

# Princess Online



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

Since 1981

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**

# Boys will be boys?

Wimberley View, Saturday, March 7, 2001



GINA McCLURE/WIMBERLEY VIEW

Billed as "Calendar Girls," these were some of the contestants in the hilarious 2001 Ms. Texan Pageant, held at Wimberley High School Tuesday to benefit Project Graduation. The contestants are Nick Quijano as Miss July, Mark Loovis as Miss May, Daniel Vasgaard as Miss April, Brett Christian as Miss June and Udo Mohr as Miss August.



## 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 #3 of "Beautified Bullies," hand painted by Juan Sole. In this scene, Nick is being throughly humiliated while shopping for bras and other 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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Between her webpage and the books she has published, **Carole Jean** has developed a large following. We thought you would like to see this recent photo of Carole Jean all dressed up and ready to do some field research into her (and our) favorite subject!

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**Masquerade:** When the wife of one of our subscribers retired from teaching, their son dressed up in his mother's clothes and acted out a little scene teasing her about how she was going to turn into a couch potato, watching soap operas and the Home Shopping Network all day long.

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Who are these weird people, and...



-Watchdoggie!

**why am I sitting here wearing girls' panties,  
a slip, and this sissy little dress?**

## 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 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.

Well, Watchdoggie! is keeping an eye on this growing phenomenon and cataloging his reports. He became an ardent activist because he himself underwent a most traumatic petticoat punishment episode while he was attending a Catholic grade school during the 1950s. He can still vividly recall every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. The attached picture is a collage of images that illustrate the type of nightmares Watchdoggie! has experienced ever since he underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of the nuns while he was in the fifth grade.

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Princess Productions

### Feminizing Mother and Prodigal Daughter

#### Chapter 1

Mrs. Barnhart sat at the kitchen table folding laundry as her son, Troy, was washing the breakfast dishes. They heard the back door creak open and then slam shut, followed by clodhopping footsteps ascending the short flight of stairs to the kitchen. Only one person made an entrance like that: Troy's older sister Michelle.

If she had made her entrance farting and belching, it wouldn't have been any less appealing. She looked worse than ever with her hair dyed fire engine red and plastered into spikes like the crown on the Statue of Liberty. Her mannish trench coat, engineer boots and

leather pants were all in black. Aside from her flaming hair, a dirty blue sweatshirt was the only other color in her death-black ensemble.

Troy wanted to change his clothes and get ready for school, but he stayed by his mother's side. Minding his manners, he mumbled a 'hi' with bowed head, and his mother cleared her throat and found the voice to say, "Hello, Michelle."

"How many times do I gotta tell ya — it's Mickey! Michelle is a name for a cream puff!"

"Whatever you say, uh . . . Mickey," Mrs. Barnhart repeated the detestable name, fearing further confrontation. Seeing the mean look in her daughter's eyes, she further tried to assuage the girl by offering to make her something to eat.

"I don't want your fucking Betty Crocker food!"

"Mich . . . , I mean, Mickey, please don't talk like that in front of . . ."

"In front of my faggot brother. Look at that dumb apron you got him wearing."

"Mickey, please . . . , how could you say such a thing! What do you want? Tell me what you want and then please leave!"

"Give me my passbook. I need money."

"I can't do that. Besides, I took your name off that account and put the money in Troy's name."

"What the fuck! That was my money, and I need it now!"

"Well, since you stole my diamond bracelet last time you were here, I decided to take that savings account away from you."

"You fucking, bastard!"

"Mich — Mickey, stop talking like a pig and please leave this instant! You're a disgrace to womanhood. Can't you see I'm trying to make this a better world to live in. You're acting more like a macho male pig these days than a decent woman."

"You're the one fucking up the world, Mother All-American Pie! I'm not leaving until I get some money! I know there was more than \$700 in that account!"

"You can shout all you want, but that money is no longer yours! Even if I gave you the passbook, you couldn't draw it out. That bracelet was worth quite a bit of money, even if the diamonds were pretty small — but it was an heirloom. Aunt May left it . . . . How much did you get for it?"

"Eighty bucks, so what!"

"That's a disgrace! I had it appraised years ago, and it was worth \$800 then, besides it was a keepsake . . . since you stole it, I felt it was only right that you forfeit your savings."

"Fucking asshole pig!"

"If you stop talking like that, I'll see what I have in my wallet. I'll give you what I can, but then you'll have to leave, and I don't want you to come back — at least not until you decide to become some sort of a proper young woman and not some kind of new age freak!"

As Mrs. Barnhart left the room to get some money, Michelle stared at her prissy brother in disgust. Totally bored, she looked around the room. It was the same as it always had been, white kitchen cabinets, their chipped paint revealed about a dozen coats of paint applied over the better part of a century. Everything was neat and clean, but most everything was old. One new touch: peach and lilac ruffled curtains that made her stomach churn. She looked at the stacks of folded clothes on the table. She saw a lot of her own old clothes, all stupid frilly things that her mother used to make her wear.

Mable returned. "Here's thirty dollars. That's all I have in the house!"

"Thirty fucking bucks!"

"Now that I gave it to you, please leave."

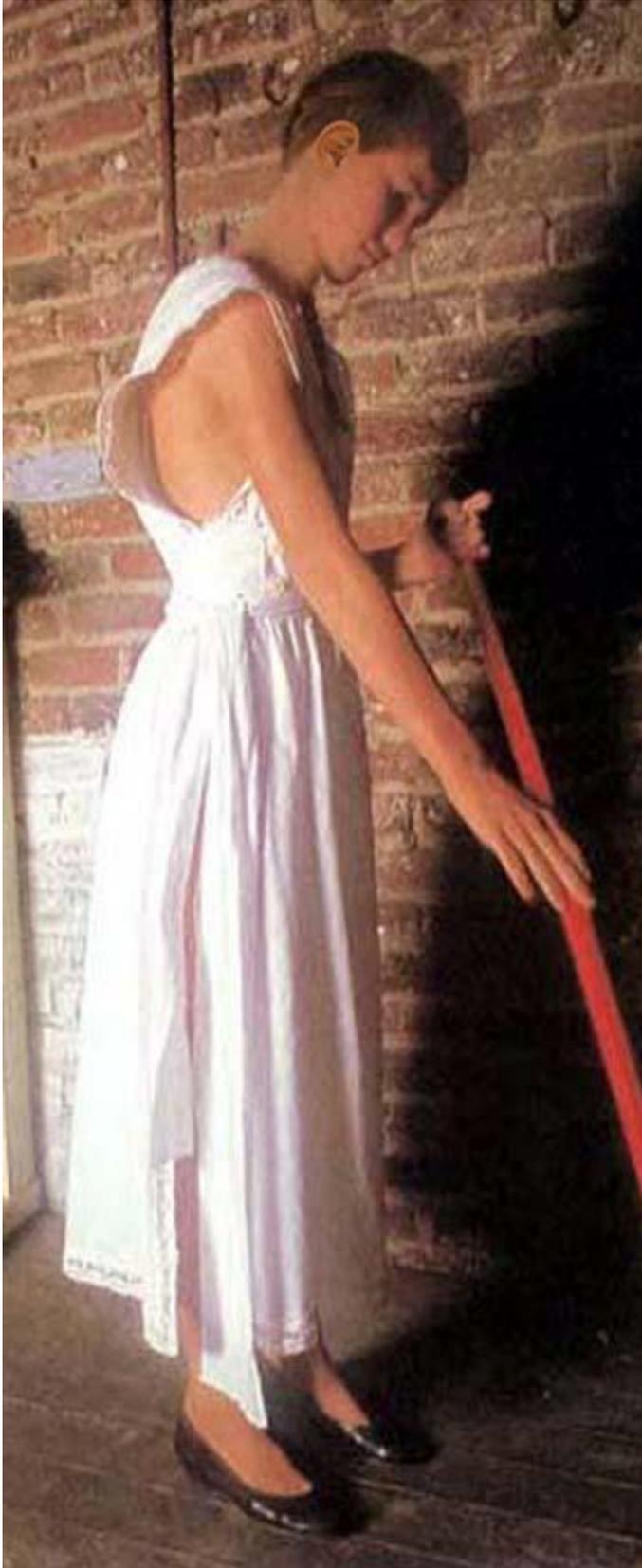
Michelle counted it quickly then looked up at her mother.

"Hey, why are you washing all these bullshit old clothes of mine?"

But then as she said it, she took a closer look at her brother. "Holy shit!" was all she could say as she realized that her mother wasn't making Troy wear just the apron, she was making him wear all of her old clothes! Michelle fell back in her chair laughing so hard she couldn't even get the money into her ultra-tight pants pocket. "Mom, you've really gone and done it! You and your fucked-up feminist women friends have made him into a goddamned swish! Wearing my old clothes . . . I thought you stopped doing that when he was a little kid."

Her nasty comments and cruel laughter was pushing Troy deep into the bowels of humiliation, at least he was glad that he wasn't standing there in one of the frilly dresses he usually wore while working around the house.

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Princess Productions

## Feminizing Mother and Prodigal Daughter

### Chapter 2

"Troy wears some of your old clothes, so we can save some money. They're perfectly good clothes; besides, he just wears them around the house. No one sees him," Mable said without adding that her 'girl' friends, who were frequent visitors, often saw Troy dressed in his sister's old clothes.

Michelle stared back down to the military-neat piles of fresh clean clothes. Then over to the two ridiculously frilly dresses hanging on coat hangers from the handle of the refrigerator. The gaudy dresses were something an old-time farmer's daughter would wear. "Dresses too! You got him wearing my old dresses too!" Michelle broke out into a belly laugh as she pictured him in her old dresses.

"What a fucking pansy!" she yelled, her humiliating comments broken up by fits of hearty laughter. "I remember when we were real little you tying his hair in ribbons . . . at night to make it curly . . . just like you did mine. You still doing that?" Her hearty laughter brought tears to her eyes without waiting for an answer because she knew the answer. Shifting her focus back to the table, she saw a stack of her long-forgotten panties, all in pastel colors, all fussy with god-awful lace and ribbons and bows. "Holy shit!" she thought. She hated those dumb toddler-like panties her mother always bought for her. But the significance of those panties on the table sent her into a new tailspin of gut-wrenching laughter. "And my PANTIES! You even got him wearing my panties!" she howled like a too-loud drunk.

Troy cringed and sidled up to his mother. He was about to cry. He turned to leave the room, but Mable held him close and cuddled him, as if her embrace shielded him from his sister's abuse.

"You have no right, coming in here, making judgments. What does it matter what goes on inside our own house? Besides, somebody should get some use out of all these nice clothes that you never wanted to wear. These are perfectly good panties, and Troy likes to wear them, don't you, sweetie? I think most boys would benefit from wearing pretty panties from time to time."

Troy would have preferred dying to owning up to liking to wear girls' panties. His mother was waiting for an answer, but Michelle interrupted with another slam at the two of them.

"You gotta be kidding? You've turned him into a goddamn twit, a fucking pantywaist twit!"

"Now, for the last time, please leave!"

It was an effort for Michelle to hold back her rollicking laughter as she pulled herself together and got up to go. She shouted further insults, and then took two handfuls of the stacked-up panties and threw them at her brother. "OK, Troy, girlie-boy, take my old clothes! You can have all of them!"

"And you bitch," she said to her mother, "get some cash around the house. I'll be back soon. I'll need more real soon."

As Mrs. Barnhart and Troy bent to pick up the clothes, Michelle went clapping down the stairs and out. Troy was crying so hard that his mother just stopped for a moment and grabbed him and hugged him tightly. She began crying too. Both of them held handfuls of frilly panties that had been thrown on the floor. With their panty-filled hands they hugged and petted each other until their crying subsided.

Even though Troy knew what it would mean, the sensitive young boy felt sick. He complained to his mother that his stomach was upset. Mable put the boy under her wing and took him into the bathroom. He watched her deftly mix a soapy warm water solution and then submerge the big dull red water bottle, to fill it. As air gurgled up to the surface, the soapy mix created a mound of bubbles, and an occasional bubble broke loose from the pack and floated away. As much as Troy didn't care to be given an enema, this part of the procedure was fun. With a girlish slapping motion, he struck out and broke the skyward bound bubbles. Though almost a teenager now, he remembered playing this little game ever since he was a toddler. In those days, he'd cry as the big tip of the hose was shoved up his bottom and he was filled to the bursting point.

Mable had administered enemas to both her children from the time they were infants. She never tired of doing it. But the process was much more than a remedy for a tummy ache. It was how her mother had administered to her, how she showed her love and concern, and how Mable passed on that love and concern to her children when they were ailing. However, over time, it became more than a well-practiced ritual; it became perverse. Most notable was the unusual tip on the enema hose. It wasn't a traditional tip like she had used for years. That had been replaced: It was a hollow dildo that she had converted to use for this purpose, a dildo she had confiscated from Michelle when she caught her daughter masturbating with it. The next time, Michelle was in one of her cranky moods, Mable said she must be sick and insisted upon administering her ever-ready cure: an enema. But the enema that day turned out to be a punishment enema. Michelle wondered why the tip was tearing her up as her mother pushed it up against her bottom hole. As she realized that she was being anally raped, she tried to fight off her mother, but her mother was still stronger than her in those days and able to hold her down until the big, greased-up plastic cock was buried deep into her daughter's ass. Three days later, Michelle ran away from home for the first time.

Michelle and her mother had been growing apart for years. In turn, Mable gradually turned her attention toward Troy. By the time Michelle ran away for good, Mable was glad to see her go because her daughter's growing defiance had begun to infect Troy. Soon after her daughter had left home, Mrs. Barnhart couldn't find the enema bag, and when she got Troy to admit that he had stolen it because he thought he was too old to still be getting enemas like a sick little toddler, Mable became so enraged that she made him get the bag out of hiding. Then she brought out the penis tip and used it on him for the first time. Troy yelled so loud that the whole neighborhood probably heard him, but Mable kept ramming away until the hard cock was completely imbedded in his rectum. Many times after that she used it as a punishment device, but Troy's asshole got used to the periodic invasion, and Mable was convinced that his widening backside entrance no longer provided an especially good seal for the regular enema tip, so she resorted to

using the penis tip on a regular basis. As far as dildos go, it wasn't especially large, only six inches long and about as big round as a average man's thumb, but as the plastic penis wore out from frequent use, Mable bought ever larger penis dildos to make sure they'd always provide a "good fit." Mable had found the dildos in a sex aids mail-order catalog in her daughter's bedroom after she had moved out. Mable began ordering various dildos at the urging of her friends in her Canasta group, who shared her views of strict punishment for errant children and enemas for any child who complained of being ill.

Presently, Mable was using a dildo many sizes larger than that first one. It was eight inches long and had the girth of a very well endowed man. That plastic cock always made Troy feel inadequate because his mother told him it was about the size of an average man's penis, and Troy's four-incher paled in comparison.

As Mrs. Barnhart removed her skirt and blouse and smoothed out the fit of her full-length pink satin slip, Troy knew what was expected of him. He removed his girlish apron and stood attired only in his lacy purple panties, their elastic waistband snugly encircling him high around his girlishly thin little body. Then she took the big penis dildo and made him kiss the tip. Lately, whenever she was angry with him, she'd make him suck on the big plastic dick before his enema. Today was one of those days.

"Suck on it, my sweet sissy. Maybe next time you'll remember to keep your panty drawer neat and clean. I couldn't believe what a mess it was when I picked out these panties for you to put on this morning.

"Sucking on this hard dick will show you what disgusting things bad men do to women. By learning how bad it is, I know you won't ever forget and do things like that to girls."

The dildo was so big that his jaws quickly became sore. Satisfied with his performance on the ersatz penis, she had him take it out and hold it as she lovingly coated it with grease from a coffee can size container of 'sex lube.' As her slick fingers ran up and down and around that imitation piece of man meat, she said, "I'm glad you have a little penis. I'm sure it will always stay that way. When a boy has a big penis like this, he gets really dumb ideas in his head."

She motioned for Troy to get ready. He eased his panties down to the bottom edge of his ass cheeks, so his boyish penis and walnut-size balls remained nested in the folds of the panties. She insisted that he present himself that way to keep covered his "disgusting little baby boy parts," as she liked to call them. She had him bend slightly forward and hold onto the edge of the sink as she shoved a dollop of sex lube between his ass cheeks and into his asshole. Her deep and thorough finger-fucking motion made him groan and caused her to grin, relishing the surge of power known to those in charge of a fucking! After she washed the grease and shit off her fingers, she sat down on the closed lid of the toilet and pulled Troy over her slip-covered lap until his legs pointed upward, his head almost touched the ground, and his little pantied penis and balls hung between her parted thighs fully ensconced within the heavy silken folds of her luxuriously soft slip. She busied herself plucking and pulling at his folded-down purple panties, perfectly arranging them about the top of his thighs to satisfy her perfectionist approach to this

dominant mother ritual. The panties provided enough give so she could push apart his butt cheeks and position the fake man-dick enema nozzle at the entrance.

He gave out a long muffled "ugh-h-h-h-h!" as the monster cock invaded him. It was a very full, very uncomfortable sensation, but he was getting used to his mother's newest and biggest dildo tip, and in a strange way the humiliating invasion made him feel safe, secure and loved. As the enema solution seeped into his belly, he got headachy and dizzy. Over the years, his mother had perfected her homemade enema recipe, a highly perfumed concoction that produced quick and powerful results. The quickly building pressure caused his boy penis to erect within the confines of his silky nest of her slip and his panties, and it pressed mightily against her thighs. When she felt that, she knew he was nearly full inside and completely under her loving maternal power.

Within two minutes of being filled to the brim, his urge to expel the soapy fluid became unbearably strong, but his mother kept him quiet and urged him to hold it in as long as possible as she toyed with the lace on his panties with one hand and rubbed his side and abdomen with her other hand. As he pleaded with her to let him expel the enema, she reached under his hips and lovingly stroked his penis and tight balls within his sissy silk panties, that always gave him more resolve to hold off for a few more minutes, but even that pleasure could not put off for long his building need 'to go!'

From experience, they both knew when the urge became too much for him, and at that crucial moment and in well-practiced precision, they both stood up, she flipped open the toilet lid and he scooted onto the pot just seconds before his watery medicine came whooshing out like it was being shot out of a fire hose, the thunderous stream was accompanied by plops and sweet-smelling farts blowing "all that poison" out of him.

The emptying was so draining and complete that Troy was left limp and twitching. After he sat peacefully for a few minutes, he got up and bent forward for his mother to wipe and wash his backside. When he really was sick, his mother usually repeated the process to completely rid him of every bit of poison, but she knew today he was more upset from his sister's horrific visit than from the contents of his intestines. She completed her masterful performance by once again fingerfucking his tender asshole, this time applying Vaseline. She washed her hands before lovingly pulling up his silky panties, taking her time to perfectly arrange them about his hips, stroking away any little folds or ripples in the silky fabric, making sure the waistband was straight and not folded over at any point and leveling the position of the lace-trimmed legs by inserting her cold fingers under each legband and smoothing out the lace and nylon as she went from front to back and back to front again around each trembling thigh. Then she turned him around and stared at his penis, still hard, poking up in his panties in the cutest way. She touched it and manipulated it gently in her hands as she urged him on and whispered teasing little comments, calling him a sissy boy and her sweet little pantywaist. Her words and stroking caused him to go weak in the knees. She liked that. It let her know that she had full control. She felt him sway and surge, wiggle his ass in his slinky purple panties and bend his knees. When he had to grab a hold of her to steady himself, she knew he was going over the edge. He was just twelve and still too young to spurt any of that foul-smelling ball juice, but his sexual apparatus was on the verge of going into full production. As Mable stroked harder and harder and activated that trigger, Troy cried and whined in pleasure and a mild bit of pain, then he collapsed up

against her and dry humped her in her pretty pink slip. She knew that the day was very near when his cream would come in, and she was working hard now to head off the problems that poisonous boy cream could cause.

"OK, honey, run upstairs and change into your school uniform. We'll have to hurry. Since your sister decided to drop in and wreck up our schedule, we're running late, so I'll drive you to school on my way work."

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Princess Productions

## Feminizing Mother and Prodigal Daughter

### Chapter 3

Mrs. Barnhart's Canasta-playing friends had long been urging her to do more feminization of Troy. They were also in favor of increased humiliations and public exposure. Nothing, they agreed, tamed a boy like being humiliated by complete strangers. They also urged her to look into various ways of physically emasculating Troy.



But Mable liked him at the stage he was at. For years, she had been dressing him in his sister's old clothes and treating him like a girl within their home, and she didn't feel the need to do much more than what she was doing to him at the moment. She loved taking charge of a penis, even if it was just a little boy's penis. She loved feeling it get hard and making him quake from his spermless orgasms. She always assured herself and her friends that there would be plenty of time to do chemical and surgical feminization if and when she decided she wanted to do that. But now she knew the time was near. Troy's balls would soon be swelling up with his first batch of boy snot. She decided to react quickly once that happened.

She and her three card-playing women friends were a very close group, who had met at their Unitarian church some eight years before this day. They all loved the church and its simple but honest approach to life. They embraced the simple philosophy to respect and love their fellow human beings and to do good works in this world. Instead of cutting corners, cheating and constantly trying to get something for nothing, they were dedicated to "doing the right thing" in all instances.

Then one of the church deacons, a highly respected, gracious and generous man, got caught stealing funds from the church, and in a rage after being caught, he raped the lesbian pastor. It greatly upset Mable and her three friends, especially since the deacon was a leader in their church and they had looked up to him for spiritual inspiration. The three women began to question everything about their lives, their church and the world in general. And during that time, Mable started reading radical books and literature from a feminist bookstore. At first, Mable thought some of the things she read about were pretty 'way out,' but she shared various items

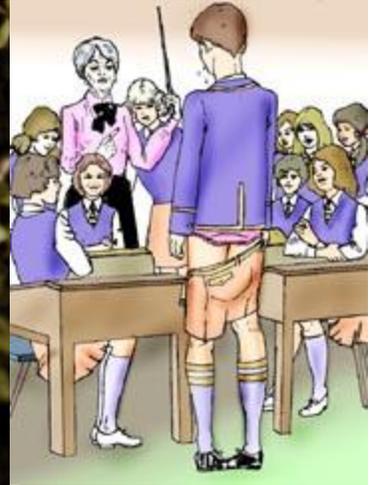
with her friends, and they soon came to see the potential of a female-dominated world. In their search for greater meaning in life and with the disappointment the women had felt from most every male they had ever known, a lot of those writings made great sense.

It didn't take long for the other women in her little group, Joyce Mullins, Matty Forsythe, and Clarissa Morganstein, to become ardent feminists. They all were fascinated by the idea of feminizing males and started to experiment with the men and boys in their own families.

Joyce had an abusive husband, two sons and no daughters. Matty was a single mother with one son and three daughters, and Clarissa had a couch potato husband, no sons and just one daughter, but that daughter was fifteen years old and beginning to date boys. Judith, Clarissa's daughter, was brought into the fold, and mother and daughter combined to tease, torment and feminize the young boys, who were pursuing the girl in hopes of dating her.

Clarissa took special interest in Troy, and she was the one to get him into a dress the first time. It was a pink satin party dress that had belonged to Troy's sister. He was genuinely embarrassed to be seen in the dress by Judith, his mother and the other three women. They tried to comfort him and let him know that he looked very pretty, but he knew they were laughing at him. Their rolling eyes, smirks and uncontrolled giggles told him that they thought he looked ridiculous.

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Feminizing Mother and Prodigal Daughter

## Chapter 4

For almost an hour, Michelle had been waiting in an alley down the street from her mother's house with her boyfriend-of-the-moment, Mac. They were propped up against Mac's motorcycle, waiting to pounce on Troy as he walked to school. She wondered what was taking him so long.

Then instead of walking to school, as he usually did, they watched Troy get into the car with his mother. As she drove him to school, Mac and 'Mickey' followed at a safe distance. Once Mrs. Barnhart let him out at school and sped off so she wouldn't be late for her job, Mac steered his chopper over the grass and up the long walkway until they coasted right behind Troy. Mickey jumped off and grabbed him from behind before he knew what was happening.

"Hey, you little sissy freak! I want my money. You get me that passbook and go to the bank with me tomorrow or I'll give you a lot of trouble."

"Sis! I can't do that. Mom would be mad at me!"

"That couldn't compare with how mad I'll be with you if you don't!"

"No! I won't! It's my money now! Mom says so!"

Michelle looked him over. He was dressed in the regulation school uniform like all the other boys arriving at school. "What color panties do you have on today?" she teased.

"I don't . . . I don't wear panties!"

"Oh, yeah? Then who wears all those panties Mom had stacked up on the table?"

"Well, I don't have to wear them to school."

"Well, you do now."

"No, I don't . . .," he said but his voice trailed off as he saw her holding up a pair of pink ruffled panties that he immediately recognized from home. Tears pooled up in his eyes.

"Now, listen to me, Troy. I want you to take these panties, go inside and put them on. After you do that, come back here and give me your stinky old boys' shorts. Do it and do it now, or I'll start telling the kids around here what kind of clothes you wear at home."

For anyone who cared to look, she was holding those panties up in plain view. In the gentle breeze, the panties were waving back and forth from her fingertips. Mac was laughing out loud. His massive motorcycle and their leather-clad appearance drew the attention of the kids arriving for school. Troy heard a few girls laughing and pointing in their direction. Completely abashed, Troy grabbed the panties and shoved them in his pocket just to get them out of sight. With a long face and a deep ruddy flush to his cheeks, he started his way toward the school's entrance.

"Hey, twerp!" Michelle said with that hearty laugh of hers. "If you're not changed and back here in five minutes, I've got another pair of those panties. And I'll print your name on them and get one of these boys and ask him if can give them to you at lunchtime."

"But what if somebody sees me changing . . ."

"Not my problem. You're the one who wears them, so why live a lie? If you wear them at home, you can wear them to school too!"

Openly crying but struggling valiantly to suppress the tears, Troy ran into the school. Three girls by the entrance were laughing as he walked in the door. He was sure they had seen and heard everything. Minutes later, he sheepishly came walking back toward Mac and his sister.

"Did everything go OK," she asked with a snicker. "Did anyone see you?"

He nodded 'no' to the second question, and then half whispered, "I changed in the mop closet."

"Clever of you. OK, hand them over."

He gave her his wadded up under shorts. He cringed as she shook them out and tied them to the motorcycle antenna.

He turned to leave but not before she grabbed him by the collar.

"I wanna see them. I wanna make sure you put those panties on!"

Mac chimed in, "Hey, yeah, man, I wanna see them too."

Michelle had her brother's belt and zipper open in no time flat. Troy realized that she was expert at doing that. Troy stood as close to her as possible to hide what she was doing from the few remaining students now dashing to make it into school on time. Michelle rubbed the panties, and then shocked him when she reached down between his legs and pinched his little penis within the pink nylon. Mac was really laughing. Michelle finally pushed Troy away. As he struggled to pull his pants back together, she gave him an ultimatum.

"Tomorrow morning, have that passbook with you when you come to school. I'll give you a note for the teacher, and we'll go to the bank and get me my money. Don't tell Mom, and don't forget to bring that passbook or it'll be all over school about you wearing panties and girls' clothes.

"Oh, yeah, one more thing. Tonight when you go home, tell Mom you want to wear panties to school under your uniform everyday. You can tell her that you want to do it because you love them so much, or because they feel so much better than your scratchy old boys' things — shit, frankly, I don't give a fuck what you tell her. Just make sure you convince her that you want to wear panties all the time and show up here tomorrow wearing them — and make them pink and fancy, like these you got on. Otherwise, you won't live out the day after I tell all the kids all kinds of faggot things about you. More than that, I'll help you be a girl since that what Mom

wants to make of you. I'll crush your balls with my boots and teach you how to suck Mac's big cock. Got it?"

Troy nodded his head in disbelief and slowly walked toward the entrance even though he was probably going to be late. The buzzer sounded just as he walked in the door of his classroom.

"Master Barnhart, you have five seconds to get to your desk before I mark you tardy," his teacher, Mr. Jenkins said.

Troy was smart enough to have skipped the fifth grade, but today he was so distracted by having those panties on under his uniform that he couldn't concentrate on the lesson. Sure, he was used to wearing panties, but never before had he worn them to school. Mr. Jenkins called on him twice, and Troy was unable to respond correctly. Having established that his mind was elsewhere, his teacher continued to call on him throughout the morning, just to humble him before the other students because of his obvious inattention. At lunchtime, Mr. Jenkins took him aside and wanted to know what the problem was since he normally was a good student. Troy simply explained that his renegade sister had paid them a surprise visit at home and had thoroughly upset his mother as well as himself. Mr. Jenkins became a bit more compassionate, but insisted that he forget his problems while at school and get his mind back on his studies or he'd be sent to the principal's office and risk losing his standing in the class.

In the lunchroom, Troy saw the three girls who had been at the entrance of the school that morning. When they saw him they started laughing hysterically. Troy guessed that they had overheard or even had seen that whole exchange involving the panties between his sister and him. He turned and ran from the room without having his lunch. He had recognized one of the girls from his afternoon stenography class.

Stenography class: he had taken it at his mother's insistence. She said it would be good to learn so he could take notes in high school and college. But only girls took stenography. He dreaded going into that class. He waited until the last minute to enter and tried to do so as discreetly as possible, but from the moment he entered all eyes were on him, and laughter, whistles and catcalls started ringing out. The girls couldn't stop laughing and carrying on even after the bell rang. "Old dog face" Mrs. Pia, tried to call the room to order. She was on the verge of penalizing the whole class when Shantal Wilson stood up to explain what was going on while trying to control her own outbreaks.

"We're sorry, Mrs. Pia, I guess I'm responsible because I told everybody about Troy," she fought to hold back a wild laugh, "sorry again, Mrs. Pia, well, uh, you see, uh, Troy . . . well, he's wearing his sister's panties to school today! I heard, I mean, and I saw 'em. It's true! Show 'em Troy."

"Yeah, show us!" everyone cheered.

Troy reddened up and tears streamed down his face.

"Quiet! Quiet! QUIET!" Mrs. Pia called out in her attempt to regain order.

"Troy! What's the meaning of this?" she asked as everyone quieted down and waited with rapt attention for the scene to unfold. "Troy, is this true?"

Troy slouched down in his seat and covered his face with his hands. A moment later Mrs. Pia was at his side and demanding an explanation. When he didn't answer her and didn't even look up at her, she grabbed him by the ear and made him get out of his seat. She took him to the front of the classroom, and when he still continued not to answer, she threatened to see for herself if what Shantal had said was true.

Troy didn't say anything. He struggled with her when he felt her hands undoing his belt buckle but she smacked his thigh with her pointer and threatened to strike him again if he didn't hold still. A normal boy would have fought to the death, but Troy was used to giving into females, he stopped resisting and just covered his face as she loosened his shorts and slid them down far enough so she could see the pink panties.

Now her reserve was gone and she melted into coarse, chortling laughter. She let go of the shorts and they slid down his legs. The whole class could see him standing there with his pink panties peeking out from under the bottom edge of his shirttails. If the kids had been loud before, it was nothing compared to the din that resounded from the walls of the classroom at that moment. The only way Mrs. Pia was able to stop the commotion was to have Troy pull up his shorts and take him down the principals' office. She explained the problem to "old pudgy" Principal Wigham and lowered Troy's shorts to show him and his secretary Troy's pink panties.

Wigham retained his composure, but Teresa, his secretary, stifled her laughter with a quick hand to the mouth and then hurriedly excused herself. They asked Troy to tell them what was going on. Through his tears he explained that his mother didn't have much money so she was trying to save by having him wear any of his sister's old clothes that were serviceable.

Wigham just shook his head and told Troy to keep his shirt tucked in if he had to wear such embarrassing underwear. "Old Pudgy's" lecherous look didn't escape Troy's attention; neither did he miss the strong bulge tenting up the principal's trousers. Troy spent the rest of the afternoon studying in the principal's outer office to avoid creating another disturbance amongst his classmates. By the next day Wigham thought that perhaps the kids would let this little episode pass. However, every few minutes for the remainder of that day, he as well as his secretary did exchange smirking glances and cast knowing smiles in Troy's direction.

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## Princess Productions

### Feminizing Mother and Prodigal Daughter

#### Chapter 5

Troy didn't know where his mother kept his bank passbook, but he was a clever boy, at least that's what everyone always told him, so he worked out a plan to get his mother to reveal where she kept it and initiated his attempt after dinner as they worked on a giant jigsaw puzzle.

"Mom, what you said this morning to Michelle about that money in the bank. Is it really mine now?"

"Of course, dear. Don't you remember when we went down to the bank and I had you give them a sample of your signature. It's all yours. It's not much, but a start to your college fund."

"Oh, Mom, thanks, but I didn't know that was Michelle's money."

"I only used to say it was her money. I put it in there for her, a few dollars out of every paycheck."

"How much is in there?"

"Oh, I don't know, why do you ask?"

"I'm just curious."

"Well, let's take a look?"

With the racing heart of a thief, Troy followed his mother to her room. She opened the drawer in the nightstand next to her bed and took out the passbook.

"Nine hundred, twenty dollars and forty cents."

"Let me see!"

She showed him the total and also showed him that the account was in his name before putting it back in the drawer.

Problem number one solved, but the really big problem was yet to come.

Should he tell his mother about the threats Michelle had made? The girls in his stenography class knew about the panties he had on in school. He feared the whole school would know about it in the morning, even though Wigham thought the matter might be forgotten. Maybe he was right. Maybe the girls would treat it like a joke and they'd forget about it, but if they didn't forget, and worse yet, if the boys found out, that could be very bad for him. But as bad as things could get at

school, it was Michelle who really scared him. He knew she could be extremely evil, he didn't doubt for a minute that she'd make his life miserable, and that business about making him suck Mac's cock, Troy knew she'd do it to him without a second thought. So Troy agonized all night long, but he didn't know how to go about asking his mother about wearing panties every day to school. Sure, he could just wear them on his own without telling his mother, but Michelle had made it a point that he had to tell his mother, and tell her that it was something he wanted to do.

In the morning, he still couldn't do it, and so he decided the only way he could break the news to her would be to wait until he was finished with the breakfast dishes and then let his mother see him wearing panties as he changed into his school uniform. And that's what he did.

"Mom, I don't have a clean shirt for school?" he yelled down to her from the top of the stairway.

"Come down here. I have them here with the clean laundry; I just haven't put them away in your room yet."

Nervously twitching and panting in little breaths, Troy first snuck into his mother's room and took the bankbook and put it in his pocket. His nervousness mounted as he came downstairs shirtless and entered the kitchen. His mother was standing there with a crisp, clean shirt held open and ready for him to put on. He had on just his beige school shorts, shoes and socks; however, he had purposely left a bit of the pink elastic and nylon of the panties peek out above the top of his trousers. His mother saw them instantly.

"Oh, dear, Troy, you forgot to change out of your panties and into your boys' underwear."

"Um, well, no, Mom, well, you see, I like these. I want to wear these today. In fact, could I wear them all the time?"

"Oh, my dear sweet boy. You're so sweet to wear your sister's things to help save money," Mable was still working that old excuse even though both of them knew it wasn't true, "but you don't have to wear them to school."

"But, but I want to wear them, Mother. They're so comfortable."

"What about the other boys? What happens if they find out?"

"I'll be real careful, Mom. I don't like how boys' underwear feels so tight and scratchy."

"I don't know if this is right, if this is a good thing. What would people think of me if they found out I let my son wear girls' things in public?"

"But it's my idea, Mom. You're not making me."

Actually Mable was jumping with joy inside — her son wanting to wear his panties all the time — she was making great progress feminizing him, and this was a crucial point for him to acknowledge that it was his idea, just in case he was exposed in his panties, then she could

rightly say she let him do it because that is what he wanted, and she was just being a good mother and letting her son do what he wanted to do!

"Well, I'm sure silky panties are a lot more comfortable than boys' underthings, but why did you pick the pink ones? Maybe you should at least wear some blue panties or even white ones, just in case they showed somehow. If you want, I can buy you some plain ones. I've seen some panties that look almost like boys' underwear. Some stores even have sleek nylon underwear for boys these days. They're expensive, but I think I could afford to get you some."

"No, Mom," Troy said blushing heavily, "I, uh, I love the colors and all that too. Girls' panties are so pretty."

Tears were quietly streaming down Troy's cheeks. Mrs. Barnhart shook her head in silence, threw her hands up in the air and smiled at her loving son. She hugged him and they held each other in a long embrace. Tears were running down her cheeks too. She couldn't resist inching her fingers down his back to teasingly play with the elastic waistband and silky nylon fabric.

Troy squirmed in her grip. Through his trousers, she tickled the silky panties on his hips. He felt her taunting fingers rubbing him, and they paused as she felt the outline of the bankbook in his pocket. Troy feared she'd discover the book, so he quickly twisted his hip away from her and then pulled her into a firm hug. The only problem: the motion caused his panty-coddled penis and balls to end up directly in the palm of her left hand.

Her fingers moved over his penis with a slow petting motion. "Oh, my dear!" she moaned in delight. "You like it when I touch you like that in panties. Don't you, honey boy?"

Troy was gulping in a few deep breaths as he nodded and uttered, "Yes, Mommy."

From the rigidity of her son's small penis, she knew he was now thoroughly conditioned to the joy of being touched through sleek nylon and lace. She smiled happily. If more women knew what a thrill it was to own a boy's penis, there would be no macho problems in this world!

But things weren't quite what they seemed to her.

Troy did enjoy wearing panties, especially when his mother masturbated him in them, but he had no desire to wear panties to school. Fear of being unmasked as the school sissy frightened him, but fear of what his sister might do to him scared him even more.

Troy had been getting more and more hardons in his panties of late. He was quite confused and totally shamefaced with all the emotions that were being awakened within him. What was he doing? What was happening to him? Where would this all end?

"Just be careful, baby," Mable said with a mother's glowing smile. Tears still clouded her vision. "You're so sweet, baby, and if you want to wear pretty girls' panties, I'll back you up all the way. I want you to be happy! And I'll do anything in my power to make you happy."

After Troy left for school, Mable emptied the laundry basket to do a load of wash. As she went through the clothes, she noticed the purple panties Troy had worn the day before. She opened them up and held them to her nose for a loving whiff of her sissy son's sweet fragrance. But a new aroma was emanating from the panties. She stopped and turned them inside out. Then she noticed a few dried on little stains. They were very small deposits; she moistened them with a bit of saliva. It was a mucus-like substance. She raised the panties to her lips and sucked on the stains to get a taste. It was unmistakable. They were Troy's first full drops of cum. Now the day was here when his balls would be filling with juice and he'd be spitting his slime at every turn. Mable knew that the time was at hand. She had been coasting along with Troy's feminization program, but this latest development called for speeded-up action and perhaps a new turn in the direction of Troy's training.

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Michelle was alone and waiting for him at the school's entrance. Troy had to look twice to realize it was she since she had taken the red dye out of her hair, slicked it back into a ponytail and dressed herself in a conservative skirt and blouse. Except for the clunky engineer boots, she looked quite respectable.

"Got it, kid?" she asked as he approached her.

He nodded 'yes.'

"Let me do the talking," she said as she grabbed his hand and marched him into the office, where she handed the secretary a note, claiming it was from their mother, and told the woman that Troy had to be away from school for about an hour for some important family business. Throughout the exchange, Troy was blushing and the secretary was smirking at him as they both recalled their meeting the day before.

Michelle took him out the back door of the school, and there waiting was Mac's motorcycle. She mounted the bike and had him get on for their ride to get the money. Realizing that he was doing a terrible wrong, Troy cried all the way to the bank, and the brisk breeze blowing in his face only increased his flow of tears. They went to a branch of the bank, since Michelle feared that they might encounter someone who knew their mother at the main bank, where she was a regular customer. As they talked to the teller, Troy's tears gave credence to Michelle's story as she explained to the woman that they needed to withdraw money from Troy's account because their mother had been in a severe accident in Milton, a nearby town. They had just found out and needed money immediately to go there to see her.

But when Michelle told the banker that they'd take 900 of the 920 dollars in the account, the woman expressed doubts that they would need that much money since Milton was only forty miles away. But Michelle buttressed her story by saying they didn't know how long they'd have to stay there and wait for their mother to improve. In addition to travel expenses, they needed other things. And to add punch to her story and to humiliate her brother a bit more, she made Troy stand up. He tried to fight her off but he was no match for her strength as she undid his pants and opened them up so she could show the open-mouthed bank counselor his pink panties.

She explained to the woman that they were in such a rush to go to their mother's bedside that she didn't even have time to do the laundry and had to give her brother some of her old panties to wear because he was out of clean underwear.

Minutes later the stunned bank advisor got them the 900 dollars, wished them well and watched them walk out the door with Michelle pulling on Troy to hurry him along, and Troy crying harder than ever and struggling to do up his pants and stuff in his shirt. Before Michelle got on the bike, she stuffed the money down her bra and pulled her brother close and reached her hand down the front of his trousers, grabbed a hold of the flowered pink panties and pulled them up for a good long look. She fingered the silky fabric and laughed at the ruffles on the sides.

"These look good on you, ya little fairy! This has to be no big thing to you. I'm sure you like wearing these faggot pink panties anyway. They suit you just fine."

As she talked with him, she got him to entertain her with the story of how he went about explaining to his mother that he wanted to wear panties everyday. She laughed wildly at the story. Then she put on a straight face.

"Now, listen to me, you little sissy brat. Your mother and that group of kooky women she hangs around with think they can change the world by making sissies out of their men and boys. That's probably not a bad idea for boys like you, but some women, like me, don't want their man to be a sissy.

"Now, until I get what I want, you have to wear panties — every day! Since you're already such a sissy I'm sure you already have a lot of problems at school, and you don't want me to give you any more."

"Some girls found out I was wearing them yesterday."

"What?"

"They heard you out in front of school and told the whole steno class."

"Steno?" Michelle laughed. "You're taking steno? You're more fucked than I thought. So what'd they do?"

"Mrs. Pia showed the whole class and then took me to Wigham's office."

"Well, I suppose everybody was bound to find out about you sooner or later. At this point your chances of growing up to be a man are just about shot!"

"Of course, I'll grow up to be . . ."

"Fat chance! I'm probably doing you and your mother a favor by making you wear my old panties. Just the same, keep on wearing them every day. You have to know I have a hold over you. When you least expect it, I'll show up and expect you to help me get some money, and you

better be in panties, or I'll cut your goddamn dick off myself! Work with me, sissyboy; help me get money from that bitch we call mother, and maybe one of these days, I'll forget about the panties. I might even help you become a man, but fuck with me and I'll have you sucking Mac's cock. I'll let him fuck you in the ass too. Got it?"

Troy nodded in shock.

"I hope so because Mac will fuck you in a second. Mac will fuck anything male or female it makes no difference to him.

"Now, when I'm through with this money, I'll be back after Mom to give me more, she owes me, owes me lots for all the bullshit she made me put up with for all those years, the stupid clothes were just part of it. That fucking Sunday school, her stupid Canasta parties with those old biddies she hangs out with, the enemas — yeah, you know about the enemas — she still giving 'em to you?"

Troy put his head down and blushed.

"Shit, yeah, what a fucking pervert she is. If between the two of you, I don't get a steady stream of money, I'll be the one to give you an enema, and I'll make you spray it out all over her face and right down her throat! That would teach her!

"Oh, yeah, I almost forgot — the charm school — for me, that's what really did it! I'm surprised she hasn't sent you there yet.

Troy shook his head 'no.'

"Don't worry, girlie-boy, I'm sure she'll get around to it before long. So you better fight her off before she gets you to that point — then again, maybe you'd love it there — all the pretty clothes, stupid dance lessons, they even teach you how to hold a fork, eat soup and fart without anyone noticing! Enough of this bullshit! I'm outta here."

Troy started to climb on the bike behind her.

"Hey, sweet little brother, where do you think you're going?"

"I need to go back to school."

"Well, you can walk. I'm not going in that direction.

"Remember now, keep on wearing those panties until I tell you otherwise. And be prepared to do all kinds of things, especially things to help me get money out of Mom. I'll be checking on you. You'll never know when I'm going to show up, but when I do, you better be in some god awful frilly panties and willing to do anything I say or you'll be dead meat!"

As she started up the cycle, she took the bankbook out of her pocket and threw it at him. He picked it up and started the three-mile walk back to school, the frilly panties tickling his hips and penis with every step.

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When Mrs. Barnhart picked up her son from school that day, she could tell that he was upset. She immediately thought it was the panties, maybe someone had discovered them, maybe he had been in a fight, but he insisted it wasn't the panties. Still he didn't want to tell her his problems. Steno class was hell, but he did get through it. Most of the girls couldn't stop from breaking out into little fits of laughter, and Mrs. Pia was quite understanding of these little interruptions. Under normal circumstances, she would have been handing out a long list of detentions. But outside of that class, things weren't so bad. He heard a few embarrassing names hurled his way in the hallways and at lunch, even though he got to lunch as early as possible and then took his lunch outside to eat. But most amazing, none of the boys seemed to be aware of his predicament. He was sure, they'd know in time, and he dreaded having to face any of them and being in the position of trying to deny it. But things could have been much worse.

That night, Mable gave him some space. She knew he was troubled but didn't pressure him to talk about it. He spent most of the time in his room, trying to sort things out. At the end of the night, Mable came up to tuck him into bed. As usual, he was wearing one of Michelle's old nightgowns, a floor-length nightie in lavender with white and black lace and bows. She sat on the edge of his bed and gave him a strong hug. The nearness of his exciting mother and the horror of what he had happened that day came all together. He broke down completely in her arms. When his sobbing finally slowed, he told her everything, all about what Michelle had made him do, the 900 dollars, being forcing to wear the panties. He even told her about Michelle's threats to make him suck Mac's cock.

Mrs. Barnhart felt badly for her dear son, enduring all that abuse. They cried in each other's arms. Somehow, she was going to make things right for him. In her disturbed way of thinking, she hadn't feminized him fast enough. If he were her daughter, she was convinced everything would be OK. Sure, she screwed up with Michelle, but Mable didn't take the blame for that. She blamed that all on her exhusband who had molested Michelle for years. Now, she was determined to make things right for her girly-boy, and she'd plan some way to trap Michelle and make her account for the horrible things she was doing.

In the morning, Troy told his mother that he had put on a pair of the panties to wear to school because he feared Michelle would show up unexpectedly, and she had the power to make his life at school miserable. His mother understood. She promised that they would talk about it when he got home from school. There had to be some way to give Michelle her comeuppance.

When he got home that day, Mrs. Barnhart played her hand a bit stronger. She pretended to break down in tears as she told him that now, especially without his bank account, now more than ever, she wasn't able to spare any money to buy him some proper boys' clothes for him to wear after school. Troy suggested that they could go to their church and get some of the clothes donated for charity, but she wouldn't hear of that. She had never accepted charity in her life, and she wasn't

about to start. Troy told her that he didn't mind wearing Michelle's old clothes around the house. And to make his mother feel better, he told her that he really enjoyed wearing pretty girls' clothes. Then he went upstairs and changed into an A-line blue dress with a shiny white full-length slip underneath. And he let the lace on the hem and the satin shoulder straps of the slip peek out from under the dress. He knew his mother liked him to wear his girlie clothes that way. Troy continued to wear panties to school everyday, still fearing Michelle would show up at any moment. At home, they continued to talk about what they could do if she did show up again, but even Troy with his clever mind had a hard time coming up with any good ideas.

But Martha was forging ahead on her own front; she had decided to immediately intensify Troy's feminization. The Friday night card party was going to be a special affair. Her friends were bringing along some of the men and boys they had in various stages of feminization. It was time Troy started to mingle with other sissyboys. And Martha got a prescription for birth control pills, but instead of taking them herself, she was grinding them up and putting them in Troy's food.

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**Princess Productions**

**Feminizing Mother and Prodigal Daughter**

## Chapter 6

Michelle didn't get to her present state overnight. Years ago, long before Troy had been born, she had been molested by her father from the time she was a baby until she was a preteen. Her father initiated her into sex and taught her just about everything there was to know about giving him pleasure. He even shared her with his degenerate friends. As she grew older, she knew it was wrong, but it was such a part of her life for so long that she had no idea how to change it, no idea where to turn for help. Perhaps the worst part for Michelle, she was convinced that her mother had a good idea of what her husband was doing to their daughter, but was so thoroughly dominated by the man that she chose not to believe it. That's why, now, Michelle was so wild and so hateful toward her mother.

But Troy was also a victim. He wasn't only clever, he was smart, undoubtedly the smartest one in the entire family. He never really got to know his father because the man dismissed Troy as a sissy from the start. In fact that's what he nicknamed him from the time he was a toddler. Troy was not much older than that when his father was arrested in a motel with four of his buddies gangbanging the then ten-year-old Michelle. All the men had been sent to jail, Mr. Barnhart, got the longest term, but that was only five years with a release for good behavior. He had been out now for over four years, but no one had heard from him since his release.

After the arrest, Mrs. Barnhart tried to compensate for her shortcomings by showering Michelle with as many gifts and pretty clothes as she could afford. She tried to soften her daughter, who had become hardened throughout the years of abuse. As she tried to make a little lady of her daughter, she spoiled her and at the same time neglected little Troy, who grew up idolizing his sister because she got to wear pretty clothes and seemed to get whatever she wanted. He wanted to do everything she did and that had a very feminizing effect on him. Years later, when Michelle finally ran away from home to seek her own brand of happiness, Mrs. Barnhart turned her overcompensating and smothering form of love toward Troy. More than ever, she wasn't going to lose another child to the vicissitudes of life. Troy welcomed the attention, and overnight, they bonded to a mutual love rarely attained by other mothers and sons. And as his mother became fully indoctrinated into radical feminist ideas, her hatred of her husband and disappointment in her daughter turned into a complete dedication to Troy. She certainly didn't want him to grow up to be anything like his father — or like any other man for that matter. More than ever, Troy became brainwashed to the superiority of females and envied everything about them, so when Mable suggested that he wear some of Michelle's old clothes around the house to save money, he wasn't totally opposed to the idea, even though he knew boys weren't supposed to wear girls' clothes. He had always loved his sister and her clothes, and fantasized what it would be like to be a girl. He suffered the reverse of penis envy, but he never fully gave into those desires. In the end, he knew through and through that he was a boy, soon to be a man, and he wanted to be a boy and a man, not a girl or a woman. But now he was becoming more confused than ever because of the sexual relationship he had developed with his mother. He was becoming addicted to her ministrations. He thought it was just happening naturally. He had no idea that his mother was following step-by-step instructions detailed in a book from the feminist bookstore, and he was becoming a textbook example of how to raise a boy femininely so he would be of service to women.

Mable was entering an especially exciting time. Troy had no idea that the next Friday night card party was going to be his 'cumming' out party. To mark the occasion, she called Joyce Mullins and asked if she could borrow the white satin First Communion dress that her son had used at his cumming out party. Joyce was happy to oblige and relayed the excitement all the women were feeling in anticipation of draining Troy's virgin balls.

The next morning before Troy got dressed for school, his mother made him put on a panty girdle over his panties. She wanted to lessen the chances that he would spill his cum before the party. She also dropped him off at school and picked him up every day. She told him that she wanted to guard him against Michelle showing up unexpectedly. However, she was most interested in keeping an eye on him every waking hour to prevent him from masturbating before the party. The women were about to use Troy's masculinity to further subjugate him and forever ensconce him into sissydrom.

*To be continued*

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