

Princess Extra!

FEATURING:

The Pantywaist Weakly
The Demale Society
and much more!



**Girl Power
Special Issue**

#8
February
2009

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

Girl Power:

"Alright, sis, I put your bra and panties on, but I'm not doing that other stuff you said."

"Oh, yes, you are, Jack. Because you know you'll do anything I say."



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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 7 No 2
February 2009

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

HEALTH



Survey results we already knew: To a male, a woman in high heels and lingerie is sexier than when she is totally naked!

LIFESTYLE



Many mothers let their sons' hair grow long so when their husbands go away they can curl it and pretend their little boy is a sweet little girl!



Once a boy is seen by others dressed as a girl, he will never live it down.

HEADLINES

Even psychologists can't explain why girls love to dress boys in their clothes
Maybe it's a reaction to penis envy, a power move, or a chance to knock boys off their supposed superiority

Laddie Falls, UT: It has probably been going on since ancient times -- girls finding delight in putting their clothes on boys. They do it either by convincing the boy it would be a fun thing to do or by coercing him into it, like losing a bet, and girls are very clever creating ways to accomplish it.

Often, they even do it by forcing younger boys to dress up, or a gang of girls will overpower even strong boys. But what is a mystery is why they do it. You can talk to most any woman or girl and they can tell you about times they were involved in dressing up a boy. They will tell you it was just a game but what's frightening is the seriousness by which they do it!



Survey: Who first dressed you in girls' clothes?

A stranger - 2% A girl cousin - 4% An aunt - 5%
Your father - 6% Your sister - 14% Your mother - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Alarming trend: Cities are reporting that gangs of girls who are brutally attacking and feminizing boys are on the increase.



Asked if they were born a female what kind of work they would do, most men answered being a hooker!

Petticoat punishment is a severe humbling for a boy, but it's also a high for the girl doing it!

The weakest female can crush the strongest man by saying he's effeminate or laughing at his penis

Females control males by playing dumb, pretending to be interested, faking orgasms, and lying about how they feel

The mothers of the world are the ones who really are in control; they can call on their power anytime they want

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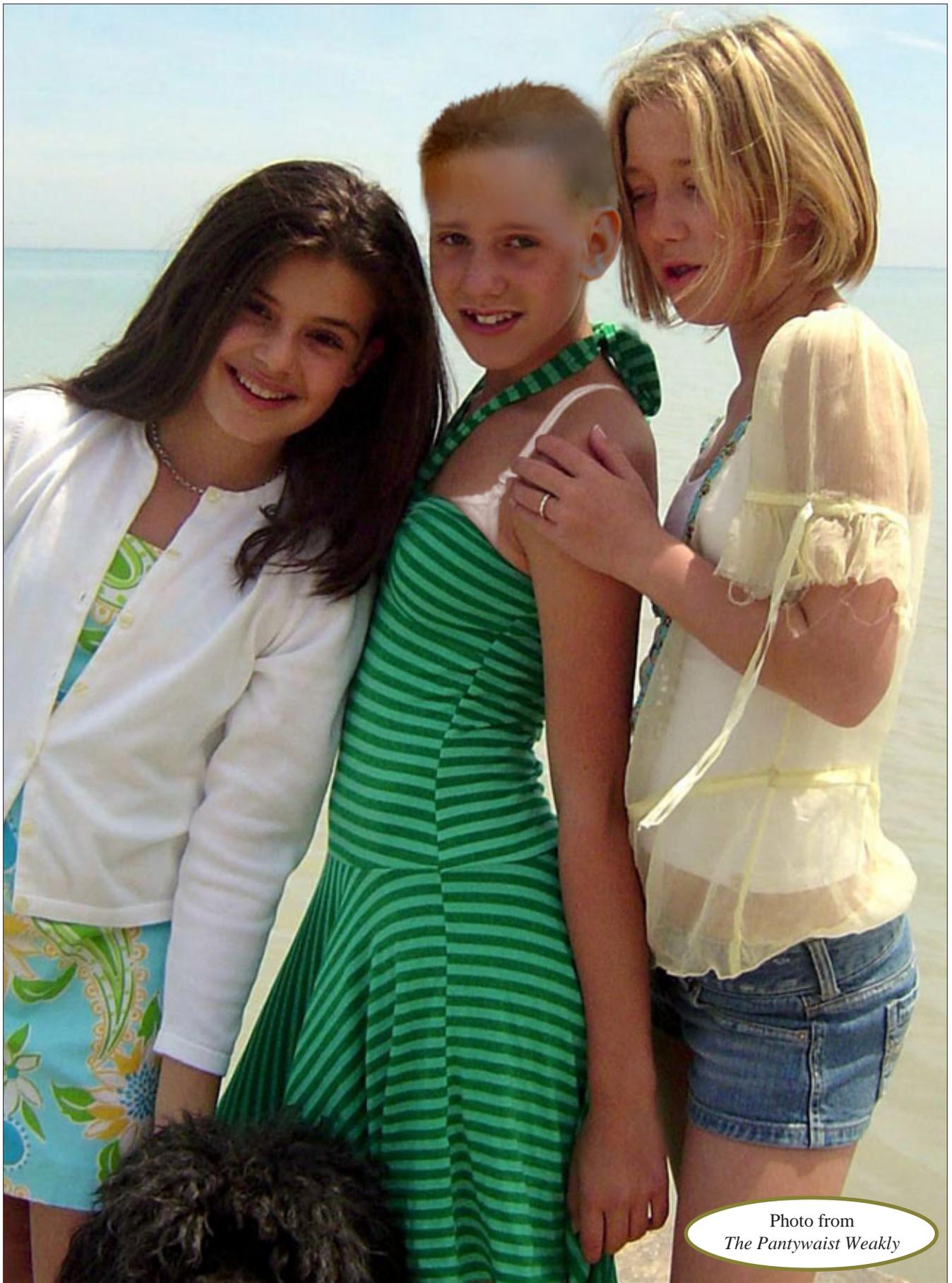


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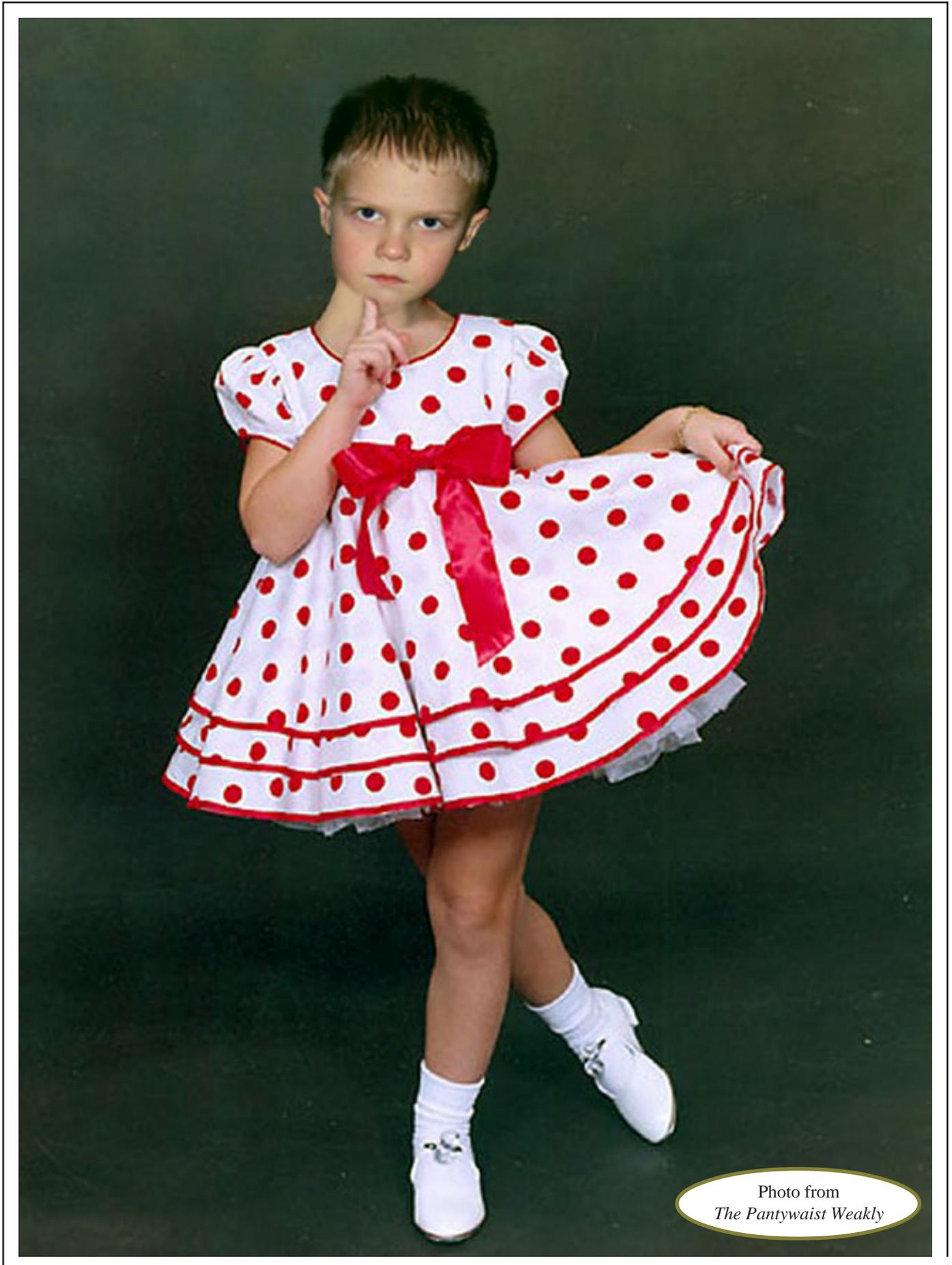


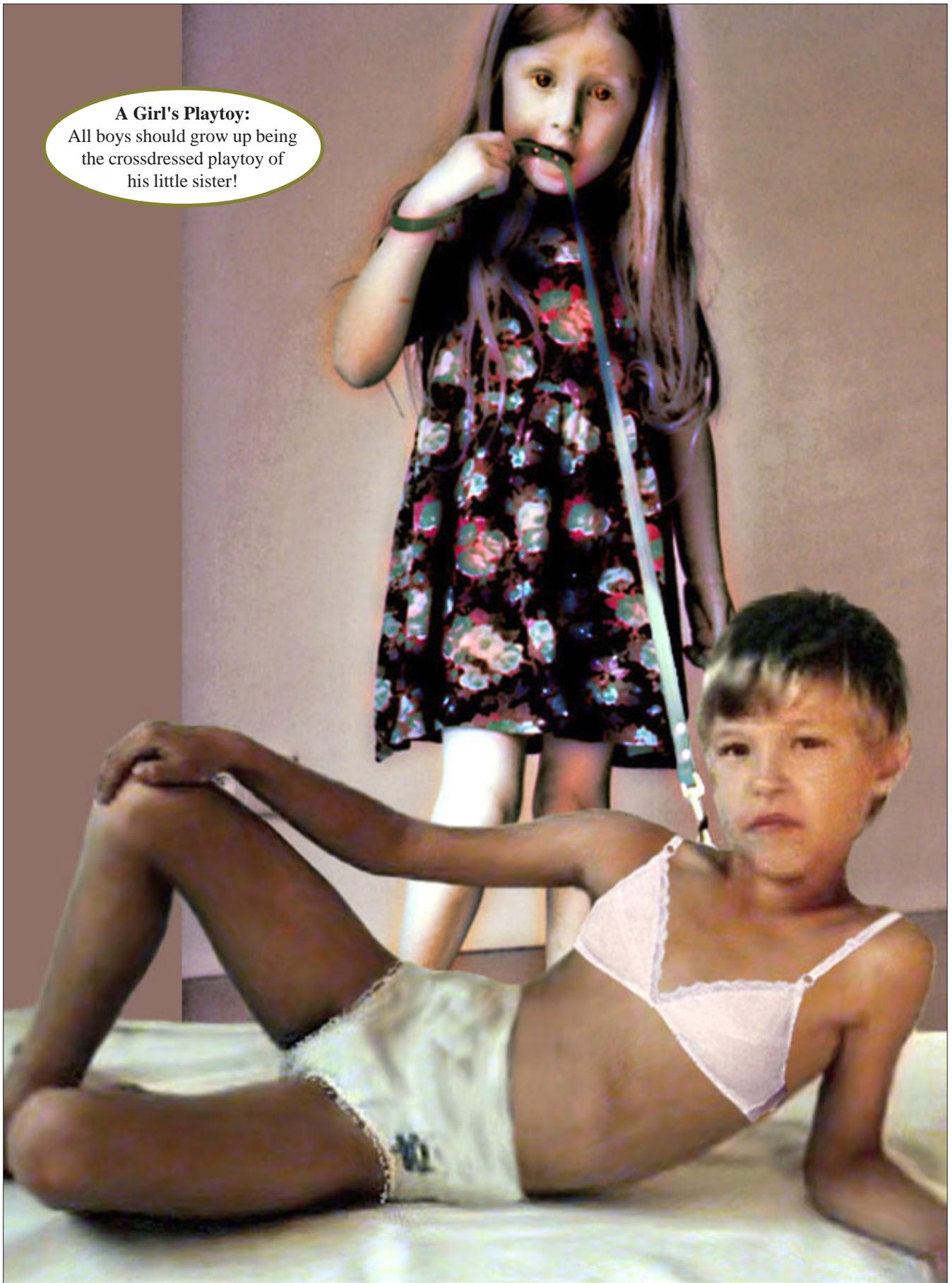
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Dress-Up: When a boy's older sisters want to dress him up, he doesn't have a chance!

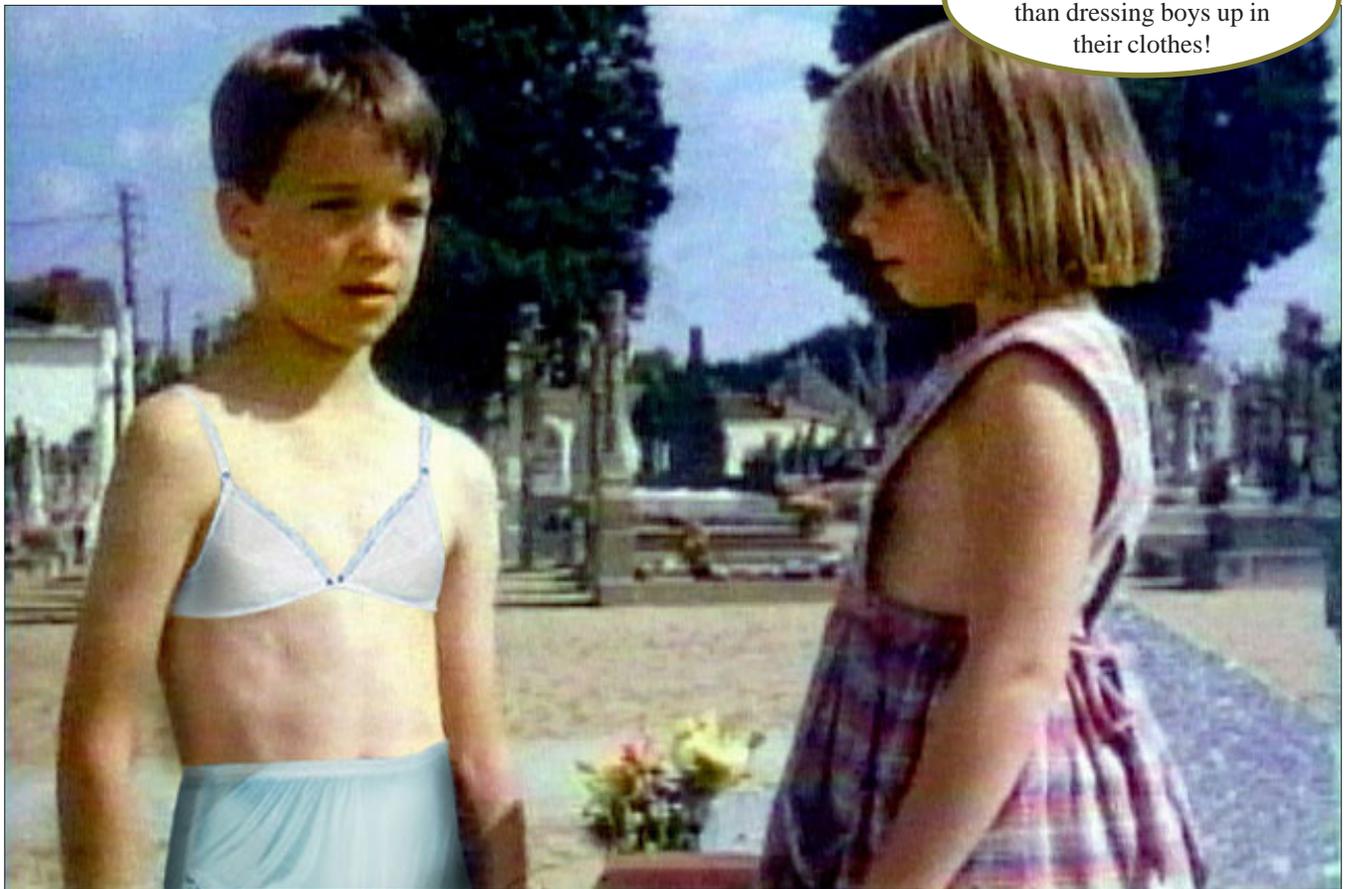


A Girl's Playtoy:
All boys should grow up being
the crossdressed playtoy of
his little sister!





Girls in Charge:
Nothing girls enjoy more
than dressing boys up in
their clothes!





Caught & Punished: Snared by the Lure of His Sister's Panties

Throughout his childhood, Ron was increasingly dominated by his mother, who also became more aggressive toward her husband until he could take no more, fled the scene and left the thirteen-year-old Ron under his mother's excruciating control. The boy also had to defer in every way to his nasty sixteen-year-old sister, Penny. He was not allowed to play with other boys because they were "too rowdy" and he had to

follow a long list of rules or be punished with one of his mother's frequent pants down and over-the-knee spankings with his grinning sister watching with undisguised interest.

And once his father was gone, much to his shock, his mother, often complaining she was too tired, began to let Penny take over for her and spank him. And the teenage girl did it with glee, even letting her hand brush over his penis as she smiled at his discomfort. Taking her brother over her lap, Penny proved quite adept at spanking and could soon have him in tears, his buttocks glowing red and obviously hot. After a

spanking, Penny would hold him on her lap, patting and ticklishly massaging his bottom to intensify the pain and heat of his spanking.

Then one day when their mother wasn't home, Penny told him he needed to be spanked after coming home late and dirty from the drug store where she had sent him to buy a long list of items, including embarrassing female supplies including a hair net, mascara and tampons. Three older boys were in store, saw what he was buying and gave him a hard time, calling him a sissy who wanted the things for himself so he could pretend to be a girl. It ended up in a shoving match outside the store with Ron being repeatedly tripped and knocked down as they teased him. Of course, when he tried to explain, Penny wasn't listening. Instead she just sat down on a kitchen chair, took his pants and shorts down and stared brazenly at his penis. After amusing herself with his thickening dick, she suddenly stood up and said, "Just wait a second. I have to take off my dress because I'm going out tonight and I don't want you to wrinkle it." She was dressed in a pale blue satin cocktail dress for her date to a dance that night. So with Ron blinking in awe, she caught the hem of her dress with both hands, pulled it high over her hips and sat down with only her white nylon half-slip-covering hips and panty clad bottom.

Ron's eyes went wide at the sight of the tops of her legs in nylon stockings held tight with crisp white garter belt straps that led up the bare skin of her thighs to disappear under her white nylon panties. With a little smile, she patted her thighs and told the boy to get into position for his spanking. As his skin contacted her thighs, stockings, garters and lingerie-smooth lap, Penny felt him tremble and understood why. She had him move back and forth across her thighs, pretending not to be satisfied with his position. "Please don't spank too hard," he asked meekly.

"Ron, I'm going to spank you as hard as I like. Naughty boys have to learn who is boss." Then she raised her right arm and began spanking. Each slap was accompanied by a little gasp that soon turned into the sound of crying that filled the room. He pleaded abjectly for his sister to stop, but the spanks continued to fall between the broken words of his begging, and it was a long time before the girl stopped. Then as he scrambled off her lap, he was about to pull his pants up, but she ordered him to leave them around his ankles and kneel before her. Doing so without hesitation, he wiped tears from his eyes, and then gave a different kind of gasp as he looked right between his sister's parted thighs at the crotch of her lacy white nylon panties. "I want you to apologize for being late and thank me for spanking you."

He wiped his eyes so he could better see the surprise vista of nylons, bare thighs and silky white panty crotch that made him forget the sting in his red hot butt. "I'm ... I'm sorry. I was ... late," he sobbed. "Thank you for ... spanking me."

She demanded he remain kneeling in abject servitude before her to think about the importance of doing what he is told. But as he stayed there on his knees, his thoughts had nothing to do with reforming himself into being a more obedient little boy because he could think about nothing except what he was staring at: the open valley of his sister's thighs with her dress hiked up and her knees wide apart. At last, he was told to stand, and despite all his efforts, he wasn't able to hide from his sister his quivering erection. Penny playfully smacked it and then stood up and teasingly slowly smoothed out her half-slip and lowered her dress like the curtains falling at the end of a fabulous show at the theater.

The following afternoon, Ron arrived home from school early to find the house empty. When he went to the bathroom, he suddenly froze at the sight of a pair of white nylon panties and half-slip hanging partially out of the bathroom laundry hamper. At once, he recognized them as the ones his sister had worn the previous afternoon when she had spanked him. He felt tremors of excitement as he recalled clearly the thrill of seeing all she had shown to him both before the spanking and after it as he knelt looking up her thighs. His hand reached out instinctively and closed around the silken fabric. Still acting on instinct, he raised that hand to his nose and inhaled the faint scent of his sister's teenage femininity. His penis was fully erect and he trembled violently as he picked up the half-slip and panties and began to rub his penis with them as he recalled in his mind the previous day and the fabulous sight of his sister's nyloned thighs and shiny panty crotch. He knew he had to masturbate. He wrapped the panties around his penis and began to play with himself, his mind filled with thoughts of panties and the mysterious sights exclusively appearing under a girl's skirt. Although he hadn't intended it that way, he ripped off his clothes and hurriedly pulled on the panties and half-slip. He rubbed himself through them and almost shot his cum, but he remembered his sister's great nylon stockings and wondered what it would feel like to put them on too. So he ran to her room, looked through her dresser until he found some of her nylons and her garter belt, that crazy looking thing that held them up. With his heart beating wildly and his breathing shallow and rapid, he went to the safety of his own room to finish his secret homage to feminine finery. It took him a while to figure out how the garter belt went on and how the straps hooked to the stockings but he was a determined and smart boy and not to be conquered by the frilly bit of sturdy satin and elastic, even though at first he fasten the garter belt over the panties, he then had to redo it and put it under the panties, so he could reach into his panties and simultaneously massage his anxious penis from both the inside and outside of the luscious silken panties. While kneeling on his bed, he felt himself ejaculating strongly into the panties, shuttering intensely as he cupped his pantied penis and balls in his hands. His back was to his bedroom door and he was moaning and gasping so loudly that he didn't hear his sister come home, open his door and stand there and watch him defile her lingerie. Deciding against screaming out and revealing herself, she withdrew instead and

went back downstairs, knowing their mother would soon be home and together they would deal with her perverted little brother. Guilt set in and Ron was ashamed of what he had done. Not knowing what to do with the now wet and slimy half-slip and panties, he went to the bathroom and threw them along with the garter belt and stockings into the laundry hamper, deciding they would be dry by the time anyone found them and nothing would be noticed. Then as he washed up, he heard his mother pull into the garage. When he left the bathroom, his sister met him in the hallway; he blushed and hurried to his room because he thought she had given him a strange look like she knew what he had been doing.

Of course, his sister had been home and witnessed him exploding into her panties. She guessed right and went into the bathroom, searched the laundry hamper and discovered her ruined lingerie. About ten minutes later, his mother called him to her room. Her tone spelled trouble, and trouble, to Ron, meant another spanking. In her room he saw his mother and sister standing, both wearing stern expressions that confirmed his worst fears. He saw further confirmation as he followed the direction of their gaze. There on the bed lay the semen soaked panties along with the mangled half-slip and stockings. "So you like your sister's panties do you?" his mother snapped. "I... I'm sorry," he mumbled, hanging his head in shame at having been caught masturbating. While

Penny watched, barely containing her enjoyment of the scene, their mother lectured and scolded the boy at length, heaping abuse, scorn and ridicule on him as he squirmed. He wished she would spank him and get it over with. "Strip naked and prepare for the beating of your life, you dirty little boy," his mother commanded. Sobbing, Ron began to undress and did not stop until he stood stark naked before the women.

"Now then, dirty little boy, since you like your sister's panties so much, put them on. They may be wet and uncomfortable, but you're the one who made them sticky." Wishing he could die to escape the humiliation to which they were subjecting him, the boy gingerly picked up the panties, trying without success to find dry spots to hold onto. As he pulled them up they left a creepy feeling trail of wetness on his legs. He continued to pull them higher and higher until they were over his buttocks and tummy and snugged high on his waist, they were slimy, cold and clammy and very unexciting, compared to how they had felt on his body and penis just a short while before. But his suffering was only beginning and his mother underlined his shame by making him go to the mirror and admire himself front and back while she and his sister exchanged sarcastic comments about the dirty little boy who wanted to be a girl so he could wear pretty little panties. "See how wet you made them," his mother told him. "Take a good look. Do they feel goeey and cold against your bare skin?

That isn't the way they felt when you were jerking off in them, is it?"

"All right, Penny, the woman said, turning to her daughter, "since he had the audacity to steal and use your panties for his perverted pleasure, you may give him his spanking. You won't want to slap the dirt he put in your panties, so use my brush on the dresser. Penny picked it up eagerly and rubbed her hand over the smooth wooden back of the brush. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she looked at the wet front of the panties. "Oh, mother, I can't let him lie on my dress with him in those sticky panties." Their mother said she'd get a towel, and as soon as she left the room, Penny hurriedly stood and pulled her dress up to her waist. "So you like my panties, do you? How do you like these nice sheer, pale blue panties? Wouldn't you love to have your hands on them right now? They're nice and warm, especially the soft nylon between my legs." As she said it, Penny ran a hand along the crotch of her panties and watched her brother shiver. She dropped her dress as she heard her mother return, and



Photo from
The Pantywaist Weakly

then as she positioned herself on the bed, she pulled the hem of her dress high up her firm, beautiful thighs. As her mother draped the towel over her daughter's lap, the females exchanged winks.

Seconds later, Ron lay across his sister's thighs, the rough towel between them hiding the silken warmth he had felt the previous day. "I'll have to spank him hard," she observed to her mother, "since he has these thick panties to pad and protect his skinny butt."

"Of course, dear, those thick white nylon panties will really cushion the blows. He probably won't feel you spanking him at all." Ron knew they were teasing, and then his sister hit him with the first of many stinging spanks with the back of the brush. He screamed and as the paddling progressed, he cried more loudly than ever before as he felt a burning sensation in his buttocks that he had never known. When the smacking stopped, he thought at last that it was the end, but he was wrong. "Please take his panties down, Mother," he heard his sister say, "and I'll give him a few on his bare ass just to warm him up a little more." He felt hands reaching under him and, as he squirmed, felt the still damp panties being pulled down his thighs. Penny gave him another dozen smacks with the brush that drove his crying to a new peak. When she was finally finished and he was allowed to stand, Ron was told to pull his panties up. "You will wear only your panties to dinner," his mother told him, "and then you will go to bed for the night and leave them on. I'll be in to check on you later. And those are your panties from now on. Your sister would never want to put them on again after what you did in them."

During the meal, mother and daughter discussed the merits of spanking little sissy boys to keep them in line. "I agree," Penny said, as she reached over and flicked the waist elastic of the shameful panties her brother had on, "but I can't decide if I more enjoy spanking him on his saucy panties or his cute little naked butt." Penny was having fun as she stared at her embarrassed brother. "Well," their mother replied, "being the dirty little boy he is, I'm sure he'll give us plenty of opportunity to find out. And I do like the idea of his wearing panties to be spanked." Delighting in the embarrassment they caused him, they continued their discussion all through the meal as his sensitive bottom squirmed on the hard kitchen chair, the thin panties offering no protection at all. Ron hoped they were only talking that way to tease him, but the next time he was to be spanked, he learned to his horror that his fate was to be even worse than how they had teased him.

Summoned to his mother's room for his spanking, he saw on the bed lemon yellow nylon panties, a garter belt and nylons. His mother ordered him to put them on and prepare to be spanked like a naughty little girl. "He does have nice thighs in nylons, doesn't he," Ron heard his sister comment as she coached him in how to pull the nylons up his legs and attach them to the suspenders dangling from the dainty garter belt around his waist. "Yes, he does, still he does look silly with

that dirty thing dangling between his legs. Perhaps we should see about having it amputated." Ron went cold with fear. Previously when he had thought they were only teasing him, it had turned out to be true. Surely, he told himself without conviction, his mother wouldn't do a thing like that to him. He suddenly recalled that once, when he overheard one of the many violent arguments between his parents, he had heard his father refer to her "cutting his balls off," and wondered if she really had done it. Those scary thoughts added greatly to his distress. After he had donned all the garments, he was forced to stand while they admired his lingerie clad body and exchanged comments. He felt hands feel his buttocks through the panties and grasp his penis through the sheer nylon. He gave a little gasp as his sister boldly gave it a squeeze. Then, his mother lowered his panties, took him across her thighs and spanked him with the brush until his bottom was blistered. From then on, Ron was forced to wear the girls' clothes more and more. Some evenings when he had not earned a spanking, he had to wear panties, garter belt and nylons and then dance to entertain them. At every opportunity, Penny grabbed at his penis and squeezed it until it hurt. When she was in the mood and her mother was off the scene, she would raise her dress and display her nicely filled nylon panties to excite him. By the time he was fifteen, Ron was wearing panties and nylons almost full time, including to school. Socks covered his nylons so that they did not show, but he had to be careful. ♦

Slavery in Smother Panties: His Life Belongs to a Young Girl

I had met her at a pharmacist convention. She was a demo girl for a company that supplied OTC medicines to my small drug store chain. On our first date, she asked me knowingly, "You know why I let you take me out, don't you?"

I tried to play innocent and said, "Because you like me?"

She laughed and said, "You're so stupid. Why do you think a nineteen-year-old, high-paid model would be interested in a forty-five year-old pharmacist who looks like Mr. Whipple?" I was speechless and then she pulled out the cards I sent with the roses with all kinds of submissive comments on them, things like: "You deserve only the most royal treatment, and I would be honored to make you happy with my oral servitude to you." And "Enclosed is \$100, may I please be honored with a pair of your scented panties." Embarrassed, I looked at Julie but quickly regained my composure and asked if I could be her total slave, I promised her total obedience and told her I would supply anything she needed. She asked me what I had done with her panties. In the glaring light of the restaurant with her staring at my face, I couldn't get myself to answer. She just laughed and asked in I was a panty slave. I nodded. She asked if I had put on her panties and humiliated myself by masturbating into them. My lips trembled, I couldn't speak and instead I just put my blushing face down and quaked in



her presence. She laughed and said that from then on I would be a slave to her panties only and no other.

With that, Julie gathered a wad of saliva in her mouth and spat elegantly into my glass of white wine as she told me, "Drink up." I nervously did as she scribbled her address on a napkin and told me we were going shopping at noon the next day and for me to bring my credit card. She left as I savored the taste of her superior female saliva.

The next day, I picked Julie up and the shopping spree cost me a bundle, buying shoes, blouses, cosmetics, hose and even a necklace that stretched the limit of my credit card. She also bought a couple dozen pairs of panties, telling the saleslady they were one size larger than she normally buys for herself because she was going to pass on her panties to me each day

to wear. As we shopped, I had to walk behind her struggling under the load of packages back to my car. Then at her place, she sat down, spread her legs wide under her black miniskirt, shoved her foot at me and ordered me to lick the dirt off the bottoms of her pumps, as she admonished me for staring between her legs at her lavender lace panties so brazenly exhibited. That was the start of our unique relationship, and her control over me increased at a maddening pace.

Today I live with Julie in a house I bought for her. We are not married, as she wouldn't agree to it when I begged, but she still has my full obedience as if we were. I must sleep every night with my head in Julie's panties, the panties she takes off each night just before her shower. I had to get used to the smell of my Mistress' used panties suffocating me each night, but now I couldn't sleep without them. They are a symbol of my weakness as well as cover my ugly face in her presence. In the morning, I have to change into the panties and wear them for the day under my male clothes, plus I have to leave the house by the back door and must do everything to avoid her seeing my ugly face. And at the end of the day, when I come home from work and park in the garage, I have to strip down to the panties I am still wearing and put another pair of her

dirty panties over my head before entering the house. It has been two years now, and Julie has only seen my face on a few occasions, like when I had to legally sign some papers over to her and when we had to go together to meet her parents and younger brother. But even then, we weren't in the house more than fifteen minutes and I had my panty mask on again.

Todd, her eleven-year-old kid brother, was nervous as hell with her there. Unabashedly, she asked him if he was wearing a pair of his panties; he blushed and nodded that he wasn't. She smacked him hard in the face and told him to instantly go and properly dress himself for being in her presence. She had never gotten along with her father and when he told her she couldn't dominate her brother like that anymore, she spat in his face and reminded him about some incriminating evidence she still possessed and she asked him if he wanted her to call the police. He promptly left after that, just as Julie told me to

take my face panties out of my pocket and put them on as she was "getting sick looking at my ugly face." And so with my head in her dirty panties, she reintroduced me to her mother by having me get down on the floor and lick the woman's smelly stocking feet. She was a very meek and jittery woman, at least she was in her daughter's presence. Todd reentered, his cheeks red and his eyes glistening with tears ready to fall. Julie snapped her fingers and he came to her. She unzipped and opened his jeans and let them fall to his ankles as she inspected the white and pink striped nylon panties he had put on. She had me stand next to him and she made me drop my pants so she could compare our male-crushing panties and make her mother join in the inspection. The sad woman pleaded with Julie not to humiliate us anymore, but Julie reacted by telling her brother to french kiss me through my panty mask. With tears now rolling down his face, he begged not to do it, but she said she'd make him suck my cock if he didn't. For some reason, he knew she could make him do it, so he did kiss me. I nearly puked -- the things you do for love! Minutes later, we left. What she accomplished with that visit, I don't know but I know she was happy with how it went. I think she wanted to show me, her submissive sugar daddy to her family as well as reestablish her dominance over them.

After I come home from work each day, I must do all the household chores as she assigns them, with her used panties over my ridiculous face, of course. I work like a dog while Julie prances around, usually dressed just in her slip, panties, bra and heels. She always keeps pairs of her smelly panties nearby and she slaps on my ears, face and head with her panties — that is, my face gets panty whipped.

Julie isn't a prostitute or even a high priced call girl, she sees herself as a therapist helping me be the person I need to be to be happy. She learned about sex at an early age. I eventually found out what she held over her father's head. He had molested her several times when she was a teenager and still living at home. She had tried to tell her mother, but the woman refused to believe it. So she set up her camcorder one night and caught on tape her daddy raping her. She did admit that the sex part of their relationship she actually liked because his big cock made her orgasm, which was a new thrill for her; it was just that she hated her father. From there she freely had sex with boys and soon discovered sex was the way to get whatever she wanted from boys, even though most teen boys have little money and most had much smaller penises and less satisfying penises than her daddy. She also convinced herself she was helping those boys both physically and mentally as she became more demanding, and she was sure most boys crave being dominated by a girl, so it was good for them! After confronting her father with the evidence of his rape, she started dominating her little brother much to her parents' horror, and they were in no position to stop it.

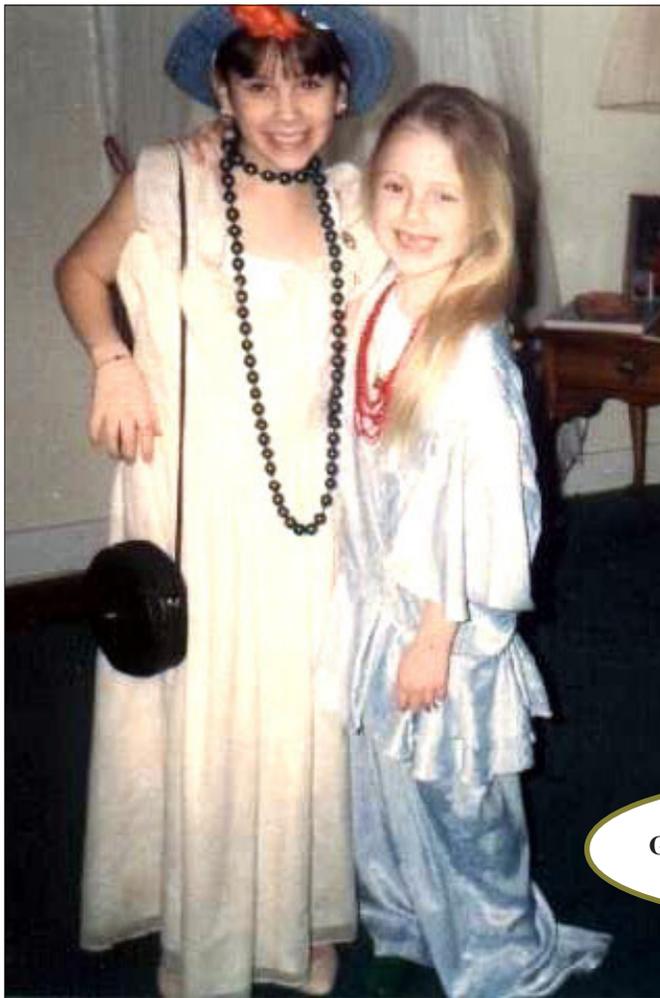
The connection with panties happened one day when she caught her brother masturbating into her panties. She blackmailed him, took pictures, the works; she learned fast.

After that she made him wear panties around the house, even in front of their parents. She also quickly realized that from her past sexual experiences that many boys were fascinated with her panties, and began to explore that phenomenon. She concluded that the boys she liked best were the one who went gaga over her panties: they were gentler, more loving, more submissive and that made her feel powerful when she was with them. She also experimented with boys giving her oral sex, and if they wouldn't do it, she'd drop them. She realized that the panty boys were the best at cuntlapping, and she quickly concluded that she liked her pussy being licked more than being fucked. Also she has never given a man or boy oral sex; she states outright that she hates the look of the male sexual apparatus and even finds it laughable in appearance.

She realized what she loved about sex was having an orgasm and reaching an orgasm with a boy giving her oral sex was much better than being fucked to one. She despised the idea of giving a guy a blowjob. To her, it was very degrading, but it was somehow very right if a man or boy gave her oral sex, especially if she sat on his face. She found that queening a guy in the female dominant position very exciting, and she especially liked it while wearing panties. A male's tongue directly stimulating her clit quickly became too much and she would get too sore, but getting oral sex through a pair of sleek nylon panties was a bit more subtle, longer lasting and minimized her soreness. And that's how she came to prefer having her cunt lapped -- through panties.

It was about that time I met her and our relationship coincided with her growing need to be in control and my instant love for her, plus my need to be degraded -- my way of proving the depth of my love for her. Now I spend time daily under her full skirt or nylon slips and inside special 'head panties' also called 'smother panties' that she had custom-made. They are regular panties but to the crotch has been sewn a bag in nylon panty fabric just large enough to fit over my head. And with my head in the panty bag, I'm perfectly positioned to please her. But she still likes to feel my tongue through panties so she wears a second pair of regular nylon panties under the head panties. And I often have to do my oral homage to her as she entertains her girlfriends. I've even had to perform my duties in front of her brother, mother and father!

Currently her routine for me includes her pulling up her skirt or slip to watch me between her legs in my head panty as I suffer and she mocks and taunts me. She even finds it fun to sit down hard on my throat and choke me and smother me with a full press of her lush panty-covered ass as I worship her and her panties. Now she has started to "wet" her panties and makes me suck her urine from the panty crotch. Ours is an evolving panty love relationship, and I never know when she will come up with some new way for me to orally please her. This is my life and I have learned to love it, even though I spend so much time catering to her my business is going to hell, so I suppose I will put my three drugstores up for sale and dedicate myself full time to Julie. ♦



**Subject to Sis:
Girls love to dress up
their brothers!**





Spanking & Humiliation: Growing Up Under Females

I was born in the late 1940's and unfortunately was brought up by a very strict mother and four equally domineering sisters, three of them older and the other my twin. My father died just after I was born, and I grew up thinking I was the odd one since I was the only boy and the youngest.

It seemed like I was punished for everything, even for doing the most normal boy things like running around the house or getting the slightest bit dirty. My punishments usually involved a thrashing by my mother with me standing, bent toward her and my head between her legs so I wouldn't move, and that left me with my head half under her dress and staring directly into the crotch of her lacy nylon panties, so you can understand how thoroughly I got programmed to the sight and aroma of my mother's panties – even the touch of them because my hands usually ended up under her dress too holding onto her hips through the silkiness of her panties while I got a sound hiding.

Looking back, I'm sure it was done deliberately, my mother's way of forcing her femaleness on me, and resulted in my being a panty trained to the point of obsession. My oldest sister is eight years older than I am, and when she was thirteen and I was five, mother let her thrash or paddle me too. Soon after, all my sisters were given the privilege of spanking me, and they all did it exactly like mother did with my head under their skirts, staring at their panties, but with my sisters, since they were much smaller than mother, my face usually ended up being pressed right against their silk panty-covered pussies, with my tears running onto the fabric and my every breath filtered through their feminine body odors saturating the sleek nylon. Is it any wonder I became addicted to females and their panties?

Then one day when I was twelve and walking past my eldest sister Kate's bedroom (where I was never allowed to wander), I unexpectedly saw her undressing. She accused me of being a pervert and staring her panties. She wore panties like my other sisters, very frilly and lacy, usually in a pastel color and on this occasion pale purple, instead of the plain white variety I eventually learned most women and girls wear.

This incident was purely accidental but immediately reported to my mother and other sisters as something I had done on purpose, and mother said she was going to punish me in a way I "would not soon forget" – she should have said that "I would never forget!"

I had no idea what mother meant when she said she was going to 'panty me,' and within a dizzying instant, she undressed me to the bare and forced me to gather up all my boys' underwear from my drawer and toss them into the incinerator. Almost instantly they were replaced with a collection of ruffled lace panties from my twin sister and panties my other sisters had outgrown. Now that I think about it, mother did it all so quickly, she must have had it planned and just waited for the opportunity, and my sister undressing with her bedroom door left open quite possibly was a setup to effect this punishment.

Then as they all laughed, mother handed me a pair of the slinky nylon panties and made me put them on — my first pair of panties, pink panties with little red hearts and a red satin bow on each hip. I had to stay in panties and wear them for underwear every day thereafter.

But unknown to them, I refused to wear them to school because to be caught wearing girls' panties by the other boys would be a sure way to get beaten up and become a total outcast. So, on the way to school each day, I'd duck off in the bushes, take them off, stash them in my book bag and then proceed on naked under my school uniform trousers, which was a bit uncomfortable but infinitely better than the scary prospect of being caught wearing girls' panties to school.

However, this lasted only a matter of days before one of my sisters demanded a 'panty inspection' upon my return from school. She pretended it was a game for our mother's amusement, and at her signal, all four of my sisters pulled up their skirts and displayed their panties, and then they forced me to drop my trousers and exhibit my panties. When they found me pantyless, mother was highly dismayed and demanded I be punished. She directed each girl to get a pair of her dirty panties out of the wash bin, and they soon returned cheering and laughing with soiled panties held aloft as they danced across the room and stood before me. They took off my trousers, made me lie on the floor and danced over me, holding their dirty panties out towards me and twirling their skirts and demanding I look up and watch their panty show. Then, one-by-one, starting with my twin sister all the way up to the oldest, each sister put her dirty panties on me until I was wearing each pair from the smallest to the largest. Then mother stood up, removed her big bloomer panties and the girls put them on me too! Not only was I forced to wear the five pairs of panties, but they took turns sitting on my chest, forcing me to look up their skirts at their panties exposed between their legs, and as each girl sat on me, my other three sisters took turns pinching the elastics in the five pairs of panties I had on. I endured this experience because if I didn't let them have their way with me, they assured me they would expose me to my friends as a panty-wearing pervert sissy boy. And once they had me on the ground, pantied and being queened by them, mother recorded the moment with a new Kodak camera she had gotten to more firmly enslave me to them by taking pictures of me in my helpless, pantied and pitiful state.

From then on, they forced me to wear panties at all times including to school. They checked me going to and from school almost every day, but since I attended an all boys' private school, they had no way of checking on me until halfway through the semester when my mother befriended a teacher at my school. I wasn't in any of her classes, and I only found out about it when she pulled me off the playground one day and conducted a panty inspection of me in a secluded corner of the teacher's lounge. Almost daily, I had been in the practice of ditching the panties I had on once I got to school

and would put them on again at the end of the day before returning home, but luckily for me, I did have my panties on that day simply because I had been a little late to school had not yet had the opportunity to go to the restroom and rid myself of them before school started. Forever after, I had no choice but to wear panties every day while at school, plus I then had to put up with the knowing stares and giggles of that teacher whenever I crossed paths with her as well as suffer through her impromptu panty inspections accompanied with her cutting comments (like calling me a sissy and a queer boy and a pantywaist) and her inappropriate fondling of me through my silken panties.

I remember all the events of those days, both at home and in school with a great degree of shame and humiliation; I was always dead scared the boys and the other teachers would find out, but somehow I managed to keep my sissy secret for a long time. In a strange way I think doing things in a way to prevent being discovered contributed to my resourcefulness. I became a manipulator, an actor and a convincing liar. For example, if we had a surprise health check up and all of us boys had to strip to our T-shirts and underwear, I'd pretend to have cramps and need to rush to the bathroom where I would change into a pair of boys' underpants that I had found in the locker room and had hidden away in my locker in anticipation of such an incident.

My sisters continued to dominate me and would take every opportunity to tease and bully me. I was an easy target for them because I was different from them and fought their dominance at every turn. My mother was a supervisor in a sweatshop in the clothing district in Manhattan. She worked long hours and let my sister run things when she wasn't around. My sisters did like to put on shows for our mother's entertainment, and just about every Sunday we performed for her. In almost every show I was dressed in girls' clothes and had to act the part of a witch, monster girl or a naughty sister. In many ways I liked those parts because I did get to vent my anger at my sisters. But if I got too much out of hand, I would usually end up with me flat on my back and my sisters holding me down and then taking turns sitting on me and then sliding forward on my chest until my mouth was jammed up against their panties to quite me from complaining and silence me from calling them names. I know they liked jamming my mouth up against their little cunts; I'm sure it gave them a sensation of power and probably not to subtle sexual thrills.

Being brought up that way, left me a sissy and a panty fetishist for sure. When I finally left home for college, I was glad it was only 150 miles away because by then I had been so thoroughly trained that I longed to trek home every weekend and being subjected to being dominated by my mother and sisters. Like I said, I think it did me a lot of good because today I am a film actor and making very good money, and now my sisters and mother all treat me with the highest regard and none of them seem to remember anything about our childhood and the times I spent under their skirts! ♦



The Demale Society: Males are Born to be Sissy Maids

My circle of friends and I are interested in anything that leads to total female supremacy. The complete subjugation of the male should be the goal of all women. Furthermore, all males should gladly accept being relegated to the inferior status they deserve, as it is the natural way of things and the only way of clearing up the male-made problems of the world.

In our little local Demale Society group of five women, three of us own husbands; the other two are unmarried and evaluating prospective submissive spouses, as we believe marriage is the best road to creating a truly dominant female society because a properly trained husband can be a tireless worker for our long term goals. Two of our husbands are so well trained that they even actively recruit other men and boys and indoctrinate them into slavery. Our group's rule is simply to live our entire lives within the construct of female

supremacy and to do all we can to elevate women and to enervate males.

In our homes, husbands and sons (we have three young boys between two of our married couples) must adhere to our notions and not to traditional masculine ways and ideas. We reinforce our relative positions and keep them in line via punishments and humiliations. Even when we are in the outside world, our men and boys must show proper respect toward all females at all times. Women in our group assume all power and responsibility, while the primary function of our males is to attend to our and the household's needs. My husband and one other do not even hold jobs; they are career homemakers. When males behave well they need not worry, they are generally well treated. Punishment, mental and or physical is meted out when one of them acts contrary to our interpretation of female dogma.

Since we wish to see a world in which women assume an attitude of strength and males one of meekness, subservience and effeminacy, the world must replace the unnatural image of the male as having any kind of physical substance. He must be made to view himself as restricted, soft, vulnerable and dependent. We have found there is no better way to break the male ego and to restructure the self-images of the sexes than in the area of clothing. In homes, whether we are present or not, and when in the community, males are not allowed the pretense of masculine attire. Not one of our husbands even owns any male underwear. For example, the daily life my

husband leads is and should be what all males of the future will experience. Typically my hubby arises from the mat on the floor beside my bed an hour or more before I get up. Retiring to the bathroom, he attends to his toilet, showers and removes facial and body hair after taking off his nightgown, negligee or baby dolls from the night before. He plucks his eyebrows and applies his makeup. After preparing breakfast, he awakens me, and I never get tired of seeing him as he should be: bewigged, soft, delicate and sensual in lacy, padded bra and panties provocatively peeking through some sheer, frilly loungewear. On weekends, my lovely male then serves me breakfast, often in bed. While dining, I often amuse myself watching him finish dressing. He shamefully chooses the rest of his day's attire. The stockings he draws over his shapely legs are followed with a constricting girdle or a foundation-altering tightly laced corset. A clinging slip or a full petticoat is next, followed by the dress or skirt and top for the day if it is a weekend. The right jewelry finishes the ensemble and the male is ready to face the day's duties. Hubby leaves to do the dishes while I get dressed. I greatly limit his viewing of me in my lingerie or in the nude – a treat he must work to receive. On weekdays, he must dress in one

of his many satin maids' uniforms. At breakfast, I arrive in the kitchen, kiss him, and then he kneels under the table and caresses my feet before I leave for work. I'm an attorney specializing in women's rights issues. During a day filled with cleaning, laundering, vacuuming, dusting and cooking, I'm sure he looks longingly at the locked glass cabinet in the bedroom that contains the few masculine garments he has left. But he will sensibly and tearfully turn away, realizing, as all men will, such things belong nostalgically to males' foolish past pretenses. When he does go outside, rarely is he allowed his male attire -- they are reserved for funerals and other public events when his normal attire would be an unpleasant distraction. Normally when outside he wears slacks and blouses, conservative ones that pass for men's wear unless a person looks closely. And when someone does notice they usually assume he's a gay boy wearing ladies' clothing.

Besides the daily humiliation of the male in the home, female superiority is carried on by our group on weekends when we gather for the amusement of the women. Rotating meeting places, we bring our husbands or boyfriends and our sons and other men and boys we have inducted into our group in their proper feminine attire for further training. Presently we are focusing on training them for maid service, and at our get-togethers, one of our female members is put in charge, and she appears in a traditional french maids' outfit as she puts the males in similar costume and walks them through the ways a proper ladies' maid conducts herself.

We start with dinner being served by our fetching, demure male damsels in their maids' outfits. After dinner, the women retire to the living room for drinks and conversation, while the males finish dishes and gossip. We listen occasionally on an intercom left open to make sure the things they are discussing are limited to permitted topics like housework, fashions, makeup and the like. If they stay, they will be punished later in front of the group. Following the dishes, the males come to the living room, curtsy, and ask permission to join us. One of them is chosen secretary to take minutes of our meeting. Here we discuss articles, movies, television, etc., that we have found are relevant to the coming

female dominance of the world. Then each female recounts on how she has done something to publicly and privately demonstrate the proper relationship of women's position over inferior males.

Next, is the highlight of the evening when our males entertain us in some way guaranteed to humiliate them — an important part of maintaining our dominance by further demoralizing them. Each week we have planned for our lovely slaves some skit, situation or services that must be performed. The show for last week was a fashion and beauty contest. Our enervated males were put through their paces competing in evening gown, casual, bathing suit and lingerie events before their bemused mistresses. Each was given a different question to check his poise and knowledge of proper submissive male thinking, questions like, "What do you say to a strange little boy you meet in a park to encourage him to experiment wearing girls' clothes?" Or "At what age should a boy be allowed his first garter belt, stockings and heels?" Then our participating male maidens are judged and "Miss Eunuch" is chosen. The winner is given a photo album of the night's high points. The losers' skirts are lifted and their pantied butts spanked. Then they have to entertain us by giving each other blowjobs or fucking each other in the ass, generally with our youngest daughters (there are four in our little group) directing the action, holding cocks and feeding them into the males' mouths and bottom holes. Then each goes tearfully home with a dildo up his ass to remind him to be much more feminine and alluring for his mistress in the future. ♦



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