

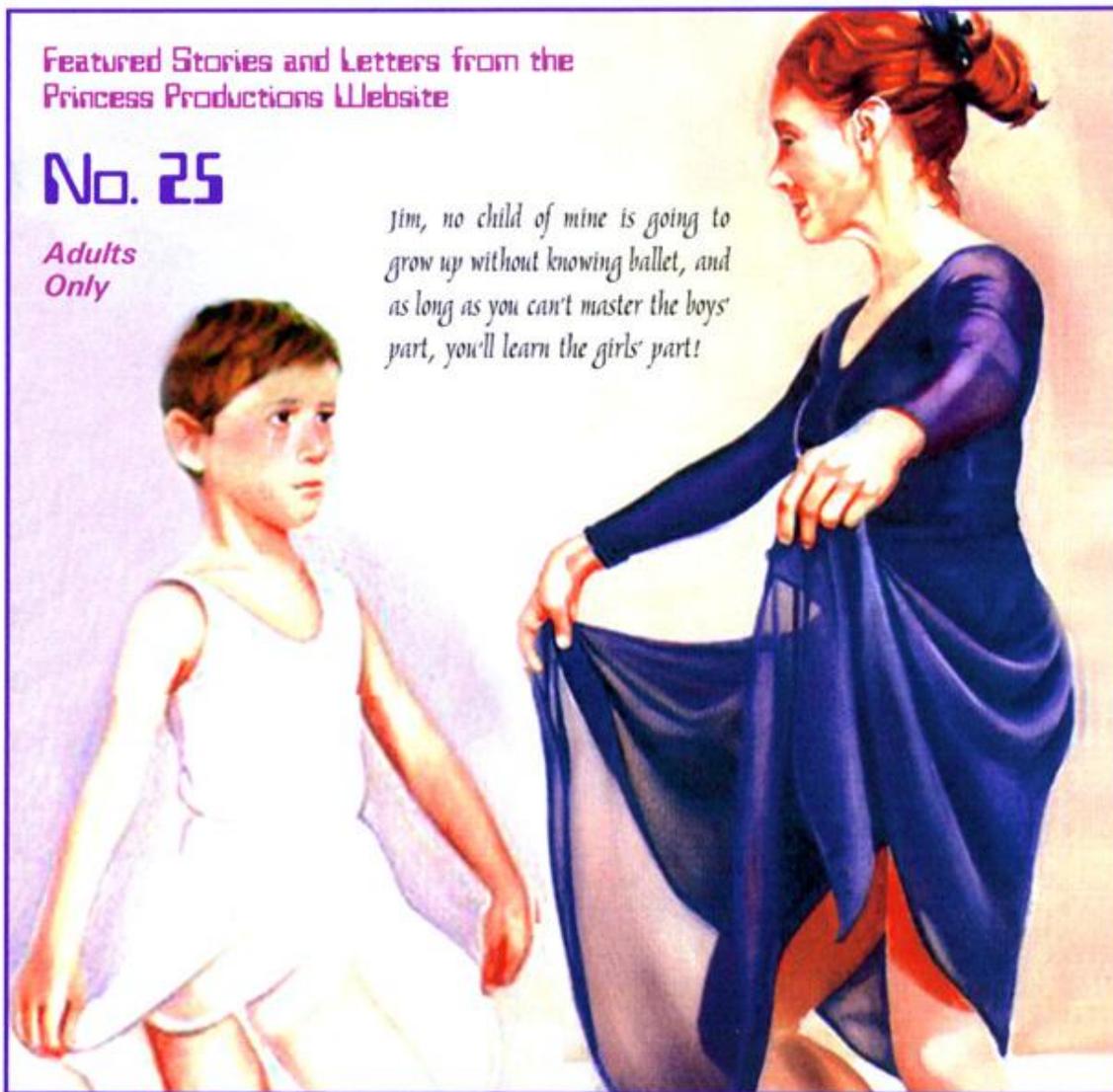
Princess Online

Featured Stories and Letters from the
Princess Productions Website

No. 25

Adults
Only

*Jim, no child of mine is going to
grow up without knowing ballet, and
as long as you can't master the boys'
part, you'll learn the girls' part!*



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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

A Message from Princess Lacey

Proud to Be a Pervert

Dear Sissies,

During the 1960s, I lived in Greenwich Village, and with all the odd, strange and unusual people passing by my door everyday, I often jokingly referred to the Village as a place where "It's normal to be abnormal." But I soon came to the realization that these people weren't much different from people everywhere else. For the most part, they were simply more open about what they were because they were in a free and open place where most other people tolerated or even encouraged their differences.



When I would return to my small hometown for visits, I realized that most people there were pretty weird too, they just had to disguise their weirdness for the sake of their conservative surroundings. So more than ever I believed that there were far more weird people than non-weird people, and those that were "non-weird," were usually pretty weird once you got to know them. So more than ever, I believed that if normal meant what most people were or did, it was definitely normal to be abnormal.

Most people would call abnormal the fetishes and unusual sexual preferences of most males, and since most males have an appetency for atypical sexual practices, they are the norm, and therefore, it is normal to be abnormal. The so-called "normal" guy who only likes the missionary position between one male and one female without any added sexual partiality, fetishes or fantasies of any kind is the abnormal one! Since the majority of men like to do things sexually which are unusual or even socially frowned upon, it is normal to be abnormal! The dictionary defines a perversion as a sexual practice that differs from what is considered normal; that's most men, so most men are perverts.

Therefore, if sexually you are different than most other people (just having an interest in the things in the pages of this publication puts you in that class!), you are definitely a pervert, and you are normal to me! And thank goodness for it. If in practice, we had to adhere to what is socially acceptable, sex would be pretty boring! Being sexually weird is being a pervert, and as long as you don't harm anyone else, it's a good thing.

So be proud to be a pervert!

Love,

Princess Lacey

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Talented Kid Star

Aaron Carter is Nick Carter's little brother and a music star in his own right. He was about 11 or 12 in these pictures, a cute boy that many people thought looked like a girl -- well, here's their chance to see him in girls' clothes!

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Carole Jean

Carole Jean, a popular new author of forced crossdressing stories, has given us permission to colorize and publish each month a select drawing from one her various publications. 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 #2 of "Beautified Bullies," hand painted by Juan Sole. In this scene, Mike is harassing his little brother Nick, after he returned from a trip downtown in which he was forced to go shopping, to a restaurant and a movie while dressed in humiliatingly frilly girls' clothes. In addition to "Beautified Bullies," Carole Jean has published many booklets under the name "Bill," and they include "Bill's Humiliation in Panties;" "Henry's Vacation in Panties;" "Darwin's Womanhood;" "Jeff's Humiliation;" and, one of our favorites, "Schooled with Girls."

She now authors books under the name "Carole Jean," and you can purchase all her books directly from her website: <http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com>

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Celebrating Easter!

We were surprised when we visited some friends on Easter and saw their daughter, Natalie, and son, Henri, playing dressup! Both the boy and girl had on hair bows, a tutu and frilly panties underneath!

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**TO BE
POLITICALLY
CORRECT...**

...and Sir,
if I sell
all my cookies
i'll earn my
**FEMININE
SENSITIVITY**
Merit Badge.

-Watchdoggie!

TODAY'S BOY SCOUTS

should make lace hankies, wear pink panties
and sell their cookies!

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 monitored and contained. The way to save humanity from itself is to prevent or stop those hormones from ruining our men and boys, who in turn are ruining our world.

These radical groups advocate changes starting 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 keep the boys in line throughout their lifetime.

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns while he was attending fifth grade in a Catholic elementary 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.

A good example of the problems in America (and the world) today is the Boy Scouts. With their anti-gay policy, they are promoting homophobia and barring transgendered boys. Well, Watchdoggie! is keeping an eye on them and cataloging his reports. He believes the Boy Scouts could help improve how we view females if they promoted a little femininity amongst their members, and he designed this poster to express his idea! Go Watchdoggie!

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My Aunt, the Serial Boy Masturbator!

Dear Princess,

To all you sissyboys out there, I just want to say, "So you think you like lacy panties?"

Well, I'll bet I like panties more than you do! When I was young, I was literally brainwashed into being a world-class panty boy! My aunt was a connoisseur of boy cum and her method was to use a pair of her panties to milk the juice out of a boy. And when he shot off – and this is the weird part — she'd make him shoot it into a rubber and then she stored it in little vacuum-sealed vials! My aunt liked her panties a lot. She didn't try to make boys into panty fetishists, but I know that's how a lot of them ended up. She just used panties because they were soft and silky and very sexy. She knew they felt good to boys on their penises, but she wasn't trying to girlyfy them in any way, she just loved jerking off boys and found the panties to be a great sex aid to doing it.

Invariably, after she had jerked off a boy into the silky folds of a pair of her panties, the boys would come back to her. They wanted to repeat the process. I'm sure most of those boys became very attracted to panties, especially my aunt's. You've heard of serial killers, well, my aunt Debbie was a serial cum collector! She had little in the way of morals, and she didn't give a fuck whether or not people approved of what she did. To her, any boy who was old enough to shoot his jism was a candidate for her services. She was relentless! She'd go after a boy, and she wouldn't take no for an answer!

Needless to say, she had a lot of boys perfectly willing to let her do her thing, always ready and waiting any time she was in the mood to get herself some boy juice. But periodically, she got bored with willing partners, and she wanted to rape a boy and steal his cum. She liked her boys innocent and in awe of her. She'd hunt down young boys; her favorites were around eleven to twelve years old, boys on the verge of experiencing their first cum. Aunt Debbie says she has made boys of all ages cum countless times, but raping and breaking in a virgin boy and making him shoot his wad for the first time was her biggest thrill.

Details about boys she conquered she carefully documented, kept a detailed diary about how she had attacked them and kept vials of their cum in a special rack in a refrigerator in her basement. I don't know what she did with all that cum she had stored away, and I'm not so sure I want to know.

When I was fifteen, I had no idea that she had such a special hobby! To me, she was the archetype of a world-class aunt: blonde, beautiful, outgoing and fun to be with. And since I was a young boy at the time, I can only guess that I had been spared her attack because I was family. Then things changed one weekend when I was staying with her while my folks were on a retreat. On Saturday morning she left me alone while she went grocery shopping, I started snooping around the house, as teenage boys often do. Well, I found her sex diary and started reading it. She detailed everything. It blew my mind! When I read the references to the vials filled with cum samples in an old refrigerator, I knew she had an old refrigerator in the basement, so I couldn't resist taking a look. Seeing those vials in little racks lined up like little glass penises made it all very real. Then I knew the diary wasn't some kind of story she was making up.

She came home and found me in the basement. When I heard her coming, I hurriedly closed the diary and shoved it in a stack of magazines. I must have been acting suspicious because she looked at me funny and asked if anything was wrong. She also wanted to know what I was doing in the basement because there was nothing really down there that would be of interest to me. At

that moment, she put it all together, and went to her bedroom. When she discovered her diary missing, she knew I had gotten into it.

She came downstairs and simply asked me where it was. Sheepishly, I handed it over to her. Carefully, she began asking me questions; she tried to find out how much I had read and what I knew. She tried to laugh it off and say that it was a fantasy story that she was making up to be published. She did work at a publishing company, but I knew she worked in the subscription department and she wasn't a writer. I think she realized I wasn't buying her explanation, so she tried to drop it. That night she took me out to eat at a nice restaurant and then to a movie. I think she was trying to get my mind off of it and hope I'd forget about it. Well, I know I was acting distant toward her all night long.

When she put me to bed that night, she tried to get me to smile and cheer up, but after reading those shocking accounts of what she did to young boys, I was genuinely afraid of her. And I know it showed!

I, of course, had been masturbating for a couple of years by that time, and all the stuff I had read in her diary threw me for a loop. To me sex was a simple thing: a boy got a willing girl, stuck his thing into her and shot off his wad. If he couldn't get a girl, he's pump on his dick until he shot a load of pressure-releasing sperm. But that diary of hers was like science fiction. She wrote about face sitting, raping boys, making them drink her piss, shitting on their faces, shoving bottles and carrots and all kinds of things up their butt holes, and other stuff that I had no idea what she was writing about. All I know is that the hour or so I spent with that diary was an intensive education in sexual perversion, but it was too much at once. I couldn't really believe half of it, even after seeing the vials. And I didn't want to believe a lot of it. It was just too disgusting and too weird! At that time, I usually jacked off in bed, at least every couple of nights just to keep myself levelheaded. I was very stimulated about many of the things I had read, and I thought about shooting off, but my aunt's bedroom was right next to mine and I thought she was spying on me somehow. I didn't want to make any noise and have her catch me. I had read what she supposedly had done to boys and most of it I definitely didn't want to happen to me! With agonizing thoughts flying through my head, it took a long time to get to sleep that night.

In the morning, I awoke as my aunt climbed up on my bed. She quickly put one leg on either side of me and sat down on my face! Blinking the sleep out of my eyes, I saw her big white pantied butt come crushing down on me. The lacy edges of her panties cut into my cheeks. Her pussy-filled panty crotch came down right on my mouth. My nose got pushed right up in between her panty-covered ass cheeks.

I thought I was too scared to move because I couldn't move. Only then did I realize that she had my arms and legs tied to the sides of the bed!

"Good morning, Chad. How's my favorite little nephew this morning?" she greeted me. Her words sounded funny, like we were in a cave or something, because my ears were partially trapped deep between her thighs and the pillow.

"Sorry, but I have to do this to you, sweetie, but I can't have you telling anybody about the things you read in my diary."

With her wet pussy flowing into her panties, I had a mouth full of soggy panty crotch. I couldn't talk. I would have gladly told her that I would never tell anyone about anything, but she obviously wanted some insurance.

Her speech pattern was broken and halting. I could tell she was very excited. She brought herself to three series of orgasms by moving her hips up and down on my face. She tried to get me to stick my tongue out and lick her down there, and being in no position to argue, I did, but that didn't satisfy her too much. I guess I wasn't very good at it. Instead she opted to back off me a bit, hover her hips over my face and rock back and forth, using my nose to titillate her clit. Once she really got going, she'd mash her cunt up against my face. It's amazing that she didn't break my neck and kill me with the way she was pile driving herself on me.

Through all this she had worked my pajama pants down and was grabbing at my cock. She teased it but wasn't stroking it to make me cum. Still my juices were built up from a couple of days of not cumming so it wouldn't have taken me much. In fact I felt like I could cum in an instant if she'd just get off me and let me breath for a moment! Maybe she sensed I was ready to shoot and that's why she didn't touch me very much. Anyway, after pleasuring herself on my face, she climbed off me.

As I excitedly started questioning her and asking her why she was doing this to me, she pulled off those sopping white nylon panties, made them into a ball and shoved them into my mouth. While she had been on top of me, the taste of her sex juices had drained into my mouth, they weren't necessarily good or bad tasting, I hadn't been even thinking about that. At that time, I wondered if she was trying to smother me, kill me off because I had found out those things about her. For a time, I really did fear for my life. Now those panties were very wet, and in my mouth those juices seeped out. I had no choice but to swallow them, I swallowed just to get the juices out of my mouth, but I almost choked on the panties because it was difficult not swallowing them at the same time!

She undid my legs and made me put on a pair of her pink panties, and then took pictures of me in them, but she took the pictures so you couldn't see the ropes tying me down, and she pinched my nose and held my panty-filled mouth shut until I agreed to smile for the pictures. After a half dozen pictures, she untied me and apologized for having to do that to me.

When I got up and tried to take off the panties, she warned me to keep them on. When I threatened to run away, she said she'd call the police and show them the pictures, and the pictures would get into the newspapers and everything. I was really angry with her and called her all kinds of names and wouldn't cooperate with her in any way. That's when she picked up the phone and started calling up her girlfriends and telling them that she had a sissy for a nephew, a sissy boy who liked to jerk off in her panties. The third woman she called, was one of our neighbors and knew my parents, that's when I broke down and pleaded with my aunt not to say any of those things about me. She teased me for a while, letting me think that she was about to

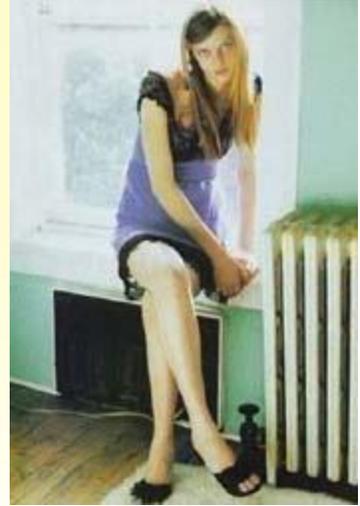
spill the beans to that woman, but then she didn't. When she got off the phone, she made me promise to do whatever she wanted.

Well, over the next two days that we were together, she masturbated me in various pairs of her panties. She jacked me off about fifty times, and I'm not kidding. On Monday, I literally went home sick! My body was totally depleted of energy, I felt like I was getting the flu, I hadn't had any sleep, and my penis was burning hot, completely inflamed from her abusing it. She sent me home in pink panties. When my parents picked me up, I felt so embarrassed. I thought they could see those panties right through my clothes, even though they had no idea what had taken place while they were gone.

At home, I fell into bed and went right to sleep. I was much too exhausted to even undress myself and get rid of those panties. Later, my mother came up and helped me undress and get ready for bed while I was half a sleep. When she opened my trousers and saw the panties, she went nuts, accusing me of stealing them from my aunt. She could see that they were stained with my cock juice, so she really got angry and called me a pervert and a pig. I wanted to explain everything to her, but I so feared my aunt telling them and everybody else lies about me that I just shut up and promised my mother that I never would do stuff like that again. Well, less than a week later, I found myself sneaking into my mother's lingerie drawer. Soon after that I began wearing Mom's panties under my clothes and jacking off in them almost every day. That's been my sex life ever since! About once a month after that I'd see my aunt, but only twice after that first time did we have some form of sex (her beating me off). I was getting too old for her, and besides, she wanted to find innocent boys to rape! I still wear panties, and I still jack off in them almost everyday, and sometimes several times in a day!

Self love in panties,
Chad

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Male Student to Attend Prom in Drag

Pierson, Fla - For Saturday's prom, Charles Rice plans to wear a purple gown with black lace trim, matching satin shoes, long gloves and rhinestone jewelry.

The 18-year-old Taylor High School senior will get to dress that way because Volusia School District administrators changed their minds Tuesday. Last week, Principal Peter Oatman told Rice he would be refused entrance to the prom if he showed up in drag. Oatman backed down Tuesday after conferring with Superintendent Bill Hall and school district attorneys, as well as reviewing news accounts of his initial decision.

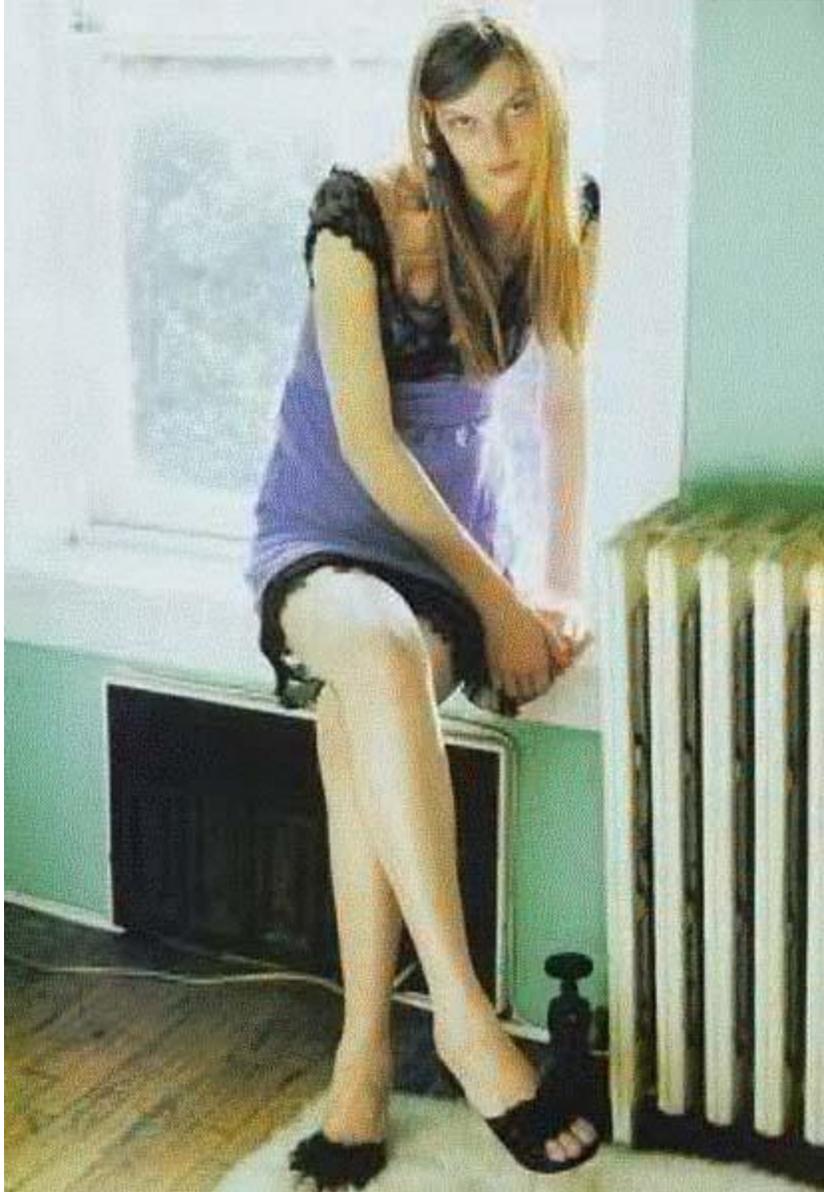
"It was just something I had to stand up for," Rice said after school Tuesday.

Maybe so, Superintendent Bill Hall said, but Rice's victory isn't likely to help other cross-dressing students who hope to come clothed as they please to class or school events. Hall said Rice gets to don his gown for the prom only because the principal let him wear skirts and dresses to special events in the past. There was the school talent show Rice hosted last spring and the homecoming dance he attended in a skirt and jacket in December. Because of these prior episodes, the school system would have had a weak case if the matter had gone to court, Hall said. "The court rulings have given principals the authority to enforce a reasonable dress code for regular school events, special events and other things that may go on," Hall said Tuesday. "But the rules have to be enforced consistently." Hall said the district isn't being intolerant, but is simply enforcing its dress code. "What I'm sure of is what is appropriate and is acceptable has to be defined," he said. "It cannot be disruptive."

Rice said the feminine outfits he wore in the past never caused a commotion. Rice, who wears typical teen-age attire to class, bought his prom dress and accessories at a DeLand bridal shop. "I should have the freedom to express myself," insists Rice, who said he is gay. His grandmother, who raised him, declined comment. Rice has the support of his classmates at the rural northwest Volusia campus. "When he wore a skirt at homecoming, I thought it was kind of funny -- a guy in a dress," senior John Taylor said. "I didn't get offended. If that's how he feels comfortable, then that's how he should go." But when it comes to school dress codes, students don't have a lot of freedom to ignore them, recent court decisions show.

Knight Ridder News Services, 3-26-99

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Chapter 1

Panty Sentence

"Since you four boys have been warned several times to stop your disgusting little game of pulling up the girls' skirts, while at school, each day for the rest of the term, the four of you will wear a pair of girls' panties! I'm punishing you that way to give you some idea of the embarrassment you have caused the poor little girls you've been picking on."

After a momentary, shocked silence, John spoke, "But, oh, Miss Hawley! Not that!"

"Oh, Yes! That! It will serve you right, since you are so interested in panties, we'll help satisfy your craving by supplying you with some very pretty panties to wear!"

"Oh no, please, Miss!" begged David.

"Please, Miss, don't make us wear panties, please!" pleaded Ian.

"You can't mean it!" said Guy, his eyes wide with disbelief.

"Quiet, boys!" the Headmistress shouted over their whining. "You were warned that I'd deal with you severely if you continued your little game. Well, you brought this upon yourselves.

"I understand you had a competition to see which of you could lift up the most skirts, and you even kept track of the color panties worn by each of your victims! That's about the most repulsive game I've ever heard of. Now tell me, which one of you was in the lead before your monitor reported you for this latest offense?"

The four boys all looked at each other, and then one-by-one, they pointed to David.

"So, David, what was your total? How many skirts did you peek under?"

"About, about twenty," he mumbled.

"Twenty! My, my! So you treated yourself to peeking up the uniform skirt of twenty or more of our innocent little girls. So tell me, were they pretty panties, David?"

"Wha— uh, yes, Miss!"

"When I ask you a question, repeat back to me my question with your answer!"

"Yes! Yes, Miss. They were pretty pan . . . (cough) panties, Miss Hawley!"

"Do you recognize this?" the Headmistress asked as she held up a small notebook. It was a journal they used to keep track of their `sightings.'"

"Yes, Miss. Yes, I recognize that," David said.

"Where did you get . . ." John wanted to know, but his question was cut short.

"Ian was nice enough to turn this over to me. In return, I told him I might go a bit easy on his punishment."

The three other boys eyed Ian with disdain as the Headmistress read from the book.

"According to this . . . the four of you have upended the skirts of almost 20% of the girls here at Heatherford. Let's see, Ian has a total of 12, John 16, Guy 19, and David at the aforementioned 23, a most disgusting total of 70 girls who have been subjected to your abuse. You should be ashamed of yourselves! And if you're not, you soon will be because for the six weeks that remain of this term, you will report to me before class each morning and be changed into a darling little

pair panties for the day. If you fail to report to me upon your arrival at school, I'll personally come to your classroom and make you strip off naked and put the panties on you in front of your classmates."

"Oh please, Miss! You wouldn't let anyone know that we are wearing . . . uh, pa . . . uh . . ."

"Panties, David! Panties! Say it, you disgusting little excuse for a ten-year-old boy!"

"Pa, panties, Miss!"

"That's right, panties! Now all four of you boys say it for me. Say it together, now."

"Panties," the four of them said in an uneven cadence.

"Yes, panties! Naughty little boys like you find it such a delicious and naughty little word. Panties! Panties! Panties! You better get used to hearing it AND saying it because here in school you'll be wearing them every day. And I'll extend that time unless you straighten up. Then again, after six weeks in silky panties, maybe you'll want to continue wearing them on your own," she said with a laugh. "Silky panties are very nice to wear, you know!"

"Oh, no, Miss, not me! Never! I'd never want to do that," John replied instantly. The other three boys joined in a chorus of whining, pleading and shaking their heads `no'!

"We'll see!" the Headmistress said as she continued to laugh at the cowering, scared boys. "And in regard to your fear of letting other people know that you are wearing panties, of course, they'll know. Don't be silly. What would be the point of making you wear panties if no one knew? I shall let it be known that the four of you are wearing panties for the balance of this term, and it'll be up to you to tell them why!"

"Even if I didn't tell anyone, they would all know soon enough because I've decided that for exercises in gym you'll wear just a T-shirt and your panties instead of regular gym shorts. And for games, you'll be supplied with kilts to wear, the same regulation uniform kilts that the girls use, and during games those kilts surely will fly up and give everyone a glimpse of your panties. Now if you think you can stop people from seeing your panties by holding back and not fully participating in the games, the gym mistress will give you a failing grade, and according to our records, at least two of you are too close to failing short of graduation to risk that."

The boys tried one last round of begging to be spared this devastating humiliation.

"Silence! Now get out of my office. Enjoy your last day in boys' underwear. I expect to see all four of you in this office before the 8:30 bell tomorrow morning."

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Chapter 2

Game Kilts

The next six weeks were sheer hell for the four boys. It was most humiliating for them to report daily to the Headmistress, who watched in glee as she helped them don their panties before going off to class. And when the Headmistress was otherwise detained, the job of pantying the boys fell to her secretary, Miss Chelsea Evander, a pretty and pert young redhead whose sneering grin stabbed the little delinquents deep in their boyhood. She was just nineteen and the dream girl of many of the preteen boys at Heatherford, and she knew it. But she gave all her love to Headmistress Hawley. Most afternoons, instead of being buried in file cabinets, her head was more apt to be buried deep between Hawley's legs.



The only interest she had in little boys was teasing and tormenting them. She'd love to smile and wink at them as they sat in the outer office waiting to see Hawley. She made it a private little game to see if she could get them to sprout a hard-on. To accomplish that, she'd walk past them and find an excuse to bend down in front of them and give them a peek at her long, nylon-clad legs and a bit of her lacy slip. Sometimes, she even found an excuse to move in close to them, and rest her hand high on their thighs just an inch or so away from their penises as she'd ask them some meaningless questions. Headmistress Hawley knew what Chelsea was doing, and she let her have her fun. She got a kick out of seeing boys enter her office in a crouched forward position with their hands in front of themselves trying to mask their hard little penis pushing out the front of their trousers.

Chelsea loved teasing, humiliating and pantying the four boys during those six weeks of punishment. As she held the panties open for each boy, she never failed to look at their naked genitals, giggle and comment. And she always took a long time drawing the panties up their legs. After the boys were dismissed, she would be ready to explode and usually ended up going into the supply room to yank up her skirt, reach into her panties and diddle herself to multiple orgasms. Starting out those mornings with a rocking-good masturbation session put a smile on her face and made her glow for the rest of the day!

The most embarrassing class for the boys was gym since they had to go through their exercises with their frilly panties on full display, and for games, there was no way they could keep down their lightweight flyaway kilts. Just to make sure that the boys did fully participate in any given sport, a girl was assigned to each boy during games and she'd follow behind him with a cane or paddle and hit the boy's kilted butt whenever she felt he wasn't putting his heart into the game! But the worst part of the day was dealing with their peers during breaks and lunchtime, when the boys were often cornered and had their school shorts pulled down to be laughed at with their panties exposed. This was not just done by the boys, but the girls as well. The staff didn't make

any effort to stop this, thinking that it was justice for the 'fun' the boys had subjected countless girls to when they had pulled up their skirts to see what color panties they had on.

On the last day of term, the boys, as usual, showed up at the Headmistress's office to be changed out of their punishment panties for the last time. Miss Evander was going to do the honors for all of the boys except David, whom she told to wait because the Headmistress wanted to talk to him personally. One-by-one Miss Evander took the other boys into the inner office and got one last chance before summer vacation to tease them a bit as she changed them out of their panties. She teased them by asking them whether or not they were going to miss wearing sexy feeling panties, if they were already pinching girly panties from clotheslines, and if they were now so used to them that they were going to ask their mothers to buy them panties to wear over the holiday from school.

As each blushing boy sheepishly and hurriedly exited the office, he bade farewell to his mates who had shared this punishment. When only David was left, Chelsea didn't change him out of his panties. Instead she escorted him to the Headmistress's study. As they entered he was shocked to see not only his Headmistress Hawley but also his mother and the headmistress of the senior school. Of the four boys, David was the only one returning to Heatherford to go to the senior school; the others were all going to boarding schools. Mrs. Zilly acknowledged her son's entrance with only a nod of her head. He wondered why she had a particularly awesome scowl on her face.

"David," said his Headmistress, "I am sure you know Miss Black who will be your new Headmistress this fall. I have been talking to her and your mother about your interest in girls' panties. We have decided that it would be best if you were to carry on wearing panties for a while."

"No, Miss! Please don't make me wear them anymore. I promise to be good, honestly."

"DAVID! How dare you interrupt your Headmistress!" shouted his mother. "You will do exactly as you are told! Now apologize at once!"

"I'm sorry, Miss."

"Right, David. Now I want you to listen very carefully to Miss Black, she will tell you what to expect for the summer and when you return to school this fall."

"Hello, David," Miss Black said with a forced smile on her thin mauve lips. "You may have heard horror stories about me, but if you listen to what I say and do what I want, you'll sail right through senior school. I understand your schoolwork, especially over the last term, has been quite good. So we know you can be a good student. But right now, I'm more concerned with ungentlemanly behavior. The Headmistress and your mother tell me you have made major improvements, mostly I suspect, due to wearing those saucy little panties. Tell me, David, do you like wearing girls' panties? Nice panties? All silky and slippery against your bottom? Tell me how much you like them."

"Oh, Miss, I, uh, I don't like them a bit! They make me feel so stupid, and the kids laugh at me."

"Oh, really. You don't like them, huh? That's news. I've heard that you have been punished this way because you and your friends found it fun to flip up girls' skirts so you could see the panties they had on, and you kept a tally to boot of what you saw. And of your mates, you were the best one at this repulsive little game. Isn't that right?"

"Ah, yes, Miss," he answered uneasily.

"So you do like panties."

"Oh, no, Miss. I meant that you were right with all the other things you said."

"I see. But if you don't like panties, how can you explain these?" Miss Black said as she pointed to David's mother, who was holding up a delicate pair of pink lace panties that were tattered, rumped and twisted.

David stared in horror. He recognized the panties immediately. Sure he was curious about panties, what boy isn't, but those panties he had taken from a clothesline months ago, even before his punishment had started. They belonged to a cute eight-year-old girl, who lived in the neighborhood. He thought she was quite pretty with her hair always up in twin ponytails and her short little skirts. She was constantly flashing her panties, and he suspected she bent over and sat around with her legs spread on purpose, just so he and the other boys could see her silky panties. But he had taken those panties just so he could look at them close up. He kept them stuffed under his mattress and took them out from time to time to play with them. He was just trying to settle some of his curiosity about girls. He had no idea his mother had found them, and now to be confronted with those panties in the presence of these powerful women!

"I, uh, don't know . . . those, uh . . ." He was finding it difficult to speak, standing in the midst of these four formidable women.

Their combined stares filled him with shame and guilt. They moved closer, forming a tight little circle around him, each of them wore a strong perfume, the combination of these aromas assailed his nose and permeated all his senses, leaving him feeling completely inadequate in their midst.

"You don't know what, David? And when you reply to me, these are known as panties, so don't refer to them as 'those.' Please refer to them as 'panties.' By the way, don't try to lie to me. Do you know where your mother found this pair of panties?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Where did you get them?"

"I snatched them from a clothesline, Miss."

"So you're a thief too?" his mother commented. Then she asked, "And from whose clothesline?"

"The, uh, Michaelson's, Mom."

"You horrid little beast. I'll have to pay them a visit. And their cute little daughter is such a sweet little lady. Very distressing!"

David swallowed to clear his throat, but all he swallowed was a ball of dry air.

"Well, do you still insist that you don't like girls' panties?" Miss Black asked. "Now is the time to confess. I don't want a lying sissyboy in senior school. That's a wrong way to start out. Now tell me how much you like girls' panties."

"Yes, Miss," David had to pause to lessen his crying as he struggled to put his words together. "I like panties, Miss. But, please, Miss, I just wanted to look at them. I like girls but I didn't know much about them. I just wanted to know . . ."

"Just wanted to know what? How good it felt to wear their panties? Well, I guess you now know what they feel like after wearing them for six weeks. Tell me, do panties feel nice on your bad boy little bum?"

"Miss, no, I just looked at those things, those, those panties. I don't want to wear them."

"But now that you have worn them, you like them. Right?"

"No, Miss, I don't like them that way."

"Tell me, did you ever put on this lacy little pair of pink panties?"

David looked up in shock and shook his head "no;" he couldn't speak because he was crying too hard.

"The truth now! Remember, I won't have you being a liar!" Miss Black coldly stated.

David stopped shaking his head "no" and began nodding "yes."

"But just once, Miss, I was just wondering . . ."

"So back to the original question. Do you like girls' panties . . . and you know how to answer me?"

"Yeah, uh, yes, Miss, I like girls' panties."

"Pretty panties?"

"Yes, Miss, I, uh, like pretty panties."

"Silky pretty panties with bows and lace and frills?"

"Yes, Miss, I like girls' panties with bows and lace and frills."

"Well, I'm glad you are finally honest enough to admit it. Now tell me that you like to wear pretty panties too. It is so, isn't it, David? Why not tell all of us that you like to wear sissy panties, the frillier, the better!"

"Yes, Miss," David said, as he struggled to slow his crying. Then he took a deep breath. "Yes, Miss, I like girls' panties, and I like to wear sissy panties, like you said, the frillier, the better."

The three women smirked and moaned and shook their heads like he was a lost cause. David totally broke down and fell into his mother's arms. He hugged her and begged her to stop his humiliation. Instead of hugging him back, she pushed him back into a standing position before his new Headmistress.

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Chapter 3 Skirts to Cum!

"David," his mother began, "you might think we are being mean to you, but you are way overdue for a major change in your attitude and how you do things. We're going to keep advancing you more and more toward becoming a girl until you learn how to behave perfectly. You yourself and the horrible way you have been acting in the past few years have gotten you to this point. Now it's time for you to be punished back into behaving properly.

"You may think that since this is the last day of school that you will be out of punishment panties for the summer; however, we have decided that you will carry on wearing girls' panties for at least another year or two, including your time off from school. In addition to . . . "

"Wha—"

His mother's slap across his face cut short his complaining.

"Don't say a word, David, or I'll start you today not only in panties but in dresses too! Right after this meeting, we're going shopping.

"I might add that Miss Evander has agreed to help me out a bit, to help me keep you in line over the summer and to help prepare you for your fall term. God knows a naughty ten-year-old boy can be more than one woman can handle at times.

"Now listen to Miss Black, she'll tell you what you have to look forward to this fall."

"Now as I was saying," Miss Black continued, "since you like silky panties so much, they're hardly a punishment, so when you come back to attend senior school this September, in addition to pretty panties, you'll also be wearing the following items of the girls' school uniform: lace-trimmed undervest (commonly known as a chemise), knee socks or ruffled ankle socks (depending upon the occasion), and black one-strap shoes. Furthermore, your blazer and school overcoat will be the same as the girls. In other words, you will wear exactly the same uniform as the girls except you will be allowed to wear the regulation boys' shorts instead of the girls' blue pleated skirt."

"B... but," stammered David as he realized that wearing all this would make him an even bigger laughing stock than he already was since it would be obvious to everyone that he was wearing girls' things. Before only his mates in gym (and the kids who forcibly depants him) saw him in his panties, but now everyone would see his girls' white socks and shoes. And since all the boys wore white shirts different from the girls, the blouse would be unmistakably a girl's blouse.

"David, what did I tell you?" shouted his mother with a raised hand ready to slap him again.

"Sa... sa... sorry," he sobbed.

Miss Black continued, "Other things you should know: We have decided that it will be very good for you to take some lessons traditionally offered only to the girls, such as ballet, for which you will wear a pink leotard with white satin panties and white tights. And in the sewing class you can make your own frilled apron for cookery. I've decided that you must take gym and games

with the girls because I fear harm would come to you if you took gym with the senior school older boys. Boys at that age are very protective of their emerging manhood. They'd make it hell for any sissy cast amongst them.

"During gym, your outfit will be the same as the girls since you will only be playing girls' games with the girls; therefore, like them, you will wear a white Airtex blouse and regal blue kilt. However, for exercises, you will continue to wear your nifty little nylon panties plus your new lace-trimmed vests, and daily we expect you to match your panties and vests. Failure to do so on any day will cost you your outer clothes for the following lunch period, during which time you will go without lunch and be made to stand at the entrance of the dining hall in just your chemise and panties, showing all the other children how stupid it looks not to match your lingerie in color and style.

David was fully engulfed in tears again.

"It's no good crying, David. It only goes to prove to us that we are right in treating you more like a girl than a boy. Anyway we have made up our minds, so you might as well get used to it. If at anytime you give us any further problems, you will lose your right to wear shorts and will have to wear the same regal blue uniform skirt as the girls, for that is what you will become as far as we are concerned for the your time at senior school.

"And to help keep you on the straight and narrow, two girls will be assigned to be with you at all times while you are at school. They will generally walk on each side of you and protect you from anyone bent upon harming you. They will also serve as guards whenever you have to use the little girls' room."

"But . . ."

"And I warn you," his mother added, "arguing with us over the way you are to be dressed will be reason to bring you up completely as a girl! I'm in full agreement with your new Headmistress, so don't come crawling to me. You're going to be a credit to me yet. You're not going to end up in the detention home like some of those lowlife scoundrels you used to pal around with, and if I have to put you in dresses at home and treat you like a girl to reinforce the good being done to you here at school, I won't hesitate to do it. Starting immediately you are to wear your lace panties twenty-four hours a day and sleep in a girls' nightie. Every time you resist me in any way, I'll add other items of girls' clothing to your daily outfit. Over the summer Miss Evander and I will make you into a respectable little girly boy, so get ready for it."

David was stunned by his mother's threats. Not only was he going to have to wear all those girls' clothes and do girls' lessons, but he was being immediately sentenced to girlie treatment, and if he dared to argue about it, he'd have to wear dresses at home and skirts to school in the fall!



"Come on David, dry your eyes," said his mother handing him a lace-trimmed hankie. "We've got some shopping to do, but before we go, I want Headmistress Hawley to know that your panty training has helped your behavior immeasurably, and I want you to thank her and Chelsea for their patience in dealing with you. But I also think there is still plenty of room for improvement, and that is why I agreed that more items of girls' clothing are to be added to your senior school uniform. And I want Miss Black, your new Headmistress, to know that she can count on me to backup whatever she decides will be good for you in regard to dress discipline and the manner in which you will receive your education. During the summer, Chelsea and I will show how to act like a proper little lady and teach you what you need to know to get along with the girls, and you better learn your lessons well; otherwise, you'll be living life as a girl for a long time to come!"

David was confused by all the things she had said. Surely, she didn't mean he would have to wear girls' things at home during his entire summer vacation! No! Surely not! He thought she was just trying to scare him.

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David
imagined
the horror
of having
to wear
a girl's
uniform.



Being escorted everywhere with a girl on each side of him in his swishy little girls' kilt uniform.



Chapter 4

Laughing at Him in a Dress!

A little while later in the children's department of Winston & Meyers, David was shocked when a sweet, green-eyed young lady assistant offered to help them and his mother asked, "I need some new clothes for my son: in addition to stocking up on his usual lacy panties, he needs ruffled ankle socks, smart one-strap shoes, a bouffant petticoat as well as full and half-slips, skirts, blouses, nighties, in fact an entire new wardrobe. And, oh yes, a dress for fancy occasions and a training bra – you know, you never can start preparing a boy too early for breast development"

David thought he had been all cried out. He felt like his red eyes and tear-stained cheeks had already been flooded with every ounce of water in his body. But at the indignity of his mother buying him a little girl's training bra, his tears flowed anew and flowed profusely.

"Certainly, madam," replied the assistant, grinning at the bawling, awestruck boy. It was quite obvious to this perky young girl that he was being made to wear girls' clothes as a punishment,

not because he wanted to, as was sometimes the case when she sold girls' clothes to mothers for their boys.

The next hour was one of the most humiliating of David's short life. The clerk was quite slim and short, not much taller than he was. She probably was a sixth form girl working part time after school to learn the business. To start with, she measured him to determine what would fit him in girls' sizes. For one so young, she did handle herself quite professionally. And when she measured his inseam, in a very businesslike manner, she thrust her slender fingers deep into the valley between his leg and his privates. David squirmed at her bold probing, but the biggest shock came when she cupped his penis and balls and gave them a gentle jiggle as she assessed the size of genitals.

"Most boys his age," she remarked to his mother as she groped him, "have a good bit down here and they need girls' panties a size larger than their waist size calls for. But your boy, madam, is quite small, I think a normal girls' size panty for his 22" waist will be more than adequate. I expect he looks quite girlish in just his panties."

"Indeed, he does," David's mother happily replied much to his shame.

Then the clerk produced numerous frilly vests with coordinated panties, petticoats, nighties, skirts and blouses. At Mrs. Zilly's urging, the girl took great care to offer the most childish and feminine items in stock.

David's mother tried to get the thoroughly degraded boy to help choose his own pretty new clothes, but he just stood there quietly moaning and sniffing.

"David, that is enough sulking. Now, we are going to choose pretty dresses for you because you acted so badly in the Headmistress's office. You totally disregarded me when I threatened to put you in dresses for the summer, so dresses it will be. Now, I'll increase that punishment if you don't shape up immediately and show some enthusiasm for your pretty new clothes; I'll bring you back here once a week during the summer and buy you a dress each week. Moreover, I'll have words with Miss Black and tell her that you'll be starting the new school year in the full girls' uniform, skirt and all.

David was crushed. It was sinking into him that his mother was not making idle threats. He perked up and quickly decided he better cooperate; the thought of repeating this shopping expedition every week was a humiliation he wanted to avoid at all costs. He stood in the middle of the store in a daze as he was made to remove his school uniform until he was left wearing only his socks and shoes and silky blue panties. As the assistant approached to fit him with a selection of dresses, she paused and just stared at him, naked except for his frilly blue panties.

"Yes, madam, I thought so. Your boy's penis and balls are small; I can barely see the little bulge they make in his panties. It will be easy to change him completely into a girl. Oh, and those are particularly pretty blue panties he's wearing. The pink edging on the white lace is an especially girlish touch. I do believe they came from our store. Does he go to Heatherford?"

"Why, yes, how did you know?"

"I kind of suspected when I saw these panties he has on. Heatherford has been buying a stock of panties from us over the last few weeks to discipline some boys that were terrorizing the girls by pulling up their skirts. Is he one of those boys?"

"Sorry to say, he is, Miss."

As the two women stood in the middle of the aisle and leisurely carried on their conversation, David had no choice but to remain standing shivering from the cold half naked in nothing but his panties, while his mother and the salesgirl engaged in meaningless banter. A few other women were also shopping in the department and now were taking note of him. David couldn't look them in the eye, but he could feel their stares and overhear their laughter, high-pitched chattering and girlish giggles.

He was almost glad when the clerk helped him don a lovely pink and white dress. Mrs. Zilly was delighted to see her son looking so sweet and demure and was then convinced that her decision to dress and treat David as a little girl was the right one. The assistant fussed around him, pulling the skirt straight and tightening the sash, which she had tied into a large bow at the back.

"Yes, we will have that one," Mrs. Zilly said. "Do you like it, David? You look so pretty in it."

"Oh, please, Mummy, please don't me dress like this!"

"David, I have repeatedly warned you about resisting my attempts to make you into a better person. So I am now declaring that from now on the only time you will be allowed to wear any boys' clothes is when you wear your shorts upon your return to school in the fall. Much further arguing and you'll start your fall school term in skirts."

"But, Mummy—"

"Haven't you been listening to me? You have already put yourself in dresses for the summer with your complaining. Would you like to wear skirts to school then?"

"No, Mummy, of course not, but..."

"Well, then stop arguing with me. My mind is made up, so you can stop sulking or I'll pull your panties down and give you a good bare bottom spanking right here and now! It's been quite a long time since you've had a spanking. In fact, it has been way too long, but I intend to correct that. You're not too big for me to throw over my lap for a good paddling. Understand?"

"Yes, Mummy," David muttered, horrified at the idea of getting a bare bottom spanking, especially in public.

"Good. Now I think that before you take your dress off we had better change your panties, as your pretty blue panties show through that thin summer dress. Normally you'd wear a slip to

keep people from seeing your panties, but on hot summer days with a light summer dress like this, a slip can be quite warm. Instead, you just need to wear panties that match the dress to make them less noticeable."

David blushed profusely as his mother lifted up his skirt and peeled down his sissy blue lace panties. She then took a pair of overly frilly pink panties from the assistant and held them out for David to step into. He shuddered as she drew the panties up his legs and settled them into place around his hips. She then removed the dress and left him standing there once again, nearly naked, his modesty only covered by that thin new pair of pink panties. Much to his outrage, a young woman came along with a little girl, about four years old, and her brother who was seven or so.

"Oh, Mummy, look! That boy is wearing panties!"

"Yes, darling, aren't they pretty."

"Mummy, why is he wearing girls' panties?"

"I expect he has been naughty and his mother is punishing him."

"Why doesn't Paul wear girls' panties, Mummy? He is always being naughty!"

"Shut up, you stupid jerk!" the little boy snapped.

"Paul, how dare you talk to your little sister like that! I think she has a good idea! Perhaps we should get you some panties!"

"No! Please, Mummy."

"Well just watch yourself then. I like the idea. I think it would keep you in line just fine. So listen here, mister-too-big-for-his-britches, the next time you are nasty to your sweet sister, I'll not only get you the prettiest pair of panties I can find but a cute dress as well!"

She then dragged the sobbing boy off. David had heard the entire exchange but chose not to look up at them. David returned his attention to his mother, who was busy sorting through items, picking and choosing.

"We'll take that dress, but I need to get him some more. He's just earned himself a summer in them, but I would like them to be even more childish, with lots of frills and lace. Do you know what I mean?"

"Oh yes, madam, I think so. We have the most delightful range of dresses that should be just what you're looking for. I am sure that your boy will look adorable in them."

She then walked David and his mother over to a display of rather old-fashioned dresses. They were all frills and bows with lots of ribbons and lace trim. Although they were in a range of sizes that would easily fit him, they were the style a four or five year old might wear for best.

"Oh! Aren't they lovely! Don't you think so, David?"

"Yes, Mummy," David muttered, hating the very thought of having to wear anything so utterly girlish. Girls his age would never wear babyish dresses like that! But the idea of wearing a skirt to school appalled him even more, so he agreed with whatever his mother suggested.

She ended up selecting three lightweight dresses ideal for summer, one expensive frock for best and a very childish party dress. David hated them, especially the pink party dress, which had short, lacy puff sleeves and a satin sash that tied into a huge butterfly bow in back and drew attention to his tight little buttocks, which he knew would peek out with his every step. It was so outrageously short that only if he stood absolutely still, his panties wouldn't show, and even his slightest movement would expose the panties to anyone who looked.

Before they progressed to the shoe department, David was made to thank the assistant for helping him to pick out his new clothes and express his hope that she would be able to help him whenever he came back for additions to his girlie wardrobe, including what he would need for the fall term at school, since the store was an official outfitter for Heatherford.

Still in the ridiculously short pink party dress, David's mother walked him the short distance to the shoe department. He looked so strange in his little girls' dress but still wearing his ugly boys' socks and tennis shoes. On the way, they passed three boys about David's age. When they began razzing him and teasing him by mincing around like daintily little girls, David flashed them a double bird; that earned him a box in the ears from his mother. The boys' laughter echoed throughout the store and continued assaulting his ears until the boys were well out of sight.

The shoe salesman was an old man, who stared at David with contempt as he fitted him with a pair of black Maryjanes, a pair of pink patent leather ankle strap shoes for best, a pair of red sandals for play and a pair of fluffy pink slippers. His mother made him keep his new clothes on to go home. He was relieved that at least he was allowed to change into the first dress he had tried on and didn't have to go home in the party dress! Once they got home his mother sat him down and told him how things were going to be from then on.

"David, remember what you were told by your new Headmistress. From now on you will wear whatever girls' clothes I select for . . . "

"But, M . . . "

Before David could finish his sentence, he found himself lying face down over his mother's lap with his dress and slip up around his waist and his panties around his ankles. His mother then gave him a good spanking. After more than fifty rapid smacks across his tight little butt, she had him howling like a whipped dog before she pulled his gleaming panties back up and sat him back on the couch.

"Don't you dare interrupt me again? Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mummy. I'm sorry, Mummy," cried the thoroughly cowed boy.

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Chapter 5

Full Girlhood Training

When they got home, Miss Evander was sitting on the porch swing waiting for them. As soon as they got inside, David was forced to model for her all the new clothes his mother had purchased for him. That so distressed him that he was too upset to eat dinner. His mother sent him to bed early, then told him that Chelsea and she were going to pay a visit to her their neighbors, the Michaelson's. David couldn't imagine his world collapsing anymore than it already had. He went to bed, but didn't go to sleep. He lay awake wondering what horrors he'd next have to endure at their hands.

—

Mrs. Zilly knocked on the door. A moment later, Mrs. Michaelson answered.

"Hello, Nyla, thanks for letting us come over on such short notice, but as I said on the phone, it is a matter of great importance that I came to discuss."

"No, problem, come right in."

"Nyla, this is Miss Chelsea Evander, she's Headmistress Hawley's personal assistant at Heatherford."

After they exchanged a moment of pleasant chatter, Mrs. Zilly pulled the rumpled pair of pink panties out of her pocket and got right to the point.

Nyla instantly recognized them as belonging to her daughter and was in shock to learn where they had been found and what David had been doing with them. At that moment, little Polly came flitting into the room, dancing like a ballerina, showing off for the ladies, twirling around to make her skirt float up around her hips. She stopped cold when she saw the three women with somber expressions on their faces and the pair of pink panties hanging from Mrs. Zilly's fingertips. Her mother asked her if she recognized the panties. She did. Mrs. Michaelson began a careful questioning of her daughter.

Precocious little Polly put it all together, and her mother eventually told the girl the whole story. Miss Evander told her that David had already earned himself a summer holiday in dresses. When Polly learned of his fate, she couldn't hide her childish glee, and the little minx took the opportunity to twist the knife. She lied to David's mother. She claimed David was always trying to look up her skirt at her panties, and that on many occasions, he had asked her to raise her skirt so he could see them. The miniature little actress even pouted and said she'd show him her panties because if she didn't, he threatened to hurt her. Then, once she noticed the three women were hanging on her every word and anxious for more details, she told them that one time, David and shown her his penis and made her lay down so he could lay on top of her. She said he rubbed it between her legs, trying to get it inside her, but she was able to fight him off and run away.

Polly knew about such things because she had been molested a year earlier by a fifteen-year-old boy, whose only punishment was a short time in the juvenile home. What she didn't let anyone know is that she had enjoyed the things that boy had done to her, and ever since, she knew boys liked to look up her skirt, knew they liked seeing her panties. She got her mother to buy her the prettiest panties they could find, and at every opportunity, she had a lot of fun showing off her panties to every boy in the neighborhood!

The women were shocked at what Polly had told them. Her mother was about to call the police, but she was assuaged by David mother, when she said, "Nyla, I hope you don't mind me bringing it up, but look what happened last time? What did that boy, that Alan what's his name—what did he get? Six weeks in the home or something?"

"Alan Stapinski," Polly said.

"Two months," her mother said

"That's nothing! Believe me, Nyla, I think we can put our heads together and do better than that! My son is a pig and an embarrassment to me. I feel so dirty and ashamed. I never imagined that he could do such a thing. I guess he's taking after his father, who was a disgusting lowlife. Believe me, I'm going to punish him ten times more severely than any court would, and I want you and Polly to help me with his punishment – if you want. Mrs. Michaelson agreed but warned that if David weren't punished to her liking, she'd go to the police.

David had spent the night in his pink panties and a new babydoll top, also in pink. In the morning, his mother made him come down to breakfast still clad only in his nightie and panties. In the daylight, the babydolls were even more humiliating to wear. As if it were possible, his mother was in an even nastier mood than the day before.

When the doorbell rang, she told him to answer it. He thought about running back to his room, but his mother instantly got his attention when she picked up a wooden ruler and smacked it against the table. The sound startled David, and he ran to answer the bell. He hid behind the door as he eased it open and peeked outside.

It was Miss Evander. She immediately pushed the door wide open and came in. David stumbled backward trying to maintain his modesty behind the moving door, but his mother gave him a biting snap on the thigh with the ruler and demanded he get out from behind the door and present himself.

He snapped to attention but his head was bowed, his shoulders hunched forward, and his hands covered his pink-pantied privates. His mother rapped his hands with the ruler. The sting made him yank his hands away.

Miss Evander stared down at him with her trademark grin that could take away Superman's powers. After a brief talk with his mother, she took David to his room. She was going to give him some private lessons. In his room, she had him wait for a moment while she retired to the bathroom to freshen herself up.

About three minutes later she returned. David had to blink the tears out of his eyes to make sure what he was what he was really seeing. She was still in the full-skirted, slinky, pale yellow dress she had arrived in, but now something was pushing out the front of her dress. The large bulge tented up her dress right over her pussy. As she walked toward him, the bulge bounced up and down with every step. David couldn't take his eyes off it. As she spoke to him softly and with a voice overflowing with glee, she began raising the hem of her dress and the full white slip underneath.

"I can tell you want to see what I have on under my dress. Well, you naughty little skirt peeker, you're in luck. I'm going to show you."

As she slowly pulled up the soft, clinging material of her dress, she continued to talk, but during the unveiling, he didn't hear a word of what she was saying. Just at the point of revealing the hidden bulge, she stopped.

"Are you listening to me, David?"

He momentarily blinked and then glanced upward into her eyes.

"As I was saying, from now on your mother has decided to train you full out as a girl. After hearing about the disgusting things you did to that adorable little Polly, you should be in jail. But Mrs. Michaelson was decent enough to let your mother and me be in charge of your punishment. We'll be hard on you," then Chelsea paused at the pun, the word 'hard' made her cough back a strong urge to laugh, but she regained her serious tone and went on. "You'll only be able to redeem yourself if you are supremely good and learn your lessons well. For you, the reward will be getting your school shorts back for the fall term. But, personally, I don't think you'll make it!

"Well, if you're going to be a girl, now is as good a time as any to give you the most difficult lesson. Once we get over this, everything else will be easy, and you will know once and for all the full experience of what it is like to be a girl."

Having said that, she yanked back her dress and slip to reveal a ten-inch long penis-shaped dildo strapped to her hips.

"Like it?" she laughed as she hoisted up her dress and slip together and pulled them off over her head.

David stared in utter shock. It made his own penis feel like a pimple between his legs.

"Your mother says that she is through trying to talk to you. Its time for action; that's why you'll be in dresses and that's the reason for this!" she said as she squeezed some ointment onto her fingers and then wrapped her hand around the huge, thick plastic penis. As she lubricated the fake, ugly cock with masturbation-like strokes, she taunted David and waved it in his face.

David broke into a fresh bout of tears. It was so bizarre.

"That's right, darling little boy, you cry. Sissies are allowed to cry! Your mother told me that ever since your father walked out on her, you have been misbehaving more and more, so until she decides that you have learnt to behave properly, she's going to keep you as her sweet little sissy, and she expects you to behave just like a little girl! Now bend forward over that chair. I'm going to give you something to cry about!"

He obeyed. He had no idea what she was about to do. She flipped up the skirt of his babydolls and then inserted her fingers into the lacy hem of his panty leg and drew it out to expose his virgin asshole. She kicked apart his feet, nestled up close behind him, positioned the head of the plastic penis at his butt hole and began a firm but gentle thrusting motion. David felt the pressure and began to panic, but she had a firm hold on him, both her arms now encircled him from behind and locked him down against the chair.

David wailed and pleaded for her not to hurt him, but she did hurt him. He began yelling at the top of his voice for his mother to come and help him. But his mother was right there behind them, and when he called, she stepped around to the front so he could see her. He screamed and begged her to stop Miss Evander for hurting him, but all his mother did was reach her hand down between his thighs and massage his penis through his new pink panties. She cooed in his ear and told him to be a brave little sissy and take that penis up his butt like a good, obedient little girl. She wanted Miss Evander to hurt him for all the pain and trouble he had caused her and Polly and all the shit she had taken from his father over the years.

Chelsea delivered! She fucked his pink pantied ass until he bled, at times thrusting the big bad dick so hard and strong that it lifted his whole body right up into the air. When she was finished she took her time withdrawing the inflexible dildo, now coated with his virgin bloodstains. She flipped him over and pushed him down on his knees. As he felt the blood oozing out of his asshole, the bloodied dildo was thrust into his face.

"Suck on it, boy! Suck on my big dick you sissyboy. Be a good little girl for your mother and me! You made this shitty, bloody mess on my penis, so you clean it off. NOW!"

David was crying the most traumatic tears of his life, all the while his mother continued to masturbate him in his panties. He was too young to spurt cum but he was old enough to get pleasure from having his dick and balls massaged in his silky panties, and he was old enough to associate that pleasure with all this pain and humiliation, something he would become addicted to for the rest of his life.

His pain and humiliation had been so great that all the other harassment, abuse and evil treatment he would be suffering, he'd surely be able to handle. All else would pale compared to the pain and anguish his mother and Miss Evander were inflicting upon him.

Based upon a story by Stephanie of England (S.A.C.)

The end of Princess Online #25

