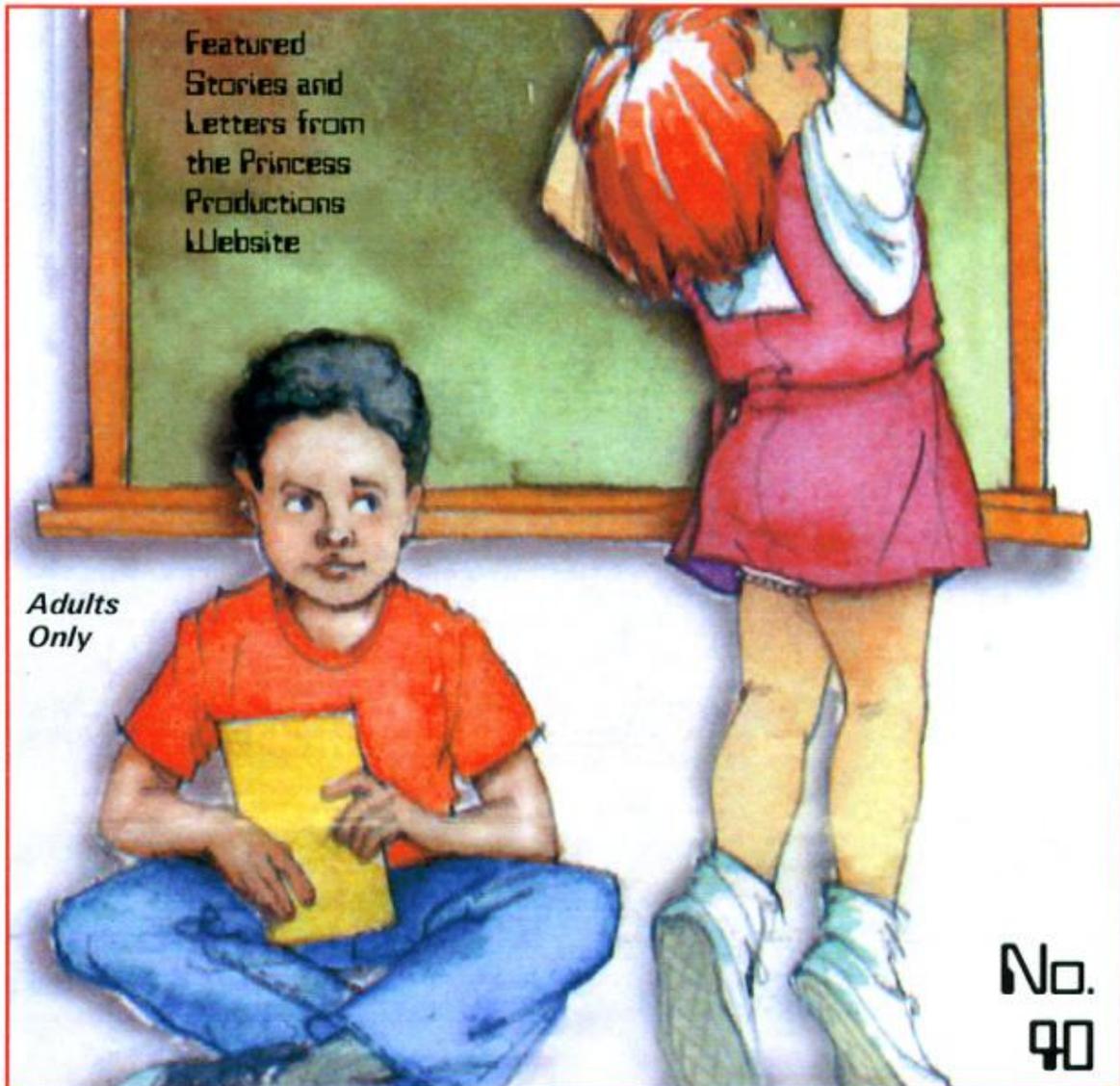


# Princess Online



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. Stories range for "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 her many publications. By "Princessize," we mean that we colorize it and artistically alter it. Sometimes we only make a few minor changes, and at other times, we make a lot of changes -- all designed to reflect our (and we hope our loyal followers') interests.

The drawing shown here comes from volume 1 of "Beautified Bullies," which is about two delinquent brothers who are petticoated and thoroughly humiliated by an old neighbor lady who is watching over them while their mother is away recuperating from a mental breakdown that they caused. In the above scene Nick, the younger brother, first appears in a dress before his lingerie and apron clad brother, Mike, who has been sentenced to being locked to a tether as well as being petticoat punished.

Carole Jean has recently released five new booklets: "Bound to Be a Maid" about a woman getting even with a man who had drugged and took advantage of a woman friend; "Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang" about several women who take on a group of thugs and feminize them; "Crave X -- A Wife's Revenge" about a woman who turns her philandering husband into a woman; "The Sarah School" about a cheating husband who gets sentenced to time at a girls' school; and "The Male Maid Book of ABC's" that pictures the life of men serving as maids -- A is for Adorable, B is for Brassiere, C is for Curtsey, etc., each page has a man-maid picture.

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 page of her stories.

In addition to the booklets mentioned above, Carole Jean has published books both under her own name and under the name "Bill." Those books include "Schooled with Girls", "Bill's Humiliation in Panties", "Henry's Vacation in Panties", "Darwin's Womanhood", "Jeff's Humiliation", and one of our favorites: "Schooled with Girls." You can purchase all her books directly from her website: <http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

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I tend to believe that most school BOY bullies would have a very difficult time coming off as a bad ass at school, if they were paraded throughout the campus clad in dainty pink satin and lace trimmed



"Hey kid! Hand over your lunch money or I'll..."  
"Ah 'cuse me Butch, but maybe you'd better fix your slip first 'cus it's showing...tehee!"



**PANTIES,** a sissy SLIP and a short, frilly little PARTY DRESS, being teased and intensely humiliated by their classmates, peers and teachers!



Maybe if bullies were made to experience the pain and humiliations they inflict on their victims, they'd decide that "bullying" was not so "kool"!



**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 makes collages like the petticoat punishment poster above. By abreacting in this way, he relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while dressed in his punishment dress and panties.

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# Sitter can suggest sister stop dressing up boy

## Sense About Sex

### ASK BETH

#### Dear Beth:

I'm 16 and baby-sit a 10-year-old girl and her 8-year-old brother. The girl and her friends insist on dressing the boy in girls' clothes. Sometimes they'll even take him outside wearing a dress. One day when he resisted, they actually pulled off his short pants and put him into a dress. I haven't mentioned this to anyone but I'm worried this sort of thing might actually harm him. What should I do?

CONCERNED SITTER

#### CONCERNED SITTER

You can have great influence on them because younger kids look to older kids to learn what's acceptable. The next time they try to dress him up, stop them and say in a surprised tone, "Why are you doing that to him?" Tell them that dressing up is only fun if everyone is doing it and if everyone wants to. Explain that it's wrong to force him. They will get the message that you don't think this is right. If you still have concerns, talk with the children's parents about what you've noticed.

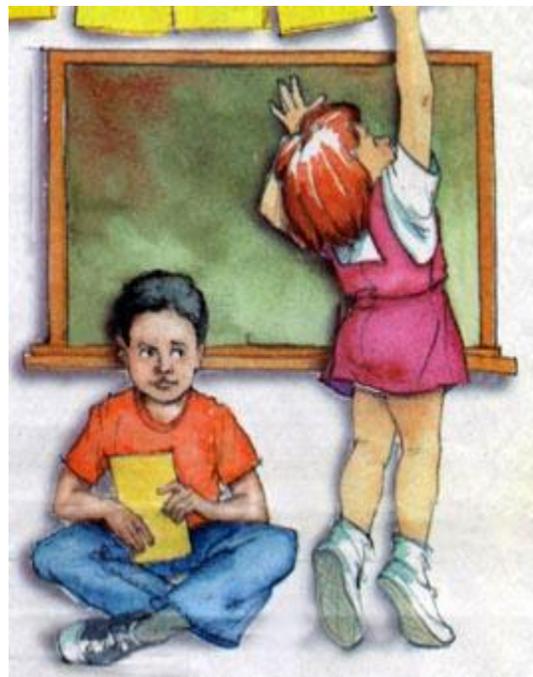
Dear Beth Newspaper Column

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## The Evolution of a Sissyboy and His Lady

### Part 1

*The following series of letters are from correspondence I carried on from 1983 until the mid*



*1990s with a man from Canada called Arnold and his special lady friend Patricia. Arnold first contacted us in 1983; he ordered some of our publications and began corresponding with me. Then about a year later, he sent me the following letter, describing how he was indoctrinated into the world of lingerie fetishism. Also in this letter, he first mentions Patricia.*

*Patricia was a career woman who liked "normal" guys and thought Arnold was a normal guy when she first met him. But she quickly discovered he was a sissy, and it stirred in her forgotten pleasures from her childhood when she and her girlfriends loved to play house and dress up some of the little neighborhood boys in dresses and treat them like baby girls. Eventually most of my correspondence was with Patricia, and she sent me an extensive photographic record of her sissyboy training including how she used hormone treatments on Arnold. I'll present a couple of her most interesting letters and 25 of her photos here, but first is the initial letter I received from Arnold in which he tells us about his start on the road to sissyness.*

Nov. 17, 1984

Dear Princess,

A long time ago, when I was thirteen, Miss Laverne, a tough, no nonsense woman who was the matron at the summer camp I attended, caught me tickling a little girl so hard that she collapsed on the floor. I continued to tickle the girl and while she was lying there defenseless in the throws of a laughing fit, I lifted her skirt to see her panties and tickle her between the legs.

To this day I don't know what made me do it. It was a rainy day at the camp so we all had to stay inside and do art projects or play games. Savannah, one of the little girls, was trying to reach something high up on the wall. I was sitting next to her on the floor and got a good look up her skirt. I don't have any sisters, so I had a lot of curiosity about girls. And looking under her skirt I saw her white panties, and they were decorated with a lot of frilly white lace. I had seen panties in underwear ads, but seeing them in person and close up like that stirred me. I wanted to see more, and that's why I got the little girl to follow me into the storage room where I started tickling her and touching her panties.

The matron must have heard the noise we were making and caught me when she came in to investigate. She sent the girl out of the room and then gave me a thorough scolding, saying that I knew better than to touch girls between their legs. She said she was going to call my parents and tell them that I was a little sex pervert as well as post a notice in the camp describing what I had done and warning all the girls to stay away from me. I pleaded with her not to do those things. She thought about it for a moment and then said she'd offer me an alternative.

“Arnold, I have to drive home to you the evil of what you just did to little Savannah, so you'll not do something like that to any of the other girls. And since you showed such an interest in what little girls wear under their skirts, you'll have to wear girls' panties instead of regular underwear. I plan on making you feel as humiliated as you made poor Savannah feel. So if you don't want me to tell your parents and everyone else that you're a nasty little pervert, you'll have to wear panties for the remaining three weeks of camp.”

I thought it was a strange punishment, but I agreed, thinking what could be so bad about wearing girls' underwear. Anything was better than telling my parents and making me an outsider at the camp. She sent me back to my cabin to wait for her. The sun had come out and all the kids were getting ready to go swimming. After all the boys got on their swimsuits and left, I sat alone on my bunk in the hot, humid cabin until she came in carrying a paper bag.

I had second thoughts when out of the bag she took a stack of frilly panties in every imaginable color and put them beside me on the bunk. I really felt humiliated when she had me take all my clothes off and stand naked in front of her. She looked at my immature penis and balls and gave out a laugh, and then she picked up a pair of yellow panties with rows of lace on the back and made me step into them. I felt a tear roll down my cheek, but I was determined not to cry. I tried to wipe away the tear without her seeing me, not wanting her to know how thoroughly embarrassed I was.

“There you go,” she said in a loud voice. “Lace panties look good on you, boy. I think you're a sissy. Why else would you be interested in girls' panties?”

Another tear rolled down my cheek. She saw that one, but her sneering expression showed she had no pity for me.

“Now, Arnold, if you want me to keep your nasty deed a little secret, you'll put on a clean pair of these panties every day, and then report to me before breakfast and show me that you have them on. And you'll keep them on all day and all night long no matter what you are wearing including your shorts, your pajamas and your swimming suit. And just to make sure that you keep your panties on, I might pull you aside at any time and make you drop your pants to ascertain that you are wearing them. Now, the rest of your panties I'll put in your drawer. Which one's your drawer?”

“The bottom one,” I mumbled, pointing to my dresser drawer. “But the other boys might see . . . . They'd make fun of me for wearing . . . .”

“Well, I guess that's your little problem. Isn't it? You see that's the humiliation part of your punishment. Maybe you'll get some idea of how bad you made that little girl feel.

“And when you report to me each morning, bring me any dirty pairs of panties you have so I can wash them and return them to your drawer.”

After she left, I stuffed all the panties inside one of my shirts and hid them under my regular underwear. I put on a pair of my shorts but was shocked to see that a bit of the yellow lace panties could be seen if someone looked up the leg opening of my shorts. Thank goodness I had some longer shorts and a pair of jeans. I wore those for the rest of my stay at camp. I took great pains not to be seen by my bunkmates. I'd change my clothes in one of the toilet stalls, under my blankets, out behind the cabin or anywhere else that I wouldn't be seen. But the most humiliating moments were during the matron's panty inspections, especially when I showed up at her cabin each morning before breakfast.

“Down and up!” she'd command the moment I walked in her door. That was her command for me to drop my shorts or jeans and pull up my T-shirt so she could see the panties I was wearing. Then she'd say all kinds of things to tease me and make me feel bad.

“Well, well, look at the pretty little panties you have on today. Shame on you! What a sissy! Aren't you ashamed to be standing before me like that? I thought I'd never see the likes! Imagine a naughty little boy hurrying over to my cabin every morning to show me his pretty panties. You're a simpering sissy, a panty-wearing pansy, a silly girlie-boy.”

So her panty inspections weren't simply a check to see that I had panties on, they were an opportunity for her to tease, taunt and humiliate me. She'd go on and on. I'd always end up crying. But that didn't soften her. Instead, she would just call me a sissy little girl, a crybaby, a pathetic little pantywaist, and continue on with her tirade. Miss Laverne soon advanced to humiliate me in many very evil ways, and I'll write more about those times in another letter because I have to finish this letter now and get ready for a big date tonight. I met a fabulous woman, and I'm in love with her. By accident she found out about my sissy self, and I told her everything (even about writing you!). She's dealing with it and even seems to enjoy me wearing lingerie. I recently received a pair of your lovely pink nylon panties with lace trim at the leg openings. I love them and so does my new lady friend Patricia. She made me show her the letters you sent to me. She said she agreed pretty much with everything you said in those letters and might even write to you soon since you have a lot of experience dealing with pantywaists like me.

Sissyboy in pink panties,  
Arnold

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## The Evolution of a Sissyboy and His Lady

### Part 2

*Next I heard from Patricia.*

November 27, 1984

Dear Princess Lacey,

I have read the letter you sent to my friend (I can't say boyfriend because he is woefully inadequate in bed!) Arnold, and I must say you know how to talk to naughty little panty-wearing boys like him. I'm Patricia and pleased to meet you. Here's some background:

Arnold and I met at a party. He obviously fell in love with me immediately, and I thought it was so cute when on our second date, he told me he loved me more than any woman he had ever met before. Then a couple of days later while we were at his house and getting ready to go out

dancing for the evening, I found a pair of panties draped over the edge of his bathtub. I was immediately angry because so soon after professing his love for me, I thought he was seeing another woman. I confronted him with the evidence, threw the panties in his face and called him a typical cheating pig of a male. As I started to storm out the door, I told him I was never coming back.

He pleaded with me not to leave and finally confessed that the panties were his and that he liked to dress up in lingerie at times. Well, I began laughing my head off at him. I called him a sissy and told him he was lousy in bed – which he was because of his not-so-big penis and his tendency to cum too quickly. He cried real tears and swore he loved me more than anything and would give up his lingerie fetish and be my lover man, but I just looked him in the eye and said, “Not a chance!”

I asked him how long he had this thing for lingerie. When he told me since he was thirteen, I looked at him and just shook my head and said, “There's not a chance in hell you're going to give up your little fetish. So don't make me any promises you can't keep.”

It was a bit of a shock, but this wasn't totally foreign territory for me because when I was a little girl, my girlfriends and I regularly humiliated some of the boys in our neighborhood by dressing them in girls' clothes and treating them like baby girls.

With the discovery of Arnold's panties, things moved very quickly. Immediately, I felt in control. It was like my mind automatically shifted into another gear. I felt feelings I hadn't experienced since I was a bossy little girl lording it over little boys in my control. For example, I never would have made fun of Arnold's penis before that night. He was a little less well endowed than the average man, but I could live with that, especially since that was one of the very few drawbacks of this very sweet guy. But once I found out he was a panty wearer, I went right for the jugular; I did the one thing a woman never does to her man (unless he's a masochist or a sissy), I made fun of his penis size and told him he was lousy in bed.

But what also fired my rage and insensitivity was that, despite my name-calling and humiliating comments, his penis got hard and stayed hard in his pants! I had no pity for this poor excuse of a male. My first reaction was to belittle him and embarrass him even more. I was wallowing in the great feeling of power I used to get when my little girlfriends and I forced our little neighbor boys to be our sissy playmates, and now that sense of power returned with a flush of excitement comparable to nothing else I had ever experienced as an adult female. It was exciting! The feeling of ascendancy and strength over an adult male was intoxicating!

With my childhood experience, I told Arnold I knew how to treat sissy boys like him and started out by making him show me his stash of lingerie. He had over 100 pairs of panties and stacks of full and half-slips along with garter belts, nylon stockings and an assortment of lacy nightgowns, all beautifully laundered and neatly stacked up in his “special” set of dresser drawers. I noticed that there was a lack of brassieres and promised him that I would correct that situation in short order.

I asked him if he had a Polaroid camera and a tape measure, and when he said he did, I made him get them. Then I had him put on a baby doll nightgown top, a garter belt and nylons and stroke up his penis to its full length with a pair of his panties. I didn't have him put on the panties because I wanted to see his cock fully hard and in the light so I could measure it. 5 1/2 inches it measured. See the enclosed picture I took of it. Then I handed him back his panties and made him wrap them around his cock and masturbate into a measuring cup that I held over the sink. His output wasn't even an ounce, and his jism was extremely thin and watery and that told me that he was probably a compulsive masturbator and had jacked himself off within the last twenty-four hours. Upon questioning, Arnold admitted that what I had guessed was true.

"I care a lot about you," I told him. "You're about the sweetest guy I've ever met, so I do want to keep our relationship going, but it will definitely not be a typical man-woman relationship, and I'm going to have to figure that out. But right now, go put on your panties and go to bed. Play with yourself or do whatever you do when you dress up, but right now, I'm going out. I wanted to go dancing tonight, and that's what I'm going to do. Besides, after being with a sissy like you, I need to spend some time with some real men. I'm in the mood for some line dancing, and I'm sure I can find some real men at the country and western bar on Rte. 83. I'll figure "us" out tomorrow and give you a call."

So that's how we started,  
Patricia

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## The Evolution of a Sissyboy and His Lady

### Part 3

*I wrote them back, congratulating them on finding each other. I encouraged Patricia to take full advantage of Arnold. He was ripe for the picking and so in need of a strong woman like her to take charge of him and use him for her own pleasure. I asked Arnold to tell me more about his punishment time at that summer camp, and I asked Patricia to tell me more about her childhood experiences. I heard from Arnold next.*

January 19, 1985  
Dear Princess,

Miss Laverne's torture of me at summer camp was not limited to her diatribes. As time went on, she quickly advanced to additional humiliations until she was molesting me daily. She'd make me pull up the panties real high so that my little penis and balls were tightly packed up against my body. And on those mornings when I got one of my unannounced and uncontrollable erections, she'd laugh so loud I thought the whole camp could hear.

“See, that hard little thing of yours proves that you like wearing girls’ panties, proves you like what I am doing to you. I don’t think this is punishment at all. I think you like this. God, what a sissy you are!”

That first time I got an erection, I was standing as usual with my shorts around my ankles and she was sitting in her office chair. She made me waddle up next to her so she could examine it by cupping my balls through my pink panties with one hand and using the fingers of her other hand to outline my pantied penis. Then she stroked the silky panties over my penis and giggled as my cock got bigger. It made me feel all queasy inside. No one ever before had touched me between my legs. I wondered if that’s how Savannah felt when I had ticked her between her legs.

As Miss Laverne laughed heartily, she pulled open the waistband of my pink panties and looked down at my penis. Upon seeing that I was starting to sprout public hairs, she announced that hair down there was too macho for me. I was astounded when she led me along by my pantied penis and took me into her bathroom where she pulled down my panties and then took her Lady Schick electric razor and shaved away my precious new growth of pubic hair that I had been so proud of because I was finally starting to look like the older boys who had hair between their legs. As she pulled my pink panties back up and fluffed out the lace and ruffles to her satisfaction, she asked me if I ever masturbated.

I shrugged my shoulders. Of course, I had heard about the older boys jacking off, and I was pretty sure that was what she was referring to. I had tried it a few times but nothing happened. I didn’t see why some of the guys kept saying how great it was to touch yourself like that. After she kept pressing me for an answer, I told her I didn’t know why boys liked to do that. With more questioning, she realized that I didn’t even know exactly what jacking off was and that I didn’t even know how to do it. With that information, she pulled me close to her, snugged my panties up high around my waist and began massaging my penis through the teasingly soft panties. She used her other hand to tickle my hips and butt through the silky panties. I melted up against her, squirming and panting for breath. As she laughed, I started to go wild like I was going out of my mind. Moments later, I got completely tensed up and found myself thrusting my pantied penis into her stroking hand. I blew my sperm out in pulsating passion, totally unaware of the liquid that had shot out of my penis until I felt it turning cold in the wet nylon of those thrilling panties. I awoke from my reverie of lust thinking that I had just pissed in my panties! I was embarrassed beyond belief and sure she was going to be really mad at me for that. But she just kept laughing and making fun of me. I was still standing next to her, limp in her crushing arms. Her face was nose-to-nose with mine. She was laughing directly in my face, and taunting me with a sing-song rhythm to her words like a teasing little girl as she kept repeating, “Sissy, sissy, sissy! Arnold wears panties! Arnold is a sissy!”

That was the first time I had ever ejaculated and I was lightheaded and dizzy with emotion. I hadn’t a clear idea what had just happened. Only after a few moments did I realize it was a wonderful and exciting feeling, but those thrills were quickly doused by Miss Laverne, who was loudly laughing like a hyena directly into my ear.

That, dear Princess, was my introduction to panties, my first sexual experience and why I became a lifelong sissy.

Concerning Patricia, she is the most wonderful woman in the world. I have to show this letter to her before I send it to you, so she can make sure I have adequately answered the questions you asked of me in your last letter. She said if I didn't do a good job, she'd tell all her girlfriends about me being a sissy. She's been threatening to do that quite a bit lately, so it's probably only a matter of time before she actually does it.

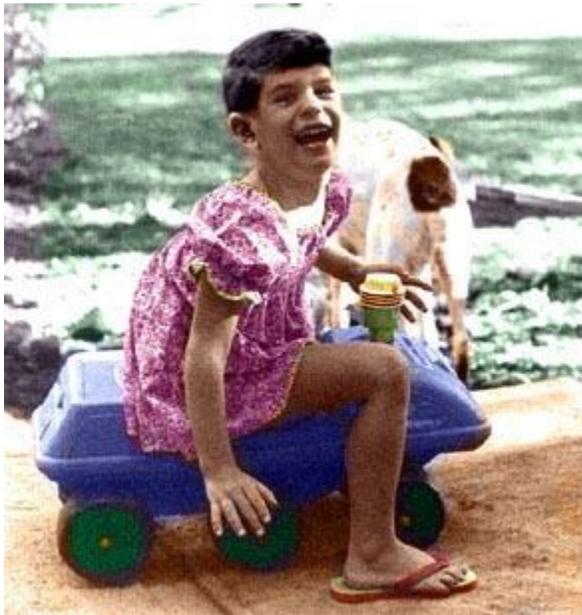
She seems to enjoy embarrassing me at every opportunity. It's bad enough standing in front of her with my pants down exposing my lacy pink panties while she laughs at me for wearing them and then calls me a pantywaist sissy. Whenever we're together it's like a constant panty inspection. She doesn't seem to tire of seeing me humiliate myself like this. She says I blush from head to toe whenever she teases me like that.

Taking a lesson from my old summer camp matron, Patricia likes me to shave my genitals with regularity. She doesn't like to see any hair spoiling the appearance of my sheer panties; she said it wasn't sanitary since I jack off all the time and my dirt gets into those hairs and stays there. Now she is inspecting me daily and seeing how long it takes for my hair to grow back in. In her words, she says only a real pantywaist sissy would go around with his genitals fully shaved.

These days, Miss Patricia (she has just informed me that is how I have to address her from now on) is always taking pictures of me in my pantied state with my Polaroid. I don't like her doing that, but she makes me pose for her anyway.

You sissyboy,  
Arnold

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## The Evolution of a Sissyboy and His Lady

### Part 4

*Then we heard from Patricia.*

February 5, 1985

Dear Princess Lacey,

You asked if I could tell you about how I got interested in panty-wearing sissies. Well, it's kind of a long story. A long time ago I discovered the pleasure and feeling of power I felt when I saw a

boy in an embarrassing situation. For example, seeing a boy with his pants and underwear down. When I was little, I had three girlfriends, and we were rather precocious. Two of them were

sisters, Cheryl and Sandy, they lived directly next door to me, and during the warm weather we usually played in the tool shed behind their house, which we had pretty well set up with our dolls, toys and things. In our neighborhood there were a number of boys that often played with us, and the two boys we played with a lot were Lesley and Jimmy.

We often played house, and one day we girls were pretending to be aunts or older sisters, and since the boys were younger than us, we made them the babies. After a while, we pulled their pants down and pretended to clean them up and change their diapers. We girls had a lot of fun examining the boys' penises and balls when we did that. The boys vehemently protested, but they were the babies so they had to do what they were told. While they were yelling and screaming in protest we were laughing our heads off as we handled their little penises and bare balls. I'm quite sure it was the most embarrassing moment in these boys' young lives. We only ended our little examination because my girlfriends' mother was soon expected home. We played that game several more times; the boys got a little more used to us handling them as time went on, but they always let us know that they didn't like it.

Then one day, we wanted to play house again, but we told the boys that since they didn't like being babies they could be our little girls. They weren't too enthused about being girls but went along with us when we told them that there wouldn't be any more diaper changing.

Sandy, one of the girls, came up with the idea to blindfold the boys while we dressed them so they wouldn't know what was going on. By then Jimmy and Lesley were getting somewhat used to being naked in front of us. So after we had them blindfolded, they didn't resist too much when we undressed them. We were in the tool shed as usual. Cheryl went into her house and got a couple of her garter belts and pairs of nylon stockings (this was in the days before pantyhose) along with some panties and two of her older sister's brassieres. As we put them on the boys, it was almost impossible to suppress our laughter, and each of us had to take turns stepping out of the tool shed to release our pent-up tension and excitement and burst out laughing. Once we had them dressed in the lingerie, we tied the boys up with some of our skipping ropes. Cheryl got some pink ribbon from her mother's sewing kit, and we pulled each boy's panties down and tied a pink ribbon around his penis. The four of us girls couldn't hold back our laughter any longer, and we started laughing at the boys in their presence. They struggled, but since they were securely tied, they couldn't do anything. Both of them did manage to rub their heads up against something and pull the blindfolds down. They were crying and we were laughing. And the more horror-stricken and fearful they were the more we girls loved it!

The boys didn't have any choice when we told them that we were taking them for a walk around the block with them still tied up and riding in their wagons, which we always pretended were cars. There were some 50-pound potato sacks in the shed, and we gave the boys the choice of going for their ride either how they were or in one of the burlap sacks. They didn't want to be seen by anyone while they were dressed up in lingerie, so they each cooperated as we put them on their wagons and into sacks. Then we started on our walk down the back lane until we got out to the street and then turned to go around the block. Moments later we ran into some girls we knew and they asked us to play with them. Naturally they wanted to know what we had in the burlap sacks.

Hearing that, the boys panicked and began yelling, “Don't let them see us like this!” and “Please don't open the sack!”

Of course, our friends only grew more curious, and before we could stop them, they had the sacks opened and pulled down enough to see the lingerie-wearing boys. You never heard such screams and shrieking laughter in your life. The girls were beside themselves, weltering on the ground in hysterics. Of course, Cathy, Cheryl, Sandy and I had to burst out laughing too! Poor Jimmy and Lesley were totally shamed as the laughing stock for us girls. Here are some of the things the girls said:

“Look, they're sissies! They're wearing stockings and garters!”

“Boys look so funny in panties – the panties fit them so funny between their legs!”

“Hey, boys, aren't you a little young to be wearing bras?”

The teasing went on and on, and the boys probably thought it would never end. Then Cathy treated the girls to a look inside the boys' panties. When the girls saw their penises tied up with pink ribbons, they all went into new fits of laughter.

“We see your wieners in your panties! Boys, we see your wieners!”

The boys had been struggling with the ropes holding them. Lesley got free and started to run away, but the girls got hold of him and didn't let him get away. Jimmy we were able to keep tied. We took them back to the shed but with the girls following, and they didn't let up on calling them names and humiliating them. Back at the shed we let them go. Both boys were crying and yelling at us for what he had done to them as they got out of the lingerie. We all laughed at them in their nakedness as they rushed to get dressed and run home. We thought they might tell their parents on us and let them know about the little games we played with their genitals, but they never did tell. I'm sure they didn't tell because they were too embarrassed since that would mean they'd also have to tell how they let us dress them up as girls and that was probably more than they wanted people to know.

We didn't see Jimmy or Lesley for a while after that, but eventually Jimmy came back to play with us in the tool shed. And when he did, we got him again! I've enclosed a picture of Jimmy screaming his head off and dressed in a dress from a time when we took him outside like that and made him ride up and down the street on my scooter.

This time we played “doctor,” and we moved from the tool shed into Sandy and Cheryl's house because their mother and oldest sister were gone for the day. We were too young to be left alone, but my mother was home and right next door, so she called us on the phone or kind of looked in on us from time to time to see that everything was OK.

Anyway, we had our little (boy) girl Jimmy over, and this time we dressed him in panties and a nightgown plus put red bows in his hair. He wore white panties with lace on each side and little

pink hearts all over them and one of Cheryl's nightgowns, which was white with a pink ribbon woven through the wide neck opening and at the thigh-length hem.

The doorbell rang and we knew it was Cathy because we were expecting her. She brought her friend Inga, who was two years older than Cheryl and me, and she had brought a toy nurse's kit containing things like a plastic stethoscope, some candy pills, and some little tongue depressors. Anyway, the sissy was in Cheryl's bedroom and when we told Inga how we had prepared him and what we had him wearing, she couldn't wait to see him. When she entered the bedroom and saw him in his nightie, she let out a howl and almost fell over laughing. Jimmy turned a deep shade of embarrassed red.

When Inga gained a bit of composure, she told him, "Jimmy, you should see your face. It's as red as the bows in your hair!" Then she told him that she was a nurse and he didn't look well, so she was going to have to give him a medical examination to see what was wrong. She told him to lift his nightie and pull down his underwear.

Jimmy looked at us with tears in his eyes. He complained about having this new girl see him, but we had him pretty well trained by that point, so after threatening him that he'd be sorry if he didn't follow Inga's orders, he begrudgingly pulled up his nightie.

Inga didn't know that we had him wearing panties, but the moment she saw them her eyes nearly popped out of her head. She started giggling and laughing and doing that finger-scraping gesture meaning "Shame on you!" while she did that little musical chant "Jimmy wears panties! Jimmy is a sissy! Jimmy wears panties!"

We were all laughing by then – all of us except Jimmy, of course.

Inga announced that she had to inspect his penis, and commanded him to lower his panties. He grew redder and cringed. He was reluctant to expose himself to her.

Cheryl took charge. "Jimmy, you silly little panty boy sissy, take down your pretty little panties right now! Inga's a nurse and she wants to examine you."

He still didn't take down his panties, so we girls grabbed him and tied him up with our skipping ropes and then shoved him onto Cheryl's bed, grabbed the waistband of his panties and yanked them right down to his thighs. All of us girls were howling with laughter, especially Inga, and she really knew how to say things to humble a boy.

"My, my, just look at that little penis you have there. I have a three-year-old cousin who has a bigger penis than that."

She was cruel with her comments and her "Shame on you" finger gesturing. Then she began her close-up inspection. Since she was older than the rest of us girls, Inga knew a lot about boys. She was four to five years older than Jimmy, so she had little trouble in forcing him do what she wanted. And we girls all watched closely as she handled Jimmy's privates. She pulled on his penis, stretched it, pushed back the foreskin, jiggled his balls and squeezed them until he let out

with screams. With Jimmy lying on the bed, we made him pull up his legs until they framed his head, putting his genitals even more prominently on display. With him pleading and moaning, Inga continued her examination. She moved her exploration to his ass, and pulled apart his ass cheeks to show us the boy's asshole.

“See, girls, that's where his poop comes out!”

At that Jimmy put up a strong struggle and tried to put his legs down, but we wouldn't let him. And in this vulnerable position, Inga directed all of us to intimately feel him up, even stick our fingers up his asshole. Beside the embarrassment of it all for Jimmy, we weren't very gentle and never thought of using any kind of lubricant. He really cried. We girls just kept laughing, and when Jimmy sprang a boner, we really went wild. We thought it was hilarious, and had great fun, hitting on it and making it bounce back and forth. Our penis tickling and touching session went on for a long time. And when he complained that he needed to piss, Inga led him to the toilet and stood him before it, but she kept playing with his penis as she challenged him to pee with a hard-on. With his piss backed up, he pleaded with us to stop touching him so he could relieve himself. So we sat him on the toilet with his nightie nicely bunched up around his chest and his panties neatly placed around his thighs, so he looked like a weebegone little girl sitting on the potty to do her pee. Finally, he was able to relax despite our presence and constant chatter, and we all could hear his stream pour forth into the toilet. He sat there red-faced and embarrassed while we laughed and sang out, “Jimmy is a sissy! Jimmy pees likes a girl! Jimmy is a sissy!”

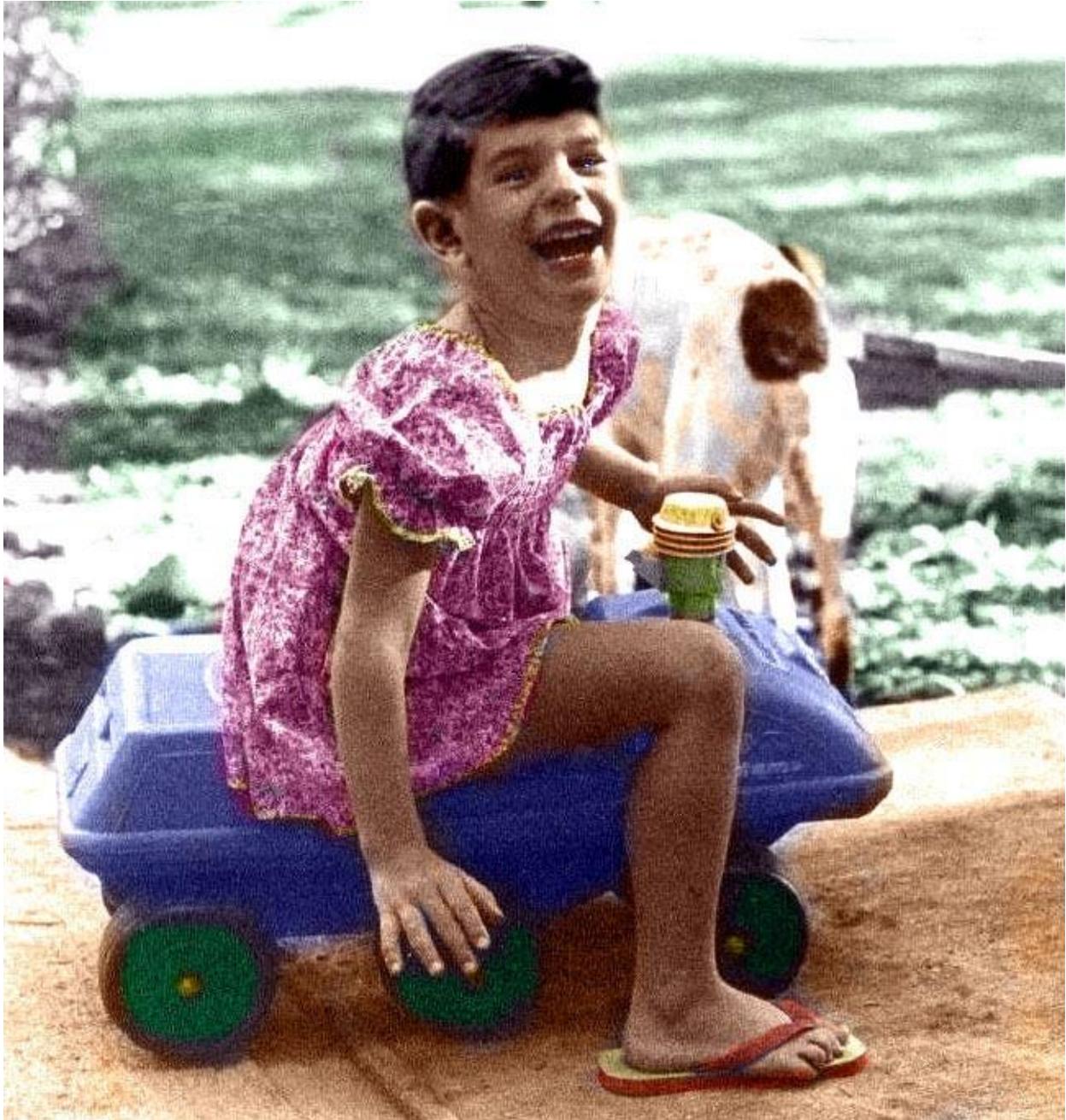
One time we got a picture of Jimmy after we had put him in a dress and panties and made him play outside with us. That picture of him sitting on my scooter and crying in protest is enclosed.

Well, as I said, it was a long story. That is how my interest in panty-wearing sissies began. I have not related this story to anyone ever, except you! My friends today are all really quite straight-laced and would not relate very well to my interest in humiliating males, which is why none of them know about Arnold. So my threats about telling my girlfriends about Arnold are groundless, but he doesn't know that! I do have one or two acquaintances that I sense are on a similar wavelength to me, so there is the possibility that they would be good candidates if I decided I wanted to expose my sissyboy Arnold to one of them.

With regards,

Patricia

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## The Evolution of a Sissyboy and His Lady

### Part 5

*In one of her subsequent letters, Patricia told us about a particularly amusing incident.*

August 6, 1988  
Dear Princess Lacey,

The height of my enjoyment comes from embarrassing my little pantywaist Arnold. Last week a most unexpected incident happened, and it left me in stitches and Arnold more embarrassed than I had ever seen him before. Two twelve-year-old girls came by selling tickets for their school tea. I was in the kitchen and Arnold was in the guest bathroom just off the living room. Since it was a warm summer day, the front door was open and I heard the girls knocking on the screen door. I was momentarily busy so I called out for them to come in. They came in, and thinking I was behind a partially closed door they, quite by mistake, pushed the door wide open only to discover it was the bathroom and lo and behold they saw Arnold seated on the toilet with his lace-trimmed panties stretched between his knees. They started howling with laughter. I heard them and ran out of the kitchen to see what was going on. When I saw what the situation was, I burst out laughing. The poor sissy had been caught in the middle of a piss! He was as red-faced as can be, struggling to hold his hands in front of his panties so the girls couldn't see them, but there was no hiding them. He pleaded with them to close the door, but they were laughing so hard, they couldn't move. When I arrived, he was crying and asked me to get them out of the doorway and to close the door.

“Shame on you, Arnold, for letting these nice little girls see your panties and see what a sissy they have living in their neighborhood. I asked the girls if we should leave him alone, or if they wanted to see more.

They clamored for more.

Arnold said he was finished. He just wanted us to leave so he could get up and get dressed. I told him we were going to stay right there and he should get up and show the girls how a sissy looks while pulling up his panties after his potty time. Well, when he stood up, the girls saw that his pubic region had been shaved clean and the pink ribbon I had tied around his penis, and that sent them into a torrent of laughter that rang throughout the house. And the little sissy had sprung a boner! That made it doubly funny. He was so embarrassed that nature got in on the act: Totally flustered, he cut a fart! We almost fell down laughing at that. We finally left the poor dear go.

Of course, I bought two tickets to the tea. And when I showed up with Arnold, we saw the two girls. They came over and greeted us and went into a fit of laughter when they asked Arnold, “Do you have your pretty panties and pink ribbon on today?”

Arnold was so embarrassed he was about to cry. I told the girls that he did indeed have on his pink ribbon but that his panties were baby blue that day. While he sat and had our tea, we could see the girls laughing and pointing at us as they circulated amongst their friends and whispered to them, obviously telling them all about Arnold. At one point or another, I think every girl in the place came by and waited on us, serving us more tea or bringing us the various tea sandwiches, scones, jam and Devonshire cream. Every one of those girls couldn't keep a straight face as they served us. A couple of times, I thought the girl giving us more tea was so nervous and struggling so hard to hold back her laughter that I thought she might spill some tea right on Arnold's lap. That would have been a sight, rushing him out of the room to clean him up. Of course, Arnold wanted to leave from the moment we arrived, but I told him if he didn't go along with me and stay and have tea, I'd let the girls see some of the many pictures of him that I carry in my purse at all times, and which have come in handy on just such occasions. Over the years, I've shown

dozens of waitresses and store clerks some of those pictures, so Arnold knew I wasn't joking. But seeing how most of those pictures showed Arnold sporting a boner in addition to showing his panties and the fact that most of these girls were pretty young, I never seriously considered doing that, but of course, Arnold didn't know that I'd never do it. Just the threat was good enough to keep him there, and the humiliation of being laughed at by a steady stream of preteen serving girls was a torture for him and a pleasure for me that we'll never forget.

With regards,

Patricia

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## The Evolution of a Sissyboy and His Lady

### Part 6

#### Photos of Arnold by Patricia

**From 1984 through 1990, Patricia sent us an annual photographic record of her progress sissy training Arnold.**



**1 - 1984: Arnold's 5 1/2 " penis was small but adequate (if he hadn't also had a problem with premature ejaculation).**

**2 - He was lousy in bed, but when masturbating in his panties, he could get his cock up to a respectable length.**

**3 - Saturating his panties with his jism. He's also a little overweight, and I plan on working on that.**



**4 - 1984: I caught his cum in a measuring cup. For future comparison, I measured his output before starting him on female hormones.**

**5 - I also measured the length and girth of his cock prior to starting him on hormones, so I could later see how the hormones would affect it.**

**6 - I also photographed his cock when soft, erect and like it is in this photo, semierect, for a photographic record.**



7 - 1985: Arnold has been on female hormones for almost a year, and I have increased his sissy training with such things as regularly applying lipstick to his cockhead and tying pretty ribbons around his penis.

8 - Notice how his cock is getting smaller. I'm also successful in getting him to lose a little weight.

9 - For five days each month I make Arnold wear a Tampax up his bum hole with a nice ribbon tied to the end of the Tampax string.



10 - 1986: Arnold's penis continues to shrink. I begin training him to take a dildo up his bum.

11 - After he shoots his cum, I make him wear his cum-filled panties over his head. Notice a copy of *Panty Lines* behind him.

12 - Arnold falls asleep with his dildo stretching out the back of his panties. Once again, notice a copy of *Panty Lines* on the bed.



13 - 1987: Arnold's penis has shrunk under 4 inches. Here he is with a dirty pair of my panties over his head.

14 - It takes a lot of effort for Arnold to masturbate, but when he does I make him keep on his sticky wet panties.

15 - When he masturbates, it takes him a long time to reach a climax, and when it's over, his little penis is raw and very sore.



**16 - 1988: Arnold's penis continues to shrink from the hormone treatments. I shave his pubic hair to a feminine triangle for fun.**

**17 - His panties are now fitting him so smoothly that most of the time you can't even tell he has a penis.**

**18 - Sometimes I like to put a rubber band around his penis on the outside of his panties. He looks so cute that way.**



**19 - 1989: Arnold wears a bra all the time now. After five years of hormone therapy, his breasts are huge and his cock is very small.**

**20 - It takes a lot of effort to get his rubbery little cock to get hard and it takes hours to get him excited enough to cum.**

**21 - And when he does cum, his cum is thin and watery and rancid smelling since it is so long between times he is able to reach a climax. His hips and bum are becoming big and nicely rounded, yet his waist stays slim and his breasts are gorgeous!**



22 - 1990: Arnold almost never gets hard any more, no matter how much I allow him to play with his penis.

23 - One time when he finally did get it hard for a few minutes, I got this picture. It was barely 3 inches long fully hard! His breasts are looking great!

24 - He's lost some weight over the years. His waist has slimmed down a lot, but his breasts, hips and bum are nicely shaped. See him with a hard-on in his panties! And that's his penis fully erected! Compare that to the pictures from 1984 before I started him on hormones. Wow what a difference!

25 - Hot pink panties down around his knees. His soft penis is not much bigger than the tip of my thumb. Pubic hair shaved into a cute feminine triangle. His skin is so girlishly soft, and his shape is like a sweetly proportioned young woman.

With regards,

Patricia

*The end of Princess Online #40*

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