

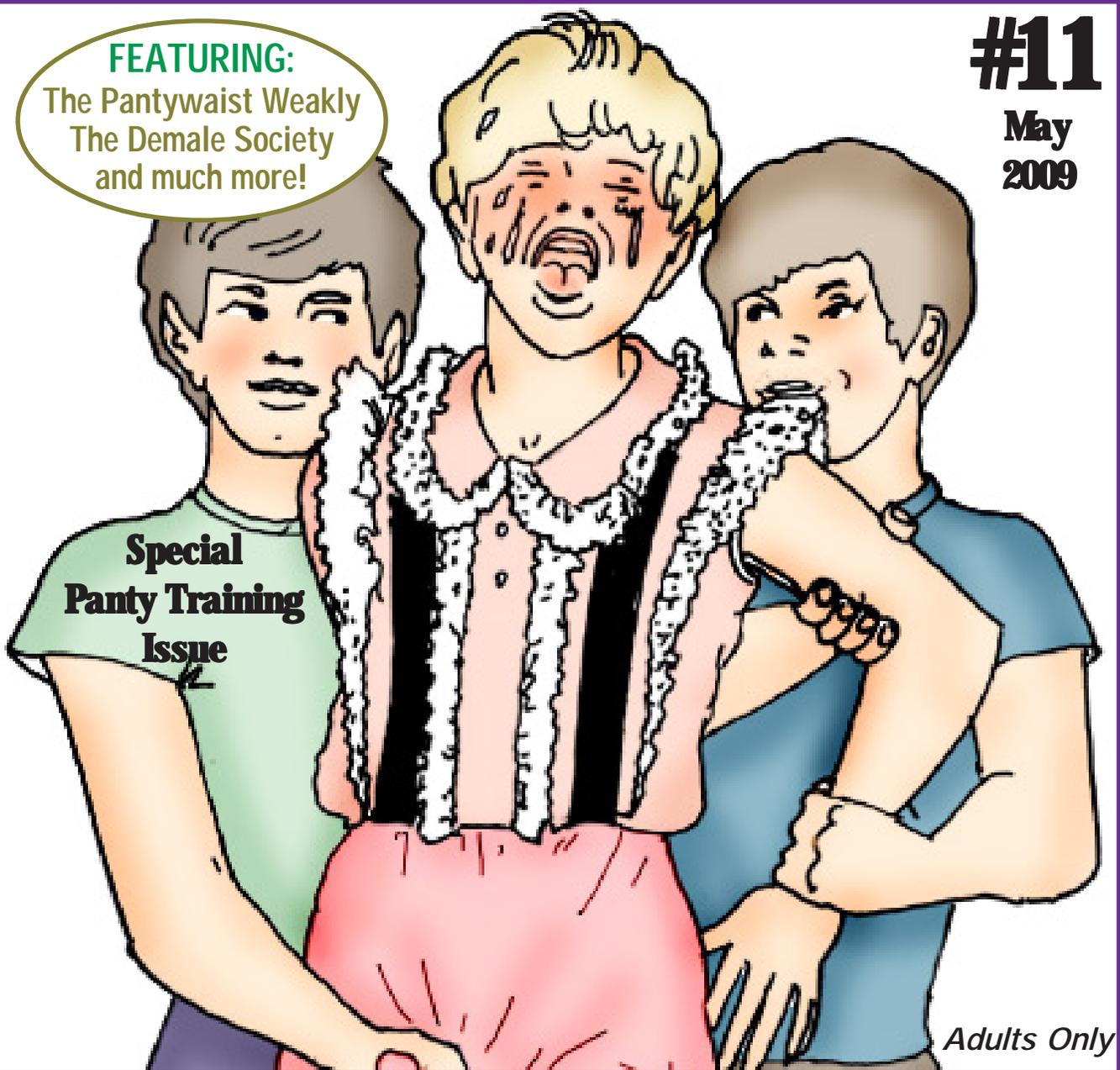
Princess Extra!

FEATURING:

The Pantywaist Weakly
The Demale Society
and much more!

#11

**May
2009**



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



Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly

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HEALTH



You would think that panty training a male would be just about the toughest thing in the world to do, but girls report putting a boy into panties is so easy these days with the wimpy males that dominant mothers raise these days!



We loved the logo on this website; it is our idea of how to handle a slave male after all his chores are done: chain, your sissy facedown in your panty drawer!

LIFESTYLE



Clever girls can start panty training a boy by pretending it is a game, and with a lot of laughs and petting get the boy into lacy lingerie, but then the girls turn on the boy and begin to attack his manhood, calling him a sissy for letting them put him into girls' clothes. Then when he starts to cry, they cuddle him and touch him intimately as they talk sweetly to him, but they do not let him take off the clothes until he cums in his panties. Then they promise they won't tell people but they remind him every day of how he soiled their panties and tell him it's OK to do it again every night and they will help him feel good!

The survey results we already knew: Boys trained with panties from birth tend to be sweet little sissies, but if trained much later in life they become nervous nellies!

HEADLINES

Panty training of a boy can be a huge shock to older generations Didn't they use petticoat punishment?

Laddie Falls, CA: Recently, while Wei Sho Dong from China visited California to see her daughter, son-in-law and their son, she was shocked to discover that her grandson was wearing a fancy pair of girls' pink lace panties.

Wei is a very traditional Chinese grandmother, and in her village, it is common practice for grandmothers to periodically check their grandsons' 'family jewels.'

So one of the first things she did upon her visit was to check grandson Bobby's penis and balls. Well, when she took down the boy's shorts and saw him wearing girls' panties, she didn't understand and was shocked.

But her daughter quickly allayed her mother's fears explaining that in the U.S. it is a common practice to dress little boys in girls' panties to keep them sweet and calm. She added that some mothers go even further and dress a boy as a girl and raise him as a girl, much to the astonishment of the boy's grandmother!



Survey: Tell us about your panty cumming:
Pull down panties B4 cumming 4% Cum into panties - 6%
Change wet panties - 21% Fall asleep in cummy panties - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

After being panty trained, boys lose interest in sports and all boys' things and become sick if denied panties
Spanking is often helpful to get a boy to wear panties the first time, but it's rarely needed once he's in them
Why is it so devastating for a boy to wear panties?
Because to a boy panties are a symbolic castration
Boys use their bare hands, grease, soap and other lubricants, but after they jack off using panties, nothing else compares!
Mothers who always walk around in their lingerie in front of their sons are attacking their masculinity



Photo from
The Pantywaist Weakly

Lina Biza



Panty Training:

Woman Psychologist Suggests
a Way to Cure Naughty Boy

Recently I dealt with a problem concerning a fifteen-year old boy, son of a divorcee, who was causing her considerable anxiety because of his abusive relations with girls. He was getting a bad reputation, and she had received a number of bitter complaints from the parents of the girls. It seemed only

a matter of time before he became involved with an unwilling girl and was accused of rape.

Acting on my advice, this harassed mother bought a half dozen pairs of very feminine, frilly panties, a length of thin, strong chain and a padlock. It needed some subtlety to induce the boy to put on the panties in the first place, but this was eventually accomplished by removing his own briefs, ostensibly for laundering, and leaving a pair of the panties where he could find them. I recommended she do this because I know most horny teenage boys are infatuated with girls' panties and will usually succumb to trying them on at least to satisfy their curiosity. Well, he did, and at last his mother knew he must have them on. She confronted him with the fact he was wearing girls' panties to his great embarrassment and threatened to tell his friends unless he obeyed her wishes. He agreed to do so, whereupon she had him lower his jeans. She then put the tiny chain tight around his waist and down under each side of the panties, returning to the waist, in such a way

that he could lower the panties for toilet purposes but could not remove them. The padlock effectively sealed the bargain! She made him wear those panties for almost a week, day and night, until he was begging for clean ones. These were provided, and since then he has been given a clean pair daily.

From that day on it has, of course, been impossible for him to make it with a girl! The admission that he was wearing panties and that his mother had chained them on would be too much for his male ego to accept. There would certainly be gossip and much giggling at his expense. She even went further and threatened with dressing him up completely as a girl and chaining him up in front of their house with his dress up exposing his panties. Of course, she never would do that, but the threat made the boy all that much more amenable. So, he kept the panties on. However, today the chain is no longer necessary because he now wears girls' panties all the time voluntarily and evidently enjoys doing so. Complaints about him have ceased, and he now has a regular girlfriend whom he



Petticoat Punishment: Playing Wet Dress-up Games

One of the most unusual panty training methods we have reported in our various publications is the story of a lesbian mother and her lover who uses her crossdressed transgendered son as bait to train and thoroughly ruin a young man who has a fetish for seeing little girls dressed in fancy clothes getting themselves soaking wet.

Under the guise of curing the young man, these conniving women get many little boys to dress up like little girls and get soaking wet in the backyard pool. To read this amazing story and see the dozens of fantastic photos of these boys, order our publication "Boys in Wet Dresses" and see dozens more photos of various boys in all kinds of pretty dresses in our "Photo Sets #6 & #7" and "Picture Album #8."

treats with respect. His mother had arranged for this relationship, pairing him up with a daughter of one of her dominant female friends, and the daughter knew all about the boy wearing panties before she ever met him, and she fully agreed it was a proper way to keep a randy young boy in line.

Given the opportunity, almost any man or boy will gladly surreptitiously wear women's panties and other lingerie, and when the opportunity was presented to him, this boy could not refuse. Within a short while he was hooked and will probably now wear girls' panties in preference to male underwear for the rest of his life. The only difficulty here was in first getting the boy to be chained, and this mother was able to do it by simple blackmail.

This method can be used by wives on husbands suspected of philandering! It is easy to confront the husband and make him agree to wear panties and have them chained on once a wife has any proof or an admission of infidelity, far easier then it was for the mother of the teenage boy because the wife can supplement her request by giving or withholding sex and threatening with a messy divorce. Plus she can say it turns her

on to have her man wear panties and to know they are chained on as an admission of his love for her. Cornering him with evidence of cheating combined with a show of sexual excitement and a little bit of massaging of his penis will usually be enough to persuade the errant husband to do whatever she wants. Of course, it cannot absolutely guarantee the husband will not wander, but it will limit his opportunities. Either he has to find a woman who will not dissolve into laughter when she finds he has a pair of frilly panties locked on or he must cut off the shameful panties, and that would mean admitting his infidelity. Even with a typically masculine man it will not be long before the wearing of frilly panties becomes second nature, especially if the wife will take the time and trouble to keep him supplied with an attractive variety of sexy panties, stimulate him sexually in the panties and not let him make love to her without wearing the panties. To further brainwash him into this habit, she should insist he always wear a pair of panties in bed, suggesting it increases her desire for him. #1820-M

Thanks to Tina Bizarre for the accompanying drawing. Be sure to visit her website.

Shame Clothing: Kilts

What Do Boys Wear Under Their Kilts?

For some little boy the answer all too often is panties! The kilt is a manly and proud Scottish tradition; however, this skirt-like garment has been often used as a training tool by mothers to shame their little boys and embarrass them into behaving. That's what happens in our publication "Anthony's Kilts, but it doesn't stop with his mother. The kilt is also part of his boys' school official uniform, and even there, they use a feminized version of the kilt outfit to punish the boys who are not considered effeminate or branded as being neither boyish nor physically strong enough. If you enjoy stories about boys in kilts being punished and humiliated at home and in school, order the booklets in our "Anthony's Kilts" series.





Intense Feminization: BJ's Art - Pantied & Petticoated Penises

Barbara Jean, known as 'BJ' has produced fine art for over fifty years. The illustration here is an example of his earliest efforts and typical of his favorite subject: boys sissified by dominant women, and both the women and their sissified boys are always dressed in the most outlandishly frilly and feminine outfits. Plus the boys are usually severely corseted and their tortured erect penises tightly bound in satin, lace and ribbon bows. For more of BJ's fine art, order our booklets "BJs Frilly Boys."



Sissy Maid: Begging For Panties

One of the most beautiful boy-girls I have ever seen I saw back in 1981 at New York City's annual Artists and Models Ball." A teenage boy decked out in a lovely long, dark brown wig and a classic satin maids' outfit was with his fifty-something mistress leading him around on a dog leash and making him go from table to table begging women and girls

for their panties and begging men for donations so he could buy himself more panties. Several of the females there did reach up under their skirts or costumes, peeled off their panties and gave them to him. A number of males did give him a small donation for his panty cause, and a few of the men suggested he could get a lot 'bigger' donation if he was willing to go off into a corner for a little intimate fun.

I don't know if the boy's mistress did allow her little sissy maid to go off with any of those guys to earn himself a bigger donation, but I had no doubt she would have allowed it if the guy's tip was big enough! ♦



Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly

Panty Power:

Some Girls Just Do It Naturally!

The following true story details a slow, methodical approach to panty training, not by an experienced feminist, nor a female well schooled in the psychological workings of the male mind. No, it's the story of a girl who had a natural talent for enslaving men and boys. The full significance of what the girl, Jean, did may not be immediately perceived because she did everything so gradually, without any sudden shocks to her intended slave. She did understand one basic concept: If you get a male to love you, you can get him to do most anything you want him to do.

Tommie is now a highly successful businessman, and he tells the story of how his life was forever changed by Jean, a sophomore in high school and the older sister of his best

friend and neighbor, Buddy. The story takes place the summer just after the boys graduated from the sixth grade.

I lived in a small town in a three-unit apartment house. My parents were divorced and my mother worked. The family in the downstairs apartment included a boy my age, Buddy, and his sister, Jean, who was sixteen at the time.

Buddy and I had a small tent set up in the backyard and we used to lie in it reading comic books. One day Jean joined us and she told Buddy to read aloud while we listened. The tent was small for the three of us. Buddy was on one side, I was in the middle and Jean on the other side of me. Her closeness made me very aware of her. Her perfume made me dizzy and her warm legs and arms pressing up against me made me feel different than I had ever felt before. Jean, being older than I, was bigger, but she was also well developed for her age. She had long reddish-brown hair and interesting green eyes.

I had always thought she was mean to her brother, bossing him around and making him do things for her, but being so close to her in the tent made me feel good about her even if it made me feel strange in a new way. That night at home, I thought about Jean often. Her perfume lingered in my nostrils

and it was easy to recall the strange feelings I felt as her warm body pressed up to mine.

The next day Buddy and I again were in the tent reading comics. Jean joined us, and this time she lay in the middle, I was on my side facing her and Buddy was on the other side of her on his back, lost in the reading aloud of the comic books. For the longest time I found myself lying there looking at her body, the gentle mounds on her chest covered by her thin white blouse. She had on a naughty looking black bra under that blouse and her breasts were going up and down as she breathed. She had a beige miniskirt on, and with her legs propped up, the skirt slid up her thighs. She gently weaved her legs back and forth. I don't know why, but I liked looking at her bare thighs so close to me. The tent was small but big enough for the three of us lying there together; however, for some reason we were all crushed together a bit toward my side of the tent. But I enjoyed being close to Jean like that, so I wasn't about to complain or ask for a little more room.

Jean would often joke that she was a "bad" girl and liked to humiliate Buddy in front of me to show her power over him. I didn't realize it at that moment, but she was now moving in on me. She told me to go into the house and get her a Coke. I had to get up and squeeze past her, and when I came back into the tent I got a good look up her skirt and saw a little bit of pink between her legs. I knew I had seen her panties and I was blushing heavily as I hurried into the tent, handed her the Coke and quickly nestled along side her once again. She rested herself up on one elbow as she sipped her Coke. Then she lit a cigarette, which I was sure was something she shouldn't be doing. Lying next to her with parts of our bodies touching, I was trapped. Upon her elbow, she turned her whole body to face me and then she blew smoke in my face. I was stunned, but by then I was so lost looking into her eyes and feeling her legs against me and thinking about that flash of her pink panties that I had seen that I couldn't move or say anything. I coughed from the strange smell of the smoke, but I couldn't even get myself to complain and ask her not to do it. She did it again! Then she got up and went into the house. I stared at her undulating body as she walked away. That night I had a hard time getting to sleep because I was thinking about Jean and her panties and remembering the smell her perfume and the smoke she had blown in my face.

The next day in the tent was much the same; Jean told Buddy and me where to lie, and we did. She then lit up another cigarette and sent Buddy in to get her a Coke, and while he was gone she looked at me with her green eyes and told me to open my mouth. When I did, she brought her face in very close to mine and blew smoke into my mouth. It was hot and tasted funny and I started to cough wildly, but she put her fingers over my mouth and told me to swallow it. When I think back, that was when I first realized I was really hooked on her, and I'm sure she felt that once a fish is hooked there's no need to rush to pull in the line.

The next day Jean stayed away from the Buddy and me in the tent and oh how I missed her! That evening I saw her in the front yard and asked if she would join us in the tent the next day. She played a game with me, saying maybe she would or maybe she wouldn't. Then she asked, "If I come to the tent tomorrow, will you do whatever I tell you to?" I immediately said "yes" not knowing what I was agreeing to, so then I asked her what she would want me to do. She just told me, "You'll find out tomorrow." Going to sleep that night was even harder than before.

We were all in the tent the next afternoon when Jean sent Buddy to take a note to one of her girlfriends who lived in the next block. Buddy wanted to stay and read the comic books and didn't want to go, but he did take the note. I noticed he always minded Jean, even when he didn't want to. Once Buddy was gone Jean turned to face me. We were lying on our sides. She looked at me with those green eyes again and told me to close my eyes. I did and I could hear and feel her moving, but she kept saying, "Keep your eyes closed." The next thing I knew she was holding something over my face. I opened my eyes, but I couldn't see anything except for the pink cloth she was holding against my face. In that warm tent on that hot summer day I first felt, touched and smelled female panties. When I first saw the pink fabric I thought of her panties, but I had no idea what I was looking at. She laughed wickedly and gently rubbed them over my mouth and nose. Then she pulled back and held the panties by the waist elastic and dangled them over my face: They were her panties! And I then knew she had just taken them off and had pressed their perfumed silkiness against me. Even with the panties inches away from my face I could smell them. Their aroma was stronger than ever. My head was spinning. The fabric was softer and silkier than anything I had ever felt before. They were still warm from her body and full of her female smell that was even stronger than the perfume she had anointed them with. She told me to lie still, not to move, and just to breathe deeply. Then she raised her knee and pressed it between my legs. I could feel her leg against my little penis. I inhaled deeply into the panties. And all the time Jean kept saying in my ear, very low and sexy: "Tommie, Tommie, you love Jean. Tommie loves Jean. Tommie loves everything about Jean, and he especially loves Jean's panties – my panties. Tommie, I know you want my panties, don't you? You want them so badly; you want my panties to take them home and play with them, but I can't give you my panties. I couldn't give you my panties unless you were a very special boy to me, not like a boyfriend, no, a boy so much closer to me than that. Even a boyfriend I wouldn't give my panties too – that is so personal, so female, so girlie, and you're a boy, a big strong boy, but still a little boy, and look at you, you are lying there looking at my pink panties, smelling them, and desperately wanting to take them home with you to keep forever and ever, but I couldn't let you have them. But you can touch them, go ahead, I'll let you hold them for a minute – but just for a minute!

I reached up and she let me hold them. I hugged them to my face, taking in deep breaths of their erotic fragrance, and then I held them out a bit so I could look at them, they had bits of lace and pink bows – boys don't want anything to do with girls' things, especially something as singularly girly as lacy ribbon-decorated panties! But there I was holding them, never wanting to let them go, loving them and on the verge of begging her to let me have them, but then in an instant they were gone as she quickly snatched them from my hands, sat up and pulled them up her legs. I darted upward to follow the panties like they were magnetized, sitting up just in time to see her gracefully pulling them up her long legs, flipping her skirt upward and lifting her bottom off the ground to pull them up high on her waist. Wow! I as in love! I'm sure I had some sort of stupid expression on my face as she looked at me and murmured, "Show's over, little boy. Buddy will be back soon. And we want to keep this our little secret, OK? If you keep it a secret and never tell anyone I let you play with my panties, maybe I'll let you play with them again sometime. Remember, it's a secret, right?" I enthusiastically nodded, but she made me say the words that I would keep it a secret. Then she said, "So you liked my pretty pink panties, huh?" I nodded, blushing. "I think you're a panty boy; panty boys are so much better than boyfriends. Yes, you're a panty boy, and if you always do everything I say, maybe I'll make you into my panty boy, my very own special panty boy."

I tossed and turned that night in bed; I wanted Jean to play panties with me again, but I didn't even see for three days. Then she appeared at our tent, sent Buddy away and did it to me all over again! That second time was the clincher! It was even wilder than the first time, and it left no mistake in my mind that I wanted to be her panty boy more than anything else in the world. But my pleading to be her panty boy wasn't good enough for her, and she panty raped me time after time that summer. Six more times in all. I got so I wanted and craved Jean's panties -- just to touch them, hold them, smell them. I looked for her to do it to me. I lost interest in the comic books Buddy would read aloud, and all I could do was go out to the tent as often as possible and hope she'd show up and panty blast me away. I thought about it all the time, and every time I saw her I wondered when she was going to do it again, but most of the time she almost ignored me or would just look at me and smile condescendingly. Then when I least expected it, she would corner me in the tent or somewhere else and do it again!

Then fall came and school started. On Saturday afternoons Buddy, Jean and I would go to the movies. She would have us sit in a far corner of the dark theater, Buddy on one side of her, and me on the other. One afternoon in the movie Jean went to the girls' room, and when she came back she sent Buddy for a Coke. When he was gone, she leaned over close to my ear and said, "Don't say anything; just do as I tell you. Give me your hand and lean your head close to me and open your mouth." When I did, she put my hand under her miniskirt and rested it on the front of her panties covering her

lower tummy. "Rub you hand gently on my nice silky panties, panty boy. You know you want to do it." Of course, I wanted to do it, and I stroked her panties with love. Then she shoved her finger into my mouth. "Suck it," she ordered.

I obeyed Jean, as I always did. The smell of panty was on her finger, but the taste, bitter and sweet, was like the smell and taste of her panties but stronger. I knew where her finger had been. I did not know the name for it then; it had been in her "sex thing." I drew her finger deep into my mouth and sucked hard on it. After awhile she took the finger out of my mouth and whispered, "Tommie loves Jean. Tommy loves Jean's panties. And Tommy loves sucking Jean's finger after it has been in her pussy." That was the first time I had heard the word 'pussy;' I knew instantly what she was referring to, no one had to explain it to me.

Jean was right, I did love her. The next Saturday she did the same thing, with an added feature. While I sucked, she reached down between my legs and squeezed my little penis hard. It hurt, but at the same time I was beginning to notice that it felt good. Like the taste of her finger, it was both bitter and sweet. I realized later how often Jean used pain and pleasure together. As far as I knew, Jean had never read about how to train a male into subjugation. She just did it naturally, automatically, instinctively. To Jean, dominating the male was natural (she did it to her brother, Buddy, and eventually, I realized she even bossed her daddy around and had him buying things for her and fetching for her all the time). She was like a cat after a bird, always very sure of herself and knowing just how to get what she wanted from men and boys.

On another Saturday afternoon after the movie, we went to Jean and Buddy's apartment. No one was home, and she sent Buddy outside to play. When he was gone she led me by the hand into her bedroom and told me to sit on the bed. She opened a drawer next to the bed. I saw it was full of panties, dozens of them! She kept lifting them up in the air, dropping them and letting them float back into the drawer, one by one. She turned to me, looking deeply into my eyes with her green eyes. "I want you to do something special for me, Tommie. Go to the kitchen and get a glass of water." When I brought the water back I saw Jean had a small jewel box in her hand. She opened it. There was a lock of her reddish-brown hair in it, and she told me to open my mouth, and when I did, she put the lock of hair in my mouth and told me to swallow it. I can still remember what the hair felt like in my mouth. It was yucky and I didn't want to swallow it, but her panty drawer was still open. When I didn't swallow, Jean said my name again, only louder, "Tommie!" There was a threatening tone in her voice. She pushed me up to her panty drawer, put my hands down into her dozens of panties and thrust her knee out and up against the front of my shorts, rubbing her knee against my penis. I swallowed. She had me drink some water to make the lock of hair go down. After a big drink, Jean looked in my mouth to be sure the hair was gone, and then she did what I was waiting for. She reached into her panty drawer

and took out a pair of panties, and I soon I felt her brining my hands up to my face with the panties and rubbing them against my nose and lips. This pair of panties had been recently worn and not washed; I could readily smell her bodily aroma on them. By then Jean had been making me smell her panties so often that I was getting good at guessing exactly how long she had worn them. I guessed she had worn this pair for at least two days and probably three before honoring me with a whiff of their heavenly scent. Later, when Jean sent me outside to play with Buddy, I realized I didn't want to play boys' games or read comic books anymore -- maybe ever again. I kept thinking of her, and what she was doing to me.

From then on, Jean increased her attention to me. My mother worked in an office and often came home late or worked on weekends. Jean had told her she would look after me at those times, and my mom thought that was great. Jean said to my mom, "I'll baby sit Tommie for you." My mother smiled and said: "Well, I don't think he needs a babysitter, but I would like for you to check on him once in a while and be sure he's all right whenever I'm not here. Jean said of course she would, adding that she liked 'little' boys. I was pleased. Mom gave her a key to our apartment.

The next evening when I returned home from school Jean was in our apartment waiting for me. She said my mother had called and was going to work late. She told me to go to the bathroom and wash up, and as I did she stood in the doorway watching me. When I had finished Jean came into the bathroom, lowered the toilet seat and sat down. "I really need to have my feet washed; they're sweaty from walking home. Dampen the wash cloth, and wipe them off for me, Tommie," and she kicked off her shoes. "Here, Tommie, just get down on your knees in front of me and do it."

I did not mind washing Jean's feet, but suddenly she stopped me and held my chin up with her hand. "Stick your tongue out, Tommie." I did so. "Why, Tommie, your tongue is wetter than the wash cloth! I bet it would work better?" By that time I was at the point where I did not question what Jean told me to do. As I got down to lick her feet, she instructed me on what to do. "Lick my feet all over, Tommie, on the top and bottom. That's it! Now lick in between my toes. Here, lick this toe." But Jean did more than instruct me. When she talked to me, I had to look up at her and I couldn't avoid looking up her skirt at her pink panties so obviously displayed between her legs. She knew I was looking. She just smiled and pointed to the next toe she wanted sucked and then put her other hand on the back of my neck. "That's enough of gawking, panty boy. Get back to work on my toes!" Jean wore her fingernails long, and I could feel the sharp points moving slowly over the back of my neck. A chill went down my spine. "Yes, Tommie, my little panty freak, suck my toes well and maybe I'll let you see and smell my panties some more." I sucked all right!

After I put her shoes and socks back on, Jean gave me a

candy bar and a bottle of pop and had me sit still as she combed and brushed my hair. While she was doing this she was talking to me about what a nice 'little boy' I was, not a tomboy like some. I thought it was funny that she called me a 'tomboy' because I knew that was a word people called girls who played boys' sports and roughhoused like wild boys. Then she put both hands on my cheeks and looked closely at me. As we stared into each other's eyes, she said, "Tommie, you are so pretty, much too pretty for a boy, you should have been a girl, but since you aren't I'm going to teach you all about girls' things. I want you to be close to me and think about me all the time. Tonight, before you go to sleep, I want you to think about what it would be like if you were a girl and my best girlfriend. Think about my panties on your face like you always do, that will help you feel more like a girl because no rough little boy would want girls' panties on his face! No, you're a panty boy and would have made a fabulous little girl. I can easily imagine you as a girl and I want you to start thinking of yourself as a little girl too, my special little girlfriend!"

I was sitting in a chair and Jean came up to me, raised her knee and pushed my legs apart. With her leg pressed against my penis she drew my head against her. I could feel her breasts, as she said in a low, husky voice, "Tommie loves Jean; Tommie loves Jean. He loves her panties and he wants to be a little girl for her more than anything else in the world."

That winter Jean gradually brought me more and more into her female world. She taught me how to brush her long hair 100 strokes each day, and she showed me how to shape and trim her fingernails. But what I liked most was putting nail polish on her finger and toenails. I loved sitting on the floor in front of her. First, I had to lick her feet clean as before. If I did a good job of applying the polish I was rewarded with a full view of her panties. Jean had trained me well to her lacy, fragrant panties and she always reminded me of their power over me. When she allowed me to see them on her, she usually made it into a dramatic presentation; she would open her legs slowly and lifted her skirt teasingly. When I looked up at her panties, I tried to imagine what was under them, and later, when I should have been sleeping in bed, I could see the panties in my mind.

One day after I had gotten good at putting polish on her nails, she had me do my own finger and toe nails with the promise of taking it off before my mother came home. It was fun with the polish on, and she made me admit I would love to wear it all the time, but then it was time for my mother to come home, and Jean took all the polish off my fingernails, but then somehow the nail polish remover that had been setting on the edge of the sink got tipped over and it all went right down the drain! I went into a panic when she said she had no more and would have to go to the store and get some but all the stores were closed and there wasn't enough time to get some anyway. She tried to soothe my nerves, but I was one scared little boy for 24 hours as I had to keep it on my toenails until

the next day. I wore my socks to bed that night and when my mother noticed and offered to take them off before tucking me into bed, but I quickly told her my feet were cold and asked if I could keep them on. It was a sweltering hot night, but thank goodness mother didn't question me any further and let me keep my socks on. That incident did one thing to me though; it taught me the intense pleasure-pain combination I could feel in a situation in which my developing sissiness was on the verge of being exposed. It is a feeling that I cherish to this day. There is nothing like being within a hair's width of being exposed as a sissy panty boy! Jean laughed loud and long as I described the horror I had gone through waiting for her to come back the next day with polish remover to get the nail polish off my toenails.

Relentlessly, she continued to train me. I didn't recognize it as training so much as our developing relationship, and even though it was a perverse humiliation of me, I was so in love with her that I thought it was a perfectly normal love of her!

She continued to push me deeper and deeper into humiliation. One day she called me into the bathroom. She was sitting on the toilet with her skirt up and her panties stretched appealing between her legs. She had dropped a piece of toilet paper and asked me to pick it up. I did and noticed it was damp. She obviously had used it. I handed it to her but instead she said, "Kiss it. Then put it in your mouth, chew it up and swallow it." I did. As she pulled her panties up, "My little girlie-boy loves me so much. I bet you really enjoyed swallowing a little bit of my peepee, huh?" I nodded that I did! She hugged me. I relaxed into her arms as I felt her breasts against my face. She was hugging me a lot in those days. Another time, she called me into the bathroom while she was having her period and explained how and why girls had monthly periods; that session ended up with her having me suck clean the red stain on the Kotex she had just taken off. Jean did not do these things maliciously, but she did them with a firmness that left little doubt as to what I had to do to be graced with her love and attention.

I especially remember one day when we in our combined garage and she pointed to a sharp, angry looking sickle hanging on the wall and told me that there were some very naughty women and girls in the world who would use a sickle like that to cut off boys' penises and balls and make them into girls. And she told me all about it in detail as she took the sickle off the wall and ran her long fingers gently along the sharp edge of the blade. For ages after that, I had nightmares about that story with strong young women and girls coming at me with big shiny knives. Jean saw how scared I was after telling me that story, so for the first time, she took off her pink panties, handed them to me and told me I could keep them and play with them, especially when I had fears about having my penis and balls cut off. She told me to sleep with them and play with them as often as I wanted, but she did warn me that if my mother ever found them, she would pretend not to know anything and claim that I must have stolen them from her like

a naughty little pervert panty boy. I kept those panties for years. My mother never did find them because I kept them hidden inside my old baseball glove.

As Halloween approached, Jean showed me an advertisement in the newspaper for a costume party in our city's community center, she told me she wanted me to go with her and Buddy, and of course, I agreed. I kept asking her what I should do for a costume because I couldn't decide. Then two days before the party, mom told me that Jean had called and had a costume for me so I didn't have to worry. I kept asking Jean what kind of costume she had for me, but she said it was a secret. I asked Buddy if he knew but he just shrugged his shoulders and acted like he wasn't interested in the party at all, even after I kept reminding him there would be plenty of food and candy there as well as prizes for best costume.

Finally, on the Saturday of the party, mom sent me over to Jean's house to get ready. When I came in, Buddy was there watching TV and she shoed him away to the bathroom to take a bath and start getting ready. Then she took me up to her bedroom. She stood me in front of her panty drawer and let me stare in there and touch the panties all I wanted as she helped me take off all my clothes. Except for my mother, years earlier, I was never naked before anyone else ever before that, but with me distracted by her panties, I was willing to do anything she wanted. She laughed when she saw my penis and said it was a nice 'little one.' When she reached up under her dress, took off her pink panties and held them in front of me, I knew what she wanted. I hesitated, but found myself without a will to defy her as she told me, "Come on, step into my panties. I know you have been wanting to put them on for months! Put them on, now! They are part of your costume!" I stepped into the panties. Had I wanted to put them on for months? I didn't think so, but I was so confused, I really didn't know. I was a boy; boys don't wear girls' panties. Yes, she did have me fantasizing all the time about being her little girl and I guess I did picture myself in a dress at those times, but I don't think I ever really wanted to or thought I would ever put on any girls' clothes. I loved touching and playing with her panties, and smelling and tasting them but wearing them! Oh, well, I was powerless in her presence and this act was proof. I watched her hands draw those panties up my legs and over my hips until my boyhood was cupped in their feminine silkiness. They did feel good, strange for sure, but very comfortable, and they did make my penis and balls tingle. Jean smoothed her hand over my penis and balls and that sent me into a tizzy. I had to take a deep breath and try to calm myself. She just giggled and told me how cute I looked in her still warm panties. She kept calling me her little girl as she snapped the elastics, an action that made it impossible not to forget the panties had me entirely in their feminine clutch. She smoothed her hands over the silkiness of the sexy panties in a way that made me shake. She hugged me to her body to calm me. She knew exactly how unnerving it was for me.

I kept asking her what kind of costume she had for me, but

she just said, "Wait and see." I feared the worst when she slipped a little bra on me with flat cups and then a long slip she pulled over my head. I knew she was dressing me as a girl but I didn't want to admit it even though it was painfully obvious. When she came out with the pink party dress and tossed that over my head, I felt moisture in the corners of my eyes, but I promised myself not to cry as I struggled against shedding any tears. Then she left me alone in the dress and lingerie and told me to study myself in her mirror as I got used to the clothes. She said she had to go see how Buddy was coming along getting dressed in his costume.

Thoughts of Buddy scared me. He was going to see me in a dress! I wanted to say something to Jean but she was gone and I was standing there looking at myself in the dress. I did have the naughty idea of lifting up my skirt to look at the lingerie she had dressed me in underneath. I had never worn girls' clothes before and I honestly don't think I had ever wanted to do it, but there I was fully dressed, not looking like a girl but like a stupid boy in a dress. I had second thoughts. I specially didn't want Buddy to see me like that. He would surely laugh at me. With Jean out of the room, I decided I didn't want to do it, and I pulled the dress and slip up and was trying to get out of them when Jean came back into the bedroom. "Oh, I see you like looking at you pretty panties under your dress, you naughty little panty boy! But I can't blame you; they are pretty panties and they do look so nice on you, my little girlie-boy."

Blam! I nearly collapsed. I had no will to go against her, no ability to tell her I didn't want to do it. I think she saw the panic in my eyes and she came over and hugged me. When I moaned, she asked me what the problem was. Tears did roll down my cheeks and I told her I was afraid people would laugh at me. But she dashed my fears, saying, "But look here; people won't even know you're a boy." Then I saw her holding up a long brown wig. I let her put it on my head. Half of me wanted to resist, but there was part of me that actually wanted to look in the mirror and see myself in that wig, see myself looking like a girl -- her little girl. It was all so weird. And then as I did look at myself, she reached under my dress and fondled my penis through her pink panties that I had on. My knees weakened and I had to sit down on the bed. I did gather my courage and tell her that I didn't want Buddy to see me like that because he would laugh at me and never let me forget it, but Jean assured me that Buddy wouldn't laugh at me. She said she loved me and she knew I loved her so she said she wanted to do something special, and with that comment, she took a long piece of pink ribbon and pulled down my panties. And with me holding up the dress and slip and looking in the mirror, she tied that ribbon all my penis, finishing it off in a big bow before pulling my panties back up. I cried, again mentioning my fear of being seen by Buddy. That's when she told me to stop crying and wait.

I waited only a minute and then she came back into her bedroom with a cute little girl in tow, dressed like Little Bo Peep in a big blue and white dress. The little girl was blushing

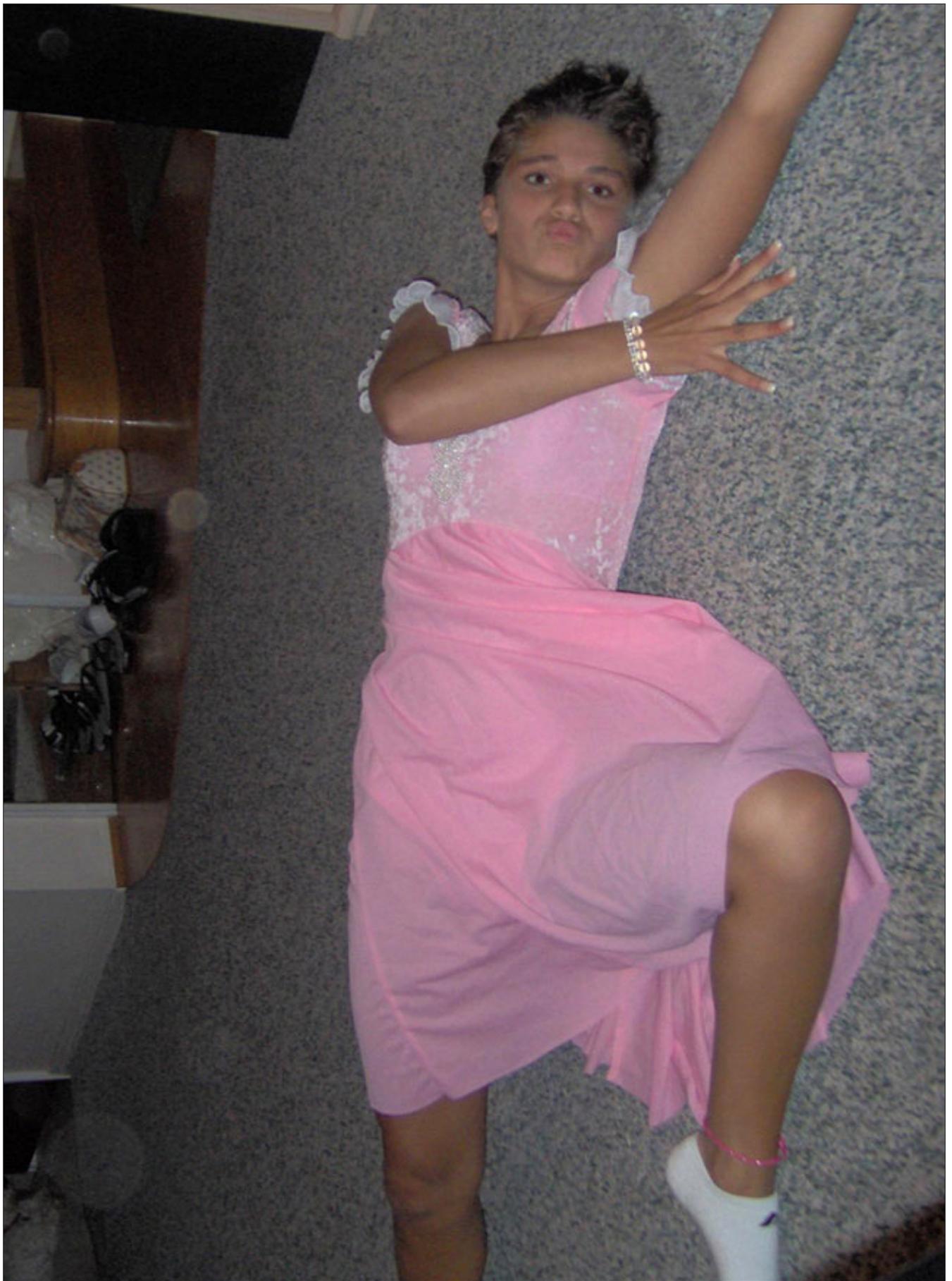
and even had a few tears in her eyes, and that's when I realized it was Buddy! He was dressed like a girl too!

"See, I told you Buddy wouldn't laugh at you. He's going to the party as a girl too." Both of us boys stared at each other for the longest time. Jean sat next to me on the bed and told Buddy to spin and dance around the room until she told him to stop. He did. Boy, she had him trained more than I had ever thought before. As we watched him, Jean had her hand under my dress and was rubbing my ribbon-decorated penis through my panties. Then she told Buddy to stop and snapped her fingers. Buddy then stood before us and was really crying as he pulled up his big hoop skirt and cancan slip and showed us that he had on matching blue panties. Then he lowered his panties to show us he had a ribbon tied around his privates like I had on my penis, except his ribbon was in baby blue!

Jean then spent time putting nail polish on my fingernails and then added jewelry, a little makeup and a spray of perfume. I was in a daze as I'm sure Buddy was too as we prepared to get into the car to go to the party. Jean had just gotten her driver's license and her daddy had bought her nice recent model Chevy. But before we got into the car, Jean pulled us along to my house! She said my mother knew she was going to dress Buddy and me up like girls and she wanted to see how we turned out! I panicked and was about to run, but mother was already standing out on our porch looking at me. I had to go inside and let her get a good look at me in that outfit. I felt like I had to preserve my masculinity in front of my mother, so I started acting like a dopey male, taking big, clippy steps and acting as ungirlie as I could. Inside the house, mother wanted to take a photo of me. I didn't want her to, but there was nowhere to run, so I took off the wig and threw myself down on the floor like it was all a big joke. Mom told me to act like a girl for the night and see how clever I could be, but I wouldn't hold still for a picture, so mother took one anyway, and you can see it here with this story.

I did give in and let them put the wig back on me and fix me up to be more presentable as long as they weren't going to take any more pictures. Once we were back together, we were off to the party. It wasn't the worst thing in the world and many interesting things did happen and I had many interesting sensations surging through my body that evening.

Afterwards, Jean reprimanded me for acting like such an asshole in front of my mother and said she wasn't going to see me for a while as punishment. I begged her not to stop seeing me, and that's when she got me to agree to do anything she wanted at anytime and forever after, and that included dressing up like a girl anytime she wanted and presenting me in a dress and panties to anyone she wanted to and that included my mother. Thankfully, she never did again embarrass me in front of my mother, but the threat of her doing that was always there. However, she did regularly dress me up and expose me to her girlfriends.



One other thing happened two days after the Halloween party. I was at Jean's house, Buddy was gone and she told me to go into Buddy's bedroom and into his underwear drawer to get a diary he kept in there. I thought it was weird that a boy kept a diary, but I did it.

I went into his bedroom; I opened his dresser drawer and saw it was filled with colorful girls' panties. The diary was right there to the side. Jean had followed me in. "Yes, Buddy wears girls' panties all the time. Mom and daddy know all about it. Mom buys them for him because I make Buddy tell her he wants to wear pretty panties like I do. Daddy doesn't like it and warns him all the time not to let anyone know he wears panties. He was calling Buddy a 'sissy' all the time until mom got mad at him and made him take Buddy shopping the next time he needed a new supply of pretty panties! ♦

Missie McQueen Art: Bad Boys Rough Up a Sissy

Missie McQueen is the best in the business when it comes to illustrating boys caught at the peak moment of shame and humiliation as in this drawing of a sissy boy being molested by two roughneck boys who are forcibly masturbating him into his silky panties.

For more Missie McQueen drawings see our "Reduced to Tears" series of publications; we presently have 9 issues in this amazing series. Order them now!

(See Missie McQueen's drawing on the next page.)



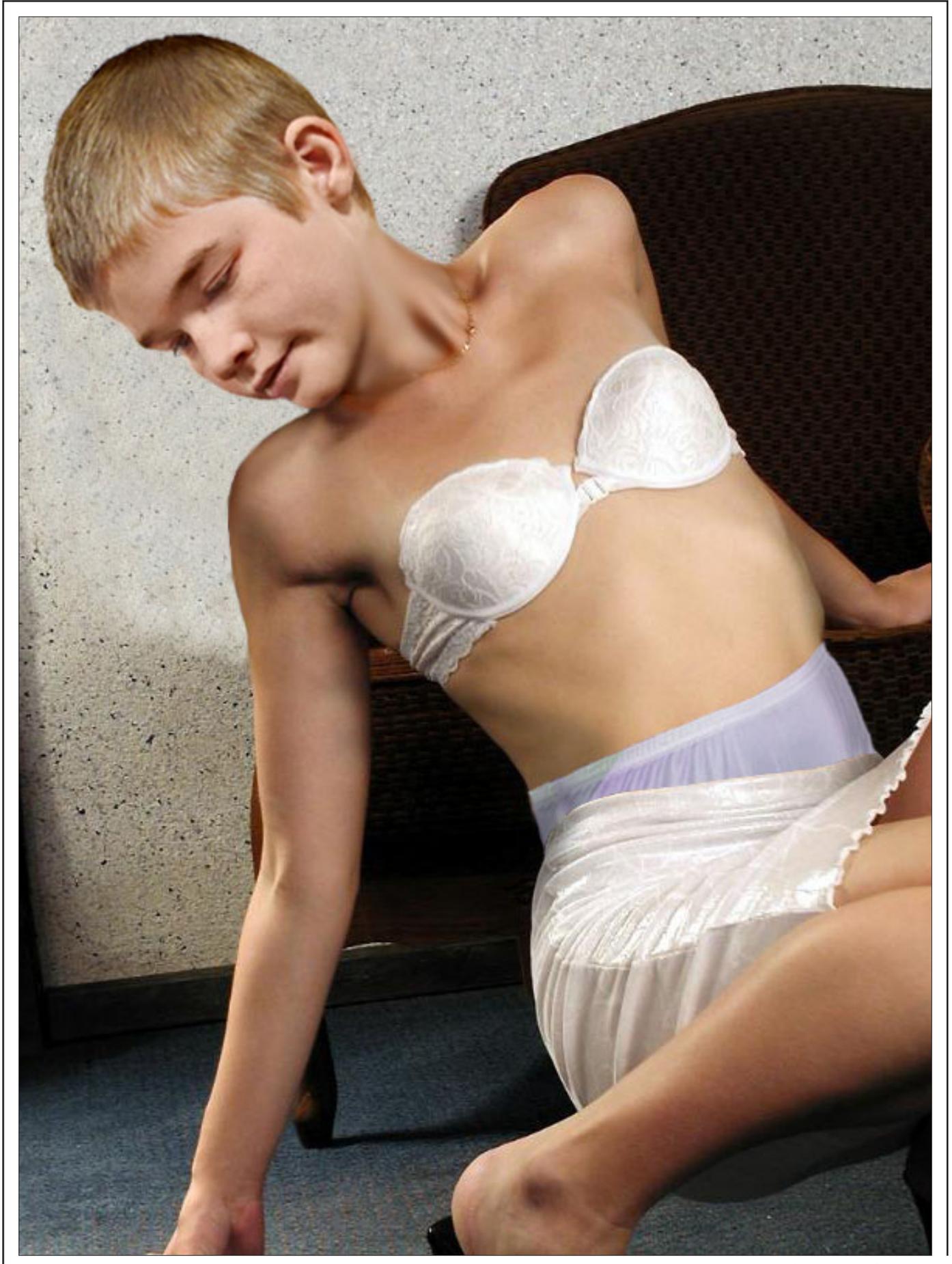
Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly

The Demale Society: Mother-Daughter Party Training

I was born after the war in the late 1940's and unfortunately was brought up by a very strict mother and four equally domineering elder sisters. My father died just after I was born, and I grew up thinking I was the odd one, being the only boy and the youngest.

It seemed like I was punished for everything, even for doing the most normal boy things like running around the house or getting the slightest bit dirty. My punishments usually involved a thrashing over my mother's knee, often with my head placed between her legs so I wouldn't move, and that left me with my head half under her dress and staring directly into the crotch of her lacy nylon panties, so you can understand how thoroughly I got programmed to the sight and aroma of my mother's panties – even the touch of them because my hands usually ended up under her dress too holding onto her hips through the silkiness of her panties while I got a sound hiding.

Looking back, I'm sure this was done deliberately, my mother's way of forcing her femaleness on me, and resulted in my being a panty trained to the point of obsession. My oldest sister is eight years older than I am, and when she was thirteen and I was five, mother let her thrash or paddle me too. Soon after, all my sisters were given the privilege of spanking me, and they all did it exactly like mother did with my head under their skirts, staring at their panties, but with my sisters, since they were much smaller than mother, my face usually ended up being pressed right against their silk panty-covered pussies. Is it any wonder I became addicted to panties?



Then one day when I was twelve and walking past my eldest sister Kate's bedroom (where I was never allowed to wander), I unexpectedly saw her undressing. She accused me of being a pervert and staring her panties. She wore panties like my other sisters, very frilly and lacy, usually in a pastel color and on this occasion pale purple, instead of the plain white variety I eventually learned most women and girls wear.

This incident was purely accidental but immediately reported to my mother and other sisters as something I had done on purpose, and mother said she was going to punish me in a way I "would not soon forget" – she should have said that I would never forget!"

I had no idea what mother meant when she said she was going to 'panty me,' and a dizzying instant, she undressed me to the bare and forced me to gather up all my boys' underwear from my drawer and toss them into the incinerator. Almost instantly they were replaced with a collection of my sisters' outgrown ruffled panties from the attic. And now that I think back, it had happened all so quickly, mother must have had it all planned out and just waited for the opportunity, and my sister undressing with her bedroom door left open quite possibly was a setup to effect this punishment.

Then as they all laughed, mother handed me a pair of the slinky nylon panties and made me put them on — my first pair of panties, pink panties with little red hearts on them and a bow on each hip, and I had to stay in them and wear them for underwear each day.

But unknown to them, I refused to wear them to school. On the way to school each day, I'd duck off in the bushes, take them off, stash them in my book bag and then proceed on naked under my school uniform trousers, which was a bit uncomfortable but infinitely better than the humiliation of having to wear girls' panties to school.

However, this lasted only a matter of days before one of my sisters demanded a 'panty inspection' upon my return from school. She pretended it was a game for our mother's amusement, and at her signal, all four of my sisters pulled up their skirts and displayed their panties, and then they forced me to drop my trousers and exhibit my panties. When they found me panty-less, mother was highly dismayed and demanded I be punished. She directed each girl to get a pair of her dirty panties out of the wash bin, and they soon returned cheering and laughing with soiled panties held aloft as they danced across the room and stood before me. They took off my trousers, made me lie on the floor and danced over me, holding their dirty panties out towards me and twirling their skirts and demanding I look up and watch their panty show. Then, one-by-one, starting with my next oldest, each sister put her dirty panties on me until I was clothed in each pair from the smallest (but still roomy for me) to the largest. Then mother stood up, removed her big bloomer

panties and the girls put them on me too!

Not only was I forced to wear the five pairs of panties, but they took turns sitting on my chest, forcing me to look up their skirts at their panties exposed between their legs, and as each girl sat on me, my other three sisters took turns pinching the elastics in the five pairs of panties I had on. I endured this experience because if I didn't let them have their way with me, they assured me they would expose me to my friends as a panty-wearing pervert sissy boy. And once they had me on the ground, pantied and being queened by them, mother recorded the moment to more firmly enslave me to them by taking pictures of me in my helpless, pantied and pitiful state.

From then onward, they forced me to wear panties at all times including to school. They checked me going to and from school almost every day, but since I attended an all boys' private school, they had no way of checking on me until halfway through the semester when my mother befriended a teacher at my school. I wasn't in any of her classes, and I only found out about it when she pulled me off the playground one day and conducted a panty inspection of me in a secluded corner of the teacher's lounge. Almost daily, I had been in the practice of ditching the panties I had on once I got to school and would put them on again at the end of the day before returning home, but luckily for me, I did have my panties on that day simply because I had been a little late to school had not yet had the opportunity to rid myself of them before morning recess. Forever after, I had no choice but to wear panties every day while at school, plus I now had to put up with the knowing stares and giggles of that teacher whenever I crossed paths with her as well as suffer through her impromptu panty inspections accompanied with her cutting comments (like calling me a sissy and a pantywaist) and her inappropriate fondling of me through my silken panties.

I remember all the events of those days, both at home and in school with a great degree of shame and humiliation; I was always dead scared the other boys and teachers would find out, but somehow I managed to keep my sissy secret for a long time.

My sisters continued to dominate me and would take any opportunity to tease and bully me, usually with me ending up flat on my back with my sisters taking turns sitting on me and then sliding forward my chest until my mouth was jammed up against their panties.

Being brought up that way, left me a sissy and a panty fetishist for sure. When I finally left home for college, I was glad it was only 150 miles away because by then I had been so thoroughly trained that I longed to trek home every weekend and subject myself to being dominated by my mother and sisters. ♦