

Princess Online

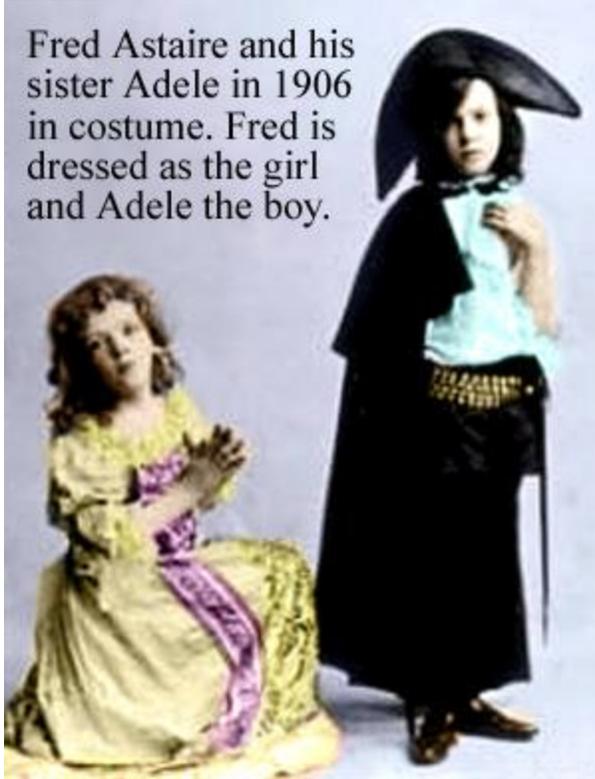


Originally featured on our Internet website, these are our best letters, stories, articles and other items of interest for the fantasy fulfillment of adult pantywaist sissies. Stories range for "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1991

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

Fred Astaire and his sister Adele in 1906 in costume. Fred is dressed as the girl and Adele the boy.



**National Public Television Debut: \acute{Y}
Starting \acute{Y} June, \acute{Y} 1999
[See Producers' Website](#)**



It's Elementary

Talking About Gay Issues in School

A New Film by Debra Chasnoff & Helen Cohen

$\acute{Y}\acute{Y}\acute{Y}$

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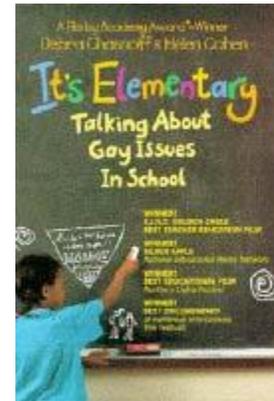
It's Elementary, a feature length documentary film by Academy Award-Winner Debra Chasnoff & Helen Cohen, shot in schools across the United States, makes a compelling case for including gay issues in multicultural education. At its heart are inspiring scenes of elementary and middle school classrooms where teachers confront anti-gay prejudice and counter gay invisibility. **It's Elementary** is a window into how teachers and school administrators can find age-appropriate, sensitive ways to teach children respect for **all** people, including gays and lesbians.

Excerpts from the "It's Elementary" Viewing Guide ...

From the Producers -- Why we made "It's Elementary"

As parents of young children, each of us was acutely aware that social values -- including attitudes about gay people -- develop at a very early age. But in today's political climate, the prevailing assumption in most school communities is that gay issues aren't relevant to children, and that there's no age-appropriate way to bring up the subject without discussing sexual acts.

We decided to make *It's Elementary* to challenge these assumptions and to encourage all adults who care about children's safety, self-worth, and innate capacity for compassion and fairness to take a fresh look at why and how schools should address gay issues.



We wanted to show that:

- *all* children are dramatically affected by anti-gay prejudice;
- *all* educators -- gay and straight -- can be powerful role models to their students, demonstrating that in our society we truly believe in treating everyone with respect; and
- to prevent prejudice and violence, we must begin to address this issue in elementary school, because if we wait until middle or high school, the task -- if it's done at all -- becomes one of "unlearning" prejudice, rather than preventing it.

We found that the best way to open public dialogue on this controversial issue was to show parents, educators, and policy makers what it actually looks like when teachers talk about gay issues with their students in a matter-of-fact way. By bringing our cameras into classrooms where teachers were doing what most educators still find mystifying or politically impossible, we hope to inspire others to take the next step -- large or small -- in their own school communities.

... Thank you for joining us in the growing movement of caring people who are working to make schools a place of dignity and respect, a place where all children are safe to learn and thrive.

-- Debra Chasnoff and Helen S. Cohen

Handout: Why Address Gay Issues with Children

You may have some very real concerns about whether it's appropriate or important to teach young children about gay and lesbian issues. You are not alone. Here are some questions that

people frequently ask us, as well as our brief responses.

Q: Why is this kind of education necessary?

Negative language about gay and lesbian people is common on the playground, in school hallways and classrooms, and even in teachers' lounges. Many children and school employees are adversely affected. For example, an estimated 6 to 11 percent of school children have gay or lesbian parents or siblings, and another 5 to 9 percent will at some point figure out that they themselves are gay, lesbian or bisexual. These children are now being taught that either they or the people they love most are sick and perverted.

Other children are effected as well -- children who have been sexually abused or are confused about sexuality, who are being teased about close friendships with children of the same sex, who have friends who may be gay, or who fear being called gay by classmates. All of these children will be helped by open discussion about gay and lesbian people.

Otherwise, they are left with the demeaning portrayals of gay people in the media or slurs they hear from others, and have no other source of information. In the long run, open discussion will also help prevent children from becoming heterosexually active at a young age to prove that they are *not* gay -- from hurling epithets like "faggot," "lezzie," or "queer" at anyone who annoys them, and from using violence against someone they perceive to be different.

Q: Aren't elementary and middle school children too young to be introduced to this topic? Shouldn't we wait until they're older?

As you can see in the film, very young children have already been introduced to gay and lesbian matters. Negative name-calling begins as early as first grade. And long before they grasp the meaning of the words, they've heard or witnessed many negative images about being gay and gay people. So it's not possible for a school to introduce these topics. What a school can do is create a safe environment for children to ask questions, consider what they're hearing and seeing, and be given some accurate information.

Q: What about parents who don't want their children to learn about gay sex?

We agree that it's inappropriate for schools to teach young children about gay sex. But think about all the stories children read about mommies and daddies. Just as those stories aren't about heterosexual sex, lessons about gay people aren't about gay sex. What we're talking about is incorporating ways -- in the context of lessons about families, current events, literature, or civil rights -- to simply acknowledge that gay and lesbian people are among us and to prevent harmful stereotypes and prejudices.

Q: What if a person's religion teaches that homosexuality is wrong? How can the

school teach that it's a normal lifestyle? Isn't that going against the parents?

Our goal is to provide a safe, respectful learning environment for all children. Religion is a good example: Even if you don't agree with someone else's religion, you would expect their religion -- as well as your own -- to be acknowledged and respected at school. Similarly, we may not all agree about homosexuality, but a school is obliged to make sure that gay people and their family members are validated and shown respect.

Q: Wouldn't this take away from teaching the basics like reading and writing?

It doesn't need to. As the teachers in the film demonstrate, addressing gay issues in class can reinforce all the basic skills -- reading, writing, debating, drawing -- by integrating them into existing lessons on families, history, literature, current events, health, social studies, and many other subjects.

Q: Won't teaching children about this encourage them to become gay or lesbian themselves?

Providing children with information and a forum for discussion doesn't "make" anyone gay. If that were true, then most children who grow up with gay or lesbian parents would turn out gay, but they don't. Most turn out heterosexual, in about the same proportion as the general public. However, having a chance to learn about gay people might make a child less likely to insult someone he or she thinks is gay, or allow a friend to be ostracized for having a lesbian mom or a gay dad.

Q: I'm not anti-gay, but why should we single out this one subject?

We all pay a high price for gay and lesbian invisibility and schools' silence. For example, by the time gay and lesbian youth reach adolescence, they are much more likely than heterosexual youth to turn to drugs and alcohol, to drop out of school, to run away from home, or to attempt to kill themselves. And unchecked hatred and ignorance of gay people are fueling an avalanche of violence. Anti-gay attacks are the fastest growing hate crime in the United States. To prevent these tragedies, it's critical for children's role models -- educators and parents -- not to be silent in the face of words like "faggot" and "dyke" or other harassment and violence. If they remain silent, they *appear to agree* that a certain group of people doesn't deserve respect. Rather, our schools need to model acceptance and respect for *all* members of the community.

"It's Elementary" Ordering Information

For orders for both the full-length and training versions of *It's Elementary* on VHS

video, and for inquiries about previews and rentals, please contact:

[New Day Films](#)

22-D Hollywood Avenue, Hohokus NJ 07423

Toll Free 888-367-9154

Phone: 201-652-6590

Fax: 201-652-1973

Email: tmcndy@aol.com

To contact Debra Chasnoff and Helen Cohen, to rent *It's Elementary* on 16mm film, to order promotional materials, or **the \$5 (26-page) viewing guide**, please contact:

[Women's Educational Media](#)

2180 Bryant Street - Suite 203 San Francisco, CA 94110

Phone: 415-641-4616

Fax: 415-641-4632

Email: wemfilms@womedia.org

Both versions of this video (37- or 78-minute) can be borrowed from [Phil Weinstein](#) within the Boulder, Colorado area. A copy is also available for loan to the UCB university community from Norlin Library's media library. Student Academic Services also owns a copy.

[BCN](#) | [Community Center](#) | [AAUW](#) | [Boulder](#) | [Longmont](#)
http://bcn.boulder.co.us/community/aauw/aauw_b_its_element.html
Last Modified On: October 6, 1999

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School
Bus
Stop

Navigator

"I'm a sissy
little girlie BOY
PANTYWAIST!"

Silky Nylon Satin
GIRL'S
PANTIES

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 and the girls in his fifth grade Catholic school during the 1950s. He still vividly recalls 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, who are working to destroy present-day society! After almost 50 years, Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the pain and anguish he suffered undergoing petticoat punishment. As therapy, he makes pictures like the one above. Here he recalls the humiliation and terror he suffered while waiting for his school bus dressed in his punishment dress and panties.

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Carole Jean

Carole Jean, a good friend and popular author of forced crossdressing stories, has given us permission to make variations to, colorize and publish each month a select drawing from one her various publications -- what we call "Princessizing" the drawing. The drawing to the right is the original, and the one above is Princessized. Sometimes we only make a few minor changes, and like with this picture, we make a lot of changes -- all designed to reflect our (and we hope our loyal followers') interests.

The drawing shown here comes from "Bound to Be a Maid" about a man forced into serving as a woman after he secretly drugged a girl to have sex with her. "Bound to Be a Maid" is a rewriting and a fresh reprint of a forced crossdressing story from the 1960s by Gene Bilbrew, who also went by the name ENEG (Gene spelled backwards) and Van Rod (as in this series of drawings).



"Bound" is just one of five new booklets published by Carole Jean this month. The others are: "Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang" about several women who take on a group of thugs and feminize them; "Crave X -- A Wife's Revenge" about a woman who turns her philandering husband into a woman; "The Sarah School" about a cheating husband who gets sentenced to time at a girls' school; and "The Male Maid Book of ABC's" that pictures the life of men as maids -- A is for Adorable, B is for Brassiere, C is for Curtsey, etc., each page with a man-maid picture.

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. The most distinctive feature of Carole Jean's books is the abundance of artwork. She has an exceptionally talented artist illustrate almost every page of her stories.

In addition to the new booklets mentioned above, 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 two of our favorites: "Schooled with Girls" and "Beautified Bullies." You can purchase all her books directly from her website: <http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

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From an Internet news column: This macho writer shows extreme fear of femininity!



Here Come the Fem-Boys

After viewing 20/20's piece entitled, "A Gender Straitjacket", I have come to the conclusion that the mass leftist media needs a "Sensitivity Muzzle" when it comes to the feminization of the male gender. A 15 minutes segment, filled with a quack named William Pollack (I'll explain who he is later) telling me that 2 year old boys who paint their nails and play with Barbie dolls is a normal thing, was more than my paunch could handle.

A mother, named Cassandra, has so feminized her 3 year old son, that she even buys him pink nail polish (for his toe nails) and a purse. With one breath she says he like girl "stuff", and with the next, she explain how the other boys ridicule him. I suppose appeasing the child's every whim is now the foundation for good parenting.

If a man were drinking a beer in front of his 3 year old son, and that child asked for some because he wants to emulate dad, then shouldn't pops just give him one? I mean if you subscribe to Mrs. Pinky-nail-polish-mom's mindset, then the father would be in the right.....right? Wrong! Child Protection would snatch junior away quicker than you can say Bud-wise-er.

Another form of behavior that's within the lexicon of 20/20's absurdity, is little boys wearing girls clothing. "DR" Pollack says that if this behavior would happen over and over again, it would be considered "normal." He then goes on to the old "we are one species living on one planet" spiel.

Sounds like a drag queen/bisexual propaganda film!

"Hey, Bill."

"Yeah, Ted."

"Does this blouse make me look fat?"

"You look fabulous dude!"

"Thanks Bud, have any tampons for the Yankee game tonight?"

Where does it end?!

The feminist movement have so tried to break down the barriers between man and woman's similarities that it has in turn built new walls between their differences. Distinctions that should be celebrated. Distinction that are not taboo.

A friend of mine came up to me a few days ago and asked me why I think the media is leftist. He went on to sight the fact that the media seems to be supporting Bush and so they could not be so partisan. Well it's not so much about what politician the media support but rather a broad, socially leftist agenda.

20/20 didn't have an opposing view to William Pollack. As a matter of fact, he was the only voice to be

heard at all. Just like stories about global warming. Out of thousands of scientist that disagree with the notion of global warming, the media can't seem to find one to rebut the "opinions" of Greenpeace or the Sierra Club.

And just who is William Pollack? He is a faculty member of the Harvard Medical School and a founding member of the Society for the Psychological Study of Men and Masculinity of the American Psychological Association, and has written a book titled ' Real Boys.' According to Dr. Pollack homosexuality is no longer controversial. It is normal. The only guideline that seems to matter to professor Pollack is whether or not a specific behavior makes a boy happy. It appears that Dr. Pollack would agree with feminist Gloria Steinem who recently advocated that "we need to raise boys like we raise girls."

Well before you click my email link and write me a vulgarity laced letter with the word "HOMOPHOBE!" written in the subject line, hear me out. We must be a tolerant society. One's sexually behavior or choice of clothing are not necessarily the acid test of one's character. But these are children we are talking about. If they want to wear nail polish and dress in woman's clothing as an adult, then that's a bridge they can cross at that time. But telling small children that everything is "normal" is downright dangerous and perhaps even abusive. The media, in concert with the feminists, so wish to destroy the traditional family, they often proselytize society's mushiest of minds...our children.

This is a war against what many of us call the "good ol days." When husbands worked their tails off to support the family financially and the wife would raise the children to be productive, well adjusted members of society. Well during the 70's, this became an outrageous family portrait to the feminist movement. Woman were now above raising their own children, as day care or nannies replaced mom as she went off to be somebody.

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But can the feminist movement and the media hide the stark facts and statistic born out of these changes?

In 1960, there were 393,000 divorces as compared to 1,215,000 in 1992.

As recently as 1960, only 5 percent of births were out-of-wedlock. That figure skyrocketed to 32.4 percent and 1,260,000 children in 1996. That figure rose to 1,346,000 in 2000, 33.1 percent of all births.

More children today are on Ritalin and other behavioral drugs than ever before. An assembly line of mini-zombies all in the name of convenience. Sure, sometimes children are sick, but many times it becomes a nice way to change your kid on short notice with the slightest effort. Like a fast food lobotomy!

Doesn't sound like progression to me.

So while the "good ol days" fade away to folklore or legend, the putrefaction of the American family as well as the definitions of male and female continues. And as all behavior in our country is deemed "normal" by apologist quacks, all bets are off to the future of our children. Our kids deserve better, but better takes real work and effort. And why do that when you can explain it all away.

"I'll have a side order off fries with junior's Ritalin please."

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Comeuppance for a Panty Peeker

Part 1

In school, I was that kid on pulling up the girls' skirts time, there was nothing boyish prank, and I thought entertainment of the other

routine was always the a short dress, and knowing the guys I hung around with rarely thought more than a the girl and yanking up her laughing. The girl would usually be crying in a

always told the teacher, but to anything more than a was I really interested in at the time, but maybe

sisters and my mother was not an attractive person and didn't wear pretty clothes, so maybe I was showing my attraction to girls and the fancy clothes they wear.



the playground who was always to expose their panties. At the sexual about it. It was just a I was doing it for the boys as much as anything else. I did it dozens of times. The same. We'd see some cute girl in my reputation for lifting skirts, would dare me to do it again. I second before sneaking up behind skirt. The guys would roll over get red faced, start screaming and matter of moments.

Sure, the girls I picked on almost the punishment never amounted good scolding. At that early age girls and panties? I didn't think so subconsciously I was. I had no

I kept pulling up skirts until I was in the sixth grade. Probably by most people's standards, that's pretty old for doing such foolishness. And I was changing. Marsha Lowinski, a new girl, started at our school, and I was immediately attracted to her. I was still pulling up skirts, but for some reason when the guys tried to get me to pick on this new girl, I made excuses because I didn't want to do it to her. She had long dark hair and was really pretty. I'd get goosebumps just being near her. And I liked to be near her. I was no good at talking to girls, so the best I could do to enjoy her beauty was to get close to her whenever I could and blush and look away whenever she looked at me.

Of course, she knew about my reputation for pulling up skirts – everybody knew. Whenever I got near a girl, many of the other girls would often yell out to warn the girl that I was behind them and might be ready to pull up on their skirt. I know Marsha had been warned several times about me. Then one day I just about died when she came up to me and started talking. She asked me about an arithmetic assignment. I was so nervous and tongue-tied that I dropped some of my papers and kept saying really stupid things. She just smiled and helped me pick up my papers. I was in love with her from that moment! She was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, and she was talking to me. To me! Wow it was great! And after that she came up to me often and started a conversation with me. I didn't see how she could be the least bit interested in someone

like me who acted like a complete idiot whenever she talked to me, but I wasn't complaining. If she wanted to talk to me, I'd be there to listen morning, noon and night.

Gradually I was able to relax a little around her. She didn't live far from me, and on many occasions, we'd walk home together. Then a couple of times, she invited me in to have a glass of soda pop. That was amazing to actually be in her house. I met her mom. She was really pretty and fun to be around. In my house, it was just my mom and I, and it was b-o-r-i-n-g! Mom and I barely said two words to each other. She was into sewing, knitting and all kinds of crafts that she kept herself busy with all around the clock. Marsha and her mom were so different. It was just the two of them too. Maybe that was one of the reasons Marsha identified with me. But their house was frilly and feminine. It made me queasy being around all those pinks and pastels, lace and frills! But I loved it! Another thing that bowled me over was that Marsha would change out of her school uniform the moment she got home. We'd go in, she'd go up to her room, and five minutes later she'd be back in some pretty little dress, and she liked to wear dresses her mother made for her that were very thin chiffon. They were quite see-through! The first time I saw her in one of those dresses, I couldn't take my eyes off her. I could see her colorful panties and lace-trimmed undershirt. She had a lot of play dresses like that and was always giving me a great display of her lingerie underneath.

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Comeuppance for a Panty Peeker

Part 2



And Marsha's mother
She usually wore
dresses like Marsha
getting dressed up to
weren't see-through,
skirts, and she sat very
house. I was always
skirt. She caught me

times. She never said anything. She'd just give me a big smile and only make a cursory attempt to tug down her skirt or sit in a more modest position. She wore jeans most of the time, but that didn't stop the lingerie show! Her blouses and tops were usually short, and I was always seeing her panties (and they were always pretty pastel colors and with lace and stuff) peek out above the waistband of her jeans, especially in back when she sat down.

was something else!
jeans, not fancy
except when she was
go out. Her dresses
but they all had mini
casually around the
getting peeks up her
looking a number of

I know that Marsha caught me gawking at her see-through dresses and her mother's peeking panties all the time, but Marsha too just smiled and gave me a look that said, "I know what you're looking at!"

Then one day Marsha and I were playing Concentration on the living room floor. Mrs. Lowinski came in to the room in a really short pleated white tennis outfit. From the floor, I could look right up her skirt at the ruffles yellow panties she had on underneath. That was the first time I had ever seen panties like that – wow! They were really cool!

"Are you children having fun?" she asked.

"Oh yes," Marsha answered.

"Me too," I added.

"Good, because I have to go to the store, and I trust you two will be all right while I'm gone."

We looked at each other and nodded.

"We'll be fine," Marsha assured her mother.

As soon as her mother was gone Marsha took me to her room, went to her closet and pulled out two magazines and handed me one. The whole thing was filled with girls sucking on guys' cocks and other sex pictures!

"Wow!" I said. "I've never seen anything like this before. Where did you find these?"

"My dad had a bunch of them, and I took these when my folks got their divorce. I really like them, don't you?"

"Sure!" I said excitedly. I was getting a hard-on.

"I've always wanted to do what those girls are doing," she said with a grin. "Would you like that?"

"I don't know. I never thought about it much."

"Why don't we try it?" she asked.

I could hardly talk. Those guys in the magazine had such big penises. I felt bad about my penis because it was so small in comparison, but the thought of her putting her lips on it made me overcome my feelings of inadequacy. I nodded my head in agreement.

"I'm going to change my panties, and while I do that, just take your clothes off and lie down on the bed; just like that guy is doing," she said pointing to one of the pictures. In no time at all I had all my things off and was stretched out on my back.

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Comeuppance for a Panty Peeker

Part 3

Marsha reached under her skirt and pulled off her blue panties that I had been peeking at through her thin pink dress all afternoon. She quickly replaced them with a pale green pair with some lace trim. She startled me when she took her dirty panties and brought them up to my nose. I lurched from the strong aroma.

"Just give them a good smell," she said with a laugh. They show one of the guys in this magazine smelling the girl's panties; it says it turns him on."

She stroked my cheek through the panties and kept running the aromatic crotch of the panties by my nose and around my mouth. I would turn my head away a bit when the smell got too much, but she told me to just lie still and let her do it. I laid still for her. I would have done anything for her!

I know you like to look at girls' panties. All the girls at school know all about you. Some of them say that you're a pervert, you know, like a Peeping Tom because you look up girls' skirts all the time."

I wanted to defend myself and tell her I was just kidding around like all boys do, but she hushed me and kept stroking my face with her dirty, pretty panties.

"I see the way you look at my panties and my mommy's panties all the time. I think you're a little panty boy. If you were by yourself with my panties, I bet you'd even want to put them on."

With that I lurched forward. Instantly tears were ready to pour out of my eyes, "Oh, no! I'm not like that. I'd never, I'd never ever want to wear . . ." Here I was totally naked on her bed being accused – no, being told I was a pervert by the sweetest girl I had ever met.

Marsha pushed me back down on the bed and put a finger up to her lips with a "sh-h-h-h" for me to be quiet and put the panties up to my nose again.

"Don't be embarrassed. So you like to look at girls' panties. I don't mind. And besides, if panties weren't meant to be looked at why do they make them so pretty, huh?"

I had to laugh a bit at that, and I was so thankful she understood. God was she cool!

"So, we know you like to look at my panties, but what I want to know now is do you like how my panties smell?"

I nodded hesitantly. I wasn't quite sure, but I didn't want to disagree with her. The smell of her panties was strong and strange. It took my mind off my self-consciousness about my tiny dick. The panties were real silky and had white lace on them. They had stains in the crotch piece that she was aiming at my nose. They were warm and moist; I could smell and feel that. I inhaled the mixed flowery and bathroomy smell, funky and sweet. I could tell she had put some kind of perfume on the panties, but the other smells I guessed were from her body.

Marsha stroked her dirty panties on my naked chest, and then slid them down to my stomach. I convulsed like never before. She told me to relax and enjoy it, but I was shaking with pleasure.

She lay down between my legs, took my stiff little wiener into her mouth and began sucking on it. I was glad she didn't laugh or say anything about it being so small. Instantly, I totally forgot my fears, as I had never felt anything so wonderful in my life. Her mouth was wet and warm as she licked my little dick up and down, tongued it all around the head, and then dipped down and sucked it all the way into her small mouth. I felt my body grow tense and tingle all over. A great shock went through me and I collapsed. I had what I later learned was a dry orgasm, or as boys

my age said, "I got the feeling!"

"How did that feel?" Marsha asked with a sinister grin.

"Wonderful! I think I love you."

She laughed. "Oh, you're just saying that because I made you feel good. Would you love me just as much if I were a boy?"

"Sure," I said innocently.

She raised her dress up and showed me her panty covered stiffer.

I stared at it. I had never seen a real live girl down there, but I knew girls were supposed to be flat between their legs, but it looked like she had a cock like mine. I must have had a stupid expression on my face.

"You can touch it if you want."

I reached out to touch it. I had no interest in touching another boy's thing, but I touched it because I wanted to see if it was real and like my cock. As I held it through her pale blue panties, it throbbed gently in my fingertips. I knew it was real, but thoroughly fascinated, I continued to hold it. I wanted her to tell me she was a girl and for some strange reason she had a cock.

"Are, are . . . are you a gir-irl?"

"What do you think?" she said smartly. "You can suck on mine for me," she added as she fished her cock out of the legband of her panties and pointed it at me.

It was a real cock all right. I still didn't know what to think. If she was a girl, why did she have a cock – a cock much longer and fatter than mine! It was so embarrassing and so strange.

"If you're a boy," I was almost crying, "I don't want to suck it because, because . . ."

". . . because then you would be a queer?"

Still holding her dick, I nodded. Still crying, I knew the answer. I just couldn't believe she wasn't a girl, even with the evidence staring me in the face!

She took my hand and put it back on her penis. It felt so warm and weird when it throbbed in my hand. I guess I owed her a return of the favor, so I took some deep breaths and got my mouth close to it. But I couldn't do it!

Marsha grabbed me by my hair with one hand and pulled my face up to her cock. With her other hand she held her stiffie and poked my lips with it.

“Sure, I’m a girl! You can think of me as a girl if you want. I like that. But I like to have my girly penis sucked on too. I did it for you. You owe me. Now, start sucking.”

“No! No, I can’t you’re a boy!”

“Open your lips and start sucking! If you don’t, I’ll tell everybody that you’re a cocksucker anyway, but if you do, I won’t tell anybody. So get started, sweetie!”

She was still holding her dirty panties and encouraged me by reaching down and stroking those soft panties over my face and shoulders and arms. Trembling, I opened my lips slightly and took a little of her cock into my mouth. She pulled my hair and shoved it all the way in. I could feel it touch in the back of my mouth, and it made me gag, but she wouldn’t let go of my hair. She kept pulling on it. It hurt!

I backed off enough so it would stop gagging me. Defeated, I began a slow sucking motion, like Marsha had done to me. The warm, soft skin felt weird on my lips; she tasted salty and she had some perfume on down there too. I abhorred what I was doing, but I had no choice. I continued sucking until I felt her stiffen and shake. She collapsed against me and started peeing in my mouth! I thought it was pee, and I really got disgusted, but I learned later that she was cumming. I tried to jerk away from her spurting penis, but she was ready for me. She held me tight, pulling my hair so hard I was sure she was pulling it out by the roots, pulling me so close and tight that I couldn’t avoid spurts of her warm semen from repeatedly filling my mouth.

“Swallow it, sweetie! Swallow it, sweetie. You’ll love it!”

I swallowed. What else could I do? I certainly didn’t want it in my mouth. I tried spitting it out, but that only made me cough and gag. I was swallowing it whether I wanted to or not!

She sighed and released me. I dropped to the floor, crying, furiously wiping the stinky residue from my lips, mouth and tongue, spitting out as much as I could. Bawling.

Marsha tried to help me up, but I fought her off. Disoriented, I tripped getting to my feet. She caught me and planted a kiss on my lips, forcing her tongue into my mouth. It was another new shock for me. Where did she learn about all this weird kind of stuff? I guess she saw the shock on my face, as I pushed her away from that intimidating French kiss. She read my mind.

“Those magazines are neat, huh?” she said. “That’s where I learned those things, plus some experimenting with my mom. “Now, admit it, you did like it, didn’t you?”

When she had sucked me, it was the most wonderful feeling I had ever felt -- but finding out she was a boy and sucking her penis! I glared at her. That was my answer.

She said her mother was going to be home soon, so I had better get my clothes straightened out.

Marsha put the magazines away. I hurriedly got myself together. I wanted to run out of there as fast as I could, but just then we heard Mrs. Lowinski come in the front door. I didn’t want to face

her. In fact, I didn't think I could ever face anyone again for the rest of my life! Marsha took my hand and we returned to the playroom and our game of Concentration that we had been playing when her mother went out shopping. At the first opportunity, I was going to get out of there.

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Comeuppance for a Panty Peeker

Part 4

Mrs. Lowinski entered the playroom and asked if we would like to have some lemonade and cookies. Marsha said, "yes," before I could say "no." So I was going to be stuck there a while longer.

"You two get along so well," said Mrs. Lowinski. "I'm so glad Marsha has a friend, especially a nice boy like you."

Marsha blurted out, "He knows, Momma. He knows I'm a boy."

"Oh, dear, how did that happen?"

"It just happened before you came home, Mom, that's all!"

"I see. Well, Billy, so how do you feel about Marsha, now?"

"I like her very much," was all I could think of saying.

I was looking down in embarrassment as I had said that, and I noticed my zipper was wide open! Mrs. Lowinski noticed too.

"Come, here Billy, I see you need a little help."

As I got up, I tried to turn sideways and pull up my zipper, but before I could do it, she engulfed me in her arms and drew me in close. She reached for my zipper, but then slid her hand inside the opening! I just about passed out from the sheer idea of what she was doing. When she grabbed my penis in my underwear and started rubbing it, I got so hard so quickly that I became light-headed.

"Oh, I see you have a little problem here!"

My cheeks burned with embarrassment. Even though I wasn't crying, tears leaked from my eyes.



I couldn't look her in the eyes, so I looked down, but looking down meant I was looking at her slender fingers with their long red nails as she opened my pants, dropped them down and then slid my underwear down my legs.

"Billy, you wear such rough underwear. It must be uncomfortable on such a dainty, tender little thing like your penis."

Having her comment about my small penis was so shameful that my head hurt, but her cold fingers shocked my penis into a very rigid condition. She stroked it leisurely. Her demeanor was unsettling. She sat back in the chair, chewing gum, sneering and smirking at me while she toyed with my penis like a cat plays with a dead bird, but my bird certainly wasn't dead – even if it was small!

"Get me a pair of your panties, dear," she said as she looked toward Marsha. "Some pink ones with flowers on them! We need pink panties for a little penis like this one! Oh, and get me a beginner bra too. He's more like a girl than a boy. He'll look good in lingerie."

"Oh, Mrs. Lowinski, I . . . I can't . . ."

"Shut up, Billy! Marsha told me all about you before I ever met you. She told me how you like to pull up girls' skirts to look at their panties. You really want to wear pretty silky panties just like all the girls. That's why you peek up skirts."

"No! No!" I kept yelling over and over again crying.

"Stop it, Billy, you little sissy!" she shouted as she slapped me hard across the face. "If I say, you'll wear a bra and panties, you'll wear a bra and panties! Don't think I don't know what went on while I was gone! I was back a good fifteen minutes before I went back downstairs and slammed the door to make you think I had just come back. I saw everything you did with my daughter."

"But, she's not, Marsha's not . . ."

"Marsha's not – not what? Not my daughter? Are you going to tell anyone?"

"Uh, no! No! Never!"

"I didn't think so, but I have to make sure. That's why you're going to be wearing a lot of bras and panties from now on!"

"Oh, please, no! No, Mrs. Lowinski! I can't wear panties and girl stuff!"

"Do you want me to hit you again?"

I shook my head no.

“Not only will you wear a bra and panties whenever I tell you to, I’m going to take a lot of pictures of you dressed in lingerie and all kinds of girls’ clothes just to make sure you keep your mouth shut! Understand?”

“I got stuck with an asshole of a husband who couldn’t handle having a gay son, so I made my little Mark into my daughter Marsha and we moved here. Now, I have to make sure you will never tell anyone anything about us. I have to make sure that if you do, it will be worse for you than it will be for us. I don’t want to, but we can always move again. I like it here. And I like it that my son Marsha will have a sweet little playmate like you to suck his cock whenever he needs it. But you, if news – and pictures – got out about you being a cocksucker, your mother would probably disown you and throw you out on the street.”

I nodded ‘yes’ that I understood what I had to do as Marsha returned with several pairs of pink panties, a white bra and a camera! I cried harder than I think I had ever cried before in my life. Marsha and Mrs. Lowinski took my pants and underwear all the way off. I was limp. I pulled away and fought with them, but the two of them slapping me on my face and thighs and arms made me give in as I was reminded of the consequences of not cooperating. Marsha held the panties and Mrs. Lowinski guided my legs into them. They went up my thighs and over my hips and penis before I even had a moment to think about it. A sharp snap of the elastic against my waist announced to me that I had been pantied. The bra was next. With a lot of pulling and snapping they settled it in place. The cups were stiff, shaped into little mounds. I looked down and saw my flat chest and nipples in the shadow of the bra cups, but each of those cups was quickly stuffed with a pair of panties.

“Your bra is a holder for your extra pairs of panties. I’m sure you’re going to be jerking off in your panties frequently and will need to always have a supply of clean panties on hand,” she laughed.

“But, Mom, Billy doesn’t cum yet.”

“Not developed that far, yet? Well, well, well, you did pick a fresh one, this time, honey! He’ll be ruined for life once he comes. A boy who shoots his first cum into a pair of panties turns into hopelessly lost panty pervert for life. We’re going to have a lot of fun with this one.”

I thought I had cried myself out, but fresh tears flowed freely as they took picture after picture, making me pose in a dozen different positions. They even took some of me with Marsha’s penis in my mouth.

“Put your pants and shirt back on,” she said, “but pay close attention to me. Here’s the rules unless you want everybody in the world to see these pictures,” she said. “Go home with this bra and panties under your clothes. This is your starter kit; we’ll keep you well supplied with lingerie. Come over here early Saturday morning, every Saturday morning. You’ll be here to meet a few of Marsha’s other friends. You’ll have a good time as we have fun sex games all day long. Sometimes you’ll stay over that night; sometimes we’ll send you home early, depending upon how we want to use you. And when you show up, I want you wearing your bra and a clean pair of panties under your boys’ clothes. At times we’ll have you come over during the week too;

we'll let you know. But Saturdays are always for sure! We're going to put you into girly training, and you're going to love it! Now, you've probably noticed with all the decorations around the house plus the designs on all our panties, I like flowers. I want you to start buying pants and shirts with flowers on them and start wearing them."

"Flowers? But only girls' clothes . . . ?

SLAP! "Don't interrupt me when I'm talking! Yes, FLOWERS! I don't give a shit what you tell your mother, but get her to buy you clothes with flowers on them. Yes, you'll find shirts and jeans and slacks with flowers on them in the girls' department. I don't care how you get them. Just get them. And get them by next Saturday, and wear them here with your bra and panties on underneath. If you show up any differently, I'll throw you out on the street and have Marsha start passing out copies of these pictures to everybody in your neighborhood and at your church and school. Now get out of here!"

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