

Princess Extra!

FEATURING:

The Pantywaist Weakly
The Demale Society
and much more!

#12

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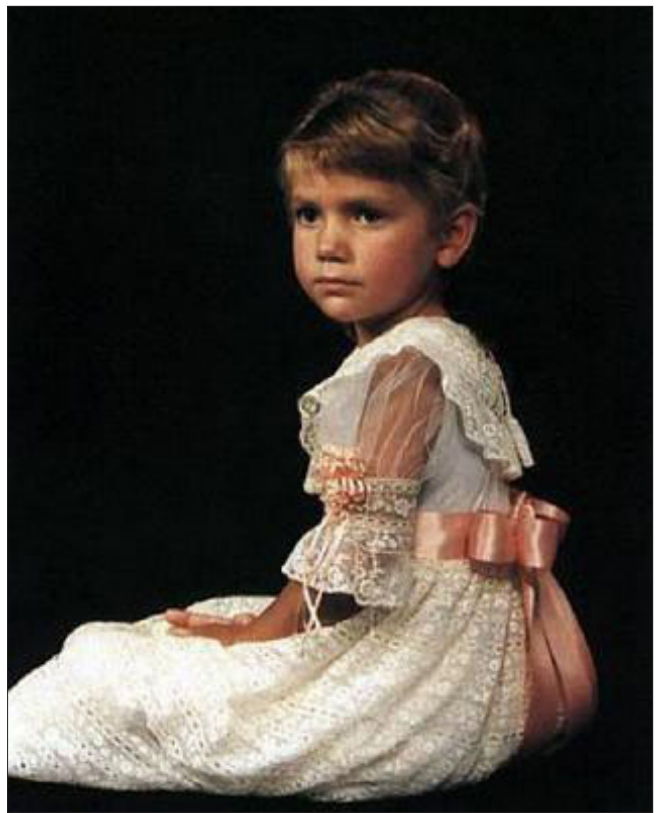
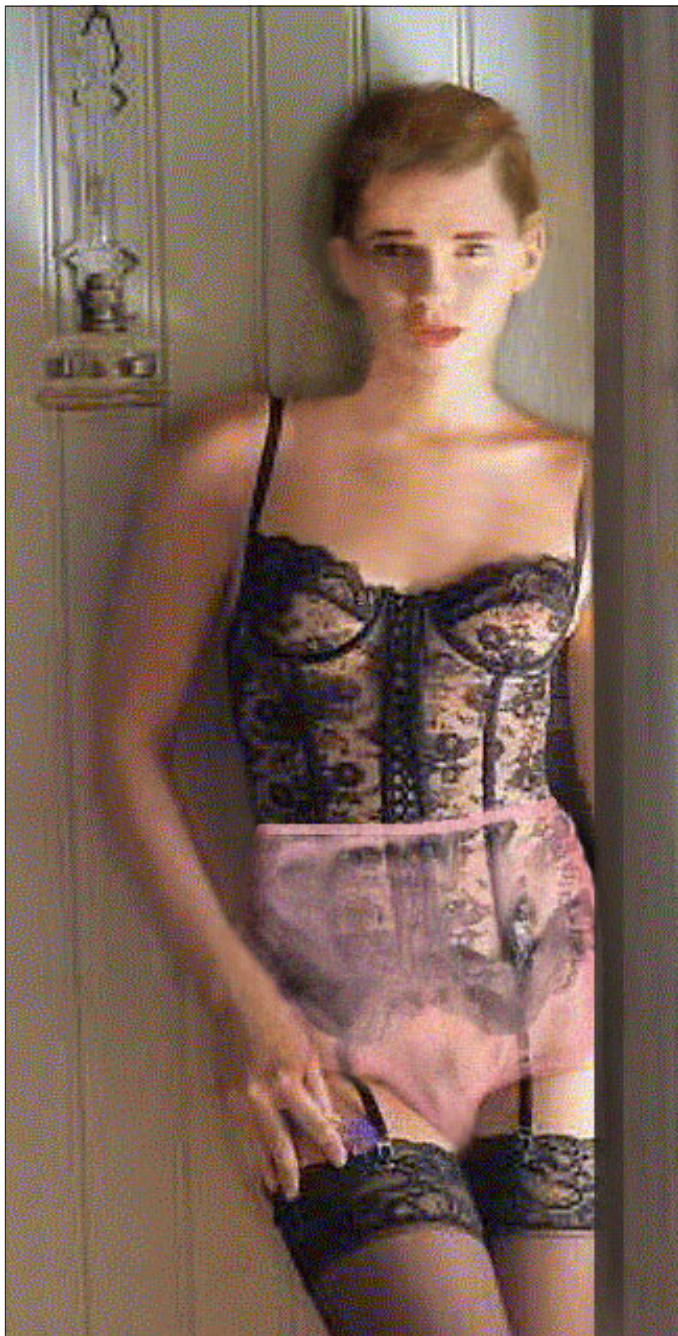
**Special Issue:
Turning Bad Boys
into Good Girls**

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



Photos from
The Pantywaist Weakly

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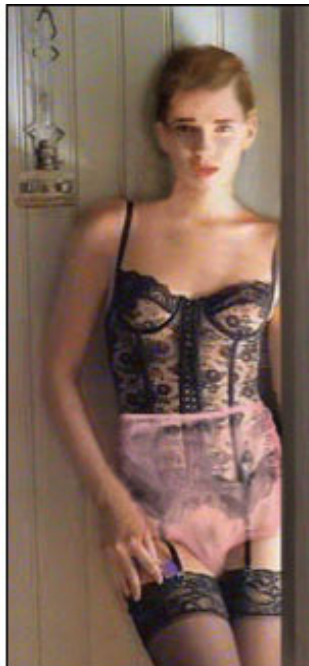


HEALTH



Smart mothers know that if you want your son to be devoted to you and ready to take care of you for a life, turn that son into a sweet sissy before he is ten years old.

LIFESTYLE



When bad boys -- and all boys are bad by nature -- are petticoat punished, they immediately improve as human beings because femininity defuses macho tendencies caused by male hormones and a pantied boy has no influence or power over females or anyone else!

HEADLINES

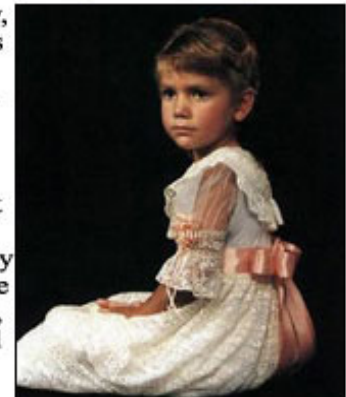
Moms debate: When is a boy old enough to begin feminizing him? At what age is he ready for his first training bra?

Laddie Falls, CA: Recently, at a convention for mothers who are feminizing their sons, the attendees debated what they thought was the ideal age to begin turning their sons into sissies.

While many argued that it is nice to wait until their feminine influence naturally led a boy into wanting to be a girl or be more like mom, most of the mothers agreed you can't start too young.

Boys, first feminized at various ages, were paraded on stage, asked questions, made to model what they were wearing, and given tasks to perform that displayed their girlish skills: like doing a curtsy and doing imitations such as acting like a sweet princess, a dominant schoolgirl, a slutty teenage girl, and a sissified pantywaist boy. They were also quizzed on their knowledge of current fashions and lingerie types and styles.

Overwhelmingly, the attendees voted a boy is never too young to be feminized; the contestants who began their training at the earliest age were the most adept and accomplished girlie boys. An informal cocksucking contest followed and confirmed those results.



Survey: At what age should a boy be first feminized?

Over 18 - 4% As a teenager - 6%

Upon reaching school age - 21% From the day he is born - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Playing sports teaches boys that there's only one winner but playing dress up teaches them everyone is a winner

The more feminine a boy becomes, the more fearful he is of spanking and the more he will do anything not to be spanked. It's a mystery few understand, but panties have a magic power to psychologically cut off a boy's balls in an instant. Men are in charge of most things not because they are cleverer than women; they have power because women let them have it. All bullies eventually are beaten up by bigger bullies, but when sissies meet, they just help each other be more girlie.



The survey results we already knew: Because of all the cum they eat, the average candy ass cocksucking sissy cuckold outlives macho assholes!



Panty Training:

Excerpt from Feminizers & Emasculators #1

"My first boy fought the panties for weeks! I used some beautiful pink ones on him. I bought myself a dozen pairs from K-Mart, all of them in pink but decorated in various ways. On the night I bought them, I took them in and showed them to him when I tucked him into bed. I made it like it was something secretive and naughty. I whispered to him I shouldn't be showing women's panties to a boy like him, but they were so pretty, I just had to show someone. I put the stack of panties on his nightstand, and then, one by one, I held up each pair for him to see. I kept thrusting them right up to his face. I had already sprayed them all with my perfume, and I know he noticed that. I made him feel the soft fabric and starched new lace between his fingers. I told him the panties made me so excited I just couldn't wait to try on a pair. So pretending to be modest, I turned away from him, took off the white pair of Vanity Fair briefs I was wearing and stepped into one of the new pairs of panties. I had carefully planned it so he could look at my reflection in his wall mirror and see every detail of me opening my housecoat and changing panties. I made sure I wiggled around a lot as I tugged the new panties up high around myself. I ran my hands all over them to smooth out the snug fit. Then I let my robe slide closed. I picked up the white panties I had been wearing and playfully rubbed the fragrant briefs into his blushing face as I accused him of peeking at me. Then I sat down on the edge of his bed, and we examined my stack of newly purchased panties together like mother and daughter. Each pair had a slightly different arrangement of lace and decorations. He looked at each pair with a mixture of longing and fear. He was very apprehensive about the whole situation.

When I got down to the bottom of the stack, I came to a smaller but similar pair of the pink panties. I pretended to be displeased as I told him the saleslady must have made a

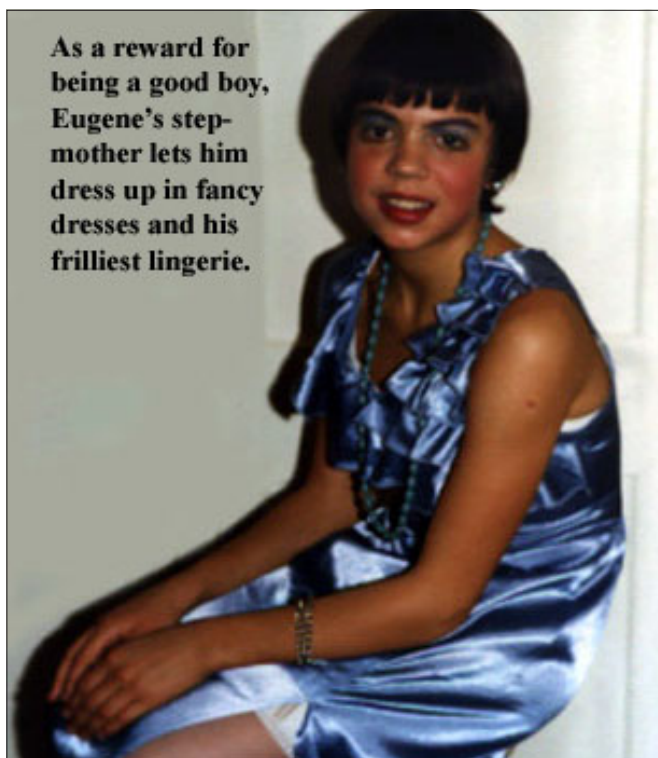
mistake. Then, saying that since they were about his size, I playfully asked him if he wanted to try them on. He started breathing deeply, his mouth gaping open in horror, tears welling up in his eyes. I set the panties aside. We talked for a while.

Then, I left him to go to sleep, pretending to have forgotten both the small pair of pink panties and the white panties I had taken off and left dangling over the edge of his bed. On the way out of his room, I closed his door, but less than a minute later, I could tell he had switched on his light because I could see it shining through the gap at the bottom of his closed door. That first night was a knockout, but it had been months in the buildup, developing his fears and guilts with me, sex and fancy girlie panties.

He had nightmares that night. From outside his room, I could hear him talking in his sleep and crying. The next day, I started leaving several pairs of my panties in the bathroom. I know he tried to avoid using the bathroom after he saw them there. At one point, he went next door, pretending he needed to borrow something from his friend, but I know he used their bathroom while he was there. He fought the panties, stayed at his friends for long periods, even stayed after school and did his homework because he couldn't concentrate at home! Still my panties got him."

Debby snickered in her throat with womanly pleasure, "They really got him one afternoon when he came home from school and thought I wasn't there. I had been leaving them all around the house, he collected them and then took more panties from the clothes hamper, my closet and my dresser! He made a huge stack of them on his bed then started to masturbate, rolling around in them and rubbing them all over his body and swollen penis. I walked in on him carrying Dad's old leather belt, strapped him red and made him put on that little pair of pink panties. He cried and pleaded with me not to make him wear those "naughty ladies panties" (as he kept calling them), but I made him strip on the spot, put them on and stand in the corner to think about his sins. I went to his sister Mary's room, got him one of her old training bras and made him put that on too. When his sister and four younger brothers came home, I made him tell them why he was pantied and being punished. They laughed at him in the bra and panties and called him sissy names. However, Dean, my next oldest, got a hard-on in his pants. Of course, I took the opportunity to call him a gay boy, made him put on a pair of his sister's lace panties and one of her old training bras too and made him stand in the corner alongside his brother. I didn't have to strap him because he's already a sissy. If I just raise my voice at him, he crumbles. Anyway, when their father got home for supper, I made the boys model their panties for him and tell him what had been going on!" ♦

If you enjoyed this excerpt, read the whole story in our "Feminizers & Emasculators #1"



Sissified Boys - Photos from The Demale Society Training Manuals:

Photo #1 (Manual #1) is of a dominant little girl humiliating her kid brother by putting lipstick on him in front of her friends.
 Photo #2 (Manual #2) is of a boy who has been good is rewarded by being allowed to dress up in fancy satin girls' clothes.
 Photo #3 (Manual #3) this boy's mother secretly feminizes him without his macho father even knowing what she was doing.
 Photo #4 (Manual #4) a boy undergoing hormone therapy is describing his progress to his two envious little girlfriends!

For more on all these stories order "The Demale Society Training Manuals" listed above.



Spanking & Sissy Discipline

Excerpt from Candy Ass Classics #1

While the prefects, Veronica and Rose, gave their report on the new boys, Mrs. Martin studied Jason and Tony standing at attention in their new uniforms. Seeing both boys had been properly outfitted and well under control, she made it official: Veronica, assisted by Roy, would be Jason's prefect, and Rose would be Tony's prefect. Just then there was a knock at the door. Roy opened it. Sidney, the boy they had seen being punished on display in a girlish nightgown, stood there with head bowed and crying. He was firmly in the grip of three uniformed girls. "Yes, Sidney. What do you want?" she said.

"Headmistress, if you please, I'm here for my punishment."

Roy, having a good idea what was in store for the youth, spoke up. "Headmistress, perhaps it is best that we go to our homerooms now?"

"No, stay here. I think it will be a good lesson for the new boys to witness this." Then turning her attention to the boy in the nightgown, she said in a sickly sweet voice, "Come in Sidney and tell me what you did that requires punishment."

He balked for a moment, realizing that there was going to be an audience and then quickly scuttled into the room, shivering either because he was nervous or because he was cold in that

thin little nightgown, or both. "Headmistress, my prefect, Miss Chelsea, told me I have to report to you for lying for when I complained to her that I had gotten sick to my stomach when Stacey Grimes made me wash out of her panties with my mouth, Miss Chelsea told me I was lying."

Jason and Tony looked at each other with blank, drawn faces. Roy blushed in sympathy for the boy. The two girls lit up with wicked grins. "Of course, that's a lie," Mrs. Martin said. "How preposterous! Our girls all have the sweetest tasting pussies. Doing a panty rinse in your mouth certainly couldn't get you sick. Besides, I got a report on you. Your prefect tells me you're a queer, and you probably got sick from sucking too many cocks. Now, isn't that closer to the truth, Sidney?"

"Oh, no, headmistress! I'm not a queer boy! That's not it."

"Are you going to compound your failure by saying that your prefect lied?"

"Oh, no, headmistress, she would never lie."

"Then, is her report true? You're sick from slurping up too much semen?"

"Er, well, headmistress, if she said that," Sidney was now groaning as he spoke, his face flushed with embarrassment. "I guess, I mean...yes, headmistress. It must be true."

Jason was in shock. He couldn't believe what he was witnessing. It was obvious that the boy didn't lie. 'How ridiculous,' Jason thought to himself, 'boys don't do things like that to one another! The girl who was his prefect must really be mean to make up stories like that about him.'

Without saying anything else, Mrs. Martin indicated that they were all to follow her into her back office. Veronica and Rose sensed their new charges were becoming quite agitated, so the girls and Roy maintained a firm grip on them to prevent any attempt to escape. Once inside, Mrs. Martin with a quick, dramatic flourish tore open the back of the boy's nightgown. In contrast, she gently grasped the waistband of his stinky, cum-filled, high-waisted panties and slowly peeled them down to reveal his boyishly tight, quivering bare butt and his glistening cum-soaked boy toys. Directing him to hold the torn nightie in front of himself to protect her furniture from his misused juices, she pushed him over the arm of her overstuffed sofa. Watching these preparations for what was obvious to follow made both Jason and Tony jumpy. Even little Roy was shuffling back and forth. He was distressed because it was never a good idea to be in the headmistress' office, especially during a punishment session. If he made the slightest mistake, he knew that in a flash he could find himself as the next victim of this big woman's rage. ♦

If you like sissy boys being humiliated and spanked, read this entire tantalizing story in our "Candy Ass Classics #1."



Little Girl Dominatrix

He Teased Her Once too Often

"Fatty, fatty two-by-four" and "piggy, piggy, piggy" were my two favorite names to call my big, fat cousin Barbara. She was a farm girl and stronger than most boys I knew. Even though she was a year younger than I was, she could easily beat me up since I was just a little guy. I was a mama's boy to tell you the truth, but I could run like a jackrabbit, so I never tired of teasing her, calling her fatty names and then out running her when she got mad enough to chase after me.

One summer day, my mom dropped me off at Barbara's house to stay with my cousin for the day because she and Barbara's parents were going to a farm auction. They were taking Casey Barbara's big brother with them because they needed him to help haul anything they might buy. My aunt and uncle said Marsha, a neighbor lady, would be by to fix us lunch and look in on us from time to time to make sure we were OK. Also, my uncle had given Barbara and me a list of chores to do to keep us busy and out of trouble.

I was there with her alone only a short time when I gave in to my need to tease her about being fat, but I had no idea she was planning revenge and was ready for me. We were eating toast and jelly while shucking peas and I looked up at her. She seemed bigger than ever. "You're getting fatter, piggy," I taunted, feeling I was at a safe distance on the opposite side of the kitchen table. But she shocked me by quickly standing up and shoving the entire table against me, pushing me in my chair right up against the wall, effectively cornering me against the kitchen cabinet. In the process my grape jelly covered toast got shoved up against my chest and fell down my front. I tried to unpin myself but was unable to shove the table back.

"You're as weak as a little girl!"

"I'm not a sissy girl, you are! Let me out of here!"

"Do you wanna bet? Huh, sissy?"

"Let me out! Let me out!"

"Are you going to mind me if I let you out?"

Totally exasperated, with a nod, I agreed. She pulled out the table just far enough to let me slide out. She gave me a wet rag and had me wipe the jelly off my shirt and pants. Then she took me by the hand and led me upstairs to her room. "We have a lot of chores to do. You can't stay in those dirty clothes, get them all off, I'll put them in the wash after I give you some things to wear." When I turned and tried to leave, she grabbed my arm and twisted it up behind my back.

"Stop it! Let me go!"

She just laughed because she could handle me so easily. She shoved me onto her bed beside a small pile of clothes and said, "Now, get you stuff off and put these on."

"No way! I'm not wearing those!" I screamed as I looked at the thin, cotton flower print dress and white lace-trimmed nylon panties. I reddened with embarrassment, threw them off the bed and tried to run off, but she shoved me back down and pulled the belt out of her jeans. Looking back on it, with all those clothes already sorted out and ready, I realized she had this planned all along.

"Now, you tell me when you change your mind, little girl," she said as she started beating me with that hard leather belt. She hit me across the front of my thighs and then flipped me over and started whipping my butt. I screamed; she laughed. I had never been spanked in my life. I couldn't stand it. I sobbed and cried out, "Stop, please stop, I'll do it! I'll do it!"

She stopped strapping me but then immediately yanked off my T-shirt and pulled down my pants and underpants. I cowered to cover my nakedness, but she hit my hands with the belt and told me to stop acting like I was hiding something and help her off with my clothes. When I pulled my hands back, she stopped for a moment and stared at my penis. She touched it with her fingertips and smirked and giggled. "My brother Casey has one twice the size of yours! Your penis isn't much bigger than the little five-year-old boy I baby-sit for. Hurry up! Put your dress and panties on, little girl. They're going to suit you just fine. Now we'll see who's a sissy girl."

Sniffling and doing my best not to cry, she watched as I reached for the white nylon panties and pulled them up my skinny legs. I wasn't sure how to put on the dress so she had to help me. It must have been one of her older dresses because even though it was plenty wide around the waist, it was short, only coming half way down my thighs and barely covering the lacy panties. I hung my head in shame. She turned me around to button up the little dress in back and tie the sash around the waist into a bow. Never having worn a dress before I was very aware of its full open bottom. I felt so vulnerable. I was sure any movement or the slightest breeze would open up that dress and expose to the world the silly panties I was wearing underneath.

Barbara sensed my lack of composure. She lifted the dress in back and smacked me hard on my pantied bottom saying, "Get out to the barn. Hurry up! We've got work to do."

I hurried out of the house before her. She still held her doubled-over belt and lashed out at me to speed me along. It would have been nice to run away somewhere, but there was nowhere to go, especially dressed like that. Just in case I got any ideas like that, she had locked her bedroom door so I couldn't get back in to get my clothes.

Outside in the cool spring breeze it was unnerving to walk along with the dress flitting about my thighs. Instinctively I held my hands to my sides to prevent the skirt of the dress from flying up. I was thoroughly unabashed to find myself outside in broad daylight in a thin little dress, which served as a meager covering to an even more embarrassing pair of frilly little white nylon panties. Barbara stayed close behind me. She continued to laugh and periodically swipe my burning pantied ass with a flick of her belt and a "hurry up, little girl."

Two of the hired farm hands were in the barn and when they saw me, they thought I was a girl, but Barbara immediately informed them that I was just a naughty boy who was getting

his comeuppance. Tex and Jake laughed and asked Barbara if they could have a kiss from the new girl. Barbara insisted I go along with their wishes, and each one in turn took me into his arms and kissed me full on the lips. Jake tried to force his tongue into my mouth and Tex felt me up under my dress through both the back and front of my panties. While Tex had his hand on my penis, he pinched it and said, "Hey, Barb, I thought you said this was a little boy, but I don't feel anything boy like in her panties, just a little clitty, so she must really be a girl and you were just trying to pull a joke on us." And he was saying that while he was laughing and pinching my penis and making me cry and squirm.

Barb told them to keep me busy doing chores and she would be back later to check if I was cooperating. But as soon as she left, Tex pulled his dirty, smelly cock out and shoved it down my throat. Jake was helping hold me down until Tex slimed me. Then they traded places and Jake fucked my mouth, but when he was ready to cum, he pulled out and sprayed his jism all over my shocked face. I tried to wipe it off, but they wouldn't let me and told me it made me look prettier.

Then they put me to work doing their chores while they watched over me and kept telling me what to do and how to do it. After filling the horse pails with oats and sweeping the shit out of the horse stalls, I was dirty and thoroughly shamed. The cum on my face had crusted over and dried somewhat, but I couldn't stop crying and my tears refreshed spots of the slime and reawakened the smelly stickiness. When Barbara came back in, I couldn't look at her. She told me to follow her, and I instantly did, fearing her less than the filthy perverted farm hands. I was cooperating. Nonetheless, she continued to reign over me with that belt and made sure I kept moving. Every few moments, I felt the sting of the belt hitting the backs of my thighs, but that wasn't enough for her, so she periodically pulled up the back of the short dress and landed multiple blows of the strap on my pantied bottom. I sobbed as she pushed me back up the lane to the house. I thought I would get to go in and change, but she took me to the far side of the house and made me get on my hands and knees and weed the garden, another even dirtier job. She looked at me and said proper girls never let themselves get so dirty. She said I wasn't much of a boy, but I made a lousy girl too.

"Please let me change and put on clean clothes," I begged, but she just smacked my bottom hard with her belt and made me keep on weeding.

"That's right, girl! Don't you dare stop until I tell you," she commanded as she sat in a chair in the shade and watched me crawl through the big garden, sweating, crying, getting even dirtier, getting stung by bees and irritated by flies. I hated it. I got so hot I became dizzy, but Barbara just kept hollering at me to hurry up and stop complaining.

Finally, I felt her hand smack me on my bottom as she said, "Get you sorry ass up! Hurry!" She pulled me up by my arm

and pushed me along before her. I was dirty and bawling and nearly passing out from the heat. She kept pushing me, and I stumbled along with my head down crying as she giggled and smacked my sore pantied rear. "Stand right there, girl!"

I stood there weeping with my head down, waiting for her to tell me what to do next. Then I heard Marsha, the neighbor lady say, "What in the world?"

I realized immediately that she was reacting to how I was dressed; an immense wave of shame ran through me, and I heard Barbara answer her.

"He asked for it. I'm teaching the big city boy a lesson."

"Are you getting even with him for all his teasing?"

"Oh, yeah, that and then some! Why don't you watch while I clean him up before lunch?"

"Well, get on with it. From the way he looks, it would take all day to clean him up."

They were both laughing, and I was sobbing with shame.

"Oh, I can clean him up real quick, just watch," Barbara said. She untied the sash of my dress, unbuttoned the back and pulled the dress down over my shoulders. "Let's take your dress off, little girl." I felt sick. I couldn't take it off. That would leave me standing there before Marsha in nothing but the white nylon lace-trimmed panties. "Hurry up, girlie boy," Barbara said laughing. "Get your dress off, NOW, sissy."

I hugged the dress to me and looked up and saw Marsha grinning at me.

"No, please, Barbara, let me go inside and clean up." But when she doubled up her belt and held it up to hit me again, I began to cry harder and I sobbed, "Don't, please, don't. Please, don't hit me any more!" I quickly shoved the dress down and stepped out of it and stood before them in nothing but her silky white lace panties.

Marsha whistled like a truck driver. "Pretty panties -- for a boy! Do all city boys wear lacy panties like that?" she teased. Then she got a close-up look at my face and noticed the men's cum that had dried to a glistening slime. "What in heavens sake..." she mused. She didn't say anything, but I'm sure she knew what she was looking at. "Yeah, boy, we do need to clean you up. Girls don't go around with slime on their faces!"

Barbara picked up the nearby garden hose, turned it on and aimed it at me. When I tried to run, she smacked me on my pantied butt with the belt and told me to stand still. She took the hose and turned it on me full force. "Keep turning around for me, little girl, so I can get you from all sides. Use your hands to help wash off the dirt. Rub you hands good on your

nice little panties, too. How did you ever get your pretty panties so dirty?" They both laughed hard at that comment. She told Marsha to grab the bar of soap off the sink just inside the back door and give it to me. Once I was handed the soap, they directed me to completely wash myself. They even made me take down the panties and wash my asshole and penis. Barbara helped by pulling back the foreskin of my dick and made me rub the soap all over it. I jumped when she took the hose and shot water at my dick from close range. All those things just entertained them even more and gave them more reasons to laugh at me. In the background, I saw Jake and Tex, the two farmhands as they were laughing too at my fate. As she continued to spray me, I turned and washed the soap off my body. Barbara finally turned off the water and then made me stand before them in nothing but my wet transparent panties. "Now stand here in the hot sun and let your panties dry while we get lunch ready. Don't move from this spot or I'll beat the shit out of you with my belt."

Sensing that I might run away, Barbara got a length of clothesline and tied my hands behind my back and tied the other end of the rope to the cement birdbath. The scorching sun dried the water off my body quickly, and the thin panties dried too but they were still quite transparent, and that's how I was standing -- in humiliating, see-through, white lacy panties in the middle of the front lawn of their house as I heard a car approaching down the long driveway.

My mother, aunt, uncle and their big boy, Bobby, had come back from the farm auction early. When they got out of the car and saw me, they had no regard for my feelings. They all knew how I had teased Barbara for years, and they congratulated her on giving me my comeuppance. Bobby began acting like a real jerk, asking if he could take me out on a date. My eyes went wild at the thought, but everyone else thought that was funny.

My aunt and mother finally took me inside and put me in some dry clothes, more of my cousin's icky girls' clothes, a blouse and skirt, even ankle socks and dress shoes; they took pictures of me and made me stay dressed that way for the rest of the day. Mom decided to stay over that night, and in keeping up my punishment, I was given a faggot pink and purple nylon nightie with ribbon bows all over it to wear to bed. Uncle Charlie even kissed me good night full on the lips and made me lift up the nightgown and show him the pink satin panties my aunt had given me to wear that night. I was afraid he was going to make me suck his cock like the farmhands had done, but he was just teasing. I had to sleep in the same room with Bobby, and after the lights were out, he crawled into my bed and fucked me in my ass. I had never even heard of such a thing, and he had to punch me several times to keep me from screaming out in pain! In the morning when Uncle Charlie woke me up and saw all the dried cum that had leaked out of my ass into the panties, he had me follow him into his room where he made me suck his cock. ♦



Forced to Be a Faggot: Just Because I'm a Sissy Do I have to Suck Cock?

I was at home in the living room watching TV. My mother and big brother Bob had gone to visit my Aunt Vicki. My father had been doing something in the master bedroom, but as soon as it was just the two of us alone, he came into the living room looking for me. He was just wearing pajama bottoms and carrying his belt. He started hitting me with his belt and telling me to get to my bedroom. He followed me down the stairs and to my bedroom door, all the while he kept hitting me and telling me he was sick and angry knowing his eleven-year-old son was a sissy.

Two days before my mom had caught me trying on some of her clothes. I had never done anything like that before; I was just curious and put on her purple panties, a beige bra, a white slip and a party kind of white dress. I just wanted to see what I would look like as a girl. It wasn't sexually exciting and it wasn't even much fun; the clothes were big on me, and when I looked in the mirror, I admitted to myself I didn't look anything like a girl, just a stupid boy in his mom's clothes. I was about to take everything off when my mom walked in. She didn't get mad or anything; instead, she just asked what I was doing.

I was honest with her and simply told her I wondered what I would look like as a girl. She said that's OK and explained kids are often curious about such things. She then straitened out the dress, pulled it together in the back a bit and belted it to make it fit me better. She put lipstick on me and some eye makeup, and then she went to her closet and brought out her wig. After she put it on me, I did look pretty good. We both had a good laugh. I told her I wanted to change back to my own clothes because I knew Bob would be home soon and I was too embarrassed to let him see me like that. Mom said I could stay dressed if I wanted. She thought my brother would find it funny. She said I could even stay like that until dad got home; she thought he would get a big kick out of seeing me like that too, but I feared even the thought of it, so she let me change.

Then at dinner, mom came right out and told Bob and dad I had dressed up in her clothes that afternoon to see what I would look like as a girl. Bob laughed so hard I thought he'd fall off his chair. At that moment I was glad he hadn't seen me in a dress. Dad screwed up his face, shrugged his shoulders and said real boys don't do such things, just sissies and faggots.

Now two days later, dad was beating on me and calling me sissy and fag names. When I opened the door to my room, he shoved me in and followed me in. He slammed the door shut. I looked and saw Lucky, our German shepherd, sitting in the center of the room with a strap wrapped around his mouth and tape wrapped around his claws on each foot. My father told me to get undressed, and as I did, I saw the stack of my mother's clothes on my bed. He told me to get dressed in them. I put on the matching pink bra, satin panties and lacy full slip. He helped me on with a deep purple dress, and then he told me to get on my knees in front of Lucky. Dad reached under Lucky and played with our dog's cock making it poke out of its sheath. He then held Lucky and told me to bend down and put the dog's dick in my mouth. Just the thought disgusted me, and I started to balk, but my father grabbed me by my neck and shoved me face first into Lucky's crotch. He demanded I suck on the dog's dick or he would give me a beating like I had never had before. I was repulsed by the thought of putting a dog's smelly cock in my mouth but I was much more afraid of my father. My fear of my dad I had all my life. He always thought I was not as much of a boy as my older brother and often called me a sissy. He had done many things to me in the past, like severe spankings and being deprived of privileges just for doing something he thought wasn't very manly, so I knew he wasn't joking about giving me a horrible beating.

So, I screwed up my courage, crawled under Lucky and put his cock in my mouth. It was slimy and slightly salty but I forced myself to tolerate it. Lucky started flailing his legs, so now I understood why dad had taped up his claws. If he hadn't, the dog would have scratched me to death. Through his gag, Lucky groaned and purred; he sure seemed to like what I was doing. My father stroked the base of Lucky's cock and made sure I took it all in; then the dog kept banging up against my face like crazy. He came in sudden spurts that surprised the hell out of me. I knew about cumming but I had never thought about dogs and animals doing it too. Yuck! I broke loose and threw myself backwards trying desperately trying to cough and spit the dog's slime out of my mouth. Dad was laughing. I guess he thought it was funny. Then he told me to sit on the bed while he took the strap off Lucky's mouth, led him out of my bedroom and shut the door again. Dad said I had done a good job just like a proper little crossdressing faggot, and if I continued to do as he told me, I would not be punished as much. He told me that as long as I obeyed him without question he would treat me nice, but if I didn't do as he said, my life would be hell.

He put on my radio and told me to dance like a girl to the music; I did as best as I could. He seemed to enjoy it while watching me as he rubbed his big cock through his pajamas, laughed, and called me names. He made me spin so the dress would fly up and show off the slip and panties. Then he had me take off the dress and slip and just pose before him in the pink bra and panties. He had me walk over to him sitting on the bed. He played with the cups of the bra and stroked my

ass through the silken panties. As he continued to fondle me, he told me if I knew what was good for me, I was never to say anything about what we were going to do together to anyone. His playing with the silken panties on my tight ass sent chills up and down my spine and tickled me in a new way. My little dick was getting hard in the front of the panties and when it sprang up into a full erection, dad laughed and grabbed hold of it and started jerking on it. It made me swoon, dizzy with pleasure; Dad called me a sissy faggot and said that my getting an erection in my mom's panties proved I was gay.

Next, he stood up and told me to pull his pajama bottoms down. I slowly reached up and pulled them down. His cock sprang out at me. He told me to push his bottoms to his ankles, and when I did, he stepped out of them. He told me to touch his cock. I did as told. His cock was short (Maybe only 5" long) but fat (at least 4" around) and it was uncut. He told me to push the foreskin back and lick the head with my tongue. I slowly peeled his foreskin back and moved closer. He forced me down to my knees as he called me a cock sucker. He was going to give me what he knew I really wanted -- to suck his cock! Fearing his strap more than sucking on his cock, I stuck my tongue out and touched the tip of his meat. He moaned a little and said for me to take it into my mouth. I opened my lips wide and took the head of his cock in. I almost threw up because it was salty and had a strong taste. He had me keep it in my mouth a few minutes licking and gently sucking on him. Then he grabbed my head and started violently face fucking me. His cum flooded my mouth and he wouldn't let me back off until I had swallowed most of it, but as he pulled out a lot of his cum came out of my mouth as I coughed and spit it out. Then he tossed me aside, slipped his bottoms back on and told me I had to learn how to swallow it all, but overall I had done well and as a reward I could stay up and watch TV until my mother got home. He told me I could stay in my mom's clothes but if I still had them on when mom and Bob came home, I would have to tell them that I wanted to do it and had dressed myself. Dad asked if I liked wearing mom's silk panties. I told him I thought they were OK. He laughed and said I couldn't fool him. He knew I loved them because I had gotten so rock hard while wearing them. He said I should ask mom to buy me fancy girls' panties for me to wear everyday including under my boys' clothes because he said, "All sissies and faggots should wear girlie panties."

That following Monday mom had to work the night shift at the hospital, and after she left for work, my father sent my brother and me to bed. Soon after, he came into my room naked. He brought a pink bra and pink panties with him and had me put them on and then kneel in front of him and take his cock in my mouth again. It tasted bad, but I was getting used to it. Once the head was in my mouth he took my hand and wrapped it around the shaft. He told me to stroke the shaft and run my tongue around the head. He was enjoying it. I could taste his pre cum dribbling out. He wrapped his hand around mine and guided me. He said I could jerk on my own

dick through the panties. I did because he told me to. Surprisingly, my dick quickly got hard in the silky nylon. That's when I started thanking that maybe I was a cocksucking faggot because I was sure any other boy wouldn't enjoy playing with his dick in girly panties. I was blindly jacking on myself as well as on him and then he started ramming his hard cock into head. He blew several big wads and I swallowed. After a few minutes he stopped breathing hard, slipped his softening cock out of my mouth and said I was a good boy and that I should go to bed.

As he left, he told me I could keep on the bra and panties. He had bought them for me. Through all this horror, I hadn't noticed, but just then I realized they were in my size and not too big on me like my mom's clothes. Dad said if mom or Bob found out about the bra and panties, he would pretend he didn't know anything about them and say I must have bought them myself or stolen them from a neighbor. Once again, he encouraged me to ask mom if she would buy me bras and panties of my own. I think dad really wanted me wearing them under my boys' clothes as well as whenever he wanted a blowjob from me. I didn't want to wear them, and I had no intention of asking mom to buy me bras and panties, but I didn't tell dad that, fearing me might get angry with me. Since I had been giving him blowjobs he had been treating me very nice, no more beatings and giving me more privileges like staying up late and more TV time.

The next night he took me aside and told me to go to bed wearing my bra and panties every night from then on. When he came in at bedtime he had me take his cock into my mouth again. He played with my dick in the panties a lot. I think he really liked doing that. Then he came in my mouth. I was not able to handle it, gagged and a lot of it went dribbling out of my lips. Dad got mad, and said I always had to swallow it all so none of it would get on our clothes or the bedding. His cum dribbled down my chin but he was happy because he laughed and said I looked cute in my bra and panties with sperm on my faggot face. He said I would learn to swallow it all soon enough. At first I hated the taste of his cum but eventually grew to not mind it. He would come in my room every night my mother worked and I would suck his cock. After a couple weeks I was able to take his cock completely into my mouth and swallow his cum without losing a drop. I started to look forward to his visits because he was nicer to me than ever before and because he bought me little treats. I soon realized that as long as I pleased him he was good to me.

Over the next couple of years I became very good at giving my father head. I think he enjoyed getting head from me more than sex with mom or anyone else. He would visit me every chance he got, sometimes even when mom was home. Eventually, I did breakdown and ask mom to buy me bras and panties because dad pretty much forced me into it. Mom was OK with it and took me shopping the next day, saying I could pretend to be the daughter she never had. ♦

Young Femdom: Pantied for Being Caught Peeking

My most astounding experience happened one Sunday when I was fourteen and walking through the thick brush and trees of the wooded area behind my house. I heard the sound of girls' voices, and my heart immediately pounded as I crept towards the clearing where I saw three girls lying on the grass and talking up a storm. They were wearing their church best, sweet summer skirts and dresses. A gentle breeze was making their skirts dance. I immediately switched mode and went into a peeping expedition. To remain undiscovered, I stayed deep in the tall grass and circled around to get into position with their feet towards me so I could see up their skirts as I was hoping to get a good view of their panties. I was in luck.

All three girls appeared to be just a year or two older than I was, and as they talked, I learned their names. On the left was a brunette called Pat. She was wearing a light blue pleated skirt and a white sweater through which her little teenage tits bulged. On the right, a blonde in a full-skirted summer dress of pink cotton. Her name was Jill. And in the middle was Connie, a beautiful dark haired girl who was obviously a tart, because she was wearing a short white pleated skirt, a silky blue blouse, and black stockings. This was in the days when girls just started wearing pantyhose under the new miniskirts, yet Connie was wearing gartered nylon stockings, and with her short skirt, even when she stood up I was sure the clasps of her garters and a bit of her naked thighs above her stocking tops could easily be seen.

Thoroughly enthralled, I settled down to watch. Like an answer to my prayers the gentle breeze suddenly became a gusty wind, and their skirts began fluttering wildly in the breeze. 'Please blow their skirts up,' I thought. 'Let me see their sexy panties.' I tried to will those skirts to lift. Suddenly, a strong gust hit them and their skirts billowed up and out, revealing their secrets underneath. My penis leaped up in my trousers. What a sight. Pat's skirt ballooned out. I looked for the shadow of panties under tights, but to my delight she was not wearing any stockings. I could see her creamy thighs all the way up to her white nylon I panties. The dark triangle at the front of her semitransparent panties thrilled me. Under Jill's dress was a surprise. She was wearing light blue nylon panties, very loose-fitting and almost bloomer like. And under Connie's skirt, I could see the tart's creamy thighs above her stocking tops, traversed by black garter straps that pulled tight her stockings and disappeared under the tight elastic legs of her silky pink panties. The girls made modest efforts to push their skirts down, but since they thought no one was there to see, their feeble efforts were completely unsuccessful.

I listened to their conversation. "If a boy came along now, what would you like to do to him?" said Jill. "I think I'd like

to make love," said Pat, and to my delight she lifted her skirt, opened her legs and began to feel herself through her panties. "I know what I'd like to do," said the tart. "What's that?" asked Jill. "I'd like to take charge of him, dress him in my clothes and humiliate him." "What a kinky idea," said Pat.

My mind was in turmoil. What if I were Connie's victim? What would it feel like to have a girl pulling her panties up my legs and forcing me to wear them? I had always wanted to put girls' panties on, but my conscience had stopped me. But if I were forced to wear panties, my conscience would be clear. I made up my mind. I would be their willing victim.

After nearly twenty minutes, the girls began to get up and gather their things. Trembling like a leaf, I crept away and began to walk along the path back to my house to have a nice jack off session recalling what I had seen when suddenly, Pat was in front of me. She had a cigarette up to her lips and asked, "Could you give me a light, please?" I told her I didn't have any matches or a lighter. Then just as suddenly, a hand from behind me was over my mouth. Other hands grabbed my arms and legs. "Get him to the clearing, girls." I was dragged struggling to the clearing, and forced to the ground, face down. "Give me one of your stockings, Connie." My hands were quickly tied behind my back. "Turn him over." My captors looked at their victim, their eyes gleaming with excitement at the thought of what they were going to do to me. "Help," I shouted. "We'll have to gag him," said Pat. "What can we use?" "I know," said Jill, "let's gag him with my panties. I have a spare pair in my purse." "Great," said the tart, "but take off the panties you are wearing, stuff them in his mouth; then you can put on your spare panties." The three of them laughed wildly at that suggestion. Instantly, Jill reached under her skirt, and pulled down her blue nylon bloomer panties. She kneeled down by my face and held the panties up for me to see. "Please don't," I pleaded. She began to rub the silky panties over my face. Only moments before I thought being their victim would be exciting but with my face being washed with a smelly pair of



dirty bloomer panties, I was truly scared, unsure what these three strong girls were going to do to me next. "Please don't," I pleaded, but she began rubbing her silky panties all the more vigorously over my face, making sure to shove the nasties bits of them up to my nose and into my mouth.

She deliberately held the damp crotch firmly over my nose. "No, no, please don't," I said, but my words were smothered as she commanded, "Smell my panties, little boy. Smell my panties well because you will always remember them and remember me making you smell them." Then she forced open my lips and began to stuff her panties in my mouth. Soon my mouth was filled with slippery nylon and elastic. The smell of her pussy filled my nostrils. A second nylon stocking donated by Connie was tied round my head, securing the panties in place.

I was helpless, and they knew it. "Get his pants off," Connie said. I struggled, but to no avail. The girls pulled off my shoes and socks, trousers, and underpants. "Let's see," said the tart, and pulled up my shirt so that my privates were completely exposed. I blushed as the three girls looked at me and began to make comments. "Not very big, is it," said Jill,

Jill and Pat lifted my legs up high and held them securely as they opened my legs wide so they could closely examine by boy parts. In

horror, I stared up at the girls, their eyes flicking with delight as they examined my penis and balls and thoroughly enjoyed my total humiliation. Then the tart stood between my legs, holding her pink panties in her hands, the deep red of her painted nails contrasting with the pastel shade of the panties. The girls giggled excitedly as Connie slipped the panties over my feet. Slowly she eased the silky panties up my legs. The nylon slithered over my thighs. Holding the back of the waist elastic she eased the panties up over my buttocks. Then she pulled up the front until the waistband was bunched under my tight little balls. This was her moment of triumph. She then pulled the waist elastic out from under my balls, held it away from my body and poised to envelop my boy dick in her

panties. "Soon you'll be wearing my panties," she mocked, "nice silky girls' panties. Girls' panties, girls' panties," she chanted, moving the waistband up and down over my dickie.

Jill and Pat took up the chant. "Girls' panties. Girls' panties. Lacy girls' panties." Suddenly, Connie, the emasculating tart, let go of the waist elastic held way out from my body. With a stinging smack, it snapped round my waist. The pink nylon now fully caressed my cock. I was wearing her panties. "Now for some games," said the tart. "Get him up on his feet."

To Pat, she said, "Take off your skirt." Pat took off her blue pleated skirt, and gave it to my tormentor. "Hey, sissy boy, we have to make you modest. We must cover your little pink panties." She held open the skirt. Grateful for the chance to cover myself, I stepped into the skirt which she fastened around my skinny waist. Then she had Pat take off her semitransparent white panties, and Connie quickly pulled them over my head and tightened them up about my face by tucking the panties under the stocking tied around my head to secure the panties in my mouth. Her panties were wet in the crotch and clung to my nose. I couldn't breathe.

Immediately, the tart whipped my skirt up, and shouted "Girls panties, girls' panties." I had no chance to hide the panties barely covering my penis and balls. Jill and Pat squealed with delight. "Get his skirt up and keep it up. Let's see his panties." Now three pairs of hands were plucking at my skirt. My skirt was lifted right up. "Girls' panties, girls' panties, girls' panties," shouted the girls. I struggled to wiggle out of their grip, so they would drop my skirt and hide my humiliation from their view, but they were too strong for me and I felt them push my skirt up repeatedly. I wanted desperately to keep my skirt down because despite the embarrassment, my penis was reacting to the silky panties being rubbed against it, and it started to thicken. I was having a hard enough time trying to breathe with my nose pressed against the stinky panty crotch and it took the fight out of me.

"Danny wears girls' panties, girls' panties. Danny wears girls' panties," shouted the girls. 'How did they know my name,' I wondered! I was standing there being held by the three teenage girls, wearing their skirt and panties with another pair of panties in my mouth and a third pair over my head. I thought they were strangers; I didn't think I had ever seen them before, but now my humiliation was compounded: They knew my name!

It was useless to fight them as they continued their attack on me with my pink panties fully exposed. "We can see your lacy panties, Danny, we can see your lacy panties," they sang, pulling my skirt up and down to the rhythm of their song.

Then the chant changed. "Skirts up, panties down. Skirts up, panties down." Two of them held my skirt up while the other tried to pull my panties down. I wiggled in terror to break away from them, but they pulled my skirt right up. I felt

Connie's pink satin panties starting to be pulled down my thighs. "Pull his panties down, pull his panties down," they chanted. They pulled on my penis and called me a girl. Then they changed their tune and started singing, "Pull his girly panties up, pull his girly panties up." And I felt the panties being eased up my thighs and over my bottom once again, as my penis settled into the nylon panties, it had noticeably thickened. As my skirt fell back into place, Connie noticed, she said, "Leave him to me." With one hand under my skirt she held in her palm both my balls and my erecting penis. She was laughing at my shame. "Poor Little boy," she mocked, "I think you like showing off your pretty pink panties to the girls?" "Would you like to see his pretty panties again, girls?" "Yes," shouted the girls, "show us his panties, show us his pretty panties." The tart reached down to the hem of my skirt, and pulled it right up. "What can you see Jill?" "Well," said Jill, "they look like girls panties, but there's a bulge at the front." "Yes," said Pat, "there's definitely a bulge at the front of her panties." "Little girls shouldn't have bulges in their panties," said the tart. "I think both of you girls better feel it." Slowly and deliberately, they took turns feeling me through the silky nylon of the panties. Despite my utter humiliation, I began to respond with a full erection. "It feels like a little prick," she said. "Girls shouldn't have one of those in their panties, even little ones. Do you think it might be a boy in these panties?" "Boys don't wear pink nylon panties," said Jill, "but now that you mention it, he does look like a boy wearing girls' panties." "Well," said Connie the tart, turning to me, "what's a big boy like you doing wearing pink nylon panties?" "And, Connie, they look like your panties," said Pat. "So they are," said the tart, "he's wearing my panties." She grabbed my cock through the silky material, and began to toss me off. "Do you like wearing my panties? Do they feel nice on your little dickie? Nice soft clingy panties. Lovely silky panties. Cum in my panties. Wet my panties like a sissy pantywaist." I surrendered. I thrust my pantied pelvis forward, yielding to her fondling fingers, moaning through my panty gag. "Girls' panties, girls' panties," shouted the girls. Jill suddenly stepped forward, undid the stocking from around my head and took the panties out of my mouth. As cum shot out of me, I heard myself chanting with the girls. "Girls' panties, girls' panties," and I was cumming in my girlie panties!

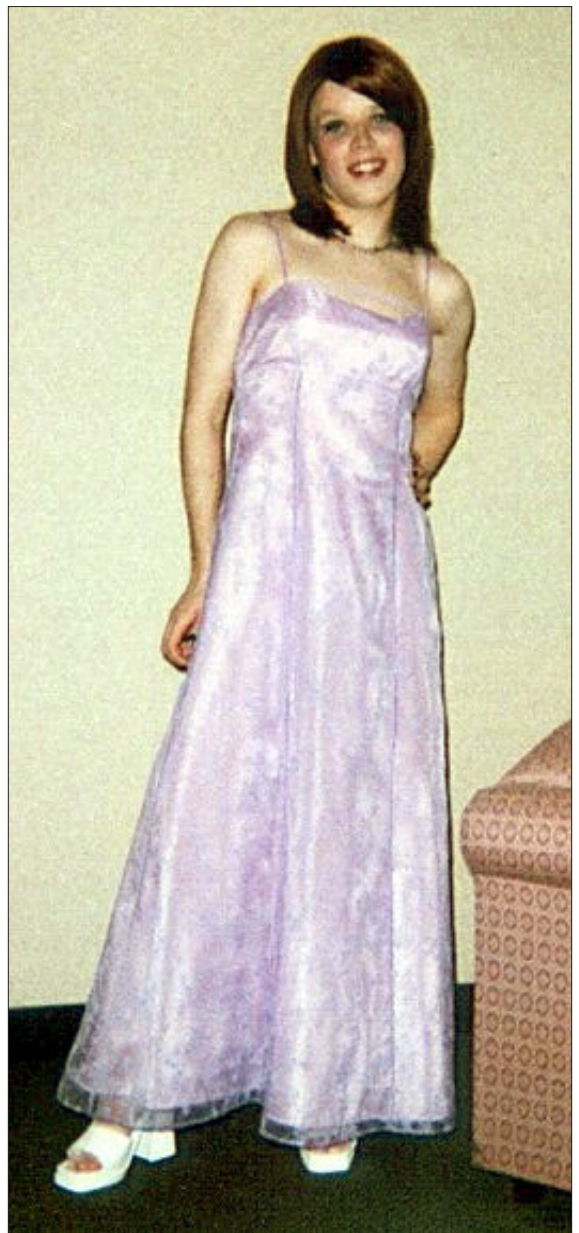
After a few moments, they took the skirt off me but had me keep on the panties as they let me put on my own clothes over them. They gave me all three pairs of panties as a souvenir with a warning never to peek up girls' skirts again. But then Connie added, "If the weather is nice next Sunday, we will be back here again. Now, don't let us catch you trying to peek at our panties again, or we will do even worse things to you!"

The following Sunday, it was nice weather, and of course, I returned, and indeed they did do even more embarrassing and humiliating things to me! But I also found out how they had known who I was. They went to my same church where I was an altar boy and had seen me many times before. ♦



Petticoat Punishment:

From a foreign movie about a household in the early 1900s with a governess handling the children, two girls and a boy. The boy is the youngest and shown here undergoing petticoat punishment.







The Demale Society: In His Daddy's Sissy Footsteps

Scientific evidence shows that incestuous sex as well as sadomasochism are very much part of everyone's behavior. Supposedly incest is a no-no because medical science tells us inbreeding can produce sub par offspring. But what is the proof? Incest is rampant in the animal kingdom. Dogs are inbred to foster a line of purebreds. It's rarely reported but so called 'normal' relationships produce just as many idiots and anatomical freaks as well as geniuses as incestuous relationships. But with incest, we have been led to believe ALL sexual contact between parents and their children and siblings with each other is disastrous. This is simply another male attack against the dangers of female ascendancy. Any two people can engage in a wide range of sexual activity that can have either no OR major consequences. There IS a major difference between a woman masturbating her son in a pair of panties and fucking him. Still, why do old-fashioned religious and cultural ideas still persist in our enlighten age?

Why does love have to be practiced in a straitjacket? How do you think a boy's emotions are channeled when he can't fully

love his sister or mother, or when a parent can't fully love her child? If human beings examined the full range of emotional, physical and emotional love, and all the different kinds of love, maybe there wouldn't be much hate in the world.

Instead we limit ourselves and say there is a different kind of love for one's parents than one's wife, a different kind of love for one's children and one's sex partners. Sorry, but love is love; it is one emotion, but our society forces us to express it differently depending upon our relationship with any particular individual, rather than being able to fully express it to whomever we so choose. Are we smart enough to take the risk of loving in taboo ways?

Rebecca didn't suddenly start to live her brave new world in 1958; she developed her ways of loving and controlling males systematically year by year using an intelligent look at what love can accomplish. This story is about her approach to love and the results she achieved. She was part of the earliest women's liberation movement of the 1960s, an involvement that led her to join the Demale Society. She was a natural for the Society with their emphasis on panty training because early in her relationship with her husband, panties, she discovered, turned him on. Whenever they made out or started to have sex and he touched her panties either with his hands or his penis, he was spurting his cum soon after. It didn't take her long to notice the connection between her panties and his ejaculation, so she took off her panties, teased him with them and then hid them until she wanted him to cum. Being married to a premature ejaculator didn't upset her. She didn't go unfulfilled. Whenever her husband did beg to touch her panties and then shoot off before she was ready, she simply made him eat her pussy to repeated climaxes, and she quickly discovered she preferred oral sex to struggling to have an orgasm with his skinny little dick that usually shot off at the mere touch of her panties and never made it inside her.

So she took charge of their sex life by developing his fetish for her panties to an even higher level because she knew it was one way that she could completely captivate and control him so he would never go against her or be unfaithful to her because no other woman would be able to compete with the way she could sexually satisfy him.

Especially unusual in the male-dominated world of the late 1950s, Rebecca was brazenly bold; she decided on a method and had the determination to follow through. She risked her relationship with her husband but felt it was the only way she would feel fulfilled. She needed to be in charge and had the confidence she could do it. And once so decided, she brought home a dozen pairs of fancy nylon ladies' panties and told her husband to start wearing panties. When he protested she made it clear she wanted no resistance from him. She pretended she was trying to help him overcome his fetish for panties as a way of making him a better husband and a better man. Of course her goal was just the opposite -- to capitalize on his fetish and intensify it, making him into a pantywaist sissy

totally under her control. She explained to her befuddled husband that if he wore the panties 24/7, he would get so used to them that he'd become desensitized to panties and learn to control himself so he wouldn't spurt the instant he would touch them. Well, it didn't work that way, just as she was sure it wouldn't.

From the moment he put on that first pair of his new panties – she had made him pick out that first pair from the dozen pairs of panties she had displayed on their bed. Then she had him put them on himself. She said it was important for him to panty himself. Then she had him stroke himself to climax. They always had sex in their dimly lit bedroom, but now he was standing there with the



lights full up, blushing and nearly in tears as he wanked himself and danced to a quick orgasm. She handed him a damp wash cloth, had him clean himself off and then immediately put on another pair of the panties. Then she wanked him off into those panties to a second orgasm only moments after his first. Then another clean up and into another pair of panties. He actually went for over two hours before a fresh hard on begged for release. She made him jack off in his panties for her entertainment and then had him put on another pair of panties. Throughout his introduction to wearing panties, she talked with him and uncovered some of his secrets, he admitted being turned on to panties from when he was just a boy while watching his mother and older sister who were always running around the house in just panties. He loved looking at and feeling their panties when he would sneak into their bedrooms and fingers their panties amongst their lingerie. Surprisingly, he never did try them on. Subconsciously he probably did want to try wearing them and see how they would feel, but being brought up in a strict religious environment had taught him that females were females and males were males and boys didn't wear girls' clothes. Despite their religious beliefs, his mother and sister didn't think there was anything wrong with running around in just bras and panties – that is until he was twelve years old and he started staring at them a lot more and a noticeable bulge would appear in his trousers. Then, suddenly, the panty shows stopped, and he had to content himself with fingering their panties in the laundry and their dresser drawers when they weren't around.

So Rebecca's training technique, as she likes to call it, was simple: Find what turns a guy on, go with it and see what you can accomplish with it! It's a smart approach. Conversely, if she would deny what excited him, she would be denying him and she would lose a part of him if not lose him entirely.

So when Rebecca wanted to become pregnant, she knew her husband couldn't cum without panties because by then she had him thoroughly hooked on panties,



so to become impregnated, she made Mark cum into a pair of her panties and then she stuffed those panties up into her pussy and leave them there for hours. It worked and after doing that for three months, she became pregnant and they were blessed with a boy whom she named Angel, despite her husband's objections. And she knew the boy was destined to be a sissy after having been conceived on a pair of panties soaked with his father's wimpy slime.

Rebecca took her time with her son, she did frequently parade before him in her lingerie and encourage him to take an interest in female things, but she did it subtly and didn't force it upon him. She did not expose his father's panty fetish to the boy or let him know his daddy wore panties prettier than mommy! She

wanted him to have a traditional male upbringing but tilted just a little toward an interest in females and female things. She waited until puberty began to hit before aggressively taking on his masculinity. Then when she noticed Angel getting visibly excited looking up her skirt and watching her undress (as he did), she knew it was time to use that interest to make him love her even more and go a long way toward getting him to be whatever she wanted him to be. By captivating him with her frequent panty shows, she had instantly unlocked the door that would get him to do his homework every night, get him to enthusiastically do all his chores, and get him love her and lick her pussy like she was the queen of the world – because she was the supreme queen of his world!

She started out by mildly reprimanding him every time she caught him peeking at her, but she didn't stop putting on her panty shows, in fact, she increased his chances to see her in her delicate lingerie. She also started leaving her dirty lingerie all about the house -- on door knobs, over the edge of the bathtub, and on a small indoor clothesline she used to dry her lingerie after hand washing them -- like the Demale Society recommends. Of course, Mark, her husband, objected, he knew what she was doing to their boy, but a threat to take away all his panties quickly shut him up.

Finally, she caught Angel trying on a pair of panties one day. Of course, she scolded him and told him he had to be punished: his punishment was to wear the pink panties he had tried on for the next 24 hours and that included wearing them under his clothes to school the next day. Then she intensified her panty attack, and days later, she caught him again trying on a pair of her panties. This time she jacked him off into the panties, called him a sissy and got him to admit the kids at school already called him that. Still wearing her panties, she then paraded him before his shocked father, and made him ask his father to take him shopping for his own panties to wear because he was a perverted little boy who really wanted to be a girl just so he could wear pretty, lacy nylon panties every day like a little princess and masturbate into them like a queer boy.

Mark had no choice but to take him panty shopping, and when they went to Rebecca's favorite store to buy Angel panties, the lady clerk knew Mark and asked him if he was there to buy himself more panties! It shocked Angel to find out his daddy was a panty boy too. Of course, Rebecca pretended to be shocked at the news and admonished both father and son for being perverted pantywaist sissies, and that sent Angel into deep feelings of insecurity and a feeling that it was hopeless to fight his desire to wear panties because as Rebecca constantly reminded him "Like father, like son. And once a panty wearing a pervert, a boy could only be a sissy and never really be a real boy again." Soon Rebecca had him wearing dresses and complete girlie outfits and brainwashing him into loving them to make him into the perfectly sweet and lovely boy-girl he is today. ♦



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