

Princess Extra!

#5

**November
2008**



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

**Panty Flashing
Special Issue**

Adults Only

From our Internet website, these are photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and other items of interest for the fantasy fulfillment of adult sissies. Items range from "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

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

Panty Teasing:
Nasty girls making you
feel like a sissy!



Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly

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HEALTH



Sissy boys caught flashing their face panties can be in for a hard time!



Panty boys love to play Twister since it's a great way to peek at panties!

LIFESTYLE



Imitating the fad boys started of letting their underwear show over the top of their pants, girls now show their panties above their slacks and some girls are quite aggressive about flashing their panties, such as this girl who even wrote on her T-shirt "Hey Wimp LOOK at my panties!" OK girl!



For panty perverts, second only to high-waisted panties that ride above a girl's slacks is the fashion of girls wearing torn jeans that expose the pretty panties they wear underneath!

HEADLINES

A wife who catches her hubby in her panties reigns supreme *Most wives had been suspicious for a long time and are not that surprised to discover his fetish*

Laddie Falls, NC: After years of finding her panty drawer out of order and her best panties stretched out of shape, Mary Peeks wasn't surprised to catch her husband wearing her silky pink panties while taking an afternoon nap. His blanket had slid down as he slept and exposed him in panties he had stolen from her panty drawer.



Her first reaction was anger, but she quickly realized this was an opportunity to take control of their relationship. Having been a major disappointment in the bedroom, she had been driven to take on various lovers, and now she could openly have sex with other men and he couldn't do anything about it unless he wanted risk being exposed to everyone they knew as a sissy panty wearing freak!

Survey: Panty Perverts - who do you flash your panties too?

Your wife - 5% Your wife's friends - 10%
Young boys - 8% Young girls - 8% All of above - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Embarrassed Palin didn't answer which publications she reads because all she reads is the Pantywaist Weekly!

With \$150,000 RNC spent on clothes for grandma Palin, I hope she got some fancy granny panties!

Warmonger McCain never met a war he didn't like, and he's equally notorious for ripping the panties off tall blonde girls

With the economy in trouble, don't worry; your collection of vintage panties will give you a raise anytime you want!

Obama campaign accused of planting sexy young girls in McCain's audiences to flash their panties to mess him up!



Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly



Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly

Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly



Petticoat Punishment: Mother Ruined Me as a Boy

From the time my mother graduated high school, she was the housekeeper for the three priests in our parish. My father was a longshoreman and when I was eight, a crane broke and he was crushed to death beneath a load of cargo dumped on him. My father didn't have much life insurance and without his income, my mother didn't know how we were going to survive until our pastor invited us to live at the rectory with the priests. My father's death upset me probably more subconsciously than consciously and increasingly I began acting up and going out to play with my friends when I was supposed to be grounded for breaking mom's rules.

That's when one of the priests, Father O'Hara, suggested to my mother to dress me in some sort of shame clothing and lock me out of my room so I couldn't get to my regular clothes to keep me from going outside without permission. He told her to take me down to the basement and find some of the

outrageous clothes they had down there from the church's annual clothing drive. Mother took his suggestion, and less than an hour later, she had sorted through mountains of castaway clothes and came up with a pink satin princess dress that had obviously been some little girl's Halloween costume.

Mother kept swatting my butt with a Ping-Pong paddle until I gave in and let her put a pair of frilled pink panties on me along with a huge white cancan petticoat and then the dress. She even found a pair of lacy ankle socks and some ballet slippers for me. Father O'Hare was the first one to see me in the costume, and he laughed heartily, saying he had no idea mother would dress me in girls' clothes. He thought maybe she just would have put me into tight little boy shorts or a babyish outfit of some sort, but upon seeing me thoroughly shamed in that pink dress, he applauded mother for what appeared an effective punishment and further humbled me by parading me before the other two priests. Thereafter, mother made me wear a dress whenever I was grounded, and if I did anything to further anger her, she would add more time. At first I was just petticoat punished for just a day or two, but she eventually extended those times to one or two weeks.



On that first day, the humiliation of being dressed as a girl did quell my spirits, so the next time I disobeyed, I was again forced into the dress. With each successive infraction of her rules, she would dress me in other outrageous girls' clothes she'd find in the endless supply in the basement. And my punishments became more frequent and for longer periods.

She especially punished me for my conduct in school, since she thought I should be the shining example of good behavior since we lived in the rectory attached to the church and school. For example, when I brought home low grades on my report cards, that meant automatic dress time, and no matter how hard I tried, I usually got report cards that my mother regarded as low grades, and my teachers often added comments about any bad behavior I exhibited in class. It got so bad that I seemed to be spending more time in dresses than in my boys' clothes, and since during such times, I was locked out of my room to keep me away from my regular clothes, I had to spend my time either helping mother do her housework or roaming around the rectory looking for things to do. All three of the priests got used to me going around in dresses, and frankly they gave me the creeps the way they sometimes stared at me, especially Father O'Hara who would reprimand me and took great joy in telling me the color of the panties I had on that day whenever I accidentally sat with my legs spread apart or bent over and he could see up my dress.

When I did something especially bad, mother threatened to make me wear a dress to school. She never did make me do that, but she used that threat to get me to do exactly what she wanted me to do.

I hated wearing girls' clothes, but as I got older, I liked the way the nylon slips and lacy panties teased my penis. Of course, I did not let my mother know that, but I wonder how she could have missed it since she had to notice my frequent erections and the cum stains I started to leave in the panties. By the time I was twelve years old, I was being punished a lot, and mother made me wear a ruffled nylon babydoll nightie to bed every night. Secretly, I liked wearing the nightie because I masturbated myself silly in the silky bloomer panties every night. Mother never said anything about the deposits I left in those panties. She simply would wash them out and I'd find them in my drawer all fresh and clean and ready to wear the following night.

The priests thought I was a stupid little sissy and didn't give a damn that mother was dressing me like one. Frequent visitors came to the rectory, and I wasn't shielded from being seen by them. The nuns and people who came by would stare at me strangely, a boy with a very short butch haircut going around in a fancy party dress. If anyone inquired, I was introduced to them and made to tell them I was undergoing shame punishment for being naughty. Otherwise, the priests rarely talked to me, and when they spoke to mom about me, they usually referred to me as 'she' or 'her.'

Even though I never was forced to wear a dress to school, mother made me wear lingerie (white nylon panties and a girls' undershirt with a little bow on the front of the neck opening) and simple white bobby socks and girls' loafers, but no one ever discovered them as being girls shoes and socks because they were very plain and I was very careful. At the rectory, I had to help and was made to vacuum the floors, wash the dishes, sew, and cook, things mother taught me over the years, and things that I'm now glad I learned how to do.

Mother had me wear her wig at times and then take me out. She would always say, "Since you can't stay out of trouble as a boy, I'm going to make a girl out of you, so when you grow up you will be a good housewife to someone!" She'd take me to visit her friends or out to eat or to the library like that just to intensify my punishment. Well, I never did get married. I have had a number of close relationships with females, but more like girlfriend to girlfriend than lovers. I have made love to some of my girlfriends over the years, but I wasn't very good at it because I always wanted them to take the lead and let me play the submissive role. I haven't been fortunate enough to find a female who likes doing that. Eventually, all of my close female friends learned of my female side and my love of female clothes. It was always so wonderful that they would accept that side of me and treat me like a girlfriend, but it also killed any chance of them wanting me as a husband. And that sums up my life to date. ♦





Cancan Dancer:
In Pink Panties





Cuckold Husband: Pink Pantied & Pussified

I'm a thirty-five-year-old white male with a blonde German-born wife, Helga. She was dominant from the day we met; I fell under her spell and became quite submissive, even though I never had any tendency toward submissiveness before in my life. When I married her I was straight; however, she pushed me into being a faggot and a sissy queen as our marriage progressed.

During our love play, Helga would often have me dress in her bras and panties. She loved teasing me about being a sissy and even began calling me "Faggy" around the house. "Faggy" is a nickname I have come to accept because she has made me into a cocksucking homosexual and lets me know that the best way I can show my love for her is to be a good little fairy faggot. Early on, Helga began taking me on shopping sprees for a complete ladies' wardrobe. These expeditions to dress stores and lingerie shops were quite sexy for both my wife and me. For example, if she was buying me frilly panties, much to my humiliation, she would measure the panties against my waist in full view of the salesclerk and other shoppers. If the salesclerk was offended, she would stop and pretend we were kidding. If the salesclerk seemed to enjoy what my wife was doing to me, she would continue and engage the saleslady in conversation, getting advice as she had me stand still as they measured other feminine items up against me, and on occasion even got the woman to let my wife take me into the fitting room to try on various items.

My wife loved me but lost interest in me as a man and began considering me as a sister or a faggot brother. That's when she announced she needed a 'real' man to keep her happy and sexually satisfied and then revealed to me she was regularly having sex with a tall, handsome black man, who was giving her the intense sexual climaxes I was unable to give her. At first I hated her black stud, Duane, but I had to admire how he could make love to my wife for hours before ejaculating unlike how I spurt in just minutes. His cock was almost as big as my forearm, and it jumped wildly as it pulsed during his climax. Next to my barely four inches when hard, his monster cock made me feel quite inferior.

Helga teased me in front of her black boyfriend and suggested I should become a slave maid to them. He smiled at her suggestion, and I now wait on them in just my pink panties whenever Duane is over to the house, which happens most nights. To exhibit their dominance over me, my wife suggested I suck his cock to hardness before he fucks her, and that is now a standard part of their sexual routine. I'm in awe of his sexual prowess and that helps me accept my position of servitude. I don't mind licking his dick because I know I am so inferior to him, and I know my wife loves to demonstrate how much I love her by having me do this. I actually have turned into quite a good cocksucker, and many times, I do too good of a job warming him up for my wife and he ejaculates a gusher of semen down my throat. My wife doesn't mind because Duane is soon ready all over again and ready to fuck her silly for as long as she wants.

Duane towered above me. He is six feet three and I am only five feet six inches tall. When I first met him, his physical presence totally dominated me. I was dressed as a man but my wife began undressing me in his presence, revealing to him the pink panties I had on under my clothes. I was embarrassed to be seen by someone else in my panties, especially another man and my wife's black lover, but my wife's excitement excited me in a strange way, and when they both put their arms around me, patted my butt through my panties, and ticked my penis in my pink panties, my cum came dribbling out as they both laughed in my ears. Then they made me watch them make love, and I couldn't believe how massive his penis was and how happily my wife was responding to Duane. As I heard her screaming out during her repeated sexual climaxes, I knew I could never make her do that. In two years of marriage, I had never brought my Helga to even one sexual climax. They totally ignored me but I knew they enjoyed having me watch. Duane slept over that night, and I had to sleep on a couch, which is where I now spend most of my nights. In the morning, I made and served them breakfast, prancing around in just my cum-stained pink panties as my wife had directed. Then as they ate their bacon and eggs, Helga took off her panties and put them over my head. The crotch of the panties was disgustingly slimmed with a big swath of Duane's dried-on cum, and my wife made sure that part of the panties was right over my nose and mouth, as I stood and watched them eat and cuddle. ♦

Panty Peeking: His Mom Knew How to Panty Train Him

After learning the value of panty training a boy, Rebecca developed his interest in her panties by going around in sheer, almost see-through dresses (even out in public) as well as carelessly sitting around the house with her skirts askew and her legs slightly parted. She did other things too, like taking him shopping when she was buying panties for herself and his sister and asking him his opinion about different panty styles and colors. And at home, she left pairs of fancy panties on tables and chairs and hanging on the doorknob of his room and the bathroom.

Now she was ready. Rebecca was sure she had developed his interest in her panties, and now she had set her trap and was ready to spring it. Behind her partially open bedroom door she was lying on her bed, fully clothed, but with her legs spread, exposing her lacy, pink nylon panties. As she heard her son walking up the stairway, she pretended to be reading a book. She noticed a shadowy figure (that she thoroughly expected to see) lurking in the hallway. She knew he was out there and from that angle, she knew he could stare directly up her skirt and see her panties.

“Alan, if you want to stare at me, it's OK, but don't sneak peeks at me from the hallway. Come in here for a moment.”

“I'm sorry, mommy,” he said as he sheepishly entered her bedroom with his head down and followed her outstretched hand to take a seat on her bed. Sitting alongside of her, he didn't have the nerve to look directly up her skirt, but he couldn't resist taking furtive quick glances to peek at her panties at close range. He thought he had to say something, so he said, “You're real pretty, mother. I like looking at you.”

“From my son, that's a genuine compliment. You aren't here trying to avoid doing your homework, are you, Alan?”

“My homework was boring, mother; I saw your door open and” His voice trailed off.



"All right, I understand young boys, and I know you've taken a great interest in my panties in recent weeks. I don't mind you looking at my panties, it's healthy to have such interests, but from now on, if you want to look at me, you have to have your homework done," Rebecca said as she pulled him closer and unzipped the front of Alan's pants.

He sucked in his breath as she put her fingers in the opened zipper and pulled his penis out.

"Your penis is getting very responsive to my touch. It's so sweet when a boy gets all excited about his mother. I'm going to have to do things to you soon."

"What kind of things, mother? Nan says she's going to do things to me soon too."

"Your big sister is learning quickly what it means to be a female. I'm teaching her and she is making great progress."

"But why does she think it's funny to put her dirty panties in my dresser drawer with my underwear? Last night I found a pair of her panties under my pillow, and they were all wet!"

"Nanette knows little boys have a great interest in girls' panties; she has to learn, and since you're her only brother, it won't hurt you to let her practice some sex things with you."

"Are Jenny and Rena going to be doing sex stuff to me too?"

"No, your little sisters aren't old enough yet, but when they're older they will. You're a boy, Alan, and in this family, the females do things to you because we love you. That's why I check your penis like this almost every week, but you know all that. "Now don't talk for a minute while I check you. My big boy is growing up, and I want to see how he's doing."

Rebecca held her son's penis while she teased him mildly with different parts of her body, her hands, her breasts through her bra, and her hips, bottom and pussy through her silky panties. She liked how his penis reacted to contact with her soft lacy panties. She asked him, "Alan, what about me excites you most?"

Rebecca sat back and her son's eyes scanned her up and down, lingering a little at her breasts, panties and legs.

"Everything about you excites me, mother, all of you."

Rebecca enjoyed his diplomatic answer but noticed he stared at her panties more than anything else. She put her arms around him, pulled his face in between her breasts and kissed the top of his tousled head as she crushed her body against his and let his stiffening penis rest against her nylon pantied hips.

"I'm glad you like all of me," she said as she pulled back from him and noted his fully erect cock. "I'm not going to do anything too big with you now; but maybe next week when your father's away on business, I'll do some panty things that will make you love me even more. Now run along to bed."

But Alan wasn't ready to leave. He continued to sit on the bed along side his mother and said, "Jake says Nan has hot pants."

Rebecca laughed. "Does he like her panties hot?"

Alan, blushing, boldly reached out and stroked the smooth satin of his mother's panties. "I guess he does, mother. I don't know what he means by hot panties. He gives her presents. He gave her a locket, and I know he stole it from K-Mart."

"And how did my nosey little son find out about that?"

"I heard his mom say he did. She was mad at him for stealing. She's the nosey one, not me. She said he's too young to be fooling around with a girl three years older than him. She



wanted to know if Nan put him up to it. He swears she didn't, but I know Nan likes to get boys to do dangerous things. He told his mom he loves her."

Rebecca did not explain to Alan how she had coached Nanette in how to use her femininity to get boys to do whatever she wants. As they were talking, Rebecca let her son continue to lightly stroke her hips through the soft nylon of her panties. Like father, like son, she thought with a muffled giggle. She was impressed with his interest in the feel of the satin, so she felt now was the time. She reached past her son, and in the process, her pantied butt came close to his face, surely giving him a good whiff of her perfumed pussy and panties. Alan did not try to turn away his head or move away from her pantied hips so close to him, reconfirming what she had suspected: her weeks of gradual, gentle panty teasing were paying off. He loved them! Rebecca stretched to reach to the chest of drawers near the bed, opened a lower drawer and took out a pair of pink panties, much like the panties she had on but in a smaller size. She held the panties up for him to look at. He saw they were too small for her and wondered about them, but before he was able to analyze his thoughts, she had put her hand inside the panties and rubbed them over his cock. She was in a playful mood as she rubbed the panties back and forth and back and forth over his dick, smiling all the while she was stimulating him with the lace and satin, her chin raised dominantly. She raised the panties up, gave him another close-up look at them and rubbed them against his cheek. "Take your pants and shorts off, Alan."

He sensed what was next: "I can't wear panties, mother ..." but his hand came up and felt the smooth panties being massaged against his face.

"Oh, I think you can, Alan. Just between the two of us. Nobody else will know – unless you want them to."

She had him hold the panties and encouraged him to rub them against his face, his lips, his body, smell their perfume and think about how wonder they were as she was removing his trousers, underwear, shoes and socks.

"Mother, I don't think a boy, I mean, me, I, uh, I can't! When you make dad wear your panties sometimes; that embarrasses even me! Everybody laughed when you gave dad that set of panties as a joke gift last Christmas. Everybody thought it was funny, but I know you make him wear them sometimes. Why do you do that? Why do girls do stuff like that? And now Nan is after me with her dirty panties – not even clean ones. Yuk!"

Most of his questions Rebecca ignored, but she did talk to him as she continued to pull off his clothes, laughing as he moved back on the bed. "To tell you the truth, your father doesn't wear my panties – they are HIS panties, and he doesn't just wear them sometimes, he wears his panties ALL THE TIME! He wears them because he loves to wear them, and you're just like him and you'll love wearing panties too."

"No, mother, I can't! Please!"

"There now, stand up," she said as she made him step into the panties. He tried to shove down against them being drawn up his legs, but when his hands touched the smooth satin, he stopped shoving. Rebecca sat back, smiling broadly with satisfaction with his hands trembling and the panties around his thighs. "OK, now I want you to pull your panties up, son."

He closed his eyes, pretending it wasn't happening, but he couldn't refuse his mother. He pulled the panties up until they were high on his waist and cradling his dick and balls in the crisp sensation of a new pair of frilly pink nylon panties.

"There now, my son is in his own panties that are just like his mommy's panties, and he belongs to me forever and ever!"

Much to his astonishment, she reached under the lacy leg opening and put her cold fingers around his erect cock and positioned it upward within the soft satin panties. She leaned down close to his pantied cock and opened her mouth. He could feel her breath as she asked, "Are you excited, Alan?"

"Oh, yes, mother, I ... I!" and he hugged her, panting through his open mouth. "Please, mother! Please! Please, I ...!" He fell backward on the bed, hiding his embarrassment, hiding his face, but found himself with his face up against her butt. He kissed and stroked her panties, and her hand maintained its hold on his pink pantied dick, gently massaging it until it was throbbing. Then, just before he was gong to erupt, she let go, stood up and looked down at him. Alan, then desperately grabbed his throbbing cock to continue where his mother had left off, but she pulled his hand off his cock and stood dominantly over him with hands on her hips, giving him time to appreciate her aggressive stance. She stepped back.

"Alan, you're a panty pervert like your father. From now on you'll wear panties every day, all day long. And if I ever catch you without your panties on, I'll whip you and sit on your face like I sit on your father, And I'll have all three of your sisters sit on your face too. Maybe I'll even have them piss into your mouth right through their panties as they sit on you. It's good training for your place in the world. But right now, I forbid you from masturbating. Yes, I know you want to slime your new panties; that's what pantywaist sissy boys like you always want to do, but you will not be allowed to jack off into your panties until you go downstairs and do it before me, your sisters and your father. Now when you can't stand it anymore and you know you have to do it, come on down. We'll be ready and waiting for you."

Alan cried as he put his hand back on his penis through the luxurious panties and slowly started walking downstairs. Rebecca flowed, laughing, and calling ahead for everybody to get together in the living room because Alan was going to put on a show for them. ♦



Upskirt Show:
Oriental Lovelies





The Demale Society: Making Johnny into a Sissy

When I was ten I got my first taste of female domination. My dad had been a widower for several years and then married a woman, and I was raised along with her two daughters, Susan and Jane. What I didn't know at the time, my new stepmother was a member of the Demale Society, a believer in female superiority, and had my dad fully under control. Not long after we all moved in together, my stepmother caught me fighting with Susan. She scolded me and said that if I was going to act like a sissy and fight like a girl, I would be treated like one.

I let her comment roll off me and didn't think anything more about it until all of us went on a shopping trip the next day. My sisters said they needed new underwear, so we went into Dillard's department store and I was dragged along when they went into the girls' lingerie section. My stepmom and the girls started talking again about treating me like a girl and joking around while they made me stand still as they pretended to

size me up for little girls' clothes as they held up training bras to my chest and frilly panties to my waist. I forced myself to laugh along with them, pretending their joking around wasn't affecting me. But I did get nervous when two salesladies noticed what the girls were doing to me and began laughing and pointing in my direction. When several shoppers started to take notice, I ran over to some chairs by the dressing rooms, sat down and kept my head down until my stepmom collected me and we left there to continue shopping.

Back at home, my stepmom took me by the hand and led me to my bedroom where she told me to strip completely. Then she handed me a pair of light blue lacy panties and told me to put them on. I opened my mouth to protest and was greeted with a slap across my face. "Johnny, I'm tired of your backtalk and nastiness," she said, "and I'm not joking; I really am going to treat you like a girl." Next she slipped a training bra up my arms, saying, "Get used to wearing a bra, boy. Girls have to wear one everyday, and now you will have to wear a bra every day too – just like a sissy girl. I want you to be sweet like a girl, not constantly nasty like a naughty little boy, and if it takes dressing you like your sisters to do it, I'm going to do it!" Then she took me into my sister's room where she proceeded to dress me in one of Susan's party dresses she

had worn years before. It was pink, full skirted, heavily ruffled and short, so short that if I bent over my lace panties would show. Next came a pair of lace-topped anklets and a pair of Susan's shoes. She finished me off by putting a bright pink bow in my hair.

"I'm going to tell dad what you are doing to me!" I screamed.

That earned me another slap across my face as she said, "Well, go right ahead and tell him. He knows you're a nasty little boy and knows how disrespectful you are to me and your stepsisters. You look cute in that dress, and I think your dad will agree this is a good way to smooth out your edges."

We went downstairs. Susan immediately burst into laughter. She said little girls who misbehave should have their bottoms spanked. My stepmother agreed. Over her knee I went and up went my dress. I was scared stiff. Susan brought her a hairbrush, and my stepmother spanked me without mercy. I started to cry when the first whack landed. Tears were streaming down my face and I was kicking frantically. Just then the front door opened and Jane walked in with her best friend, Tina, a cheerleader I was completely infatuated with. I wanted to run, but Susan and her mother held me down. At first Tina seemed shocked, but then she started giggling. I was so embarrassed I began crying even harder from the shame of being spanked with my dress up and panties down like a naughty little girl. After my bottom was burning like hot coals, I was dumped off my stepmom's lap; I cried like a baby until Jane decided I should take a nap and sleep with some of her dolls and stuffed animals. She told mom that she and the girls would like to tuck me in for my nap. Mother agreed. The three girls grabbed me and carried me to my room. They took off my dress and shoes and I was further shamed to be left standing in my bra and panties before the girls, who took liberties of touching my penis and balls through my panties and they snapped my panty elastics and pinched my nipples through the training bra. Then they put me in one of my stepsister's pale yellow babydoll nighties and tucked me into bed. My stepsisters and even Tina gave me sloppy kisses, although they were laughing in my face as they did it. I cried but relieved that the spanking was over and the laughing girls gone, I fell asleep.

An hour or so later, I awoke with my stepmother shaking me. She told me to get dressed and come downstairs for dinner. After I told her I wasn't hungry and didn't want to go down for dinner because I knew my father was home and I didn't want him to see me like this. She told me I had to come down for dinner or earn myself another spanking. She added that I could wear my regular boys' clothes but I had to keep on the training bra and lace panties underneath.

Quietly and sheepishly I made my way downstairs. I went to the living room and sat down in front of the TV. My dad said 'hi' to me and I mumbled a 'hi' back to him, but blushing heavily, I avoided looking at him. After dinner, I returned to

watch TV in the living room. My dad followed. Initially I tried to avoid talking with him, but then during a commercial, dad turned down the TV and asked me how my day had been. I shrugged my shoulders and said 'OK.' Dad had me come over to him and sit on his lap. Then he said, "I heard you were bad toward Susan today and your new mom punished you."

I cried and blurted out, "I hate her! She made me wear girls' clothes and spanked me in front of Susan, Jane and Tina."

"Now, listen, son, don't be talking like that about your new mother. She's a good woman and if she thinks you need discipline, I trust her to do what she thinks you need to make you a better boy."

"But I don't want to be a girl."

"Johnny, you're not a girl. Wearing girls' clothes isn't going to hurt you. You've got your boys' clothes on now, so everything is OK now, huh?"

"But, uh, but ... underneath she is making me wear ..." I let my voice trail off because I couldn't bring myself to tell him what I was wearing under my outer clothes.

I felt my dad's hand rubbing my back and immediately realized he was tracing the outline of the training bra through the back of my shirt. Then I stiffened as I felt his hand travel down my back and dip down inside the back of my jeans to stroke the top of the silky nylon panties I had on. With tears of shame rolling down my cheeks, I turned my head away from my dad so he couldn't see me crying even though I knew he could hear me moaning and pouting.

"A training bra and nylon panties aren't so bad to wear are they?" he said. I gasped, vigorously shaking my head 'yes' and cried even louder. "Oh, Johnny, what's the big deal, huh? A bra and panties are just underwear, and so what if you have to wear them. They're hidden under your boys' clothes and nobody can see them unless you let people see them. Besides, if wearing sissy girls' bras and panties make you a nicer and more respectful little boy, that's a good thing. I think your new mom was very smart to come up with this method to change your naughty ways. I can tell it's already helping you." And with that, my dad started snapping the waist elastic of my panties, snapping them against my bare back. It made me gasp repeatedly and groan, realizing my dad wasn't going to help me in any way. It was the lowest point in my life. I had no one on my side; no one to comfort me; no one to help me; everyone just wanted to humiliate my boyhood and shame me into sissiness. My dad made me stand in front of him so he could unzip my jeans and pull them down so he could see my pale blue panties. "These are really nice panties your new mom bought for you. You're a lucky boy to wear such pretty panties, panties just as pretty as rich little girls get to wear." Then I jerked in surprise as he began rubbing his hands all over the silky panties. "Silky panties feel good to wear, don't

they?" I then moaned out a complaint, "But I don't want to wear them. I don't want to be a sissy. Only sissy boys would wear girls' clothes. I'm a boy. Please, dad..." But it was like stabbing me in my boyhood when my dad began ticking my balls and jerking on my penis through my silken panties. "Now, tell me how much you love wearing girls' panties. Tell me how much you love me touching you through your sweet little panties. Johnny, your new mommy wants you to be a sissy; it's OK, just go with it. I know you're going love being a sissy and having your new mommy, stepsisters and even me masturbating you in your silken panties every day. Your new mommy wanted me to be the first one to jack you off in your new panties, and I' delighted to do it. Now tell me how much you love wearing training bras, dresses and fancy girls' panties." I cried and moaned in horror. My dad had made my penis hard in the slinky smooth panties. It was scary. I looked over shoulder and saw my stepmom and stepsisters watching. Once they knew I had noticed them, they gathered around me and we all had a mutual hug as they all felt me up in my panties and sent me into a series of dry cums. It was the end of my life as a normal boy and I knew it. My dad was a trader to his masculinity and mine, but as it turned out, it wasn't the end of the world for me. As the weeks and years followed, I adapted to being a sissy and learned to love and adore all females, even when they enslaved me to panties and made me into their personal pantywaist maid. ♦

Spanking: Pervert Buys Himself a Boy to Panty & Spank

While taking French in high school, I wanted to spend the summer in France, so wanting to improve my fluency in French I took a job with a wealthy family as an au pair to help around their house in general and in particular take care of their young son, whom I was to refer to as Master Thomas. The father was Swiss-French and the mother French.

Miss Johnston, who had taught me French, did not speak French like they did — and not so quickly either! However, I was able to communicate with Madame Dupont and improved my French as time went by. One of my first experiences with Madame and her son was a trip to her seamstress to have some new clothes made for the growing boy. Of course, Master Thomas had to undress in order to be measured. At the time, he was wearing what I would term sissy-styled black velvet shorts and a ruffled blouse that buttoned up the back — a girls' blouse I was sure, but I had no idea how girlishly he was turned out until he disrobed. He blushed prettily as he stood before us clad only in a white silk undershirt with lacy edges — definitely a girls' chemise -- and white silk panties, both beautifully embroidered with little pink and red roses

and trimmed with a contrasting pale blue lace. It struck me that he looked so very beautiful; tears almost came to my eyes. "Like a little angel" as Madame Dupont was fond of saying about him. He appeared so delicate and fragile, especially for a boy, and reinforced in me feelings I ought to do everything possible to protect him from the harsh knocks of a typical boy's life as long as possible. He was always very good and sweetly polite to Madame and me. He quickly won me over soon after I took charge of him.

Madame Dupont spoke in rapid French to the seamstress, and I had a hard time following everything she was saying as she arranged to have the woman create a number of garments for her son. The woman obviously had been hired to make clothes for the boy in the past since she was not surprised by the boy wearing lingerie and sissified clothes. I was most impressed by the quality of everything she made. Swiss peasant women are very skilled at embroidery, and all of the boy's lingerie was beautifully embroidered with little flowers and edged with delicate handmade lace — and at such reasonable prices too. And in the conversation with the seamstress, I was able to understand that Madame was not satisfied her son was properly subdued and contrite and wanted to attire him even more femininely! This boy was the sweetest and meekest boy I had ever met or even imagined existed! So his mother's description of him as being too masculine astounded me, but I of course did not express my opinion. She decided the boy should be dressed as a girl from there on out, but being young, not yet eleven years old, he need not wear long skirts, and settled on a length just below the knee as being both suitably modest and elegant for the dresses and skirts she was ordering. She ordered for him, six pairs of bloomer panties edged with bands of lace around the legs and much more ornately frilly than his current panties. They were to be made of real silk, all pastel colors with embroidery, lace and ribbon bows in contrasting pastel shades. There was a problem with his waist because, although he was painfully thin, being a boy he has no real waist. Madame suggested a light corset, which she insisted would give him the proper figure. She did not make them but had a friend who did, so she was able to take the order. She assured Madame corsets would do more than nip in his waist; it would help fill out his buttocks and push a bit of his flesh upward to give him a modest little bust, and with stiff boning in back, it would give him support, eliminate his poor posture and help to ease the fatigue he frequently complained about.

This, of course, necessitated some corset covers, which she ordered in pastel silk to match his bloomer panties and his new chemises. And a considerable number of petticoats were ordered for him to wear under his new dresses and flounce them out in the current elegant fashion suitable for young girls on dressy occasions. These were to be made of taffeta, all in colors to match his dresses and with elaborate lace edging. Madame chose for him two party dresses for best, one all white with pink embroidery and lace and a wide pale blue satin sash; the other in pale yellow with a bright yellow sash.



For indoor daytime wear, several simple gowns were ordered, including two typical schoolgirl uniforms (he was taught at home by a tutor) in a light wool jersey for cold days and two in gingham for warmer weather. Also ordered for him were two white pinafores, one in white chiffon and one in white costumers' satin. And for "rough wear" in case he would indulge in some such occupation as painting in water colors or playing Jacks, Madame ordered him a pinafore coverall in a durable pink fabric!

The purchase was completed with an order for six pairs of white silk stockings for best, six pairs of white lace-topped ankle socks, and six pairs of white knee socks to go with his schoolgirl uniforms. For shoes, the seamstress recommended a local store that stocked a large range of styles of the best quality in girls' shoes and boots. Also in town, Madame Dupont found a warm coat in delicate fawn wool and a dark green cape edged with white fur and having a hood to cover his head on cold days.

Two days later, the first items of his new wardrobe to arrive were his silk chemises and bloomer panties. Madame did delay in having him put them on until his father arrived home that evening, so he could not only witness the boy being pantied, but actually help in the process. The lecherous old man actually held open many pairs of the panties for the naked and shamed boy to step into, and the man had no compunction about fitting the bloomer panties to the boy's lithe body, flattening out the lacy trim and carefully arranging the tight waist and leg elastics, snapping them to make the boy jump and then massage the nylon over the boy's hips, butt and even penis, making the young sissy squirm in torment. Not waiting for his dresses to arrive, Madame made him wear his new camisoles and panties under his black velvet shorts

even though the lace on his bloomer panties stuck out below the bottom edges his shorts.

And when the boy's father saw him walking about with his lacy bloomer panties so blatantly exposed, the man made the boy approach him so he could examine the lace and frills and run his hands over the silky pink fabric. He laughed at the boy as he asked him if he liked his new panties, and Master Thomas, knowing what was expected of him, replied, "Oh, yes, daddy! I love my new panties. They are so silky and fun to wear. I never want to take them off. My mommy's seamstress said they are prettier than the panties worn by all the girls in town." At that, his father shook his head and told him, "Well, if you love your new panties so much, you should wear them so they show like this all the time. In fact, why don't you take a walk to the park with your new nanny (me) and let all the boys and girls see how pretty they are?"

Master Thomas knew he was always supposed to agree with everything his parents and superiors suggested, but this suggestion by his father was a bit more than he could handle, and he didn't say a word, just shake his head 'no.' His father didn't like his answer. He just said, "Well, for refusing me, I think I should give you a sound spanking on your new panties, and then let's see how well you like them and how willing you are to what I suggest."

A week later, messengers arrived with various items of Master Thomas's new wardrobe. As the items arrived, the boy was made to immediately start wearing them. Day by day, his sissy boys' clothes were replaced by outlandishly feminine girls' clothes. Throughout the summer, Master Thomas's hair was left to grow, and I believe Madame was planning for his full feminization to further please her new husband. And once his short hair had grown out a bit, she sent me to a fabric store to get several lengths and widths of white and colored satin ribbon to make bows for his hair.

As I settled into their household, the boy soon started wearing nothing but his new dresses, lingerie and complete outfits of girls' clothes all day, every day. I was instructed to teach him how to apply makeup and act girlishly. I was even given power to spank him if he did not act girlishly enough, and I only did it on occasion because if I didn't, I probably would have been let go.

I became increasingly aware of the strange treatment the boy received. I know Mr. Dupont subjected the boy to very severe dress-pulled-up and panties-pulled-down spankings because I often walked in on him disciplining the boy. Those spankings took place almost daily and later I found out this man was not the boy's real father but was actually his new stepfather, and it was this man who had insisted the boy be feminized and

frequently spanked to break his spirit. I quickly concluded the man was a sadist and had married the boy's mother just to get to her son, and Madame was a social climber who had married him because he was immensely wealthy and turning her son into a feminized and spanked sissy was a small price to pay for her new life of grand luxury.

Besides, I knew the woman had no real love for her son other than making him the feminized playtoy for her husband to terrorize. I'm convinced he was a wicked and perverted man who found joy in humbling his stepson, but I'm sure I never saw the worst of it, like the things that took place behind closed doors in that house, but I saw the evidence: Poor little Master Thomas was a nervous wreck, he constantly blushed, jumped at the slightest loud noise, cried with every confrontation, and most telling of all -- he often had bouts of constipation and diarrhea. I could only imagine the wicked things he was doing to his sissified stepson. ♦

Panty Sighting: I Need to Expose Myself in My Panties

It started when I was just six years old. After I saw my sister's lacy white silken panties drying on the clothesline, I just had to try them on, so after my mother took down the clothes and brought them into the house, I took the panties out of the pile of clean laundry and snuck them into my room. As soon as I tried them on, I fell in love with them; they felt better than anything I had ever worn before -- and they were so pretty too with their lace and ribbon trim.

I walked around in the panties and looked lovingly at myself in my wall mirror. I couldn't keep my hands off the smooth nylon and ticklish lace. Just then, my mother came into my room.

"David, what are you doing wearing your sister's good panties!" she screamed. "Now take them off!"

"But I love them, mommy, and I want to keep them."

"NO! NO! Panties are for girls only! Boys don't wear panties! Do you want to grow up to be sissy?"

"What's s sissy, mommy?"

"A sissy is a boy who acts like a girl and likes to do things only girls do like wearing lace panties."

Undaunted, I said, "Please, mommy, I wanna be a sissy so I can wear panties."

She answered, "NO! You can't! Now take those panties off this instant!"

In tears, I took them off and gave them to her, but I had developed into a persistent little boy because I knew if I



bugged my mother for anything long enough, she would probably give in and let me have whatever I wanted. So after that, I would take pairs of my sister's nylon panties every chance I got and put them on. Then I would let my mother catch me wearing the panties. Once again, she would berate me and make me take them off, but I would tell I wanted to be a sissy and beg her to let me wear frilly panties.

Over the years, I never gave up; and mother never did let me wear panties. I keep exposing my pantied body to my mother, and she kept playing her role of denying me the pleasure. She would laugh at me and often spank me in the panties before making me take them off as a way of getting me to stop doing it, but her ridiculing laughter and her stinging panty spankings only shamefully thrilled me and intensified the pleasure of the silky panties on my sore butt even more!

After years and hundreds of times of doing it, I became addicting to exposing myself in panties to my mother; letting her catch me was even better than simply wearing the panties in secret. I was fifteen when mother died from a severe infection, and I was suddenly without her. When my mother's sister, Aunt Ruth, adopted me, I transferred my need to expose my pantied self from mother to my auntie. I desperately needed to expose myself in my panties, and the first time, I let my Auntie catch me wearing a pair of her silky panties, she told me mother had told her all about my desire to wear panties, and auntie then did just like my mother did to me; she laughed at me, spanked me, and then made me take the panties off. It was almost as good as when mother had done it.

Four years later, Auntie died, and I was left alone. But to this day, my greatest thrill still comes from letting women and girls catch me wearing panties. I let them peek out above my trousers or out from under the leg opening of my shorts, and females never fail to laugh, scream, or call me names like 'sissy' and I love every minute of it! ♦

Panty Flashing:
Hey, boy, we can see
your panties!

