

Princess Extra!

#2

August 2008



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

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.

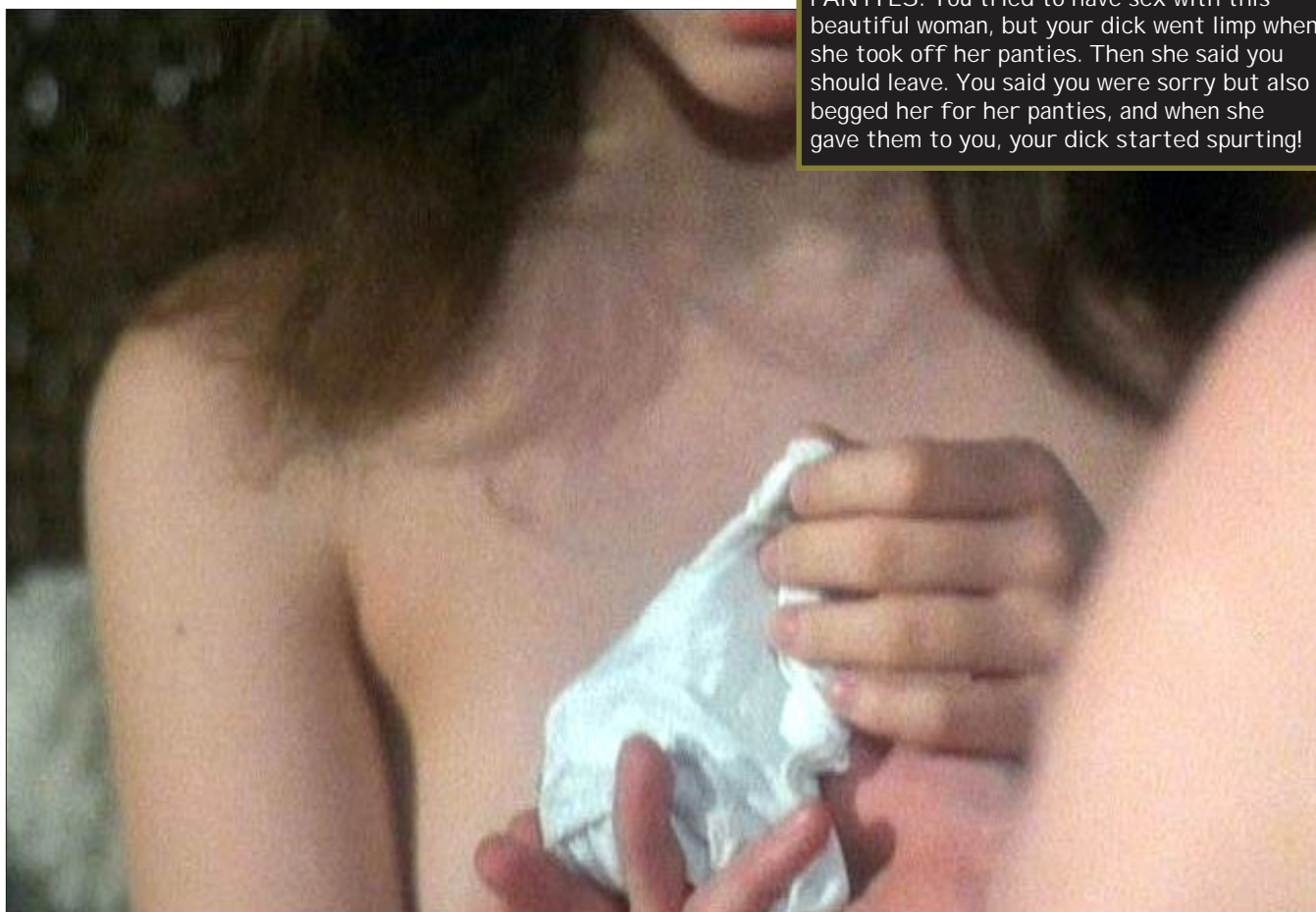
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A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N

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PANTIES: You tried to have sex with this beautiful woman, but your dick went limp when she took off her panties. Then she said you should leave. You said you were sorry but also begged her for her panties, and when she gave them to you, your dick started spurting!



The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 6 No 2
August 2008

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

HEALTH



Girl laughs at panty crazed boyfriend on Christmas Eve when he gave her pairs of granny panties after he had begged her to go along with his big panty fetish started as a boy stealing his mommy's panties.



thousands of pairs of stolen panties while muttering about needing to get some more panties so he could cum again!

LIFESTYLE



Queens, NY: A mock football game with the players acting as the cheerleaders and the girls playing the game gave one boy a chance to show everyone that he thinks girls should wear real panties with their cheerleader outfits and not the usual passion-killer tights!

Slippery Wick, WY: World's biggest panty thief found in his deteriorating house, out of his mind, buried in many thousands of pairs of stolen panties while muttering about needing to get some more panties so he could cum again!

HEADLINES



Pantywaist boys can't get enough of their beloved Princess Lacey!

Loyal followers wear panties proudly!

San Francisco: In an upscale restaurant in this beautiful city, a group of beautiful guys regularly get together and celebrate what turns them on most: PANTIES! And their patron saint of feeling good is our own Princess Lacey!

These sweet guys wanted to pay a tribute to Princess, so at a recent meeting they posed in their panties and printed the word "Lacey!" across their chests and took the picture we have included here. Nice job, boys!

Survey: How can you tell a guy is wearing panties?

He says 'panties' a lot - 12% He walks with a swish - 19%

He walks with a wiggle and smells like cum! - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Congress receives our big wimp award; we're sending them all lace panties to wear for not impeaching Bush

Pervert Rove reportedly bragged that he knew everything about Valerie, even her panty size Evangelicals caught with their panties up in their ass crack: exaggerating how many people they have on their knees George needs to bomb Iran since Laura will never again let him explode anywhere near her panties. I'm sure Chaney, a pantywaist pretending to be a true believer, has spent a lot of time on his knees.

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Photos from
The Pantywaist Weekly





Photo from *The Pantywaist Weekly*

Caught Peeking: Granny's Wonderful Satins

I often stayed at Granny's during the holidays because my mom would take a few days and visit friends and relatives, which I found boring. My old granny was fun, so different from my mom, but also a little scary, especially when she scolds me in a loud voice. I love sleeping in the bed in the guest room; the satin sheets are so soft and slippery. She keeps tons of her old clothes stored away in the closet and dresser drawers. Between Granny's bedroom and the guest bedroom, where I sleep, is an adjoining bathroom with a door on each side opening into each of the bedrooms.

One evening as I was lying in bed in the dark, I saw a stream of light coming from the bathroom. The door to my room was closed, but there was a crack in the old wooden door to the bathroom. Curious, I went over to the door and peeked through the crack, and much to my surprise, I saw Granny undressing. She had on a long white satin slip. I had seen Granny wearing her slips many times before as she seemed to always have a big swath of lace sticking out below the hem of her dresses. Whenever we were out and my mom would notice, she'd try to discreetly tell Granny her lacy slip was showing. Granny would just laugh a little, reach into the top of her dress and make half an attempt to tighten up the straps of the slip and pull it up. That never worked very well and Granny would continue to go around with the lace on her slip hem giving frequent glimpses for the world to see. And around the house, she typically walked around with her

housecoat flying open giving me glimpses of the lacy slips she wore.

But now peeking through the crack in the door at Granny in just her white slip and without a dress on, I went instantly from curiously peeking to excited interest. Sure I had seen Granny in her slip many times, but this time was quite exciting — maybe because I was peeking and I knew it was naughty to peep at someone using the bathroom. Granny was washing up, standing at the sink with her back to me. Then she dried her face and hands and started to pull her slip up over her head! I pressed my face up to the crack in the door as hard as I could and focused my eyes to see as much as possible. An alligator biting my feet and pulling on me couldn't have pulled me away from that door as Granny's slip went up, up, up! She had on a big white bra and white satin panties. At that time, I didn't know that shiny fabric was called satin but I would soon learn that word and make it my favorite word for the rest of my life! Granny also had straps going down her thighs that hooked onto

the tops of her long nylon stockings. Occasionally before, I had seen Granny's stocking tops with those elastic straps exposed to my view while she was sitting, but I had taken little notice, but now that I was getting a good look at the apparatus that held her stockings up and mysteriously went under the legs of her sleek panties -- and I was fascinated. And I'd soon learn all about garter belts too! My mom wore pantyhose, so I thought Granny's stockings looked a bit funny, but upon a closer look, I became very curious about those straps and how they clasped to her stockings. I could see areas of Granny's bare thighs around the straps, and I could see those elastic straps pull against her loose-fitting, glistening white satin panties and make the silky satin of her panties dance and ripple as she moved around. Gosh, I could have stayed there for days staring at Granny like that! In fact, with my head at an angle and pressed up against the door to see as much as possible through the crack that I got a crook in my neck!

For some time I had a tingling sensation between my legs, and I finally reached down to touch myself and felt my ten-year-old penis was so hard it hurt. My pajama bottoms rubbing against it hurt. I had to pull them down and throw them off. I kept my hand on my penis and I kept staring at Granny, and unknowingly, she was putting on a show for me. She was dancing around and singing a little tune to herself. I sucked in a deep breath when she turned around and looked at her back in the bathroom mirror because then her front was then facing me. I loved how she looked in her big bra and shiny panties that went way up on her tummy.

I had been kneeling down for so long my knees hurt and combined with the continuing pain in my neck; I lost my



balance bumped into the door. I saw Granny stop cold, look at my door and then walk towards it. I panicked, jumped up and flew into bed. I pulled up the blanket and pretended I was sleeping, fully expecting her to come into my room and check on me. She didn't. Moments later the light streaming through the crack in to door went out; she obviously had switched off the light.

I lay in bed shaking with fear of being caught and excitement at what I had seen. My penis still ached, but it felt very good too as I rolled around between the thick satin sheets. That's when I realized those sheets were made of a fabric just like Granny's panties. And I grabbed a handful of those sheets and rubbed them against my naked penis – it was wonderful! But then I came to another realization: I remember seeing many of the clothes Granny had packed away in the dresser and closet were shiny and just like her panties. I waited for a long moment, still expecting Granny to come bursting into my room at any moment and scold me for peeking at her in the bathroom – but she didn't.

So cautiously, I got out of bed, turned on the nightlight and went looking around the room. I found a dresser drawer full of big bras and satin panties in all kinds of colors. A pile of slips and those strap-like (garter belts) garments and stockings in another drawer, and silky nightgowns in another drawer. I ran my hands through all of them – they all felt so fabulous to touch! Without even thinking about it, I grabbed a handful of the satiny panties and rubbed them over my penis! I kept stroking myself with them as I walked to the closet. Granny had all kinds of silky blouses and dresses hanging in there. I just walked right into the row of them and stood there buried between them, twisting my body back and forth to feel them slither and slide over my body. Then I found a heavy white satin dress with big red roses on it. It was hanging up in a long plastic covering, so I knew it was a special dress. I took it off the hanger and pulled it on over my head! Then I took one of the pairs of satin panties in my hand and slipped them on under the dress. Then I slipped on a second pair and a third pair! All the panties were big on me and I could pull them all the way up to my armpits; I knew I had to look ridiculous in them but the triple layer of satin felt so good — what did I care? No one could see me! The dress was too big on me too. And it was a struggle to keep it bunched around my waist as I played with my penis in the slippery folds of my panty heaven.

I went back into my bed, got between the satin sheets and rolled around, stunned at how fantastic being in my rich satin lingerie sandwich. I was slithering around so much that I slid right out from between the sheets and fell onto the floor! It hurt a little to fall down off Granny's old-fashioned high bed like that, but still I had to laugh at myself for being so carried away! I had made some noise when I fell, so I immediately got back into bed and covered myself with the sheets and blankets and lay still wondering in Granny had heard the noise of me falling and would come into investigate. With the

sheets pulled up snugly up to my chin to cover my naughtiness, I lay there in silence waiting for my satin world to fall apart. But it didn't. My heart was beating hard and I couldn't have feigned sleep to fool her if I had wanted. Thank goodness Granny didn't come in. I lay there for the longest time – and fell asleep that way! And that's how Granny found me when she came in to wake me up in the morning!

I woke up to her sternly and loudly saying, "Arthur! Arthur! Wake up! What's the meaning of this? Why do you have my clothes on – and my wedding dress too of all things! You little pervert! What kind of a boy are you? A sissy? A fag?" And then she stopped talking, grinned wildly and started laughing and pointing at me.

The blanket and sheet had been pulled down a little and that's how she saw me in the wedding dress, but then she pulled the bedclothes completely off me, saw the dress had gotten rucked up around my hips, and saw me wearing the triple set of her glorious satin panties. Still laughing, now with tears in her eyes, she grabbed the leg of one of the pairs of panties and snapped the elastic against me as she said, "Oh, I see. You're one of those kinds of boys, huh? A sissy for sure! A satin loving sissy!" She was struggling to stop laughing at me. I think she sensed how horrible she was making me feel. She calmed down, sat on the edge of the bed and gently rubbed my body through the dress and panties to comfort me. "It's OK, Arthur, Granny understands. Granny loves her satin clothes too. If you want to be a satiny sissy, it's OK with me. I have many great silky smooth satin clothes we can play together in. But you are a naughty boy for taking my pretty clothes without asking me, and especially naughty for putting on my wedding dress that I've so carefully saved all these years. Now, I'm going to have you take it off before you ruin it. You'll just have to be satisfied with my other satin clothes for our little dress up games! But before you take it off, I'm going to put the veil on you that goes with the dress and take some pictures of you."

"Oh, no, Granny! No pictures! I don't want anyone to see me like this." I began crying of embarrassment.

"Now, listen, young man. You have to be punished for what you did by getting into my things. So these pictures will be your punishment and my insurance that you will always be my little satin sissy. From now on, I want you to come over to my place every weekend and stay with your lonely old Granny. We'll play our satin dress up games and I'll love you like my little girl.

"They say many personality traits skip generations. Your mother never liked girlie satin clothes like I do, but I guess it's one trait that skipped her and landed with you – and that makes me so happy to be able to share my love of satin with you. Now, dry your tears and straighten up my wedding dress while I get my camera." ♦

Cuckold Husband: Racist Guy with a Panty Fetish is Taught Respect for Black Men and Learns His Place in Life

My wife has always been the more dominant partner and sex has always been on her terms and in recent years she has wanted sex less and less. Increasingly, she has been less tolerant of me, making me even more submissive because I never want to do anything to upset her and make her even more irritated with me. My relationship with my daughters is not good either. From the time they became teenagers, they have been surly and argumentative, and disrespectful of me. Their mother often overrules me when I have tried to set down family law, so that now both girls consider me a wimp and have called me that to my face during arguments.

I have a fetish for pretty 1950's style panties. My wife knew before we were married and had no problem with it; in fact while we were dating, she thought it was pretty kinky. She even bought me gifts of the kinds of panties I love on special occasions. And when we made love we evolved into a pattern in which we both wore panties as we fucked and I would have her tell me stories about mommies putting their little boys in panties and then make them suck other boys' cocks. Eventually, I couldn't have sex with her in any other way. I had to have my panties and have her tell me stories of mommies molesting their little boys and making them little faggot panty wearers.

I was so wowed by her catering to my fetish, I didn't properly take care of her sexually, and I didn't realize how selfish I was in my lovemaking with her, and over the years it has taken a toll on her and she has more than hinted that I am less than a man for having a collection of vintage panties that I love to play with and only able to make love with her when I flitting around like a 'panty pervert' (the nickname she calls me whenever she's a little irritated with me).

One day while helping my wife clean my home office, the girls came across my panty collection. My wife didn't avoid the subject, fed up with my years of neglect, she simply told the girls about my fetish! Ever since, they laugh in my face and tease me about it. Asking me things like, "Dad, what color panties are you wearing today?" and "All my panties are in the wash, can I borrow a pair of yours?"

Our daughters always hated doing household chores as did my wife, so I always ended up doing most of them. It was one thing the three of them really loved about me. I get home from work, do the laundry, the dirty dishes and even most of the housecleaning on weekends. But then all of a sudden my

daughters began doing my laundry – my panty laundry – and then handing the clean panties to me to fold while we all sit watching television and the three of them sit there bubbling over with giggles. If I ever bend over and the elastic of my high-waisted panties peeks out, they love to snap it and make me jump. I think you get the idea that it's a daily torment and a love-hate relationship I have with the females in my house.

Currently things exploded when I learned both of our girls started dating a couple of young black men. I strongly disapproved of them going out with Dwayne and Eddie, especially after meeting them at our house one night and the two guys showed me no respect whatsoever. They were arrogant, rude and disrespectful, and when one of them called me a 'pantywaist,' I hurried out of the room in shame, shocked to realize they had told the guys I wear ladies' old-fashioned nylon panties! My wife on the other hand had no problems with these boys and made it obvious she really liked them.

That weekend, I brought up the subject at dinner and asked them why they couldn't find a couple of nice white guys to date. They both told me white guys bored them, and black guys were so much more attentive to their needs – in every way.

My daughter Connie said, "Black guys are superior to whites, Dad, and Mom, since you and our panty-wearing Daddy don't have sex anymore, you should try a black guy yourself, it would put a big smile on your face!" My wife just grinned, as I rebuked Connie for her remark – stunned that my wife that discussed our sex life with our daughters – no wonder they thought I was a pantywaist wimp.

A week later, I had to work late drawing up schedules at the restaurant and came home at about 8 o'clock to find a wild party going on in our house with white girls and big black guys smelling of strong cologne all over the place. I snuck through the crowd and went to the master bedroom to get away from the party, and as I approached, I heard the sound of bedsprings and the screams of a woman in the throes of orgasm. I knew immediately the voice was my wife's, but when I went to open the door, I was stopped by Dwayne, Connie's black boyfriend.

"Your wife is enjoying herself," he said, "so why don't you just sit down and wait until Leon has done with her."

Reluctantly I sat in the chair in the hallway with my daughters and their friends now around me. I could feel their eyes on me and sense their glee at my predicament as I heard my wife's cries of pleasure become louder and more urgent.

Nervously I sat there, and after the moans and screams quieted down, Eddie, our daughter Julie's boyfriend, grabbed me and walked me to the bedroom. My wife was lying on our bed with her legs spread like a whore and she was wearing a



purple pair of my panties! And she was massaging the wet crotch of those panties with her fingers! She wore a smug, satisfied grin and obviously felt no guilt for what she had just done in our bed. Eddie shoved me down on the bed and said, "Time you learned the duties of a panty-wearing cuckold." His big hands were around my waist and assisted by my daughters, they pulled my trousers down and off. I was far outnumbered and knew it was useless to try to stop them and just endured the gales of laughter that greeted me when they saw the lacy pink panties I had on that night. Eddie laughed. "You have to lick up all the cum her black lover left in her pussy for you." With them pushing my head between my wife's legs, I did try to feebly protest.

"Better do as he says," my wife urged me. "At least I was thinking of you and that's why I put on your sweet little purple panties. Now start licking up Leon's cum or I'm sure these boys will serious hurt you. It is the least you can do in tribute to Leon who taking care of your wife since you aren't capable of making her happy anymore."

With my own daughters and their friends watching me intently and Dwayne's hand roughly holding my neck; I was forced to lap up every drop of the jizz Leon had shot into my wife.

"How could you do that to me?" I asked, with tears in my eyes when I was alone with Jane and the girls. "How could you let those nasty niggers treat me that way? They are scum!"

The three of them laughed and my wife added, "You are going to regret saying that racist remark. Things are changing around here; get used to it or leave!"

I couldn't lave Jane, the only woman I had ever loved or even dated. I had nowhere to go. I didn't want to be anywhere else except with her, no matter how humiliating of a life that would be. I was made to regret my racial slur a couple of days later. When I got home from work I found Jane and the girls in the lounge, along with Leon, Dwayne and Eddie.

"I hear you called us niggers. White boys who don't know they can't use that word need to learn some respect!" He then told me to kneel in the middle of the room.

"I think he should be naked for this," suggested Eddie.

"No. Just have him stripped down to his femmy panties; much more humiliating for him!"

"You heard the lady," Leon said menacingly.

Realizing I had no choice, I quickly removed my clothes and then knelt back down wearing just the white nylon panties I had on that day, white panties with pink lace trip and a little pink bow in front. My daughters and the other girls laughed

aloud at the sight of me in my panties. Leon, my wife's new boyfriend, stood in front of me. Jane went behind him, unbuckled his belt, and pulled down his pants and underwear.

"This is just one reason why he is so superior to you," she announced, as his long thick cock came into view.

The young black man grabbed my hair, told me to open my mouth, and then fed his cock into it.

"Now suck it wimp," he ordered. "Just like your wife does, and don't stop until you feel my cum hit the back of your throat!" I began to suck as instructed.

"Suck it, you panty boy sissy," taunted Julie.

"Yes," added her sister. "Show Leon that you know he is the boss around here!"

"What do you think of your husband now Jane?" asked Leon as he pulled my head back and forth on his cock.

"Well, I never thought he was much of a man," she told him. "But now all I see is a cocksucking faggot! With his fetish for pretty panties, I always thought there was a little queer boy in him, and now I know I was right. And it looks like he is really taking to sucking cock. Honey, have you downing dicks all these years behind my back?" The young girls laughed hysterically at that.

Eventually Leon emptied his balls into my mouth and the women applauded as I swallowed the lot.

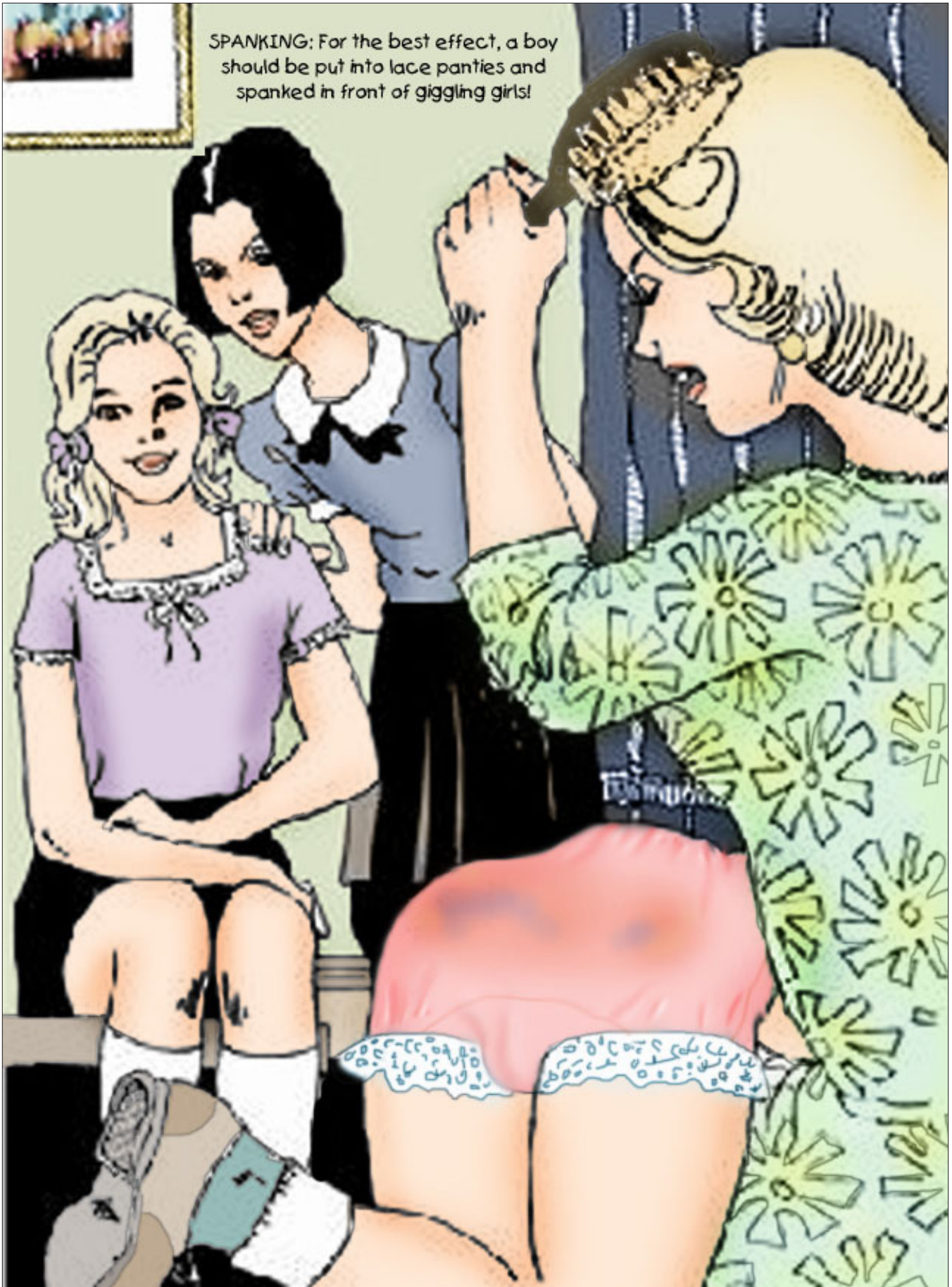
"Now, you can stay in this house and play with yourself silly in your panties all you want, but I'm having Leon move in with us. You can stay and sleep in the basement, and I only want to see you when I or the girls need you to suck black men's cum out of our pussies or when our black men friends want to unload their manhood directly into your faggot mouth. Now, tell Leon you are happy he is taking your place in our marital bed and that you will never have sex with me again," Jane ordered me.

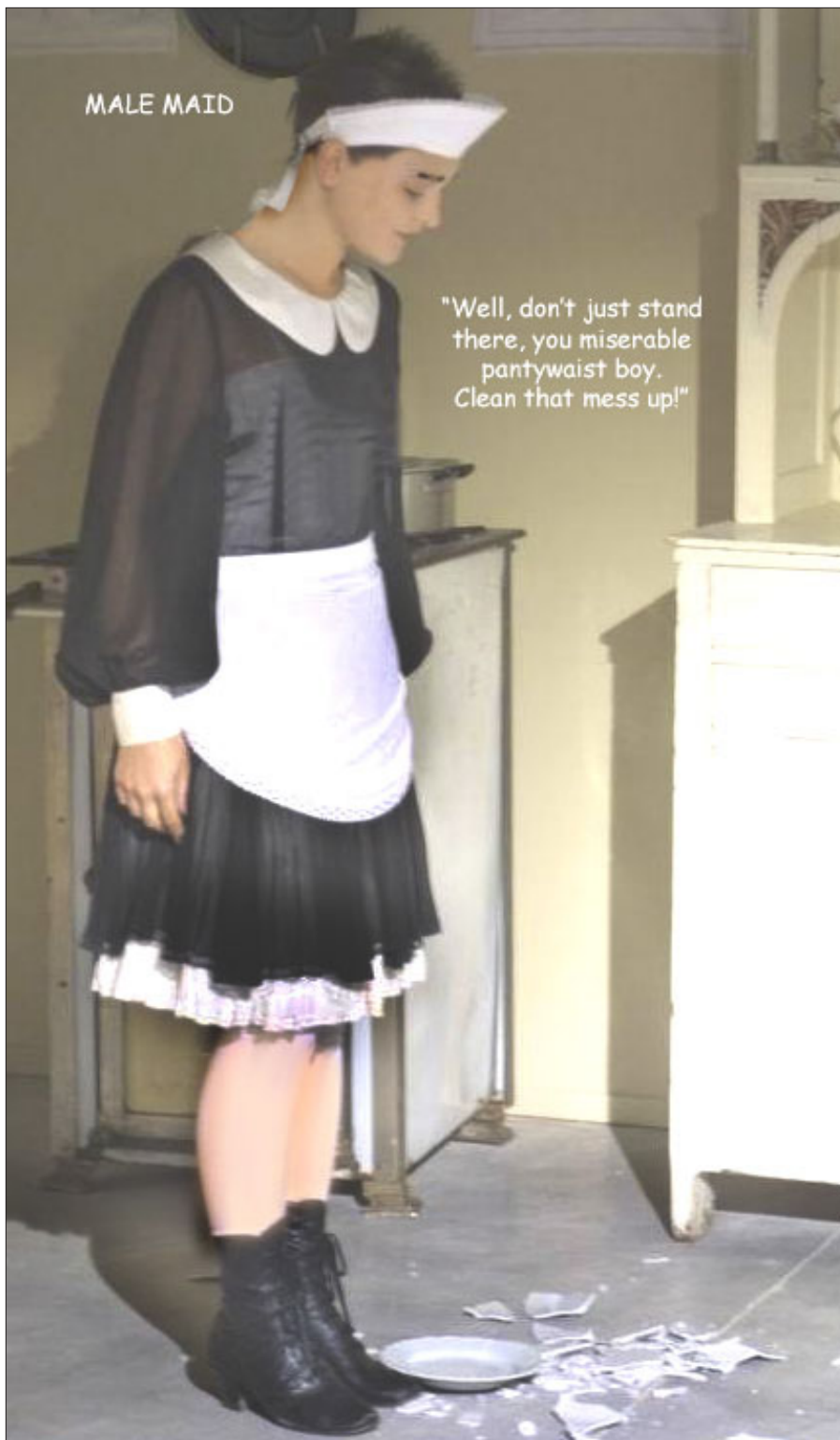
I did.

My wife then presented me with a beautiful gift wrapped box of the vintage-style panties I love and told me to scoot down to the basement and make myself happy because now she was happier than ever before in her life and was sure we would all be happier with his new living arrangement.

I agreed I would go along with it if that is what she wanted. She then handed me a set of dildos in various sizes and told me to practice shoving them up my ass and dildo fucking myself in preparation for when their black friends decided it was time to fuck my virgin pantied asshole. ♦

SPANKING: For the best effect, a boy
should be put into lace panties and
spanked in front of giggling girls!





MALE MAID

My wife said, "George, the one of the kids broke a dish in the kitchen. Well, don't just stand there, you miserable pantywaist; go clean that mess up!"

"Yes, ma'am," I said with a curtsy.

"Then make dinner because Tyrone

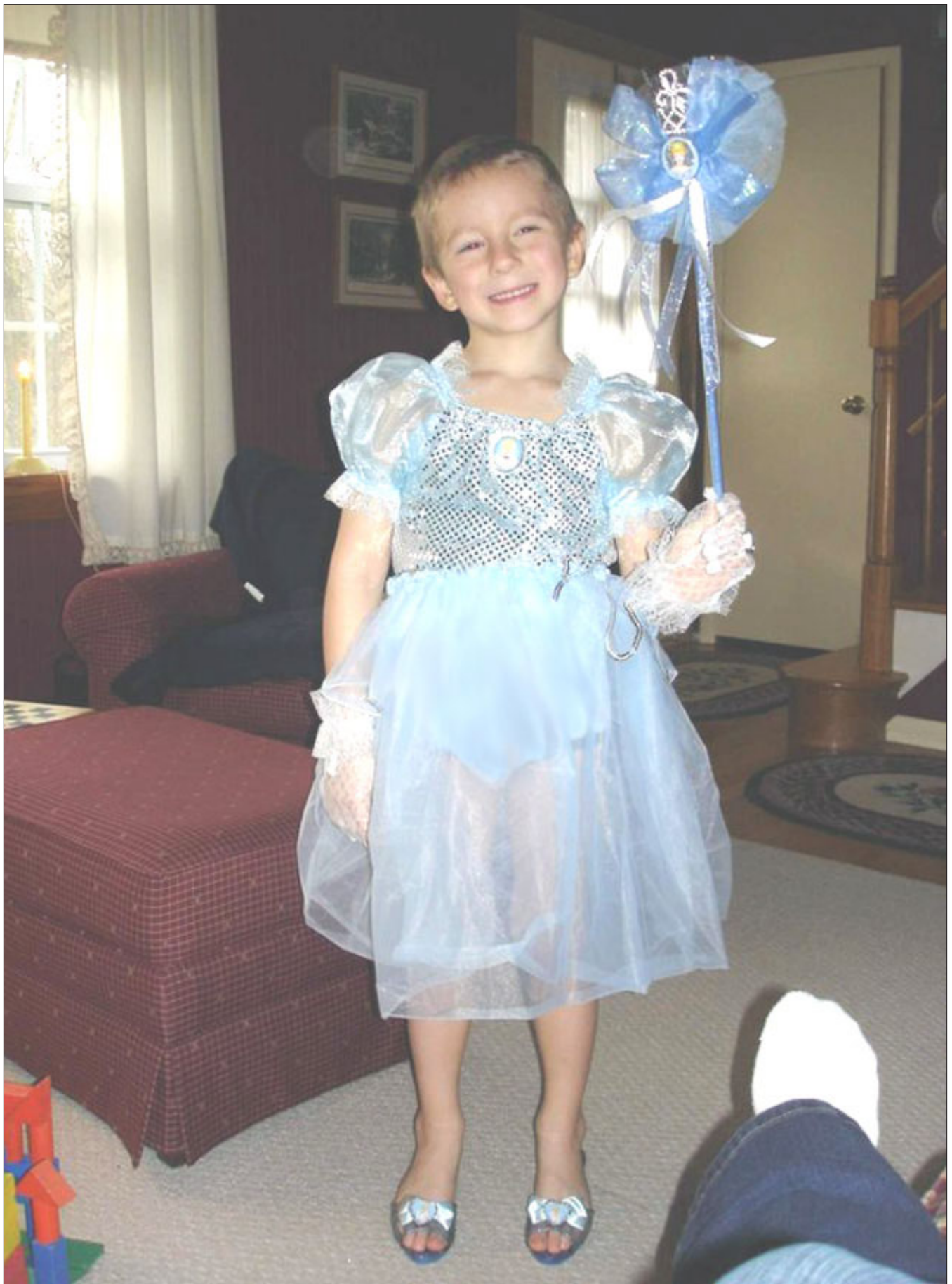
and Rufus will be here at seven, and I want everything perfect. After dinner, Tyrone is going to fuck Ann and try to impregnate her now that she's had her first period. And Rufus is going to teach Jack how to suck cock -- he's ten and about time he learns, so make sure he's wearing a nice dress and clean panties. ♦

Raised Like a Girl: The Story of a Boy Named Edith

My mother wanted a daughter, so she named me Edith. Most people know me as "Ed" and only when I have to fill out some official document, do I blushingly own up to the name Edith. I'd love the embarrassment of being called Edith by everyone, but as you know one has to survive in the outside world, and that's why I've gone by Ed ever since I started school. Mother didn't like me being known as Ed, but she was practical enough to realize I wouldn't survive very long, going around as Edith.

My parents owned a small garment company in Austria and my father was killed in 1944 during the war, and in 1949, Mama moved to the US with money she had from their business, and once she arrived, she found work as a seamstress.

Being from the old country, she had some peculiar ideas about things that most other Americans didn't share. For example, nudity was no big thing, so she and I regularly went around the house either naked or in just our underwear. Mama made it very clear to me (and everyone else) that when I was born, she had wanted a little girl and encouraged me as much as possible to be one. I just about didn't survive my first day in school because Mama dressed me in a blue velvet suit, lacy-edged blouse and black patent leather Mary Jane shoes. Some of the boys beat me up, so at my teacher's suggestion, Mama bought me some regular boys' clothes for school, but she thought regular boys' underwear was too rough for me, so for three years I continued to wear my girls' camisoles and panties, made of



rayon or silk, under my boys' clothes. Since the other boys had immediately recognized me as a sissy, I had a minimum of problems even after they discovered I wore little girls' lingerie for underwear. At the beginning, they teased me a lot, but eventually they tired of harassing me and just ignored me. Many of them called me "sissy" from time to time, and even a couple of teachers called me that when they were being mean to me! But a few of the boys did like to sneakily take me off in an alley to inspect my panties because they never got a chance to see real girls' underwear up close because in those days, all females kept their underwear well hidden and far out of sight of boys. During the third grade, the school gave Mama an ultimatum to dress in boys' underwear or I would be expelled. So that's when I first started wearing boys' underwear. Of course, I hated them because I was so used to soft panties.

However, Mama's good humor pulled me through. And as soon as I got home each day, mother insisted that I revert to my female persona. And with Mama's expertise at sewing, she made most of my outfits, and since she make show

costumes she was always bringing home remnants of rich fabrics likes silks, satins, velvets and chiffons to make things for me as you can see in the enclosed picture.

What was the effect of growing up like that? I do admit it was a little confusing, but mother always had an answer for everything, and I just learned to accept what she wanted of me. Away from mother, I did enjoy mixing with other boys and imitating their actions, like roughhousing and doing sports, but not having been brought up like other boys, I was very poor at doing those things. Growing up in the 1950s was a macho time, and being a sissy was not acceptable to most people, but even then, a few of the boys I came in contact with were curious about a sissy like me and liked to get me off in a private place. In junior high, one boy in particular loved to restrain me and then forcibly masturbate me through my panties. I loved it, and he knew it, even though he abused me and made fun of me the whole time he would massage my pantied penis until I shot my spunk. The wetness flooding my panties never failed to make him laugh like the devil. ♦

Petticoat Punishment:

Panty Inspections are the Worst!

I, as well as one of my boy cousins, was petticoated while growing up. Our mothers, who are sisters, had been brought up in a home by a domineering mother who used panty and petticoat punishment to control their two brothers.

I was not required to be dressed like a girl all of the time, only when I did something to earn this special humiliation. The severity, as well as the duration of the sentence varied, depending upon the offense. There were three levels of Petticoat Punishment: Panty Training, Dress Discipline, and Petticoated Humiliation. Sentences were handed out in terms of one to three days, depending upon the severity of the crime and could be extended if I didn't conduct himself like the perfect prissy little miss and obey every command my mother, sister or any other female family member dished out. Obviously, not making my bed properly was not dealt with as severely as hitting a girl or getting into a fight at school.

Panty Training was simply being forced to wear panties. The panties I had to wear under my boys' clothes, and as long as I was careful not to do anything to accidentally expose them, I could go out and no one was the wiser. Still, with the light panty elastics binding against my waist and legs and the silky nylon fabric rubbing against my hips and privates, it was difficult to forget I was wearing them.

I had a huge selection of the frilliest panties imaginable

always waiting in my dresser drawer and ready for use. Dress Discipline meant I had to wear a dress as well as panties. Wearing the dress was limited to inside the house, and I was allowed to put my boys' outer clothes on over my panties if I had to go to school or go out somewhere. Petticoat Humiliation was for the most severe offenses and could be carried out any way my female superiors decided, but it always did entail me humiliating myself in some way, usually in private but often in public too. Typically, we would be exhibited to various visitors to the house, such as all of our relatives (who knew and fully approved of petticoating nasty little boys), my music teacher, the Avon lady, delivery men, and certain neighbors. Sometimes I was made to go to a store and buy myself panties and tell the clerk the panties were for me. Sometimes I had to go out in public wearing girls' shorts with patent leather Mary Janes with lacy ankle socks or with pink bows in my hair (that was always kept short so there was no mistaking I wasn't a girl).

A good example of petticoat humiliation is the day I turned ten. The day before I had been caught standing up using the toilet and my pee accidentally splattered on the wall. My sister, Katie, came in and found me furiously trying to wipe it off the wall and correctly guessed what I had done. Nothing was said, but the next day was my birthday and at breakfast, my Aunt Judith came over carrying a birthday present.

"Open it," she said.

"Can I Mom?" I begged. Usually birthday presents were opened at the party at night.

"Yes, go ahead, this is something special."



I unwrapped the present and pulled back the tissue paper. I was puzzled and looked at Aunt Judith first and then to Mom and asked, "What's this?"

My sixteen-year-old sister, Helen, reached into the box and pulled out a pale yellow training bra and panty set. "Looks like lingerie to me," she said smirking. She reached back into the box and pulled out a red cotton summer dress and demanded I stand still as she held it up to me like she was trying to see how well it would fit me.

"But, Mom," I protested, it's my birthday and I didn't do anything bad."

"What about last night when you were standing up using the toilet and slopping your piss all over the bathroom? Katie told me all about it, so when Aunt Judith asked me last night what to get you for your birthday, I told her a nice dress and lingerie would be a good gift and I'd make you wear them for your birthday, even to your party tonight."

My sister, always eager to help humiliate me whenever possible, volunteered to help me change, which Mom made me do standing right there in the kitchen. Helen took a lot of time making me stand naked in front of them and Aunt Judith as they talked and giggled before she put me into the panties, and it seemed like they took all day to do it, making funny comments about my little penis and balls sticking out in front of the panties and laughing as my sister tried repeatedly to push them down between my legs only to have them pop back up again and make the unfeminine bulge in front of my stretchy yellow nylon panties. And it was a relief when the dress was finally dropped down over my head and smoothed out over me, modestly covering my pantied loins from their ugly stares, embarrassing touches and demeaning comments.

Aunt Judith's daughter, my cousin Tara, arrived at that moment. Tara immediately began berating me as a sissy and jumped for joy when Mom then announced that it was panty inspection time. For some reason holding up your skirt for a panty inspection is more humiliating to me than being naked or standing before laughing women and girls in just my panties – something about the naughtiness of seeing under a skirt that makes it especially humbling. I protested loudly, complaining it was my birthday and I should be given leniency, but my pleading was ignored, and I had to suffer the indignity of having to hold up my new dress front and then back and let them take as much time as they wanted examining the frills and boyish distortions of my sleek new pale yellow nylon panties.

For complaining a little too much, Mom informed everyone that I would be in my dress and panties all day and that included attending my birthday party that night so attired. I knew it would be night of multiple panty inspections in addition to whatever other humiliating punishments any of the women and girls present could dream up. ♦

The Demale Society: She Made Her Stepson Grow Breasts with Support of Her New Husband

Andrea's Story

Jack was a longtime neighbor whose obnoxious son, Paul, was the nastiest bully on the block. Less than two years after Jack's wife died of pneumonia, we fell in love and were married. It was a wonderful time and the only downside was eleven-year-old Paul, who never minded me, talked back to me when his father wasn't around and made messes wherever he went and never cleaned up after himself. I repeatedly complained to Jack, he said he knew his son was 'a pistol' and promised to do something about it soon, but at that moment, he told me to cut the kid some slack because the boy was still probably trying to deal with the unexpectedly sudden death of his dotting mother who had spoiled him.

One day while our washer was on the fritz, I had to use the local Laundromat, and there I picked up a flyer about the Demale Society. Realizing I had nothing to lose, I attended an intro session and was immediately won over and began to regularly go to their weekly meetings.

Not long after, I caught Paul peeking at me through the keyhole of our bathroom. After I threatened to tell his father, I made him admit he had been doing it for a long time. He told me he was fascinated with how I looked in my pretty lingerie. That's when what I had been hearing about at my Demale meetings really began to sink in and I reacted accordingly: I said, "Well, if you like my lingerie so much maybe I should buy you some of your own and let you wear them." But he was horrified and said he was a boy and didn't want to wear ladies' clothes. That's when I told him I was going to buy him girls' lingerie in his size and make him wear them as a punishment for peeking at me while I was in the bathroom.

I did make him wear a bra, panties and a full little slip around the house when Jack was at work, but he didn't look or act like a girl or show any real signs of improvement; he just looked ridiculous, a bully boy in lingerie. Then his dad came home early one day and found him dressed up, and I then had to Jack the whole story, much to his son's blushing shame.

I thought Jack would be angry with me but he looked at Paul and said, "Now, listen, son, you're not the first boy to be pantied; it's a punishment, I think, will do you good. I'm tired of all the neighbors complaining about you pushing

around their kids. And I want you to stop making trouble for your new mom. Maybe making you more like a girl isn't such a bad idea."

I was stunned, but not as stunned as Paul, I'm sure. The kid cried and begged forgiveness, but instead his dad said, "Andrea, go out and buy him more girls' clothes tomorrow, a lot of panties because I want him wearing panties even under his boy's clothes, maybe that will make him think twice before he starts a fight with any of the other kids. And get him some dresses, pretty party dresses like little girls wear. I think he should start wearing dresses around the house until his behavior significantly improves. Upon hearing that, Paul called his dad "a fucking asshole." Jack immediately hauled the kid over his lap and gave him a terrible spanking. His hand smacking down on Paul's pink panties butt echoed throughout the room as did the bawling boy's screams.

That night in bed, Jack and I talked about it at length and he told me his mother had made him wear his older sister's clothes when he was a boy. He said he hated it but thought it had done him some good, tamed down his wildness, and didn't do him any permanent damage. And as he talked about these long ago memories, I could see he was getting a huge erection. I kidded him about it, grabbed his cock through my nylon nightgown and gave it a few quick strokes as I asked him if he missed the feel of pretty lingerie. He shot huge wads of cum in seconds! Both of us were instantly surprised at the intensity of his reaction. We didn't say much else that night and just rolled over and went to sleep.

That next day, I did go shopping and bought panties, dresses, training bras and a bunch of fussy little dresses. Jack and I made him model all my purchases that night. Paul was crying bigtime; Jack was hugely erect throughout the fashion show!

I was on birth control pills, and unknown to Paul or Jack, I started slipping them into Paul's food. At first the results were quite subtle — he became more irritable, a little more high-strung, and slightly more nervous. Then he complained to his dad that his chest was often itchy and sore. That's when I knew the pills were working! And when Jack had Paul take off his shirt to have a look, I could tell the kid's breasts were showing just the slightest bit of development, and his nipples were definitely enlarged! I came in my panties right at that moment and had a hard time disguising my orgasm with a pretended coughing spell.

I kept an eye on Paul. Now I was the one spying on him through the bathroom keyhole! As time went by, his tits were getting larger. His hips and bottom were rounding out too. I knew that when his jeans didn't fit so well anymore, and I had to buy him some new ones. He stopped complaining to his father after Jack had him take off his shirt again, saw his growing breasts and told him slightly enlarged breasts were not unusual for a boy entering his teenage years, and he assured his son they would soon go away. But Paul's tits kept

getting bigger. He was probably too embarrassed to ask his dad for help again. Instead, he started binding his chest to flatten out his breasts that were now really pushing out the cups of his soft, stretchy little training bras. And his personality had drastically changed: He was no longer a bully but now meek and withdrawn. He no longer associated with the other nasty kids. He did make a new friend: Billy, a nice mild-mannered boy who was often picked on as a 'sissy' by the other kids in the area. Paul was even increasingly sweet to me! And mindful and obedient to me! I was overjoyed!

Jack and I had a good sex life. I would joke with him about whether or not he would like to wear lingerie again, but he always adamantly refused. Still just joking about it made him terribly randy. And when I took a pair of my nylon panties and jerked his off in them, he'd go wild. He loved making love to me while I was still worked my bra, slip and panties with him just slipping his cock around the legband of my silky panties. And as we made love, I'd tell Jack 'fantasy' stories about his son becoming more of a sissy, growing breasts and how we were going to turn him into a faggot! Then one night, Jack broke down in tears and admitted to me that is exactly what he wanted for his son! That's when I told him I had been plying Paul with my birth control pills for months and that his son now had an ever-shrinking penis and tits that overflowed the A-cup bras I was then buying him.

Another incident had happened just two days before, and I knew it was a good time to tell Jack about. After school that day, Paul was playing with Billy in our backyard and didn't know I was home because I had told him I was going to have a 'coffee and' with some of my girlfriends. Well our little hen party had been called off and I was home and upstairs when I noticed Paul and Billy in the backyard and saw Paul open his shirt and show his friend his blooming titties. He then quickly closed his shirt and the two of them came into the house. I turned on the webcam on Paul's computer and then went into the upstairs office, put on that computer and tuned it into his webcam. They still didn't know I was in the house when they went up into his room, and there Paul showed Billy how he wrapped his chest to keep it flat. Billy was much impressed and obviously not turned off. Paul then showed him his wardrobe of girls' clothes and even put on a nice summer dress for him. The two of them laughed and fooled around like two little girlfriends — or lovers? Well, I had recorded the whole scene, and when I showed Jack that night — well, it was great! We then fessed up to Paul what was going on and asked him if he wanted to get off the birth control pills and go back to being a regular boy now that he had learned his lesson, but he didn't want to change. He loved being a girl, and now loved his titties! And if my guess is right, he has a big crush on his sissy little boyfriend, Billy! Jack loves how his son has turned out, and I'm thrilled. We even made a little movie about it for our Demale chapter and still scenes from the movie are being sent with this letter. But Jack still insists he has no desire to wear lingerie or any ladies' clothes. Well, I think it's time I start working on him a little harder! ♦





