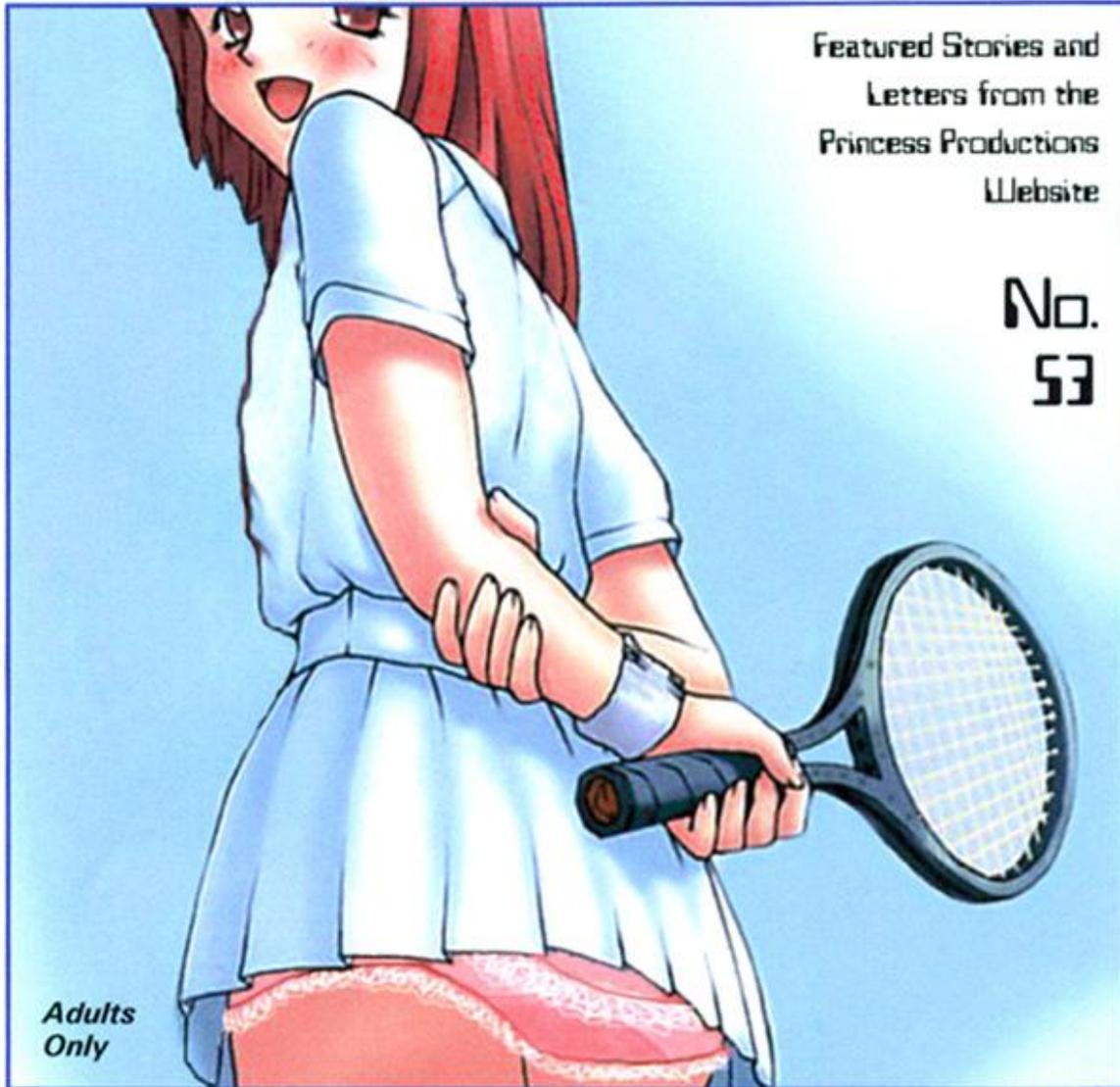


Princess Online



Featured Stories and
Letters from the
Princess Productions
Website

No.
53

*Adults
Only*

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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

A Message from Princess

Lacey

TV & Movies Often Get it Wrong



Dear Sissies,

“Costumers” is Hollywood talk for movies set in time before the present day because all the actors have to wear costumes of the time period the movie covers. And if you have a fetish for clothing of a bygone age, you probably pay particular attention when you hear about a movie that takes place during your favorite time period, and you always hold out hope that movie has the actors dressed in your favorite fetish fashions from that era.

Then you go to the movie only to discover that Hollywood has gotten it all wrong! And when they get it wrong, most people don’t even notice. Obviously, none of those people (and whoever was in charge of the costumes) has a fetish for clothes from that period. But you do, and you did notice immediately!

Sure there are plenty of movies that do get it right. And you know the movies — I’ll bet they are some of your favorites. But just as often the costumes do not accurately represent the period. A lot of times, the clothing may be close to what is right, but it isn’t quite right and you know the difference. Usually, it’s matter of small details, but if you are a fetishist, the smallest details involving your favorite articles of clothing are VERY important to you.

So if you love panties (like panties from the 1950s for example like we do), you always hope to see some young thing in true 1950s panties when you go to see a 50s movie, but a lot of times, instead of 1950s waist-high briefs, the actresses wear (modern day) low-rise briefs, high-cut briefs or sometimes they get it completely wrong and show girls in panties from a whole other era, like bikinis — which didn’t become popular until the late 1960s, and most women didn’t start wearing them until the 1970s!

Of course, the same is true if you like the 1950s heavy duty garter belts with wide elastic and ribbon garter straps — not the modern skinny straps. And cancan petticoats made with tiers of nylon, netting and lace — not the modern petticoats that are just a big ball of chiffon. The same goes for pointy bras from the 1950s, foundation garments, etc. If any of these or similar items are your fetish, you know exactly what we are taking about.

So what do you do if you see a movie that missed when it came to the proper undergarments? Why not write the television network or movie studio a letter? They love feedback, and maybe next time, they'll do a little better research on costumes and get it right!

Love,

Princess Lacey

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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 book, "Norm - Schooled to Be Girls!" In this scene, Norm and his fellow feminized students are forced to be cheerleaders at a basketball game at his old high school. In addition to the cheerleader uniform, they also have to wear regular nylon lace panties under their skirts instead of the traditional heavy uniform panties, and while doing the cheers, all the jumping around is causing the nylon panties to friction against poor Norm's penis and he gets an erection that everyone can see!

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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DEDICATED TO HELPING OUR CHILDREN ATTAIN
THOSE "VALUES" IMPORTANT TO OUR NATION

TODAY IS
OCTOBER 16, 1996



**BEHAVIORAL MODIFICATION LAB
ROOM B11**

I'M A BOY WEARING GIRLS
Dainty silk panties, a
slip & dress to help me
feel my "sensitivities!"

Watchdoggie!

KEEP OUT!
INSENSITIVE **BOY** BEING "HELPED TO FEEL"
HIS POLITICALLY MANDATED
FEMININE SENSITIVITIES

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. 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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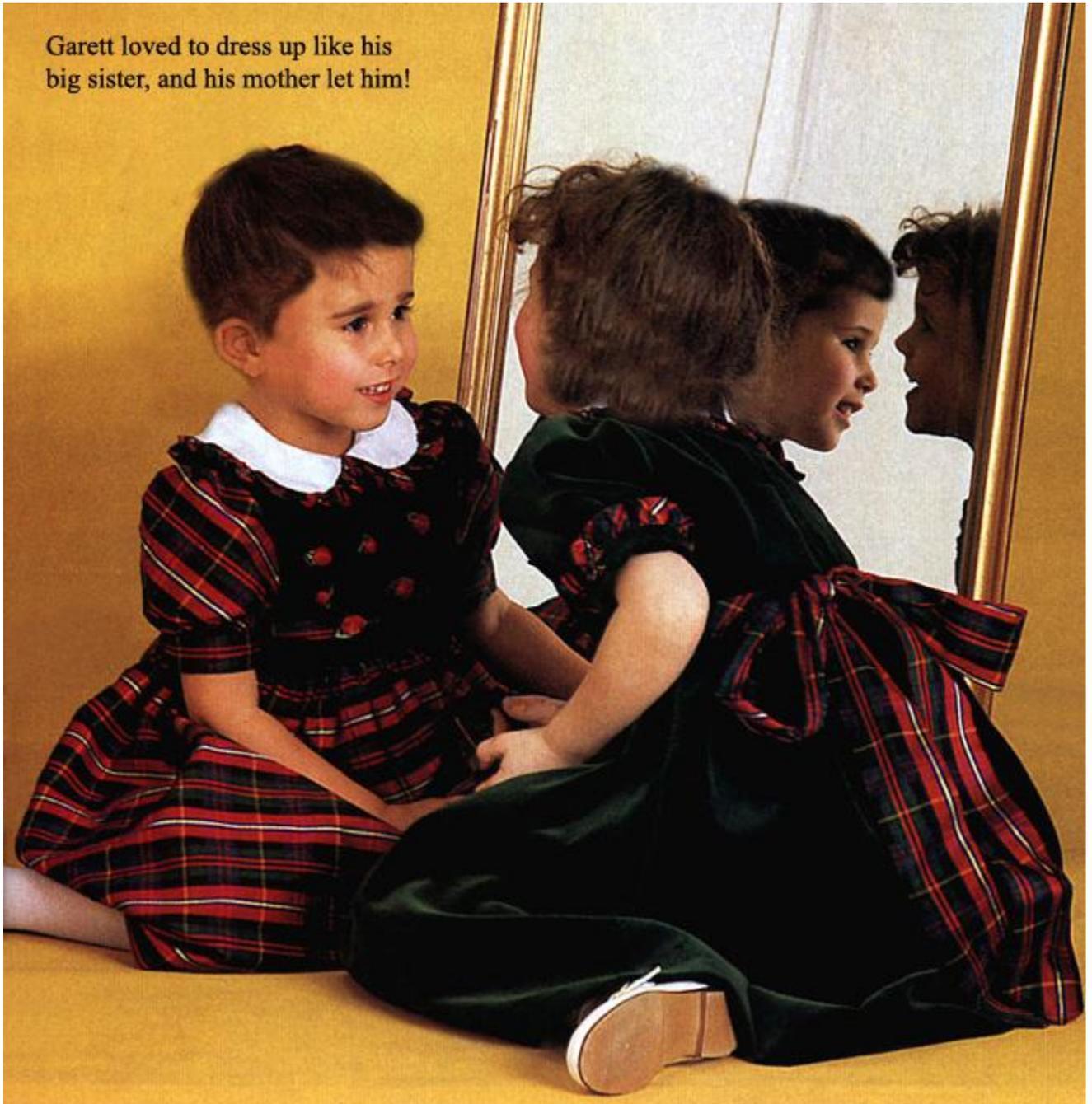


Masquerade

Kirk's creative mom made him a clown outfit out of a babydoll nightie top, white tights and lacy blue panties!

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Garett loved to dress up like his big sister, and his mother let him!



Sissy of the Month

From the time Garett Sodex was a toddler, he so admired his older sister that he wanted to do everything she did, including wearing her clothes, and Garett's mother

let him. Except she didn't allow him to grow his hair long because his father would object!

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Clifford

This month, we present the picture of ten-year-old Clifford, 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 blushinglly agreed. Like most of the boys she took care of, Donald was a farm boy used to minding his parents, so he went along with her with barely a tear in his eyes.

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

Once Donald's clothes were dry, Ma didn't let him change back into them until his mother showed up to pick him up. When she saw Donald and all the other boys in pink tops and panties, she was puzzled, but Ma explained to her what had happened and Mrs. Tierski understood, and when Ma told her how the girls' clothes made all the boys so much more manageable, Donald's mother laughed but said it did make sense. Then Ma got her okay to use girls' clothes on Donald anytime it was needed. Ma carried on that some conversation with each mother or father as they came to pick up their boy. All the parents had known and loved Ma for years and didn't question how she wanted to treat the boys, especially since she got them all to be such sweet little kids within such a short period of time.

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

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

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

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Eddie

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These Tennis Fans

Cum for the Panties



"Let's ditch Bergman's class today. I didn't study for the quiz." Then with glee in his eyes, Terry added, "Besides, the sophomore girls have tennis today."

"I didn't study for it either," Ian said. "We won't get into trouble, will we?"

"From Bergman or the girls?" Terry laughed.

"Both!" he said and then laughed too.

"Nah! We didn't last time, did we?"

"I think some of the girls knew," Ian said. "I think they knew we were there just to stare up their skirts."

"So? If they didn't want us to look, why do they wear such short skirts? And those frilly panties! Those kind of panties are meant to be looked at! Come on, let's do it. Shit only knows when we'll get another nice day like this to watch 'em. You know it'll be better than peeking through the fence at the Dempster girls."

"I want to, but you're sure it'll be OK?"

"Panties! Panties! Panties!" Terry teased him in a singsongy voice. "Ian loves panties! Ian loves pan-ties! Pret-ty pan-ties!"

"Ok. Ok! OK!" Ian said, trying to quiet down his friend who, all of a sudden, was speaking so loudly that other kids in the lunchroom were beginning to look at them.

"You like 'em too," Ian said defensively.

"You got that right -- but 'love 'em' is more like it! Come on, let's go get our panty fix!"

"I'll race ya. Go!"

So the two thirteen year-olds were off and running to watch the developing fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds run around the tennis courts in their bouncing little skirts showing off their lacy panties. The young boys both had a fetish for panties. Panty watching is what first made them take notice of each another.

During lunch break, both of them liked to sit under the shade trees at the back of the school grounds. From there, they could get a good view of the little girls on the playground of the adjoining Dempster School. In contrast to St. Jude's, a Catholic high school, Dempster was a public elementary school, and whenever the boys got a chance, they loved to sit under the trees by the fence and watch the young girls. Neither one of the boys had any sisters so they both had a fascination with lingerie and long ago tired of exploring their mother's drawers filled with utilitarian underwear, mostly cotton and mostly very plain.

But the little girls at the Dempster grade school wore a lot of frilly little slips and panties, and most of them had little compunction about showing them off. And best of all for the two boys, it didn't seem to bother those little girls even when they knew they were being watched! The boys sensed that these girls were growing up fast. The little minxes didn't just accidentally show off their frills; they did it on purpose! They'd do somersaults, handstands and cartwheels, boldly flashing white and pastel-colored nylon and lace. Even though a few of the boys at Dempster did pause and giggle when the girls showed off their lacy panties, most of them were too young to be interested. But the girls acted even bolder when they knew someone was watching who was interested in their underwear.

When Terry and Ian first discovered each other regularly returning to their favorite place under the big oak trees, they laughingly joked about finding it "fun" to watch the little grade schoolers at play. Neither one was ready to admit to the other that he got turned on at the sight of little girls blatantly displaying their panties, but eventually, they couldn't hide from each other with their bulging trousers. Blushing like boys on a first date, they tacitly acknowledged to each other that they got excited watching little girls showing off their panties.

Some of the girls at Dempster were prissy little things. They probably thought of themselves as little ladies and did everything in their power to keep their lingerie a secret from the world. The bolder girls liked to tease them. The bratty little girls would cue in their friends and round up a few wise-ass little boys to watch as they'd creep up behind one of those unsuspecting prissy girls, grab the hem of her dress and yank it up! The victim would scream and fight to keep her dress down, but everyone would get a great look at everything the poor girl was wearing underneath. Terry and Ian loved those moments. What made it especially exciting was knowing these prissy little girls didn't want anyone to see their frills. And the lingerie they wore always seemed to be so virginal, fresh, crisp and clean -- almost always white, occasionally pink or light blue, and always neat as a pin with conservative little girlish decorations of lace and shiny ribbons. Those were rare moments, but to the boys, seeing any girl's panties was a treat. They never tired of squinting to focus their vision on the leg elastics gripping a girl's thighs that made the panty fabric bind and pucker with every movement. Best of all, they loved to stare at a girl's pouty little "V" and at times were even rewarded with a view of the soft nylon crotch indented deeply into a girlish crack.

The two boys arrived at the courts and sat on the grass. They were in luck. The sophomore girls had just started playing. There were a lot of beautiful girls there with gently swelling tits and eternally long legs that disappeared under those teasingly short, pleated white skirts. Most exciting were windy days because the girls had no chance to modestly keep down their flirty skirts. It was especially troublesome for the girls if they knew some male eyes were watching. The boys would nudge each other in triumph at any particularly exciting panty display, like whenever the girls would leap into the air and serve the ball. Their skirts would fly up and expose the entire backside of their panties because when a girl serves, she can't hold down her skirt because she needs both hands to serve and has no choice but to let her skirts billow out and up as she launches her shot.

Most of the girls were wearing the heavily frilled rhumba panties. This was 1973 and these fancy panties were just becoming popular, but a few of the girls who wore them appeared to be very self-conscious about exposing them as they kept one hand at their side to keep their skirts in place. In the name of fashion, those bashful girls wanted to be wearing the latest gear, even if they were quite embarrassed to do so! To panty fetishists like Terry and Ian, perhaps the only thing more thrilling than seeing rhumba panties was seeing a girl wearing just her regular panties under her short skirt. It was a rare sight, but one the boys hungered for. The wind was gentle but steady on this particular day, just enough to do the trick! The boys sensed it was going to be a good day!

No sooner had the boys settled themselves comfortably on the ground than Ian poked Terry in the side. "Look! Over there," he said as he pointed to one of the girls close by with her back to them. "See? The tall blonde one."

"Nice. She's real nice!"

"But did you see? Did you see?"

"Yeah, I see her," Terry answered.

"No. I mean, did you see her panties? They're pink and they're her regular ones, not the tennis ones."

"No kidding?"

"Yeah, just wait and watch her."

The boys were blest with a slight surge in the wind that sent the girl's skirt swirling at the very moment the girl bent forward to pick up a stray ball.

"Oh, wow!" Terry moaned.

Now breathing audibly, each boy's penis immediately became erect. With a queasy stomach and sweat

instantly appearing on his forehead, each boy reacted by hunching forward to disguise the bulge in his trousers and discreetly used his hands to rearrange his expanding genitals within his tight trousers.

“They are! They are regular panties! Nice ones! Pink! Silky! Some white lace too! God! Great!” Terry needed to verbalize his excitement.

But the unsuspecting boys were unaware that some of the girls were creeping up behind them. In a flash, the girls jumped on them. After a brief struggle, the boys realized that they were overpowered and surrendered to the multitude of soft but strong feminine hands.

“You little peeping Toms! Back again, are you? Have you had a good eyeful?” It was Jill, a beautiful, haughty blonde taking charge. Terry shared a study period with her.

“We're fed up with you perverts getting your kicks by ogling us. Come on, girls, let's take them to the principal's office.”

“Please don't!” pleaded Ian. “We promise not to do it again.”

“Shut up, pervert!” said Muriel, a tall dark haired beauty Ian knew from his math class. “You've got to be punished!”

“We'll do anything,” said Terry, “but please, don't take us to the principal!”

Jill then had second thoughts. “Yeah, if we take them to Carmichael, he'll only bawl them out and not really do anything. I think we should punish them ourselves!”

“Yes. Yes!” Ian agreed. “We'll do anything you say. Carmichael will call our folks. My mom and dad will kill me.”

“You're right,” Jill conceded. “There's nothing in it for us if we turn them in, but if we take care of these creeps ourselves, it just might be fun!”

A few of the girls had a conference off to the side then one shouted out.

“OK,” she said to the boys, “we won't tell Carmichael, but you'll have to do everything we tell you to do, do it immediately, and do it exactly how we tell you to do it!”

The boys were sure it was the lesser of two evils, they agreed.

“We've decided to give you a taste of your own medicine,” said Muriel.

“Get them inside,” she said to the girls holding them down. “Let's see how they like being ogled while

playing tennis. Let's get them all fixed up!"

The boys wondered why they were being taken inside if they were going to be playing tennis, but once they were in the locker room and commanded to strip off all their clothes, they put two and two together and feared they were going to be forced into girls' tennis outfits. Sure they loved to look at the girls in their skimpy costumes, but they had no interest in wearing them! The redness on the boys' faces was increasing by the moment.

The girls let the boys face the wall as they wiggled out of their Jockey shorts. Both boys teared up as each had a pair of arms encircle his legs from behind. Those arms held open saucy pairs of pink rhumba panties for the boys to step into.

"Now, turn around, boys!" Jill commanded. "Let's see how well your panties fit!"

Hunch shouldered and blushing with downcast eyes, the boys inched themselves around to face the grinning girls, and despite their torment, the dominated young boys were becoming sexually aroused. They wouldn't have admitted it to God himself, but the swelling in each boy's panties was proof as his penis pushed outward against the flimsy material, like it was fighting for its freedom. The boys weren't ready to acknowledge their growing excitement but it was obvious to all of the girls. Each boy tried to hide the distortion in the front of his panties, but the girls grabbed their hands and pulled them away.

"We've been waiting for you guys to show up again," Kate told them. "We've been planning this since your last little peeking party. It looks like we got 'em the right size panties."

Kate was the girl they had first noticed when they arrived, the blonde decoy who had bent over right in front of them to expose her fancy non-tennis panties, a sight the girls had correctly guessed would consume the boys' full attention and give them a chance to sneak up on them undetected.

"I guess my little panty show worked. Want another peek?" she asked as she held up her snow white pleated skirt and did a spin to fully expose her frothy pink panties to the awestruck boys.

"Hey, everybody! Girardi is coming!" someone called from the entrance of the locker room. The girls surrounded the boys and held them to the ground. Jill took a couple of pairs of raunchy, heavily soiled panties out of her locker and tossed them to the girls, who immediately stuffed a pair into each boy's mouth while commanding the boys to keep quiet.

Miss Girardi was the gym teacher; however, whenever they had tennis, she pretty much let the girls play on their own. She usually took such opportunities to catch up on her paperwork. Once she entered, she wanted to know what was going on because she had looked out on the courts and saw them half-empty. The girls quickly made up a lie about one of the girls unexpectedly getting her period and soiling herself so they had all raced inside to help he get cleaned up and find some clean clothes that they could loan her. Girardi bought it and left the locker room before discovering the two kidnapped and tightly gagged

boys being held down by several girls in the back aisle of the locker room. And as the girls held down the boys, some of them groped the boys' genitals. Fingers were tickling balls, exploring ass cracks and yanking on each boy's now pulsating erection, if the boys hadn't had their mouths stuffed with dirty panties, they surely would have screamed out as their bodies were repeatedly raped. Just moments after Girardi left, each boy was spurting cum into his panties. The girls cheered.

"Keep it down!" Muriel warned. "Girardi is still just down the hall!"

The boys were pulled up and made to stand before the laughing girls, who were struggling to keep their voices down."

"Holy, shit!" Jill said looking at the boys' glistening wet panties.

"It wasn't supposed to happen like this! Jerking them off in their new panties wasn't our plan! That's hardly a punishment!"

"We can still do everything we planned," Muriel interrupted. "Let's get them some clean panties, put them in dresses and get them out on the court!"

"OK," Jill agreed. "Who has some panties that will fit these miserable little jerk-offs?"

About a dozen girls offered their panties. Jill picked two pairs of pink panties that she determined would fit them, then hustled the boys off to the showers, made them clean themselves up and threw them some towels. When they emerged from the showers, the boys blinked in disbelief as two of the girls advanced toward them holding lacy brassieres.

"Put your arms out, boys. Now!" Muriel shouted, "Or we'll make you play tennis with nothing on under your tennis dresses!"

Both boys complied, tears once again filled their eyes as the girls threaded the brassieres over the boys' arms.

"OK, boys, help each other into your bras!"

Ian didn't want the girls to know just how embarrassed he was, so he struggled to hold back his tears, but Terry shrugged his shoulders and took it much more in stride. He decided to cooperate fully and quickly moved behind Ian to fasten the hooks and eyes at the back of his friend's bra.

Defeated, Ian did the same for Terry, but the recently panty-masturbated boy was overwhelmed; tears leaked down his cheeks. The girls adjusted the boys' bras and stuffed them with dirty panties. All the boys could do was stand there, each in a brassiere. Ian was totally aware of just how foolish he looked. But Terry broke out into a smile. He knew he looked ridiculous, but looking both Ian and himself with

bra-made tits, made him point at his friend and giggle.

The silky nylon panties in the cups of their brassieres tickled their nipples, a teasing but thrilling experience they weren't able to fully appreciate with all those girls staring at them and teasing them. Ever the jokester, Terry suddenly reached out and pinched Ian's nipples through the lacy bra cups!



“Nice tits, Ian!” he laughed.

Ian felt himself blushing heavily.

The girls let out with another raucous round of laughter as they yanked the towels off of the boys’ hips and handed them each a white tennis dress.

Sheepishly, but quickly to hide their nakedness, each boy pulled one of the dresses over his head. As the tennis outfits slid down their bodies and into place, they were aware that the short skirts barely covered their spent balls and penises. The girls zipped the dresses up in back before making the boys sit down to put on ruffled white ankle socks and trim tennis shoes. Fighting to balance themselves on the narrow locker room bench as they put on the shoes and socks, they found it next to impossible not to expose their naked penises so poorly hidden by the extremely short skirts.

“Now, for your panties, boys!”

Ian was very shy. He hated undressing even in front of other boys much less girls, so this whole experience was especially unnerving for him. He gritted his teeth but gladly accepted when the girls offered the boys the panties.

They were about to step into the panties when Jill shouted, “Uh, uh, uh! No! You have to help each other into your panties!”

“Get to it!” Muriel commanded. “Put your pretty panties on, boys.”

Ian felt himself sinking ever deeper into a hellish female prison. He wasn’t moving. Terry reacted by taking the pink panties out of Ian’s hands and stooping down before him.

“Here, step into them, Ian.”

“Turn them around, stupid!” a girl’s voice rang out. “The frills go in the back!”

“You jerks should know that from all the spying on us that you’ve been doing!” another voice yelled out as a few other girls added some cutting comments and crude laughter.

Terry held the panties open correctly by Ian’s feet. In a daze, Ian stepped into them, and then he felt Terry pulling them up his legs until they were snugly pulled up high under his skirt -- the panties trapping his genitals.

“All the girls will love these on you,” Terry said still in a bit of a joking mood as he let go of the waistband of Ian’s pale pink panties with a resounding snap.

Ian looked at him in disdain.

“Just trying to make the best of this,” Terry said throwing his hands up.

Ian remained distant. To further break through to him, Terry whipped up the back of Ian’s skirt to expose the ruffles to the jeering girls. Ian turned and tried to pull it back down, but Terry quickly took one hand and pulled up Ian’s skirt in front. As he held it up for all the girls to see, he grabbed Ian’s cock and began rubbing it through the silky panties. Terry was laughing wildly. Ian was shocked that his friend would touch him like that, but then became doubly embarrassed because he could feel his dick hardening to Terry’s touch.

“Stop it, Terry!” he screamed as he tried to fight him off. He struggled. Now he had some idea how those prissy little girls at the Dempster School felt when their pantied privates were exposed for everyone to see.

“Having fun, girls?” sneered Jill. “It figures that you’re a couple of queers. You’ll have time for that later. Right now, it’s game time.”

“Ian get those panties on Terry and let’s get going.”

Ian was happy to pull the pink panties out of Terry’s hands and stoop down to help him into them. At Terry’s feet in his hunched over position, Ian wanted everything to go fast, to surcease this most humiliating day of his life.

Ian looked away as he hoisted the panties up Terry’s legs, trying to avoid even a fleeting glimpse of his friend’s genitals. Terry didn’t help him one bit. Instead, he was still playing the clown as he wiggled his hips into the panties and scooted down as Ian pulled them up tight.

With an audible “Whew!” Terry made eyes at the girls like he was in heaven. And he was!

The boys were pulled out of the locker room and down to the courts. Ian was immediately aware of the breeze lifting his skirt. The girls giggled as they watched his struggles. The boys were given tennis rackets

and told to start playing. Ian was to serve first. As he prepared to serve, the girls lay on the grass along side the court, well positioned to see the boys' panties up their little skirts.

"Serve!" shouted Muriel.

Ian had to momentarily take his hands off of his windswept skirt to toss the ball in the air and hit it with his racket. For the girls' entertainment, the wind was cooperating with a brisk breeze that lifted Ian's skirt well above his waist. All around, his panties were completely revealed; especially noticeable was the unfeminine stiff penis poking up in the front of his panties. Laughter and catcalls greeted his serve.

"Nice panties, Ian!" one girl yelled.

"Ian, wait until I tell all the girls how prettily you wear your panties!" another one screamed out as her friend yelled, "Hey, girly boy, what's that bulge in the front of your panties?"

Ian had managed to serve, but hardly surprising, he was in no condition to play. Worried that passersby would notice him, he missed almost every ball Terry sent over the net. As play continued, he was horrified to feel his cock continue to harden! By the fourth serve, it was like a little tent-pole in his panties. This fact was not lost on the watching girls.

"I say, look at that," Jill said. "My panties turn him on! What a pervert!"

Others noticed and didn't spare him.

"What a sissy! He likes wearing girls' panties!"

"Do you want to be a pretty girl, Ian? Would you like Terry to kiss you and make love to you?"

The girls howled with laughter.

"Stop fooling around and play the game, or you'll have to have a cum fight with Terry!"

Ian had heard of cum fights, although he had never seen one. He was always sure they were all bullshit. After all, what kind of boy would grab another boy's crotch in a fight and try to make him cum? Who could buy into such stories, where the victor would sit astride the loser, undo the loser's flies and then slip his hand inside? And if the victim would get a hard on, his tormentor would hold him down, stroke his cock and make him cum! The thought of having a cum-fight with Terry scared the hell out of him. Surely, the girls were just teasing! Still just the thought of it made him lose all concentration on the game. He ended up losing miserably.

Next thing he knew, the girls formed a circle around them and led them off of the court and out onto the grass.

“OK, listen, boys!” Jill called out. “Now you know what it feels like to have people staring up your skirt while you're trying to play tennis. We hope you learned a lesson, but we're not finished with you just yet! Terry won the game, but Ian you have a chance to even the score because now we want you two boys to wrestle, and the whole point of the game is to see which one of you can pin the other one down and fully expose his panties. So, Ian, let's see if you have any luck keeping your skirts down in this contest.

Ian was devastated. Terry was weakening but tried to pretend like that the girls weren't getting to him. The boys knew all those girls could easily overpower them again, so they knew they had no choice but to fight.

Terry got right into the spirit of it. He immediately started grabbing at Ian's skirt, trying to flip it up and give the girls what they were waiting for — a good look at Ian's panties. Ian was defending himself valiantly because he dreaded exposing his half-erect penis, which continued to make a humiliating display of itself within those stretchy panties. Since Ian was so concerned about his embarrassment, he wasn't concentrating on fighting, and even though he was bigger and stronger than Terry, his lack of concentration cost him points. Terry had repeatedly succeeded in pulling Ian's skirt right up around his waist. Then he flipped Ian around, unzipped his friend's dress and yanked it over his head, leaving him naked except for his frilly pink panties embarrassingly tented up by his small erection. In frustration, Ian lunged at Terry and both of the boys tumbled to the ground. The girls loved it. Poor Ian hated every minute of it. He willed his penis to go down, but it only seemed to get bigger!

“Cum fight! Cum fight!” a few girls started shouting. Then an increasing number of them joined in. As the boys wrestled, Ian's increasing fear made him go wild, throwing punches, grabbing and pulling in every which way. Ian managed to tear the skirt off of Terry's dress, but Terry didn't seem to mind. Terry's cooler approach gave him the upper hand. All of a sudden, he soon overpowered Ian and pinned him to the ground, straddling his chest. He moved his body up, and pinned Ian's arms with his knees. Ian was aware of Terry's bulging pink panties only inches from his face. Terry looked down at Ian, smirking.

“All right, sissyboy! You've had a hard-on ever since you got into those panties, so seeing how girls' panties turn you on, let's have a good look at you!”

“Can you all see Ian's hard little penis in his pretty pink panties girls?”

Ever since the boys had undressed each other, the girls had been chanting, “We can see your panties!”



We can see your panties!” Then one of the girls shouted, “Hey, Terry, feel Ian's little dickie!” Another girl quickly added, “Cock fight! Cock fight!” And then all the girls were calling for a cock fight.

Terry was treating all this like a crazy game! He placed his hand on the front of Ian's nylon panties and began to fondle him. Ian gasped and struggled in horror, kicking his legs and bucking his body, trying to unseat Terry. But, his struggles were in vain. Terry was in the dominant position and the girls were egging him on. He had an incredible feeling of power. He was enjoying looking down at Ian's crying eyes while playing with his cock in panties! At this moment, Terry was definitely the stronger. Ian's struggles became weaker, allowing Terry's fingers to go to work on his cock. Ian was moaning in sexual ecstasy. Terry didn't have to hold him down any longer. Now the boys sat side-by-side as Terry jerked off his pantied friend. The girls went quiet as they realized Terry was trying to get Ian to spurt. What a sight! Two boys dressed in girls' pink panties, the one playing with the pantied penis of the other!

“Give me some more panties, girls!” shouted Terry. “Give me some dirty panties!”

Three of the girls slipped their panties down and gave them to Terry, who dangled a pair over Ian's nose, a yellow pair.

“Look, Ian, nice yellow girls' panties. You are a weak little sissyboy, and sissyboys should wear girls' panties all the time!”

“Please, Terry, please no! Please let me go,” pleaded Ian.

“Shut up!” ordered Terry as he began to stuff pair after pair of the panties into Ian's mouth.

“He's gagging Ian with my panties!” squealed Muriel. “How exciting!” Ian's pleas were soon muffled as the acrid tasting panties filled his mouth.

“Now, you keep those panties in your mouth or I'll beat the shit out of you, sissyboy!” Terry warned

“Yes, Terry, make sure sissy Ian always wears panties!”

Terry knelt beside Ian and once again began to play with his friend's cock. It was fully erect. Terry smiled. He was in control. Ian had given up. Terry knew he could dress Ian in panties any time he wanted and then make him cum.

“He's really hard, girls,” Terry reported. “I think it's the thought of wearing pretty pink panties! Well, let's not disappoint him.”

He continued to fondle Ian's cock with his left hand as he taunted him, “One day, you'll beg me to dress you in girls' panties, beg me to make you spurt in your panties!”

As the sexual tension escalated, the girls became less raucous. Ian could hear their comments as they giggled and whispered to each other.

“These boys are panty faggots! I never thought I'd see such a sight! Boys in pink panties! Wow!”

The panties filling Ian's mouth stifled his pleas for mercy. He was seeing a side of Terry that he never could have imagined. It was like his longtime friend was enjoying all this! Terry continued to exercise his power as he slid the silky panties back and forth over Ian's cock, only to repeat the whole process over and over again.

“You're a sissy, aren't you, Ian? You like to wear girls' pink panties! Sissy's panties! Everyone's looking at you in your pink panties, Ian, and we can all see your little cock inside the panties. How pathetic it looks, but it seems to be quite excited. Is that because it knows it belongs in girls' panties? You belong in girls' frilly things, don't you? You love the feel of silky things on your cock, don't you? I'm playing with your cock now, and there's nothing you can do about it. I'm going to make you cum in these pink panties for all these nice girls to see!”

With thumb and index finger, Terry stroked the head of Ian's cock, which twitched with excitement. Ian moaned through his panty gag. This was so humiliating, but his sexual excitement was overwhelming. Then Terry bunched up the front of Ian's panties, making a silky tunnel, which he slid up and down over the boy's erect penis. Then he paused. To his delight, Ian was already committed to cumming, humiliated or not. Ian's pelvis began to thrust forward, pushing his cock in and out of the nylon tunnel. He was a goner! Terry competently tickled, fondled and squeezed Ian's genitals through the pink panties. Spasms of pleasure raced through the boy's loins. He was going to cum in the pink panties; he knew it; everybody knew it! His whole body shuddered as his climax began to overwhelm him. His penis pulsed in Terry's fingers, and then it began spurting into the panties, shooting out with such force that droplets shot through the panties and into the air. The front of the panties turned to a darker pink and the flow of cum bubbled through the slick nylon, saturating the front of the delightfully girlish garment. The girls cheered, and Terry held his fists aloft in triumph.

Ian closed his eyes as the final throws of his orgasm resounded throughout his body. He fell back on the ground. Breathing heavily, he thought it was over and they'd let him up so he could get out of those humiliating wet panties and go home, but when he opened his eyes, he was shocked to see Terry climbing up on his chest. Terry pulled his own penis out of the leg opening of his panties and brushed it up against Ian's lips. Ian firmly kept his mouth closed, but Terry reached behind himself and pinched Ian on the ultra-sensitive tip of his penis. As Ian screamed out, Terry pushed forward embedding his dick in Ian's open mouth.

The girls gasped with glee. Terry's penis had been well primed; he needed only a few forced strokes deep into Ian's mouth to send him over the edge and jettison its load, regardless whether or not Ian wanted it or was ready for it!

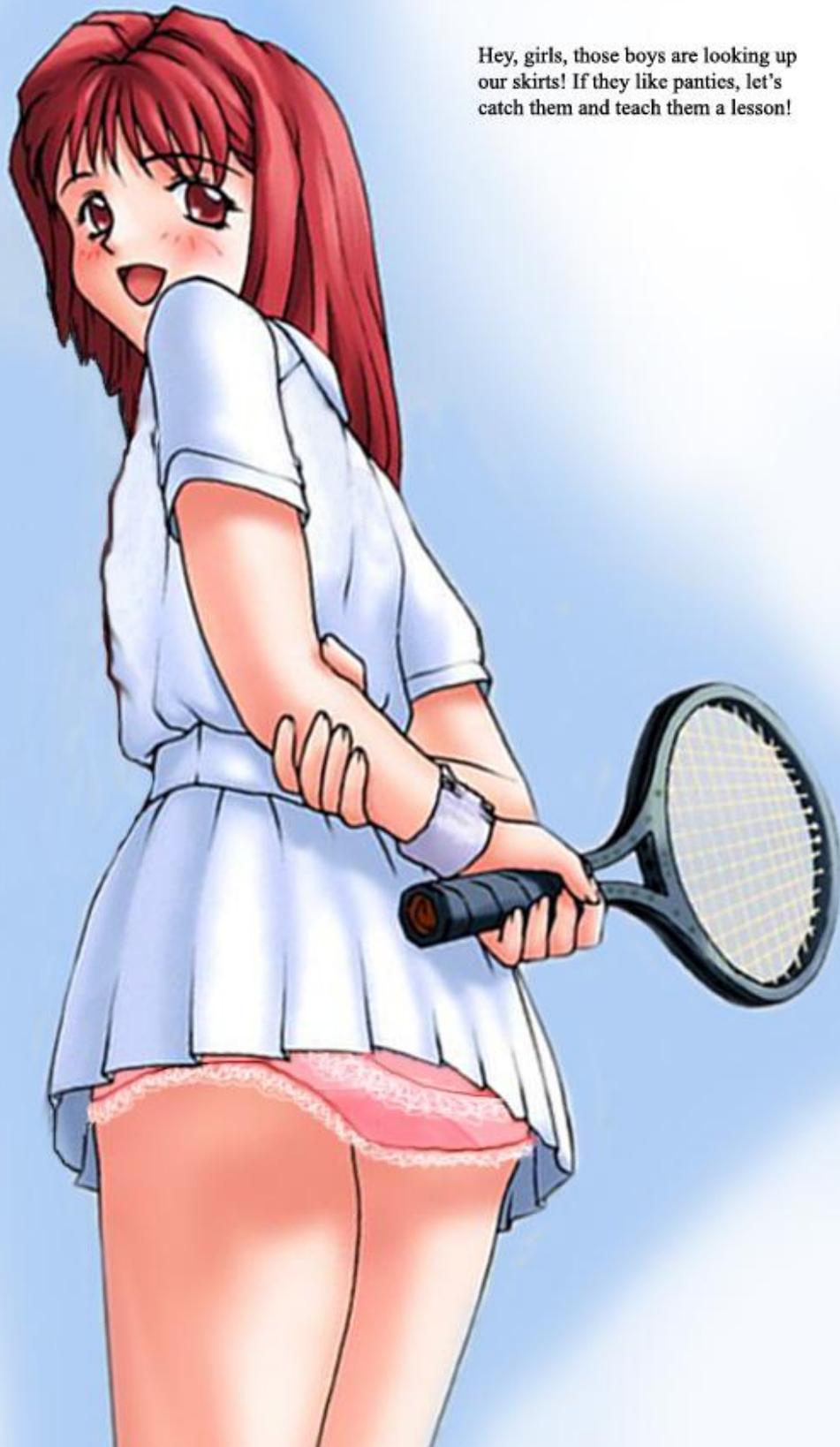
The girls were now all hovering around the boys; a close-up lesson in male sexual habits was a lesson not soon to be forgotten. They all stared at the two deflating, twitching cocks, one in Ian's mouth, and the other in Ian's sodden pink panties.

But the girls were still angry with the peeping Tom boys, Terry as well as Ian. One girl spoke up and told how she knew that they liked to spy on the little girls at the Dempster School. Soon the girls were planning on taking the boys over to Dempster after classes so they could humiliate them in front of the sexually precocious little angels.

The boy's ordeal was just beginning!

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Hey, girls, those boys are looking up
our skirts! If they like panties, let's
catch them and teach them a lesson!



Ian was very apprehensive about being dressed in the tennis outfit, but Terry's mischievous grin let the girls know that he was enjoying it!





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All the news you need to be panty wasted

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time between Landromat
dressing up and jerkin

LIFESTYLE

Pantied boy shake: up swimming pool

SHAKER HEIGHTS, OH: Johnny Mizwicki loves to go swimming but didn't bring a bathing suit during a recent visit with his aunt and girl cousins.

And when he found out they were all going to the Masillon County pool, Johnny didn't want to miss out, so he agreed to wear a pair of his cousin's fancy blue panties in place of a suit, much to the chagrin of one old bitch doing the breast stroke.

Johnny didn't think it was a big deal (and from the picture you can see Johnny is no big deal), but that old bitch (a conservative republican I'm sure) got angry and wanted the boy ejaculated from the pool.

An ad hoc committee was selected on the spot, and after a detailed inspection of the boy's panty swimsuit – they even measured him for modesty, they checked the pool rules to see which one they could say he was violating before slipping him out the back exit.



SPORTS



Girl terrorized as boys play game with her br

NORMAL, IL: A 12-year-old girl became highly distraught when she came home to find her 10-year-old brother and his friends playing blind man's bluff with one of her padded bras.

The boy, claiming he had no idea what a bra was, said they got it out of the laundry hamper, and it was the only thing they could find for use as a blindfold.

HEALTH



Judge dismisses suit tells parents raise boy with tiny penis as a gi

JACKSON HOLE, WY: Judge Dick A. Lott told a young couple they could not sue their obstetrician who had said their unborn baby would be a girl.

At a pretrial hearing, the judge viewed the boy's genitals and ultrasound pictures as evidence, and said that since the boy's penis was so tiny, it was not possible to see it on the ultrasound and not enough evidence to sue. And since the boy has such an embarrassingly small penis, he recommended raising the boy as a girl!

HEADLINES

Searching for WMD: U.S. discovers new weapon: panties!

WASHINGTON, DC: The Bush administration claims it found definitive proof of Iraq's weapons of mass destruction and connections to international terrorists groups.



The President pointed to two recent victories as proof: Soldiers stopped three men looting the Baghdad Wal-Mart of stacks of frilly panties, and in Basra in southern Iraq, troops searched and arrested a known terrorist (pictured above), who was wearing suicide panties.

In the wake of the U.S. failure to find traditional WMD, these recent victories in the war on terror come as welcome news to the President, who is desperate for success. He could barely contain himself as he revealed to reporters new intelligence exposing this latest type of WMD that terrorists were planning to use to turn American, British and allied men into faggots and sissies.

"Pantywaist terrorists have developed a new way to destroy our fighting men, a truly horrific threat because our boys would have a hard time fighting off panty attacks that they are totally unprepared to deal with. We don't let queers – I mean gays – in the military, and we don't want any pantywaists either.

"Just think of it: If we had a bunch of panty fags in our ranks, the enemy would only have to shoot off a volley of fancy panties into the air to make our boys drop their guns and go looking for a quiet place to play their sick little panty games. It's the most devious attack we may ever have to face."

Just then Laura Bush entered with their twin daughters in the shortest panty flashing tennis skirts this reporter has ever seen and reminded the president that it was time to go watch their girls play tennis; something George W says relaxes him, and as you know, the family that plays together stays together!

As they walked out of the oval office, the president thanked one of his aides who had handed him a pair of binoculars and a big, heavily soiled ten-gallon cowboy hat.

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

**Only Minor Injuries: Laundry Basket Sav
Life of Window Peeker's 3rd Floor Fall**

Sissy Bankrupt After Panty-Buying Spr

**100-Year-Old Pervert Says Sniffing Dirty
Panties and Daily Wank Secret to Long L**

**Hospitalized Fag with Panties Up His Ass
Says He has No Idea How They Got Up The**

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