

Princess Extra!

#14

August 2009

**Special Issue:
Making Him a Sissy!**

FEATURING:

**The Pantywaist Weakly
The Demale Society
and much more!**

Adults Only

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



Simple flowered panties with a bit of lace: a nice basic panty for a mom to wear in front of her son whom she is trying to panty train. Plenty of mirrors around the house to show her pantied body from all angles is a great help.

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Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly

HEALTH

LIFESTYLE

HEADLINES

Special Issue: Turning Boys into Sissies



Many young boys like to wear bright red nail polish and lipstick and grow long hair to put in ponytails and their mothers are often quite willing to let their sons indulge in those desires.

Of course, many of these mothers, either consciously or subconsciously, are responsible for fostering these desires by walking around in lingerie, sleeping with their sons and pushing acceptance of their feminine values.

Clever dominant mothers in Europe buy brand name "Cissy" crackers and tell their boys if they eat these crackers, they will be turned into cissies! Then when their boys break their rules, these moms make them eat the crackers!



At Halloween time, any employee of a costume store will tell you that almost every day at least one little boy comes into their store to be fitted for a girls' costume as mothers love to dress up their boys like little girls complete with a wig and all the accessories. And ballet, cheerleader and princess outfits are the most popular. A mother who wants to feminize her boy may force him to get a girlie costume, but some boys willing want fancy dresses and pretty wigs, possibly those boys decided they wanted to be girls on their own, or their moms already have them well on the way to girlhood.



Clothes make the man -- or boy!

Mother says simply changing her son's underwear to training bra and panties was a mircale solution

Laddie Falls, CA: According to a mom of a once rebellious boy, she has changed his wild ways by simply changing his underwear! Ms. Cissy Hacker says she read an article in a women's magazine saying to tame a wild boy start treating him more like a girl.

So she bought a girls' pink training bra and fancy, nylon, lace panties for her boisterous eleven-year-old son who was out of control. He'd run and scream around the house for no reason. He'd hit people, slam into them and do other things to hurt them without knowing why he was being so nasty.

Well, after she bought him a supply of silky training bras and fancy panties, it was a major ordeal to get him to put them on and keep them on, but after many spankings over his daddy's lap, re relented, and now he's a gentle sissy!



Survey: Why do some moms wants sissy sons? Because they ...

Hate males - 4% Want a gay son - 6%

Want a daughter - 21% All of the above - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

If you go into a woman's bathroom and see many of her panties hanging up, she's probably panty training her son
If you see a clothesline of a family with only one female in the house but different size panties on the line, guess what!
Many mothers purposely turn their sons into sissies because they know gay boys are devoted to their mothers for life!
Some males who have been sissified keep up a masculine facade but live at home in dresses
Turning a bully into a sissy is easy just jack him off a few times into nice, silky panties!



Photos from
The Pantywaist Weekly



Made to Admit He Is a Sissy An Enema Cleans Out His Boyishness

Mary was cooking fried chicken when she heard the back door slam and then saw Billy plunk his books down on the kitchen table before storming past her crying. As he passed, she said, "Billy? What's the matter?" He didn't answer, but just rushed on by and stomped up the stairs. Mary heard his bedroom door bang shut behind him. This wasn't like Billy at all; he was normally so quiet and polite, but today he was almost an hour late from school, and as he had passed by her, she noticed his clothes askew and dirty, his shirttail hanging out of his shorts and his knees scratched and muddy. She hurried up the stairs to his room and knocked on the door. "Billy, are you all right?"

"Go 'way!" came the muffled reply from inside. Sighing, she opened the door and asked, "What's the matter, Billy? You

can tell me," she said as she rushed to his bedside where the obviously upset 12-year-old was lying face down. She sat down on the bed next to him. Noticing even more of his dirty and unkempt condition, she asked, "Have you been in a fight? Is that it?"

He shook his head and Mary heard a muffled sob come from him, she reached out to stroke his head but Billy flinched away and buried his face deeper into the pillow. "I can't help you if you won't tell me what the matter is, Billy," she said softly, her hand now resting gently on his back. Mary was his stepsister, and they had always gotten along very well. Nine years earlier, her father had married his mother; unfortunately she was killed in a car crash soon after. Billy was a toddler at the time, and since Mary was five years older, she quickly became more of a mother to him than a sister. She was now seventeen, and more like a mother to him than ever before.

After his mother's death, Mary's father threw himself into his work – his way of coping with the downside of reality. He

was always working late, and sometimes his work as a major urban area city planner took him out of the country for long periods. Until Mary became a teenager, there had been a succession of nannies and housekeepers until he had realized she was old enough to look after Billy. Besides, they got on well, and when Mary turned fourteen, he put her in charge of the house and Billy. He gave her a very generous allowance and had his secretary look in on them from time to time, pay the household bills and make sure they kept up with their studies and went to church every Sunday. He loved them in his own way; but after the death of Billy's mother, whom he dearly loved, he filled the void by working incessantly. In many ways Mary was like a mother to her stepbrother; she was always there for him, comforted him when he was hurt, ill, or upset. She prepared his meals and even bathed him from the time he was a little boy until just recently.

"I don't wanna talk about it," he replied sulkily. "Want to, not wanna," she corrected him automatically. "So! I don't want to talk about it," he pronounced the words in an exaggerated fashion. "Billy, whatever the matter is, I'm here to help, so don't take that smart-aleck attitude with me."

He then broke down into huge heaving sobs. Mary put her hand gently on the back of his neck; he then turned around and hugged her tightly, his tears falling onto her shoulder as he wept out his misery. Mary rocked him gently and eventually he calmed down enough to speak coherently. She pulled a couple of tissues from the box on the bedside table and handed them to him. He looked up gratefully, wiped his eyes and blew his nose.

"Can you tell me what it's all about, now?" she stared at him with concern, directly into his eyes, which were still filled with unshed tears; his bottom lip trembled but he didn't cry again. "I...I...was on...on my way home from school," he stammered,

"a...a...and I was taking the short cut through Handsen Park." Mary reacted, "Oh, Billy!" Handsen Park was a place he had been frequently warned about. Rough kids hung out there; it wasn't a place for a gentle boy like little Billy. "I know. I know, but...but I was running late because I had to stay after school and I didn't want you to be upset since I might have been late for dinner."

"So what happened, did you get lost?" she asked him.

"N...n...no!" More tears trickled down his cheeks and Mary wiped them away automatically with a tissue. "It's all right, Billy, you're safe now; just take your time and tell me what happened." Through his sniffles, he continued, "Well I...I was about halfway through the park when I noticed a kid

Photos from
The Pantywaist Weakly



following me. He...he was right behind me so I hurried up, but then another boy appeared in front of me. I turned left and started to run, but those two boys plus another one quickly caught up with me and had me surrounded!"

Mary stroked his hair away from his forehead, "Then what happened, Billy?" she asked softly. "They...they saw my blazer and knew I was from St. Zackary's, so they started taunting me and saying...saying..." he sniffled again and Mary waited patiently for him to continue. "Saying what, Billy?" she prodded gently. "Say...saying I was a sissy!" he blurted out miserably.

Mary looked at Billy. He was certainly a very cute boy, his sandy blonde hair and his deep brown puppy eyes with long fine eyelashes, coupled with his light and flawless skin. Yes, he was a little effeminate. She recognized it years ago. He had no interest in sports or most boys' things; instead, and while they were growing up, he was artistically inclined and always wanted to do the things she was doing like dressing up her dolls, having pretend tea parties and playing girls' games.

"So then they started to fight?" she queried. "Uh, yeah, kind of, one of them pushed me, and then another one pushed me and I ended up on the ground." She hugged him, "Is that all?" she asked in a soothing voice. "Um, no. Th...th...they really hurt me," he stammered, his face crumpling and tears that started to flow again. "So, sweetie, tell me what happened," she asked as she held his hand lightly and petted his back in an effort to calm and comfort him.

With great effort, Billy controlled his trembling and took a deep breath, "A...a park bench ... they put me over a park bench and..." another trembling sigh came from the little boy, "They pulled down my shorts and underpants." Mary's face grew hard, her grip on Billy's hand tightened, she didn't really want an answer to her next question. "Billy, what happened then, love?" her voice was hard with anger now. "Th...th...they held me down while one of them put his dick into my butt," he sobbed, "and then they changed places until they'd all had done it to me," he broke down in great heaving sobs. Mary cuddled him tightly, whispering soothing words to him and stroking his back until his gasping breathing slowed and he calmed down somewhat.

"I'm going to call the police, Billy," she stated, looking into his eyes. He almost shouted, "NO! No you can't!" and then he sighed. "Why not? The boys who did this must be caught and punished, Billy! You can't just let them get away with it!"

"But...but they took my school ID card, and they said if I called the police they'd tell kids at my school that I'm a queer because I take it up the butt." Mary realized it would be unbearable for him if his schoolmates found out. They'd laugh and point at him; they already called him a sissy and a queer! But if they found out what had happened, he would be ostracized even more than he already was and maybe even

attacked by the boys in his own school. Biting her lip nervously, she told Billy, "Well, that's your decision, but I want you to consider telling the police. However, right now I want you to get you out of those dirty clothes, and I want to check to make sure they haven't injured you physically." She reached out and untied his school tie, which had been reduced to a very tight knot; the boys had yanked on it and almost strangled him with it to get him to cooperate. After throwing his tie onto the chair, she unbuttoned and took off his shirt, and then, kneeling in front of him, she untied his scuffed black school shoes, pulled them off quickly followed by his socks. "Come on, stand up for me, hon," she murmured.

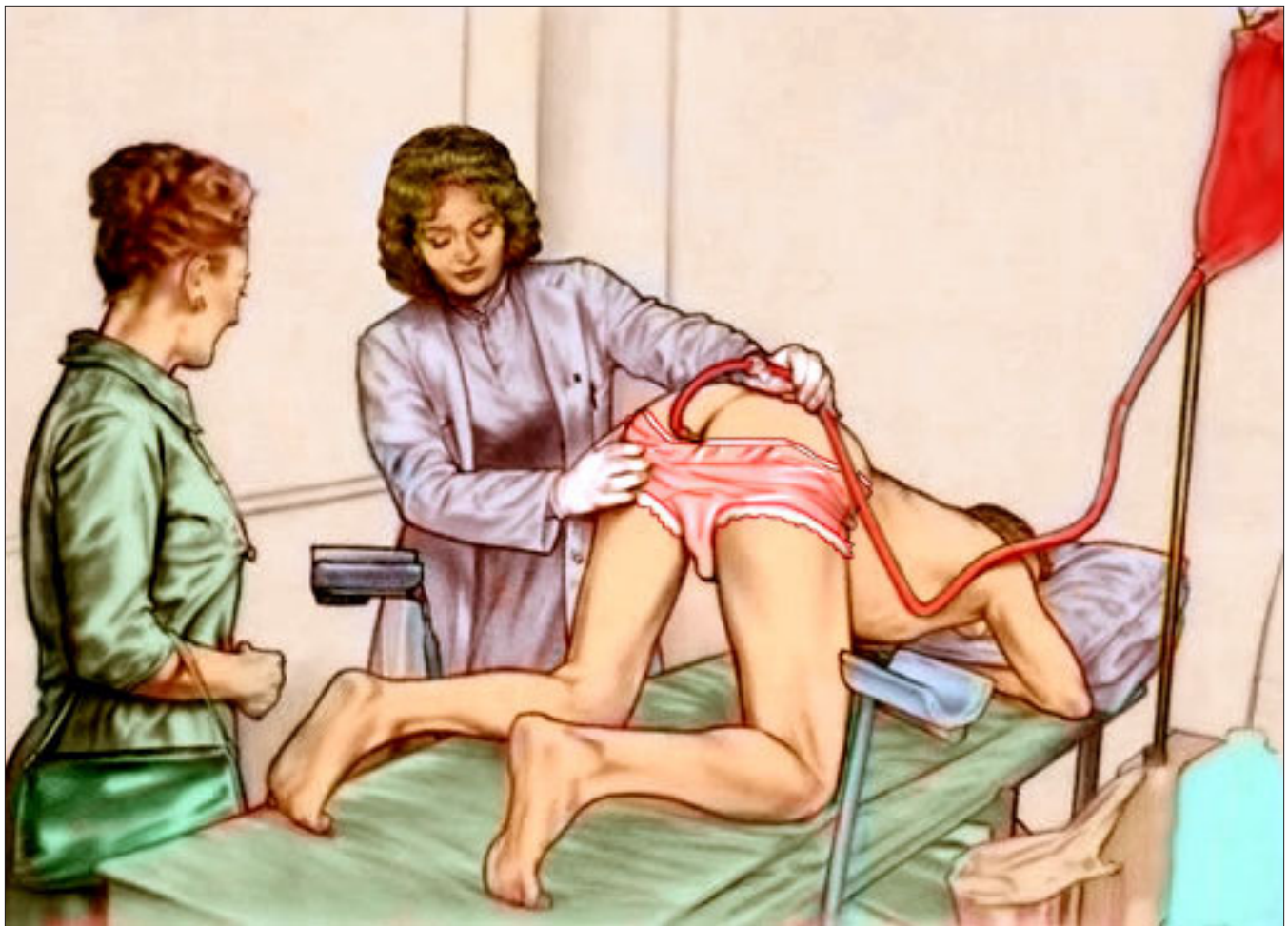
She quickly had his school shorts down and off, but Billy's eyes widened as she grabbed the waistband to his underwear. "What? You'll see my willy, sis!" She kept on tugging downward on his underpants and said, "Billy, it's nothing that I haven't seen a hundred times before."

"But that was when I was little and you changed my diaper!"

Mary said, "I'll tell you what, babydoll, if you don't want me to see it, then just lie facedown on the bed, and I'll just pull 'em down from there, how's that?" He looked a little doubtful but then nodded his agreement and rolled over onto his tummy. She reached over and took hold of the waistband of his mud-stained underpants, "Lift up for me, sweetie." Billy raised his hips and she pulled them down to his ankles and off. She noticed they were wet at the back with whitish goo, and Mary prayed that those animals hadn't hurt him. She swallowed hard and said, "Billy, I want you to part your legs, honey, so I can see if there's a problem." He hesitated for a moment and then slowly spread his thighs.

Mary parted his smooth white cheeks with her thumb and forefinger, noticing the scratch marks on her stepbrother's hips where they had held him as they had butt fucked raped him. His anus was red and inflamed and she saw the gooey mess between his buttocks. As she gently touched his swollen rosebud, a large drop of white liquid oozed from inside and he whimpered and clenched his cheeks together. She stood up and gently stroked his bottom. "It's OK, Billy. I'm just going to get a glove; I'll be back in a second." Mary went to the bathroom supply cabinet, opened the medicine cabinet and took out a pair of surgical gloves. She pulled them on and then noticed the enema equipment setting on the shelf. The last nanny they had for Billy was a fanatic about enemas. She'd give the boy one every single time he complained of being sick. And Mary knew the routine because she was usually present and helped whenever Billy needed an enema.

"That's exactly what he needs," she muttered to herself as she pulled on a disposable opaque plastic apron and tied it around her waist and then prepared the enema equipment before returning to the bedroom. For Billy, it seemed like it was forever that he had been waiting, but he was still lying face down on the bed, exactly where she had left him. She sat on



the edge of his bed carefully, "Billy this may hurt a little, but I have to see if there's any damage inside, OK?" Facing away from her, he didn't say anything, just nodded. Mary again parted his cheeks carefully. He shivered slightly as her forefinger touched him and he gritted his teeth when she pressed her finger inside his bottom. Her finger slipped in a lot more easily than she had expected and he cried out a bit. "Sorry, Billy, but I have to do this, love," she bit her lip at his discomfort and rotated her finger inside him as gently as she possibly could. He stiffened his body. "It won't be long now, tiger, just a few more seconds." Mary found his prostate and felt it for signs of damage. Billy grunted as she twisted her finger around. When she pulled it out, another bubble of the slimy whitish liquid followed her finger out of his anus. She examined the slippery liquid that coated her glove. Thankfully there wasn't any blood, so it appeared he didn't have any internal injury. However, she intended to make sure.

"Billy, I want to give you an enema, sweetie." He gasped, "Oh, no! Not that! What for?" he cried, rolling over to look at her, forgetting his embarrassment at his nudity for the moment. Mary could not help but look at his cocklet. It was certainly bigger than the last time she had seen it, but that had been several years before, but it was still quite small for a boy his age. The preteen boy still had no pubic hair; however, his

modestly sized penis was semi-hard and distinctly small. She raised one eyebrow slightly, but said nothing.

"I'm not kidding, Billy. I honestly think you need an enema to clean out the spunk those boys shot up your asshole." He sighed heavily, "O...OK, then," he moaned, dropping his head. "Good boy! Just relax as I set things up. Billy looked around and his eyes widened as he saw she had three liters of slightly soapy water in the enema bag. "You're not going to put all that in me, are you?" he exclaimed. "Of course, not, silly, I'll put in just as much as you can take the first time and then the rest afterwards." He moaned, "Afterwards?" Mary was being deliberately cruel in her choice of words. "Yes, the first enema will get rid of all the nasty spunk and the second will tell me if any damage has been done to your rectum and lower bowel such as puncturing or bleeding." She wanted Billy to understand that there may be a problem and understand that she had to do this. Billy was a sissy; he responded well to her naturally dominant nature, but she just wished he'd admit to himself that he wasn't like most other boys; he was gentle and sweet. Yet, now that he was getting older, he was trying to measure up to other boys, he even tried sports and he took unnecessary chances – like on this day when he went through that bad part of town and then was attacked in the park. It seemed like the more he tried to act

like other boys, the more he fell woefully short or got into some kind of scrape. For years, she had been sure he was destined to become a homosexual, and she wasn't upset by that. In fact, she thought it was cute having an effeminate brother who was more like a sister than a stepbrother to her. But Billy was tired of being snickered at in school; at times some of the other boys had called him girly or a sissy. He had told Mary, so she knew all about it; she tried to get him to understand himself. Her advice was for him to be content with what he was and not be concerned about what other boys called him. One time she got so frustrated with his inability to go with what he was destined to become that she had bought him three pairs of girls' pink lace panties and told him to start wearing them. They would remind him not to try to be like the other boys since, and instead, just be himself – even if that meant admitting he was a sissy. He never did wear those panties; he had never even tried them on. But she had put the panties away in his underwear drawer and they remained there ever since. Mary thought it strange he didn't try to throw them away or even move them to his closet or cover them up. That puzzled her; she knew he had to see those panties every time he went into his dresser to get out some clean underwear! But they stayed there undisturbed for close to a year now.

Mary hung the enema bag on the bracket on the wall that his nanny had put there years ago for his regular enema sessions. Mary then put a large towel under him. "Now, I want you to lie on your left side with your left arm under your head and your right leg drawn up to your chest." With a gust of exhaled air, he responded, "I know; I remember the routine how nanny had me do it." She then greased the enema tip with KY jelly. "This may be a little cold, sweetheart," she said as she applied some of the KY to her gloved finger, parted his cheeks with her left hand and pressed her greased finger into his ass crack. Billy drew in his breath with a hiss as the cold lubricant was smeared across his little ravaged opening, then Mary gently pushed the tip of her finger inside him and rubbed it around there as well. She then took a deep breath and picked up the nozzle, "You ready, sweetie?" she asked him. "No, but you might as well go and do it." Mary again parted his buttocks and put the nozzle to his tightly clenched butt opening. "Billy, love, you're going to have to relax. Otherwise it's going to hurt." Just remember all those times nanny gave you an enema; push down as though you wanted to go to the toilet." Billy relaxed as much as he could and pushed down while Mary slid the nozzle all the way in. He yelped as the plastic entered his butt. Slowly but firmly, she slid it inside his bottom until his anal muscle gripped the slight indentation in the middle of the nozzle. "That's it Billy, well done!"

Mary turned on the valve slowly so that the water first trickled down the tube and then became a steady flow; she gently lifted Billy's right bum cheek and made sure there was no leakage from around the nozzle. The boy's anus was tensing and relaxing every few seconds, Mary smiled to herself thinking how much it looked like a baby suckling milk. She carefully checked the level of the water and then watched as it

slowly drained into Billy's bottom. He started to moan after receiving just over one liter. Mary leaned over him and rubbed his stomach to try to relieve some of his cramping. Billy's forehead was covered in a light sheen of sweat, and he whimpered and said, "Please Mary! Ugh! That's enough! I'm going to burst! Take it out, please!"

"Just a little more, doll. Let's see if we can get to the halfway line, OK?" she absently stroked the soft smooth skin of his tummy and bum cheeks. He was panting and gently bouncing around. She finally heeded his desperate calls when she hit the one and a half liter mark. "Good job, baby," she said as she turned off the flow of soapy water. "Now, you must lie here for at least ten minutes, Billy, and after five, I'll tell you to turn over onto your right side for the enema to do a good job there too." He moaned but stayed lying on his side, the occasional cramp making him wince. After five minutes, she had him turn over; a grimace showed on his boyish features as the water in his bowels moved. Another five minutes later and Mary said the time was up. He struggled to his feet, assisted by his sister, and walked stiffly over to the bathroom, as he hobbled quickly over to the toilet and sat down. He looked up at Mary ruefully, "Uh...are you staying here?" he asked in astonishment. "Yes, I want to see that you empty properly," she replied. But I can't let go with you here! "Well, then hold it in a bit longer, that will make it work even better, but I'm not leaving." He gasped, "Mary!" But she was firm. "No Billy, I'm staying and watching you, so stop being a baby about it! Just for that, let me see how long you can hold it." He gasped, "But, but I can't. She hissed, "Hold it, you little pantywaist. You want to be strong like other boys yet you can't even hold in your enema a little longer!" His eyes were glazing over; he shivered and shook, "Oh, sis, I love you and want to do anything for you, but I have to let it go!" She then asked him, "Now do you want me to take out the nozzle or do you want to do it?" With his face burning, he mumbled that she should do it, seeing as how she was bossing him around.

Mary knelt in front of the boy. "Lift your knees up for me a little, Billy, and spread them, please," she ordered, and he raised his legs by going up on his tiptoes and leaning slightly back, parting his thighs. She could see his stiff little penis and the enema nozzle framed by his white cheeks, pointing like a gun barrel. Mary reached between Billy's legs to grasp it firmly with her gloved hand, and then turned it slightly to make sure that it was loose. Billy moaned.

Because he was leaning back, it pushed his groin forward and his dickie was less than four inches from Mary's face. He could feel her hot breath on the skin of his dick, and she could see it throb and bounce, the tip wet with his precum. Given the circumstances that was probably understandable, but it gave her pause for thought. On an impulse, she stuck out her tongue and licked his foreskin. "Mary! Wha..." that was as far as he got because Mary slid the nozzle out of his bottom with a slurping noise, the floodgates opened and Mary moved her hand quickly out if the way. Billy moaned again as the

pressure was released and the water streamed out of him and into the bowl, he leaned forward and the sound was like a waterfall as it gushed out. After a few moments the torrent grew less and less and then some embarrassing farts came squeaking out of his butt. His face turned crimson and Mary smiled at his discomfort. "It's OK, Billy, it's to be expected; don't worry about it," she tried hard to keep a straight face as Billy threw her a murderous glance. He tried to get up from the toilet seat, but she shouted, "And where do you think you're going?" with a raised eyebrow.

"I've finished, er...haven't I?" he said in surprise. "You think so? Well just sit there for another minute or two and see what happens." Then suddenly his face contorted and another torrent of murky water cascaded from his bottom. "Yes, I do think I'll sit here for a minute or two and see what happens," he whispered sheepishly. "Good boy," she said in a patronizing way, "Try leaning to the left and the right, then lean forwards and backwards a bit too." Following her instructions, Billy continued to eject the water from his bowels until at last there seemed to be no more. "Do you want me to wipe, or do you want to do it?" she asked.

"Mary, I'm not a baby! I can do it myself!"

"Suit yourself. I'll be in the bedroom waiting for you. The next enema I give you will be the telltale one. It will show me if you're bleeding or anything like that."

A few minutes later, he padded naked into the bedroom where Mary was waiting for him. She had the nozzle cleaned, ready in her hand and attached to the enema bag. "Come on, hop up," she said brightly, patting the towel on the bed. Blushing sheepishly he was up on his bed and in his previous position, lying on his left side with his right knee drawn up to his chest. Once again she applied KY jelly to his anus and to the enema nozzle and parted his cheeks. This time it seemed to slide in a lot easier after only a few gentle pushes. Mary patted his bum cheeks gently and turned on the valve again, this time watching the water level carefully. After the remaining liter and a half entered the little boy's behind, she turned it off. He was gently trembling. "Is that it?" he asked relieved that the bag was drained.

"Yes, sweetie," she smiled, "I have this one measured so I know how much goes in and how much comes out. Can you hold it in without the nozzle in there?" He replied, "I think so." Then Mary gently removed the nozzle from between his cheeks. A little clear water rolled down and trickled off his nut sac and soaked into the towel, but then he clamped down and there weren't any more leaks. He rolled over and got to his feet. He headed for the bathroom again, but Mary stopped him by saying, "No, Billy, not in there this time."

"What do you mean, if not in there, then where?" She silently pointed to a baby's white porcelain potty chair she had put by the end of his bed. "You have to be kidding!" he exclaimed,

"I gotta sit on that thing!"

"You have to, Billy. I have to see what's in that water, if there's any blood or anything like that, and the easiest way is if you use the potty."

With his face burning a deep crimson from the idea of having to use such a babyish little potty in front of her, he muttered under his breath as he approached it. He knelt down with his knees on either side of the potty and then lowered his hips until his bottom was sitting squarely on the rim. He looked up at Mary pleadingly who was watching him intently and was barely able to stifle a giggle. He complained. "Awwwww, Mary! Don't laugh at me," he grumbled. "Sorry, Billy, but you look so cute sitting there," she answered, finally giggling aloud. If his face could have gotten any redder it would have, as he looked up at her and asked in a small straining voice, "Can I do it now?" Mary said, "No! Absolutely not! I want to see how long you can hold it. I'm starting the timer now, just stay squatting over your little potty. I'm going to get out a pair of those nice lacy pink panties I bought you last year for you to wear once we have you all cleaned out. Think about wearing those nice, silky, lacy, girlie, pink nylon panties on your butt and penis. Since your butt and asshole hurt so much, the panties will make them feel much better. Thinking about the soft smooth panties on your sissy body will help you to keep holding in your big enema. You're about to find out just how nice panties are to wear, you lucky boy."

"Pl-e-e-e-s-e, Mary! I gotta let go!! But I don't want to wear those dumb girls' panties." She cooed, "Well, of course, you do! You're a little sissy and you know it. You have always been a sissy boy; it's about time you start dressing like one. If you picture in your mind how you will look in pretty panties, it will take your mind off the pressure and help you hold it in. I want to make sure your enema mixes well with all the junk you have inside you, so when I do let you go, all that stuff will come out. Now think panties! Panties! Silky girls' panties!" She saw his face go from a nice pink to bright red as he struggled to hold it in. His dick was getting incredibly hard too. "Oh, I see by your little erection, you are excited about being able to wear nice nylon panties like all the pretty little girls in your class wear. Oh, dear you are a sissy, aren't you, panty boy? I always knew it!"

Billy let out a painful groan and begged to let it go. Finally, the timer bell rang a second time. Mary nodded and he released the torrent of water. He sat there until he was done, again moving back and forth, right and left until he was sure that he had released the entire enema. Then he knelt forward and got on the floor on all fours and crawled away from the potty. Before she looked at what was in the porcelain pot, Mary passed him a roll of kitchen towels to dry himself. She breathed a sigh of relief as the water was completely clear of any signs of blood or anything that may have meant internal damage. "Everything's all right, Billy," she exclaimed delightedly as she turned to face him. "How do you feel?"



Photos from
The Pantywaist Weakly



Billy was trying to hide his erection with both hands; it was obvious that he was excited.

"Billy? What are you doing?" she inquired in a low voice. "N...nothing, Mary," he answered, failing miserably to cover his boner. "Take your hands away, please," she ordered, and Billy slowly lowered his hands to his sides. His erection was about four inches long and was gently bobbing in time to his heartbeat. The tip was wet with precum and glistened in the light. Mary felt her own panties slowly becoming damp as she herself became excited watching the little boy squirm under her gaze.

"I...I...I'm sorry, Mary," Billy sighed and hung his head miserably. "It's all right, Billy. An erection is a natural reaction to what just happened. But usually, it is an insult to me for you to play with your penis in my presence. However, what I did observe is how much harder and more erect your little dickie got when I started talking to you about wearing those nice pink panties. So you do like the idea, huh?" He looked at her with tears at the corners of his eyes, "But, Mary, that will make me a sissy." She shook her head, "Make you? Billy, when are you going to admit that you are one? Then you can start to enjoy some of the benefits like wearing silky panties and having boys shove their big cocks up your butt." He wanted to protest, but she kept on talking. "You liked having the tube up your butt and having to hold in your

enema, didn't you?" He nodded. "And you liked it when those boys put their cocks up your ass even though it hurt, huh? He replied, "I liked it in a way but it hurt so much. Please, help me, Mary. I don't know why but what those boys did to me got me excited, and the feel of the enema was kind of nice too; it never felt like that when nanny did it!"

"Well, nanny was about 10 times my age," giggled Mary. "So we just proved that you like things shoved up your butt hole, huh? Don't worry, I don't mind. Now, let's get you into the shower and cleaned up. I'll get out your pretty pink panties and have them waiting for you. When I bought them in your size; I knew, eventually, you would need them." He complained, "Oh, Mary, please, no! I thought you were just teasing me while I was holding my enema in. You're not serious; I can't wear girls' underwear." She stared down at him, "Of course, you can, and you will, and you will love wearing them. Silky, silky, sissy panties — you lucky boy! I'm going to make you wear them every day just to remind you that you are a sissy, and they will remind you of what we did here today and make you think about how much fun your next enema is going to be!"

"But, I can't wear panties to school; the kids will call me a sissy and a fag if they found out." Mary shook her head, "So? Be careful. Besides, didn't you tell me some of the older boys call you names like that already; so what's the big deal? I'm

sure they wouldn't be surprised if they found you wearing girls' panties. Run along and get cleaned up, panty boy." Billy was horrified at the idea of wearing panties every day. It scared him; it was written all over his face as he turned and ran off to shower, his cute little bum jiggling as he went.

Mary followed behind, "What are you...?" he queried her as she came into the shower room. "Billy, I'm happy you finally are accepting what you are, even getting hard and admitting about liking things up your butt like your enema, so from now on, I'm going to make your life so much nicer, and right now, I'm going to shower you." His mouth fell open, but he said nothing, just stood there and gaped at her as she undressed until she was down to just her yellow nylon panties. She even took her bra off, and for the first time he saw her naked titties. His eyes bulged as he took in her firm breasts and her beautiful body in just sexy panties. Her round bottom was smooth and beautiful to look at as her slinky panties danced over her butt as she moved. She smiled at him, a glint in her eye, "Well, you don't think I'm going to wash you with my clothes on and get them all wet, do you?"

Mesmerized, he shook his dazed head and entered the shower room, a large, tiled room with five showerheads, four set into the wall and one larger one on the ceiling. Mary only turned on the main shower and then checked the temperature with her hand before taking Billy's hand and leading him into the stream. She positioned him under the cascading water and then took the soap from the dish set into the wall. Lathering it up, she bathed her stepbrother. Under his arms and around his chest she rubbed the soap all over him, kneeling she washed his legs and couldn't resist a quick suck on his erection; she playfully swirled her tongue around the pink head before thoroughly washing it too. He yelped in shock and then giggled as she continued to wash his body. She complimented him on not cumming when she had sucked on him, saying that would be a nasty thing to do in her mouth; after all, he was a sissy and sissies only shoot cum into their panties. But with a look at his face she could tell that's exactly what he wanted to do, and she wondered how long he would be able to resist the urge and go against her order not to cum; but she did want to save that first naughty cum between them, she wanted him to be trained to cum into his panties; that would be a guarantee that he would be her sissy and willingly wear his pretty pink panties, always looking forward to the unique pleasure they could provide – with her pumping on him through the panties. Maybe he wasn't just a gay boy who liked things up his butt; maybe he liked girls too or at least her sucking him off – but she knew he was a sissy and she was going to spare him a lot of the horror of the real world and make him fully accept his sissyness before he became any more depressed from not being able to be the masculine equal of other boys. Mary then washed his bottom, being careful of the scratch marks on his hips and slipped the soap up and down between his buttocks. Billy moaned and pressed back against her hand. She frowned thoughtfully and extended her forefinger to touch his slippery, puckered butt hole. He moaned some more and pressed back

some more until her finger slid into his bottom all the way. She looked up at him, "Billy, when those boys did what they did to you...?" He blushed and mumbled "Uh, huh." She then whispered like it was a secret, "You liked it, didn't you?" His face turned a deeper shade of red and he took a deep breath, "I didn't like being forced. They made me feel dirty. When they put their big peters up my butt. It wasn't too bad; in fact, if they hadn't been hitting me and hurting me, I think I would have really liked it. And I think they knew it! They called me queer. It hurt and they were rough with me, but now I realize I even liked them shooting their cum in me," he said with a quiver in his voice. "Mary, is that sick and perverted of me? You don't think I'm disgusting, do you?" His large brown eyes were filled with unshed tears. Mary hugged him tightly. Their wet bodies rubbing together sent an electric tingle through both of them. "No, Billy, I don't think you're disgusting or perverted. You're a sissy, and it's OK to have things in your bum," she giggled. "You're going to love wearing fancy panties. Those boys shouldn't have forced themselves on you like that, but at least you're not very traumatized by it all. If you had been wearing a nice pair of panties, I bet those boys would have slowed down, been gentler to you and treated you more like a girl or a girlie boy who loves things up his bottom." Billy lowered his head and whispered, "Mary, will you do it again? Will you put your finger inside me?" She smiled brightly, "As long as you promise to wear pretty panties all the time from now on." He nodded that he would with a little tear in his eye. She knew admitting being a sissy is tough for any boy – even a hopeless little sissy like Billy. Better he learned to accept the truth about himself now rather than later and after years of lying on a psychiatrist's couch. She smiled and slipped her finger into her stepbrother's rectum. She also took hold of his cocklet and began to masturbate him with her soapy, slippery hand. When she knew he was on the verge; she stopped and slapped down his erection. "Yeooooow!" he screamed. "Not now, sissy, let's get you dried off and into a nice pair of your fabulous pink girlie panties; then I'll panty wank you."

Ten minutes later he was his pink lacy panties and moaning and whimpering as he humped her hand though the panties. Her other hand was down the back of his crisp, new panties, first massaging his butt and then entering his asshole. He began sliding his bottom around on her finger inside him. Precum leaked from his slit, thick and fast — the slippery mixture staining the front of his panties, much to her delight. He began to tremble, his legs and his whole body shook. Suddenly he gave a high-pitched cry and climaxed, his hot white semen spurting out of the end of his cocklet, through his thin panties and into Mary's cupped hand. She continued to pump his little dickie until the last of his orgasm dribbled out, he began to soften, and he begged her to stop. She lifted her hand to her mouth and licked up some of the sticky liquid, her eyes focused on Billy's all the time. Then she offered to him the pool of his cum in her hand. "Come on, panty boy, lick it up. You need to get used to the taste of cum. Many boys will expect you to love the taste and want you to swallow their

cum after they shoot of in your mouth while they stare down at you on your knees and wearing nothing but your pretty panties like a true pantywaist fag. After a momentary hesitation, Billy snaked out his tongue and lapped up some of his own semen. From this moment on, she knew things would never be the same for him. He was hers - body and soul. She motioned for him to lick it all up, and he did. "Don't tell anyone about this, will you, Mary?" he pleaded. "Certainly not, Billy! I want us to play games like this over and over again," she grinned. He threw his arms around her neck and kissed her, his cocklet brushing against her pussy in the damp yellow panties she was still wearing. "Oh, I do want to play our games forever," he whimpered. "I'll do anything for you."

"Even wear girls' lacy panties every day and forever and ever? Even wear your panties while you suck boys' cocks and let them fuck you in the ass?"

"Yes," he sighed breathlessly and then he exhaled deeply. ♦

The Demale Society: Getting Him to Panty Himself

Soon after joining the Demale Society, Reggie's mother and sister used an escalating lingerie assault on his masculinity to demale him. They decided they wanted to panty tease and tempt him until he was so crazy, he would panty himself. The following story is from Reggie's point of view as he recalls how they led him into being a lifelong sissy.

Unknown to me, my mother and sister were doing all the right things to hook me on lingerie and panties in particular – they hung their slips, bras and panties at strategic places around the house, made me go with them when they bought lingerie, left newspaper and magazine lingerie ads open for me to see, and on occasion even 'accidentally' put a pair of my sister's panties in my underwear drawer. They didn't want to force me into panties the first time; they understood the importance of luring me into doing it to myself. They wanted me to develop an intense fetish for panties before doing a full frontal attack on my masculinity.

I was having too many problems at the public school I attend; it was near a rough neighborhood, and I hated it. Having been raised in the very feminine atmosphere of our home, I admit, I was a wimp, and it showed in how I acted. Kids can sense weakness in a boy, and the boys and even the girls teased me and bullied me mercilessly. My mother was stern but loving and Bunny, my sister, could be just as sweet one moment and frightfully intimidating the next. Without a father in the house, I had no male to help me as I was approaching manhood, and the years I had spent under my mother and sister made me admire them for their intelligence

and power and made me believe they really were superior to me in most every way. How else could a boy react? Our house abounded with feminine touches, like pink walls, lace doilies on all the furniture, and perfume constantly in the air, not to mention the items of lingerie that always seemed to be in my path. Mom knew she was getting me interested in panties and her other lingerie. And I had been touching them and examining them whenever I was alone, she knew it, but she had never caught me trying on any of those clothes. Yes, I was curious about them, and the idea of trying them on did appeal to me, but I was too afraid to be caught. Mom could punish and humiliate me in devastating ways. I didn't know she was on a secret campaign to so tempt me with femininity that I would fall prey to lingerie on my own and start trying them on, and once she knew for sure I had them on, she then wanted to catch me so she could laugh and humiliate me using proven Demale Society techniques and turn that moment into a traumatic event that would forever brainwash me into being a slave to them and to panties. Then she could take control of me with ease, and here's how she did it:

As I entered my teens, I seemed to have a constant erection. I thought about sex and girls all the time, and one day when I was twelve years old, my mother walked into my bedroom and put a big bag on my nightstand as she said, "Your sister is has a game and I have to go shopping for the afternoon; I want you to take this bag of things to the charity clothing drive at church. It's a bag full of your sister's underwear; she bought a bunch of things but when she tried them on, they were too small for her, and since it's illegal to return underwear after you buy it, we might as well give them to girls who can use them, so do me a favor and run them down to St. Pete's this afternoon, OK?"

I wasn't sure if I had heard my mother right, but I tried to be nonchalant as I took my nose out of the Harry Potter book propped in front of me, nodded and mumbled I would run that errand for her. Actually, I had been studying the lingerie section of the Sear's catalog I had snuck out of my mother's bedroom but hurriedly substituted the Potter book for the catalog when I heard mother's high heels clicking down the hallway toward my room. I then pretended to be immersed in reading about magic and wizardry instead of studying exotic lingerie with a deeper concentration than I had ever studied any of my school books.

When mother left my room, I stayed still until I knew she was back downstairs and gone, but in my head what she had said echoed in my brain — 'a bag full of my sister's underwear!' My mother had just handed me a bag full of Bunny's underwear! Those words rang in my mind. I jumped up, closed my door and tried to quietly open the big pink bag. The thin paper bag crinkled noisily the creaking sound scared me. I wanted to rip it open, but trying to remain quiet, I harnessed my urge to rush it and slowly opened the bag. I peered inside, and as I did, a gust of scented air puffed into my face; the bag was filled with lingerie and the delicious



aroma of perfumed lingerie filled the air. I was staring at some of the fanciest and most colorful lingerie I had ever seen! I couldn't resist touching them; I ran into my walk-in closet and lovingly slipped the stack of lingerie out of the bag and onto my dressing table. The panties were even frillier and lacier than the things my sister normally wore. My senses were overcome with joy. The more I looked at them, the more I thought about the charity clothing drive; I had never thought of it before, but the lucky person who had the job of sorting through all those donated clothes – wow, the lingerie they must get to handle! I decided I was going to ask my mommy if I could volunteer to help with the church's annual clothing drive and see if I could get that job.

The panties I saw and other things sent chills up and down my spine. Many boys are curious about girls' panties, but I

had been primed to be extra sensitive to pretty lacy panties because of the way I was being raised. To me, panties were becoming a powerful drug; I had never tried them on, mostly because every few weeks my mother would tell me never to put on any girls' clothes because then the kids at school would be right, I would be a wimp and a sissy. And a couple of times, when a pair of my sister's panties 'supposedly' were lost, my mother or Bunny would come to me first thing and ask about them in an accusatory fashion like they were convinced I had taken them and was wearing them! Then a mother would make me take down my shorts and underwear just to make sure I didn't have them on – of course, then she took the opportunity to laugh at my penis -- even though it was of average size, but I didn't know that at the time, and mom kept telling it was so shamefully small and that I was almost girl-like. Because of moments like those and all else

my mother and sister were doing to me, I was developing a powerful obsession; my mind was desperate to learn all I could about lingerie, but I had not yet succumbed entirely; my insatiable curiosity about lingerie provoked in me a strange fear, released butterflies in my stomach and raised hairs all over my young body. My mind had been warped: Lingerie, especially panties, were sacred and not to be worn by a lowly scamp of a boy like I was. Lingerie was for girls, not boys! Most preteen boys are obsessed with and confused about girls and sex, but for me, my focus was on lingerie, especially panties, because my mother had been successful in turning lingerie into a symbol of femininity for me. In my head a battle was being waged: my boyhood against pretty panties and my boyhood was losing.

As I gazed at this neat pile of lingerie that was mine for the taking, my need to know what they felt like to put on was taking control of my mind; my need to take them for myself was turning into a rampant desire. I could now do it and no one would ever know. I had to do it! A sudden twinge of conscience halted me: to steal from what was supposed to be a donation for our church's charity clothing drive would be wrong, wouldn't it? It was a shame to think of all those poor deserving girls without these pretty things to wear because I had taken them. But I pushed that thought out of my head; my need was greater! Just then I heard the garage door go up and my mother drive her car away; and with my mother gone and my sister out playing field hockey with her friends, I had a rare moment alone, and the devil (a lady devil for sure!) was pushing me to give into my long held, forbidden desires.

I was moving quietly before I realized there was no need to be quiet. I was home alone now but still battling with myself. "No. I must not," I said to myself and turned away from the stack of lingerie that beckoned and made my penis twitch, but my body was on automatic even if my brain was trying to resist. But then, instead of being a good boy and running away from that wicked mound of lingerie as fast as I could, I stared down at the panties on top of the pile. My mind did an about-face; I would keep just the panties out of all that lingerie and then put some of my old clothes in the bag in place of the panties! I prided myself on coming up with that clever idea. No one would notice and I would have panties of my own to satisfy my strange and compelling urges. Maybe then I'd get over my need and panties wouldn't be important to me anymore. Doing that I was sure would help me get my strange desires out of my system, even if I did keep them, it wasn't really stealing, was it? After all, I would be giving the charity some of my old clothes to make up for the panties.

I had done enough thinking. The temptation of the panties turned my body on and turned my brain off, and before I realized what I was doing, I yanked off my T-shirt, shoes, socks, shorts, and underwear – my mind tried to interfere, my weekly attendance at church had taught me what to do when confronted with temptation, so I knelt down before my dressing table piled high with my booty of lingerie and

started to pray. "Dear, Lord, I'm a good boy. I try so hard, and try ... oh, why am I ... oh, Lord, thank you, thank you, thank you!" In that moment I had stunned myself: I was praying and saying "Thank you!" And why was I saying "Thank you" – why did I say that? But then it made sense, even my mind now was bent to the truth, I was kneeling at an altar piled with lingerie and I was thanking the Almighty for this fabulous gift of pretty panties! With my heart thumping, my face flushed and my penis tingling, I gingerly and reverently with trembling fingers grasped the waistband of the lovely panties on top of the pile, a pale yellow pair of rhumba panties made of satin nylon with lace all around.

I shook as I held them to my waist. I sucked in a mouthful of air and set them down as I looked at the next item and with nervous fingers: I gently pinched the soft folds a swath of creamy pale purple satin and lifted up a delectable a babydoll nightdress in pale lilac. I held it up and admired the puffy sleeves, lacy trim and elasticized gathered bodice, beautifully accented with tiny bows. Holding it up to my body I saw it barely reached to my waist! As it brushed against my trembling body, I thought of how heavenly it would be to wear. Pressing it to my face, I inhaled the sweet perfume it had been anointed with and thrilled as the slinky garment tickled my skin. I thought what delight women and girls must experience wearing such dainty things. I carefully folded the nightdress, placed it down, promising myself I would wear it in bed that night. Hurriedly, I dug through the pile of exotic treasures before me. I didn't have to be in a rush; mommy and sis were gone for the afternoon, still I hurried, knowing I was rushing too the inevitable next step in my downfall.

"Oh, my," I gasped, seeing next white satin straps and tiny buckles of a crisp, new garter belt. My fingers trembled as I picked up the feminine harness; it was almost weightless and so very pretty. Then I squealed with delight at my next discovery ... a bra! I had seen my mother and Bunny wearing fancy bras, and I looked forward to clasping this beauty around my own chest. On an impulse, I buried my face in one of the white satin cups. I breathed through its permeable softness and imagined my sister's engorged nipples pushing noticeably against the thin cups. My head was spinning: I was stupefied by the power of these sensuous bits of lingerie; it was almost too much for a sensitive boy like I am. It must have been my guardian angel shouting into my ear to resist this temptation, drop these evil girly clothes and take pride in being a boy and not a sissy. But ignored the plea; I said to myself, I'd just try them on once and then it would be over. No big deal! With that bit of heavenly advice pushed out of my head, I now was free to put these marvelous clothes on. Then just as I stepped into the pale yellow rhumba panties and pulled them about my hips I heard a noise in the hallway, and before I could react, my mother entered into my room and then into my walkin closet.

"Hello, Reggie," she said breezily, and then pretending to be surprised, she screamed in a thundering voice, "Reggie, what

the devil are you doing with Bunny's panties?" My sister was right behind my mother and she yelled, "Oh, Reggie, you little shit! Mother, what is he doing in my panties?"

"Mommy, uh, sis, uh, please, I ... I..." As if I'd been shocked by electricity, I could barely speak. I had been so absorbed in my panty play that I hadn't heard them until it was too late.

"Oh, my goodness, you sick little boy, that bag of lingerie was for the clothing drive not for your dirty perverted games." Mother acted the part of an outraged lady overcome with emotion; she clasped a hand to her breast. "Oh-h-h-h, I'm going to faint! My son a panty thief!" With the help of my sister, she stumbled over to my bed and sat down. Bunny was now laughing uproariously and pointing at me in the yellow rhumba panties and calling me a sissy.

As I crouched to hide myself in the outlandishly fancy panties, I pleaded, "P-please, Mommy, I'm sorry. I was, oh, was just curious, mommy ..." Mother, now pretending to having come back from the edge of a heart attack, regained her strength and commanded, "Reginald, this is serious. Get up and come over here." I tried to pull the panties down and off in my crouched position, but couldn't. I froze in fear as mother declared with agony in her voice, "Oh, what am I going to do with you? I had no idea you had this unhealthy attraction to girls' panties. You are a disgrace! How do I deal with this? Imagine, my only son is not a boy at all but a sissy – a sissy who runs around in girlie panties like a queer boy. My, oh my, what am I going to do with you?"

Bunny observed, "Mommy, look, he has the nightie top, the bra and garter belt all spread out. He was going to put them all on and do dirty queer and perverted things in them!"

"No! Please, Mommy, it's not like that, I was ... I was just wondering ... just curious..."

"What kind of boy is so curious about girls' panties that he actually puts them on? A boy who crosses that line is not only strange, he's a queer boy who wants to kiss other boys and do nasty, dirty sex things with them like he's a real girl."

"Oh, mommy," Bunny shrieked in horror, "Reggie is a queer? He wants to dress up like a girl and be a cocksucker? That's so dirty, mommy!"

Mother grabbed my ear and pulled me across her lap; she knew a spanking at this point would intensify the trauma I was experiencing and more securely lock in my fetish for panties. For me to feel the luscious panties tickling my butt as she spanked me as hard as she could would burn an unerasable impression into my sensitive little boy brain. I had pantied himself in fancy toddler-style panties and now began crying even before she landed the first slap. She smacked my ruffled butt and when her hand got tired, she had Bunny get

her big hairbrush. Bunny ran, got it and was back without missing barely a moment of the action. Mother took the wide hard brush and continued, now paddling my ass until I was screaming and pleading with her to stop. Then when she was finally finished, she said, "Now, you miserable pervert, apologize to your sister for stealing and wearing her panties."

Still hung over my mother's lap, I was huffing and puffing; I couldn't speak. My mother and sister waited patiently for me to regain control of myself, and as they did, my mother kept rubbing her hands over the ruffles on the babyish panties covering my well paddled butt. As she waited, she kept up her name calling as did Bunny, who prolonged my torture by pinging the leg elastics of my panties to add more sissifying pain as they snapped against my fire engine red ass cheeks. Eventually, I did catch my breath enough so I could speak, though speak with difficulty in my position over my mother's lap. "P-please, Bunny, I'm sorry for being so naughty, and um, I'm so sorry for stealing your underwear and pants ..." Interrupting my apology, Bunny corrected me, "Now, listen, you dirty little creep, you didn't steal my 'underwear' and 'pants.' that's not what we call them. Those beautiful things are called lingerie and panties!" Mother added, "Indeed, Reggie, lingerie and panties! Now apologize properly."

"Oh, please, Bunny, I'm so very sorry for being naughty, stealing your, um, panties and lingerie."

Mother continued the barrage. "That's better, but why did you do this? Curiosity couldn't have been the only reason for you to do something so horrid. It must be more than that."

Bunny jumped, in, "Yeah, a lot more than that, you little shit! And I know what it is: you want to be a girl so you can wear pretty panties and lingerie and suck boys' penises, right? I know all about perverted sissy boys like you."

"Mommy, sis, I don't know why; I don't know." I was crying again, now crying from the humiliation of trying to explain myself, trying to explain the unexplainable.

"Oh, I think you do know, Reggie," said mother. "I think you have a big problem with lingerie. When a boy loves panties enough to put them on, it's called a fetish and that's what you have — a big fetish for panties and, I'm sure, for all kinds of lingerie too. And what are we supposed to do? Lock up our lingerie drawers and hide all of our dirty panties from you? I heard panty boys actually love to smell and suck on ladies and girls' dirty panties — ugh! Disgusting!"

Panty boys sucking on dirty panties was news to Bunny, she yelled, "Yuk! That is disgusting. How can we live with him like that? What will people say? The whole world will soon find out he is a panty loving sissy. How disgraceful!"

Mother responded, "Yes, dear, it's a huge problem, but now that we know about it, we will have to do something about it,

and right away. I think he needs some intensive training. It may take a long time and be very scary for him, but only a thorough reorientation program can possibly work since, I'm sure, his big fetish for panties is very deep-rooted."

Tears continued to flow from my eyes while above me, my mother and sister winked and nodded to each other and then they stood me up. Crestfallen and stunned, I stood like a manikin without saying anything as they dressed me in items I had confiscated. They pulled tight and clasped the snug bra around my chest and hooked the garter belt around my waist, pulled long, seamed nylon stockings up my legs and snapped them to the garter tabs before dropping the teasingly soft lilac babydoll nightie over my head. 'Why were they doing this?' I wondered. The clothes felt strange on me and not pleasant at all. Even the big girly panties I had on had lost their luster the moment I was discovered wearing them. Now my butt ached and my trembling body was being tortured in these strange, very constricting, silky clothes, nothing like the pleasure surging in my erection when I first stepped into the panties of my own volition. Now, I desperately wanted to rid myself of them; now they burned every inch of my body they touched – they were a punishment in themselves. But even worse than the feeling of them on my body was having my mother and sister see me wearing them, making snide remarks, touching the clothes I had on, snapping the elastics and fooling with the lace and bows; this was torture no boy should ever experience. My knees were knocking with fear at what might next be in store for me. Now, I was sorry I had even thought of looking into that bag. What was I thinking? Boys don't want to wear icky girls' underwear! Now I wished I hadn't been so curious! But it was all too late, far too late, and my mother and sister now thought I was weird and a queer! Mother stood up, and to my amazement, she undid her belt, wriggled her wide hips and stepped out of her skirt. I stared at her creamy thighs, crossed by the black straps of her black satin garter belt that tunneled under her satiny black panties. As I gawked at her womanly beauty, she slowly unbuttoned her white blouse and revealed a full bra in shiny black satin, her hard nipples pushing out from beneath the soft cups that now pointed accusingly at me.

"Oh! Oh," I gasped, blushing bright red, overwhelmed at the sight of my mother, while at her side my sister, Bunny, was undressing to her teenage black bra and panties. I had seen both of them in their lingerie many times, but with me in lingerie too and in this compromising position, the trauma of the moment made it shocking. My mother and sister were stripping down to their lingerie because they were preparing to do punish me in a way I was sure I wasn't going to like!

"Reggie, darling," said my mother in a sickly sweet voice that scared me, "You will do exactly as I tell you. Won't you, my sweet little sissy?"

"Yes, mother," I whispered. Thoroughly intimidated, my will and any ability to resist dissolved away; I felt my weak body

give in gladly, eager to do whatever she wished. Inside the panties, my penis trembled, submissive and afraid before these powerful females. Mother said, "You will learn to treat panties with the respect they deserve. You may never take a lady's panties without her permission, and you certainly do not wear her panties without first begging her to let you do so. And since it was Bunny's panties and lingerie your dirty boy body is now defiling, she will punish you in her elegant panties until you wish you had never put them on."

I stood weeping before them, my hands held protectively over my penis in the humiliating ruffled panties. "Get on your knees, little girl!" bellowed my sister. I was in such shock I didn't even realize she had called me a 'girl.' Like a robot, submissively, I knelt before her. "How dare you steal my panties, and how dare you put them on without asking me. Now, you will apologize to these panties. Put your hands on your penis and balls though these beautiful panties, finger your penis and show me how you play with your boy toys, you silly, disgusting pantywaist pervert." Stunned at her accusation and what she was telling me to do, I opened my mouth and was about to tell them how wrong they were and that they misunderstood me, but before any words came out of my mouth, my mother slapped my face hard and then backhanded it hard enough to make my ears ring. "Start playing with yourself, little girl!" Bunny screamed at me. As I knelt, I pulled up and down on my soft penis through the rows of pale yellow lace and satin. With Mother and Bunny looking on intently as I manipulated my little boyhood with my hands, they felt me up through my panties and pinched my nipples through the nightie and bra to increase my awareness of the lingerie's silkiness and the lace touching every inch of my hips and upper body. After several minutes of panty masturbating myself, my mother pushed my hands aside and checked how hard I had gotten myself. My frictioning hands did produce modest results despite my embarrassment of being made to do it while my mother and sister stared at me. Then my mother instructed me, "Now, put your hands together in prayer, while I jack on your little dickie and see if I can get a better response than you did in honor of these wonderful panties you are so lucky to be wearing because we are allowing it." Mother knew how to excite a boy; she wanked me as Bunny rubbed her hands over the rear end of my panties, fluffing up the lace and ruffles. Then she pushed her finger against the back of my panties and into my asshole; I jumped and panted crazily. When my penis jerked fully to life, my mother knowingly smiled. Now I was as hard as I could be, and she knew I was ready to pray – pray to panties! She told me, "To teach you respect for panties, I'm now going to teach you how to pray to them. Pantywaist fags pray to their panties every day, and if they don't the great panty Goddess destroys them. Now, here is how you pray to panties: I love you pretty panties. I'm so sorry, my darling beautiful panties. I am so sorry for treating you so badly and not properly respecting you."

"Oh, please, mommy, let me go. I promise I will never..."

"Pray to your panties, girl, or I'll send you to the doctor to have your little dickie cut off; then you will really be a girl."

Through tears of fear and my huffing and puffing heavily from the masturbation administered by my mother, I held my hands in prayer and repeated the panty prayer, "I do love you pretty panties. Oh-h-ho-oh-h-h! I'm so sorry to you, darling panties — Bunny's nice panties."

"Now say: Panties please be nice to me, do not make me into a sissy boy. I promise never to wear panties again. I promise never to hurt Bunny's panties ever again."

I groaned from the torturous manipulation of my mind and body, "Panties, be nice to me, please, please! Please, do not make me a sissy. I'm a boy. I promise never to put on panties again. I'm sorry for hurting you pretty panties. I promise to always be a good boy. Please, don't make me into a girl!"

Just then, through the rows of lace and satin covering my skinny butt, Bunny shoved her finger hard up against my asshole; the tip of her finger went inside me. I screamed in shock and winced in pain. Mother laughed as she felt my dick lurch and throb in her hand; she jerked expertly on me until I groaned and yelled in a weird combination of agony and pleasure and shot four diminishing rounds of cum into her hand cupping my penis and balls through the panties.

I moaned and pleaded in a fear-filled voice. What I was saying I didn't even know; it was gibberish. It made no sense to them or even me. But my sister laughed in triumph. Maybe I couldn't speak, but my mother could. Of course she feigned shock and indignation as she yelled at me to break into my spinning mind so I would hear her and understand her words, "Reginald! How could you? You have defiled these precious panties with your slimy boy juice. You are much further gone than I had suspected; this proves you are a panty faggot, a pervert who wants girls' panties more than anything else in the world. My goodness, I have a panty loving pervert for a son — but he's not a boy, he's a sissy." Mother held her hand up to my face and I could see it glistening with my cum. "Look at your filth on my hand; it's the juice of a perverted little boy in need of special punishment. What you did in those panties proves I can't cure you of this perversion, but it is my duty to discipline you for not respecting the sanctity of panties, one of a lady's most private, beautiful, and revered things. Get over my lap, you are about to be caned for this!"

I quickly lowered myself over my mother's thighs. Bunny produced a school cane that I hadn't seen until that moment. I sucked in air, promised to be good and tried to protest.

"Silence, girl," my sister shouted as she swung the cane and the first stroke was on its way. The swishing noise was immediately followed by a hard, vicious smack across the ruffled butt of my panties. "Save your promises for your

panties — yes, they are your panties now and you will wear them every day. Now beg your panties for forgiveness."

Nervously, between the cracks of the cane on my bottom, I half cried and half sang out my prayer. "I am s-sorry, d-darling panties..." CRACK "Pl-please, forgive me for wearing you." CRACK "I promise never to be bad to you or any other panties again."

CRACK

"Now, as you feel us touching you in your panties tell them that you will wear panties every day and completely obey your mother and sister in every way. Say it!!"

"Oh, nice pretty panties, I will wear panties every day and obey my mommy and sister ... all the time. I promise!"

CRACK

"That's better." My mother then said, "For being honest and for praying so nicely to your panties, I have a present for you, lap it up!" as she shoved her hand up to my mouth. Her hand still held the slimy goo I had shot into it. "Lick it up, now, or you'll get another dose of the cane!" I licked up my nasty tasting juice and made sure I thoroughly cleaned off my mother's hand, fearing anything less than a perfect cum-eating job would mean even more pain and humiliation.

Now shoved back onto the floor on my knees, first my sister and then my mother stood before me and each made me kiss and lick the crotch of her panties, and their panties were filled with their own excited juices, knowing their panty wetness and female aromas would further indoctrinate me into the world of sissydrom. Then they helped me up and each gave me one last swat on my pantied bottom and told me to get into my bed and take a nap to repair from my punishment. They told me to dream about my new life in panties and pretty girls' clothes. I was going to be so very happy from then on. Throughout my ordeal, they knew spanking me through those thick, heavily ruffled panties, even caning me as hard as they could, surely didn't hurt me very much; the mental pain they were inflicting on me was much more effective in brainwashing my impressionable mind than any physical pain.

"I hope you have learned your lesson, Reggie," mother said.

"Yes, Mommy," I mumbled, now facedown on my bed, my head buried in my pillow. Tears still ran down my rosy cheeks. I lifted my head up slightly, salty tears drained into my mouth as I asked, "P-please, Mommy," I whispered, hardly daring to ask, "Am I really a sissy?"

My mother paused to let me feel the suspense before finally saying, "Yes, dear, by juicing your panties, you just proved that you are a sissy; a normal boy can't do that! There's

nothing we can do for you except let you have panties and lingerie because if we don't, you will go insane and have to be institutionalized. We love you too much for that to happen. We will just have to adjust and learn to live with a crazy little panty boy in the house. We will get you a big supply of your own lingerie and a lot of girlie clothes so you will leave our clothes alone; you must promise never to defile our clothes with your naughtiness." My tears flowed freely. "I c-can't help it, Mommy," I sobbed, "I don't know why I did it." She said, "Hush, dear. Tomorrow we will all go shopping and buy you some panties of your own. I saw an ad from Macy's at the mall. They have some pretty little girls' panties on sale. You can help us choose some for you. I'm sure you would like that." I pleaded, "Oh, mommy, must I? I would be so embarrassed."

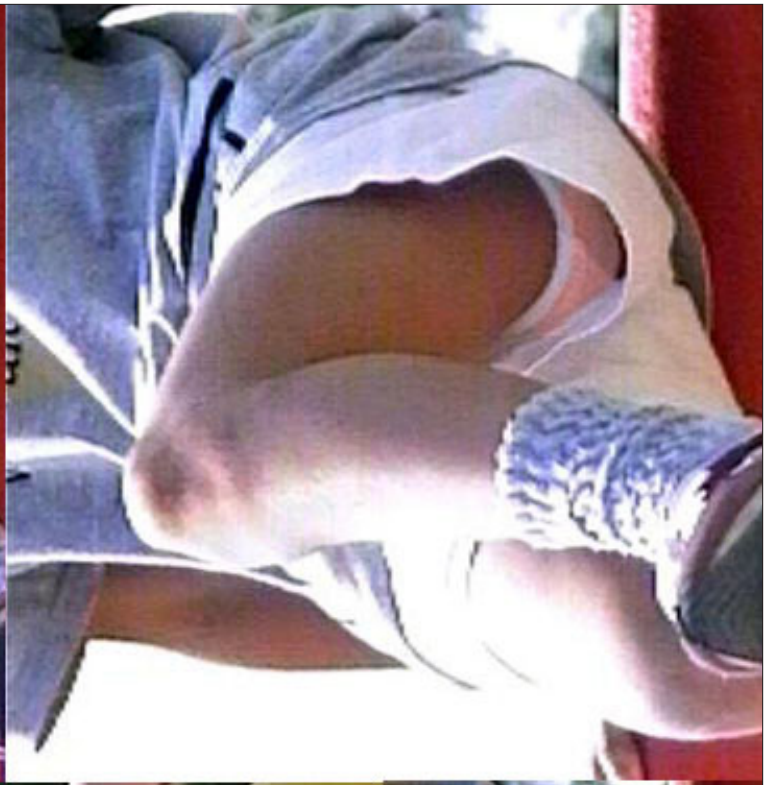
She hissed, "Yes, of course, you must help us. Part of being a sissy is getting used to being embarrassed because it will happen all the time. Imagine the shame you will feel when I have you ask the nice saleslady to help you buy the correct size of panties for your new panty wardrobe. Being a sissy

may not always be easy, but I know that is what you want. So thank me for letting you be exactly what you are." As I buried my face into my tear-stained pillow, I cried, "Mommy," I cried, "Oh, thank you, mommy!"

"Good, now when you wake up, we'll clean you up and Bunny will teach you how to hand wash your slimy panties. And as a special treat – sissies do get a lot of nice treats from nice ladies – for a special treat, I will let you wear a pair of my dirty panties in bed tonight as you dream about us going shopping tomorrow for your new panty wardrobe."

But, that night, sad to relate, I was so overcome with pleasure while wearing my mommy's damp-in-the-crotch panties that I couldn't stop myself from tugging at my firm dickie and tight little balls; I pulled on myself without stopping until my mommy's lovely panties were filled with my spermy love. Would mommy be angry with me for pleasuring myself in her panties? I decided to put that worry off until the morning and I drifted off to dreamland as I prayed to mommy's panties just like she had taught me. ♦





Caught on tape: Boy
on playground wearing
pink panties under
his shorts!