

Princess Extra!

#1
July 2008

SPECIAL FEATURES:
The Pantywaist Weakly
The Demale Society
and much more!



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

A Message from Princess Lacey

Welcome to Princess Extra! #1

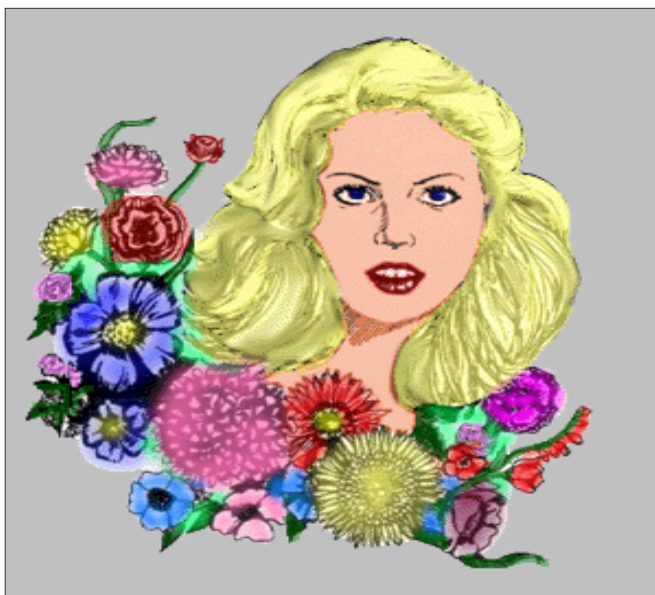
Dear Sissies,

In this inaugural issue of *Princess Extra!* we have assembled a collection of interesting, fun and exciting photos, stories, drawings and other items selected with the interests of sissies and feminine guys in mind. A new issue of *Princess Extra!* will appear on the first of each month on our web site. We call it *Princess Extra!* because it's offered as a free bonus to our Internet visitors who place an order online. However, for those who do not care to order online and those without access to the Internet, we are also offering current and past issues of this publication for sale in a hard copy format and made available for sale like all of our other publications.

In many ways, this publication is similar to our old *Princess Online* series that we produced for over eight years (and all issues of which are still available both online and by retail and mail-order). Like *Princess Online*, *Princess Extra!* has recurring features we think you will enjoy. In every issue, we will try to include features on petticoat punishment, raising boys as girls, sissy cuckold husbands, male maids, boys playing dress-up games and boys being caught secretly trying on their sister's or mother's clothes. There will be many case histories, true stories and real sissy boy photos along with quality fiction, fine drawings and related items of interest.

Additionally, we call your attention to two special ongoing features that will be appearing in each issue: A new edition of the Pantywaist Weakly and new material from the wildly popular and much-missed Demale Society.

The Pantywaist Weakly is a parody of some real incidents and news stories, a lighter look at things going on in the



world. We originally produced it from July 2003 until June 2007 and are now bringing it back due to popular demand.

Also, over the past year, the Demale Society has been undergoing reorganization and rethinking their web presence. They weren't enthralled with their launch on the Internet. It did greatly broaden the visibility of this highly secretive organization, but it didn't help them recruit large numbers of real females wanting to demale their family members and acquaintances. Instead, they got a lot of demanding guys looking for sex on their own terms. Most of them missed the point that the Demale Society is interested in feminizing males -- primarily mentally -- and physically in many instances as a way to accomplish their goals and are not interested in supplying contacts or services for males who only want to play sex games. The Demale Society may once again actively update their web site, but for now, their active web presence will be simply passing on interesting photos and stories for us to publish each month in *Princess Extra!*

We hope you enjoy these and other features. With love,

Princess Lacey

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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 6 No 1
July 2008

HEALTH

LIFESTYLE

HEADLINES



When his baseball team lost, he lost a bet and had to wear a cheerleader skirt, panties and a Red Sox shirt to school!



she makes him wear silky pink panties everyday under his shorts or jeans, and when she needs to shame him, she ties up his T-shirt and exposes his peeking panty waist elastic.



Today, it's not uncommon for a boy to wear girls' panties! Some say they do it just for comfort and have no desire to wear other girls' clothes; however, many of these boys have to learn to keep their legs together and so others can't see their silky panties!

Slippery Stick, WY: Heady Handcock has a unique way of using panty punishment to control her mischievous son, Little Bud. Of course,

Transgendered boy receives his First Communion like the girls

Liberal Church bows to boy's need

San Francisco: In a small, tony suburb of this liberal city, a nine-year-old boy got his wish to receive his First Communion with the girls in his 2nd grade class!

St. Angelina's welcomes all individuals regardless of their orientation, so when nine-year-old Peter Lesser asked the Church's pastor, Fr. Richard Long to grant his wish to take his First Communion with the girls and while wearing a typical First Communion

dress and all the lingerie and accessories, Father Dick had a hard time deciding until he had a long private meeting with the boy, and in the end, he gave the boy what he so deeply wanted, and Father Dick made everyone happy.



Survey: Will you wear red or blue panties on Election Day?

Red for McCain - 2% Blue for Obama - 69%

I'd wear blue for Obama but all I have are pink panties! - 29%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Redneck masochist turned away from Obama rally after offering his vote for pair of Michelle's panties!

Rove spreading rumor to gays that if Obama is elected, he'll tax your lacy panties right off you!

Activist wants to define marriage as a union between two people with one wearing panties

Bush's illegal torturing of terrorists included making them wear panties

With illegal government wiretaps you now have another Bush in your panties besides your own!

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Photo from The Pantywaist Weekly





Photos from The Pantywaist Weekly





PANTIES:
Dave and Teddy swimming
in their Aunt Mays' panties!

The boys visited their auntie on a hot day last summer and wanted to go swimming in her pool but had no bathing suits, so Auntie May said they could wear pairs of her panties to 'keep decent,' so the boys agreed and donned big pairs of her white satin panties and had a great time swimming in them!

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT: Taught Not to Fight with Girls

When I was six I got my first taste of petticoat punishment. One evening after supper, my widowed stepmother caught me fighting with my younger stepsister, Susan, and said if I was going to act like a sissy and fight with little girls, I should be treated as one. She led me to the bathroom, completely stripped me and handed me a pair of light blue lacy panties to wear that had big lacy ruffles all over the panties. I later learned these were special satin panties Susan had worn as part of a costume for a dance recital. Then my stepmom took me into Susan's room and made me put on a navy blue skirt. It was very short, so short that if I bent over my lace panties would show.

We went downstairs. Susan immediately burst into laughter. She told my mother that little girls who misbehave should have their bottoms spanked. My stepmother agreed. Over her knee I went and up went my skirt, and my stepmother hand spanked me without mercy. I started to cry as soon as the first whack landed. Tears were streaming down my face and I was kicking frantically.

My stepmom said that since I wanted to act like a sissy I had to do girls' chores too and put me to washing the dishes with the both of them laughing at me from behind. Not satisfied that my panties didn't show enough for their amusement, Susan suggested her mom pin up the back of my skirt, and that's exactly what she did! Moreover, they took pictures and threatened to show them to all of my friends, even to Kathleen, the little girl who lived across the alley from us, who I had a little boy crush on.

I pleaded with them not to show those pictures and not to tell people they were punishing me like a sissy. I was so embarrassed I started crying again as I washed the dishes as quickly as I could. At bedtime, they made me sleep in one of Susan's short nylon nighties with some of her stuffed animals and dolls. I'll never forget as long as I live! Today I'm a crossdresser, and I believe this incident started it for me, even though at the time I hated the experience, and my stepmom never punished me like that again! But it did cure me of fighting with Susan -- no matter how bad the situation would get for me, I never hit her or fought with her again!

J.S., Illinois. ♦ (03119-O - 1978.)





MALE MAID

Michael to Michelle

Thanks to some unusual advice from my next-door neighbor, Lisa, my son and I have enjoyed a rather unique relationship these past few months. Michael hadn't been adjusting well to the mental and physical changes of his early teenage years and was getting on my nerves.

Whenever he acted up, I had always given him spankings, but now spankings didn't seem to work as well as they used to on my fourteen year old, and when I told Lisa about it, she told me I needed to add humiliation to his spankings to



make them more effective. She said find some way to embarrass him as well as paddle his butt. She asked me what kinds of things embarrassed him, but I had no idea. He is the type of kid who can go along with anything and laugh even when the joke is on him. Things that would embarrass most other kids didn't bother him -- like last year, he was the target of having a pie thrown in his face because some of kids in his eighth grade class though he was a dork and wanted to make fun of him, but he just laughed when it happened and enjoyed eating the banana cream pie off his face!

Then two months ago I found pictures he had taken of himself in a french maids' outfit I had worn to a costume party. It was a little big on him but overall fit him well even if he hadn't done a good job of zipping up the back and putting the apron on straight. When I showed him the pictures, he became very ashamed and pleaded with me to destroy them. He said he had just done it one day when he was bored to see what he'd look like. He said he was now sorry he had ever taken them with the digital camera he had gotten for Christmas and then printed them out on his computer.



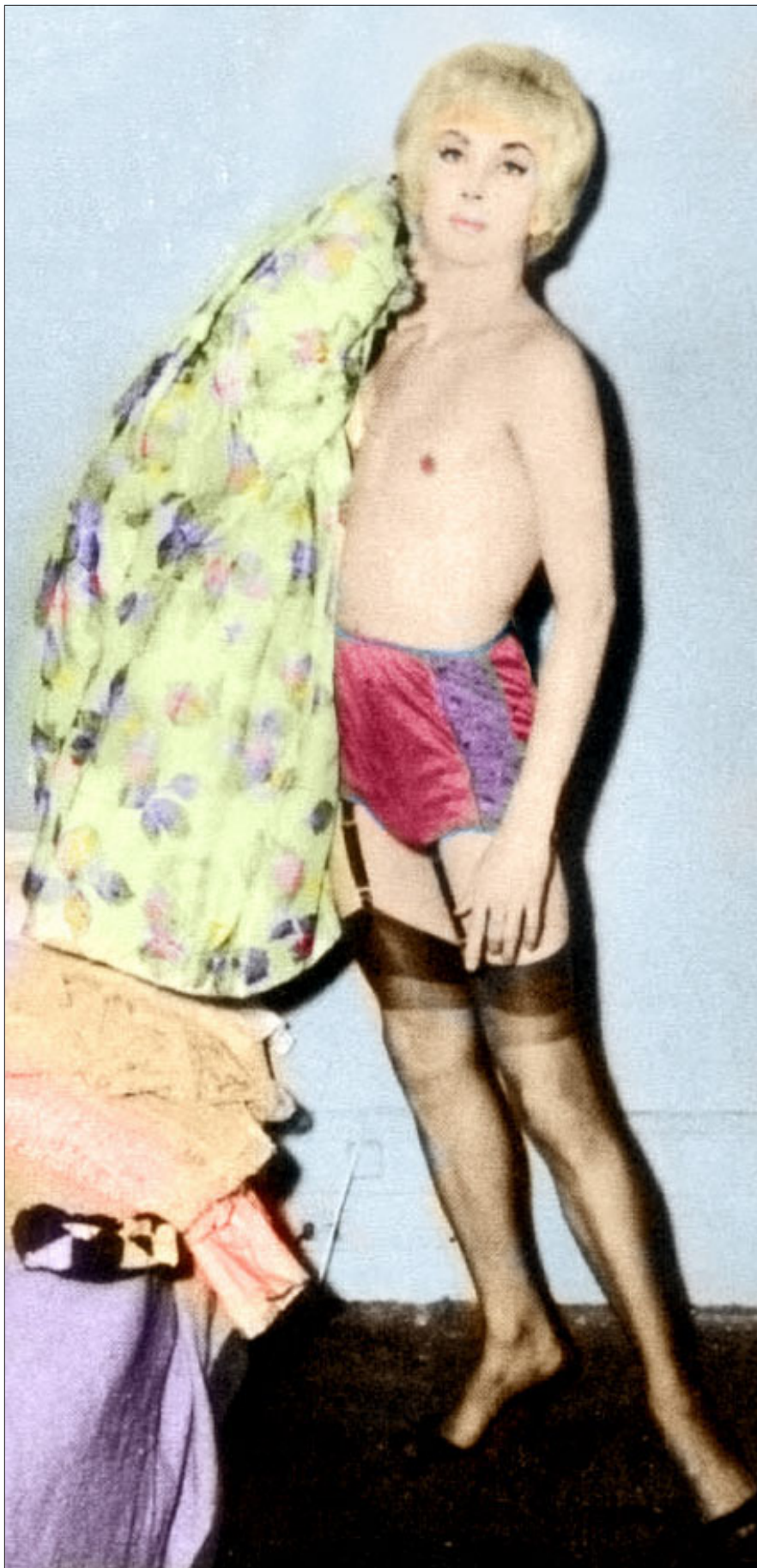
Well, I had found something that embarrassed him! So I told him, I'd keep the pictures and show them to whomever I pleased if I so wanted because I was tired of him being increasingly disobedient and uncooperative, and if he didn't want me to show people the pictures, he had better stay on his best behavior. Well, he did a complete change overnight, but he did have lapses and I would then give him a choice, take a spanking while wearing the maids' uniform and then do household chores for the rest of the day or I'd show those pics to our relatives and his friends.

Well, with that choice, he always opted for a spanking and the maid duty. Then last week, while he was serving time as my maid and was vacuuming, he didn't hear the knock at the front door. It was Lisa. She had stopped by unexpectedly. Michael had been serving time for calling me some rather disgusting names, and he had come as close as ever to me showing others his girlie pics. I was really pissed at him that



day, so I decided to give him an extra dose of humiliation, so I let Lisa in and decided to add to his misery. She was stunned to see him dolled up and running the vacuum. When he switched it off and saw her, he cried out in shock and tried to hide but Lisa had already had a good eyeful and there was nowhere for him to hide.

While he stood there in tears, she complimented me on finding a way to humble my errant boy. I corrected her and told her he was no longer Michael but "Michelle," my maid. She laughed and he cried some more. I had no idea it would be so devastating to him, but it was. I surely had found a way to embarrass him. Since then his missteps have been few and almost nonexistent. ♦ (#30126-O - 1979)



CUCKOLDRY: Turning a Wanker into Cum Sucker

In 1968, I had just gotten married to Tracy, my high school sweetheart; she was a cock hound, and I knew it, but I preferred to ignore the reality of it because I had a penis the size of an eight-year-old boy and I was a quick shooter too. We really did love each other – at least I really did love her and she really loved me – or at least loved my family's trucking industry income. She knew I couldn't deny her anything, and as the months went by she became more demanding and now was openly dating guys for sex without even the pretext of trying to hide it from me.

"Conrad, you should learn more about being a good cuckold. Some of the girls at Jungle Jim's (a club catering mostly to blacks that she frequented) gave me tips.

"They told me I should make you into my pantyboy, and you'd be a lot happier.

"A pantyboy?"

"Yeah, a pantyboy — what my new friend, Darla, calls you cuckold white guys once you're fully trained and completely supportive of your wife going Black. I'm sure you'd like being my pantyboy since you love jacking off into my panties, anyway!"

It shamed me for her to talk aloud about my panty fetish – to me it wasn't really a fetish; it was the only sex outlet I had. Other than eating her pussy loaded with nasty gobs of Black men's cum, the only intimacy I had with my wife was spurting into her panties.

"The Black Masters from the Club, like my Tyrone, love having white pantyboy husbands around at their parties, serving drinks, doing pussy clean up

duty and stuff like that. Some of the pantyboys make good tips too, especially the really good cocksuckers. The Black guys get off demonstrating their power over whites, and they deserve to do it, don't they? I mean, after all the pain and horror of living under honky white guys for centuries.

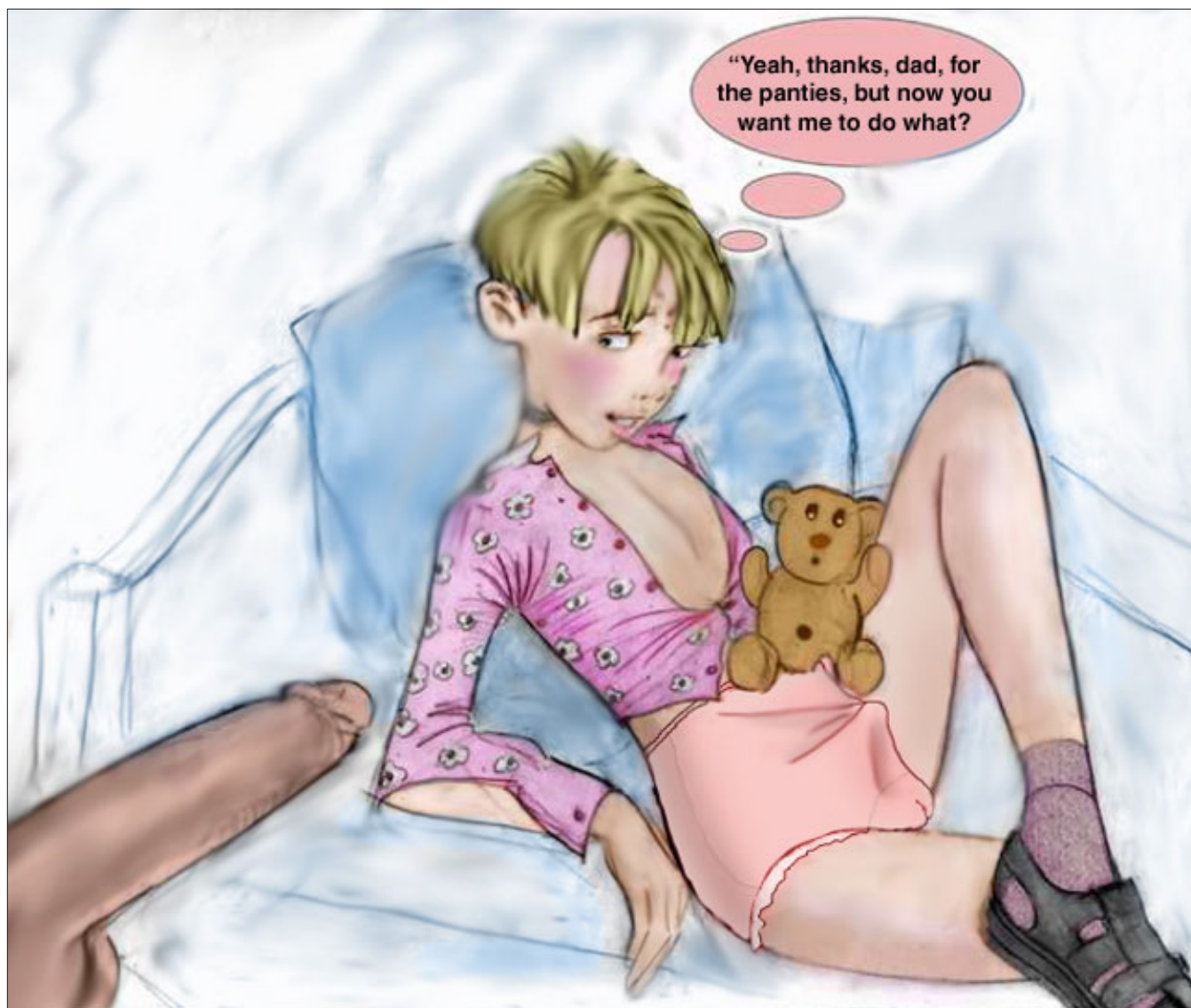
"So you guys need to be sweet, show your respect, and show our Black Masters you know your place. Here," she said, standing up and slipping off her used panties and handing them to me, "Let's give it a try, honey! Slip my nice red panties on and let me have a look at you."

"Tracy, uh, yeah, I cum into your panties, but I don't wear them! I just do it to feel close to you."

She just flicked her index finger at me, indicating I should step into her panties and shut up. Gasping, I did slip them on. They were warm and wet in the crotch; my dick reacted to being that close to her panties and started to get hard.

"See, I knew you'd like them. I know how to make my hubby feel good. But they're a little tight on you. Tomorrow, I'll take you shopping for some nice panties in your own size. You're going to love wearing them! Sweetie, it makes me so happy when you are so supportive of me. I know you understand why I don't want your little white penis in me, huh, dear? All the white wives who have gone Black agree, but all of us still love our hubbies loving mouths, especially after getting a pussy load of jism from our big Black lovers!"

"Y-yes," I croaked. She smiled and squeezed my hard on through the soft panties as a reward. After three short strokes I spurted my thimbleful of cum into the panties, as it soaked through the nylon, she laughed and rubbed her slimy hand all over my face and lips as she told me she was going to get me a complete girly wardrobe, stockings, dresses, high heels – the works – and teach me how to do my own makeup and then show me off at her Club. She said she was sure I'd put the other cocksucking cuckold husbands to shame!





Laddie

SPANKING: A SPANKING GAME BECOMES A LOT MORE SERIOUS

In 1939 when I was 11, my father died and mom had to move to a smaller house and work to support us. Our neighbor, a thirty-year-old childless widow, suggested I play with her each evening until mother returned from work at 8 PM.

I liked "Aunt Mary" and developed a schoolboy crush on her. She would often give me a playful slap on my bottom as I passed her or bent over for something. Then one night she jokingly threatened to give me a spanking for being cheeky.

"You wouldn't dare," I responded.

Before I knew it, she grabbed me and, while laughing at my surprised reaction, held me face down over her lap and started to give me a mild spanking. Soon I stopped struggling as a pleasant sensation began to fall over me as I realized it wasn't a "real" punishment but a game. I thought all the little slaps she had given me over the past several months were to condition me for this moment. Then the spansks began coming a bit harder and faster and building up new sensations in me.

After that, she gave me a few more playful spankings of increasing intensity, but then one night after I had sassed back at her, she told me I was acting like a snotty little girl and forced me to dress in girls' clothes, much to my shame. She told me I had been becoming increasingly girlish and had purchased the clothes to embarrass me out of acting like a sissy and start growing up and acting like a proper boy. She said she had my mom's approval to buy me the girlie clothes and give me spankings. I was in stunned silence from being dressed in those clothes because it was so humbling to be emasculated like that; plus the knowledge that my mom had approved made me feel even worse.

Then Aunt Mary pulled me across her lap and began to spank me on my long, lacy bloomer panties. Then she lowered the bloomers in back and began applying harder smacks on my now naked bottom. I had been instantly transformed in a "naughty little girl" over Aunt Mary's lap having my bottom paddled. The sexy smooth panties still modestly cuddled my penis in the front and the nice feeling of her spanks went right through me and excited me penis pressing up against her nylon stockinged legs, but those milder spanks were quickly replaced with harder and harder smacks to my backside, and I began bawling in earnest. She was hurting me, and my flowing tears from the intense pain made me feel how I thought a truly naughty little girl would feel. I was

crying streams of thick tears down my face, and it wasn't pleasant or a game anymore. From then on I was treated to a serious spanking two or three times a week, and before each one Aunt Mary had me change into one of the short little girls' frocks or skirts she had purchased for my punishments; she explained it added to her pleasure to see me dressed like that.

The pleasure I felt from wearing those girlie clothes was infectious and I soon enjoyed appearing before her as a naughty girl. I liked it when Aunt Mary gave me mild spankings on my panties, but never liked or got used to her truly severe spankings. However, the pain I suffered I could tolerate in exchange for the joy I had in pretending to be a girl. Plus the petting and toying with my pantied penis that she loved to do after spanking me won me over to her ways.

Even after I left school and went to work in a retail shop I would hurry to Aunt Mary's once or twice a week to don a skirt or short frock and become Auntie's naughty little girl to be petted and spanked. (Photo previous page) #09914-O







RAISED LIKE A GIRL: Jeremy's Mom Calls Him Jenny!

By chance I found your website and would like to know if you are interested in photos of my son, who I am raising to be feminine. I have many private and cute photos of him.

I'm Jody, a woman who loves to feminize boys and see them in girls' clothes, playing with girls' toys and behaving like girls. I'm divorced and live in the heart of Florida with Jeremy, my son, who is now eleven years old.

Since I am very fond of feminine boys I raise and treat him as a girl, as much as I can. He wears girls' clothes most of the time, he takes girls' gymnastics classes and girls' ballet lessons, and while doing both he wears tights and leotards with cute girls' nylon panties on underneath. In fact, girls' panties are the only kind of underpants he wears!

Maybe I can encourage more mothers to turn their sons into cute and proper girls. It's so much fun and so rewarding.

I hope you do not find it weird or unnatural that I raise and treat my son as a girl. I have many photos of him to share with you.

I have three folders:

- 1) Jeremy doing ballet in girls' ballet wear
- 2) Jeremy doing gymnastics in girls' gymnastics wear
- 3) Jeremy in dresses and skirts playing and working in our house and garden.

I'll start by sending you five nice photos of Jeremy as a preschooler when I just started petticoating him.

Thanks for access to your Princess Online No. 51 because in it there is a boy in a pink leotard, a girls' costume that is a favorite of mine for feminizing boys. I want to show Jeremy that other boys enjoy wearing girls' dancewear too.

I like sharing my photos with you. Maybe you have other photos of boys doing the girls' parts in ballet. Such pictures would help me encourage my son to put on girls' clothes and his ballet costumes because sometimes he becomes quite self-conscious in his dancewear when other children see him and tease him cruelly for wearing panties and girls' clothes.

I have tons of photos of Jeremy and send you more showing his feminine development over the years. And if you like, I will write the story of his feminization for your site, adventures we had while shopping, going to his first ballet class, etc. (I usually call him Jenny.) LOL.





The Demale Society: Modern Mother Believes Petticoating Can Improve Society

As a relatively new Demale Society member (2005) and lesbian mother of twelve-year-old twins, a girl and a boy, here are some of my views on the benefits to be derived from petticoat discipline. While I don't expect everyone to agree with me, perhaps other mothers, wives, sisters or whatever will adopt portions of my methods as an adjunct to their own. Before going into the details of how I dress and treat my son, let me give you a few of my basic principles concerning "petticoating" a boy that I believe are essential for success.

First, once a boy is put into girls' clothes it should be done thoroughly and with a minimum of interruption. He should be treated entirely as the sissy or girl he appears to be, and as his femininity progresses more and more emphasis should be put on the "petticoating" of his mind as well as his body. The more the boy's mind is feminized, the more satisfying and effective will be the result.

Meticulous training to teach feminine mannerisms, gestures and a girlish demeanor are must! To me there is nothing more ridiculous than to see a boy attractively dressed in training bra, panties, nylons, heels and of course a lovely dress, but still permitted to behave with boyishly. My goal for my son is utter and complete femininity!

One may wonder if I'm afraid my boy will become a homo. Well, if I am successful in my training of him, he will become gay -- not a male homosexual, but a lesbian! That would indeed give me great joy. I myself am gay and am enthusiastically encouraging my daughter to adopt a lesbian lifestyle. With her, it is more or less her choice, but with my son -- "my other daughter" -- he has no choice whatsoever!

In my way of training a boy as a girl, shaping his sexuality by engaging in sexual acts with him is an important prerequisite. I have no false morals or taboos about sex within the family. Quite the contrary; I find incest fabulously delightful, and because I have an instinctive aversion to sex with males, changes had to be made regarding my son, and therefore, I changed him and now regard him as my other daughter, and he is now an identical twin to his sister! Yes, I did have sex with males in the past -- until I learned a complete lesbian lifestyle was the only practical way for me to survive. I always was bisexual: I started having sex with other little

girls when I was six with my best friend and a wonderfully sweet aunt. Not long after, I became interested in boys and what they had between their legs amused me, and I did love the control I had over them when I played with them. In high school, I bought into the standard American Girl dream and wanted to get married, have babies and a house in the burbs. Well, in my senior year, I got pregnant with my twins! The guy was a dork, but our parents made us get married. I quickly realized I liked sex with my girlfriends much more than being a wife, but we stayed together for six years 'for the kids' sake' until I couldn't stand him anymore. Well, enough about me!

Marilyn (Mark) delights in his lovely life, and Margo, my daughter, adores her girlie-boy sister and delights in helping him be her identical twin. I usually have them identically dressed from head to toe and from the skin out. Fortunately they are the same size, so they can interchange their clothes. They share the same room, sleep in the same bed in their identical pink nighties (Marilyn naturally must wear one of her satin training bras under her nightgown) and of course share the same bathroom. However, Margo does take her job seriously of carefully watching over her faux sister to make sure she conducts himself like a proper girl and do things like sitting down when using the toilet. She checks to make sure he does everything just as if he were a complete female physically. She even keeps a calendar and five days a month has him wear a Super Tampax (that she loves to ram up his asshole) and a Kotex over his ribbon-bound penis.

Does Marilyn ever resist? At times, yes -- no child is perfect. Especially when I first decided to change him into a girl, he went against me rather strenuously, but an intense program of Demale-style panty training, panties-down, bare bottom spankings and being bound and gagged fully clothed in sensuous female clothes when necessary kept him in line. Moreover, I have gained powerful control over my kids by keeping both of them in a constant state of sexual excitement. With Marilyn, I make sure sexually stirring images are constantly bombarding his mind -- My daughter and I usually walk around the house in just revealing lingerie. I have sexy female (and sissy boy) pictures all around, especially decorating the wall of the twin's bedroom; I leave both dirty and laundry-fresh lingerie all about the house, etc. -- all the usual female trappings as recommended by other Demale mothers. It doesn't mean he is constantly erect, but a nice little lump in his panties is a frequent sight -- and to me, it's a tribute to me and femininity in general.

I deal with his erections in several ways: Most of the time, I forbid him from spurting to keep his interest high and keep him keyed into the sexiness of female clothes and images, but when I do think he needs to be tapped, I do it in a very businesslike manner which seems to thrill him even more. I usually wank him into a pair of panties -- his own, mine, or his sister's, and at times I have him wear a pair of each of our panties and then jack him off through the triple layer of nylon

panties. My purpose is to heighten his awareness that sex is an integral part of our life together and at the same time have him associate sexual excitement with feminine clothing.

While I do believe in spanking and other forms of discipline, I don't believe in cruelty or severe pain. Humiliation, yes! And the shame of being punished in front of his sister and my lesbian friends, yes! His spankings are suffused with an aura of sexual subjugation to females and done by me, my daughter, or one of our friends. The slow preparation for his spankings and the elaborate rituals I put him through weaken Marilyn's resistance despite himself. The raising of his skirts and the deliberately sensuous lowering of his panties while being ridiculed for having a penis and the softly yet firmly delivered "talking to" as he plays the role of my naughty little girl lying across my lap for a memorable spanking are some of the things that have broken him and trained him to be wonderfully submissive. With the eager assistance of his sister, Margo, or one or more of our lesbian friends, dear Marilyn is liable to be masturbated before, after and even during her bottom warming.

Marilyn and Margo attend seventh grade at St. Alicia's Catholic School (one of the best elementary schools in New England) because I want them to have a top-notch education. It's difficult for me to afford it on my nurse's salary, but to me it's worth it. I want both of them to grow up and be effective leaders no matter what career choices they make. I feel it's my responsibility to help change the world for the betterment of women and girls by having my own children in positions of power when they grow up so they can contribute! But at St. Alicia's boys can't wear their hair long, and as much as I would like otherwise, I have to keep his hair short. At home and when he goes out as his female persona (which is almost all of the time except for school), Marilyn wears a lovely blonde or brunette wig. However, there is an upside to having him with short hair, I can whip his wig off at any time and subject him to cruel teasing and taunting from either friends or strangers for being a boy dressed in girls' clothes.

Another favorite punishment I have is to order Marilyn to open his mouth (just a pinch of his nostrils and he obeys) and hold it open while in front of his eyes I carefully fold a pair of my most soiled panties and then gently work them into his mouth. A second pair of dirty panties, usually his sister's – she can really make them funky!) is pulled over his head so the crotch covers his nose and mouth. He can still see everything through the panty leg holes even after I secure the panties with a nylon stocking tied across his pantied mouth and around his head. Finally I envelop his entire body in three or four of my full-length nylon or satin slips and leave him that way to contemplate the power lingerie has over his wimpy mind and weak body.

I have made it my concern to discover just what colors, styles and especially materials in women's clothing appeal most to Marilyn. Not only as to what he prefers to wear but what

turns her on when worn by Margo and myself. Each such experiment is rather revealing as I learn what turns him on, but I think it also shows I am not a tyrant but that I cater to his desires more than most any other mother, and in so doing she unknowingly is becoming more and more enmeshed in the silken world of femininity.

An example: I had just finished my bath one evening and called Marilyn into my bedroom. The three of us were going out for dinner later that evening and I wanted my son to help me get dressed. When he entered, he already had on his pink satin corset (yes, I advocate strict figure training), lacy bra and matching pink panties together with stockings and heels. I said, "Since you look so lovely, darling, I have a nice surprise for you." Mind you, I was naked at the moment and took him into my arms and kissed him. When he asked what the surprise was, I replied, "I want you to pick out the pair of panties you want me to wear tonight. Won't that be fun?"

"Oh, mother, may I please?"

I had him rummage through a stack of newly purchased panties of various types and style to see which he'd pick. He quickly selected a pair of pink satin brief-style panties with black lace trim (I knew he'd pick them!) and I stepped into them. He gently worked them up my legs and then carefully adjusted them over my hips and tummy. The little sweetie was kneeling down and so close to my body I could feel his warm breath flowing over my panties. "Oh, mother, I really love you," he sighed.

"Well, I do love you too, and you know the best way to show your mommy how much you love her, right?"

"Oh, yes, mommy! May I please kiss you on your panties?" he begged as I sat on the edge of my bed, spread my legs and instead of answering, pulled his head up to my pink pantied pussy. I held his face against me and let him eat my pussy through my panties until I screamed in passion. Margo entered the room just as I was cumming. I went limp, but Margo kept her brother's face pushed into my panties, saying "Lick it up, sister boy. Lick up mom's delicious love juices. Don't stop, you pretty panty boy. Lick! Lick! Lick!"

He ardently went about his task with a properly submissive attitude, bringing me to a second orgasm, but then he loudly gasped, Margo had been masturbating him and he blew his wad into his panties – Margo can sure make that sissy boy shoot in record time!

I've attached two photos of Marilyn in a cute skirt and blouse combination. His dainty yellow half-slip is sticking out in the one photo! I'll have to spank him for showing off his slip like a common hussy! And by the way, if you look closely, he's paging through a photo book of other sissified, panty trained and petticoat punished boys from our Demale Chapter. ♦ (3131-M, 1980-81)

