

Princess Online

Featured Stories and
Letters from the
Princess Productions
Website

No.
51



*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 drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's newest book, "Norm - Schooled to Be Girls!" In this scene, Norm and his fellow feminized students have to serve food and drinks at a party of their former high school basketball teammates.

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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I'm a BOY

Written by
Pete Townshend

Performed by

the WHO

Fabulous Music Ltd.

Lyrics

One little girl was called Jean Marie
Another little girl was Felicity
Another little girl was Sally Joy
The other was me, AND I'M A BOY

My name is Bill and I'm a head case
They practice putting makeup on my face
Yeah, I feel lucky if I get trousers to wear
Spend evenings taking ribbons from my hair

Chorus

I'M A BOY I'M A BOY
But my mom won't admit it
I'M A BOY I'M A BOY
But if I say I am, I get it

Put this frock on, Jean Marie
Plait your hair Felicity
Paint your nails, Sally Joy
PUT THIS DRESS ON, LITTLE BOY

Chorus

I'M A BOY I'M A BOY
Wanna play cricket on the green
Ride my bike across the street
Cut myself and see my blood
Wanna come home all covered in mud

Chorus

I'M A BOY I'M A BOY
But my mom won't admit it...

Illustrated by:

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 that he can identify with, images that illustrate what happened to him. So when The Who came out with their song "I'm a Boy," about a boy being feminized by his mother, Watchdoggie! designed a cover for the album, which is shown here. (If you make a purchase this month, you will have access to a full size-version of the album cover as well as a full-size photo of the original boy in the fancy dress.) By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while while being punished in a dress and panties.

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Sissy of the Month

Sure boys take ballet, and you could say most of those boys tend to be effeminate, but even those boys wouldn't be caught dead in pink! Here's Crispin, his mother enrolled him in ballet class and dressed him in the usual leotards, tights, and slippers -- all in pink! Anyone want to take bets that he's wearing girls' pink panties too?

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Andrew

This month, we present the picture of eleven-year-old Andrew, 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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Does it still hurt?



Foreign Movie

A reader sent us these still shots from a foreign movie. We don't know the name of the movie but we're looking for it. In this short scene, a boy has a cut on his abdomen, and his mother asks "Does it hurt?" as she pulls a very feminine pair of flowered bikini panties up his thighs. The boy says, "No." And the mother responds, "Good."

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Sissy Partying in the 1970s

A reader tells us about the good old days.

Thirty years ago I lived in Greenwich Village just working menial jobs so I could live there and party every night because that was all I was interested in doing. I was a transvestite. Today, people like me call themselves transgendered, but in those days, we called ourselves transvestites or drag queens, depending upon whether you were straight or gay.

Anyway, being a crossdresser was both a lot of fun and risky. You could get arrested for going out dressed up. The cops liked to harass girlie boys for no reason at all and give them a hard time, and sometimes give them a hard time in more ways than one! Being the party animal that I was, I'd save up for weeks to go to one of the big annual drag parties such as the Artists and Models Ball. The best and finest of them were held in nice hotels, and those in attendance spared no expense dressing up in the most lavish costumes. Many of them came as a master and sissy slave, outrageous caricatures of famous females or astoundingly beautiful women that you could never tell were actually men.

It was at one of these balls that I saw a sight that I'll never forget. There was always a lot of playing around and sexually suggestive situations at these affairs, but no real sex took place on the premises as far as I could tell. But this one night this big brute of a black guy showed up with a darling little white girl outfitted in a short virgin white party dress puffed up with petticoats. He was leading the girl by a leash around her neck with one hand while his other hand was on the kid's butt, steering the girl around with his fingers disappearing under the bottom edge of her short, full skirt. In those days there was a lot of racial intolerance, and even in this avant-garde group of New York's wildest and craziest, this big black man with his very young, little white girl slave got a lot of people looking and whispering. The kid was so convincing, I was sure it really was a girl, but later I found out it was a boy! The man sat down on a chair and the girl-boy knelt before him and licked his shoes. Later the girl was sitting on his lap and kept squirming around. Under all those skirts he could have been fucking that boy in the ass. I don't think he was, but they were both acting like he was doing it! I know a lot of the spectators had a hard-on in their panties that night! I asked people about them, and learned he was a rich guy from the Upper East Side, and he happened to like cute little white boys and paid people to find him the youngest and sweetest runaway gay boys living on the streets. I also learned he was a foreign delegate to the UN, and that's when it hit me. I had seen him before. I bussed tables at a cafe near the UN, and that guy used to come in there once in a while. I approached him cautiously because he did look like a powerful, no nonsense type of man. I told him, I worked at the cafe and had seen him. He was pretty easy to talk to. He told me he gave parties every weekend when he was in town. He gave me his card and told me I was invited whenever he had one of his parties. And the next one was on the coming weekend. I asked him how I should dress. He said whatever I felt comfortable in and added that what I was wearing was nice. I was dressed up as a slave girl that night with handcuffs on and a chiffon wraparound that showed off my lacy lingerie. It was my standard costume at these parties because it was flashy, sexy and cheap to create for a guy on a very limited budget.

Well, at the party that young girl was there, but this time looking more like a sissy boy since he was running around bare-chested in just a blue half slip and a big scarf around his neck. He also had a little bit of make up on, and with his longish hair, he did look very girlie. And there was a

lot of sex going on too. It was an orgy! Guys and girls going at it all over the place, and most of the time you couldn't tell who was what. I was straight, so I didn't take up any of the offers for gay sex, but I did find the whole atmosphere very erotic, so I masturbated myself to several climaxes that night. And as I played with myself, there were no shortage of offers to give me a hand -- or a mouth to help me get off, but I politely turned all offers down. Still there were plenty of onlookers licking their lips whenever I did shoot my spunk. The big black guy had a number of friends and they all had pretty big cocks, and they were fucking everybody who wanted some. The young girl-boy spent most of his time bending over with his half-slip up getting fucked in the ass. He could take the biggest cocks there with ease. I guess this young thing was pretty well broken in! Over the next year or so, I went to a lot of parties there. The big black guy never made a move on me. I guess I wasn't cute enough or young enough for him!



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He Seduces His Big Sister

A True Sissyboy Letter

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For some time, Sylvia has been promising her little brother that she'd go all the way with him, but she enjoys holding him at bay, leaving him wanting. She likes having Johnny's attention, constantly teasing and letting him pet with her but then making him stop before he loses control and she can't hold him back.

And now, with Johnny sitting here between her and Karen, her girlfriend, Sylvia twists the conversation around to sex. She wants to show her friend the control she has over her little brother and is looking for the right opportunity.

Then to her surprise, Karen suggests, "Johnny, since you think you're such a

ladies' man, why don't you dress up in some of your sister's clothes and act like a girl for us. Then Sylvia will make out with you and you'll see what it's like from our side of the fence?"

Johnny grins. He's not put off by the idea. As they talk about it, Sylvia, increasingly excited by the suggestion, boldly slides her hand up her short white denim skirt and openly strokes her moistening pussy through the thin shield of her panties. Johnny pants in anticipation as he stares at her thrusting hand. Acting the clown, he pulls off his shirt and pants and says he's ready to be a girl. Sylvia stops masturbating long enough to run to her room and then quickly return with a blue denim miniskirt and a red pullover top. She goes back to playing with herself under her short skirt as she watches Karen pull the top over Johnny's head and then helps him step into the skirt. Sylvia's excitement grows, stroking herself even more openly as she works her tight skirt up and out of the way. Her friend and her brother can plainly see her blatantly stroking her entire hand up and down over the crotch of her shiny wet pink panties. Johnny, in skirt and top, dances around with exaggeratedly swishy feminine movements. But he pales as Karen picks up something else Sylvia had supplied – a slick satiny pair of yellow panties.

Johnny blushes hotly but lets Karen reach under his skirt, take off his briefs and then slide the yellow panties over his feet and up his legs. With her hands under his skirt, she pulls the panties up to his waist, but he breathes heavily and whimpers. Karen adjusts the panties in a way that makes him wobbly legged. He keeps pulling down on the hem of the skirt to modestly hide his excitement. She shoves his hands aside and quickly pulls up the skirt in front. Both girls laugh at Johnny's big boner thrusting angrily forward into the stretchy yellow nylon panties, and since they are a little too big for him, the panties give his erection plenty of tenting room. Karen lets go of the skirt but the hem gets hung up on his cock and drapes itself to each side of it in a most unfeminine way. He blushes, but is anxious to pursue his objective. He looks at his sister. He knows she's ready. Her countenance is alive with wantonness and a glowing grin. As she stares at him, she's masturbating so hard and fast that he can hear the squashing, squishing sounds of wetness as she feverishly thrusts her hand back and forth over her thoroughly pussy-soaked panties.

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He Seduces His Big sister

A Sissyboy Letter

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“Okay?” he says, grinning unapologetically as he points to the bulge in the front of his panties and skirt. “Okay, girls! I’m ready!”

And then he sways his hips in a mockery of feminine seduction, but his expression changes to one of welcome surprise as his lissome sister hips her way across to him and begins to touch him up, running her slender hands up and down his legs under the skirt and fondling his butt and playing with his hard cock in the panties. Finally, she undoes the zipper on his skirt and begins to slide it down. He responds by unzipping her skirt and opening it. They insert their hands into each other’s open skirt and play with each other in satiny panties. They so torment each other that they are soon panting wildly with desire. He humps her hand and groans amid giggles and laughter from Karen, who lets out a shriek as Sylvia (without even breaking loose of the continuing tongue-eating kiss) points to the front of his panties to show her friend the dark wet spot splattered across the front of the now translucent yellow nylon. The

huge bulge drips but remains twitching and hard.

“Just a taste of your own medicine, sweetheart,” says Sylvia, mumbling through the kiss loaded with

exaggerated passion, her hand still busy on him, going in, out and all round his pantied body. She steps

away from him and releases her grip. Both their skirts fall to the floor and they step out of them.

Johnny's hard-on in the big stretchy panties moves around like a flagpole in a hurricane. The girls think it's very funny.

The girls weren't in control; sex was in control. They all wonder what new grown-up-like thing they can do next. Johnny pleads with Sylvia to let him fuck her, but she isn't ready for that. Her panties are soaked, so she quickly goes to her room and changes them for a purple satin pair. Johnny complains that his panties are wet too, but she tells him to stay the way he is because she likes him in wet panties. The



wetness makes the panties almost transparent and she likes looking at his cock in the panties like that.

“Johnny,” Sylvia says, “I’ll have another one of those beautiful kisses of yours, eh? Only this time kiss me right here on my nice clean panties!” As she speaks, she reaches down and puts her hands on her parted thighs, fully exposing her already moistening purple panty crotch.

He crawls toward her, places a few kisses on her legs and thighs on the way up and then nuzzles his face into her panty crotch. This is not the first time he has kissed her down there, but it is the first time that she holds aside her panty leg elastic. He doesn’t hesitate. He knows what she wants and inserts his tongue directly into her pussy lips. Sylvia screeches in delight and rubs her hand over her own panties and repositions herself to place his tongue exactly where she wants it between her legs, which are flailing back and forth with uncontrolled excitement. Sylvia is so shaken by his ministrations that she can barely breathe. He lifts her legs up and slides her back further on the couch. Faster than a quick draw artist, he extracts his still hard penis out above the waistband of his panties and slides it past the legband of his sister’s panties and right into her thoroughly wet virgin pussy. Only a momentary resistance is met. Sylvia barely can breathe, much less protest. He begins jacking up and down on her swollen pussy like a stallion with a pent up sex drive determined to fuck every mare in the stable. And since he just had a quick cum in his panties, now he has staying power. He bucks, twists and rides her. She has no control over her orgasms as they come faster and faster. She has wanted this moment for almost as long as Johnny has wanted it, but if she would have known that doing it was so much more exciting than simply teasing him and leaving him wanting, she wouldn’t have waited and tormented him so long. Johnny was rough; it hurt, but there is much more pleasure than pain. She feels herself leaking out of her pussy: Is it blood? Is it her cum? Is it Johnny’s cum? Who the fuck cares! She loves it. It’s even funny: Johnny has her clothes on, and they are fucking with both of them wearing her lacy panties! How bizarre! And how utterly wonderful. But there’s even more: Through bleary eyes, she sees Karen crouching down by their bellies. She’s watching closely every thrust of Johnny’s cock that links together brother and sister panty crotches. Karen is masturbating herself wildly. Sylvia goes limp, the pain is catching up with the pleasure, she’s spent, but Johnny’s still pumping. She fumbles between her legs, pulls Johnny out and with her other hand, brings his cock and Karen’s head closer and closer together. They need little encouragement. Karen never had a cock in her mouth before, but it seems like the most natural thing in the world to do. A mouth had never been around Johnny’s cock before, but he welcomed it with newfound excitement. It didn’t last long. Johnny shot his load. It surprised Karen. She backed off and got hit with a swathe of hot juice across her face; in self-defense, she bent his erupting cock away from herself, and the successive globs of cum sprayed all three of them, who quickly fell into uncontrollable laughter, hefty breathing and unbelievable satisfaction.

Note: Illustrated with digitally manipulated images of adult models.

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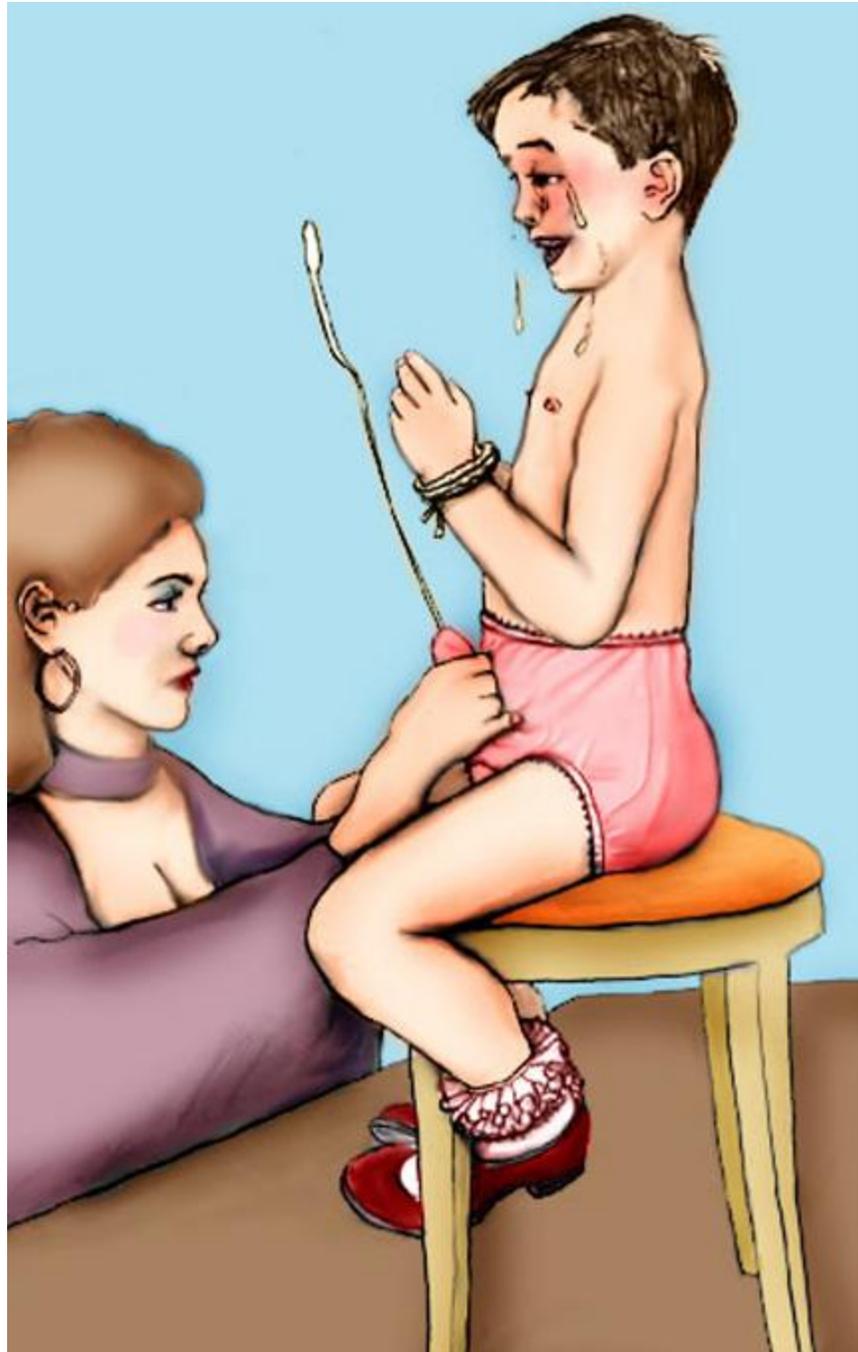
The Governess

Part 1

“Katherine, let me explain my plight. This past spring I married my new husband and soon discovered his son was completely undisciplined. I took over his upbringing and immediately acquainted him with the cane, which I administer with his pants down, of course. You follow me, don’t you, Miss Mondale?”

“Indeed, I do and agree completely. It is my view that a little boy benefits from strict measures soundly administered. I also find that adding a lot of humiliation to punishments is the fastest way to make a boy contrite and submissive. Mrs. Stephenson, if you hire me to be the governess for Nicholas, he will learn his manners over my knee, as other boys I have taught have learned.”

“Excellent, Katherine! I have great confidence in you, my dear. Judging from your letters of reference, I’m confident you’ll make good use of corporal punishment. Consider yourself hired. You have a free hand with Nicolas. You can take charge of him immediately upon moving into your quarters. It will be helpful, I believe, to have me still in residence as you begin with him.”



“Mrs. Stephenson, from my references, I’m sure you noticed that I like to emasculate a boy. I start with feminine articles of clothing that help him act girlishly and teach him to be sweet and subdued. Do I have your permission to so handle your errant son?”

“Absolutely! I had never considered such an alternative, but from those letters you gave me, I was much impressed with the testimonials as to the effectiveness of this ‘sissy training’ and ‘petticoat punishment,’ as they call it. In fact, it is one of the reasons, you came to the top of my list of the governesses I was considering. I’m much intrigued. Reducing Nicolas into a soft and silly little sissy much appeals to me.

“I must say, his father objected at first when I mentioned how you reform little boys, but I convinced him it would be for the boy’s own good because if we let him continue in his undisciplined ways, he will surely be a discredit to our family, and we certainly can’t have that. We have a status and family tradition to maintain. My only request is that, at least initially, you do this sissification out of sight of his father, who was most embarrassed by the idea. But if it works, and I’m confident it will, I’m sure even his father will come around and accept a feminine son. God knows he has given up on Nicolas as a decent boy. He has often embarrassed his father both in private and public. It’s gotten so bad that even my husband agrees the boy needs drastic measures to reform him.

“Katherine, you can act with full authority, and both my husband and I will back you up. You are a lovely woman, as I’m sure you’re aware, and Nicholas is at that age in which he is attracted to pretty females. That will help you master him. I’m sure he’ll blush just being in your presence.

“As you know, we hired you to watch over my stepson while his father and I will be spending the summer in Switzerland. Nicolas is off from school starting on the sixteenth. If you can make yourself available then, it would be good to move into the house at that time and be here a full week before we leave for the summer. I realize that is several days before I had originally stated, but I think it would be good for you to use that time to familiarize yourself with our household routines and to establish early control over our boy. It will also give me an opportunity to see you discipline him, as I am most anxious to see you begin him on the way to being a sissy. Do you have any questions?”

“Yes. I’m sure you realize a boy his age has certain urges.”

“That he does. Almost nightly he dirties his bed sheets. Paddling him has worked fairly well on improving his overall behavior, but it has not curbed his nightly emissions.”

“Then I suppose you will permit me to take his urges in hand – so to speak,” she said with a malicious smile. “I find a routine of associating corporal punishments with ejaculations works well. The method is to confuse the boy and estrange him from his own hormones. I’ll train him to erect only on my – or your – command, not when he wants. We can fondle him at will, but he will be strictly prohibited from ejaculating by his own hand. He’ll only expel his semen when either one of us so decrees. Feminizing him will pervert the boy’s entire sexuality until he willingly gives us control because he’ll soon learn that

when he cooperates, he'll be rewarded with a powerful orgasm. Any unauthorized ejaculations will result in both mentally and physically painful punishments."

"Oh, Katherine, it sounds so delicious. I can hardly wait! And just so he won't argue that I wouldn't approve of what you have planned for him, I myself will tell him that you have full control. In fact, it might settle things at the start if I attend your first serious correction of him."

The young governess said she would be able to join the household on the sixteenth, and the agreement between them was settled with a handshake. Katherine then asked Mrs. Stephenson to get a few supplies in preparation of her arrival, and then added, "In addition to those things, please buy him three pairs of nice little girls' panties in his size. Make them silky and in pretty pastel colors with just a narrow trim of lace, distinctly girlish but nothing too fancy just yet. Upon my arrival, I'll be able to use those panties to introduce him to girls' things. One of my first tasks will be to take all of his measurements and get them to my seamstress, who will start to make lovely things for his new wardrobe."

Four days later, on the sixteenth, Katherine arrived and was introduced to Nicolas as his new governess. She escorted him to his room and took his measurements. The boy objected when she touched him intimately as she took detailed measurements of his private parts. She served him notice that he would be punished at bedtime for his insolence.

Then after dinner and a full three hours before his regular bedtime, Katherine led her pupil to her own room, where to his acute embarrassment, he found his stepmother waiting for them. What ensued fully settled her employer's trust in her choice of governess and gave the boy a foretaste of what he could anticipate under the governess's diligent management.

Disregarding the boy's protests, the young woman simply rapped the point of his elbow smartly with the edge of the large wooden hairbrush she produced from her dressing table. The blow, totally unexpected, demoralized Nicholas instantly and rendered him quite pliable to her management. She pulled off his pajamas and tossed them aside. She held open something for him to step into. The first few tears in his eyes prevented him from getting a good look at what she was putting on him. It wasn't until the pink nylon panties with a thin lace trim were on their way up his legs that he realized what they were. He blinked to squeeze the tears out of his eyes and clear his vision. He stared down in amazement. He could barely believe what he was looking at. Panties! Girls' panties! Panties with lace trim! And he was wearing them! He was wearing panties! "What kind of a joke was this?" he thought, but looking at the stern expression on his stepmother's face and his new governess's belittling smirk made him realize that wearing these panties wasn't a joke; it was part of his punishment. Repeatedly, he kept trying to pull off the panties and struggle out of them, but another quick smack of the paddle on his other elbow made him immediately stop, and to further prevent him from trying to take off the panties, Katherine securely tied his hands together.

From her suitcase, Katherine produced a pair of heavily frilled pink ankle socks and some shiny bright red Maryjane shoes. She put the socks and then the girlish shoes on his feet. He cried but was powerless

to fight her off.

“I had these shoes from my last position. The boy there outgrew them, so I just wanted to see if they’d fit dear Nicolas here. I’m happy to see that they do fit. Just a size or two too large, but he’ll soon grow into them.”

He was stunned with these sissy clothes, he wanted to protest, but words failed to come out of his gasping mouth. Katherine ran her cold, strong fingers around the lacy leg openings of the panties, adjusting the fit and teasingly flattening out the delicate lace trim before pulling him over her lap and delivering a convincing, though not severe, hairbrush spanking over his new panties while a fully approving Mrs. Stephenson sat comfortably by in a boudoir chair. Nicolas thought the spanking was surprisingly intense, but Katherine explained that it was mild compared to what she was capable of delivering. She went onto explain to his stepmother that she didn’t have to spank him all that hard because the simple addition of the panties humiliated the boy and intensified the punishment. Katherine then told the boy that unless he toed the line, he could expect a lot harder spankings and many other surprises. But if he followed her rules, she’d give him nice rewards.

When Nicholas’ wailing had subsided and he lay detained across his governess’ lap, his stepmother ordered him to look up at her. “You see how it is, Nicky. Your governess has disciplined you in a quite satisfactory way and will continue to do so as she sees fit both while I’m in the house, and while I’m away. I recommend you try to be a good boy for her. Now thank her for correcting you, get up, come close and model your new panties for me. I bought them for you. They will be your new underwear from now on unless your new governess or I tell you to wear something else.”

He cringed as he felt his stepmother’s hands smooth the silken panties out over his tingling bottom.

“Oh, they look so nice on you!” she cooed as she ran her hands over his hips, sending shivers up his spine and making him wobble. “He certainly does look very smart in those shiny red shoes, and those saucy ankle socks are fabulous!”

Nicolas turned to see Katherine placing her vanity stool up on top of a small side table, and he was surprised at her strength when she picked him up with ease and set him in the chair. On top of the table he was in the spotlight for both of them to stare at with glaring wanton eyes. With his hands tied and seemingly powerless against these intimidating strong women, Nicolas thought he could be humiliated no further. But just then, Katherine took his penis in hand. She methodically began rubbing it up and down within the folds of his panties until it got painfully hard, and she didn’t stop until he was groaning in pain and pleasure and spurting a fountain of sticky white cum right through the nylon panties. His juice shot high into the air. Katherine and his stepmother laughed heartily at him, and their laughter rang in his ears like giant church bells as he jerked through each pulsating emission.

Katherine was ready with a damp cloth. As she cleaned the boy up and put him into a fresh pair of his new panties, pale blue panties this time, she said, “That my dear boy is a sample of the kind of reward

you can expect from me. Now that you have a little sample of my punishments and rewards, I hope you have the incentive to obey me in everything.

“Now, go get a good-night kiss from your stepmother and then go to bed with just your new panties on, no pajamas.”

Katherine added, “Every night, I’ll be inspecting you throughout the night and in the morning, and if I ever find the slightest spot from your nasty penis staining either your bedding or your sissy panties, you’ll get a punishment that you will never forget. Understand?”

The boy cried through an affirmation. As he turned and walked away, his bottom glowed with a pinkish hue that could be easily seen through his thin blue panties. The two women watched his twitching, pantied bottom go out the door and nodded to one another in mutual congratulations.

Nicholas’ stepmother knew the boy would be in capable hands.

Two days passed. Nicolas tried his best to behave. There were minor infractions, but his mother and new mistress overlooked them. They realized he was in a constant state of fear, utterly self-conscious and unnerved from having to wear his new lace panties. Just to remind him of his plight, both his mother and new governess periodically opened his trousers to inspect his panties and make sure he still had them on. And there were no stains in his panties or on his bed sheets. His mother was delighted with these early results, and wondered what other surprises were in store for the boy.

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The Governess

Part 2

The next day the governess visited her seamstress who had finished a special nightgown and several pairs of panties for the boy. Nicolas would surely rebel at these sissy clothes that were made of double-ply white satin, reinforced and double-stitched and festooned with row upon row of pink and white lace. The panties were voluminous and high waisted. The gown was a pullover style nightie complete with a cape to more thoroughly encase the boy in a satin cocoon.

“With these on, your boy won’t be getting into much mischief, will he, Miss?” the seamstress commented with a wink.

“That’s the idea,” the governess answered as she paid the woman for them and left the shop.

“A cool one, she is!” the seamstress muttered to herself as she envisioned the boy in the satin, sissy outfit she had created.

Katherine looked forward to the clothing discipline that would take Nicolas to a new level of shame and humiliation on the occasion of the new nightgown and panties, leaving the boy in no doubt of her power over him. Having already experienced a smart hairbrushing and the embarrassment of being forced to wear girls’ nylon panties, lacy ankle socks and Maryjane shoes, the possibility of resisting her had been taken from him in advance and his sense of her complete control of him so much the more increased.

That same evening, his governess did her nightly duty of supervising his evening bath, and after toweling him dry, Katherine powdered his legs and bottom by hand as nonchalantly as she would a baby. She spent a lot of time powering his limp little penis and tight little balls. He was getting used to being so intimately handled by his new governess, but it embarrassed him to be touched like that, especially when she ran her fingers up his ass crack and poked at his asshole. Her handling made his little cock grow, and that embarrassed him too. Despite the humiliation, it also made his head swirl with excitement. With him in a sexual daze, she showed him the new additions to his wardrobe. The boy’s reaction was what she had hoped, immediate embarrassment and dismay at the sight of the frilly clothes.

“Oh, Miss, I can’t wear those! They are for girls!”

“Don’t be afraid, little one. I’m going to let you in on the secret feel of satin, known to every girl but unknown to little boys,” she said as she wiggled her hips and tugged up her pencil-thin mini skirt. Wide eyed and staring intently, Nicolas saw her sparkling white satin nylon half slip appear from beneath the retreating skirt. She reached under it and drew down her white satin panties by grabbing them at the

sides in a way that prevented him from seeing any more than a momentary flash of the treasure between her legs. She sat on the bathroom bench and smoothed her lace-edge, nylon-satin slip across her thighs, preparing her lap for him. She drew his naked, powdered body over her legs, his penis in full contact with that wickedly feminine half-slip. His trembling made her feel powerful and caused her pussy to moisten. He was unnerved and had difficulty staying still as she began to stroke his neck, back and bottom with her recently worn satin panties.

“Doesn’t satin feel nice, my boy? Even better than the nylon panties you have been wearing, right?”

Nicolas could only groan, a mixture of pleasure and confusion as she dragged the panties up and down his back, his sides, even over his ears and face. She made sure he repeatedly held the panties to his nose and commanded him to inhale her perfume and womanly secretions. Then she had him slide off her lap and positioned him in a kneeling position before her. She lined both her hands with the silky panties, using them to fully cup his penis and balls. And as she stared into his eyes, and made him stare back into her eyes, she wanked his little cock into her panties until he unloaded his pent-up, hot wet cum. Despite having repeatedly warned him never to masturbate to completion, she wasn’t disgusted at him for spurting. In his confused mind, he guessed it was okay to cum this time because she did it to him instead of him doing it to himself. In fact, she giggled and told him it was a fitting tribute to her and the girlish secret of satin. She said he was falling in love with her and panties. He told himself he had no interest in girls’ panties, but he also had to admit that he was turned on by the panties so recently removed from her sexy body, and yes, he was falling in love with her too. She was beautiful and exciting.

But his thrills were short lived. Still staring into his eyes, she brought the wettest part of the panties up to his mouth and shoved them between his lips. He tried to seal his lips and turn away to reject them, but she slapped him mightily across both cheeks.

“Is this the thanks I get for pleasuring you so? Now, open your mouth and suck your filth out of my pretty panties, boy. Now you know how good satin feels. Suck! Suck away! You are a sissy boy, my sissy boy, and it’s time you know it. Only pantywaist sissy boys shoot off in satin panties. I know what you are now. You will forever love satin. You are my satin-loving sissy boy, and you’ll be one forever more.”

Tearfully, he sucked on the sperm-loaded panties. His cheeks burned; he didn’t want her to hit him again.

After a few minutes, she removed the panties, but took a moment to rub his face with the saliva and cum coated panties. With his cheeks red from her slapping and now glistening with his own disgusting juices, he was drained and defeated. Then she held up the heavy white satin panties that went with the new nightie. He was most reluctant to get into the soft satin trap. He hesitated as his governess calmly told him to step into them.

“Don’t resist me, Nicholas. It won’t hurt you to try on your new nightie and panties. I want to make sure they fit properly. These underpanties go on first.”

“Please, Miss! Don’t make me wear those! They look like children's things and so girly,” he pleaded

blushingly, as he stood before her naked and powdered in her exquisitely feminine bedroom.

“I shall tell you only once more, Nicholas. Put these panties on, and do it now!”

She still held open the scary looking panties. To him they looked like a satin shell that would forever

strangle his boyhood – and they were!

Muttering protests, the boy stepped into the panties. He closed his eyes and that caused the wateriness

in his eyes to form cold tears that slid down his burning hot face. His smiling governess slid the ornate

panties up his thin legs with deliberate slowness to make him feel their silkiness and shameful girlishness. As she drew them up and settled them high on his waist, he sucked in his breath in abject anticipation, fearing he was a boy no more. She fussed with the fabric to properly fit them on him and repeatedly smoothed the spine-chilling satin over his panty-clad hips and ass. Through the layers of satin panties she carefully stroked his recently spent manhood and smiled as she felt his penis begin once again stir to attention.

“They feel so horrible, Miss! They tickle so. They hurt! The elastic is too tight! At the waist. And at the legs. The lace is scratchy too!”



“Nonsense, boy. A good tight fit will do you no harm at all. Now put on the top. Come on, don’t dawdle.”

Nicholas held his arms out and reluctantly let her slide the cool silky smooth top over him. He cringed as the slinky fabric was drawn over his arms. His head reappeared as he wriggled into the disturbingly feminine garment flowing over his body. Such sensuous silkiness was never meant for a boy to experience. She added the full-length satin cape to fully ensconce the boy in these forbidden frills. The boy stood timidly before her, his face flushed, his mouth pouting.

Katherine smiled faintly at him, her satisfaction obvious.

“Yes, Nicholas. Quite a good fit, I think. And I’m sure they’ll be very comfortable to wear to bed every night. Turn around, I want to see how everything fits in back.”

The sandy-haired boy slowly turned his back, though looking apprehensively at her over his shoulder as he did. His governess surveyed him for a moment, hands on her hips. Her neat woolen skirt had fallen back into position over her half-slip. She stepped forward to demonstrate the convenience of a nightgown and how easy it was to lift to access his boyish bottom. He anticipated her intention and shot his hands around back to prevent it. The young woman couldn’t have asked for a better chance to use her hairbrush. A quick blow to his bottom made him drop his hands.

“You are a foolish boy, Nicholas. And now you see why it is ideal to put you in a nightie instead of stupid boys’ pajamas,” she said as once again she smartly slapped both sides of the boy’s face with an open hand. He flinched and then yelped. “And you shall soon feel this hand elsewhere, young man!” With one quick flip, she instantly exposed his pantied behind.

“There you are, Nicholas. Quite a pretty sight you make too. Bend over on the bench, you foolish boy!”

She assisted him by yanking up forcibly on his arm from behind. The boy was whimpering not to be smacked as he hinged forward from the hips, his bottom now protruding. Katherine, her own lovely face a bit flushed, stepped back to look at her captive pupil.

“A shameful position for you with your panties all exposed for my view; I trust you realize that, but not nearly so bad as it will be if you continue to defy me. I’m sure you know better than to move from that bench. Shall I fasten your legs to this bench so you won’t thrash about while I take the cane to your backside? Do you want that, Nicholas?”

“No, ma’am, you don’t have to tie me, but please, don’t cane me! That hurts terribly! I’ll be good, I promise, Miss,” he moaned from his doubled-over position, the cheeks of his face throbbing hotly from her slap.

“Yes, Nicholas - you should have a wholesome respect for the cane. You’re fortunate since I plan to usually correct you with only my hand or the brush, as one does a child. Your bottom needs some color however - to match your face. Maintain your position - I’m going to lower your new panties and smack

your bottom for you.”

The slender young governess eased down the waist elastic of the frilled panties until they exposed his bottom but kept his little penis and balls tantalizingly enveloped in a silken pouch at the base of his butt cheeks. With her cool hands she cupped one of his bare bottom cheeks and then the other. Nicholas experienced again that unnerving medley of excitement and fear that she so frequently aroused in him. Although he certainly didn't will it, he felt his impulsive boyish member continue to rise and stiffen against the soft satin of his nightie and lowered panties. He worried that her cool fingers exploring his ass and rosebud would reach around and discover his increasing excitement, unsure whether she'd welcome that development at this time or be angry because of it. She did slide her hand down between his legs, over his silken balls and then touched his hard cock. After the slightest touch, she instantly withdrew her hand.

“You are not only a very foolish boy, but an impertinent one as well, aren't you, Nicholas? It hardly seems timely for you to give way to your sensual nature. A boy like you cannot be corrected by hand for fear it will provoke a lewd response. You're completely disgraceful! I see I am obliged to employ the hairbrush.”

The diminutive young governess stepped back to distance herself and made him beg for forgiveness. He could hardly promise her he would never again have an erection, since he developed them so frequently in the intimacy of contact with her and went to sleep each night with one to accompany his thoughts of her in the private dark of his bedroom. Sometimes she reprimanded him for it, other times calmly permitted it.

Now she was scolding him for getting an erection, threatening to punish him more than she had ever punished him before. He was confused – and very sexually aroused at her teasing and game playing.

Since the boy couldn't plead one way, he had to the other. With genuine conviction and in a whimpering voice that he recognized as childish, he pleaded, - “Please, Miss, don't! Don't use the hairbrush! It hurts too much!”

“You are a sissy, Nicholas! Begging me not to use the cane, now the brush. Shall I correct you with a feather! No, I'm afraid you have earned yourself a proper smacking, my boy, with my hairbrush.”

“Here we are, Nicholas - the two of us once again. It seems you have a limitless capacity to be naughty. I think that maybe you want me to punish you. Is that the case? Do you want the comfort of childish punishment? I should think you would feel ashamed to have your bottom bared and spanked like a seven year old! Tell me, Nicolas, is that the case? Are you a big, brave boy who's going to try not to cry or are you going to weep and thrash like a little child? Tell me before I begin with you?”

Nicholas found he could never respond decisively to questions of this kind that his governess put to him. Her questions always confused him; they offered him so many different paths, stirred up in him so many

mixed feelings, he could never settle on just one. What he most wanted to say to her, he couldn't bring himself to blurt out - that he adored her, that she was very beautiful, that the curves of her slender figure aroused him. That he hoped (most of all) she might again undress with him in the room and permit him a glimpse of her in her lingerie before putting on her dressing gown, that for such a privilege he would accept any humiliation, any punishment. Since several days earlier, when she first had him put on girlish underpants to emphasize his harmless status in her eyes, she crushed him when she giggled, "You're no more than a little sissy, Nicholas." That night she had permitted him to view the intimacies of her lifting her skirt, and when she had then put him down across her silken lap, she had pulled the panties tight between his cheeks and spanked him into unabashed howling. A "brave big boy" determined not to cry; he certainly wasn't and couldn't pretend to be! It was a taunt, not an option. He would be whatever she made him, though it might hurt very much. So he told her all he knew is that he was a naughty boy and should be punished, adding, "But not too hard, please, Miss!"

The dark-haired young governess looked at him standing there restrained in the nightie and panties she had designed. Katherine had an ironic look in her eye at the sight of the boy's springy penis that poked out the front of his satin panties as she positioned him over the dressing table bench she had pulled out into the center of the quiet room.

"We shall take care of that impertinence, I promise you!" she said. "Well, little boy, at least you have some sense to recognize that you are naughty. But trying to negotiate with me as to the severity of your spanking will never work. You will be chastised as I see fit. We shall have tears again this time. Shall we begin, Nicholas?"

"Now have a look at yourself in the mirror. Your new nightie looks lovely on you. I've invited a lady friend of mine over to see you in them tomorrow. But that will be tomorrow's spanking...this is tonight's!"

She reached behind her and picked up the familiar wooden-backed hairbrush she most enjoyed using and ...

Thwack! Splat! Splat! Katherine began coloring in her pupil's round cheeks with the brush she expertly slapped down on his sissy butt. He melted into tears as her lovely face glowed with the satisfaction of duty.

As the spanking progressed, he turned to see himself reflected in the large, oval, freestanding mirror. He looked to the side, and he noticed his stepmother standing in the doorway, her arms folded, a confident look on her face, but worse than that, he was horrified to see his father standing there too, and he had a scowl on his face that was most menacing, but since the man made no attempt to come to his son's rescue, the boy felt more alone and more emasculated than he ever thought possible. His outcries sounded throughout the house. There was no one to help him. He was going to be alone with this beautiful and thoroughly dominating governess for the summer, a summer sure to be filled with firm spankings and sissy clothes.

The end of Princess Online #51

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