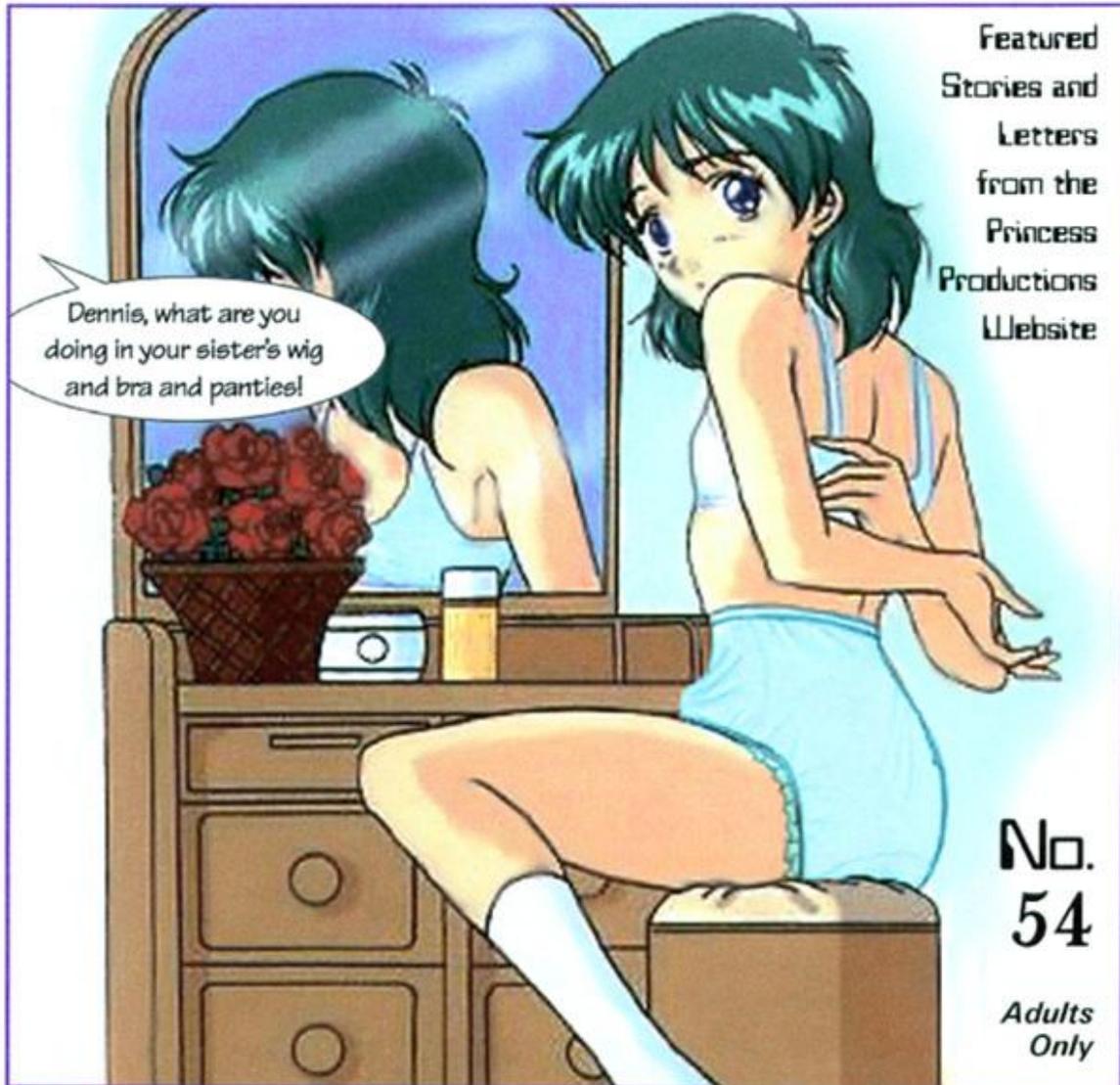


# Princess Online



Featured  
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from the  
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Productions  
Website

No.  
54

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. Items range from "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

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# Carole Jean

Each month, Carole Jean, a good friend and popular author of forced crossdressing stories, gives us permission to Princessize a drawing from one of her many publications. By "Princessize," we mean that we colorize and sometimes artistically alter the drawing. At times we only make a few minor changes, and at other times, we make a lot of changes -- all designed to reflect our (and we hope our loyal followers') interests.

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's newest book, "Schooled to Be Girls: Norm" In this scene, Norm and his fellow feminized students are forced to be cheerleaders at a basketball game at his old high school. In addition to the cheerleader uniform, they also have to wear makeup and regular nylon lace panties under their skirts instead of the traditional heavy uniform panties, and they are shown here getting ready in the dressing room!

All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits and girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. The most distinctive feature of Carole Jean's books is the abundance of artwork. She has an exceptionally talented artist illustrate almost every other page of her stories.

Carole Jean has published books both under the name Carole Jean and under the name "Bill."

The Carole Jean books include: "Bound to Be a Maid", "Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", "Crave X -- A Wife's Revenge", "The Sarah School", and "The Male Maid Book of ABC's."

The Bill books include: "Bill's Humiliation in Panties", "Henry's Vacation in Panties", "Darwin's Womanhood", "Jeff's Humiliation", and two of our favorites: "Beautified Bullies" and "Schooled with Girls." You can purchase all her books directly from her website: <http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

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## Watchdoggie!

It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout 'family values' and left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: errant males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be contained and constantly monitored. The way to save humanity from itself is to stop those hormones from ruining our men and boys, who in turn are ruining our world.

These radical groups advocate making grassroots changes right in their own communities, schools, churches and homes. They see the problem at its worst in

young boys approaching or in the early stages of puberty, many of whom have difficulty controlling their actions because they cannot handle the hormones surging throughout their bodies. And if such boys aren't kept in check, they risk becoming abusive, disgusting and worthless members of society. The way to cure them, these radical groups maintain, is to subdue them with a good dose of panty and petticoat discipline. Therefore, males who can't conduct themselves in a proper manner are forced into fancy dresses and frilly lingerie. Such clothing shocks them out of their selfish, destructive thinking and makes them receptive to learning how to act properly. Lessons that, the leaders of this movement insist, will serve the boys throughout their lifetime.

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns and the girls in his fifth grade Catholic school during the 1950s. He still vividly recalls every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet that experience also taught him that our society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys. Radical groups bent upon destroying the male world circulate propaganda to their followers. Watchdoggie! monitors these groups, who are working to destroy present-day society! After almost 50 years, Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the pain and anguish he suffered undergoing petticoat punishment. As therapy, he creates petticoat punishment pictures that he can identify with, images that illustrate what happened to him, and one of his pictures we present above. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being punished in a dress and panties.

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**Masquerade**

When Terry wanted to attend his little sister's all-girl birthday party, Marsha said he could, but he'd have to dress up like a girl. And he did! Right down to the silky panties!

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## Dressed to Kill

By Mark Scheffler, SLATE.COM

Few things exemplify the chaos of Liberia more than the sight of doped-up, AK-47-wielding 15-year-olds roaming the streets decked out in fright wigs and tattered wedding gowns. Indeed, some of the more fully accessorized soldiers in Charles Taylor's militia even tote dainty purses and don feather boas. Why did this practice begin and what is the logic behind it?

THE CROSS-DRESSING combatants blipped onto the Western press's radar screen right around the time the Liberian Civil War started on Christmas Eve in 1989.

During Taylor's rebel siege on Monrovia in the '90s, his band of dolled-up marauders -- aka the National Patriotic Front of Liberia -- put on one of the most disturbing horror shows the planet has ever seen. Between 1989 and 1997, 150,000 Liberians were murdered, countless others were mutilated, and 25,000 women and girls were raped.

The NPFL's shock-and-awe antics were apparent from the very start of the conflict. In an essay in *Liberian Studies Journal*, an administrator at Cuttington University College tells a story of Taylor's forces storming the rural campus during the initial stages of the war in "wedding [dresses], wigs, commencement gowns from high schools and several forms of 'voodoo' regalia. ... [They] believed they could not be killed in battle."

### SHOCK AND AWE

According to the soldiers themselves, cross-dressing is a military mind game, a tactic that instills fear in their rivals. It also makes the soldiers feel more invincible. This belief is founded on a regional superstition which holds that soldiers can "confuse the enemy's bullets" by assuming two identities simultaneously. Though the accoutrements and garb look bizarre to Western eyes, they are, in a sense, variations on the camouflage uniforms and face paint American soldiers use to bolster their sense of invisibility (and, therefore, immunity) during combat. Since flak jackets or infrared goggles aren't available to the destitute Liberian fighters, they opt for evening gowns and frilly blouses.

The cross-dressing "dual identity" isn't just a source of battlefield bravado, though. Cross-

dressing has deep historical roots in West African rites-of-passage rituals involving "medicine men" who would recommend wearing masks, talismans, and bush attire as a means of obtaining mystical powers. Rebels dressed in gowns and wigs and adorned with bones, leaves, and other "forest culture" trappings are practicing a modern variation on this technique of using symbolic "clothing" to access sources of power far stronger than their own.

And in common Liberian initiation rituals -- which exist in memory throughout the country, if not always in practice -- a boy's passage to adulthood is symbolically represented by the donning of female garb. He must first pass through a dangerous indeterminate zone between male and female identity before finally becoming a man. A soldier dressed in women's clothes -- or Halloween masks, or shower caps, etc. -- on the battlefield is essentially asserting that he's in a volatile in-between state. The message it sends to other soldiers is, "Don't mess with me, I'm dangerous."

Liberia's adult warlords appropriated and updated these rites-of-passage rituals in order to form tight-knit proxy fighting forces. The strongmen persuaded impoverished youths to join their battalion by offering them the chance to be part of a secret society and attain supernatural powers. In a country where the young had few if any options, this was seen as an opportunity to "be somebody."

#### POSTER CHILDREN FOR WAR

After Charles Taylor's Cuttington University attack, other offshoot Liberian militias vying to control the country embarked upon similar gender-bending rampages. One of the more notorious henchmen of the era was Joshua Milton Blahyi, a commander whose nom de guerre was "General Butt Naked." Hired for his ferocity by rebel leader and Taylor contemporary Roosevelt Johnson, his "Butt Naked Battalion" consisted of drug-fueled teens who went into battle in flowing dresses and colorful wigs. The general himself reportedly wore only laced-up boots and his weapon.

Not surprisingly, these troops became poster children for the war. Dressed in gowns and shower caps and "fortified by amphetamines, marijuana and palm wine [they] sashayed irresistibly for photographers," writes Bill Berkely in *The Graves Are Not Yet Full: Race, Tribe and Power in the Heart of Africa*. "Liberia's fifteen minutes of infamy seemed to spring full-blown out of the most sensational Western images of Darkest Africa."

Today, some 14 years after Taylor's troops first began their march toward Monrovia, Blahyi has put his clothes back on and supposedly found God. Roosevelt Johnson, who tortured former Liberian president Samuel K. Doe to death in 1990 and recorded it on video, is talking about returning from exile in Nigeria with a promise to solve problems with "elections, not guns" once Taylor is gone. And Taylor himself is sitting in his Monrovia compound being shelled by new bands of rebels wearing bathrobes.



Mark Scheffler is a writer living in Chicago.

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## Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: George

This month, we present the picture of eleven-year-old George, another one of Ma Kelly's boys.

Ma Kelly was crazy. Nobody disputes that. Still everyone loved her and didn't question her ways. She was a heavysset woman who had owned the local dry goods store for over thirty years. When she retired from the store, she hired a string of others to run the store for her, but one-by-one she fired them all. Some she caught stealing, some didn't treat customers with proper respect, and the others just didn't do things the way she wanted them done.

So she looked for something else to do that didn't require her to get up early in the morning (she loved to sleep in) or stock shelves (she had a bad knee and it was getting worse). She tried opening a baby-sitting service. It went well but she almost immediately barred taking any toddlers because she wasn't into changing diapers, and she soon stopped taking care of preschool kids because she couldn't take her eyes off them for a second otherwise they'd get into some kind of trouble or start fighting with each other. But she did find her niche overseeing boys after school, and since the school was only doors away from her home, it was an ideal set-up. The boys were in the six- to twelve-year-old category, and she could control them with a minimum of supervision, leaving her a lot of time to watch her daily soap operas and game shows.

Just as she was starting to have success with her babysitting service, she had an opportunity to sell the dry goods store. The sale went fine, but the last manager of the store had mistakenly ordered a gross (12 dozen) each of girls' pink tops and pink rhumba panties instead of just one dozen of each. The new owner didn't want to be burdened with this inventory since it was just a small country store and would take a long time to sell off that much merchandise. So not knowing what she was going to do with them, Ma Kelly deleted them from the store's inventory and took them home with her prior to the sale.

The babysitting service was going along fine. Ma took in boys after school and

watched over them until their parents got off work and came to pick them up. The day one of the boys got himself all dirty playing in the mud; she made him take a shower and washed his clothes. She didn't have any clothes for him to wear while his things were being washed and dried. That is until she remembered the boxes full of panties and tops left over from the store, so she dressed him in a pink top and pink rhumba panties. That boy was Donald Tierski (he was pictured on our march 2003 website). Realizing that boys are built a little differently than girls, she had him put the rhumba panties on backward to afford him a little more room in front. Donald didn't like the idea of dressing in those clothes, but when she explained she had nothing else for him to wear, he blushingly agreed. Like most of the boys she took care of, Donald was a farm boy used to minding his parents, so he went along with her with barely a tear in his eyes.

Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics, and they didn't quiet down until Ma Kelly gave them her famous evil look and severely bawled them out. Donald was normally a very active and destructive child. He'd break just about everything he touched. But after being put into the panties, he became quite withdrawn, gentle and docile. Ma was amazed at the transformation. Despite being told not to tease Donald, the other boys couldn't resist the temptation, and whenever Ma Kelly wasn't around, they got on Donald's case. After finding Donald crying because of all the teasing, Ma made all the boys take off their clothes. Then she put them all in pink tops and silky rhumba panties. She reasoned that they wouldn't make fun of Donald if all of them were dressed just like he was dressed. It worked! Not only that, all the boys became very quiet and sweet. They only talked in whispers and sat quietly on the floor watching television with her (her soap operas and game shows) and didn't fight with each other.

Once Donald's clothes were dry, Ma didn't let him change back into them until his mother showed up to pick him up. When she saw Donald and all the other boys in pink tops and panties, she was puzzled, but Ma explained to her what had happened and Mrs. Tierski understood, and when Ma told her how the girls' clothes made all the boys so much more manageable, Donald's mother laughed but said it did make sense. Then Ma got her okay to use girls' clothes on Donald anytime it was needed. Ma carried on that some conversation with each mother or father as they came to

pick up their boy. All the parents had known and loved Ma for years and didn't question how she wanted to treat the boys, especially since she got them all to be such sweet little kids within such a short period of time.

Well, within days, pink tops and sissy pink rhumba panties were the standard uniform for all the boys in her care. From the moment they walked into her door they had to change into their girlie clothes, and weren't allowed out of them until one of their parents came to pick them up. For most of the boys that was the most embarrassing moment. To have their mother, or even worse their father, see them dressed in lacy pink panties was extremely shameful. The parents loved the results. They had nothing but praise for Ma Kelly, and most of them reported back to her that their boy's behavior had immediately improved from the day they were pantied. In addition, some of those parents either threatened their boys with girls' clothes to be worn at home or even worn out in public if they went back to their destructive, malicious and naughty ways.

Ma Kelly was practicing petticoat punishment even though she probably had never heard of the term. What she had done out of expediency became the way she treated all her boys. There was no spanking, no verbal or mental abuse (other than having their masculinity torn down in the eyes of their parents and siblings, who often came along with the parents to pick up each boy just to see him so sweetly attired in pink panties). Word quickly got out and these boys were miserably teased by their friends and schoolmates, but that was a good thing. It made them even quieter and sweeter. After being panty trained, none of Ma Kelly's boys ever started a fight or got into most any other kind of trouble. As other parents heard about Ma's success, she was soon taking care of a houseful of sweet little panty boys!

In the coming months, we will present more photos of Ma Kelly's boys for your enjoyment.

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## 'The Accidental Englishman'

**Born Taiwanese but abandoned in England aged six, Mark Williams has been tracing his story**

By Jules Quartly

STAFF REPORTER

Saturday, Jun 21, 2003, Page 16

*Mark Williams dressed as a girl, center, in Athens, with his father and his mistress.*

PHOTO COURTESY OF MARK WILLIAMS

Imagine a game show where all the people from your past have been invited to share this moment in the media spotlight and the prize is meeting your family for the first time.

A caller asks if you have a faded scar on your forehead, shaped like Taiwan, but hidden by a parting since a young age. You are initially put out because no one knows about this mark but your mother. Then you realize that it must be her.



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This scene actually did happen to Mark Williams, an Englishman who was born in 1960 in Taiwan to a millionaire, but ended up abandoned in England, aged six, after being smuggled into the country disguised in girls' clothes.

These are the bones of the tale. The detective part of it is how Williams tracked down the story of his birth, emigration to the US and the involvement of a shadowy Shanghai femme fatale -- rumored to have had an affair with former US president Lyndon Johnson -- who either abandoned the youngster or tried to extort cash from the grieving mother, and how it all led to ? But that would give away the story, which Williams is hoping to sell to a publisher.

The Accidental Englishman is Williams' unfinished autobiography. He knows most of the broad outlines of his life so far, but cannot find the motives of the key players, or ascertain key facts and resolve the puzzle that has been his birthright.

In many ways the story has gone full circle. Williams currently has two children of his own, who stay in Hong Kong with his ex-wife. He now lives in Taiwan, still grappling with the whys of the strange position he found himself in, as a six-year-old Taiwanese boy left in an English educational institution by his father and his mistress, the Siren from Shanghai, the presidential translator and one-time detective storyteller.

Williams' story is fascinating partly because it involves the history of Taiwan in the 1960s, when, apparently, babies were occasionally sold and kidnapped or lost, and when it was still relatively normal for men to take more than one wife if they had the money. It's also about emigration to the West and return to the East, specifically Taipei.

When Williams' story first became known in 1994 he became a minor local celebrity for a while. Twelve families were eager to claim Williams as their own, until his mother proved herself by knowing about the mark. She then had a blood test, to be sure.

"It was strange and disappointing when I found my mother," Williams said and added their relationship now was distant and occasionally hostile. "I was looking for my father, really, because he was the only person I remembered."

His father, the mysterious millionaire with a prosthetic arm had died of unknown causes, aged 38, on his return to Taiwan, soon after dropping off his son in England. Williams said the reason he was made to dress up as a girl was because Chiang Kai-shek was nervous at the time about first-born males leaving the country.

Though Williams said at one point "if there is a problem, I tend to give it up," the opposite

seems true. Since 1994 he has known about his family, who were Taiwanese from Fujian. But he has either been unable to give up the search for reasons, or is willing to do whatever it takes to find out the details of the story -- and not just the facts -- of his transcontinental transplantation.

Cruelly, it is like an experiment. What would a Taiwanese boy turn out like if he was raised exclusively in England, in an English family, with no connections to his past, or roots?

He was uncomfortable with England and has written that he was "abused" and denigrated at school, presumably, in part, because he looked Chinese. As a result he moved to Hong Kong, where he felt more accepted. "They [the orphanage] never succeeded in subduing the fire within me. The fire that eventually led me back to where I belonged."

Like ABCs he gets the, "He's Chinese but doesn't speak the language" incredulity from locals here and has found it difficult to settle in, or find work, despite having been a mid-level banker in Hong Kong and Singapore. "It's really hard to get a job as an English teacher if you look like this," he says, and points to his Asian face, "And there's not much demand for international bankers like me."

To find out why he was abandoned to his fate in England, Williams has come back to where it all started and is getting to know about the people who he lived with for the first five years of his life, and with whom he evidently feels he belongs.

So, when he does finish the book and gets it published, it will be interesting to hear his observations about the Taiwanese, as well as the English.

See Web site on <http://geocities.com/accidentalenglishman>  
This story has been viewed 583 times.

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## My Love of Training Bras and Panties

By Toni-Lynn

Sun, 04 May  
2003

Dear Princess  
Lacey

I was a teenager and the bratty younger brother of a sister just a year older than I am. In my eyes, though, there was always a bit of mystery about her. Well, one day in November of 1969, while she was out, I sneaked into her bedroom and started looking through her drawers, and the mystery took on a new dimension. I found her panties!

She still hadn't gotten her first bra, but I did find an especially lovely pair of her lacy, white, silky panties, and I held them up and looked at them in awe. They were unlike anything I had ever held in my hands



before. My mouth went dry, and I got all shaky inside. I knew what I had to do. I stripped off my jeans and Batman T-shirt and tossed them along with my socks into the corner. Still wearing my briefs, I stood there and held the panties in front of me. I was visibly shaking and my stomach was doing flippity-flops knowing what I was about to do. I was going to try on girls' panties!

I pulled off my boys' underwear and tossed them aside. Next thing I knew, I was pulling the little white panties up my legs and snuggling them around my waist. They felt so good and cool on my skin. I stood there in front of her mirror caressing my rear and my front. All of a sudden, I heard the garage door opening! It was my mum, dad and sister coming back from grocery shopping. I gathered up my clothes and ran down the hall to the safety of the bathroom. I locked the door behind me, and stood there hyperventilating! But the thrill of wearing girls' panties was overwhelming. I had to keep them on. I threw my boys underwear into the hamper and then pulled on my T-shirt and jeans over them. Nervously, I went back to my bedroom, grabbed a copy of MAD magazine and hopped onto my bed. I heard them come into the house. My sister ran up the stairs and into her bedroom. It was then that she came stamping down the hall and tossed my socks at me! She yelled at me and accused me of being in her room. I was caught red handed (or silk pantied as it were!). Before she could confront me further, Dad came running upstairs wanting to know what all the yelling was about. My sister complained to him that I had been in her room, and I protested back. Fortunately, he was hearing none of it and told us to both quit acting up!

I wore her panties for the rest of that day. It was so cool. The excitement of all of it kept me going back to her panties at least once a week.

Then at Christmas my sister got a training bra! It fascinated me, but I maintained my bravado and made some bratty comments about it. She made some snotty comments back, and said that maybe mum should buy me a training bra too if I was so interested in it. It went beyond simple interest though. It was jealousy! I wanted to be treated special like her too! But I was limited to sneaking peeks at her training bras in her drawer. I was too afraid to try them on, so I just stuck with wearing her panties. That lasted until February, when my sister complained to our mum about always running out of clean panties!

Gulp! So that I wouldn't be caught, I knew what I had to do. I had to buy my own.

Once a month, mum had me walk into town on Saturday and pay bills. I had a few dollars set aside from my allowance and I was going to take the opportunity to go into the 5-&-10-cent store and buy my own panties. After paying the bills I nervously made my way into the store, and then to the girls' lingerie department. Then I saw them! Oh, they were perfect! Little cotton panties, a 3-pack, with little flowers all over them! They had a little lace trim around the leg openings. I just had to have them. As I made my way up to the sales counter, I saw a display of small cardboard boxes with the brand name Teencharm on them. Each box contained a training bra and had a picture on the front of a little girl in a pretty white bra. I picked up one of the boxes, and I just stood there looking at it. In my mind's eye I saw a picture of *myself* on the cover in place of the little girl's photo. And the words: instead of saying "Her" it said, "His Very Own First Brassiere." I hesitated, asking

myself, "Should I buy it?" I didn't even have to close my eyes to imagine myself wearing it and feeling it tightly clasped around my chest. I had to have it! I muttered something to the woman at the sales desk about having to buy underwear for my sister, but my mouth was dry and the words barely came out. Plus I was shaking so much that I probably gave myself away.

After I paid for them, I dashed out of the store and headed home. On the way, I cut through the woods and stopped at my tree house. I removed all the tags from my new panties and pulled my training bra out of the box. Oh, it was lovely. I was tempted to try it on right then and there, but it was cold out and decided it would be better to do it in the bathroom at home where there was a mirror. So I stuffed my bra and panties down into my jeans and headed home.

At home, I gave the receipts from paying the bills to my mum, grabbed my new issue of MAD magazine and said I was going up to my room to listen to records. Once upstairs, I went into the bathroom instead, quickly ripped off my boys' clothes and stood in front of the mirror. I then sat on the edge of the bathtub and pulled on my new panties. They felt so good. I felt my heart beating like it was going to jump out of my chest as I picked up my training bra and undid the hooks on the back. I was a bit unsure how to put it on, but after I fumbled with it for a few minutes, I figured that I could just hook it on front and then pull it around. After I put my arms through the straps, I stood up and looked in the full-length mirror on the back of the door. There I saw the neatest thing I had ever seen in my life, a boy wearing his own panties and his own training bra! I was absolutely giddy as I ran my hands over the cups of my new bra. I played with the straps a little as I learned how to adjust them and make them fit just right. A whole new wonderful world had just opened up to me. I didn't look much like a girl, more like a boy wearing a bra and panties, but I still looked neat.

My reverie was interrupted by my sister banging on the bathroom door. I just about jumped through the roof. I yelled something about being just a minute. Wearing my new bra and panties felt so good though, that I just had to keep them on. So, I tossed my boy's underwear into the dirty clothes hamper and pulled on my jeans and flannel shirt over my brand new lingerie before stashing the other two pair of panties in the back pockets of my jeans. Just as I was about to open the bathroom door, I realized I had almost made a big mistake. I quickly ran over and flushed the toilet. As I left the bathroom, I stuck my tongue out at my sister.

Over the next several months I wore my new panties and bra every chance I got, even on occasion to school under my boys clothes. By the end of that school year, I had bought four more pairs of panties and another training bra, and I was able to wear a bra and panties almost every day of the week. I watched my mum use the clothes washer and dryer and learned how to use them, so I could launder my bras and panties when I was home alone.

At the beginning of summer vacation, I decided to wear a training bra and panties every day for a solid week. I'd wear baggy sweatshirts so no one could see the straps of my bra.

I was friends with Diane, a girl from my neighborhood. She often came up to my tree house, and we'd sit around and listen to the radio and read magazines like Tiger Beat and Sixteen, since we both loved music. She thought it was neat that I was boy who wasn't into sports and liked all the latest music groups. And I thought it was neat to be around her since she wasn't bratty like my sister.

Well, during that week of me wearing a training bra and panties all the time, we were up the tree house enjoying a couple of colas and a few bags of chips, the radio was on, and we were reading our magazines. Just then a big hornet flew into the tree house. We both jumped and tried to shoo it away, but it started diving at us. I hollered something like, "Let's get out of here," and we both went for the little ladder down to the ground. Diane headed down first and I was right behind her. In my haste, though, I slipped and tumbled to the ground. I heard a sickening snap as I hit the ground and saw my arm bent at an impossible angle. It was broken. I panicked, not only because my arm was broken, but that my secret lingerie would become public knowledge.

Diane ran over to see if I was okay. I had tears in my eyes. She said that she would take me to her mum, who was a nurse, so that we could get to the hospital. But I protested. I wasn't really thinking all that clearly and was in tremendous pain, but I knew what I had to do. I told her that I had to tell her something or that I would be in deep trouble. She asked what. I stammered a bit, and asked her to swear an oath that she wouldn't tell anyone. She said okay since we were best friends. I then blurted out that I was wearing panties and a training bra. Her eyes got as big as saucers, then she giggled and said something about it being cool. I asked her to help me take my bra off. She reached under my t-shirt giggled as she felt the bra. Gingerly she undid the fasteners, and then carefully managed to pull my good arm through the one bra strap. She then pulled the bra out through the sleeve of my sweatshirt and over my broken arm. She stuffed it in her back pocket and promised to give it back to me later. I asked her what about my panties, and she said not to worry; it was just my arm they'd be looking at.

Diane helped me to my feet, and we made our way to her house. Along the way, I asked her to promise not tell anyone my secret. She crossed her heart and hoped to die that she wouldn't tell, and then joked about what she had said, saying that it was just like the ads from Playtex Cross Your Heart Bras. She then said that I could tell her all about it later when she gave me my training bra back.

Within a few hours, I had a plaster cast on my arm, and it was in a sling. This meant no bra wearing for 8 weeks, as I'd be unable to manipulate putting it on. The only good thing was that it also meant that I wouldn't be able to cut the grass for my dad, so I'd have lots of extra time to goof off. During that time, Diane and I talked a little about why I was liked to wear bras and panties. I told her that I just did. It felt neat. I told her that panties felt so much nicer than my boy's underwear, and weren't just boring white, and that wearing a training bra just felt so neat. She smiled and said that she agreed, and that it was a shame that all boys didn't get to know what it was like to wear pretty underwear.

After the 8 weeks of my arm being in a cast passed, Diane called me and told me to meet

her at the tree house. We were going to have a party to celebrate my getting out of the cast. She brought some cookies and Kool-Aid. We laughed and talked a lot, and after we finished the cookies, she handed me a small brown paper bag. In it was the training bra I had on when I fell and broke my arm. Diane laughed and held it up for me, saying, "I guess you can start wearing your training bra again." I smiled and said yes! She had kept my bra for safekeeping while I couldn't wear it and told me she even had tossed it in with her own laundry and her mum laundered it.

Seeing I was so happy with the bra and being with her, she giggled and handed me a little gift-wrapped box she had hidden away in with the bag that contained the cookies. When I opened the box, I found a pretty, white Teencharm training bra and a three-pack of cotton bikini panties with little hearts on them. I was speechless, but nothing prepared me for what was next. Diane pulled off her top and shorts to show me that she was wearing exactly the same panties and training bra! She said that now we could be twins, and that it was very special to her that we could wear matching bras and panties. I thanked her, and she prodded me to put them on. I quickly did so, and we looked at each other. She gave me a kiss on the cheek. That afternoon we sat around in training bras and panties and did our usual reading of our teen music magazines and listening to the radio. We had a wonderful summer together.

Unfortunately, Diane's dad got transferred to the west coast and we lost touch, but I always think of her. On the good side though, because I am a bit skinny, I can fit into girls'-size panties and training bras, and I still wear them, even under my male work clothes.

Toni-Lynn

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## White Boy in a Black School

Julian and his family just moved to New York, and he has to attend an all-black school because his parents are renting an apartment for three months while their new home is being finished, and that apartment is within the King High School district.

With his extremely pale skin and light brown hair, Julian stands out from the other kids. He hates this school because the other kids gawk at him,



especially the girls, and this angers the boys, most of whom don't like white folks to begin with. Julian keeps to himself, sits quietly in class, and dares not demonstrate his high IQ, as he patiently waits until he can transfer to Greyson High, the ritzy suburban school nearby his family's new home.

The boys seem particularly annoyed that the girls find this white boy fascinating. While going from class to class in the dark hallways, many of the bolder girls purposely bump into him and touch his ass or crotch, laugh and pretend it's just an accident. Julian feels he can't report these aggressive girls. Who can he complain to in this all-black school? The kids and teachers would surely laugh at a boy complaining about being molested by girls.

As Julian leaves his advanced algebra class at lunchtime, he has to use the rest room, but he hates relieving himself at school because the bathrooms are filthy. And he hates being in there with all the black boys, who love to finger their big cocks while leisurely putting them back in their pants, exposing their big dicks for his benefit. To avoid those confrontations, he walks to the far end of the school to one of the less used rest rooms. He holds his nose and goes in, wanting to get it over with quickly. Fortunately, this boys' lavatory is empty.

But as he's urinating, two black boys bang the door open, rush up to him and shove him up against the urinal, making Julian piss all over himself. With a mean look on his face, Marcus, the one boy yells in his ear, "What the fuck you doin' in our school, white faggot? And why you all fuckin' wit our girls, huh?"

As he struggles to turn around and extricate himself from the urinal, Julian screams, "Look what you made me do!" pointing to his pissed on pants. "And listen, you guys have it all wrong. The girls are molesting me; I'm not bothering them!"

Tyrone, the other black boy, punches him in the stomach and says, "Oh, yeah, white faggot! We done told yous we goin' to get your ass, and now's the time, bitch."

"Don't do anything to me, or I, uh, I'll report you."

The two troublemakers laugh.

"Oh, yeah? You all report me, honkey, and I'll take my knife and cut off your little dickie!"

"You wouldn't do that. The cops would put you in jail!"

The boys laugh even harder.

"You're in the ghetto, boy. Dis ain't no prissy ass white school. There ain't no motherfuckin' cops around here, bitch," Marcus says. "And you all is a bitch, sos I be doin' you all a favor if I cut off that little wiener of yours."

Just then Leola, one of the pretty, light-skinned cheerleaders, comes in the door. Julian, now struggling faster than ever to put away his dick in his wet jeans, stares at her in horror and says, "Hey! This is the boys' rest room. Get out of here!"

But the girl just giggles and continues to walk toward him, all the while staring at his limp penis that he is rushing to put away and zip himself up, but to his tormentors' delight, he nips his cock with his zipper. In pain, he screams out, then cries and complains, "My clothes are all wet. What am I going to do now?"

"Hey, Leola," Tyrone says, "you goes and gets this queer boy something to wear. He done pissed all over his self."



The terror-stricken boy is glad to see the girl leave

Julian realizes that threatening these only makes them angry. He tries to be agreeable. "Look, I really am sorry. I'm not trying to attract the attention of the girls. If you let me go, I promise to never talk to any of the girls. All I want to do is go to class and do my studies, honest."

Marcus says, "Okay, motha fuckah! Now, you all are in our class. Dis is sex educatin' class, and we all are your teachers. Now you all get those pissy clothes off, bitch."

Not knowing what else to do, Julian removes off his jeans and underwear, glad to get them off since they are wet and smelly. Then he quickly uses his hands to cover his privates as Leola comes back. She is carrying a cheerleading outfit, and another girl is with her. He knows they intended to dress him in it, and completely outnumbered and overpowered, he realizes he has no choice but to do whatever they want him to do. It's cold and dank in the filthy rest room. He blushes, cries and shivers as he steps into the dress as the girls hold it open for him. At least his nakedness was now covered. The four black kids start acting silly as the short dress is pulled up and zipped up in back. The short skirt barely covers his naked penis. He puts his hands in front of himself to hold the skirt down, but the boys slap his hands away as Leola unfurls a hideous pair of pink lace panties and tells him to step into them.

Crying even more intensely because of the indignity of having to put on faggot pink panties, he does as they tell him and shivers with shame as the slinky panties are drawn up his legs and pulled over his shrunken penis and snapped into place around his waist. In shock, he sees Leola raising her skirt and pulling her purple panties aside. The boys each grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled him close to Leola's cunt.

"Wes startin' your sex educatin', now." Leola says, "Dis is eatin' black pussy class. You best do a good job or we'll let the whole school see how pretty you looks as a cheerleader!"

“Ouch! You’re hurting me,” he screams as the boys roughly pull on his hair and guide him closer and closer to Leola’s dripping wet pussy. “You’re all going to get into a lot of trouble for this!”

“You ain’t gonna report shit, you dorky asshole. You is goin’ to kneel right here and eat my cunt, then my friend Marcy’s cunt, and you better do a good job, you fuckin’ faggot. Now get that tongue of yours workin’. My pussy needs a good lickin’.”

Her cunt odor was awful. It was fishy smelling and slimy. Julian starts licking as he presses his nose up against her cunt, trying to force close his nostrils so he doesn’t have to smell those awful smells.

“Oh, that’s good, whitey! I bet you likes lappin’ up all my juices. My boyfriend just fucked me, so there’s lots of good stuff drippin’ outta my cunt for you. You is a faggot so you, so I’m sure you be likin’ his dick juice!”

At that revelation, Julian wrangles to pull away, but the boys holding his head in place react by yanking harder on his hair until he goes back to licking Leola’s cunt, the flavor now mixed with a salty taste, a combination of some black guy’s cum and the tears running down his cheeks. He can’t fight them. All he can do is hope it’s soon over with, and then go out and report them for raping him.

“O-o-o-o! Hey, bitch, you all is not bad. You belong between my legs. Jus keep doing what your uh! Uh! UH! Yeah, more of that! O-o-o-o! Oh-h-h! Shi-i-i-t! Leola screamed out loud as she jumped around, banging up against Julian’s face throughout a minute long orgasm.

“Damn yous, faggot!” Tyrone yelled, “I guess yous got a talent fors eating pussy. Girls spread news like that like fire. That’s why the girls got a thing for you.

“Okay, Marcy, now yous gets over here and let fag boy eat your pussy too.”

Marcy pulled up her school uniform skirt, pulled aside her bright yellow panties and steered her pussy lips into Julian’s waiting face.

“Oh, wow! You belong down there, whitey! This is the best. Uh, uh, uh, uh, o-o-o-o-O\_O\_OH! More, bitch, more! Deeper, cunt face! Wow! Oh, yeah, yeah, YEAH!”

Her orgasm was massive. Julian knew his face was going to be bruised after all the banging these girls were doing to him. He was relived when Marcy stopped shaking and let him go, but the boys still had hold of him, and Tyrone cock was now bumping up to his lips. Julian began to complain, but before any words came out, the big black dick slid right in.



He gulped and groaned just trying to breath with his mouth full of smelly cock. Not waiting for the little white boy to suck, Tyrone angrily started fucking him in the face. Moments later that massive tool was spurting gobs of slime down Julian's throat. He had no choice but to swallow it.

As Tyrone is still pumping away, the rest room door flies open. He pulls from Julian's mouth and the exiting penis deposits one last jet of jism all over the boy's face. It was Mrs. King, the coal black, bull dyke gym teacher. With a mean eye she looked over the little group, focusing her attention on the spunky-faced white boy. The black kids started talking all at once, offering bullshit explanations.

"Quiet!" she shouted. "I don't need any of your lies!"

"What the hell...?" she giggled when she saw Julian in the cheerleader uniform. "All you kids have gone too far this time! All of you follow me to my office right now for punishment!"

The black kids sauntered out of the rest room. They weren't worried. They knew this perverted old lezzie couldn't pass up a chance to have her pussy licked. They were sure they all were going to have a good time in her office. With the help of a sneering, grinning Mrs. King, Julian got up off his aching knees. And with his head down in embarrassment because of the way he was dressed, he huddled close to them as they walked to the gym office.

"Oh, thank god, you came in, Mrs. King. What they were doing to me was horrible. They all should be expelled!"

"From what I saw, you was enjoying fingering those pussies and having that big cock in your mouth. Frankly, Julian, I expected better from you. Now get into my office!"

He couldn't believe it! Mrs. King thought he was willing doing it!

"O-o-oh! Mrs. King, they made me do it! I never would do that! They forced me!"

The four black kids reacted by calling Julian a slut fag boy, saying he had paid them all to give them sex. They even pulled dollar bills out of their pockets to show the woman the money he had paid them. Amongst cries by Julian that they were all lying, Mrs. King pushed them all into her office.

"Why can't you tell the truth, Julian? Surely, all four of these nice students can't be lying. You bringing your perverted white ways to our school is a bad influence on these sweet kids. I saw you with my own eyes sucking up Tyrone's cock. Am I blind, boy?"

"No, Mrs. King, but I had to. They made me! As soon as they let me go, I was going to report them!"

But the woman held up her hand and made him stop his ranting.

“So Leola and Marcy tell me you paid them to eat their pussies, and I saw you sucking on Tyrone’s cock. And they all showed me the money. They all admitted that letting you do tha to them was wrong, but they are all poor black kids, and they needed the money. All of their daddies are out of work because of racist white guys like your father taking all the good jobs. I can’t blame them too much. They have to do what they have to do to help out their families.”

“Oh, Mrs. King, they’re all lying!”

“Well, I don’t know who to believe. But most of the time when I believe white folks, I get taken for a ride!”

Leola, totally aware of the lesbian teacher’s kinkiness, said, “Mrs. King, I don’t know nothin’ about oral sex, ma’am, just what I read in books, but when he did me, it was just like the stuff I read. He must have done it a lot of time before. He knew exactly what to do. If you make him do it to you, ma’am, you’ll see wes all is tellin’ the truth.”

Mrs. King flinched. Leola had hit her hot spot and given her the chance to get her jollies off.

“That seems fair to me,” the old dyke said. “I’ll have him do it, but all of you can watch and tell me if he is doing it as good as he did it to you just to make sure that he doesn’t hold back and pretend like he doesn’t know how to eat a pussy right.

The plump, ugly old lady now had her big gymslip pulled up and her white satin panties pulled to the side. She spread her legs obscenely and motioned to Julian. “Okay, come here, boy, show me what you were doing to those two innocent little girls. Let’s find out who is the liar and who is telling the truth.”



“NO!” Julian shouted. “I will not! This is wrong. You’re all evil. I’ll report all of you. And you too Mrs. King!”

“Boys, get that little cocksucker over here. Make him show me how well he eats pussy. And, Julian, you better do it every bit as well as Leola and Marcy said you did it or I’ll have Marcus fuck you in your skinny little pantied asshole! Poor Marcus seems to be the only one who hasn’t gotten any fun out of you yet. Now, get on your knees. That’s it. Force him down boys. Good.”

As soon as Julian’s baby face was buried in her pussy bush, the old dyke began squirming in delight, maneuvering to get the white boy’s tongue exactly where she wanted it. The boy began sucking furiously, crying and agonizing, slobbering and digging ever deeper with his nose, lips and tongue, trying desperately to get this all over with as quickly as possible.

“O-o-h, my! Oh, my! You girls are telling the truth. He really is...is...is a perverted pussy licker. Oh, he’s so nasty. Oh, he must be punished, and punished a lot. Oh, wow! O-o-o-o, oh, no! Oh, yes, ah! Ah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h!” she screamed as she went over the edge into a reverberating

orgasm.

As they watched, Leola and Marcy had their skirts up fingering themselves through their soaking wet, silken panties. Marcus and Tyrone had their big dicks out. They were stroking them and staring at Julian's pink pantied ass bobbing up and down as he leaned forward and face fucked Mer. King's big pussy. The two girls were slumped back in office chairs diddling themselves silly. The boys began rubbing their penises on Julian's pink panties. Their precum was oozing out and staining the soft panties covering his butt. As Mrs. King came down from her orgasm, she released her powerful grip on the boy on the boy's head. Marcus and Tyrone were consumed with their nearing orgasms. In a sexually drunken stupor, they lifted up the leg elastic of the silky pink panties and began humping their big cocks under the teasing pink nylon as they rubbed their cocks across the white boy's ass, getting ever closer to his butt hole. Julian realized that they were all sexually satiated or practically defenseless in their highly charged states of sexual bliss, and he chose that moment to break away from them and run out the door.



The hallways are filled with kids heading for their afternoon classes. Totally embarrassed to be seen in his short-skirted cheerleader uniform, Julian ran down the hallways and outside, not knowing where else to go. As he ran his skirts flew up and gave frequent flashes of his pink panties. A lot of the kids saw him, laughed at the white boy sissy and gave chase.

Outside, with nowhere to go, he climbs a tree, and the kids and now some teachers too gather below him, laughing and pointing. They all have a good view of his pink panties under his bright yellow and blue cheerleader's uniform. And when they finally let him down, they wouldn't let him go until he did a few cheers for them. Afterward, he was taken to the principal's office, and on the way there, Marcus, whispered to him, "You all owe me one,

boy. Tomorrow, you'll be here with your lips around my big cock, or you'll be dead, faggot!"

When Julian's parents came to pick him up from school that day, he was still dress like a faggot cheerleader. As they whole story was explained to them, Julian even had to show them the bright pink and now thoroughly cum-stained panties he was wearing. And no one in the room, including the thoroughly dominated white, missed noticing Julian's father and the huge bulge he had in his pants. And all that talk about eating pussy was making Julian's mother squirm. Several times the boy swore he saw his mother discreetly rub herself between her legs.

**The end.**

**Based on a BMR story Mrs. Catherine Allermann**

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## LIFESTYLE



### Small boys who can't lift ballet partners, get turned into girls

LONELY JUNCTION, KY: Boys in Miss Kaye's ballet class at her dance school better build up their muscles before the new fall lessons begin because, like last year, any boy who can't lift his girl partner will be dressed in panties, leotard, tights and a tutu and forced to take the girls' parts. Miss Kaye said announcing this before summer vacation get most of the boys to show up in shape in the fall, but there are always a few boys who can't lift even the smallest girl, and those boys are immediately newly outfitted, pantied and prettied.



Sisters most often start boys on crossdressing, reports The U.S. Center for Finding Out Really Obvious Things

## SPORTS



### Girl creates new sport for sick sissy brother: Fishing for Panties

NORMAL, IL: A doctor told Les Crawford, an anemic 13-year-old that if he didn't start eating right, getting outside for some exercise and fresh air, he'd never get better. Lacy, the boy's 14-year-old sister who loves him even though he has ruined almost every pair of pantie she owns, got him outside and on the road back to health by having him go fishing for panties! At their new vacation home, she has stocked the lake with panties she collected from neighbors and friends. Now the boy can't wait to go wading in the lake's shallow clear waters, where he can see the panties, fish them out and add them to his collection!

## HEALTH

### Class action suit says Victoria's Secret ugly styles stifle cumming

JACKSON HOLE, WY: What has all the lace gone? Where are the sexy, fancy, soft silks and satins? And why are panties getting so tiny? Panty fetishists want to know!

Manny Marks of Firm Peak, WY, filed a class action suit against the lingerie retailer claiming current panty styles are detrimental to the mental health of panty fetishists the world over

## HEADLINES

### Army holding pantied nuts who stole material for X-ray glasses and came

ROSWELL, NM: High ranking Army intelligence officers, who wish to remain anonymous, confirmed that two 14-year-old boys are being held for breaking into a top secret building in the area and stealing items found in 1947 following what many say was the crash of a flying saucer.

Some glass-like material they stole, they discovered had X-ray qualities and could be used to see through outer clothing.

Under questioning, the boys, who had police records for stealing panties from clotheslines, admitted they constructed a pair of glasses and a lens for their camera out of the material, so he could spy on girls to feed their voracious panty fetish.

The military doesn't know if they should charge them with stealing or reward them for discovering that this material has X-ray properties, a feature that went unnoticed by dozens of military scientists who had exhaustively studied the material over the last fifty plus years.

According to the Army, this material would be a great asset in the war on terror since it would make it possible to see weapons and other illegal and dangerous items being hidden under clothing.

But until a decision is made on what to do with the boys, the Army is continuing to analyze and test this strange material. At last report several officers were seen experimenting with the glasses at the 8th Street armory, just behind the Dolly Madison School for Girls



## OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

### Sex Change Boy Auctioning His Penis to Fund Operation Gets Only Low-Ball Bids

### Sissy Gets Religion: A Second Cummin

### Boy Refuses to Wear His New Panties After He Catches His Sister Borrowing Them

### Transsexual Suing for His Botched Sex Change Surgery is Being a Real Dick About It

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