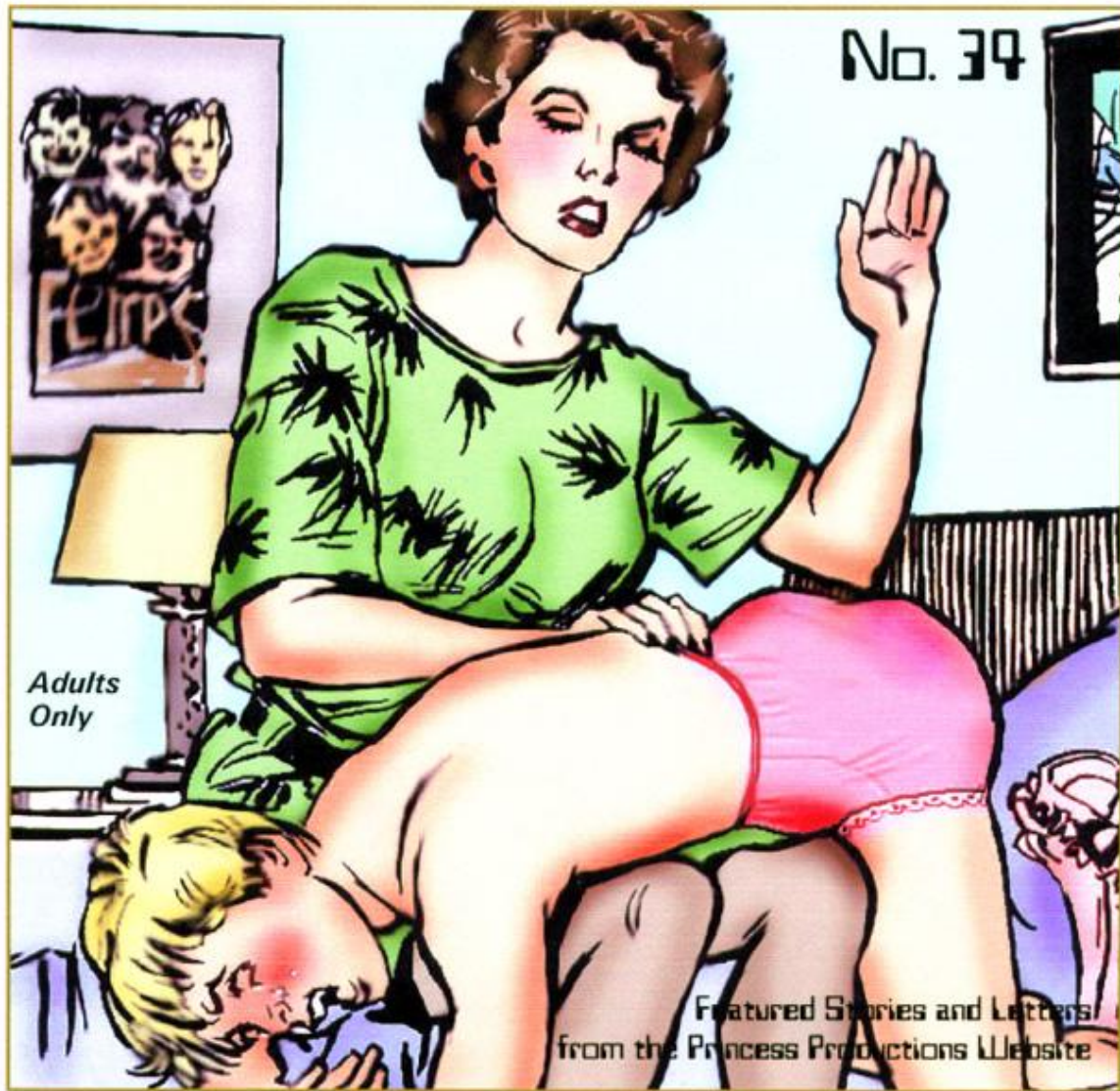


Princess Online



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.

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Masquerade

Language barrier: Xian's parents misunderstood when he was invited to a "fancy dress" party. As recent immigrants, they took it literally and sent their son to the party in a fancy dress! -- which was actually one of his sister's dance recital outfits.

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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. All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits and girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. Every other page of Carole Jean's booklets is illustrated with a beautiful drawing by the famous Spanish artist Juan Sole, a.k.a. Juan Puyal.

This month we feature a drawing from volume #1 of "Schooled with Girls." At this point in the story Peter resists getting dressed in his sissy clothes and he earns himself a spanking from his stepmother.

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

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

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...WOULD THINK TWICE

before they bullied other children after they have had the experience of being "bullied" and humiliated in the presence of their peers, being treated to a measure of the pain and humiliations they so callously inflict on their helpless victims?

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 a form of therapy, he makes pictures like the one above to mock this new world order and to help alleviate the pain and horror he suffered.

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From the Mother of a Gay Son

Minneapolis Star Tribune, August 11, 2000

By Mary Olson

I read Stephen J. Heaney's Aug. 5 counterpoint, "Human sexuality is about biology, not just about love," and felt a familiar nausea. The statements about God's grand plan, the right kind of relationship, the reproductive organ argument, the comparison of homosexuality to a disordered desire or addictive disorder. Yes, those darn homosexuals, trying to get us to

dismiss their disorders and say they're all right so they can quit struggling to rectify their lives.

The big question is: Even if they wanted to not act on their feelings, what does that mean? That they spend the rest of their lives without a close, committed relationship? Or do they marry someone of the opposite sex, try to live a "normal" life and make their spouse miserable? Or is friendship supposed to be fulfilling enough for them? Would it be for you?

Do they accept their homosexuality as a particular struggle God has given them, accept their misery on earth, and comfort themselves with promises of happiness they will one day receive in heaven? I don't understand!

My 14-year-old son is gay and every time I read about the Boy Scout controversy, Dr. Laura, church doctrine against performing gay commitment ceremonies, opinions about states that allow gay couples legal marital rights, and so on, it's like someone pounding on me, telling me my son is immoral and deviant and will not have the same rights as the rest of us upstanding citizens.

A big part of the problem is that the people who are so down on gays don't personally know any. I don't mean they don't know so-and-so in the office who's gay or haven't seen a gay character on TV. I mean they don't really know a gay person, an individual. If you know an individual, you know there is more to being gay than sex.

My son has been called a girl, made fun of, and ostracized most of his life.

He's a feminine boy, always preferring My Little Pony and Barbie to sports and trucks. So boys ask him to prove he's really a boy. They threaten to staple his tongue to his chin. In private, the straight boys flirt with him and touch him and try to get him to touch them. He thinks they really like him, until he's once again ostracized in public. He changes for gym class in the office because the other boys stare at him, waiting to see if he can prove he's a boy or whether he makes a move where they can accuse him of looking at them. He spent lunchtime in the school library because no one would let him sit with them. He even got asked to move when he sat at a table alone.

I thought maybe my son was gay when he was 3 because of his feminine ways. Then I was angry at myself for that prejudice, knowing that not all gay men are feminine, and why can't a boy like bright colors and girlish toys? When my son told me he was gay at 9 and wanted me to buy him girls' lacy panties to wear, I thought, no way, he's too young to know! Puberty hasn't even hit yet! He just knows he's different and the kids call him a girl and tell him he's a fag so he's just being affected by those taunts.

I played baseball with him more. I tried to get him to sign up for sports. I signed him up for karate so he could at least defend himself. I coached him on being more masculine. I called it being more assertive, told him to speak in a gruffer voice, told him not to flail with his hands when he was talking. I hated myself for trying to make him into something he wasn't, shaming him for the things he was, buckling under what society considered "normal" and therefore OK. But I was afraid he might end up beaten up someday, maybe even dead. I'm still afraid of those things.

When my son at age 12 again told me he was gay, while he was crying and wishing he were dead, I didn't know what to do. I wanted to stop the pain. I wanted to grab all the people in the world who have hurt him personally or through articles like Heaney's counterpoint and drag them into my house and show them the results of their words and actions. Instead, I got my son more panties, antidepressants and therapy once a week.

The way my son is, is the way he is. I can't change him. He's tried to feel attracted toward girls but doesn't. Why do people accept other characteristics people are born with? We don't look at anything else in the same way that we look at homosexuality. Suddenly it's about God, and a threat to families and the institution of marriage. Is that because it has to do with sex? I don't get it!

People get upset because gays are in their face, having gay pride marches, protesting at the Republican convention. What? Once a year they get to openly walk the streets showing their affection for each other, something we do and take for granted every day? They are tired of being ignored and treated as less than human. They want to have health insurance, to have their partner receive their pension if they die, to have immediate family visitation rights in the hospital, and wear clothes of the opposite sex if they so desire and without harassment. These are all normal, responsible desires, but we won't even allow them that. This is about having legal, human rights. It is not a conspiracy or grand plot to make us all homosexual or bring on the downfall of society.

"Homosexual acts ... make no sense"? Because the organs fit together, does rape make sense? If a heterosexual couple does not want children, do their sexual acts no longer make sense or is it still OK because they have the organs-fitting-together thing going for them. I hate it when people call their opinions "the truth." Call it your truth, because it certainly isn't mine. God creating feelings in people that he then expects them to ignore? Now that doesn't make sense. It seems like some warped joke that only man could create, not God.

My son and I don't go to church anymore. Even though not all churches preach hatred, the institution has come to represent pain. God's name has been used so much to frighten and hurt people. So I keep asking God to please help people like Dr. Laura and Mr. Heaney see and understand what they are doing to God's children so all this can please stop.

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I guess I should
have realized that
he would be gay since
he always liked to play
house and dress up
with his girlfriends and
want me to buy him
girls' toys and teach
him about makeup.



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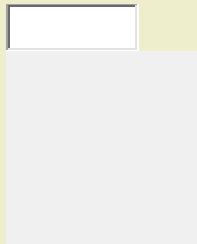
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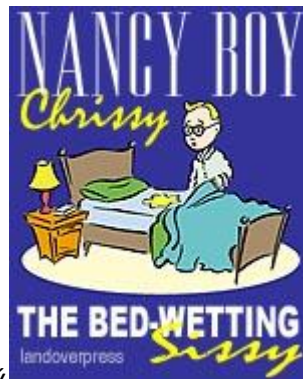
Top Sellers in Baptist/God Related Books:



1. [Daddy? Why Did Jesus Kill Grandma?](#) by Pastor Deacon Fred Smith
2. [How To Hunt, Stalk, and Kill Demons](#) by Mitch Walker
3. [Is Dancing A Sin? \(Not If It's](#)

Nancy Boy Chrissy, The Bed-Wetting Sissy!

-by Pastor Deacon Fred (featuring Christian poems from Sister Taffy Crockett)



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Summary: Do you know someone whose child seems a little too with his to grown-ups? clothes? Well, "Wetting Sissy" provide the embarrass and

From the Book:

"He can't go to camp
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Cause he pees on himself
And can't hide his SIN!"

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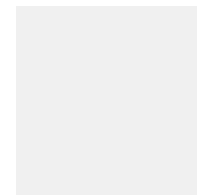
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bit effeminate? Does he dress a neatly? Take too much time schoolwork? A little too polite Like to wear his sister's "Nancy Boy Chrissy, the Bed is just the holiday gift to tools his parents will need to taunt him back to masculinity.

This beautifully illustrated book tells the story of Christopher Pansy, a 12-year-old boy who is gayer than a May Pole. He is a constant humiliation to his normal, Christian parents. While other boys in the

[For Jesus!](#)) by
Sister Taffy
Crockett

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To improve your

neighborhood are riding bikes and killing stray cats, Christopher loves to prance about, practicing ballet in his tutu, cooking with Martha, and taking hot food to shut-ins. His parents humiliate him with derisive rhymed chants (CD included), snakes, neighborhood pay-ins, intense panties-down spankings and embarrassing signs like "sissy" and "pantywaist" hung around his neck while out in public, but nothing seems to work. Finally, some neighborhood real boys corner Christopher after school. They strip the little sissy of all his girlish clothes right down to his lacy pink panties, righteously tell him that Jesus hates fem boys ("Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor EFFEMINATE, nor abusers of themselves with mankind." I Cor 6:9), and then sodomize him and throw stones at him until he dies. After this exciting chapter, the Lord Jesus blesses Christopher's parents with a real boy, Rodney. When Rodney is 7, he meets a boy at school who seems gay so his parents teach him the chants they used to mock his prissy dead brother Christopher. Children reading this delightful story learn all about panty-wearing queers, plus they will have fun learning the catchy, inventive jeers that they can use to tease and harass any of their suspiciously femmy playmates. Parents who enjoyed reading "Dita the Dirty Dutch Diesel Dyke" to their daughters will want to pick up a copy of "Nancy Boy Chrissy, the Bed-wetting Sissy" for their boys. (CD of songs included. Sturdy wooden paddle stenciled with "Pantywaist" in bright pink \$19.95. Assorted sissy neck signs \$27.99.)

Baptists ONLY! 1st Edition (December 2002)

Christian Children Books; ISBN: 09245699 ; Dimensions (in inches): 0.75 x 10.03 x 10.02

baptizon.com Sales Rank: 10

Avg. Customer Rating: ★★★★★

Number of Reviews: 4

God Fearing Fundamental Baptist Customers who bought this book also bought:

• Dita the Dirty Dutch Diesel Dyke by Mrs. Betty Bowers. Manny the Murdering Muslim by Marge Davis.

• A Parent's Friend: Using Cheap Makeup to Cover Unsightly Punishment Bruises by Mary Kay Ash.

• I've Told You Once Not To Do That, Now You're Going to Die You Little Panty Faggot"

• (a full-color guide to family discipline) by Lieutenant Marjorie March, U.S. Marines.

• Levi: The Dancing Cockroach (Introducing Jewishism To Youngsters)

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ÝÝ Ý* Seen But Not Heard: A Parents Guide To Tranquilizers That Look Like Candy by Mrs. Betty Bowers.

Christ-Centered Links Related to "Nancy Boy Chrissy, The Bed-Wetting Sissy

ÝÝ Ý* Sissy Boy Caught Playing With Dolls! Jesus Wore Dresses But Was Not A Sissy! - Sermon

ÝÝ Ý* 3-Year-Old Hates Jesus, Steals Panties from Laundromats, Wishes Everyone Were Dead!

ÝÝ Ý* Sissy Boy Given Something Not, Long and Hard To Cry About by His Father

Nancy Boy" Editorial Reviews - Synopsis

Christopher's parents know that Christian Scientists have proven that bed wetting is caused by a homosexual's preoccupation with his genitals during sleep. Little homo boys spend so much time dreaming about penises, their very own penis leaks into their panties at least four times every night trying to simulate an massive, repeated ejaculation. Knowing this, Christopher's parents try every secular method known to man to cure his shockingly lewd bed-wetting habits. They even have doctors remove the little fire hydrant between his legs (which make his pretty little panties fit even better) and have him hooked up to a catheter. But the tube comes loose in the night and little Chrissy's panties and sheets are, once again, a mess! After all secular methods fail, his parents finally realize that the only cure comes from the Word of God (The Holy Bible) after they find out that Christopher's classmates eagerly followed God's commandment in Deuteronomy 21:19-21 and put an end to Christopher's sinning - ONCE AND FOR ALL!

Mrs. Patsy Ramsey, Atlanta, GA , December 2, 2001

Celebrity Review: Nancy Boy Chrissy, The Bed-Wetting Sissy!

"As the mother of a bed-wetter, well, FORMER bed-wetter, I really enjoyed reading a book that finally saw this annoying problem from the poor parent's side! Folks just don't realize how having a bed-wetter in the house can drive you crazy. You wind up doing literally ANYTHING to stop them from messing up your beautiful 100% 300-count cotton sheets. Even when you wash the bedding separately, you are still haunted by the idea of particles of urine floating around in your washer and spinning, spinning,

spinning in your dryer - contaminating all the lovely things you own. There is nothing like being at a party and getting a compliment on a just washed holiday sweater and wanting to scream at the person: "You probably wouldn't be saying that if you knew it was COVERED in JonBenet's piss!"

Pastor, Rev. Fred Phelps (Westboro Baptist Church)- , Dec 4, 2001

A Pastor's Review: Nancy Boy Chrissy, The Bed-Wetting Sissy!

"As someone who has had his youngins say a firm "Howdy" face-first to a cinderblock wall many a time for looking at me funny, I can't imagine what I would do if one of them had gone and pissed in their bed. But I know that the Lord Almighty would have lent me some of His ferocious wrath to deal with any leaky pansy. That is why I am glad to see that this little homo twerp in this book was killed before the fifth chapter. I couldn't have stomached another damn chapter with a fag in it when I was reading this to my grandchildren, who laughed every time the book talked about the pretty lace panties the faggot wore. I can tell you one thing: He would have been gone on page one if I was around. I would have also slapped around his weak-kneed pansy parents for not just admitting to everyone that their little fag was in Hell instead of having that damned funeral in a Christian church in chapter six that just makes a mockery of Jesus's love.

Customer Reviews

251,000 of 250,000 people found the following review helpful:

★★★★★ GLORIOUS! , December 8, 2001

Reviewer: Mrs. Betty Bowers from Atlanta, GA,

In a world awash in the secular madness of so-called "tolerance," our children are constantly brainwashed with the outrageous notion that people who rudely ignore how we tell them to live their lives can actually be "happy." Against this heretical backdrop of laissez faire (French for "a lesbian tryst") morality, it is heartening to see a book not afraid to trumpet the good, solid Christian values of wrath and punishment that our forefathers, the Puritans, had wished for this once-godly country. I don't know a single True Christian father who wouldn't rather have his son turn out to a rapist, a murderer or marry a colored girl than choose to be a limp-wristed, lace panty wearing Nancy Boy. This book will be a blessing to all Christian families who see the early signs of prissiness. It will give them the courage to beat the stuffing out of a light-in-the-sneakers toddler before it is too late and they are forced to throw their son out of the house with Christian love. Ý

200 of 217 lowans found the following review helpful:

★★★★★Some Mighty Fine Readin', December 03, 2001

Reviewer: Mrs. Thelma Broderick from Freehold, Iowa.

"I only wish this book had been written 15 years sooner. Maybe Dan would have stayed home and read it to his own kids instead of out F**king that whore Linda. But, this book has gotten me through many a rough night. I teach a Motherhood Class for soon to be released female inmates and I always, always, make sure that they know this story by heart! My new mothers know how to treat their toddler boy if he starts putting on her lipstick and high heels and asks for lacy pink panties to wear."

7,305 of 8,904 Evangelicals found the following review helpful:

★★★★★Starts up where the Bible leaves off!, December 11, 2001

Reviewer: Susan Smith ex-mother of Two.

"When I readed this book the first time I know right then that Michael and Alexander Tyler would have loved it. If they wasn't dead of course. I had to do it because they were all the time peeing the bed and putting on their faggot cousin's dresses and panties. But I still read it to them up in heaven. I know they can hear me. When I get out of here I am going to have another baby and the first book I read to it will be "Chrissy The Bed-wetting Sissy."

950 of 1,005 Baptists found the following review helpful:

★★★★★Wish I'd Known About This Book Sooner!, Dec 7, 2001

Reviewer: J. Nicolosi Freehold, Iowa.

"If I'd had this book when my ex-son was a child, perhaps I could have beaten the evil homosexual demons out of him at age four, and I wouldn't have had to throw him and his perfumed, butt-f**king, pantywaist faggots out of the house at sixteen. Well, at least now there's hope for my grandchildren ... but I'm keeping a VERY close eye on them."

7,100 of 7,408 prison inmates found the following review helpful:

★★★★★I love the pictures!, December 8, 2001

Reviewer: Andrea Yates Tulsa County Jail.

"I think this is the best book in the world! Second only to the sex in the Bible. I'll be sure and rekomind it to all my friends, family and cell mates as the perfect Holiday gift. Those pics of the boy getting butt f**ked in his pink panties provided me and my cute cell mate with handfuls of

entertainment."

Customers who bought titles by Pastor Deacon Fred also bought books by:

- * Adolf Hitler
- * Dr. Rev. Jerry Falwell
- * President George Bush
- * Rev. Fred Phelps

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Responses to an Article About a Boy Who Wears Dresses

The following are E-mail responses to an article published in 1998 about a boy who wears dresses with his parents' consent, but many of their friends and relatives are extremely upset about it and think he shouldn't be allowed to indulge in girls' things. (See Princess Online #26 for a copy of the original article. Follow-up comments were also posted in Princess Online #27 & 28.)



10/11/1999 Well, I must say this essay was a refreshing thing to read because my son is 8 and he dresses up and likes to wear makeup too. It does worry me but I love him and will accept whatever he chooses to do. My family has a hard time with it as well, especially his father who is a marine. We are divorced and his girlfriend and older brother have a big problem with it. His older brother calls him gay, sissy, crossdresser and other nasty names. Thanks. Great essay.
Mandy

11/21/1999 I have no problem with little boys who want to play dress-up in their sister's or mother's clothes. But my best friend has taken that as license to buy girls' things for her son.

He's 5 and has a girls' wardrobe that is nearly as extensive as my daughters' - and he has a couple of party dresses my daughter would love to have. I think it's a problem that happens sometimes when a boy wants to experiment and it strikes a chord with a mother who would rather have had a girl to start with. Who knows where it will end... or even if it will.

Gretchen

12/13/1999 I am the mother of a 9 y/o boy who I have been raising as a girl since he first told us at the age of 3 that he was a girl and didn't want to be a boy. His Dad loves his 'lil princesses' and no one else knows that 'she' isn't a normal girl. Once he starts puberty, if he still wants to be a girl, I plan on trying to get him on hormones to stop the masculinization of his body. If he wants surgery we'll gladly pay for it when that time comes.

Crystal

12/18/1999 My twin sister has four children and can't have any more. Her last child - the fourth male - was a preemie and has always been very tiny. She elected to raise him as a girl and named him Kimberly (after our mom). Kimmie is now 11 and has been on estrogen for about 3 months. She is just starting to "show" breast development and is very excited about wearing bras. We purchased four matching bras/panties for her for Christmas. When sis told the family what she was going to do, we all supported her decision. Kimmie is absolutely darling, and she plays with my 12 year-old twin girls, has sleepovers, is in the Girl Scouts, takes ballet and is a soccer fanatic (loves Brandi Chastain). This little boy is thrilled with his sprouting breasts, and his titty development is a joy to us, even his macho father. There is nothing wrong in what my sister is doing. I firmly believe that during this new millennium, gender stereotypes will be lifted and boys will be freer to choose whatever they (or their parents) want (them) to wear. I predict that boys will gravitate to frilly underwear and dresses because they want to look and feel "pretty" just as their sisters do now.

Karen

01/02/2000 I read with interest the last three articles. Seems like a lot of parents want their sons to be girls, and dress them accordingly. I can relate to them because my mom also dressed me as a girl from the time I went to preschool at age 4. My single mom worked 9 hours per day. A neighborhood lady baby-sat for me when I was really small. She had a daughter who was the same age as I. I wore my first dress when I tripped in a mud puddle that Kristin and I were jumping over, and my shorts and T shirt were ruined. All of Kristin's shorts/pants were in the wash and her mom put me in lacy panties, a full slip and a dress (just like Kristin wore). I also wore Maryjanes and anklets, and had my collar-length hair put in pigtails. We played girls' games the rest of the day and I enjoyed the feel of the panties and dress. When my mom picked me up from the baby-sitter's, we were going to my grandmother's house, and mom had no time to change me, so I wore my "new" dress to grannie's. My mom told me I looked cute, and I felt that a dress was "natural" on me and didn't want to change into pants anyway. My grandmother loved my look also and she made me show her my pretty panties and slip. She then told my mom (I



was told years later) that when she was growing up, boys didn't wear pants until they were about 10, and they wore dresses and/or full skirts and blouses, lacy pantaloons or petticoats and camisoles. Grandma said that her brother didn't "graduate" out of lace-trimmed underwear until he was out of high school, and that he went on dates with boys. The next day, I asked if I could wear another one of Kristin's dresses and more pretty undies. This became a daily ritual until my mom took me shopping for my own wardrobe of girls' clothes. When I started preschool (with Kristin) at 4, I was a "girl" full-time and haven't looked back. I am now 23 and work as a receptionist at a major Los Angeles based law firm. I went on hormones at age 12 and wear size 36-C bras. You won't believe this, but Kristin and I live together and if things go well, plan on marrying this year. If your son wears dresses so what? Love him and accept him for who he is.
Bobbie

01/02/2000 My wife told me the other day that there is a woman in her fitness class who has a 6 year-old son - in our daughter's class - who wears nothing but dresses or skirts to their first grade class. I didn't know it, but I have seen this kid and I never would have guessed that he wasn't a girl, he is that convincing and cute. Our daughter doesn't know his true gender and we won't let her know for a few years. They are in the same Brownie Troop and gymnastics class. This is one boy who definitely should be raised as a girl.
John K.

This advice column to be continued in future issues of Princess Online

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Just for fun, I had my kids, Candy and Andy, change clothes for their annual picture.



Boy Cheerleaders in short skirts show a lot more than their school spirit!



Pantywaist Pisser

Dear Princess,

My kid sister's name is Patience (which she has little of!). Her only child's name is Colby, but she never calls him by his boy's name because he can't make it as a boy! He's a sissy -- no doubt about it! In fact, my sister's nickname for him is "The Pantywaist Pisser!" He never was completely potty trained. The kid just can't hold his urine for very long. I feel a bit sorry for him because he can't really help it, but my sister says he just can't control himself, even though their

doctor told them that he has an exceptionally small bladder.

Patience teases him and punishes him for wetting himself all the time. For years she had him in diapers and then training pants, and she kept him in skirts because it was so much easier to change him. But she got sick and tired of having smelly underwear around 24/7, so when he was six years old, she took him shopping and bought him girls' panties. She bought them to humiliate him so he would stop wetting himself. He had been allowed to wear his skirts and training panties in preschool, but regular school wouldn't allow it, so Patience was desperate to cure him of his problem.

But the panties didn't work. She got him trousers for school to wear over the panties, hoping that might help, but in school he wet himself anyway. The first time he did, he had to go to the nurse's station to get some clean clothes. The nurse laughed when she saw he was wearing lace panties under his trousers, but she had a supply of clothes and gave him a pair of pale blue girls' panties to replace his wet pink ones. She put him in an old pair of jeans and sent him back to his classroom with his wet clothes in a bag. Well word of him wearing panties traveled throughout the school, and soon he was ostracized by all the kids and even the teachers giggled when they saw him. The school's principal put a stop to all the disruption he was causing by declaring that Colby was handicapped due to his incontinence and the State paid to have him home schooled.

Patience makes no bones about the fact that he is a boy even though she keeps him in skirts and panties 24/7. However, his shirts and coats are boy's clothes, so at times he looks pretty strange. People can't figure out if he's a boy or a girl, because in addition to his clothes, his hair is kept fairly short but it's pure white and quite feminine looking. Plus he acts like a sissy! I guess he grew into the role his mother has teased and taunted him into. He's not embarrassed about being seen in a skirt because he has always worn them. He goes out that way and has little problem with people bothering him.

We live in Canada and two weeks ago we crossed over to Detroit to go to their annual Columbus Day parade. It was a long one, and we were out there for sometime. Well, Colby was really enjoying the parade, but then I noticed him start to cross his legs and jump around. I knew he was in need of urinating. I told Patience that I thought he needed to go, but she just brushed me off, saying he had gone less than an hour before and she wasn't going to miss the main part of the parade to take him to one of those portable toilets. He could just wait!

Well I knew better. I knew he couldn't wait very long, so I told my sister I was going across the street to watch the parade because I thought that it was a better view. But actually I went across the street so I could take pictures of Colby doing his little dance to stave off pissing in his panties. Four of the pictures are enclosed. In #1 he's enjoying the parade. In #2 he's crossing his legs and doing his dance. In #3 he's really dancing around like crazy. And in #4, he has wet himself. Piss is still trickling down his legs. He's standing in a pool of his pee, and he's so embarrassed that he's crying and totally red faced. Now I have forever documented my sister's little "Pantywaist Pisser" of a son.

Petunia,
London, Ontario

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Stepsister's Sissy

Part 1

“I’ve had enough of you, sissy. You need to learn who’s the boss around here,” my stepsister said as she grabbed me from behind.

We had been fighting over almost everything since my father had married her mother less than a month before. Living with this tomboy turned my quiet little life into a living hell. At the moment we were fighting over what to watch on television. The fighting was worst when our

parents weren't around, and they had just left to do some Saturday morning shopping.

She now had hold of me from behind with my arm twisted up my back. It hurt and I was crying. Tears always came to me easily. My stepmother thought it was cute that I was 'sensitive;' my stepsister Tammy thought I was a weakling and a sissy and told me so at every opportunity. At the moment, I yielded to the painful pressure, dropped the remote control and told her she could watch whatever she wanted. But that wasn't good enough for her. She wanted to establish her control over me once and for all. She exerted more and more pressure on my arm as she forced me down the hallway and into her room where she threw me on her bed and made me take off my pajama bottoms. She had been on a campaign to debunk my manhood and now was humbling me completely.

"Oh, my, god! Your cock is so small! Just what I expected from a sissy like you! I wondered why it barely made a bump in your pants." She laughed and was shaking her head as she dug through a drawer until she found a pair of pink nylon panties and handed them to me. "Put them on, faggot!"

"No!" I shouted.

Like a lightning streak, she smacked me on both sides of my face so hard my teeth hurt, and then knelt before me, put my feet through their ruffled leg holes and yanked them up my trembling legs. I sobbed and tried to resist, but she pounced on me and pinned me to her bed.

"Now let me put these panties on you or I'll beat you up. Then I'll make you put them on anyway!" She slapped my face again and twisted my ear violently to make her point.

I screamed but didn't resist as she stood me up because she could beat me up. She was thirteen, just a year older than I was, but she had already beaten me up twice before in the short time we had been living together. She took her time to torment me as she pulled the panties up my skinny thighs and then teasingly dragged them over my quickly thickening penis until they were up high around my waist and settled in position to her satisfaction.

Her ongoing smirks and screechy little giggles rose to a crescendo with a loud, "YES!" and a cackling laugh that tore through me. "Don't you dare take off your panties, boy. Understand me, sissy?" she shouted and then grabbed my ear again and led me back to the living room where she pushed me back down on the couch and said, "Now, pantywaist, we'll watch what I want, and you'll wear my panties whenever I tell you to wear them."

I sat there in my pajama top and her pink panties and cried as we watched TV. She made me sit next to her like that until my dad and stepmom pulled into the driveway. Then she grabbed me by the hair, pulled me off the couch and faced me toward the door.

"Shall we show your daddy how cute you look in my panties, Bobby?"

"NO!" I pleaded.

"All right, sissyboy, you run and get dressed now but you leave my pink panties on. You leave them on or next time I'll make you show your daddy you're a pantywaist."

I ran down the hall to my room. I did what she said. I didn't want my dad to find out how easily Tammy could have her way with me. I was embarrassed he would discover that I was afraid of her and able to make me wear her panties. Now I was afraid of her more than ever. Throughout the day she checked me several times to make sure I still had on her panties. She ran her fingers inside the waistband of my jeans so she could feel the nylon panties and then she would look at me and grin and wink. It was the most humiliating day of my life but it was nothing compared to the things to come. When bedtime came, she followed me to my room and watched as I undressed for bed.

"Sleep in them, sissy, just like little girls do. They sleep in their pretty panties. Sleep in them or I'll tell your friends how I made you wear my panties," she said with a giggle before leaving me standing there in my room.

I was too afraid of her telling, so I slept in her pink panties, although I did wear my pajama bottoms over them.

The next morning was Sunday, and I was awakened by Tammy yanking the covers off of me. She was grinning ear to ear and she reached out and smacked me.

"O-o-o-o-w! I cried out.

"Don't you dare wear your PJs over your panties again. You do, and I'll tell!" And then she tossed on my bare chest a pair of her white nylon panties with wide ruffles around the legs. "Here. Wear these to church, sissy."

She left me lying there on my bed with her white lacy nylon panties on my chest and my door open. I jumped up and closed the door, and when I got dressed for church, I wore her white lacy panties under my good suit. I knew I should tell my father how she was humiliating me, but how can a twelve-year-old boy tell his dad his new stepsister was making him wear her panties? I wore her panties all that day; it was disconcerting to say the least. I guess I was acting funny since I was so self-conscious. Dad kept asking me what was wrong. He obviously noticed I wasn't my usual carefree self. I'm sure he knew things weren't going too well between Tammy and me, but I wasn't about to give him any details. That night she made me keep on her white nylon panties when I went to bed.

"And no PJ bottoms, sissyboy. Just my panties and a top, like a girl," she said giggling.

And that's how I slept. After that day it became a random thing. Some days she ignored me and other days she would stop by my room, toss a pair of her panties on my bed and say something like, "Panties today, sissyboy," or "Be a good pantywaist and wear your panties today," or "Have a nice day in your pretty panties, little girl." Each time she made me wear her panties I reeked with dishonor. I wanted to stand up to her and tell her "no," but I couldn't. I couldn't take the chance that she'd expose what she had been doing to me to my dad or my friends. She constantly

threatened to tell them or even worse to show them.

"Maybe I should have Ronnie over and let him watch as I pull down your pants and spank your pantied bottom!" she would threaten.

I would cry, beg her not to expose me and then submit to whatever she wanted. Her favorite thing to do was to spank me while I wore nothing but her panties. She would make me strip off everything but her panties, lie across her lap and spank my pantied butt with abandon. As much from humiliation and threats as from the pain, I'd cry but I'd never resist. Then I'd mind her like a well-trained puppy dog.

One day while dad was playing golf and her mom was shopping, she appeared in the living room and dropped a pair of frilly white nylon panties at my feet. "Panty time, and hurry up."

I blushed and knew I had no choice. I no longer fought it. I got up and pulled down my pajama bottoms, stepped into the panties, pulled them up around my waist and sat back down. She giggled and smacked the back of my head.

"Take off your T-shirt too, panty boy."

I didn't argue. I pulled it off and tossed it aside.

"Look here, sissyboy."

I looked up and saw her holding a black satin dress with white lace trim. I recognized it as the French maid costume she wore to a party the previous Halloween.

"That's right, pansy. You're going to start wearing dresses. Now don't fuss sugar, or I'll have to show you off to your friends too!"

She dropped the dress over my head and helped me put my arms through the puffy, lace-trimmed sleeves. As the little dress fell down in place I trembled and tears filled my eyes. I wondered why I wasn't fighting back this latest indignity. I guess she just had me too well trained already.

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Stepsister's Sissy

Part 2



"You look adorable in a dress, Bobby, real sweet. I don't know why I didn't think of it sooner." She buttoned up the back and then

tied a white lace apron around my waist. She tousled my hair, laughed and said, "Now aren't you just precious? My little maid! Now, run up to your room. Sit on your bed and wait for me."

Her total lack of respect for me and the terror she struck in my heart made tears of shame run down my face as I ran to my room and fell sobbing on my bed. I lay there sobbing until I heard her open my door.

"Look this way sugar."

I raised my head and looked at her. The light of the Polaroid flash blinded me. "No-o-o-o!" I cried. "No pictures!" The camera flashed and whirled again.

"Shut up! Shut up, sit up and stick your thumb in your mouth, you motherfucking weakling! Do as I say or I'll show everybody how sweet you look as my maid. Do it! "

New pangs of fear and humiliation ran through me. The moment I stuck my thumb in my mouth, the camera flashed and whirled again.

"Stand up now, sissyboy. Stand up and look at the birdie, precious." She giggled as I obeyed and the camera flashed and whirled. I began to cry harder when she said, "Lift your skirt up sweetie, and show the camera your ruffled panties." I obeyed. After several more snapshots, she let me drop the hem of the dress and hide the humiliating panties. "You better get used to minding me, asshole. Do just as I say, or I'll let everyone see you in your pretty dress and panties." As she left the room she commanded me to stay in my room for the rest of the afternoon and study myself in my mirror and to practice doing curtsies and to learn how to bend over sexily and twirl around to make my skirt go up to flash my panties.

Then the next day, she came into my room beaming. She had a magazine of pictures of women, and she riffled through the pages to show me that some of the women were naked and some were wearing lingerie. She could tell that I was interested in the magazine, so said she'd let me look at the magazine with her if I got dressed up in the slip, skirt and blouse she was holding. Of course, I did it. Then she surprised me by undressing down to her bra and panties. I had never seen her undressed before. I was getting very excited. She had me lie on my bed and then she lay down beside me and together we studied the magazine. She stroked her pantied pussy while we studied it and several times she let out with strong moans and groans of pleasure. She told me she was masturbating. I told her I wasn't dumb, I knew what she was doing, but I didn't know girls could do it like that. She asked me if I ever jacked off. I cried. I admitted to her that I had tried it but it didn't work. Well, she took my pantied cock in hand and while we continued to study the women in the magazine she stroked me, all the while whispering in my ear what a sissyboy I was because I didn't even know how to jackoff. A few minutes later I was shooting my cum and thinking my cock was going to fall off or something the way she was pulling on me. It was the first time I had ejaculated and it felt wonderful once I figured out I was OK and that was how it was supposed to work. As I smelled her perfume and she continued to soothingly rub my virgin penis, I was in love with her, even though I hated her.

After that day, when no one else was home, she would frequently dress me completely in her

clothes, jack me off or have me masturbate myself for her entertainment. It felt so good that I never even thought of refusing her. And she took more and more pictures, many of my shooting cum or with big wet stains on my panties. She had an old hat box and was filling it full of my sissy boy-girl pictures. During this time she was getting her mother to buy her increasingly frilly and little-girl styles of clothing. Her mother asked her occasionally when she was going to wear this or that frilly little party dress or other embarrassingly girlish outfit, but Tammy would just say she was saving it for a special occasion or something else to that effect. So her mother kept buying her clothes like that without much comment. The little minx got whatever she wanted, and it was usually my father who handed over the dollars to pay for her things. Of course, she was buying all those things for me. She told me she'd never be caught dead in most of the things she made me wear. So with regularity, I was running around the house in little girl party dresses and ruffled panties, and our sessions always included a spanking. She always spanked me, always. She loved to make me lie across her lap and spank me until I was kicking my feet and sobbing and promising to be a "good little girl." I became totally docile and submissive to her. She kept taking pictures and made me beg over and over not to be put outside or shown to my dad or friends. One day as I knelt before her wearing a little red velvet dress, white petticoat and pink panties, crying and begging her not to make me go out outside like that, she turned around, pulled her jeans down and pushed her ass in my face.

"Kiss my pantied ass, sissy. Kiss it and beg me not to put you on the porch."

I leaned forward and kissed her pantied bottom and pleaded, "Please, Tammy, please, don't put me on the porch."

"Kiss it again!"

I kissed her little muscular pantied buttocks as she giggled and wiggled.

"Keep it up sissy! Keep kissing and begging or you go on the porch."

I did just as she said. I kissed her pantied bottom all over as she taunted me and rubbed her bottom all over my face.

She finally turned around, pulled up her jeans and said, "From now on, sissyboy, whenever I snap my fingers, you will get down on your knees and kiss my butt. Don't forget, sissyboy. I won't tell you to do it. I'll just snap my fingers, and you better kiss my butt or I'll expose you, and I'm not kidding." To make sure I understood, she giggled, turned around and snapped her fingers. As I quickly leaned forward and kissed her jean-covered butt, she giggled approvingly and said, "That's a good little girl. Now get to your chores, Bobby Ann."

And now I had a new name.

As the weeks passed by, I wondered if she would ever really expose me to anyone else. I thought that was her only threat, and if she ever did let anyone know how she made me do things for her, she would lose that control over me. Sure I'd be embarrassed at the time, but I'd get over it and people would forget. Besides most people already thought I was a sissy so how much worse

could my life become? It would probably be the lesser of two evils compared to her teasing and making me do her chores every day for the rest of my life. Well, I had no idea how bad life could be once I was exposed, but I was about to find out.

On my thirteenth birthday, she gave me a birthday spanking and a present. I sat on my bed crying, wearing my red velvet little girl dress, white ruffled party panties, white lace-topped socks and white strap-on Maryjanes. The tears washed down my cheeks and my bottom ached from her spanking as I opened her present. She did her now famous (to me) giggle as I stared into the box of Day-of-the-Week panties. They were all different colors and had white lace and a ribbon bow around each leg opening, and on the left hip was embroidered the name of a day of the week.

"Don't you ever let me catch you without the right day's panties on, Bobby Ann!" she said laughing.

I fell back on my bed and sobbed.

"I knew you would like them, sissyboy," she said as she smacked my bare leg. I sobbed harder. "Happy birthday, sissy." She grabbed my hair and made me sit up again, yanking my head around to face her. "Pretty panties of your very own, a perfect present for a sissyboy. But you haven't seen the best part!" she screeched as she picked up the top pair of frilly panties and showed me the back. "See? I had a seamstress embroider the backs of each pair just for you."

On the back of the purple pair of 'Monday' panties, I saw the word 'sissyboy' in bright pink embroidery on the back of the panty. She laughed as I sobbed. She rubbed my face with the panties and then dropped them on my lap.

"Mom and Dad will be home soon, so get dressed and put on the right day's panties like a good sissyboy."

She left me humiliated and crying on my bed with my new panties. I got up and took off the dress and changed into my new pair of 'Friday' panties as she had commanded. They were pink with the word "pansy" across the back in a rich shade of gold. Then I finished dressing and washed my face. When my parents got home, Dad said we were going to a nice restaurant for my birthday and would leave soon. My eyes were puffy from crying and my stepmom noticed.

"Have you been crying, Bobby?" she asked.

I blushed. Tammy giggled and then said, "I'm sorry. Really, I was just having some fun and gave him a birthday spanking. I didn't know he cried so easily."

I was mortified, and then my dad let out a sigh and said, "You let your sister spank you? Honestly, Bobby!"

My stepmom said, "Now John, Tammy's sorry. She's a tomboy and sometimes I know she plays too rough."

"Besides, I'm sure Bobby was just playing along." She looked at me, tousled my hair and said, "Weren't you, honey?"

I nodded yes.

Dad sighed again and started to walk out of the room. He said, "Com'n, let's get ready. It's almost time to go."

My stepmom turned to Tammy. "Honey, don't you want to put a dress on? It's a very nice restaurant, and I'm sure you'd want to look your best. Maybe one of those new party dresses I bought for you."

"No, mom. I don't feel like wearing a dress.

"Besides, it's Bobby's birthday, let him wear a dress."

My jaw dropped and Dad turned around to look at us all.

"All right Tammy, that's enough," my stepmom said. "Stop embarrassing your brother. I'm sure getting a spanking from his sister was bad enough. Don't make him any more of a sissy than he is already."

I felt my face flush again and a new wave of shame run through me. I couldn't hold back the tears. Dad's expression changed to one of contempt.

"Stop crying this instant, or we will put you in a dress before we leave."

At the restaurant we enjoyed a nice meal. We went through a stack of china and a long line of silverware before it was over. Throughout, I was conscious of my new "Friday" panties and couldn't help but think about them -- and that I was going to have to wear my new panties everyday. Back at home, we had a cake with candles.

Dad handed me an envelope as he said, "Here son. All boys don't want to be a ballplayer, and I guess you're one of those, so I hope you find some friends when you use this."

My stepmom gave Dad a hug as I took the envelope. She added, "And you can thank Tammy for telling us what you really wanted."

The card inside read, "Happy birthday!" The three of them had signed it under a big "We love you." Also inside was a card with my name on it from Karen's Dance Studio. It congratulated me for signing up and stated "Your dance lessons will be at 4 PM on Tuesdays and Thursdays and Saturday mornings at 10 AM. Good luck, Bobby!" Signed, "Karen."

My face reddened, Tammy giggled and my stepmom said, "And we signed up with Mrs. Kent, the music teacher from school, to give you private piano and voice lessons at 4 PM on Mondays

and Wednesdays.”

I was immediately sick. My conniving stepsister had gotten my parents to do this. I didn't know what to do and my mouth fell open but nothing came out as my stepsister reached up and kissed my cheek and whispered, “Tell them thank you or I'll show them what I gave you for your birthday. And I mean it!”

My stepmom said, “Don't be embarrassed, Bobby. We understand. I know it's difficult for a boy to ask for such things. Things like music and dance lessons a lot of boys think are sissy. We know you're a gentle boy. Believe me, we understand. I saw you wearing a pair of Tammy's pink panties two nights ago when I stopped in your bedroom because you were moaning in your sleep. I had your Dad take a look at you like that too. That's when we knew that Tammy was telling the truth about you being a somewhat feminine boy and wanting to do music and dancing. Now I'm not saying that you are, but your Dad and I discussed it, and we agreed that even if you're gay, we'll always support you 100% no matter what.”

Tears were flowing faster than I could dab them up with a Kleenex. But I feared Tammy more than ever, so I mumbled a 'thank you' before running to my bedroom and crying my heart out. My birthday was ruined. Moments later, my stepsister came into my room, shut the door and patted me on the back. She slid her fingers down the back of my good suit pants until she got a hold of the waist elastic of the purple panties. She pulled the panties up on my back and repeatedly snapped the elastic against me as she talked, “You better straighten up and act happy, sissy, and do good on your music and dancing lessons, or I swear I'll start passing out your pictures at school. I'm going to tell my mom and your daddy that you were just so happy that you were overcome with joy at their understanding of your girlish needs, and you had to run out of the room for sheer joy. As far as Mom and Dad seeing you in panties, I had no idea! Honestly, I didn't tell them. With your moaning in the night, you brought that on yourself. Oh, well, since that cat is out of the bag, I guess you can now start wearing panties openly around the house. I can't wait to see you modeling your newest panties for your father!”

She chuckled, smacked me on the bottom and said, “Now, get your face washed and come back downstairs and thank us for your lovely presents, Bobby Ann. Maybe tomorrow, I'll make you ask your dad for money to buy some panties of your own.”

I stared at her in horror, but I did as she said.

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Above photos are from a foreign film which explores the problems of a boy with breasts (Gynaecomastia).

Gynaecomastia (Male Breasts)

The name Gynaecomastia, is a Greek term meaning “female like breasts”. Incredibly one in three men under the age of 40 has this condition to some degree. So do almost half of men over 50.

Gynaecomastia is true breast tissue, not excess fat or flab, so it can’t be reduced with exercise. The build up of breast tissue usually begins at puberty when the balance of hormones favors the female sex hormone oestrogen.

Most teenagers only have breasts temporarily, and when their hormones settle down they return to normal. For adults, the causes can be a lot more complex and have the condition for life. Other causes can be due to drugs for hypertension and heart disease. It can also be due to liver disease, or a rare genetic disease (which effects one in five hundred men) called Klinefelter’s Disorder. This is when a man has quite marked gynaecomastia in puberty, is infertile (zero sperm count) and has a genetic abnormality — an extra X chromosome.

For that majority, corrective surgery is the best option. Unlike radical breast reduction in women, this is more like liposuction, with only one small and inconspicuous incision. The surgery is carried out under local anaesthetic and takes about ninety minutes. General recovery time is about 6 weeks.

There are about two thousand male breast reductions in Australia in a year.

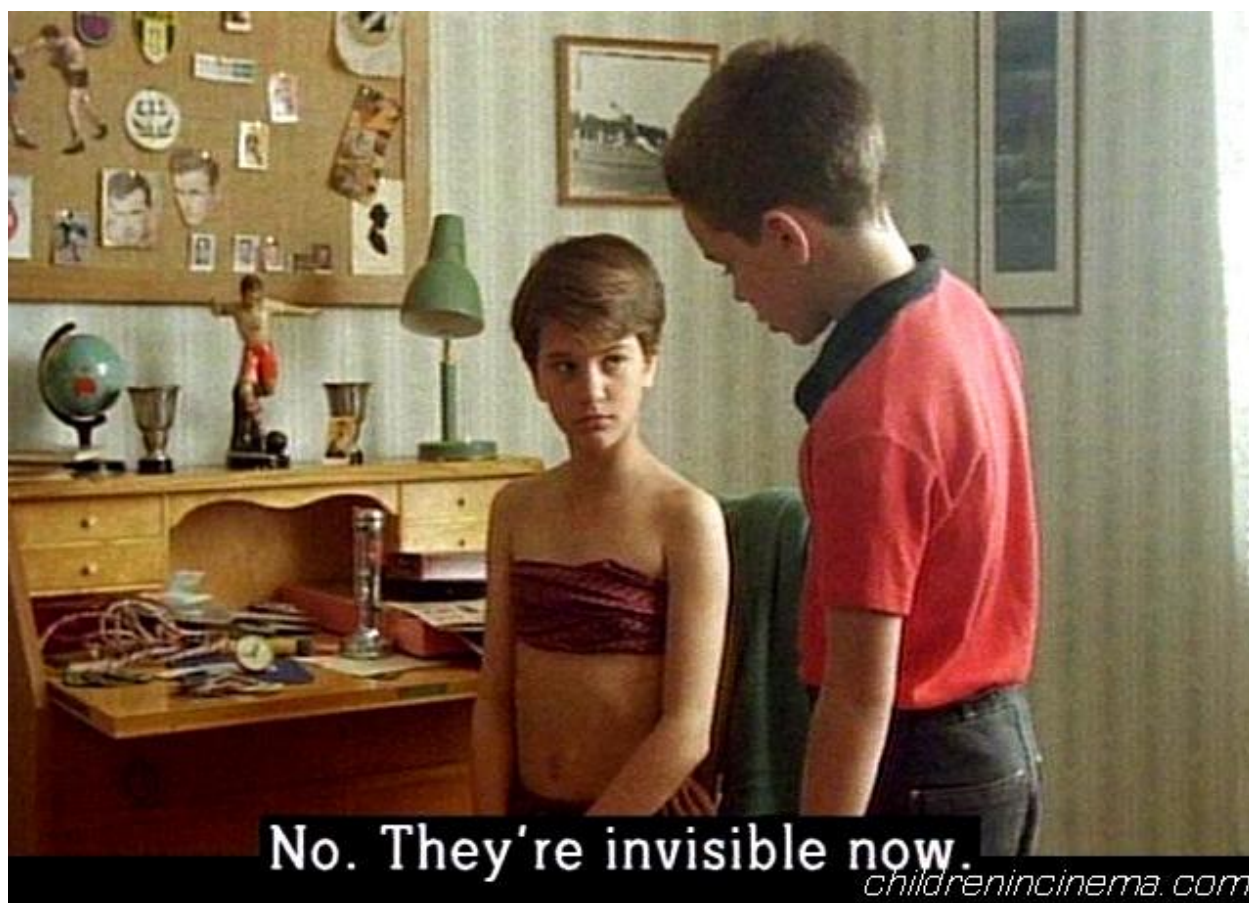
However it can be more than just a cosmetic problem, it could also be a sign of a tumour on the testes or the adrenal glands and liver problems. Any male who is unusually ample in the breast department should see their physician and have it checked out.

For more information see your doctor. From: Medical Factsheet.

The end of Princess Online #34

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