

Princess Extra!

#16

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Forced to be Sissies
Girle Boy Babies
Petticoating
Raised as a Girl

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



Adults Only

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

Since 1981

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

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Sissy Baby Bitch

I snatch young boys off the street. Most of them are obsessed with seeing a lady's titties, and I snare them by tempting them with my big tits in a low-cut blouse. At our local park I find it easy to snatch one after I catch him staring at my cleavage. I start up a conversation with him and then get him alone. A boy is blown away when I come right out and tell him I know he has been staring at my tits and that I want to show him what my tits look like without my clothes. Within minutes, I usually have the boy following me to my house. Once inside, I take off my blouse but leave on my bra as I explain to him, "This is just a sample of the kind of rewards I give to good boys. I know you want to see more, and I want to show you more, but first, you have to prove to me that you are a good boy." His smile fades and is replaced with a sad face. 'Good,' I think; it will be easy to control this one who wants so badly to please me. Time for his first test.

A good example is a boy I picked up in June. His is Danny, and this is what I said to him: "You need to get undressed too. Stand still!" He froze at my command. Reaching down I unbuckled his leather belt and pulled it free from his pants. Next, I unbuttoned his pants and slid them down to his ankles. Next, I pulled down his boring boxer shorts, leaving him exposed and erect. I removed his shirt and ordered him to step out of his clothes surrounding his ankles. Then he was completely naked and throbbing. Time to throw him a curve: "I thought a boy as pretty as you I would be wearing some pretty underwear, not these ugly boxers. Here, I have something much nicer for you to wear."

From a nearby table, I picked up a lacy pair of delicate pink nylon panties with white satin ribbons bows in front. I held them open at his feet for him to step into; he froze, and complained, "Um, miss, those are for girls! I'm a boy!" From the back pocket of my jeans I pulled out a small, slim paddle and smacked his penis, as I said, "You're not a boy; you're a sissy. I don't like boys; I only like sissy boys, gentle boys who wear pretty girls' panties and other girls' clothes. Now, if you want to see more of my titties, you'll step into these panties, now!" It works every time. God, how I love a little boy in nylon panties! And despite the punishment inflicted upon his penis; a boy's penis will erect in girlie panties every time!

I stepped back and removed my bra slowly, letting the straps gradually fall off my shoulders, finally revealing my breasts. The boy stood before me, as ordered, and stared. I looked down at the nice bulge in his panties. I was sure he was a virgin. Most of my boys are virgins. I love destroying the blossoming masculinity of a young boy! I let my lacy bra fall to the floor and then made a motion toward my nipple. He doesn't immediately react ... 'clearly a virgin,' I thought. I snicker a little at how innocent this thirteen-year-old boy is and realize he has to be told what I want him to do. "Come, my dear boy in pretty girlie panties, drink from mommy's titty."

His eyes lit up and he dove for my breast as if it were home plate and he was scoring the winning run. "Slower, and no teeth," I direct as he moaned with surprise, tasting the first few drops of my milk on his tongue. I have a six-year-old son. He wears panties, of course, and he still nurses from my tits every day; that's why I still have milk. But now that he's in first grade, I get lonely while he's in school, so I've been going to the park to pick up one of the Catholic school junior high boys because they get out of school more than an hour before my son gets home on the bus.

I let Danny suckle for a minute and then pushed him away. His eyes went wide, but his body was too slow to react as I swung the paddle overhand and brought it down hard on his dick erect bouncing around inside the pink panties. He squealed in pain and grabbed



himself with his hands. "I wanna go home," he cried. I yelled, "STAND STILL, LITTLE BITCH!" He struggled to regain control of himself. "I'll decide when you can go home, when you can be excited, and when you can do anything, understand?" He nodded and whimpered something I couldn't make out. I didn't care what he had to say. I took hold of his ear and dragged him across the room to my special stool.

It's a wooden stool, sixteen inches tall, but with a very special addition. Attached directly in the center of the seat is a large, stiff, rubber dildo shaped like a penis. I directed him to sit on the stool. "No!" He cried as he stared at the big rubber dick and pouted, "I can't sit on that!" I slapped him hard across the face, stopping cold his complaining. "HEY, I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK, YOU SISSY BITCH!" He shook with fear as he stared at the fake cock liberally coated with a greasy lubricant. "You'll find your panties conveniently have a slit in back, so you can keep on your panties that excite you so much as you sit down on the stool. Now, if you are still hard with his cock up your butt, I'll know for sure that you are a sissy boy, and you'll merit even more of my rewards. So, pull open the back of your panties and sit down, NOW!" I commanded as I gave him another slap on his pink pantied dick with my paddle as he hesitated. "This is a sissy test; SIT DOWN ON IT NOW!" I watched with delight and helped position him over the angry-looking, heavily veined rubber cock, so menacingly pointing upward from the stool.

Slowly he lowered himself. He stopped as soon as the dildo touched his puckered asshole. I was mad with pleasure as he suffered. I watched him wincing as he cried and pushed down a little at a time and then pulled himself up for a bit of relief; I demanded he continue and he then forced himself back down again, I let him know I wouldn't put up with stalling for long. While he was completely distracted by his task, I went around behind him, and without warning, I grab his shoulders and thrust downward on him with all my strength, causing him to slam down onto the stool. He screamed in pain as the dildo

penetrated deep inside him; it almost made me orgasm. "Now, stay on it!" I ordered when he tried to get up. He obeyed. I went back to his front and found tears streaming from his eyes and his lips trembling.

His eyes followed me as I knelt down in front of him and spread his legs as wide as they would go. His comically small dick was limp, obviously the invasion of his backside had drained all excitement from him, but I wanted him excited at this moment.

Remember, 'I' decide when a boy will or will not be excited, so with one hand I cupped his balls, and with

the other I began to stroke his limp cock. Within seconds he was hard again, and I looked up to see the tears gone from his eyes as he began to enjoy the sensation of my pink panty-coated hand job combined with the throbbing of his ass against the rubber dick inside him. His breathing quickened. I knew he was getting close to cumming.

Normally, I deny a boy that pleasure so soon, but this one needed a little reward for obeying me so easily. His whole body tensed and his legs bucked as he shot his load into his silken panties. I squeezed every last drop into my hand from his softening member, then I stood up and leaned over the boy. "Lick your cum off my hand, you little sissy faggot! You just got hard with a cock up our butt hole while wearing girls' lacy panties. You are a sissy and a faggot. That was easy for us to find out, huh?" Without hesitation and to my surprise, he stuck his tongue out and lapped up his slime from my hand. "OK, you can get up now," I tell him as I held the stool down with my foot as he slowly raised himself up off the big dildo.

With his first lesson completed I led the still naked, pantied boy down the hall and into my bathroom. Reaching for a tub of baby wipes I ordered him to bend over and put his hands on the side of the tub. He complied and I wiped the lubricant and mess out of his crack. "You hesitated to take my dildo," I reminded him in a tone of scolding. Before he could give any excuses, I began slapping his ass with the palm of my hand. He groaned as I alternated from cheek to cheek, each slap sharp and stinging my hand. "You'll have to be punished for your hesitation at my command and for making such a mess in your pretty panties. Girls know how to take care of their nice panties; you have a lot to learn. Now, stand up and face me." As he watched, I opened the linen closet and pulled out a thick diaper and a pair of rubber panties big enough to fit him. (I have a huge stock of diapers and plastic and rubber panties, as well as girls' nylon panties that I keep handy. I'm always ready for my next victim! The diaper and baby panties are large and bulky, perfect for making sure a boy knows he's wearing a diaper.)

I made him lie down on a bath towel I had spread out on the bathroom floor so I could pin him into the diaper. I then stood him up, handed him the pink rubber panties and told him, "Put your baby panties on." He takes the panties from me and pulls them up his slender legs. I find it's important to have a boy panty himself whenever possible. With tears dribbling down his cheeks and off his chin, he put on the panties. I then handed him a huge pair of pink nylon rhumba panties that would fit over his diapered condition as I told him, "Now, put on these sissy panties." They have five rows of lace across the seat and lace around the waist and leg holes.

"Pretty panties perfect for a sissy bitch like you," I gleefully taunt him. He opened his mouth to protest, but had learned as he caught himself and remained quiet. He put on the fancy pink panties. "Time for bed," I announced. His eyes went as wide as I've seen so far as I marched him into my son's baby nursery-style bedroom. I directed the scared kid into the oversized crib. As soon as he lay down, I reached for the leather straps and fastened them to his ankles. I applied a second strap across his chest, right below his armpits, then another across his belly. I left his hands free. "I want you to fill that diaper with piss and cum before I allow you to go home." He complained that he had to be home in time for dinner or his mother would worry about him. I answered him by saying, "Well, then you better get started filling your diaper and panties, or you'll be here for a long, long time!"

He started to cry as I slid the bars up, a useless gesture since he could free himself but emotionally damaging to the beaten, captured boy. I went straight to my room, stripped down to my panties and got into bed. With the tap of a button on my remote, I saw my new baby on my closed circuit television screen. Of course, he could easily get up if he wanted since I left his hands free to unbuckle himself. But he didn't. He played with the buckle for a minute and then stopped. A moment later, his right hand slipped down into his diaper and I soon saw the rhythmic rise and fall of his outside rhumba panties that told me he was hard at work trying to do as I commanded to fill his diaper with cum. As I watched him masturbate, I slipped a dildo inside my wet pussy, switched it on and tried to time my thrusts to his hand motions.

Just then I heard the front door open and a few moments later, my son came walking into my room. He was so adorable in his little boys' school uniform, neat navy blue shorts, starched white shirt, school tie, knee socks and typical boys' shoes. He hugged me, and I crushed him to my bare-tits and pantied body. He couldn't resist giving my nipples a lick. He looked up and saw I had the young teen boy Danny on the TV screen jacking himself off in his pantied and diapered condition. My sweet Conner smiled and kept watching as he dropped off his clothes until he was down to his flat white satin training bra and pink panties. He then curled into my arms and we both watched as my newly captured boy pulled on his restraints as he continued to wank himself silly. The captured kid was

ferverently humping his hand; we could tell he was cumming! But after only a minute or two, he began jacking on his dick again, deep in the folds of his sissy diaper. This kid wanted to fill that diaper and go home; he was scared — just how I like them! As he stroked away, Conner turned his attention to my tits in need of his usual afternoon milky treat. I had only given my captured boy a sampling of my breast milk; I always leave plenty for my darling sissy baby boy!

I came once, Conner had two dry cums; and then we both took a nap. About an hour later, we woke up and saw the boy on the TV lying in shame; it was obvious even on the small screen. Conner and I got cleaned up and freshly pantied before going into the nursery to visit our captive. The boy was awake but gently pouting when we came in, and he jumped a bit when he saw my Conner dressed in his little girl virgin white satin training bra and panties. Danny looked at my son like he was looking at a ghost. I guess it is humbling for a boy to be seen in his babified condition by anyone else, even a fellow sissy boy! It was a good sign. Even with the abuse he was experiencing, I felt he was strangely comfortable in his baby sissy attire. This, clearly, is where he belonged.

Gently I pulled down his diaper and panties and played with his sticky dick, damp from several hours of piss and cum. He moaned and tried to get up but then he remembered he was bound by the restraints. He was hard, so I let Conner stroke him to a slow thoroughly shaming orgasm; I then yanked the diaper back up at the last moment to catch his load. I watched as he was thrusting his hips upward enjoying his orgasm and pushing his semen out into the sodden diaper. When he was finally still, I pulled the diaper and panties down to his knees. Before I could take the soaked diaper off him, I had to untie his ankles, still buckled to the leather strap at the end of the bed. With his diaper off, I wiped him clean with a handful of baby wipes, and then used a dry wipe to absorb the extra moisture. After a hefty sprinkling of baby powder, I unfolded an extra-thick disposable diaper (Abri-Form X-Plus). I laid the brief between his legs, and then removed his waist and chest straps so Danny could lift himself up. He did so without any instruction, and I slid the thick diaper under him. I pulled the diaper tight before applying the tapes securing it in place. As he watched, I went to the closet, letting him see the rows of girls' and baby clothes inside. I rifled through the outfits, looking for just the 'right' clothes for him. Finally, I pulled out a classic schoolgirls' outfit and brought it over to the crib along with the proper accessories. I laid the navy blue skirt and white blouse on the mattress beside him. Next I opened the top drawer of the stand by the crib and produced for him a pacifier with a penis-shaped nipple, which I stuck into his mouth. After I set out a pink training bra, girls' white nylon full slip and another pair of rhumba panties large enough to go over his diapers, I told him, "Put these clothes on and then come downstairs." Just then the doorbell rang.

The boy came down to the den in the schoolgirl outfit, and I pointed to a spot on the floor and said, "Kneel there on that

mat, and keep quiet.” I opened the door on the side and motioned to a young man to come in. Danny blushed heavily and looked scared as this older teen boy stared at my new captive and shuffled over to me obediently. I announced, “Danny, this here sissy bitch is Dickie, one of my first boys. I’ve allowed him to grow up, but he still reports to me once a week to continue his training ... as you will if I decide to continue your education.” Danny was trembling, not knowing what to expect next. I turned my attention back to the older boy, dressed conservatively in a vest and tie that he and I both knew were just a covering for his sissyness. I commanded, “Lower your pants, little Dickie!”

As he did, he revealed to us the pink panties I had introduced him to years before. “Good boy, now take all your clothes off except your panties and get over here for a spanking.

Danny’s eyes followed me as I picked up a 24” paddle with holes drilled in it. I held the paddle against Dickie’s backside, and then drew it back dramatically. The first slap was slow, mainly for the younger boy’s benefit, but then I worked on Dickie’s backside, firing hard and fast as he cried out in pain. After I hit him a dozen times, I had Conner, still just in his training bra and panties, walk around to the young man’s face. My son knew what to do, take his penis out of the side of his panties and shove it into the guy’s mouth. Dickie did what was expected of him and gave my six-year-old son a blowjob.

I looked back to see my new boy crying and knew it was about time to make him feel the paddle as well as make him into a real cocksucker. Especially for Danny’s benefit, I drew out Dickie’s paddling, delivering the powerful spanks slowly and meaningfully. After I had delivered fifty good licks and he had given my son three dry cums, I let Dickie up. He rubbed his backside and looked over at the new boy. It wasn’t too long ago that he had been kneeling in that very spot, and as his hand went down to stroke his dick to attention I knew that he remembered his early sessions here.

I went over and pulled the pacifier from Danny’s mouth. “It’s time for you to suck his cock, a reward for Dickie for taking his spanking so well.” With fresh tears in his eyes, the boy shook his head ‘no’ and stuttered “but ... I’m not gay.” I smiled and took his chin in my hands. “No, you’re not. To be gay you would have to make the choice to suck a dick ... I’m not giving you a choice. Either suck his dick or leave and never come back, but I’m betting you’ll suck this dick because you’ve never had such an exciting time in your life as you have had this afternoon.” The boy closed his eyes, nodded and cried but opened his mouth. Soon Danny learned to drain a cock. I was proud of him for this, his go at giving a blowjob. “Drink it all; drink it, you silly little sissy panty boy!” Dickie shouted, alerting us as he was cumming in the boy’s mouth.

“Very good,” I said, and clapped in sarcastic approval. “You can leave now,” I told the older teen still shaking from his

powerful cum. He looked over at me, my son and my new boy one last time, pulled up his panties and then quickly dressed and left. The new boy looked up. He was so cute with cum dripping out of the edges of his lips. He still had the man’s cum in his mouth! I shouted, “Swallow it, your stupid little pantywaist!” And as he did, I saw him retching and gagging as his neck muscles went up and down as he allowed Dickie’s slimy cum to slide down his throat.

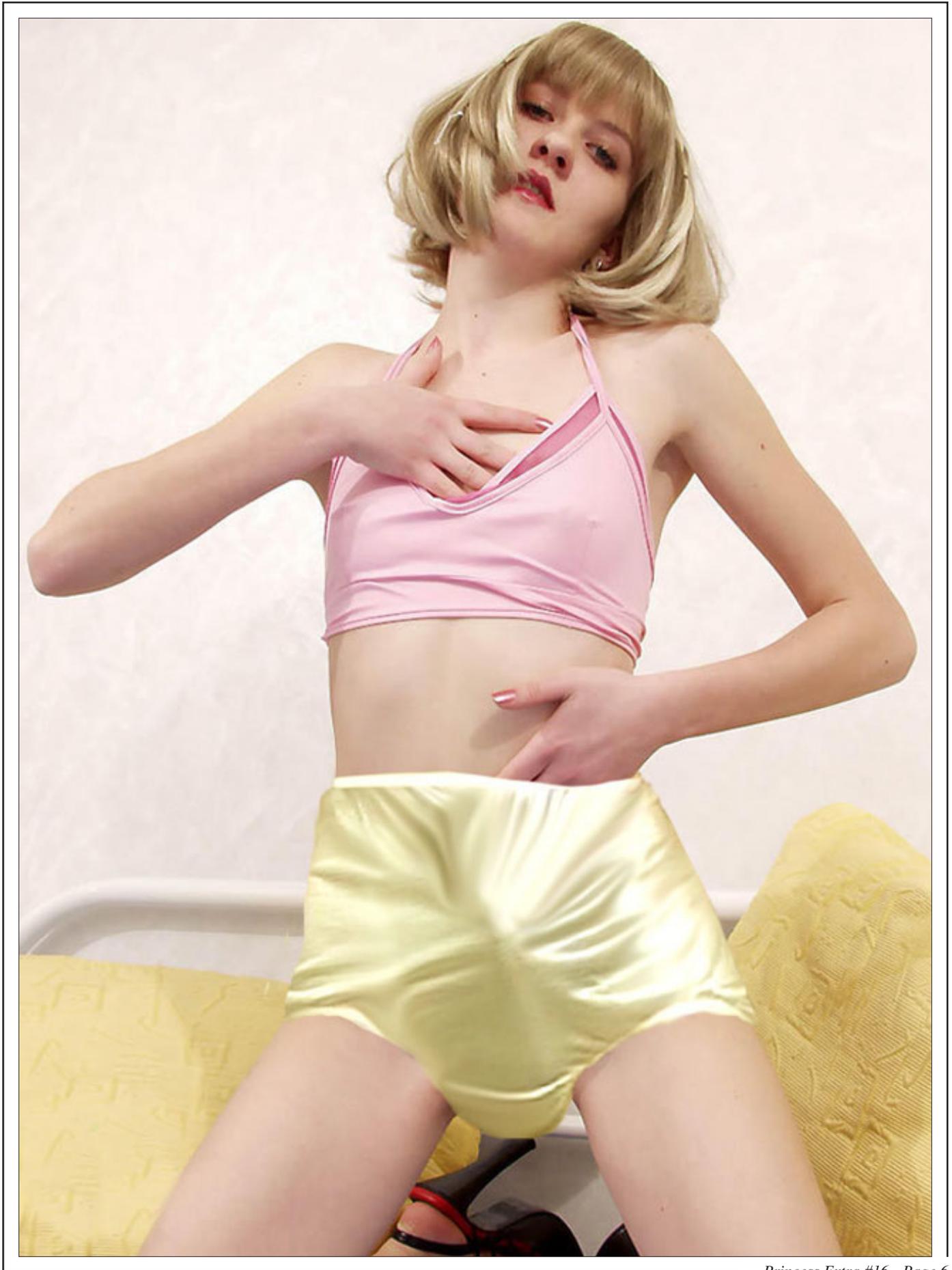
Then I yelled, “Get over here and sit down!” With obvious shame coloring his cum-glistening lips, Danny sulked toward me. Nervously, he sat down on the couch when I patted the seat next to me.

“I have several sissy boys who serve me, and occasionally I have an opening for a new sissy. I picked you out at the park to be that boy. I want you to report to me every Thursday afternoon, right after school. You will serve me and Conner and any of my other guests as I so desire. I want you to get cleaned up and go home now. When you get home, tell your mother and father you are gay and want to wear girls’ panties at all times. If they throw you out of the house, you can come to live with me. However, if you don’t do that and decide instead that you want to tell people what has happened here, I will just have to show them this,” and with that she hit the rewind button on the VCR and then pushed the play button. Danny then was shocked to see himself in the nursery in the crib aggressively jacking himself off while wearing a big diaper and pink rhumba panties. She then advanced the tape and showed him in the schoolgirl outfit sucking cock. The boy looked on in horror and cried. She then asked, so I will see you next Thursday afternoon, and you will be wearing a new pair of girlie panties that your parents will buy you, right?” The beaten boy simply nodded ‘yes.’ ♦

My Fantasy Life in My Wife’s Panties

I’m a 24 year old guy living in the UK and married to Anna (21) for two years. I have never had sex with another guy, but recently I’ve been thinking about it and those thoughts are both scary and driving me wild. My recent experiences have taught me that I’m probably ready to explore my bisexual side with the right guy.

I’ve always been attracted to other guys. Ever since I started masturbating at thirteen, I have fantasized about making it with other boys. I would dress up in my older sister’s lingerie and dream about making love to another guy, but I never did anything gay. My love of dressing up never left me, and since I married Anna, I have had a ready supply of sexy panties and lingerie, and when I dress up in her wig and clothes, I look like a teenage vixen with a nice cock in her panties!



Since we got the Internet at home, it has really fueled my fantasies about other guys. I work at home a lot and now spend as much time as I can online reading transvestite and gay stories and checking out hot, horny gay sites. I can't believe how much it turns me on to read about and look at gorgeous guys, especially, if they are like me, and they have a thing for cumming in ladies' panties.

I really want to meet another guy, who is also into dressing up in lacy panties with a view to swapping stories and photos and then meeting up to live out our fantasies. Right now, I'm wearing a white, see-through Calvin Klein bra and matching see-through, high-waisted panties with sheer lacy side panels decorated with delicately embroidered flowers. My legs are encased in a pair of Anna's black stay-up nylons. My cock is hard and aching. I just wish there were a young guy here to pump my ass and stick his hard cock into my mouth until he shoots. I have a virgin ass and an aching, panty covered cock desperate for action.

I get particularly turned on by the thought of dressing up and then talking to another guy on the phone about what we'd do if we were together. I would love to swap my mobile phone number with another guy who is likeminded.

I fantasize about being dominated and spanked, especially by a well muscled black stud - that would be wild, but the object of much of my recent imagination is Michael, the sixteen-year-old son of my neighbor. I think about him when I dress up in Anna's sexy lingerie.

I have been dressing up in my wife's clothes for a long time, and I love imaging that Michael happens to look into my bedroom window and catches me dressed up. He confronts me and threatens to tell Anna about what I do in her clothes. I then tell him that I will do anything if he doesn't tell her. I love the idea of being in his power. He then tells me that I have to choose some of Anna's sexiest panties and then come across to his house and up to his bedroom when his family is all out. I tremble with fear and anticipation as later in the day, I walk across to his house.

I imagine entering his house and going up the stairs to Michael's bedroom. Opening the door I notice him almost naked lying on the bed. All he is wearing is a pair of skin tight pale blue running shorts. I can see he is erect already; my own cock twitches in anticipation. He smiles. "So you made it then, slut," he spits out. "OK, let's see you strip and dress yourself up, just like you do whenever your wife is at work. They better be nice panties you've brought, or I'm telling Anna what kind of a sissy fruit she has for a husband."

I quickly strip and face him naked, my cock now fully erect. I open the bag of Anna's things and take out a see-through pair of lacy white panties with pink ribbon bows. Michael smiles as I slip them up my legs and into place, smoothing the material over my cock and aching balls that are clearly

visible through the material. I can see Michael is getting a nice erection in his shorts as I continue. I pull out Anna's favorite bra, a white lacy one by Movie Star Lingerie, a front-fastening number that I have tried on many times. I slip the thin straps over my shoulders and clipped the bra into place in front. I feel humiliated yet turned on more than ever standing there in front of this teen boy while wearing my wife's things.

"You're mine now, you little gay panty slut," Michael shouts as he gets up off the bed and walks towards me. "Get on your knees, and do what all pantywaist sissies do so well."

I kneel down facing him as I explain that I have never sucked a cock before, but he simply says, "Don't bullshit me; any guy who dresses up in bras and panties is a fag in his heart. So if you are a gay virgin, you'll be thanking me for allowing you to do what you should have been doing your entire life. Now, get sucking!" He comes towards me, his cock inches from my face as he stands still wearing his tight shorts.

"From now on, you'll do anything I say or I'll tell Anna about your little games. Understand?" he barks.

"Yes, Michael," I mutter.

"Now, take down my shorts and suck my cock, while I feel you up through your bra and panties. It's fun to look down at you; you look like a pussy girl in those clothes."

I move my mouth to his cock and run my lips up and down the outline of his hardness pushing against the material of his shorts. I trace the outline of his cock, up and down, slowly with my mouth, closing my eyes and getting ready to suck him for real. My hands move to his shorts and I work them down his legs. I'm surprised to see he is wearing a pair of pink nylon satin panties. I stroke his bum gently and slowly through his panties. I feel him getting even harder as I play with him. Seeing my questioning expression, he confesses, "I put on my mom's panties just for you. I'm no fag, but I thought it would inspire you to see me in panties too. I use panties all the time for jerking off because the nylon is so soft and smooth. But I don't want to be a cocksucking faggot like you, I'm just a guy who wanks himself into his mom's and sister's panties every chance I get."

Slowly I peel down the front of his panties and see his hard, throbbing cock for the first time. I want to taste him, so I move my lips to the head of his cock and slowly lick the precum leaking out of the end. I slip him gently into my mouth, savoring his dick taste for the first time. My tongue licks his head and my lips slip down the shaft of his cock, taking him deeper and deeper as his breathing quickens and he moans my name and then calls me a panty faggot. I continue to suck him, feeling like a slutty little girl until he quickly pulls out just before he is ready to cum.

He slaps my face hard. "You little, slut; I don't want to cum just yet. You've got a lot more to do to satisfy me first."

He tells me to stand up and I stand in front of him as he stares at my cock now leaking precum all over the front of Anna's elegant panties. I am turned on more than I have ever been. All I want to do was to please Michael and do anything he asks. As I stand there I notice the small webcam in the corner of his room with a red light, indicating it is on. I glance across to a computer screen almost concealed behind some books on his desk. I can make out my own image on the screen dressed in Anna's bra and panties. He smiles. "So you noticed. Now everyone knows what a little slut you are. This is going out live to some friends of mine that I met online," he laughs. I was past caring; all I wanted to do was to be his slave and it was OK for his friends to see how I belonged to him and see how good I was at sucking his cock.

Michael walks behind me and I feel his hands on my sides. I feel his hard cock press between the cheeks of my ass and lightly touch my hole. He is going to fuck my ass and everyone is going to see. He slides his cock gently inside me as I moan out loud. I bend over to allow him better access and soon he is sliding in and out, pumping me with his meat as I cry out in pleasure and pain until I feel him shoot hot cum into my tight virgin ass. As he does, it is all too much for me, and I start spurting my own cum, which goes flying right through the front of Anna's panties in the most intense orgasm ever.

In my fantasy, I imagine, that after that day, I become his willing plaything, and he admits to me that he loves dressing up in lingerie too, and he tells me he was inspired to start doing it from peeking at me since I made a practice of leaving my window shades up, hoping he would see me, and he did, but he was clever and I didn't even knowing he had been peeking at me jerking off in Anna's panties for over a month! With a shiver going up my spine, I imagine that one day my wife comes home early and catches me dressed in her things making love to Michael dressed in his sister's clothes. That is the fantasy I would love to become a reality! ♦

Sissy Richie Says, "Now I am Baby Tammy"

The last few months are a blur for me. My name is Rich, or I should say, used to be Rich. Now my name is Tammy, or Tam for short. My downfall started when I was evicted from my apartment. I needed a cheap place to stay so I called Jenn, an old family friend. She lived with three other girls, but one was moving out. After talking it over with her other roomies, she said I could move in, but there were conditions and told me to meet with her to see if I still wanted to do it.

When we met, Jenn said that it was cool for me to move in, but there was a problem because the landlord only wanted girls to live there. However, she said they had figured out a way around the problem. I was so happy. She asked how much money I had to put down for rent, and after I told her, she said I needed to give her the \$400 I was ready to pay and then my rent would be only \$75 a month. I was so excited because of the cheap rent and the fact that Jenn and her roommates, Tiffany and Julie, were beautiful. I was sure that all three had boyfriends, but I would be living with them! When I walked in their apartment, first thing I had to do was sign a six-month lease. I asked about the problem with the landlord. Tiffany said, "Don't worry about that, we will talk about it later. Now we party." We then cut loose and drank. We did shots, drank beer, and sang to the radio. At about 11 p.m. I was so drunk I couldn't walk. The girls left the room and came back with a couple of trash bags.

I said, "Don't worry about the mess we can clean it up in the morning." Jenn answered, "Oh, these bags aren't for the garbage; they're for your clothes." I looked confused. Julie said, "Don't worry baby we have some new clothes for you in your room." With that, they opened my luggage and started to put all of my clothes into the bags, including my underwear. I was so drunk I thought they were joking. They weren't.

Tiff then turned to me and said, "Off with what you have on, off with everything!" When I started to complain, Jenn told me I could leave and not come back, but they knew I couldn't afford to lose the money I had given them and put up rent somewhere else. I wondered what was going on, so I started to slow down as I undressed, and when I finally came to my underwear. The girls told me to speed it up or they'd give me a spanking with a sorority paddle that they dangled before me, saying anyone who didn't obey all their rules got paddled! Then, when I was totally naked, the girls began to laugh and point at my dick. Jenn said, "No wonder you can't keep a girlfriend; that is the smallest and most pathetic penis I've ever seen."

These antics were getting me to sober up. Jenn then took my hand and said, "It is time to see your new room." She led me naked up the stairs; Julie and Tiff stayed behind me, still joking about the size of my penis. Up the stairs we went to the last room on the left. "Well, go on in. Open the door and see your room," Julie said. I did. I could not believe it. It was a sissy girls' room like I had never seen before. I complained that I couldn't live in such a place and turned to run, but Tiff grabbed me by my balls, squeezed and twisted them as hard as she could. I instantly fell to my knees and started to cry.

Jenn said, "Oh, it's a great time for you to learn rule number one: You must crawl like a baby at all times or until you start to wear big girl panties."

Did I hear her right, 'Big Girl Panties'? What did that mean?

“Now, crawl into your room, or should I say your baby nursery,” exclaimed Julie. As I crawled in, I was still in shock as to what I saw. The room was very girly, but then I realized it was like a baby girls’ room, painted in a light pink color with a large child’s playpen with baby toys inside. As I turned my head and saw a baby’ crib, but it was larger then any I have ever seen. Just to the right of the crib was a dresser. In the corner was a closet, the door was partially open and it was filled with frilly clothes. I saw what appeared to be a plain table, but with a second look, I noticed it had several shelves loaded with both disposal and cloth diapers and baby panties, and baby clothes as well as things like baby powder and baby wipes.

Jenn said, “If you haven’t figured it out yet, in order for you to live with us, we are going to turn you into our very own baby sissy slut. Well, at first you will be a baby, and then you will be potty trained so you can start to wear big girl panties and learn how to give guys pleasure. Just by luck, we have this big baby room set up because I should tell you: we don’t have steady boyfriends; we are call girls offering highly specialized sex services for submissive males. And you are going to enjoy our services, whether you want them or not, simply for the price of cheap rent.

“Why are we doing this to you? Well, I haven’t forgotten what you did to my sister, Aimee, and me when you were twelve, I was nine and my kid sister was six; it scared us for life. You made us suck on your cock until you shot your cum all over our faces and laughed at us, and when we complained to our parents, they wouldn’t listen because my dad worked for your dad, and he didn’t want to risk losing his job. My sister, Aimee, and I hated having to be friends with you over all these years, but things are now changed.

“You’re an asshole; even your own family has disowned you because you’ve caused them so much trouble with your scrapes with the law. How many times did they have to pull strings to get you out of some rape or molesting charge, huh? Yeah, I know all about it. Well, you seemed to have always been able to beat the rap, but now that you are out on the street, out of money and needing a place to stay, you come to me. Did you honestly think, I didn’t remember the things you did to us? Well, maybe you’ve stayed out of jail, but I’m



going to put you into a different kind of prison, you’re going to be my sissy baby whether you like it or not -- and just try to run away, the three of us will cry bloody rape and you won’t get off the hook this time, now that your daddy has disowned you, so don’t fuck with us or you’ll pay dearly.

“As we get you showered and diapered we will explain all the rules you must follow. First, from now on, your name is Baby Sissy Slut Tammy; we will call you Tammy, Tam for short, or any demeaning name we can think up. Now, off to the shower you sissy slut.” I crawled shamelessly into the shower with the girls right behind me. I was handed a bottle of lady’s shaving cream and a pink razor and told to shave off all of my body hair, even the hair on my head! It took me 45 minutes to shower and three fresh razors to shave all over, and when I was done, they inspected every inch of my body and made me go over every spot I missed.

I turned to look into the mirror and I almost could not recognize myself. I crawled back into the nursery. Jenn ordered me up onto the changing table. My hands were tied down so I could not fight them. Jenn reached under the table and grabbed a diaper. She explained that they were adult disposable diapers, she called them Attends. She lifted my legs and slid the diaper under me, powdered my butt and then pulled the other side of the diaper over me. She proceeded to fasten the six tabs to close the diaper. When she was done, Tiff went to the dresser and pulled out a pair of pink plastic baby panties. As she pulled them up over the diaper she said, “These will help your crib stay dry if you leak at night.”

When she was done, my hands were untied and I was told to get into the crib and lie on to my back. Once again I was tied down so I wouldn’t try to take off my diaper during the night. As she pulled up the side of my crib, Julie picked up a baby’s pacifier, but not a typical pacifier; this one had a three inch latex penis on it instead of a typical nipple. It came equipped with a tight elastic band that went around my head to keep it in place. She slid the elastic around my head and told me to open my lips; as I did, she shoved the penis into my mouth.

“This should keep Tammy quiet as we explain the rules,” she said. Jenn then enumerated the rules, “Listen up, Baby Sissy

Slut Tammy, if you do not follow all of these rules, we will place pictures of you on the Internet and all over town.

"Now you already know rule one so here are the other rules. Rule two, every morning you will not be allowed up unless your diaper is wet. Rule three, you will not be allowed to dress yourself; we will pick the outfits you will wear. Rule four, your \$75 in rent, we really don't need, so we will use it to buy diapers, feminine hygiene products, and new baby and girlie clothes for you. When we get tired of training you, we'll contact your father, show him pictures of his sissy baby son and ask him if he'd like for us to keep you in your baby prison and away from him and your family. I'll think up a handsome sum for him to pay us. If he refuses, we will tell him that we'll just have to turn you lose in your feminized baby condition, probably right in front of his office building some morning as well as make sure cute little photos of you doing nasty sissy baby things are circulated to all the 'right' people. He's a business man; he'll understand that this isn't extortion; it's just a 'reasonable' weekly payment to keep you happy in your new baby girlie lifestyle. He doesn't need you embarrassing him and harming your mother's social life, so we'll make it sound like it's a smart investment for him.

Rule five, there will be no playing with your tiny, pathetic penis; only we will decide when you can ejaculate, and in general, that will just be for photo sessions, to entertain our friends or to keep up a supply of cum to feed you as a regular part of your diet. In no time at all, I'm sure you will get used to the taste of cum. Rule six, after this weekend, any of our slave male customers or dominant male friends who steps foot in this house will be allowed to use you in anyway he sees fit, not limited to having you suck his cock and swallowing his cum. For you to be ass fucked by them will be another option. Rule seven, after any of us girls have sex, you will clean the cum out of our pussies with your tongue. Rule eight, there will be no shitting in your diaper, if you must go number two, you will say to one of us, "I need to go poo-poo." One of us will take you to the potty, and after you poop, you will be spanked ten times for the inconvenience. Rule nine, if you do poop your diaper, we will make you eat it! Understand?" With intense fear in his eyes, he nodded.

"Rule ten, when you are with a man you will obey his every wish. If he wants to piss in your mouth, you must let him. Rule eleven, whenever one of us girls has our period, you will change our Tampax and Kotex pads and suck on them as part of your next meal. Rule twelve, when it is time for you to wear big girl panties, you will have your period once a month for five days each time. During this time you will wear a Kotex overnight pad, and use a tampons up your ass."

When Jenn was done talking, I was crying. I never thought those little kid sex games I did to her and her sister were that big of a deal; it was years ago, and no one had ever talked about it since. How could I know she was still pissed about it? How could I know she just put up a false front to me and

pretended to be my friend all that time, and in reality she was just waiting for a chance to get even with me?

Tiff stood over the crib and took a few pictures of me. Julie was the last to leave the room, as she closed the door she said, "Good-night, Tam, and don't forget to wet your diaper like a good little baby sissy slut. Now, try to get some sleep, we have a long day planned for you tomorrow. It includes shopping and learning how to suck some serious cock." With that, she turned the light off and closed the door. It was difficult falling asleep that night, being in a diaper with a plastic penis in my mouth, not to mention being tied down and afraid of what tomorrow would bring. I don't remember how long I cried before I finally fell asleep.

When I woke up in the morning, Tiffany was standing above my crib. She took two fingers and slid them under my diaper to check if I was wet. I wasn't. She said, "Well, Tammy, I'm disappointed that your are not wet." She let me out of my crib and followed me as I crawled out of the room. She told me to go into the front room. There, the girls stood around me and said that if I did not wet my diaper immediately, I was going to be in major pain. Then they started to chant, "Tammy, piss you need diapers; Tammy is a sissy baby slut; now piss, Tam, piss." I was so embarrassed. I tried to relax and let go of my urine, but it wasn't working. I was taking too long, so Jenn smacked my face. I concentrated harder, and finally I started to feel myself peeing my diaper. I tried to control the flow, but I must have needed to pee more than I thought because my pee started to come out so fast all the girls could hear me wetting my diaper and they started to laugh.

When I was done wetting, I felt so ashamed. "Now, Tammy, usually we would change you before we start the day, but since you left your crib with a dry diaper you will start your sissy training with a wet diaper," Jenn said. With that, she turned on the television and put a tape in the VCR. Then Tiffany handed me an 8-inch dildo. Tiff said, "Now it is time to learn how to suck cock." Jenn pressed the play button and the tape started. I watched in horror; it was a gay porn movie. "Now, Tammy, we will change your diaper when we feel that you have successfully learned how to suck off a man. Now, practice sucking," Julie said as she put the dildo into my mouth and made me watch the video.

I saw a man standing against a wall with his shirt open and his blue jeans bulging with his manhood. A real sissy young boy, who looked to be about fifteen, came up to him; the kid had a short miniskirt on that left the lower half of his panties on full view, and in front I could clearly see the boy's a baby-sized penis poking up in his childishly frilly panties. The teen boy started to french kiss the man. After a couple of seconds, the man motioned to the sissy boy to suck his cock. Instantly, the kid dropped to his knees, undid the man's jeans and pulled out his semi-hard penis. He held it lovingly and licked it all over before sliding it into his mouth. As I watched, I was unconsciously moving the dildo in and out of my mouth.

When I realized what I was doing, I was scared, but I kept on doing it for fear of what would happen if I stopped. On the video, the panty-wearing boy on his knees was sucking and stroking the man's throbbing cock and making it obvious that he loved what he was doing. After a few minutes of making love to the guy's cock, the man took it out of the little kid's mouth and let it shoot hot goopy cum all over his boyish face.

The sweet little thing held his mouth open and tried to catch a lot of the semen, and then smiling, he gurgled it in his mouth and proceeded to blow cum bubbles. By then, my jaw was beginning to hurt. Jenn stopped the tape and told me I was a doing well as a cocksucker. She then pushed me onto my back and produced a rubber glove. She put it on her right hand. Then she pulled my pink panties down, undid my diaper and yanked it out from under me. She pulled my panties back up high in front to cover my penis, and then with her left hand, she jerked me off until I shot my cum into the panties. It only took about one minute. Then she told me to open my mouth, saying, "Now, be a good sissy and clean off my wet, stick hand, you cum loving, baby panty boy slut." I did as I was told; it was horrible tasting and salty. When I was finished licking her hand, Jenn pulled shoved my wet diaper into my face and said, "Suck on it. Now, stay exactly as you are while all of us get changed." The girls left the room while I was lying on the floor with a wet diaper on my face and the taste of cum in my mouth. I really wanted to cry, but for some reason I couldn't. It seemed like the girls were gone for about half an hour. Then Jenn returned, grabbed my hand and told me to crawl into the nursery. When I did, she had me hop up onto the changing table so they could get me ready. Tiff took a fresh diaper as Jenn grabbed a butt plug and forcefully shoved it up my ass. Then Julie double diapered me. Next, they put on me a big pair of pink rhumba panties with lace all over them and then put me into a pair of soccer shorts that were too small, it was going to be obvious that I was fancy pantied and diapered. Then she slid a T-shirt over my head.

I looked down to see what was written on the T-shirt and saw it read, "My name is Tammy Boy, and I love my girlie panties and baby diapers." I wanted to fight it but thought it would be better if I did not complain. When I was fully dressed many pictures of me were taken. We started to leave, and Jenn said, "Oops, we almost forgot your diaper bag, Tammy." I was handed a large pink diaper bag that had a bunny on the side. I was taken back to the nursery to pack my diaper bag. I had to put in three diapers, one pair of pink plastic panties and a pair of pink nylon rhumba panties, baby powder, baby wipes, my penis pacifier and a full baby bottle. Once the bag was packed and we started to walk to the front door, it all really sunk in; I was going to be forced to go out in public dressed as a sissy baby boy-girl. Being double diapered and wearing a butt plug made me waddle out to the car; I had to look like the biggest joke to masculinity that ever existed.

I was told we were going to go to the mall, a drug store and a video store. I was praying that the mall wouldn't be crowded,

but my prayers were not answered. As we got to the mall, I was told I was allowed to walk while in public. I was also told that I had to carry my own diaper bag. Just walking through the parking lot, I could tell that people were pointing and laughing. Jenn said, "Tammy, the first place we are going to go to is Macy's lingerie department to get you some pretty panties. The laughing and pointing continued as I waddled past the stores. I was starting to get the urge to pee, but there was no way that I was going to wet myself in public.

I was hanging my head trying not to see people pointing. As we walked into Macy's, I heard a voice ask, "Can I help you today?" I knew that voice. It was Jenn's little sister, Aimee. She was working at Macy's! This was getting out of control. "Rich is that you?" she said laughing. Jenn said, "Aimee, we told you that we were going to change him for the better, and we are! Now we call him -- er, I mean her, 'Tammy.' We're here to get her some nice girlie panties for when she graduates from her diapers."

"Well, Tammy, is it now? How sweet! Now, just what kind of panties are rapist boys wearing these days? Tell me, sissyboy; what kind of panties do you want to wear?" Aimee asked. I shrugged my shoulders. "Don't be shy, Tam, tell her you need some frilly panties and a sexy babydoll nightie," chimed Julie. I was forced to pick the panties out. I wanted the plain white cotton ones, but they let me pick the fancy satin panties, the sissiest ones in the place, one pair was pink with red lacy edges, one pale blue with daisies on them, and the other pair sunshine yellow with little red and green roses all over them. Then they made me stand still and endure having them hold one nightie after another up to my shoulders so they could all see how they would look on me. They finally settled on a pink babydoll nightie made of three layers of thin nylon chiffon that hung in cascading tiers with all the edges ruffled and trimmed in delicate white lace. I also had to put up with them making me select a padded bra to match each pair of panties. Aimee was laughing so hard she had trouble cashing me out. She folded my new nightie, bras and panties and placed them in a pink bag that said Macy's Lingerie! As I waddled out in shame, Jenn smacked my upper thighs just below the lacy hems of my panties peeking out beneath the edge of my snug shorts. I tried to hide my tears as we walked to the next store.

My urge to pee grew as we entered a clothing store featuring young girls' clothing. Inside, Jenn told the saleslady that I was a faggot in need of a few mini skirts and blouses. As the lady held up a skirt to my waist to see how it looked, I could not hold my pee any longer and I flooded my diapers. The sales lady jumped back. "Don't worry, Tammy is well diapered and should not leak," Julie said.

The lady said, "Gosh, so you really are serious; this isn't just a joke. So, you really are changing him into a girl baby, huh?"

Julie said, "Well, not only that. You see, he is a rapist, so we are making him grow up again, but this time not only as a girl

baby, but one a slutty one trained to make abusive men happy -- if you know what I mean.”

“You mean, like a slutty fag?” the lady laughed.

“Yes, we are, and as you can see, we are just getting started, so if you can help us pick out the most girlish things you have, I’m sure our Tammy baby would be most happy,” Julie said.

The sales lady was excited to be a part of this twisted scene. She took my hand and led me around the store as she helped me pick out three mini skirts, one black, one red, and one pink. Then they picked out blouses to go with each. My wet diaper was now very uncomfortable. I think the girls noticed and as we were standing in a rather long line, Jenn turned to me and said, “Tammy, we know you’re wet and we’ll change your diaper as soon as we leave the store.” Most everyone in line turned around and started to whisper and giggle. Once again, tears of embarrassment swelled in my eyes. We finally got to the front of the line and my diapers were now sagging because they were so wet. Fearing I was about to leak, I made the mistake of asking Tiff when my diaper would be changed.

She got angry with me and repeatedly slapped my bare upper thighs with everyone watching. As I started to cry huge tears, Jenn reached into the diaper bag and pulled out my pacifier and shoved it into my mouth; however, she paused with the dildo pacifier long enough for everyone in line to see it was shaped like ten-year-old boy’s penis as she said, “Tammy, you big sissy, stop crying; maybe if you suck on your favorite little dickie it will calm you!” As we left the store, Tiff grabbed my hand and said, “Let’s go to the ladies bathroom to change you.” I knew we were done shopping at the mall and to change me here was just for added embarrassment.

In the restroom, Tiff took a large towel from my diaper bag, spread it on the floor and then had me lie down on it. Just as she slid off my shorts, the door opened and I heard the sound of a bunch of screeching teenage girls enter. The five of them stopped dead in their tracks and stared at me in my frilly pink rhumba panties filled out to ridiculous fullness by my double wet diapered shame. They all started laughing. One of them asked Tiff what was going on. She explained, “Well, Tammy here wet her diaper and needs to be changed. Would you like to help?” I could not believe what I just heard. The girl agreed, but then asked, “But this is a boy, huh?” Jenn nodded and then said, “This, dear girl, is a rapist and he is finally getting his proper treatment since he escaped punishment by the law. The girl’s expression changed from amusement to one ready to do serious business. “No kidding?” She then recounted that she had never been raped but had been treated abusively by a number of boys, and I could tell she was ready to take out all her bad feelings on me. She took down my panties and then undid my diapers. The girls laughed and commented about my small penis and then guessed that was why I had to rape girls because no girls would be interested in having sex with me. When Jenn flipped me over, they all went

into hysterics upon seeing the butt plug up my ass. That rascal of a little girl obviously couldn’t resist showing her anger and grabbed the butt plug and started to fuck me with it. I wanted to tell her to stop, but my pacifier prevented me from talking.

She finally stopped and they put a fresh diaper on me, but instead of putting me back in my shorts, they simply put my pink rhumba panties back on me. Tiff thanked the girl and her friends as they helped me stand up again. Then, without warning or being told to do so, the little teen girl slapped my face for being such a degenerate sissy faggot. As we left the restroom, I cowered in further shame, wearing nothing but my T-shirt and pink ruffled baby panties. We left the mall with everyone laughing at me. The next stop we made was at the local drug store. Jenn went in with me. As soon as we got in the store she found a really cute, very young girl to help us. You could tell the high school girl didn’t know what to think about the way I was dressed. Jenn told her, “Don’t worry, he’s just a harmless big sissy; he’s here because he needs to stock up on disposable diapers and Kotex overnight pads. You see, Tammy wears diapers to remind him, oops, I mean, her, just how helpless she is. The pads are for that day when she graduates out of her diapers and into big girl panties because she will surely need to be appropriately protected.”

The clerk showed us the pads. I was forced to grab the pads myself as Jenn took yet another picture of me. Then she led us to the incontinence aisle. Jenn asked the clerk which adult diapers were the most childish looking. The clerk told Jenn that Attends look the most babyish and hold a lot of fluid. Jenn had me grab the diapers and thank the clerk for helping us. When we got to the check out line, once again I was forced to take some of my money out of my little girls’ purse from inside the diaper bag and pay for everything. The lady ringing us up asked Jenn what was going on. Jenn explained the story and the clerk laughed and said, “Good for you, girl, you’re giving me the idea to make a girl baby out of my asshole of a son.”

All along they had me drinking from one of the three water-filled baby bottles in my diaper bag whenever I didn’t have the dildo pacifier in my mouth. I think the water contained a diuretic because I normally can go quite long without peeing, but on this day, it seemed like I had to pee every hour or so.

As we got back into the car Julie said, “OK, Tammy, now comes the fun part ... the adult movie store.” I was so traumatized from the whole day that I had no emotions left. I could not cry if I wanted to. And to top it off, I felt the need to go pee again. We drove back to town and stopped at a new adult video and adult toy shop that had recently opened. I did not want to go in because I new that the guys from the college fraternities frequented the store. I slowly got out of the car because the urge to pee was great. As we opened the door it was just as I thought, there were some frat guys in the store. What was even worse, Tiff knew one of the boys -- probably one of her customers, I guessed! The girls immediately pulled

me over to meet the guys. I hung my head low hoping they would not notice me. But after Tiff told them my real name, they all knew who my father was because he is a major contributor to the university. They asked what we were doing there, Jenn said, "Well we are here for Tammy to pick out some movies and some sex toys." The guys laughed.

As the girls made me look over the sex toys, one of the guys smacked my ass. I was not ready for it; I jumped, and as I did, I started to wet my diaper. I squeezed my legs together hoping to stop the flow, but when Julie saw me squirm, she twisted my ear and said nice and loud, "Tammy, it's no use fighting it, you are a sissy baby slut and you will wet your diapers like the pathetic baby boy-girl you are." I knew I was helpless but I did not want to admit it as I took a deep breath and let my pee fill up my diaper.

Tiff said, "Now Tammy we want you to pick out a strap-on at least 9 inches long for us to fuck you with, and then pick out a vibrator for your own personal use. Don't even try to get one of those small plastic ones; you need one shaped like a man's throbbing cock. After you choose them go and pick out two movies, one must be a gay film and the other a transsexual movie." It took me a quite along time to pick out a strap-on because it was so humiliating to be forced to pick out a toy for the girls to fuck me with! I finally got a nine-inch strap-on that looked like a big black cock. Then I picked a vibrator; the vibrator was black too in order to fulfill the girls' request. The movies did not take long to pick out because I was not about to be picky. I went and paid for the toys and movies, and as we left, I heard Jenn tell the frat guys, "We'll call you to come over and have a party so you guys can check on Tammy's progress."

We left the store and headed for home. When we got home Jenn told me to go into the nursery so she could change me. I hopped up onto the table, anxious to get out of the wet diaper. As she took off my diaper she started to talk, "Well, Tammy, I hope you had fun today, letting everyone see you as a baby. But tonight will be even more fun because one of my special friends, Greg, is coming to visit, and if you remember the rules -- after I fuck the shit out of him, you get to lick his cum from my pussy." Jenn then took out my butt plug and put me into a fresh diaper. Then she reached into the pink Macy's bag and pulled out a bra. It was the pink one; "I think you will look cute in nothing but a diaper and a bra for Greg."

She put the bra on me and told me to stand up as she took a picture. Then she had me crawl into the living room. For the next hour and a half, the girls pretty much left me alone to watch the gay and transie videos I got at the adult store. Tiff did give me a baby bottle full of warm milk to down as I watched. When I was done with my bottle I gave it back to Tiff. She said, "Good job, Tam," and then gave me a light pat on my diapered butt. I knew that Greg would be coming soon because the girls were showering and getting ready. While Jenn was in one bathroom and Tiff was in the other bathroom,

I heard Julie tell her that she needed the bathroom right after she got out, because she needed to pee. Jenn said she was going to be in there for a while, so she should use me instead. A few minutes later Julie called me into her room. "Baby Slut Tammy, lie down on your back for me." I did as I was told. As Julie positioned herself over my head, I saw she was fingering her pantied pussy, and I knew what was coming. As she pulled aside her panties and then lowered herself onto my face she said, "Now, Tammy, I don't want a drop on my floor so open your mouth wide and swallow it all."

As I opened my lips, reality hit. I felt my mouth being filled with Julie's warm urine. It tasted terrible and it just kept coming. I tried to swallow it all as best as I could. When she finished she said, "I hope you enjoyed that because you'll be doing it a lot since there are three of us and we only have two toilets in the house." With that, she laughed and got dressed. I crawled back into the living room. Not long after, I heard a knock at the door. I tried to leave the room, but Jenn entered and told me to open the door. It was Greg. He started to laugh as he hugged and kissed Jenn. Meeting Greg was scary; I was trying to hold back my tears as the urge to pee took over my body. I tried with all my might but could not hold it in or even pee quietly. I knew Greg heard it. He turned to Jenn and said, "I think he or she just wet her diaper." Jenn said, "Her name is Tammy and yes she did wet her diaper because that is what sissy baby girl sluts do." Now my tears started to flow. Greg motioned to Jenn with his head as if to say, 'let's go to your room.' Jenn said, "Not so fast, big boy. You're so hard and horny, I can tell you haven't had sex in awhile, so I have an idea to make you last longer." Greg looked confused.

Jenn said, "I think you should let Tammy suck your huge cock to get rid of your first load." Greg said, "If that's what you want, OK." He then walked over to me. My diaper was full, I was crying and I was about to suck my first dick. Jenn chimed in, "Tammy, just remember the movies and how you sucked on the dildo, and if you please Greg, I'll let him change your wet diaper." I knew I was in trouble and couldn't get out of it. I crawled over to Greg who was now sitting in a chair. He had taken down his pants and underwear and Jenn was getting the other girls into the room. Greg stroked his cock. I could not believe how it kept growing. The girls were watching, so I tried to block everything out. I started by gently licking his balls while stroking his cock. I took my time with each ball and even took each into my mouth. I think Greg was enjoying it because I heard soft, muffled moans. After about five minutes I opened my eyes, his man meat was huge. I guess it was about 9 inches long and over an inch in diameter.

I opened my mouth and licked the head of his cock before slowly sliding my mouth down his love rod. I could tell the girls were enjoying themselves because I could hear their comments and see the flash from a camera. I started to pump my mouth up and down, up and down. With one hand I cupped his balls and with the other I stroked his cock. I tried my best to fit all of his manhood into my mouth; I started to

pick up my pace. I think I had sucked him off for about ten minutes before I could taste some pre-cum. When I tasted it, I felt strange because I didn't think it tasted too badly.

I did not slow down and within one minute I felt his cum start to shoot into my mouth. He didn't stop cumming. I swallowed it all, and I actually was kind of proud of myself. I guess I had gotten lost in the moment, and only when the girls started to clap, did I snap back into reality. I was so ashamed I started to cry again.

Greg said, "That was pretty good for a first timer." Jenn said, "Greg, meet me in my room in a few minutes." She tossed him a diaper and told him to change me. "Sure babe," he said as he had me to lie on the ground. He slid off my pink plastic panties and then took off my wet diaper. "Oh my, GOD!" he exclaimed, "Damn! Your dick is so fucking small!" He began to laugh as he slid my new diaper underneath me and fastened the sides. Then he ran to Jenn's room. I heard Julie calling my name. I crawled to her. I found her in the nursery with the video camera set up. I knew I was in trouble.

Then I saw she was wearing the new strap-on. I started to cry. "Oh, there, there, sissy, it will only hurt for a few minutes." Then she bent me over my changing table, downed my panties and pulled off my diaper. Next, I felt a cold lotion being applied to my virgin asshole. Julie slapped my ass a few times and then said, "Here we go!" That's when I felt a very sharp pain. I instantly burst into tears, but, Julie didn't even break stride. In and out, faster and faster, then slower and slower, over and over again. After a few minutes the pain lessened. And in a strange way, again, it felt good. I now knew what it felt like to be sexually abused, fucked actually -- and I felt like I was a tramp and deserved it! Julie noticed this when she saw my hips going in motion with her.

"Tiff, you got to come and see this," Julie yelled out to Tiff now back in the bathroom getting herself ready for her date. Tiff came into the room and saw Julie pounding away at my ass with the strap-on. She came to the side of the changing table and walked right up to me; my face was right at the level of her crotch. She jerked aside her panties, spread her legs open and commanded, "Eat me, you sissy baby slut." I dove right into her moist pussy.

Tiff started to cum after a few minutes. I licked her clean until she was satisfied. Almost as soon as I was done, I heard Jenn calling for me. Julie diapered my violated, aching ass and I crawled to Jenn's room. She ordered me to get on the ground so I could clean out her well-fucked pussy. I opened my mouth as she sat on my face. I could taste her and Greg's juices. When she thought that I had done enough, she lifted her body off my face a few inches and pissed into my mouth.

"Wow that looks fun, can I try," Greg said. And suddenly, I was forced to drink Greg's piss.

When I was finished, they made me crawl into the nursery for them to double diapered me and put me to bed. "Well, baby sissy slut Tammy, you looked like you enjoyed everything too much today; I think we will call those frat boys in the morning," Jenn said as she shut off the light.

I was in my crib thinking I should be crying, but I wasn't, and I then realized that I enjoyed pleasing everyone. I drifted off to sleep. I awoke in the morning with a wet diaper, and Julie came to change me. I could see that the girls let me sleep in because the clock in the room said 1:00 p.m. Julie changed my diaper, but I was double diapered this time and placed in my baby doll nightie. I thought this was strange for daytime wear, but what was I going to do, fight them? When I crawled into the living room, my eyes lit up. There were ten frat boys standing in the room stroking their cocks. I was confused because the feeling I had inside was one of excitement.

"Now, sissy baby slut Tammy, you know what to do," Tiff said as she held the camcorder. I crawled as sexily as I could into the middle of the guys. I slowly surveyed all the cocks that surrounded me. Then I dove in. I took one cock in my mouth and two more in my hands. I could not believe how much fun I was having. I was so relaxed that I was able to deep throat all off the man meat I saw. I worked my way around the circle a couple of times making sure not one guy had any less than what he wanted.

Then Julie said, "OK, boys, take her." With that command, I was shoved over a stack of cushions and my diaper ripped off me. One of the guys shoved his cock into my mouth, which I took with no complaint. I was put on my side and saw a guy lube his fingers and lubricate me just before I felt a large cock slide into my ass. I couldn't see what was going on so I waved my hands until I found two more cocks. I was giving two cocks a handjob, had one in my ass and another in my mouth.

It felt so right. The guy's cock in my mouth started to pulsate. I knew he was about to fill my mouth, so I started to suck harder, then I felt his hot cum slam against the back of my throat. I swallowed every drop. Soon after, I felt my ass being filled with cum -- what a great feeling! The guys kept rotating for what seemed like hours. Some would fill my ass with cum or shoot it onto my stomach. I had swallowed so much cum and had so much on my face that I was absolutely covered in cum both inside and out. My tummy ached with cum sloshing around inside. The frat guys ended with a circle jerk, shooting cum all over my face and body. To show them how much I enjoyed it, I blew cum bubbles for them, like I had seen that boy do in the gay video. As I lay exhausted and covered in cum, the girls were still taking pictures. After the boys left, the girls stood over me and seemed proud of themselves. "Wow you really are a baby sissy slut, look at you, full of cum like a cheap whore. Lie there now and let the cum dry on your face, it's your badge as a cocksucking slut." As they all left the room, I realized that moving in with the girls was the best thing that could ever have happened to a sissy like me. ♦

Sissy Baby Suggestions for Training and for Use as Punishments

1) When at home, always have your baby drink from a baby bottle.

2) Always have baby wear a bib when eating, even when eating out.

3) Also when out, have baby drink from a child's spill proof cup and pour his drink into it. Even have the waitress directly fill his sippy cup. Also bring along a baby spoon and have him eat his meal with it.

4) When at home, baby should always be sucking on his thumb, a pacifier, or a baby bottle. When one comes out of his mouth, something else must go in or he'll be punished.

5) Have baby learn to sleep while sucking on a pacifier. If necessary have it attached to a heavy piece of elastic to snugly fit around his head to hold it in place. If he usually snores, this even prevents him from snoring in most cases!

6) Have baby drink a full baby bottle of formula at bedtime.

7) If baby needs to lose some weight, have him eat nothing but baby food until he reaches your desired goal. (But keep him away from baby desserts.)

8) Baby can never use the toilet for anything. Use a long chain and a padlock to chain your toilet closed and lock it. Don't let baby have the key.

Other Training Suggestions:

* Cloth diapers underneath disposable diapers mean that baby will always be able to feel their wetness while the disposable diapers will help to absorb more pee.

* Duct tape wrapped tightly around the waist of disposable diapers makes diaper changing more time consuming.

* Instead of just a simple diaper, put baby in cloth diapers underneath a disposable one with plastic panties on top of



them and then a huge pair of lacy nylon panties onto top everything.

* Gradually regress baby's language skills. Start by making baby use one or two baby words in place of regular grownup words. Drill baby in the way they should be said and used. Make sure baby is thoroughly used to using the new words in conversation before replacing one or two more words. Make baby speak this way whenever not at work. Grownup words that have been replaced with baby words should be treated as "bad words" and baby should be punished every time he uses them (possibly by washing his mouth out with soap or by giving his bottom a thorough spanking). Go slowly with adding baby words since babies learn to speak only a few words at a time; replace only one or two words at a time to prolong baby's humiliation.

While at home and to prevent baby from walking, buy him some Mary Jane style shoes two sizes larger than his normal size. Buy sole inserts. Glue to the sole inserts fine gravel (little stones). Then put the insoles in the shoes and strap the shoes to his feet. Whenever he crawls, there is no problem, but if he gets up to walk on his feet the stones will make it very painful for him to even try.

* Have baby make a fist with his thumb inside, and then wrap duct tape around the fist and put a sock over his entire hand. Tie the sock with a nice pretty ribbon. If you're worried that baby will use his teeth to undo the ribbon and free his hands, tie a pacifier in his mouth.

Do you want your baby-sub to learn to wet his diapers in public but he is too uptight to actually do it? Start him off slowly. Diaper him and take him out to the movies where it's more semiprivate and after the lights go out, stick a pacifier in his mouth for him to suck on during the movie. It will serve as a reminder to him that he is there to learn to wet himself, not see the movie.

Afterward, if he hasn't wet himself thoroughly during the movie, force him to leave the pacifier in his mouth to suck on as he leaves the theater. That way everyone will be sure to see what a big baby he is. The choice then, is either for him to learn to wet himself and hope nobody will be able to see his wet baby diapers under his clothes or know that everyone will surely see him sucking on his pacifier like a big baby as he leaves the theater. ♦

The Demale Society: A School Teacher Comments on Petticoat Punishment

I've thought about writing to you for a long time, and now I finally have a few minutes to put my thoughts on paper. You see, I'm a school teacher, so I'm usually very busy. The topic I want to discuss is petticoat punishment.

Even though, the Demale Society promotes petticoating, and the practice is making a comeback in surprising ways, it still isn't being used like it was in the olden days. A century ago, it was a standard way of punishing misbehaving boys. I know that Demale members are working to change minds, but so many parents and others that I deal with seem to think there is something terribly mean about making a boy wear a dress or panties as punishment to correct his ways. It's unfortunate because a lot of the parents who think petticoat punishment is so terrible have sons who are out of control, headed for trouble and in dire need of retraining.

In my opinion (based on experience), if more of boys spent time in girls' clothes, we would have fewer boys with behavior problems and a lot less problems when those boys become adults. Furthermore, I'm convinced that the boys themselves would be happier too. Boys who repeatedly get into trouble and resist authority – especially female authority – are boys who need help. What they need — and deep down want — is discipline, and putting them in panties (and other feminine clothes) is an effective way to deal with them.

Around the world, using girls' clothes to discipline naughty boys has a long history; however, in recent decades, petticoat punishment has fallen out of favor. 'Modern thinkers' insist that such humiliating punishments are too traumatic to a young boy's sensibilities, too severe of an attack on his developing masculinity.

Are today's young boys so insecure that they can't handle a little bit of humiliation, especially when so many other forms of correction have failed? Many boys need something to shake them up a bit, something that will get their attention and help them get back on the right path in life. If a punishment works -- and petticoat punishment does work -- what's the big deal about using shame clothing, dressing a boy as a girl, making him spend the day as a girl, treating him as a girl, teasing him about being a sissy, or threatening him with other feminine humiliations?

Although it's not well known, anthropologists and historians have found plenty of evidence from many cultures that boys

who break the rules or are deemed not worthy of being a male are either threatened or actually made to dress and act as a girl for a limited time, or as in some societies, boys who are deemed unworthy of becoming men are made to live and act as females their entire lives! And they are then examples to the young boys in the community that threats of feminine punishments are not hollow. A century ago, schoolteachers often punished a naughty boy by putting a bow in his hair -- and for more serious offenses, they would put him into a dress for the day, make him sit with the girls and participate in all the activities the girls did that day. Many teachers went much further and made the boys wear panties, slips and bras as well as makeup, and some of the parents of those boys continued the humiliating girlie punishments at home.

We've all seen pictures from years ago of students wearing dunce caps, and like the use of a dunce cap, petticoating was simply another form of punishment by humiliation accepted without question and well within a teacher's rights to use. Of course, teachers in those good old days also didn't shy away from giving boys a good hard spanking. I often wish things were more like that today.

Most of those teachers kept handy assorted discipline tools, like paddles and canes, and a dunce cap, as well as a supply of frilly panties, fancy dresses and other girlie clothes in various sizes. When a boy misbehaved or did poorly on a test, the teacher would go to her closet, and only upon her return would the boy learn his fate. From all reports, most boys were quite relieved when the teacher pulled out a paddle instead of a dress and panties, so fearful were the boys of having to spend time as a sissy girl.

Today, with the way boys grow up in this macho world and in so many ways are encouraged to be bullies and run wild, it is important for them to learn to suppress their disrespectful, aggressive, and selfish tendencies. Succeeding with a boy today is much more related to developing in them feminine qualities and appreciation for all females instead of worrying so much about preserving their wild masculine instincts.

Moreover, now that women have broken through barriers in the workplace, it is likely that any boy growing up today will someday work under a female boss. Indeed, many of today's young males are likely to spend most of their lives in situations in which they have to answer to and obey females in positions of power, not just their mothers and schoolteachers but college professors, bosses at work, female politicians and, if they want a happy marriage -- their wives as well. Petticoat punishment is perhaps the best experience a boy can have to mold his behavior, attitudes and feelings to prepare him to live contentedly under female authority.

Sadly, I must admit that I am not able to use petticoating on the boys in my classes. I would if I could, but the school does not allow it. However, our football coach, who teaches all of our boys' PE classes, does use petticoat punishment! It's a



Some boys, like Michael, you have to restrain. He looks so cute with his pink bra and panties showing.

standard punishment that has been used for years in our school. Our coach uses it only in one instance: When a boy forgets to bring his gym clothes, he has to put on a girls' cheerleader outfit, a skirt and blouse, or a gym tunic complete with bra and panties, and then the boy so dressed still has to participate in the regular gym class. The punishment began years ago. In those days, when a boy didn't have his gym clothes, he was excused from PE and sent to study hall. Well, after it was apparent that some boys were either very forgetful or purposely forgetting to bring their workout outfits to get out of gym class, the school created this form of punishment, and since it was a very effective solution to that problem, it has been permitted to continue. Now, it's quite rare for a boy to forget his gym kit in our school because no excuses are tolerated. The only way a boy can get out of taking PE is to have a note from a doctor.

While I and other teachers can't use such a punishment, I have been able to use a mild but still very effective form of the punishment that the school does allow me to use. In each of my classes, I have the boys sit on one side of the room and the girls sit on the other, and when a boy misbehaves, one of the punishments he may receive is to have to spend a day, or a couple of days, sitting on the girls' side. That also means that

he has to do all the school activities with the girls – like playing girls' games during recess instead of playing with the boys. During their time on the girls' side of the room, these bad boys are teased quite a bit by the other boys, and often they are called a sissy or a girl.

Although I continue to call the boys by their real names, the other children usually come up with a girls' name for each of the naughty boys being punished. Not surprisingly, the boys dislike this punishment above all others, which makes it an excellent training tool for me to use!

Although I don't use petticoat punishment with the students myself, from time to time, I do suggest its use to mothers. Some moms dismiss it as crazy, but in other cases, mothers are actually quite receptive. (Keep in mind that the situation is likely to be one in which their son has misbehaved in school to a truly unacceptable degree and he is at risk of failing the year or being sent to a special school for problem students.) In these cases as well as cases in which a boy has been very abusive toward girls, I have strongly recommended petticoat punishment to parents and have seen excellent result achieved by parents who have instituted such a program in their home.

Let me describe just one example: Michael had an attitude problem. He did not respond well to authority, especially female authority. And by his actions, he had demonstrated a great dislike of women as well as girls; he was constantly saying things that showed he thought all males were superior to females in all ways.

Finally, I had enough. After he had done enough to earn a whole week on the girls' side, I called his mother to come to school for a parent-teacher conference about his behavior. During that conversation, Michael's mother was upset about all the problems he was having in my class and admitted that he had been increasingly showing disrespect for both her and his younger sister at home.

I cautiously brought up the subject of petticoat punishment, explaining that I was not allowed to use it in school, but she could do it to Michael at home. She had never heard of such a treatment, but she admitted that it made sense in her son's case and might well get to the key issues he was having regarding his low opinion of females. When I told her that the coach did it in gym class, she did shake her head and say she had heard about that but didn't know of any boy who had ever been punished that way, and I then pointed out to her that fact showed how effective of a punishment it is, and the proof is that only one or two boys during any one school year forgets his gym clothes and has to submit to that humiliation. I told her to think about petticoat punishment to help her son. She said she was willing to give it a try.

Less than a week later, I got a call from his mother asking me to come and "see the new Michael." When I arrived, she greeted me, and then called upstairs to her son and told him to come down to show me how he looked. When he didn't appear, she went upstairs, and I heard him begging and pleading not to be made to come out of his room while she was insisting angrily that he obey. Next I heard her say, "OK, then, you're going to get it again. I warned you to do as I say or suffer the consequences." Then I heard the obvious sounds of a boy receiving a painful spanking. Even from where I was downstairs and with the door to his room closed, I could hear each swat, and after a half dozen, I heard him loudly crying.

A few minutes later, Michael's mother came down and told me to come up to his room because he had refused to come down so she had to restrain him following his spanking. When I entered his bedroom, I saw what appeared to be a teary-eyed young girl in an adorable sheer, pale green summer dress with billowy short sleeves and lace along the hem. It was Michael. Just having experienced a spanking, his dress was rumpled, but the shoulders had fallen down and I could see the straps of a pink bra that he had on underneath, and the dress was so sheer that I could see right through it and noticed he had on pale pink panties underneath!

Michael's mother 'introduced' me to 'Michelle,' and made him/her apologize for 'her' disrespectful behavior at school. I

teasingly complimented Michelle on being so pretty; then his mother instructed him to thank me. She told me she had first started by putting Michael into just panties and had explained to him that would be the extent of his punishment if he cooperated, but he showed her disrespect, so she added the pink bra, and after more resistance, she added the dress. When he was left alone and tried to get out of the clothes, she made him put them all back on and then she tied him up. She had let him out of his restraints after he quieted down and he promised her he would no longer resist, but when I arrived it was more than he could take, so she had to spank and restrain him again. She said he was learning that whenever he talked back to her or didn't follow her instructions, he was going to be petticoated more completely with even more girly clothes and more humiliation punishments until he did cooperate.

She then went to his dresser and showed me the pale yellow babydoll nightie he has to wear each night. She said he was going to be kept in dresses at home for the remainder of the week and sleeping in panties and a nightie during that time. She added that if he had zero problems at home and school (with a report from me), she would allow him to return to his regular clothes, but keep his girly clothes handy if he showed any slacking off. She also announced to him in my presence that if he continued to have problems, his petticoating would become public as she would take him outside to go shopping for additional girly clothes. For any further naughtiness, she might even expose him in his sissy clothes to his friends. I did recommend that she should make him wear his panties under his regular clothes during the day to remind him to be good. Michael shuttered at the idea, but his mother loved the suggestion and said she would do it!

The change in Michael's behavior began immediately. It was dramatic, and he stayed well behaved even after his period of petticoating ended. After that, there was only one other time during the year that I had to make him sit with the girls, but I do know that at home, his mother continued to put him into panties fairly regularly, and quite often, he was required to sleep in panties and a nightie for even minor of offenses.

Now, the question of course is whether this treatment was inappropriate, mean or damaging to his developing masculinity. I don't think so. Neither does Michael's mother. And neither does Michael! He is now a freshman at Indiana University, and both he and his mother are convinced he never would have done as well in school and in life if I hadn't suggested he be petticoated. His mother has thanked me numerous times for helping to turn Michael around, and even Michael has thanked me and admitted that he was a stupid little boy with a selfish view of the world until petticoat punishment opened his eyes and cleaned his macho mind!

Does every case work this quickly or this well? I doubt it. But I don't doubt that a lot more petticoat punishment would go a long way toward curing many of the problems that today's boys are having as they grow up. ♦

Special Issue: Boys Raised as Girls

HEALTH



He didn't find out he was a boy until he started school but by then it was too late to change

LIFESTYLE



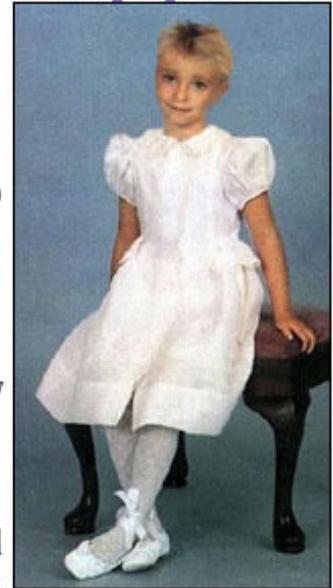
Boys raised as girls have I.Q. over 20 points above average

HEADLINES

Child expert says raising boys like girls is the only hope of preventing a world-ending war
Boy-girls more common than people realize

Queens, NY: Every country and community has families in which boys are being raised like girls, and it's the result of people being fed up with the unpleasantness and ugliness of traditional ways of macho males that results in violence, abusive and disgusting behavior on many levels -- the worst being warmongering and crime.

A host of prominent child psychologists, educators and experts advocate the raising of boys like we raise girls if we want to have any chance of preventing the war that will end all humanity.



Survey - To Girlie-Boys: Who raised you as a girl?

My father - 2% My aunt - 7%

My mother - 22% Nobody but I wanted to be - 69%

A study from the Center for Stuff We Already Know:
Boys raised as girls happier than girls raised as boys!

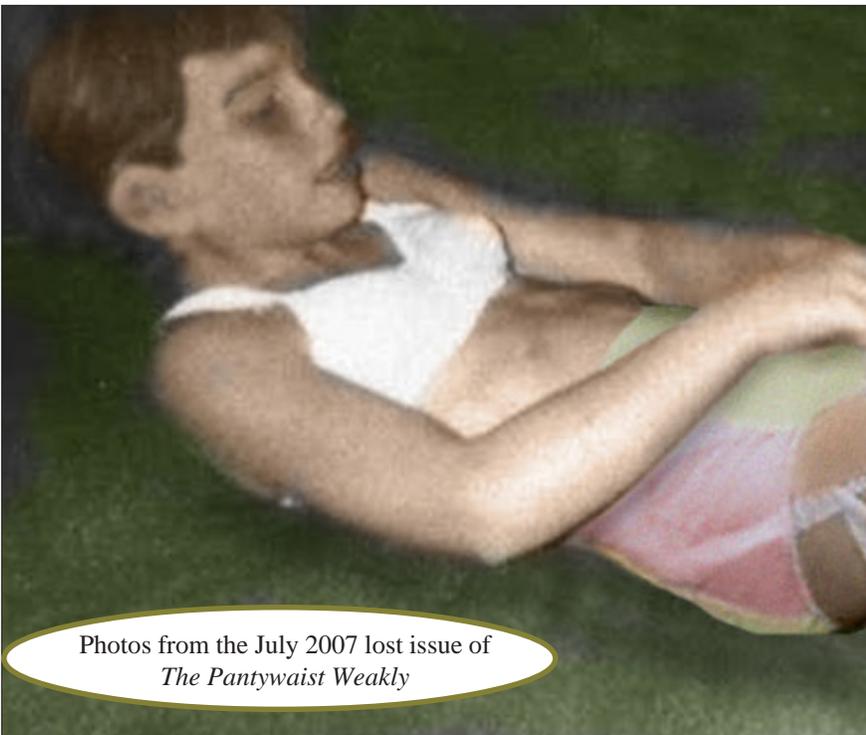
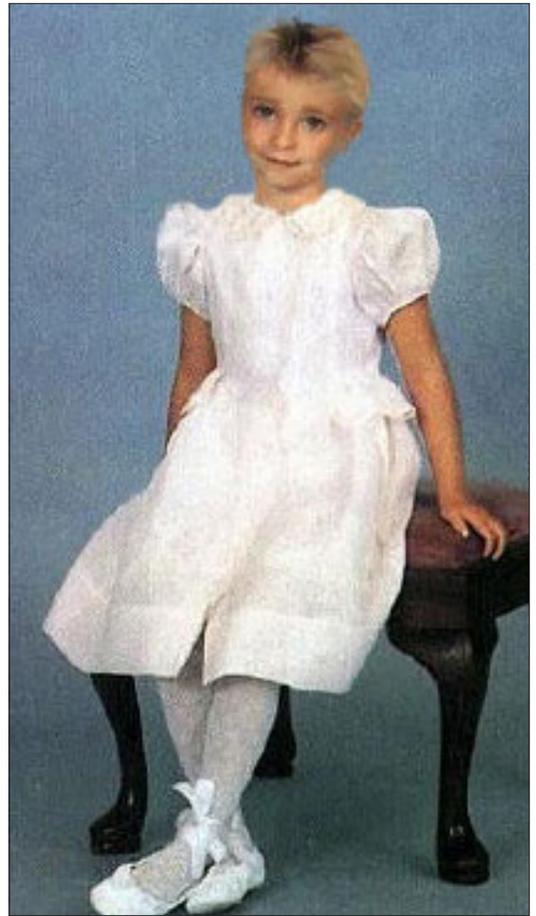
OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Boys raised in lacy panties and pretty dresses aren't into fighting, cussing and making messes

If George W. Bush had been raised as a girl instead of a cowboy, imagine how nice the world would be. Petticoat punishment includes boys raised as girls who don't even know that they are boys. Most boys brought up as girls had divorced mothers pissed off at their macho husbands. In almost every case of a boy raised as a girl, he doesn't regret it and isn't angry his mother did it.



"D" Day Discovery Day is the day when a girl finds out she's a boy!



Photos from the July 2007 lost issue of
The Pantywaist Weekly