

Princess Extra!

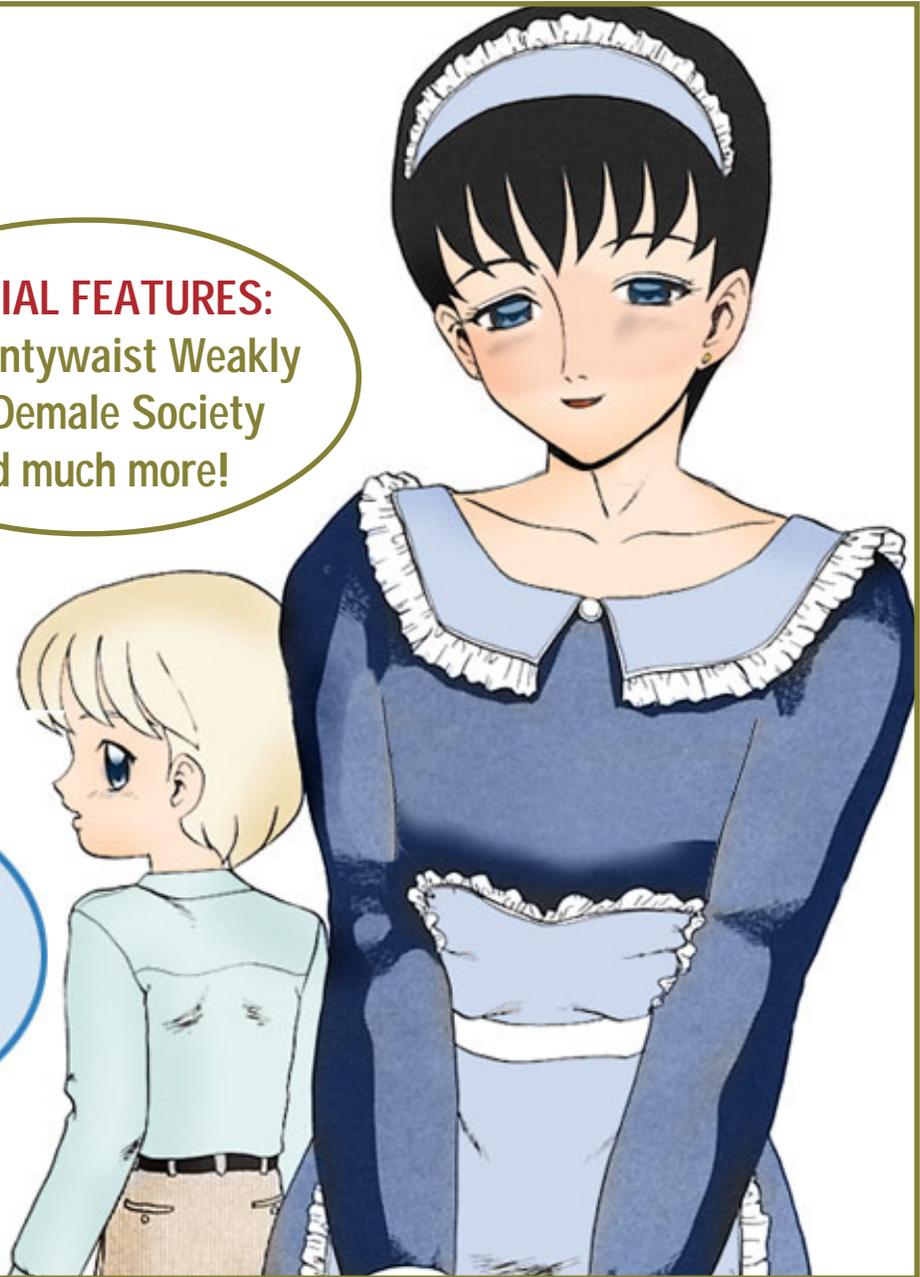
#4

October 2008

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

Remembering
the boy I
used to be!

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

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Sissy Maid: Schoolboy Domestic

Sid was judged marginally educable, and at sixteen, it was recommended he be withdrawn from school, taught a basic skill and put to 'useful work' because he would probably never advance beyond the minimal degree of education he had achieved and should now do something to be a credit to society and himself. And since he was a simpleton, his parents got court permission to have Sid's balls cut off. Permission was granted and Sid became a gelding – a eunuch.

His mother's second cousin, Anna, agreed to have him stay with her and train him as a dishwasher at her truck stop restaurant located forty miles away.

At Anna's home, he was installed in a room that at one time was just a walkin-closet. Early the following morning, Aunt Anna took him to the diner and introduced him to Elvira the cook, who was told not to expect too much of the new kitchen boy since he was slow on the uptake. Elvira showed him how to clear tables and wash the dishes.

Sid wasn't too bright, but he was a hard worker and over the next few weeks the kitchen and the pots and pans gleamed as they hadn't since they were new. Anna was pleased and so were his parents, who appreciated the weekly check they got from Aunt Anna.

Nearby the restaurant, Auntie also owned a small motel, and one day after discovering two of her maids stealing, she fired them and brought Sid over to help out. She introduced him to Cassandra, who was in charge of housekeeping. Anna said to her, "Sid can help you out. He can stay in one of the rooms so you can keep an eye on him. Perhaps you can put him to work cleaning bathrooms. He's a rather slow learner, but he works hard at anything you give him once he understands the job, and you don't have to worry about him knocking up the other housemaids, his folks had his balls cut off, so he's as harmless and as timid as a baby kitten."

Cassandra laughed and said, "No balls, huh? I'll try him, but he's so small even for a boy his age. I only have girls' housekeeping uniforms in a size small enough to fit him."

"Yes, he is small; wearing a girls' housekeeping uniform will hurt him. If you tell him it is a job requirement, I don't think he'll object. He is docile and does what he is told. Anyhow, it is only for a few weeks until you can find someone else to hire. Then Sid can return to washing dishes at the diner."

The boy was trying to swat a fly zipping around the room and not paying attention to what his aunt had been saying, so

Anna got his attention and said, "Cassandra is going to tell you what to do for the next few days. Do you understand what I am telling you to do?"

"I think so, Aunt Anna. When you aren't here to tell me what to do, I am to do what this nice lady tells me to do."

"Very good, Sid," Anna said and then departed.

"Come with me Sid. I'll get you a uniform," she said as she led him into a small room and then asked him to remove his shirt and pants, which he did without hesitating. Now standing in just his underpants, Cassandra eyed the lad and went to a closet, removed a size 8 zip-front uniform and said, "Let's try this one for size."

Sid blinked and said, "But that's a dress for ladies?"

"Yes, it's a dress. You're going to be one of my maids for a while so you have to dress like a maid, understand? Anna said you'd follow orders. So put the dress on. I can't have you being different than the other maids, now can I?"

"I guess not. I don't want to be different. I want to be the same as everyone else," the boy said putting on the dress.

As Cassandra helped him zip up the front, she paused, "Wait a minute. I better put a bra on you so you look like the other girls," and she instantly produced a small pink satin bra and helped him on with it.

In amazement, he stared down at his body and the bra going around him and being clasped shut, but said nothing. He did reach up and finger the shiny satin bra cups and grinned.

As she put his arms back through the armholes of the dress and zipped it up, she said, "Now, we can't have you being the only maid not answering to a girl's name, can we? That wouldn't be fair to the other maids?"

Mesmerized, he was still consumed with looking down at his chest, he mumbled, "Oh, yes, I want to be like the others."

"I know. I'll have everyone call you Sue. OK? Now, just remember that if anyone calls you Sue, what do you do?"

"I scour the pots and pans, ma'am."

"Yes that was your job at the diner, but now you do other things. Start by taking this cart and cleaning out all the toilets in the restrooms. Then, I will find you other jobs to do, Sue."

"Yes, Miss, I will clean the toilets."

"But wait a minute; your heavy boxer shorts bulge through your black nylon uniform. You better take them off; I'll give you something else to wear."

As soon as he pulled up his dress and slid out of his shorts, she stooped down and had him step into some pink panties.”

“Those are pink, Miss.”

“Yes, they are, boy. That’s because they match your bra.”

“Oh,” he said with a distant voice.

She immediately followed with a white nylon half-slip and had him step into it and pull it up under his dress. He looked at himself in a nearby mirror and wanted to say something, but before he could, Cassandra wheeled out a utility cart and led him to the women’s restroom off the lobby. She opened the door and called, “Is anyone in here? Housekeeping needs to clean the room.”

When there was no answer, she took a ‘closed for cleaning’ sign off the cart and placed it outside the door as they entered. She taught him how to clean the toilets and then said, “When you are finished, clean the toilets in the men’s room across the hallway and then come back to my office.”

And when he did, she introduced him to the other maids who were having a break and told them he would be assisting them by doing all the toilet bowls in each room.

A few days later, Anna stopped in the motel and asked Cassandra, “Where is Sid?”

“Sue is doing toilet cleaning duty now for each of the girls. He’s gotten quite good at it and likes doing it.”

“Did you say Sue?”

“Yeah, since he wears a girls’ uniform and really looks nice, I told him we would call him Sue, so he wouldn’t upset motel guests who might think he was a boy in girls’ clothes. And with his longish hair that I cut into bangs and sweet attitude, he makes a convincing girl. Even his voice is high pitched.” Cassandra then switched on her walkie-talkie to the maids and requested they send him to her office.

When he arrived, Anna was surprised at how much he did look like a girl. The maids had put makeup on him and put little bows in his hair. But Anna did a double-take when she noticed the little bulge pushing out at the front of his skirt. She gave Cassandra a questioning look.

Cassandra knew the reason for the look. “Oh, dear, the girls are at it again,” she sighed. “Of course, I told the girls Sue was a boy and dim-witted, and I accidentally let it slip that his balls had been cut off ... and ever since, they’ve taken to teasing him. The poor boy has fallen in love with his nylon panties, and the girls take every opportunity to stroke his little dickie through his panties, driving him crazy with pleasure

and exciting him even though he can’t spurt. But he loves the girls and keeps begging for more! Whenever he does a good job on a toilet bowl, the girls pull up their own skirts, give him looks at their panties and then give him a little wank. I hope you’re not upset with me for letting this go on. I let the girls do it because it keeps them content. Besides, he’s turned into the best damn toilet bowl cleaner there ever was!”

“No, I’m not upset, Cass. I am wondering why I didn’t think of something like that myself. While he was working at the diner, I was always catching him trying to peek up the waitresses’ skirts whenever they’d bend over. And I caught him fingering my nylon panties one day at home when I had him help me unload my clothes from the dryer. I should have known he was a panty freak ready to break out.”

She turned to the boy, “Did you have a good day today, Sid?”

“Please don’t call me Sid, Aunt Anna. Miss Cassandra said when I wear a uniform like the other maids, I am called Sue.”

“Do you mind cleaning toilets, Sue?”

“Oh, no, I love cleaning toilets and piss pots.”

“Do you mean urinals Sue?”

“I guess so. I don’t remember what they are called, Auntie.”

“Why do you have that lump in your skirt?”

“Um, Maxine was giving me a reward and pulling on me in my panties for the good job I did cleaning her toilet.”

“Do you like your panties?”

“Oh, yes!”

“Do you like it when Maxine and the other maids play with your dickie in your panties?”

“Oh, yes, Aunt Anna; I love panty play.”

“Do the maids laugh at you?”

“Oh, yes, the laugh at me and call me names, especially when we play the panty game; it’s a very fun game.”

“What kind of names do they call you, Sue.”

“Um ... sissy, girlie, panty nut ... all good names like that. Do you want to play panty games with me too, Aunt Anna?” Sid said as he swiftly unzipped the front of his dress and proudly stood before the two women with a pulsating erection pushing out his half-slip and begging to be touched.

“Uh, uh, maybe later!” she said. ♦

HEALTH

LIFESTYLE

HEADLINES



Since most clothes donated to charity are girls' clothes, many of the poor kids in 3rd world countries, boys as well as girls wear nylon panties and fancy dresses!



Laceyway, WA: Today females increasingly want to have sissies for mates instead of jocks. They have had it with macho males who have to dominate and abuse them. Now they are opting for a crossdresser or panty boy to marry. Also a lot more moms are training their sons to be submissive sissies!



For panty perverts, Europe ahead of the rest of the world with 'Sissy-Boy' stores in most cities

Mom says panty training boys has many benefits

Instead of hitting girls and bullying little kids, boys hooked on panties easy to tame and train

Laddie Falls, NC: Little Danny no longer is the neighborhood bully; now all he wants is to loll around home and play with his panties. He not only puts them on



and plays with himself in the panties, hand washes them as well as his mother and sister's panties, spends hours looking at them in catalog, and begs ever lady and girl he meets for a peek at their panties! Most females feel sorry for the hopelessly obsessed panty boy and give him a teasing peek at their panties only to then laugh at him. Danny even prays to panties five times a day; he has an elaborate panty alter his pantywaist father erected for him in their basement. Daddy often gets on his knees too!

Survey: How can new U.S. President win over panty boys?
Wear panties - 10% Name Hillary to Supreme Court - 9%
Panty purchases tax deductible - 12% All of above - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Evangelical Palin, a far-right religious nut, says any panty wanker can be cured by 'laying on of hands!'

If macho McCain wants the older female vote, he should announce he wears granny panties
If Palin can't keep boys out of her daughter's panties, how is she going to keep wife-cheating McCain out of her panties?

In our shaky economy, panty faggot knows his daily deposits in vintage panties are safe

Dirty old man McCain peeking up girls' skirts at their panties loses his way on campaign trail

Photos from
The Pantywaist Weekly





Photos from
The Pantywaist Weekly





Panty Fetish:
Abi, the Internet
Panty Brief Queen

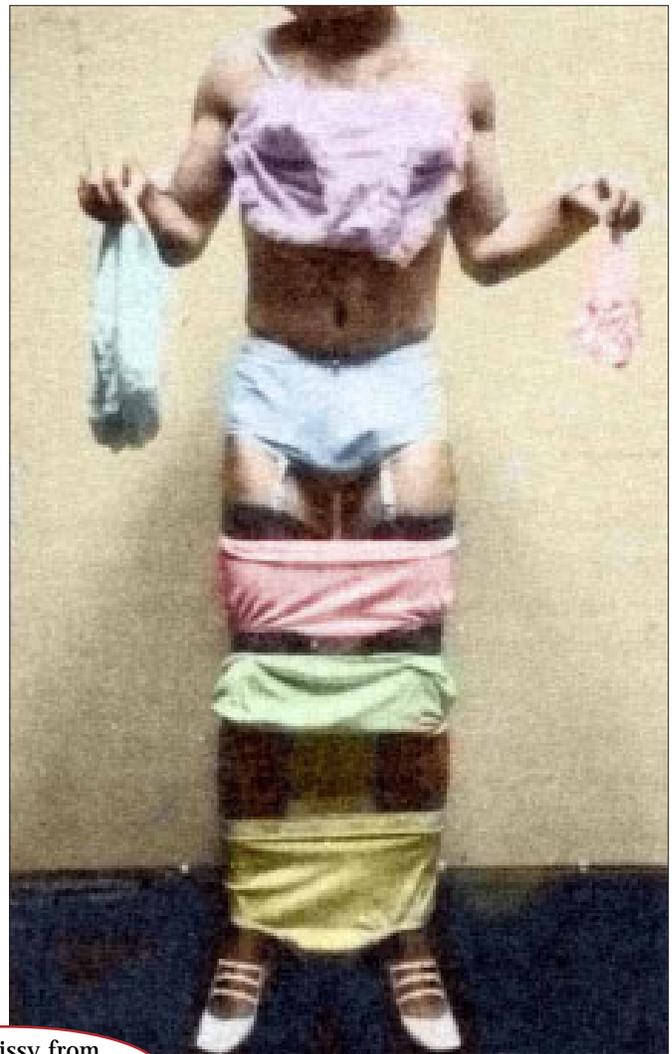


Hand-Me-Downs: Depression Era Woes

I wore hand-me-down girls' clothes throughout the depression. I have no photos of me since we had no money for film or developing; just getting food on the table was a problem. Most kids went through bad times too and some were worse off than we were. Wearing a dress never traumatized me or three other boys I knew at school who also wore hand-me-downs. We were teased but the taunts were held to a minimum since our principal had a huge paddle and was quick to use it to protect us less fortunate boys who had to wear dresses and girlie lingerie for whatever reason.

Then during WWII my dad went off to war and my mom worked as a store clerk. Still times were difficult but at least she could afford boys' outer clothes for me. I never had any boy's underwear, but oddly enough, throughout my childhood, I always had quality girls' lingerie for underwear because a cousin of my father's did alterations at an upscale corset shop catering to rich women and girls. Although clothing was rationed and scarce I always had panties and vests from Aunt Dee and most of them were made of silk and in later years in nylon or rayon.

My mother often apologized for not having the money to give me a more normal life, but I could never convince her it didn't matter (because by then I was thoroughly addicted to my panties). ♦



Panty Sissy from
Madame Magazine



Feminized: Sissified for Fun & Profit!

"Just look at them, Trish, so cute and submissively sitting there just waiting for our next command."

"Yeah, I can't believe it took me so long to take your advice and make my son into my sissy slave. Turning Tommy into Tammy has been great fun and it's wonderful having a slave boy to do things for me. It's hard to believe they are boys. I mean, my boyfriend would never let me dominate him the way my sissy son does. Who in the fuck needs a macho boyfriend anyway when you have a sissy slave and a girlfriend like you who gives me more pleasure with her tongue than some smelly bastard jerking off in my cunt? Bonny, just look at Tammy -- all dressed up as if he were an eight-year-old school girl. And his dick is so little! And once I put him on hormones, it will never get any bigger. I can't imagine any woman or girl who would want him for anything except as a sissy slave!"

"Yeah, my sissy Sandy has a teensy dick too. It will never be big enough to impregnate a girl. He's more like a girl than a boy, always has been, but he still can't keep his hands off his wiener! Why boys' penises become so excited in nylon panties, I'll never know. It's like panties have magic in them to excite little dicks. And did you notice how nicely my girlie-boy is developing up top? That bra he is wearing isn't padded at all. Those are his real sissy-tits in those bra cups."

"Wow -- that's wonderful. Bonny, you said you were giving him hormones, but I had no idea they'd work so fast and so well! When you said I should start my sissy Tammy on hormones too, I held off until I was certain he was mentally ready for such a heavy dose of feminization. But you know what -- looking at him now, I think he probably is ready."

"You shouldn't worry whether he's mentally ready -- it's what YOU think that counts. So, what about my idea for something the two sissies can do together to amuse us while we drink our wine? Is your sissy ready for that too?"

"Well, Bonny, he should be. I've been making him practice sucking on a dildo. What do you think is best? Have them take turns or do a classic 69?"

"I was thinking of having them do 69, making them do each other at the same time would be fun. And since these pansy



boys love their panties so much, we should have both of them keep on their panties and make them stroke and suck each other through their silky panties. What do you think, Trish?"

"Oh, yeah, and we can make it sort of a contest: the one who gets the other to cum first doesn't have to swallow it. How about that for an idea? That should give them an incentive to do the best sucking and licking job that they can!"

"Yeah, that's great, and the one who wins and doesn't have to swallow gets to spit kiss that load of jism into the loser's mouth before the loser has to go back down get a load from the winner's little dick."

"And let's invite some girls over and charge admission, OK?"

"Yeah! We could make good money. The girls at my office already know about my sissy Sandy; they'd pay to see 'em! They've been asking when they can see him." ♦

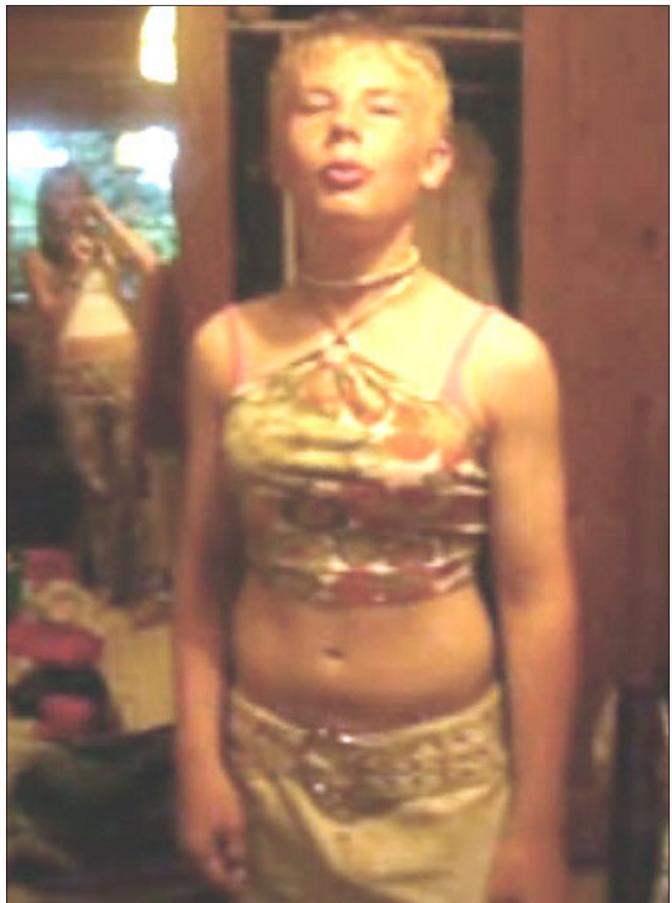


Panty Pervert Family: Married into a Pervert Paradise

I admit I'm a pervert; I even told Gloria as much soon after I met her, but she loved the shit out of my ass, so it didn't bother her. What a girl! My wife is a waitress and works days and I'm a short order cook and work nights at the restaurant where we met. Gloria has two kids, Diane 13 and Jason 11.

After we were married and I moved in with them, I installed a surveillance system because we live in a high crime area, but I secretly added several extra hidden cameras, each hooked up to a remote recorder: one in each of our two bathrooms and one in each of the kid's bedrooms. The cameras work like a charm, but I wasn't ready to see what I've seen. My new stepson is even a bigger perv than I am! Like clockwork, he jacks off into a pair of his mother's panties every night -- nothing wrong with that! I love panty wanking myself; I've always had a thing for panties, and Gloria is so sweet to leave me her used panties on my pillow as she goes off to work.

But in the morning, once their mom goes to work, the kids peek in on me to make sure I'm sleeping (I'm not) before going into Diane's bedroom where she helps Jason dress up in her clothes. She has a big wardrobe of great clothes and both of them party wild trying on one outfit after another from sexy lingerie to kinky outerwear. And they take pictures of each



other. But the dress-up game is just foreplay that concludes with both of them dressed to the nines and Jason eating his sister's pussy before she returns the favor and sucks him off through his fancy panties. Sometimes Diane puts lotion on the handle of a plumber's plunger, then gets behind Jason, pulls aside his panty leg band and fucks him royally as he jerks on his cock through the front of his panties. And I thought I was a panty pervert! I have nothing on this kid!

Then everything took a turn. I came home from work one night to find my wife watching videotapes I had taken of the kids doing their dressing-up and sex games. I was scared and I thought that would be the end of everything, but my wife surprised me: She had so saturated her panties the smell of her pussy juices filled the room. She was getting off on watching the tapes! I just stood there awestruck not knowing what to do. Gloria took charge. She handed me a pair of her panties and told me to strip off and put them on. Sure I jack off in panties but I never wear them! But I was in no position to go against her wishes. Blushing like a shamed little kid, I put on the panties and then she invited me into bed with her and she directed us to masturbate each other through our panties as we watched the videotapes together. Wow, what a great cum I had. The aftermath: Gloria was mad at me for installing the hidden cameras and videotaping the kids without telling her, but she loved it! So she penalized me by making me now wear panties everyday and our sex life is panty masturbating each other as we watch a film festival of our pervy kids! ♦



Cuckold Story: Shamed by My Wife and Family

Getting along with females has always been a challenge to me, and that probably has a lot to do with my older sister, Angie, who didn't so much as dominate me my entire life as discounted me a something less than a human being. My mother was good to me when I was very small, but over time, my sister won her over and mother too began treating me like I was worthless. My sister was the biggest slut in high school. She liked black guys and I think she had sex with every black guy in our school, and everybody knew it!

With such a lousy home life, I participated in as many after school activities as I could that didn't involve rough sports since I'm not very muscular or well-coordinated. I worked on art projects, wrote for the school newsletter, and even became a male cheerleader. The writing and artwork led me to a career in journalism, starting as a cub reporter for our local newspaper, a job I worked at part-time after high school. At the paper, I met Sandy, a young secretary and we got married not long after I graduated from high school.

My experience with girls has always been quite limited and hampered by another problem: I have a very small penis, something I hid from Sandy because I didn't have sex with

her before the wedding, telling her I wanted it to be special. On our honeymoon, after our first bout of sex, she jumped out of bed, turned on the light and made me show her my penis. She didn't say anything, but I guessed she was disappointed. Soon after, she began to comment about my small dick. At first she jokingly called me 'little dick,' but as she became increasingly dissatisfied with my ability to give her pleasure in bed, she began to show her disdain by calling me a pathetic wimp totally useless to her. And when she did let me fuck her, she demanded that I get her off by going down on her to bring her to repeated climaxes as I ate her pussy and in the process suck up the semen I had deposited in her pussy. I didn't like eating my cum, but I did it to keep peace with her.

Then one Friday after I returned from work, she told me she had a lover with a big cock that completely filled her needs. She told me she was taking me to a dance club that night and I would meet Dan, her lover. I apologized for my lack of penis size but pleaded with her not to have sex with other men, and I certainly didn't want to meet this man, but to soothe her, I agreed to go. Then as we were getting ready to go, she tossed me a pair of her lavender panties and told me to wear them under my clothes. I protested but did what she asked because of all the guilt I was feeling since she so berated me for not telling her about my 'little boy penis' before we were married.

"My panties look good on you," she said with a laugh, "you deserve to wear lacy panties. And you'll wear panties from

now on. Tomorrow, I'll buy you a supply of your own."

Deciding it was not the time to protest, I hurriedly pulled on the panties, got dressed and went downstairs. When she came down a little later, she was wearing a tiny black dress that showed most of her tits and the tops of her black stockings snapped to her garter straps. She also wore thick makeup, bright red lipstick and black stiletto high-heels. I told her, quite honestly, that she looked like a whore.

"Good," she replied, "since you can't satisfy me and I have to act like a slut to get sex, I should look like one, shouldn't I?"

I was apprehensive when we arrived at the club in a shitty part of town. As soon as my wife led me inside, she pointed to a tall muscular black man at the bar. "That's Dan," she said proudly. "He's been fucking me for the last two weeks. Come on, let's go and say hello to him."

I was abhorred that Dan was a black man! And then further shocked as we approached him and Sandy threw her arms around her new lover and french kissed him passionately for a long time before introducing me to him.

Looking me up and down, he sneered, "Another white wimp whose wife needs black cock to satisfy her."

My wife laughed, as my face reddened with humiliation. "He's a wimp all right. I told him to wear a pair of my panties tonight and he did; he didn't even balk," my wife announced loudly and proudly as she reached into my pants and pulled out the waistband of the panties I had on. "See! Lavender panties, a nice faggy color."

Dan laughed, "Lace panties, gees! A fag, huh? I'm glad he knows his place." He finished by saying that we were now going back to our house, and he was going to make me watch as he fucked Sandy in our bed. I begged Sandy not to do this, but she just giggled. "Listen, shrimp, I've already told Marge, Deana and your sister."

I cringed. What do women see in gruff, uneducated, smelly black guys I thought as my head was spinning in disbelief. But my wife just grinned triumphantly. When we got back to our house, Sandy took us straight up to the bedroom, and I was shocked to see my mother and my elder sister Angie sitting side by side on the loveseat in our bedroom. I asked them what they were doing there.

"Oh, we wouldn't miss this for the world" my mother replied.

As I said, Angie and I have never really got on; she has had no respect for me since we grew up often calling me a wimp or pansy to my face. She used to dress me up in her clothes for the entertainment of her girlfriends. I hated it, but my mom wouldn't stop it and would just join in laughing at me. I've despised my mother and sister ever since.

My sister said to me. "I introduced Sandy to Dan after she came over and told mother and me how inadequate you are in bed. We both agreed your wife deserved better, and she has been more than satisfied ever since, as you will witness."

My mother explained to me, "While you were dating Sandy, we tried to warn her that you have a very small dick, but she said she loved you and it didn't matter, but then on your honeymoon she was astounded to discover just how small your penis is, and now after two years of disappointment at your inability to satisfy her and your inability to get her pregnant, she just couldn't take it any more, and now she's a cock hound for big black cock. You can't blame her. You deserve to be punished for not showing her just how little you have in the manhood department before you got married."

Dan ordered my wife and me to strip while he removed his own clothes. He looked at me and said, "Nice panties, wimp." He waved his hand at me indicating I should take them off, and as I pulled them down my thighs, he started laughing at the sight of my penis. "Damn, man! That's the smallest peepee I've ever seen. No wonder your wife needs my big cock. Pull those purple panties back up, fag. Fucking your wife is serious business and I don't need any laughable distractions."

"I'm not a fag!" I said with as much force as I could in my shameful state.

He backhanded me across my face and almost knocked me over. "We'll, see about that," he chuckled. "On your knees, wimp, and take my cock in your hand."

"Wow!" my wife gasped. "You going to make him do it?"

When I hesitated, he made a fist like he was going to hit me. My wife put her hand on my shoulder and gently pushed me down letting me know she wanted me to kneel in front of him. I did. Sandy took hold of his massive cock and then put my hand around it and had us stroke it together to erection. Dan pulled her hand off but told me to keep holding it. He then slapped my face. "Suck it," he barked.

"No, sir, I never did ..."

My response was cut short as he smacked my face so hard my teeth rattled. With my mother and sister cheering, my wife shoved my head up to his cock. Dan ordered me to open wide as he grabbed my hair with one hand and then fed his monster cock into my mouth. He began breathing heavily, obviously aroused by dominating me into sucking on his dick.

"Oh, shit, I wasn't expecting that," squealed my wife. "Are going to turn him into a cum sucking faggot?"

"Yes," said Angie, "it's all wimpy white boys are good for."

Dan said, "OK, dick face, tell me you love sucking my cock."

With my mouth full of black cock, what else could I do? I mumbled the words, and I guess that was good enough for them as the four of them laughed and clapped in joy. Dan also said I had to have signs of my new status and he made me promise to wear female clothes at all times in the house and a bra and panties under my clothes out on the street. He said I was to become a maid to my wife and him and never even try to fuck my wife again. When I got up the courage to scream back at him, "Fuck, you!" he threw me over his lap and walloped the hell out of my lavender pantied butt. I then agreed to do whatever he wanted because he threatened to cut my balls off if I didn't promise.

As I listened, my wife made promises to him too. "I'm your slut, Dan, and a whore for you. I promise to do anything you tell me, and do anything in bed with anyone you tell me to."

Dan then shoved me back down on my knees. He shoved his cock back in my face, smirked and ordered me to be a little more passionate in my sucking. I tried but feared he'd make me completely suck him off. With my wife instructing me what to do, I kissed his cockhead, licked up and down his shaft and even sucked on his big balls before taking as much of him in my mouth as I could and sucked him loudly, like a cheap whore who was enjoying the experience.

"Perhaps I should just shoot my cum into his mouth and go home," Dan said.

"Oh, please, no," Sandy begged in a panic and pleaded for him to fuck her.

He laughed at her desperation and then abruptly pulled out of my mouth, shoved me aside and threw Sandy down on our bed. He commanded me to kneel by the bed and guide his cock into my wife's pussy. And once I did, he told me to stay there and watch him fuck her like a wild stallion.

He rammed into her, causing her to loudly gasp with a mixture of pain and pleasure. Nonstop, he went at her for at least twenty minutes before tensing and spewing his juice deep inside her. As he did this, she screamed out her orgasm and her undying love for him. This was the worst part of my evening and brought a lump to my throat. After he withdrew, he grabbed my hair, dragged me up onto the bed and up to my wife's sopping pussy. "This will be your job every time your wife receives a dose of black cum," he told me. "Get sucking, and don't stop until she is clean."

I did as I was told, of course.

Afterwards, I was highly disgusted as Sandy stunned me again as she expressed hope that Dan had gotten her pregnant with a black baby! She also told me that at times, she'd make me suck Dan until I received his cum directly from his balls. As I was finishing cleaning Dan's cock, he held the back of my head firmly and 'rewarded' me with a drink of his warm piss, much to the joy of the three women.

Once I had finished Dan began to dress, and Angie came over and handed Sandy a cock cage and asked her to fit it on me.

"Not only will you not be able to fuck your wife," my mother said spitefully. "But you will not even be able to jerk off. On top of that, you must lie next to Sandy's beautiful naked body every night with her teasing and taunting you knowing that you can do nothing to relieve the terrible frustration you will be suffering. That frustration will be made even worse by regular nights like this one."

Once the cock cage was locked on me and my lavender panties pulled back up, my mother said to me, "Here's a little present Angie and I got you for your new lifestyle." And she pulled out of a box containing a satin french maids' uniform complete with an apron, hat and frilly panties, an outfit they made me try on, and when I refused, Dan slapped me around until I agreed, and then made me get over my wife's lap for a spanking! And that's how my life has gone ever since. ♦

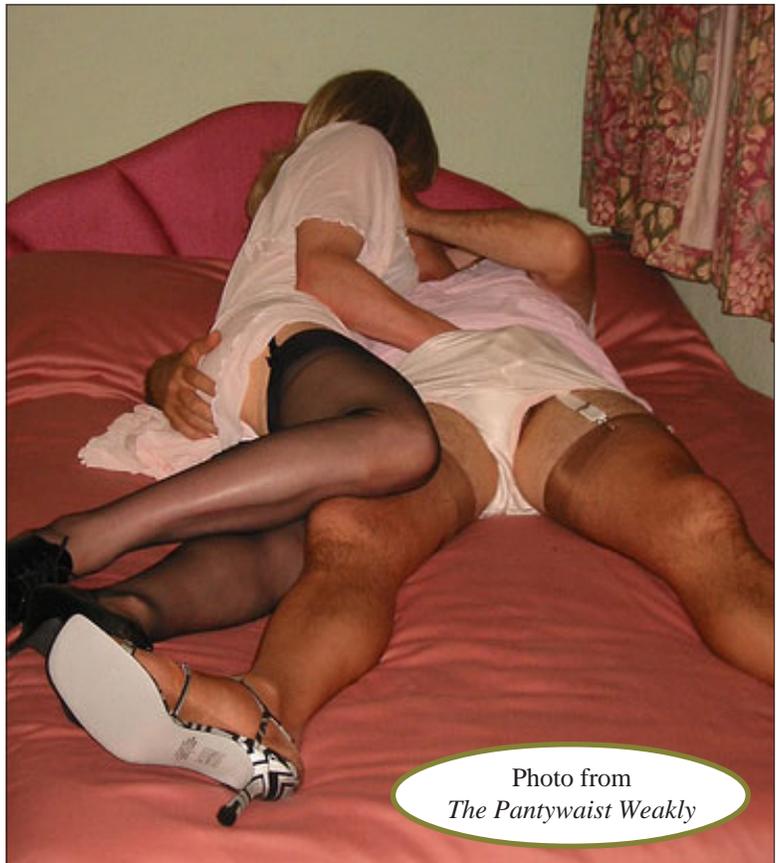


Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly



Petticoat Punishment: How My Parents Disciplined Me

"Listen, boy, I've had enough of your shenanigans, now hold still and step into these nice new lacy panties."

"No!" I screamed and jumped around to evade my mother struggling with me to get me into a pair of pink panties with red rosebuds and a pink bow in front. I was a wild five-year-old, a smarty pants and hyperactive. My parents were fed up with me and mom was trying to dress me in a little girls' babydoll nightie, something she had threatened to do many times before. A few weeks before, she had heard something

from one of her friends about petticoat punishment and went out and bought the nightie, showed it to me and told me she'd make me wear it to quiet me down. What a stupid idea, I thought. I was sure she was just trying to scare me. How did she think that would change me?

Well, I had just woken up after being in bed for less than an hour and was restless. I started playing with my dog, Deke, and throwing things around in my room. My mom and dad had been fucking in their room and came running to see what I was doing. Mom came in wearing just white panties and her stockings, her bare titties exposed to my surprised view. My dad was completely naked and his half hard, big cock was waving around in front of him as he demanded I stop acting up. I sassed him, and said, "Get out of my room! I hate, you!" That's when mom ran out and then came back with the nightie. I tried to run away but dad caught me, spanked me viciously and then held me tightly while mom put the babydoll panties and the nightie top on me.

"You've been warned. Now if we make you into a girl, maybe you'll tame down and act decently," mom said.

Dad laughed at how I looked in the babydoll and fancy pink panties and crying from the pain in my butt. "You look like a girl to me already," he laughed as he reached behind me and snapped the panty leg elastic against my hurting smacked bottom.

I squirmed and cried, "Please, no! I don't want to be a girl!" Instantly I knew the shame of being a boy and dressed like a girl. I had thought it was dumb idea when mom first showed me the babydoll and threatened me with it, but now I knew! With my boyhood crushed, I felt embarrassed. The silky nightie and panties made me feel funny all over; my penis tensed up in the panties like I wanted to pee. Mom saw my hard penis poking up in the panties and pointed to it laughing.

Dad laughed too. He sat down on my bed and sat me on his lap right on top of his big hard cock. I could feel it through my pink nylon panties pressing up against my ass crack. Mom and dad both thought I looked so funny. As dad laughed his cock jiggled against me, through the panties I felt it get big and hard. When he took a deep breath, mom realized what was happening and came over and steadied me on his lap. She laughed as she grabbed both my arms and rocked me back and forth on my dad's cock, which soon exploded his cum all over the back of my panties. I had no idea what had happened and cried that daddy had wet my panties, but they just told me to enjoy it and go to bed in those wet panties as they went back to their room, cautioning me to be good or they'd cut off my little penis and make me into a girl permanently! ♦

The Demale Society: Panty Training Jonathan

Shortly after joining the Demale Society this Glasgow housewife began reprogramming Jonathan, her thirteen-year-old son, who was becoming quite obstinate, masturbating daily and not even bothering to hide it from her. One of his mates had stolen a stack of girlie magazines from his older brother off in college and the boys in Jonathan's little group traded back and forth the stained and crumpled jerk books. Pauline missed her sweet little boy and had almost given up on having him back now that he was maturing and showing all signs of becoming a disgusting macho male, but at the Society meetings she was learning how to not only get him back but to enslave him to her through his exploding sexual needs. There was some little boy left in Jonathan, and she could still manipulate him in many ways, like with spankings, but she knew she had to do something fast or lose him forever. He was growing wildly and soon would be too big for her to handle. His gonads were taking over and she was losing him. The following is how she reprogrammed him; it's an object lesson in how to train a boy to be a mother's joy and a positive instead of a negative force in society.

Pauline walked through the mall, holding hands with her son, her fingers playing with his fingers as she bent down and whispered in his ear, "I have to buy some new pink bras and panties, and I want you to help me pick them out, OK?" With his interest in those girlie magazines, she was sure this approach would peak his interest; she looked at his crotch and smiled as his jeans quickly tightened in front.

With his mouth open and obviously more than just a little apprehensive, he pulled back on her hand as she led him into forbidden masculine territory — the door of the Peek-a-Boo Lingerie boutique. "Come 'on," she said, "you're gong to love this. Look, it's not busy inside." Once inside, he intensified his grip on her hand as she led him to a display with tiers of bras hanging on little hangers. "Jonathan, this section is my size, 32B; find a bra that you think will look nice on me. Then you can help me pick some matching panties."

He was in a cathedral of femininity, a thrilling atmosphere for sure — in fact a little too thrilling for a teenage boy saddled with doubts to his own masculinity like most boys his age. In fear, he looked around stealthily, and then hoping to hurry the process, he quickly pointed to the first pink bra he saw.

"Jonathan!" she admonished and gave him a little swat on his butt as she said in a loud voice, "My goodness! It's so sheer! If I it, you'd be able to see my nipples right through it!"

The boy cowered and quickly pointed to another bra. He did want to get this over with and get out of the store as quickly as possible. But his mother then complained, "Oh, that one is wired; I want a soft bra, one that would look natural on me."

Her son looked around and noticed a saleslady approaching, so he quickly pointed to another pink bra. Pauline looked at the satin, front opening brassiere, cut low and with soft, unpadded cups trimmed with lace. "Oh, yes, dear, that is a nice one. I like it and I think it will do." She was still holding onto his one hand and shoved the hanger holding the bra into his free hand and then pulled him along to the panty section. "OK, now I need some nice panties to match."

Jonathan was literally going out of his mind. His penis was erect, but he was so shaken, he didn't even realize it was pushing out the front of his pants. His buddies would be astounded to hear how his mother had taken him lingerie shopping; nonetheless, he wanted this nerve-racking shopping trip to end! Now he was being dragged through aisle after aisle of panties; he paused by the thongs, but his mother pulled him along. "Those girls in your dirty magazines wear those skimpy underthings, but I need something a little more traditional," she said as she had him stop before a rack full of briefs, each pair clipped to a little hanger. "Let's see, oh, yes, here they are. Size six, that's my size right there. Now pick out a nice pink pair that will go nicely with the bra. And hold the bra up by the panties to get a good match with the color."

The boy stared at the old-fashioned panties and grimaced. His buddies called them 'granny panties.' Jonathan didn't know what to do. So to hurry things along, he pointed to the first pink pair he saw. His mother was still tightly holding his hand so he had to point with his other hand that still was holding the hanger with the pink satin bra. The panties were Vanity Fair pink nylon panties with a triangular inset of white lace on the hip. She took his hand holding the bra and had him hold it up next to the panties.

"Nice choice, Jonathan," Pauline said as he blushed as pink as the panties. She grabbed the panties and then took the bra from her son and headed for one of the changing rooms. "Wait right here, and don't move," she said as she stood her son by the door as she ducked inside. Two minutes later she called from inside the cubicle. "Jon?" Then she opened the door. "Come in, I want you to see me."

Inside, Jonathan went wide-eyed seeing his mother with her blouse off and wearing just her skirt and the new bra. The white nylon panties she had taken off were lying on top of her blouse on the bench that stretched across the back wall of the small room. She did a slow turn to show off how the soft cups of the bra neatly packed with her modest breasts. "I was going to ask you what you thought of the bra, but looking down at your jeans, I don't need to ask; I can tell you like it." She then unclipped her wraparound skirt, dropped it to the floor and



then again spun around showing off the panties smoothed over her body. "So, what do you think of the panties?"

She looked down at Jonathan again. "Oh, dear, I've gotten you all excited," she said as she pinned him against the wall, opened his zipper and pulled out his rigid penis. With the white nylon panties she had just taken off now in her hand like a glove, she grasped his cock and said, "Here, baby, I'll give you a quickie." Almost instantly his body jerked as he spurted his boy cum into his mother's panties and then let her guide him down to sit on the dressing room bench. Sitting, dazed from his cum, his mother held him for a moment as he recovered his composure. She smiled proudly as she looked at his red, flushed face. "There. There. You came so quickly," she said, pretending to be surprised.

The young boy's erection did not subside. Happy with herself and aware of a young boy's sexual stamina, she said, "My, oh my! Would you like to cum in mommy's panties again?"

With a pained but pleased expression on his face, he bit his lip and nodded his head.

"OK, we're not in a hurry." Kneeling in front of her son, she opened the panties and showed him his syrupy spend. Then she looked at it. "Oh, it's beautiful," she breathed, staring at his dick as it still pulsed. She wrapped her sticky white panties around his penis and balls and then stood before him and again slowly turned to let him admire her slim, thirty-something, young-looking body in the lingerie he had picked out. She guided his one hand to her breast and his other hand to where her panties covered her cunt. She enjoyed a rush of pleasure as he shyly began to caress her through her mind-boggling lingerie. She could tell he wanted to say something but seemed to have trouble speaking beyond moans and sighs.

"Shh-h-h," she whispered, now using her hands to rub his penis and balls with her discarded, moist panties. She smiled to herself. Young boys might think they only like thongs and string bikini panties like the lingerie worn by the hussies in the girlie magazines they jerk off to, but at her Demale Society meetings she had learned a lot about the magic contained in old-fashioned panties was showing him how her big silky panties had plenty of room to tease and tantalize his little boy jewels. Pauline's stroking continued; she felt his penis thicken even more. She parted her legs wider, stretching her panties tight and giving him better access to her wet pantied pussy.

"Which do you prefer, bras or panties?" she asked, reaching for his fantasies.

"Panties," he mumbled.

"Nice mommy's panties, like these?"

Wild eyed and stilled stunned, he nodded slowly. She strained

her legs apart a little further and rocked her hips at him. Jonathan gazed at her pink pantied pussy and then gasped, thrusting his hips into her hands as he pumped more jism into her panties.

"There. That's a good boy," she said. "Relieved now?"

He looked at her pleadingly. She was sure she could read his mind, so she said, "Perhaps, I'll let you fuck me, one day. When this little thing of your gets a lot bigger! Would you like that?" He nodded vigorously and then she laughed and made a stab at his boyhood. "You have such a pretty little boy's penis, but it's very little. I would think most boys your age would already be much bigger. Maybe you're one of those boys whose penis stays small his whole life. But don't worry, baby, mommy will always love it. We'll just have to wait and see if it grows to be any bigger!"

Jonathan struggled to compose himself as Pauline changed back into her clothes and then stuffed her cum-soaked panties into her son's shirt pocket. After leaving the dressing room, she picked up three more pink bras and six more pairs of pink panties and shoved them into Jonathan's hands for him to hold as they went to checkout. With the smell of his cum wafting up to his nostrils from the wet panties in his shirt pocket, his mother was further manipulating the embarrassed but still excited boy. Training session number one had gone exactly as it was described in her booklet from the Demale Society. Next, using her sexual power over him, she was going to make her son start wearing those panties and bras he was sheepishly handing over to the grinning cashier.

As they left the shop, she whispered in his ear, "I'll wear my new bra and panties for you again tonight. But, now that you know I can make you feel a lot better than jerking off to your dirty magazines, you have to respect and mind me or no more fun! You know what my paddle feels like, and I'll give you a paddling instead of happy feelings if you don't do what I want and become the sweet little child I want you to be."

Jonathan wasn't really a bad boy but a boy unable to control the bad things he tended to do because of the male hormones increasingly firing up his body. He was often nasty or talked back to his mother when he didn't even mean to. At Demale Society meetings, Pauline was learning about a growing boy's jumbled how to control them. A paddling was still one thing that brought the little boy out in him, but he was growing bigger, and each time it was becoming more difficult for her to take down his pants for a paddling so she was now shifting her focus to sexually manipulate him; panty training would soon replace paddling as she would regularly deplete his sex drive and addict him to female things. And since they were close in size, she'd forced him to wear the bras and panties they had just purchased. With the promise of sexual relief and teasing him with the possibility of fucking her was how she going to turn him into her little slave boy. ♦



Dressing Up:
Schoolboy Fun

