

Princess Online

Featured Stories and Letters
from the Princess
Productions
Website

No.
19

*Adults
Only*



Originally featured on our Internet website, these are our best letters, stories, articles and other items of interest for the fantasy fulfillment of adult pantywaist sissies. Stories range for "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

A Message from Princess Lacey

Reasons for Crossdressing

Dear Sissies,

The first time a male puts on female clothes it can be done either willingly or unwillingly. Willingly: he may dress up out of curiosity, as a prank, on a dare, to identify with females, or as a disguise. Situations include a fascination with the pretty clothes, wondering what it feels like to be female, desiring to be a female, or going to a costume party.

Unwillingly: he may be forced to dress up or have to do so out of necessity. Situations include having to wear hand-me-down clothes from a sister, having only female clothes to wear in a particular situation, being dressed up as a punishment, or being brought up as a girl by a parent who wants a daughter instead of a son.

After that first experience, a male may realize he likes dressing in female clothes, and when that happens, his reason for dressing up changes. He may love the sensuous feeling of the clothes, may get a thrill out of imitating females, or want to be a female.

Then crossdressing may simply evolve into a masturbation device, a fantasy escape, a way of reliving a traumatic experience, or the most appropriate way to dress for someone who believes they truly are more female than male. The point is that the reasons for crossdressing sometimes change over time. And for you to know yourself, to be truly comfortable with yourself, and to be as happy as you can be, you must accept what you are and love yourself.

So reflect upon yourself. Why did you start crossdressing? Why did you continue to do it, and why do you do it now? With those answers, the only question that remains is: In regard to your crossdressing, where do you want to be in the future? Do you want to continue as you are or do you want something more out of your life as a crossdresser? My recommendation: follow your desires. Try to satisfy your crossdressing desires to your fullest. You'll be happy you did, even if doing so involves great risks. Study the consequences of your actions, and decide if where you want to be is worth the risks involved. Any such self-examination should be done periodically. Life is too short to live in the shadow of others. Being yourself to the fullest is the best recipe for being happy.

Love,

Princess Lacey



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FEATURES OF THE MONTH SEPTEMBER THROUGH DECEMBER 2000

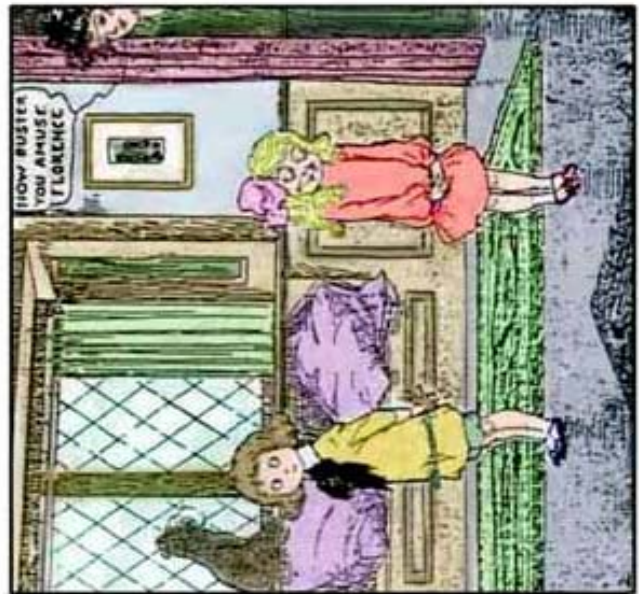
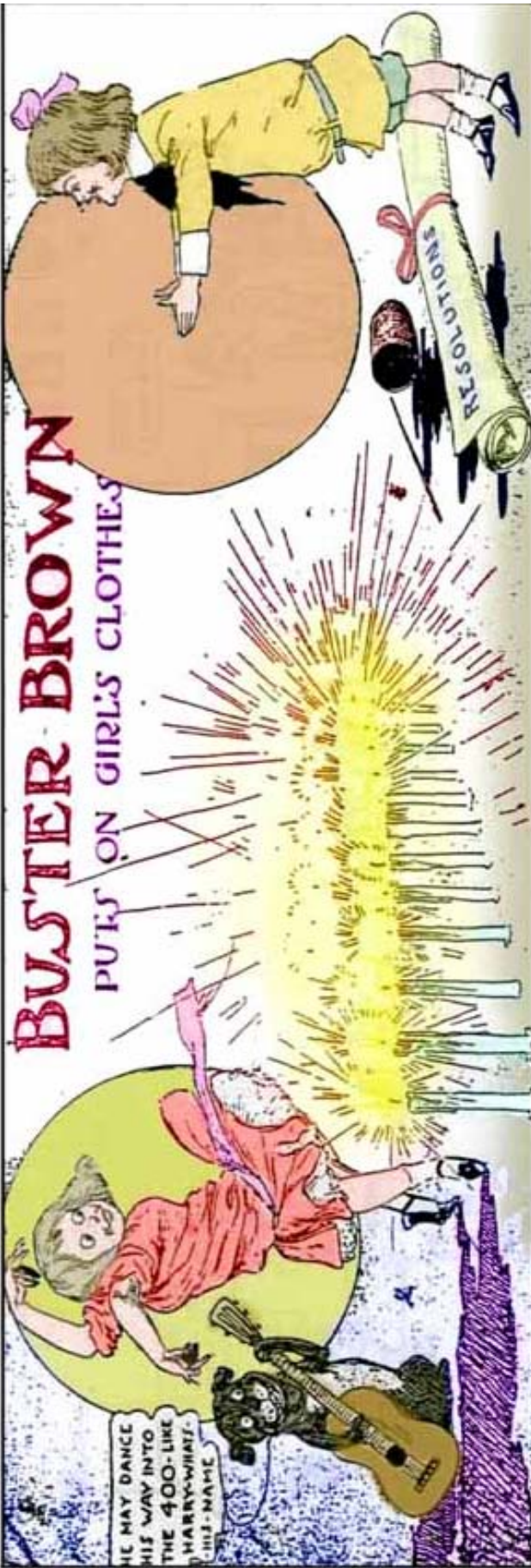
If you are considering telling someone about your crossdressing, the following items could be used in a lighthearted way to bring up the subject and, depending upon his or her reaction, help you decide whether or not to tell them.

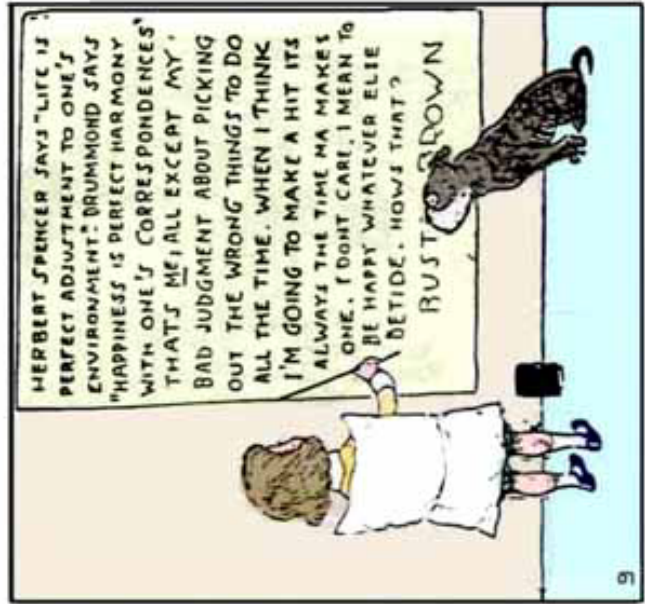
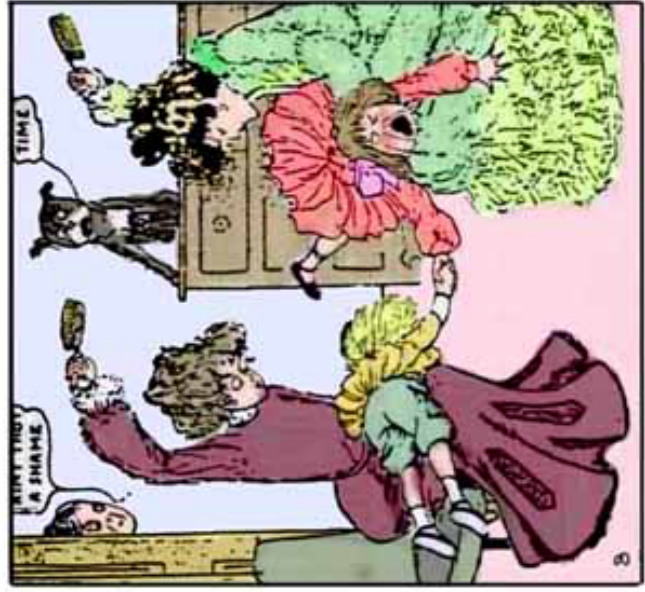
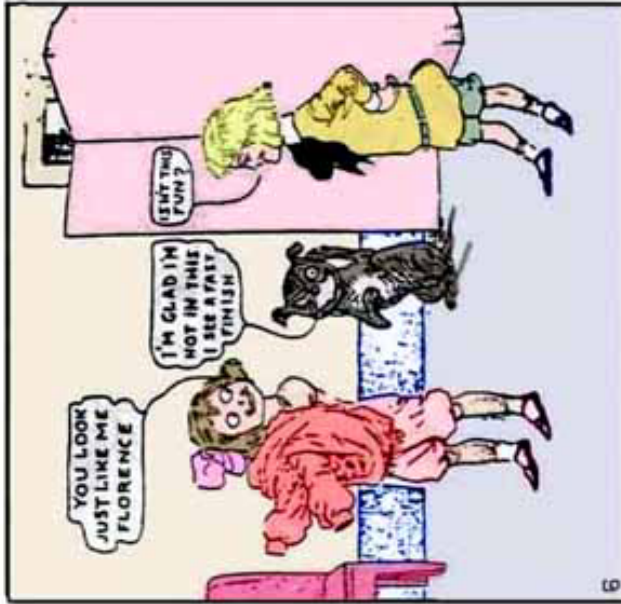
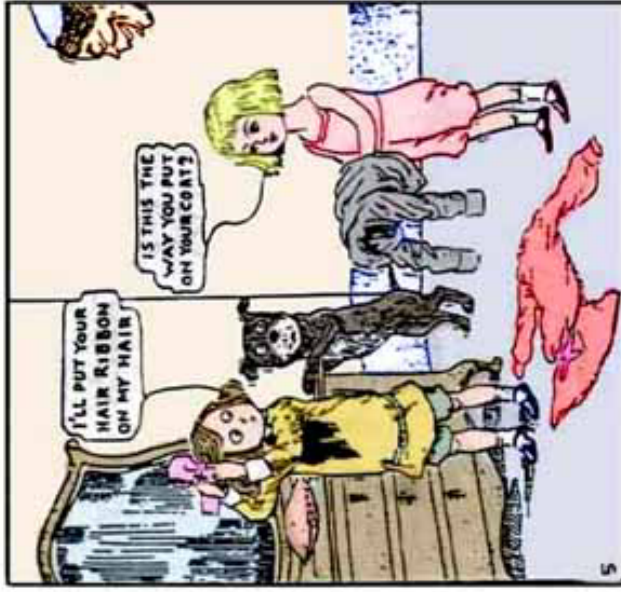
With Our Kind of Twist (cartoon at right): As kids across the country gathered around for the weekly ritual of having their father read to them the Sunday newspaper comic strips, I wonder how many little girls were left giggling and little boys were left blushing after seeing this cartoon! ♦

Little Bo Peep (pictures below) from the episode "Road Test" of the television series *The Wonder Years*. These photos show child actor Fred Savage in an ultra frilly dress and bonnet as the nursery rhyme character Little Bo Peep (complete with a flock of sheep) in a nightmare sequence as he feels shame because he can't qualify for his driver's test and get a date with a girl. ♦

Buster Brown (pages 4 & 5) was one of the earliest and longest running comic strips. In this cute episode from 1903, Buster as usual is getting into trouble, but this time he does it in girls' clothes! ♦









Masquerade! (pictures above) We have a lot of photos of boys wearing girls' or sissy clothes from costume parties, fancy dress balls, Halloween contests, and these are photos from the This is a picture from the Grove County Fair 4-H Club competition. Contestant Heather Chapman's entry was a dress she made, and she had her brother, Stevie, model it at the fair. He seems to enjoy wearing it! ♦





Above, fourth-grade contestant Kyle Thomas answers why he would like to be Miss Mockingbird. At right, from the left, Steven Downing, Mathew Younger and Jordan Kretchmer put on the finishing touches before competing in the Miss Mockingbird contest.

Special to Harte-Hanks



Skirting the Issue:

Fourth-graders trade sneakers for heels in 'Miss Mockingbird' pageant

By WENDY WEGREN
Staff writer

When 12 fourth-grade boys dressed up as girls to compete for the title "Miss Mockingbird," it was pure fun, classmates said.

Susan Watson, a fourth-grade teacher at Mockingbird Elementary, said the school's second-annual pageant presented a humorous look at Valentine's Day traditions.

"It was our second annual (pageant), and it was for pure humor," she said.

The pageant was Feb. 12 during the Valentine's Day party, with the fourth grade, some of the third grade and many parents in attendance.

Everyone was involved in the pageant. Watson said many boys wanted to enter the pageant, so names were drawn out of a hat to decide who would be the contestants for "Miss Mockingbird."

Three boys per class were allowed to participate. Other students were put into teams of six to help the contestants get dressed and made-up for the competition. Team members brought things from home, such as dresses and shoes, for the contestants to wear.

Watson said the teams had to make group decisions as to what the contestants would wear, and sometimes voting was required.

Justin Byford, the winner, did not want to wear the dress his team chose for him.

"It was real long and I kept tripping over it," Byford said.

Byford, however, wore the dress — and a feather boa — and now wears his crown proudly.

The contestants had to walk out on stage where they were asked why they wanted to be Miss Mockingbird. Watson said the boys caused quite a bit of laughter in the audience with some of their responses.

"I just told them 'So I could be popular,'" Byford said.

Nicky Macias' answer had the audience rolling in the aisles.

"It's a wonderful school, and I need a better job," he said.

"Some of those moms had tears in their eyes," Watson said.

She also said some of the parents videotaped the event for posterity.

"My mom took a bunch of pictures," Byford said.

Watson said school staff hoped the students learned cooperation by working within teams.

Byford said he learned something else by participating in the Miss Mockingbird pageant.

"High heels hurt," he said.

4th Grade Girlie-Boy Pageant (above) 4th grade boys took part in the annual "Miss Mockingbird" pageant. We especially enjoyed reading that so many boys wanted to dress up and take part that they had to draw names out of a hat to select the twelve boys that would be competing. ♦

The Hanging Judge! (page 8 and colorized photo on page 9) This juvenile court judge has our kind of hang-up: He punishes boys by making them wear girls' clothes. Where did he get the idea? From his mother, of course! That's how she used to punish him when he was a boy, and he says it cured him from misbehaving. Besides, he admits, girls' panties were pretty nice to wear! ♦

HE GOT IDEA FROM MOTHER

ORANGE, TX - A county judge who sentences boy juvenile delinquents to 30 days in girls' clothes said Saturday that he got the idea from his own mother. "It sure worked on us - me and my brother," Judge Sid Cellaret, 43, said. "I believe it's going to work here."

Reports said the judge currently has six boys, eight to ten years old, in dresses for stealing from grocery stores and parked automobiles, but he said, "This is not quite right. It actually is four boys and they will not start serving their sentences in skirts until Sunday."

"I have two more boys coming up before me Monday for stealing bicycles. If I find them guilty, I believe I will put them in dresses too," he said.

Juvenile Officer Ruth L. Dray will periodically check the delinquents' homes to see that the boys are properly attired and not wearing one single item of boys' apparel. She will have a key to each boy's home and be able to enter without any advance warning. Her inspection will include making the boys lift their skirts so that she can ascertain that they are wearing the proper lingerie, including lace panties, training brassieres, full slips, and nylons stockings or anklets. Her inspections may happen at any hour of the day or night. The boys must stay in and around their own home and are not permitted to leave the premises for any reason except a bona fide emergency. Further more, for a minimum of two hours each day of the sentence, the boys must play outside on their front porch or in their front yard in plain view of passersby.

"I told the parents, 'If you don't keep your boys in girls' clothes 24-hours a day, we'll put them in jail.' And I explained to them that by girls' clothes I mean the laciest and frilliest fashions available. That includes dresses, full lingerie and even girls' frilly nightgowns for nightwear. With the exception of underwear, I've made arrangements with the Mt. Zion Baptist Church to outfit the boys with

Story continues on page 27 (JUDGE)



In 1959, the judge, 4, in punishment dress with his brother, 5, and girl cousin, 11, whose dresses he had to wear.

JUDGE from page 18

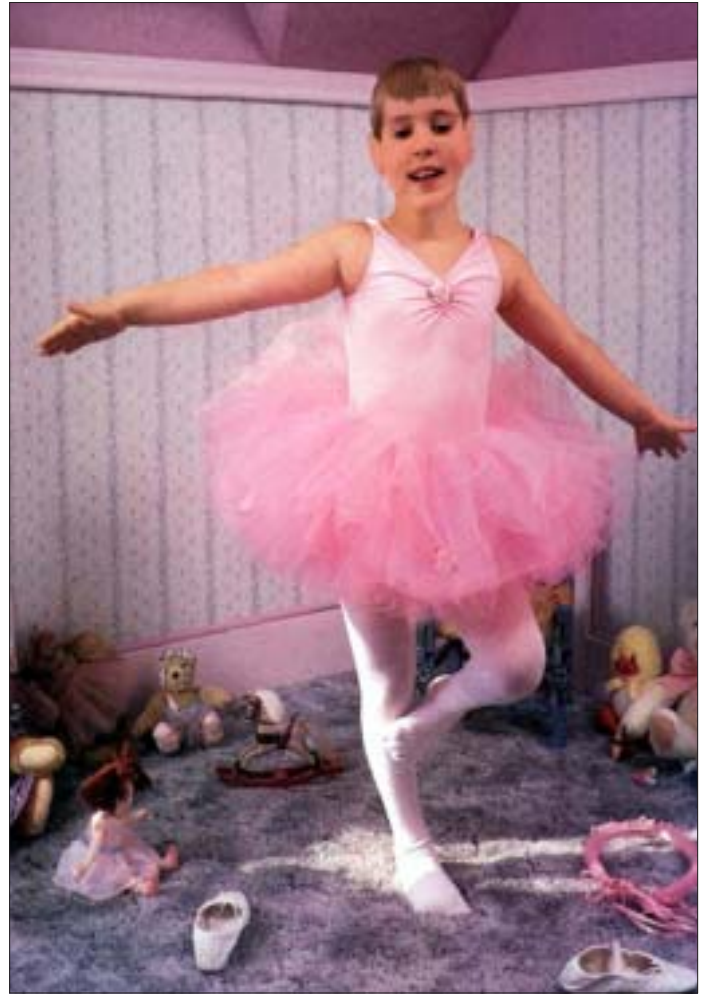
clothes from their monthly rummage sales. The women there have been most helpful in fitting the boys with very attractive clothes. And I understand that they take delight in teasing these delinquents, and the women make the experience of trying on dozens of outfits particularly agonizing for the boys. After the punishment period, the boys are to return the clothes to the church.

Each boy's parents will have to purchase appropriate lingerie, and both a boy's mother and father must take him shopping. Also they must make it known to the salesclerks that the lingerie is for the boy. This is a trick my mother did. My brother and I hated most of all this portion of her punishment because the salesladies never failed to ridicule us unmercifully once they found out that we were undergoing clothing punishment. One woman in particular I remember, she kept teasing me, saying that I must want to be a girl because I got into trouble and knew the consequences. I, a big of lad of 14 at the time, cried my eyes out when she insinuated that I liked boys. She told me she could fix me up with a 12-year-old boy who came into her shop with his mother and little sister all the time to buy himself panties."

"More than one mother told me what I was doing was a good idea," the judge said.

Juvenile proceedings in Judge Cellaret's court are circumspect and the names of the boys were not revealed.

The judge was born in Mississippi. As boys, he and his brother were constantly slipping off to swim in Biloxi Bay. His mother made them mind by putting them in their cousin's outgrown dresses and taking them shopping for their own lingerie! The judge added that he was from a very poor family and his girls' punishment clothes were the nicest clothes he owned! He admitted that even though the lingerie was especially humiliating to wear, he did become particularly fond of the silken lace panties, which were so much softer than his regular cheap boys' underwear.



World's Youngest? (photos above) Five-year-old Andrew "Andrea" Ladimore must be the world's youngest professional drag queen. Even though five-year-old boys around the world love to try on their mother's and sister's clothes, high heels, makeup and jewelry, Andrew gets paid for doing it!

He appears regularly for various groups and associations, like the Lions, Eagles, and PTAs in the Philadelphia area. Earning as much as \$75 per show, he performs a twenty minute song and dance routine. He makes a convincing little girl. In these pictures, he is without his Shirley Temple blonde wig, standing in his bedroom as he prepares to change from Andrew into Andrea.

Take note of his thoroughly feminine bedroom, the dollhouse, his wardrobe filled with other dainty little outfits, and the floor strewn with girlish toys. Obviously with his parent's full approval, he's really into being a girl! ♦

Halloween Girlie-Boy All Partied Out!
(photo right) Some sissyboys just don't have the stamina to party morning, noon and night as Halloween parties now go from the weekend before all the way through that Queen of girlie-boy holidays. ♦

Another Halloween Picture (below right) from that great time of year when girls can help their brothers come out of the closet and go outside in pretty dresses and full makeup. ♦

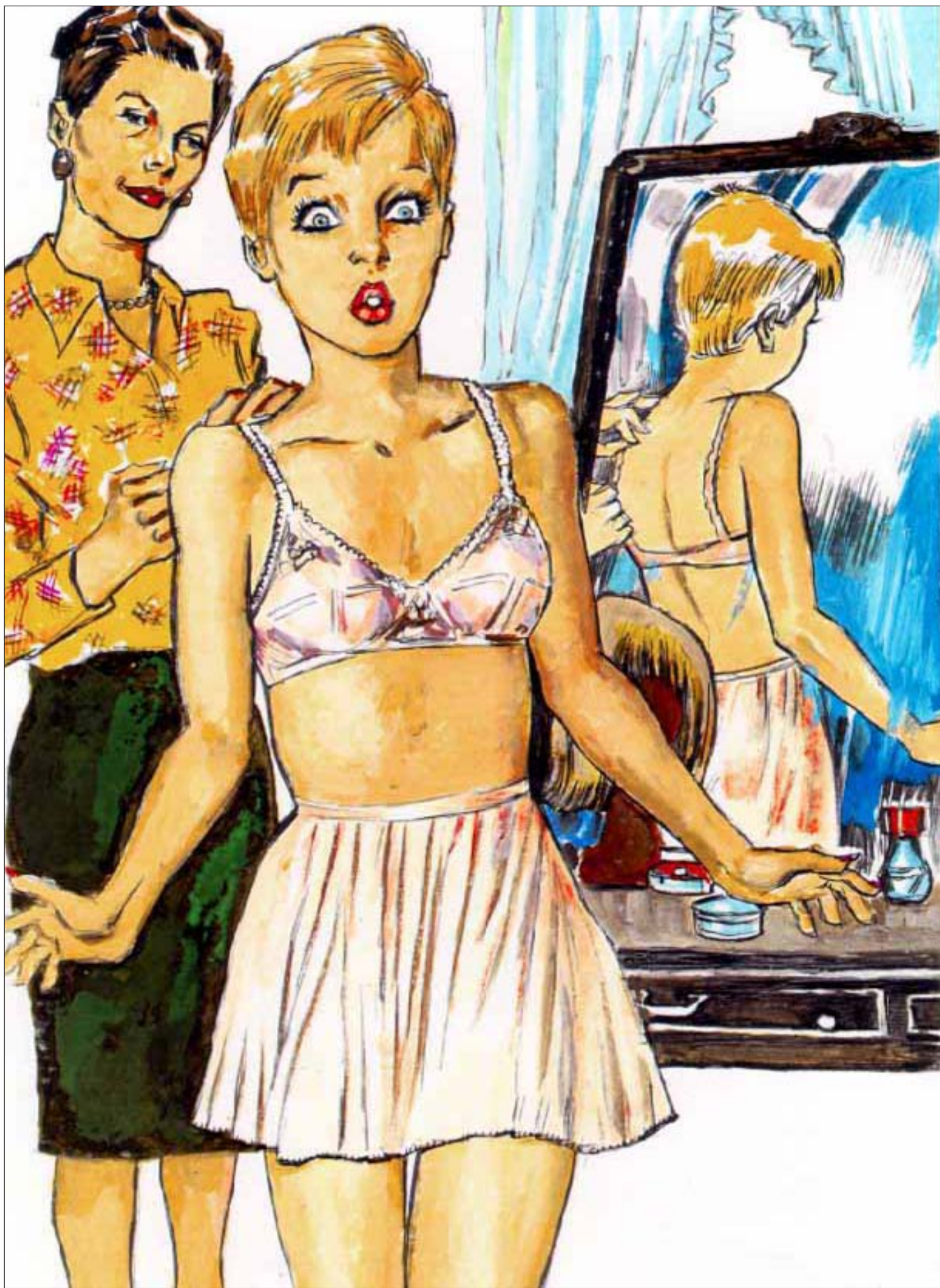
Carole Jean (page 11), a popular new author of forced crossdressing stories, has given us permission to colorize and publish each month a select drawing from one her various publications. One of her stories, which had a working title of "Nick & Mike," has now been published in a four-volume set under the name "Beautified Bullies."

This story, like all of Carole Jean's stories, focuses upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits and girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. As in her other booklets, this series continues Carole Jean's format of gracing every other page with a beautiful drawing by the famous Spanish artist Juan Sole, a.k.a. Juan Puyal.

This month we feature a drawing from volume #2 of Beautified Bullies. In this scene, Nick has just been outfitted with his first brassiere. The awestruck expression on his face and the witchy old lady behind him tell the story! This is one drawing that Juan Sole himself has colorized. Anyone interested in purchasing similar colorized drawings can contact Carol Jean through her website at the address below.

Carole Jean has also published books under the name "Bill," and they include "Henry's Vacation in Panties," "Darwin's Womanhood," "Bill's Humiliation in Panties," "Jeff's Humiliation," and, one of our favorites, "Schooled with Girls." You can purchase these books directly from Carole Jean through at her new website dedicated to petticoat punishment art at: <http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com> ♦





Another Masquerade Pic! (photo right) This is a picture of Paul David Ormand having a high old time dancing down the street at the 1993 Millrose, Florida, Founders' Day Parade. ♦

Ballet Takes Talent and Practice: (photo below) Marko and Roy Atherton repeatedly teased their older sister, Wendy, about her taking ballet lessons. They told her she looked stupid and insisted that anyone could spin and prance around like that. After their mother had heard enough, she demanded that the two boys dress up in leotards and tights and try doing their sister's dance routine. Of course, the boys couldn't even get up on their toes and could barely spin around without falling down as they kept tripping over their own feet. They learned their lesson and developed a new respect for their big sister and the art of ballet. ♦

Watchdoggie! (page 13) It's a conspiracy! Many rightwingers tout 'family values' and many left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: errant males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be monitored and contained. The way to save humanity from itself is to prevent or stop those hormones from ruining men and boys, who in turn are ruining our world.



These radical groups advocate making grassroots changes right in their own communities, schools, churches and homes. They see the problem at its worst in young boys approaching or in the early stages of puberty. Many of whom have difficulty controlling their actions because they cannot cope with the hormones surging throughout their bodies, and the way to cure them, these radical groups maintain, is to subdue them with a good dose of panty and petticoat discipline.

Well, Watchdoggie is keeping an eye on these groups and this growing phenomenon and cataloging his reports. He became an ardent activist because he himself underwent a most traumatic petticoat punishment session while he was attending a Catholic grade school during the 1950s. He can still vividly recall every aspect of that punishment, and the picture he has created here illustrates the humiliating situation he experienced that forever changed his life. ♦



Photo collage petticoat punishment poster from Watchdoggie!

35¢

Dress Pattern
Children's
Sizes
5 to 8

BEATAMAN'S Children's Dress Pattern

Designed by Lady Ellen
#3303-45B



Not only is this dress easy to make, your child will come to love the comfortable fit and modern design. After being put into this dress, even the roughest child will feel ever so sweet and want to be Mommie's little darling!

You can make 3 different dresses from this 1 Pattern!

Dress Pattern for Petticoat Punishment? In recent decades we have been buying more and more of our clothing "off the rack," but up until the 1950s, almost every family made at least some of their own clothes by hand. One could buy patterns for most any type of clothing. We came across the above dress pattern from the 1950s and it immediately caught our attention because of several interesting elements.

One of the three children in dresses pictured on the cover

certainly appears to be a boy. It's interesting that it is called a "children's dress pattern," no where does it even mention the word "girl." Moreover, the description reads like a formula for petticoat punishment as it states:

Not only is this dress easy to make, your child will come to love the comfortable fit and modern design. After being put into this dress, even the roughest child will feel ever so sweet and want to be Mommie's little darling! ♦

Let son decide fate of girl's panties and pics

Dear Mary Kay: My 14-year-old son has revealing pictures of his 13-year-old girlfriend and a pair of her pale blue lace panties hanging on his wall! I had no idea he knew anything about sex or had any interests along those lines. Jeff and his girlfriend, Anna, are two of the smartest and sweetest kids you can find.

I regard my son's room as his private domain and let him do whatever he wants in there. Last week, when I had to enter his bedroom to help my husband from the inside install new screens windows, I discovered on his bulletin



Mary Kay

board the flowered panties and Polaroid pictures, which showed Anna posing in those same panties. I immediately called my husband to come inside and see for himself. We were both shocked and never suspected that the two of them were sexually active in any way.

When my son came home from his ballgame that day, we confronted him. He got angry with us because he said we had promised never to enter his room and violate his privacy. He said the panties and the pictures were his girlfriend's idea, and she's very special to him, so he said he liked having them, and those things were none of our business. I think he was just trying to be spiteful, but he added that he had put on those silk panties and took pictures of himself and gave the pictures to her!

He was right, we had always promised him that his room was his sanctuary, so we dropped the matter. Did we do the right thing? Or should we have thrown those things away and demanded that they stop seeing each other? And what about him putting on the panties? If that is true, will that make him a transvestite or a pervert or something?

Sandy in Idaho

Dear Sandy: Probably a lot of the parents reading this are going to disagree with my advice to you, but you did do the right thing as far as dropping the matter. However, it never should have gotten to that point. You had promised your son that his room was private, and therefore, you never should have brought the matter up to him in the first place. Most important, you should have tried to involve your son in a discussion about teenage sex and warned him of the dangers without bringing up what you had discovered in his room. Also to force them to break up would probably have a reverse effect and just draw them closer together and alienate both of them against you and your husband.

And as far as him putting on the panties: So what? A lot of guys love to wear girls' panties for their girlfriends. I do admit that it is rather adult behavior for kids their age, but you must separate what is innocent fun from a couple of experimenting teenagers and what is dangerous sex practices, doing things that they will come to regret. You do not mention if your son revealed to you just how involved they were sexually, but if they're taking pictures of each other in her panties, they may be into some heavy experimenting.

My advice to you (and to the parents of your son's girlfriend) is to have frequent and non-confrontational sex talks with them. Give your son his privacy, but be watchful. You said, "I had no idea he knew anything about sex or had any interests along those lines." That tells me that you had not been vigilant and as involved with your son's life as you should have been. And, no, your son is not going to turn into "a transvestite or a pervert" because he experimented putting on his girlfriend's panties. That's the least of your worries.



Merry Christmas & Happy New Year!



Santa, why do you have your hand under my dress?
Tommy, I just want to see if you need any new panties for Christmas!

FEATURES OF THE MONTH - NOVEMBER 2000 & JANUARY 2001



The Bra Boy

7/30/00

Dear Princess,

When I was a young teenager, I was a little fat and my tits started to stick out like a girl's. I was very embarrassed about it, but my two older brothers thought it was funny. They were very athletic and would tease me all the time. I couldn't fight back because they could easily beat me up.

My mom and dad didn't have any sympathy for me. They thought I was lazy and that's why I was fat. It served me right if I was growing breasts! Then other kids in the neighborhood picked up on it, and soon I was getting teased on all sides. I ended up getting in fights, but it seemed like every boy in the neighborhood could beat me up. Then one day, a girl picked on me. I lashed out and hit her, but she jumped on me and beat the tar out of me!

I went home crying one more time. Well, my dad had enough; he gave me a licking with a yardstick just to teach me a lesson. But he wasn't finished with me. He had me take off my shirt and got my mom to get out one of her bras and put it on me! My mother is small-breasted, so I pretty well filled out the bra! We have a beachfront home and that day we had some of the first warm weather of the season, so they all decided to go swimming and have a cookout. Dad made me stay in the bra as we went outside! I'm not into swimming much, so I just sat on the beach and tried to watch in case anyone else came along the beach. Thankfully, no one else came along, but that evening I saw the damage that had been done. I got sunburned and the imprint of the bra was starkly obvious across my chest!

I cried, but they all laughed. The next day when they all wanted to have a cookout again, I told them I wasn't going out with the bra on!

Mom said, "OK," but then produced my cutoff jeans that she had sewn full of lace and used a wide ribbon for a belt! Mom and Dad made me put on those frilly cutoffs and go outside. That day, the man next door and his two preschool daughters came out. They came over to visit us. When the man and his little girls saw me, they laughed their heads off. The man wanted to know what was going on. My dad told him that I was having trouble trying to decide if I wanted to be a boy or a girl!

Kyle
Galveston

Another Bra Boy

Dear Princess,

Slips are nice, panties are great, but for me, sexy brassieres drive me absolutely wild! It started while I was growing up always seeing my mother and three sisters going around the house in their lingerie. They did that a lot, so I saw them wearing pretty bras for as long as I can remember. But I never saw what they looked like underneath their bras!

I was extremely curious as a boy. I'd sneak their bras and panties out of the laundry hamper or out of their dresser drawers at every opportunity and play with them. I'd smell them and closely examine them inside and out. I had seen naked statues and things like that, and so I knew what titties were supposed to look like, but I had never seen them in person, and for some reason, I just couldn't believe that girls and women were really shaped like that under their bras. My curiosity got me in trouble.

One day, late at night, my mother caught me peeking at my oldest sister through the keyhole of our bathroom door while she was taking a bath. As I watched her, I was fingering the fabric of her lacy purple bra and rubbing it against my chest with one hand, and I was using my other hand to stroke a pair of white rayon panties over my penis.

My mother threw the hallway light on and started screaming when she saw me. My other two sisters and father came running to see what was happening, and my sister in the bathroom opened the door with a towel wrapped around her. There I was cringing in a ball, trying to hide my nakedness and the stolen bra and panties. They immediately guessed what I had been doing. Mom berated me, my sisters called me a pervert and a Peeping Tom, and my dad pulled me up by my hair and started hitting me until I was screaming louder than all of them put together. I tried to explain to them that I couldn't even see what was going on in the bathroom – and I really couldn't because my sister had been almost entirely out of my range of vision – but that didn't matter to any of them!

My folks didn't make me put on the bra and panties (Looking back I would have loved that – I think!) like some other parents certainly would have done for punishment. Instead, my mother kept the bra and panties on the coffee table in the living room where they were in plain view of everyone. They were a constant reminder of what I had been caught doing. My sisters started pinching my nipples every chance they got while they teased me about needing a bra soon myself!

The worst part, whenever people came over to the house, my parents or one of my sisters would make me explain to them why the bra and panties were sitting on the table. Of course, my sisters went out of their way to bring home their girlfriends just so they could see me squirm and cry as I explained to them how I had been caught with the bra and panties and what I had been doing with them!

About a week later, -- thank goodness -- they disappeared from the living room. That cured me from touching their lingerie - for about two weeks!

After being caught, my mother and sisters never again went



around the house in just their bras and panties like they had done my entire life. I became more curious than ever!

Then despite my fear of getting caught again, I was back to playing with their bras and panties and even peeking at my sisters in the bathroom. I was just real careful after that and became very clever at how I went about doing it. And finally, I did get to see their breasts – on many occasions!

So I grew up with a lingerie fetish, especially an attraction to bras. I quickly graduated to trying on the bras and panties and even wearing them under my jeans and sweatshirts whenever I felt I could do so safely. My wife knew about my attraction to her bras and panties from when we first met. I simply told her I liked seeing her in them. So she bought the prettiest lingerie and enjoyed keeping me all riled up, so she was always bending over and flashing me her frillies. As our relationship progressed and I finally told her everything about the development of my fetish, she wanted to know if I wanted to wear lingerie too. I told her “no,” but I think she guessed the truth. At Christmas just before we got married, she bought me some bras and panties in my size and insisted that I wear them. She quickly realized that I liked to be teased and tortured in the lingerie so that’s how she began treating me. Now, she dresses me up, takes pictures of me in embarrassing positions, threatens to tell our friends, and pinches the hell out of nipples just like my sisters use to do. Man, I really love my wife!

Chester C.

Sarasota, Florida

I Didn't Think It Was Funny at All!

Date: 7/23/00

Dear Princess,

My life as a sissy has to have one of the most unusual beginnings you’ve ever heard of. We had a local women’s clothing store that use to run comic ads to get people’s attention – and it worked. People around here couldn’t wait to see what they’d come up with on each subsequent week. They advertised in the Sunday newspaper, and I think their ads were as big of a draw as the funny pages!

Well, one day they had this ad for a girls’ lingerie sale and they had a picture showing two girls, one in a nightgown and the other in a slip and bra, looking at a boy in a slip and training bra. Through the thin slip you could see that he was wearing silky white panties too!

The ad stated: “Slips, Bras, Panties & Nighties so pretty even your brother will want some!”

Well, that advertisement drove my mother and baby sister wild with laughter. I didn’t think it was funny at all. In fact, it made me uncomfortable, a boy all dressed up in silky girls’ stuff like that.

“What’s wrong with you?” Mom asked. “Don’t you think this is funny?”

“It’s making me sick! How could any boy let them . . .?”

“Let them? I bet most boys would love to try on some pretty things like that.”

“Not me!” I halfway screamed.

“What’s wrong? You’d get embarrassed if I dressed you in bras and panties and things?”

“Shit, yeah!”

Oops! I used a swear word in front of my mother, a real no-no. Mom was up in a flash and dragging me to the bathroom with my little sister excitedly jumping up and down in anticipation. Mom held me around the neck as she lathered up a washcloth. When it was foaming with a thick swathe of perfumed suds she forced open my lips and shoved it in. She rubbed it all over inside my mouth. I was coughing and spitting as some of the soapy mixture trickled down my throat. Throughout the ordeal my clothes had gotten all soapy and wet. That’s when Mom got the bright idea to get me out of my clothes and haul me up to her bedroom to dress me in some of her lingerie like the boy in the advertisement.

As Mom held me down on her bed, she directed Mary Kay, the most spoiled, nastiest and prissiest little sister anyone could have, to get things out of her dresser drawers. They put me in purple panties, a big white bra and a long white slip. They took a bunch of other panties to fill up the cups of the bra. I had to stay that way for the rest of the day. When my dad came home after working the church breakfast, he laughed at me. I thought he’d get them to stop it, but he just told me to stop whining and go along with the joke!

Some joke! Then he noticed that those slithery silky clothes were giving me an erection, and that prompted him to give me a religious sex lecture all about dirty thoughts and masturbation. He did that with my mother and Mark Kay sitting there listening to every word and adding comments of their own.

I could have died when Mary Kay told him that she often saw me pulling on my penis in the morning when she’d come into my room in her frilly little nightie and dance around while I tried to get ready for school.

Of course, it wasn’t true, but they didn’t believe me. Instead, I got the slip up and the panties down for a royal whipping with my dad’s belt!

Luke R.

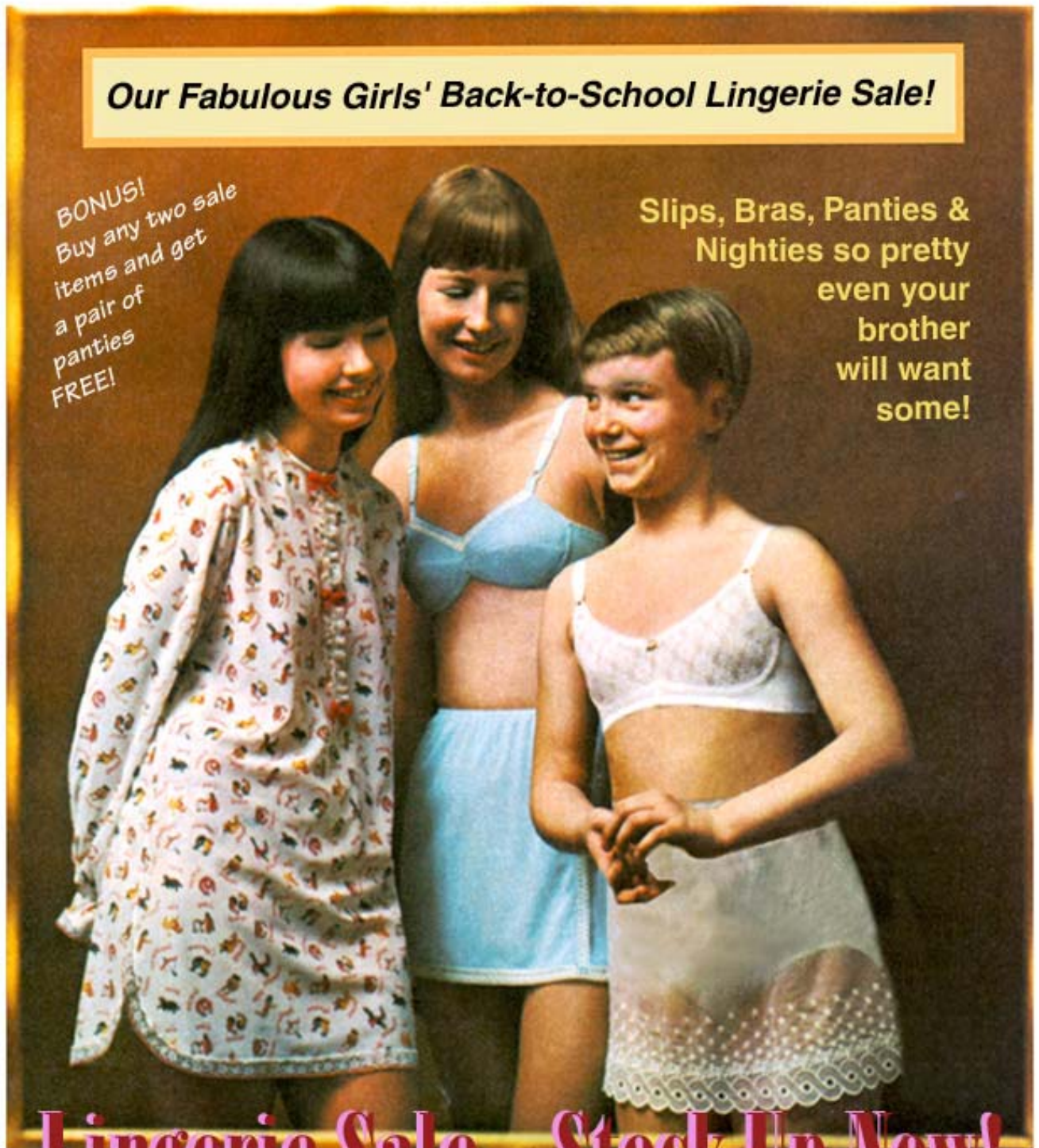
Arkansas



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