

Princess Online

Featured Stories and
Letters from the
Princess Productions Website

Oh, Patrick,
how wonderful! You got an "A"
in prissiness, swishing and kow-
towing, but you have to work on
that "B" you got in lisping.

No.
55



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.

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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 resists as he is forced to put on his pink lingerie and sissy school uniform dress for the first time!

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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Watchdoggie!

It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout 'family values' and left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: errant males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be contained and constantly monitored. The way to save humanity from itself is to stop those hormones from ruining our men and boys, who in turn are ruining our world.

These radical groups advocate making grassroots changes right in their own communities, schools, churches and homes. They see the problem at its worst in young boys approaching or in the early stages of puberty, many of whom have difficulty controlling their actions because they cannot handle the hormones surging throughout their bodies. And if such boys aren't kept in check, they risk becoming abusive, disgusting and worthless members of society. The way to cure them, these radical groups maintain, is to subdue them with a good dose of panty and petticoat discipline. Therefore, males who can't conduct themselves in a proper manner are forced into fancy dresses and frilly lingerie. Such clothing shocks them out of their selfish, destructive thinking and makes them receptive to learning how to act properly. Lessons that, the leaders of this movement insist, will serve the boys throughout their lifetime.

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns and the girls in his fifth grade Catholic school during the 1950s. He still vividly recalls every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet that experience also taught him that our society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys. Radical groups bent upon destroying the male world circulate propaganda to their followers. Watchdoggie! monitors these groups, who are working to destroy present-day society! After almost 50 years, Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the pain and anguish he suffered undergoing petticoat punishment. As therapy, he creates petticoat punishment pictures that he can identify with, images that illustrate what happened to him, and one of his pictures we present above, showing a petticoat punished boy suffering the humiliation of having his lacy slip and purple panties exposed to laughing onlookers. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being punished in a dress and panties.

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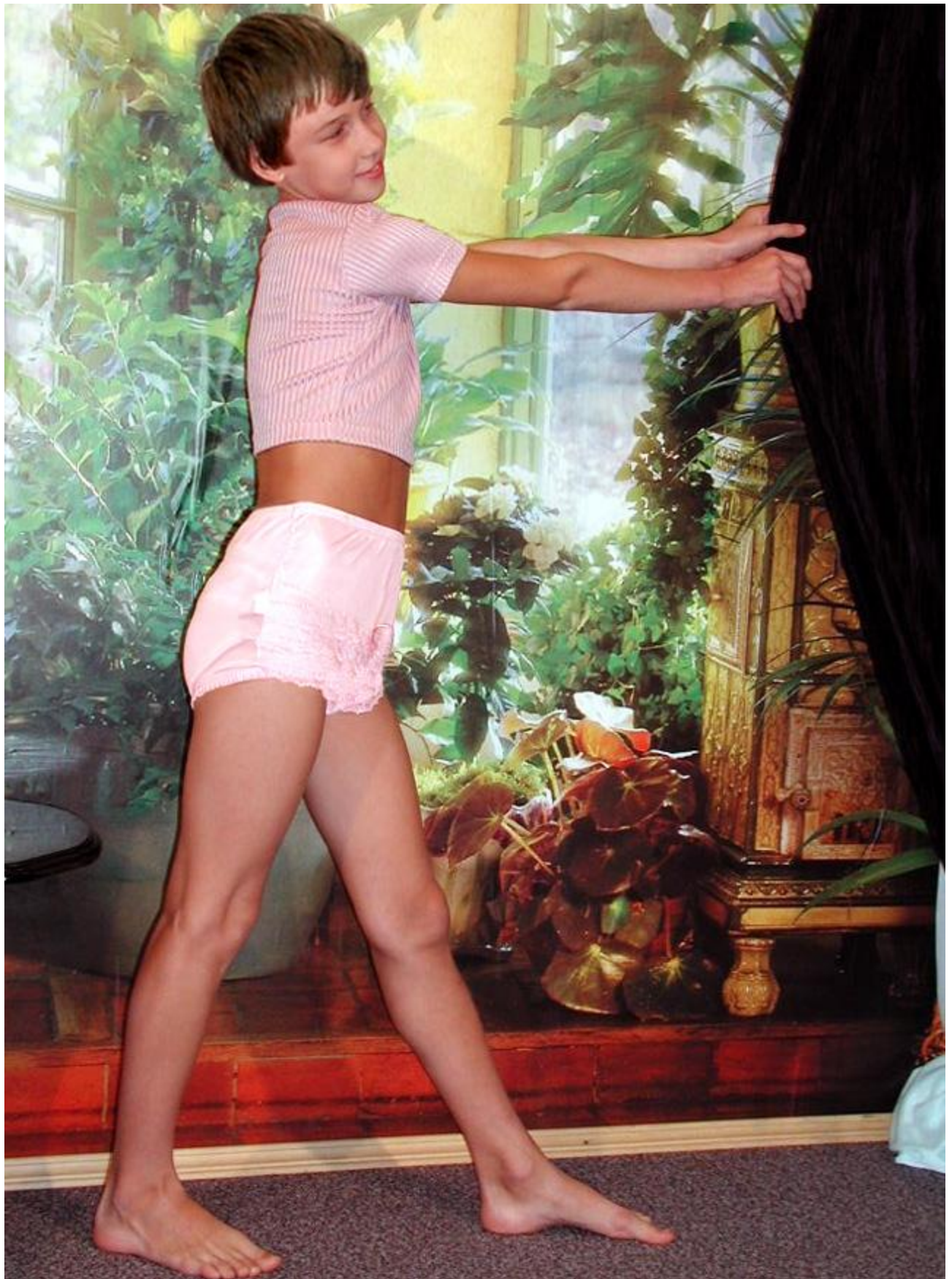


Masquerade

Peter's sister dared him to go with her to a boutique and try on wigs, a dress and other feminine accessories.

He took her up on her dare, and it looks like he had a delightful time!

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Peter

This month, we present the picture of eleven-year-old Eddie, another one of Ma Kelly's boys.

Ma Kelly was crazy. Nobody disputes that. Still everyone loved her and didn't question her ways. She was a heavysset woman who had owned the local dry goods store for over thirty years. When she retired from the store, she hired a string of others to run the store for her, but one-by-one she fired them all. Some she caught stealing, some didn't treat customers with proper respect, and the others just didn't do things the way she wanted them done.

So she looked for something else to do that didn't require her to get up early in the morning (she loved to sleep in) or stock shelves (she had a bad knee and it was getting worse). She tried opening a baby-sitting service. It went well but she almost immediately barred taking any toddlers because she wasn't into changing diapers, and she soon stopped taking care of preschool kids because she couldn't take her eyes off them for a second otherwise they'd get into some kind of trouble or start fighting with each other. But she did find her niche overseeing boys after school, and since the school was only doors away from her home, it was an ideal set-up. The boys were in the six- to twelve-year-old category, and she could control them with a minimum of supervision, leaving her a lot of time to watch her daily soap operas and game shows.

Just as she was starting to have success with her babysitting service, she had an opportunity to sell the dry goods store. The sale went fine, but the last manager of the store had mistakenly ordered a gross (12 dozen) each of girls' pink tops and pink rhumba panties instead of just one dozen of each. The new owner didn't want to be burdened with this inventory since it was just a small country store and would take a long time to sell off that much merchandise. So not knowing what she was going to do with them, Ma Kelly deleted them from the store's inventory and took them home with her prior to the sale.

The babysitting service was going along fine. Ma took in boys after school and

watched over them until their parents got off work and came to pick them up. The day one of the boys got himself all dirty playing in the mud; she made him take a shower and washed his clothes. She didn't have any clothes for him to wear while his things were being washed and dried. That is until she remembered the boxes full of panties and tops left over from the store, so she dressed him in a pink top and pink rhumba panties. That boy was Donald Tierski (he was pictured on our march 2003 website). Realizing that boys are built a little differently than girls, she had him put the rhumba panties on backward to afford him a little more room in front. Donald didn't like the idea of dressing in those clothes, but when she explained she had nothing else for him to wear, he blushingly agreed. Like most of the boys she took care of, Donald was a farm boy used to minding his parents, so he went along with her with barely a tear in his eyes.

Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics, and they didn't quiet down until Ma Kelly gave them her famous evil look and severely bawled them out. Donald was normally a very active and destructive child. He'd break just about everything he touched. But after being put into the panties, he became quite withdrawn, gentle and docile. Ma was amazed at the transformation. Despite being told not to tease Donald, the other boys couldn't resist the temptation, and whenever Ma Kelly wasn't around, they got on Donald's case. After finding Donald crying because of all the teasing, Ma made all the boys take off their clothes. Then she put them all in pink tops and silky rhumba panties. She reasoned that they wouldn't make fun of Donald if all of them were dressed just like he was dressed. It worked! Not only that, all the boys became very quiet and sweet. They only talked in whispers and sat quietly on the floor watching television with her (her soap operas and game shows) and didn't fight with each other.

Once Donald's clothes were dry, Ma didn't let him change back into them until his mother showed up to pick him up. When she saw Donald and all the other boys in pink tops and panties, she was puzzled, but Ma explained to her what had happened and Mrs. Tierski understood, and when Ma told her how the girls' clothes made all the boys so much more manageable, Donald's mother laughed but said it did make sense. Then Ma got her okay to use girls' clothes on Donald anytime it was needed. Ma carried on that same conversation with each mother or father as they came to

pick up their boy. All the parents had known and loved Ma for years and didn't question how she wanted to treat the boys, especially since she got them all to be such sweet little kids within such a short period of time.

Well, within days, pink tops and sissy pink rhumba panties were the standard uniform for all the boys in her care. From the moment they walked into her door they had to change into their girlie clothes, and weren't allowed out of them until one of their parents came to pick them up. For most of the boys that was the most embarrassing moment. To have their mother, or even worse their father, see them dressed in lacy pink panties was extremely shameful. The parents loved the results. They had nothing but praise for Ma Kelly, and most of them reported back to her that their boy's behavior had immediately improved from the day they were pantied. In addition, some of those parents either threatened their boys with girls' clothes to be worn at home or even worn out in public if they went back to their destructive, malicious and naughty ways.

Ma Kelly was practicing petticoat punishment even though she probably had never heard of the term. What she had done out of expediency became the way she treated all her boys. There was no spanking, no verbal or mental abuse (other than having their masculinity torn down in the eyes of their parents and siblings, who often came along with the parents to pick up each boy just to see him so sweetly attired in pink panties). Word quickly got out and these boys were miserably teased by their friends and schoolmates, but that was a good thing. It made them even quieter and sweeter. After being panty trained, none of Ma Kelly's boys ever started a fight or got into most any other kind of trouble. As other parents heard about Ma's success, she was soon taking care of a houseful of sweet little panty boys!

In the coming months, we will present more photos of Ma Kelly's boys for your enjoyment.

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A Great Birthday Gift

From the day he walked into his sister's bedroom and saw her new girlfriend, Elizabeth, for the first time, he was hooked. He fell in love with the cute blonde.

"Didn't I tell you to knock before coming into my room?" Linda screamed.

"But, but you called for me."

"I still want you to knock every time you come in here."

But David was barely listening. He couldn't stop taking furtive glances at Elizabeth. Yes, she was pretty, but he was most astounded to see she had taken her jeans off and was sitting cross-legged on the floor reading a book. Wearing just a blouse and pair of bright yellow panties, she sat there as if nothing were unusual. And when she finally did look up, she laughed at his boner pushing outward against his jeans. David followed her stare and realized what she was laughing at. Embarrassed at being caught with an obvious erection, he quickly turned to leave the room.

"Where you going, squirt!" Linda demanded to know.

David stammered for an answer, but words weren't coming out of his mouth. He turned to face his big sister, covering his hard-on with his hands.

"Got a problem, bro?" she laughed as she approached him.

He noticed her breasts were larger than usual. He ogled her breasts often, so he noticed the difference. She saw him staring and decided to tease him a bit.

"Like what you're looking at? She said as she started to pull up her sweater in a sexy way like a stripper would do it, teasingly bringing it up and down slowly, but each time she raised it a bit higher.

David saw the pink panties with the rosebud on the elastic waistband sticking out above the top of her jeans. The sexy silky peeking panties excited him too, but his eyes kept following the bottom edge of her sweater as it went up further and further. Finally, she yanked the top all the way up, and he saw her big pale blue bra. The full-cut lacy bra cupped and pushed out Linda's developing breasts. The big bra was sexy even though it didn't reveal anything--it hid her budding tits completely! Contrasting nicely with her skin, the bra was pointed and lacy, quite old-fashioned in style. It



wasn't something he'd expect his bitchy big sister to wear. He thought it was more like something his mother would wear.

He liked looking at his sister and her beautiful girlfriend in their lingerie, but he was confused and tensing up. His hard-on was embarrassing him. He tried to back out of the room, but his eyes kept wondering back to take a look, then another look, and then another at Elizabeth's yellow panties, at Linda's peeking pink panties and the big pale blue bra. It was his mother's! He had seen that bra before--folded up in his mother's drawer. As he continued toward the door, he walked slower and slower. He didn't know why his sister was wearing it, but he did know that he couldn't stop staring at it. He hoped she wasn't getting mad at him for staring so much. Repeatedly he tried to look away. He looked at Linda. And he looked at Elizabeth, now the object of his secret love. With his embarrassing erection on display, he wanted to leave as quickly as possible, let his prick simmer down and then run out the back door to join his friends, but he couldn't. He wanted to look some more. He was thankful when Linda said something to him. Thankful because he'd have a reason to stay a little longer and stare some more.

"Davy, this is my new friend, Elizabeth."

"Please, don't call me 'Davy.' It's a little boy's name. My name is David."

Disregarding his request, Linda continued, "Well, Davy, aren't you going to tell her that you're happy to meet her?"

"Uh, well...sure. Hey, nice to meet you." he said to Elizabeth then quickly grimaced at his sister. His eyes were drawn to her bra-covered tits again.

Elizabeth smiled a "thanks," and Linda, assuming an attitude even more superior than her usual persona, thrust out her pointed breasts even more and said, "What do you think of my new bra?"

David was breathing heavily.

"Well, do you like it?"

David nodded "yes" and continued to breathe audibly.

"Can't you say anything, stupid?"

"Nice . . . ah, nice. It . . . it's Mom's."

"Nice! Is that all you can say? Yes, it is Mom's--or used to be. It's mine now. How did you know it was...oh, yeah, I should know--I'm sure you go snooping in Mom's drawers as much as you go fooling around in mine!"

Both girls looked at each other and laughed at that.

"No! Oh, no, sis!"

“Can it, twerp! I know what you do.”

“No! Not now. Don’t say stuff like that in front of...”

“Why not? Everybody knows you’re a sissy. Isn’t about time we admit it. Confirm what people already know.”

“I’m not a sissy!” David screamed and started to cry as he ran from the room.

As he flew out the door, Linda promised to deal with him later.

David had been under his sister’s thumb long before that day. From the time he was a toddler, she’d dress him in her outgrown clothes and make him play games with her as if he were her little sister. As time went on, she became more demanding until she had him waiting on her and doing all her bidding. She even took him outside in a dress once in a while, and on those excursions, sometimes they’d run into people they knew. Linda would just make a big joke of it and tell people David had lost a bet to her, or they were playing some game, or she came up with some other plausible explanation. But he was glad she didn’t make him go outside like that very often. Other than those times, no one else outside their home knew how she dressed him in the house and knew the things she made him do. But those little outside flings happened enough that the neighborhood knew David was a sissy; after all, no thoroughgoing little boy would allow his sister to dress him up like that.

But now, with her new friend, the beautiful Elizabeth, Linda was adding a new dimension to the weird relationship she had with her brother. She reacted on an impulse when she noticed how smitten he was the moment he set eyes on Elizabeth. He fell for Elizabeth instantly. His sister sensed it immediately. It was the key she was looking for so she could make him even more subservient to her. Elizabeth would enable her to take her domination of her brother to a higher -- more public -- level. Since he was immensely attracted to Elizabeth, she knew he’d want to be around her whenever possible, and to do that, Linda would make him pay a high price.

Linda and David’s mother had died when he was just a toddler. She had taught her daughter that males were worthless and showed her how to take charge of them. She encouraged Linda to dress David like a girl and humiliate him at every turn. She did tell her daughter to keep it a family secret. What went on in their house was no one else’s business. But after their mother was gone, once in a while she just had to show the world the control she had over her brother, and that’s why she would take him out on those little jaunts around the neighborhood. She carefully planned those trips and was careful about whom she exposed him to, but it was enough for word to get out: Everybody knew David was a sissy.

Of course, their father knew how David was dressed and treated at home, but he didn’t oppose his daughter as long as she kept it a family secret.

David knew Linda could get most anything she wanted out of their father, and she could make him do the most humiliating things, but David had no idea just how much control his sister had

over their father until one day when he came home. On Saturdays, David usually did his homework at the library, but on this day he came home early because the electricity in the library went out and they had to close down for the day. David came into the house and was attracted to the noise coming from their father's bedroom. He peeked in the door and saw Elizabeth in there along with his sister and his father. Linda was teasing him about something, and since Elizabeth was there, David wanted to stay and watch what was going on.

"Tell Elizabeth how you put on mom's old bras and panties all the time and dance around like a sissy jerk off!"

"Oh, no, how could you say that! I never..."

"Spare me, Daddy boy – or is it girl? I'll tell you what. I'll let you see my tits if you put on mom's bra for us so we can see what you look like when you play your secret sissy games."

Charles was in a quandary. Yes, he did play around with his wife's and even Linda's lingerie when no one else was around, but he didn't wear them. His daughter dressed up his son in girlie clothes all the time, but he never wanted to do it. Standing stupidly in front of his daughter's girlfriend with his mind in a whirl, Charles wasn't answering. He didn't know what to say. He didn't dress in lingerie but what could he say to prove it. The next thing he knew, Linda was reaching behind her back and unsnapping her bra that used to belong to her mother. As it dropped loose and she pulled it off, she simultaneously pulled down her sweater to cover her naked tits.

"Oh, no! No free previews. You only get to see my titties after you put on the bra, here it is," she said as she handed it to him.

David nervously reached out and took it from her. It was so embarrassing to handle the bra in front of his daughter and her friend. His nervousness segued into giggling. He began smiling broadly; he was going to try to make a big joke of it all. He happily wrapped the bra around his chest and did a swishy little pose for the two girls.

"Not over your clothes, stupid! Girls don't wear a bra over their clothes! Take your shirt off and put it on right. I'll help you hook it in back. Then I want you to take off your jeans and underwear and put on a pair of panties."

As she said that she started digging through her dresser drawer for a pair of panties. He became scared.

"Honey, can't we talk about this later? I mean, we shouldn't do stuff like this with Elizabeth around. You know, you promised to keep some things just in the family, secrets from everybody else."



"Yeah, we been doing it like that for a long time, but I think it's time things change. Everybody should know what a good, obedient father you are. What a siss...."

"Please!" Charles yelled. He turned to leave but Linda grabbed him and with Elizabeth's help pulled him to the floor. Linda sat on his chest, a pair of purple panties in her hand.

"Daddy, you're a sissy. I know it. Now Elizabeth knows it. Soon everybody will know it!"

At that, David made a moan from the hallway. They all looked up and saw him standing there. Linda told him to come in and join them. He said he didn't want to, but then she threatened to show Elizabeth a special collection of pictures of David. He slowly walked into the room.

"Well, I guess Davy now knows you're a sissy too just like he is. Get all your clothes off, put on the bra and panties and then stand in the corner and watch us put your son through his paces."

When Linda got off his chest, he got up undressed and put on the bra and panties. He had no choice. Now he was totally degraded even in the eyes of his sissy son. Linda then turned her attention to her little brother.

"Davy, didn't you know that it's Elizabeth's birthday today?"

He shook his head "no," and then, after being prompted, he wished her a happy birthday.

Elizabeth smiled a 'thanks,' and Linda, assuming an attitude even more superior than her usual persona, thrust out her pointed breasts even more and said, "Since you didn't know it was her birthday--being the thoughtless jerk that you are--I'm sure you didn't get a gift for her. Right?"

"Ah, . . . ah, gee, I'm sorry. I didn't."

"Figures. You ungrateful... and after how nice she is to you all the time...you know, most girls run just at the sight of you. Well, you know, maybe you can give her a gift after all."

"Sorry, Liz! But sure! Anything. But like what?" he asked.

"Well, you could be her little slave boy for the weekend," Linda said as she nonchalantly stroked her midriff through her silky orange top.

"Hey, sis! Oh, no!"

"Hey, twerp! Don't call her 'Liz.' Only her friends can call her that. She's Elizabeth to you."



“But everybody calls her...” David complained as he stared at Linda’s hand sliding over the soft fabric, hugging it close to her body, underlining her bra pressed hard against the thin blouse.

“You’re not ‘everybody.’ You’re my little asshole brother. To you it’s Elizabeth. Now what about the slave bit?” she asked as she started to pull her blouse over her head.

David didn’t hear her. He stared, openly. He couldn’t help it.

"Anyway, how about the slave bit. Being Liz’s candy ass slave for the weekend?"

David frowned and started to protest.

“Listen, kiddo. Remember the pictures? I still got ‘em!”

“Okay. Okay! Whatever you want.”

“That’s more like it,” Linda said. “Let’s start right now with you stripping all the way down.”

“Sis! Why...what...?”

“Yeah, Davy, take it off. Take everything off just like your daddy did!”

Elizabeth added gleefully. “I want to see what a sweet little boy like you looks like without his clothes!”

“Not much to look at,” Linda chimed in, “but kind of fun and all so vulnerable when he’s in the buff!”

“Please, sis! You’re joking. Right?”

“Hell, no, slave! Or I’ll make your gift to her those cute little pictures I’ve got.”

“Okay. Okay!” he whimpered as he started shedding clothes, especially embarrassed to be taking them off in front of Elizabeth, who was the focus of his adolescent sexual fantasies.

“What’s this about pictures?” Elizabeth wanted to know.

“For years, I’ve been making a special collection...”

“No, sis!”

“All right, I won’t tell her about the pictures but get moving with those clothes, mister sister! Hurry up!”

She continued, “Let’s just say, I got a lot of pictures of him in very embarrassing situations.”

“Sis! You promised!” David protested fearing she would show Elizabeth the collection of Polaroid pictures she had taken of him dressed in all kinds of her clothes and doing all kinds of humiliating things.

“No, I’m not telling her anymore...that is unless you disobey either one of us anytime over this entire weekend!”

“Satisfied?” he said as he stood before them just in his shorts.

“Get that underwear off right now or those pictures are coming out!”

David stripped down his underpants and stood with his hands covering himself

“Good,” Linda said. “Now you know the rules, you have to obey the orders I give you, and obey instantly and completely. And that rule now includes Elizabeth! Failure to do so and those photos go to Elizabeth, and she’ll circulate them all over the neighborhood.”

He nodded in agreement. “Good boy!” Elizabeth laughed. “Now kneel on the floor.”

Feeling utterly humiliated, he obeyed.

“Put your forehead on the floor,” she said.

He obeyed. Their father stared at his son. Both of them red with embarrassment. The girls laughed.

“Now, what is your name?” Linda asked.

“David... I mean Davy,” he gritted.

“Good!” Linda said. “Now, crawl to me on your hands and knees and kiss my feet.”

Feeling so humiliated that even his ears turned red, he did so.

“Now, like a good doggy, crawl to Liz and kiss her feet.”

Nearly crying from the humiliation, he crawled to her and prostrated himself, kissing her feet subserviently. His pain was intense. He had been in love with her since the moment he first saw her. Daily, he dreamed about her long brownish-blond hair, moist full lips, haunting, sexy brown eyes and the exciting way every word she said poured from her mouth and sent a warm feeling all through him.

“Good boy,” Linda said as she approached him with a dog collar in her hands, an actual dog collar that used to belong to their family dog. She buckled it around Davy’s neck. He looked up in awe at her full, firm bra, blatantly on display and so close to him as she connected the leash.

“Follow at my heel, Missy!” she ordered. She began walking back and forth. Davy struggled on his hands and knees.

“Missy,” she explained to Elizabeth, “was the name of a big German shepherd we used to have. What a great dog!

“Come on, Davy. Keep up with me. Pretend you are Missy!” Even on the soft carpet, he was soon wincing from walking on his knees.

“Elizabeth, do you know what was funny about Missy, the dog we used to have?”

“Funny? No, I don’t.”

“Well, you see,” Linda continued, “we called the dog ‘Missy’ but it wasn’t a girl dog at all. It was a boy!”

“Sis, she doesn’t want to hear about our old dog,” David said sensing where the conversation was going.

“Shut up, Missy! I’m not talking to you.”

“Anyway, it’s a long story how that all came about. My point is that the dog was very obedient. He’d run and fetch things for us, snuggle up and keep us warm in bed, and do anything to protect us...much like a really devoted slave.

“And we didn’t just call him ‘Missy,’ we treated him like a girl too!”

“How did you do that?” Elizabeth wanted to know. “I mean, how do you treat a boy dog like a girl dog?”

“Easy! We’d put a little pink bow on his collar, spray him with sexy perfume--sometimes it would make him sneeze...”

“Sis, she doesn’t want to know about stupid things like that. Will you let me get some clothes on? I’m getting cold.”

“Didn’t I tell you to shut up, sissyboy Missy?”

“As I was saying, we’d do all kinds of girly things to him, but the best was when I’d put a pair of my silky panties on him. I had some nice panties I had outgrown. He really liked them. In fact, he got to like those panties so much, he’d scratch at my dresser drawer and beg for me to get a pair to put on him. Of course, he did that because he liked so much what I did to him once I got him into the panties.”

“What did you do?” Elizabeth wanted to know as she leaned forward not to miss a word.

David groaned.

“Promise not to tell anybody?”

Elizabeth nodded.

“Well, you see, I used to touch him up in those panties. I’d get him all hot and soon he’d have to cum.

“Did you ever see a big dog like that cum? He really shoots! Even with the panties on, Missy would shoot his cum right through the nylon. I never tired of seeing that!”

“You’re kidding! You actually did that?”

“Sure!” Linda continued. “Not only that, like I said, I loved making him shoot off in my little girl panties, but often my hand did get very tired when I jacked him off so I...”

“No, sis! Please! Elizabeth, don’t listen!”

“How many times do I have to tell you to shut up, little brother? You’re only about two words away from having those pictures out!”

She took a dirty pair of pale blue panties out of her laundry hamper and stuffed them into his mouth as she said, “Here, suck on these. I’m tired of listening to your whining and complaining.”

“Please don’t,” Davy mumbled through his panty gag as Linda went through her dresser drawer and came up with another pair of panties. These were distinctly smaller--pale pink and loaded with some frilly white lace and bows down each side.

“Remember these?” Linda said as she dangled them before David’s face. When he didn’t answer, she grabbed his balls.

“Yes, Goddess Linda,” he moaned through his gag.

“These were Missy’s panties! I still have a whole stack of them that he used to wear. Remember how the neighbors looked at Missy kind of crazy when he’d run around outside with them on.”

“What did your dad think?” Elizabeth wanted to know, giving a look toward the bra and panty clad man.

“Didn’t say a thing! He would just look at me and shake his head. As you now know, my dad is even better trained than Missy ever was!

“Feeling a bit emasculated, Dad?” she teased her father as she went over to him and gave his penis a few jerks through the purple panties he had on.

Their father groaned, but his cock was very rigid, and it distorted the front of those panties in the weirdest way.

“Let's get you into these!” Linda said as she showed Davy the pink pair of panties she had just taken out of her lingerie drawer.

He groaned and lowered his head in shame, but he knew better than to refuse his sister as she held the panties open for him to step into.

Elizabeth's eyes went wide with excitement. She found it amazing that both her friend's father and brother were being pantied right before her eyes. Even if Davy was a wimp and a sissy, it was amazing to see it.

“I like it!” Elizabeth squealed. “I thought he'd just look kind of funny, but... but, he looks so-o-o-o-o cute. I wish I had a brother to put in panties!”

“Feeling kind of girly, my boy?” Linda laughed then continued, “You see, when Missy died, I missed him desperately, but that's when I realized that Missy's panties would fit little Davy here, so ever since, I've been having Davy put on the panties to entertain me.”

“Now watch. Wag your doggy tail to show us how much you love being our obedient puppy.”

“Yeah, shake it, baby,” Elizabeth laughed. “Wag your sexy ass like a doggy tail.”

Davy wagged his pink pantied butt back and forth.

“Heel!” Elizabeth commanded. Davy froze in place.

“Walk!”

He walked.

“Sit!”

He rested on his haunches, his pantied ass tickling his bare feet.

“Beg!”

He raised his hands in the classic doggy begging position. The girls laughed and clapped their hands.

“But does he shoot his stuff in them too like your dog used to do?” Elizabeth wanted to know.

“Of course!” Linda said as she snugged the panties high around her brother's little body. She pulled on them so hard he squirmed around in an attempt to make them fit more comfortably around his genitals.

“Do you do it to him?” Elizabeth panted anxiously.

“Sometimes I hold a pair of the panties in my hand and stroke him off. But most of the time I make him wear the panties and cum in them because I love the way his skinny little ass looks in panties. And when Dad gets out of line, I make him jack off Davy through his pretty panties. But most of the time, I just make Davy do it to himself while I watch.”

David was totally red with embarrassment and anger at having such deep family secrets revealed to anyone, much less to his beautiful Elizabeth. He had to lash out. He spit out the panties and screamed, “She makes me do it, and she plays with herself while she watches me!”

“You little sissy bastard,” Linda yelled as she went to her nightstand and opened the drawer. “I’m getting the pictures.”

A moment later she was waving an envelope in her hand.

“This is your last chance, sissy--you, you puny pantywaist faggot! Shape up and do exactly what I say or you’ll see these everywhere you go--you’ll be dead meat!”

He quieted down. Linda went back to adjusting the panties around his loins. As she smoothed out the nylon and frills, she stopped for a moment because she noticed something on the front of the panties. She had specially prepared these panties. She had been ready. Now, she looked closer and pretended it was a dried-on cum stain.

“That does it! You little sissy bastard! Stealing Missy’s panties out of my drawer and blowing off in them without my permission! From now on, I’m decreasing your privacy, and not just for the weekend. Permanently! You are to be supervised in the bathroom. I won’t have my slave brother playing with himself in my panties like a nasty little boy. And I think I’ll make you wear panties all the time now so your little boner will get used to them, so it doesn’t get so excited every time it comes in contact with sissy panty nylon.

“As I was saying, when I used to jack-off Missy, my hand would get tired so I used to get candy ass little Davy here to do it to Missy for me. And I’d just sit back and watch.”

“No. No! NO! Why did you tell her that?”

“Why not? It’s the truth.”

“Sis, please!”

“Well, if I recall, you used to really seem to enjoy doing it to Missy... Just as much as I loved watching!”

David hung his head in embarrassment, tears starting to river down his cheeks.

“Well, that’s nothing--if you only knew what Mom and I ultimately had planned for you before she died. Get those hands of yours down at your sides--and keep them there!”

Despite his embarrassment, David’s cock was standing at attention and throbbing, making it impossible to deny how aroused he was in the presence of his overpowering sister and his dream girl Elizabeth as they talked about such taboo subjects.

“Ah look!” Elizabeth smiled, “Your daddy's little peepee is really hard and starting to throb too, like it's standing up and begging for something.”

Charles gasped when his daughter grabbed him and fondled his pantied balls.

“Are you all hot and bothered looking at your sissy son?” she smirked. "Oops! It looks like you're giving away your deep dark secret! Should I tell Elizabeth about your secret? Or better yet, show her?"

He had tears of shame in his eyes, and when he didn’t answer, she started squeezing his nuts.

“Answer me like a good boy, sissy daddy,” she said. “And you know how to address me. And address Elizabeth the same way Now, are you all hot and bothered?”

“Yes, Goddess, Linda-a-a-a-h!” he gasped.

She let go of his nuts.



“Did you hear that?” Linda laughed. “Daddy-poo says he’s all horny and frustrated.” She leaned close to his ear and whispered, “Get used to it, wimp.”

Davy’s eyes widened as he stared at his defeated father. He had never seen his father in such an abject condition.

“Oh yes. Make no mistake, Davy,” she said.

“You are my total panty slave from now on.

You'll wear lacy panties 24/7 and show them off to anyone I tell you to show them to! You’ll be at

my beck and call forever--just like daddy used to be to mom and is now to me. I’ve got the proof that you need to be controlled right here in these panties. Mom always told me that when a man or a boy stays hard in his panties even though he is being humiliated, he's a panty slave, and if he ever shoots off in panties while being humiliated, he'll be panty addicted forever!”

As she spoke, she picked up a nearby camera.

Her father groaned.

“What did you say, daddy sweetie?” Linda teased. “I think he said he wants his picture taken.”

As she advanced the camera to take a picture, Davy moaned and cried a bit.

"Oh, Davy wants his picture taken too; don't you, sissy brother?" Linda laughed.

She took photos of both of them, showing off their firm pricks laughably covered by sissy pink silk panties.

Then Linda took hold of Davy's leash, pulled him over by her closet and had him sit on the edge of her bed.

“Now for some more fun. Familiar ground, isn’t it?” she teased as she opened the closet doors.

“Time to dress you up,” she laughed. “The key word there is, ‘dress.’ Now, I’m going to have Elizabeth dress you up.”

Linda then got out her camcorder and set it up on a tripod. She switched it on and aimed it at David.

He moaned.

“As a birthday present for Elizabeth,” Linda said as the girl was rolling nylons up his legs, “we’re making this nice home video showing you, my little sissy brother, getting all prettied up. Isn’t that a nice little present?”

Elizabeth snapped one of his garters in place and cheered in agreement.

“Here, I’m going to zoom in on those panties with that dirty stain he put on them. I need it for evidence. You never know when it will come in handy.”

Davy’s eyes showed panic.

With a nod from Linda, an emboldened Elizabeth reached between David’s legs and grabbed his pantied balls. She massaged them and then tightened her grip. She told him to mind his sister or she might forget and squeeze a little bit too hard.

When Elizabeth held out a second sheer nylon stocking, he held out his leg and pointed his toes.

“God, Linda. He knows just how to do it!”

“Why sure! He’s a sissy. What do you expect! These are real old-fashioned nylons; they add a lot.”

Davy cried in humiliation.

“Perfect,” Elizabeth said, “but what are nylons without heels?”

Elizabeth picked up a pair of high heels, which had been set off to the side obviously in preparation for this moment. As the boy whimpered, Elizabeth fitted his feet into the pair of shiny black pumps. She stepped back.

“Walk for us, Davy,” Linda commanded.

Humiliated beyond belief, he walked back and forth, his pink pantied ass wriggling in the flimsy nylon, which stretched and rippled across his cheeks as a result of walking in the highheels. Linda filmed it all, of course.

“Now let’s properly position your cock in your sweet little panties, Davy,” Elizabeth said.

He groaned. Was there no end to this humiliation?

She worked his meat into a perfect upright position within the tight, soft panties then tickled his hips and butt through the nylon. She pulled them tight in the back so his ass was exposed as the panties were pulled between his cheeks. Then she pretended to be unsatisfied, so she could teasingly continue to adjust his cock and balls while playing with the elastic waist and legbands. Then she stepped back, and Linda filmed it all again taking special aim at the pretended cum stain on the front of the panties. The two girls put a big, puffy white slip on him and then a darling little girl-style dress with rows of white and pink ruffles. Davy wondered what they were doing to him as they laid him on the bed on his back. Elizabeth got on the bed and sat on his chest. Then he felt Linda pull aside the leg elastic of his panties and pull out his cock. He couldn't see with Elizabeth sitting on his chest, but his head swooned as he felt her suck his hard cock into her warm mouth. Davy began bucking with excitement when she started fingering his butt hole through the panties. Elizabeth laughed, saying he was giving her a ride like a wild bronco. Momentarily, Davy opened his eyes. Over Elizabeth's shoulder, he saw his sister grinning down at him. He grinned back at her. He was very excited and loving every second of this supreme pleasure that he had never experienced before. But then he thought: "IF I'M LOOKING AT LINDA, WHO IS SUCKING MY COCK!"

Then realizing that Davy had figured it all out, Linda said, "Yes, Davy boy, your daddy is sucking your cock and fingerfucking your asshole through your silky panties. Now, your daddy's secret is out. He's wanted to do this from the day you were born! Isn't it wonderful! Now shoot your cum into your loving daddy's sissy mouth!"

Davy followed her instructions. There was nothing else he could do. He was past the point of no return.

Davy was in tears but still breathing heavily as he eased down from his violent cum.



Linda said, "Now that your daddy did that for you, it's only fair that you return the favor and give him a blowjob. I'm going to love living in a house with father and son cocksuckers!"

Elizabeth got off his chest, and the two girls pulled Davy off the bed and onto his knees before his father. They held him securely as they fed him his father's fat cock. The camcorder was still on, and it caught every minute, even ending with a final close-up of Davy's face with drops of cum dripping from his battered lips.

"Well, that should do it," Linda said as she shut down the camcorder and took out the tape. "I'm off to secure the evidence."

Walking over to Davy, she patted him on the head and said, "Now you be a good, docile little boy while I go and hide this video where you'll never find it, and sometime when you're out, I'll have a chance to make a copy of it for Elizabeth. What a great birthday gift you are giving her!"

Linda walked out the door.

In her absence, David was even more embarrassed to be sitting on the bed wearing the childishly frilly dress, nylons and silky girls' panties as his father (as per instructions from Linda) sat beside him and fondled his son's pantied balls.

They both cried and kept their heads down to hide their faces from Elizabeth.

"Why?" Davy whimpered to her.

"Did you just speak without permission?" Elizabeth asked.

"Please, Goddess Elizabeth, may I speak?" he moaned.

"You may speak, slave."

"Why, Goddess Elizabeth? What did I ever do to my sister? I'm not a sissy. She makes me do this stuff."

Elizabeth smiled the most unexplainable smile he had ever seen.

"It's okay, Davy. I think you and your daddy look cute all prettied up like this. Just like sweet little dolly boys for us to play with. In fact, when your sister started telling me about how much power she has over you, I was the one who asked her for a demonstration. I love it! And now I think I love you! Would you agree to be my slave forever and ever? If so, you can be with me always. Linda told me you secretly love me. In fact, she showed me your diary that she makes you write in every day!"

David groaned and his eyes went wild with terror at that admission.

“Don’t worry, Davy. I loved it! It’s so precious. I know you really do love me. Some day I may even marry you. But that’s unimportant now, besides even if we did that, I’d still have to have real men, but we could be together always just like you dreamed about in your diary.

“By the way, I’ve already seen those pictures of you that she threatens you with. The one with the dildo up your ass! The one when you were little with you following Linda around outside in a park --that was really a pretty dress and apron you were wearing. The one with you sucking off the dog, wow! But the one with you tied to the tree out back while wearing a big pair of your mom's lacy panties with your cum all over them and drinking a cup of Linda's piss, I think, is my favorite.”

Kneeling helplessly on the floor, David looked away from Elizabeth in intense embarrassment. He cried as he tried to explain how he had been forced to do all those things. He also told her how he hungered for the day when he’d be old enough to leave home and be free of his sister’s dominance.



Elizabeth explained to him that he had been so well trained that he surely couldn’t exist without a female to boss him around.

David cried. He knew she was right. In deference to her, he bent over. With pink pantied ass flagging in the air, he kissed her feet.

Through his tears, he sighed, “I love you. I love you. I love you.”

Staring at Davy's pink pantied butt caused his daddy to get another hard on in his purple panties. Elizabeth saw it and laughed. She continued laughing as Linda came walking back in.

"What's so funny?" she wanted to know.

The end.

Based upon: The Birthday Boy by Slave Centaur, sent to us in 1996.

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 1 No 3
September 2003

Published weakly, never w
Published only when we fu
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dressing up and jerkin

LIFESTYLE



Girl marries Scot gets her brother into a kilt & frills

MARS, PA: Mary Knolls tied the knot with Timothy O'Hare, a boy from the local Scottish community, and at their wedding they played a joke on Mary's younger brother, Donald. All the male members of the wedding party were outfitted in kilts, and Donald, not being familiar with Scottish ways, was given a slip and panties to wear underneath.

Understandably the boy was hesitant to don the girlish undergarments, but finally did so when he was told that all the boys wore slips and panties. But after the ceremony, he got the razz!

SPORTS



Husbands complain, latest exercise craze: all-wives daisy chain

NORMAL, IL: Since researchers announced that having sex is good for burning a lot of calories, women have been after their boyfriends and husbands for more sex.

But most of the old boys couldn't handle as much sex as the gals had wanted, so females everywhere are now getting together, donning strap-on dildoes, and riding each other to exercise nirvana.

But most of these females now say that plastic dick sex with their girlfriends is much better than sex with their guys! Males are usually quick to offer their sexual services even more frequently, but the ladies tell them they blew their chance!

But as a consolation, the females often let the boys watch as they go at it lezzie style, and a lot of these women only let their guys watch if they get done up in perfume, wigs and lingerie, saying maybe they'll learn something about loving.

Guys often get very excited, and the girls tell them that the only way to get relief is to do each other like the girls are doing. Many times one can see guys going down on each other at these "exercise" parties.

HEADLINES

Lesbian sues man for sexual harassment after thinking he's a she at lezzie bar



BIG GAP, ND: Jennifer Winer got a surprise when she reached into the panties of Brandy Lovitt a girl she met at the No Frills Bar, a lesbian club on 4th Street.

The problem is: Brandy is a pre-op transsexual, and her penis was more than Jennifer wanted to find in Lovitt's lacy panties.

Jennifer has pressed charges, claiming sexual harassment, and Brandy answered those charges saying she's 99% female waiting to have the other 1% removed.

The judge will decide if Brandy is man enough to be sued.

Ultrasound said a girl but baby is a boy so what to do with all those rumba panties daddy bought?

HEALTH

Doc tells sissy in training to eat cum-soaked banana for magnesium & protein



OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Dim-Witted Evangelical Christian Parent Happy When Son Tells Them He's Gay

Sissy Fired for Repeated Tardiness Has Can't Stop A.M. Jerking Off in Panties

Prissy Boy Returning Cum-Stained Panties Tests Nordstrom's Liberal Return Policy

Man Comes Home From Halloween Party in Drag, His Confused Pit Bull Bites His Penis Off

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