

Princess Extra!

#6

**December
2008**

FEATURING:
The Pantywaist Weakly
The Demale Society
and much more!



Adults Only

**Rhumba Panty
Special Issue**

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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Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly

From an advertisement 1962 LOOK Magazine

The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 6 No 6
December 2008

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

HEALTH



This old photo of tennis star Maria Buenox brings back memories.

According to our unofficial survey, the most popular viewing sport for sissyboys is tennis because of all the peeks girls give of their panties.

While almost all females wore lacy rhumba panties under their skirts in the 1970s, they are no longer in fashion, but when they were popular, they undoubtedly turned many guys into panty-loving fetishists!

LIFESTYLE



Why do panty lovers the world over have a special adoration for the fancy panties with rows upon rows of lace decorating the rear end?

A reminder of the fabulously fancy panties little girls wear? Maybe all the lacy ruffles epitomize girlishness and in so doing make them the ultimate in femininity and so shameful if exposed to others!

HEADLINES

A 1960's magazine ad forever hooked him on rhumba panties *After years of searching, he found a copy of that magazine at a Chicago collectibles shop*

Laddie Falls, NC: At age 12 in 1962, his life forever changed when he saw a magazine ad of a little girl in rhumba panties promoting some product.

The picture so excited him he had to run to the bathroom and masturbate over the picture, spraying his seed all over the innocent little girl's image.

Jack Masters was that boy, and at the time, he was troubled over what he had done. He was attracted to girls his own age, not little girls, but then a bit of grace landed his way when he realized the girl's lacy panties and not her body was what had excited him.

But Jack's mom found the magazine with his semen spots all over it. She burned it and said he was sick.

Recently Jack was overjoyed to find a copy of that magazine for \$45 at a collectibles shop in Chicago. He says it's the best \$45 he ever spent! And spent!



Survey: When was the first time you saw rhumba panties?

In a store - 5% In an advertisement - 10%

On a sissy - 5% On TV - 11% On a sister or cousin - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Survey says: One of the top things women miss most about being a little girl is wearing rhumba panties

Survey also said: Women miss the little girl pleasure of showing off their panties in public
Lingerie manufacturer says: Except for little girls' panties, 92% of the adult-size rhumba panties are sold to males!

To end violence, noted child psychologist says raise boys like girls; so let's buy our boys rhumba panties!
Obama campaign turned down offer from sissyboys to to raise money selling panties saying "Change is Here!"



Why do only bad boys being petticoated and really good sissy boys the only boys who get to wear pretty ruffled rhumba panties?

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Photo from
The Pantywaist Weakly

Raised as a Girl: I Love to Get All Dressed Up for Church

The service was over and daddy and I were getting ready to go home. Or at least that's what I thought until daddy took me back into the anteroom behind the altar, where I saw our pastor and Daddy's business friend, Mr. Lyndon.

"There's the prettiest little six-year-old boy in the world," Pastor Jenkins said as he picked me up and sat me on his lap. I didn't think that was strange because our pastor is always holding me and feeling my tushy. He really likes it when I have on my special rhumba panties. He likes to caress them and tickle me all over. With his hands all over me under my skirt, he soon discovered that, today, I have my red rhumba panties with big rows of white lace that go across my boy pussy bottom.

I was dressed in a little top and red skirt with white frills all about. I had on ankle socks with lacy tops as well as my black Mary Janes. Mommy wanted me to be a girl and raised me that way, letting my hair grow long and dressing me up in pretty girlie clothes, but when she died, my daddy and I became very close and I am the only lady in his life now.



Cuckold Husband: Rhumba Pantied & Humbled

"This is my daughter-boy, Angel," Daddy announced with pride. "You remember Mr. Lyndon, don't you, baby? He's my boss at the insurance office. We're all going to have some fun." I smiled up at them. I guess they wanted to play with me because both of them were rubbing their crotches. I could see how hard their things were getting. Pastor Jenkins patted my hair and then picked me up and said "Angel, are you ready to play some games?" And I said "YES!"

We went into the nursery/playroom and there were lots of pillows there and a slide. Right away they started touching me, kissing me and feeling under my skirt to touch my panties. Daddy stood beside me and had his pants down and was playing with himself, and the men took off my skirt, shoes and socks. They sat me on the top of the little sliding board. It was just the right height for me to reach the men's crotches.

"Ooooo, I like to watch my little Angel play with my friends' cocks," Daddy cooed. "Go ahead, sweetheart, play with the men." I smiled at daddy and reached out and stroked the pants of the pastor. His penis was growing and making a big bump in his pants. He was breathing hard like he wanted to cum but pulled back so he wouldn't shoot off right away.

Then Mr. Lyndon came close to me and stuck his pants right in my face! He said, "In this game, you pull down my zipper, Angel, reach inside and see what you find in my pants." He hissed as he pushed my face into his crotch. I was a little scared because I know men get boners in their pants when they see me, especially when I run around in just my rhumba panties, sit on their laps, and rub my hands over the front of their pants, but this part was new because I've only played the game this far with Daddy. He snuggles up to me in my little bed at night and kisses my penis through my rhumba panties and I kiss and suck on his big lollipop. I like it when it gets hard and fills my mouth with his gooey treat. It's so fun! Well, I looked to Daddy and he nodded OK, so I pulled down the man's zipper down. I liked hearing how it sounded. Z-I-I-I-P! I reached in and his lollicock was right there and it jumped out into my hands.

"OOH, girl, are you gonna get a big load!" Mr. Lyndon said with his penis now sticking out from his pants. I took it in my hands and kissed it. I soon felt it grow even bigger as I slid my little fingers all over it. He was so excited that he shot me a big mouthful of his warm slime after I only sucked on him for a couple of moments. There was so much I had to swallow it; Mm-m-m-m ... yum-m-my! I love the taste of man juice, but I like it even better when a cock shoots its nasty juice up my boy pussy. ♦

At a costume party last December my wife caught me with one of her girlfriends who was recently divorced. I had always had the hots for Kim, and when she came onto me dressed in a tennis outfit with ruffly panties underneath, I couldn't say no. I love seeing fancy panties on my ladies; no, I never wanted to wear the panties, but I sure enjoy peeking up skirts at a woman's panties. It was the only time I had ever been unfaithful to my wife during our six years of marriage. Kim and I were in the bathroom; I thought I had securely locked the door, but obviously I hadn't. My wife walked in to use the bathroom and found me sitting on the toilet with Kim facing me and sitting on my lap as I was banging the hell out of her hungry pussy. Jan raised holy hell and told Kim she never wanted to see her again and told me I'd pay dearly for cheating on her. Kim's discarded black and white rhumba panties were next to us on the floor, and my wife picked them up 'for evidence,' as she said.

Jan cut me off from having sex with her that night and made me wear those panties to bed that night and every night afterward, always accompanied by her laughing at me, telling me how stupid I looked in little girls' fancy party panties. Next thing I knew she had bought me three more pairs of ruffled tennis panties in pink, pale yellow and light blue, each pair with contrasting white lace, and she told me they would be my nightwear until further notice. I begged to be let off my punishment and to let me fuck her again, but she ignored my pleas. Without sex, within days, I was getting quite horny and I couldn't do anything about it when I sprang a big hard-on in the panties one night. Jan laughed herself silly when she saw me like that, and teased me that I was getting excited from wearing the silky panties. I insisted that I was hard because it had been so long since I had sex with her and the panties had nothing to do with it. I pleaded again to have sex with her, but she said no and told me to go into the bathroom and jack off into the panties. I was so horny that I did! I came out of the bathroom and she was waiting with a clean pair of my new rhumba panties. Sheepishly, I slipped them on and hurried into bed. After that happened two more times, she insisted upon watching me wank myself off into the panties. I was embarrassed as hell, but I just closed my eyes and did it with her laughing like a teenager as I soiled the panties. Thereafter, once or twice a week, that's what I did for sex – jack off in panties while she watched me.

She also started making me change into the panties as soon as I got home from work each day. She loved trailing her hand across my butt to feel the big ruffled rows of lace through my slacks whenever I walked past her. At times she'd snap my panty leg elastics through my slacks or even reach down the back of my slacks to get a feel of the nylon and lace hugging my body.

We have a four-year-old daughter, Megan, and as much as I tried to shield my panty punishment from her, my wife had no compunction about letting her see her daddy in panties that were fancier than the little girl panties she wore! I was worried how it might affect her and



worried she might tell her friends or some of our relatives, but I guess Jan took care of that and convinced our daughter to keep my panty wearing a family secret. My wife even made a point of showing Megan how funny I looked when I sprouted an erection in my panties, and not long after that, Jan let our little girl watch one night as I masturbated in my rhumba panties while the two of them laughed.

Knowing my wife had always loved sex and was usually quite randy, I tried to appeal to her need for sex, but she said she had no need to have sex with a cheating sissy husband. I thought she'd get tired of punishing me and break down and finally need a good fuck from me, but she was good at holding out. Then on Christmas Eve after Megan went to bed, my wife had me undress down to my pink rhumba panties and let me snuggle up with her on the couch in front of the fire and the Christmas tree. It was the closest she had let me get to her in the past month. When I asked her if we could finally fuck, she said maybe, but first she insisted I open one of my Christmas gifts and then handed me a gaily wrapped present. I unwrapped to find a video labeled "Payback!"

Jan put the videotape in the VCR and when it started to play, the first scene showed our living room and our Christmas tree. Then my wife entered from off screen and said "Hi, honey,

this is my payback for you fucking Kim." I looked at my wife wondering what she meant and she just smiled and said, "Keep watching the video, hon."

I watched the tape as my wife undressed down to her lingerie and was then joined by a naked man whose face and head I never saw as the video never went above his chest so I could not see his face. The mystery man played with my wife's tits, fingered her pussy, then put her on her knees and had her suck his cock. Then he fucked my wife under our Christmas tree in several different positions, and most amazing of all, I could see our daughter Megan sitting in her Disney princess chair avidly watching it all while licking a purple all-day sucker.

The astounding video ran close to an hour long; the man took my wife once in her mouth, then ass fucked her and then mounted her pussy and shot his seed in her. Jan then stood close to the camera and scooped his cum out of her drooling pussy and licked it up. Little Megan insisted upon having some of the man's goo too, so my wife let her lick her fingers. Our baby girl wasn't put off by the taste; in fact, I could hear her begging for more when the tape ended. I sat in rapt astonishment and was so shocked at my wife's very slutty behavior and acceptance of another man fucking her with our daughter watching and being videotaped that I couldn't say a

thing. I kept my arms on my lap to hide my erection pushing out my ruffled panties, but I know my wife noticed it. Much to my shame, I had been hard all the while I viewed the video; some perverse aspect of it thoroughly excited me -- I couldn't take my eyes off of it, wondering what amazing horror I would see next.

When the tape was over, the guy walked off screen and my wife lay there with our daughter sharing a deep french kiss, their faces shiny and sticky with remnants of the man's slime. Jan clicked off the VCR and told me if I ever cheated on her again, I'd get another tape like this one only there's be more men in it and she'd send it to everyone we knew! My wife then ground the knife in deeper and twisted it by telling me the guy was someone I knew, and she had told him all about me wearing lacy panties and jacking off in them! She said he might be a friend, a coworker, my boss, an acquaintance or even a relative; she said she might tell me who the man was at some point, when I had earned her trust again, but not at this moment. But she did make me feel better when she said I had been punished enough and told me I could now make love to her as a Christmas present.

Jan stretched out on the couch and I hurriedly lay alongside her. She grasped my rock hard dick through my pink rhumba panties and squeezed it hard as she asked me if I was ready to make love to her like a man and instead of making love to myself like a horny, panty-wearing jerk-off teenager. I had been so hard for so long watching that video and had been so worked up that I shot off in her hand, sliming my panties! Jan just shook her head and let out a little snorting giggle as she put her scummy fingers up to my face and told me to lick. I was so guilt ridden, what else could I do? As I lapped up my own cum, she said, "Oh, my god! You've been cumming in girlie panties for so long, I guess you're no longer able to fulfill your husbandly duty to fuck me. I did not intend to train you to be a panty boy, but I guess that's what has happened. You prefer wanking in silky panties to fucking me! What a silly little sissy you've turned into!"

I protested that wasn't the case; I told her I simply had been so excited for so long that I couldn't hold back. Annoyed, she taunted me saying, "You couldn't hold back long enough to fuck your wife, whom you haven't fucked in weeks? Well, I understand, pretty little girlie rhumba panties have stolen your heart from me. So, now, run along, put on a fresh pair of your faggot panties and go to bed, play with your pantied dick all you want, sissy! I know where your love is! I'm going to get dressed and go out and find a real man for a good Christmas fuck. I tried to stop her but she brushed me aside and told me to put Megan's Christmas gifts under the tree and then go to bed and added not to wait up for her. I promised to be good and faithful, and insisted that I did want to fuck her and not shoot off in panties, but she pulled out the waistband of my rhumba panties, looked down at my now limp dick, laughed a hearty laugh at me and told me to forget it! She went out that night and came back just minutes before our little girl woke

up in the morning. I could smell some guy's cum and manly odor all over her. She mumbled an apology but explained she had been so distraught over my inability to fuck her that she had retaliated. I forgave her and promised I would not to do anything to drive her to that point again. She told me I'd have to prove myself worthy of getting back in our marital bed.

Ever since, I have been very good and have not even thought about having sex with another woman. I'm hoping she realizes I'll be forever faithful to her so she forgets about the panty bit, but when I get horny and pursue her for sex, she still tells me to jack myself off in them while she watches, then has me pull them down to show her my slimy spend coating the inside of the panties. She says that if I can stay soft and not cum in the panties while jacking on myself for ten minutes, she might let me take them off forever and maybe go back to fucking her. This little test of hers I have repeatedly failed. I've tried my darndest not to erect and sperm up my panties, but I just can't do it, especially if she takes over masturbating me if she thinks I'm holding out on her and not doing a good enough job jacking my pantied dick. Now, I've given up and resigned myself to being a wanking, panty-wearing cuckold. My wife now brings home men she meets in bars and has sex with them in our master bedroom while I have the only sex I can get, cumming into my ruffled panties, of which I have a huge drawer full of them now -- all fancy rhumba panties in every imaginable color. I'm so panty addicted now that I only have to look at the panties in my dresser drawer or just think about all my fancy panties and I get hard and can't stop myself from jerking off. Our little Megan thinks it's funny that I'm a slave to panties, and she pulls up her skirt all the time just to tease me with her panties -- my wife has gotten her a collection of rhumba panties, many of them are exactly like mine but in her size, and Megan loves it when by coincidence we are wearing matching panties! Our little girl loves to watch me masturbate, as well as watch her mommy fuck strange men in our bedroom -- that I am now forever banned from sleeping in.

I have tried to resist putting on my panties and masturbating in them, but it's the only sex outlet I have and I just can't wean myself off panties. Every so often I view the video again; I have to admit I find it extremely exciting. Plus I search to see if I can figure out who was the man in the video fucking my wife. Strangers fucking my wife don't bother me as much as the man in the video because Jan says it is someone I know. It's scary knowing some guy I frequently come in contact with is secretly laughing at me and thinking I'm an woefully inadequate wimp of a husband and sissy panty-wearing jerk-off! When we go to parties or meet with friends or family, with a sense of extreme horror, I closely observe my wife's behavior as she interacts with people, looking for a glance, a phrase, a touch, trying to pick up some sign, some nuance that will tell me who the man is in the film with my wife. Trying to find out who this man is has become an obsession with me. I'm going crazy wondering who fucked my wife. I also wonder WHO videotaped them! ♦



Spanking: My Uncle's Girlie Whipping Boy

When I was twelve, my parents died and I was left in the custody of my unmarried Uncle Melvin, my only living relative. He was thirty-five, tall, very manly and domineering. I had always been fascinated by his macho ways and wanted to imitate him on my road to becoming a man, but I was a scrawny kid lacking coordination and since I had screwed around instead of doing my studies throughout school, I was awfully dumb too.

Uncle Melvin lived on a farm over a mile from his nearest neighbor and many miles from the nearest school. And since he had been a part-time teacher, he decided to undertake my education himself, saving me the long ride to and from school every day and giving me more time to help out around the house. As soon as I moved in, he really laid down the law with respect to both school work and chores.

I complained that the chores he was having me do, like making the beds, washing dishes and doing the laundry, were girls' jobs. He said I was a wimp and not strong enough to do the tough jobs on the farm and he was letting me off easy by having me do the girlie jobs. I kept on complaining until he reacted violently, throwing me across his knee and spanking me until I crumpled to the floor at his feet and begged for the

privilege of doing the chores. I had never been spanked before in my life, and even though he just spanked me with his hand, I couldn't believe how hard he could hit me. After being punished I had to kneel and thank my uncle for teaching me how to be good. I wasn't allowed to leave the house and was punished severely with spankings if I ever disobeyed. Being quite a small, he towered over me and I was quite terrified of his punishments. I quickly learned to respond to my uncle's every command and not to displease him in any way. He certainly knew how to break a boy's spirit. I learned to do my chores and shut up.

One day not long after I started living with him, he had sat me down after supper and said we were going to have a "truth session." I was to tell him all my secret thoughts and desires so he could properly direct my development. Trembling with fear, I disclosed that I missed going to regular school, not for the lessons, but being around girls. I admitted I was fascinated by girls since I didn't have a mother, sisters or girl playmates. I told him I liked the way they smelled and the pretty clothes they wore, and now that I was being home schooled, I missed mixing with any other kids, especially girls. Uncle Melvin looked pleased but said nothing.

Then four days later a bunch of packages were delivered to the farm, and when uncle came in from the fields he ordered me up to go up to my room and take my clothes off as if I was to be punished. Uncle Melvin then brought all those packages into my room, and with me standing there naked, he had me start opening them. I was confused because all of them were

filled with fancy girls' clothes. I had no idea what they were for and tried to figure it out as I opened the packages. I read on the boxes that they were from "Down Home Dixie." I knew my uncle belonged to a square dance club and he said it was a country & western store where all the ladies in his club bought their dance costumes. Finally everything was laid out on my bed. I was still wondering what we were going to do with this mountain of girls' clothes.

Then my uncle said, "Well, boy, go ahead and get dressed. These are your new clothes." I stared at the stacks of dresses, slips, stockings, shoes, panties and even little training bras. I screamed at him that I would not put them on, but in a flash uncle had my naked body over his lap and he gave me the worst beating he ever gave me to that point. I fell off his lap. He scraped me off the floor and had me step into a pair of white rhumba panties as he held them open for me. They rasped my scalding hot butt as he slid them into place. The pain was overwhelming, but I had no desire to going against my uncle and earn another one of his painful spankings, so trembling and well-beaten, with his help, I got dressed as best I could.

Uncle Melvin couldn't take his laughing eyes off me; I had never seen him look at me like that. His eyes pierced me down to my soul. He zipped up the dress in back and put the lacy ankle socks and penny loafers on my feet because I was in too much pain to either sit down or bend over and put them on myself. With my heart pounding, Uncle Melvin made me stand and study myself in the mirror for about twenty minutes. He had me dance and spin around, lift up my skirt and look at myself from every angle in the big cancan slips and heavily ruffled white satin panties. He was staring like a fiend and laughing and I was crying nonstop, scared out of my wits, especially when I noticed him repeatedly rearranging the crotch of his jeans. I could see he had a big hard on!

He then announced that since I liked girls' clothes so much and since I was only good for doing girls' chores that I would now be dressed as a girl at all times. I wanted to complain and tell him he had it all wrong. I didn't want to wear girls' clothes; I just enjoyed being around girls and liked the way they looked so nice in their clothes, but I wasn't about to press my case and get another spanking. As Uncle Melvin watched, he directed me through my next chore of boxing up all my boys' clothes for donating to charity and putting all my new girls' clothes away in their place in my dresser and closet.

He then left me alone to ease my wounds, as he told me he wanted me to learn how to put on makeup and act like a girl and said he was good friends with the lady at the store where he bought the clothes, and she offered to help me with learn female things. I was humiliated as I realized he obviously had told that woman he was going to make me wear all these clothes! My face burned with shame!

With a malicious laugh, Uncle Melvin did say he wasn't going to let me grow my hair long. He didn't want anyone to think I was a real girl; he wanted anybody he dealt with to know I was sissy boy who 'willingly' wanted to wear girls' clothes! The thought of letting other people see me like this was a terror that scared me to death. "From now on, you're a girlie-boy!" he said with nastiness in his voice, "Get used to it! Make yourself into a good girlie-boy for me, or

you'll get the spanking of your life every day of you life!" I slept off most of the initial pain from my spankings, but oddly enough, when I awoke, I found myself with my hands up under my skirts and slips absentmindedly fingering the ruffled panties. I hated wearing them, but I couldn't deny how soft and sexy they felt to wear. Almost in a trance, my fingers caressed my training bra through the dress and my dick became painfully hard. I had to grab it and give it soothing strokes; I then had the first orgasm of my life. I sank back on my bed exhausted and fell asleep with my panties saturated with the modest amount of jism that marked my first cum.

That occurred four years ago, and I have been Uncle Melvin's country girl ever since, and I still wear those elaborate square dance dresses and bouffant slips and ruffled rhumba panties, and I still get spanked over uncle's lap with great frequency. Our truth sessions have become a regular part of every day. Quite often when I have to admit I masturbated into my rhumba panties, Uncle Melvin will feign anger and take me across his knee. I've gotten used to the pain of his spankings, but I'll never get used to his hard cock sticking up against my stomach as he spanks me and the wet spot that leaks through his jeans and onto my panty front. Shamelessly, I even rock myself on his lap against his cock to hurry him into cumming because once he cums, he stops spanking me! Such is my life as my uncle's rhumba pantied, sissy girlie-boy! ♦





Panty Flasher:
Sandy in her rhumba panties





Upskirt Peeker:
Geraldine's rhumba panties







Sissy Maid: *Brainwashed into Serving*

After meeting Celia at a bar, she invited me to her apartment. It was very femininely furnished with ruffled curtains and lace tablecloths; everything was in pink or pastel colors. Macho old me should have been most uncomfortable in this highly feminine atmosphere, but I surprised myself by how at ease I was in this girlie apartment, due I was sure in no small way to the feeling that I was going to 'get lucky' with this lady plus the nonstop margaritas I had downed at the bar.

Celia got me talking about my favorite subject -- me! She got me to tell her all about myself and she had an uncanny ability to seek out the cracks in my armor and get me to tell her things about myself that I had never told anyone else. She must have been a psychology major in college or something like that because she really got me talking.

What I know now is that, like many macho guys, I had deep down feelings of inadequacy when it came to my manhood, and she had some way of detecting that about me soon after we met at the bar. She is a very feminine woman, which is

fine. In fact, I have always been attracted to girlie-girls. Her femininity didn't bother me, but I did realize I should have been much more uncomfortable than I had been in the very female-oriented surroundings I found myself in at her condo.

"Derek, some males are born to be sissies," she said out of the blue. I must have twitched or given her some other reaction because she was quick to add, "Oh, I didn't mean anything about you. No, I made that comment because I can see you're all man and there is nothing sissy about you, but I'm sure you know that many men are sissies and probably have been ever since they were born. You can walk down the street and see a little boy swishing around like a girl, wearing red nail polish or wearing clothes that look like they are hand-me-downs from an older sister. And you can tell these boys are sissies. I know boys like that. My own brother was like that. Mom and I would catch him dressing up in my party clothes all the time. And some boys like him are that outward sort of sissy -- they don't care what other people think about them; they're comfortable being a sissy and they don't moderate their behavior to appease others. But some sissies do feel the pressure of society to conform and react by acting macho, a false machismo, as they pretend to be stronger, more masculine and more disgusting manly than they really are. Isn't it a shame that some of those little sissy boys grow up scared and confused and have to keep all their sissy feelings hidden away, locked up deep inside them so other people

won't make fun of them?" All I could say was, "Ah, yeah, I guess so."

Then Celia began a rapid-fire exchange: "But, Derek, I can tell you're not like that. You're a real man, inside and out, right?" I nodded modestly. "Little boys like that do girly things like play with dolls -- I can tell you never played with dolls. And boys like that would dress up in their mommy's or sister's clothes every chance they could. But I'm sure you never did anything like that, right?" I nodded a bit nervously. I was becoming uncomfortable because she was getting close to feelings I had buried long ago and hated thinking about.

"I'm sure you were always a macho little boy, but even very manly little boys sometimes find themselves in girls' clothes, maybe for a school play, maybe because some of their clothes were dirty and they had no clean clothes to wear and their mommy made them wear some of their sister's clothes. Did anything like that ever happen to you?" I shook my head 'no,' but I think she noticed it wasn't a very decisive gesture.

"And some boys are forced to wear girls' clothes, you know, like for punishment -- maybe they hit a girl or their parents thought they were too rough and tumble and wanted to tame them down a bit, or perhaps they wanted to knock the big headedness and conceit out of a boy who thought he could get away with anything like some of the most repulsive men."

Celia's fast talking made me react uneasily to her quick, jibbing questions. I like to mull over a question, think out and detail an answer. I'm not good at giving simple yes or no responses to touchy subjects and things I haven't thought about for decades. I wanted to change the conversation but didn't know how to.

"Ya know, Derek," she said, "all men have had feelings of masculine inadequacy at some point in the life. I know, it's probably hard for a macho guy like you to admit that, but it's a fact. Can you ever remember having feelings like that?" Probably knowing I wasn't about to answer that question, she steamed right on. "Now, take my brother, he's a sissy, but you know what? He's not a fag. No, he goes for girls, but he's a sissy none the less -- more power to him! But even more interesting is that he has no shortage of girls who want to be with him, girls smart enough to know that a guy being macho isn't what it's cracked up to be. A lot of these women and girls have had it with the jocks and macho types, the selfish egomaniacs who think they are God's gift -- the kind of guys who take and only give if they get much more in return. But openly sissy straight guys like my bro tend to be considerate and quite and are practically a slave to all females. After girls date a guy like that, there's no going back to the football heroes and loud, smelly, muscle-bound poster boys."

We were sitting on her couch -- a pink ultra suede couch no less, and draped over the arms were elaborately lacy doilies in pink. As she had been aggressively talking to me I realized

she kept snuggling up closer and closer to me; I didn't mind her invading my space, after all I was sure I was going to be making it with her, but the sissy things she insisted talking about were starting to make me nervous. I rested my arm on the arm of the couch without looking and jerked my arm back a bit when I had put it on those rows of lace covering the very feminine doily. She laughed. "Oops! Not used to coming in contact with so much lace, huh?" she said in a teasing manner. "It's OK, macho guys like you probably don't get to play with lace very often, do you?"

I shook my head 'no,' as she reached across me and picked up the lacy doily. She sat upright pressing me even more into the corner of the couch, as she held the doily up for me to look at, and she held it by what looked like an elastic waistband. A waistband on a doily? I was about to think how weird that was when all of a sudden I realized it wasn't a doily at all but a very fancy pair of pink nylon panties covered with rows of lace! I drew myself back even further into the corner of the couch as I tried to distance myself from the ridiculously little-girl-style panties she was waving right in my face. "See, they're just panties," she cooed. "All my girlfriends think these adorable rhumba panties make great doilies, don't you agree?"

I was trying to be calm, but I guess she saw the fear in my eyes, and apologized. "Oh, I'm sorry. These lacy panties probably are too much for a manly guy like you, huh? Well, I don't know what the big deal is with guys; they freak out when they get near a bit of nylon and lace. I mean, look at these panties; they're just underwear, girls' underwear, yeah, but just clothing. What is it about panties that shakes guys all up?"

Celia then shoved the panties into my hand, "Go ahead and feel them. They won't bite you." Now, nervous as hell, I was being forced to touch them. "See, Derek, they're just panties. Now you're OK with them, aren't you?"

I could feel a bit of moisture welling up in my eyes, but I wanted to appear cool, so I nodded in agreement.

"Great, Derek, great! I think I picked the right guy in you, a man who is confident enough in his masculinity not to be afraid of a lacy little pair of girly panties. Good job!"

I shrugged my shoulders and forced a smile, hoping the subject would soon change -- like maybe we could start doing a little romantic bantering on our way into her bedroom, but she wasn't deterred. Now she was really on the attack.

"Derek, I'm impressed. You are a great guy. I bet you're grounded enough in your masculinity to tell me even more about yourself, tell me things guys don't like to talk about, things like times in your past when you let your feminine side peek out, times when you did something most people would consider girly, times when someone or something made you feel like a sissy. It's OK, it will be just our little secret, you

Photo from
The Pantywaist Weakly



can tell me; I'm so interested in every little thing about you. You know and I know that all guys have those little sissy moments, and it turns me on when a guy is big enough to admit his little sins against what everyone expects him to be. It's a proven fact: Guys just aren't all-powerful and all macho all the time. Every guy has tested the waters of femininity at least a little bit from time to time. How about it, tell me about a moment when you wished you were a girl, or tell me about dressing up in your sister's clothes, tell me about other boys calling you a sissy, tell me about wanting to wear pretty pink party panties like the ones you are holding in your hands."

"No, no! I never wanted to wear my sister's clothes; I'm not like that. NO, once, my mother made me ..." Oops! She had manipulated me into saying too much!

"Oh, so, big macho Derek did have some girlie-boy experiences."

I was crushed. I couldn't look her in the eyes. I wanted to cry, but I was able to hold myself back from such a wimpy display; all I could do was press my face into her shoulder, so she wouldn't see my blushing cheeks and the terror on my face.

"So what did your mother do to you? Make you dress up like a girl?" I lightly nodded my head still pressed into her shoulder. "So what did you wear? A pretty dress?" She could feel me tense up in response to her question. "Oh, how nice. And did she make you wear panties too? Fancy nylon panties with lace and bows?" A tear then rolled down my cheeks and touched her neck. "Oh, it's OK, honey; it was a long, long time ago. You must have been really scared. But everything is OK now. But tell me, did she make you wear a little bra too?" Still in our close embrace I shook my head 'no,' to which, instead of sympathy, she replied, "Oh, that's a shame. Every boy should experience wearing a bra at some point in his life. Have you ever worn a bra? I mean after that first time when your mother..." she interrupted herself when, unconsciously, I tensed up again. She knew she was in fertile territory and wasn't going to let me off the hook. "So you were dressed in girlie clothes more than one time, and in nice panties, and a pretty little bra too. How nice!"

Now I was crying. She cuddled me and rocked me back and forth. "It's OK. It's OK, crying about it is good. It must be terrible to have to be a big strong guy every day and have to keep these little girl feelings so bound up inside. But I understand; I told you I have a sissy brother, so I know all about girlie boys like you. I love sissy boys like you. I'll have to introduce you to my brother sometime. You'll just love him. He's so feminine and so comfortable being a girl or a boy, but most of all he loves living his life as a flaming sissy. You should try it. Now, let's go into my bedroom and while we make love you can tell me all about your experiences wearing girls' clothes and feeling like the sissy you know you are but have always had so much difficulty expressing. Ya know, my bother keeps a lot of his girlie clothes here. He lives in a small apartment and doesn't have enough room for all his beautiful clothes. Derek, you're about his same size, you could wear some of them. I know he wouldn't mind. Here, you can start with the lovely pink rhumba panties you are holding, and I have the perfect outfit to go with them, a darling maids' costume that's one of my brother's favorites. So let's go into my bedroom, dress you up like my little french maid and then let you make love to me like my lesbian lover!" ♦



Petticoat Punishment: Driven Panty Crazy

Donny had two older brothers and an older sister, who wanted a younger sister to play with, and his mother desperately wanted another little girl to dress up prettily, so when he was very young, they started to dress him up in girls' dresses and frilly panties around the house. The little boy didn't know any better; he let them do it.

But when his older brothers came home, they teased him and called him a sissy. Donny then knew it was wrong, and he shouldn't be putting on girls' things, so he protested, but his

mother and sister didn't stop it and forced him to dress up in fancy little girls' outfits because he was a naughty little boy who wouldn't do what his mommy wanted. Eventually Donny stopped resisting because he loved the attention they showered on him and became addicted to the soft feel of the silky slips and panties and the fun of twirling around in skirts and looking in the mirror at himself in party dresses.

Don's brothers still made fun of him, but it was nothing compared to the good feelings he got as a sissy. And at times when they were alone, his brothers would abuse him, strip him and jerk off all over his panties.

Eventually Donny's sister began going out all the time with her girlfriends and had no time to dress him up. Pressure from his mother to dress up lessened too, but she still bought girls' panties for him to wear as underwear, and he still wore them all the time, even under his boys' clothes. Donny's brothers still taunted him and at times would strip him of all his clothes except his silky panties and push him outside when his friends came over to play.

One time his brothers made him put on one of his little girl party dresses and parade in front of a group of boys. Donny had to dance around and hold up his skirts to show off his pink ruffled lace panties and curtsy in front of each one of the boys. Then, they made him bend over in front of each

boy, causing his ultrashort skirt and petticoats to ride up and expose all the lace trim across the ass of his pink panties. The boys took their cocks out of their pants and took turns rubbing them across Donny's ruffle-covered ass. Then, they made the kid hold his skirt and petticoats up high on his chest so the boys could see all of the high-waisted brief pink panties stretched up high on his little body. By then, all of the boys were very excited, and they formed a tight circle around Donny with his skirts still pulled high up. The boys started jerking off as they laughed at the little sissy boy. They told the kid how much they liked his girly panties. The nasty little boys continued with their circle jerk until one after another they shot their sticky cum all over the panty-wearing sissyboy.

That was the turning point in Donny's life when he began to learned to enjoy being shamed, and he's been a totally panty crazy, humiliation-loving sissy ever since. ♦



The Demale Society: Panty Training a Panty Peeker

"Eddie I had you stay in from recess because I want to talk to you. You're interested in panties, pretty girl's panties, aren't you? Don't shake your head no. I know about you knocking things off the girls' desks so they have to get up and bend over so you can catch a peek of their panties. The girls complain that you are always at the tennis courts when they are playing; they say you blatantly stare at them and laugh when their skirts fly up and expose their fancy panties. Some of the girls said they have seen you touching yourself between your legs as you peek at them. Not the kind of behavior we consider appropriate at this school. I thought you knew better than to behave like that. I'm sure you understand there will be consequences."

"I, uh, didn't mean anything ... I wasn't hurting anybody. I'm sorry, Miss Landol."

"You're sorry? I'm sure you are, Eddie – now that you've been caught. And you also know my policy – actions have consequences. How can you possibly learn if I let you get away with behavior like that? You wouldn't really want me to let you off with a simple 'I'm sorry – I'll never do it again.' I

wouldn't be doing my job properly if I let you off with that kind of an apology. No – you need punishment – for your own good, but first, I want to talk to you about why you have an interest in girls' panties. Can you tell me why?"

"I, um, uh, I..."

"What's that? Eddie, don't mumble! If you have something to say to me, say it properly!"

"I, um, dunno, Miss."

"You don't know why? Huh! Well, I think I know why. I think you secretly – or maybe even not so secretly – wish that YOU could wear pretty panties too. Isn't that right? When you peek at the girls' panties, what you're feel is envy – wishing you could wear frilly underpants yourself, right?"

"Uh, oh, NO, Miss!"

"No? Are you telling me you don't want to wear panties that girls are so lucky to wear? Well, I have an idea. I know a way of put that to a test. Take off your pants and underpants ... yes, don't act shocked, just do it. Take them off NOW! And don't turn away from me, boy. I didn't give you permission to turn away. Hurry up, you need to be punished, take everything off and face me with your hands on top of your head. Do it QUICKLY NOW before the kids come back in from recess."

Eddie was quietly sobbing as he struggled out of his clothes, "Please, don't give me a spanking. I won't do it any..."

"Eddie, did I say anything about a spanking? Now, stop your slobbering. Dry your eyes and look at the panties I have here on my desk. Don't look away! Look at them. A nice pair of pink and white tennis panties that the girls wear — and the kind you love to peek at. Go ahead, pick them up and feel how soft and lacy and frilly they are."

"Do, uh, I have to, Miss?"

"Yes! Do it! Just hold them. Good! Now, look at the little pink bows on the front. Eddie, I want you to think about how

nice it would feel to put these panties on. Hold them by the waistband; hold them in front of you so we can see what you would look like wearing these luscious ruffled panties. Yeah, that's it. A-ha! Well, well, well, look at what I see. Look at your little penis! I think we have our proof already. No matter what you say, your penis isn't lying! It's standing up and showing us you love these panties, and I think it's even telling us you would love to put on these fancy girlie panties.

"OH, no, Miss, uh, plea-s-s-s-se!"

"Oh, you want to. I know you do. You're a little panty-loving sissy boy. Your hard penis proves it. So, what are you waiting for? Go ahead. My little test proved it. Anyone could see that you would like to wear these rhumba panties. Go ahead. No, this is no time to be bashful about doing what you have wanted to do for so long. Just do it! Put them on. That's it, bend over, hold them open—ah, yeah! Just step into them and pull them all the way up. Ah, that was easy, huh? Now, pull them up real high. Oh, goodness, these panties are a little big on you; they go all the way up and over your tummy. There now, don't they feel good? Just look at the way your happy little penis is pushing out the front! Not a very big bulge, mind you – but I'm sure your penis is as big and as hard as it's ever been, making it obvious to anyone who would see it how much you really want to put these panties on."

"OH, Miss, I can't, I, uh"

"Of course, you can — a little sissy like you needs to always wear girlie panties. There, now, I'll let you wear these pretty panties all day. You can wear them under your ugly boys' clothes and no one will know you have them on. In fact, you can even wear them home and keep them forever. I'm sure any girl wouldn't want to wear them after you've had your dirty little boy penis in them. So those are your panties, now! It will be just our secret, OK?"

"But, can I take them off, now? Please? I'll be good."

"Oh, yes, I know you'll be good now that you can wear panties like you have wanted to do for such a long, long time. I better call your mom and tell her to buy you a big load of lacy little girl panties so you'll always have plenty of nice panties to choose from to wear every day."



"OH, no, Miss! I'm sorry! I'll never look at the girls again. Please, not my mom!" Eddie moaned and was sobbing again.

"Of course, I have to call your mom. Now, quit your whining. I don't care how much you beg or how much you say you're sorry – this is how it's going to be. Your mom already knows all about you being a panty-loving pervert boy. The principal called her into office today, and she heard all about your disgusting little hobby of looking up girls' skirts every chance you get. Seven girls were in the meeting telling us about all the nasty panty peeking tricks you pull. And those were just the girls in your class. Girls throughout the school have reported you so many times that something has to be done it. So, Megan, the girl who sits behind you, came up with the idea to let you wear panties yourself since you love them so much. We all thought it was a good idea for a punishment, even your mom, but seeing how excited your penis is in panties, we have a real problem here; I don't think this is a punishment at all! You are panty pervert! I'm sure your mom, the principal and all the girls will now agree that the only way we might be able to get you to stop harassing our girls by peeking up their skirts is to have you wear panties yourself, so anytime you need to peek at panties, you can just peek at the ones you have on! Just think of it – even while walking down the street you'll be able to feel your snappy panty elastics pulling against your waist and legs, and while sitting in a chair you can slide your butt back and forth and feel all the lovely panty ruffles ticking your bottom, and even in the middle of class – or anytime – you can sneak you hand down the front of your trousers and feel the silkiness of the nylon panties on your butt, on your tummy, and on your hard little penis! No, wearing panties isn't a punishment – it would be for most

boys – but you're a sissy and you love wearing panties, and there is NO CURE for a boy who loves to wear girls' panties, so I'm sure your mom will agree, the best way we can help you is to let you wear them all the time – at school, at home, even in bed at night.

So go ahead and put your pants back on before the kids come back from recess and see you in your panties. Oh, don't worry, they'll all find out about your panties soon enough. The whole school already knows what a miserable little panty peeker you are, so I'm sure no one will be surprised that you now wear the panties you love so much."

"Everybody would tease me, call me a sissy and stuff like that. I can't wear them! NO! My mother won't let you make me wear them! NO! NO! NO!"

"Now, just calm down, my little panty boy. As I said your mother already knows all about your naughtiness and you've become a gigantic embarrassment to her. We all agreed in the meeting to punish you by making you wear panties, but I see it's no punishment. None of us thought you would get all excited and get a hard on wearing panties! But now that it's happened, I know your mother will totally support keeping you in panties. It's obvious that is exactly what you want. And it just might keep you from pestering all the girls. So you're afraid the other kids are going to tease you? Afraid they're going to call you a sissy? Well, of course, they will. Because that's what you are – a fancy panty boy – a real panty-wearing sissy! There's no point in denying it – that little lie detector of yours is pointing straight out to tell me that I'm right!"

Oh my goodness – look at the time. I told you put your clothes back on over your new panties."

"But, Miss, I can't; I mean, can I take them off? I, uh"

"Uh-oh! Did you hear the bell? All the kids are coming in from recess now. I told you to hurry up and put your pants on – oh, well, I guess they're gong to find out about you wearing panties sooner than later. Even though you love wearing your girlie panties, I'm sure the kid teasing you about being a panty boy will be a punishment. Oh, well, you deserve it. You deserve people peeking at you in panties for a change!"

At that moment the kids were streaming in and moments later they spotted Eddie wearing the pink and white rhumba panties he was desperately trying to cover up as he struggled into his clothes, but it was too late; all the kids in his class were now yelling, screaming and surrounding him, calling him a sissy, feeling him up in his panties and snapping his panty elastics.

Eddie's teacher tried to get them to quite them down so she could make an announcement, but there was no taming this crowd, so she just went to a quiet corner of the room, took out her camera cell phone and called Eddie's mother. ♦

