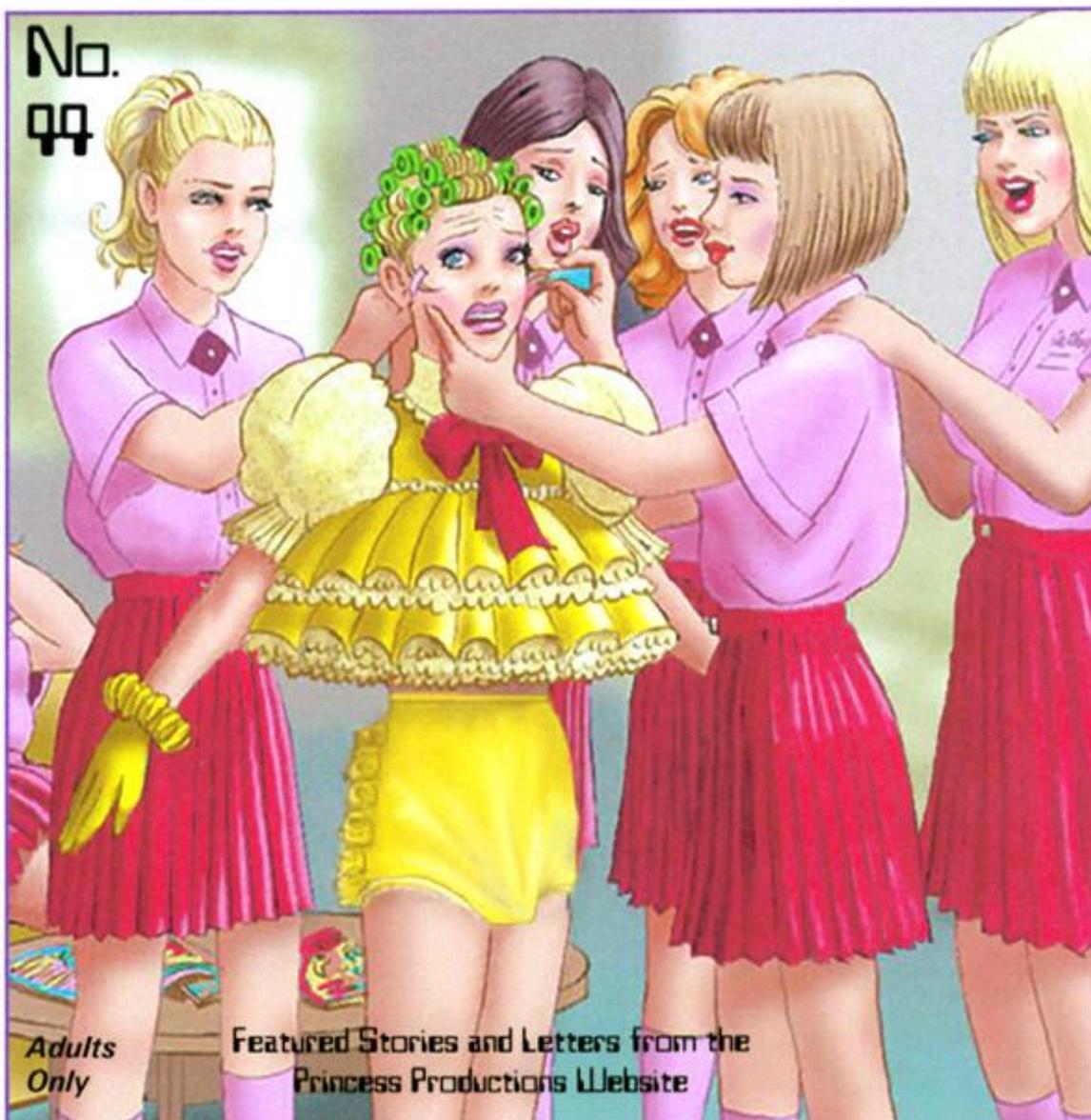


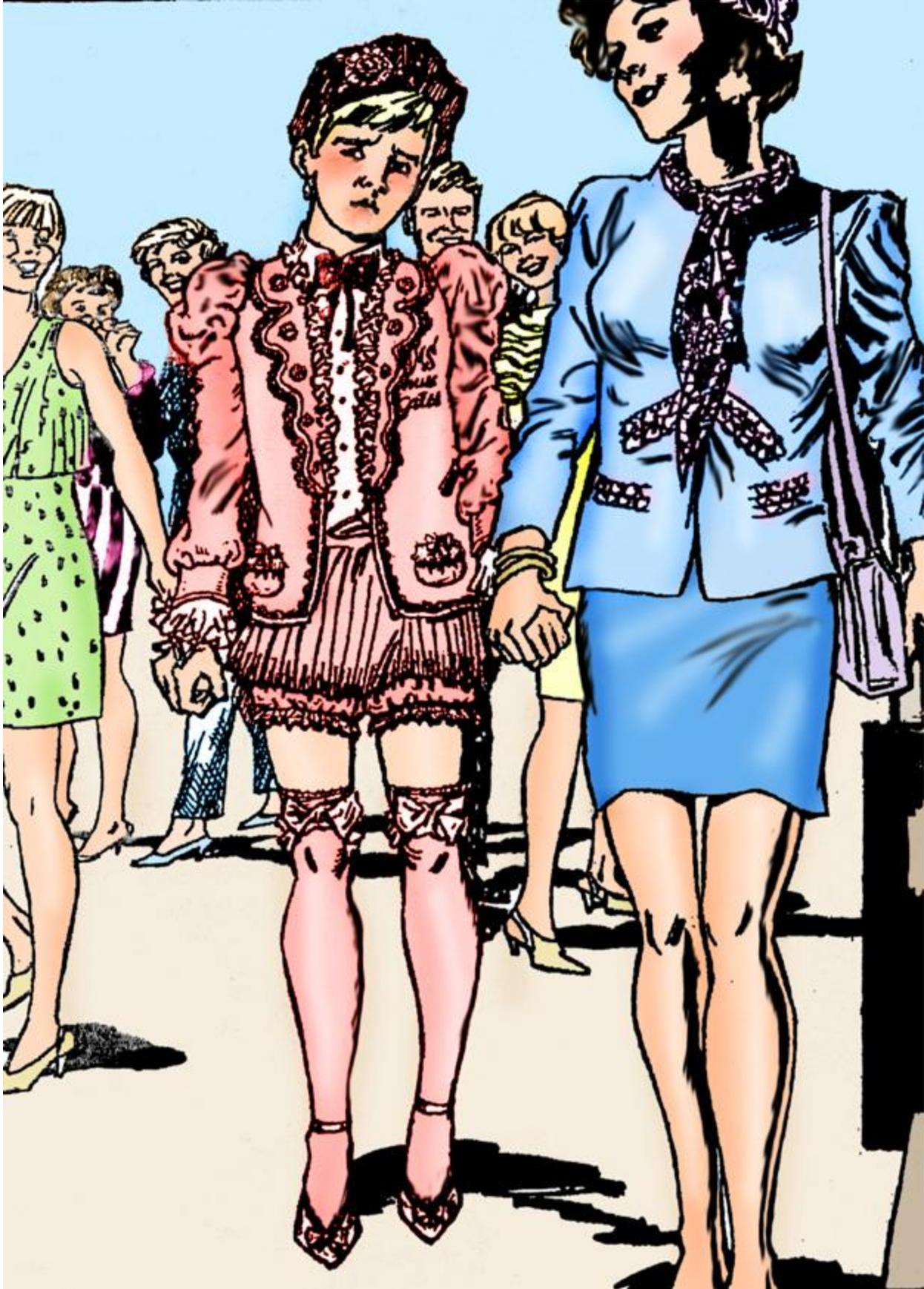
Princess Online



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

Since 1991

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.

Juan Sole drew the original version of the picture shown here for the book "Schooled with Girls #2"; however, Carole Jean had the legendary petticoat punishment artist Barbara Jean create another version of that drawing showing the humiliated boy dressed in typical BJ style with a lot of frills and old-fashioned bloomers.

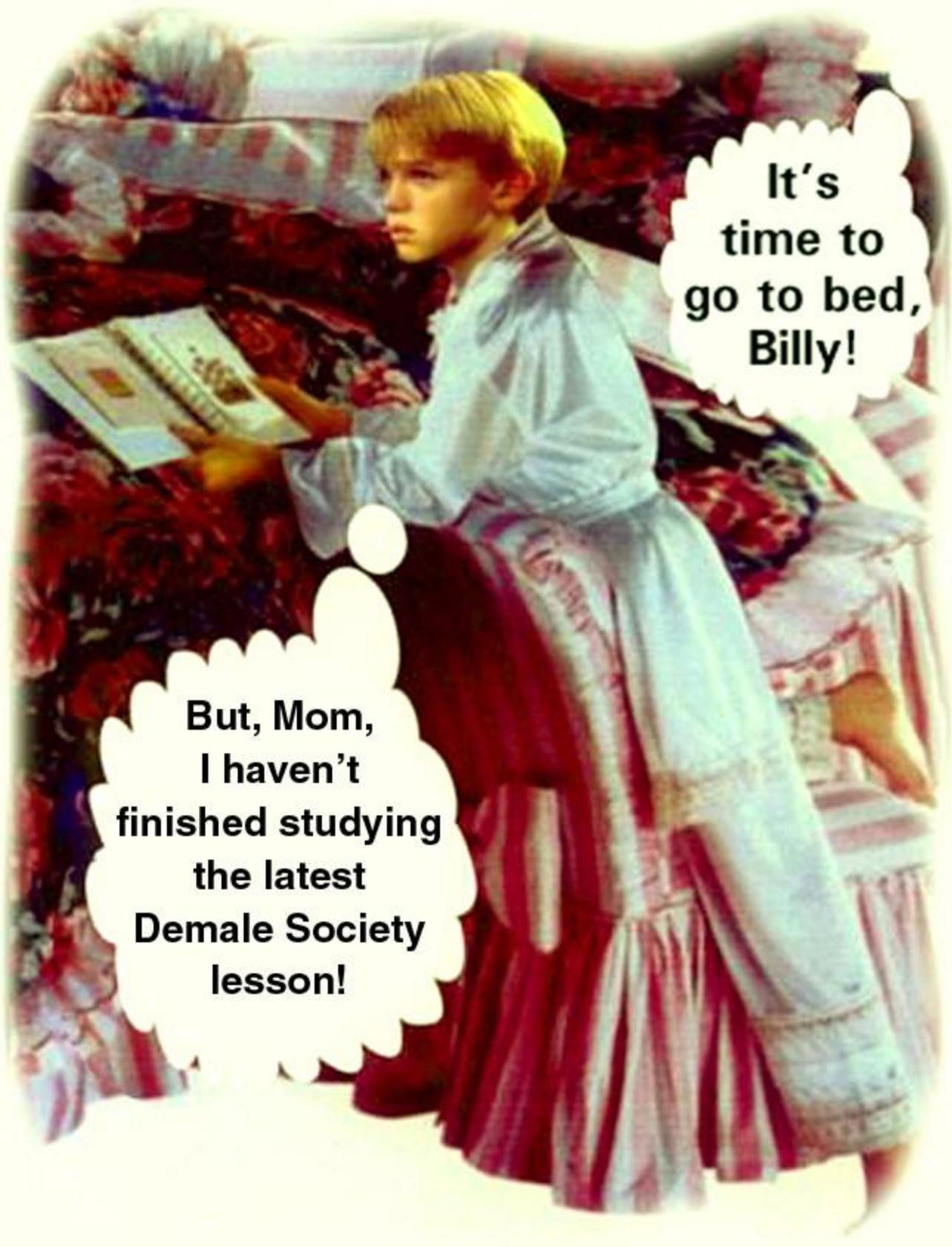
All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits and girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. The most distinctive feature of Carole Jean's books is the abundance of artwork. She has 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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**It's
time to
go to bed,
Billy!**

**But, Mom,
I haven't
finished studying
the latest
Demale Society
lesson!**

Watchdoggie!

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

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

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

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Pleasing his Sisters

Some boys have no compunction about doing most anything to please their sisters.
For this boy, dressing up in a fancy dress is just part a being a good brother!

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The drawing here is from Artboyz. We "Princessized" (modified) the drawing a bit for this story. The Fabulous Tasha is the original artist and a gorgeous beauty. Go to her website by clicking here <http://www.fabuloustasha.com/TashHome.html> and you'll see dozens of her great drawings and dozens of her exotic tranny photos.

Danny's Shopping Surprise

For a birthday present, Lola took her son shopping at Baronson's for new clothes. As they walked into the store, they saw Andrea walking toward them.

"Hi, Lola! It's been way too long!"

"Hi, Andrea! It has been a long time, but you haven't changed at all! You're as beautiful as ever!"

The two women hugged and chatted excitedly as they exchanged compliments. Over the years they had grown apart as their lives evolved in different directions since their high school days, but they did keep in touch. And they were getting together now because Lola had called her old friend and explained the problems she was having with her son. Andrea was ready to help.

"Andrea, I want you to meet my son. This is Danny, the birthday boy; he'll be twelve next Wednesday," she said as she pushed him in front of her.

"Hi, Danny. I'm an old friend of your mother's. She told me so much about you."

The boy nodded and shook her hand.

"I like, his hair," Andrea said as she touched his curls. "I think boys in long hair are so-o-o-o cute."

"Danny, Andrea is the manager of the girls and women's wear department for the store. She's going to help us pick out some new clothes for you."

"And I'm more than happy to do it, plus I can get you the employee discount. Danny, your mother tells me you've been a little hellion lately and I suggested a change in wardrobe would help to make you more tractable."

Danny had no idea what 'hellion' and 'tractable' meant. He knew he was in the doghouse for fighting with a neighbor girl and giving her a black eye, but he wasn't sure if that is what this woman was talking about.

"By the way, Lola, we're giving free makeovers today. I have a little more work to do, and while you're getting a makeover, I can finish up and then join you," she said smiling down at Danny and pointing

toward the cosmetics department. "Come on, it'll be fun."

"Danny, you don't mind waiting while I get a makeover, do you? It shouldn't take long."

Feeling outnumbered and out of place, he answered, "No, I don't mind, Mom."

"Thanks, sweetie. You can sit over there and watch Mommy get prettied up," she said pointing to a set of chairs between the cosmetic and lingerie departments.

Danny settled into one of the chairs and became increasingly self-conscious as he tried to be inconspicuous in this totally female environment. All he could do was wait and watch as the pert young clerk worked on his mother with a full array of cosmetics, a troublesome reminder of his recent problem. Kathy and a group of her girlfriends had been holding him down and trying to put makeup on him when he fought them off and gave Kathy that black eye. He was glad when his mother was finished. The clerk had done a great job. His mother looked like she was ready for a hot date. Andrea soon returned and she led Danny and his mother to the girls' lingerie department.

Andrea stopped next to a counter full of bras and panties and announced, "Danny, let's start out by getting you some new underwear."

Standing in the middle of the girls' lingerie department, Danny had a look of horror on his face as the woman smiled at him and fingered some of the panties on the counter. He was sure she was joking, suggesting they buy him girls' underwear, but something about the sneering grin on her face told him she wasn't joking. He turned to get away from her, but his mother was there to block him.

With a firm grip on his arm, Andrea said, "Now, Danny, you're going to love this! And you'll look so pretty in lacy lingerie. Just look at you! With your long curly hair, if I didn't know you were a boy, I could easily mistake you for a girl."

She was right. Danny often was mistaken for a girl. He liked his long hair, but with his slim body, fair complexion and delicate features, he did look very girlish. In fact that was the reason he got into that fight with Kathy and the neighbor girls. They were teasing him about looking like a girl and holding him down while they tried to put some makeup on him. So now he figured it out. This shopping trip was to punish him for that.

Lola grabbed her son by the arm, "Come with us!"

Danny soon found himself in a dressing room with the two giggling women. They chattered excitedly as they ignored his pleas to stop as they stripped him of all his clothes and put them in a bag. Without explanation, they left him naked and alone in the dressing room, only to return a few minutes later.

"Put these on," his mother said as she handed him a silky pair of pink lace panties.

"No," he screamed, as he refused to take the panties. "I'm a boy! I can't wear those!"

Andrea was skilled in handling young boys. She held him tightly from behind and then reached around and viciously grabbed his small penis and balls, startling the boy. His mother laughed at his horror-stricken expression as she approached him with the panties.

In the middle of the sentence, "No! Don't ...!" Danny wilted. No one had ever touched the eleven-year-old boy there before. He was in shock, and his mother took the opportunity to lift up and insert each of his feet into the panties. He could only groan and meekly protest as his mother slid the panties up his thin thighs. Andrea released his genitals, so his mother could hoist the lacy panties up around his waist.

Defeated and degraded, he wanted to run out of there but feared having anyone else see him dressed like that. He began striking out at both women, hitting at them and pushing them away, but they quickly subdued him as Andrea put an iron grip on his panty-covered balls and his mother repeatedly slapped him across his face. And when he stopped fighting, Andrea released her grip on his genitals, and that's when his mother brought her knee up to his crotch with a savage blow. Danny collapsed to the floor in extreme pain. No one had ever kneed him in the groin before, and he instantly hoped no one would ever do it again. The pain totally disabled him. After a few moments, the two women pulled him up on his feet. Still shaky, he didn't resist as Andrea steadied him and his mother held open a pink satin half-slip for him to step into. As it was pulled up his legs, every nerve in his little body was tingling. Then she added a matching pink lace camisole. His penis was small but it stood out hard and erect. Andrea felt his cock as she smoothed out the front of the half-slip, a mischievous smile lit up her face.

"Lola, look!" she said, as she pulled up the slip to expose Danny's hard-on. "Look, he loves his new lingerie; all his screaming and crying are just a front. He's putting on an act. He's afraid we'll think he's a sissy." Kissing him on his blushing cheek, she added, "Honey you're not a sissy. Only limp-wristed boys prancing around in dresses and panties are sissies. You're a girl – or soon going to be a girl. Mommy's little girl! And you're going to be a pretty one!"

Then changing gears, she said, "But little girls don't have these nasty things in their panties!" as she snapped the head of his penis hard with the tips of her fingers.

The pain shot through Danny like a lightning bolt and made him yell in pain.

"Hold up your arms, sweetie," his mother said.

Andrea lowered a red plaid country-style dress over his head and arms. It had a full skirt and puff sleeves with a white lace collar and eight tiny buttons that the women quickly fastened. After adding white knee socks and black Maryjane shoes, Danny looked like the perfect little girl. The dress hung to the middle of his knees leaving a small space between the hem of his dress and the tops of his knee high socks. Danny could feel the hem of the dress tickling his legs.

“Fabulous!” Andrea said. “See, didn’t I tell you he’d make a lovely girl? So let’s go celebrate. We’ll go out to eat, OK? Danny, what’s your favorite place to eat?”

Danny caught sight of himself in a wall mirror. He just stared. He did look like a girl!

Since he was speechless, his mother answered, “He loves pizza.”

“Good, we’ll all go out for pizza,” Andrea said, “and then we can go over to my house. I’ve picked out a large selection of clothes from the store and we can have Danny try them all on so we pick out things for his new wardrobe. Then we’ll have a little pajama party and you can spend the night.”

At the pizza parlor, Lola and Andrea laughed heartily while Danny sat quietly. Overcome with embarrassment, he hardly ate anything. At Andrea’s house the two women had Danny try on dozens of outfits and a wide assortment of accessories. They had to repeatedly threaten him with further abuse to his genitals, a pain he didn’t want to revisit, so he cooperated. When they were finished, Andrea produced a yellow baby doll nightie with matching panties.

“Here, put these on,” she said as the women removed Danny’s new clothes, slid the baby doll top over his head and made him step into the matching yellow panties. To the music of his moaning, sniffing and whimpering, Andrea stroked his thin little body through the silky folds of the nightie. “Beautiful!” she exclaimed.

Noticing his hard on, she squealed, “Oops! That naughty little thing of yours has popped up again!” Once again, she sharply snapped the end of it with the tips of her fingers. Pain shot through Danny and caused him to cry.

“Please, Mom, I want to go home!”

But instead he was locked in the guest bedroom where he was left to cry himself to sleep. The two women shared the master bedroom and reawakened the intimate relationship that they shared when they were in high school together.

In the morning, they dressed the boy in an outrageously frilly yellow dress with tiers and tiers of lace and ruffles. It was so short that his equally frilly yellow satin panties were left in full view. They all returned to Danny’s house, and he stayed in the car as the two women packed up all his clothes and boy toys and put them in plastic bags to be donated to charity. With the frilly clothes effectively imprisoning him, they knew he wouldn’t try to run away. When they returned to the car, he was lying across the floor in the back seat so passersby wouldn’t be able to see him. The women admonished him messing up his pretty clothes and made him get back in the seat and sit himself down properly.

“Mom! I can’t stay like this! What if everybody around here finds out? And I can’t go to school as a girl.

Please, I'll be good. I won't bother the girls when they tease me. Please, don't give away my clothes!"

Lola put her arms around her son. "Honey, Mommy knows the kids at your school would tease you, so aunt Andrea and I have already taken care of that."

Hope filled his heart.

"Danielle – that's going to be your new name – you're going to start attending St. Martha's with all your little girlfriends."

"Mom! That's an all-girls' school!" Danny complained as his face reddened.

"Now don't you worry your pretty little head over it. We told the principal all about your desire to become a fully developed little girl. The principal said the nuns would look forward to helping you be one of the girls."

Horror stricken, Danny cried, "Mother I never said I wanted anything like that!"

She kissed him, smiled and replied, "No, dear, you didn't, but your actions tell us you want to be a girl. With the way you like to keep your hair long and curly, you know most people think you're a girl when they first see you. If it bothered you that much, you could have gotten it cut, but you didn't. And the way you act! You walk with a wiggle and sit like a wuss. And you're such a wimp. You don't like sports or most anything else boys like. You hang around the house, and when you do go out, most of your friends are girls and other wimpy boys. So, it's obvious, you do want to be a girl, and we're going to see to it that your dream comes true."

After loading the plastic bags in the car, they went to the Goodwill store and deposited all his things at the drop-off counter.

Andrea said, "Just a few blocks from here, there's a new young girls' boutique. I understand they carry the required school uniforms, and I'm sure they have a great selection of young girls' lingerie, more modern things than what we carry at our store. Why don't we go and complete Danielle's wardrobe?"

Danny's mother agreed, saying they needed the uniforms and wanted to get them from a place that would properly tailor them to her son. "None of this off the hanger stuff," she said.

Danny knew there was no sense in fighting; he only hoped this was all temporary and that they'd change their minds. But no such luck. Before he knew it, they were walking in the door of the new boutique.

"May I help you, ladies?" asked a tall lady with a bright smile. She struggled to hold back her laughter when she saw Danny dressed in his outrageously frilly yellow outfit.

"Yes. I understand you sell school uniforms, and this young lady needs to be completely outfitted. She'll be attending St. Martha's."

The woman led them to a fitting room. She held the door open for Danielle and said, "Honey, go in there and strip to your panties and camisole, and when you are ready, let us know, and I'll come and take your measurements."

Danny striped down to his camisole and panties. "I'm ready," he mumbled as he felt his face get red for the hundredth time within the last twenty-four hours.

As the saleslady took his measurements, she noticed the bulge in his panties. Smiling, she said, "I'll be right back with some uniforms for him ... oh, I'm sorry, I mean, her! I do apologize. It's just that, uh, I've never seen a boy ... a boy in lingerie before, and with him in that condition," she said blushing as she pointed to his developing erection.

"It, uh, just kind of surprised me. But I do admit, I like it! More little boys should be kept in panties. I'm sure they'd behave themselves much better."

It was a very short wait until the lady returned with a selection of uniforms in the school colors of red and pale purple. She helped him try them on one by one: a pleated skirt, a straight skirt, and a jumper all in red with tailored light purple blouses.

When they returned home, Danny ran from the car to the house, hoping the neighbors couldn't see him, but as he entered the house, a loud round of cheers greeted him. His mother had called Kathy, the girl he had fought with, and arranged to have her and her friends there waiting for him. They all attended St. Martha's and were all in their bright red pleated skirt uniforms, pleated skirts, purple blouses, knee-high stockings and low-heeled shoes. The girls were pawing over him like he was a life-size doll.

Danny's mother said, "Girls, Andrea and I have to run a few errands. Would you girls take care of little Danielle while we're out? We'll be gone for one to two hours."

With a large smile, the girls assured her that they'd be delighted to take care of "Danielle;" just saying the boy's feminized name made them break out into a fresh fit of rollicking laughter.

A moment later, his mother kissed him on the forehead, "See you in a bit. Now be good and do whatever these nice girls tell you to do. I expect a good report when we get back!"

As soon as they were alone, the girls ravished Danny. They inspected every inch of his outfit and couldn't stop feeling him up through his panties and lingerie. They gave him the full girl treatment, putting makeup on him and putting his hair up in curlers. Then they undressed him down to his lacy panties and camisole.

Then Kathy and the girls took off their own clothes, all except their panties. Danny was bug eyed taking in the sight of so many beautiful girls so scantily dressed. As the girls fondled him, Kathy got on the floor before him and began to methodically rub his penis within his soft nylon panties. At first he tried to stop her, but it felt so good, he had no will to fight off her advances. His penis stood erected as she stroked it. Gently she eased his penis out of the legband of his panties and sucked it into her warm mouth, gently twirling it around her wet tongue. His boy semen exploded in her mouth. He had never had an emission before and it greatly confused him. It was the most wonderful feeling he ever had, but he was terrorized too as he felt like his whole insides were exploding out through his little penis. He fell back into a chair and just lay there in sexual ecstasy. But the girls kept touching him, and Kathy came up to his face, kissed him full on the lips and deposited his own semen into his mouth. He had no idea what she was putting in his mouth, but he drank it down without question. Little girls' fingers ticked his balls, pinched his nipples and even forced their way up his asshole. He became erect once again, and this time the girls took turns sucking on him and manipulating his penis. Finally, still angled out of the side of his panties, his penis was aimed upward, and when he shot his cum, it flew all the way up on his chest. Some even hit him in the face. They all thought it was hilarious; even Danny laughed. Sexually drained, he was led off to bed, and that's how the two women found him when they returned home from their errands.

As the girls left, Kathy asked Danny's mother if her new daughter could join them in their sleepovers that the girls had almost once every week.

Danny's Mom said, "That sounds like a find idea, but do you think Danielle is ready for something like that?"

"Mrs. Powell, I assure you 'she' is!"

Danny's mother had to wake him up for dinner. She told him that Kathy and the girls wanted him to join them when they had sleepovers, and she asked him if he'd like to do that. Wondering how much the girls had told her about what they had done with him, he sheepishly told his mother that he now considered Kathy a good friend and he'd do it if they invited him.

Danny's mother was delighted. She liked having him as a daughter. Then she sprang the next surprise on him.

"Andrea gave me a referral and we made an appointment for you to see a nice doctor. You'll like her."

"Why do I need to see a doctor, Mom?"

"She's going to help you develop completely into a pretty little girl."

"But I'm a boy. How can a doctor do that?"

"Would you like to be a real girl, just like Kathy and her friends?"

"Oh, I don't know, mother. Will it hurt?"

"Oh, with what doctors can do these days, I doubt it would hurt very much."

"I might be afraid, mother."

"Well, let's go see the doctor. She can answer all your questions and then will see if it's for you."

With Andrea's pull, Dr. Blake had made time to see them the next day.

Danny, dressed in a one of his more conservative outfits, was escorted into an examining room.

"The doctor will be right with you," said the nurse. "Danielle, take off all your clothes except your panties."

Without making a fuss he undressed. The doctor entered, looked him over in his cute pink panties and asked him a number of questions to get him to open up and relax. Then she asked him the most important question.

"I hear you want to become a real girl. Is that true?"

Without hesitation, he said, "Yes! I want to be a girl. I'd like to be a real girl in every way."

Lola and Andrea almost fell down from shock.

"Well, first I will need to run some tests. It won't take long. Then I'll be able to help you make your dream come true. You can wait in the lounge next door."

While the doctor ran the tests, Danny's mother asked him why he now wanted to be a girl.

"Kim showed me how much fun it is to be one of the girls. It's so much more fun than being a boy!"

Based on a story by Dennise 09/27/2002.

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Sissy of the Month

A muscled, masculine young guy looks very sexy in this photo designed to catch the eyes of the readers of this fashion magazine. Imagine the fun a lot of women had with this pictures, as they showed their husbands or sons the photo and ask them if they might like to try on a dress, "just for fun."

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Petticoat Punishment at Camp

At this summer camp, boys who get out of line have to wear outrageous female costumes including prom gowns, bridal dresses, and long frilly nightgowns (like the photo above right -- that are so thin you can see the boy's pink bra and panties underneath). The boys are put on display before all the other kids and have to endure teasing and humiliation.

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

ACLU assails FBI's 'Carnivore' device to scan waves of e-mail

WASHINGTON—Civil-liberty and privacy groups railed Tuesday against a new system designed to allow law-enforcement agents to intercept and analyze large amounts of e-mail for an investigation.

The "Carnivore" system already is used by the FBI. When placed at an Internet Service Provider, it scans all incoming and outgoing e-mails for messages associated with the target of a criminal probe.

In a letter addressed to two members of the House subcommittee that deals with 4th Amendment search-and-seizure issues, the American Civil Liberties Union argued that the system breaches the Internet provider's rights and the rights of all of its customers by reading sender and recipient addresses and subject lines of e-mails to decide whether to copy the entire message.

Further, while the system is plugged into the Internet provider's systems, it is controlled solely by the law-enforcement agency, not the telephone company, as in a traditional wiretap.

The system "is roughly equivalent to a wiretap capable of accessing the contents of the conversations of all of the phone company's customers . . .," read the letter.

Be Careful What You Say in Your E-mails

The above article should alert you to be careful about everything you do on your computer. The government and detective organizations aren't the only ones who are able to tap into your computer files. Anyone can buy a low-cost program that can find all kinds of hidden files on your hard drive, even items you thought you deleted years ago! Maybe you just want to keep your wife or kids from knowing what you do online, but no matter why you want to protect your privacy, you need to keep your computer clean of all embarrassing and questionable material that may come back to haunt you someday. The best way to keep your computer clean is to install and regularly use a program specifically designed to eliminate all traces of embarrassing and sensitive material. We recommend

the program below. It is by far the best program available to thoroughly cleanse your hard drive of every trace of unwanted material. If you are concerned about what other people may be able to access on your computer, we heartily suggest you purchase Evidence Eliminator and regularly use it.

(Sorry for the commercial, but this is just too important not to let you know!)

Protect your privacy NOW!

How to prevent ANYONE from finding sensitive files on your computer!

Deleting files you no longer want DOES NOT REMOVE THOSE FILES FROM YOUR COMPUTER. Even deleting "Internet Cache and History files" is NOT enough to protect you from other people seeing what you have on your computer because every web page, picture, movie, e-mail, chat log and everything else you do on your computer can easily be recovered EVEN AFTER YOU HAVE DELETED THEM! Those files could haunt you forever!

Any snoop with a professional recovery program can open your current and deleted files and blackmail you or give them to your wife, parents, neighbors, children, the police, a lawyer, the media, your boss or anybody else. If you have ever had anything on your computer that you want to keep private, you need to download this program and clean up your PC regularly.

At \$149.95, the "Evidence Eliminator" is not cheap, but it is the best program in the business for permanently getting rid of anything on your PC, even those old deleted files and those otherwise impossible to delete log files that record your every move and every website address you have ever visited on the Internet! Now is the time to move your sensitive files off onto a disk or other media that can be safely hidden away and then clean off your computer so you can sleep in peace!

With one easy mouse click, "Evidence Eliminator" will professionally clean your computer like new, leaving just the programs and files that you want to keep on your hard drive.

[CLICK HERE TO DOWNLOAD NOW!](#)



Masquerade

Late 1800s photo. Unknown show with males as the female ballerinas.

Note: A larger version of his photograph is *not* available.

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How I became a 'daughter'

IT ALL started with my sister Jenny's death in a car accident when she was 15 and I was 13. My mother and I were devastated as we were a close family, father having left us years before. On the night that would have been Jenny's 16th birthday, mother was out working and I noticed, through the half-open door of Jenny's room, that Jenny's clothes were neatly laid out on the bed. Mother used to do this when Jenny was young and going to a party. I can remember them still.

I can't really explain what happened next. Slowly, in a sort of a reverie, I undressed, and put on each soft, pretty thing of Jenny's. Soon after, to my complete surprise, mother burst in, smiling. "How like Jenny you look! I wouldn't have believed it." Before I could speak, she put lipstick on me, touched my hair and said: "I could do something with it but a wig's quicker." When she got me to look in the mirror, I gasped in amazement. I realised I could have given mother a terrible fright, but she just chatted on, happily calling me Samantha. This was close to my own name, Sam, and I caught on, relieved that she wasn't upset and was making a fun thing of it all.

A few days later mother handed me a dress, saying: "See if your sister would like this." I was a bit slow on the uptake, then smiled, because mother was really showing she had forgiven me for dressing up. Samantha was soon inside the dress. As she was a few nights later, when another dress just appeared on my bed. Then, later again, mother asked: "How's Samantha?" From then on, Samantha came about twice a week. It seemed our small family had grown and there was more to talk about. Mother would tell Samantha about her brother's untidiness and would tell Sam how pretty his sister was.

On the night the long school holidays started, mother and Samantha were chatting at supper when there was a knock at the door. Mother said: "Surprise, it's a taxi to take us to a holiday house down the Bay." Startled, I said: "I'll change." "No need to, darling, you look lovely as you are." Within a few seconds, suitcases had been collected. I shrank into the back seat of the taxi. The driver didn't seem to notice anything strange.

On arrival at our holiday house I wasn't really surprised to find that mother had packed only girl's clothes for me. I confronted her. "Never give me a nasty surprise like that taxi driver again." "I'm sorry darling, but I felt it was the only way. I thought we would both enjoy a holiday like this together, but that you would have been too shy to agree, if I'd suggested it. I'll do all I can to make it a happy holiday and you needn't go out of the house."

I didn't, for the first few days and mother certainly helped time pass. There was a stack of women's magazines to read and talk about. I had no idea that there was so much to learn about clothing, make-up and accessories and I got some practical lessons. Mother was able "to do something with my hair" and I felt cooler and happier without a wig.

On Christmas Day, I received, among other gifts, a set of beautiful blue lingerie. Momentarily, I felt uncomfortable that it should have been bought just for me, although I had become used to wearing "borrowed plumes". I said: "You shouldn't have bought it, it's too expensive." Then when I realised I wasn't being very logical, I kissed mother and said: "They're really lovely, thanks ever so much."

I finally felt confident enough to go out at nights. During the first few minutes "out" I shivered with nervousness in my light summer frock and nearly panicked as we passed other people for the first time. But no one even glanced at me. The weeks passed pleasantly and I noticed that being dressed as a girl all the time didn't feel at all strange, but quite natural. Mother was never happier, smiling often just like old times, complimenting me, saying: "You gorgeous thing!" or some such nonsense and giving me more hugs and kisses.

A fortnight before school was to start, I told mother I'd need a haircut before school as "they'd never let me get away with this length". She dropped her bombshell: "Darling, I've just loved having a daughter all these weeks. I'd give anything to have her a while longer". She suggested we move and I enrol at an all-girl school. "Mother, I couldn't. I'd be found out." She pleaded, saying how lovely I looked as a girl, and started crying. I promised her she would see more of Samantha, but I still wouldn't agree. I felt mean as she kept crying, but I just couldn't face the prospect.

Samantha never went out again. I grew rapidly, finally to more than 183 centimetres. Even mother agreed Samantha should remain indoors. But after mother died, Samantha continued to live. My bachelor flat had two wardrobes. As Samantha I felt — and still feel — so calm and gentle and serene.

In my late 40s I met a wonderful woman and I wanted to marry her. After much deep thought I decided not to tell her about Samantha. We've been happily married for some months now, but when I am home alone Samantha still sometimes comes, in her stockings and her lipstick, and visits me.



I couldn't do any of the exercises with the girls, so most of the time I just sat around with a bit of my panties peeking out from my leotards!

February 26, 1988

Dear "Princess":

I think you will find many more pantywaist men out there, but not always fitting your mold. Consider my case:

When I was 11, my parents went on a European trip lasting five weeks. I was left in the care of my 14-year old sister Linda. There were just the two of us during the week, since we had school, and on Friday night, our 17-year old cousin Connie came over from a town 50 miles away to spend the weekends with us.

The first Saturday, Linda went to her dance class as usual, and I stayed at home with Connie. The second weekend, Connie had an afternoon date and told Linda to take me with her. Not only that, but she suggested to Linda that she dress me up in an extra one of her leotards and panties. Naturally, I was not too crazy about that but couldn't do more than complain. At least Linda gave me a choice of which ones I wore, and she wore the others. I thought the nicest-looking were the royal blue tights and leotard, especially considering the other choice was pink. THAT was going TOO far.

Much to my surprise, I liked the feel of the panties. And the girls in the class thought I looked so cute that way. (Of course, at that age, I had little in the crotch which a snug fit would have made embarrassing.) Since Connie had gone out before I had changed clothes, when we got home Linda had me stay in my outfit until Connie returned. Connie, too, loved it. She also mentioned that she might just get me panties of my own for my birthday. Just what I would need to open up in front of my parents!

Nothing more along this line happened for a couple of years when our parents again went off on vacation. Connie again came over for the first two weekends. The third weekend was Halloween, so Connie had us come visit her as she had some parties lined up. By now, she had graduated from high school and had moved out of the house and into an apartment she shared with her roommate, who was away for that weekend.

The first was the youth group of her church on Friday night, and their costume party had the theme of TV commercials. I hadn't thought any about what I would be but Connie and Linda had already made the plans. We were three of the Fruit of the Loom characters, so all of us wore panties, tights and leotards, covering us from toe to top. Connie was in purple, Linda in red, and I in green --- each of us with balloons sewn to our clothes. It was hard moving around, and impossible to sit down, but we did win First in the Three-or-More category.

You would have expected that I would have reached the age where I would be completely embarrassed by wearing what are thought of as female clothes, but that first experience at the dance class really turned on something in me. And since then, I had been sneaking in and putting on Linda's panties when nobody was at home. Of course it wasn't the same as being told to put them on, but it was impossible to reconcile my fetish and keep the whole thing secret.

So this really wasn't so bad as the balloons covered a lot of the leotard/tights, so I didn't feel as "exposed" as I might have. (After all, I now had a crotch to hide.) Besides, nobody there knew me.

Connie's park district held its party Saturday night. The costume theme for judging was fairy tale characters, so Linda was Puss-in-Boots and I was the White Cat. (Connie went with two friends as the Three Little Pigs.) They had a pair of white panties and tights for me along with a white turtleneck leotard, and they topped it off with a nice thin jewelled collar.

Like the night before, I didn't have to worry about being seen there by anyone I knew, and once I was able to relax, I had a lot of fun. (Near the end of the party, I needed to be unzipped to use the bathroom. Linda stood outside the door to zip me up again as soon as I came out.) When we got back to Connie's, I was so tired I plopped down on the bed and fell asleep wearing my leotard and tights. (This worked out well as I had forgotten to bring along my pajamas!)

Sunday night was the real Halloween. Our schools had been smart to schedule a teachers' institute the next day, knowing how many kids would be missing or drag in late from lack of sleep and too much eating candy. Linda had her own party to attend, so I stayed with Connie for some trick or treating. This was fine with me, for by this time I had developed quite a crush on my cousin; even though she didn't live very far away, I had never seen much of her before.

She decided we should go out as a witch and black cat. I was ready to do anything she wanted! She handed me the tights and leotard, but also told me that I really should wear something underneath them --- and gave me a pair of her black panties. (These were old ones from years ago she still had, since my size was much smaller than hers.) The panties were about the right size, and really smooth against my skin. I rubbed them with my hands and then put on the tights and leotard.

When Connie was finished getting on her witch outfit, she brought in my mask, an over-the-head type which zipped down the back, really more a helmet than a mask. After it was in place most of the way down my neck, she zipped it and then fitted the leotard collar over it before zipping me in. I figured we were about done, but there was more to come.

She produced a collar, wider than the White Cat one, and buckled it on my neck. I felt her doing some more adjusting with the back of collar, culminating with a quiet "click." I reached back and found that she had not only locked the collar on my neck, but the padlock had also gone through the tab on the leotard's zipper. I was Connie's black cat....and her "slave"!!!

After a last-minute check to see if everything was fine on both our costumes, she produced a leash and snapped it onto the ring on the front of my collar. So there we went, house to house, she leading me along on the leash. The whole thing --- her panties, the leotard/tights, the locked collar, being led along on the leash --- really got me excited as the hour progressed. In the dark I don't think she saw my erection, but it was hard for her to miss my damp crotch when we got back home and into more light.

Since we went in about 8:30, Connie decided to take me home that night rather than the next morning. She unlocked and unzipped me to allow me to use the bathroom, and then put the zipper and the collar back in place again. The padlock was added and I was again in her power.

When we got home, she sent me into the living room and stayed in the kitchen. When she came in a few minutes later, she told me that the key was hidden in the kitchen, and that when Linda got home, she could call to find out where. She wanted my sister to see my costume, and this was the way of assuring it without sticking around herself.

She asked if I would be okay waiting for my sister. Would I need to be leashed to something? I told her that she could take the leash with her. I wanted so badly to add, "Maybe we can use it another time," but I couldn't get the words out.

"I'll get the leotard and tights back some time. No hurry. You may keep the panties, if you wish. I won't say anything to your sister about them." I didn't think she would want them back anyway, after I had deposited a good load of cum in them.

As I considered the waiting time, I pondered my options. I could go look for the key and avoid the "confrontation" with my sister. Or I could call Connie and try to fake Linda's voice, but I figured that would fail --- and maybe Connie would decide to tease me further by not revealing where the key was when the real Linda called. I could just go to bed, though I knew in the morning I would have to "show all" for her to release me. Or I could just watch TV or read, trying to ignore my situation, until she got home, saw me, and then called Connie. I opted for the last, figuring that postponing the whole thing would gain nothing. Besides, what would happen if I did wait until morning, and when Linda called, Connie would be out.

I worked an entire jigsaw puzzle, and still no Linda. I sat down to watch the Late Show, and fell asleep. That was my mistake, because when my sister showed up, she was not alone. And I didn't have time to duck out of sight. The two girl friends teased me and suggested they take me for a walk, but Linda countered with the suggestion that it was time to go.

Linda called Connie and found out where the key was. It turned out that I would probably not have found it if I had searched. In the coming months, I quietly wore Connie's panties at various times, even to school on days when we had no gym.

The next summer, when I had a driver's license, I went over to see Connie for lunch. Being a hot day, she suggested a dip in the apartment complex pool. I had not anticipated this and had no suit to wear. She handed me the black-cat leotard and panties and told me, more a command than a suggestion, put it on. As it turned out, the leotard was perfect for swimming --- this was the first time I ever was able to go off the diving board without having to worry at all about suit being pulled down!

I'll save the continuation of the story.....finding a girl who took me to exercise class, but first making sure that I was properly dressed.....and how she bought me a nice "uniform" for cleaning her apartment...and what happened when her friends "just happened" to stop by while I was doing so.....

Charles
P.O. Box
Chicago, IL



Flowergirl punishment for a nasty little boy.

Jack didn't want to go to the boring old wedding. He was going to be the only little boy there. The only other children that would be there were all girls. He pleaded with his mother not to go, saying weddings were sissy things and only girls liked them. But his mother told him he had to go, and he was going to behave himself or he'd be in big trouble.

Well, Jack knew he was going to have a horrible time, so he was bent on making sure everybody else had a bad time too. The wedding was being held at the home of the bride's parents. Jack arrived with a bag full of gunny candy that he had been sucking on to get wet and sticky. (Photo #1.) Then he started leaving pieces of that sticky candy on people's chairs so they'd get it all over their good clothes. After he got caught doing that, his two older sisters saw him knocking over all the place markers on the table at the entrance to the dining room. They made him pick them all up and set them up straight again. (Photo #2.)

Jack kept running around, making noise during the ceremony, teasing the girls and being a pest and to everyone at the party, especially the flowergirl who was the little sister of the bride and about his same age. He repeatedly pulled up her skirt and made fun of her funny dress. Then he knocked the girl down and teased her for being a weak little sissy girl. With that, his mother had

enough. After talking to the little girl and her mother, the girl went upstairs and changed into a party dress, and they made Jack put on the flowergirl dress with all the slips and even the panties. Jack hoped his sisters would help him, and he pleaded his case to them and begged them to help him get his clothes back. (Photo #3.)

Instead of helping him, they turned him over to the little girl's aunt, who was one of the bridesmaids. She was one of those who had gotten some of his sticky candy all over her dress, so she wasn't sympathetic to his plight. In fact, she even went up stairs and came back with a little girl's wig. (She's holding the wig in photo #4 with Jack sitting in a very unladylike pose refusing to let her put it on him.) After she told him that he had already been captured in many of the wedding pictures wearing the dress, she was going to see to it that his friends were shown the pictures unless he agreed to put on the wig and act like a sweet little girl for the rest of the evening.

Jack cried and said he was sorry, but no one felt sorry for him. He let the lady put the wig on him, and sat subdued and in tears for the remainder of the party, living in fear that his friends would see pictures of him all dressed up like a sissy little girl. All the people there had fun teasing him and telling him he made such a cute little girl that he should be raised as a girl and kept in pretty dresses even though he was a boy. May then, they said, he'd be sweet and nice and not mean and nasty. At the end of the night, he had to go home in that long satin and told that if he ever again acted as bad as he had that day that he'd be put in a dress and shown off to his friends and his whole neighborhood.



The end of Princess Online #44

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