies' clothes you will always be a slave to them, and I will teach you how to find ladies who enjoy having s a fancy sissy boy for a boyfriend. They will mostly be older ladies because young girls are stupid. They have not yet learned the lessons of life and are always hung up on having macho assholes for boyfriends and husbands. Only after years of disappoint with such selfish jerks, do ladies learn the beauty of having a sissy boy to attend to them. So I will teach you to be content with sweet old ladies who will take care of you. You'll never have to work a day in your life, as rich ladies give you everything you want as long as you idolize them and learn to eat pussy pie like an expert lesbian boy. These ladies will find your dickie as a fun little toy but most of them will probably never want you to fuck them with it. Your tongue is what they want, and in return they'll give you all the beautiful expensive girlie clothes you can desire and all the thrills that come with being a first class panty boy. And that is what I am to this day!

Lingerie Slave: He's Sent to a School that Knows How to Deal with Perverted Little Boys

Mrs. Hood strode purposefully through the iron gates of Reformation School for Girls, her hand clutching her stepson's lace-trimmed collar. Many times Simon had been threatened with being sent to this school, but with every step forward this was no longer an idle threat – did she really intend leaving him there? "But, Mommy! Please, I'm a boy. I'm a boy!" he cried, in distress, warm tears rolling down his cold, flushed cheeks. But his stepmother ignored his pleas and

tugged him along with even more determination. She did note with satisfaction that this was the first time he had called her Mommy. As they approached the main office, a modernistic painting caught his eye. Under other circumstances he surely would have even laughed at the picture because it looked like a boy wearing lacy girls' panties with his hard penis straining against the nylon and his erupting boy juice exploding into the air – but no that couldn't be – a picture like that wouldn't be hanging in a school! He thought his imagination was playing tricks on him

Simon hastily knelt before his stepmother and begged, "Oh, Mommy ... please don't send me here! I promise ... I won't do it again!" Mrs. Hood looked down at him with an expression of pity. "It's too late, Simon," she said, quietly. Simon fell forward in despair. "Oh, Mommy! Please take me home!" he wailed, clutching his stepmother's feet bound in sexy red sling-backs that gleamed brightly. "Let go of my new shoes, Simon," she said, firmly, "I won't have your filthy sissy hands soiling my things."

Just then, the office door opened to reveal an ample busted, bespectacled lady in her fifties dressed in a full length, grey dress, buttoned severely up to the neck. Beneath the hem of her long skirt gleamed a pair of black silk stockings covering her legs down to her black, patent-leather stiletto heels. "Well," exclaimed the lady, slapping a riding crop against a muscular thigh, "our novice has arrived."

"Good day, madam," Mrs. Hood said, with a respectful tilt of her head towards the Headmistress. "I'm terribly sorry we are late, but Master Simon is wholly responsible because he made such a fuss when I dressed him for school. He complained so long and so loudly about putting on the uniform blouse and skirt that I had to take the cane to him. With his skirt and slip up, I cracked the cane on him so severely and so long that I left his first pair of pink uniform panties in tatters." Being talked about, Simon looked down in shame at his neat sandals and white lace-edged ankle socks, his lower lip trembling.

"Stand up straight, girl!" commanded the Headmistress, abruptly. The shock of her sudden thunderous command had an instant effect on the young boy. He snapped to attention. The Headmistress grinned. "Well, he answers quickly to 'girl' already. That's a good start. I'm sure he will be a very compliant student."

Simon peeped shyly up at the Headmistress, eyeing her tightly fitted dress that accentuated her fine breasts thrust upwards by a rigid corset. He noticed the dress was actually semi transparent and he could clearly see the lace-edged outline of the corset through the plain, tailored dress. On her wide hips, clearly visible were the seams and lacy edges of a pair of full-cut panties covering the lower half of her corset, and extending below were the broad straps of a garter belt. Simon's disbelieving eyes followed the contour of one strap to a small but obvious bulge that revealed a sturdy clasp



grasping her silk stocking top. The contrast of strength and femininity represented by this lady's hidden but distinctly visible old-fashioned lingerie confused him; he had never seen a woman so dressed. He felt the strangest terror. Just her appearance took his fight away and made him tremble in submission.

"What's your name, girl?" barked the Headmistress. Simon flinched, but somehow found the courage to speak. "Please," he whispered, "My name is Simon. Please, Miss, I am a boy." The Headmistress smiled and said, "I love your hair, girl," as she stroked his light blonde hair, arranged in soft curls and dyed with pink and pale blue highlights. Mrs. Hood felt a need to explain. "I dyed his hair like that after repeatedly catching him doing disgusting things with my finest lingerie. I thought it would shame him in front of other boys, but I'm bringing him here now because it didn't stop him from being a nasty piggy little sissy boy. I know he needs

your help." The Headmistress smiled and said, "A truly lovely hairdo. And my little sissy Simon, you have such soft peachy skin. Very promising. I'm sure the other students will beg to have their hair done in a similar fashion – they are such slaves to any new fad or fashion."

The Headmistress commanded, "Stand there, girl," indicating a small mat in front of her huge oak desk. Simon noticed with alarm that printed on the little mat was a strange pattern of penises tied prisoner with pink bows. His stepmother sat in an armchair, while the headmistress walked behind her desk. "I trust the boy has met the qualifications we require?" she asked, "I need to be sure he is the right material for being admitted. We have a reputation to uphold; the Lady Governors are very strict on admissions.

Very strict indeed." Simon's stepmother quickly responded, "I think you will find he is admirably qualified, Headmistress. Just last week our young maid found Simon in her room with all her slips and panties spread out across her bed and him rolling about in them like a crazed panty pervert. He was sniffing and fondling a dirty pair of her panties and he was wearing at least a half dozen pairs of her best panties. She told me she was sure that if she had arrived a moment later she would have found him thoroughly spunking the layers of panties fighting to contain his nasty boy thing." In shame, Simon listened, tears welling up in his eyes. His stepmother seemed to know all his secrets. He was so embarrassed having his hidden desires so blatantly exposed. He had no idea why he was attracted to slinky, sexy lingerie. He was a boy and not a girl and shouldn't have such interests, but it was more than an interest, it was an all-powerful desire that took control of him and he could not resist.

A smile curled the Headmistress' lips as she wrote something in a large notebook. "Hm, that is certainly encouraging, Mrs. Hood. And have you seen any other positive signs?"

"Actually, he has been long interested in my lingerie, too, ever since the day I married his father and moved in with them." She looked at her stepson quizzically. "Haven't you, Simon?" "N-n-no, Mommy, I haven't, I..." lied the poor boy. "Don't be silly, Simon. Of course you have. We both know you've been borrowing my panties, and my bras and slips and stockings too. I often have to wash your little spurts off them." Simon blushed beet red in shame. "Splendid!" said the Headmistress, with a smile, "He is clearly a precocious boy, but to take panties without a lady's permission is very bad; very bad indeed. We will have to start his punishment regime right away. I do hope he will not prove a difficult child." She pushed a form towards Mrs. Hood, who signed it immediately without reading it. "It's just a formality transferring the power to us that we will need to deal with him," said the stern Headmistress. "Handing your child entirely over to us for training and safekeeping will allow us to dispose of any boyishness we find.

"By the way, what is this child's father attitude now that he realizes how disgraceful it is to have a sissy for a son caught between being a boy and a girl and being a horrible child in both regards." Mrs. Hood said, "I'm sure you know best how to deal with any remaining male behavior. He certainly can never be a whole boy again. My physician who originally referred me to your school said that once a boy develops this kind of fetish it only leads to his utter downfall. He would be a complete failure no matter what he tries to do in life and he would surely bring us nothing but disgrace to our family. His father begrudgingly accepted that fact, but only after he walked in while Simon was curled up fast asleep on the basement floor next to the dirty laundry bin with lingerie strewn all about him and wearing multiple pairs of panties stained with his boyish slime. I convinced his father that our only hope to stop his perversion is to fully feminize him. Perhaps he will be a better daughter than he has been a son. It will be less of an embarrassment to reintroduce him to our friends and family as our son turned into our daughter instead of having him continue as a panty masturbating pervert who embarrasses us by staring up skirts and stealing panties every chance he gets. Defiling elegant panties with his boy seed must stop. He's a disgrace as a boy and our only hope is for him to be femininely trained."

The Headmistress banged her hand down on a desk bell. A large lady stepped into the office in a vast navy blue nurses' uniform, nipped at the waist by a wide black belt with a large silver buckle. A powerful contralto voice resounded from the whitewashed walls, "Good morning, Headmistress! Fresh scrotum for Prettykins House, I see!"

The fear that Simon had felt in front of the headmistress was redoubled. Too frightened to turnaround, he could not see

Matron, but the hairs on his neck bristled as he sensed her approach. He heard her stiletto heels gouge furrows in the parquet floor as she stopped behind him. His ear was suddenly nipped painfully between a fat finger and thumb. Matron spoke in a loud whisper. "You will do exactly as I say at all times, do you understand?"

Simon froze in terror. The ladies were grinning at him. Something about Matron's voice cut deeply into him, crushing his masculinity. His little balls quivered in his pink lace panties. "Y-y-yes," he squeaked.

"Oh, dear," frowned Matron, with a growl, "I do believe his voice is breaking. We'll put a stop to that right away." Quickly reaching a hand into a pocket in her uniform, she popped a large pink capsule into Simon's mouth. "So sweet at this age, aren't they?" smiled Matron, holding her large hand over the boy's face and pinching his nose until he swallowed, "Putty in our hands." "Oh, yes," said Simon's stepmother, looking at her in admiration, "He usually does whatever a strong lady tells him. But Simon can be a very naughty boy. You are quite right to be strict." Matron smiled and said, "We like a challenge occasionally, don't we, Headmistress?" Who nodded. "Most of our pupils are easily feminized. But, I admit, I do prefer the strong headed ones. I love to see them struggle to save their precious boyhood." Here, she grasped around the front of Simon's slender neck and raised his chin so he had to stand on tiptoes to breathe. Matron smiled down into his terrified face. "I'm afraid I do love to prolong the poor things' agony. It's such fun to see those perky young balls straining to be boys as I tease them with their panties. When they finally give in, as they always do, the gush of girlie cream can be extraordinary when done under my direction as opposed to them teasing their own juices out in guilty and depraved secrecy. And for them, the scariest part is knowing that at some point in the future, those balls will no longer give cream, just agony!" The Headmistress nodded and grinned to Simon's stepmother. "You needn't worry, Mrs. Hood," she said, "No mere boy has ever gotten the better of Matron." "I am sure that is true," said Mrs. Hood, in awe. "He's twelve now and I only hope I have brought him here in time."

"In my opinion," said the Headmistress, looking Simon up and down, "the perfect time to school a boy is when he is just beginning to find ladies and girls and their clothing interesting and just starting to have little stiffies over them. A boy's body is most susceptible to female charms at that early stage."

"Have you been having stiffies, boy?" bellowed Matron, abruptly, grasping the waist of his panties and almost lifting him off the floor. Her voice was so loud that Simon was deafened for a moment. "N-n-no," he whispered, dry-mouthed, hardly knowing how he had found the temerity to lie to her. He felt a dull pain as his little scrotum was squeezed by the tightly-stretched crotch of his pink panties. "Silly boy, of course you have," said his stepmother, smiling sweetly at him. "You mustn't lie to Matron. I've seen the slime you

shoot into all of our panties. You've been stealing panties and playing with that little nubbin of yours every night for weeks if not months." "Oh, no, mother dearest ..." began Simon, blushing brightly. But his stepmother interrupted, "Oh, yes you have. You must tell the truth, dear. You've been making your little thing spurt – and I must tell the Headmistress that it is a small thing indeed that you have. His father was aghast when he caught him in panties and saw our boy had a penis the size of a toddler boy. Just one more reason his father gave his full permission to feminize him – he knows there is no future for him as a boy or a man. But, in his defense, I have to say that his intense liking for ladies panties is a good sign? Isn't it? I mean it would be a problem for a normal boy but it also gives us the solution that now appears so simple. I know he thinks he doesn't want to happen what will happen to him here, but I'm sure he will thank us one day after he is returned to us fully reformed and feminized."

"Panty wankers are disgusting!" roared the Matron, "This is a serious case that will need my closest attention until he begins to respond to our training." She twisted her grip and doubled the pressure on Simon's poor panty-imprisoned scrotum. Now his feet left the floor; he bawled in pain and embarrassment.

"Well, there will certainly be no more of that," said the Headmistress, with a laugh. "Pubescent boys get all sorts of silly ideas about doing things to girls with their little penises but once their attraction transfers from females to their beautiful clothes, all hope of making them into fine young gentlemen is lost. You absolutely did the right thing by bringing him here, and just in time, I might add. He will soon learn females are the stronger sex and what his future is to be." She nodded to Matron.

Matron's hands were swift. Seconds later, the tearful Simon found himself standing, his skirt lifted and his pink panties around his ankles. Although he had not wanted to wear girls' panties in public, only in private while doing his wanking, he now wished the soft nylon panties still hid his penis and balls from these terrible ladies. Now naked, Matron pushed his buttocks forward, and the Headmistress leaned over her desk and lifted his frightened bundle on her riding crop. Simon's pubescent balls dangled prettily on either side of the leather stick, rosy-pink with youthful vigor. "Oh, dear," said Simon's stepmother, with a sharp intake of breath, "I hadn't realized how well-developed his balls are but you are right, Mrs. Hood, his penis is laughably small."

"It is a little shocking to see a boy so young with his balls enlarged in this rather advanced state. He must have been emptying his balls many times daily, but it's nothing to worry about, Mrs. Hood. I think his plums are just right for plucking. What do you say, Matron?"

Matron quickly cupped his balls in her fingers, dug her nails into them and jerked them down as far as she could. Simon cried out in pain. "Overripe, if anything," said the Matron,

eyeing the pulpy skin with the perception of a connoisseur, "The bag is a trifle soft." She beckoned Simon's stepmother to look. "Notice how his scrotum is already slightly darker than the flesh on his thighs? It is quite subtle, but very telling." Mrs. Hood looked closely at the nasty boyish cluster, which wrinkled in apprehension on Matron's palm. "Oh, yes," said Mrs. Hood, horrified to see it, "I hadn't noticed that before. How strange." The Matron added, "It's a bad sign. We need to stop his sperm production now. His juices are ruining his whole body and to make him completely feminine he needs to lose his balls now!"

Matron immediately produced a hypodermic from her pocket and squirted a few drops into the air. On the side of the large syringe was printed "Estrogen, 50ml."

"Please, Mommy, don't let them," he complained, but his stepmother held him still while Matron pressed the needle to his perineum. "Just a little prick for a little prick!" laughed the Matron. Simon gasped with the rush of female hormones into his scrotum. A dull ache filled his belly as his young testicles writhed in distress. As he opened his mouth to scream, Matron forced another pink capsule down his throat and held his chin up until he had swallowed it. "That will fix you, young missy," she said, with a laugh.

Within seconds, Simon started to feel a curious warm glow all over his body; his nipples erected and felt hot and tender under his blouse. His heart was aflutter and there was a deep ache in the pit of his stomach as his maleness was being drained from his body. After half a minute, Matron squeezed his little sac and smiled in satisfaction. "They're softening nicely," she said to Mrs. Hood, "I congratulate you. He's very estrogen responsive."

"Oh, you ladies are such experts!" said Mrs. Hood, while Matron removed the rest of his schoolgirl clothes, "I'm so glad I brought him to your special school. I'm sure you will make an excellent sissy of him."

The headmistress took a short pink babydoll nightgown and matching ruffled panties from her desk and handed it to Matron. "Raise your arms, girl!" ordered Matron, and Simon did so at once, hardly registering what she had called him. She slipped the little pink nightie over his slender body. It barely reached down to his waist. Embroidered across the breast in large pink flowery letters was the word "Sissy" over where two budding breasts would soon be appearing. As she had him step into the panties, she said, "This babydoll will be your school uniform from now on. It is all you will wear until you progress to the next level. But for now, after this first injection, I know you need sleep, so go nicely with Matron and she will take you to your room, which I'm sure you will love with all its feminine accents and its drawers full of soft, fragrant panties to drive you insane with female desires."

"Lift your nightdress, girl," ordered the Headmistress.

Obediently, Simon lifted the front of the nightie. His little penis was already quite small and shriveled, and his bag had shrunk around its mushy contents. Simon felt frightened. "Please, Mommy," began the boy, his voice now a lilting soprano. "Speak only when you're spoken to, girl!" said Matron. "Yes, dear, do as the ladies tell you; you must try to be a good little girl," said Mrs. Hood. "Well, ladies, I think it's time for Master Simon to start his new life," said the Headmistress, brightly. Mrs. Hood rose and went to the door with her. "I can't thank you enough for taking him," she said, then corrected herself, "I mean her, of course. May I ask when you think she will be ready?" Six weeks should be all that we will need. You can visit your child on weekends to monitor how femininely she is progressing."

"Oh, wonderful!" exclaimed Simon's stepmother. She was absolutely delighted with the school and left in high spirits.

"Come with me," commanded Matron, sharply, "I'll show you your place in the girls' dormitory." Simon did as he was told and followed meekly behind Matron, wondering what was in store for him at this crazy place where boys are forced to be girls. He wondered if he would ever be a boy again.

Sissy Maid: Trained to a Life of Feminized Servitude

I have two older brothers, and while they were growing up they were regularly given panty punishments for doing unmanly things. They hated those punishments and would do anything to avoid having mom step out of the room only to return moments later with a frilly pair of pink nylon panties in her hand with the demand that they immediately change into them, no matter who was present or visiting. It was an effective way to get my bothers to do our parents' bidding.

Then when I came along I didn't understand why it was a punishment to make me wear fancy girls' panties. I was four years old that first time, so I guess I just didn't understand that I was supposed to be embarrassed. Instead, I danced around in glee. I guess I liked how the silky nylon felt caressing my butt, hips, penis and balls. Mom and dad looked at me like I was crazy. They tried to explain to me that wearing girls' clothes was supposed to embarrass me. They said if people saw me wearing panties they would laugh at me and then I'd understand how horrible it was to be seen that way and I would be suitably punished. Well, they kept me in the panties that day and mom had my aunt and her kids come over that night. I was marched out in front of them wearing nothing but a new pair of pink rhumba panties covered with white lace. They pointed at me and laughed and called me a sissy, but it didn't bother me. They were having a great time at my expense, but I was enjoying it. I joined in their laughter!



The Demale Society:

Petticoating - the Perfect Training Tool

Mom and dad were troubled after that. Every few weeks they would try panty punishing me all over again, but the results were always the same, with me laughing along with any visitors invited to tease and taunt me. My folks assumed I was just too young to know how bad it was for a boy to be seen wearing girls' clothes and thought that eventually I'd get it and become ashamed and they would succeed in suitably disciplining me.

But then, I started to get an erection in the panties whenever they dressed me in them. That caused any of our guests to comment as well as laugh at me all the more. Some of them would grab at my rubbery hard little cockette through my silky panties and really razz me. But I loved having them manipulate my penis through the panty nylon. And when they stopped doing it, I grabbed myself and jacked my dickie myself. I loved it, and eventually I could masturbate myself into a dry cum, going delirious with the throbbing pleasure that ensued. The first time I blew a dry wad into my panties, my parents, brothers and two boy cousins who happen to be there just stared at me in stunned disbelief.

Immediately thereafter, they never again used panty punishment on me, but I had a stack of punishment panties in my dresser drawer and I wore them at every opportunity. When my mother discovered me wearing the panties, she would admonish me, make me take the panties off and make me put them back in my dresser drawer! Eventually mom and dad realized they had to take the panties away from me and packed the panties up with some of my outgrown clothes and put them in a box for Salvation Army, but before the box was picked up, I took the panties out and hid them in our garage. Secretly, I kept wearing those panties and wanking into them for almost a year before I was caught once again wearing them. That's then my parents gave up on me as a boy and devised a new punishment for me: since I wanted to dress like a girl they would let me but turn me into a maid to be useful around the house. That's how my training as a sissy maid started. Mom taught me everything about cleaning, washing, cooking, and maintaining the house -- a through training program that money couldn't buy. Today I keep house like a professional, and I love every minute while doing it!

One other thing happened during these years. Unknown to my parents, my two older brothers who were in their mid teens would take advantage of me sexually. I was ten years old then, and one day my brothers wanted to see what would happen if they were to use my sissy mouth and boy pussy as if I really was a girl because they didn't have much luck with real girls and were tired of jacking off for relief. With me dressed in short skirts and frilly panties, my brothers saw little difference between me and the real thing -- at least I was close enough to get them excited enough to fill my mouth and butt with their cum. Today, I'm a bisexual sissy maid, a slave and a sexual toy of both males and females, young and old. I love being able to please anyone who desires my services.

I am writing to advise other women to use petticoat discipline on their sons. It is the most effective form of punishment I have found. My son Don is forcibly crossdressed frequently, and it has had a very positive effect on his behavior. I began five years ago when he was eleven. I had, up until that point, used spanking to discipline him, but it wasn't very effective.

One afternoon when I was about to spank him, he loudly informed me that he was too old to be spanked anymore. Naturally I was furious, and told him he wasn't too old to be spanked and told him he was just a sissy not able to take a good spanking like a boy should. He said he wasn't afraid of being spanked, but just little boys were spanked and he was a big boy. He also emphatically stated that he was no sissy, so then I gave him a choice -- either accept a good spanking or be dressed in his sister's clothes as punishment.

This was before I became a member of the Demale Society. I had gotten the idea to use petticoat punishment after reading some of their promotional material. It had made a lot of sense to me, especially after taking a good look at my son and seeing signs that he was somewhat of a sissy already.

He chose to be spanked, but soon regretted it. I was angry and gave him a good hiding, first with my hand but then switching to using both sides of my wooden hairbrush across his bare behind. In a few minutes Don was in tears and pleading for me to stop. I told him that if he asked me politely to be dressed as a girl I would consider stopping the spanking.

Through his tears he asked if he could please wear girls' clothes, so I stopped spanking him. I removed his clothes, and then I led him into my daughter Anne's room. I washed the tears from Don's eyes and then put my shoulder-length blonde wig on him. I then made Don put on panties, a slip, a white blouse, a green schoolgirl tunic, green knee socks, saddle shoes and a green girls' cardigan sweater -- one of his sister's old school uniforms. I also manicured and polished his nails and applied a touch of lipstick and mascara. Instantly, he looked like a perfect little girl. I stood him in front of a full length mirror so he could see how feminine he looked and told him he didn't look like a boy too old to be spanked.

When Anne got home she couldn't stop laughing at what I had done to her brother and kept calling him Donna her little sister. That night I made Don wear a nightie to bed and the next morning warned him that each time he was crossdressed as punishment it would be for a longer period.

Inevitably Don was disobedient again and was immediately put back into dresses and lingerie. During the past five years

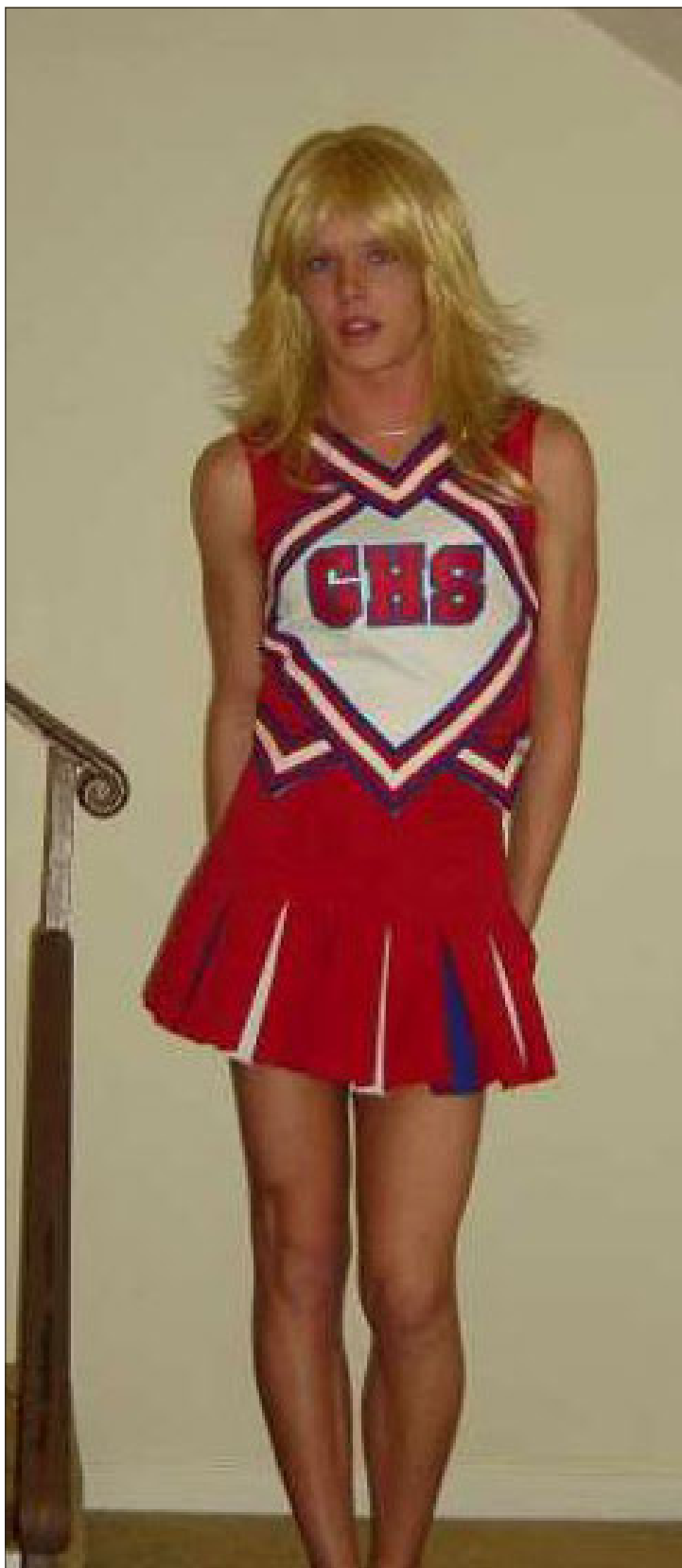
he has been crossdressed with increasing frequency and many times for extended durations. At first he was ashamed to go out in public dressed as a girl, but once I started crossdressing him every weekend he shamefully agreed that he did look like a real girl, and I convinced him he could fool people into thinking he was a girl, so he decided it was better to go out as a girl than to have to stay in the house all the time.

He, of course, still attends school dressed as a boy, but that is almost the only time he is not in girls' clothes. However, the only underwear he owns is his own girls' lingerie so even when going to school he wears lacy panties and a sleek camisole under his boys' clothes. He fears others will discover his lingerie, but he's been careful and despite a few narrow escapes, no one at his school has learned the truth about his girly underclothes. He now has his own female wardrobe consisting of Anne's hand-me-downs in addition to clothes we have given him for birthdays and Christmases. When he turned thirteen I made him start wearing a padded bra (however, I don't require him to wear a bra to school), and his wardrobe now includes teenage bras, stockings, garter belts and even two girdles and some lacy old-fashioned pettipants that I found in like new condition in a Goodwill store.

Don is now perfectly obedient. Anne and I actually like him better as a girl than as a boy, so his crossdressing continues. He long ago resigned himself to being feminized, even to the extent that he has learned along with his sister how to cook and sew and knit and to do other female endeavors. This past winter we all went for three weeks to a ski resort and I allowed Don to take only female clothes on the trip. Seeing him dress each morning in panties and bra, stretch pants, turtleneck sweater and ski sweater (which I am proud to say he knitted himself) with his hair in a ponytail and braids, I felt quite proud of how effective my punishment has been.

Anne has suggested it would be fun to make Donna (as we usually call Don now) go out on dates, and since we happen to be moving to a new city very soon, I am considering making Don stay as Donna permanently and do all the things every teenage girl does — including date. I've even started using dildos in his anus to open him up and prepare him for when he has to go all the way with a man or a boy, while not letting on that he is really not a female.

Clark, Anne's college boyfriend thinks Don's girly boy status is the funniest thing he has ever witnessed. As a present Anne bought Don a cheerleader outfit from his high school and has gotten him to wear it and practice doing cheers. Anne is now preparing Don to learn how to suck cock and has talked Clark into letting Don suck on his penis as she



cheers him on! I think she wants him in his cheerleader outfit the first time they do that!

Mrs. AD, Colorado