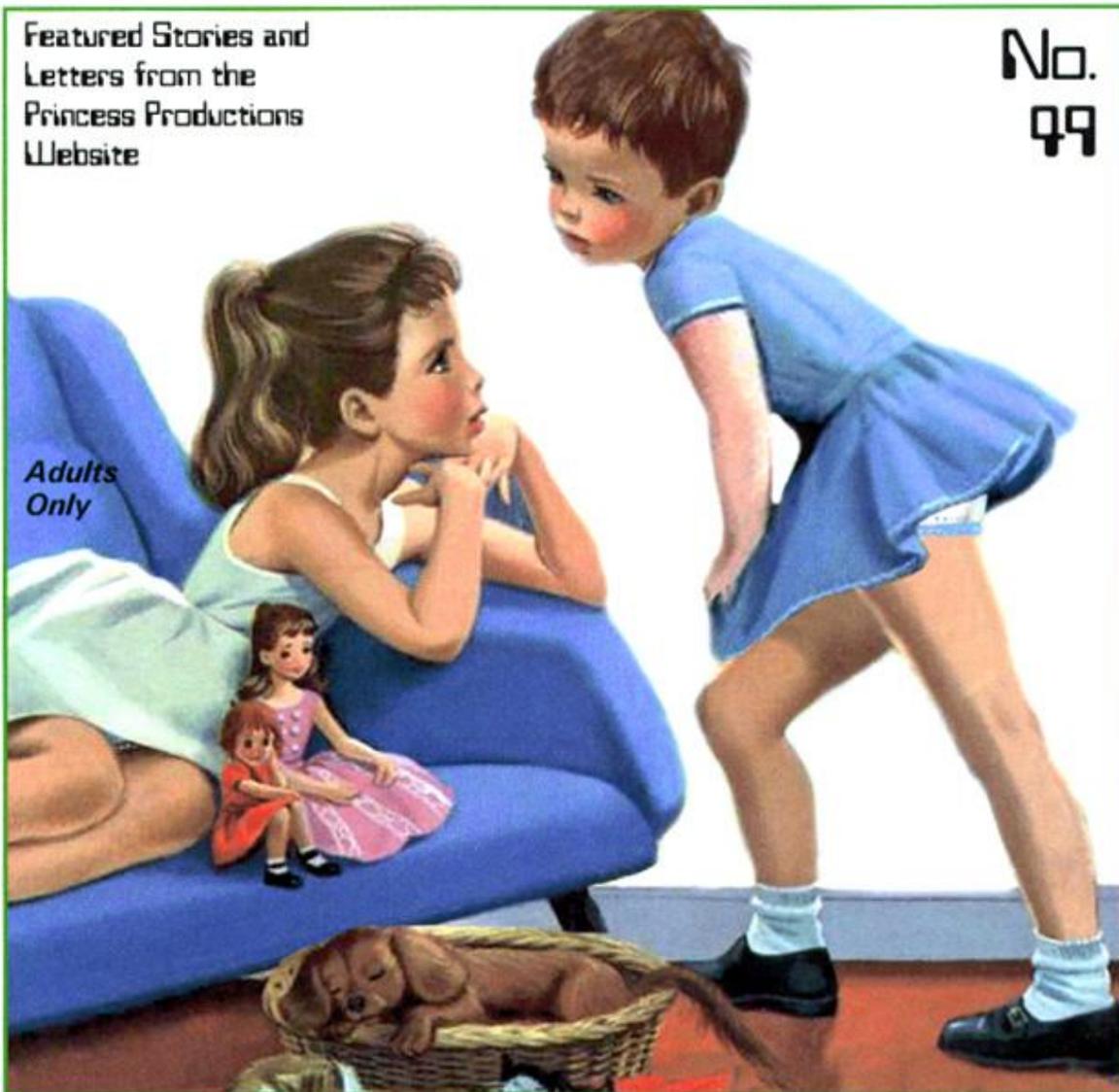


Princess Online

Featured Stories and
Letters from the
Princess Productions
Website

No.
99



*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.

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.

This month's picture is from Carole Jean's newest book, "Norm - Schooled to Be Girls!" The drawing is by Juan Sole. In this scene, Norm, dressed as a French maid, is forced to serve refreshments at a reception for the local basketball team members and their parents, all part of Norm's punishment and training to act like a girl in every way!

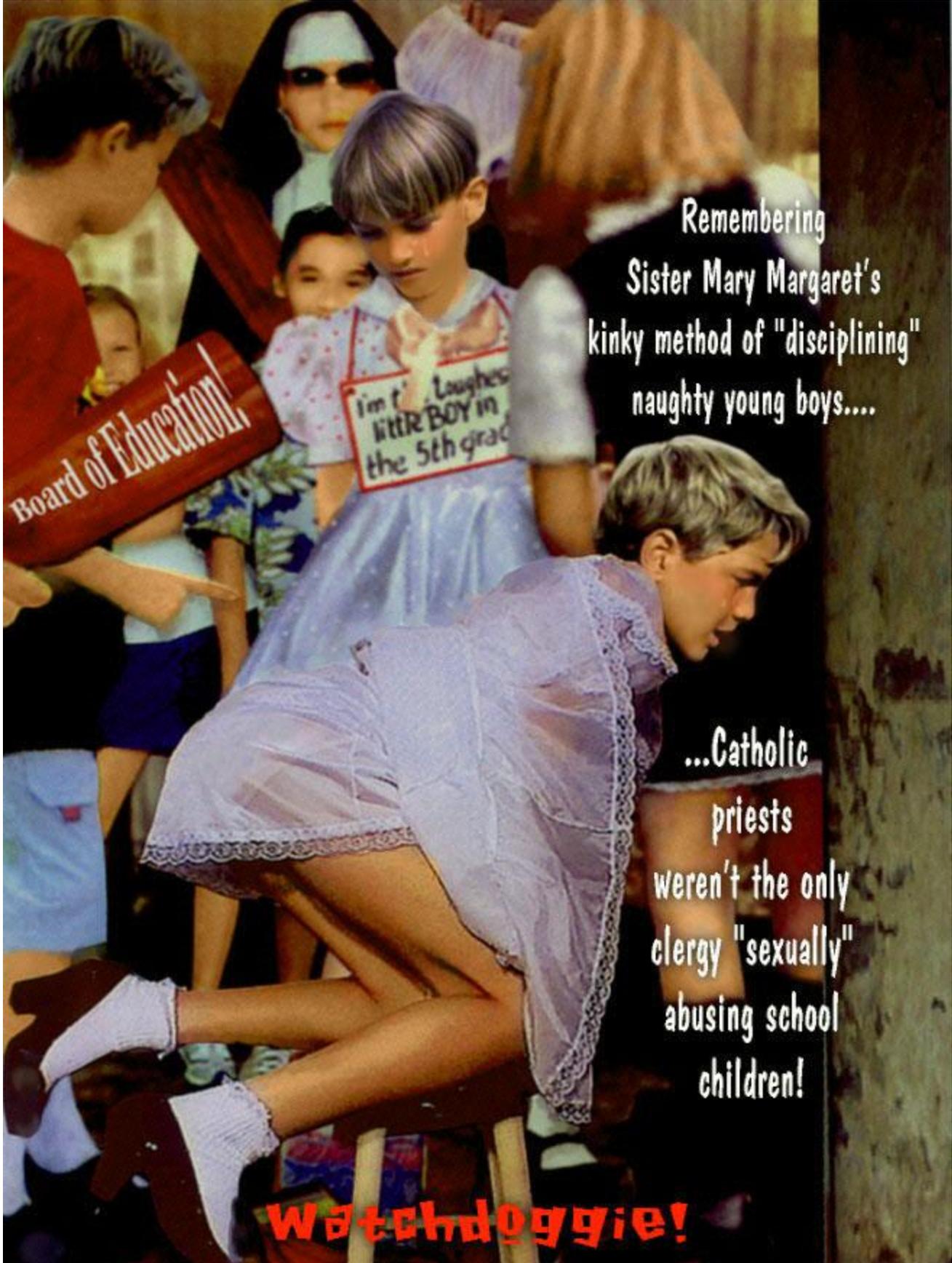
All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits and girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. The most distinctive feature of Carole Jean's books is the abundance of artwork. She has 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/>

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



Remembering
Sister Mary Margaret's
kinky method of "disciplining"
naughty young boys....

...Catholic
priests
weren't the only
clergy "sexually"
abusing school
children!

Watchdoggie!

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 like the one above, illustrating an incident that happened in Cincinnati, Ohio, schools in which boys were forced to dress as girls to help them develop their feminine sensitivity! By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while dressed in his punishment dress and panties.

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



French Movie

Can you help us? This scene from the 1988 French movie "Après la Guerre" looks pretty interesting with the boy in an apron. Can anyone give us any info about this movie, provide us with a copy of the video or better quality photo stills than the one we have here? We'd also like to know the story behind that boy wearing the apron. Any help is appreciated.

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



French Movie

Scenes from the 1998 French movie "Victor...pendant qu'il est trop tard" that tells the story of a boy who runs away from an abusive household and takes refuge with a prostitute, and at one point, he dresses up in her fancy clothes.

[Next](#) | [Index](#)









Masquerade

At this show for fashions from Ireland, this boy seems to be very hesitant about modeling his kilt. (Compared to Scottish kilts, Irish kilts are not plaid but of solid colors.) His kilt is pink, plus he's obviously wearing nylon stockings or pantyhose, and those elements

surely contribute to his apprehension. He's probably thinking that he looks like a sissy in his pink skirt and stockings. Well, we've got news fro him. He is a sissy!

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



Click on the picture to the left for an actual photograph of eleven-year-old Kristopher King, the subject of the article below.

School bullies shatter Billy Elliot boy's dream

Mother sues council for failing to protect son who loves ballet

By Nick Britten

THE mother of an 11-year-old boy is suing her local education authority after school bullies all but ruined her son's chances of becoming a professional ballet dancer.

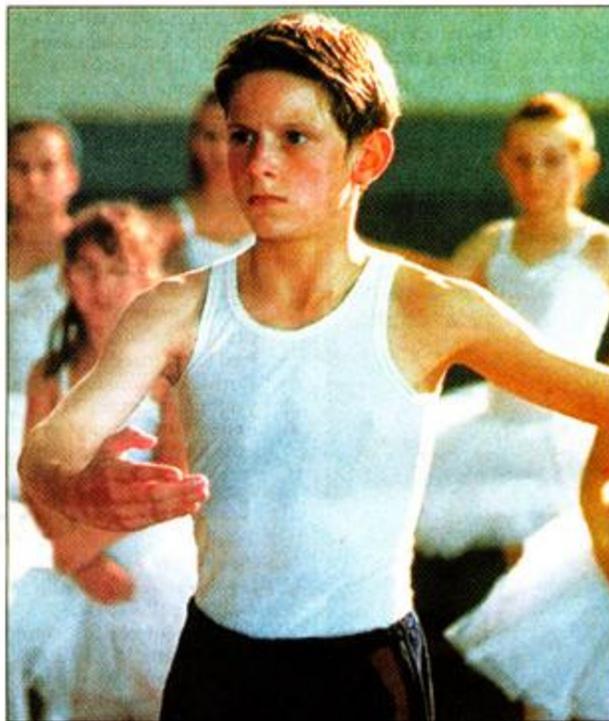
Kristopher King's hopes of fulfilling his life's ambition seem to be over after bullies injured his feet, leaving him facing surgery that will prevent him dancing for five years and effectively ruin his career.

In one of several beatings last year he was kicked severely at school, damaging bones in his foot, an incident the police described as a "nasty assault". Since then he has been unable to dance properly or take part in weekly classes.

The problem was exacerbated after a boy rode over his foot with his bike last October. And in another incident just before Christmas he was punched and kicked near his home after getting off the school bus.

Now he fears he will never dance again after a doctor told him he needed an operation on his foot that could not take place until he is 16 and the bones had finished growing. Severe deep bruising was making it impossible for his foot to heal.

Kristopher's mother, Diane, is suing Derby city council on the grounds that teachers failed to protect her son and punish the boys responsible. His story echoes that of the hit film *Billy Elliot*, where a boy faced prejudice in a North-



Jamie Bell as the tormented young dancer in *Billy Elliot*

East town but overcame it to become a ballet dancer.

Mrs King, 39, from Spondon, Derby, said: "Kristopher is a quiet, sensitive boy with real talent. He's constantly taunted for following his dancing dreams. It's 'drama boy' and 'ballet boy' all the time. We have seen a real change in him. It's very hard to take. He's so unhappy and his confidence has gone.

"It is not compensation we are after, but justice for Kris-

topher. The school had a duty to protect him and punish the bullies, and they failed.

"This really could be the end for his dreams - even his dance teacher says he might not recover. That is what is really hard for him to accept, that it might all be over."

Kristopher's love of dancing began at the age of five when he saw his younger sister Sam at her dancing class at Derby's Hughes School of Dance. He soon started

classes in tap, modern and ballet.

Last February he took the role of Young Pip in *Great Expectations* with the Derby Youth Theatre at Derby Playhouse. But just weeks later his mother noticed bruising on his face and his dance teacher told her that he was being bullied. The first attacks took place at Asterdale Primary School, Spondon, when bullies would trip him up and stamp on his feet and legs.

In the autumn he joined a senior school, Heanor Gate Science College, where he hoped he would have a fresh start. But one day last term he told a friend he did ballet, and the bullying started again.

Kristopher said: "I'm more wary about telling people now. They don't think lads should do anything but football."

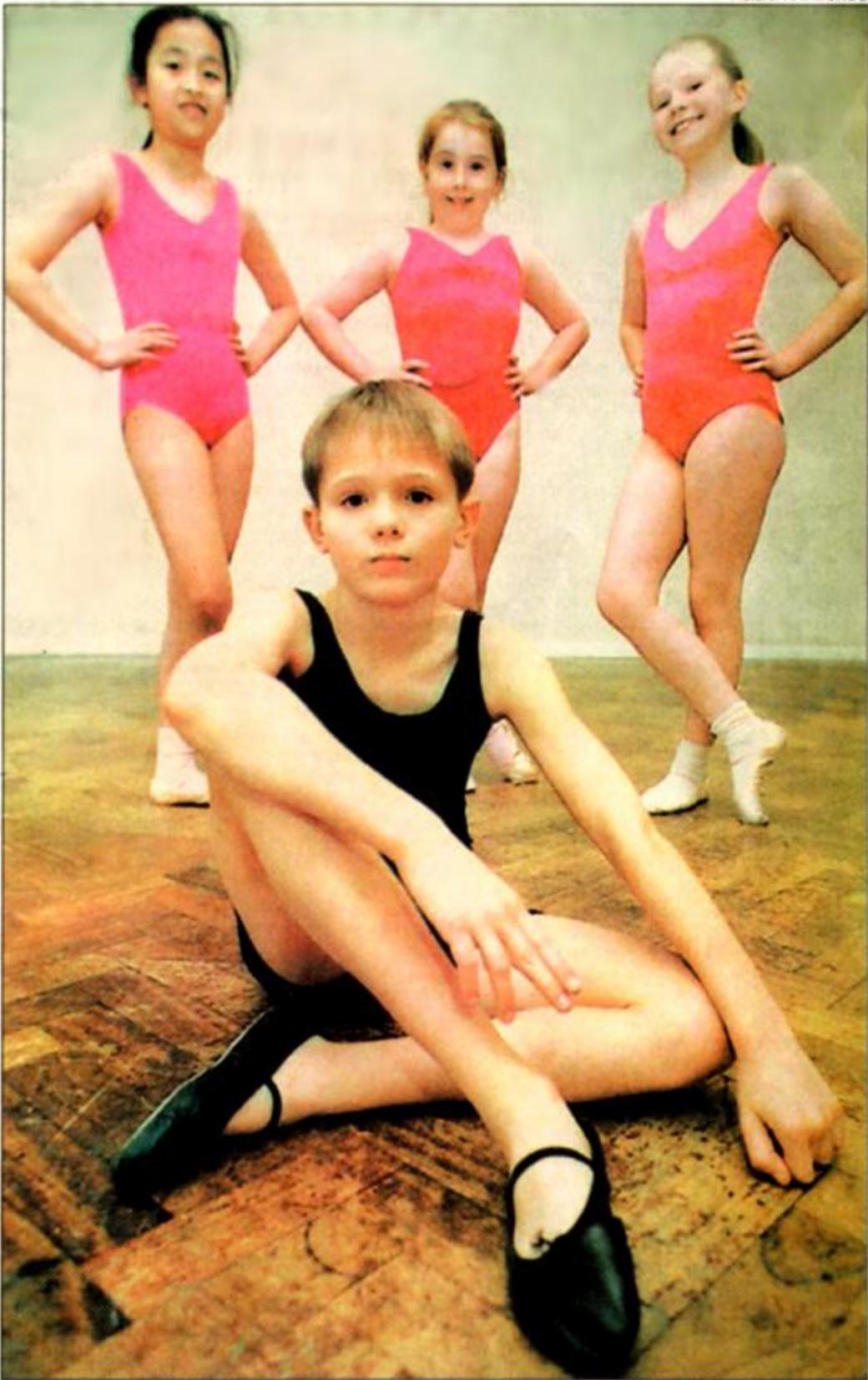
The family have already started legal proceedings. Mrs King said: "We feel the school failed to protect Kristopher and that no one was ever punished for what happened.

"The staff and most of the pupils at his new school have been very good but the incident on the last day of term has left him very shaken."

Jan Bradshaw, Kristopher's head of year at Heanor Gate College, said: "We encourage the performing arts and have been careful to make sure that Kristopher is with like-minded people. Up until this latest incident we were making good progress."

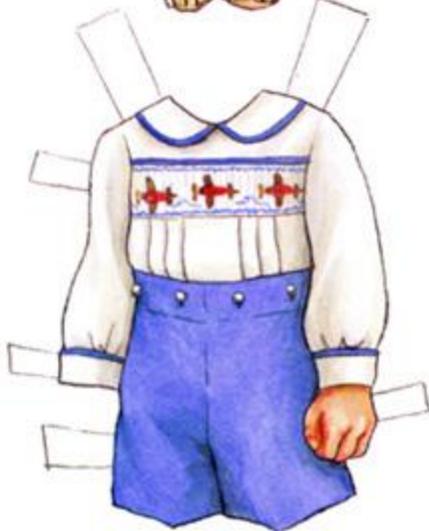
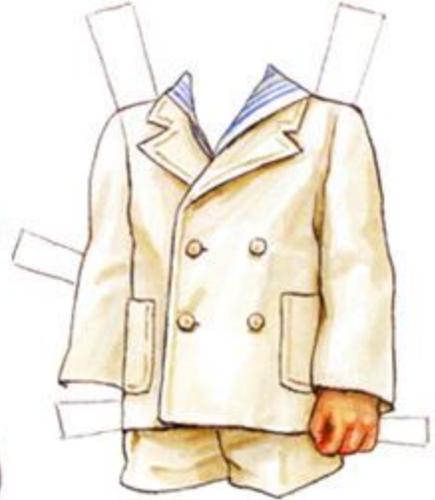
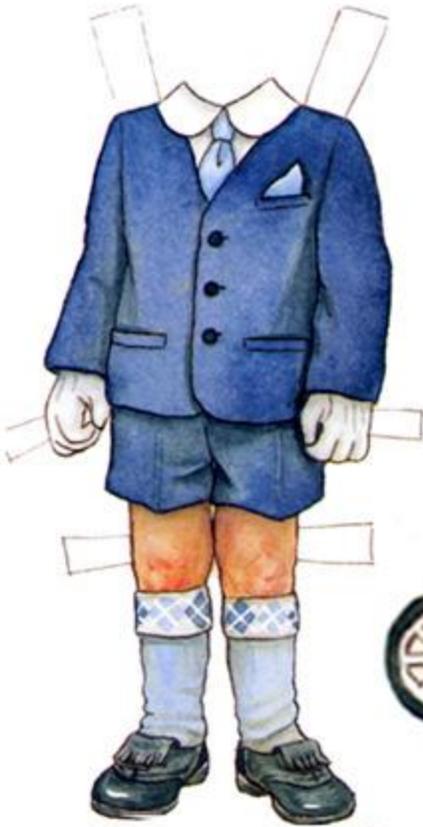
Derby city council was unable to comment because of the legal proceedings.

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



Kristopher King at dance school. He cannot attend lessons because of severe bruising to his foot

Dress up Andrew
for church,
school or play.



Boy Paper Doll

We found this paper doll insert in an early 1900s magazine. The little boy outfits are cute, but most striking is little Andrew in his underwear, which can only be described as lingerie since it's pink and lace-trimmed! Those were the days for cute little boy fashions!

[Next](#) | [Index](#)

The North River Signal
October 17, 2002 Issue 748

With Dale Jones About Town . . .

Plan to see Cinderella Fella

Where can you see boys dressed as girls and enjoy laughter galore? The North River Conservatorium in Jamestown as their youngest drama group performs a special version of Cinderella this weekend.

There are seven young actors in the show, and all are boys! We got a peek backstage during dress rehearsal, and it looks like these boys are going all out! The costumes alone are marvelous. The two boys pictured to the right play two of the ugly stepsisters, but one would be hard pressed to call them ugly! We weren't allowed to see Cinderella herself. Emma Chapman, the director, said, the boy playing that role and his special costume were to be a surprise for all who attend.

The all-boy Cinderella show is at the Conservatorium. Friday to Sunday, December 7-9, 7 pm, at 29 Hotchford Rd, North Ridge. For details and directions, phone Carmen on 3368 5614.





Click on the images to enlarge.

[Next](#) | [Index](#)





Converted into a

Panty Pleaser

Part 1

"Pick out a nice pair of blue panties for me," Paul's sister commands. "I've got a late date tonight. I'll be wearing my blue mini dress."

He picks out a pair of pale blue nylon panties with a pink heart on each hip and pink lace around the leg openings and holds them up for her approval.

Diane nods, and says, "What do you do now, Paul?"

"I kiss them, Miss?"

"Yes, and then you can hold them open for me."

Paul lovingly kisses the crotch of the panties and sniffs them with a big intake of air because he knows that's what she wants him to do.

"Good boy. I know you're going to grow up to be a queer."

"No, Diane. I mean, no, Miss," Paul says, still holding the panties up to his nose and almost in tears. "I'm not queer."

"Well, we'll see."

For years, their mother has ignored Diane's domination of her little brother, treatment that causes him to have a lot of self-doubts and mixed-up ideas. Diane likes being superior to a male, and she knows how to play upon his fears and get him to humiliate himself. And he does it; otherwise, she just keeps teasing him and bothering him all day long until he does capitulate.

"How big is your prick, little brother?"

"Oh, Miss, it's not very big," she makes him say. Even though his penis is a respectable size, he knows how to answer. "I haven't got a man's prick; it's very small, just a little boy's dick, and it will always be little and never be big enough for any girl to want."

"Yes, and?" Diane asks with a sly grin.

"I don't want to fuck anyone. I just like to play with myself."

Paul knows what to say. Even though they had gone through this routine many times, it still humiliates him every time he has to say it.

"That's right," Diane says. "Now bring my panties over here and put them on me."

Paul crawls over to his sister and gently reaches under her school uniform skirt, pulls down the dirty pink panties she is wearing and asks her to lift up her feet one at a time so he can take them all the way off. Like a well-trained slave, Paul puts the crotch of the dinky panties in his mouth. The acrid taste on his tongue he never gets used to. Regardless of how many times he has done this, it still makes him gag. He helps her put on the clean panties and pulls them up tight. She makes him smooth them out over her crotch. Paul reaches around her hips, puts his forefingers under the leg elastics on each side toward the back and runs them all around the leg openings to flatten out the lace around her thighs.

"Paul, you're at the age when you should be fucking girls, but what do you do? You play with yourself like a sissy. Right?"

"Buh, no, sith..." Paul mumbles through his panty-filled mouth.

"But nothing, ya little wimp. And I know you play with my lingerie when you jack-off. Don't stare at me pretending like you don't know what I'm talking about."

"I don't! I-I never..." he protests, crying and moaning through the wet panties. He doesn't masturbate in her panties; he's heard about such things, but he doesn't even know how to bring himself off.

Diane knows he's approaching that age when he will be pulling on his pud with regularity, and she knows it's time to dominate him sexually. He's ready to be controlled. Now she stands over him in her school uniform; she's giving him a clear view beneath her skirt. He can see the lacy edge of her blue panties. Diane knows how to change him from a dominated little brother into a sex slave, and she's doing it.

"I think, I'll tell Mom what you're up to. I know you've been wearing my lingerie too, dancing around like a little faggot in my bras and panties? You like doing that, don't you, sissy?"

Paul, thoroughly astounded, can't even answer. He shakes in fear of his sneering big sister who is almost twice as big, twice as heavy and twice as strong as he is.

"Hey, fag, I don't mind if you like to wear girls' clothes, most fags do. I just don't want you messing around with my things. When Mom comes home, why not ask her if she'll buy you some of your own pretty things?"

Paul cries that he hates girls' things and says she has it all wrong.

"Oh, no, I got it all right. You're the one who has it wrong! I can understand that you might be embarrassed about it. No, I think you like boys; gay boys aren't attracted to girls, so that's understandable. But I know you're in love with girls' clothes.

"Hey, I like the idea of having a little sister. You can take the panties out of your mouth now but put them in your pocket for later. Now, stand in the middle of the room, and stand up straight when I talk to you," Diane said with a grin on her face but a firm voice.

"Do you know how I found out about you?"

"What? ... Found out what about me?" he asks nervously.

Diane slaps him across the face as she screams, "You know how I told you to answer me when I talk to you."

"Yes, Miss. I'm sorry. I'm very sorry, Miss," Paul whimpers.

"That's better and don't ever forget to address me as 'Miss,' or I might have to really punish you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss," Paul replies.

"Well, I found out that you like my lacy things because my lingerie drawer is always messed up, and a lot of my things are wrinkled and stretched out of shape. You're the only one around here who would do that. So since you like my things so much, I'm going to give you a pretty pair of my panties that you can have. Here take these," she says as she hands him a delicate yellow pair of panties with a froth of white lace and ribbon decoration.

Paul doesn't protest. He takes the panties; he can see and smell that they are dirty panties. He holds them like they're poison.

"After dinner, you can help me dress for my date. Right now, take these nice panties upstairs and put them in your dresser drawer. Put them right on top. So the next time you want to wear a pair of my panties, all you have to do is take these out and put them on. That way maybe you'll leave my things alone. And after you spill your cum in them and you need another pair, or a nice bra or slip or something, just let me know, and I'll be glad to get them for you."

"But, Sis, I mean, Miss, I don't want them ... and what if Mom finds them in my drawer?"

"Of course, you want them. Don't lie to me! Besides, Mom never goes in your room, so how is she going

to find them unless you tell her?”

Paul shrugs his shoulders, and as he races off to his room, Diane shouts, “Oh, and put my pink panties back into your mouth and keep sucking on them until I come up to your room and let you take them out.”

Paul shoves her dirty pink panties back into his mouth, and when he gets back to his room, he puts her dirty yellow panties in his dresser drawer as Diane had instructed him. He lies on his bed with his face in the pillow, wishing he had a nice sister instead of a monster.

Minutes later, he hears his mother’s car pulling into the driveway. That is always a good sign because Diane lets up on him while their mother is around. But less than five minutes later, his mother storms into his room and heads directly toward his dresser. Without saying anything, she starts opening drawers.

In shock, Paul jumps up, pulls the panty gag out of his mouth and asks, “Mother, what are you doing?” as he tries to block her from opening his dresser drawers, but she slaps him away. She finds the yellow panties.

“Paul! How could you! I have a little queer for a son?”

“Diane told me she knows you have been going through her panties and trying them on, and she says she knows you are stealing panties from her, and look at this,” she says holding the yellow panties up and shaking them in his face like a matador teasing a bull.

Paul starts to protest but only gets a hard slap across his face.

“Here, faggot, take all your clothes off, put on these panties and stay here in your room until after dinner. Then at seven o’clock come to my room – wearing only the panties!”

“Oh, and your sister says, she thinks you like to suck on her panties too because she’s found some pairs all wet and wrinkled. She says she’s missing a pink pair, so where are they?”

Paul cries and wants to defend himself but sees his mother is ready to slap him again if he even tries to utter a word. Totally downtrodden, he hands her the wet pink panties.

“Disgusting! Not only are you a faggot but a panty-sucking pervert too! This is the thanks I get for working hard all these years and paying all the bills to raise you?”

[Next](#) | [Index](#)

Converted to a Panty Pleaser

Part 2

At 7:00 o'clock, still dressed just in the frilly yellow panties, Paul knocks on his mother's bedroom door. With his head down, he enters and walks toward her. She looks at him amused contempt. She laughs at him.

"Well, don't just stand there like an idiot, you little pansy. Spin around. Let me see you in your sister's panties!"

Paul, quickly but clumsily, pirouettes around like he has seen dancers spin. He's self-conscious and embarrassed and has no control over his penis, which is half erect and shaming him because it bulges out in the large nylon panties. "At first I didn't believe Diane when she told me about you, but seeing you here looking and acting like a sissy, I now know she's right."

Paul stands there in tears, complaining he doesn't like lingerie. It was all a mistake. His mother doesn't listen to him, just points to his erect penis and says it tells her that he's queer. A real boy would never get turned on wearing panties, she says. Next, she tells him to address her as "Ma'am" whenever he speaks to her. She's so disappointed in him that she doesn't even want to think of him as her son. Plus she tells him not to talk to her unless she asks him a question, and if he forgets, she'll hit him harder than his sister has ever hit him.

"Paul ... uh, I think I'll start calling you Paulie?" she mused. "Paulie, you know how much I hate faggots. They're good for nothing. They can't get married and make babies. And that's all I ever wanted from you. Now look what I have ... I have you, a faggot for a son. Well, I'm going to take you in hand, my boy, and train you to do things, so you can be productive, can be a good husband to a woman even though you're queer. Then you can marry a woman and have her artificially inseminated, so I can have my grandchildren. Many women would like to marry a faggot slave, and that's what I'm going to make you into, and if they need to get fucked once in a while, they can date all the real men they want! A lot of women would like that set up.

Paul's cheeks are bright crimson as he stands there listening to her degrade and laugh at him. He is used to ill treatment from his sister, but this is his mother. She had always let him know she was never overly impressed with him but let him to his own devices, but now thinking he is a queer upsets the few plans she has had for him. Well, she decides that isn't going to stop her from getting what she wants out of



him.

She draws him close and looks closely at his hard-on in the front of his panties. "I must say you have a pretty good size cock for a boy your age. Still I'm sure it will never touch the insides of a nice tight young pussy. It belongs in a pair of your sister's soiled panties. Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"I don't know, Ma'am," Paul mumbles with his head down trying not to show his mother the tears watering his eyes. "I'll do whatever you want, mother, but I'm not queer."

She laughs hard at that.

"I'll do whatever you want. I wear panties if you want to show you there isn't anything I wouldn't do for you, Ma'am."

"Well, you're no good for fucking, but I'm certainly going to have fun with you. I consider it a mother's privilege when she discovers her only son is a fucking queer boy!

"For one thing, fags are good at washing and cleaning, so I've got a lot of things to keep you busy. Then we'll soon see whether or not you really will do ANYTHING to please me!"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am, I will do anything. Diane taught me to obey her, and I'll obey you in everything too," Paul replies still with his head bent.

"Well, I'll see about that. Your sister plays games with you, bossing you around, but when you're a slave to me, I'll really work your ass off, you little poof," she says. "Now, I want the house kept spotless from top to bottom, and I mean spotless. Otherwise it will be your bottom that I'll be working on.

"Here is a little yellow bra to match your panties and a garter belt and nylons, they'll be part of your regular uniform around here until I can get you some sexy little maids' dresses."

She helps him on with the bra and shows him how to hook the garter belt and attach and pull tight his nylon stockings.

"Now the cleaning supplies and everything you'll need are under the stairs, so get going!"

Paul scurries away and quickly starts cleaning under his mother's direction, but everything has changed. He looks at his mother in a new way. He can't keep his mind off her. She had always been firm with him but now treats him like a maid or a common servant. He thinks about her in ways he has never thought about her before. He peeks at her full but firm figure. He has a new appreciation for her beauty. Wearing a cool white blouse without a bra, she looks radiant. He looks at her and the light from the window shining behind her lights up her round tits and hard nipples straining against her tight blouse. She knows he's looking and taunts him by taking off her skirt, complaining that she is warm, and then

walks around the house in just her waist-high white panties. She tucks her satiny blouse into her panties and pulls them up so tightly that her pussy lips are outlined beneath the slinky fabric. And when she turns around to take him into the den to show him where she wants him to clean next, he almost comes in his panties, as he sees she has pulled her white panties right up into the crack of her beautiful round ass. It makes him want to touch her naked ass cheeks, put his nose between them and take a good sniff.

“Now then, you little wanker,” she says, “go over to your big sister and let her inspect our new little faggot maid.”

Paul walks to Diane seated in a winged chair by the fireplace. As she looks him over, she torments him by snapping his tight garter straps and laughs when he yelps in pain.

“Mother,” she asks, “is it okay if I touch him to see how much he’s enjoying himself?”

“Of course, darling. Normally that would be incest and a no-no, but with fag boys, it doesn’t mean anything if their sister or mother feels them up, because they aren’t excited by females, so it’s not sexual at all.”

“Oh, Mother, he’s very big and hard.”

“He must be thinking about sucking cocks or getting buggered in the ass or something like that.”

Paul stands there terrified to say anything for fear of punishment. He can only let tears roll down his shiny red cheeks.

“My, my, is that what you dream about? Well, let me tell you, dear brother, I don’t just dream about sucking cock, I do it. It’s so-o-o good! But I guess you already know that. You are enjoying this maid duty, aren’t you?”

Swallowing his tears, Paul chokes out, “No-o-o-o!”

She ignores his answer. “Well I don’t think you deserve to have me give you a little wank just yet,” she says as she stops her vigorous massaging of his pantied cock. “Maybe I’ll watch you do it to yourself later if you’re a good boy and if I’m not too tired. And while you masturbate, I think I’ll hit you around the face. That should be fun. Right now, get on with your cleaning. Carl is coming over tonight and I want the place looking nice, and later you can help me dress when I call you.”

As soon as Paul finishes vacuuming, his mother sends him to his bedroom without eating while she and his sister have dinner. As he lies in his bed, he is plagued with wild images of the things the women have been talking about doing to him. Then after dinner, he is brought back to reality when he hears his mother shout, “Get in here, wanker!”

He runs to her bedroom and sees her standing in a pair of the highest heels he has ever seen, and all she is wearing is a sheer pair of black stockings held up by four suspenders attached to a heavily frilled pink lace basque that pushes her breasts forward allowing her nipples to be on full view. The panties she has on are white with fine lace crisscrossing the front.

“Stop gawking,” she shouts. “I thought Diane has trained you. You’re staring like you’ve never seen a woman in her lingerie before, you pathetic little panty wanker. Now, I’m going out this evening too, but before I go, I’m going to show you how to lick pussy. I’m going to get fucked tonight, and when I get back, you can suck the man’s cum out of my pussy. That certainly will be one of your jobs after you get married and your wife comes home with her cunt dripping with sperm, so the sooner you learn how to do it, the better it will be.”

“When I get back from bar hopping and getting fucked, you are going to use your tongue to lick me out, and I don’t just mean sucking my gooey pussy. I like to take it in the ass as well, so you’ll lick the crud out of there too. It will be good practice for licking out boys’ assholes too. Gay boys love it when a submissive sissy licks cum out of their bum. And I want you to beg me before you do it. And when I have had enough, I want you to get down on your knees, kiss my feet and thank me for letting a fag like you get close to a superior woman like me. Is that clear?”

“Oh, yes, Ma’am. Thank you, Ma’am,” Paul says.

“Well, let’s practice. Get on with it,” his mother screams.

Paul drops down onto his knees. “Please, Ma’am, I beg you to let me lick your beautiful pussy, and then can I please lick your asshole clean, by running my tongue up and down in between your cheeks? Please, oh, please, Ma’am, I beg you?”

Over the years, his mother never really paid much attention to him. He turned her off because he reminded her so much of her abusive ex-husband. He looked so much like the bastard when she had first met him, and that pleased her as she stared down at him crouched before her. She was impressed with his abject manner. Just now she realizes how well her daughter has trained the little pantywaist. "This was going to be fun!" she thinks. "All right, you fucking little pansy pervert. Get your lips on my cunt and do a good job, or I'll whip your ass raw."

She pulls aside her white panties and spreads her legs. As she takes her son between her legs, she instructs him how she wants him to orally please her. Once he gets his face in there and his lips are attached to her cunt, she picks up a book from the side table and begins reading a few pages out of the sexy novel she keeps on her nightstand. She now regards him as nothing more than a silly pussy slave whom she can degrade however she pleases no regard for his feelings. Paul worships at his mother’s perfectly formed mound. He pushes out his tongue and concentrates as she has instructed him to please her as much as possible.

Dropping her book down for a moment, she looks at him, giggles and asks, "Do you like eating my cunt?"

Even though he can barely stomach his mothers' strong womanly aroma, he says he does like it because he wants to please her, and he knows that is what she wants him to say.

She cums repeatedly, banging her hips against his face, bruising his lips, but she couldn't care less if she is hurting him. He knows he cannot let go with his mouth until she tells him she is finished. He licks inside every fold up and down, over and over again, and then he moves in as far as he can with his tongue at full stretch and pushes it high up into her cunt, using his tongue like a small prick he slides it in and out and in and out. It seems like hours before she lets out with one final crashing orgasm, as she grips Paul's head so tightly between her legs that he feels like he is going to pass out. She bucks furiously up and down one last time, shouting at him to get his tongue into her higher and deeper. "Get it up there you useless dick fucker. Push it up! That's it, you worthless piece of faggot shit! Get it up there or I'll whip you so badly you won't be able to lie on your back for a month!" She gives out a loud, lingering scream and after bucking around a bit more, she lets go and pulls Paul's sopping face away from her soaking cunt. He just starts to get his breath as his mother turns over, grabs the back of his head and pushes his face so hard into her sweaty ass that his nose is harshly wedged right up into her hole. The smell is disgusting, and he struggles to stop himself from choking. The moment his tongue forces its way into her hole, she lets out a huge fart that gags him and makes him pull away, but she shoves his head back in and lets him know that he better do a good job and stay in position or he'd be in for the beating of his life.

It's disgusting, but Paul loves his mother and has sworn to do anything for her, good and bad, erotic as well as repulsive. The years of servitude to his sister have broken his spirit as a boy. Now more than ever, he is confused, riding a high of excitement and revulsion, things that will take him a lifetime to sort out.

After about ten minutes, his mother pulls away from his face, which is now covered with her ass sweat and pussy juice.

"That wasn't bad, you little pantywaist," his mother says, breathing heavily. "But I expect better next time. Now, come up here and dry my armpits." Paul pulls his bedraggled body up alongside her. She lifts one arm above her head, and he avidly licks away her sweat. Then the other arm. Next, as a little reward, she reaches down between his legs and wanks him into his sister's dirty yellow panties, all the while holding his head by a handful of his hair and laughing right in his face. His cock has never felt so hard. It feels as though it is going to explode into a million pieces. He blows spray after spray of cum. His mother heartily laughs at him.

"I'm going to train you to be a perfect body slave. Women will be fighting over themselves to have you for a faggot husband!"

Since both of them are exhausted, they fall asleep. A short time later, Paul wakes up when he hears his

sister calling.

“Paul, it’s time you help me dress for my date,” Diane calls to him.

Without disturbing his mother, he slowly pulls himself off his mother’s bed and rushes to his sister.

She laughs at him when she sees his sodden yellow panties and belittles him for dumping a load of cum into her dirty panties.

“I knew you were a panty wanker. You can’t fool me. You better get out of them. I’ll give you some clean panties to put on after you clean yourself up, and I’ll give you some of my old clothes to wear that will probably fit you. I want you looking pretty when I come home with my date tonight. I want to show Carl my cute little pantywaist brother.”

She gives him pale green panties, a halter-top and a pair of short shorts. After he gets cleaned up, she helps him dress, insisting that he keep the waistband of the panties with the little white bow peeking out above the top of his hot pants. Then he helps her dress for her date.

Diane comes home later that night with Carl, a big manly looking guy. He sees Paul in his girlie shorts and top and laughs, calls him a fag, and rolls over with laughter when Diane points out the little bow on his green panties peeking above the waistband of his shorts. Then she makes Paul open up his shorts and show her date the entire expanse of his sissy panties.

Paul cries but realizes he loves doing whatever females tell him to do. Now that his balls have come in, he’s turning into a prissy sexual slave and a thoroughly dedicated panty pleaser.

Loosely based on the story "Houseboy" by P. Rogers

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



Dear Princess Lacey:

There are a number of stories I would like to relate to you and your readers having to do with my love for panties and other feminine attire. Although I am an avid cross-dresser and spend a great deal of time on my outer wear, my panties are at the core of any outfit. Even when I run I wear panties under my shorts (summer) or running tights (winter). I have no male underwear- I have worn nothing but sexy girls and women's panties since I was 12 years old. I do not really know what kinds of things interest your readers; as well, I do not know what may be "taboo" to them. I will look to you for guidance on those issues. Please feel free to let me know if anything is not acceptable for your readers.

During my "formative" years I developed a number of fetishes / interests that I more-or-less have continued as an adult all of them related to panties. Certainly there was a strong influence exerted by my relationship with my mommy- she was the first woman to see me in panties and she (inadvertently) introduced the connection between discipline and dressing as a sissy.

From that very first encounter when she discovered me wearing her baby-doll nightie and used the belt on my panty-covered bottom, I have been totally enamored of my panty whippings. Every time I lie down or bend over to receive the belt or strap across my panties, it brings back the same embarrassment and excitement that I felt when my mommy pulled back the sheets to see me wearing her white baby-dolls. Then the dread I felt when she left the room to retrieve her leather belt. To this day, I'm consumed with the incredible mix of emotions between the stinging pain of her belt on my panty-covered bottom and the strange warmth I felt that left me wanting even more.

When my mommy discussed my needs with me and realized that I was not going through some sort of phase, but really did prefer girl's underwear and clothing, she rather quickly accepted me in panties. I was able- albeit it haltingly- to relate to her how panties made me feel- their satiny texture, the feel against my skin- and the fact that as long as I could remember I had wanted to wear them. That done, we went out shopping and she bought me several pairs of pretty white and pastel panties as well as my very first nightie (a pink baby-doll or course!). That night she let me model the baby-doll for her before I went to bed and she oohed and aahed over the pretty pink outfit and even commented on how cute I looked in the little bikini panties.

From that night on I continued to wear nighties and panties in front of my mommy. At first, I was embarrassed to openly stand in front of mommy wearing lacy pink panties because through the panties, I know she could clearly see the outline of my little cock. As kinky as it sounds, I am sure that she enjoyed seeing her little sissy in his/her revealing panties; however, there was something else that she *really* learned to enjoy that was linked to my panty wearing.

The period of time between mommy discovering me wearing her nightie and when I actually began wearing panties in front of her was about a month. Even with the excitement of having my own lingerie and being allowed to wear panties in front of mommy there still was something missing- I knew exactly what it was but I was fearful that telling her about it would mess up this wonderful new arrangement. I tried on

Mama's Boy - Page 1

A letter from a lifelong Panty Man.

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



several occasions to find the words to tell mommy about it but could not do it. Finally, after several weeks of worrying I decided to tell her.

One night, sitting on the couch watching television dressed in my pink nightgown, mommy turned to her and asked her if she remembered the morning she caught me masturbating. She just smiled and said "yes." Haltingly I attempted to describe to her how I was there getting a whipping in her panties. When I finished she smiled again and said knowingly "Would you like mommy to whip you again in your own panties?" She understood!



All I could do was whisper a very weak "yes." She went upstairs and came down again with her belt. "Now that we know what you want, how would you like me to whip you? The way we do it for punishment?" I replied that the only thing I did not like about it was the time it took to get used to the sting of the belt- and it would be nicer to start the whipping out slowly. "That's no problem," she said, "just tell me how hard and how long and we'll enjoy it together sweetie. Just remember that when I have to punish you for being bad, it won't be the same!"

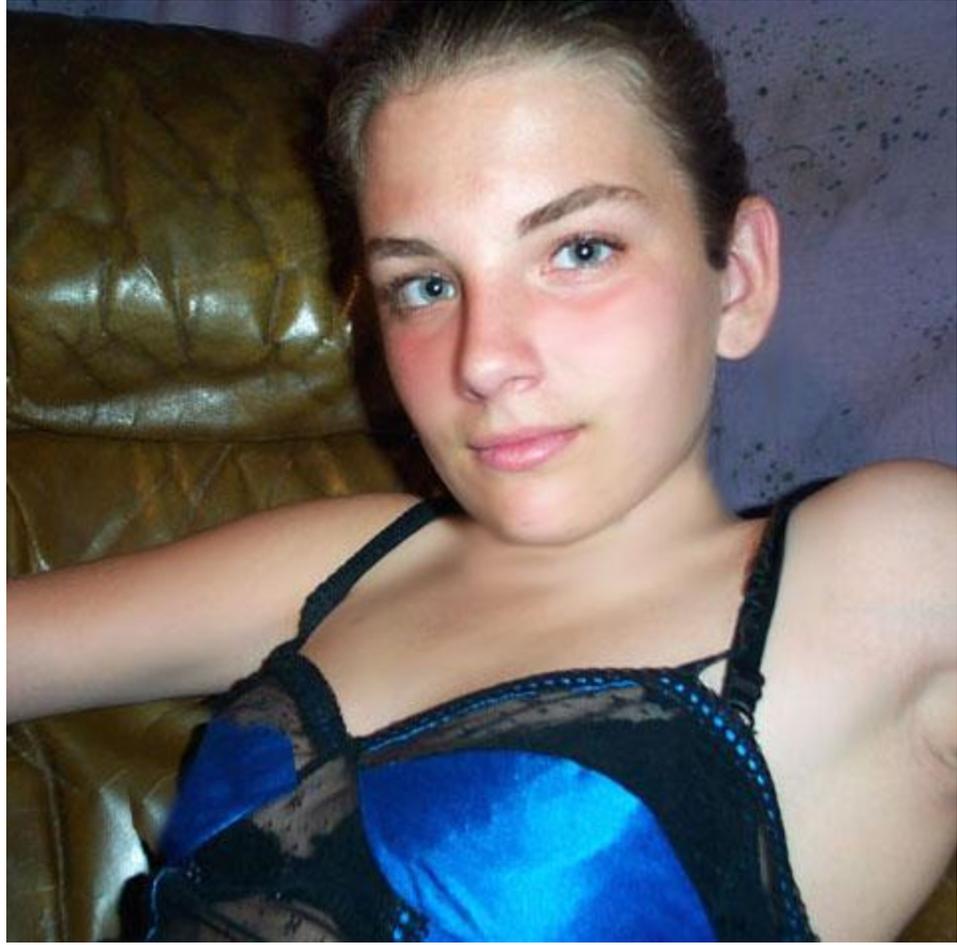
We decided to do it right there beside the couch. She had me bend over one end of the low couch, which caused the hem of my baby-doll nightie to ride up and expose my pink panties all the way up to my waistband. She doubled up the belt in her right hand and began whipping my panty-covered bottom lightly and slowly. She would whip me for awhile and then stop to gently rub my panty-covered bottom and ask me how it felt. Then she would continue the panty whipping with increased force. She continued this pattern for about 10 minutes, gradually increasing the intensity and finally said, "Are you ready for your real whipping now?" As before, another weak "yes" from me, and she began strapping my panty bottom in earnest. She continued to stop occasionally to rest her arm and peek inside my panties to check out the damage, which she would describe to me.

I was in heaven and it was a good thing my mommy had experience using the belt because in my euphoria I would have never stopped the whipping! But mommy kept a close eye on the redness, swelling and welts elicited by the lashes from the belt and after almost 15 minutes of "severe" whipping she stopped and rubbed my panty bottom soothingly to ease the soreness. She took me upstairs to the bathroom and I stood on a chair in front of the big mirror and could see the redness and welts through the light-pink panties. At that same time both my mommy and I first noticed the wetness surrounding the outline of my little cock in the front of my panties. Again, she just smiled knowingly.

That began when I was 12 and mommy continued to administer my panty whippings even after I had graduated from college and left home. As long as she wasn't too busy all I ever had to say was "Mommy may I have a whipping now?" and she would take care of my special need. She enjoyed it immensely and I believe it provided a counter-balance for her in raising a little pantywaist sissy. She understood the sexual nature of panty-whippings for me and she enjoyed the entire process including rubbing my swollen bottom when it was over.

Mama's Boy - Page 2

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



The feel of mommy's hand and fingers gently massaging my little nylon panties was soothing and sexual. As time went on, the wetness of my panties during the whipping although I rarely became strapping me. I don't remember exactly when it started but she began massaging the front of my panties. At first she just gently rubbed the nylon of my panties, commenting sweetly on the wetness. It felt good. Of course I replied "yes" because it felt great.

After several of these little massages, she asked me if I had any fantasies. I told her (truthfully) that it has only happened at night when she seemed to please her and she asked me if I would like mommy to wear pretty little panties. She had just finished administering a spanking on my covered bottom. I was completely undressed with the exception of a pair of high-cut briefs decorated with white lace on either side. She then guided me into her bedroom where she instructed me to lie on my back and spread slightly. She then asked me to tell her about all of the things that I enjoyed- my little panties, our whipping sessions, and anything else that made my panties wet. Speaking softly, I began to talk about my panties and how much I enjoyed wearing them- but then mommy interrupted me and said. "No, tell me about the panties you're wearing right now- how do they feel against your skin? How does the nylon of the panties feel against your little cock? Do you like it when I talk about your cock?" I told her "yes, I love the feeling of my high-cut briefs and the way the panties fit and feel and I like hearing mommy talk about my little cock out loud."



With that, she began to rub my cock gently through the silky nylon of my yellow panties and she prompted me to describe the feeling. "It feels very nice," I said, "and I think it's making me bigger." "Yes, darling, you *are* getting bigger for mommy and mommy, too, is enjoying watching your little cock stretch the pretty yellow nylon of your sexy panties. Mommy is going to rub faster now so that you can feel what it's like to cum and wet your pretty panties." With that she began to rub my panty-covered cock more vigorously and in my state of arousal it took only seconds before I experienced my first daylight orgasm, thoroughly wetting the front of my high-cut briefs. Mommy quickly retrieved a wash cloth and cleaned me up. She told me how happy she was to be with me the first time that I really wet my panties. From my vantagepoint, I was floating on air and when mommy brought a fresh pair of black bikini panties from my dresser drawer to put on, I was already getting aroused again!

After that, "wetting my panties" as mommy called it became a regular part of our whipping sessions. Lying there on my mommy's bed in my pretty little panties, she encouraged me to tell her all of my fantasies. In turn, while rubbing my pantied cock, she told me how wonderful it felt to get a good fuck and how much she enjoyed taking her time and slowly sucking a guy's cock. As I matured I learned how much more enjoyable it was to hold back and extend these sessions. So on days when mommy had plenty of time, she would rub my pretty panties for more than an hour, and I would luxuriate in the feel of her hand on the nylon and lace. The fabric of my panties would alternately stretch and relax depending on the vigor of her massage and the sexiness of what she was saying. When it inevitably became time for the "climax" mommy would massage the front of my sweet panties watching the outline of my little cock intently under the sexy material until

Mama's Boy - Page 3

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



I completely wet myself. She then would continue to massage the front of my panties, spreading the wetness around for a few minutes as my hardness subsided.

Many people would consider this bizarre and totally inappropriate but for a pantywaist sissy it was a perfect upbringing. My mommy provided for my needs and protected me from an unkind world until I was old enough and wise enough to deal with a lot of issues. For a teenager, finding a sex partner is hard enough, but for a sissy who wears panties, sexual opportunities are almost non-existent. Mommy made me feel good in panties and she encouraged me to wear all the silky, ruffled, sissy items that I loved. She understood that my sexual preferences might be different from the mainstream- just wearing panties was problem enough- so she helped me without being judgmental. I realized early on that I had an attraction to both sexes (actually my favorite sex partners are pre-op transsexuals) so my mommy actually described the techniques she used when she sucked her boyfriend's cocks! Later, when I had my first sexual encounter with a boy (it was at the beach and he *thought* I was a girl) I was able to both satisfy him, enjoy the experience and I was able to tell my mommy about sucking his cock without feeling ashamed. What more could a sugar-sweet pantywaist want?

Today I continue to enjoy my panties as well as all of the "different" scenes related to being a sissy. Although it has been years since my mommy gave me a panty whipping, I frequently find myself dressed in ruffled panties and short nighties, bending over at the waist to expose my lacey derriere to a dominant woman (or sometimes a dominant man). It can never be exactly the way it was with my mommy but exposing my pretty panties and submissive desires to an understanding person who enjoys playing with sissies is one of the joys of my life.

Hugs and kisses,

Janie Marie

Mama's Boy - Page 4

The end of Princess Online #49

[Index](#)

