

# Princess Extra!

**FEATURING:**

The Pantywaist Weakly  
The Demale Society  
and much more!

**Shame Clothing  
Special Issue**



**#7**

**January  
2009**

*Adults Only*

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

Since 1981

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



Photo from  
*The Pantywaist Weekly*

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HEALTH



**On the Internet, Japanese amine drawings often feature shamed boys in bras and dresses, budding teen-girl tits and pantied pricks, just Google it!**



LIFESTYLE



*A boy punished by being made to wear shameful girls' clothing, usually ends up with a lifelong need to be humiliated and repeatedly dressed in embarrassing fancy and frilly girls' dresses and elegant lingerie.*

**Jeffrey Goodens was sent to a girls' school to learn about girls and cure him of his bullying ways, but to the embarrassment of school officials, Jeffrey attained the highest test scores ever at the school!**

HEADLINES

## **Boy forced to wear sister's First Communion dress finally happy**

*After years of loneliness, he finds a woman happy to dress him up and make a lesbian cuckold of him*

Laddie Falls, NC: In 1962, at age 7, Jack's masculinity was destroyed when he was punished for fighting with his older sister and forced to wear her fancy white First Communion dress.



Almost instantly, Jack Sola knew in his heart that he was no longer a boy, but a sissy. Most troubling to him were the lacy white satin panties he had been forced to wear because they excited his penis to a painful hardness that wouldn't go away no matter how much he massaged it. He became hooked and couldn't stay away from panties. Following that his sex life was limited to jerking off in panties until he was caught stealing a lesbian's panties, and she took pity on him, loved dressing him and using him for ass and pussy clean up after her lesbian fuckfests.

Survey: Your most traumatic shame clothing experience?  
Being shown off to boys - 5% Being photographed - 10%  
Being shown off to girlfriends - 16% Being laughed at - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

**Survey says: A macho boy often feels he is secretly a sissy and fears giving into hidden girlish desires**

**Petticoat punishing a boy can cause him to grow up overcompensating, trying to be a macho man**  
**The most powerful punishment is not torture, spanking or a beating, but being shamed and laughed at in public**  
**For boys, shame and humiliation more effective than for girls who have no machismo to defend**  
**We would be living in a much better world if Bush and Cheney's moms would have put them in shame clothing**



# Cuckold Husband: *Shamefully Humiliated in Front of His Own Son*

Six months ago, I had Paulie, my sissified husband, quit his shipping clerk job and go to work for an insurance company that lets him work at home, so now he has to dress en femme all day, every day. I've had my wimp on a diet and exercise program for the last seven months, and now he's so skinny, my clothes don't fit him anymore. So I took him shopping for his own femmy wardrobe -- that was a blast! Now with his new wig and slim figure, I have my sissy cuckold husband looking pretty good, don't I? He's only been on hormones for the past two months, so very little progress to report: His nipples are beginning to enlarge and they are very sensitive. Of course, I take advantage of that and tweak his nipples until he's crying and begging me to stop. But the funniest thing, the more I torment his nipples, the harder his little dick becomes as it makes a funny looking protrusion in his nylon panties.

I make him keep his cock hard whenever he's in my presence, and since I'm an evil, naughty little cock tease, it's usually no problem for him to keep it up as I love to walk around in just my lingerie, and now that he's been trained to appreciate fine bras and panties and all fancy lingerie, he rarely has to touch

himself to stay hard in my presence. He just has to look at me and his pantied dick is bobbing like one of those floating things fishermen put on their lines. I do have one rule that must be obeyed: Paulie is not allowed to cum without my permission -- which I rarely give! If he does, I make tea for him to drink from his cum-filled panties, and then I cut up the panties and mix them in with his food and he has to eat every scrap of them! I've found panties are a great way to add fiber to his diet to clean out his bowels; who needs Metamucil?

If he's been especially good, I allow him to cum, but of course I collect his cum and add it to his dinner. I have two lovers with big cocks who will drop whatever they are doing and fuck my brains out anytime I call. I then squeeze their cum along with my juices out of my pussy and save it to put into my strap-on dildo for when I make my husband suck off my plastic cock, and at the right moment, I squeeze the syringe and shoot my lover's cum down his throat. He has to swallow it or get a beating. He knew I was training him to be a faggot cocksucker, but he had no idea when I was going to make him actually suck a real cock; well, I made it his present this past Christmas!

I do phone sex and usually take calls while my sissified hubby is within earshot doing the cleaning or washing dishes. I love to talk to submissive jerk-off sissies while I have Paulie between my legs sucking on my strap-on and he can hear me as I tell the wimp on the phone that my sex-starved husband is at that moment sucking off my dildo. Sometimes I give one of my regular callers a freebie if they shoot off in their panties and then send them to me. I make Paulie suck on those slimy panties the next time that caller is on the line.



The big occasion came last weekend when his son came over last week for Christmas. Calvin is in his second year of high school and knows how I treat his father, but it was the first time he saw his daddy in full drag. Cal is pissed off at his dad because he inherited his small dick, so when I suggested he make his father suck his cock, Cal was all for it! He had always wanted to know what it felt like, but was too afraid to let a girl do it because he was afraid she'd laugh at his little dick, so by having his daddy suck him off, Cal found out how wonderful it feels to get a blowjob while same time humiliating his father. What a Christmas! ♦

## Spanking: Shamed in Front of My Girlfriend

My foster parents subjected me to petticoat punishment as part of my discipline, and they spanked me even when guests were present. I was required to wear shame clothing for various periods as well as both for and after spankings even when I was as old as sixteen. That was when Leslie, a girl I liked, was visiting with her parents. Both our parents were on a committee overseeing our upcoming Junior Prom. I was so nervous with Leslie there that I accidentally knocked over my glass of soda pop on our new living room carpet. Mother scolded me like a little child. I was so embarrassed and upset that I couldn't hide my resentment, and mumbled, "Fuck you!"

I don't know if anyone else heard me, but my parents did. Mother declared that I needed a spanking. Father agreed. She summoned me; I stood my ground. "Not now!" I pleaded, "Not here in front of everyone." Mother responded, "Here and now." I said, "I'll go to my room." But she said, "NO! You will come here immediately. You know I don't tolerate such insolent backtalk. Come here, this instant!" I stamped my foot in rage, insisting, "I won't be treated like a naughty little kid at my age!" Leslie commented, "What a childish tantrum." I glared at her, and she just condescendingly smiled back at me. Father commanded, "Get over your mother's lap and let her spank you." I knew the alternative was a spanking by my father, so I walked to Mother, staring down while trying to bargain with her in a choking voice. "All right, I'll stand still like a good boy as you spank me on my trousers.

"Now that you're older, I had intended to allow you to keep your trousers up when you're spanked in front of company; but your childish tantrum proves you need an over-the-lap and trousers-down paddling." I howled in protest as she seized my wrist and pulled to put me over her lap. I resisted because beneath my trousers I was wearing a ruffled pair of pink rhumba panties in the aftermath of having received a petticoat punishment spanking the evening before. With my bravado vanishing, I was now crying. "No, please, Mother, please, I don't want my trousers pulled down like a bad little boy in front of everybody! I'm sorry I was naughty!" My father jumped to his feet and took my arm. I struggled but he easily controlled me, taking me to his chair, sitting down and then unbuckling my belt and dropping my trousers before forcing me across his knees.

At the start of this confrontation, the noise in the room had completely ceased, but now there were gasps as my pink little girls' panties came into view. I squealed and struggled as my dad went on spanking me until my bottom was well beaten. When he finished, he made me pull up my panties and stand in the corner like a naughty little child. Behind me I could see



Mother standing with her paddle and hear Leslie and her parents making muffled comments interspersed with laughter. I was so distraught -- the spanking hadn't been too severe but having my punishment panties exposed in front of my girlfriend so upset me that I yelled out, "Everybody shut up!"

Mother pulled me along up to my bedroom and made me dress in a complete set of my girls' punishment clothes. She then marched me back downstairs and forced me to stand before our guests and sincerely apologize for being naughty and disrespectful. Then I had to get over mother's lap. I cringed and started crying as I felt my pale yellow minidress being pulled up and my pink rhumba panties being pulled down. Mother had her sorority paddle and spanked my bare bottom thoroughly. Finally I had to stand in the corner again with my panties now pulled down, much to the amusement of Leslie and her parents who commented they never had seen such an effective way of handling of a naughty boy. I felt I was too old to have my panties exposed and pulled down in front of guests. Leslie is now my wife (see the next page), she shares my parents' view that I still act like a child and she too continues my spankings while I wear my pink panties. It's so humiliating to have my panties exposed and to be spanked. I think I should be allowed to keep my trousers up and panties hidden when visitors are present. #02410-N Mrs. Martin. ♦



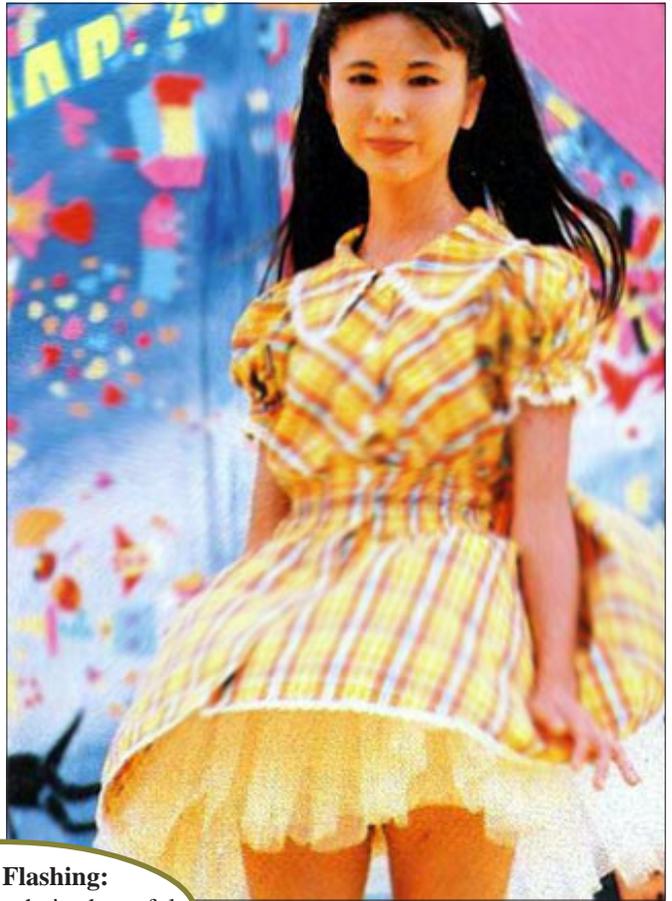
**Spanking:  
Shamed in  
Pink Panties  
By My Wife**





Ladies in Bondage in Shameful Old-fashioned Lingerie





**Shameful Flashing:**  
Japanese girls caught in shameful  
lingerie with their skirts up!

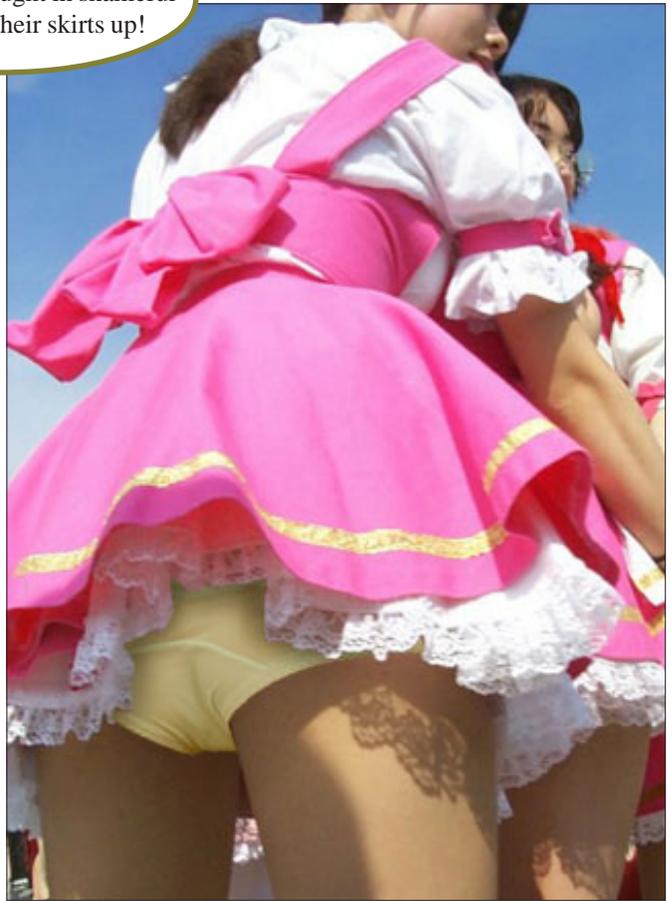




Photo from  
*The Pantywaist Weekly*

## Petticoat Punishment: Humiliated into Sissyhood

My sister made me sit and watch TV in her old skirt, a top and panties. She supervised me as I picked up the house, swept the floors, and began dusting the furniture with Pledge. I was on my knees doing the coffee table legs when my mom came home and my sister brought her into the living room. I looked up, red faced and humiliated, with tears in my eyes. My bratty sister said, "See, he's been doing the housework and he hasn't fussed once since I put my skirt on him. He didn't even fight about putting on a pair of my panties too. I think putting him in a skirt has taken some of the spunk out of him." Tears in my eyes began to flow and I sobbed, "She made me. She said if I fussed she would tell my friends I wear her panties." My mother looked at me funny. I had never seen that look, quizzical with a smirk. "Well she's not going to tell anyone your little secret." Then she turned to my sister and said, "Understand me?" Sis nodded and then my mother said the words that sealed my fate as a sissy. "You're not to let his little friends to see him like this. I don't want him exposed to and ridiculed by his friends and the neighbors." And then she looked back at me and said, "Go on, finish dusting and do a good job of it, or I might let your sister take pictures of you like this." I mumbled, "She already did, Mom; she made me curtsy and act like a girl, and she said she'd show them to Chuckie." Mom looked at sis, "No, you won't. The fact that your brother is a sissy is to be kept as a family secret unless on his own he chooses to let his friends know he likes to wear girls' clothes."

"I'm not a sissy and I don't want to wear her clothes – she made me!" I shouted as I turned away and felt my face turn a deeper shade of red. "Get back to doing the dusting and housecleaning; I haven't had much time to do that with my new hours at the mall, so just do it," Mom ordered. I continued with my dusting as new tears of shame rolled down my cheeks.

I finished dusting just as Mother called sis and me to supper. I put away the Pledge and dust rag, hurried to the kitchen and asked Mom if I could now change back into my clothes as I started for my room. But sis said, "Mom, supper is ready; he doesn't have time to change." Mom nodded in agreement and said, "Just wash your hands, and then come right back and eat. You can stay in your skirt until bedtime." I reddened and looked to my mom. "It's not 'my skirt! It's hers!" Mom just said, "It's late, keep them on. It won't hurt you to wear a skirt and panties until bedtime. And you can keep them. Your sister has outgrown them and with your slimmer hips, they fit you nicely. Keep them for the next time you want to wear a skirt and panties."

'Want to wear them!' I screamed inside my head! I didn't want to wear them in the first place or ever again! But instead of protesting I just went running to the bathroom with tears in my

eyes. After returning to the kitchen, sis made sure I properly spread wide my skirt and smooth it out over my butt before sitting down like she had taught me. At bedtime my sister volunteered to put me to bed and she made me wear her old pink Strawberry Shortcake nylon nightie and then put two white ribbon bows in my short hair. I cried myself to sleep.

The next morning sis woke me up and made me come to the breakfast table in my little girls' pink and white babydoll nightie and panties. Mom smiled excitedly when she saw me and said I looked 'so-o-o-o cute.' She made me lift up the nightie so she could see the matching pink panties. I then sat there eating my oatmeal with ribbon bows still in my hair and dangling down beside my red cheeks. After breakfast I stood in the living room before my mother, and as my sister watched I told her I had learned my lesson and would not be a whiner and complainer and would not take offense at jokes and not be nasty and hateful. She held up a wide metal ruler and said, "See this, Bobby?" I said, "Yes, mommy." She said, "This is what you'll get across your little bottom whenever you act up. Understand me?" And I trembled and said, "Yes, mommy." She added, "Let's make sure. Turn sideways and bend at the waist, Bobby." My face reddened and I said, "What for, mommy? Please, mommy, I'll be good!" She took hold of me, turned me sideways and said, "You'll learn not to argue, now bend over!" I felt the tears running down my face. As soon as I bent forward, the metal ruler smacked across both of my pantied ass cheeks and I screamed out, "OOOWWWW!" I grabbed my panty-covered bottom and danced in place while my sister laughed. Mother said, "Stand still, Bobby and bend over again. Right now!" I begged, "Please, mommy!" as she took hold of me and turned me over again. I continued to beg. "Please, I'll be good, please!" Mommy said to sis, "Hold him!" And she forced my head down, yanking down on my hair as mommy's ruler repeatedly found my pink and white pantied little ass cheeks. I loudly screamed out, "OOWWWW!"

The spansks came again and again and again and when my sister let me go, I danced before them rubbing my blistering pantied bottom. Mother asked, "Do you need some more, Bobby?" I sobbed, "No, mommy, please no. I'll be good. I'll be good!" Mother added, "You had better show me right now. Get that nightie and panties off, hurry!" I quickly stripped naked and then my sister handed me another pair of panties, pink ruffled panties and said, "Put them on, little girl." I quickly stepped into the panties and pulled them up high around my slender waist. Then my sister held up a short Strawberry Shortcake sun dress like the doll she had made me play with the day before and said, "Ask me nice to let you wear this dress. Hurry up, sissy." I sobbed and quickly asked her to let me wear the dress. "Beg to wear it sissy!" she demanded. I sobbed and put my hands together and pleaded, "Please, sis, please let me wear the pretty dress." By now I had learned how I was expected to answer such a question. Mom shook her head. She howled with laughter and put the dress over my head. After the wide short skirt fell down into



place high on my thighs, she handed me a pair of pink ankle socks with white lace around the tops and white strap-on Mary Janes and said, "All right, sissy put on your little girlie socks and shoes." I sat down on the floor before her and finished my humiliation by putting on the pink socks and white Mary Janes. My sister giggled and pointed at me because while putting them on, there was no way I could prevent the crotch of my pink panties from being fully exposed for them to see. Mom said I needed more lessons in how to sit and act properly while putting on my shoes and socks. Sis handed me the Strawberry Shortcake doll from yesterday and dumped a pile of doll clothes on my lap, saying, "Play nicely with your dolly, sissy. Show me how good of a little girl you can be." So I began to do just that.

Tears of shame rolled down my face. My little pantied bottom still stung from the ruler. I was trying to be as much like a little girl as I could because I didn't want to be spanked, teased or humiliated anymore than I had already been punished. I was ten and unable to see how thoroughly I was being emasculated and broken. All I could think of was the ruler and how I didn't want it used on my pantied bottom again. I dressed the doll and held it up to my sister and said, "Doesn't she look cute?" Sis giggled and said, "Almost as cute as you, Bobby; show her to mommy." I turned and held



down and my mother said Chuckie's mother had called her and he told her I had been mean to him and wouldn't play properly. Mom asked me what happened. I told her he had been teasing me about my Halloween costume and I became angry. She told me I had to learn to behave and that yelling at people and being rude and mean to them would not be tolerated. She then pulled me to her and began undressing me. She had me down to my underpants when my sister came into the room with the pink taffeta dress I had worn on Halloween. Mother yanked me back as I tried to squirm away. She gave me a sharp smack on my bottom and pulled down my underpants and handed me the lacy pink panties that went with the costume. Standing there naked in front of my grinning sister and with tears seeping out of my eyes, I grabbed the panties and hurriedly pulled them up my legs. Sis then dropped the dress over me; Mom tied it in back and then had me sit next to her as sis

the doll up for my mother to see and she sat the ruler down and said, "Yes, that's nice, sweetie, now you play nicely with your dolly until lunch, OK?" I said, "Yes, mommy." My sister continued her nonstop giggling and I felt so ashamed.

The next week and I was playing with Chuckie in my room when he asked me, "Hey, did you really dress up like a girl for Halloween?" I blushed and shrugged my shoulders and said, "Yeah, it was a dumb costume. I didn't pick out a costume in time for Halloween so my mom made me wear some of sis's old clothes." He giggled and said, "My mother said you were wearing a party dress and even had lacy panties on underneath." I swallowed hard and reddened more and said, "Com'n it's your turn." Chuckie giggled again and said, "Aw, what's the matter? Don't you want to talk about wearing panties like a sissy? My mom said sometimes boys dress up like a girl on Halloween, but they don't wear panties. She said only a sissy would wear girls' lacy panties." I turned beet red and got up and said loudly, "I'm no sissy, Chuckie. Now shut up!" "Gosh, I was just teasing you," he said and he got up and brushed by me and left. A little while later the phone rang and soon after my mother called me to come downstairs. I went

put the lacy ankle socks and shiny Mary Janes on my feet. Then the terrible blow came. Mother told me Chuckie was coming back over and I was going to apologize to him and play with him nicely. "NO! PLEASE!" I begged as tears of shame ran full force down my face. My giggling sister said, "Aw, don't cry, little girl. I'm sure Chuckie will be delighted to be able to play with a nice pretty sissy girl like you."

Moments later, Chuckie was at the door with his mother. They came in and I was standing there crying dressed like a five-year-old little girl going to a birthday party and he was giggling. My sister snapped her fingers and told me, "Curtsey, little girl, like I taught you and apologize to Chuckie for being mean to him." I was mortified and frozen and then my mother smacked my little pantied bottom up under the short ruffled dress and petticoat and I squealed and Chuckie giggled and I put my left foot forward and bent my knees as I held out the skirt of the taffeta dress and I said, "I'm sorry for being rude." I was greeted with laughter. My mother told me to take Chuckie to my room and play nicely with him. I hurried off with little Chuckie following. I stood there crying in my room as Chuckie giggled and said, "You better play nicely from

now on or I'll tell everybody you wear dresses and panties." I sobbed and he laughed and told me to get a game and that's what I did. We played Monopoly for about two hours and he wiped me out because I couldn't concentrate. Then Mom called us downstairs. "Chuckie has to go, Bobby, have you learned your lesson?" "Yes," I answered with my head down. Mom asked Chuckie if I had played nicely and he said 'yes' and then asked her, "Can you make him do it again? It was fun. He played very nicely and didn't fuss or try to boss me around. He's much nicer when he's wearing lacy panties and a dress." Everyone laughed but me. Mom said, "Well, we'll see but you can't tell anyone about how Bobby likes to dress up. We wouldn't want everyone to know, OK?" Chuckie said 'sure' and then my sister giggled and said, "Bobby, kiss Chuckie goodbye like a good little girl." Mom gestured for me to do it. My face reddened as my sister giggled and then Mom said, "Yes, hurry up, Bobby. Chuckie has to go; give him a little kiss on his cheek." My sister added, "And do a curtsy for him." I wanted my humiliation to end quickly, so I hurriedly curtsied in tears and then kissed Chuckie's cheek before running off to my room. Mother came up later and undressed me and told me she hoped I had learned my lesson. I stood before her in the ruffled little girls panties with my hair in ribbons and said, "Yes, mommy. Oh please, don't make me wear girls' clothes anymore. Please, I'll be good. I promise." I felt so ashamed and humiliated and I sobbed and she took me into her arms, hugged me, patted my lacy pantied rear end and said, "You have to learn to behave properly, Bobby. I won't have a willful little boy living in this house, so you better learn to behave when you are dressed as a boy just as well as you behave when you're dressed as a girl or you'll be wearing sissy girls' clothes again." She gave my still silk pantied bottom a playful swat and told me to hang up MY dress and MY PETTICOAT. Then as she left the room, she said, "You can get dressed in your boys' clothes, but as a reminder of this lesson, leave YOUR pretty panties on — I'm serious." Then she was gone and I stood there in my panties and satin hair ribbons and cried.

Over the next days and weeks, my sister teased me less and less, and I was able to ignore the terrible dress and petticoat hanging in my closet and the frilly panties in my underwear drawer. And when I did notice them, they reminded me of my humiliation and punishment, and I used them as a motivating force not to screw up and be punished like that again. I did my best to avoid getting into trouble, and I avoided Chuckie and my former gang. More than ever before, I helped around the house and was courteous and pleasant and did my very best to be perfect. I desperately wanted to never again be subjected to petticoat and panty punishments.

The day after Thanksgiving there was no school and it was raining. Chuckie called my mom and asked her if I could come over to his house and play. She told him 'yes' and then came and told me. I went down the street to his house. I had seen Chuckie since the dress incident but we hadn't been to each others' house since then and he hadn't teased me about it

much anymore. At his house, his mother let me in and told me I could go upstairs to his room. After I took my coat off and went up to his room, I saw Johnny was there. We said 'hi' to each other. He and Chuckie were grinning goofily and I asked why they were acting so silly. Chuckie told me to close the door and he'd show me. After I closed the door, he pulled his bedspread back and I saw a little girls' red dress with short puffy sleeves and white lace trim and a pair of white ruffled little girls' panties, and next to them was a pair of little girls' lace-topped ankle socks and shiny black patent leather Mary Janes. My face reddened and Chuckie said, "Johnny brought them from a trunk in his attic. His sister used to wear this outfit to church on Sundays, but she outgrew it." He giggled and Johnny added, "Yeah, you're going to look real cute in it." I protested, "I ain't wearing that!" Chuckie grinned and said, "All right, then, go home, but Monday I'm going to tell Katie and Melissa how funny it was when your mother made you play games with me that day while you were wearing a dress and frilly panties." Both boys giggled and I went deeply red. Johnny said, "Yeah, Chuckie said you made a pretty little girl, and I wanna see," and they both laughed again. Chuckie said, "Com'n, it will only be for a few minutes, Johnnie wants to see what you look like. Do it or go home and you'll find out what the girls think of you wearing dresses and panties." As they continued to giggle, I felt sick and I said, "Aw, please, Chuckie, I don't want to," but he held up the frilly ruffled nylon panties and said, "Com'n, be a good little girl, now, Bobby. Hurry up and we won't tell anyone, last chance." I felt sick as I began unbuttoning my shirt and started softly crying. They giggled as they watched me strip naked and then dress in the little girls' outfit. Chuckie laughed and said, "Good girl," as he buttoned up the back of the wide-skirted little girls' dress and then added, "Hurry up, now, Bobby Ann, put on your lacy socks and pretty shoes." They were laughing loudly as I sat on the bed and did just that. I was numb and just sat there dressed in the little girls' outfit and stared at the floor. "You need to put bows in your hair, Bobby; you look cuter that way," Chuckie said laughing. Johnny said, "Oh, I think he looks cute anyway," and they both giggled like girls. Chuckie told me to get up and walk over to the mirror so I could see how cute I looked. I was too humiliated to argue. I did as he said. I just wanted it to end. They laughed and made me twirl around and the short, wide skirt of the dress flared out and showed off my ruffled little girls' panties and they howled when they saw them. Then there was a knock at the door and it opened. Chuckie's mom stepped in saying, "What are you boys doing?" And then she looked at me red faced and wearing the little girls' outfit and I thought I'd die. "Hi, Mom!" Chuckie said, "We're just having some fun. Johnny brought over some of his sisters' old clothes so he could see what Bobby looked like on Halloween." I stared down at the floor and then his mom said, "Oh, really?" and she reached out and pulled up the hem of the short little red dress and said, "I see. Nice panties, Bobby." She let the dress fall back down. I thought I'd die of shame and then she said, "I'll be right back." The boys continued giggling and I stood there shaking, staring at the floor. She came right back, just like she said and



she put some things on the bed and pulled me to her saying, "All right, now, some hair bows, lipstick and perfume should complete your outfit, sweetie," as she began combing my brown hair. I felt a new wave of shame run through my body. The boys were jabbing at each other, laughing and halfway falling down as they watched Chuckie's mom fix my short hair in ribbon bows and then finish my humiliation with a spray of perfume on my neck before turning me to the boys and giving me a smack up under the short little dress on my pantied bottom. With that parting blow, she said, "All right, now, Bobby, you be a good little girl and play nicely with the boys -- and no kissing; I don't want my Chuckie to become a sissy too!" They were all laughing with ear-piercing screeches -- sounds that would live in my mind forever, and I felt so ashamed. She left me there pantied and perfumed to play with my friends who had turned into my enemies. They had a ball. They had a doll they made me play with and Chuckie put on some records and made me dance to them while they watched and laughed. Under threat of them telling everyone at school and by our house, I had to prance around and twirl and wiggle my pantied rear. They sent me to find Chuckie's mom and ask her if I could bring the boys a snack. She smiled and took me to the kitchen, fixed two Cokes and a bowl of chips with some cheese dip and put it on a tray for me to carry back to them. While they ate and giggled, they made me dance to records as they yelled out things like, "Shake it up, baby!" and "Show us your fancy panties, Bobby." I was dancing to the Labomba when I noticed them looking behind me. I turned and saw my sister standing there grinning like a crazy person. I stopped dancing and she said sharply, "Don't stop, Bobby, finish your little dance and then we can go. Hurry up, sissy, finish it." I felt tears begin to roll down my cheeks as I began dancing again. My sister said, "Good, girl, shake your bottom some more." They all laughed and when the record ended I just stared down at the floor and sobbed. My sister turned me around, undid the dress and pulled it and the slip over my head, saying, "Those are beautiful panties, Bobby -- beautiful panties for a girl or a sissy -- but not for a boy, but I don't think you're much of a boy anymore, just a stupid little sissy. Now, keep the panties on and put your pants and shirt back on, sissy." And she told the boys, "He'll bring the other things back after he washes them." Johnny giggled and said, "No need, they're just some of my sister's old things. She doesn't need them anymore. I'm sure Bobby would like to keep them." They giggled and I finished dressing. My sister then took me downstairs carrying my boys' underwear, shoes and socks." As she put my things in a bag, Chuckie's mom said, "Be sure to come back, Bobby, maybe over Christmas break. You can spend the night." I was deep in shame as my sister pulled me all the way home, hobbling along on the slippery soled, little black patent leather Mary Janes on my feet.

"My mom was furious. Chuckie's mom had called her and told her how she had come up to the room and found me dressed in girls' clothes and then had decided to finish the job and let me play with the boys dressed like a girl. "They made me do it," I sobbed before my mother and sister. "Two eight-

year-old boys made you, a ten-year-old, dress like a girl. They didn't beat you up; I don't see any bruises." I sobbed and said, "They said they'd tell all the boys I know that I wore my girls' Halloween costume and played with Chuckie. They said they'd tell the girls too, everybody!" My sister ignored my excuses and said to Mom, "He's still wearing the panties, fancy ruffled panties, the lacy socks, and shoes too. See." My mother then said, "And your hair in ribbons, and red lipstick on your lips! I hope no one saw you dressed like this and prancing down the block." I went crimson. I had forgotten about the hair ribbons. I had been so humiliated. "Get your shirt and pants off, hurry up," my mother ordered. I stripped before them and stood there in the fancy pink panties, lace-trimmed ankle socks, shiny Mary Janes and with lipstick and bows in my hair. "Get your dress and petticoat, Bobby," my mother said. I looked up at her and begged, "Please!" She pointed toward my room and sternly said, "Right now!" I ran to my room sobbing. I had to wear my dress and petticoat for the rest of that day. My sister teased me a lot but at least my mother called Chuckie and Johnny's mothers and then told me the boys would not be telling anyone. "They will too!" I whined and my mother said she was sure they wouldn't tell anyone because both their mothers had promised the boys that if they did, they too would be put in dresses and panties and paraded down the street. That made me feel better and made my sister's teasing more bearable; at least Chuckie and Johnny wouldn't be telling anyone about my humiliation. Two days later, the fancy nylon panties and lacy socks I had worn at Chuckie's showed up freshly washed and put right on top in my drawer. I wanted to say something to Mom about them, but I didn't. Every time I took out a pair of my underpants or socks I saw the two pairs of frilly little panties and lacy socks and wanted to toss them out, but I didn't. And whenever my mother would dress me and she got underwear out of my drawer, she never mentioned they were there, but I would be nervous as I sat on my bed waiting for her to help dress me. Standing there in front of my underwear drawer, I knew she was looking at them; heaven knows what she was thinking.

Christmas break came and finally Christmas day. I got some neat things and then I opened a present from my sister. It was a big doll dressed in a pink and white babydoll nightie with brown hair with pink ribbons tied in it. My face went red and my sister giggled and said, "I thought a doll was the perfect gift for a sissy." I threw it down and said, "You aren't funny." She giggled as I went on to my other presents. Later as I was taking my stuff to my room she giggled and said, "Don't forget your dolly, Bobby." I gave her a mean look and took my first stack of gifts to my room. When I returned the doll was on top of my other stack. I shoved it off. My sister giggled again and said, "Don't mistreat your dolly, Bobby." I reddened and told her, "You aren't funny. I don't want your dumb doll. Dolls are for stupid girls!" Then I heard my mothers' voice from the doorway as she said, "And little boys. Many little boys have dolls. Now pick your doll up and take her to your room." I whined, "Mom, I don't want a doll!" My mother said, "Your sister bought you that doll with her

own money. You played dollies for your little friends last month; it won't hurt you to play dollies for your big sister once in a while. Now pick up your doll and take it to your room. Right now!" I grabbed the doll along with my other stuff and hurried off to my room. I tossed the doll on my bed and then put my other presents away, all except a neat building set. I began playing with it and tried to forget about the stupid doll.

Later my sister came to my room, giggled and held out another present saying, "Here, Bobby, I saved this one for you to open now before you play with your new dolly." She was wearing just a top and a white panties with little butterfly appliques on the front. My face reddened and I took the box saying, "If it's more doll stuff I don't want it," and she giggled and said, "Oh, it isn't doll stuff, go on and open it." I hesitantly put the box on the bed, unwrapped it and opened the lid. My face reddened and my sister giggled as I saw a frilly babydoll nightie that matched the one the doll was wearing, but this was in a size that would undoubtedly fit me. Also in the box was a half-dozen pairs of nylon panties in pastel colors; on the front of each pair was an applique of flowers, little animals or other such girlish decoration that matched the panties she always wore. She said, "Now, hurry up, put your new panties in your dresser drawer and put all your old boys' underwear in this bag and we'll send them off to charity. Mom says you will be wearing but panties for underwear for a while." My butt still stung from my most recent spanking, so I was in no mood to be walloped again and put the panties in my drawer after taking out my old underwear and putting them in the bag she was holding. "Now, put on you new little nightie, then you'll look just like your dolly and I'll take you downstairs to let mommy see you and have you play dolly like a good sissy. Hurry up! Mommy is waiting to see you." Many shameful days followed as my sister would come into my room each morning, wake me and take a pair of my new panties out of my underwear drawer, hold them up for me to see and tell me, "Wear these panties, today, sissy. Now, tell me you're a lucky boy to be allowed to wear such pretty panties." I quickly adapted to the routine and did what she wanted out of fear of punishment, but I never got used to answering, "Oh, thank you, sis; I am a lucky boy to be allowed to wear such pretty panties."

Adapted from 09970-S TV Diary by Bobbi ♦

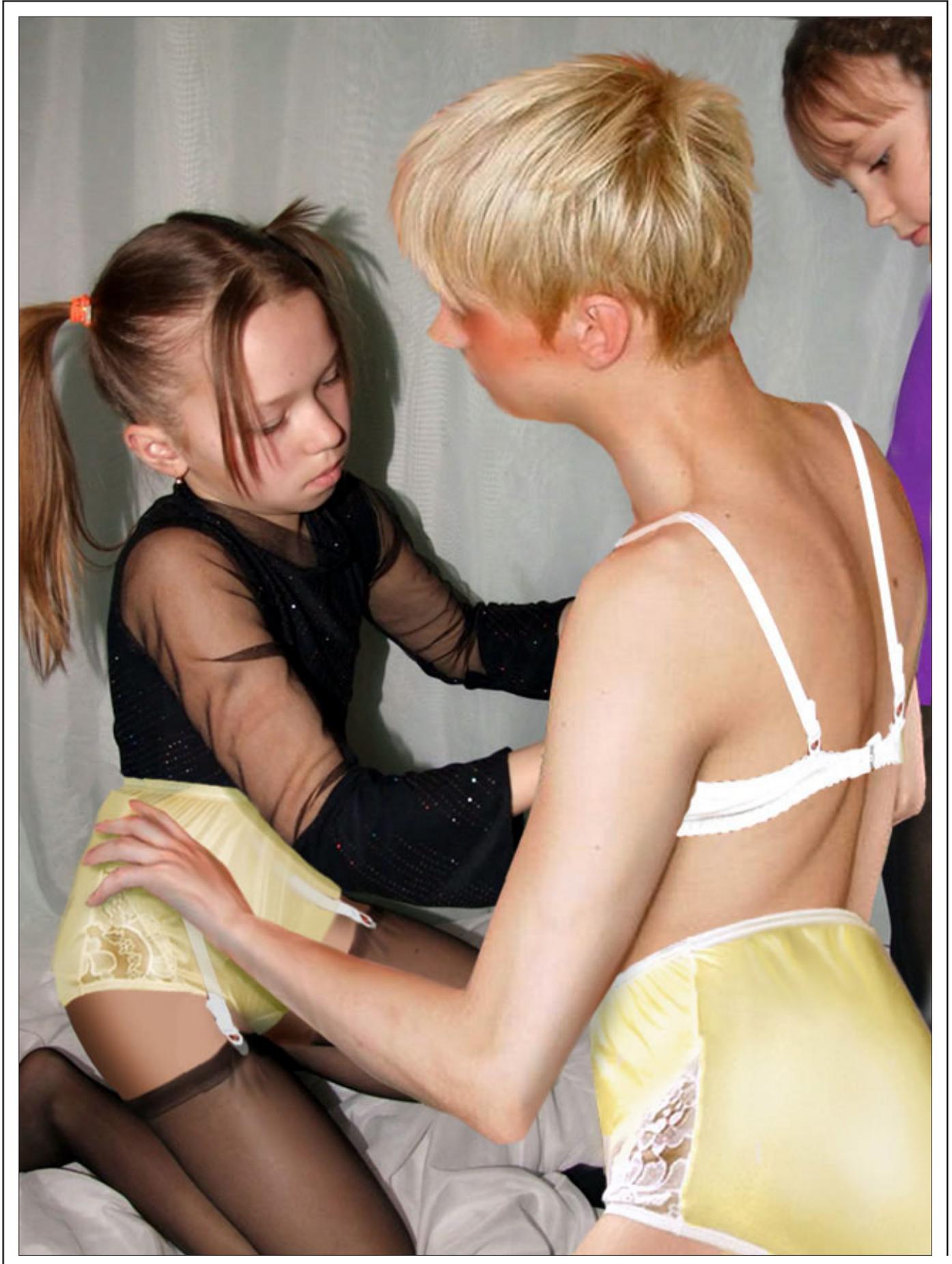
## The Demale Society: Two Intimidating Little Sisters

I grew up in the sexual Dark Ages because my dad worked all the time and my mom was a Bible-loving fundamentalist who believed children had no need to know anything about sex and the human body. And I had no outside source of information because I attended a church school and only allowed to play with kids who also went to our church. While I was away at our church's summer camp, my mom was diagnosed with cancer, and she died shortly after I returned home. It was a cancer with a good cure rate, but she refused treatment because the operation required a blood transfusion, a medical procedure her faith prohibited. At the time, my mom's death caused my dad to lose his faith in that religion, and later in life, when I understood she might have been cured, I was very angry with my mother for not opting for the lifesaving procedure. At the time, Dad had wanted her to have the operation but couldn't convince her to do it. He loved my mom dearly and was inconsolable for months afterward. Instead of going back to our church, Dad went to a different church every Sunday, looking for answers and something to believe in as well as hoping to soothe his troubled soul.

Then at a Unitarian church Dad met Molly, a pretty woman of thirty-five with two daughters, six-year-old Sandy and four-year-old Ally. Molly and Dad became very close, and I didn't mind because she was great to me and lessened how much I missed my mom. I didn't like her demanding little daughters, besides, they were much younger than I and we had little in common. My dad married Molly, and my world quickly changed. Molly was a small woman, not much bigger than I was, and at first, I thought of her like a sister more than a mother, but she had a determination about her, and I quickly learned not to cross her. I did what she said because Dad told me to obey her and to be mindful of my new stepsisters too and in general let them have their way in things so we could all get along.

I didn't know it at the time, but Molly was a member of the Demale Society and had literally driven her first husband insane with her demands that turned him into a first class wimp and made him run away. After the marriage, my dad was home more than ever and he seemed to do whatever Molly told him to do, as opposed to before when he would tell my real mom things to do and she would do them without argument. But Molly would argue with Dad when she disagreed with him. Dad was always giving into her. Subconsciously, I think I felt a lowering of my status as a boy because I felt my dad was somewhat lesser of a man. Despite all that, we did have a happy household. One thing I was upset about was that when Molly and her daughters had moved in with us, I had to give up my large bedroom to the two girls and I was given the much smaller guest bedroom to stay in.

Other things changed too. For one, the house was noisier with all of those females talking all the time, and my eyes were really opened because Molly and her daughters saw nothing wrong with going around the house in their underwear. I had rarely seen my very conservative mom's underwear. She wore plain white underpants and T-shirts made of cotton that weren't very different from mine, but Molly — WOW! She wore thin nylon slips and panties and satin bras (I don't think I had ever seen a bra before then except in advertisements and I had little idea of their purpose). Molly's daughters



wore smaller versions of their mother's sleek, lacy panties and silky undershirts to match. All their lingerie (I quickly learned that is what they call these mysterious, exciting clothes) were fancy, frilled with lace and bows and decorations and all in very feminine pastel colors. To say I was fascinated with the underclothes they wore is an understatement.

Then one day, I needed a baseball glove packed away with my sports equipment in the closet of my old room and I went in there looking for it. I marveled at how the room had been changed with lace curtains, a pink bedspread on the double bed, and girlish pictures and touches all over. The room smelled like flowers and spice. In the closet, the heady aromas were even stronger. My stuff was in a box under a rack filled with fancy dresses. It was unnerving to dig down below those dresses to locate my baseball mitt. While rummaging around in my box, the satiny fabric of a dress kept brushing against my face. I couldn't ignore it and paused to reach up and touch it. Gosh, it felt wonderful to touch. It was shiny and smooth, like their lingerie. My mind started racing and moments later I was going through my stepsisters' dresser drawers and pawing through their lingerie. Training bras, silken slips and panties were not only a treat for my eyes but even more amazing to hold and examine close-up. I took a little white satin training bra and a pair of Sandy's white nylon panties with rosebuds on them and held them up to myself in front of their mirror. As I imagined what I would look like wearing them, I heard giggles behind me and saw my two stepsisters laughing and pointing at me. "Shame on you, Kenny. What are you doing with my new bra and good panties?" Sandy said. "Yeah, what are you doing with her good bra and panties," Ally echoed.

I didn't think I had been doing anything wrong, but at that instant, I knew was. I dropped the bra and panties and ran back into my room and slammed the door shut. About ten minutes later, my stepmom, Molly, knocked on my door and walked in. I thought maybe she would be angry because I sensed I had done something wrong, but she simply sat down on my bed and invited me to sit down next to her. "My girls tell me you were in their room and about to try on some of their lingerie." I cleared my throat, "Uh, linger - what?" She put an arm around me and said, "Lingerie, Kenny - the pretty bras, panties, slips and other underthings ladies and girls wear - they are called lingerie. Is that what you were doing? About to put on their little bras and panties?" I pulled back a bit from her embracing arm. "Oh, no, uh, mu, uh, mommy." (She and my dad insisted I call her mommy, even though I was having a hard time adjusting to doing it.) "Oh, you were just curious, huh?" I nodded 'yes.' She hugged me. "And you were just holding Sandy's cute little bra and a pair of her soft nylon panties up to your hips, huh?" I lightly nodded. "So you were thinking about putting them on, huh?" I shook my head 'no' and tried to say it in words, but she cut me off. "Look here," she said, and I looked down. She was holding that white bra and those flowered panties in her hand. I pushed back like they were deadly and ready to bite me. "Little girls' bras are interesting, aren't they? And their panties are pretty

and fun to look at, aren't they, especially these panties, huh?" I shrugged my shoulders. "The panties girls are so lucky to wear are so much prettier than the funny, ugly underpants boys wear, aren't they." I peeked up at her eyes. She wanted an answer. I blushed and look down again. She put the panties in my hands and asked, "Soft and smooth, aren't they?" I meekly nodded. "So silky and pretty - panties are nice, huh?" I nodded. "Good, Kenny, good, now we're getting to the bottom of your problem. Here, hold the panties and take a good look at them, and look at the bra too. You have my permission. You had wanted to look at them, so now go ahead and do it." Did I really want to do it? Not really. Not at that moment, anyway. She seemed to be very accepting and wanted me to do what I had so desperately wanted to do just minutes before, but I still sensed a high degree of tension and felt guilty of some kind of crime. I had been caught doing something I wasn't supposed to be doing, I knew that, but I wasn't exactly sure what was wrong about it, and now the tension was increasing as she made me hold the bra and panties and examine them -- the bra straps and cups, the panty fabric, elastic and decorations. She then coaxed me into holding the panties up in front of my hips like I had been doing when her daughters had caught me in their room. As I held the panties by the waistband against my hips, she held the bra up to my chest and laughed teasingly, causing guilt feelings to consume me. I was so uncomfortable, I mumbled, "I'm sorry," hoping to end this whole scene.

"So, you're sorry for doing something you really wanted to do, huh?" I nodded, now blushing furiously. "Tell me what you did wrong." I cleared my throat, "I was in my, uh, I mean, their room, and ... uh, I ..." she finished the sentence for me, "... and you wanted to wear your sister's nice new bra and pretty lacy panties, is that it?" With a deep groan, I said, "Oh, no! I just wanted to see what ...," she interjected, "... wanted to see what it would be like wearing a girls' training bra -- and what it feels like wearing girls' panties, and what it feels like being a pretty girl, huh?" I began to cry and pushed my face into her chest. She hugged me again and said, "I understand, Kenny; some boys often think about being girls. People call them sissies; they want to be girls just so they too can wear all the pretty clothes girls get to wear."

While crying, I said I didn't want to wear them and I certainly didn't want to be a girl. She countered with, "Kenny, I think you are a very confused little boy. So if you didn't want to wear panties and be a girl, I can only think you were going to do something nasty to Sandy's clothes, put itching powder in her bra or sand or glue or something bad in her panties to hurt her." Stunned at that idea, I uttered, "Oh, no! I would never hurt her!" "But if you didn't want to wear them, you were certainly up to no good and you need to be punished; don't you, you naughty little boy." I nodded, expecting a paddling or something like that. I tried to hand the panties back to her, but she told me, "No, Kenny, since you wanted those panties so badly, Sandy wants you to keep them. She doesn't want them anymore and you can have the bra too. She doesn't want

them after you've put your dirty hands on them. So now you keep them and play with them whenever you want." I had no way to respond, so I just stood there like an idiot with the bra and the flowered nylon panties still in my hands. "Now, as part of your punishment, hold the panties up to yourself again so I can see how you would look wearing them." Realizing I needed punishment, I held them up. "Very nice" she said. "I think you would look absolutely darling in a nice pair of silky girlie panties – but you wouldn't look much like a boy – and not much like a girl either, no, you would just look like a sissy. But if that's what you are; I guess that's OK."

I did know what a sissy was, and I knew I didn't want to be one. I wanted to protest but couldn't talk, feeling so dumb standing there and holding the panties up to myself. "The only problem, I see, Kenny, is that this little bra and panties are much too small for you. It's too bad; if you try to put them on, they wouldn't fit you and you would probably tear them to shreds." I breathed a sigh of relief because I had feared she was about to make me wear them. Then she got up. "Just sit right there for a minute, Kenny; I'll be right back."

When she went out my bedroom door, I saw my two little stepsisters giggling in the hallway; they obviously had overheard everything. A couple of minutes later, Molly came back in carrying some clothes in her hands. "Here, I think these will do. Since you're a sissy and seem to want to try on a bra and some panties, I'll let you wear some of mine." I gasped, "But I'm not a sissy and ..." She interrupted, "Tsk, ts! I know it's embarrassing to be a sissy and having to admit it, but if you aren't a sissy, why else would you want to put on pretty bras and panties? Now, off with your clothes," she said as she quickly unbuttoned my shirt and yanked down my pants and underwear. I tried complaining, but she wasn't listening, only insisting I hurry up and take everything off. Once I was naked she said, "Well, since you were caught like a naughty panty thief in your little sisters' bedroom stealing their clothes and wanting to try them on, I think it's only fair they help dress you up in my nice bra and panties." Before I could utter a word of protest, Molly got up, opened my bedroom door and invited in the giggling girls who knew what they were there to do. Tiny little four-year-old Ally, dressed in black panties and tights and a purple top, held out her mommy's yellow nylon panties and told me to step into them. "OK, Kenny, you're a lucky boy; you get to wear mommy's panties." I quickly stepped into them to cover my naked penis. I feared I was ready to cry like a baby or a sissy but was desperately trying not to. Molly said to her daughter, "Sandy help him with the bra." I didn't know what I was supposed to do until Molly said, "Put your hands out in front of you so Sandy can slide the bra up our arms." Still, not sure how the bra worked, I put out my arms, and seconds later, Sandy had her mother's white bra up over my arms and around my body. Molly snapped it in back – it was snug on me like a big rubber band tightly crushing my chest. Then Sandy was adjusting the cups in front to make it look like I now had breasts. "Be still, Kenny," Sandy said. "Put your

hands on my hips to steady yourself. Go ahead, sissy; since you like panties so much, you can touch my panties and feel how silky they are while you hold yourself still so I can properly fix your bra." I noticed Sandy had on black silk stockings and bright yellow nylon panties that almost matched the panties her little sister had put on me. I was lost in a barrage of strange physical and mental gyrations, and my penis started to stretch itself out full length. I jumped when Ally grabbed my penis through my yellow nylon panties and giggled hilariously as she pulled on it like a rubber play toy. I tried to back away from her, but Molly was holding me securely so her little girls could molest me. "Look at Kenny's peepee," Ally cried. "It's not very big, is it, Mommy?" "No, it isn't, honey. It's just another sign that Kenny is a sissy and not a real boy. No wonder he wants to dress up in panties and hide his peepee. Now, I know for sure he wants to be a girl." I begged them to let go of me. I cried and insisted I didn't want to wear girls' clothes, and I shouted that I definitely did not want to be a girl. My stepmom said, "I don't think you know what you really want, but even if you don't want to wear nice panties and be a girl, you're going to wear them until I tell you otherwise. It's your punishment for stealing your little sister's clothes." With my tearful voice croaking, I groaned, "I was just looking; I didn't steal ..." "Hush, now! We know what you were doing. You should be ashamed of yourself, you little sissy. Being a sissy is one thing, but being a panty stealing sissy and not being able to own up to it is shameful!" The girls giggled. I hung my head. "How long will I have to wear these?" I moaned. "These!" my stepmom said. "What you are wearing are not 'these' – they are YOUR training bra and YOUR panties." I jerked my head around to look at her and said, "But, but I thought these were yours!" "Mine? Not anymore, little boy! I would never put them on again after you've had your filthy little boy parts in them. No, no, no, they are yours, now. Get used to wearing them. I think I'll have you wear them for a long time. Maybe forever. I'm sure you would like that." I stamped my feet, "No! I can't. I don't want my daddy to see." My stepmom smirked, "Well, I guess that's your problem. Just before your daddy comes home, I'll let you put your boys' clothes on over YOUR bra and YOUR panties, but whenever your daddy isn't here, no boys' clothes for you; do you understand?" I nodded. "I don't know if I'll tell your daddy about your interest in lingerie. It depends upon how good you are whether or not I tell him. It will be your responsibility to keep your bra and panties hidden from your daddy and anyone else." She then turned to her two daughters, "Now, girls, this is our secret. You are not to tell Kenny's daddy. And you can't tell any of your friends or anyone else, either. We don't want anyone to know we have a sissy living in our house, even though people will probably figure that out soon enough." Ally begged, "Mommy, please, can I tell Lucy? Please, mommy?" "No, you can't tell Lucy unless Kenny is a bad boy and I tell you that you can, OK?" Dejected, Ally nodded her head.

Molly and her daughters then left me alone. I could hear their cackling laughter echoing throughout the house as I sat on my

bed in the bra and panties. As the time approached when my dad would be coming home, I grew more and more nervous. Finally Molly called up to me and said I could put my pants and shirt on but reminded me to keep on the bra and panties. When my stepmom called for me to come to dinner, I called back that I didn't feel good and wasn't hungry, but then I heard my dad's voice and he demanded I come down to eat. He said I needed to have dinner, especially if I wasn't feeling well. I put on a heavy sweatshirt over my T-shirt and must have checked myself a hundred times in the mirror to make sure no sign of the bra and panties showed through my clothes before going down to the dinner table, and once seated, I kept my head down. I was nervous and red faced. Thankfully, my dad took my actions as a sign that I was sick. I had a lot of trouble looking at him, my smiling stepmom and her nasty and constantly whispering and laughing daughters. Daddy asked why the girls were giggling so much, and Molly just said the girls seemed to have a case of the giggles that day.

That was the start of it, and I had to keep on the bra and panties the next day. Something else I noticed that next day: bras, panties, lacy slippers, nylon stockings and other bits of lingerie seemed to be everywhere. They were hanging on door knobs, perched on the edge of the bathtub, freshly laundered and stacked up on a side table ready to be put away. Then suddenly it hit me: That wasn't something new! Ever since they had moved in with us, lingerie was setting out and on display somewhere in almost every room -- but I had never really noticed them before! No wonder I'd developed an interest in their lingerie; they not only freely wore their bras and panties in front of me; their teasing lacy lingerie was decorating the whole house! Eventually, I realized it had been a trap, and I had fallen for it!

The next day, when it was close to the time for my dad to come home from work, my stepmom helped me put on my shirt and trousers, but what I didn't realize is that she had tucked my shirt in back into the waistband of the yellow panties I still had on. She did let me put on my sweatshirt again. But I think she had jacked up the heat because I was quickly getting hot, and just after Dad came home, she noticed me sweating and made me take off the sweatshirt. Well, I didn't know it but an outline of the bra could be seen through my shirt. Molly had me helping serve the food, and when I turned my back to Dad, he noticed the yellow panties peeking out above my trousers in back. Instead of saying anything; he just grabbed the panty waist elastic and gave it a snap. I jumped and started crying immediately because I then knew he knew. "Gees! My son is wearing panties! So, with all these ladies around here, I guess he couldn't resist them and now he wants to be a girl too!" I tried to defend myself and through tears, I complained, "No, I don't want to be a girl and, no, I don't want to wear these things, honest, Dad! They made me put them on!"

Molly calmly replied, "So, Kenny, why don't you tell your daddy how your stepsisters caught you secretly going through

their lingerie drawers and holding panties and bras up to yourself and looking in the mirror as you were getting ready to try them on? Go ahead and tell him, and tell him the truth that you were doing it all by yourself and no one was forcing you to do it." I hung my head and cried, "I was just looking, but they made me put them on as my punishment." My dad held me by my shoulders and traced the straps of the bra going around my chest. "Well, Kenny, I had hoped you would have turned out differently, but if that's the way you are, I guess I just have to accept that I have a sissy for son." Still protesting, I said, "But they made me!" "Just settle down, son; you're not the first boy to be put into panties. I know your stepmom is telling the truth; she has no reason to lie. Now, I want you to stop lying. If you are a panty-wearing sissy, so be it, but at least don't lie about it. Admit you are a sissy and want to dress up like a girl, maybe you even want to be a girl. Just admit it, son." I started to open my mouth to complain and tell him he had it all wrong, but he put his hand up to my lips and told me he had heard enough! The next day my stepmother bought me lingerie in my size, stacks of training bras and panties in every color. I later found out my father was not a sissy but a 'remale,' as the females in the Demale Society call the submissive males they keep for sex. The females usually don't marry the remales, but Molly had married my daddy to have a submissive daddy for her young daughters, who she was training in how to handle males.

By Princess Lacey. ♦

