

Princess Extra!

**Special
Issue:
Sissified with
Petticoats**

#15
September 2009

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

Adults Only

Photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and other items of interest from our Internet website 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



HEALTH

LIFESTYLE

HEADLINES

Special Issue: Sissified in Petticoats



To the delight of slip lovers, sales of lacy full-length petticoats have been on the rise; proof of that is in the increase in petticoat ads in newspapers.

A trannie loves his cancan petticoats because they are pretty, give him a girlish shape, are exciting to wear, and they keep his hard-on hidden!



Petticoat fetishism evolved in direct correlation to the evolution of the under slip that originated as a plain dress liner. In the 1800s it became sexualized as lace, ribbons and embroidery were added. Then, in the 1900s, petticoats began to be made of silky fabrics and nylon and culminated with its greatest designs in the 1950s that brought us into the golden age of slip and petticoat fetishism.



Many boys became hooked on petticoats by teasing grannies who flashed their lacy slips

For decades, older ladies loved lacy full slips and proudly let them peek out below their dress hems

Laddie Falls, CA: For Willie A. Hardon, what he recalls most about his grandmother is always seeing her with the lacy bottom edge of her slip boldly peeking at him from beneath the hem of her dress.

Willie's grandma, Leddy C. Hancock, was like many of the older women from recent generations: She loved lacy nylon lingerie, especially full length slips, and she adored exposing the lacy slip hems of her slips for all to see.

It greatly affected Willie's little willy, and today he is a huge petticoat fetishist!



Survey: Why do ladies love to flash boys their slips?

Love to drive boys crazy - 4%
Want to turn them into fags - 6%
Want to hook them on lingerie - 21%
All of the above - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Females rarely wear slips anymore; lingerie manufactures now say more males than females buy slips and petticoats

Since females so rarely wear pettis anymore, slip fetishists are becoming increasingly desperate to satisfy their needs. Before petticoats went out of fashion, many women knew the power lace-trimmed slips had to tame and train boys. Crossdressers are usually lingerie fetishists too and sexy slips are one of their most popular fetish items.

It is too bad petticoats are so rarely used anymore when disciplining boys with petticoat punishment.



Since my husband liked pictures of girls lifting their skirts and showing their panties, I got him some nice skirts and lingerie of his own. Now he entertains me by lifting his skirt and showing me his little pink pantied penis.

Petticoat Addicted: Learning Self-Control

My husband and I have been married less than a year. And now I find out he's a jackoff! Before we were married, he once brought up the topic of masturbation. "Why do you want to talk about that?" I said and told him that I had never done it and would never want to do it.

But then a few weeks ago, I looked in on my husband in the bedroom only to find him wanking on himself while reclining on the bed with his trousers down around his ankles. With one hand he held a magazine I didn't recognize, while his other hand was busy stroking his penis with one of my nylon slippers and a pair of my nicest and most expensive satin panties.

"Ralph!" I shouted. He dropped the magazine on the floor and hurriedly pulled up his pants. I could see that the magazine was full of women with their skirts pulled up and wearing fancy lingerie. "Why are you doing this? What's the matter? Don't you find me attractive?" Ralph hung his head and

muttered an apology. But he could not explain why he was doing such a filthy act. "Well," I told him, "if you find touching yourself with my panties and looking at the women in this magazine more attractive than I am, I guess all I can do is to let you have them."

I was so angry that I made my husband masturbate with the magazine and a pair of panties every morning for two weeks. I even bought him some of his own frilly, full-cut panties. He protested, especially the morning I showed them to him all nicely stacked in his underwear drawer. Then I started adding some old-fashioned full slips, cancan petticoats and sexy skirts to his wardrobe, and while he jacked off, I made him don these garments and dance around for me like those girls were shown doing in that magazine. See the above photo.

*This is an excerpt from one of our short stories. If you enjoyed it and would like to read more, order our publication
Christian Home #1*



HUMBLING IN A PANTY PETTICOAT

My Wife Calls Me a Pantywaist

The first time I tried on lingerie was many years ago when I read that the famous actor Cary Grant used to wear women's panties instead of men's underwear. I showed Maria, my wife, the article, and we both laughed about it. But then just before bedtime and some hard humping, she got me naked and all hot and then held out to me one of her frilly, high-waisted panty slips, those are the kind of things that have a full pair of panties sewn by the waist into a half-slip. I guess she picked them because she knew how much I enjoyed stroking her cunt and butt through the silky double layer of slip and panties. Maria loved frilly and gaudy lingerie, and this panty slip had a big row of pleated lace around the bottom and a little Teddy bear on the front -- it looked like something a five-year-old girl would wear. Anyway, she had me step into it. I was laughing all the time, but my cock got instantly hard, and she helped me pull the panty slip up over my wickedly rigid boner.

"I ought to cut your cock off to make these panties fit," she joked, as she leaned over and playfully slapped my big, fully loaded balls, hanging low in the panties. "Why not suck it off?" I kidded right back, as my cock grew even harder, my meat going wild in the soft pink nylon.

*This is an excerpt from one of our short stories. If you enjoyed it and would like to read more and see larger photos, order our publication
Inside Girls' Panties #4*



Pictures from
The Pantywaist Weekly



*If you like real petticoat punishment stories and pictures,
you should become familiar with our series
Petticoat Punishment Quarterly.
The above drawing is featured on the cover of issue #1.*

Petticoat Punishment:

Insolent Timmy Gets His Comeuppance

I was twelve, and times were tough; some called it a recession and some called it a mini depression. All I know is that it was hard for our family. The only work my father could find was a low paying job at an auto parts manufacturer thirty-five miles away, so my mom had to go back to waitressing the night shift at Elmer's Diner. My grandfather lived seven miles away in Norwalk. His memory was failing and he had diabetes. My Aunt Dee and her daughter, my cousin Lilly, lived with him and took care of him. They existed on grandfather's small pension and my Aunt Dee's meager salary as a bank teller. And with my mom working, she couldn't take care of me and my fourteen-year-old sister, Randy, so she decided to send me to live with my granddad, aunt and cousin. Lucky for my sister Randy, she was able to stay with one of mom's friends who had a daughter her same age.

"This suitcase has your things in it, Timmy, and these two sacks have clothing outgrown by your sister. Maybe your cousin can get some additional wear from them. Many of the clothes are quite nice from when we were doing a lot better financially and could afford such things. So I hate to just give them to charity."

I wished I didn't have to go to grandpa's house in the country but stay home for the summer and play with my friends, but mom said I wasn't responsible enough yet to stay on my own so many hours each day. And my sister couldn't control me, so I was being shipped out. Besides, she said, she would save a lot on household expenses by closing up on our house for the summer until school started again.

So the Sunday after the end of the school year, my father drove me to granddad's house and then went back to where he was staying while working at the factory. I arrived with my suitcase and the two bags of Randy's outgrown clothes.

Aunt Dee said, "Lilly, show Timmy which room will be his. My child, you did bring a lot of clothes."

"Oh, my only clothes are in the suitcase. The two bags are full of Randy's outgrown clothes. Mom thought Lilly could maybe wear them."

"Oh, that was sweet of your mother. Times are rough, and I haven't been able to buy Lilly many clothes lately. I'm sure she'll appreciate them if they fit her. Your sister always was turned out very nicely.

"Right now, I have work to do. Lilly, help Timmy unpack and put his clothes in a dresser drawer. And take the dresses, skirts and girls' clothes and put them on hangers or in drawers until we have a chance to go through them."

Ten-year-old Lilly took me along to the room I would be in and emptied the two sacks of my sister's old clothes on the bed. "Are you going to be a girl while you stay with us, Timmy? This pink and white dress is very pretty and you'll love how you look wearing it."

I knew Lilly was teasing, so instead of answering her, I just gave her a mean look. She put two blouses, a sweater, a skirt, the pink and white dress and two other dresses in the closet. She also put on hangers two full-length country-style full slips and a very full bouffant petticoat made of netting attached to what looked like a mini nylon half-slip; the multilayered netting branched out crazily in all directions. She asked, "Why aren't you helping me put these things away, Timmy?"

"I don't like girl's clothes, so leave me alone."

While Lilly was putting some lacy, white and pastel-colored lingerie in the dresser, she playfully asked, "Are you wearing pretty panties and a camisole like these under your boys' clothes. You're lucky to have such nice frillies."

"Don't be stupid! I don't wear girls' junk like that."

At suppertime grandpa smiled at me and asked me three times how school was going. I answered him three times that I was out of school for the summer. And he didn't understand I was now going to be staying with them for more than two months. Granddad was in the early stages of Alzheimer's. In the mornings he was fairly lucid, but he went downward as the day wore on. Sometimes an afternoon nap would rejuvenate him for a short time. He didn't realize he was going downhill.

Lilly floored me when she said, "Mom, I looked at Randy's clothes that Timmy brought. They are all too big for me. And the clothes in his suitcase are all worn out and pretty junky. But those clothes of his sister's are practically new. Maybe he can wear them and be a girl for summer."

"Asshole! You dumb little bitch!" I screamed at Lilly,

Like lightning, I then felt Aunt Dee's backhand on my cheek. I thought it jarred my teeth loose!

"Young man, we don't talk like that in this house. Apologize to Lilly immediately!"

With my aunt's hand ready to smack my face again, I hurriedly apologized.

"You better watch your step, boy." Aunt Dee spewed at me with glaring eyes. "Uh, where was I? Oh, yes, Lilly, you are right. I did look at his clothes; they are in horrible shape. Timmy's mom gave me some money for his daily expenses, but not enough money to buy him new boys' clothes.



“What do you think, Timmy? Maybe you can wear some of your sister’s hand-me-downs. You know, many years ago, little boys used to wear cute dresses and frilly underwear. You just might like wearing them.”

“You dumb...” I was going to call her a bad name but her hand hit my face again and almost knocked me over.”

“I guess you’re one of those boys who learns lessons the hard way. Well, if you keep it up, young man, you’ll be sorry. You’ll have a lot more than a sore cheek.

“Lilly your idea is great. Timmy will be a girl for the summer. I think being a girl will teach him many valuable lessons.”

I was staring at her in shock; I was sure she was just threatening me to scare me into being good. I wanted to scream at her that I would not go along with it, but fear of her hitting me again made me keep my mouth shut.

Lilly said, “Mom, if he is going to be a girl, I don’t think we should continue to call him Timmy. The closest I can come to Timmy with a girl’s name is Ginny. I think we should call him Ginny. What do you think, mom?”

“That’s a great idea, honey. I love the name Ginny,” Aunt Dee said with a huge smile sparking in her eyes and a sneer on her lips aimed in my direction.

“But, Aunt Dee, I...” I started to say, now with a civil voice.

“Forget the ‘but Aunt Dee’ routine. You have slips and dresses and panties to wear for the summer and you will wear them starting in the morning. I have decided that and nothing will change my mind.”

Throughout dinner, grandpa looked at me in a weird way. He would stare at me like he was trying to make sense of what was being said, and for no apparent reason, he giggled a couple of times when nothing funny was being said.

After the dishes were washed and put away and the kitchen tidied up, Aunt Dee said, “Come along, Timmy. I want to take a good look at the clothing your mother sent along. Let’s see how well they will fit you.”

Lilly invited herself to the showing and we were soon standing in the bedroom I was to occupy. As they started going through the clothes, meekly, I said, “I have jeans and shorts to wear, Aunt Dee. I don’t need to wear dresses.”

“Your mom took the time to pack these dresses and clothes for someone to get good use of them, and since they are still too big for Lilly, you can wear them. Your clothes are all worn out and these nice clothes are well-made and almost new. Now, stand still while we hold these clothes up to you to check them for size.”

Lilly got out the pink and white floral dress and held it up in front of me. “This is a very pretty dress mother,” she said. “It is, indeed, but it’s too pretty and delicate for everyday wear. He can wear that dress when we go visiting on holidays and when we go to church on Sundays.” I stood still as my aunt held each dress, skirt and blouse and slip up to me. I was still sure this was just a threat to scare me. I was scared all right!

“What else did he bring?”

Lilly answered, “His mom sent along about ten pairs of panties, some camisoles, and two half-slips in addition to the two full slips and the cancan petti in the closet.”

I had to withstand the humiliation of having the full slips, half-slips and panties held up to me. Aunt Dee declared them all of a size that would probably fit me quite well. She said it was now bedtime, and I was sent off to take a shower, and when I came back to the bedroom with only a towel around me, Aunt Dee put me into a pair of white nylon panties and a long country-style white slip as she said, “Your mom didn’t send along any nightwear, but this slip will work fine as a nightgown, so that’s how you will use it. As a nightie it is quite pretty and fits you just fine. You will wear either this one or the other slip to bed every night.”

In response to my crying while being dressed in Randy’s old clothes, Aunt Dee only kept telling me, “Stop your bawling or I will spank you and really give you something to cry about!” Of course, my cousin was rocking with delight. After my aunt told her not to tease me so much, she whispered something to Lilly, who then ran out of the room. She came back a minute later carrying a long blonde wig.

Aunt Dee said, “Lilly had the idea of letting you try on my old wig. She said she wanted to see how girlish you would look if you had long hair like a girl.” She then put it on my head and tied a white scarf around it to hold it in place over my short hair. I had to pose for pictures both with and without the wig, and under further threats from my aunt, I had to smile and pose for them with their grinning faces. I was wearing the slip like a nightgown and now the blonde wig. They commented that I did indeed look like a sweet little girl. Lilly said, “Turn around and face me, Ginny.” And as I slowly turned around as directed, Lilly took pictures of me. I was ready to cry again, but my aunt said, “Don’t put on an act, Timmy, unless you want me to take you into town in a dress. Now straighten up and let Lilly take some nice pics of you.”

I thought about my grandfather and hoped he would come to my rescue and stop all this nonsense, but when presented to my grandfather, he just nodded and asked who the girl was, Lilly told him. I was her new sister ‘Ginny.’ I jumped up in the slinky slip and told him I was his grandson Timmy, but he just looked at me with confusion written all over his face. Lilly told him I was just playing a joke on him and I really



was his 'new' granddaughter Ginny. He just nodded again; he didn't recognize me. The blank stare on his face told me he was in no condition to help me. He didn't even know it was me!

By the end of summer my hair had grown and even though it was still very short, they styled it girlishly whenever I wasn't wearing the wig. Lilly had begun to grow breasts as girls her age did. She had been wearing training bras but was now graduating to A-cup brassieres.

One day Aunt Dee said to me, "Ginny, it's time for you to start wearing brassieres. Girls your age like to wear bras, and it's time you started to act your age." She then transferred Lilly's old training bras to my dresser after she added bra extenders to the straps so they would go around my wider chest. She added, "Your bras have pockets in the cups you can pad out with extra pairs of your panties to give you a better shape." I didn't object to the training bras, by then I had been in girls' clothes so long that I was having trouble remembering I was a boy.

Unknown to me, Aunt Dee had kept my mother informed about my transition into girlhood, and my mother thought making me act like a girl would do me good.

At the end of summer, my dad picked me up to take me home. I was allowed to wear the boys' clothes I had arrived in, but I had on a training bra and panties underneath. All of my time in dresses had left me with feminine mannerisms and a girlish appearance since my eyebrows had been trimmed, my hair left to grown a bit over my ears and my nails well-manicured along with other unboyish aspects of my appearance. I was sent home with the two bags of Randy's clothes I had brought upon arrival.

At home, dad was quick to turn around and drive back to his job. I sensed he picked up on my girlishness and it so unnerved him that he wanted to get away from me as quickly as possible. Within an hour after he left, mom had me trying on the various items from my girlish wardrobe as she told me she had known that it had started as a punishment but then continued as a wise way to save money as well as a good way of teaching me how to be a nice person. After that, mother never forced me to dress up, but she did encourage it, and I did it frequently because I knew it pleased her. Dad never did come back home. ♦

The Demale Society: Sissy Enema Cleansed by Student Nurses

The first time I heard of the Demale Society being mentioned my sister Fran, a student nurse, and her two classmates had just come from the hospital and were sitting at the kitchen table. They were planning their homework assignments for the rest of the month and about to enjoy some coffee and cookies. Until the girls had arrived, Aunt Silvia had been relaxing at home on her day off from the candy shop she owned. Auntie was brewing the coffee, dressed in her typical garb of a thin white nylon full slip under a gaily flowered light robe that she always left open in front. Her fancy black bra and panties were visible through her flimsy petticoat.

As Auntie poured them coffee and served them cookies, I was sitting at the table in the dining room next to the kitchen. I was trying to concentrate on my homework, but that was difficult with the shrieking and giggling girls so close by. And when the girls began talking about how difficult boys could be as patients, I tried to tune into their conversation. Auntie then said her ladies' club had many methods for dealing with boys to get them to do whatever you wanted them to do. My sister then added. "Oh, yeah, the Demale Society has some really cool ideas. You should see how we use..." Just then Aunt Silvia looked in my direction and saw me staring and listening to them. Auntie put up her hand to quiet the girls and then closed the kitchen door to prevent me from further eavesdropping. I had long known Auntie belonged to a ladies organization, but this was the first time I had heard the name - - The Demale Society -- and learned that they taught their members how to handle little boys -- like me!

Cut off from their conversation, I thought about my sister Fran and her two student nurse friends. Betsy was somewhat taller and heavier than Fran. Her rich red hair was neatly gathered into a teenybopper ponytail and complemented the little girl freckles gracing her pixie-like face. She had grown up with Fran and was one of her best friends. They had played doctor-and-nurse games with me long before they applied for nursing school. They thought my thin boyish body was theirs to play with and they never tired of exploring every inch of my anatomy. I had no choice in the matter because if I didn't play nice with them and let them have their way with me, our Aunt Silvia, our legal guardian, was always ready to subject me to humiliating punishments. Consequently, my sister and Betsy knew my body very well from my role as their practice patient as well as when they assisted Auntie when she gave me enemas for health or punishment reasons.

Auntie thought Fran was mature well beyond her seventeen years and loved to join in conversations with her and her girlfriends. However, Auntie made it obvious that she didn't

like boys, and I was sure she especially didn't like me. Instead of treating me like a boy of twelve, my actual age, she still treated me like a little boy of about six, the age when my sister and I first came to live with her after our mother ran off and our father lost his job and became the town drunk. Auntie was a religious fanatic and believed masturbation was a mortal sin that all boys indulged in with regularity. And to make sure I wasn't playing with my penis, she would inspect my underwear each morning and monitor me whenever I went to the bathroom to use the toilet or take a bath. In Auntie's house, whenever I was in the bathroom, I had to keep the door open, even if we had visitors.

The other girl, Pat, met Fran and Betsy in nursing school. She was a tall, slim brunette, full of energy and always smiling with her full, luscious lips. She was chic and modish and anything but proper. Pat's closeness to Fran and Betsy, I learned arose from her shared superior attitude toward boys.

We lived in a big old house, and despite the kitchen door being closed, it didn't effectively stop me from overhearing them talk, especially since once again they had raised their excited shrill voices to levels loud enough for me to hear. I was surprised to hear that they were currently learning about enemas and had to do a number of homework assignments on the topic. At the mention of enemas, I was sure Aunt Silvia's ears perked up. She was an old hand at colonic irrigation procedures; she gave us enemas and other anal treatments with great regularity. Fran had often helped her, and I was usually the "enemee," although she sometimes pumped the cleansing draughts into my second oldest sister, Barbara, too. Barbie, as we called her because she was in love with her Barbie dolls, was thirteen years old at the time and a prissy little sis still into her little girl 'pink phase' that I didn't think she would ever outgrow. Maybe Auntie treated me like a six year old, but Barbie still acted like one!

Being the only boy in the house, I frequently had to take punishment enemas in full view of my sisters who assembled for the occasion. I think Aunt Silvia, also a nurse, sometimes gave me these anal instillations just for her own enjoyment. I know she loved making me suffer, forcing me to hold in gigantic enemas much longer than was necessary. Occasionally Aunt Silvia would discipline the girls by giving them an enema but I wasn't allowed to watch.

I increasingly became interested in their discussion when Fran asked the girls their ideas about doing their enema homework projects. The old door to our kitchen didn't close all the way, and I got up and peeked in. Since they were discussing enemas, Aunt Silvia sat down at the kitchen table and joined the girls. She picked up Fran's text book on the subject and scanned the table of contents. Aloud she read, "Topic 9: Large Volume Enemas for Elimination; Topic 14: Nutrient Enemas; Topic 22: Patient Preparation for Proctoscopic Examination; Topic 23: Colonic Irrigations; Topic 27: Enemas for Customs and Security Searches; Topic 28: Enema



Picture from
The Pantywaist Weekly

Techniques for Uncooperative Subjects; and Topic 33: Enemas for Punishment and Discipline." I'm sure her head began to swim as she realized she was reading a complete textbook on her personal specialty. It was an extensive enema manual, and she commented to the girls that the book was illustrated with many excellent diagrams and photos. She added, "And the information in this supplemental section: Psychiatric Implications of Enema Addiction, I find very interesting."

As the girls were discussing whether to do Topic 9: Large Volume Enemas or Topic 11: Carminative Enemas, I had heard enough and sat back down to do my homework. For several minutes, they were talking quietly once again. Then my big sister yelled out to me, "Come in here, Bobby. I want you to meet Pat." As Pat and I shook hands, I saw excitement gleaming in her eyes. I looked over at Betsy and Aunt Silvia and saw the same sparkle. I knew something was up.

Aunt Silvia then said, "Go up to your room. I'll be up in a minute to see you. I went to my room and plopped down on the bed wondering what was up. I thought about how pretty they all were, especially Betsy with her big breasts bulging under her tight white nurse's uniform. She had wonderful hands, too. I remembered the month before when she and Fran had used me for their homework project to practice how to give a patient a bath in bed. Her gentle massage aroused my little boy penis to stiff attention. Now, just thinking about Betsy got me going. I began to get a strong hard-on. The bulge became clearly visible in the tight crotch of my trousers as Aunt Silvia appeared in the doorway.

"Well!" she said with a slight smile on her face, "Are you being naughty again, boy? You had better hold back on that stirring in your trousers unless you want a good dose of my medicine. Bobby, the girls will be coming in to see you in a few moments. They want your help with some of their nursing homework. Take off all your clothes and hang them up. I have a hospital gown I want you to wear. Take everything off, even your underpants. NOW!"

Down dropped my pants. Down dropped my penis.

"Put this gown on," she said, holding out to me a plain white nylon nightgown that I knew belonged to my sister Barbie. It had just a narrow edge of lace around the edges, one of the most conservative and least decorated of the nighties my frilly girlie-girl sister owned. I protested, "I don't want to wear that thing. It makes me feel like a girl. It looks like a dress."

"Don't talk back to me, young man!" snapped Aunt Silvia. "You'll do what I tell you. I tried to spare you the shame of putting you into one of your sister's more

girlish gowns, but instead you just mouth off to me. Well, just for that bit of nonsense, I'll show you what it is to dress like a girl. Wait right here for me." She turned abruptly and stepped briskly out of the room. Her light robe fluttered in her wake, and exposed to my view even more of her almost transparent slip and her black bra and panties underneath. Immediately, I was sorry I had complained. Totally stripped of clothing, I waited in the center of my room, fearful of her return and what she would bring. She was back quickly and held something that I recognized from previous use. She had gotten a pair of femmy pink panties and a pink nylon half-slip petticoat from Barbie's dresser. They had lace trim and the slip was a mini length; on me I knew it would come down just to the top of my thighs and barely cover the panties.

"Put on these panties and this nice petticoat, you silly boy. This will teach you about how a girl feels and help you understand that you have to mind me. The next time I tell you to wear a simple gown you'll obey me — without complaint or murmuring." As I stepped into the frilly pink panties and pulled them up to my waist, I blushed all over. I then stepped into the slip. A watery film fogged my eyes, but I was afraid to cry. Aunt Silvia might take me over her lap and spank me for acting like a sissy. She often treated me like a sissy and threatened me with girlie things, but it was weird how she didn't like when I cried -- to her that was acting like a sissy. I knew that from experience. The cool smoothness of Barbie's nylon half-slip swishing over the soft panties was pleasant to feel, but I was too embarrassed to appreciate it. The silky touch of her petticoat on my backside emphasized the defenselessness of my bottom. I shivered in excitement as it tickled me. Auntie had used my sister's clothing on me before, but I never got used to the embarrassment associated with being forced into girls' clothes. I did like it when the silky lingerie slid across my butt and excited my penis and nuts, but the shame was most distressing because if I dared to deposit any cum into the panties, I knew a humiliating and severe punishment would follow.

Just then, I heard Fran talking to Pat and Betsy. They were coming upstairs. "Let's put him into the dorsolithotomy position. We can prop up his bottom with pillows so we can easily see any penis activity." Pat put in, "No, the manual specifies the Sim's Lateral Position for this type of enema." Betsy said, "The knee-chest is my favorite because then his asshole will be nice and high. It's probably the most embarrassing position for a boy anyway with his bare ass in the air and balls hanging loose. Also, it would be more like the bathroom enemas your aunt gives him."

I knew now what the surprise was to be. I was going to be washed out by these three would be women-in-white. Aunt Silvia read my mind. She crisply ordered, "Get back onto your bed and roll over — stomach down." As Auntie smoothed out the pink petticoat over my even more embarrassing pink panties, the girls came through the door carrying a tray draped with a white napkin. Fran's eyes lit up.

"What's this?" she said, coming over to my bedside and staring down at me in the pink half-slip, her friends laughing aloud. "What a pretty slip. Do I have a new sister, now?"

"You do for this afternoon," Aunt Silvia explained. "A plain gown was too feminine for him, so he's getting a lesson in what lace is like. For this homework session he'll be wearing Barbara's pink petticoat and panties, and he'd better not complain again, unless he wants a real lesson in lace."

Pat giggling loudly said, "Gees, he has girls' panties on too?"

"Certainly," answered Auntie, "for punishment, he's going to be your little girl patient for your practice session, so he needs to look the part — at least from the waist down."

"How pretty you look, Roberta," Pat chided me, calling me by the female version of my name. "That slip is a very becoming shade of pink. And the nylon is so smooth," she added with a laugh as she ran her hand over my silken backside. "You have a lovely bottom. O-o-o-o! I can feel the lace on your panties underneath your slip, girlie boy!" They were all giggling now, and I turned lobster red. "Look at how he blushes," Betsy remarked. "He is a very sensitive young panty boy, isn't he?"

Fran pretended to be sweet toward me as she ran her fingers through my hair and asked, "Bobby, we'd like your help with our homework assignment. We need you to be our practice patient. You'll enjoy it; we'll see to that. And, we all promise to do you a return favor. If you fully cooperate, maybe the three of us will dance for you without our bras and wearing just our panties. I'll even ask Auntie if she'll let you jerk off into these nice silky panties you have on while you watch us."

Pat commented excitedly, "He jerks off in your panties? I've heard of boys doing that. Is he a pervert?"

My sister said, "Oh, yeah! A real sick panty pervert if we'd let him!" She said with glee. The girls laughed. Auntie nodded her approval and I felt my reddened cheeks burn.

Trying to change the subject, I asked, "What do I have to do?" even though I knew what was coming.

"Nothing," answered Betsy. "Just relax. We'll do everything." Pat interrupted, "We're going to take some Polaroid snaps to show to our nursing supervisor." I begged with a tear in my eye, "Can I take off this girls' underwear? Please, don't take pictures of me like this, p-l-e-a-s-e?"

Aunt Silvia said, "Bobby, you brought this sissy punishment upon yourself. When are you going to learn boys are not superior to girls; in fact, it is just the opposite. You should feel honored to wear pretty girls' lingerie, and what you are wearing is called 'lingerie,' so don't call them 'underwear.' You've worn slips and panties and other girls' things before,



and I know your dimple dick gets hard when you wear them, so what's the big deal?"

"But, but, pictures! And with everybody able to see me like this in a pink slip and lacy panties!"

"So, you only like to wear girlie clothes when no one else is looking, huh?" I blushed," Auntie asked. "NO, I don't like wearing them at all!" Yes, I'd get hard in panties when I had to wear them but that was just because they are so silky and tease my penis so much, but I couldn't out argue my Aunt. "So just shut up and enjoy being a little girl for your sister and her nursing friends," Auntie said. Fran tried to soothe my fears, "We'll try not to let your face appear in the photos; we'll be focusing on your treatment." Betsy took charge. She chuckled and said, "All right, young man — or should I say little lady — get your butt up in the air. First, you're going to get a quick rinse with a disposable unit to clear any blockage and make your big enema less messy." I felt better that at least it wouldn't be Auntie administering my enema; she was never so thoughtful. I think she liked messy enemas. She was very domineering when the mood took her. I was glad this session wasn't going to be one of her strenuous discipline enemas.

"Kneel on the end of the bed, please," said Betsy, putting her hand on my shoulder. "Bend over and rest your face on this pillow." I felt her lift the bottom of Barbara's slinky petticoat from my behind. She turned it inside out and pulled it all the way up to my shoulders, exposing my pink pantied bottom to their view and intimate touches. After numerous giggles at seeing my lacy pink panties, she slowly eased them down until my little penis and tight balls hung limply between my legs. I hoped the girls wouldn't notice but I knew better; their laughter told me so. The tip of my dangling penis was lightly touching and being teased by the silky double-nylon crotch of my pink panties stretched between my thighs! I started to get hard! Aunt Silvia as usual was one step ahead of me. "It's just a panty boy erection, ladies. Do keep an eye on her sissy dick; it looks like she is rising to this occasion. You can ignore her feigned dislike for her slip and panties. Bobby's hooked on silkies; he's just too ashamed to admit it. Nevertheless, he knows better than to spurt his nasty juice into his sister's panties. If he does, I might make him wear a dress and panties to school." I was sure she would never make me do that; at least Auntie usually kept my humiliating punishments private. Still, my cheeks reddened at the thought of it.

Pat held the tray as she sat on the edge of the bed by my bottom while Betsy prepared to insert the nozzle of the four-ounce flusher into my rosebud. All of a sudden, there was a bright flash and Fran said, "Got it. That should be good as an opener. Now let me get a close-up shot of his penis erecting as it reaches for his panties. Our supervisor will get a kick out of seeing that." Betsy directed, jokingly, "Open widely, I'm now inserting the tube into your bottom." Click. FLASH! A cool blast of enema fluid sprayed into my rectum. Two squeezes and the clear plastic bottle was emptied into me.

Betsy held it there for a moment before withdrawing the thin hose that had blown the cold fluid inside me. I felt a tingling movement in my lower bowels. "Keep your buttocks in the air, Bobby. Squeeze your muscles until I say you may relieve yourself," ordered my aunt. "Hold still while I take a tight shot of your ass framed by your slip and panties, Bobby," Fran said as she brought the camera close to my asshole and focused. Click. FLASH! With me in my sissy pink lingerie, my enema-filled bottom was now in living color! Fran was going to take another snapshot, but Aunt Silvia said, "A flush in time saves mush! You'd better let him void it now, Betsy, before he dirties the bed and your hand." She must have sensed my predicament, or perhaps she remembered the time I let loose an enema she was pumping into me, spraying it all over her slip and the kitchen floor. So Betsy brought me to the bathroom; I was hobbling with my panties about my upper thighs and my buttocks tightly clenched to hold in the enema. She then lifted the soft nylon petticoat and shoved my panties all the way down and off before seating me over the bowl.

Whoosh! Whoosh! It was out, and I was much relieved, but she called out to the others, "Come and see what he was hiding." Startled, I looked into the bowl. What I had been hiding somewhat with the slip and panties was in now plain view of my nurses but I didn't realize it until I looked between my legs. It wasn't my enema Betsy was pointing at, but my penis. The little fellow had risen in full salute to the budding nurses gathered around me with approving smiles. "What an unusual young lady!" one of them tittered as I wilted in embarrassment. "Girls, you can see for yourselves that I wasn't fooling when I told you Bobby would enjoy helping us with our homework. And despite how much he complains, he gets very excited wearing nylon girlie panties."

"Please wipe your patient's bottom with that damp cloth, Pat." Aunt Silvia said, moving us along. "Bobby, bend over for Pat and hold up your petticoat." I did and that exposed my erection all the more. As she wiped me clean, I was blushing. When she was finished, either because she felt sorry for me and my shameful nudity or because she enjoyed my further humiliation, she put me back into my pink panties. My erection pushed out the front of the panties, provoking more laughter. It pointed right in her face and she reacted by giving my pantied penis a few firm wanks. Aunt Silvia frowned and warned, "Careful doing that; Bobby's been known to shoot off like a geyser in silky panties. I've caught him feeling himself up like a pervert numerous times while undergoing panty training. Now, girls, which of you will actually administer the enema to Bobby? I have a black rubber apron you can use to protect your white uniform from splashes or stains. You should each wear surgical gloves too. It's more professional." Betsy volunteered to do it. She put the rubber apron on and tied it in back. She and Pat both donned rubber gloves. Fran took over as photographer. Betsy and Pat went into Auntie's bathroom to prepare a big bag for this lesson entitled: "Large Volume Enema for Elimination."

As Aunt Silvia was busy fixing the other tray, she said, "Girls, for the enema, bring him into my bedroom and position him knee-chest on the rubber sheet on my bed. Fran, we'll use the large, white enameled can as a reservoir for this enema. You can set it on my tallboy chest next to my bed and run the rubber hose from it to Bobby's bottom. That will then free you from holding the bag so you can take the Polaroids. I'm sure you'll want pictures of Bobby's hard-on dancing in his fancy panties and of the enema emerging from his anus."

Pat smoothed the pretty petticoat over my rear and ran her gentle hands over the double pink nylon veil of petticoat and panties that covered my still erect penis and sphincter from sight. "Okay, go into your aunt's bedroom now," she said to me as she walked me into Auntie's room. "Kneel on the rubber sheet at the end of her bed and put your head down. I want to see your buttocks sticking way up into the air to make it easy for us to get to your anus." I followed her instructions and climbed onto my aunt's big bed. Pat put pillows under the rubber sheet and I bent down over them. My ass was up again, but for the moment she let my sister's petticoat drape my rear. The smooth, cool feel of the soft nylon tingled on my skin. Fran and Betsy were fixing things. An unused blue enema bag lay at the head of the bed and held my glance. It was very big, possibly capable of expanding to four full quarts of enema fluids. Across the room, I could hear the clicking of metal and plastic implements. I heard Betsy tear open a sealed packet of enema soap concentrate and squeeze it into the white can. I heard her stir it briskly into solution with a big serving spoon. I heard Aunt Silvia unscrewing the top from a jar of lubricant. Fran was setting out the nozzles and insertion tubes from which they would select a suitable instrument to open my rear and connect with my plumbing. I listened as each of my tormentors gave her opinion as to how to proceed.

"If you use a colon tube for Bobby's enema, its repeated withdrawal and insertion will slow the second and third infusions. A short nozzle would be better."

"But we need to practice threading the tube through a patient for that high effect to work."

"If it's very thick, we may not be able to get it far into him. He may respond too quickly."

"Yes, but a thick nozzle produces the same desired result: a demanding urge to expel the enema fluid."

"Are you going to plug his hole for a while, so that he has to retain the enema?"

"I'm sure we will, but let's settle on the nozzle or tube first. How about a Bardex with the balloon?"

"No. Save the Bardex for another time. Could we use this green plastic pipe? I can take the Miller cuff off it."

"Perhaps we should use several nozzles, a different one each time. What does your Aunt think, Fran?"

Aunt Silvia had listened quietly, observing the girls as they prepared to flush me clean. She sat by the vanity where the enema tools were displayed on a new yellow towel. She was obviously pleased when Betsy brought her back into the preparations by asking for her opinion. "It seems to me," she replied, "you are best to start slowly. Work your patient gradually up to the last, fast flush. Use a long thin colon tube to begin with, perhaps a number 20. Work it in gently and let the warm flow be slow. Have the patient retain as much as he can hold for as long as he can. For the second filling, I would suggest a thicker rectal tube, maybe a number 28 if you can get it in. Make the flow slightly faster. The fluid will be cooler coming from the reservoir, and therefore more stimulating. Then, for the third enema, that thick green nozzle will be perfect. The remaining soap solution will have cooled to room temperature and will greatly excite contractions in your patient's bowels. The faster you pour it into the patient, the sooner he will need to expel the deluge. The sudden pressure of the fast inflowing fluid will demand an immediate and powerful response. The enema should come back almost clear after the third washing. If it doesn't, a fourth filling will certainly clear him completely. After all the soap solution has been taken, two more washings, both with plain water, will remove any soapy residue that might remain."

"Oh, Aunt Silvia, all of us think that sounds like a wonderful progression." Betsy was delighted. The repeated insertion and withdrawal of various nozzles and tubes set off fireworks in her imagination. She was more than eager to begin.

I wasn't anxious to be their damned patient, but I was afraid Aunt Silvia would discipline me if I complained anymore. I waited silently and soon Pat came over to lubricate my rear entrance. After pulling the half-slip up and inverted it inside-out and left it there for the nylon and lace to tickle my back, she lowered my pink panties and settled them at the tops of my thighs. Then, dipping her gloved right index finger into the creamy jelly, she scooped up a big blob of it and rubbed the rim of my anal opening with the slippery cream.

I shuddered as her finger plunged into me and explored my tight bottom hole. I saw her pick up a plastic applicator filled with the anesthetic ointment. I felt her pushing it into my anus a short way. By pressing the plunger, she forced some of that ointment into me. "In a couple of moments, that ointment will take effect," she told me. Fran brought over the heavy enamel irrigator and Betsy held the coiled hose and colon tube. Everything was ready. Betsy's gloved first finger shot into my rear! My startled reaction showed I had not lost my feeling. Betsy was pleased. "Okay Pat, put a large dab of K-Y on the tip of this colon tube and coat it liberally as I slide it into him." Her finger held open my anal passage. "Bobby, I want you to relax and breathe deeply." With her free hand, she brought the tip of the tube to my hole. Fran was snapping

photos: Click. FLASH! K-Y onto the tube. FLASH! The probe entered. FLASH! More K-Y. Slowly she pulled her directive finger out of me. FLASH! It came free. Only the tube was in me now. FLASH! Slowly she inched it in. Pat coated it with globs of glistening lubricant as Betsy slowly pressured it to slide more deeply into my bowels. Click, FLASH! "Start a brief flow to test its potency."

Aunt Silvia's authoritative voice continued, "Sometimes a colon tube will fold closed or curl back onto itself. When that happens, the fluid is stopped and you must pull back slightly for the blocked tube to open again." Warmth oozed into me. I could only murmur, "O-o-o-o ... uh, I can feel it now." They stopped the flow and I felt the tube advance into me. More fluid was flowing now. Betsy was pushing on. "I've got over 12 inches into our patient. I'm going to start the regular flow now." Click. FLASH! "I can feel it! I can really feel it! It's warm. I feel funny. I'm getting full." Click. FLASH! "Slow the flow," Pat said. "Up on your knees, Bobby!" Aunt Silvia had noticed I was resting on the pillows. "We don't want any unnecessary pressure on your bowels. Let your stomach droop freely under you as you are being filled." I was filling up fast. I began to feel very, very full. I was getting a cramp. "Please, stop. I can't take any more of the enema," I said to anyone listening. Pat replied, "Just take a little more, Bobby. You need it for a thorough cleansing." The flow was slow but I was aware that the pressure was constantly increasing. I seemed ready to burst, but then there was a new sensation. Betsy was tugging on the long colon tube. I could sense it slipping through my taut sphincter. I strained to retain the fluid that wanted to pour out with the withdrawing tube. "Just a little bit more," Betsy said. "Hold tight, boy. Are you a boy or a sissy? Certainly a boy can take more and hold it longer. Or are you a weak little wimp and a sorry pantywaist sissy?" The tip of the tube was at my asshole, maddeningly irritating me. I shivered and trembled. She pulled it from me with a final tug. FLASH! I was ready to spray everyone with enema, but Aunt Silvia's firm hand pressed a large pad tightly against my bottom. Betsy and Pat laughed, "That's a great idea using one of your big Kotex pads to hold his enema in since he's looking so pretty in his half-slip and pink panties." One of my aunt's sanitary napkins was being held firmly against my asshole keeping the enema within me, covering my hole and preventing a gusher. "Hold this napkin tightly against his bottom. It will force him to retain the soap suds! FLASH! FLASH! Two photos of me and my Kotex. "Now you know a little more about being a girl," my aunt said taunting me.

"Shall we plug him now?" Betsy asked as she brought forward the tray from the vanity and carrying something wrapped in white paper. Auntie asked her, "Now's the right time, but can you get it in without Bobby's letting loose?" Betsy answered, "I think so," as she tore the paper wrapper off. "I can ram it in quickly." As the paper was stripped away, it revealed a four-inch-long cardboard tube filled with cotton with a loop of string hanging from the end.

Huffing and puffing and wincing, I asked, "What's that?" Aunt Silvia said, "That, young man is a Tampax and girls use them all the time. It's a cotton tampon and it will absorb any enema you try to expel before it's time. You're learning a lot about being a girl, today, aren't you, my little panty boy?"

Pat applied some K-Y jelly to the long cotton-filled stick, and Betsy held it to my rear. FLASH! In it went. FLASH! The tube was extracted as the tampon was pushed out and into me. Instead of pushing it all the way into my rectum, Betsy left it in my anal canal, plugging me up and effectively damming up the enema inside me. As it absorbed the fluid, it expanded to seal my asshole shut. Pat put the Kotex on my hole again to keep me from pushing out the tampon. What an experience! I was going crazy with the sensations as they used all these girlie items on me. They were making me feel like a sissy, and I feared I would never outgrow it. Betsy was rubbing my buttocks. I loved her touch. Pat said, "Two more minutes and we'll take you to the toilet." She lowered my panties and pulled them off over my feet. Finally, we got up. Pat's hand pressed the Kotex pad to my bottom and we walked together to the bathroom. I was placed over the bowl, facing the wall. FLASH! The women-in-white wanted only to see my rear end. Pat removed the thick napkin and left it on the sink. I was going to gush. Betsy tugged on the string and my Tampax plug popped out. FLASH! Brown water splashed into the bowl. Solid chunks teased my ass as they were flushed out of me. Some mush ran down my leg. FLASH! I was being drained. I stopped. I started again. More mush rushed out. The aroma of my effective enema filled the room. "This enema is certainly working well," Pat observed. "Let it all come out, dear," she said to me. "Whoosh!" Again the fluid poured out. When I was finally drained, I was eased off the toilet and Betsy wiped my asshole. Then she said, "OK, let's go back to the bedroom." She had me step back into the panties and she pulled them up before letting the half-slip slide back into place and walking me back to the bedroom.

I heard Fran stirring the enema fluid in the enamel reservoir. She said, "It's still warm; there's plenty left. For this one, I'll take the colon tube off and connect the rectal hose. What size are we using?" One of the girls behind me answered, "Try a number 28. That shouldn't be too thick, now that he's been loosened up and lubricated." By the time I was again in the knee-chest position on Aunt Silvia's bed, Pat had donned the black apron and Betsy had taken her place by my bottom with the lubricant. Then up with my petticoat and down with my panties one more time. I felt a thicker tube worming its way into me. FLASH! Betsy's fingers touched my hole as she anointed the entering instrument. No flow yet, just suspense. Pat was pushing the rectal tube up my ass. "Here goes," she said as the enema surged into me. "Ah-h-h..." I groaned; it was different this time. "Oh, Pat . . . please..." I was feeling its intensity already. She paused. More fluid. I got a cramp and cried out. Another brief pause, then the lukewarm enema resumed flowing into me. Pat was intent on pumping me as full as possible. "Please, Pat! I can't take any more!" She

waited a long minute and then closed the clamp. "Be still, Bobby. Betsy will rub your bottom." I felt Betsy's rubber gloves on my buttocks through a portion of the half-slip still partially covering my butt. She touched my rear crease and her fingers caressed my ass cheeks through the slip. One hand came under me to knead my stomach through the silky, slinky nylon slip. She then cupped my penis and balls through the silky slip and wanked on me to heaven-sent pleasure despite my agony. The expulsive urge ceased and the cramping eased.

"Pat, you can begin to pull your rectal tubing out now. Do it slowly, though, or you'll have his enema erupt all over you." I felt the tube exiting. She was twisting it out. The sensation in my ass was wickedly naughty. I could feel the tip smoothly emerging through my anus. FLASH! It was free. "OK, Betsy." Aunt Silvia said as she gave a tampon to her to shove into me. She pushed it in vigorously and I felt it expanding quickly in my rectum. "Put another one into him as we'll be taking him downstairs holding this load, so he'll need a tight plug to keep him stoppered." Auntie peeled the crinkly white wrapper from another Tampax and handed it to her. Betsy shoved it in me and packed my asshole with the cotton stick. FLASH!

"Girls, help him pull up his panties. Bobby, be careful, I don't want any enema stains on your sister's good petticoat and panties." My sister pulled up my panties. Betsy smoothed out my pink petticoat and neatly arranged it around my waist, as it slid over my panties, it tickled me. "Come with me, and don't you dare spill a drop of your enema." Aunt Silvia led the way from her bedroom to the downstairs bathroom. I walked like a robot, and each step on the way downstairs was like a fist punching me in the stomach. I couldn't forget my bottom's fullness; the urge surged most powerfully to push against the Tampax plugs wedged into my behind. We rushed to the bathroom. Betsy lifted my petticoat and pulled down my panties. I hurriedly stepped out of them and straddled the toilet, again facing the wall with my rear exposed to their view. I felt Fran tugging on the strings hanging from my hole. The dam plugs were being yanked out of me. Plop! Plop! And out they came. My enema cascaded into the bowl. "Next time, he'll run clear," Fran said to the others as she cleaned me up and helped me back into my lace panties. I was so depleted I could barely lift my feet to step back into the panties.

It was Fran's turn to do me next. She donned the rubber apron as I resumed my knee-chest posture on Aunt Silvia's bed. Pat was to take the remaining photos. I saw a large green nozzle in Betsy's hand. She was attaching it to the latex tubing. "That's too big for me," I complained. Aunt Silvia answered, "Of course it's not. A queer boy like you should get used to having big hard long things shoved up his butt hole. We both know you are going to grow up to be a petticoat and panty-wearing faggot. I'm sure you'll be a size queen, endlessly searching for guys with the biggest cocks to shove into your mouth and up your ass. You should be thanking us for breaking you in for your future queer lifestyle!"

Betsy pulled down my panties and her finger was now going into me with the lubricant. She vigorously massaged my asshole. FLASH! Fran came over. The tapered green tip touched my puckered hole. She pushed and twisted. FLASH! The first inch entered. I could feel the widening ridges. Then another inch. The bulge passed through. Yeow! It was now in my rectum. FLASH! I had over three inches of thick green pipe connecting my plumbing from the outside. I heard Betsy say, "Are we all ready?" The girls agreed. "Lift up the irrigating can now!" Fran ordered. I saw Betsy pick it up from the top of the dresser and lift it over her head. The cold soapy enema coursed through the wide pipe and into me. Its surprising suddenness stimulated me. I tried to get up, but Fran's hands on the back of my neck confined me to my ass-up posture. It felt as though I was being filled by a firehouse. I felt gallons rushing into me. "Oh . . . oh . . . ow-w-w-ee..." I groaned and panted. Words wouldn't come to me. I had never felt like this before. Suddenly, I heard the gurgle of a drained basin. The can was empty. I had taken it all. It felt like I had been filled with a bathtub full of solution! I was in intense pain! As I winced and cried, Aunt Silvia took charge: "Leave the nozzle in him. Tighten the clamps and disconnect the hose from the can. Now, help him up. Gently." She held the Kotex to my hole and eased my panties back up to hold the pad in place with the tube coming up and out of the back waistband of my panties. "Now walk him into the bathroom and use very short steps. Betsy, take the free end of the tubing." Then in the bathroom, Auntie said, "Girls off with his panties. Bobby, get over the bowl." Once again, I climbed onto the toilet. I felt Fran's fingers at my hole. She grasped the great, green nozzle and was twisting it out. The feeling was intense as its ridges rode past and it was ripped out of me. The bulge near the end passed through my channel, and with a final flow of enema, it emerged from me. I gushed copiously, like a spring waterfall. Soon the reservoir was drained and I rested a little.

Across the bathroom, Pat was filling the tub and setting out clean towels. Perhaps they are going to bathe me, I thought. From the corner of my eye, I noticed my aunt's favorite red enema bag hanging on the back of the door. Four feet of red tubing and a small black douche nozzle dangled beneath it. Lying on the wicker dirty clothing hamper, I saw her white bulb syringe with its thick feminine probe and a jug of white antacid medicine. Fran wiped me clean and dropped her rubber gloves into the sink. "Did you put the shampoo attachment onto the faucet?" she asked Pat. An affirmative nod. "All right, Bobby. Stand up. You may take off your sister's petticoat for the time being. We're going to give you a soothing bath." Weak and thoroughly humbled, I slipped out of Barbara's half-slip and stood naked in front of Fran, Aunt Silvia, Pat and Betsy. This was a very lonely way to wait.

"Get into the tub and sit down," my aunt said, relieving the tension of my nakedness. The warm bath surrounded me as I slid down to cover my entire body. It was very comforting. Betsy and Fran knelt beside the tub and gave me a bath like nurses do to an invalid. It was comforting. Then they dried me

off and puffed talcum all over my cracks and crevasses. Aunt Silvia returned. I had to wait there in the middle of the room completely nude as they looked me over. "Fine job, Bobby, fine. Thank your nurses for their expert care." Aunt Silvia stepped forward and told me to touch my toes. She dabbed my tired hole with Vaseline. "This will soothe your insides," she said. I felt her big douche nozzle penetrate my behind. She squeezed the white bulb with both hands and forced a thick cream into me. Then she pulled the douche pipe out and put her syringe into the sink. "You may go to your own room now. I want you to take a nap for a while. I have left some things for you on the bed. Put them on. No playing with yourself and go to sleep!"

Pat kissed me on the lips as I started for the door. I was nude and felt much abused. Betsy kissed me too, and I could taste her sweet lipstick. My sister Fran then kissed me on the lips. A big juicy smack. She hugged me with my nose in her bosom and her hand on my ass. She said to me, "Thank you for helping us with our homework. You were a perfect patient. We promised you favors for cooperating. We owe you."

I could hear their "thank yous" all the way to my room. I walked slowly until I heard Barbara's voice coming up the stairs. Then I ran the rest of the way. I didn't want my other sister to see my bare ass or ask me about "her little dickie." On my bed, Aunt Silvia had laid out a pretty, full-length, pink satin petticoat and a pair of fancy pink panties. They were decorated with lace and pink ribbons and looked brand new. After a moment's hesitation, I put on the panties and picked up the petticoat. Enveloped in their silky softness, I lay back on the bed. I was delighted but completely washed out. Thinking of my sweet nurses, I rubbed my hands over the double layer of nylon slip and panties covering my erect cock that seemed to be delighted to be in a fresh, crisp pair of sweet girlie panties. I knew the slip and panties were brand new, and they weren't a bit large on me as my sister's panties usually were! They were in my size! I then knew Auntie had bought them for me! I had been demoted to a permanent state of sissiness. I admitted I liked the feel of the slip and panties on my body. I wanted to masturbate myself into the

panties. I remembered my sister whispering to me that if I did a good job for them today, she and her friends would dance for me in just their panties, but I knew that was probably not going to happen, even though Auntie smiled at the idea when she heard Fran first say it. I heard someone approaching and I pulled up the sheet to cover myself in the flimsy full slip and panties. Just then my bedroom door burst open and the three girls came in dancing in bare-breasted and wearing just their nurse's slinky white nylon high-waisted panties! They pulled down the sheet covering me. I had my hands on my pantied penis, jerking wildly away and almost immediately I spurted with delight, leaving a slick and sticky deposit in the crisp, new nylon panties. I feared Auntie severely punishing me for spunking up my panties, but I told myself Auntie couldn't do anything worse to me than what had already happened to me that day. Then the girls merrily danced back out of my room, and I rolled over in my sticky panties and drifted off to sleep.

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In a blouse, slip, panties and a garter belt and stockings, Roger can tell you that when a boy has three crazy older sisters, at some point, they are going to dress you in their clothes.