

# Princess Extra!

## #17

**Specials in this Issue:  
Sissies, Big Babies &  
Rhumba Panties**



**FEATURING:**

The Pantywaist Weakly  
The Demale Society  
and much more!

*Adults Only*

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

Since 1981

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

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Photo from the August 2007 lost issue of  
*The Pantywaist Weekly*

## 6th Grade

I was a quiet, artistic boy, not into sports or rough play, and that earned me the title of neighborhood sissy. During the summer between the 5th and 6th grade, I was brutally abused by two teenage boys who had taken a dislike to me. They were big macho assholes and the bullies in our area. You see, even before I entered grade school, I was attracted to my sister's lacy panties, and I begged my mother to let me wear them too. She did for a while, and when dad found out, he was furious, but after I repeatedly got caught stealing my sister's panties and wearing them, my parents gave up and got me a supply of my own panties, hoping I would get tired of wearing them some day and want to be a regular boy. Well, that day never did come, and it became common knowledge amongst our neighbors that I was a little sissy boy who wore girls' frilly nylon panties.

It was the Hanson brothers who had abused me. They told me they hated queers, and even though I had never even a queer thought in my head, they decided one day to take me into a garage, forced me to take off everything but my pale green panties. Then they put a little girls' dress on me and together they molested me. They then took me home, deposited me on our front porch, rang our doorbell and then ran off.

Actually, that summer was even worse for my father than it was for me. My dad opened the door and found me like that, and in that instant, my fate was sealed: His son was now officially dead! He had always bristled at how I wasn't into sports and only wanted to stay home, draw pictures and do art projects and laze around in my girlish lace panties. He called me a sissy at times when he was mad at me. It was woefully obvious. His disappointment in having a son who did not share his interest in sports showed. After that day, it would make no difference what I wore for I would always be a girl to those boys and always subject to their ridicule and abuse; but for my dad the worst of this was not the beating I took, but the stark realization that his son would never play baseball, basketball or any other sport. Instead I would be a lifelong embarrassment to him. He told my mom to keep me in dresses and make me their daughter since I was no longer their son. Mother was under the thumb of my dad and mom did just that. She took me shopping for girls' clothes that same day. I actually didn't mind becoming a daughter; it was so much easier than being a son, and the clothes were so pretty! I had the summer to learn how to be a girl, and in the fall I would be attending school as a girl.

That summer I was enrolled in an art class at the Art Institute by my mother and every Tuesday morning from 9 to 11, I began an introductory art appreciation class, followed by lunch, and then basic charcoal drawing from 1 to 3. I hated it; no motion, action or socialization.

Lecture and slides and booklets of the masters works; terms like "perspective, foreground, strokes linear and vertical" became part of my class vocabulary. Bowls of fruit as sacred as Edens' apple tree magically appeared each session only to disappear just as magically without one bite being mouthed, but with enough interpretation in charcoal to fill any vendors market and with enough stomach growling to make a Super Bowl crowd seem quiet! But I was treated as a young lady and my name was Jamie to all my classmates, and as I now dressed full time as a girl, I began to experience the daintiness that life offers the feminine gender but for some cruel and unknown reason, is denied the masculine, and my soul was filled with feelings indescribable to this day! Of being accepted, competed for, and above all being left alone to experience the essence of my being and the warmth and glow were unimaginable, and I radiated them so that there was never any question of me being a young lady. And as would naturally happen, I discovered boys; not Other boys, but boys; and I thought that I was not confused.

Peter Martin, a member of my class but 13 years old began to pay a great deal of attention to me and I loved it, though I do not know why. We would eat together and sit together and wait for our rides together. He would call me on the phone, and he was impressed that I knew a lot about sports -- since my dad had mad me learn about them all those years I hated them, and I was impressed that Peter knew of ballet and classical music, and as with all boy-girl relationships, there came a day when he stole a kiss, and it was on my 12th birthday that it happened and though it was wonderful and I remember it's tenderness to this day, it confused me. That night, I went on a walk with mom and I told her what had happened, and that I loved it, and she gave me the biggest hug I had ever had to this day and she squeezed my hand so hard that I can still feel the firmness and the joy that she felt for me. And as I looked at her face I could also see that she understood my confusion.

"Jamie, as your dad and I had planned our family, you were the one that was supposed to be a girl and your sister, Andrea, was supposed to be boy. And while it happened that you two were reversed in birth order, the natural traits that you both exhibit are as they should be." (Andrea had developed into quite a tomboy, great basketball player, decent at softball and baseball; hated dresses and frilly things. Puberty's gift to her and my father.)

Mother continued, "I knew this time would come, and I have had much fear over it, but I also knew that if I brought you along at your own pace, we would be able to resolve your dilemma.

"You are a girl, Jamie, and that is what you will always be, and if you remember, you made the choice yourself when you chose panties for your underwear.



"I'll tell you now that it has been a difficult time for your father and me but we have made our compromises. You are Jamie! And I will do everything I can to complete the work of making you fully into a girl. It will not be easy for there will be many challenges for you for who and what you are; but I will forever support you."

Summer dutifully came to a conclusion and school opened without event; except for me it was a new school, a Catholic school not too far from my home. And I now wore a skirt or dresses; blouses and Mary Janes. My dancing continued as well as the vocal lessons and I was at the pinnacle of my mezza soprano range. I had to walk to vocal, it wasn't that far away, and Sister Anne, who knew of my signing ability (and the fact that I was a boy), welcomed me with a big hug. I felt as though I had reached the heaven of my dreams! But unknown to me, it would be the year that my childhood would be destroyed; the year that I knew the word hate for it's most deep meaning; and the year that the word trust disappeared from my vocabulary, way of life; and I knew despair for the serpent of deceit that it is.

Our Christmas show featured my ballet class in very basic rendition of The Nutcracker, and it was the very first time I was distracted enough to blunder, and I fell. I happened to catch a glance of a very smiling Peter Martin in attendance, and grace was not my name! I was glad when the show was over, but then Marjorie chastised me in a way that only dance instructors can. And after sufficient time to gather myself together, I joined my family, and off we went for dinner at our favorite Italian restaurant. And having joined the same group that always met there after dance, I ordered, looked up, and there across the room was Peter Martin et familia, and blunder number 2 occurred as I spilled some of the minestone in my lap, fortunately upon my napkin, but I was also blushing furiously!

After dinner, just before desert, Peter came over to our table and said "hi" to me and I dutifully introduced him to the table group. (He had already met my parents and Andrea was not in attendance). I then went with him and met the members of his table and his father for the first time. It was a wonderful experience and I felt so warm and alive, so very feminine. Soon after, we left and Peter blurted out that he would call me and I smiled at him. The ride home was full of tension. My dad yelled at me for flubbing the dance. I cried and then mom let him have it for yelling at me and she reminded him of a major mistake he had made in his baseball days when he was trying to make it to the professional ranks. As usual, nothing was resolved, and I escaped to my room and slept shortly after arriving home. I was full of resolve that nothing like that would ever happen again, and at breakfast I apologized to my dad for embarrassing him, and to the rest of my family. The dishes were done and Mom asked me to go to the grocery with her and so we did. During the ride, she spoke of how important it was for me to have absolute concentration if I was ever to be accepted completely as a young lady and later

as a woman. And so I listened and decided it would never happen again. And so the New Year came and went and on June 12, school was out and the beginning of the worst summer of my life was at hand.

I had grown taller, and I was beginning to catch up with my sister, Andrea. Once again I was enrolled in art class and, of course, it was because I wanted to see Peter, but in growing taller, I had become less coordinated, so I had increased my bar exercises to two sets per day, one hour each and in short order I had regained my grace. Peter and I arranged for us to visit each other's home after class, on successive weekends, and he visited mine first. It was great fun, and we played basketball, though I was lousy as you would expect. Andrea actually hit on him, but as we took a walk around the area, Peter once again stole a kiss. Once again I enjoyed it but didn't know quite what to make of it. After dinner I walked him home after we stopped for ice cream.

The next Saturday, his mom picked us up and off to his place we went. Peters dad was at the Club playing golf and his mom and us were the only ones at home. Mrs. Martin gave Peter a grocery list and asked him to go to the store and asked me to help her. There was something odd about her deportment that was soon manifested after Peter left. She asked me to sit at the kitchen table with her and began by telling me she knew that physically, I was a boy. She told me that she understood how such things happen, and she said that she would keep it a secret BUT I had to play some games with her. With those comments, she came round the table and kissed me full on the mouth and then led me into her bedroom and she then abused me sexually. Although it was with a kind demeanor that she acted out on me, and the act was not completely unenjoyable, my confidence was shattered and I felt betrayed; I vomited.

Shortly after, Peter arrived home and his mom told him that I had gotten sick and was lying down and should go home and we would have to visit another time. So I shamefully said goodbye to him and she took me home and of course, made me promise that I wouldn't tell but also made me promise that I would come again, soon! I played along with the sick venue and went to bed upon arriving home and I didn't get out of bed until Sunday afternoon. Mom had guessed that there was something wrong but I couldn't tell her because I felt it was my fault for being deceptive about who I was, or what I was, as the who still felt right but it was being tested mightily.

The rest of the summer passed without much excitement, but I couldn't and didn't feel the same about everything. And as a Chrysalis changes into a butterfly, I felt the stirring of a major change coming over my body. Finally I sought the counsel of my priest. It was the second time in two months that I had been betrayed and sexually abused, and where a young and innocent young lady had entered the summer months, a hardened and vindictive person, whose gender was in question to themselves; betrayed, abused, sick at heart, entered the seventh grade as a boy!

# *The Misadventures of Baby Doll*

## Episode I

Baby doll was known as David at first. He was attending a strict boys school when by fate he started his journey into who he is now. One night a small group of his schoolmates decided to sneak out and go over to the girls' school nearby. David had always managed to avoid going on the panty raids as the boys called their little adventures, but tonight there he was, caught in the middle of their planning discussion. He knew he'd have to endure the awful teasing from them if he backed out now because he was very worried about the stories he'd heard about the stern nuns that ran the girls' school.

One story that kept repeating in his head was that whenever they caught a boy there on an unauthorized visit he was made to feel very sorry that he was caught. So much, that he was happy when his schoolmaster arrived to retrieve him even though he knew he'd be punished by him too. With all these thoughts racing through his head he barely heard that he was to be the first to enter the school since it was his first time. The boys crudely referred to it as his "bust his cherry time."

They arrived at the school, stopping briefly at the grounds keeper shed at the back of the school to get an old ladder that looked very weak and unsafe. David didn't think it could hold him and he was the smallest boy among them. They placed the ladder against the brick wall leading up to a second story window and urged him to get started. He shivered with fear as he set his foot in the room.

Just at that moment, he heard the loud click of a switch and light then flooded the room. The other boys, still outside on the ladder began to climb down and run away. As the last of them jumped from the ladder it fell down with a crash.

David had no choice but to continue on into the room. There he found himself opposite a huge girl in pajamas. She was very close to him and towered over him by at least a head and carried double his weight. (David was a really petite boy.) He was shocked and wanted to jump back out of the window, but the girl grabbed him with a very firm grip.

"Shhh," she said with her finger over her lips, "you stay here, little one. They will discover you, if you go out again!"

"B-b-but," he stuttered, "They will discover me here as well!" David whispered with a fearful voice.

"We'll prevent that," she said with a smile then very sternly commanded, "Undress! Quickly!"

David was hesitating, but she pulled down his pants and stripped him naked. "What a cute little body," she smiled.

"Here, take this!" David didn't believe his eyes as she showed him a short white babydoll nightie.

"What's this for?" he whispered.

"No time for discussions," she said and grabbed him again and put him into the nightie.

As he tried to slip out of it again, she slapped him hard on the face. He stood there in this sheer baby doll nightie, crying from shame, confusion and the lingering sting of her slap.

The girl took him into her big arms, hugged him tightly and said, "Calm down, sweetie! I saw you had to be forced for your own good! You really look like my roommate wearing this. She is away for a few days. They will not realize it when they do the room check tonight. So, behave like a girl. Off to bed with you!"

With that she gently swatted his bottom and he tumbled into the frilly dressed bed.

## Episode II

David obediently remained in the bed. The big girl looked down at him smiling and said, "It's nice to meet you, little girl! I am Mona." David tried to hide under the floral printed sheets. The girl sat on the edge of the bed, pulling the sheets down again.

"Let me look at you a bit more, sweetie," she cooed. "This nightgown seems to be made for you. You are so delicate, you look like a sweet little nymph."

David was blushing, he could feel the blood rushing to his pale cheeks. Mona took his head in her big warm hands saying, "I want you to know that I have watched you quite often. I have seen how you are teased and pushed around by the other boys. I realized right away that you are a sissy."

David looked at her, his questions were there on his face. She smiled again, seeing his confusion. "Don't you know what a sissy is?" David shook his head, knowing that he had heard that word before, but not really sure of its meaning. He just didn't think it was good for a boy to be called one. Especially to be called one by a girl. "Well, darling, let me explain it like this, there are men, women and sissies.

Until now, it is not truly sorted out who rules the world, men or women, but one thing is sure, the sissies are meant to be ruled. They are boys who are much too sweet and tender to match the masculine role model constantly. They have to be sheltered in a feminine world, a world where the women know

how to rule over them and protect them. When I saw you suffering from the other boys rough games, I always felt that I should protect you, and now here you are!" Mona then laid down beside him in the small bed, and began to stroke gently his frilly nylon nightie. David helplessly tried to push away her hands. "Please, think of the nuns! What about room inspections?" he whispered anxiously, deep fear altering his tone.

"Oh, you must have heard some of those horror stories about the nuns here," she giggled. "But, calm down, you little scary baby. They tend to come in much later in the night. I will be done with you in time." She played with the hem of his nightie. "Have you ever slept with a girl?"

David quickly shook his head no. "Of course not!" She laughed, "you are much too shy, but don't worry, I will be totally in charge. You just have to surrender like a good little sissy." With that she leaned over pressing her ample sweet smelling body on him a bit, and kissed him gently. David never felt anything so nice before. At that moment, the room door was pushed open and the bright light, again flooded the room.

### Episode III

The two nuns looked angry and a bit puzzled at the trembling, dainty dressed little being, which they just had dragged out of the bed. "Is that a girl or a boy, Mother Superior?" Asked the younger one of the two nuns. "Don't be stupid, look at his panties!" Yelled the older one that was obviously in charge. David's ruffled panties were forming a little tent, which was showing under the short babydoll top. Even though he stood there totally shocked, he was still excited from Mona's caressing. Mother Superior, a full-figured middle aged woman with a stern look and demeanor, raised her voice, "what kind of play is this?" Mona jumped off the bed, and exclaimed "it is not his fault, Mother Superior!" As he stepped between them to protect David. But the nun pushed her aside and grabbed the terrified boy by the ear. "You little men get more and more bizarre," she shouted. "I will show you what it costs to disturb the virtue of this school!" She pushed him out of the room. "Sister Maria, you stay with



Mona. We will have a little talk with that young lady later!"

Holding David at his lacy collar, Mother Superior lead him through the long corridor, not minding the giggling girls who looked through the slightly opened doors at both sides. At the end of the hall, she took out a key and opened a heavy door that creaked loudly as it opened. Entering the room guided by the nun's strong grip, David realized with horror, that it was a prison cell of sorts with some strange equipment. There was a wooden bench with an iron holding device, and handcuffs fastened to the wall.

After closing the door, the nun turned to the

trembling boy again. "What are you doing in our school?" She asked in a more quiet voice, but her tone was still very firm. "I'm sorry madam, I was with my friends, and it was just a little joke." Suddenly the nun gave him a hard slap to his face. "How do you dare to speak to me like this," she shouted, "you will address me as Mother Superior like everybody else! Get down on your knees!" David obeyed at once.

The nun gave him a glare riddled with contempt. "What about that ridiculous disguise?" "M-Mother Superior, Mona gave me this nightie," David whispered, nearly stuttering due to fear. Another slap caught his face, it was much harder than the first, David burst into tears and sobs. "Don't lie to me, little pervert," the nun shouted, "I know the dirty tricks of you boys. But I also know what language you understand!" She grabbed his hands, dragged him to an upright position again, pushed him to the wall. There she put his wrists into the cuffs, which were high over his head. So the trembling boy was nearly hanging there, with his head faced to the wall. He was horrified when he felt his panties dragged down to his knees. He couldn't see from his position what was going on behind him. Then he felt a stinging pain at his butt which came with a loud cracking noise. It must have been kind of a riding crop. Then came another crack, and again and again, till he was crying like a baby. He heard the voice of the nun again, "This is just the beginning. Tomorrow you will have lesson two!" He heard the large door creaking open again, then slamming shut and the key turning in the lock. Then all was quiet.

## Episode IV

David thought he'd spent an eternity hanging there, his arms fastened to the wall over his head. In spite of his painful position he was totally shocked, when he heard the key again turning in the lock. What would that cruel Mother Superior do to him this time? He heard quick steps in the darkness and a familiar voice whispered, "don't be afraid!" His hands were unfastened, and he fell into the arms of Mona. "What did She do to you, poor little one?" David could only cry. Mona gently pulled up his pink panties which were still down to his knees. David clung to his rescuer. "We have to hurry!" Mona whispered.

"I have stolen the key. The nuns will discover it's gone soon." As She released Her firm grip, David fell to the ground at once. He was too weak after hanging there for hours. "Oh I'm sorry, poor baby!" Mona picked him up into Her arms. David was amazed at how easily She carried him out of the room.

A few moments later they were outside the building. It was still dark, with the first signs of dawn peeking through. Mona had placed him over Her shoulder like a laundry bag. When She put him down, David saw that She was wearing a black outfit, like that of a motorcyclist. She wore black leather low heeled boots with black trousers tucked into them, black leather jacket with leather gloves hanging out of one of the pockets and some sort of headgear with goggles. "Where are my clothes?" he asked shyly. "Oh sweetie, we don't have the time for that!" Mona answered. David stood there freezing in his thin batiste babydoll nightie. He saw Mona pulling a big motorcycle onto its wheels and climbing it. "Come on, baby, take a seat!" David hesitated. "Hurry up now!" She commanded. David obeyed and took his place on the back seat. "That's a good sissy" Mona said smiling, "now you have to hold on to me firmly!" She started the motor. David sat very close and wrapped his arms around her from behind.

The heavy engine hurled the bike forward when Mona turned the gas. With two quick turns, they passed the front school gate and were on the road. Escape! Here and there the odd duo would pass a car on the roadway. The roads were nearly bare at this early hour, so just a few people had the chance to catch a rare impression. They probably took the big Female motorcyclist with the small pillion rider in a pink babydoll as a hallucination in the twilight.

David felt the cold wind furiously fluttering his nightie about his nearly freezing petite frame. He felt so vulnerable, but also comfortable in a way, clinging at Mona's broad leather clad back, being totally at Her mercy. Where would She take him?

Written by Queen Zardrania  
from the confessions of sissy4Zar/babydoll

## *New Little Sissy*

My wife, now my mistress, is a very successful business woman with an insurance agency that she runs out of our home. I always thought she was very conservative sexually since she would not give me blow jobs or allow me to fuck her butt, so I went looking for sex and was caught cheating on my wife while blackmailing Abby, her personal assistant, into giving me blowjobs and allowing me to fuck her in the ass.

I am new to this life, having been turned into a sissy baby and renamed 'Tracy.' I'm a submissive slave bitch my two lesbian mistresses. I have a submissive sister who is in her early 20's and she is a lesbian slave to Abby, her name is Cindy and she is a chubby girl with big boobs size JJ.

After being caught, I was sent away to be retrained by a professional dominatrix -- it was that or a divorce, and since I have never worked on my own or have any money of my own, I had little choice. I returned two weeks ago and my wife gave me the choice of being an obedient submissive baby girl for the rest of my life or being kicked out of the house.

Abby is now my nurse and treats me like a baby for her and my wife's amusement. She also acts as a nurse to Cindy and has a lot of control over us, which she loves.

Now, I am sitting here wearing a bulky, lace-trimmed, ruffled red satin dress over a tight diaper panties and red and white rhumba panties and a red bra with false 40JJ boobs that look and feel like real boobs. I also have on a red bouffant petticoat that make my dress flare out without me bending so you can see my frilly panties pushed out to a ridiculous degree by my bulky diapers.

Both Cindy and myself are dressed in bulky diapers and rhumba panties at all times and have to pee and poop in them. At the moment I am in a plaid school uniform with a cancan petticoat slip that flares out my jumper allowing people to get a peek at my ruffled bulky frilly light pink diaper panties.

My mistress has had fake boobs made for me 40JJ which I wear under my bra so Cindy and I really stick out in front when we are going to the mall to meet our nurse's girlfriends. Typically, in the food court of the mall, Nurse Abby feeds us our baby bottles of formula, milk, and juice with us squeezed into the highchairs available there. I'm a thin, little guy and fit into the chair fairly well, but with my big tits, I make a strange sight! She is going to display me to more of her friends today.

Yesterday she made me raise my short dress and petticoats in front of some of her friends, squat and poop and pee in my diaper. Nurse Abby loves to humiliate me like that, which is embarrassing. She has also passed me off as a schoolgirl in



my school uniform jumper as well as forcing me to service some shemales she knows that are in a local drag show.

Last night I had to suck cocks for hours with my nurse cooing about how I was now doing it as I used to force her to do to me. "Now, how do you like giving blowjobs, sissy baby?" She made me take two very large cocks, which I had never done before. Mistress's friends were laughing and loved it when the first cock exploded in my mouth. I nearly choked, and by the time I was finished, I had cum all over me. My nurse had forced me to take each cock really deep. She kept pushing my head up and down on their big cocks the way I used to make her go down on me. Nurse Abby loves getting her revenge and knowing she has complete control over me.

Tonight was my big night when there was a coming out party for me at another Mistress's house attended by a number of lesbian and other women friends of my Mistress's with their

sissy and girl submissive slaves. The days and nights just blend into one another, just one big humiliation after another.

Cindy and myself sleep in a big cot and are fed baby bottles from a highchair. I now have to call my cock my girl pole and my ass my pussy hole. Tonight opposite a large group of strangers I had to lift my jumper and petticoats, squat and do a big messy, runny poop and pee which filled my diaper panties making it bulge out. Some of the other girls and women giggled and laughed as I went red with embarrassment and humiliation.

But that was only the beginning. I then was made kneel in the middle of the floor and nurse brought in guys and made me suck their cocks forcing my head up and down on their cocks with me choking and gasping with tears streaming down my face while all the time Nurse Abby quietly cooed in my ear, "Tracy, my dear sissy baby boy, how do you like being a

cocksucker just like you use to force yourself on me? You do look so cute in your uniform and curly hair just like you used to force me to wear your wife's old school uniforms."

When the first guy let go his cum and blasted my mouth I gagged and ended up spitting out his cum, which earned me a long hard spanking on my naked bum by Nurse Abby with the back of my diaper and panties pulled down. My mistress's added more punishment by hitting me with a wide leather paddle and an old school cane until my bum was purple. Nurse Abby then made me go back to sucking cock, continuing to make me bob up and down really fast on the guys cocks. She whispered I'm going to make you into the type of girl you like." Then my mistress donned her thick strap-on dildo and fucked my pussy poop hole until I was in tears with cum dripping out of my mouth as well as covering my face, hair, glasses, and the front of my bib jumper and white blouse.

I have just pooped and peed and am waiting for nurse to finish changing Cindy and then change me. We will then be put into our brightly colored frilly lacy ruffled romper suits over our diapers, fed our baby bottles of formula and milk and be put down for a nap. Nurse Abby likes to stroke my girl pole which is very stiff at the moment until I am just about to come and then she stops. She also fingers Cindy's tight pussy and allows her to cum, forcing me to watch she has warned me if I bring myself off without permission I will be sucking cock every day and not just on their occasional parties.

Tracy "shy little sissy wife"

## The Demale Society: Young Baby-Sitter Practices What She is Learning About Demaling a Boy

I was thirteen when it was decided I was old enough to be an unpaid babysitter for my kid sisters whenever my parents went out. What both my parents and I didn't know at the time is that Cindy and Tina had been learning little bits about taking charge of boys from Lana, a girl who was in the tenth grade, three years ahead of me in school.

Much later I found out that Lana's mother was a group leader for a local chapter of the Demale Society and she was teaching her daughter about demaling techniques, even though they had no boys in their family. Nevertheless, Lana's mother was teaching her how to dominate boys at school and in our neighborhood, and that is why she befriended my kid sisters even though they were only in the 3rd and 5th grade and much younger than she was. They had just a passing relationship, but Lana was teaching my sisters, and a lot of the

little girls in our neighborhood, things about how to get their way with boys, and she encouraged my sisters to begin manipulating me in ways I didn't suspect.

The oldest of my two sisters, Cindy, quickly realized that with me being put in charge of them as a babysitter, it was to her advantage because when anything went wrong while I was in charge, I would be blamed. And that very first night with me as their babysitter, Cindy along with Katie went to work on me just moments after our parents left. Cindy began dictating what we would do for the evening. "Let's watch TV," she said, even though she knew we weren't allowed to watch TV until after dinner. And when I said 'no' to TV, she said, "Well, then we'll go out back and go wading in the creek. I refused that idea too. I didn't have to explain my decision because she knew mom and dad didn't allow us to even go near the creek unless one of them were with us because they maintained it was just too dangerous.

If upon coming home, mom and dad discovered that any of their rules had been broken, I was the one who got punished, because I was in charge while they were gone.

But my sisters were learning evil things and advancing beyond their years. On that first night, they went into their room only to return to the living room five minutes later wearing short skirts. They said, "Do you want to see what daddy bought us at the mall yesterday? It's a secret surprise and we'll show you if you let us watch TV." I asked what dad had gotten them, but they weren't going to let me know until I said 'OK' to the TV. All they said is that I would really love 'it.' So, I let my curiosity get the best of me and I agreed -- what was the harm in letting them watch a little television? Once I agreed, they both stood in front of me -- very close to me and pulled up their short skirts to show me their frilly panties! Cindy's panties were pale yellow with pink lace and Tina's panties were lavender with white lace! I complained that it wasn't fair, I didn't care that they had gotten new underwear, but they insisted that if I keep on looking at their panties I would become very interested in them and be very happy that they were showing them to me. I said I wouldn't, but agreed I had made a deal to let them watch TV, so I sprawled out on the couch and joined them. My sisters then took off their short skirts and just stretched out on the floor between me and the TV. What was weird is that as I watched from behind them, I couldn't help but look down at them and frequently look at their panties. I had no interest in their panties, but for some reason I kept looking, maybe because I rarely if ever saw them in just their underwear when mom and dad were home. It was weird. Their panties were new and bright and shiny; I suppose that caught my attention too. And during commercial breaks, obviously to further my interest, the girls talked about their panties -- they compared the lacy decorations and snapped the snug elastics; they even fingered the fabric of each other's panties as they discussed how silky and comfortable they were to wear.

Prior to this night, the girls had been working on me using ideas Lana had been teaching them, and if I refused to do even little things for them, they'd lie and threaten to tell mom I had been mean to them, had beaten them up, or had done some other thing sure to get me in trouble. Needless to say, I quickly came to hate those babysitting sessions. No matter what I did, I was likely to be in hot water. So in the following weeks, I let the girls have their way most of the time and just hoped nothing would go wrong and our folks would find that I was letting them do prohibited things.

At times over the years, one game I did join my sisters in was 'playing doctor' because we were all curious about each other's bodies and enjoyed investigating of each other's privates when mom or dad weren't around. However, over the past year as my hormones were kicking in, more than ever, I was always ready to play doctor with them. I would examine their flat little chests and little hairless pussies and get them to touch, lick and even suck on my cock. Sure, I knew it was wrong, but they happily went along with it. What I didn't know was that they were learning things from Lana. I didn't think much about the fact that they knew so much about sexual things; I guess I thought they knew by instinct, not that Lana was telling them how to do things and begin to position themselves to be in charge of me. So once I became their babysitter, I couldn't refuse them very much or they would threaten to tell mom the things they insisted that I had been making them do to me. Deep down, I knew those sexual things were wrong, but I was a randy and couldn't resist.

Over the course of the next few times I baby-sat my sister, we did more and more until one day when I went too far with one of my experiments and ended a hot session of cocksucking by peeing in Cindy's mouth.

To say my sisters were outraged is an understatement. They were furious and they said they were going to tell mom and dad about how I had made them do horrible things with my penis and hoped our parents would severely punish me. They really scared me to death. I didn't know that the girls had been working toward such a scenario with ideas for Lana.

Of course I apologized for doing it. I was terrified! I offered to do anything they wanted. I promised to take Cindy to the mall and buy her whatever she wanted with the money I made from my paper route. I offered to give her my allowance for the next ten years, but nothing would do. They were going to tell, and I knew I was in big trouble and when our parents came home, I hid in my room and listened while my sisters told their version of what I had done to them. They made it sound like it was all my idea and that I had forced them into doing all those things, even though -- with knowledge they had learned from Lana -- a lot of the things we had done were things they thought up! Eventually, the girls were sent to their room so mom and dad could talk.

Mom was so angry she started to yell at dad. For some reason, she insisted this was "his fault." I was surprised to hear him defend me as he pointed out he had warned that I was too young to be left in charge of the girls. Mom said I needed to be punished severely and teach me a lesson I'd never forget. Mom then went to talk to the girls and dad came to my room to talk to me. I'd heard enough to know I was better off with dad handling my punishment than with mom. In addition to a whipping and a lecture, dad grounded me for a month. Dad's whippings weren't that bad, because he never lost his temper like mom did. The tough part was the lecture. I learned how disappointed he was in me and how I had let him down. Being grounded, on the other hand, was a mercy, because it meant contact with mom would be limited until she'd had a chance to cool off.

It was after dad left for his next trip that we had our first occasion to have a sitter. Mom belonged to a sorority and once a month they combined a meeting with a girls' night out. Mom arranged for the sixteen-year-old daughter of a sorority sister to stay with us while she and her friends went out. The tone of her voice and the look she gave me made it clear she had not forgiven me for abusing my sisters. I could see the fury in her eyes, and knew I had better be on my best behavior or I would be in real trouble.

When the sitter arrived, she turned out to be Lana, whom I only knew from seeing her around the neighborhood. (I later discovered Lana had been recommended to mom by my sisters!) Lana was five-foot five with silky-straight brunette hair, perky breasts, a perfectly shaped ass, and a face pretty enough to be a cover girl.

Lana served us dinner while mom dressed to leave. She told her my sisters were to be in bed by eight and I was grounded and had to stay in my room without TV until bedtime at 10:00. She then thoroughly embarrassed me by telling her I still wet the bed and wasn't allowed to have anything to drink after supper. She also asked Lana to wake me up and take me to the bathroom at midnight if she wasn't home by then.

I was so humiliated by this exchange that my face must have blushed ten shades of red. I couldn't believe mom had told this girl, who was just three years older than I was that I was a bedwetter! How would I ever be able to show my face in our neighborhood again? I could tell from Lana's amused expression that she was secretly enjoying my embarrassment. I knew I'd be sorry she knew these things, but what could I do? I was at mom's mercy, and she wasn't feeling very merciful to me at that point.

Mom's last words to me as she left the house had an ominous ring: "You better be on your best behavior this evening, young man, and do what Lana says. If I hear otherwise, you may find yourself spending the whole summer in your room!"

When dinner was over, I cleaned up the dishes - my chore for

the week - and then retreated to my room. I wanted as little contact with Lana as possible. I consoled myself by thinking that if she didn't see me, she might forget what she had been told. After about an hour I noticed the aroma of baking coming from the kitchen. When I opened my door to check it out, I realized Lana and my sisters were making cookies. My room was near the kitchen, and just as I had opened it, I heard Cindy telling Lana the story of how I had pissed in her mouth with even more detail than she had told it to mom and dad.

I closed the door, and as I lay on the bed and played with my always hard cock, I thought about what I could possibly do to correct this situation. I could wait until the girls were in bed and approach Lana about the things she'd heard. I could beg her not to let anyone else in the neighborhood know what I had done, and I'd promise to do anything she wanted. I could deny the whole story and call Cindy a liar. I could ...

Suddenly the door to my room opened and there stood Lana. She smiled and gave me a look that seemed to say, "I've got you where I want you, boy, because I know all sorts of things that can ruin your life. You'll do anything I want, because you don't have any choice." But her soft, sexy voice only said, "Would you like to share cookies and milk with me after I put the girls to bed?"

Before I could overcome the shock of having her in my room, or put my plainly visible cock away, or think about the fact that what she asked was the last thing I expected, I heard myself answering, "Yes, thanks." She smiled again as if to say "I knew you wouldn't say 'no' and glanced at the hand wrapped around my hard cock. Then she said slowly, "I would advise you to put that away ... until later," and she was gone before I could collect my thoughts. "Damn it!" I cursed at myself! Lana had caught me jerking off and acted as if it wasn't anything unusual! However, if she told mom about that, I knew I was in BIG trouble!

For the next hour I listened to the sounds of her putting my sisters to bed. She dressed them, laughed with them, and read them a story before saying good-night. Shortly before nine, she entered my room again and asked me into the kitchen.

Lana wasted no time in getting to the point. As I ate a cookie, she said, "You know, if the cops found out what you did to your sisters, they'd probably send you to reform school." The threat was clear.

The cookie suddenly stuck in my mouth. I didn't know what to say. "Imagine what the kids at school would say if they knew you still wet the bed," she gloated. Again I was silent. My mouth was paralyzed. "And how would your mom and the girls at school react if I told them that when I went to your room, I found you playing with yourself?"

Still I was silent. I felt humiliated, cornered and was in a panic. I didn't know what to say. "What's the matter, little

boy? Cat got your tongue? You had better answer me or I'll start calling my girlfriends now!" she said as she picked up the phone.

"No!" I shouted, "Please don't tell anyone, Lana. I promise. I'll do anything you say. Just please, Please, PLEASE don't tell anyone!" I begged.

"Prove it," she demanded. "Stand up and I want to see you jerk that thing until it squirts. Do it fast, and do it NOW!"

I practically ripped open my pajamas in my rush to play with my cock. All I had to do was wrap my hand around it before it stood up at full attention, as usual. While Lana watched in fascination, I stroked my tool with abandon. My only goal was to make it shoot as ordered by the leering babysitter across the table. Within a minute the humiliation became too much for me and I could feel my balls start to boil.

Realizing what was about to happen, Lana was quick to react. In one move she grabbed the plate of cookies from the table and held them under my ready-to-explode cock. "Don't you dare make a mess," she threatened, "Shoot it on the cookies."

And I did. Within seconds the plate of cookies was covered with creamy white frosting and I collapsed into the chair I'd been sitting in just two minutes ago.

Lana smiled, glanced down at the plate of cookies on the table in front of me and ordered me to eat them before I could catch my breath. "Eat them all and do it now!" she demanded. Knowing I had no choice, I picked up the first cookie and bit into it. When I felt the slime running down my throat, I thought I'd be sick, but the taste of the cookie seemed to help and before long I'd finished off the first one and was reaching for another.

Lana enjoyed my humiliation so much she reached under her skirt and started to stroke her pussy. "Hurry and finish your snack, boy," she ordered. "I've got something even sweeter for you to eat when you're done with that."

As I reached for the last cookie, Lana stood and removed her pink lace panties. "Put these on," she ordered. "Then meet me in the den."

I didn't really want to wear her frilly panties, but I knew I didn't have any choice. So, I slipped them on over my still-hard cock and followed her.

By the time I reached the den, Lana was taking a spare pair of pink panties out of her oversized purse and stepping into them before I barely got more than a glancing look at her naked butt and tempting teenage cunt. She put her hands to her pantied pussy lips and stroked herself. "Lie down," she ordered, pointing to several towels she had spread on the floor; and I did so without hesitation. Squatting over my face,

Lana pointed to a spot at the top of her pussy through her panties and said, "Stick your tongue out as far as possible and keep licking and sucking on me right here. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I responded.

For the next hour, Lana rode my face like she'd been doing this forever. Sometimes she rubbed her clit clear up over my nose so that my tongue was licking the lips and sides of her pussy, other times she allowed me to lick and suck on it directly. If I acted tired or didn't use my tongue as she liked, she'd grab my balls and squeeze or twist them to encourage me. At one point she dropped her pussy over my nose and covered my mouth with her perfect ass. She pulled aside the leg elastic of her panties and commanded, "Stick your tongue inside, boy" she demanded. "I want to feel it wiggling deep in my ass." When I didn't obey her order fast enough she gave my balls a vicious jerk and a painful squeeze. "Get busy!" she demanded.

And I did. Pushing my tongue past her rosebud was tough, but the harder I tried the more she moaned, and the more she moaned the harder I tried. Soon my tongue was wiggling inside of her and she was enjoying me anally adoring her. My ass-licking lasted just a few minutes and then Lana went back to having me make love to her sweet-tasting treasure through her soft panties. She would periodically collapse on my face for a minute or two before resuming her movements. Over the course of the hour, she had what I now realize must have been at least a half-dozen orgasms.

When she was finally satisfied, my nose felt like she had broken it. My tongue felt like it was ready to fall out and my whole face was covered with pussy juice! After her final collapse on my face, she sat straight up one more time, looked down at me with a strange sparkle in her eye, and ordered me, "Open wide and swallow fast!"

Without further warning she began to release a steady stream of piss into my mouth. Although I gagged at the taste, I tried desperately to swallow it, and mostly I succeeded. When she had finished, she smiled and said "That was a gift from Cindy." I knew I'd had it coming.

"Time for bed, young man," she said in her most patronizing tone. "Leave my panties on; I'll take them off of you after you've fallen asleep and before your parents come home. By the way, don't bother to use the bathroom before bed. Lana would LOVE to put her little pussy slave in diapers the next time I babysit."

Her last words rang in my ears as I went off to bed. "Next time ..." This was just our first visit from Lana. What would the future hold?

\* \* \*

Of course, I did wet the bed that night and mom was mad as hell the next day. And Lana hadn't taken her panties off of me as she said she was going to during the night. Thank goodness, I woke up and took the panties off just before mom came into my room to check on me. Mom was furious that I had a wet bed. But I couldn't tell her that I had stayed up late and Lana had forced me to drink a glass of milk as well as her piss before bedtime while not allowing me to go to the bathroom. Plus, I had lots of things to worry about that night. So, what would you expect?

We lived in a small town and our high school and grade school were all in one building. Normally, the younger and older kids didn't cross paths very often except in the hallways, during lunchtime or outside before and after school. Still, I made a point of avoiding Lana at school. If I saw her in the hall, I quickly ducked into a classroom or restroom. I figured if she didn't see me she might forget what she knew, but I couldn't have been more wrong! That week I began finding unsigned notes written in various female hands my locker that had been stuffed in through the vents. Among the notes I recall were:

"Do you really eat your own cum? How does it taste?"

"I hear you like to wear pretty pink panties. Is it true?"

"If I were your sitter, I'd make you pull your pud — off!"

"Bedwetters should always wear diapers!"

"Practice makes perfect. Keep practicing, ASS LICKER!"

And one note written on stained toilet paper read:

"Toilet Mouth: Where were you when I needed you?"

I threw the notes away, but it didn't help. I began to think that Lana had told every girl at school my secrets. Each time I heard girls giggling in the hall, I couldn't help but cringe and imagine that they were laughing at me.

What was I to do?

A week later mom announced that Lana would be sitting again. Lana would stay at our house all night Friday. Mom and dad wouldn't be back until Saturday evening.

When Lana arrived on Friday, she brought her red-haired, freckle-faced girlfriend Michelle along.

"The girls need to study for a test," Mom explained, "so I agreed to let Michelle stay with Lana tonight."

While we ate dinner, mom gave Lana instructions.

"Bedtime for the girls is nine," she said, "and Chuck should

be in bed by ten. He's still grounded so he's not to leave his room and he gets absolutely nothing to drink before bed. The last time you stayed with him, he wet the bed even after you woke him up to go!"

"Don't worry," Lana said sympathetically, "I'm sure his bed won't be wet tonight."

I cringed as I saw her wink at Michelle.

At 6:30 p.m. the folks left and I returned to my room. The next two hours were quiet except when Lana popped in, smiled, and said, "Michelle and I have big plans for you after the girls are in bed."

By 8:30 the nightly bedtime ritual began and I heard Lana giving the girls baths and choosing a story to be read. While this was going on, I figured it was safe to play with my cock. With Lana in the house, I thought about those panties she had used on me the last time she was there. I took them out and wrapped them around my dick as I started to masturbate. After that last time, I had washed out the pissy panties and let them dry. Twice before I had rubbed them on my cock while I jacked off. Once I even put them on again, but I thought that was pretty weird and took them off even though they did feel very good with my ass and dick inside them. Anyway, I had then wrapped around my dick and was banging myself when Michelle suddenly opened the door and barged into my room.

Without missing a beat she said, "Well, Lana was right. She said I'd probably catch you jerking off. Now we've both caught you doing it! Lana will be delighted that you are jerking off with her panties. She guessed right that you would not have thrown them away and kept them for your nasty jerk sessions. However, she would have been happier if you were wearing them instead of just pulling on yourself through them like a panty pervert."

That said, she handed me a small glass she was carrying in her hand. Then she sat on my desk chair and ordered me to continue. "Go ahead. Fill it up," she demanded, "We're going to need lots of topping for your ice cream."

What could I do? The beautiful redheaded teenager had caught me and she wasn't in the mood to take "no" for an answer. Since she'd had literally caught me with cock in hand, there was no doubt she could make big trouble for me if I refused to do what she ordered. So, I continued to abuse myself while the fascinated miniskirted teenager watched with her mouth half open.

"Don't you dare let that thing squirt without putting every single drop in the glass," she ordered. "Lana and I want to watch you eat it all later."

The thought of being forced to eat my own cum while the girls witnessed my humiliation was too much for me to bear.

Within seconds my balls began to boil, and as my redheaded tormentor smiled at me, I closed my eyes, gasped, and started filling the glass with my spunk.

Over the next few seconds I milked what felt like a quart of cum from my cock into the glass; but when I finally opened my eyes and checked there were just a couple of spoonfuls collected.

"Good girl," Michelle cooed as she removed the glass from my hand. "Now concentrate on building up another load 'cause we'll need more than this for your dessert."

With that, Michelle gave me a long red ribbon, a pair of pink panties with lace trim down the back like baby girl panties and a matching pink training bra. "Tie one end of this chastity ribbon around your thing," she ordered, "and then put the bra and panties on and leave the ribbon hanging out over your panty waistband."

After I donned the panties and bra, she gave me a pink lace nightie saying, "This nightie will make your outfit complete. Now behave, little girl. Lana and I will be back later."

The ritual of my two baby-sitters putting my two little sisters to bed went on for a while after that. The girls were talking up a storm. I could only overhear a word or two here and there, but I heard the word panties and a lot of giggling, so I was sure the girls were telling my sisters about me and the things they were going to do to me. Meanwhile, I lay in bed in the new feminine frillies worrying about what Lana and Michelle were planning. Eventually the sounds from my sisters' room ended and things in the house got quiet. I had begun to hope my teenage dominas had forgotten me when I heard the doorbell ring and figured they had ordered a pizza. It didn't take long to conclude my assumption was wrong because the noise level in the house suddenly increased dramatically. I started to worry when I realized I was hearing several female voices but panicked when I also heard male voices!

When Lana and Michelle entered my room several minutes later, they were accompanied by five giggling girls dressed in pajamas, nightgowns, and negligees. "We're having a slumber party, sissy boy," Lana said as she jerked away my bed covers to reveal my pink outfit, "and YOU are the guest of honor!"

I'm sure the color in my cheeks must have been a deeper pink than the pink of my lingerie as the laughing and pointing group of teenage girls looked down on me.

"She looks so CUTE!" laughed the big-breasted Melissa.

"Won't the boys just LOVE her pretty bra and panties?" giggled Wendy.

"That nightie looks better on her than it would on me," complained the beautiful black girl named Karen.

“She definitely needs some makeup,” exclaimed Alex.

“And let’s fix her hair,” suggested Leah.

For several minutes I was surrounded by girls as they pinned hair extensions to my head and tied them into fake pigtails with red ribbon bows at the ends and painted my face with eyebrow pencil, mascara, eyeliner, shadow, lipstick, and blush. When they showed me my face, I couldn’t believe the cute girl in the mirror was I!



“Our new boy-girl needs a name,” laughed Melissa

“Let’s call her Sissy,” giggled Karen.

“That’s perfect!” Lana cried. “Come along, Sissy,” she ordered as she grabbed the end of my long red ribbon and lead me down to our basement family room.

As we entered the room I was mortified to see two boys I knew from school. One was a captain of the wrestling team, a muscular senior named Mike. The other was a tall black youth and star center of the school basketball team named Jessie.

The humiliation of this situation was so painful it was more than I could handle and I began to cry in shame. To make matters worse, I was embarrassed to realize that my cock was stiffening from Lana pulling on the ribbon.

“It’s time for dessert,” Lana said as we entered the basement. “Alex, Melissa, come help me serve the ice cream while Sissy amuses our friends.”

“We’ll definitely need more syrup for your dessert Sissy,” Michelle laughed as she handed me the glass I’d used earlier. “Come on now. Show our friends your special technique for making ice cream topping.”

With that, Karen and Wendy pulled down my panties and the audience murmured their approval as my disloyal member celebrated its freedom by standing up and waving the red ribbon around proudly. She pulled the panties back up again as she said, “Get busy, slut,” ordered Leah, “your ice cream treat will be here shortly. But pull down your panties and shoot it into the glass just before you cum.”

Realizing that I didn’t have any choice in the matter, I started stroking my pink pantied dick as the girls egged me on.

“Hurry up and make it squirt,” demanded Karen.

“Go girl, make love to yourself like a sissy,” laughed Leah.

“Come on, panty boy, fill up your glass,” insisted Wendy.

“Don’t worry,” said Michelle, “If she can’t fill it, I’m sure the boys will be happy to provide enough syrup to make her dessert REALLY special!”

That thought was just too much for me and my disloyal penis suddenly betrayed me by adding a small amount of additional cum to the quantity already in the glass.

“Sissy’s supply of syrup seems to be running low,” Karen laughed, “I hope you boys can help.”

“Get over here, Sissy,” Mike commanded as he pulled his hard tool from his pants, “I can help fill your glass!”

“Show Mike your favorite wrestling hold, Sissy,” Michelle giggled as I knelt before the wrestler, “Let’s see your lip-lock in action.”

Instantly the wrestler grabbed my pigtails and pulled my head toward his cock. “Open wide, slut,” he ordered.

The idea of sucking the wrestler’s cock with my schoolmates watching was just too much to accept and I futilely tried to avoid this new degradation by pleading, “No, please!”

“Get busy, girl,” demanded Michelle as she grabbed my balls, “or you’ll spend the rest of your life as a soprano.”

So, having no other choice I found myself orally servicing the muscular athlete as the wrestler pulled painfully on my hair and his hard meat pushed eagerly at the back of my throat.

“The slut certainly has good cocksucking technique;” laughed Leah as she watched from the sofa, “be sure she doesn’t swallow her syrup before her ice cream arrives, Mike.”

“Here it comes,” Mike groaned as he quickly pulled out of my mouth and milked his juices into the rapidly filling glass which was now being held by Karen. The room suddenly erupted in applause as the success of my first cocksucking experience became obvious. I must have blushed fifteen shades of red!

“Get the bitch over here,” moaned Jessie, as he watched Mike fill the glass and stroked his own meat, “I’ve got a big deposit to make in her sperm bank.”

Within seconds several sets of female hands were pulling me over to the tall black youth whose huge penis looked like it would choke me to death! Before I knew what was happening, I was on my knees again and the long black cock was pushing between my lips. “Come to Jessie, you little cock sucker,” demanded the athlete, “You’ll just love swallowing my long black baby maker”

“Go on, white bitch,” demanded Karen, “give my boy Jessie a blowjob he’ll remember for the rest of his life!”

As Jessie began pushing his cock into my mouth with a timeless rhythm, the audience began to clap and chant, “Go, Go. Go!” in cadence with his deep-throat thrusts.

“I can just imagine what her trips to the restroom and the boys locker room at school will be like from now on,” giggled Leah as the other kids cheered.

“You can say THAT again,” laughed Mike, “This sissy will definitely be the most popular boy in school from now on!”

In less than a minute, Jessie rewarded my efforts to avoid strangulation with a low moan from deep in his throat, and he suddenly began to fill my mouth with his juices. At that moment Karen twisted my balls savagely and hissed, “Don’t you dare swallow, bitch, or I’ll take these little jewels home as my personal trophy.”

By the time Jessie finished emptying his load, his cum was running out the corners of my mouth and dribbling down my chin; but I obeyed Karen’s order and didn’t swallow a drop. I realized she really didn’t want to miss any when I felt her holding the glass under my chin.

“Open wide slut,” she ordered, “and you’d better put every drop in this glass or next time we’ll arrange for you to blow the whole damned basketball team!”

As I added Jessie’s spunk to the nearly half-full glass, Lana cried out, “Way to go, Sissy!” from the bottom of the stairs and I realized that my dessert had finally arrived.

“Quick, Karen, pour it over Sissy’s dish. Let’s all watch her enjoy her Hot Cum Sundae,” Alex gloated. Time ran in slow motion as the huge supply of white syrup flowed from the glass onto my bowl of chocolate ice cream.

“Go on girl. Eat it up,” Melissa demanded, “You don’t want your special dessert to melt or go to waste, do you?”

I ate my ‘special treat’ in total degradation while seven girls and both sperm donors watched and laughed their asses off.

“If the kids at school could only see her now!” giggled Michelle.

“You’re right. This is great” replied Karen. “We’ll have to arrange for Sissy to entertain at ALL our parties.”

After I finished my dessert, Karen pulled aside the leg elastic of her virginal white nylon panties and ordered me down between her legs, “Get busy, with that tongue bitch. I’m horny as hell,” she commanded as she grabbed my beribboned

pigtails. After Karen managed to cum twice, she jerked on my pigtails and passed me over to Michelle who quickly pushed me onto my back.

“Ride-em cowgirl!” Alex yelled as Michelle ground her clit into my nose and I licked the lips of her free-flowing pussy.

“Show the slut how a girl eats pussy,” Wendy coached from the sofa.

“Suck hard on my clit,” Michelle instructed as she slid off my nose, “Now, s-l-o-w-l-y roll the tip of your tongue around the edge of it, then push back inside as far as you can reach while I s-l-i-d-e my clit back up over your nose.”

“That’s it!” she barked as her eyes glazed over, “You’ve got the moves right. Now KEEP doing it just like that!”

In under five minutes, Michelle shrieked in ecstasy and collapsed on my head in exhaustion. She was replaced by Wendy who wanted the relief she knew my mouth could give. As Wendy tried hard to grind my nose to a bloody pulp, I felt two sets of hands caressing my cock through my pink panties and squeezing my balls. “Come on, Sissy, get it up for me,” Alex pleaded, “I want to play ‘hide the weenie’ with you.”

Within seconds, my member was stiff as a board and Alex pulled it out of the leg opening of my panties and was facing my feet and riding it hard while Wendy rode my face to completion. I assumed Alex was tiring when she grabbed my legs behind the knees and pulled them up under her arm pits, so you can imagine my shock when I suddenly felt something cold being pressed against my ass.

“Mrrmpfh,” I complained, “leempf mbee allommm!”

“What did she say?” Melissa giggled as she pulled, twisted and squeezed my balls.

I think she said, “More, please, more,” Lana replied.

“Oh, great,” cried Leah. “That’s JUST what I hoped she’d say. Sissy, I sure hope you LIKE summer sausage,” she said as she forced the painfully large intruder deep into my virgin ass.

“Now he knows how his sisters felt when he made them suck his dick,” cried Lana as she watched the action.

“Not quite,” said Wendy as she settled her pussy over my lips, “but she will soon. I hope you’re thirsty, Sissy.” And at that moment a flood of hot piss hit my tonsils.

To avoid literally drowning, I had no choice but to swallow every drop while Lana, Michelle, Karen, Mike and Jessie laughed and applauded the action.

“See, I SAID she was a real toilet mouth!” Lana giggled from her perch on the stairs, “Hurry up, Wendy, ‘cause I need to use the toilet as soon as you’re done with it.”

“Me too,” shouted Melissa.

“That makes three of us who can’t wait,” laughed Karen.

“Four,” added Mike.

“Five,” chimed in Jessie.

“Six,” exclaimed Alex.

“Seven,” continued Leah.

“Eight,” concluded Michelle.

“Nine!” shouted my sister Cindy from the stairs.

For a moment the room froze and fell completely silent. Then Lana clapped her hands and threw her arms around Cindy. “Why not?” she demanded, “after all, Cindy’s the one who was ACTUALLY mistreated.”

Suddenly everyone was agreeing with her and Wendy raised up to make room for Lana, calling, “Next! And Tina is right after Cindy.” I looked up and sure enough, my littlest sister, Tina, was just now coming down the stairs.

During the next hour I must have drunk a gallon of piss. I also licked and cleaned several foul smelling ass holes and sucked cum from penis and pussy alike. But finally I saw Cindy’s familiar panties snatch straddling my chest and realized with unspoken gratitude that I was at last nearing the end of my ordeal. Cindy looked down as she straddled my chest with an evil grin. “I told you I’d get even with you, you nasty, toilet-mouthed panty boy,” she said glaring at me. Now it’s MY turn to show you what it feels like. I have something REAL special for you.”

At that moment, Cindy began rising up toward my face, and I realized with absolute horror that she had a white string hanging out of her pussy! She was now old enough to have a period -- something I myself had only recently learned about! She smiled again as she looked at me and reached under her ass from behind to pull down on the short string.

“Here’s a special treat for you, toilet,” she grinned as she stuffed her red tampon between my lips and sealed my mouth with her pussy. “Wait until the girls at school hear about this!” and she flooded my mouth with her pink nectar. As I submitted to this retribution, I heard Lana say to her friends: “I bet it’ll be a long time before Sissy abuses another female.”

There isn’t much of the story left to tell. After the boys left for home that night and the girls were all ready for bed, they

dreamed up a final humiliation for their amusement. While Lana snapped pictures with her camera, the other girls took turns powdering my bottom and diapering me in bath towels stuffed with that spun glass Christmas decoration called 'angel hair'. "This angel-hair stuff itches like crazy," explained Alex evilly, "It will DEFINITELY keep our little angel's attention all night long!"

"We'll have to do something to make sure she remains angelic," responded Leah, "otherwise she might scratch the her 'little thing' off by morning."

After the diaper, they added a huge pair of white lace-trimmed nylon panties with a pink baby bonnet, and they made me suck on a pacifier - which was tied in place by pulling a pink ribbon behind my head. Then they took more pictures for what they called the "permanent record."

Their next move, was to force my hands together in a single pair of socks and bind my wrists behind my back with a second ribbon. Finally, they tied several strands of ribbon around my legs and ankles and bound my ankles and my penis ribbon to my wrists thus leaving me effectively hog tied.

"These diapers will ensure that you don't wet your bed even if you DO wet yourself, Sissy; and the photos will guarantee that you keep your mouth shut about tonight forever," Lana said in a very threatening tone. "If you tell anyone about

this, you're sure to find these pictures all over the bulletin boards at school and I guarantee they'll be a BIG hit in the school yearbook!"

Needless to say, my bed was dry that night - but my diapers weren't. My captors punished me for that by making me wear a clothes pin on my chastened penis all the next morning.

I guess the real lesson I learned from this experience was not to even think

about abusing a girl or woman. I found out the hard way that they can dream up more unpleasant ways to get even with you than you could ever imagine!

I never saw the pictures the girls took, but I know lots of kids at school did because I heard about them countless times. I kept my mouth shut just like Lana told me to and never told the story of the babysitter's revenge to anyone - until now.



Photos from the August 2007 lost issue of *The Pantywaist Weekly*

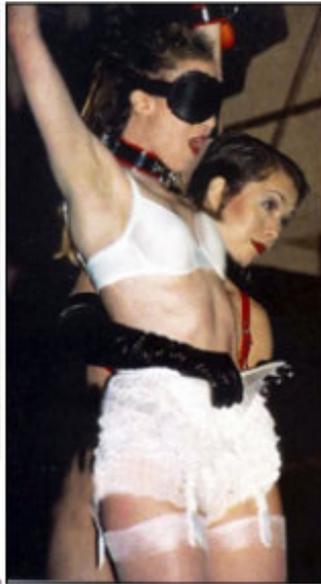
## Special Issue: Rhumba Panties

### HEALTH



**Cheerleader who wore her rhumba panties instead of regulation tights gets the boys hot and girls upset**

### LIFESTYLE



**With so many ruffles on his rhumba panties his girlfriend can't find his tiny penis!**

### HEADLINES

**She jumped ship because new husband loves her rhumba panties more than her  
She survived but he got off watching her jump!**

Seeview, FL: They met on the tennis court, fell in love and got married. He let her know her lacy panties under her tennis skirt first caught his made him notice her.

They played tennis a lot on their dates, and he even got her to wear her tennis panties at most other times, even in bed. She thought it was fun to appeal to his fetish, but on their honeymoon when she discovered he couldn't make love to her unless she wore her rhumba panties, she got so distraught that she tried to jump overboard on the cruise ship; luckily she was rescued, but shocked to see her husband had shot off in his panties when she bent over to jump ship!



**The latest study from the Center for Stuff We Already Know: Sissy male maids in rhumba panties jackoff all day and get no work done!**



Survey - Why do you love rhumba panties?  
Super sissy look - 12% Tickle my balls and dickie - 19%  
They make me feel so girlie-girlie - 69%

### OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

**God loves fags of all sorts Jerry Falwell learned when issued his training bra and rhumba panties**  
Priest in commercial dancing in rhumba panties to raise money to pay off molestation settlement  
Women's tennis on TV never recovered from viewer loss after players stopped wearing rhumba panties  
**Rhumba panty marketing challenge: Appeal to both toddler girls and fetishist crossdressers**  
In 1949, Gussie Moran first wore rhumba panties at Wimbledon and tennis viewing started looking up

