

Princess Extra!

#3
September
2008

SPECIAL FEATURES:
The Pantywaist Weakly
The Demale Society
and much more!



Adults Only

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

Since 1981

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



Photos from
The Pantywaist Weekly



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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 6 No 3
September 2008

Published weakly, never weekly!
Published only when we find the
time after raiding clotheslines,
dressing up and jerking off!

HEALTH



Lackafun, KS: Store owner cited for public indecency for window display of an upskirt manikin showing off her fancy lingerie.



Stuff we already knew: Study says nude pin-up girls not as exciting as same girls in panties.

LIFESTYLE



New York City: In a recent art auction of works by the artist Balthus, three of the items sold for a total of over \$8 million far above predictions and more than the combined total of the other 15 items in the collection.

Curiously, all three of those items went to one bidder, and all three paintings were of young girls sitting in seductive poses teasingly exposing their panties. I guess we have a very rich panty boy out there in need of a good wank.

HEADLINES

Petticoat punishment got boy to practice the piano

Now he can't play without feeling the ruffles of his panties on his butt on the piano bench

Cape Cod: Little Nathan, like a lot of children, didn't want to practice his piano lessons, so his mother took drastic action and forced him to wear fancy party dresses and heavily frilled rhumba panties and each day would not let him out of them until he completed his assigned lessons.

Annie Wei said her son hated his petticoat punishment but added he did become an excellent pianist and is now performing professionally. However, he became so used to practicing in girlish finery that now he cannot perform without the feel of ruffled panties tickling his bottom.



Survey: How do sissies find a woman who accepts them?

He tells her he's a sissy - 12% He acts like a fag - 19%

He tells her he loves her and really means it! - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

It would be easier to get McCain into panties than to get him to support equal rights for pantywaist sissies

McCain is a warmonger; too bad we can't get him into panties -- now that would be torture!

If a panty boy prays to God to be turned into a girl and his parents pray for him to be cured, what does God think?

A sex change operation is a great punishment for the religious crazies doing crimes against women

Every day Rove and the Republicans spread more lies about Obama than 100 sissies can cum in their panties

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Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly



Spanking: Husband Claims Wife's Ritual Spankings Harm Their Son

Terence, my husband, scolds me because of how I discipline our son. My husband complains that I get a perverse kick out of doing it, and that makes it an unhealthy practice. I admit I enjoy it; but I enjoy it because by disciplining him the way I do, I believe I am raising him properly.

I always follow the same ritual. I make him don a silky pair of lace panties immediately upon learning of any misbehavior and he must continue to wear the panties until I have an opportunity to give him his spanking. Then he must continue wearing them and nothing else until bedtime. Before the designated spanking time, I usually give him at least fifteen minutes of corner time with his jeans down and his cute panties on display -- and yes, my son has a big supply of his own panties. Most of his panties are in pink or lavender and

loaded with girlish lace and frills, so while being punished his butt makes a lovely picture.

When the spanking time arrives, I let him pull up his jeans (because I enjoy taking his pants down myself) and stand before me for a good scolding before hearing his act of contrition. He must describe in detail what he did wrong. I remind him of the specific rules he has violated and make him promise not to break those rules again. Breaking a rule he had been previously punished for merits additional spansks or other punishments. I then ask him if he has anything to say in defense of his actions. (Whining and lying are not allowed!) Then when it is all clear just what he did, and why he must be punished, I pull up my skirt or dress so he will not wrinkle or harm them, leaving my lap simply covered with the nylon full or half-slip I have on at the time. With his father and any visitors watching, I undo his belt and zipper and slowly reveal to them his humiliating nylon panties as I start tugging down his jeans or trousers. Then I put him over my lap, his body separated from mine just by my slip and his panties, and get on with a good old-fashioned spanking. Depending upon the offense, I either use my hand or some implement like a paddle or an 18" ruler.

I must admit to you (which I never would to anyone else) that I do think my boy has the prettiest little rump you could ever imagine, and when encased in soft girlie panties, the sight makes my heart beat rapidly. My boy has a perfectly formed, tight butt (no baby fat, he is eight now), and his neat little boy parts are so exciting to look at in panties that hug his bottom and detail the sweet little division between his ass cheeks.

After he has been spanked, I always rub his butt through the panties and keep him stretched over my lap. If his little penis swells in response to my punishment ritual, I can feel it between my thighs, and that frequently happens as I rub my hands lightly and gently over his tenderized pantied bottom. At the same time, I speak to him in firm but not harsh tones, reminding him why he is being punished. If his penis does erect, I put one hand down underneath him and hold it tightly through his panties while I give him another dozen or so spansks -- after all, a boy should not let his penis erect in the presence of his mother. My husband thinks my punishment ritual might make him end up hating me and all females and turn him into a submissive panty-wearing queer. But I tell him that's nonsense. Our son is too young to even know about homosexuals. And I just fire back to my husband, reminding him how much the behavior of our boy has improved since I started my panty paddling punishments.

#1708-M Crack 4/2 ♦

Shame Clothing

"Hey, sailor boy, your slip is showing! Get down on your knees, now, or I'm going to have to report this to the Captain."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"And since you won't wipe that silly grin off your face, I'll be glad to give you something to wipe off your face!"



Caught: Auntie Knows How to Handle a Panty Boy

By Coquette & Princess Lacey

Mommy is an emergency room nurse, and whenever she has to work the night shift, I stay over at Auntie's house. Auntie is fun because she plays games with me and helps me with my homework, things my mommy doesn't have much time to do. Auntie is pretty and wears fancy clothes, Mommy says her clothes are too revealing and too low-cut, but I just think she looks nice. I even like it when she gets mad at me and yells at me with her booming voice; it both scares and thrills me. Secretly, I like it when she scolds me because she makes me blush and the hairs on my neck prickle.

I like sleeping at Auntie's because the bed is big and soft and silky and it smells of ladies' perfume. And I don't wear pajamas, just my special underwear, and when I wake up in the morning my little penis is always stiff. Every morning, I peep through the keyhole of the bathroom adjoining our two bedrooms to watch Auntie dressing, and I watch her put her big panties and bra on. And when she pulls up her panties I can see her big bottom. And when she puts her bra on, she always stretches the back-straps right down to her big panties, and I like it when she does up the hooks. And sometimes the hooks come undone and she says a naughty word and throws the bra on the floor. Once I saw her boobs and they were swinging and they had big nipples, and they were all dark and fat.

But one morning, she caught me looking through the keyhole of her bedroom when she was dressing and she shouted loudly at me. The hair on my neck stood up, and my penis wrinkled because it was scared. She had me standing in front of her in my nylon panty briefs because I hadn't gotten dressed yet. My mommy started buying me nylon panties after she noticed I was touching my penis a lot through my clothes. She kept scolding me and telling me not to do it. She asked what the problem was with my penis and I complained that my underwear made my penis itch and it couldn't get comfortable in my pants. That's when she started buying me panties. When she came home with a bag full of plain white panties for me, I asked her if they were girls' panties, and she said, "No, they are for you, and you are a boy, so they are boys' panties." Mommy has ways of saying things that make sense. Yes, they were mine then, so I guess they were boys' panties – at least once I owned them, but I saw mommy buying them for me in the girls' department, so I knew they used to be girls' panties until Mommy got them for me.

Then Auntie awoke me from my thoughts when she said, "Have you been peeking at me in my panties?" and she lifted up the front of her dress.

I went all white when I saw her panties, because they were satin and all shiny white and gleamed in the morning light. I knew it was naughty to look at ladies in their panties and seeing Auntie in just her panties was very naughty, but I stared because Auntie looked beautiful in her panties. And I felt the blood rush to my cheeks and I knew I was blushing.

"Well, darling, have you?" asked Auntie, and her eyes were like cold blue stones.

Even though I couldn't take my eyes away from her fabulous panties, I said no.

"Well, I think you have been, sweetheart. Yes, my little sissy boy. Auntie has been watching you. I've seen you looking at my bras and panties when I hang them out to dry ..."

I said, "I don't; no, I don't," but my face got very hot because I was lying again.

"Anyone would think you had never seen a lady's panties before. And as for my bra ... goodness me, how you stare at it!" Auntie said as she smoothed her hands under her bosom and lifted her big boobs towards my face. And a button came undone on her blouse and I could see her bra and I was so thrilled that my knees knocked and I nearly fell over.

"I bet you know what size it is, don't you? Of course you do, a clever boy like you. Is it 36, or 38? Or perhaps 40? Come along, you know very well what it is," she urged as she frowned; I was scared, because it was true I did know; I knew many things about Auntie's bras, so I said, "Forty."

Auntie laughed very loud, and she said, "Oh, what a clever boy you are! That's quite right, it's a 40. That's a very big number for a little boy, isn't it? Now, what is the cup size? Mm? Do you know your letters, too?"

I knew what it was, but I said, I don't know, and I looked down at my feet and my penis was all shriveled and tiny in my panties.

And Auntie said, "Tut-tut, you naughty sissy boy. You know perfectly well. I saw you looking at and reading the little tag inside my bra just yesterday, and your mommy says you are a very good reader."

So I said, DD.

"That's right, darling, 40-DD!" Granny shouted, "That's quite large for a lady's bra. It means I'm a very busty lady, doesn't it? Which bra do you like best? Is it this one? Or the nice lacy one I bought last week? Hm? A pretty shade of pink isn't it? Or perhaps the old cream one I wear when I work around the house cleaning? A sturdy no-nonsense bra that one, but I do believe sissy boys love the old-fashioned stitched, glossy, cone-like cups, don't they?"



I wished the floor would open up and I would fall in, because it is quite true that I like her bras, I like the cups and straps and seams and lace and everything.

Then Auntie lifted my chin with her finger and she looked in my eyes again. "If you like ladies' bras and panties so much, my sissy darling, you must be a girl." But I said, no, no, I'm not a girl, I'm a boy. But Auntie said, "We'll see. You will stay here with my lingerie all morning, and if you make a boy's girlie cream, then you are sissy girl." But I didn't know what a boy's girlie cream was.

Then she took down my panties and put them in the bin. She got some handcuffs from her drawer and put my hands behind me and locked me to her bedstead with the handcuffs. But they were plastic toy handcuffs and not real handcuffs, but they worked like real handcuffs because I couldn't get out of them. Then she put a chair in front of me and got lots of her bras and panties from a drawer and draped them all over it. "Now, you will stay here in my bedroom and look at my bras and panties, until I let you come out," Auntie said. "Now, for your naughtiness, there will be no breakfast for you this morning."

I cried, but Auntie made sure the handcuffs were on tight and left me alone in her bedroom. I was kneeling on the rug and I couldn't pull my hands out of the cuffs. I tried to look away from the bras and panties, but I couldn't. So after a while I stopped crying and just looked. And all the lovely bras and panties thrilled me. Auntie's bedroom smelled of her scent, and it was warm and cozy and the rug was soft. It was quiet and the clock on Auntie's dressing table was ticking and there was a pair of panties by the clock, and there were some more panties on the floor and some garter belts and nylon stockings. I looked at the bras. I liked the soft, glossy cups made of pretty lace that held Auntie's boobs. I liked the seams, the straps, and the little hooks and eyes. I could hear Auntie making a cake in the kitchen and I knew she was beating eggs in a basin, the repetitious whipping made me think she was stroking my penis. Then I felt a tingle between my thighs. I leaned forward and was able to rub my naked penis against a white satin pair of Auntie's panties. I squeezed my legs together because something was happening and wondered what. I looked at my penis and it was sliding over the soft panties and stretching towards the bras. It felt strange because it was so hard. Then it got longer and harder and pulled my skin tight. It hurt. I screamed for Auntie to come because I was scared, but Auntie didn't come, and it got longer and fatter started shooting out sticky stuff.

Mommy told me that if you like something a lot it's called falling in love, and sometimes love can make you sick. So I thought my penis had fallen in love with Auntie's bras and panties because it wanted to touch them so much that it got sick and threw up all over the bras and panties. My penis had been very sick, but it felt so much better once all that penis

throw up was out of it. Now, one of Auntie's bra cups was all wet and full of the sticky stuff, and there was a lot of it on Auntie's big white panties too. But after my breathing slowed, I felt warm all over and my little balls ached with relief. When mommy gave me a bath she said I was a growing boy and when I asked her about what the little balls were for, she said never mind, you'll find out one day, and don't you dare play with them. But now I know what they are for. They make all the gooey sticky stuff. Then Auntie came back and saw her bra and panties were wet with the stuff my penis threw up. And she lifted my chin and looked at me closely; I felt her breath on my face and I could see all her wrinkles, and I was scared again, but she didn't scold me.

She whispered, "Tut-tut. What is all this girlie cream? What a naughty sissy you are to spurt girlie cream in your Auntie's bedroom. Whatever would mommy say if she saw the mess you made?" But I didn't know it was girlie cream and I was now scared because it meant I was a sissy girl.

Then Auntie got a little pale blue bra and she held the pretty silk cup in front of my face and she said, "Well, now, my pretty girl. Would you like to wear a bra like Auntie?" I didn't want to be a girl, but I couldn't say anything, only squeak. And Auntie said, "Would you like to feel this lovely bra against your girlie nipples?" And when she smoothed the silky bra against my nipples my penis got stiffer and it hurt, and she said, "Does your boy clitty love the pretty bra?" And Auntie put the bra on me and she did up the tiny hooks. And I squealed and giggled because I did love it and the little cups and straps tickled but also felt so nice and soft.

"Auntie will make you a sweet girl. A sweet little schoolgirl. Auntie will get rid of all of your silly boy thoughts," she said as she grabbed my hair, pulled back my head and kissed me with her big soft lips. She pushed her big fat tongue down my throat, and I nearly fainted. I kicked my legs, but Auntie wouldn't stop and Auntie's tongue was down inside me for a long time. I couldn't think of anything because she emptied my head, and I didn't feel like a boy any more, I felt like a girl. Then I heard a sound, because I was love-sick again, and my boy clitty squirted all over Auntie's fancy apron as she pressed herself up against me. She looked at me and said, "My goodness! What an excellent pantywaist you are! Auntie's going to have such fun with you."

So now when I stay at Auntie's, she dresses me in a party dress and I wear girls' panties and a little training bra. Auntie says I will need a proper ladies' bra soon. And she gives me lots of cream buns and cakes and chocolate to make me fat because she says fat girls make more cream and grow big titties. But my boy clitty gets very tired because it is stiff all day in my panties, so at bedtime Auntie puts moisturizing cream on my clitty and makes it feel nice. And if I've been a good girl, she puts me to bed in her big satin panties and rubs my clitty until it gets sick and throws up in her panties. And Auntie just laughs and says, "What a big girl you are!" ♦

Raised Like a Girl: Mama's Special Boy

"Isn't he adorable? The cutest little baby in the world," William's wife asked him as he was looking into the crib at Billy, his newborn baby boy. He had his daddy's eyes, for sure, light blue. He was a beautiful baby.

As the months went by, Beatrice, his wife, kept dressing their boy in not just babyish clothes, but actually feminine clothes. William had complained to her, but she insisted the boy wasn't being harmed and she just wanted to have a little fun dressing the boy in cute outfits until he grew a little older.

A few weeks later, William, the art director at Mason Advertising, was looking over an assortment of photos of his son spread over his desktop when his secretary, Sharon, came into his office. When she tried to look over his shoulder at the photos, he attempted to cover them, but they were all spread out and he had no way to cover them before she got there. She picked one of the photos up and smiled. "Why, Bill, I didn't know you were into taking baby pictures. Or did you get a baby food account and these are photos for an advertising layout? If that's so, you certainly did pick an adorable little baby girl. She's really cute."

After Sharon said that, she knew she had said the wrong thing. In fact, she could see he was almost ready to explode. She put the picture back down on the desk and moved behind him. With her fingers, she began to massage his shoulders through his shirt. She knew a back rub was just the thing when her boss needed to throw off a little pressure and relax a bit. She could feel the tension start to leave his body as she rubbed his tight muscles. William kept looking at the photos in front of him and kind of mumbled to himself.

Sharon took the opportunity to again look over his shoulder as she massaged him. Looking at one photo and then another, to herself, she repeated her earlier judgement that it really was a beautiful little girl. But she wondered why William was so troubled. At least she had no idea until she saw one photo of the baby being held by her boss's wife, Beatrice.

The realization as to the identity of the baby caused her to let out a gasp. "Oh god!" she said, as she tried to cover her mouth. But it was too late. He'd heard her and turned around to face her.

"See. So now you know. What do you think about it?"

"What, what do I think? Bill, I don't understand what's going on. Why does your wife have your son dressed up like a little girl in those pictures?"

"It's Beatrice," he said. "I don't know what's gotten into her. She's been dressing Billy up in fancy baby girls' clothes ever since he was born. But lately, the outfits she is buying for him are more and more feminine. Just last week, she went out and bought him more girls' clothes and then persuaded me to take these pictures of him dressed in those new clothes. I tried to put my foot down. I objected, but she just brushed me off and told me to let her have some fun with the boy."

"But ..." Sharon started to say, but then realized that it was probably best to say nothing at this point.

"As you can see," he went on, "now, she has even gotten him party dresses and these baby girl rhumba panty things. In this picture she made him hold up his dress and petticoats to show off his lacy yellow panties. He's almost three years old now. The yellow panties were from a dozen pairs of such panties she bought him for being fully potty trained so early. She's dressed him in very babyish clothes in the past, but now that she insists on dressing him in very fancy girls' clothes, I don't know what to do. I keep telling her she'll mess up the kid, but she says he's so young that he'll never remember anything about how he was dressed as a baby."

Sharon stopped her massage, put her arms around her bosses' broad shoulders and gave him a comforting hug. She whispered into his ear that she'd help him think of something. Poor William was distraught. This whole situation was apparently getting to him.

He volunteered more information. "She takes him everywhere in these clothes and doesn't care who sees him. All of our friends, of course, know we have a baby boy, and when she runs into them somewhere and they look at the sissy kid, she doesn't do anything to explain why she is dressing him like a girl. She calls him Billy, so they know for sure it's our boy in a goddamn dress. She loves to fuss with him in front of our friends and neighbors. She's always getting him to hold up his dress and show everyone his pretty lace panties as she oos and ahs over the fancy decorations. And most upsetting, the boy's little penis and balls make a distinctly unfeminine mound in the crotch of his panties and she does nothing to hide it, even playfully tickling his penis and balls through his nylon panties because she so loves to see him squirm and moan in delight."

William took a breath and continued, "She is embarrassing me. Some of our friends have laughed at the situation and some of them have gently chided her for dressing him like a girl, but she brushes them off and tells them to their face that they are just jealous of her pretty little boy."

He had to pause but then whined in despair, let out a sigh and begged for help in understanding. "She actually potty trained him by rewarding him with very fancy, silky, lace panties and ruffled babydoll nighties. She'd buy him the lingerie, show them to him and then promise him he could wear them if he

stayed dry. She'd get him turned on to the silkiness of the lingerie by rubbing the soft fabrics between his legs and over his body and telling him on how good they felt. Then she started to have him sleep with her in her bed so she could stroke his little body through the silky material all night long and remind him of how nice they felt, and that if he wanted to keep on wearing pretty panties and nighties, he'd have to keep dry at night.

"With all of that training, the kid stopped wetting himself in a very short time; however, Beatrice continued to sleep with the sissy kid every night. And, two nights ago I woke up in the middle of the night and I could see her playing with his baby cock through his panties and babydoll nightie. I couldn't believe my eyes, but she was pulling on his pantied dickie while he jerked around in pleasure. All the while she kept whispering things in his ear about being mama's little girl with a special thing in her panties."

He was almost crying to Sharon as he kept repeating, "What can I do? What can I do?"

Sharon never got a chance to help poor William because that night on his way home from work, he was killed in an auto accident. The other driver complained that William had pulled out in front of him right in the middle of a busy intersection. Knowing how upset William was that day, Sharon was sure he had his mind on his family situation and probably not on his driving. Sharon was going to miss him, but now a without a masculine influence, his son, Billy, would really be the one to suffer from his absence.

At the funeral, Sharon approached Beatrice and expressed her condolences; and at that close distance, she was able to get a good look at the boy. Her boss had been right; Billy looked more like a girl than a boy. At least he was dressed in pants, but being pink and with the zipper at the side; they were obviously girls' slacks. The boy's hair was long and rather femininely styled. He wore a unisex sweater, but the rear end of his thin pink slacks was puffed all out with little bumps. She wondered what he might be wearing underneath his slacks that was making them pucker. Then, it dawned on her: The boy was obviously wearing lacy rhumba-style panties under those stretch slacks. The lines of little bumps conformed exactly to where the horizontal rows of lace would be located on such panties.

Sharon shook her head wondering what would happen to the boy now that his feminizing and molesting mother had him to



herself. As she walked away, she heard a sympathetic passerby telling Beatrice how sorry he was, and then added, "What a cute little girl you have," and rather than correct him, Beatrice simply said, "Thank you."

That night, Beatrice's sister, Peggy, and her husband, Donald, decided to go home with the newly widowed woman and her son. They didn't think she should be home alone this first night after the funeral. Also they were quite upset about how the boy was dressed. In the recent past, they hadn't gotten along very well with Beatrice, and it had been a long time since they had seen her, but after seeing the girlish dressed Billy, they decided to try to do something.

At the house, Beatrice was exhausted, and after a light dinner, she lay down on the couch and fell asleep, and since it was late, Peggy took Billy into his bedroom and started to get him ready for bed. The femininely styled bedroom gave her pause – it looked like it could belong to a little princess!

And when she stripped off the boy's pink slacks and saw he was wearing white nylon little girls' rhumba panties with yellow butterflies on the hips and pink lace around the legs and covering the rear end, she almost panicked.

As calmly as she could, she asked Billy where his pajamas were. The boy lifted up the edge of the pillow on his bed. Peggy saw a bit of pink, and her worst fears were confirmed as she pulled on it and a pink nylon babydoll top came fluttering out. She stood frozen in disbelief, dumbfounded as she held it in her trembling hands until she noticed a movement and turned to see Billy, still standing there in just his little rhumba panties but now holding his arms outstretched above his head as he waited for her to drop the nylon babydoll over his head. Feeling disgust and amazement at her actions, she slid the fluttery, feminine nightie over his arms and head and let it slither into place. A moment later, she tucked him into bed.

When she reentered the living room, Donald looked at her and knew something was wrong. He questioned her, but not finding the words to adequately describe Billy's clothes, she took him into the boy's room. She told him that now wasn't the time to get angry over how the boy was being raised, but she wanted him to see how their little nephew was dressed and perhaps they would confront Beatrice in the morning.

Once they were inside the room, Billy was lying in bed still wide awake. He had the covers tucked in close around his body just as Peggy had left him. Peggy told her husband to say "good night" to the boy and to give him a good night hug and kiss. Donald clumsily reached out for the boy. Billy untangled himself from his blankets and reached out in return to give his big uncle a hug. The room was dimly lit, but Donald didn't need a lot of light to see what the kid was wearing. The pink babydoll nightie shimmered and sparkled in the available light. Donald almost jumped back in revulsion, but he realized that he didn't want to scare the boy or belittle him for what he was wearing. Reluctantly, he hugged the boy but found it very, very strange. He considered himself a man's man, yet here he was hugging a delicate little boy all gussied up like a prissy little girl. As Donald eased off their embrace, he pulled his head back a bit to again look over the boy's sissy outfit.

Peggy made an excuse of wanting to fluff out Billy's nightgown, but in actuality took the opportunity to raise the hem up so her husband could get a look at the heavily frilled white, yellow and pink rhumba panties the kid was wearing.

Donald let out a cough to clear his throat because he was becoming very warm and uncomfortable. He had never seen anything like this in his life. What in the hell was his sister-in-law doing to this boy? At this rate, he reasoned, the boy would be sucking cocks before he reached nursery school.

The boy had pursed his lips and held his head upturned

toward his manly Uncle Don. Peggy poked her husband in the ribs and motioned to the boy's kissy lips. Donald realized he had to go through with the promised kiss. He bent to nip the kid on the cheek. Peggy realized what her husband was going to do, but she also realized that the boy was obviously used to kissing full on the lips. So as her husband's lips descended upon the boy, she took hold of each of their faces and steered them into a direct kiss with one another. Donald's eyes burst open as soon as he felt the boy's soft lips on his. He went to yank himself away, but in a sideward glance he saw the expression of encouragement on his wife's face. He promptly finished the kiss, and couldn't pull his face away quick enough.

The boy slowly opened his eyes and smiled in broad satisfaction. He slid on his silky nightgown back down under the covers and once again, his aunt tucked him in and wished him "good night and sweet dreams."

As soon as they left the room, Donald complained to his wife about being almost forced to kiss that "fag boy" as he called him, but Peggy told him they had to put up a front like nothing was unusual about the way he was being raised if they wanted the kid to be receptive about changing his feminine ways.

Donald quieted down and told his wife she was probably right, but he let her know he was very disturbed over finding himself in a situation in which he had to kiss some goddamn, pantywaist sissyboy on the fucking mouth! (To use his precise words.)

They left Beatrice sleeping on the couch and put themselves to bed in the spare bedroom. While snuggling up and making love, Peggy kept teasing her husband about kissing his little pansy of a nephew. She did think strange that Donald got extremely hard and couldn't hold back from cumming during their fucking when she kept talking about him kissing the little pantywaist and kept laughing and commenting about the fancy panties the boy was wearing.

In the morning, Don sheepishly avoided looking directly at his wife, obviously a bit embarrassed that he had culminated his lovemaking with her the night before as she sang a tune about the cute little sissy boy he had hugged and kissed. The light of day magnified this sissy situation and embarrassed him. He told his wife that since Beatrice was her sister, it was her job to say something about how she was raising the boy.

At breakfast, Billy came down still in his babydoll top and he swished around without compunction giving frequent wholesale views of his ridiculously frilly rhumba panties. Beatrice did nothing to hide Billy's feminine outfit or try to tone down his girlish actions.

Then at breakfast, Peggy, holding her husband's hand for support, said she wanted to talk about Billy and how she was

dressing him in girls' clothes and raising him like a sissy. Beatrice got very angry, told them that it was none of their business and threw them out of the house.

As they were packing to leave, Peggy saw a little pair of Billy's fancy panties hanging over the edge of the clothes rack in the bathroom. They were the pretty rhumba panties the boy had changed out of from the night before. On an impulse, she secreted the lacy panties into her jacket pocket, as a souvenir of this unbelievable situation. She couldn't wait to get home and tell all her friends about her eccentric sister and how the woman was raising a real sissyboy. The panties would come in handy as further proof of her story. Also, in the back in her mind, she knew she could taunt her big, he-man husband with those silky, little boy's party panties. She was going to tease him for a long time about his kissing the panty-wearing little sissy boy and becoming furiously excited as they fucked with her talking all about it. And she did use those panties to masturbate her husband to instant hardness before she guided him into her pussy, and many times just a few jerks with her hand lined with those sissy panties was too much for him and Donald spurted a geyser before he could enter her. They never talked about it directly, even though Peggy occasionally made a teasing comment about their little panty boy nephew.

Beatrice's neighbors were increasingly making comments about Billy and his girlish clothes, and since the boy was barely more than a toddler, they couldn't really do anything, even though some tried telling her she was doing wrong. "Bea," her neighbor Donna said when they ran into each other at the Post Office one day, "Did you ever think of getting a baseball suit for Billy? I saw an adorable little outfit last week at Culbertson's — that big new store at the mall."

"Whatever for?" Beatrice replied rather innocently.

"Well, don't you think Billy's clothes are a little too girlish? I mean, I don't know where you shop for clothes for your boy, but they're down right feminine. Pink? For a boy? And lace on his collar? Come on, Beatrice. You know that's not right."

"He doesn't know," she said to Donna. "What's the difference anyway? He looks so nice, and I always keep him very neat and clean."

But such comments were becoming commonplace in her neighborhood, and she realized she might have to move away. And if the way she dressed Billy when they went out shopping surprised them, she knew they'd never understand how she dressed him at home where she did away with all pretense and had him constantly in dresses. And little Billy had fallen in love with his frilly party dresses, girlish babydolls, and fancy panties. Bea didn't let the boy wear dresses outside; she knew people would be outraged at that. And she did find it difficult to explain to Billy why some little girls could wear dresses outside, but he could only wear

dresses inside the house. Therefore, Beatrice decided to move, so she could permanently dress Billy in girls' clothes; they'd be mother and daughter. In fact, she already started to spell his name with an IE at the end instead of a Y because that's how girls spelled it when they were named, Billie.

She sold the house and took an apartment in Columbus away from her small town of Adrian and their nosy neighbors. There, to everyone she met, she introduced Billie as her daughter. She did love her child as much as it was possible for any mother to love her baby. She delighted in constantly dressing Billie in the most feminine of little girl creations and became increasingly intimate with her girlish baby boy. She'd play with his penis through his silky panties but never allow him to touch himself there. She taught him he could never let anyone except his mother see him or touch him between his legs. She explained he was deformed down there and other people would not understand and make fun of him. But she also told him his deformity could provide him with a lot of pleasure if he let his mother, and just her, handle it.

Beatrice never let him see her body in the nude. She didn't want him to know how differently they were from each other. She knew at some point, he'd notice her breasts but she'd explain to him that he'd grow breasts too when he got older. She was confident she could handle every problem situation for the near term. She was sure she'd always be there to protect Billie from having his true sex revealed. She anticipated every potential situation and averted danger. But what Beatrice didn't foresee was her own death. One day, unexpectedly, she fell down the front stairs of their apartment building, hit her head and died. Within hours of it happening, little Billie's true sex was revealed. His Aunt Peggy and Uncle Donald were granted temporary custody.

Arriving to pick up the boy, they couldn't believe it. The kid was dressed in a frilly blouse and a pleated skirt that flipped up when he moved to reveal glimpses of white lace and pink ribbons on his slip and panties. That night, at Billie's home before gathering his things to move him in with them, Peggy noticed Donald's huge hard-on, dripping at the sight of the boy, and she knew they were going to have to confront his perverse interest in this budding panty-wearing gay boy. Ever since the funeral, secretly, Donald had evolved into thinking about having that little fag suck his cock; he was becoming obsessed with the idea and could cum in an instant when he had such thoughts as his wife laughingly jerked him off with the little boy's lacy panties. He never mentioned his fantasies to his wife, but like most attentive wives, he didn't have to. She had a good idea of what was going on in his head, and now that they would be living with the boy; she knew something would happen. And Donald was hopping around like a kid with a new bicycle, excited but fearful that he couldn't stop himself from getting that little pansy to swing from his big cock. And both Donald and Peggy knew it was going to happen! 01064-P ♦



Cuckold Husband: I was Raised to Be an Abused Dick Licker

Some parents desperately want a girl child and when a boy comes along, they will dress him up like a girl and bring him up in a girlish fashion, often not telling the boy he is a girl until it is time to go to school, and usually by then it is too late and the child cannot think of himself as a boy and only wants to continue being a girl. One can appreciate the parent's motives in doing what they originally thought was a harmless act. Disappointed at having only male children, parents, especially mothers, bring up the last boy child as a girl when they know they will not have any more children and make believe their little boys are really girls, even announcing to everyone that the mother had a girl child, and then these parents delight in dressing the child in the fanciest of little girl baby clothes and grow their hair long and decorate it with long curls and ribbon bows, and then graduate the boy to frilly nylon rhumba panties the moment they are out of diapers. And as the child grows up he begins to become accustomed to the pretty clothes, especially the silky feeling panties rubbing up against his penis. He becomes seduced by the panties and never wants to wear rough boys' clothes and underwear.

My mother was determined to feminize and my brother and me and degraded us and humiliated us for having a penis. She trained us to believe we only existed to serve her and other females and had forbidden us to masturbate, and when we grew older and started to ejaculate, we were punished severely whenever we had an orgasm with a harsh spanking and a demand to lick up our cum. That's how I developed a taste for cum and became an avid cocksucker. My brother turned out gay, but I love females, and I got married to a dominant lady who keeps me in lingerie 24/7 and makes me go down on her after her boyfriends fuck her, and then she makes me lick his cock and balls clean.

How old was I when I had my first sexual experience? Mother tells me she started making me suck her cunt and asshole before I was a year old, and when I'd cry, she would have me suck on my brother's four-inch penis like a pacifier. As we got older, for the entertainment of mother and her male and female friends, mother would have my brother and me masturbate each other in our panties even though we couldn't do anything more than dry cum. At age six, mother's boyfriends started fucking my tight asshole all the while calling me names like "little faggot," "sissy queer," and "pantywaist cocksucker." I became conditioned to that kind of life and have never wanted life to be any different ever since. #01942-M ♦



The Demale Society: Robert's Sissy Enema Training

My mother was an executive account manager at a big insurance company, and I'm sure her take-charge ways were a big part of why she was good at her job, but after ten years of marriage, my father became fed up with her bossing him around and walked out. Then my Aunt Della moved in with us to help raise my older sister and me, and she was much more domineering than our mom. Aunt Della also was a retired nurse and a big advocate of giving enemas -- giving them as a disciplinary measure as well as giving them to my sister and me at the first sign of any ailment, even giving us enemas if we simply appeared to be in a bad mood, which to Auntie indicated we weren't feeling well and 'needed to be cleaned out.'

Our mother died from an infection she got in the hospital following plastic surgery. Having been employed in the insurance industry, she knew the importance of life insurance and left us with a sizeable fortune that was put under the

control of our Aunt Della until we reached our mid-twenties.

My sister was fifteen and I was nine at the time of our mother's death, of course, we were devastated, especially since we were then left exclusively in the care of Aunt Della. Soon her dominance increased as she became involved with the Demale Society, Auntie then added panty training and petticoat punishment to my discipline regimen in addition to her humbling enemas. At first, Auntie used girlie punishments on me quite sparingly. I'd go for weeks without provoking her to that point. If she had done it daily, I would have gotten used to it, but since she did it just occasionally, when she did do it, it was unbelievably devastating to my masculinity. I'd cry and feel shame like never before, but even the intensity of those horrors subsided after a while as I resigned myself to my submissive, lowly status in our home.

Over time, Fran became a favorite of Auntie's because she took a great interest in nursing, and when she graduated high school at seventeen and immediately went into nursing training, Auntie was delighted. And when Fran came to the point in her training where she had to learn various enema techniques, Auntie took an undue interest in her lessons.

The day sis came home with her workbook for her enema

training, Aunt Della looked it over and joined in the excited coffee talk of Fran, and her two classmates, Betsy and Fran. The student nurses had come in from the hospital a bit earlier and were having coffee and cake in the kitchen as they planned their upcoming homework assignments.

Betsy had grown up with Fran and was one of her best friends. They had played doctor-and-nurse games with me long before they applied for nursing school. She knew me very well, particularly in my role as their practice patient.

The other girl, Pat, had met them in nursing school. Her closeness to Fran and Betsy, I was to discover, arose from a common enthusiasm for giving and receiving enemas.

Aunt Della was an old hand at these procedures because she gave us enemas with great regularity, and Fran had often helped her with my enemas, which were much more frequent than the ones she received. I think Auntie sometimes gave me these anal instillations just for her personal entertainment.

On that afternoon when the girls brought home their enema training manual, Aunt Della scanned the table of contents. "Large Volume Enemas for Elimination"; "Enema Methods for Uncooperative Subjects"; "Nutrient Enemas"; "Enemas for Customs and Security Searches"; "Colonic Irrigations"; and "Enemas for Punishment and Discipline." Aunties' head began to swim as she realized she was reading a complete textbook on her personal specialty, complete with detailed illustrations. Auntie was quick to offer the girls her help in figuring out how to approach their out-of-class enema homework and -- unknown to me -- Auntie freely offered me as the 'enemee' for them to experiment on!

Three days later I immediately came home from school as Auntie had instructed. She was wearing just a thin white nylon full slip with a light robe over it, typical attire for her at home. Her housecoat frequently gaped open and I could see her bra and panties through her flimsy petticoat. I didn't realize it, but she had been discreetly training me to lingerie with frequent looks at what she wore under her skirts, blouses, robes and dresses. Those peeks grabbed my interest to the point that I much preferred to hang around the house instead of going out to play ball or mix with my friends -- and only years later did I learn that was one of her objectives.

As I came in the three girls were discussing something, and my big sister said, "Come in here, Bobby." I saw excitement gleaming in her eyes. I looked over at Betsy, Pat and Aunt Della and saw the same sparkle. I knew something was up.

Aunt Della told me to go up to my room until she needed me. I went to my room and plopped on the bed wondering what was up. I thought about how pretty they all were, especially Betsy with her big breasts bulging under her tight white nurse's uniform. I recalled a couple of weeks earlier when she and Fran used me to practice giving a patient a bath in bed. Her gentle massage aroused my little boy penis. Now, just thinking about Betsy got me going. I began to finger my strong hard-on. Then Aunt Della appeared in the doorway.

"Well!" she said with a slight smile on her face. "You had better hold back on that for a while, Bobby. The girls want your help with their nursing homework. Take off all your clothes and hang them up. I have a hospital gown I want you

to wear. Take everything off, even your underpants. NOW!"

Down went my pants. Down went my penis.

"Put this gown on," she said, tossing me a plain white nylon nightgown that I knew belonged to my sister. It had just a narrow bit of lace around the edges.

"I don't want to wear that thing. It's not a real hospital gown. It makes me feel like a girl. It looks like a dress."

"Don't talk back to me, young man!" snapped Aunt Della.

"You'll do what I tell you. Just for that, I'll show you what it's like to be a girl. Wait right here for me." As she stepped briskly out of the room, her light robe fluttered in her wake, and showed the nearly transparent slip she wore underneath. I was sorry I had complained. Stripped of clothing, I waited in the center of my room, fearful of her return. She was back quickly and held something I recognized from previous use: a pair of femmy pink panties and a pink nylon petticoat from Fran's dresser. The panties had wide lace panels and the slip was mini length; on me I knew it would come down just to the middle of my thighs and barely cover the panties.

"Put these panties and this petticoat on, you silly boy. This will teach you how a girl feels. The next time I tell you to wear a simple gown, you'll obey me -- without complaint."

As I stepped into the slinky nylon panties and frilly slip and pulled them on, I blushed and a watery film fogged my eyes, but I was afraid to cry. Auntie, despite her love of using feminizing punishments on me, didn't like little boys who cried; if I did, she just might spank me for acting like a sissy. The cool soft smoothness of Fran's nylon half-slip was pleasant to feel, but I was too embarrassed to appreciate it. The silky touch of her petticoat on my backside emphasized the defenselessness of my bottom. I shivered in excitement.

Just then, I heard Fran talking to Pat and Betsy. They were coming upstairs. "Let's put him into the dorsolithotomy position. We can prop up his bottom with pillows and we'll be able to easily see any penis activity."

"No, the knee-chest is my favorite," Betsy replied. "That way his asshole will be nice and high. It's probably the most embarrassing position for a male anyway, being bare-assed in the air with his dick and balls hanging loose."

I now knew what the surprise was to be. I was going to be washed out by these three would be women-in-white. Aunt Della read my mind. She crisply ordered, "Get back onto your bed and roll over -- stomach down."

As the girls came through the door carrying a tray draped with a white napkin, Fran's eyes lit up, "What's this?" she said, staring down at me in her pink slip, her friends laughing aloud. "What a pretty slip. Do I have a new sister, now?"

"You do for this afternoon," Aunt Della explained. "A plain gown was too feminine for him, so he's getting a lesson in what lace is like. For this homework session he is to wear Fran's pink petticoat and panties, and he had better not complain again, unless he wants a real lesson in lace."

Fran said, "Wow! He has girls' panties on too?"

"Certainly," answered Aunt Della, "for punishment, he's going to be your little girl patient for your practice session, so he needs to look the part -- at least from the waist down."

"How pretty you look, Roberta," Pat chided me. "That's a

very becoming shade of pink. And the nylon is so smooth," she teasingly added, running her hand over my backside. "You have a lovely bottom."

They all laughed, and I turned lobster red.

"Look at how he blushes," Betsy remarked. "He is a very sensitive young panty boy, isn't he?"

Fran ran her fingers through my hair and asked, "Bobby, we need your help with our school assignment. We need you to be our practice student. We'll make sure you enjoy it."

"What do I do?" I asked, suspecting what was coming.

"Nothing," answered Betsy. "Just relax. We'll do it all."

Pat interrupted, "We're going to take some Polaroid snaps to show to our nursing supervisor."

"Can I take off this girls' underwear?" I begged. "Don't photograph me like this, p-l-e-a-s-e?"

Auntie said, "Bobby, you brought this sissy punishment on yourself. When are you going to learn boys are not superior to girls; in fact, it's just the opposite. You should be honored to wear pretty girls' lingerie, and what you're wearing is called 'lingerie,' so don't call them 'underwear.' You've worn slips and panties and other girls' things before, and I know your dimple dick gets hard when you wear them, so what's the big deal?"

"With all of the girls looking at me like this in under... I mean, linger, uh, lingerie? But, but, no pictures, please!"

"So, you just like to wear girlie clothes when no one else is looking, huh?" Auntie added tauntingly.

I blushed. NO, I didn't like wearing them. Yes, I did get hard in panties but that's just because they are so silky and tease my penis so much. I couldn't out argue my Aunt.

"So just shut up and enjoy being a little girl for your sister and her nursing friends," Auntie said.

Pat tried to soothe my fears, "We'll try not to show your face in the photos; we'll focus on the enema procedure."

Fran said, "Girls, let's not take a chance on getting his filth on our uniforms. Let's take them off." The three girls then surprised me as each of them took off their nurses' uniforms and stood boldly in front of me in just their full-length white nylon slips that were so thin I could detect the outlines of their bras and panties underneath. Betsy took charge. Seeing my wide-eyes gawking at them in their slips, she chuckled and said, "All right, little boy — or should I say little girl — I told you you'd enjoy this! But now, get your butt up in the air. First, we'll give you a quick rinse with a disposable unit to clear any blockage so your big enema will be less messy.

At least I was glad this wasn't going to be one of Aunt Della's strenuous discipline enemas.

"Kneel on the end of the bed, please," said Betsy, putting her hand on my shoulder. "Bend over and rest your face on the pillow." I felt her lift the hem of Fran's petticoat and turn it inside out as she pulled over my back, leaving my pink pantied bottom completely exposed to their view and touch. Amidst numerous giggles, she slowly eased my panties down until my little penis and tight balls hung limply between my legs. I hoped the girls wouldn't notice, but I knew better; their laughing told me so. Between my legs, the tip of my dangling penis was lightly touching and being teased by the

silky double-nylon crotch of my pulled-down pink panties!

I started to get hard!

Aunt Della, as usual, was a step ahead of me. "Girls, it's just a panty boy erection. Do keep an eye on her sissy dick; it looks like she is rising to the occasion. You can ignore her feigned dislike for her slip and panties; in reality, Bobby is hooked on silkies; he's just too ashamed to admit it."

My cheeks reddened.

Pat held the tray as she sat on the edge of the bed by my bottom while Betsy prepared to insert the nozzle of the four-ounce flusher into my rosebud. All of a sudden, there was a bright flash and Fran said, "Got it. Now, let me get a close-up shot of his penis erecting as it reaches for his panties. Our supervisor will get a kick out of seeing a boy like that."

"Open wide," Betsy directed, jokingly. "I'm now inserting the tube into your bottom." Click. FLASH! A cool blast of enema fluid sprayed into my rectum. Two squeezes and the clear plastic bottle was emptied into me.

"Keep your buttocks up, Bobby. Squeeze your muscles until I say you may relieve yourself," ordered my aunt.

Fran brought the camera close to my hole and focused. Click. FLASH! Framed by my sissy lingerie, my enema-filled bottom was now preserved in living color!

Aunt Della said, "You'd better let him void it, now, Betsy, before he dirties the bed and Fran's lingerie." She must have sensed my predicament or perhaps remembered the time I let loose an enema she was pumping into me, spraying it all over her slip and the kitchen floor.

Betsy led me to the bathroom, hobbling with my panties about my upper thighs and my buttocks tightly clenched to hold in the enema. She then lifted the nylon petticoat, shoved my panties down a bit further and seated me over the bowl.

Whoosh! Whoosh! It was out, and I was relieved, but she called out to the others, "Come and see what he was hiding."

Startled, I looked down. What I had been hiding somewhat with the slip and panties was now in plain view of the nurses. It wasn't the enema that Betsy pointed to, but my penis. My little fellow had risen in full salute to the budding, slip-wearing nurses gathered around me with approving smiles.

"What an unusual young lady!" one of them giggled as she pinched my penis. It wilted in embarrassment. "Fran, you weren't kidding when you told us Bobby would enjoy helping us with our homework."

"Pat, wipe your patient's bottom with that damp cloth," Aunt Della said, moving us along. "Bobby, bend over for Pat and hold up your petticoat all the way up."

I did and that exposed my erection all the more. As she wiped me clean, I was blushing. When she was finished, either because she felt sorry for my shameful nudity or because she enjoyed humiliating me further, she pulled up my pink panties. My erection pushed out the front of the panties, provoking more laughter. It pointed right in her face and she reacted by giving my pantied penis a few firm wanks.

Aunt Della frowned and said, "Careful doing that; Bobby's been known to shoot off like a geyser in silky panties. I've caught him feeling himself up like a pervert numerous times while undergoing panty training."

"Now, which of you will actually administer the enema to Bobby? I have a black rubber apron you can use to protect your white slips from splashes or stains. You should each wear surgical gloves too. It's more professional."

Betsy put the rubber apron on and tied it in back. She and Pat donned rubber gloves. Fran took over as photographer.

Betsy and Pat went into the bathroom to prepare a big bag for the exercise, a "Large Volume Enema for Elimination."

Aunt Della said, "Fran, for the enema, bring him into my bedroom and position him knee-chest on the rubber sheet on my bed. We'll use the large, white enamel can as a reservoir for his enema solution. Set it on the bureau next to my bed and run the rubber hose from it to Bobby's bottom. That will free you from holding the bag so you can take the Polaroids. I'm sure you'll want pictures of Bobby's hard-on and the enema tubing emerging from his anus."

Pat smoothed the pretty petticoat over my rear and ran her gentle hands over the double pink nylon veil of petticoat and panties that still covered my erect penis. She said, "Kneel on the rubber sheet at the end of the bed and put your head down. I want to see your buttocks sticking way up in the air to make it easy for us to get to your anus."

I followed her instructions. My ass was up again, but for the moment she let my sister's petticoat drape my rear. The cool feel of the soft nylon tingled on my skin. Fran and Betsy were fixing things. An unused blue enema bag lay at the head of the bed and held my glance. It was very big, possibly capable of expanding to four full quarts of enema fluids.

Across the room, I heard Betsy tear open a sealed packet of enema soap concentrate and squeeze it into the white can. I heard her stir it briskly into a solution with a tablespoon. I heard Aunt Della unscrewing the top from a jar of lubricant. I listened to Fran setting out the nozzles and insertion tubes from which they would select a suitable instrument to open my rear and connect with my plumbing. The girls were debating which tube and nozzle they should use on me. Being unable to decide, Fran said, "Perhaps we should use several, a different one each time. Let's ask my Aunt what she thinks."

Aunt Della had observed the girls as they argued about procedure and she was pleased when asked for her opinion.

"It seems to me," she replied, "you would best start slowly. Work your patient gradually up to the last, fast flush. Use a long thin colon tube to begin with, perhaps a number 20. Work it in gently, and let the warm flow be slow. Have the patient retain as much as he can hold for a few minutes. For the second filling, I would suggest a thicker rectal tube, maybe a number 28 if you can get it in. Make the flow slightly faster. The fluid will be cooler coming from the reservoir, and therefore more stimulating. Then, for the third enema, that thick green nozzle will be perfect. The remaining soap solution will have cooled to room temperature and will greatly excite contractions in your patient's bowels. The faster you pour it into the patient, the sooner he will need to expel it. The enema should come back almost clear after the third washing."

The girls all nodded their approval, and Betsy said, "Oh, Aunt Della, we all think that's a wonderful way to do it."

I wasn't so anxious to start being their damned patient, but I was afraid Aunt Della would discipline me if I complained anymore. Pat came over to lubricate my rear. After pulling the half-slip up and inverted it inside-out over my back, she lowered my pink panties and settled them at the tops of my thighs. Then, dipping her gloved right index finger into the creamy jelly, she scooped up a big blob of it and rubbed the rim of my anal opening with the slippery cream. I shuddered as her finger plunged into me and explored my tight bottom hole. Fran brought over the heavy enamel irrigator and Betsy held the coiled hose and colon tube. Everything was ready.

Betsy's gloved first finger shot into my rear at the same moment that she grabbed my dangling dick through the crotch of my pulled-down panties and pinched me! My startled reaction made them all laugh. Betsy then said, "Pat, put a large dab of K-Y on the tip of this colon tube," as she held open my asshole with her finger. "Bobby, I want you to relax and breathe deeply." With her free hand, she brought the tip of the tube to my hole. Fran was snapping photos: Click. FLASH! The probe entered. FLASH! Slowly she pulled her directive finger out of me. FLASH! It came free. Only the tube was in me now. FLASH! Slowly she inched it in. Pat coated the tubing with glistening lubricant as Betsy slowly slid it more deeply into my bowels. Click, FLASH!

"Start a brief flow to test its potency." Aunt Della said.

Warmth oozed into me. I could only murmur, "Ouuu... weee, I can feel it now." They stopped the flow, and I felt the tube advancing further into me. Betsy was pushing on. "I've got over 12 inches into our patient. I'm going to start the regular flow now. More fluid was flowing now."

I groaned, "I can feel it! I can really feel it! It's warm. I feel funny I'm getting full." Click. FLASH!

"Slow the flow," Pat said.

"Up on your knees, Bobby!" Aunt Della had noticed I was resting on the pillows. "We don't want any unnecessary pressure on your bowels. Let your stomach droop freely under you as you are being filled."

I was filling up fast. I began to feel very, very full. I was getting a cramp. "Please stop. I can't take any more."

Pat replied, "Just take a little more, Bobby. You need it for a thorough cleansing." I shivered and trembled. She then pulled the tubing from me with a big tug. FLASH! I was ready to explode, but Aunt Della pressed a large pad tightly against my bottom. Betsy and Pat laughed, "That's a great idea." One of my aunt's sanitary napkins now held the enema within me, covering my hole and preventing a gusher.

FLASH! A photo of me and my Kotex. "Now you know a little more about being a girl," my aunt said to me.

Betsy was tearing the paper wrapper off something and then revealed a five-inch-long cotton stick with a loop of string hanging from end.

"What's that?" I asked in surprise.

"Young man," Auntie said, "that is what girls use each month. It's a Tampax; girls put it inside their pussy hole so their period won't stain their panties. Generically, it's called a tampon, and in you, it will absorb any enema you try to prematurely expel. You're learning a lot about girls, today."

Pat applied some K-Y jelly to the long cotton lollipop, and Betsy held it to my rear. FLASH! The Kotex was lifted and in went the tampon. FLASH! And it now blocked my asshole. Betsy didn't push it all the way into my rectum. That way, as it absorbed fluid, it would expand to clog my butt hole. Pat then put a garter belt like garment around my waist and then clipped the Kotex onto it to keep it snugly in place between my ass cheeks. I was going crazy with the sensations.

I heard Fran stirring the enema fluids in the enamel reservoir. She said, "It's ready. I'll take the colon tube off and connect the rectal hose. What size are we using?"

"Try a number 28. That shouldn't be too thick, now that he's been loosened and lubricated," Auntie said.

Betsy was rubbing my buttocks. I loved her touch. Pat said, "Two more minutes and we'll take you to the toilet."

Finally, we got up. Pat's hand pressed the Kotex pad to my bottom for added insurance and we walked together to the bathroom. My panties were dropped to the floor and I was placed over the bowl, facing the wall. FLASH! The women-in-white watched and waited. I had to hold my half-slip up and out of the way as Pat removed the Kotex and then Betsy tugged on the string and my tampon popped out. FLASH! Brown water splashed into the bowl. Solid chunks teased my ass as they were flushed out. Some mush ran down my leg. FLASH! I was being drained. I stopped. I started again. More mush rushed out. The aroma of enema filled the room.

"Keep that slip up, my boy," Auntie said. "Don't get any shit on Fran's petticoat and panties, you worthless pansy."

They wiped and dried me and then helped me back into my panties and let the half-slip slide back into place. Back in Auntie's bedroom, I resumed my knee-chest position on her bed. Betsy now approached my bottom with the lubricant. Then up again went my teasingly soft petticoat and down again my lacy panties. I felt a thicker tube worming its way into me. FLASH! "Here goes," she said as it surged into me.

"Oh, Pat ... please..." I was feeling its intensity now. She paused. More fluid. I got a cramp and cried out. Another brief pause, then lukewarm enema resumed flowing into me. Pat was intent on pumping me as full as possible. "Please, Pat! I can't take any more!" She closed the clamp.

"Be still, Bobby." I felt Betsy's rubber gloved hand on my buttocks through a portion of the half-slip still partially covering my butt. She touched my rear crease and her fingers caressed my cheeks through the slip. One hand came under me to knead my stomach through the silky, slinky nylon slip. The expulsive urge ceased and the cramping eased.

"Pat, you can begin to pull your rectal tubing out now. Do it slowly, though, or you'll have his enema erupt all over you.

I felt the tube exiting, and then finally the tip smoothly emerging through my anus. FLASH! It was free.

Aunt Della handed a tampon to Betsy and she vigorously shoved it into me. I felt it expanding in my rectum. "Girls, help him pull up his panties. Bobby, be careful, I don't want any enema stains on your sister's nice petticoat and panties."

Betsy straightened up my pink petticoat and neatly arranged it around my waist. "Come with me, and don't you dare spill a drop of your enema."

Aunt Della led the way from her bedroom to the bathroom. "Now we will permit you to expel your enema." I had almost begun to forget my bottom fullness, but the urge surged most powerfully to push against the plug wedged in my behind. We rushed to the bathroom. Betsy lifted my petticoat and pulled down my panties. I stepped out of them and straddled the toilet, again with my face to the wall and my rear exposed to their ministrations. I felt Fran tugging on the string hanging from my hole. The damn plug was pulled free. Plop! And out it came. My enema cascaded into bowl. "Next time, he'll run clear," she announced and then cleaned me up and helped me back on with my panties. I was so depleted I could barely lift my feet to step back into the panties.

It was Fran's turn to do me next. I resumed my knee-chest posture on Aunt Della's bed. Pat was to take the remaining photos. I saw a large green nozzle in Betsy's hand. She was attaching it to the latex tubing.

"That's too big for me," I pleaded.

Aunt Della said, "Of course it's not. A sissy like you needs to get used to having big things shoved up his butt hole."

Betsy pulled down my panties and her finger was now going into me with lubricant. She aggressively massaged my hole. FLASH! Fran touched the tapered green monster tip to my puckered hole and then pushed. FLASH! The first inch entered. I could feel the widening ridges. Another inch. The bulge passed through. It was in my rectum. FLASH! Then the cold soapy enema coursed through the wide pipe into me. Its surprising suddenness stimulated me. It felt as though I was being filled by a firehouse. I felt gallons rushing into me.

"Oh . . . oh . . . ouuwee..." I stammered. Words wouldn't come. I had never felt like this before. Suddenly, I heard the gurgle of a drained basin. I had taken it all.

Aunt Della took charge: "Leave the nozzle in him. Tighten the clamps and disconnect the hose from the can. Now, help him up. Gently." She reapplied the Kotex to my hole and eased my panties back up to hold the pad against my bottom hole. "Now walk him into the bathroom, and use very short steps. Betsy, you take the free end of the tubing."

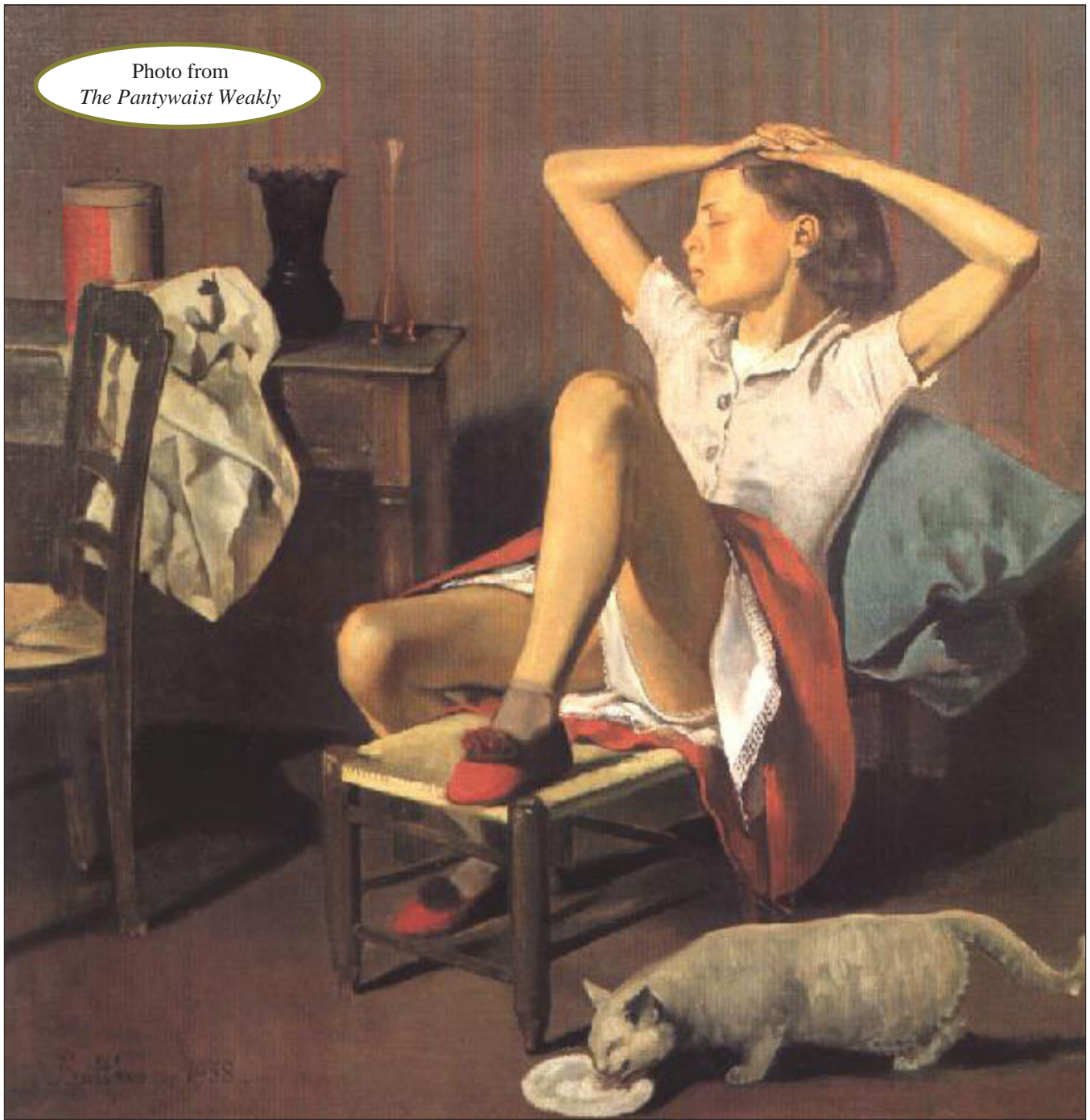
In the bathroom, Aunt Della said, "Off with his panties. Bobby, get over the bowl." Once again, I climbed over the bowl of the toilet. I felt Fran's fingers at my hole. She grasped the "Great Green Nozzle" and I felt every ridge of it as she twisted out of me. I gushed copiously, like a raging waterfall. Soon I was completely drained and I squatted to rest a little as I heard Pat filling the tub and laying out towels.

Auntie said, "All right, Bobby. Stand up. You may take off your sister's petticoat for the time being. We're going to give you a soothing bath."

I slipped out of Fran's half-slip and stood naked in front of Aunt Della, Fran, Pat and Betsy. They helped me into the tub and Betsy and Fran knelt beside the tub and gave me a bath like nurses do to an invalid. Then they dried me and puffed talcum all over my cracks and crevasses as I stood in the middle of the room naked and they looked me over.

Auntie said, "Fine job, Bobby. You're finished. You may go to your own room now. I want you to take a nap for a while. I have left something for you on the bed. Put it on."

Photo from
The Pantywaist Weekly



Pat kissed me on the lips as I started for the door. I was nude and filled with shame. Betsy kissed me too, and I could taste her sweet lipstick. Fran then kissed me on the mouth. A big juicy smack. She held me close, my nose in her bosom and her hand on my ass. She said to me, "Thank you for helping us with our homework. You were a perfect patient."

I could hear their "thank yous" all the way to my room. I walked slowly until I heard Fran's voice coming upstairs. Then I struggled to run the rest of the way. I didn't want her to tease me any more or ask me about "her little dickie." On my bed, Aunt Della had laid out a pretty, full-length, pink satin petticoat and a pair of fancy pink panties. They were decorated with lace and pink ribbons and looked brand new.

After a moment's hesitation, I put on the panties and picked up the petticoat. I slid into its silky softness and lay back on my bed. I was delighted having seen those lovely nurses but completely wiped out. Thinking of my sweet nurses, I rubbed my hands over the double layer of nylon slip and panties covering my battered ass and erect cock that seemed to be delighted to be in a fresh, crisp pair of sweet girlie panties. As I realized they were new and in my size, I knew Auntie had bought them just for me. She bought me girls' underwear! I mean lingerie of my very own! I shuttered at the thought. I was angry with myself because she was making a sissy of me, and I was barely fighting back. With a hard dick, tortured mind and aching body, I drifted into sleep. #02263-B, 1975 ♦