

Princess Extra!

FEATURING:

The Pantywaist Weakly
The Demale Society
and much more!

#9
March
2009

**Spanking
Special Issue**

"John, since you don't know
how to be a good boy, with
the help of a little spanking,
we're going to teach you how
to be a good girl, instead."

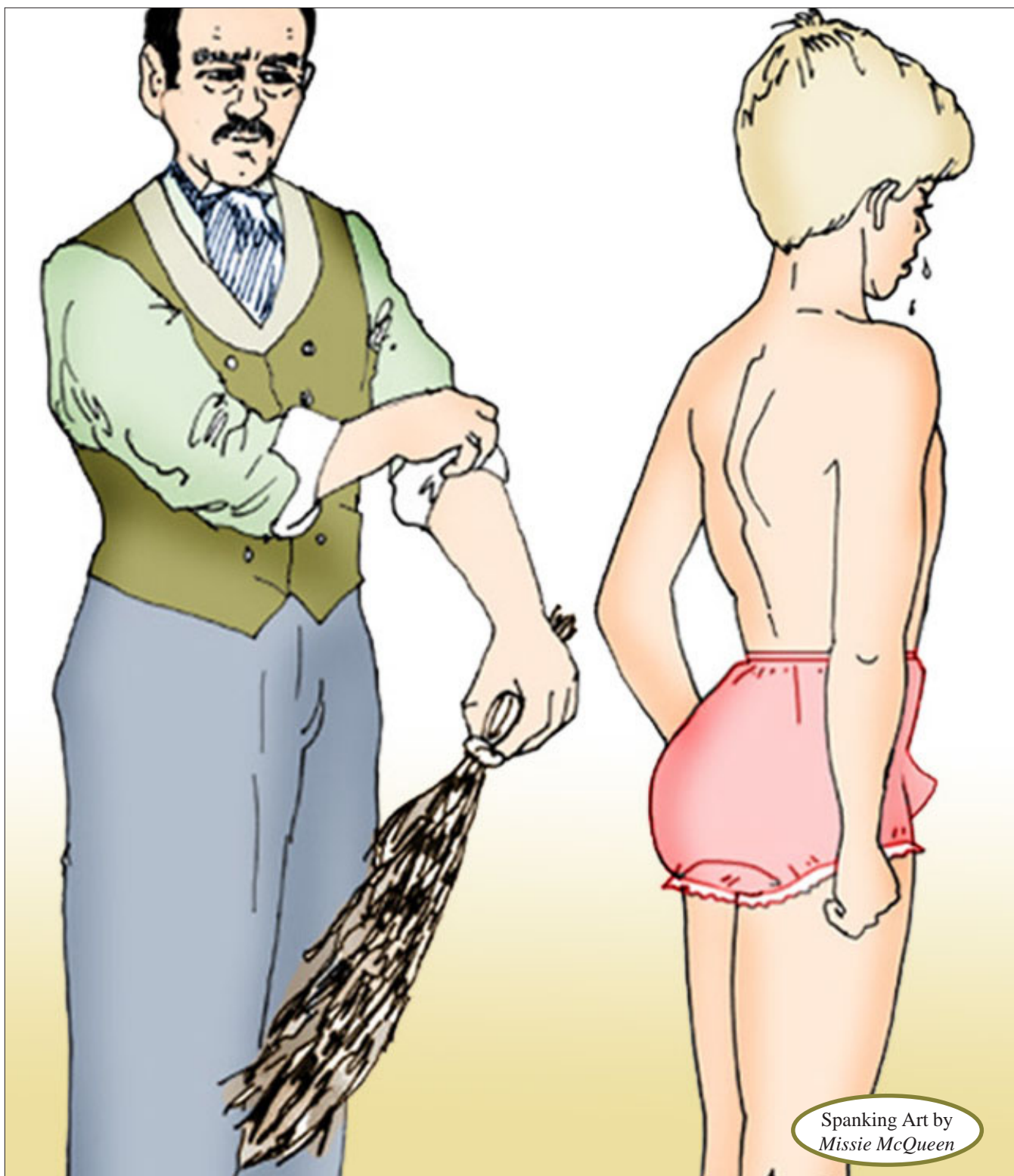


Adults Only

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



Spanking Art by
Missie McQueen

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 7 No 3
March 2009

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

HEALTH



If you think your punishments may be extreme, look at this guy -- 24/7 he has only panties to wear plus keep his penis hard all day long and dribbling cum or be brutally spanked. He also has to service his daughters and his wife, who has him taking hormones to develop his hips and breasts that she had enlarged by a doctor with a set of artificial breast implants!

LIFESTYLE



This old-time cartoon proves that spanking and petticoating have long been connected. In this story, the boy gets excited watching his sisters spanked in their bloomers, so his mother forces him to wear silky bloomers while she whips him.

The survey results we already knew: Children who are spanked grow up to spank, but boys who are petticoat punished as well grow up forever gentle and sweet!

HEADLINES

Disciplinarian says spanking has to be backed up with humiliation

To greatly increase the effectiveness of spanking a boy add shameful punishments to diminish his masculine self image

Laddie Falls, UT: Boys and girls react differently to various disciplinary measures, and it is well known that boys have a greater need for discipline than girls. Just the threat of a spanking is usually enough to get girls to do what they are supposed to do, but even giving a boy a spanking is often not enough. Disciplinarians agree the way to control unruly boys is to humiliate them with punishments that strike at their masculine self image, such as making a boy wear makeup, nail polish and ribbons in his hair, as well as forcing him to wear frilly girls' nylon panties under his clothes in place of his boys' underwear. Such humiliations can be done on a sliding scale, starting with any one item and them escalating his punishment as needed until he cooperates even if it leads to dressing him entirely in girls' clothes and turning him into your maid!



Survey: For boys, what is the most effective punishment?

Being shamed and laughed at 4% Being spanked - 6%

Forced to wear girls' clothes - 21% All above combined - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Asked what punishment they most prefer, boys pick spanking over being pantied or petticoat punished

For years, we have been told not to humiliate or spank boys, but now look at what they've become

By dressing a boy in girls' clothes, even a small female can easily spank and then control him

If panty training and spanking destroy a boy's masculinity, that's better than having him destroying the whole world

Mothers who regular spank and feminize their boys have the most loving and dedicated sons

Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly





Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly



Vintage Ladies:
Classic beauties in old-fashioned
lingerie have a little spanking fun!





H u m b l e d C u c k o l d : Beaten & Pantied

Three years ago the Taylor family moved in next door to us. The husband was a brute of a black guy -- broad shouldered and muscular. His wife was a tall Nordic blonde white woman with huge breasts and big hair like out of the 60s. I have a fetish for big tits, so I couldn't take my eyes off her whenever she was around. I know she noticed, even my wife noticed, but I didn't care. I couldn't look away! Missy, my wife, always knew I was gaga for big tits and learned to live with it. She would get back at me by dancing with every guy in the place and leaving me sitting in the corner when we went out to clubs every Wednesday and Saturday nights. Then back at home, Missy would tell me how she enjoyed the fast dances when guys would spin her around and she'd show off her silk panties to the guys -- she owns scads of the laciest panties available. I like peeking up a skirt at panties, especially my wife's since she knows how to put on a show, so I was content to sit and watch. My wife always made a point of telling me how she loved the slow dances even more because she went wild feeling guys shove their big, hard cocks up against her belly. I didn't complain; I let her rub it in -- so we both had our little fetish interests.

On Saturday afternoons, I enjoyed sitting in our backyard facing the Taylor's house, because I'd regularly see Diane, the wife, doing the laundry and hanging her things up on their backyard clothesline. I must say she had a darn fine collection of fancy panties too.

On this one day, she had on a dainty little midriff top that strained to keep her tits covered and a teasingly short miniskirt. She was facing away from me as she repeatedly bent over to take items out of her laundry basket to hang up. I just about fell out of my lawn chair as I scooted down lower and lower to get a more generous view of the lavender panties peeking at me from under her skirt. Then she abruptly turned around and caught me hanging half off my chair and staring at her. She stood completely up and ordered me to come over to her house. I had a tent pole in my pants and as I entered she grabbed my belt and opened it and stuck her hand down my underwear and grabbed my penis. My pants fell to the floor and she led me tripping and stumbling to her bedroom. She pulled my shirt off and then my pants and underwear off and

ordered me to put on a pair of her panties, saying that if I was so interested in them, I should wear them. I had never worn women's panties but thinking I was going to get lucky, I put them on without protest. I went to give Diane a hug and a kiss, but instead, she sat on the bed and pulled me over her lap. Just as quickly she started spanking me with my folded-over belt. I squirmed on her lap; my butt was heating up and it really started to hurt. I begged her to stop and apologized for peeking at her, but she wasn't even listening. She told me to shut up and count aloud each stroke, and if I missed a count, she would start over. Repeatedly the belt smacked first one side and then the other side of my bottom. Finally she put it down, pushed me off her lap and asked me if I wanted to fuck her. I was so embarrassed and in such pain that I shook my head no. She grabbed my cock through the panties and rubbed it, I got hard because it felt good despite the pain in my ass. Seeing how excited was getting, she asked if I was a faggot and then started hitting my hard pantied cock with my belt! I screamed in pain, jumped up, grabbed my clothes and ran out of there as fast as I could. As I dashed across the lawn dressed only in her panties. My wife was standing on our back porch laughing and clapping, as was Diane following me. My wife then admitted she had put Diane up to it to teach me a lesson. After that my wife laundered those panties and regularly wore them in front of me whenever she wanted to tease me.

On the following Saturday afternoon I was working on my car when Vern, Diane's husband came by and asked if I needed any help. I told him I was about finished, and he waited until I

was done and then invited me over for a beer. It was a hot day, so being neighborly, I said, "Sure!" and followed him into their house. And as soon as I sat on the couch, Vern sat next to me, hit me across the face and said, "I hear you like to wear my wife's panties!"

I gasped and started to get nervous. Vern continued, "What kind of weird shithead are you?" I mumbled, "I'm sorry. It will never happen again." He went on, "Ever since we moved here Diane is missing panties, and she complains about you always gawking at her and trying to peek up her skirt." My mind was reeling because it was true; I had stolen three pairs of her panties to use in my wanking sessions because my wife was always leaving me wanting. Well, a poor guy has to get off in some way, so I started wanking off into nylon panties like a horny teenager, and I was especially attracted to my neighbor Diane's panties! Vern ordered me to stand up; I was thinking he was going hit me again, but instead he pulled down my coveralls and underwear and handed me a pair of pink satin panties to put on. He is much bigger than I am, besides I was so shamed by what I had done with his wife and the panties I had stolen, I put on the pink panties with barely a protest. He said I looked like a fag and asked me if I was going to let him fuck my wife, and when I hesitated then he pushed me down to kneel in front of him as he took his clothes off. Vern said, "I think you should let me to fuck your wife! And I want her to know you gave me permission." I pleaded with him not to make me do that, Missy surely wouldn't go along with it, and she'd make me suffer horribly for even offering her up to him. When I didn't respond to his request, he hit me even harder across the face and called me a panty thief and a faggot. "Well, if you're not going to let me have sex with your wife, it's up to you to take care of this," he said as he shoved his growing cock in my face.

With my cheeks already burning in pain and his hand open and ready to smack me again, I resisted when he shoved his penis up to my mouth. I jumped and started to run but I tripped and fell. Vern grabbed my hair and kept hitting my face until I agreed to open up and take his cock into my mouth. I cried as he kept telling me how nice I looked in his wife's panties and how good I was at sucking cock. It didn't take a lot to make him cum, and as I fell back on the floor coughing and choking on his cum, I opened my eyes and there was my wife, Missy, and Vern's wife standing next to her. She said, "Well, what do we have here?" My wife said, "See, I told you he was a little faggot." Then as a contented Vern watched, the two women pounced on me and made me take turns eating their pussies as they cooed and cackled and went on and on how I was so cute in my pink panties. Hours later, their party concluded with Vern fucking both of the women and forcing me to eat his cum out of their smelly snatches. From then on, I was their slave whenever any of them needed relief or just a bit of fun! ♦

Masturbator Caught & Spanked: Harlan Cums for Punishment

One time when I was fourteen, I heard strange noises coming from my brother's bedroom, so I peeked through the keyhole. Harlan, my twelve-year-old brother, was stretched out naked on his bed and yanking on his hard penis while he was paging through some magazines. Just then, mother came walking up the stairs behind me. She saw me looking through the keyhole and demanded to know what I was doing. I could only whisper, "Oh, Mommy! Harlan is naked and looking at dirty magazines in there," as I held my finger to my lips to indicate she should be quiet.

Mother pushed me away from the door and crouched down to look through the keyhole herself. After a few moments, she barged into Harlan's room and walked right over to him. He cringed in horror as he tried to hide the magazines and cover his nakedness, but mom simply told him to be still as she took his stash of magazines and looked at them. She then rolled him over on his bed and smacked his ass about thirty times with one of the rolled up magazines. He yelled from the pain and humiliation. Then, she told me to go to my room and get a pair of my lacy pink tennis panties, one of my old training bras and my old cheerleading outfit. I had no idea what mother wanted them for, but I simply did as she asked. I learned mother had seen some of the pictures Harlan was looking at, and one of the well-wrinkled pages was a series of photos of sexy cheerleaders and she figured these were what had been exciting him, so she decided to teach him a lesson about cheerleaders and the evil of using girls like sex objects.

When I returned, she took the training bra and slipped it up his shoulders. Amid his tears, she had to fully adjust out the bra to make it fit, but she finally got it in place and then gave him a hard snap of the bra straps. Then she made Harlan step into the pink lace panties and pulled them up his legs in disgust. She shocked me when she gave his rubbery cock a hard slap through the panties and told him girls don't have such repulsive things in their pretty panties for sinning against the Lord, so she was going to make him into a girl so his cock would shrink until it disappeared, then he'd be a sweet little girl who would keep her hands out of her panties.

Harlan was blushing and crying. He fought back tears as he was still pouting from the stinging spanking she had delivered to his bottom. But then she pushed him down on the floor and made him stay there while she got the old strap that she used on him for whenever he broke her most important rules, and one of those rules was that he was never allowed to masturbate. She lambasted his pantied bottom with that strap until he was slumped on the floor in agonizing pain; the red glow of his bottom showed right through the thin nylon of my ruffled panties.

She then put him in my old cheerleading skirt and sweater, and when he tried to protest, she gave him a hard slap across the face and told him to be quiet or his punishment would be even worse.



She made him wear that outfit every minute he was home for the next three days. As soon as he came home from school he had to change into it. Mom added a slinky half slip and put a heavy, slutty coat of makeup on him. Just having been caught doing such an intimate act had to be bad enough, but to have to endure his petticoat punishment had to be hell. It seemed a little sick to me. I mean, whenever Harlan walked past mom, she'd get this crazy smile on her face. She obviously liked watching her son being humiliated in this way. Our dad was a preacher and he didn't like the idea, but mom obviously had complete control over him too because other than expressing the idea that the kid would develop into some kind of weirdo, he didn't stop her from forcing Harlan into my cheerleading clothes day after day. Then one day, when my mother went out to do some shopping and I was home alone with Harlan, he went up to his room and closed the door.

Sneaky little me followed him to see what was going on. My brother hadn't even been smart enough to cover up the keyhole in his door. I could see him on his bed with the same dirty magazines he had been caught with the first time. I don't know how he found where mom had hidden them, but he had them. He had the skirt of his uniform up around his hips and he was whacking himself off, pulling on his penis through both my satin half slip and silky panties. I couldn't believe it when he finally unloaded himself. He did it right into my panties. I never had seen a guy cum before. It was exciting, but I was also mad because he had gone off in my lingerie. When he was finished, he got up and peeled off the sticky panties. He wiped up his mess and put on a fresh pair of panties. By then, Harlan had a whole stock of clean panties always in his drawer. I wondered how often he was pulling himself like that. Later, I let him know I knew what he was doing whenever mother was out, and I blackmailed him for years to do my bidding. I think petticoat punishment made Harlan into a sweet guy, and I loved the power I had over him. Now I'm married with a two-year-old son and I've already started using a similar punishment on him, like making him wear little girls' nylon lace panties for his spankings. My husband lets me do it because I learned from my mother how to take charge of a husband. But now I'm wondering if Carl, my husband, is a little gay because he gets a hard on whenever I spank Carl Jr. in his fancy little pink nylon panties! ♦

Femdom Spanking: Some Guys Need It!

Even as a young girl, I realized my mother had my father by the balls, but there was one time when they must have thought I was asleep and I snuck up to their bedroom and peeked in their partially open door because I had heard strange sounds coming from their room and wondered what they were doing. But I became rather confused when I saw my mother putting a pair of fancy lace panties on my father. Then she produced a small paddle and smacked him on the seat of his panties a dozen times. He seemed to want to scream, but I guess they were trying to be quiet thinking I was still sleeping downstairs.

Next, I witnessed oral sex for the first time as I saw my mother make my dad lap up her pussy. However, while he did it she did let him jerk himself off into the panties he was wearing. After he came, she pulled his cock out of the panties and gave it a brisk spanking with her bare hand. I could tell it hurt him because he was jumping all over the place to disperse the pain. I was confused when I saw my mom take out of her dresser drawer what I later found out was a dildo and snapped it onto a harness strapped around her waist. I couldn't believe my eyes when she eased his sissy pink panties aside from behind and fucked him in the ass with the artificial cock. Mother was a nurse and knew how to really punish him. I could tell it hurt him because, once again, he struggled to suppress his moans and subsequent screams. Mother finished up by pulling his panties down to his thighs and then grabbing him from behind and aggressively masturbating his cock that she was painfully forcing to point downward as she paddled his bottom even more. Dad let out a scream that probably would have awakened me when he erupted from her milking and shot his cum down into the panties stretched between his thighs. What a sex education!

Not long after that, I began dating Don, who was everything I wanted in a guy. We became very close and talked about the most intimate things. When I told him about how my mother spanked and dildo fucked my father, he was very interested. He even asked me if I could show him the dildo and the panties mother would make daddy wear. I showed them to him, and I could see Don's prick was throbbing in his trousers as he fingered the fabric of the soft panties. He grabbed me, and together we rolled over on the bed. The panties were still in his hand. He coaxed me to tell him more about how my father was dressed and dominated. He had me describe every detail and repeatedly tell him all about it. He had his trousers open and pulled down along with his under shorts and was rubbing the panties on his bouncing cock. I put my hand over his and took on the rhythm of his jerking. He exploded into



the panties as he was flaying around on the bed with his eyes rolled up in his head. This guy was supremely excited!

I wanted Don, and I realized I had his number and knew I could parlay that into total control of him. As he lay on my bed still gasping, I went to my dresser, took out the nicest pair of nylon panties I owned and told him to put them on. I told him he was mine and I was the boss, and I wasn't going to help him; I wanted him to undress and panty himself. He put the panties on. Then I shoved him facedown on my bed and began hitting him as hard as I could. I spanked him until I couldn't take the pain in my hand anymore and then promised I'd get a paddle, a hairbrush and other instruments to spank him with in the future. I told him he would forever after wear panties and informed him I was taking him panty shopping the following weekend, and he would have to put up with being pantied and paddled or leave immediately. Don fell on his knees and promised to be my devoted slave. Soon after we married and he has done just that. Now he even serves as my pantied maid and looks so-o-o-o cute in his maids' outfit! ♦

Petticoat Punishment: Taming Unruly Boys

I just finished putting polish on my son's fingernails and pinning a bow in his hair, and as soon as I finish writing this letter my lovely 14-year-old boy will be putting my hair in rollers and painting my fingernails. I say 'lovely' because he is wearing a pretty pale blue party dress with puff sleeves and an abundance of lace trim, lace-trimmed anklets and black patent Mary Jane shoes, as well as lipstick, foundation, eye shadow, mascara and rouge. However, his makeup does little to hide his blushing cheeks or the tears ready to drop from his eyes. His 16-year-old sister loves him and enthusiastically takes part in his weekly petticoat discipline therapy sessions every Thursday night.



For me, petticoat punishment is an effective and enjoyable solution to cure unruly boys. In recent years, my husband has been traveling for his advertising consulting business more and more, precisely at a time when I've needed as much help as possible raising Andy who was becoming increasingly difficult. Without my husband around, Andy was slacking off, rarely minding me and not doing his chores. So I searched the Internet for answers and discovered petticoat punishment as an innovative ways to discipline boys. I showed my husband, Al. He was nonplused but had to agree it made sense once he read the material I had printed out, and he gave his OK to institute a petticoat punishment regimen to reign in our boy.

Kelli, my sister and my daughter helped me plan Andy's intro to femininity. From Lisa's collection of outgrown clothes we gathered dainty bras, pairs of slinky nylon panties, half and full-slips, stockings, a girdle, skirts, blouses and femmy dresses including two fabulous party dresses, one of which he is wearing in the enclosed photograph. On his initiation night a year ago I took Andy into my bedroom. Kelli and Lisa were there waiting for us. I informed Andy that his misbehavior and refusal to do his share of chores had finally gone on too long and as a punishment we were going to force him into better behavior by making him dress and act like a girl for as long as I and his sister, Lisa, thought it would be necessary.

Andy was naturally angry and tried to leave the room, but we forced him onto the bed, removed his pants, got him face down on the bed and began spanking him severely with a Ping-Pong paddle. He was soon begging us to stop. I told him if he asked us to dress him in girls' clothes, we would stop, but he refused, so we spanked him for a several more minutes and didn't stop until he was in so much pain that he began begging, "Mom, please, I'll do it! I'll do it!" I fired back as I continued to hit him, "You'll do what? Tell me exactly what you want if you want me to stop!" His tears were abundant and splashing all about us as he screamed, "Uh, dress me like a girl, mom. Please! Please, dress me like a girl!"

I stopped and Andy, now humiliated, in great pain and with his pride broken, obediently removed the rest of his clothes. After Lisa rubbed lotion into his fiery red ass, she helped him into a pair of shamelessly girlish panties and a matching pink bra padded with a discreet set of cheaters. My sister put the pink full slip on him and I put him into a pink party dress, lace-frilled anklets and black patent leather shoes. Andy was completely subdued as his Aunt Lisa, giggling like a teenager, used a curling iron to style my old wig and put it on his head.

As a reminder to be good, I explained to Andy he would be dressed as a girl every Thursday night even if he hadn't done anything wrong as well as being petticoat punished at anytime for misbehavior, backtalk or failure to do his chores. And if he didn't reform, his punishment times would increase and he would be exposed to both friends and strangers dressed as a girl. I saw the horror on his face as I explained further that only if he was good would he be allowed to wear my wig in

the presence of others, and if wasn't good, he would be sans wig and be unmistakably exposed as a boy in a dress. He asked if he could then take off the clothes because he had learned his lesson. Of course, we told him he had many wrongs to make up for and therefore had to stay in the dress for the time being. That night he slept in a practically new babydoll of his sister's she said was too frilly for her tastes.

In the morning, Lisa helped him into a fresh set of his girlie lingerie and a minidress less fancy than his party dress but equally feminine as well as scandalously short. This was a Saturday morning, and unknown to Andy, his father came home from his latest business trip during the night, and once the food was ready to serve, Lisa called us down to breakfast, and when I and Al entered, Andy went into shock so dressed before his father. At first he tried to hide in the bathroom, but Lisa was right on his tail and pulled back into the kitchen. Andy then rushed to his father, knelt before him, hugged him around his legs and tearfully pleaded, "Dad, look what they've done to me! They're trying to make me into a girl. Dad, don't let them do it! Help, me, please!" Al's face was a study as he looked down at his crossdressed son. I think he was astounded as to how femininely our son was turned out. After Andy shed a many tears, Al pulled him up off his knees. He held Andy at arms' length and looked him over. "Andy!" he spoke in a firm voice, "the only way I can help you is if you help yourself. Your mother told me about her idea to dress you like a girl, and I agreed it made sense as a way to get through your mindset because you have defied us at most every turn. We are trying to make you into a good person and you aren't learning the lessons in life you need to learn. So you will stay in dresses until you reform your ways."

At that, Andy started screaming and swinging his fists at his father. Al reacted by hauling Andy over his lap and flipping up the back of his minidress. My husband was about to start pounding our son's bottom to drive home his message, but he momentarily froze with his hand up and ready to spank. I think Al was taken aback at the sensationally fancy pink rhumba panties Lisa had dressed her brother in that morning. After about thirty seconds, Al began, but surprisingly, his spansks weren't that intense, like he was spanking a girl and not a boy. I was further surprised when at the end of the spanking he pushed our son off his lap and, even though my husband tried to cover his lap with his hands, I saw the huge boner in his pants! I had fun with my man in bed that night!

At first, Andy's behavior landed him in his punishment clothes about every other day. Lisa and I quickly realized we much preferred him in his feminine role because it transformed him into a sweet, quiet child pleasant to be around. This summer when we visit my other sister who lives in Nevada with her two daughters we plan to have Andy take only his girls' clothes. For the entire month he will dress and live as a girl and will continue to do the housecleaning and perform as our personal maid. My sister and her girls have seen photos of his progress and can't wait to have him there en fem! ♦



In Need of a Spanking:
Sissy brought up in a classic female dominant household looking for a male or female to love and spank him whenever he or she wants!

In Need of a Spanking: Sissy brought up in a female dominant household looking for a male or female to love and spank him whenever he or she wants!

My sister is five years older than I am and was always tough and aggressive like a tomboy even while being very feminine. Our parents believed in spanking, and they did it in a formal way that included being lectured while standing naked before them and made to ask forgiveness before going over the knee for a spanking followed by corner time exhibiting a red butt.

Our father died when I was seven, and our mother had to take a job working the swing shift at our local beer bottling plant. That left my sister to oversee me when mom wasn't home. But since I wasn't particularly mindful of her, sis got our mother to give her spanking privileges over me. Sis relished her newfound power. I complained to mom that I didn't want to be spanked naked by my sister, especially since she always had her girlfriends around and I didn't want to appear naked before them. Mom tried to brush aside my concern, but as I continued to protest, mom told me my complaining made me sound like a whiny little girl, so she said that whenever my sister determined I needed to be spanked she should put a pair of her thin nylon panties on me for modesty sake and spank me on the panties instead of on my heavy boys' underwear. I kind of felt I had won that argument, so what if I had to wear my sister's underwear, at least I wouldn't be naked, but the next time I was sentenced to be spanked and my sister's friends were visiting, I learned the horror of this decision.

I was surprised when my sister put me into her laciest pink panties instead of just some plain white panties like she usually wore and then marched me before her friends. When the girls saw me in pink panties, they went crazy hurling humiliating comments at me, calling me a "sissy" a "pretty girlie-boy" and a "panty boy." I wasn't expecting an assault on my masculinity and felt immensely humiliated. In retrospect, I think mom thought this would happen and even encouraged sis to let her friends embarrass me as a way to keep me in-line when she wasn't around.

When sis put me over her lap, she hit me through the pink panties as hard as mom did with me naked, and within a few minutes I was crying like a seven year old should cry when spanked. That first spanking and my corner time -- in sis's pink panties with her friends taunting me -- was a debasing experience that I wasn't expecting. Immediately, sis realized this was an effective punishment combination, and this session set the tone for all my spankings to follow.

In private, in her role as substitute mom, sis took away every bit of privacy I had. Not only did she check my homework, she also intimately (and intrusively!) supervised my baths, toilet use and dressing. She never allowed me to close the

bathroom door or my bedroom door. Being naked and eliminating with my sister watching became as natural for me as it does for a pet dog. If I was sick, she would act the nurse and frequently and meticulously take my temperature rectally because she knew I hated it. She took even greater pleasure in solving another problem -- constipation. I would have to wait naked on the bed while she filled the enema bag and brought it into my room, dangling on the IV stand. She would then grease my butt hole while handling my dick and balls as much as she could. After she pulled her finger out, she would shove the nozzle in (ouch) and hold me down until the bag emptied and then hold me still agonizing ten minutes. Then I would run to the toilet and let it loose when she permitted me.

She didn't show me off just to her girlfriends but to her boyfriends as well. Her girlfriends liked to play the little kids' game of 'house' with me so they could cast me as the naughty child who needed to be regularly spanked. Some of the guys liked playing this game too, and one of them, Chuck, would get a big erection in his pants that I could feel pressing against me through my pink panties as he paddled my butt. Chuck was a big hunk who spanked super hard. I was sure he did not like me. Once he said my butt was even cuter than my sister's and that it would be fun to butt fuck me in front of my sister.

That troubled me because my sister always told me to do whatever Chuck told me, thus establishing his dominance over me with amazing speed. Soon after, with a bit of supposed playful wrestling, Chuck showed me he could easily control me. In just two minutes I was flat on my back with him on my chest. He saw I was looking in horror at his hard cock straining at his jeans. "Now we all know who is top dog," he said and I nodded submissively.

Later I took a shower and was about to get dressed again when Chuck came into my room and told me just to put on a pair of my pink punishment panties and nothing else. A minute later, he came into my room naked with his hard cock pointing right at me. He ordered me to turn around so he could inspect me. After years of directions from my sister, I was conditioned to follow such orders especially knowing he could easily force me to do as he desired.

Chuck stroked his long cock as he said, "Yeah, I was right; you do have a very cute butt." He pulled me close and ran his cold hands over my silk pantied bottom. "Oh, yeah, especially in these panties, your butt is just like the tight little bottom of an elementary school girl." He eased me over to my bed, had me sit down and shocked me when he asked, "What do you want to do first, suck my cock or get fucked in the ass?"

"I don't know do either. I don't know how to, and I don't want to," I said. He just laughed. "Well, you're going to do both, and if you don't, you're not a good little boy and I'm going to have to spank you; so what will it be?" I loudly said, "No!" and he grabbed me, sat down on the bed and pulled me over his lap. As his hand reddened my ass I could feel his cock get

very hard. The spanking, of course, put me into an extremely docile and submissive state.

After a few minutes with me crying wildly, he pushed me down on the bed and sat on my chest like he had earlier in the day but now he was naked and playing with his hard cock. I shook my head 'no.'

"Well, you're goin' to; will it be the easy way or the hard way?" he asked as he took balls in his strong grip and stated to squeeze. The pain stunned me. I got the message and opened my mouth as he leaned forward. Suddenly, I was sucking my first cock. After a few minutes he shot his sticky load but kept his cock in my mouth until I swallowed all his hot slop as I choked. Still hard, the overly horny teenager moved between my legs and lifted them up and over his shoulders as he positioned his cock against my bottom. He stroked some grease on his cock and then groaned as he pressed forward and after repeatedly probing my bottom, my asshole yielded to a hard man cock for the first time. After he started slowly and took a lot of time ramming deeper and deeper into me, he ripped me apart with his thrusts, and then gave a mighty roar when his body shook and he came into me for the second time within less than an hour.

Abused and frightened, I limped to the bathroom and took another shower to try to wash away the horror of the moment, and when I came back into my room, Chuck, my sister and two of her girlfriends were waiting for me. Sis congratulated me on being initiated into gay sex, saying they had discreetly watched me being fucked through my partially open bedroom door. I cried, knowing that they had seen it all.

Sis had a slip, stockings, shoes and a dress in her hands and told me that I was now to be dressed as a girl at all times when not in school. What followed was years of abuse as I was the playtoy for my sister and her male and female friends. They initiated me into every imaginable form of both gay and straight sex as well as an amazing range of perversions. That was my upbringing and why today I am thoroughly versed in all forms of sex and have learned to enjoy sex in most every form, even things like enemas, shameful public exposure and being disciplined with every imaginable sort of punishment instrument. Eventually, my sister got married and promptly and conveniently forgot about her abuse of me and to this day has no interest in continuing what she had started and what I now desperately need. She now has a family and has no time for or interest in me. In fact, she calls me a pervert and doesn't want me to be around her children since he considers me a bad influence and fears I may try to attack them sexually! It's not convenient for her to recall that I was always the victim and never the instigator in all of those sexual games I suffered at her hands and the hands of her demented friends. So now I'm alone and in need of a male or female who would love me and discipline me as they see fit. Wish me luck. I am a very loving person and I just want a chance to be someone's devoted feminized slave. ♦



Pictures from
The Pantywaist Weakly



The Demale Society:

How One Woman is Remaking the Males in Her Life to Fit into the New World Order

After fifteen years of marriage, Phyllis and Ian had reached the stage where they were only staying together for the sake of their two children, fifteen-year-old Tina and twelve-year-old Gary. Then Phyllis failed to recover from surgery following a traffic accident and Ian became a widower. At the funeral, he made no phony show of sorrow; his friends knew their marriage was on the rocks and accepted his honesty. Ian was not anxious to get married again, and yet he knew his children needed the care and attention of a mother figure. He engaged a housekeeper, but that didn't solve the problem.

At his office, Ian maintained a friendly relationship with a young office girl named Olga who had come from Poland five years before with her parents and had adjusted nicely to the language and customs of this country. She was attractive with bleach blond hair, a confident disposition and maturity beyond her years though she was just twenty years old. Both her parents had recently passed away and she was now alone, so Ian and Olga found themselves drawn to each other despite the difference in their ages.

She admitted she was attracted to older men and pursued their relationship. They began dating, and soon she was a frequent visitor to Ian's home. The children took to Olga, especially Tina who was just a few years younger, and the two of them would carry on like giggling and gossiping high school girls. It was a side of her personality, Ian hadn't seen in the sterile environment of the workplace and he enjoyed her youthful exuberance and how well she missed with his daughter. Little Gary seemed to be also taken with her, but in a shy and distant way. He smiled wildly in her presence and appeared to enjoy just being around her. Olga had a hard time engaging him in conversation but she finally broke through when she learned he loved to play board games, and soon after she and both children were playing Monopoly, Truth or Dare, Clue, checkers and other games.

Ian and Olga became closer and despite his fears they found themselves preparing to get married. They experimented with sex and found themselves to be perfectly suited as physical partners, and while some males would have loved being involved with someone so young and with whom they no doubt would have little in common, that was not the case with Ian, who had always been heavily involved with his children and related well to younger people. The children fully approved of their father's blossoming relationship, but in agreeing to marry Ian, Olga said some things about the workings of their soon-to-be new family unit concerned her and she thought should be addressed. Actually what had

happened is that Olga had become involved with the Demale Society through one of the women from where they worked and was soon viewing things differently and realized she would enjoy being the supreme ruler in this family because the Society had elucidated the injustices women face in this world and how it was their duty to change things not just for the betterment of females but for all of society.

It was only a matter of time before Olga quit her job and they married. In agreeing to marry him, she told Ian that Gary had been badly brought up in recent years and she would require a free hand in disciplining him. Her idea of discipline, she made clear, involved a reasonable amount of corporal punishment and humiliation to knock down Gary's ego and masculinity that she insisted would eventually lead him into being a delinquent and an unhealthy lifestyle if left unchecked that would threaten their happiness. She cited many examples of his increasingly poor behavior. Ian had to agree with her. She blamed it on the male hormones now causing changes in him that needed to be monitored and controlled. Ian was surprised when she suggested forcing Gary to be more like his sister.

"Are you going to put him in a dress and make him take dancing lessons like Tina?" he joked. But Olga wasn't joking when she answered, "No, but I think making him wear lacy panties like his sister would do a lot to improve his behavior."

Ian instantly knew she was not joking. She saw the expression on his face and before he could object or even ask why, she explained the psychology behind such panty training a boy -- things she had learned at Society meetings, Ian begrudgingly agreed to give her a free hand with the boy. In the lead up to their marriage, Olga was subtly working on Ian with the take-charge techniques she was learning and he was falling correctly into line.

After the ceremony, Olga and Ian had a chat with the children and explained to them they were all going to be very happy, but that there was to be a stricter discipline in the family, for the good of all. "I know it will not be easy for you to get used to," Olga explained gently, "and I'll help you all I can by reminding you of the rules. But when that isn't enough, I'll give you a different kind of reminder."

"What do you mean?" Gary asked, puzzled.

"I mean a spanking, of course.

"Spanking?" both echoed.

"Of course. Over my lap with your pants down and bottom bare, which is the best way to handle disobedient children, especially boys, since boys need a lot more and a lot harsher discipline than girls. A stinging spanking on a child's butt is a lesson that goes right to his brain and stays there." Gary turned to his father hoping he would tell him Olga was kidding them, but instead, Ian backed her up.

Olga treated the children with love and kindness, and they soon discovered family life was much better than they had ever known. She was a happy woman who smiled a lot and made special dishes for them and their father. The house was a happy place. For the first couple of weeks, Olga kept her promise and gave the children warnings and reminders when she noticed them backsliding. Then she caught Gary running in the house, something he had been warned about the day before, and as he ran he knocked over a picture frame with a wedding photo of her recently deceased parents breaking the glass. Olga then simply announced he would be spanked the following day after dinner with the family in full attendance.

The next day, she placed an armless chair in the center of the living room, sat down on it at the appointed time and called the boy to her. She pointed out the rule he broke and that he had been warned, and she then unfastened his pants and pushed them down. He reached to hold onto his shorts but she slapped away his hands and yanked them down leaving him naked in the presence of his father, sister and new stepmother. At the exposure, he cried, "Oh, no, please let me keep my underpants on!" But Olga simply told him she had something else for him to wear since he was so consumed with modesty. She motioned to the boy's father to come closer and help dress him in his new underwear. Gary's tears were obstructing his vision and he couldn't clearly see the pink nylon panties his father was holding open for his son to step into. Ian was blushing furiously ashamed to be a part of putting his proud little boy into his first pair of girls' panties. But Tina's vision was unobstructed, and as their father put Gary's one foot and then other into the panties and drew them up the scared little boy's legs, Tina launched into a gale of laughter and taunted, "Gary wears panties! Gary wears panties! Gary wears girls' panties!" At the word 'panties,' the awestruck kids wiped the tears from his eyes as best he could to clear his eyesight and look down in shocked amazement to see his naked penis and skinny body being swallowed up in pink nylon panties, girls' panties! New panties with crisp lace and satin bows. "NO!" he screamed. "No, daddy, I don't want to wear them." He tried to wriggle from Olga's grip and prevent being encased in the awful panties. "No, don't! I'm not a girl. I can't wear them. Take them off! Take them off!" But his protest was met with a powerful slap to his upper thighs just as the panties were fitted about him and the snug elastic waist and leg bands were snapped into place. Both Olga and Ian mightily struggled to keep the boy in their grip until he slowed his gyrations and turned to appeal to them not to do this to him. "Daddy, please, I don't want to wear them. I can't wear them. They're for girls, not for me. Give them to Tina. I don't want to wear them." Olga yanked his head around and made him stare into her eyes as she said, "Now, listen, boy. You are not mature enough to wear boys' underwear. You keep breaking my rules despite all the warnings you have been given. Yes, you can wear girls' panties, and you will wear them. Every minute you will wear them, and every minute the silkiness of the panties on your body and the grip of the panty elastics will remind

you to be good. Plus knowing that we all know you have them on even when you have them hidden under your boys' clothes will shame you into acting more like a girl and less like an unruly boy." Gary whimpered and said, "But I don't want to be a girl. I'm a boy, and I can't..." But his words were cut off as he felt Olga slap him again, this time with an intense smack to his bottom tingling within the soft nylon of his new panties, as she said, "Oh, but you will wear them! Girls' panties are exactly what you need. You will wear them or the spanking you are about to receive will seem like love taps." And as she spoke, she pulled him across her thighs. She had her legs spread and her feet braced well apart to form a broad surface for the boy to lie on. Pushing his shirt up his back, Olga gripped the back of the boy's pink panties and gave a strong upward yank, forcing the panties to ride up high on his back and the leg elastics to disappear up his butt crack. The panties were crushing his tender boyhood jewels and caused him to squeal with shock at the nylon's powerful constriction. He continued to beg, but Olga told him to be quiet and take his spanking like a big boy, if that was what he wanted to be, instead of acting like a whiny little girl. Gary wanted to be a little man and take any punishment like a strong boy, but the panties were so demeaning that he lost his self respect at being so sissified. He was so distraught he couldn't fight off his now monstrous stepmother and his masculinity betraying father. His crying began in earnest even before his spanking had commenced.

He cried heartily from the start even though the woman paddled him briskly and not at all brutally. As she went on spanking, she loved the teasing comments and laughter the boy's sister was spewing at her pantied and spanked brother. Flicking a glance toward her, Olga noticed the girl was sitting on a low stool and peering not so much at her brother's reddening buttocks but staring lower and looking between her stepmother's spread open legs. Instinctively, Olga paused and was about to close her legs but then stopped and went on spanking with added excitement, thrilled that Tina was so interested in looking up her skirt. Perhaps the girl was a lesbian in the making, and that she was very open to. The idea of having a pretty teenage girl sucking on her pussy excited her, as did a glance toward her husband. Ian had a lump in his trousers. He was obviously finding this whole situation very stimulating. Olga silently congratulated herself for so effectively preparing Ian and his family for her dominance from the lessons she had learned at her weekly Demale Society meetings.

Spanking the pink pantied boy was a pleasure to begin with, but it added to the excitement to know that the boy's sister so adored her and was obviously excited by looking up her skirt. Making the motion as subtle as possible, Olga moved her knees farther apart and kept them apart through the remainder of Gary's spanking. When she stopped smacking the boy's slim buttocks, she momentarily lowered the back of his panties to admire his bottom now quite red and very warm to the touch. She kept him on her lap until he stopped crying and

then helped him to his feet. She took her time adjusting the boy's panties about his hips and gave a few masturbatory jerks to his panty-covered penis as Tina giggled; their dad looked on in awe -- still with the boner in his pants. Olga explained to the beaten boy that he would always be wearing panties and then directed him to put his jeans back on over his lacy new panties. The woman did not miss seeing Tina stealthily massaging her pussy through the folds of her dress, and the girl found more reasons to squeal out excited giggles as Olga told the well-spanked boy, "Gary, I have placed your supply of pretty new girlie panties in your father's underwear drawer, and every morning -- and whenever you need a change of panties -- you will have to come to the master bedroom and ask your daddy to get you a fresh pair of panties and have him help you put them on." At such instructions the boy was dumbfounded and his father was glowing with shame, knowing his new wife had him so well under control that he was now an accomplice to the panting of his son. Ian knew he was a trader to masculinity, but he so loved Olga and so wanted his currently blissful state to continue that he shrugged off his shame and knew he would do whatever his new wife wanted even when it included making a perverted sissy out of his only son. And if daddy wasn't available when Gary needed panties, he would have to go to his sister or stepmother to be freshly pantied. And she warned him, "Gary, I know wearing girls' panties is very humbling for a boy, but that's exactly the reason I am making you do it. But also you will find out that dainty, silky panties are very exciting to wear and soon you will fall in love with them and won't be able to keep your hands off your panties; you'll be wanting to jackoff in your panties almost around the clock. I know that, so whenever you do empty your cum into your precious panties, you must bring them to your father, tell him how you violated your sweet panties and show him the evidence left in the panties, and then it will be your duty to lick up the smelly juices you left in your innocent panties as you make up a prayer to them, telling the panties how sorry you are for defiling them and how much you want to be a good panty wearing girl and not a perverted, horny, nasty scrap of a poor excuse of a boy. Your father or sister or I will then help clean you up, help you on with a fresh pair of your panties, and then give you a paddling on those new panties to break them in on your skinny little butt. You will quickly learn to control your rampant hormones or you will be entertaining us frequently as you eat every drop of your own cum out of your panties. If your behavior does not improve, you will have to masturbate in your panties for guests we will invite in -- like your jerky little boy friends, perhaps some of our relatives, or even strangers, maybe even girls we know you like -- and you will have to show them how much you love your panties and how you can't get enough of sucking your cum-filled panties clean, understand?"

Despite all the terror talk and the shameful images dancing in his brain, Gary's penis seemed to enjoy the contact with his silken panties as it had maintained a half-hard state ever since the soft panties had been pulled up his body. Even after his sound spanking, his dick was still hard as he pulled up his

jeans over the mind-troubling panties, and then zipped up and buckled his belt. Olga smiled and he turned his face away guiltily. He was given an OK when he asked to be excused to go to his room. As he got up and was still sniffing, Olga warned him to keep on his panties and reminded him of the new rules he now had to live by. With his hands in front of his pants to disguise the boner he still had in his pants and panties, he walked nervously out of the room. Olga managed to conceal a smile and guessed where he was going and what he would be unable to stop himself from doing. Just moments after he left, Olga took off her shoes and quietly walked to his room. She listened at the door for a moment and then pushed the door open. She was just in time to see the lad with his jeans gaping open with both his hands on his panty-encased penis and balls as he violently jerked himself to the most powerful cum of his life. He cried as he ejaculated into his panties, realizing he had been caught in the shameful act and unable to stop himself even though his penis was still spewing its final small spurts. "I'm sorry," he cried, tears in his voice, "I just couldn't help it. Please, don't be mean to me."

"There's nothing to be ashamed of, Gary," Olga told him gently. "All boys masturbate. It's a normal thing. But you did do some bad things. For one, you shot off in your new panties. Is that any way to treat something so sweet, clean and special? I think you need to apologize to the panties and ask their forgiveness. It's not their fault that your nasty little penis loves the feel of panty nylon. And maybe I won't punish you this time as long as you tell me the truth -- tell me what it was that got you so excited just now?"

"I don't know. I'm sorry, I just couldn't help it."

"Was it the silkiness of the panties?" "Oh, no, I don't like them at all; I can't wear them. I hate them!" "Or was it because the panties are so pretty and you feel so lucky to be able to wear something only good little girls get to wear?" Gary looked at her like she was crazy. "NO! NO! NO! I hate them, and I don't want to wear them." "Or maybe you got so excited over the panties because they are prettier than your sister's panties and they make you feel like you are even more girlie and prettier than your sister?" Thoroughly stunned, Gary cried. What kind of craziness was she talking about? He screamed out, "I hate them. I hate them!" as he tried to pull the panties down his legs. "Well, then I will have to spank you and you will have to follow the new rules for what happens when you empty your boy juices into your panties. Now let me help you off with your T-shirt and jeans. Keep the panties on and come with me downstairs to show your sister and father how you made love to your new panties. Then you can ask your daddy to pick out a nice fresh clean pair of your panties and thank him as he pants you again. Then you will get another deserved spanking and we will all be treated to your first demonstration of licking up your cum and praying to panties like a hopeless panty pervert that you are well on your way to becoming. Let's go!" He followed her orders, what else could the confused and abuse little boy do? ♦





Sissy in the Making Caught:

Woman with a transvestite husband catches their teenage son dressing up in his daddy's girlie clothes, so to teach him a lesson, she makes her crossdressed husband spank their son while the boy is crossdressed too!