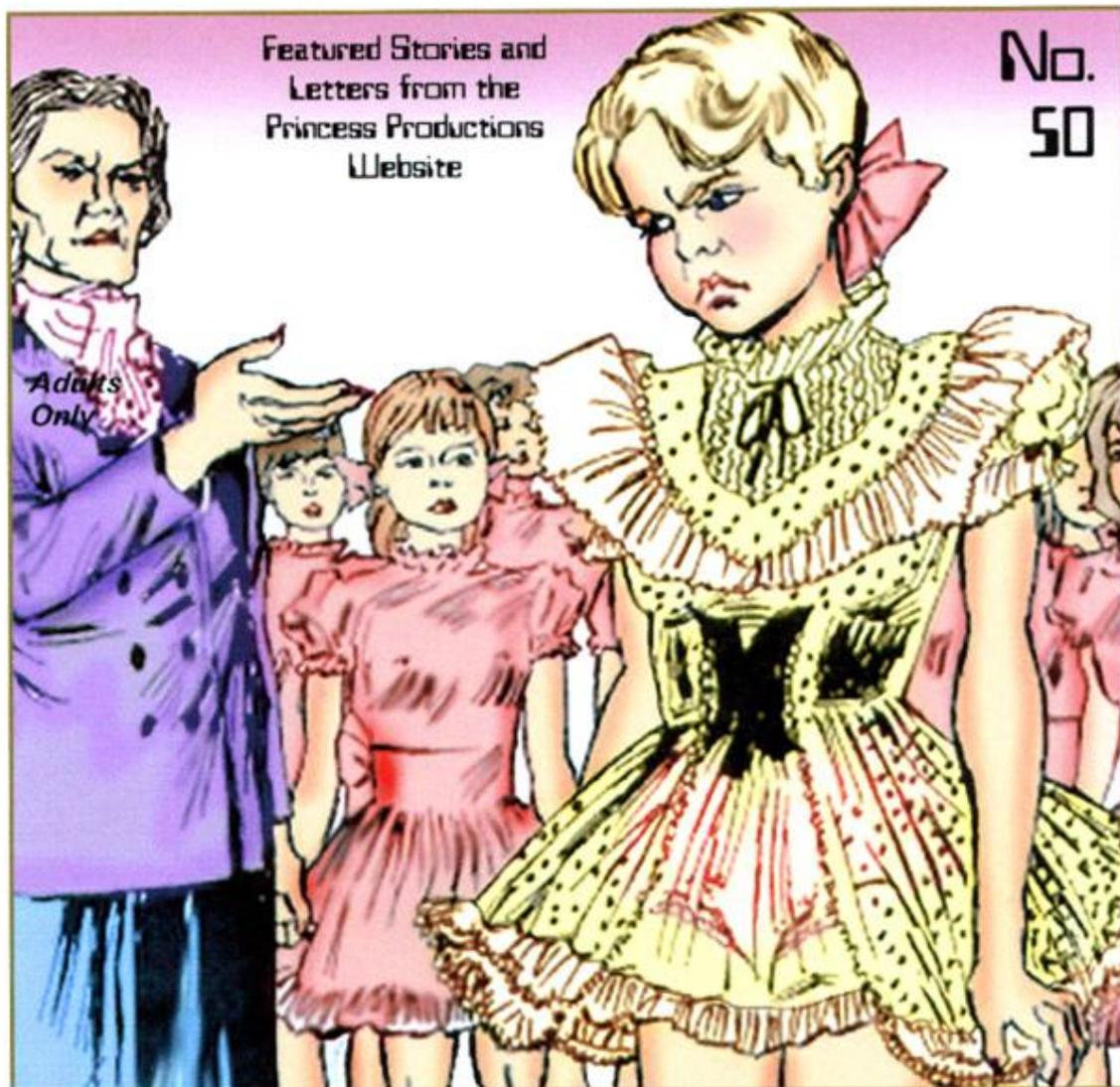


Princess Online



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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's newest book, "Norm - Schooled to Be Girls!" In this scene, Norm, has finally been forced into lingerie and this ridiculously frilly little girls' party dress. The dress is so thin that his pink panties can be seen right through it.

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.

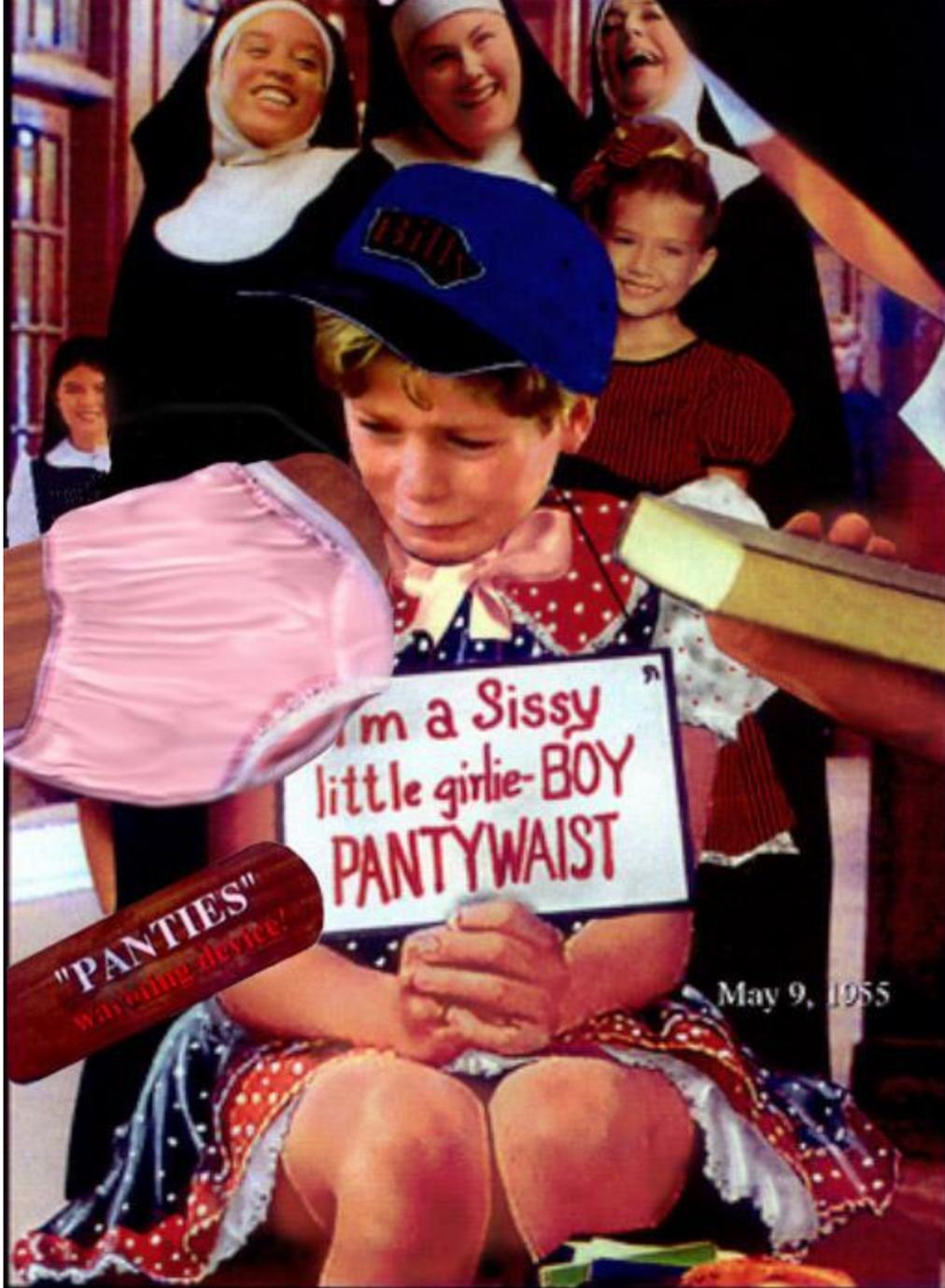
Carole Jean has published books both under the name Carole Jean and under the name "Bill."

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 old enough to remember when



...being **PUNISHED** was
PAINFUL and **HUMILIATING!**

Watchdoggie! remembers the humiliation of panty spankings by the nuns in the 1950s

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 what happened to him. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while while being spanked and dressed in his punishment dress and panties.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Donald

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

So she put the store up for sale and 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 started a baby-sitting service. It went well, but she quickly stopped taking 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 without them getting into some kind of trouble or starting fights with one another. But she did find her niche overseeing school-age boys after school, and since the school was only doors away from her home, it was an ideal setup. 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 baby-sitting 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 baby-sitting 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, and he's pictured here. 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 did what he was told 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 bawled them out good. 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 had that same conversation with the mothers or fathers as each of them 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 in 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 never had heard of the term. What she had done out of expediency became the way she treated all her boys. There was no spanking, no verbal or mental abuse (other than having their masculinity torn down in the eyes of their parents and siblings, who often came along with the parents to pick up each boy just to see him so sweetly attired in pink panties). Word quickly got out and these boys were miserably teased by their friends 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!

So this month, we present the picture of nine-year-old Donald. It had all started with him. In the coming months, we will present more photos of Ma Kelly's boys for your enjoyment.

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Sissy of the Month

Vladi, a peasant boy from Eastern Europe, models his satin skirt, which he lifts up to show off his black lace-trimmed chiffon slip!

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Masquerade - Brother & Sister

When Elton jokingly mentioned to his sister that he'd like to see what he'd look like in her bathing suit, Sidney said she'd like to see him in it too! Here they both are in the same bathing suit. Elton is on the left and his sister, Sidney, is on the right.

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Masquerade

Chuckie Phillips frequently got caught trying on his sister's clothes. His mother would scold him, and his father would spank him, but within days he'd be dressing himself up once again. But thank goodness for Halloween! On that favorite of all crossdressers' holidays, Chuckie's parents couldn't ignore his pleading and let him dress up completely in girly clothes. Shown here at a Halloween party is five-year-old Chuckie in his sister's leotard, tights, tutu and full makeup.

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His Mother's Hot Panties

After his shower, Glen walked into his mother's bedroom. As he sat on her bed, the towel covering his loins slid open. His firm young cock was exposed to his mother's view. It wasn't uncommon for her to see him naked – even with an erection – so neither of them thought anything about his being so exposed. He looked down and could see her pale blue bra partially exposing her breasts through her half unbuttoned blouse. Since his father died, she had become quite casual with how she dressed around the house, and such little peeks at her nakedness and lingerie caused him to become very interested in her body and her

underwear. Betty thought it was cute that he liked to peek up her dress and down her blouse, and she did nothing to dissuade him.

With an impish, pouting look, he glanced toward the pink bag beside her and said, "You said I could see the lingerie you just bought. You said you'd model them for me."

"Fibber!" she said with a playful shove. "Don't put words in my mouth. I said I'd show you what I bought. I didn't say I'd model them for you."

He looked from the bulging pink bag to his mother's grinning face. Then he said, "Oh, goodie! Let me see them! I don't want to go to bed yet. May I stay up a little longer with you, Mom?"

Betty sat up straighter, cupped her hands under her blouse-covered tits, and said, "You want to see these in my new brassieres?"

“I’d like to see you put one of them on ... and then watch you take it off and put on another one ... and, you know....”

“Now you want me to do a strip tease? Glen, you’re incorrigible. If you had your way, you’d have me start going around the house like your own little lingerie jerk-off model. That would lead to all sorts of trouble. Can you see me prancing around here in lacy underwear all the time? Goodness, your poor little prick would be hard all the time, and you’d never get anything done.”

“It’s hard all the time, anyway,” he said with a confirming look at it. “Please, Mom, let me see what you bought. You’re already the prettiest mom in the whole world, and you’re even prettier when you dress up in stuff like that. That’s just how I feel. I can’t help it. And you told me to always tell you exactly how I feel, no matter what. Please, Mom, ple-e-ease!”

“No modeling shows but you can see my new things,” she said as she upended the bag on top of his lap, covering his naked thighs and sweet young erection under a cascade of multicolored lace and nylon, making him gasp.

She laughed at his surprised look, and she shuffled the cool gossamer garments around on his naked, warm thighs, teasingly touching him through all that sexy nylon and ensuring the continuing stiffness of his prick. Already she’d made up her mind to suck him off. She had been leading up to it for a long time, very deliberately and enjoying herself all the way. Now was the time, and the more slowly she seduced him, the more jism would build up in his balls and make it better for both of them.

He could hardly speak due to his newly rising excitement as she ran whispering panties and tempting brassieres and shiny stockings over his thighs and belly and chest. Lacy ladies’ lingerie dripped from young Glen as his smiling mother used them like gloves on her hands to caress and arouse him to a state of fecund readiness. She held up individual garments, exclaiming over the sheer softness of this pair of panties or the delicate cut of that brassiere. All he could do was to suck in his breath and bask in the excitement as if he were being shown a collection of rare, exotic works of art. Glen loved her pretty lingerie, and his fascination for these intimate garments infected her and she advanced to a newfound level of appreciation for the qualities of these exotic, frothy bits of lacy nylon. Her nipples grew painfully hard as she held a daintily filigreed yellow brassiere up before her tits and said, “How do you think this would look on me, dear?”

“Beautiful!” he exclaimed, eyes blazing as he stared, hands creeping up from the silken garments on his lap. “Could I just... feel of it on you once?”

“I suppose that wouldn’t hurt,” she said, thrusting her tits deeper against the loosely hanging cups.

“Oh, gosh!” he reverently said as his quavering hands closed over Betty’s veiled mounds.

She bit her lip to keep from moaning at the ecstasy she felt from this light touch.

“So soft!” he murmured, as his one hand stroked her breast-filled new bra and his other hand massaged his cock with the lingerie on his lap.

“May I touch your bare tits just a little?” he asked as his hands were crawling up under the yellow bra she was holding and down into her open blouse. He reached into the pale blue bra she was wearing even as she was making up her mind.

“The ends,” he said, young fingers carefully exploring, “they’re so HARD!”

“A woman’s nipples...” It was hard to speak to him calmly in her state of raging excitement. “...a woman feels sexy, her nipples swell up and get stiff, just like your prick does.

“You sure must be feeling sexy because they sure are hard. You act almost like they hurt. Do they?”

“Does your prick hurt when it gets hard?”

She dropped the yellow bra into her lap and hastily opened her blouse and unhooked the front clasp of her pale blue push-up bra to give him full access to her breasts. He rushed reached with both of his hands to cup her motherly boobs, whispering and squealing with delight. The sight of his hands toying with her tits was as erotic as anything she had experienced in her life.

“A woman’s titties—especially her nipples—they get much more sensitive when she’s excited, but they don’t really hurt. It feels s-o-o-o good and ... OH!” she cried, as Glen suddenly gave her nipples a quick series of exploring little tweaks.

“Did I hurt you? Are you okay?” he said, though his grin showed no sincere concern, and his fingers kept playing and gently pinching.

“It’s wonderful!” Betty said, panting in her excitement. “It’s making me ... me cu-u-u-u-u-um,” he shouted as she twisted and aggressively shoved her tits harder at his hands, gyrating to fully massage herself against him, his hands and the crisp new lingerie sandwiched between her body and his raging young cock.

Even before she came down from her orgasm she was impatiently digging for his cock through the stack of bras and panties. She found it and bent forward to swallow it whole. Her mouth and head flaying up and down at a maddening pace while she stroked his chest and his ass with handfuls of her pretty, virgin new lingerie. He blanched white and emptied his balls into her sexy hungry mouth. His spewing jism she wanted to swallow – it was so sweet – so beautifully boyish – so fresh and clean, but she collected it in her mouth. There was so much she could barely hold it all! A dribble of glistening, translucent white leaked out of each corner of her mouth. He saw her coming at his face with bulging cheeks and semen-coated lips. It was an amazing sight and something he had never even thought of doing – tasting cum – his own cum, but before he had a chance to think about it, she was prying open his lips with hers and pushing all his boys juice right into his mouth and down his throat. He didn’t just taste it; he was being forced to drink it.

He let it happen. Besides, he had no control. Now and forever after he knew he was a cum eater, but he didn't want to dwell on the thought at that moment.

"Whew! Whew! Whew!" he said, trying to catch his breath as she cradled him in her arms. He looked up at her in awe. "Wow, Mom! Whew! But, but you had me swa -- swallow it?"

"Mm-hm," she said smiling, still drunk on his youthful beauty, still cumming a little. "It tastes so good. I knew you'd love it."

With two fingers she wiped the cum from her cheeks and then pushed her fingers with their globs of semen into his mouth for him to lick clean.

He wrinkled his nose prettily and said, "Is..is that how you're supposed to do it?"

She hugged him and kissed him on the cheek, wanting to crush him with her love and lust, and then said, "that's how YOU are supposed to do it! You're well on your way to becoming a mother fucker, and motherfucking boys eat cum out of their mother's mouth and pussy. They even eat other men's cum out of her mouth and pussy. One other thing motherfucking boys do. They wear their mother's panties 24/7. And you're going to start wearing my panties right now!"

She flicked through the lingerie now strewn all about them, picked up a pair of shiny white satin panties with pink hearts on them. She held them open by his feet and he pointed his toes to help her put them over his feet and he stood up to allow her to gently pull them up his long thin legs. Just before they engulfed his half-hard and now re-erecting penis, she bent from the waist and gave it a lingerie kiss, sliding in and out of her lips for a few teasing sucks. With great fanfare, she pulled the panties up, up, up! The satiny panties were a little large on him and covered him halfway up his chest. With her hands she pushed on him to get him to turn around so she could look at her motherfucking son from every angle. Grinning and staring, her eyes alight with excitement, she hugged him to herself and spent minutes thoroughly massaging his bottom and penis and balls through the sensation-filled grasp of satin nylon panties – her sexy motherly panties.

"Panties are great to wear, huh?"

He just nodded hypnotically and moaned his approval.

"But wearing panties makes you a sissy. You know that don't you?"

He nodded, blushing.

"It's part of being a good motherfucker. So you'll wear my panties for me – all the time. Right! That way I'll always be with you and you'll always be mine."

He continued to nod at everything she said.

"And a really good motherfucker eats all kinds of cum from his mother's lips and pussy. His own

cum as well as cum from other men and boys! Every guy's cum tastes a little different, but they're all so good! You'll learn to love them."

He nodded but a little more hesitantly, as he repeated her words "...cum from other men and boys?"

"Yes, my dear, and you'll learn to love it so! And pretty soon I'll have you taking some of that cum right from source! I'll have you sucking the cum out of men and boys when I'm too tired or when I want you to entertain me and some of my friends."

He stared at her.

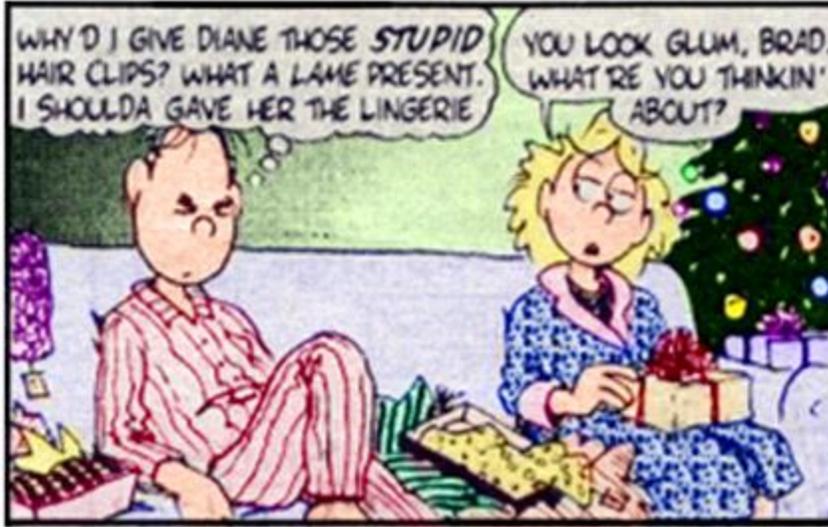
"Don't worry, son. You're going to love every minute of it! You wanted to touch my titties and I let you. Then I made you a cum eater. Now you're a panty-wearing sissy. And soon I'll let you put your cock in my pussy and I'll make you a fullfleged motherfucker. Then I'll train you suck cock and make you into a faggot motherfucker. And believe me, I won't stop there. I have a lot of great things planned for you.

"Here's another surprise," she said as she pulled from the pile of lingerie a pair of pink nylon pajamas and helped him put them on. And now, young man, crawl into my bed. You need to get some sleep, so I can wake you up in a little while and continue your sex education. I'll teach you your number one job as a motherfucker, and that is putting that darling dick of yours in my hot pussy and filling it up with your cum, which you'll then suck out of me!"

Story is based on an excerpt from the 1976 book
"His Mother's Hot Panties" by Joyce Morrissey
#01099-Z Rewrite by Princess Lacey

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LUANN



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Dear Abby

By Abigail Van Buren

Son and his curls are mom's pride and joy

Dear Abby: I have a bone to pick with you. You said there was nothing wrong with taking a little boy to the barber shop and having the barber give him a real boy's haircut when his parents were on vacation. (The boy was left in the care of his grandmother.)

I think moms should be the ones to decide how long their little boys' hair should be, and grandparents should refrain from interfering.

I kept my son's hair in long (shoulder-length) curls until he was in 1st grade because I thought it was so beautiful I couldn't bear to cut it. I always took him to my beauty parlor to have his hair cut and curled even after he was in elementary school.

The only time he ever looked like a little girl was when he was being punished and made to wear a little girl's dress until he agreed to behave better. This kind of punishment worked for me a whole lot better than spankings and scoldings. By the time he was a teenager, he was a very polite and well-trained young man.

I am proud to say that he has never been a problem for me. He still wears his hair in waves and listens to his mom.

Proud of Sonny

P.S. The first thing I did after I got married was

to get my husband to let his hair grow so I could give him a curly perm. He had the prettiest dark brown curls in town for nearly 20 years, and knows better than to even think about going to a barber shop.

Dear Mom: Your letter was most unusual, and I'm glad your son turned out so well. But your method of disciplining him curled *my* hair. To punish a child by humiliating him and forcing him to wear a girl's dress could have had serious emotional repercussions, and I would be curious to know what he thought of it—now that he's an adult. Sonny?



Advice Column

There's More! On the next page there are three photos of Sonny, two with his long hair and one immediately after he got his hair cut short, and in all three photos he's wearing a cute skirt and sweater combination with little high heels, lacy ankle socks and a fancy hair decoration. In one photo, even the strap of his training bra is showing!



Photos with Dear Abby Column

Click on each for a larger view.

When Sonny was six years old and starting school, his mother finally allowed him to have his hair cut.

The two photos on the left with his long hair, and one the picture on the right immediately after he got his hair cut short.

Note that in the photo on the far left, you can see the strap of his training bra!

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Sonny with his curls just before his first short haircut.





Dear J

10/4/90

Okay, you want to know about the incident in my youth. I've never written about it, though I'm sure the situation has influenced me a lot. At the time, I was too fearful and anxious to enjoy its erotic aspects, and even now, somehow, the memory evokes anxiety rather than enjoyment.

When I was a boy we lived in a sort of lower-class neighborhood that aspired to be a suburb, houses with yards, a neighborhood pool, small shopping center, etc. but the fact was, it was a somewhat rough place.

One Summer night I was camping out with my friend Jimmy (real name -- no kidding!) in his back yard, in a tent. We had flashlights, cards, pop, chips, radio, etc. but we got bored and decided to play Strip Poker. I didn't completely realize it at the time, but when Jimmy got bored, he got a little petty and vindictive, and I had ticked him off.

Well, I lost the game. As a penalty, Jimmy said he would take my clothes and hide them, and I would have to look through the back yard for them. I waited in the tent, but he snuck them into the house and put them in a clothes hamper inside, where I could never get them! Then, when I went out into the back yard to look for them, he zipped the tent shut and locked it!

I didn't know where my clothes were, of course, and ran all over the back yard looking for them. Jimmy kept shining the flashlight on me, which I found embarrassing.

Finally, he told me he had taken my clothes to the Swimming Pool and put them in the locker room and we would have to walk to the pool to get them. This was quite late and the pool was closed, of course, but it was not unheard of for kids to sneak in at night.

No way could I bring myself to walk all that way naked, of course, and I finally got Jimmy to agree to give me some clothes until I got my own. He went in the house for a long time, and finally returned with his sister's swim suit and beach thongs!

Looking back, I can see how my submissive nature was leading me deeper and deeper into this. I saw the bulge in Jimmy's back pocket, but didn't ask him about it. I finally figured out how to get into the one-piece girls bathing suit, with its frilly trim, and put on the thongs and snuck with Jimmy down the block, through the Trailer Court, and out to the field by the pool. Jimmy told me my clothes were inside, but that he wasn't going to risk me tearing his sister's swimsuit climbing

Stripped & Pantied - Page 1

the fence. He made me take it off and climbed over n

I know this makes me sound an awful dunce or tha I'm making it up, but the fact is, I was doing whate Jimmy said by then, whether I believed him or not. S the nakedness had made me terribly embarrassed and submissive, and the swimsuit -- my first experience women's attire -- had increased my confusion. I want out of it almost as much as I hated being naked.

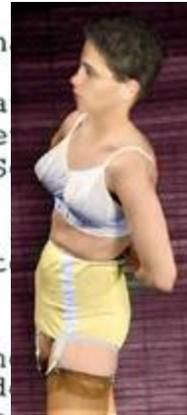
Anyway, you can probably figure what happened wh I climbed the fence and stood naked on the other sid Jimmy, still outside the fence, teased me cruelly and told me he had my clothes out there. Then he reached into his back pocket and pulled out a pair of panties.

I can still see those panties, as if they were here in front of me. I mean it, I can practically feel them, after all these years. They were a sort of peach-pink, with lace at the waist and legs, silk or nylon, and big for me. Jimmy waved them at me on the other side of the fence and warned me not to come back to the tent without them. Then he ran back. I had to climb back over the fence, put the awful panties on, and sneak back to Jim's yard. Even then, he wouldn't get my clothes and I had to sleep in the tent, huddled for warmth under the blanket with Jimmy, who wore his jeans and T-shirt.

The next morning he said we'd have to stay in the tent until his parents went to work. We did, but his sisters were still home: The older one, a freshman in high school and the younger one, whose swimsuit I had worn. I think now that the panties must have been his mom's. I wrapped the blanket around me when we went inside, hoping, I guess, to pass unnoticed, and above all to hide the silky panties I wore, but Jimmy's older sister noticed my lack of clothing under the blanket and asked me about it. I said something about how I was wearing my swimming trunks, but she didn't believe me. She made Jimmy and me sit down to breakfast and I had a terrible time trying to hold the blanket around me through the meal. Jimmy's younger sister had caught on too, and kept tugging at the blanket.

Maybe they thought I was naked underneath. I wish now I had been. They finally got the blanket off me and laughed uproariously at what I was wearing. Jimmy told them about the Strip Poker Game, and the trip to the Swimming Pool.

Anyway, that's it. I realize that it probably seems tame or unrealistic, but that's the way it happened. I wonder sometimes if my masochism resulted from that incident or caused it. Maybe both. Maybe neither.



The writer of this letter also states that his friend must have had a fetish for lingerie and was probably gay because the friend forced him into lingerie on a number of other occasions and made sexual advances toward him too, but when the boy refused, the friend just made it like he was joking. On a few of those occasions, the boy had to pose for pictures in various types of lingerie as shown in the photo above.

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Inheriting the Wind of My Unfaithful Father

A True Sissyboy Letter

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My dad was out of town on business, and my mother was arguing with him on the phone. Even after she hung up, she continued to yell at him as she came down to the basement where my three sisters and I were watching TV. I dreaded seeing her like that because whenever she was angry with my father, she tended to take it out on me. I expected to be yelled at, but she walked past me and into the laundry room, where she unloaded the dryer and then came out carrying a few of my sisters' clean clothes and went back upstairs. After a few minutes, she called down to me to come up to the kitchen and told my sisters to stay in the basement because she wanted to talk to me.

As I entered the kitchen, she closed the empty dishwasher, turned the dial and started it. I became a bit concerned and asked why she turned on an empty dishwasher. She said we were going to have a talk, and she didn't want the girls to hear.

Just then the phone rang. It was my father again. Mother was extremely angry and did not hide it from me. While the conversation was short I could gather that he had done something bad and was very sorry. Mother said she was going to make sure it would never happen again, and that she would deal with him when he got home. At the end of the conversation she said, "And when you get home tomorrow, you can look to at your son (me) and get some idea of what you're in for if you want to stay married to me. At least one of you is going to understand what it is like to be treated like trash."

She said good-bye and left the phone off the hook. I was scared because I had never seen her so angry. With a quick motion, I felt her grab the waist of my PJ bottoms and yank them down. I didn't get it that she was going to punish me, and without thinking, I bent over to pull them up. That's when I felt a viscous slap on my behind, and before I could react, another slap followed. Then another. Almost instantly, I was crying well aware that I hadn't done anything to deserve a spanking.

The swats continued, and as tears ran from my eyes, mom pulled my PJs down and all the and way off, all the while admonishing me for the way men treat women. Once I was completely naked, she said she had it with men not knowing the pain they cause women, and that I was not going to go through life without that understanding.

Out of the pile of fresh laundry on the kitchen table, she pulled out a pair of pink panties with some dumb-looking bows on them belonging to one of my sisters and handed them to me. Of course she knew that I didn't want to put them on and laughed when I asked what she wanted me to do. She smiled wickedly and told me that I was going to wear them. That caused me to start crying again, but I knew better than to disobey her, especially when she was in one of these moods. But I was too slow for

her, so she grabbed the panties out of my hands and held them open in front of me. I bent over and stepped into the opening. Then she told me to pull them up. As I bent forward and took hold of the waist elastic, with my bare butt up in the air, she didn't miss the opportunity to give me another swat. My behind was already sore, and I was shaking as I pulled them up as fast as I could. They were kind of tight on me, but I was to discover later that played into her plan. They were so tight that my penis and balls were crushed tight against my crotch. She kept pulling up on the panties to draw them up even tighter.

As she said, "There, Jack, that looks nice. Now, you're nice and modest like a sweet little girl without any nasty bulges," she picked up a larger pair of panties. They were purple, and since I had snooped in her dresser a few times, I knew they were a pair of hers. Since I had my sister's panties on, I had no idea what she was going to do with that second pair, but I soon found out.

For some strange reason I didn't ask her why I was being hit and why she was putting me in panties, but things she did often confused me. I probably just wanted to get it over with as soon as possible and asking questions would just stretch everything out that much longer. Plus sometimes my questions made her even angrier with me.

That second pair of panties, she handed to me and told me to put them on. I think she thought it would add to my humiliation to panty myself – and it did. With a confused mind and a burning butt, I was unsteady on my feet and teetered back and forth as I maneuvered to step into the panties and pull them up. They were a little large on me even though I was getting pretty close to my mother in height, but she had a lot bigger hips than I had. I was really confused now. She paused a bit, leaned back, took a good look at me and laughed mildly. That made me feel stupid on top of the pain in my ass. I had to look like a real idiot standing in front of my sneering mother with her panties on. Finally, I got up the nerve to ask her why she was doing this to me; she frowned and seemed angry that I would even ask.

She took out a scarf and tied it around my head to gag me and said, "You're a stupid little boy, and you need to learn to obey me without question and keep quite like a timid little sissy. This will help to keep you quiet."

She had me sit on the floor and then pulled out a length of rope and started tying me up. I had no idea what she was doing, and with my mouth gagged I couldn't even ask. I'm sure she saw my questioning eyes.

"Jack, I've decided that you need to spend a little quality time thinking about what an asshole you are. Your father's an even bigger asshole, just like most men. It's time I cure you and stop you from following in your father's footsteps. I'm turning you into a sweet, loving sissy, and you'll learn to do everything I want you to do like an obedient little puppy dog."

I struggled with the binding ropes, but she had tied me up tightly.



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Then she picked up the phone and called dad back. As I sat there bound, gagged and crying, she told dad what she had done to me. She laughed when he complained. She held the phone up to me and told me to say something to him, but I could only moan with muffled sounds. I could hear dad repeatedly asking her forgiveness and pleading with her not to punish me but to punish him when he got home. She told him that we were both going to be punished until we learned that we weren't in charge of anything anymore and were willing to be submissive to her and my sisters. She then hung up on him and called my sisters to come up from the basement.

When they saw me tied up and in mom's panties they laughed their heads off. Cheryl was fifteen and

my oldest sister. She touched the panties and laughed. Then she started snapping the elastic and that stung me. I moaned, and they all laughed some more. Soon all three of my sisters were snapping my leg and waist elastics, and I was jerking around with all the little stings of pain. That's when they noticed that I had on a second pair of panties underneath mom's purple panties. They pulled mom's panties aside to see that I had on a pair of Katie's pink panties. They really laughed hard at that. Katie was three years younger than me and quite a bit smaller. She complained that I would tear her panties because they were so tight on me, besides, she didn't want her nasty big brother to wear her nice panties next to his dirty body and his stinky boy parts. Mom assured her that she would take her to the mall and buy her a whole bunch of new panties so she could give me all her old ones because I was going to be wearing tight panties for as long as I lived in that house. My eyes as well as the girls' eyes went crazy wide with that announcement, and they laughed uncontrollably as that news sunk in.

As mom untied my feet and stood me up, she sent the girls back down to the basement to play. She told them she had a surprise for them, and she'd bring me down later for them to see. Mom was acting weird, but it was obvious she was enjoying lording it over me. After the girls went downstairs, Mom closed the door to the basement to reveal a sailor-style dress that she had brought upstairs from the laundry room. The dress was hanging on the back of the door. It was one of Ginny's dresses. Ginny was fourteen, one year older than me and about my same size. Mom grinned evilly, and I knew that dress was for me.

With my arms still tied behind me, Mom pulled me over her lap and spanked me harder than ever before. With the gag in my mouth, I couldn't talk much less protest. All I could do was cry. She hit me all over my panties and thighs, and she didn't stop until I promised her that if she untied me, I would let her put me in the dress and other clothes without making a fuss. I promised. I was ready to promise her anything. My entire backside was on fire, and she had been only hitting me with her hand. I had no idea she could hit so hard!

Once she untied me, she put a pale blue rayon slip over my head. It had white lace on the edges and really made me feel like a stupid pansy. Then came the blue sailor dress. She sat me on the counter. With my sore bottom that really hurt, she put my sister's knee socks and tight shoes on my feet and then said, "Now to pretty you up." She applied makeup to my face and put it on heavily. Then some rouge and eye shadow. All the while, she teased me that I better act perfect toward her or she would send me to school like that for the rest of my life. That brought more tears to my already cried-out eyes.

Finally she pulled out a tube of bright red lipstick. She did my lips, and then with a sinister look on her face, she told me to bend over the kitchen chair. Begging her through the gag not to spank me again only caused her to giggle. She swore she was not going to give me spanks. Meekly I bent over the chair. I felt the back of my dress go up and both pairs of my panties being pulled down. Then I felt her drawing on my behind with the lipstick; it felt like she was drawing circles. I was ordered to stay bent over as she lowered the panties more and without warning applied lipstick to the back of my balls.

She pulled both pair of panties back up and then dragged me down the basement stairs. Knowing that

she was going to present me to my sisters, I became terrified. I tried to get away but after several hard slaps on my arms and face, I stopped fighting her.

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As we went down the stairs, Mom shouted down to the girls that she had a surprise for them. With each step, I became more and more anxious. When the girls saw my legs and then looked up at me in the dress, they all came running to the base of the stairs.

They were laughing and making fun of me much to my mother's pleasure. When I got to the bottom of the stairs they all surrounded me and started to grab at the hem of the dress. Mom encouraged them to examine me further. My oldest sister asked for permission to lift up my dress.

“Of course,” she shouted. “This is your new sissy brother, and he’s one of your new toys. You can do whatever you want to do with him.”

With that the front of my dress was pulled up. The girls went wild as they saw my shameful panties again, but this time they had their hands all over my panties. I felt little fingers reaching under the elastics to search out and torment my penis, which they accompanied with the din of girlish giggles and squeaky voices. They were going crazy with delight.

Not knowing there was an even more shameful thing coming, they pointed at me and laughed. Funny, but none of them asked why I was in a dress and panties.

After they quieted down, mom had them sit on the couch and told them she had a new game for us to play. She turned off the television and then went over to my father’s desk, which was also in the basement. She took out a box of rubber bands and then got something out of my toy chest. Then she told me to get down on my hands and knees facing away from them. I complied since I was numb from the humiliation I had already endured. I felt her lift up my dress. She then ordered me to remain like that on the floor until I was told to get up. Then she told the girls of the new game. Each girl was handed 10 rubber bands. Mom told them they would shoot them at my behind like it was a target. They would get points for the best shots. When my next oldest sister asked how they would know if they got a bulls eye, mom pulled down my panties and yelled, “ta da.”

My sisters laughed as she said, “The outer ring is 5 points, the inner ring is 10, his rosebud is 20, and if you hit his balls, it’s 30.”

I whimpered as each of my sisters took shots at me. By the time they reached me, the flying rubber bands didn’t land all that hard, but to my already sore backside they were like needles. After each hit, mom announced the score. Cheryl got the only two hits on my balls. One shot hit my asshole and about a dozen more hit other areas of my butt. Mom ended the game by giving them all a bunch more rubber bands and having them all shoot at me at once in rapid fire.

Mom pulled up my panties and announced that Cheryl had won a bowl of ice cream. I was then sent to my room crying my eyes out while she talked to the girls. I was instructed to not take off the dress, slip or panties. As I went upstairs, I heard mom tell them that this was just one game they could play with me whenever they wanted, and she was going to teach them more fun games in the future. For example, she said they could pull down the front of my panties and use peashooters to try and hit my penis.

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After Mom got the girls ready for bed, she came into my bedroom. Since the dress zipped up the back and I was not used to undoing dresses, I couldn't have removed the dress even if I wanted to go against mom's order. She saw me still dressed and told me I was a good sissy for leaving on my new clothes. She sat on the edge of my bed and had me stand before her. She said I needed to know what it felt like to be a girl and be treated badly. Men and boys, she explained, treated women and girls badly all the time, and if I realized how it felt, I wouldn't do it. But it was a lesson that couldn't be taught quickly, so I was going to have to wear girls' clothes most of the time, as they would help me learn how to be submissive. She said that someday I would appreciate the experience. She said my father had humiliated her by cheating on her with the slut (the first time I had ever heard that word) that lived across the street, and that I must learn to treat women with respect so I would never do something like that. Then she informed me that there was one more thing that I had to do and then I wouldn't be punished any more that night.

She sat me on her lap, reached under my short sailor dress and began touching my penis in the panties, as she spoke to me very softly and told me that some day I would want to do sex things with girls. She told me about sex and encouraged me to ask questions. She punctuated her discussion with teasing manipulation of my penis, balls and rosebud. After more than half an hour of talking, and me going wild with desire, she said we were finished. She knew I was very hard and ready to spurt, but she hadn't let me cum and told me not to touch myself while she went to her bedroom for a moment to get

something. She said learning to hold it in and not cum was a good lesson for me and she was going to jack me off without letting me cum a lot.

I heard her say good night to the girls, tuck them in and speak to them. I couldn't hear what she was saying, but the girls were laughing and cheering a lot. A few minutes later, she came back with two small jars, some Kleenex, a pink nightgown and some other things.

She unzipped my dress and instructed me how to hang it up properly. The nightgown was a baby doll top, and I knew it was for me from the moment I saw her holding it. I didn't fight her when she put it on me.

Mom sat down on my bed and with a victorious smile commanded me to bend over her lap. As I did, she pulled down both pairs of panties in back just far enough to bare my balls. She explained that she had cold cream (whatever that was), and it was used to remove makeup. She spread it over my bottom and balls and cleaned off the lipstick. It took her a long time, and she kept spreading on more cream and wiping it up. After she did that, she opened the second jar. She said that was Vaseline, and after she put it on her hands, she massaged my ass checks. That felt really good, but I quickly stiffened up and arched my back when her fingers ran down my ass crack. She did it again, and again. And as she slid her hand up and down back there, she kept stopping halfway to poke at my rosebud. Soon she was working her greased fingers right into my hole and going deeper and deeper. My head felt woozy at that, but she just kept petting me and telling me to relax and be a good sissy. As she did this, she told me that girls never enjoy the first time they got fucked (I had never heard my mom say the word fuck before) in their pussies because they have to get broken in a bit first. She kept pushing her finger in and bringing it almost all the way out before repeating the process over and over. That went on for about five minutes. I swear I was going to shoot my cum at any minute, but she did it slowly and stopped as soon as she sensed I was about to go over the edge. After she had tormented me to her heart's desire, she pulled her fingers out so quickly that I could actually feel my butt closing back up.

I saw her grab the Vaseline again, but this time she did not apply it to me but to the object in her hand. From my side view it looked like a man's penis and balls but it was pink plastic. Then I heard a buzzing noise. Mom said that when the day comes and a girl would let me fuck her that I should remember this day and be gentle like she was going to be gentle with me. And just so I would remember this lesson, she was going to make sure I knew how it felt to be fucked. With that, I felt her begin to insert the vibrator into my behind. As she wiggled and drove it up against my rosebud, I felt my bottom opening up and accepting the buzzing dildo in her hand. As the weird object went in me, my penis got terribly hard, I had to take deep breaths, and I felt very full inside like when I have to go to the bathroom. I felt like I was being filled up to the breaking point. With a barrage of tears, I pleaded for her to stop.

"Only a little bit more," she said as she pushed a bit deeper. Once she had it in all the way, she gently lifted me up and pulled the tight pink panties up to help hold it inside me. Then she pulled up the purple panties and seemed satisfied. I was nervous and shaking. I couldn't stand still with that thing buzzing away inside me. I thought I was going to pass out, and I would have fallen over if Mom hadn't kept

holding onto me. She ordered me to walk around the room as she sat and watched. Just walking was a major task. I had to hold onto things to keep my balance. My face was red with embarrassment and my blood pressure felt like it was boiling over. It was the weirdest sensation I had ever felt.

After she decided I had enough, she reached down the back of my panties and turned it off, but left it in me as she helped me into bed. As I lay on my stomach, she gently stroked my pantied butt and told me what a good sissy I was going to be for her and my sisters. With that thing in my butt, I couldn't sleep. Mom kept coming into my room to check on me, and when she realized I couldn't get to sleep with it in, she decided I had enough for the night, and she removed it.

She got me up early the next morning, took off my nightgown and gave me a punishment enema, as she explained, to help clean out my nasty boyishness. Talk about waking up with a jolt! Then she supervised me taking a bath. As she instructed me on how to wash myself, she said being a sissy requires that I do everything differently. No more two-minute showers in the morning, instead meticulously perfumed baths to clean every part of my body, which much to my embarrassment included her showing me how to thoroughly clean my penis, balls and asshole. Then she bleached my hair! I had worn it fairly long for a boy, but it was still short for a girl, but she expertly fashioned it into a shaggy, feminine style. Then she dressed me in my oldest sister's white satin confirmation dress, complete with ruffled white satin panties, full slips and white gloves.

I was stunned! I felt so foolish!

Mom took me downstairs and sat me in the living room. I was fighting to hold back my tears because she told me she'd be very disappointed with me if I cried and spoiled my little touches of makeup.

When my three sleepy-eyed sisters finally got up that Saturday morning and came downstairs, they woke up with a jolt too when they saw me dressed up like a virginal little puff of satin femininity. They immediately exploded into gales of laughter and had to hold onto each other just to keep from falling over! I wondered why they were all humiliating me so much because I was trying my best to cooperate. I knew I hadn't been very good to my mom and sisters for years, but I didn't believe I deserved to be treated like this. Then to top everything off, Dad came home from his business trip. As he pulled in the drive, I tried to get up. I pleaded with Mom not to let my father see me like that, but she just laughed and told my sisters to hold me down. The moment Dad walked in the door and saw me, he started screaming at mom for making me look like a fag and sissy. Mom finally out-shouted him and told him to get used to it or leave. Despite his being unfaithful just that one time, I know Dad really did love Mom, the girls and me, and he told her he didn't want to leave, but he didn't want me dressed like a weak little girl either. That "weak little girl" comment set Mom off, she told him she was going to show him just how weak girls were. Mom won out. She told him the price of his philandering was that he had absolutely no say in how I was to be dressed and treated and no say in the family anymore. Then there was a chilling silence.

Finally Katie said, "Daddy, Jack makes a very pretty girl. Don't you agree?"

With a mean gaze, Dad stared at her.

Ginny followed up with, “Daddy, Jack really wears pretty panties. Do you want to see them?”

Dad capitulated. I had never seen my dad cry, but tears were in his eyes as he told me that he was sorry that he couldn't help me.

Things have been very different ever since!



The end of Princess Online #50.

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