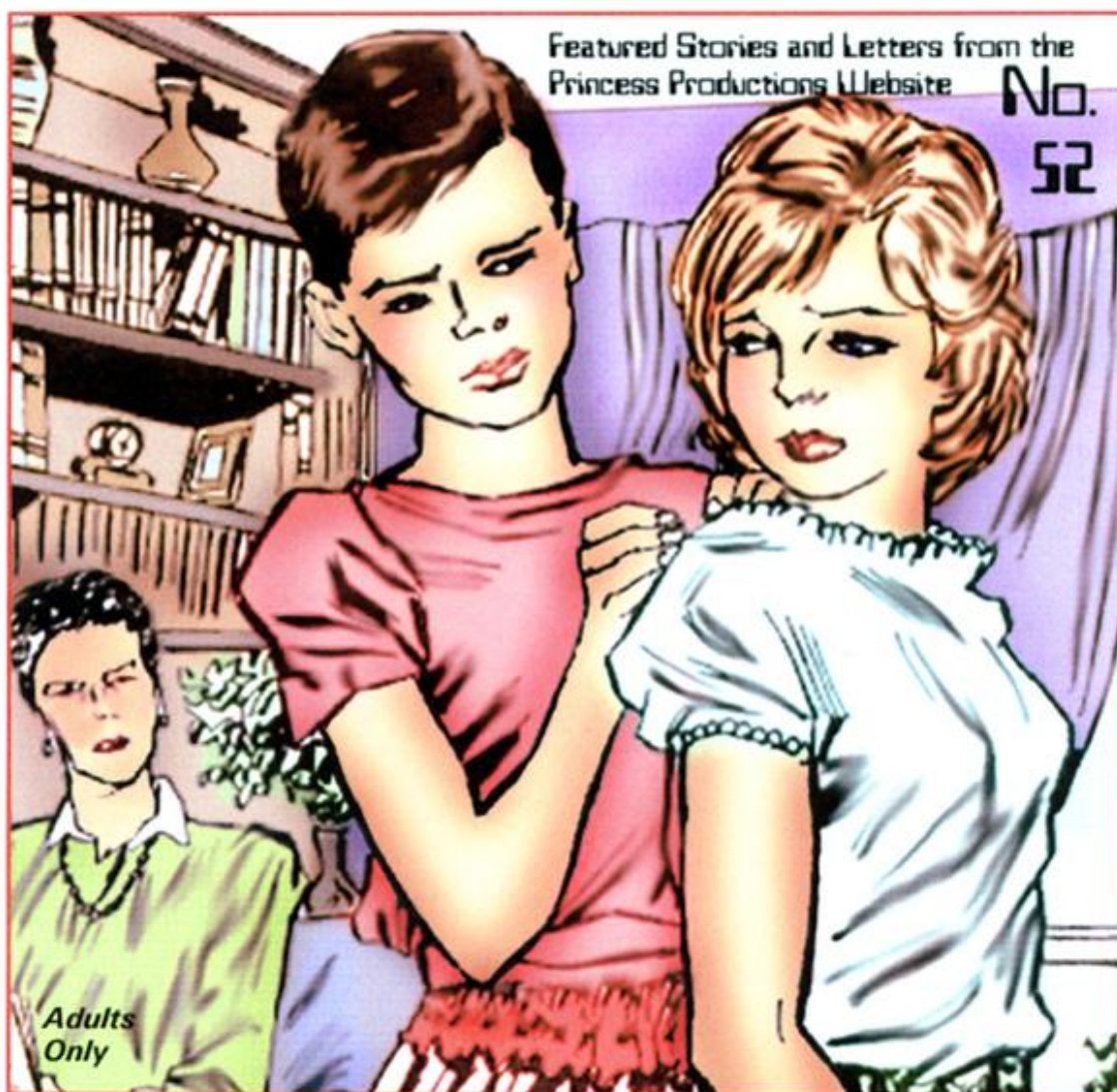


Princess Online



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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



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.

The drawing shown here comes from volume 4 of "Beautified Bullies," which is about two delinquent brothers who are petticoated and thoroughly humiliated by an elderly neighbor lady who is watching over them while their mother is away recuperating from a mental breakdown that they had caused. In the above scene, the brothers, Mike and Nick, are just back from a shopping trip and in the process of helping each other try on various girlish outfits.

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, and her latest book: "Schooled with Girls: Norm."

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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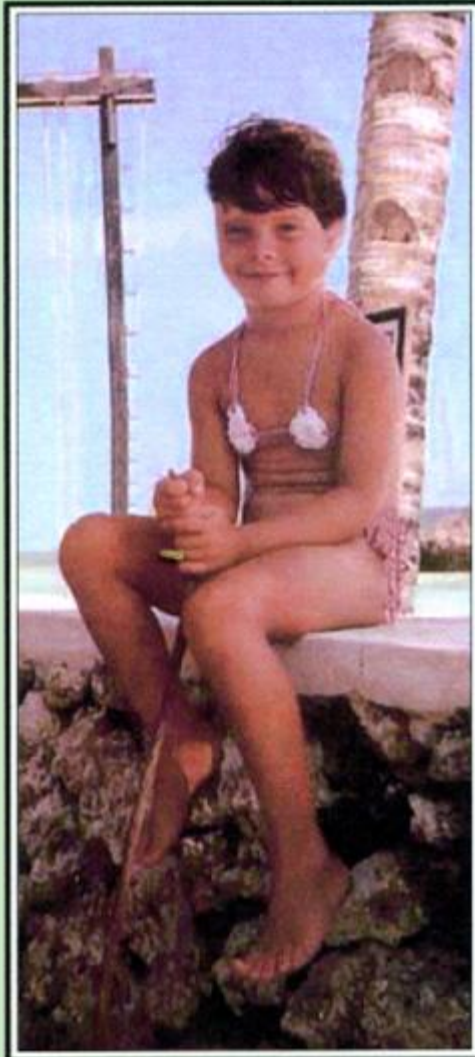
Watchdoggie!

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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To get into the spirit of things while on vacation with his parents in Tahiti, Jason Kells dressed like a native girl in seashell string bra and flowered bikini.

Fun in Tahiti

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Masquerade

Ballerina Boy: Nothing like a costume party to bring out the girl in a boy!

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Sissies of the Month

Some mothers look for any opportunity to dress their boys in lacy panties! Here's three photos from a founder's day parade with participants dressed up in 1700s era finery. The young boys in the above photos are wearing heavy satin bloomer panties with tons of ruffled lace.

Look closely at their stone-faced mother at the reins of the horse-driven carriage. If you were one of her two little boys, tell me you'd be anything but a sissy. You surely wouldn't have the nerve to object to anything she'd want to dress you in, no matter how girlish! And the boy in the photo on the next page is wearing a pair of his grandmother's lacy nylon bloomer panties for trousers!

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Sissy of the Month

Sandra Wisneak makes a lovely Cinderella in this amateur stage production. All the girls wanted to play the lead, and none of them wanted to play the wicked stepsisters. So when it was suggested to cast boys in the roles as the ugly stepsisters, everyone thought it was a great idea. Sandra's brother Joseph is one of them, and he's seen in this picture in costume and following his little sister out onto the stage. For a laugh, the boys weren't even given wigs to wear!

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Nathan

Ma Kelly was crazy. Nobody disputes that. Still everyone loved her and didn't question her ways. The heavyset woman had owned a dry goods store for over thirty years, and when she could no longer run it herself, she hired others to run the store for her, but she ended up firing them all because they didn't do things to her standards.

So she put the store up for sale and while looking for something easier to do, she began overseeing elementary school boys in her home after school. She sold the store, but the last manager 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 this inventory since it was just a small country store and would take a long time to sell off that much merchandise, so Ma Kelly deleted them from the store's inventory prior to the sale and took them home not knowing what else to do with them.

Then one day one of the boys got himself all dirty playing in the mud; she made him take a shower while she washed his clothes. She didn't have any clothes for him to wear except the boxes full of panties and tops left over from the store, so she dressed him in a pink top and pink rhumba panties. 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. Also the ruffles would help disguise his little bulge. The boy didn't want to put them on, but she had nothing else for him to wear, and he was a farm boy used to minding his parents, so he did what he was told with barely a tear in his eyes.

Of course, the other boys teased him until Ma Kelly made them stop harassing the boy by making them all wear the tops and rhumba panties. Ma was amazed at how quickly all the boys quieted down and become gentle, docile, quiet and sweet. They only talked in whispers, sat quietly on the floor watching television and didn't fight with each other.

Ma didn't let any of the boys change out of the panties until their parents came to pick them up. She explained to the parents why they were dressed that way and said she'd use the clothes again in the future whenever the boys needed to be quieted down. Ma got all the parents to okay her use of girls' clothes on their boys. They all 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 time.

Well, within days, pink tops and sissy pink rhumba panties became the standard uniform for all the boys in her care. From the moment they walked in her door they had to change into their girlie clothes and weren't allowed out of them until one of their parents picked 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 had been pantied. In addition, some of those parents threatened to make their boys wear girls' clothes at home or out in public if

they went back to their destructive, malicious and naughty ways.

Ma Kelly was practicing petticoat punishment even though she probably never had 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, but that only made them quieter and sweeter. As other parents heard about Ma's success, she was soon taking care of a houseful of sweet little panty boys!

So this month, we present another picture of one of Ma Kelly's boys, and in the future, we will present more photos of her boys for your enjoyment.

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Forced To Service My Brother- in-Law

Dear Princess,

My sister is ten years older than I am and has known that I've been getting into her clothes since I was a toddler. She was always pretty broad-minded, so I guess it didn't bother her.



While I was growing up and she was still living at home, she never confronted me directly, but in subtle ways, she let me know she knew what I was doing; like she'd say to our mother, "I can't find my new

pink panties,” as she'd stare at me. Or in front of mom and dad, she'd ask me if I wanted any of her old clothes she was packing up to donate to Goodwill.

My sister is a costume designer and makes a lot of really cool clothes for stage shows. She has had an interest in making clothes for as long as I can remember, and while I was a little kid, she'd get me to try on some of her costumes while she was making them, and many times those costumes were frilly dresses and other girly clothes. I'll never forget how she used to hold up a dress and say, “Come on, you know you want to try it on!”

When I was fifteen, she had to do some costume work for a production in Chicago. Since her husband was joining her for this weekend trip, she asked me if I'd baby-sit Charlie, their seven-year-old son. Without hesitation, I agreed, not only to help out, but also because I could go through my sister's dresser drawers and closets, something I rarely got to do anymore since she got married and left home.

On that Friday I had dinner with them, and when as they got ready to leave, my sister gave me the phone number of their hotel in Chicago and showed me where everything was that I would need. She made me promise that I'd get Charlie in bed by 9 pm each night because he was a frail little kid and needed his sleep. So after they left, Charlie and I watched some TV show reruns, and then I took him upstairs, got him ready for bed and put him to sleep. Then, I went into my sister's room to sissy out!

I figured my sister and her husband had some great sex life because her drawers were loaded with luscious and colorful panties, not to mention matching bras, garter belts and other great lingerie. I also found her wedding dress packed away. She had made it herself and it was fabulous. She even made the slips and panties that went with it. The three tiers of slips had the most beautiful, delicate lace all around, and the panties were made of white satin with wide lace around the legs. Of course, I had to masturbate as soon as I got into the slip and panties. I pulled the panties down just in time so I wouldn't mess them up with my geyser of spurting cum.

After relaxing from a great satin panty hand job, I cleaned up and put on a pale blue matching set of my sister's bra and panties and went into her spare bedroom where she had all her sewing and designing equipment. The room was filled with costumes of very description. I had a lot of fun trying on fancy dresses and other femmy clothes. That's when I hit pay dirt, a beautiful pale pink party dress with more lace and frills on it than I would have thought possible to put on dress. It was the most sissified thing I had ever seen, and it almost made me shoot off just looking at it. The costume was complete with little shoes, stay-up nylon stockings and a full slip and pink high-waisted panties. The only problem, it was way too small for me. Still, I blew my wad just playing with it and dreaming about being able to wear it. As I eased down from my second cum, I got a brilliant idea. I was sure the pretty dress would fit my little nephew! I retired that night in my sister's bed wearing one of her fabulous waltz-length nighties. It was so beautiful with its fullness and delicate lace trim, all in pink and pale green, I'm sure she had made it and not bought it. I was so excited that I had a difficult time getting to sleep, but when I finally did, I had very sweet dreams, thinking about what I was going to do the next day.

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Forced To Service My Brother-in-Law

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The next day was Saturday, and I woke up to find my nephew standing next to my bed with a big grin on his face. The blankets were back, and he was looking down at me wearing his mother's nightie! I made up the excuse that I had forgotten to pack my pajamas and just grabbed the first thing I could find to sleep in. He gave me a weird look, but just turned around and went downstairs. I was nervous as hell! I got dressed in my own clothes (I even put my boys' underwear back on, fearing what might happen next) and went downstairs. Charlie was playing with his Star Wars game, and I hoped everything was cool. I made breakfast, and we ate in silence, but I could tell he was still thinking about me in that nightie! I thought there was no time like the present to bring up the subject.

"Ya know," I cautiously started, "I'm embarrassed that you saw me wearing your mom's things this morning."

He just shrugged his shoulders.

"You don't have to tell your mom, do you? I mean, we can keep it a secret, right?"

He nodded. Since he seemed to be okay with it, I decided to pursue it a bit further.

"Ya know, it actually felt kind of nice wearing that nightgown. I know boys aren't supposed to like stuff like that. I don't know what made me do it."

Then I remembered when I was a little kid how my sister used to have me try on little girls' dresses and other clothes she was making. I wondered if she ever did that to Charlie, so I told him what she used to have me do, and then I asked, "Does your mother ever do that to you? Ya know, have you try on dresses and costumes she's making for little girls?"

He took a breath, and then slowly and meekly nodded yes.

"Do you like it when your mother dresses you up like that?"

He shrugged his shoulders. I wanted him to give me more than just body language responses, so I asked him to tell me about it. Slowly at first, he told me about various things she had him try on, and I asked

more and more questions about how the clothes made him feel, if he thought they were nice to wear, what costumes he liked the best and things like that. We ended up spending a good half hour talking about it, and he opened up to me completely. That's when I asked him if he'd like to go up to the sewing room with me so both of us could try on some costumes. He was a little hesitant, but we had been having a good time, so he agreed.

Minutes later, I had him in that fabulous little girls' party dress along with the nylons, slips, shoes and panties. I could tell he like it, especially the panties made him squirm when I helped him on with them. He complained that I hadn't changed, so I quickly went to my sister's room, put on a white bra, panties and slip and then went back to the sewing room and put on a short mini skirt and sweater that looked like a cheerleader costume. Then we went downstairs and played girlies all day long, and he loved it! Twice that day, I had to take a break, sit him in front of the TV and go to the bathroom and jack off. I was so fucking horny! Each time I changed into a new pair of panties and washed the dirty ones out.

After dinner that night, we sat on the floor and played Old Maid. It was great because while we played the game, both of us had a difficult time keeping our skirts down, and we were continually flashing each other our panties. He noticed I was wearing yellow panties instead of the white ones I originally put on, and he asked me about it. I hemmed and hawed at that one but gave him some kind of lame excuse. Repeatedly, I asked him to keep this all secret, and he assured me that he would.

Then we watched his favorite TV show, an old episode of Charlie's Angels. We sat there side-by-side, and I had my arm around him. In this episode the angels were working under cover as contestants in a beauty contest and they were changing into a lot of really neat clothes. I couldn't resist discreetly rubbing my hard rod through my panties. I kept my skirt down so he wouldn't notice, but he did. He asked me what I was doing. I told him I just like to touch my panties because they felt so good while I was watching the pretty girls on TV. Well, he imitated me. He pulled up his dress and slips and started rubbing his hands all over his panties. It didn't take him long to discover that stroking the panties between his legs felt great. The little sweetie got a hard-on! Just seeing it excited me to no end. I was jacking myself back and forth and no longer too careful about his seeing me do it. My skirt was up and out of the way as I shot a fountain of sperm, it went right through my panties and flying up into the air! It surprised me as well as little Charlie. Wow! Was it great!

He thought I had wet my panties, but after getting him to promise once again not to tell, I told him a lot about sex, and explained that I had shot cum into my panties, and he'd be able to do it too when he got older. I even showed him that people could eat cum and touched my wet fingers to my tongue and made a face like I loved the taste. He wanted to try it too, so being the good uncle that I am, I let him lick a little off my wet fingers too! He grimaced, but I scooped down into my panties for more cum and had him try it again. I told him the more he tried it, the more he'd like it, and soon he would fall in love with the taste! Well, I had to bullshit the kid a bit. This was heavy stuff we were doing!

I went to excuse myself to clean myself up and put on another pair of panties. He asked if he could watch. I agreed. He got to see my naked cock and was impressed with how big it was. Really, it's not all

that big, in fact it's probably on the smaller side compared to other guys, but like I always say it's not how big it is but how much fun it gives you that makes the difference! Anyway, to him it looked pretty big. I encouraged him to touch it, so he could get an idea of what his would be like when he got older. God! With him in that sissy little party dress with his hand under my short skirt pulling on my cock, I got bigger than I had ever been before in my life! I had to stop him before I shot all over his angelic little face that was only inches away from my throbbing rod.

To cool things down a bit, I showed him how to wash out the panties, and then showed him the other pairs of panties I had soiled earlier in the day that I had hanging up to dry in the back of the bedroom closet. If he got addicted to playing with himself in panties -- as I was sure he would -- these would be practical lessons for how to clean up after himself and keep secret his little panty play. I explained to him I had to put everything back before his mother and father came back home that next day, so they wouldn't know what we had been doing.

We went back downstairs to watch one more TV show before bedtime, but instead of watching the show, we sat side-by-side on the couch tickling each other through our panties. It made him giggle a lot as I showed him how to make panties feel good on his penis. He obviously liked touching me too because he kept on doing it. I warned him that if he kept it up, I'd shoot off again. He took that as a challenge and used both of his little baby hands to begin stroking me with a vengeance. When I spurted and it flooded my panties and his little fingers, he laughed. Completely on his own, he tasted the cum on his fingers. He turned up his nose and made a funny face, but he kept licking his fingers until he licked them clean! The two of us went through the process of cleaning me up and washing out yet another pair of panties. Then I changed into a clean pair of pink ones. I was going to have a lot of panties to iron and put away in the morning! God, it was great to be fifteen, filled to the brim with tons of cum and able to shoot off a half dozen times a day!

He kept asking me what it felt like to cum. I tried to explain the feeling, but I know he didn't quite understand. Then it was bedtime. I took him upstairs and helped him get undressed. We hung up his dress and put away the other things, but the panties were all twisted and wrinkled from his wearing them all day and pulling on himself. I told him he might as well keep the panties on for the night and sleep in them. We'd wash and iron them in the morning. When he asked if he could sleep in a nightgown like I had done, I took him to his mother's bedroom and got him the top of a lovely lavender babydoll nightie, which on him hung down to his knees, but he loved it! I changed into a pink nightgown and went to tuck him into bed. He kept asking me about jacking off, cumming and stuff like that. I ended up pulling up his nightie and kissing his penis through his panties, and when I pulled aside the leg elastic and took his little peter into my mouth, he gasped for air and panted like crazy, but he didn't want me to stop. He had a dry cum that sent him shivering and shaking. No sooner had he done it, and he wanted me to do it again! I did. Finally, he was exhausted. I gave him a deep french kiss good night, and he really enjoyed that too.

Man, I had great dreams that night. I had never had a penis in my mouth before, but I liked having his little cockie between my lips, and I loved the feeling of being able to bring him off with a couple of dry

cums. In the morning, we dressed up just in lingerie and did all our work of washing out the remaining dirty panties and then pressing them and putting all of those great clothes away. He told me that the next time they needed a baby-sitter for him, he'd ask his parents if I could come over. I told him, I'd be ready anytime and at a moment's notice.

My sister and her husband returned home, and all was well until later in the week when John, my sister's husband called my mom and asked if I could baby-sit for them that night. Well, when I got there, my sister was already gone off to some meeting, but John told me to go to the rec room and watch a video he knew I'd like while he finished getting ready. He said Charlie was upstairs and would be down shortly. Well, when I switched on the TV and started the video, I was stunned. It showed little Charlie and me in our nighties and panties, and I was giving him a blowjob! I just about jumped out of my skin. I got up and wanted to run out of there, but John was standing in the doorway. He told me to sit down and listen. He didn't seem too upset. He explained to me that they had a motion-activated baby monitor in Charlie's room that they used to watch him during the night because he sometimes got sick with all of his ailments. And they had a VCR hooked up to the monitor like a baby cam and that's how he had caught me.

Then he told me that my sister had not seen the tape. After they got home, he told her he had watched it and nothing unusual had happened. In fact, he told her, I had gotten Charlie to bed on time both nights. But then he said that he would show it to her unless I did what he wanted. You guessed it. I had to get down on my knees and give him a blowjob.

He called me a fag and bawled me out for dressing up little Charlie, but he wasn't as angry with me as much as I thought he'd be. He admitted that his son was a sissy, and the boy would probably end up being gay -- and he had those thoughts long before seeing the videotape. He said his wife was always using Charlie as a clothes model to make adjustments on the costumes she was making, and often those outfits were fancy clothes for little girls. And his son seemed to like wearing sissy clothes.

After I had taken a big load of his slime into my mouth, he made me swallow it. Except for little Charlie -- and he wasn't old enough to make cum -- I had never sucked off a guy before, and it was really weird. The taste of cum stayed in my mouth. I asked him if I could go to the bathroom and wash my mouth out, but he told me just to stay there and enjoy the taste of it! I didn't enjoy it! All I could think about was his jism sloshing around in my empty stomach. Just the thought made me sick. Then John told me that he had just videotaped me giving him that blowjob. That made me doubly sick, but he made it clear that unless I wanted my sister and other people to see the video, I have to service him whenever he felt like a sissy blowjob. He said he that whenever he got in the mood, he'd give me call, and I'd have to drop everything and meet him whenever and wherever he wanted. Like it or not, I was to be his faggot cum eater! And now, this has been going on for years!

John did set it up so I would come over to watch little Charlie (without getting paid) whenever they wanted to go out. He said I could dress up little Charlie because the kid admitted to him he really liked it. He did say that if my sister ever figured out what was going on, he'd pretend like he knew nothing about

it, and I alone would have to face her for the consequences. And to this day, whenever my brother-in-law wants a blowjob, I have to do it.

Little Charlie is twelve now. His hormones are in and he shoots big loads of sissy cum (often into my mouth). He loves calling me a cocksucker and a fag. In turn, I call him a sissy, and then we both laugh! I haven't seen it happen, but I can tell my brother-in-law gets little Charlie to suck on his daddy's tool when my sister is not around.

Yours in service,
R B, Wyoming

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**The Delivery Boy
Part 1**

Novia and Theresa loved to wear spike heels, heavy makeup and old-fashioned lingerie: heavily frilled panties, garter belts with nylon stockings, and tight corsets. The girls were models for a clothing wholesaler and off work on the weekends. On Saturdays they did their laundry and ordered their groceries for the week. They ordered their groceries from Spangler's Market because their delivery boy was so cute! Whenever he came in with their groceries they noticed how he stared at all their pretty lingerie drying on the clothesline. In particular, his attention seemed to be drawn to all their fancy panties. The fifteen-year-old kid was small for his age and had long blonde hair. The two women thought he'd make a cute girl, so one day they called in their order for delivery as usual, but when he showed up, they were ready to have some fun with him.

He was all eyes as he came in the backdoor because the two women were dressed only in frilly lingerie. They asked him his name and he told them, "Tom Kelly, ma'am."

Novia commented it was nice to meet a boy who was so polite, but they had a problem. They had caught him numerous times staring at their lingerie, and lately some of their panties had been missing, and so they were sure he was the one stealing them. Novia held a fancy pair of panties up to his face to let him see what they were talking about. He almost dropped the groceries before he could set them down.

Tom, on the verge of tears, immediately denied it. He said he'd lose his job if he ever got caught doing something like that.

The women pretended to feel sorry for him, but insisted he must be the guilty one because the week before they had discovered three pairs of panties missing immediately after he had delivered the groceries.

Tom still protested, but the women weren't interested in his alibis. When Theresa picked up the phone and said she was going to call Mr. Spangler and tell him about her suspicions, Tom got down on his knees and pleaded with them. He said he'd do anything if they didn't call his boss. The women thought for a moment and then said if he'd do something for them to show he was genuinely sorry, they wouldn't call Mr. Spangler.

Tom said he'd agree to anything.

The women pretended to have a little conference and then told him that for his punishment, they wanted to make him up as a sexy girl, dress him in fancy lingerie and let him know what it felt like for people to stare at his pretty clothes while he was wearing them.

Tom refused, but Theresa produced a wicked looking whip and told him he could take an old-fashioned whipping instead. He didn't know what to do.



The Delivery Boy continued

Thoroughly confused and very upset, he tried to run for the door, but they grabbed him, pulled off his trousers and underwear and started dressing him in some of their lingerie. Repeatedly, they had to threaten to call his boss and give him a whipping before he reluctantly agreed. Still he struggled and cried as they got him into a pair of panties. They sensed he had a fetish for panties, recalling how he always stared at their panties every time he delivered groceries, so the two women brought out a huge stack of the frilliest panties Tom had ever seen, and every few minutes, each woman would change into a new pair of panties right in front of him. They'd model the panties for him and ask his opinion. In his befuddled state, it wasn't too difficult for them to put a wig and some elegant nylons on him in addition to the panties.

It was like being in an adult Disneyland for the horny young boy, but he was also thoroughly terrorized. This was like his best wet dream and worst nightmare all rolled into one.

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The Delivery Boy continued

Novia and Theresa put a corset on him along with a heavy coat of makeup and bright red fingernail polish, making him look like a hot young showgirl. And they kept changing his panties, saying that since he had such an interest in panties, they were going to keep changing his panties as well as their own every few minutes. Surely, he'd like that, and maybe then he'd stop resisting what they were doing to him. Still they had to keep the whip handy and let him know that they were ready to call Mr. Spangler if he didn't cooperate.

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The Delivery Boy continued

When Tom tried to wipe off the lipstick, the women gave him a sample of the whip. He screeched like a wounded dog but then sat still and let them apply a fresh coat of lipstick to his lips.

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The Delivery Boy conclusion

By the end of the afternoon, Tom was a thoroughly beaten and humiliated boy made to parade before them in a wide range of fancy lingerie outfits while they laughed at him, called him a panty sissy boy and took pictures of his embarrassed condition. He periodically cried, but the women warned him not to cry because it ruined his makeup and they would have to freshen it up, and that would earn him another beating. Tom had never been so humiliated in his entire life. Just when he thought it was finally over, the women wouldn't let him have his own underwear back. They were going to keep it for evidence. If he tried to complain about what they had done to him, they'd be able to show people how they had caught him in their house stealing lingerie and trying it on and that he was so scared when they caught him that he ran off without his underwear. They did have him keep on a pair of panties before letting him put on his outer clothes over them. And as he walked to the door, they told him they'd be calling Spangler's for a delivery the coming Saturday and would request him to deliver it, and they warned, he should be prepared to stay for a while because they thought he hadn't yet learned his lesson quite well enough.

Note: The original photographs used in this story were published in 1973 by Eros Goldstripe in their magazine Exotique Vol 3 #2.

The boy is unidentified but the lovely crossdresser on the left is Kim Christy and the woman on the right is Jenifer Jordan.

The end of Princess Online #52

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