

Princess Online

Featured Stories and Letters from
the Princess Productions Website

No.
22

*Adults
Only*



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

Since 1991

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

Features of the Month

December 2000, January, February & March 2001

Note: If you are considering telling someone special about your transgender interests, you might consider using some of the following items in a lighthearted way to bring up the subject and, depending upon his or her reaction, help you decide whether or not to tell them.

Item #1 **Katie on Parade** - [This is a small AVI video file. If you have a slow computer, it may take a little time to download.] Katie, one of our favorite sissyboys, is shown putting on an upskirt panty show for his wife and her friends! *Note: You may have to click on the picture after it downloads to activate this short video.*

Item #2 **Caught at Halloween** [Another short AVI video file.] This time Katie does an imitation of Marilyn Monroe in the Movie Seven Year Itch in which skirt flies up and exposes her lacy panties! *Note: You may have to click on the picture after it downloads to activate this short video.*

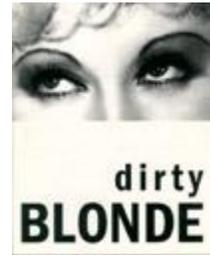
Item #3 **Advice Column** - Interesting item posted on an Internet parental advice column, showing three photos of a little boy, who was dressed in girls' clothes by his two older sisters.

Item #4 **Item #5** **Malena** is a new foreign language coming-of-age film, set in World War II Sicily, about a boy who falls in love with a beautiful young woman. His love drives him to steal a pair of her black lace panties from her clothesline. The following morning he is shown fast asleep with his hands cupped between his legs and the panties over his head. When his father comes in to wake him up, he discovers the panties, beats him and calls him a pervert. The boy flees his room to escape the beating but runs into his mother and sisters. His mother berates him, his one sister thinks the panties make a pretty hat, and his other sister says, "How pretty," as she snatches away the panties and holds them up on display. **Item #4** is a poor copy of a still photo from the movie, showing the boy stealing the panties from the clothesline. **Item #5** is a direct link to the Malena movie site with information about the movie. It used to have a video clip showing the boy stealing the panties and being caught by his family, but Miramax must have pulled the clip because it didn't download the last time we tried it. Nevertheless, it's a nice scene and a good movie, go



see it. It's probably available in video stores by now. *Note: It does take a long time for the full video clip to download.*

Item #6 **Dirty Blonde** - During our recent vacation, we went to Manhattan and had an opportunity to see the Broadway play Dirty Blonde, an entertaining drama/musical by Claudia Shear, who plays Mae West. A middle-age man and woman, who are lifelong fans of the famous sex symbol, comedienne and movie star, meet at Miss West's grave site and, in flashback, tell about their obsession with her. The man tells how he actually got to meet and become a good friend of hers during her final years. At one point, the aging actress (sensing his innermost desires) persuades him to dress up in one of her glamorous outfits and has him parade around the front yard of her house and pretend to be her for a passing tour bus. The man and woman fall in love, and he finally admits to her that he so idolizes Mae West that he loves to dress up like her when he is at home alone. Since a lot of issues about crossdressing and people's reactions to it are realistically explored, it's a good show for you to take that special friend. Note: There is no link to Item #5; it is just presented here for your information. If you're in New York City, go see the show! (We got tickets at the 1/2 price booth.)



Item #7 **Bruno** - We mentioned this movie before. It came out last year and appears periodically on the Starz! TV cable channel. As this review from the Boston Globe shows, the film got positive reviews. Look for it if you get the Starz! channel. If you don't get that cable channel, keep your fingers crossed, it might eventually show up on other cable channels or even in a limited art theater release.

Item #8 **Big Sister!** When your big sister threatens to beat you up if you don't put on some of her fancy clothes and play frilly girls with her, you just do it! "Now get your skirts and slippers up, sissyboy. I want you to make froufrou like a cancan girl! And show me your panties!"

Item #9 **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 them 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 clothes shock them out of their selfish, destructive thinking and make 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 what Watchdoggie! experienced while undergoing petticoat punishment at the hands of the nuns in the Catholic school he attended in the fifth grade.

Item #10

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 "Bill's Humiliation in Panties." In this scene, Bill and his friend Jeff have been sentenced to undergo petticoat punishment in lieu of going to jail. Here the two young men are being teased and humiliated by a group of preschool girls. Each girl gets a chance at spanking the boys' pantied bottoms.

In addition to "Bill's Humiliation in Panties," Carole Jean has published many booklets under the name "Bill," and they include "Henry's Vacation in Panties," "Darwin's Womanhood," "Jeff's Humiliation," and, one of our favorites, "Schooled with Girls." Her latest series of books (and one of her best) is "Beautified Bullies." She now authors books under the name "Carole Jean," and you can purchase all her books directly from her website: <http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

Item #11

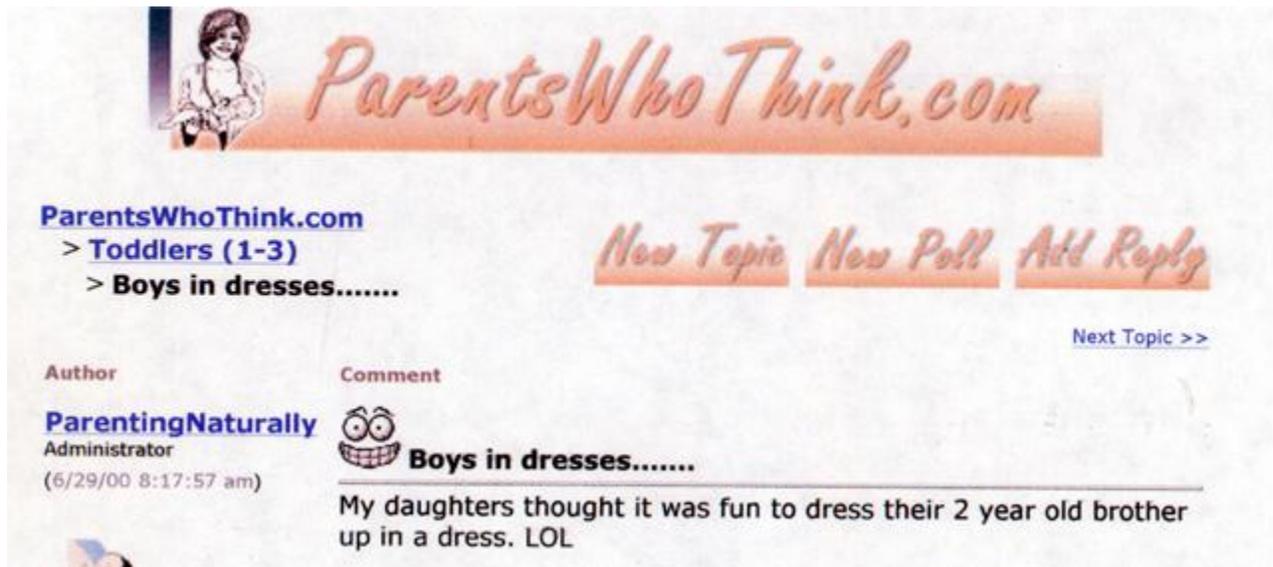
Item #12

Brother and Sister Liven Up Polka Demonstration! Article about a brother and sister team that gave a polka demonstration at an ethnic arts fair.

Item #11 is the article. In Item #12, we took the photo and tried to enhance it a bit to create a clearer picture.

Item #13 **Item #14** **Masquerade!** We have a lot of photos of boys wearing girls' or sissy clothes from costume parties, fancy dress balls, Halloween contests, turnabout parties, etc. and we regularly post some of them here. Item #13 is a boy dressed up as a ballerina for Halloween. With such a skimpy costume, someone should have taught him how to do a better job of tucking away his boy equipment! Item #14 is Jack Federson, who took the prize for the funniest costume at the Calhone County (Minnesota) New Year's Eve Masquerade Party! In full makeup and his sister's tutu, little Jack did an impromptu dance, ending with him flashing everyone his lacy pink panties!

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The screenshot shows a forum post on the website ParentsWhoThink.com. The site's logo is at the top left, featuring a cartoon woman and the text "ParentsWhoThink.com". Below the logo, the navigation path is: "ParentsWhoThink.com > Toddlers (1-3) > Boys in dresses.....". To the right of the navigation path are three buttons: "New Topic", "New Poll", and "Add Reply". Below the navigation path, there is a "Next Topic >>" link. The post itself is by the user "ParentingNaturally", who is identified as the "Administrator" and posted on "6/29/00 8:17:57 am". The post title is "Boys in dresses....." and it includes a smiley face icon. The content of the post is: "My daughters thought it was fun to dress their 2 year old brother up in a dress. LOL".



Check out the shoes on the next one. lol



mom2zach

Parent

(7/5/00 9:25:31 am)



Re: Boys in dresses.....

LOL! 🤔 ! That is so cute! What did your son think of it???

Debbie Zachary 1.19.99 # 2 EDD 12-29-00

ParentingNaturally

Administrator

(7/5/00 12:19:55 pm)



Re: Boys in dresses.....

He loved it actually. He fought me when I tried to take it off. LOL

AnnMarie



FREE book! Click [here](#).

Einfeldt

Parent

(7/6/00 4:24:02 pm)



Re: Boys in dresses.....

Boy is he cute 🤔 I wonder if he'll like these pic's when he gets older 😊

Hugs Heidi Mom to Rasmus 1/14/99 Mathias/Helene edd 8/15/00

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Loganville Field Day Festivities Bring Out Record Crowd

By Staff Reporter Brian Colesworth

Preston - More than 700 people attended the 13th annual Loganville Field Day at Klein Park. Held every Labor Day, the event has been rapidly growing in popularity in recent years.

"People really love it," says Adam Welsh, the chairman of the organizing committee, "because of our focus, which celebrates the ethnic heritage of the Loganville residents.

"We've got great ethnic foods from all these various counties, like Ireland, Poland, France, Italy, Africa, China, you name it, we probably got it!"

Just viewing the long line of diverse speciality food booths suggest that he's probably right.

"Everybody loves the show too," he enthusiastically added. "We've got girls doing Hawaiian dances, a great little lady singing French songs, native American Indians teaching various crafts, a kung fu demonstration . . . something for everybody."

One act that caught the eye of this reporter was the Von Gahls, a brother and sister act that performed a high-spirited polka. The surprise element was that ten-year-old Lana dressed and took the male part, and her eleven-year-old brother, Hubert, took the girl's part. Their dance kept the boy's skirts and white slips swirling up a storm, fully exposing his heavily ruffled, beribboned, white panties.

Another unique act was a remarkable acrobatic act of twin nine-year-old girls from Pakistan. While dancing to native music, they did handstands on their fingertips and



Lana Von Gahl (right) guides her brother, Hubert, through a leaping full turn that sends his skirts flying.

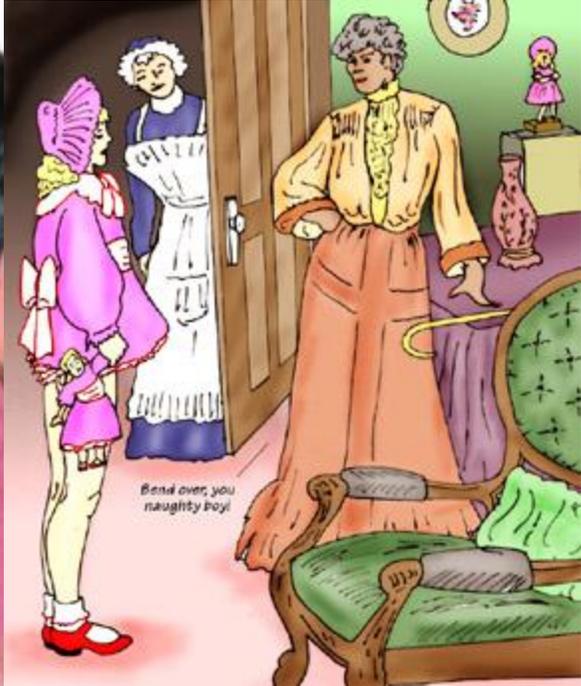
crafts included wallet making and creating photo collages. Children got a chance to use their creative skills and then take home a practical souvenir of the festival.

Next year's event is already being planned. For one, Wesley says that a Belgian brewmaster has moved into the area, and he promises to have ready a variety of fascinating beers for



<http://www.redlightnet.com/princess>





<http://www.redlightnet.com/princess>

April 2000 Letter of the Month

Daniels' New Home

Chapter 1

Good-Bye to Terror

"OK, Danielle, practice your greeting."

"I'm tho pleath to meet you, Mithuth Twem-ble," he said as he dipped into a well-practiced curtsy.

"And what's yer name, boy?"

"My name ith Daniel Lovejoy, and I . . ."

"Danielle! How many times have I done told you! It's Danielle, not Daniel! Stress the 'yell' part of yer name! If you all mess up, boy, Mrs. Tremble will send yer lily white ass back to me, and you'll be licking out toilets to earn your keep!"

"I'm thorry, Mithuth Kluge," Daniel whimpered, nervously fingering the frilly edge of his absurdly short dress. He was shaking with fear and ready to cry at a moment's notice. He didn't want to upset Mrs. Kluge, especially today, since he was on the verge of leaving this abominable place to go to a new foster home.

"Bend over, you miserable child," commanded the big, burly black woman as she rang the buzzer to summon the maid. She picked up a wispy school cane and gave it a few whooshing test swipes through the air.

The turn-of-the-century atmosphere of the house and furnishings perfectly suited Mrs. Kluge, who preferred to live in the past with her Victorian style of dressing and her old-fashioned ideas of strict discipline. A maid, similarly dressed, soon entered and guided Daniel down into a kneeling position before an antique chair. He buried his face in the seat cushion, and she pulled up his full skirt and many petticoats, pulled down his lacy panties then began the arduous task of inching down his overly tight panty girdle.

Tears filled his eyes even before Mrs. Kluge began to beat his butt and thighs with a half dozen brutal cuts. When she was finished he was crying uncontrollably.

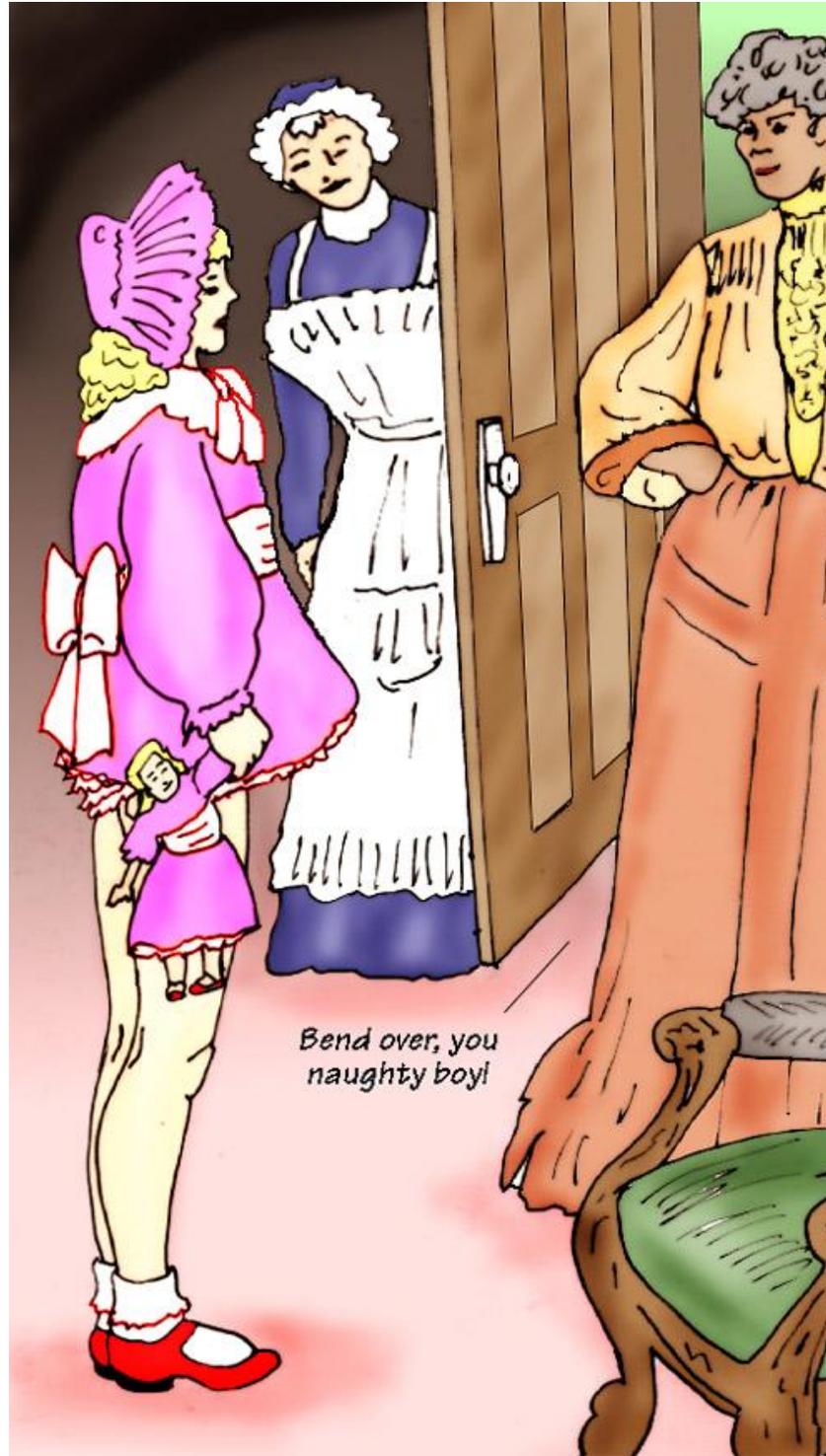
"Now, hush up, boy, and straighten out that dress, yer shameful panties are showin,' and hold yer dolly likes you really loves it, not like some ol' dishrag. Start all over again," the big woman yelled in his face as she towered over him.

"I'm tho pleath to meet you, Mithuth Twemble. My name ith Dan-Yell Lovejoy, and I want to be a good li'l thithy for you."

"Better! Now let me give you one last dose of caster oil," she said as she filled to the brim a huge soup spoon that probably had never been washed, "and then you can go freshen up yer makeup ands straighten all yer bows. And leaves off yer Playtex girdle, boy. Mrs. Peachtree probably wants to sees hows I got you fixed."

Mrs. Kluge held the back of his blonde bewigged head with one hand, and used her other hand to shove the oversized spoon into his mouth. Daniel winced, then gagged on the awful tasting medicine. Now a new fear seized him; he feared the castor oil might make him have a bowel movement before he got to his new foster home! But that problem he'd deal with later. He didn't want to jeopardize his leaving by complaining and upsetting Mrs. Kluge. Having been raised in a half dozen different foster homes, her home was definitely the worst. Anywhere else, he was sure, had to be better than staying there.

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April 2000 Letter of the Month

Daniels' New Home

Chapter 2

The Maid's Special Good-Bye

He went to his room to repair his appearance. Mildred, the maid, was there, but she had other things on her mind.

"Get yourself over here, sissy! I wanna fuck you one last time before you go!" she said while buckling up her strap-on dildo.

Daniel meekly submitted without protest, fearing Mildred would report him as being uncooperative if he refused. He knew the routine and complied, stripping off his dress and petticoats, baby bonnet and wig. He dared not risk damaging them because Mildred loved to be rough with him! He knew she liked him braless so he unsnapped his bra and slid it off his arms. His huge breasts were the result of hormones and implants. They weighed heavily on his chest and were a constant source of great embarrassment. His much-too-tight "suddenly smooth" underwire bra was a demonic device, which imprisoned his big, flabby tits and cut into his tender shoulders. It was always a great relief to take off the very constricting bra, but he was never allowed out of it without permission.

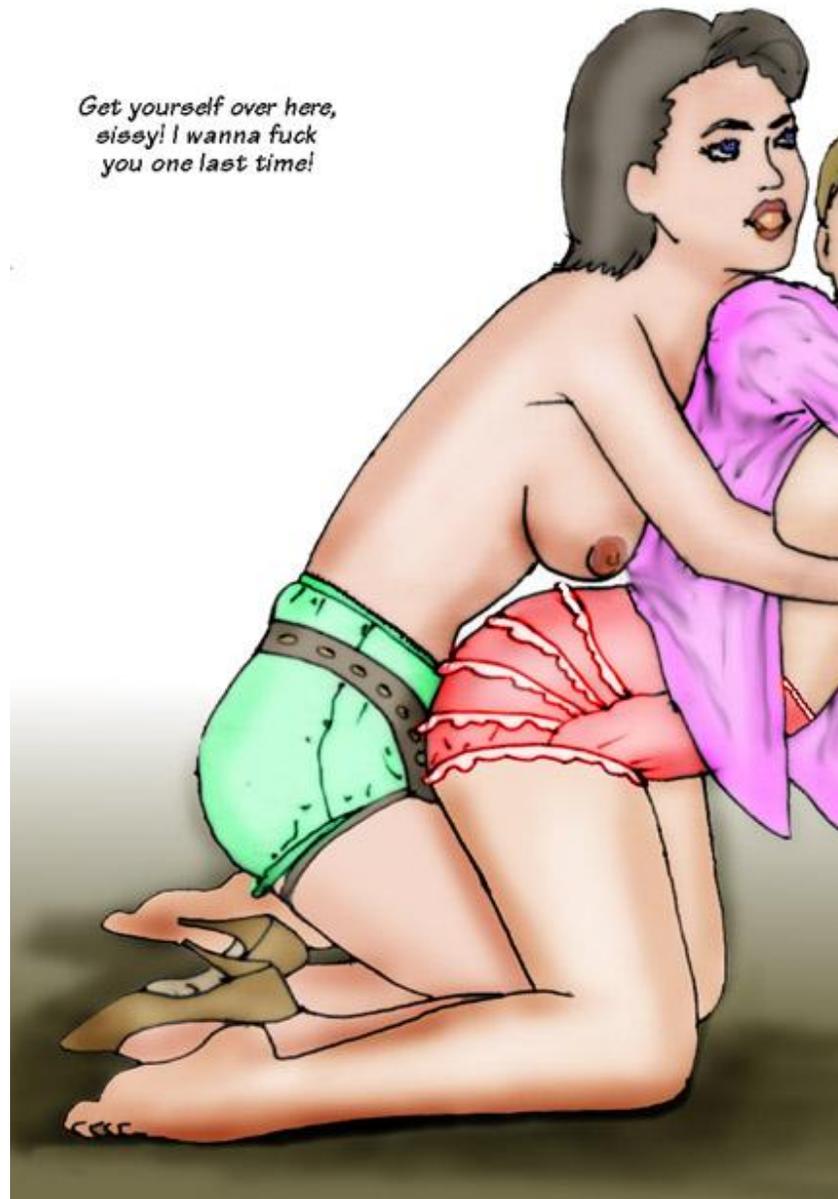
The relief he felt after removing it was short-lived. Mildred was already guiding him down to his knees and bending him over so his fat butt in his big cancan panties was fully exposed to her lecherous delight. She tied his hands together to keep them out of the way, then knelt behind him and pulled aside the leg elastic of his frilly panties. Reaching around him with one hand, she gleefully twisted and pinched his highly sensitive enlarged nipples as she raped him, forcefully thrusting her fake penis in and out of his asshole. The dildo hurt him more than usual. He doubted that she had even lubricated the big fat dildo now digging ever deeper into his body. The other end of the dildo cupped her drooling pussy and as she pumped, she stimulated herself to three orgasms before pulling out of him and pushing him away.

Knowing he had precious little time, he hurried to get ready once Mildred had untied him. Gingerly he sat down at his little-girl-style vanity. Nervously he dried his tears and reapplied his makeup, fearing punishment if his appearance was anything less than perfect. He got back into his dress and petticoats then practiced primping and prancing daintily before his full-length mirror, rehearsing his greeting, fluffing up the rustling layers of his petticoats and neatly arranging the full skirt of his Shirley Temple-like dress. He put his wig back on, tidied up the bows in his hair and on his dress and waited to be summoned.

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Good, lord! A chubby
little sissyboy with
great big titties!



Get yourself over here,
sissy! I wanna fuck
you one last time!

April 2000 Letter of the Month

Daniels' New Home

Chapter 3

Panty Inspection

When Mrs. Kluge called for him to come downstairs, he immediately responded. In the living room, she made him sit with his pantied Teddy bear and on the satin-

cushioned chair that was still damp with his tears. He anxiously twitched and wiggled about because he had never gotten used to all the scratchy lace, silky fabrics and satin bows. Especially when trying to sit still and be totally quiet, he couldn't help but be aware of all his frills tickling and teasing every inch of his soft, feminized body. In his attempt to keep still and not enrage Mrs. Kluge, he occupied his mind by trying to imagine how Mrs. Peachtree was going to react upon seeing him, compared to how he looked months ago when she had dropped him off with Mrs. Kluge to be beat feminized.

The maid's knock at the door awoke him from his thoughts and his unconscious fidgeting. She admitted Mrs. Peachtree, his State-appointed guardian, who immediately approached him and stared at him in awe.

"Daniel? Is . . . is that . . . really you? Oh, my gosh! It is you, isn't it?"

Knowing how ridiculous he looked, Daniel felt tears quickly returning to his mascara-edged eyes. He tried to hold down the fullness of his short skirt to modestly cover the embarrassing mound of frilly, starched white petticoats that puffed up his much-too-short dress. He hoped his lacy pink panties were well hidden underneath. But even more embarrassing than his sissy clothes was the physical condition of his body. As much as possible, he sucked in his stomach so as not to appear as a puffy, overweight crybaby. He hunched his shoulders and drew in his chest as he tried to disguise his huge, tightly brassiered breasts. His attempts to minimize his ridiculous, feminized state ended the moment Mrs. Kluge demanded that he stand up so their guest could get a good look at him.

In the process of being girlyfied and trained, he had been subjected to intense physical and mental abuse. Mrs. Kluge's paddle, whip and cane along with the humiliations of every imaginable sort had completely broken his resistance and forced him to comply. Despite his embarrassment, his automated responses took. He jumped to his feet, held himself erect and thrust out his girlishly full breasts. He blushed deeply as he displayed himself as the babyish, overweight girlie-boy that he knew he was.

It was most embarrassing for him when anyone stared at his flabby, girlishly soft body. Since Mrs. Peachtree had last seen him, he had been force fed a high calorie diet and administered massive doses of female hormones. He had gained over sixty pounds. For the formerly trim, well-muscled and athletic juvenile delinquent, he was now a fat, wimpy, spongy soft, sissy. His belly and butt had swelled to twice their former size. His testicles had been pushed back up into his body. His empty ball sack and penis had been plastered back between his legs with Crazy Glue and left to atrophy. Taking a piss was a messy affair. He had to squat and patiently wait for the piss to travel through his tortured, hampered penis. It resulted in a thin, weak stream that gathered in intensity only if he was he was able to totally relax and let himself go. Erections were painful. In its glued-down position, the more his penis tried to erect, the more painful it became.

Unable to stop his tears and stand perfectly still for their inspection, he began nervously biting his lip, only to remember that he'd be punished severely if he wore off his bright Valentine red lipstick. Since he didn't get to meet people very often, he had forgotten himself, forgotten to give their guest a proper greeting. Mrs. Kluge reprimanded him for his lack of manners.

Immediately, he sank down into a deep and proper curtsy, but rather than just delicately holding his full skirt in a fanlike pose, he did exactly what he had been trained to do. He thoroughly humiliated himself by hurriedly whisking upward the fullness of his skirt and bountiful slips. But he didn't stop pulling them upward until they were all the way up to his chin, which exposed his fat, peachy-pink little belly peeking out above the elastic band of his childishly frilly, high-waisted, pink cancan panties.

His chubby girlish body now fully revealed in the fussy, frilly panties caused Mrs. Peachtree to laugh, but then she approached him, stared directly into his panty crotch and frowned. Noticing the lack of any bulge in his panties, she groped at the silk and lace and frills between his legs, then looked at Mrs. Kluge with a puzzled expression on her face.

"You didn't, did you?" she asked in amazement as she continued to grope him.

"Oh, no, dearie. I didn't hack off his precious little jewels. He's still got 'em, but I have 'em well hidden."

"But, but what did you do with them?"

"It's a special little thing I do these days.

"Danielle, strip down to yer bra and panties."

Daniel just closed his eyes and tried not to look at Mrs. Peachtree as he quickly removed his bonnet, wig, dress and petticoats.

"Oh, my god!" she squealed. "Are those . . . are those breasts real?"

"Off with the bra, sissy!" Mrs. Kluge commanded. "I gives him a shot every week, and I gots a doctor friend thats does a good job on boys with the implants."

With his face blushing so deeply that even his heavy coat of makeup couldn't disguise it, he unsnapped and slipped off his bra like a woman who had been doing it for years.

"Wow! I don't go for girls, but I'm actually getting excited at this!" Mrs. Peachtree screeched.

"And . . . and," she started to say, but before she could get the words out, Mrs. Kluge interrupted.

"Off with the panties, boy!"

Daniel slipped his panties down his legs and cried quietly as he was forced over the chair so Mrs. Peachtree could see his penis and balls neatly pulled back between his legs and glued to his body.

"I usually keeps him wrapped up tightly in nice little panty girdle, but I knews you'd like to have a look at how I got him fixed up."

"Absolutely remarkable! I can't wait to show the Trembles. They're not going to believe this! I think Daniel, I mean DaniELLE, is a new high mark for your bad boy transformations!"

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The greatest thrill Mrs. Rochester had in years was spanking the hell out of this big titted, fat little sissyboy's pertied ass!



Good, lord! A chubby little sissyboy with great big titties!



April 2000 Letter of the Month

Daniels' New Home

Chapter 4

The Most Painful Pleasure

Mrs. Peachtree delighted in helping Daniel step back into his panties. After she pulled the panties all the way up, she busied herself with straightening out the elastics and smoothing out the fabric. It's not often that a woman gets to panty a boy, and she was enjoying every moment. But all of her fussing around with those teasingly soft panties affected Daniel. All of a sudden, she noticed that he was both wincing and breathing deeply like he was becoming aroused.

"Oh, dear!" she said with surprise. "I do believe the poor boy is getting excited!"

But she didn't stop toying with his panties. Instead she reached between his thighs and began massaging the silky panties against his trapped penis. He reacted by wiggling, weaving back and forth and moaning.

"Be careful, it hurts him when he starts to get hard. He can't stand the pain. Oops! There he goes!"

At that moment, Mrs. Kluge recognized his gyrations and screams. He was cumming. But cumming for him was intensely painful, but it had been so long since he had squirted his nasty little boy juice that he had been brought to orgasm with just a few well-placed strokes. The pain was so intense that he fell to the floor and screamed like he was burning in hot coals. Then it was over. He lay there in a heap, totally depleted, a sticky wet spot oozing out of the back of his pink rhumba panties.

For a moment, Mrs. Kluge seemed to feel sorry for the poor boy. She knew that cumming for him was intensely painful. She helped him to his feet. Mildred rushed out and returned with a damp cloth and a fresh pair of panties, pretty yellow ones with white lace going across the back. The three women worked together soothing him, helping him out of his dirty panties and washing away his dirty spunk from between his ass cheeks. They had him step into the clean pair of sweet yellow panties.

Then things quickly returned to normal.

"You knows you gots to be punished for shootin' off that juice of yours in this house!" Mrs. Kluge yelled. "Time for a spankin!"

"Mind if I do it?" Mrs. Peachtree asked.

"You goes right ahead, honey."

She walked Daniel over to the couch, sat down and pulled him over her lap. She had seen the marks on his butt and thighs and knew he was a well-spanked boy. But he was a sissy who cried with the slightest pain. As she spanked him, he cried loudly, shedding layers of tears even though she was only using her hand. As she repeatedly

hit him, she looked over this fat little boy's body, well beaten and hung with a full set of tits! The cruel red marks on his back and shoulders from his extremely restrictive underwire bra made her smile. She never knew a bra could be an instrument of torture! And she smiled because it gave her such an intense feeling of power to be hitting away at this spongy soft, feminized boy.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

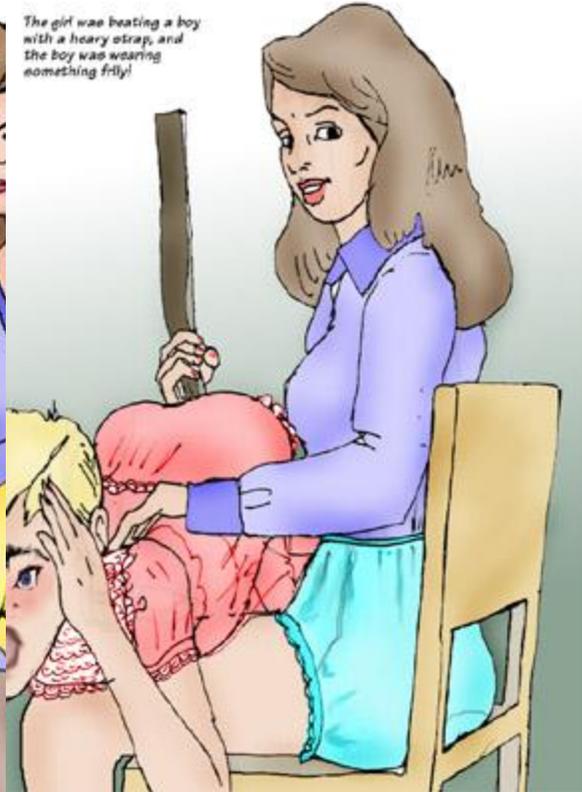
This was the most exciting thing she had done in years. She became so carried away that she kept spanking him until her hand became totally numb. When she finally finished, she was completely exhausted. She pushed him off her lap and had to just sit still for a few minutes to catch her breath and regain her composure.

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The greatest thrill Mrs Peachtree had in years was spanking the hell out of this big titted, fat little sissyboy's pantied ass!



The girl was beating a boy with a heavy strap, and the boy was wearing something frilly!



April 2000 Letter of the Month

Daniels' New Home

Chapter 5

Hello to New Horrors

Daniel had mixed emotion as he said good-bye to Mrs. Kluge. He was thankful that he was leaving her god-awful house, yet he feared the unknown, wondering what his new foster home would be like. Since he would be arriving there fattened up like a cow for slaughter, shamelessly emasculated and dressed like the ultimate sissy, he knew he was headed for more bad experiences.

Just as he had been trained to do, he remained quiet as they drove to his new home. But Mrs. Peachtree was an incessant talker and her ongoing patter provided the answers to many of his questions about his destination.

Daniel was interested in what she was saying, but he had a hard time concentrating on her words because he felt distant rumblings inside his bowels; the castor oil was already working! Moreover, he had caught his dress on the door as they had left the house. No one else had seen it, but he had put a little tear in his dress and a strip of the ruffled lace had been pulled apart from the skirt. He knew that if anyone noticed the tear, he would be severely punished. So fear of the evil medicine doing its work and fear of being discovered with a tear in his dress made him sniffle and whimper as they sped along and caused tears to well up and keep his eyes red and watery.

"The Trembles are very wealthy people," she explained. "Even though Mr. Tremble doesn't need the money, he still works as a schoolmaster. He says he does it because all the rewards it affords him. It's a small, very exclusive school. You'll be going there along with their two lovely daughters, who are fifteen and sixteen. And since you're just fourteen, they'll be ahead of you in school. Nevertheless, you'll attend their classes, be their constant companion, and expected to tend to them in any way they require. Oh, yes, they have two other children, a thirteen-year-old boy, who's just beginning refinement training. You are expected to be an example to him. They also have a six-year-old girl, a little princess, who sometimes seems to be running the whole household! Sarah is her name, the sweetest little thing, but what a headstrong and forceful little dynamo. She wants to be a doctor when she grows up, and she already uses her brother to play her little doctor-patient games. She'll probably be probing your orifices with regularity too! Oh, and you are expected to be completely subservient to all of the Tremble children, that includes the boy and little Sarah too!"

As she kept herself busy driving and talking, he could no longer ignore the pain caused by his extremely tight brassiere. Discreetly, he reached inside the top of his dress and inserted his fingers under the bra straps to get momentary relief from the biting pain. Every day he examined the redness and grooves caused by the sadistically shortened shoulder straps; his flesh was being worn raw and he feared permanent disfiguration.

"I don't think I have to remind you that if you don't measure up, it'll be back to Mrs. Kluge's, and I'm sure you don't want that."

The subject of being taken back to that horrid place diverted Daniel's attention from his current woes.

"I shouldn't be telling you this, but there was one boy I had to take back to her. People have no idea what happened to him. He was reported missing over a year ago. She says he ran away, reported it to the authorities and all, but I know better. Mrs. Kluge has a sister who runs a whorehouse in the inner city. They got him working there as a human toilet and douche bag. Secondhand cum, period flows, and juicy shit sticks all washed down with liberal amounts of hot piss are his complete diet. When

Mrs. Kluge first took him there, he was even fatter then you, almost 200 pounds. The last I heard he was down to less than 90 pounds and begging them to let him die!"

Daniel listened in horror to her story, but as he thought about it, he was sure that it was just a story to scare him into complete obedience. Maybe it was supposed to scare him, but he reacted differently. Being a castoff orphan, no one knew how old he was, but he was sure he was older than fourteen, the age registered with the State. At fourteen, he was destined to be a ward of the State for four more years, and that only made him want to run away all the more. He had been constantly under guard, locked away and isolated from most other people at Mrs. Kluge's, and at this new home—as bad as it might be—it sounded like he would be mixing with others, maybe even allowed out in public at times. The terror of being seen by other people scared him, but he convinced himself that under such circumstances, eventually, some type of opportunity would arise that would afford him the chance to run away.

By the time they arrived, Daniel was really squirming from the effects of the castor oil. He was thankful he had been strong enough to hold off the inevitable. As they pulled into the gated driveway of the Tremble estate, the lush trees and beautifully manicured gardens were a contrast to Mrs. Kluge's dingy old Victorian house and made him forget about his problems for the moment.

He nervously fingered the little tear in his dress, holding it closed, hoping it would remain unnoticed as he stared in the distance at the sprawling two-story mansion that they were approaching. A dozen huge pillars spanned the front of this palatial home. A butler appeared to help them out of the car with their things. He condescendingly stared at the boy in the elaborately frilly dress. Daniel blushed furiously. He was a feminized clown, a big ball of purple, pink and white frills, and it never failed to embarrass him. The butler chortled back his reaction and tried to keep a straight face, but when someone tries his darndest to hold back riotous laughter, it is usually unmistakably obvious to the intended target. And Daniel felt his laughter even if he didn't hear it. He feared he was in for a lot of teasing and taunting. But, compared to where he had been, if that's all he'd have to put up with, that would be tolerable, yet something told him he would be subjected to a lot more than that.

The butler escorted them into the house. The vestibule was a grand anteroom where several corridors converged. Statuary and immense urns filled with fresh-cut flowers gave warmth and beauty to the marble, chrome and mirrored interior, which glistened with palatial grandeur. A dominating, wide spiral staircase was the focal point of the room, and as they entered, Mr. and Mrs. Tremble were coming down the stairs. Daniel was distracted by the dazzling grandeur of his surroundings as well as his concern with hiding the tear in his dress and finding a toilet. He had forgotten his manners as Mrs. Peachtree introduced him to the Trembles. He didn't curtsy, and he didn't remember the greeting he had been forced to memorize. Left standing meekly alone in the center of the room, he watched as Mrs. Tremble smiled mockingly at him then took a leisurely walk around him to look him over from all angles.

Being the center of attention made him very self-conscious. Still masking the torn lace, he fidgeted with the hem of his babyish dress, smiled uneasily, and hoped his dress and petticoats weren't rumped up from the long drive.

Throughout this impromptu inspection, Mrs. Peachtree was telling him how fair, gentle and loving Mrs. Tremble was.

Hearing that, Daniel was greatly relieved. In fact, it emboldened him to ask, "Ma'am, if you please, it's been a long drive, and I need to use the toilet . . ."

"Whack!" was the sound that reverberated off the hard Italian marble walls. Mrs. Tremble had quickly advanced upon the impertinent boy and, without warning, soundly slapped him across his puffy, baby face.

"Yes, I am fair, gentle and loving," she said, "but those things have to be earned! I'm also very strict with sissyboys who talk out of turn. Exactly who gave you permission to talk?"

The shock and terror of the moment caught Daniel completely off guard. All he could do was caress his stinging cheek, sink to his knees and beg to be forgiven.

"Ok, up with you, you miserable, spoiled little sissy. I hope this was just a misunderstanding and not what I'm going to have to put up with from you," she said in a stern, forceful voice. "And where are your manners? Didn't they even teach you how to greet a lady where you came from?"

Daniel, caught up in the moment, immediately righted himself before his newest benefactor. Hoping to remedy the situation, he got fully to his feet, grabbed the delicate lace hem of his sissy purple dress along with the multiple layers of his pristine white petticoats and hoisted them all the way up to his chin as he executed a deep and perfect curtsy.

"Please forgive me, madam. I'm just a thimble-minded thithy and beg you to punish me in any way you wish for being a bad li'l thithy," he said with his bright yellow panties now fully on display.

"Holy glory, child! Where'd you ever get such ridiculously frilly panties? Wait until my boy sees those! But I thought you were a boy! What's going on here, Peachtree? I don't see anything between this sissy's legs."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Tremble, it's a boy all right. Well, I mean it still has its boy parts, cleverly hidden mind you, but with its breast development and hidden penis and testicles, we should refer to him as an 'it,' neither a boy or a girl, just some sissified toy from the fringes of humanity."

"Really! I can't wait to look at what has been done to him—I mean 'it!'" She laughed before adding, "I think this 'it' is going to be a lot of fun. Maybe I can learn a few things that I can use elsewhere," she said as she smiled and looked toward her husband.

With a pained and puzzled expression on his face, he just nodded toward his wife, grumbled a few words and then walked down a long corridor and disappeared behind a one of its many doors.

"You'll have to forgive my husband, he has a limited appreciation for sissies. He thinks they're totally useless except for one thing . . . well, more about that later. I had requested aissy boy because I'm beginning to feminize my son, Dickie. Well, instead of talking about him, I suppose now is as goods as time as any. Follow me. Let me introduce you to the children."

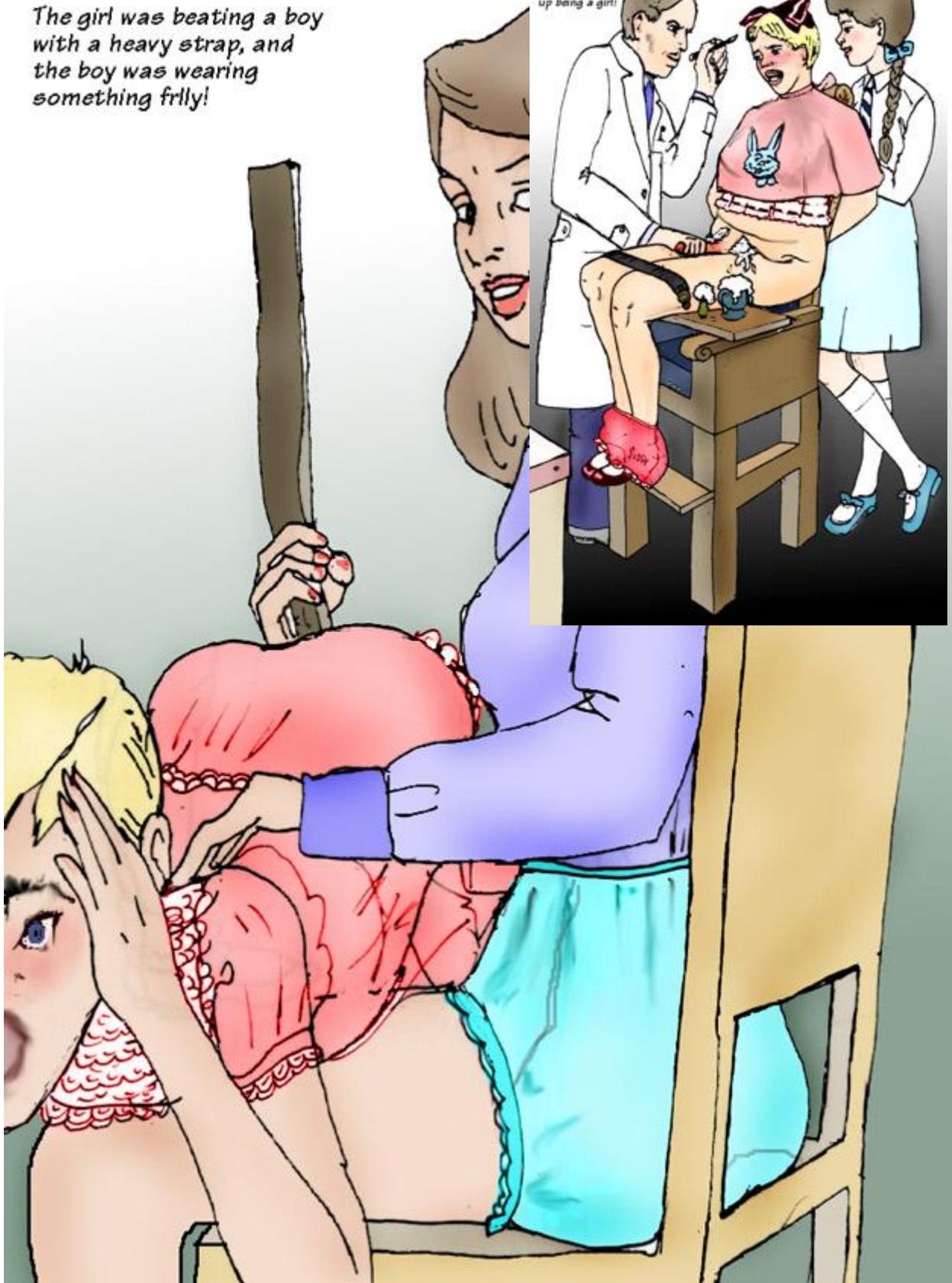
She led Mrs. Peachtree and Daniel down another one of those corridors. When she stopped and opened a door, sounds of a spanking in progress greeted their ears.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Monica. I didn't know you were disciplining Dickie," she said. "We won't interrupt you. We'll see you later."

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The girl was beating a boy with a heavy strap, and the boy was wearing something frilly!

Now hold still or you will end up being a girl!



April 2000 Letter of the Month

Daniels' New Home

Chapter 6

Life is Full of Surprises

"Dickie, our son," Mrs. Tremble explained, "has been going through a difficult stage lately, teenage rebellion and all that—but thank goodness, I have three competent daughters that make it their duty to correct him whenever he strays."

While that door had been open, Daniel got a momentary glimpse inside. He saw a pretty young girl not much older than himself cruelly spanking a boy with a thick strap. The boy appeared to be wearing something frilly, and there were other people in the background.

"Shit," he thought to himself, "another sissified boy!"

Then on second thought he realized that maybe that wasn't so bad. After all, with another sissyboy in the house, there might be less pressure on him to perform like a feminized circus clown. He'd have company, someone who might sympathize with his situation, and maybe even someone who could help him escape!

Mrs. Tremble seemed to have sympathy for him at that moment. She led him to a bathroom and told him he could use it since he had to relieve himself so urgently. As they stood directly in front of him, it was obvious that they weren't about to leave him alone. Immediately, he realized that modesty was a privilege that he wasn't going to have in this house. His face blushed a bright red as he hoisted up his dress and slaps and tugged down his panties. Underneath, Mrs. Tremble was pleased to see him trussed up in a panty girdle.

"My oh my! How cute," she commented! "A Playtex 18-hour girdle. I haven't seen one of those in years! In all that time, I don't think they've changed it one bit!"

The women laughed but didn't offer to help as Daniel fought with the hot, very tight girdle, now glued to his hips by his sweat after the long road trip.

"Wiggles his hips most femininely," Mrs. Peachtree chuckled. "I wonder: While struggling to get into or out of a tight panty girdle, would wiggle that femininely? Or does one have to be quite feminine in the first place to able to wiggle like that?"

Mrs. Tremble laughed along with her, and then added, "I don't know, but it's sure fun to watch!"

Louder more uproarious laughter greeted Daniel as the humiliating garment finally gave way to his tugging and his plump little belly plopped fully into view.

Just as he was about to sit on the throne, Mrs. Peachtree called out to him.

"Oh, Daniel, before you sit down, Mrs. Tremble wants to see how cleverly your little jewels are tucked away. Hold still while I give her a look."

Daniel had been so close to evacuating his bowels. Now, faced with this horrifying interruption, moment by moment, it became more and more unbearable to hold back. He thought he'd die when they smacked his inner thighs and told him to spread his legs a bit so they could get a good look. Not satisfied with him standing, they made him lean over a makeup bench for an even closer inspection. Lying on his full tummy, the pressure grew by the moment.

"Remarkable, everything packed away so nice and neat," Mrs. Tremble said with admiration. "And he—I mean 'it'— can still pee satisfactorily with the penis bent all the way back like that? Amazing! This should be very educational for my son. After seeing something like this, I know he'll think twice about disobeying the girls and me. You know, he's at that age where he's just starting to masturbate. He's been such a naughty boy lately. I'm finding his cum stains everywhere. I punish him all the time but haven't been able to make a lot of progress. After seeing something like this, I think he'll be careful about spilling his seed without my permission!

"I see Danielle's pubic hair has been trimmed to a girlish "V," she continued, "but I insist that he have it shaved off altogether. Much more hygienic, you know. Tomorrow, we'll take him to the barber."

Just then Daniel started to moan and groan violently. He struggled to his feet, hampered by the tight panty girdle and frilly panties twisted around his ankles. He made it to the toilet and threw on it just in time. The women didn't reprimand him from taking the initiative. Instead they just stood and gleefully watched him, their full attention fixated on his farting, moaning and thunderous evacuation. His immediate relief was followed by a light tinkling sound, then a steady, high-pitched whizzing sound. As he pissed urgently, they made him lift up from the toilet seat so they could watch him as he relieved himself. He didn't want to lift up because he knew what would happen, but he dared not refuse them. They both laughed as they saw his piss, pressurized into a thin stream from the distortion of his penis, shooting from between his legs down and back, spraying wildly and making a mess as they made him move around so they could view it from every angle. Pissing with his penis pinned back between his ass cheeks with crazy glue was an agonizingly long and slow way to go. It seemed to take forever.

If that whole episode didn't convince him that it wasn't going to be easy living in the Tremble's house, he was on the verge of finding out. Early the next morning he was humiliated beyond belief when he was dressed in exceedingly sissified clothes and taken out in public to the barber shop in the mall to have his pubic hair completely shaved off.

The end of this episode.

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Now hold still
or you will end
up being a girl!

