

Princess Online



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 slaves. Stories range for "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

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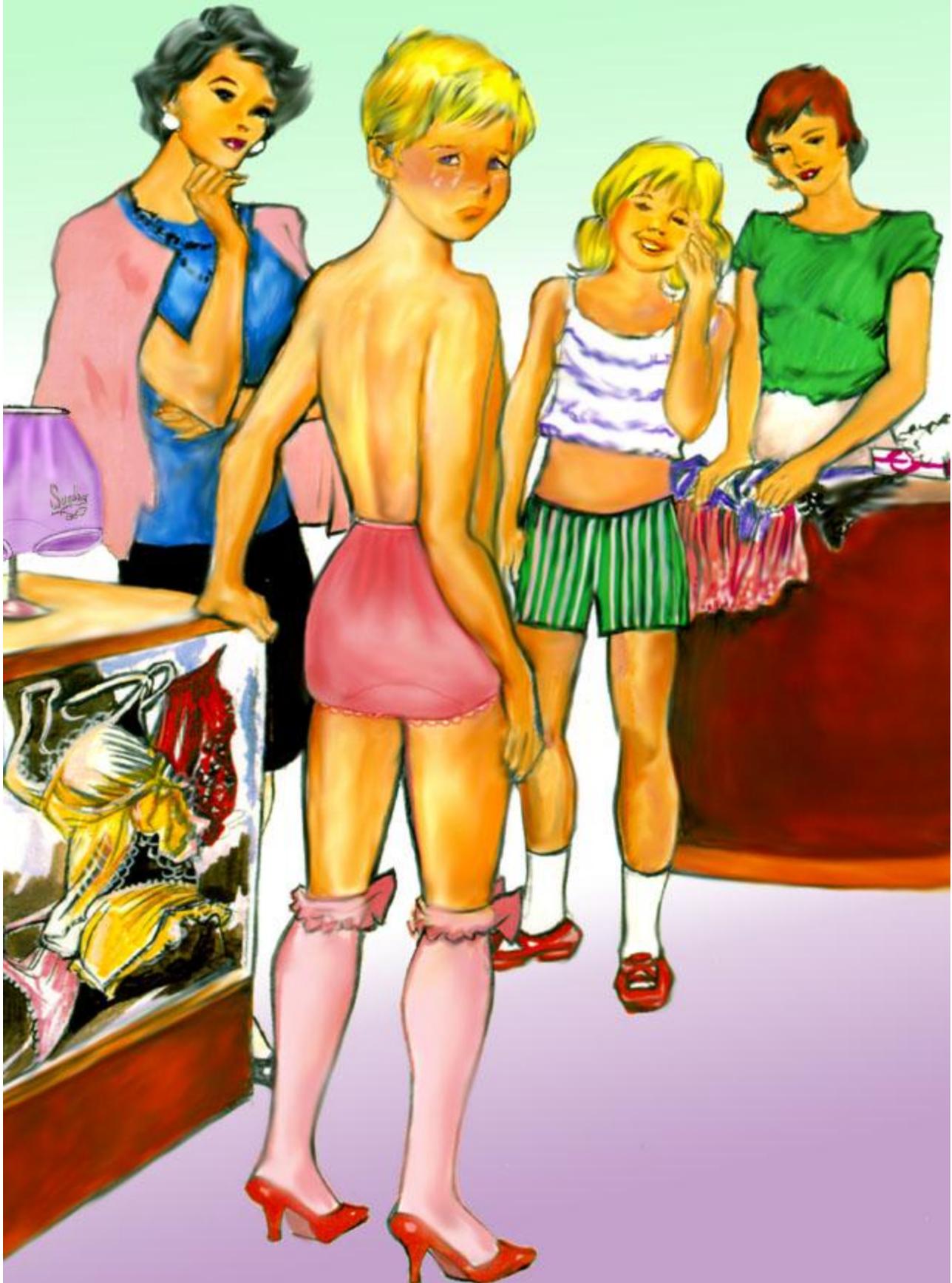


Masquerade

In the photo on the left, this girl talked her brother into putting on makeup and fake fingernails. Some boys are really lucky to have such great sisters!

In the photo on the right, this boy's sister received a play makeup set for Christmas, he became infatuated with it and wanted to play with makeup too. So he got his mother's wig, his sister's dress and lingerie and dressed himself up, then he experimented with his mother's and little sister's makeup. And the above picture shows how he looked when his mother, father and sister found him.

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Carole Jean

Carole Jean, a good friend and popular author of forced crossdressing stories, has given us permission to colorize and publish each month a select drawing from one her various publications. All of Carole Jean's stories focus 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. Every other page of Carole Jean's booklets is illustrated with a beautiful drawing by the famous Spanish artist Juan Sole, a.k.a. Juan Puyal.

This month we feature a drawing from volume #1 of "Schooled with Girls." Every crossdresser has fantasized about trying on panties in a lingerie store and being made to model them in front of the clerks and other customers. Well, in this scene, Peter is coerced into being taken to a women's store and outfitted with a selection of pretty panties to wear.

In addition to "Schooled with Girls," Carole Jean has published books both under her own name and under the name "Bill." Those books include "Bill's Humiliation in Panties"; "Henry's Vacation in Panties"; "Darwin's Womanhood"; "Jeff's Humiliation"; and her most recent, "Beautified Bullies." You can purchase all her books directly from her website:

<http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

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silky satin training
PANTIES

help little BOYS

FEEL their

FEMININE SENSITIVITIES

Watchdoggie!

It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout 'family values' and 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 contained and constantly monitored. The way to save humanity from itself is to stop those hormones from ruining our 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 handle the hormones surging throughout their bodies. And if such boys aren't kept in check, they risk becoming abusive, disgusting and worthless members of society. The way to cure them, these radical groups maintain, is to subdue them with a good dose of panty and petticoat discipline.

Therefore, males who can't conduct themselves in a proper manner are forced into fancy dresses and frilly lingerie. Such clothing shocks them out of their selfish, destructive thinking and makes them receptive to learning how to act properly. Lessons that, the leaders of this movement insist, will serve the boys throughout their lifetime.

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns while he was attending fifth grade in a Catholic school during the 1950s. He can still vividly recall every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet that experience also taught him that our society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys. Radical groups bent upon destroying the male world circulate propaganda to their followers. Watchdoggie! monitors these groups and his collage above is based upon one of their posters he saw through the window of the headquarters of one of these organization. Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the aftereffects of petticoat punishment after almost 50 years. As a form of therapy, he is committed to bringing attention to these clandestine groups, working to destroy present-day society!

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BLOOD IN EXILE
By Shiloh

I think I want to try to get pregnant. If I have a girl, I want to name her Arsinoë. What do you think of that?

When I think of words, good words, all strung together, the way women write, the way women who have been chastized and spit upon write, the way old women, old mothers, old grandmothers who have been chastized and spit upon write, it makes me think of running. Virginal worlds, hills, grass, young girls in dresses running, stopping to smell water and kiss dirt, running. Black dirt. It doesn't matter what the words are actually about. But even so, they often are about running.

And I want to see little boys in dresses too. It's a strange thought, but it used to be done. I've seen it in photographs. Boys so pretty their fathers never faced a penile threat. That's what boys are like. They're clean, but they make holes in things. And they make people dead.

I sent my blood into exile. I took it and I held it in my hands, like a doll, or like a small person's head. I held it for a long time, because it was nice. It was like jello I think. "Now don't you come back until I'm pregnant, or until I have Arsinoë the warrior I mean." That's what I told Blood. Blood was as faceless as a cow, that fucker. Arsinoë will be a good girl, and she will be naked when she's born. That's what I think.

Arsinoë is like special death. It's like lighting a candle and praying, thinking about having a baby. She could be a boy, but I doubt it. Boys don't run in the family.

I'm writing a book. At least I think it's going to be a book. But usually it doesn't turn out that way. I just want to lose myself in my visions of running girls, new breasts, free water, moving. Books are nothing like girls. I've seen words move before, but I was wrong at the time I think.

I've also seen the little grooves on the large beads of my rosary move, ever so slightly. Probably just because I had been praying a lot, and I stopped to look for some reason. I think wombs are like that too, which is why I think Arsinoë will want to be born as soon as possible. They're not like houses, although that would be nice. I think they're pink not white, but it could be that's only on the autopsy table. I'm no doctor, but you don't have to be to get pregnant. Lots of people get pregnant, but my little girl will be special. She'll run. She won't be like a house. And one day she'll have breasts too, which will be good, because she might have a baby herself. While running too. I think anything is possible.

I considered other names besides Arsinoë, you know. But I like Arsinoë best. You probably don't like it, but I couldn't give a fuck. You can go to hell. Arsinoë will have a sword too. It won't be shiny, like in pictures of knights. It'll be dingy, but it will still kill you.

**AVE ARSINOË GRATIA PLENA DOMINA TECVM BENEDICTA TV IN
MVLIERIBVS ET
BENEDICTVS FRVCTVS CLARITAS TVA MORTIS AMEN**

You are afraid.

I see you patrolling me, ant eyes in flocks or herds, crawling in single file, full of the meaning of smallness, hieroglyphs of smallness adorning them. I watch back like mercury. I have wings. I can fly. I need your semen. In me it will have no taste. You can't make women eat a dream. You swing your arms in a swift, incompetent march. You don't glow. The girls are all around, invisible, laughing. They don't even notice. Dead spring full of peat. You are all miles, and water plants. I will choose when I need to. I will see you naked, and my face will go all starched, blind man. I like the way it is because I can do anything and you can't. This is my story.

I run down the hill, flapping my trunks. My sex breathes out like an eye sunspot, plump and tight. I stretch myself by running, bend over and touch my toes, flex my knees, stick my ass in the air, and think about nothing. I smile. Your scent quakes softly nearby. I'm on my toes. The air is cheap and getting darker. It's my hour now.

Water sometimes runs, and then it stops. I've noticed this. When it stops, it always stops in a pool, in a hollow. The lowest common denominator. But even when it stops, if the hollow is deep enough, vast enough, beyond all meaning, it still churns. That's what makes waves. That's what makes pleasure and sex. New breasts are good for waves. They bob on waves like peaches filled with juice popping like a buzz. You can hear new breasts smacking each other even before it happens, dashing down into the grooves of the hollow, smiling and laughing at everything that's still. They eat fire and smiles with each other when the moon is high. You don't know our time, uncertain and fist-like. My belly's a drum. March! March!

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"Pantywaist" Bib For Your Little Boy

Renowned artist Julia Morrisroe has produced some gender-bender art. What caught our eye was the blue bib above ("blue for boys"), which has the word "pantywaist" printed over the face of what is obviously a baby boy. Some of her other works of artwork are named "Mama's Boy", "Pretty Boy", "Sissy", and "Girlie Girl." She has an extensive website, but none of the other items we mention here are currently on display.

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[Pretty Tennis Panties](#)

Every sissyboy loves the pretty panties that were standard wearing apparel for almost every female tennis player. In honor of that tradition, we are presenting the cute photos above. Especially during the 1970s and 80s, ruffled tennis panties like these were the rage. Photo #1 (top left) is Chris Evert, #2 is Virginia Wade, #3 is the famous "Gorgeous" Gussie Moran, who started the lace panty fashion in the late 1940s, and #4 is an unknown woman giving us a very pretty panty display.

Note: Due to the minimal quality of the pictures, slightly larger color pictures are only available on pictures #1 and #4.

For more tennis panty pictures go to <http://www.geocities.com/fas60s70s/index2.htm> This website focuses upon women wearing short skirts and knee socks, but there is a section showing a lot of tennis panties. *Go to the website then click on "Tennis Fashion."*

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So, you like crossdressers? i don't blame you at all. Absolutely beautiful, aren't they? In my opinion, absolutely sexy. Or maybe your boyfriend decided to share this part of himself with you. Or did you find out accidentally?

CDers like all people need support, and you, being the one they confide in, are very important. Some reality in an unstable time. Think about it, how hard it was for him to tell you something so intimate. How he has dealt with it within himself. And to tell somebody, at this age, takes a lot of courage. a lot of trust.

In today's complex teenage dating world, it is easy to be caught in a situation where judgement is thin. i ask of you to respect your boyfriend's privacy, and respect it even after a break up.

If or when you break up, hopefully it is not because of the crossdressing. i ask you both not to center your relationship around it. Soon, he may become dependant on you, and you may feel yourself having a guilt trip when a breakup does come. (as with all teenage relationship, i always say the same thing, only One relationship will last you the rest of your life. every one before it will end. And endings aren't always happy. The trick is to make yourself happy during those relationships and even when single. My point: only One relationship will last. you've both got long lives ahead of you.) Break ups are never fun, and i bid you not to throw it in his face. You may be bitter, but That is unexcusable.

Yet may i speak now of things less saddening?

There is a chance you fancied CDers before. Yet a larger chance you hadn't even thought of it prior to your present situation. Either or, you can learn to accept it and even enjoy it. besides, you wouldn't be here if you didn't care enough to read up on it. With that, i applaud you. Your boyfriend is very lucky to have you, to have found you and formed such a trust so early in your lives.

What? your life as a teenager is chaotic as is right now, and now This? Life is chaotic, my dear. You do not have to let this into you both and overwhelm you. You don't have to witness it (yet for the world of me i can't see why). You are only expected to be there for him. to listen to him and not to validate his fears.

What i am saying is that, the fact that your boyfriend owns a pair of panties is no difficult than that legion of Baywatch babes overpowering a lot of teenage boyfriend's rooms. Or maybe no differeng than a guy's preference of cool looking boxers to the traditional whitey tightey briefs.

Look on the bright side, dear. Now you know that he Really trusts you. And you can enhance your wardrobe! And you are now more enlightened. And hey, it couldn't hurt, right?

now speaking to those who are teenagers and do fancy crossdressers. i say to you, that's cool. ::grins:: hey, i can't say much of anything else, can i? well, i don't blame you one bit for liking CDs, i love them, personally, obviously. And actually have gotten a few odd looks for saying so. A lot of people do not fancy these girls, but i do and i believe that to be the only thing that matters. Just how some people say they like brunettes, or guys with glasses, i just happen to like guys in women's apparel. And if you agree with me, then you should in fact contact me for i know none that shares the same passion as i.



Pantied for Life!

Part 1

A True Story

Dear Princess,

Everybody knew everybody else in the small rural town in the Northeast where I grew up. We lived in a trailer park, and my best friends were two neighborhood girls, Laurie and Annette, who were both my age, and Annette's brother Adam, who was two years younger. Annette and Adams's mother, a French Canadian and a very strict Catholic, was my baby-sitter. Laurie's

mother looked after me sometimes too. Both of my parents worked, and my older brother and sister generally stayed with other neighbors when we weren't in school.

Annette, Adam, Laurie and I were always together, and we often played naked together especially during hot summer days when we squirted each other with the garden hose. Our parents didn't think anything of that since we were all so young, but we took an interest in each other's bodies, and when we were alone, we liked to take off our clothes and examine our differences. I was fascinated with the girls, and they were even more fascinated with us boys.

At other times we played house, and I was usually the baby. I still wet my pants occasionally, so they had tried putting a diaper me, but it wasn't big enough, so they just put me in a pair of pink rumba panties and a small dress that barely covered the panties. For me at the time, there was no special significance to the panties. They were just part of the play costume. Adam could wear a diaper, but for some reason, he rarely was the baby even though he was the smallest.

We never got caught playing our little naked sex games, and we never got caught with us boys dressed like girls. There were several close calls, and I'm sure we would have been killed if Annette's mother had caught us. She was a no-nonsense woman who believed that boys should behave like boys and girls should behave like girls. At least that is what I thought at the time. When I was seven years old, we moved into a house, but it was still just a short bike ride away from the trailer park and my friends, so I continued to stay at Annette's place while my parents worked.

One day while Annette and I were playing together, she suggested we play dress up. I said OK and she started pulling out all kinds of clothes. Her mother made all their clothes and had made a few of mine too. I watched with my usual fascination as she undressed down to her lacy, powder blue nylon panties. I was getting older now, and for some strange reason, I took a special interest in those pretty panties. The soft nylon shimmered in the sunlight, and the lace flowed elegantly around her legs and waist. I couldn't take my eyes off them.

Within seconds, Annette had put on a frilly blue dress that closely matched the panties. Her mother had probably made the dress to be a set with the panties. As I sat there and stared, she put on pink ankle socks with a bow on each side and followed them with a pair of blue shoes. As soon as she finished she stood in front of the big mirror in her room and began acting real prissy, spinning around and bending over, and from every angle exposing those pretty panties. Then she turned to me and asked what I was waiting for.

I was a little hesitant. It had been about a year since we had played our dress-up game and I had put on girls' clothes. In the interim I guess peer pressure made me realize that boys weren't supposed to wear girls' things. I told her that I couldn't put on girls' underwear and worried that her mom would catch me, and she in turn would tell my mom and I'd be in big trouble.

Annette said her mom was busy making her new clothes for school and wouldn't bother us. She said, "Just go ahead and do it."

"Do I have to put on the underwear," I asked?

“It's part of the game,” she insisted. “You have to be a girl so we can have a tea party and play with my Barbies.”

Between her and Laurie they must have had every Barbie doll and every piece of Barbie clothing, dishes and accessories ever made.

I hesitated for a moment and then began to undress as Annette stared intently, never taking her eyes off me. When I pulled down my underwear she giggled (as she always did) and handed me a pair of pink nylon panties like hers except for the color. My penis began to rise the second the soft nylon touched my hand. Annette laughed some more when she saw my dick erect. She came over for a close-up view, grabbed hold of my penis and grinned wildly as it throbbed in her cold little hand. Whenever Laurie played naked with us, she liked to touch it and feel it get hard too.

I stood there a minute admiring the panties, and then put one leg in. I lost my balance and fell to the floor. As we laughed loudly, Annette's mom called out and asked what all the noise was. Together we answered, “nothing.” (I should probably mention we were speaking French then; though I can't speak a word of it today.) I continued to put on the panties, and once I had them up, Annette ran her fingers around the dainty waistband and straightened the lacy leg openings to adjust the fit.

She made me stand beside her and in front of the mirror. She lifted her skirt and we compared panties. Except for the bulge in the front of my panties, we looked very similar. She had me turn around and we compared pantied butts, and they were almost identical in shape and size. Annette got the pink dress and had me hold up my arms so she could put it on me. As the dress slid over my head, I heard Annette give out a loud gasp. I wondered what was going on because she left me standing there tangled up in the dress. Then I heard her mother's voice.

“What's going on here?” she screamed.

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Pantied for Life!

Part 2

A True Story



I wasn't sure whether to pull the dress down or take it off. Instinct took over and I yanked off the dress and let it fall to the floor. Annette's mother was standing in the doorway with an angry expression on her face and I was standing naked except for Annette's silky pink panties. The bulge I had only moments before had shrunk and I probably looked like a little girl. As I tried to get to my clothes, she grabbed me by the arm.

"Boys are not supposed to wear girls clothes. Are you a girl?" She asked.

"No," I pouted in a low voice.

"We were just playing," Annette explained.

Since I had on her daughter's panties, she probably guessed that we had been naked together, but that probably wasn't a big deal since she had let play naked together many times before that. In fact, she used to always comment on what a "big boy" I was, and how I was going to grow up to be a big strong man some day. But at this moment I got the feeling that she was a little perplexed. She didn't quite know what to do. Then she broke the silence, pulling me towards the bed, and before I knew it I was over her knee. As I began crying, begging and pleading not to be spanked, I saw Annette watching with a smile on her face. But that smile soon went away when her mother asked why she was grinning and then pronounced that she was next.

All the wiggling and squirming around I did caused the panties to slither up and down my penis, and I became hard. My erection pressed against her leg. She reached under me and grabbed it to confirm what she had felt. Immediately a hard smack hit my butt. I yelled and tried to get up. She pulled me back down driving my penis into her leg. And another swat hit me. She then pulled the panties down just over my butt and spank me a good 25 to 30 times. She shoved me to the floor and then pursued Annette, who was doing her best to run away. She also begged and pleaded, but to no avail. She began to cry even before she was over her mother's knee.

When it was over Annette was sent to her bed, and I was dragged into the living room wearing nothing but her pink panties. I was made to stand in the corner and commanded not to move or say anything. About a half hour later the doorbell rang. It was Laurie asking if Annette could play. Annette's mother explained that she had been bad and was being punished.

“What did she do,” she asked?

“That naughty little boy in the corner wants to be a girl, and Annette was helping him.”

Laurie looked in my direction, but didn't immediately recognize me.

“That's a boy in the corner? Who is it? Why is he wearing pink panties?”

“John, turn around and show Laurie how cute you look in your new panties.”

“That's Johnny? Oh, gee!”

I started to turn around and face them, but I shook my head no and tried to bury myself back into the corner. Annette's mother grabbed me by the shoulder and spun me around.

“This little girl here is your friend John.”

Laurie busted out laughing. “He looks so funny in pink panties. Why is he wearing girls' underwear?”

I stood there with my head hung low in embarrassment as Annette's mother told Laurie how she caught me playing dress up with her daughter, and then was told to come back tomorrow and she could play with Annette.

I was made to return to the corner, and about 15 minutes later, I was released. Annette was also released from her bedroom and she brought me my clothes. Before being allowed to put them on, I had to stand there naked and get lectured about the differences between boys and girls. I was told without a doubt that I was never to put on panties and a dress again, and if I did she would embarrass me in front of everybody including my parents.

Thank God! It was a relief that she wasn't going to tell my parents, but she made it very clear that if it ever happened again she would tell them. I knew she meant it too.

I had to still stay there because my parents weren't home yet. So Annette and I just sat in the living room and watched television together. Laurie must have told her mother about seeing me in the pink panties because a few minutes later the phone rang, and it was Laurie's mom. Annette and I could hear her mother laughing as we sat there watching TV. We were being very quiet, and not saying anything to each other, but we listened to every word of the phone conversation. Annette's mother laughed uproariously as she described how she had found us. She obviously thought it was very funny.

My mom never mentioned it, so I can only assume she didn't know or she chose not to bring it up and embarrass me. I continued to spend time at Annette's place although we were never played dress up again. Several months later Annette's parents sold their trailer and moving about three miles away. I was now spending my time with other friends and only saw Annette and

Laurie on Saturday nights when all our parents played pinochle. I was also in the Cub Scouts and was getting ready to go to camp for the first time.

I went to camp excited and happy but I returned confused and depressed.

Shortly after I arrived at camp, the assistant scoutmaster took me with him to gather firewood. We first stopped at A&W to get food for lunch. Then we went to a heavily wooded area. After we finished our hamburgers, we began to fill the truck with wood, and about a half hour later we were finished. I was hot and my uniform was getting all sweaty. He suggested that I change into a pair of shorts and a tee shirt. I told him that I hadn't brought any with me, but he got a backpack out of the truck and told me to put on what was in it.

He began loading a camera. I asked what he was going to take pictures of, and he said he was going to take pictures of me once I changed clothes. I didn't really give it a second thought until I opened the backpack. My heart stopped. I couldn't believe what I was looking at. I pulled everything out at once and it dropped on the ground. Lying there was a small dress, and a pair of silky flowered panties.

"There aren't any shorts in here," I said.

"I know," he said.

Then I heard the camera go off. It was a big camera.

"Just put the clothes on and I'll take a few pictures. It'll be fun, and I won't let your face wouldn't show. Nobody will ever know. And if you do it, I'll give you a big reward."

"I'm not going to do it! I want to go!"

But he wouldn't take no for an answer and he half wrestled me as he forced me to undress and put on the dress and panties. He took a lot of pictures all the while telling me I was a good girl, and was going to get a treat. When he ran out of film I got my treat. My treat was having him rub his big hard cock against my ass crack through my panties. Then he turned me around and made me suck on his dick until he shot a hot load of cum down my throat. After falling to the ground, throwing up and crying my eyes out, he picked me up and dusted the dirt off me.

"Oh look you got your panties all dirty, sweetie. You have been a naughty girl and I'm going to have to punish you."

After another bout of cocksucking, he masturbated me in the soft flowered panties. I was so upset that it took him a while to get me hard, but he finally got me going. I didn't cum because I was too young, but I did get very hard and my body pulsed through surges of pleasurable, nerve-tingling sensations. In the process I must have let a little urine out or something because my panties were a bit wet.

“Your panties are dirty again, sweetie, so you’re going to have to be punished again for messing your nice panties.”

He explained to me what it’s like to be a girl. The next hour was not pleasant or fun by any means. I did not enjoy it. I was told never to say anything, or he would show everybody at camp the pictures of me. I never did tell anybody for fear of him showing people the pictures. I know that he intended to use them for something, but I still don’t know what. I was crying through most of them. In several photos, he had me with my penis sticking out the leg hole of the panties, so there was no doubt I was a boy.

I was then very confused. Annette’s mother told me that boys don’t wear girls’ clothes. Then a man makes me put on a dress and panties and tells me I look like a pretty girl and he likes a boy pretending to be a girl. He rewards me for being a good girl and then punishes me (like a girl) for being a boy. All very confusing for a young mind.

After that experience, I quickly matured sexually. A lot of what I had heard about sex now made sense, and I understood how things worked. My sexual desires increased 100 fold. I always had an erection and masturbated constantly. I became particularly fond of jacking off with a pair of silky panties. My sister had unknowingly donated the first pair. I still wasn’t shooting cum, but I loved stroking my penis through panty nylon.

A few months later I was invited Annette’s Birthday party. She was turning 8, as I myself would be within two more months. She had invited seven girls beside herself. Adam and I were the only boys invited. The only reason I was invited is because Annette wanted me there, and if I couldn’t be there then she didn’t want a party at all. (I found this out just a few years ago when I saw her again.)

When I got to the party Adam and I kept away from the girls, who were all in pretty dresses. Several times we got to see their pretty panties, and we swore one girl didn’t have any on. The party became boring during present opening, so Adam and I went upstairs, but we were soon.

I told Adam to go ahead and that I had to go to the bathroom. I really did, but before getting to the bathroom I could smell something very pretty. It was kind of flowery like perfume. I followed the scent into Annette’s room. The smell was everywhere, but really strong next to the dresser. At that point something came over me (the same feeling happens today) and I just couldn’t resist opening the drawers to see her panties. I saw a pair of pink ones and grabbed them just intending to look. I heard a noise and instinctively closed the drawer. I stuffed the panties into my pocket and ran into the bathroom.

Just holding the panties and looking at them made me hard. I began to rub them against me, and was stopped by a call from downstairs. In a hurry to get down there, and shaking wildly, I pulled up my pants, buttoned them, and then stuffed the panties down in. I ran down the stairs and thought everything was fine until Annette’s mother saw me.

She grabbed me as I reached the bottom of the stairs, and asked what I was doing? I told her that I had been in the bathroom, but before I could finish, she asked if I had forgotten something? I

shook my head no and was about to ask why, when she said what about your zipper? I looked down and sure enough my zipper was all the way down. That would have been fine except, that sticking out of the open zipper was part of a pair of pink panties. She grabbed the panties and pulled them out. I pulled away and quickly zipped myself up (a little late).

“I thought we went through this before,” she said. “I guess you didn’t remember the spanking you got the last time I caught you with Annette’s panties?”

All I could do was stand there with my head down and feel my eyes filling with tears.

“Go upstairs to and wait for me. I’ll be up in a few minutes.”

I turned around and ran up to Adams room. I wasn’t really crying, but tears were not far away. As I sat on his bed, it seemed like days went by as I waited, listening to everybody having fun downstairs. The girls and Adam were playing games, and a lot of the women were talking rapidly and laughing

The door to Adam’s bedroom opened and his mother was there with another woman I didn’t know. She was the mother of one of the girls but I didn’t know which one. Laurie and Annette were the only girls I knew there. Anyway they both stood there for a minute and talked back and forth. I overheard bits and pieces of what they said, including “I know this will work”, “The girls can handle it”, and “It will be a good lesson for them, and for him”, and “besides, look how cute he is.”

The two of them dragged me off the bed and into Annette’s room.

“What are going to do?”

“Shut your mouth! You’re not to say a word until you’re told to. Do you understand?”

I nodded.

The other girl’s mom undressed me while Annette’s mother selected items out of her daughter’s panty drawer, closet and dresser. When the woman pulled my underwear down she said, “Oh my! You are a big boy, aren’t you? Well we can change that now, can’t we?”

She was so close to my penis that I could feel her warm breath. When she saw it getting hard, she spun me around, and rubbed me with her hand, making it even harder. I was facing Annette’s mom who was holding a blue dress with yellow flowers on it. She looked down at my hardening cock.

“You’ve grown since the last time I saw you. I think we can hide that though. This dress and a small pair of very tight panties should do it. You won’t be so excited in a few minutes, so enjoy it now.”

After a shattering sensation wracked my body, they put me on the bed and the women slid pink socks on my feet. Then they turned down the socks, and I saw the socks were decorated with a bow on the outside above each ankle. I was yanked to my feet.

“Stand up!”

And when I did, Annette’s mother picked up something and faced me.

“Here they are!” she said with a cheer.

In her hands were the prettiest panties I had ever seen.

“Oh wow!” the other women said. “Those are so pretty. Did you make them?”

“Yes. I made them for Annette’s as part of an outfit fancy dress outfit, but she won’t wear them. When I asked her way, she said, ‘They’re too girly-girlie!’”

“Well, they are awfully prissy, aren’t they?” the women laughed. “But they’re just the thing for a boy who wants to be a girl so bad. If you don’t feel like a girl wearing those, you never will!”

The panties were a bright shade of a purplish pink with bows on the front and dark purple lace ruffles going around the leg openings. The women, following an extended panty admiration session, instructed me on how to properly put on a pair of panties.

“First is the right leg, then the left

“Pull them up to your knees; straighten them out.

“Now, pull them the rest of the way up.”

When they were finally up around my waist, they were almost painful because they were very small and very tight on me. Annette’s mother noticed my swollen penis.

“Well, I’ve never had that problem with my little girl.

“We can’t have that,” she said. “I know what to do!”

She pulled down the panties, spun me around, reached between my legs and grabbed my penis. I wiggled away from her, but she grabbed me firmly, spun me around again and repeated the procedure. This time she held my penis tightly and squeezed it hard and pinched the head. I screamed. My knees got weak. She tugged my penis back between my legs and pulled the panties up tight. The panties must have been a couple of sizes too small for me because they hugged me tightly and slid right up my ass crack in back.

I let out a yell that must have been heard downstairs as she twisted and pulled on my penis. I was on my tiptoes trying to get away. Finally she told Annette’s mom to pull up the panties, which

she did. Now her arm was down the back of the panties, and pressed against my butt. She gave my penis one last squeeze, which made me squeal, and then pulled her hand out.

They stood there starring at me, smiling and making comments about how cute I looked, and that I should always wear panties like that. After a few minutes of poking, tugging, and straightening the panties, they finally put the dress on me.

The dress was pink (of course), and it matched the socks and panties perfectly. It was obviously a complete outfit, too pretty and lacey to describe. But the panties were constantly on display beneath the frilled hem of the extremely short dress. And if I bent over in any direction, the panties showed all the way up. Finally came the shoes. They were black with a small heel, and buckle. I wobbled a bit on the little heels so they made me practice walking back and forth. They slapped me on my silky covered thighs every time I wobbled in the slightest. With my thighs tingling from their smacks, they led me to the big mirror in Annette's room. I looked at myself in the festooned frills of a prissy pink dress created in girly-girlie wonderland.

As girlish as these clothes made me feel, they also made me feel foolish, like a feakin' sissy boy clown. Annette's mother went down stairs as the other woman led me out of the bedroom. We waited at the top of the stairs. I heard Annette's mom say they had another guest, but she was very shy. I knew she was talking about me. She added that the girl had been bad and needed to be punished. The other women must have known what was going on because they were laughing already. When everybody finally quieted down, Annette's mother called for us to come down.

I took about three steps, turned and ran unsteadily on the low heels. I flew into the bathroom, but the door had no lock on it, so the woman soon overpowered me and dragged down the stairs and into the party room. For a few seconds you could have heard a pin drop on the carpet, and then everybody started laughing, giggling, pointing, whispering, and so on. There were too many comments to hear them all as everyone gathered in a circle around me.

Laurie said, "Oh, it's John! I knew it! I knew it! Lift his dress. He's wearing panties again! Let's see 'em! Let's see his pink panties!"

I grabbed the edge of the dress to keep them from pulling it up as I felt hands grabbing at the dress from every side.

Annette's mom came to my rescue, "No, little girls don't go around showing their panties, and if they do, they get spanked."

I had let Annette get close to me, hoping for some degree of help and understanding, but the twerp took advantage of me and yanked up the dress exposing my panties.

"Yes, little girls down show off their panties," she said, "but little sissy boys love to lift up their dress and show off their panties, even they will get a spanking for being so naughty!"

The laughter rivaled a thunderstorm. All the girls were pointing and giggling. Two of them went running to their mothers. One girl was laughing so hard she had an accident right there on the

floor. She got a bad spanking in the other room, and had to walk around without a dress and wearing just her wet panties for the rest of the afternoon.

Annette's mom led us all into the next room. She told all the girls to be quiet and sit down on the floor in a big circle. She led me into the center of that circle. The girls sat Indian style, and a couple of other not so ladylike positions. I could see many pairs of panties. I started getting hard again, and in those panties, it felt good. The woman who had help dress me got the girls' attention.

"John, here," she said, "has been a bad boy, and this is how we punish bad boys -- by making them good little girls -- because we all know girls are better than boys. Right?"

A loud roar followed. Laurie asked what I did to be such a bad boy? A moment of silence followed, and then Annette's mom told me to tell them. I stood there with my head down, fidgeting like a scared little girl. At first, I didn't say anything. I felt a hard smack as she hit me on the thigh with her hand. Then she lifted my dress in back and I felt several more slaps on my pantied butt. I yelled! My butt was still stung from being hit before.

"Ow!"

"Tell them! Or you'll get a whole lot more!" she said in a very demanding voice.

Quietly, I said, "I took Annette's underwear."

"Louder! And don't say underwear. Tell us exactly what you took!"

I looked at Annette who was now being teased by Laurie and another girl.

"I took Annette's panties."

"I still can't hear you, boy. What did you do?"

"I TOOK A PAIR OF ANNETTE'S PANTIES!" I halfway yelled. "There are you happy now?"

The response was a hard slap across the face, and an o-o-o-o-o from everybody else. I immediately began to cry, but received no comforting from anybody.

As I stood there crying, the girls began asking me questions, but I wasn't really listening. For about five minutes things kind of faded in and out. I had been hit pretty hard, and could feel my lip bleeding on the inside. Then someone was shaking me and telling me to answer the question.

"What?" I asked.

"Tell Melissa what you were going to do with the panties you took."

The woman must have thought I was toying with her because she grabbed me by the ear, and said “Don’t Play Games sissy! Tell my daughter what you were going to do with the panties you stole?”

“I was going to wear them,” I humbly said.

Many of the girls started giggling again.

“Why were you going to wear them? Panties are just for girls; you’re a boy. You are a boy right? (She knew I was a boy all right, and I really began to think she hated boys.)”

My reply was nothing but a headshake.

“So if you’re a boy. And you know that boys aren’t supposed to wear girl’s clothes. Why were you going to wear Annette’s panties?”

I thought for a second. I didn’t want to act smart. I didn’t want any more smacks across my face or on my legs or bottom. “Because they’re silky and feel good to wear,” I confessed.

“Because they feel good? What do you mean they feel good? How do they feel good?”

“They just do,” I said.

“Feel good on what? Feel good on your little peepee?”

That made everybody laugh.

I shrugged my shoulders, my face getting redder by the second.

“That’s it girls. He rubs likes to rub silky girls’ panties against his little peepee. Isn’t that sweet?”

“What happens when you rub those panties against peepee? Does it get bigger? It does, doesn’t it?”

The girls were sitting there in silence, hanging on every word. Just an occasional giggle or snicker could be heard. Even the women were quiet and paying close attention. Then one of the woman told the girls that it was time to break it up for a moment, and that they should find something to do for a few minutes because she wanted to talk to the other women privately in the kitchen. I was told to go stand in the corner with my dress pulled up to my waist. The women went into the kitchen, many of the girls went to the bathroom and the few remaining girls formed a little circle and were laughing and carrying on by themselves.

The living room was fairly empty except for Adam and me. I hadn’t mentioned him during this whole episode because he had been sitting in the back of the group very quietly. I think he figured that if he said or did anything out of line, that he would be next. Adam came over and asked in a whisper if I was OK? I shook my head yes. Out of the corner of my eye I could see

him staring at my panties now that he was standing close to me. What was really weird, his pants were pushed out in front. He had a little hard-on! He stood there for a moment. But as he turned to walk away, he looked around to make sure no one was looking, and then I was a little shocked as I felt him touch the silky panties over my butt before running back to where he had been sitting.

Once everyone had returned to the living room, two of the women seemed somewhat upset. Hurriedly, they gathered up their daughters and prepared to leave. A couple of minutes worth of good byes took place, and before leaving, one of the women came up to me and told me that it was nice to meet me, and that I looked real pretty dressed as a girl. The girls were told to say goodbye to me, and as they did, the women made me turn and waved goodbye to them. (Like a sad little girl saying goodbye to Santa Clause.)

For a few minutes, the mothers talked to their daughters in whispers, but I couldn't hear what they were saying. After a couple more minutes everybody was gathered again. The only difference: now there were four less people and Adam was sitting in the front now.

Annette's mother told me to come from the corner and stand in front of them again. That other woman, who to this day I think of as Hitler's sister, started right in on me. She took charge and I could tell she was going to be mean to me.

"So you like to play with peepee, and you like to rub silky panties against it. Show us how you do it!"

I didn't know what to do or say, and a couple of the girls were laughing again. They all had been told what was going to happen, but I had no idea.

"Well, come on, show us!" the woman insisted.

I shook my head, "no," but that wasn't the right thing to do.

She grabbed me and stripped the dress off me within seconds. I must have looked pretty stupid standing there in a pair of panties, socks, and shoes. Everybody started to laugh.

"Show us how you play with yourself. Show us what you do to Annette's pretty panties, you big sissy. And show us now!"

A stinging sensation followed as her hand contacted my butt. I yelled.

"Maybe you need some encouragement," she said as she pulled down my panties and exposed my penis to everyone. I was in no way excited.

"Well, come on, play with it! We're all waiting for you. Maybe you need a little help," the woman smirked then asked Annette's mom to get the panties I had taken.

Within a few seconds they were thrust into my hand.

“Here, maybe these will help. No? Well, let me help” she said as she grabbed my hand with the panties in it and began to rub them against my dick.

I put up a little struggle. I didn't know what to do. But it did feel good, I guess, because she was pressing so hard. It only took a few seconds to excite me. My cock stood in front of me pointing upward at a sharp angle. She let go of my hand, but directed me to keep stroking my cock with the silky panties. Everybody watched as my penis grew. The girls were whispering and giggling. The women were laughing. I heard a few of the comments and questions, but for some reason I just gave in. I stroked myself a few times, moved it around a little, and then stopped.

The girls were told that's what happens with boys, and that I was bad for doing it. She told them that the only way to keep boys from being bad like that was to make them into girls, and as sissy boy-girls they should always be dressed as girls and displayed and embarrassed at every opportunity to keep them from doing bad things again.

But my embarrassment and punishment wasn't over. I was still standing there with my penis sticking up, the panties I was wearing rolled down to the base of my penis and cupping my balls, and the pair of panties I had stolen in my hand, and I was still softly, teasingly running up and down my cock. The women grabbed me and turned me sideways. I know everybody was staring at my erection, which was making it harder. Next, she made me bend over and grab my ankles, and she had the girls line up and each of them give me five spanks with their hand.

“With each smack, say, ‘You're a bad girl,’ and John, each time they hit you, you say, Yes, I have been a bad girl.”

By the time the girls and Adam were done my butt was beat red, and I was in a lot of pain and crying terribly. Most of their spank weren't very hard, but collectively they added up to a very bruising spanking. The confusing part was that I still had an erection, and I swear it was bigger than ever. I was still bent over holding my ankles, and then the woman stood me up and looked down at my penis.

“Look, girls,” she said as she grabbed my penis and led me around the room like a dog on a leash. “This is how you control a bad boy. You make him a girl, and then you can make him do whatever you want him to do. A sissy boy is easy to control. If you touch his penis, he'll be forever grateful. If you rub your panties on his penis, he'll obey you like a well-trained dog!”

She was so rough with me that I thought she was going to yank it off.

You can imagine what I looked liked being led around the room by my penis. Everybody was laughing at me, and the girls started chanting “bad girl” over and over again. Within a minute or two my panties had dropped down to my knees. The bands around my legs kept them from going any further. It was tough to take a step, not to mention trying to keep from having my thing pulled off. On about the third time around the room I tripped. Hitting the carpet penis first. It jammed down hard, and then scraped across the carpet. The pain was horrendous.

I cried and stayed down for a couple of minutes, while the girls and their mothers all laughed at me. When I saw that wicked woman began to come over to me, I quickly pulled up my panties, jumped up, and ran out the back door. I was running for my life (or manhood) with nothing on but girls' socks, shoes and panties. I ran all the way into the hay field just beyond their property, and sat there crying.

I heard the shouts from out the door for me to come back, but I ignored them. No way was I going back into that house with all those females and Adam. (Who was no help at all, but I don't hold that against him)

It was late in the afternoon and close to the time when Annette's father got home from work. I didn't know the party was over and everybody had been gone for an hour when Annette and Adam found me sitting in the tall grass. I don't even know what I was thinking about, maybe nothing at all.

Annette said we had to go inside, and get ready for dinner. I was definitely hungry because I was being pantied while everybody else was eating cake and ice cream. I'm sure they weren't hungry, but sitting at the table for dinner (whether eating or not) was a must. Annette led me by the hand inside, never saying anything else on the way. I wasn't even trying to hide myself, and even frolicked a little while we walked.

I had no idea what to expect when I walked inside. I figured a spanking was the first thing at least and was a little scared, but when I arrived in the kitchen the scene was calm and relaxed. Annette's mom immediately came over to me and gave me a big hug. I expected the panties to come down next, but she asked if I was OK instead. Then she asked if I was hungry. When I shook my head yes, she said of course you are. Go upstairs, get cleaned up, and I'll bring cake and ice cream up to you. I wasn't sure what to say or do, so I just stood there. She said go-ahead wash up, and put your clothes on. I smiled, ran upstairs, grabbed my clothes, and then ran into the bathroom never stopping on the way.

While I waited for the sink to fill I looked at myself in the bathroom mirror and thought that I looked pretty, especially for a boy! I got totally undressed and wash. I was in pain from all the abuse.

Annette's mom brought the cake and ice cream. I'm sorry about all this but I was just trying to teach you that boys are boys and shouldn't try to be girls, but things got a little out of hand. Don't worry. Nobody will ever find out. All the girls had to promise never to say anything to anybody. She also told me that she had called my mom and told her I was going to spend the night there.

This story may seem unbelievable, but I can guarantee it happened.

I am comfortable with the fact that I wear panties everyday. It hasn't always been that way, and I have been embarrassed several times over the years. However I have also had several good experiences as well. I see nothing wrong with men and boys wearing women's clothes. I also don't believe that petticoat punishment is harmful when used with love and tenderness. I was

abused and loved at the same time, which sent mixed signals. But with years to think about it, I think it did me some good. I just wish society would accept that some boys just want to be like girls, not so much to be one.

My feelings about being sexually abused as a boy and dressed as a girl are still confusing. I'm not sure what that scoutmaster wanted: sex with a boy, sex with a girl, or just sex. (I do know it was a control thing.) I really don't understand why that woman abused me at the party. I think she didn't like boys and was punishing me for being a boy. She seemed to want to inflict as much humiliation and torture on me as possible.

Thinking back... I now really like and thrive on the embarrassment of being seen in panties, by girls and women. There is nothing that excites me more than being seen by unsuspecting females of all ages. I don't abuse (physically) anybody. I just show them a man wearing either Girl's or Women's Panties. The reactions I get are a real thrill and stories in themselves. I have one dream left to fulfill involving panties, but it will never happen.

As for my feelings about TV's, CD's and whatever. They're OK with me. I just wish they wouldn't go so overboard.

I saw Annette a few years ago. She was married (but separated) with three girls and one boy. The first question out of her mouth was, "Do you still like to wear girls' panties?" I was embarrassed! Not because of the question, but because of how loud and where she said it. We were in a bowling center, and a lot of people heard. I said, "Yes," of course. She asked if I remembered her birthday party. We laughed and joked for a few minutes then she asked if I was wearing panties now? (I thought she was never going to ask!) Instead of answering, I just unzipped my pants and showed her. She laughed at the little pink nylon panties I had on. She also said she makes her son wear panties like that to punish him when he hits one of his sisters. We talked for hours that night, but haven't talked since.

Adam is also married, no children as of then. Laurie has been dying from an illness for about 5 years. I've seen her twice in that time and will try one more time before she's gone. We all had plenty of good times together. I'll write a few of the stories (that can be written) if they are requested.

Sincerely,

John

The End of Princess Online #29

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