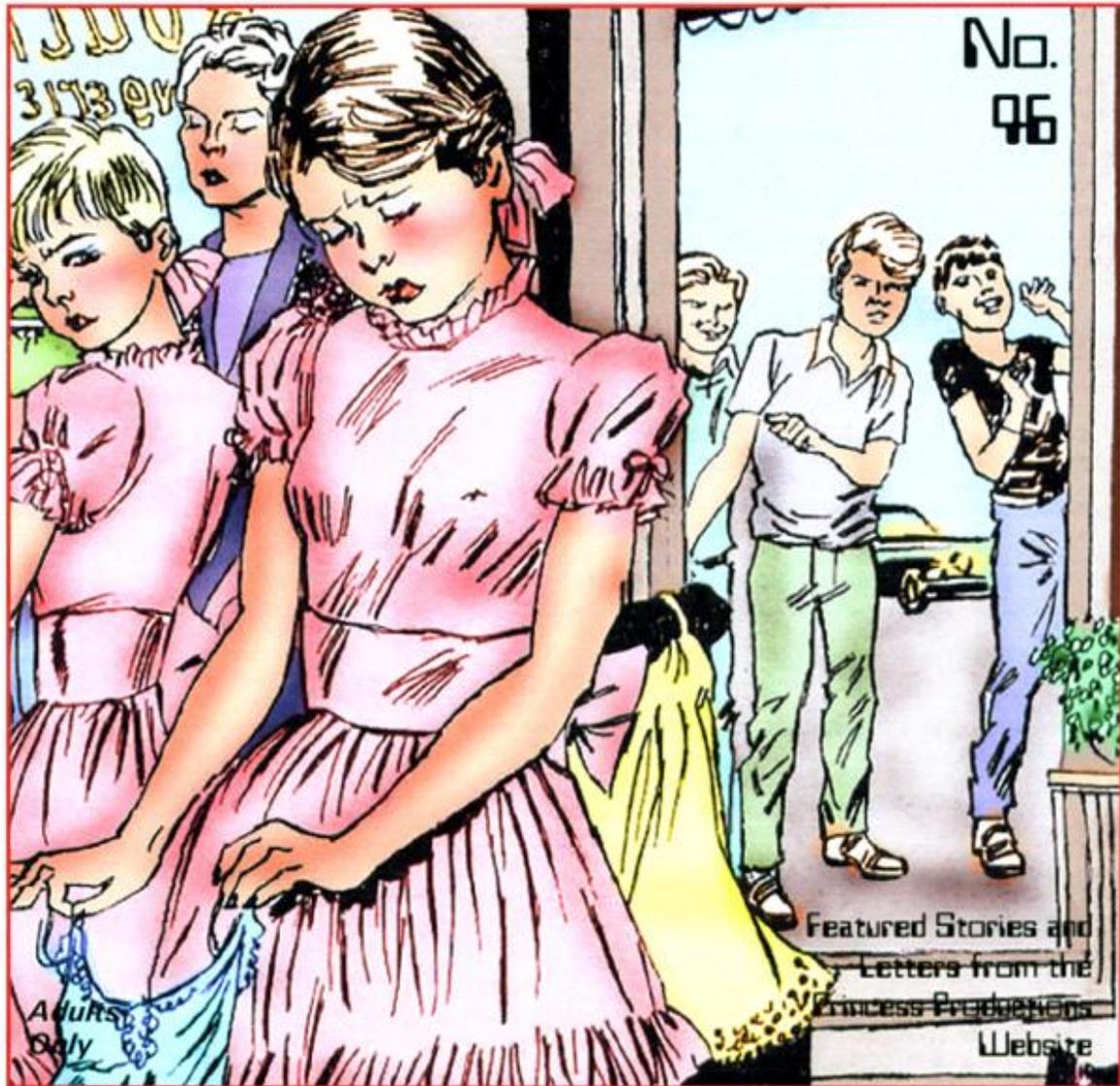


Princess Online



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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Carole Jean

Each month, Carole Jean, a good friend and popular author of forced crossdressing stories, gives us permission to Princessize a drawing from 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 "Schooled to Be Girls! 'Norm'" Carole Jean's newly published book. In this story, Norm and his buddies love to tease the boys who attend a special school for sissy boys made to wear dresses and trained to act like girls in every way. Norm's sister has had enough of her bully brother so she sets a trap for him that results in him being sent to that school for sissy boys! And here he is on a school shopping expedition, buying lingerie while teasing boys hang around outside.

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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October 16, 1996

BOYS FEMININITY TRAINING

I'm a BOY wearing girls' PANTIES to help me feel feminine!

Watchdoggie!



Watchdoggie!

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

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

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



Sissyboy

This cute fem boy is from Thailand. He's looking for love.
We had a little fun with him coloring in a pretty pair of old-fashioned panties.

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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.

Racist Wimp Gets His Comeuppance

Harold walked in the door carrying a large pink paper bag. His wife smiled, thinking he had brought her a gift. But then she noticed the scared expression on his face and the tears clinging to his cheeks! She hugged him and asked him what was wrong. He cleared his throat and paused to catch his breath.

"I'm expecting a phone call from Darrell Washington in about two hours," he muttered in disgust.

Dora knew the name all too well, but she gave him a questioning look like she didn't know.

"Darrell Washington – you know, the black man who works in my shipping department -- he's the guy that kept dancing with you at the Christmas party. He's uppity..."

"Uppity?" Dora repeated and then hit him with a rapid-fire barrage of comments and questions: "Calling a black man 'uppity' -- what kind of language is that? Haven't we been over this before? You should be ashamed of yourself! Why's he calling? What's going on?"

Dora remembered Darrell all right. He was a big black man, quite handsome, athletic looking and bold – none of the other laborers were bold enough to ask the boss's wife to dance! And dance they did. What she remembered best – and what had fed her sexual fantasies ever since was how he had danced with her. He had held her tightly and kept pressing his hard-on against her stomach as he waltzed her around the dance floor. In her mind, she jokingly thought, 'He either had a huge flashlight stuck in his pants pocket or an unusually large cock!' It was tremendously exciting for her. This man was a major contrast in every way to her nerdy little Harold, whom she loved, but who left her so vulnerable because of his sexual inadequacy. Their sex was lackluster because Harold's cock was too small to satisfy her. And he shot off too fast. Whenever they had sex, if she wanted to cum, she had to bring herself off with a vibrator after her poorly endowed husband slid out of her, rolled over and went to sleep.

"I screwed up royally today," Harold continued. "Darrell was off-loading a pallet full of VCRs, and they fell off his forklift. I heard the crash and came out of my office. I fired him on the spot. I didn't wait for an explanation. He's been putting in a lot of union complaints, and he's always standing around and flirting with the secretaries. He's lazy and a troublemaker, so I took the opportunity to get rid of him. The problem is that I was so angry – it was over \$10,000 in merchandise that he dropped – that I called him an idiot and a bunch of other humiliating names in front of everybody, but worse than that, I used the N word.

"Oh, Harold, you didn't! How could you be so stupid? I've always told you how I hate you making your

racists remarks under your breath, but now you're saying them out loud, and in front of your employees! Are you asking for trouble?"

"Well, I got trouble all right. What made it worse, after he stormed out of there, I learned it wasn't his fault. The chain on the forklift broke causing the load to spill.

"Then about two hours later, Darrell came barging into my office. He had two other big black guys with him. One he said was his lawyer and the other one looked like a professional wrestler. He said he was from the union. Since by then I knew the accident wasn't Darrell's fault, I tried to apologize, but they wouldn't accept it. They insisted that he have his job back, which I immediately agreed to. Darrell told me I had to be humiliated in some way like he had been humiliated in front of all the other workers. He just told me he'd be calling YOU at home tonight at seven o'clock, and he'd tell us what we'd have to do to make things right. And if I didn't go along with him, he'd sue me for the pain and humiliation I had caused him. He said he was ready to bring in the union and the NAACP plus file discrimination and hate crime charges."

"Giving him his job back wasn't enough? Did you try offering him some money – or a promotion or something?"

"I tried, but he said there'd be plenty of time to talk about that later. First, he said I needed to find out what it was like to be humiliated in a big way. They made me get down on my knees and ..." Harold's sniffing turned into a torrent of tears.

"Oh, my god! What did they do to you?" Dora wanted to know.

"It's so embarrassing. Darrell opened his zipper..." Harold was crying loudly.

Dora had a pretty good idea what was coming next, but waited.

"He, he made me kiss his, kiss his ... it was horrible!"

"Kiss his penis?" she finished the sentence for her sobbing husband. While Dora hugged him and let him cry on her shoulder, her mind was ablaze with the image of her husband kneeling before Darrell and kissing the black man's big cock. She knew it was big. She wanted to ask her husband to describe it. She wanted to know what it looked like and just how big it was, but she knew that was not the time.

"So, what's in the bag?" Dora wanted to know.

"Well, as he was leaving my office, he gave me this," Harold said as he fished a business card out of his pocket.

Dora saw it was from Tanya's Trashy Lingerie.

“He told me to go to this place on my way home, tell them who I was and pick up a package.”

“The lingerie shop?”

“Yeah, I left work and went there – just a small place with one tarty looking woman behind the counter. Her long black hair was up in a wild hairdo with sparkles all through it. I told her my name. She said she had been expecting me as she sashayed around the counter and started taking my measurements and holding things up to me, things like bras and panties. I told her she was crazy and went to leave, but she reminded me that Darrell would take me to court and financially ruin me if I didn’t stay there until she was finished with me. It was horrible standing there like a big idiot. Just as she was holding some god awful pink panties up to my waist, two schoolgirls came in. They took one look at me, then got closer and looked at her holding the panties up to my waist and practically fell down screaming and laughing. She took my charge card, put over \$500 on it, packed up this bag and handed it to me.

“As I left, she told me the stuff in the bag was for me to wear until Darrell told me differently, and she said I better be wearing them 24/7 from now on unless I want more trouble than I can handle.”

Harold was so distraught he could hardly sit still. Dora was stunned but also upset with him. How could he have done something so stupid? With his business on the line, they could lose everything he had spent years building. But for all the distress and shock she was experiencing, part of her wanted to laugh as she tried to picture Harold in lingerie. He deserved whatever he was going to get for being so stupid. She fantasized about having her husband groveling at her feet and licking her pussy as she whipped, tormented and abused him. More than ever she wanted to get back at his past inadequacies and insensitivity to her needs. She dreamt about making him suck Darrell's cock in front of his son -- that would humiliate him! And she dreamt about Darrell's big cock. She wanted it in her pussy, preferably while her milquetoast husband and wimpy son watched! And she had to admit to herself she was fascinated with Darrell's big cock. Tired of her husband's pimple dick, she had cheated on him three times over the past twenty years they had been together. She didn't cheat on him for love; she did it just for sex -- just to feel a decent-sized cock between my legs for a change, even an average-size cock was an exciting upgrade. Darrell was always so wrapped up in his work that he had never even suspected that she had cheated on him. And recently, especially since being the object of Darrell's frottage at the Christmas party, she was feeling that hunger for a big cock again. And even now as her candy ass husband was whining and fretting, Dora was fantasizing about having Darrell's huge cock meat rammed deep into her pussy. Regardless of the circumstance, her husband always knew what to do, but now he was begging her to help him figure out what to do.

“I suggest you change into that new lingerie you bought.”

Harold pulled back and stared at her like that was not the kind of answer he was expecting, but then he just nodded, realizing that was exactly what he had to do.

“And you better put that stuff on before he calls. I’m sure he’ll ask if you have them on. Go do it now, and when Luke comes home, I’ll explain it all to him.”

“Luke! Oh, god, I forgot all about Luke! Oh, please, don’t tell him!”

“You forgot about our son! That’s just like you. Tell him? I think we better tell him. If he found out on his own that his father was now wearing lingerie, it would have a far worse effect on him. No, we have to tell him and as soon as possible.

“Now open up the bag and let’s see what you have in there.”

Harold seemed to be frozen in his seat, so Dora unloaded the bag. My god, what a treasure-trove of raunchy lingerie, everything was pastel and lacy – garter belts, nylon stockings, bustiers, several full length satin slips and a dozen pairs of panties in assorted colors, even some humiliating hats and little blouses with lace and fur, funky boots and screw-on earrings with a note that they were for his nipples! Dora wanted to laugh. This was going to be priceless! She quickly picked out a pair of panties and told him to go up to their bedroom and change into them. She’d follow him and help him on with the bustier, garter belt and nylons. Then he could get dressed again and wait for Luke to come home. He dreaded letting Luke in on what was happening, but Dora explained there was now way not to have him find out. Besides, Dora was enjoying this whole situation in a strange way. She liked the idea of humiliating her husband and saw it as an opportunity to humiliate her wimpy little son in the same way. Plus, she just might be able to get Darrell’s big cock up her pussy for a good fucking or two!

When Luke came home, he ran in the door and told his mother he was going to change clothes and then go over to Cody’s house to play computer games. Dora told him he had to stay home. She had to talk to him.

“Besides,” she said, “Cody’s a faggot.”

Luke looked at her stunned.

“I knew it from the first time I saw him. You’ve been hanging around with him a lot lately. Are you turning into a faggot too?”

His mouth was wide open.

“Mind you, it’s OK with me if you’re gay. I like gay boys. Has he sucked your cock yet? Or have you sucked his cock yet?”

Luke stood there in shock.

“Now, sit down, I’ve got something very important to talk to you about.”

Dora proceeded to tell him everything that had gone on with his father and Darrell Washington, even telling him how his father now had to wear lingerie at all times, and how they were all going to be subservient to Mr. Washington unless they wanted to take a big chance on losing the business and all their money. When she thought he was as ready as he could be, she called for Harold to join them in the den.

He finally came down the stairs with a lost, spaced-out look on his face. Luke went to him and said his mother was telling him a lot of crazy things. He asked if they were true. Harold just nodded. His face was a picture of complete shame. He finally told his son that he had to go along with whatever Darrell told him and hope that it would all be over with and forgotten before long. Harold was speaking in choppy sentences, and hurrying his words. Dora noticed he was shivering. She had never seen him so nervous before, even when he talked, on occasion, before large audiences. He told Luke about the phone call that they were expecting from Darrell, and that his mother was supposed to answer the phone. He looked at her and added that she should agree to do whatever Darrell asked her to do. And he told Luke, if Darrell asked him to do anything, he should do it too, and do it without hesitating. Darrell was a big man, and there was always a chance that he might get violent. He said Darrell just wanted to humiliate him, but he was sure Darrell wouldn't do permanent harm to any of them.

"Think you can do it, sweetheart?" he asked his wife.

Playing up to him a bit, she put a grim look on her face, hesitated, but then said, "Yes, I can do it for us. I'll do anything he asks. I love you, Harold, and I love you too Luke, and we can't afford to lose everything we have over such a stupid thing that your father did."

Harold moaned as he talked. "I'm sorry to have to put you and Luke through this. I'm sure it will all be over as soon as he feels like he's evened the score."

The three of them were sitting in the den when the call came. Luke was sitting on the floor watching television. Harold was thumbing through a magazine, but he looked quite nervous and was staring down at the floor with a horror-stricken face more than he was looking at the magazine. He was twitching like he had ants in his pants. The lingerie under his clothes was surely upsetting him. When the phone rang, Dora's heart began racing and her throat suddenly went dry. She got up, counted to five to calm myself, and then picked up the phone.

"Hello?"

There was an unnerving silence. She waited, tapping her toe. Just as she was about to hang up, he spoke.

"Who is this?" he asked.

"This is Dora Farnsworth. May I ask who's calling?"

"This is Darrell Washington. Your husband told you I would be calling, didn't he, Dora? What did he tell you?"

The voice was smooth and almost unnaturally modulated, like a well-trained actor's. She told him what she understood of the situation. There was more of that unnerving silence. She got the strange feeling she was standing there naked and he was looking at her right through the phone and sizing her up. A shiver ran down her back.

"Tell me, Dora, are your husband and son there with you?"

"Yes."

"And is your husband wearing his pretty new lingerie?"

Harold looked up briefly and tilted his head in a questioning gesture. Dora frowned and shook her head. Surely he wondered what Darrell was saying to her. So she turned the question into an answer so her husband and son could hear.

"Yes, he's here beside me and under his clothes, he's wearing his new lingerie...."

Darrell interrupted her with a loud voice, full of power and clarity. It was so masculine, so controlling and demanding.

"Tell him to get out of his male clothes immediately!" he shouted. "He doesn't deserve to wear them! From now on, whenever he's at home, it's lingerie only, and I don't care who else is there and able to see him! Now, tell him!"

Dora told her husband what he had to do. He stood up, unbuckled his belt, and with a sheepishly expression, took off his pants and shirt and stood before his wife and son in just his new bustier, pink panties and beige seamed nylon stockings.

"OK," Dora told Darrell, trying to suppress a laugh. But her mirth showed in her voice as she said, "He's down to his new panties and stockings."

"Dora," Darrell said to her over the phone in his deep voice, "did you know that both your husband and son are faggot cocksuckers?"

She was astounded at the question. This was going too far too fast, and for her family's sake, her first

reaction was to hang up on him or tell him off, but something inside of her didn't want to let this go. Her son was hanging around with a gay boy, and her husband was standing before her in lingerie. If putting up with this kind of talk was what it took to get a big cock in her pussy, she'd go with it!

"No, I didn't know that my husband and son were faggot cocksuckers," she repeated for the benefit of Harold and Luke. They both looked at her in complete shock. "And, Darrell, how would you know that about them, especially about our son since you never even met him?"

He told her how Harold had kissed his cock that afternoon in front of his two friends, two witnesses, and Harold had done it with very little prodding. Then he added that any son of a wimp like Harold had to be a fag boy just waiting to blossom. Dora didn't object to anything Darrell said. She wondered where this was all going. Excited in a strange new kind of way, she was fighting to keep her voice steady.

His silky smooth voice, like a warm gentle caress, asked, "Dora, describe to me what you are wearing. Be specific and leave nothing out."

Her ears burned at the command.

"I'm wearing a blue blouse, kind of see-through, bluejeans, white ankle sox, a wristwatch, and my wedding ring. Underneath, I'm wearing a matching set, pale blue bra and panties with a little white lace on the edges."

"Can your husband and son see you from where you stand?"

"Yes."

"Take off your blouse and jeans."

"Take them off? In front of my son?" she asked stupidly.

"I know you heard me, Dora. And believe me, when I tell you something, I mean it. Don't ever question what I tell you to do; just do it! Now, don't say anything until you've done as I've told you."

She set the phone down, stood up, pulled off her blouse and stepped out of her jeans, tossing them across the chair. She took a deep breath and looked at her husband and son staring at her near nakedness. She picked the phone back up.

"OK," she said.

"Is there an extension phone that Harold and your son can pick up and still see you?"

"Yes. There's one in the dining room."

"Have them pick it up."

The boys were still looking her over in awe. She pointed to the phone in her hand and then in the direction of the dining-room extension. They understood her sign language, then stood up and moved to the phone. There was a soft click as Harold picked it up and they both put their ears to the receiver.

"Hello, Harold."

"Hello, Darrell," Harold said.

"That's Mr. Washington to you. And don't forget it!"

"Yes, of course, sure, yes, Mr. Washington."

"Good!"

"And hello to you, Luke, I'm Darrell Washington; that's Mr. Washington to you too. Luke, that's your name right?"

Luke mumbled a yes.

"Well, Luke I'll be meeting you in person soon. I don't know how much your folks have told you, but from now on. I'm in charge of you, your father and your mother, and all of you have to do everything I tell you to do, and do it without hesitating, or I'll take your faggot daddy to court and take away his business and all his money. And yes, I'll even take that shiny new BMW of yours that your daddy told me about. Understand?"

"Yes," Luke said.

"And when you talk to me, call me 'sir!' Understand?"

"Yes."

I could tell Luke was nervous.

"Yes, what!" Darrell's voice came thundering over the phone.

"Uh, uh, yes, sir!"

"That's better. Now tell me Luke. What do you think of your father wearing pretty panties and lingerie?"

Following a stunned, long pause, Luke answered with a "Gees, I dunno," and then added, "sir," as Harold mumbled to him to say it.

"Describe your faggot father's panties to me," Darrell demanded.

"Uh, pink and white, uh, sir."

"Is that the best you can do? Your father told me you're a straight-A student. Surely, you can describe them better than that, and I want you to use the word 'panties' when you describe them. Now let me hear it."

"The panties my dad is wearing are real bright pink and look like silk. They have white lace on the front and some stuff in front, some bows, uh, red bows. And the elastics on the panties look very tight, uh, sir. Is that all?"

"That's certainly better, but you've got a lot to learn about lingerie. Now, how about your little cock – is it hard looking at your father dressed up like a hussy? Does looking at him in his silky panties make you all excited and hard and make you want to jack off? Make you want to wear some pretty panties like that too and jack off in them?"

"Uh, no, sir."

"Oh, well, those panties will do their magic on you soon, my boy. Before you know it, you'll be wearing pretty little panties too and filling those panties with cum faster than you mother can keep them washed and clean.

"Dora," Darrell continued, "you better get Luke some panties right away. I know he'll need them, and take note of the kind of panties your husband is wearing; I want you wearing the same kind of panties. My friend Tanya will get you what you need. She's cool. She knows what I like for my white pussy slaves and honky fag boys to wear.

"Now tell me, Dora, when was the last time you and Harold fucked?"

Dora looked at Harold. He was looking down at his feet, ignoring her, probably pretending he hadn't heard the question. Luke was blushing and squirming, as he stood there with his mouth open. Dora took the opportunity. Now the conversation was going in her direction!

"It was over a month ago," she surprised herself by admitting it with ease in front of her son.

"What a fag! A beautiful woman like you and your wimp husband hasn't made love to you in over a month! Beginning now, and until I say otherwise, no more sex between the two of you. Harold has told me you have a two-week vacation planned beginning this weekend, going to the latest shows and

restaurants in The Big Apple. You are going to cancel that vacation, and I'll be spending it together with you in your house. Do you have a guest room of some kind?"

Harold was still staring at his feet like the most interesting things in the world.

"Yes," she answered.

"Good. Starting tonight, Harold will move out of your bedroom and into the guest room. Move all of his things out. Starting tomorrow night, the bedroom will be shared by only you and me. Dora, a beauty like you needs to be fucked long and hard on a regular basis, and I plan to see to it."

Those were the words she was waiting to hear. She didn't care what her husband and son thought. She answered Darrell with a "yes, sir," said with uncommon enthusiasm. Harold now knew his wife was looking forward to being fucked by Darrell's big cock.

"I will arrive tomorrow at 5:00 p.m. I am very punctual," Darrell told them. "One more thing before I go. Dora, pull down your bra, grasp one of your nipples and hold it out, away from you, until it hurts more than it has ever hurt before."

She did as he asked, and moaned in pain and waited.

"Luke, you can see your mother, can't you?"

Dora glanced at Luke, and he returned her gaze.

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Which nipple is your mother pulling for me?"

"The left nipple, sir."

"I see.

"Good. Dora, I want you to release your nipple, remove your wedding band, and set it aside to give to me tomorrow. As of now, you are no longer married to that panty-wearing faggot you have been calling your husband. Harold, keep wearing your lingerie or you're in deep shit. I will see you tomorrow at work, and I'll check to make sure you're properly attired under your sorry ass business suit. Then, I'll see the three of you tomorrow night, and I'll be bringing my special friend, Tanya -- yes, the lady who owns the lingerie shop. She'll be bringing a nice supply of lingerie for you and Luke to wear. I'm sure he's going to love what Tanya is going to pick out for him. So, Dora, call Tanya first thing tomorrow morning and give her Luke and your measurements so she can get things in your right sizes. Your husband has her business card. He can give you the number. OK, now, remember, no sex, Harold. Dora, sleep alone

tonight and think about tomorrow night and how you will be getting the best fucking of your life. Good-bye."

The line went dead. Dora hung up the receiver, released her now stinging nipple, and put her bra back in place. She was visibly aroused. She removed her wedding ring and put it on the mantle.

Suddenly grabbing her, Harold hugged her tightly and wept. She returned the hug, and then kissed him passionately. He was shivering, groaning. She wondered about him. Did he know what he was in for? Well, it was too late for second-guessing. He had made his choice for the three of them to accept his punishment, come what will.

Loosley based on the story "Husband" - Anonymous.

If you liked this story, let us know, and we'll continue it!

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"Oh, Harold, you didn't! How could you be so stupid? I've always told you how I hate you making your

racists remarks under your breath, but now you're saying them out loud, and in front of your employees! Are you asking for trouble?"

"Well, I got trouble all right. What made it worse, after he stormed out of there, I learned it wasn't his fault. The chain on the forklift broke causing the load to spill.

"Then about two hours later, Darrell came barging into my office. He had two other big black guys with him. One he said was his lawyer and the other one looked like a professional wrestler. He said he was from the union. Since by then I knew the accident wasn't Darrell's fault, I tried to apologize, but they wouldn't accept it. They insisted that he have his job back, which I immediately agreed to. Darrell told me I had to be humiliated in some way like he had been humiliated in front of all the other workers. He just told me he'd be calling YOU at home tonight at seven o'clock, and he'd tell us what we'd have to do to make things right. And if I didn't go along with him, he'd sue me for the pain and humiliation I had caused him. He said he was ready to bring in the union and the NAACP plus file discrimination and hate crime charges."

"Giving him his job back wasn't enough? Did you try offering him some money – or a promotion or something?"

"I tried, but he said there'd be plenty of time to talk about that later. First, he said I needed to find out what it was like to be humiliated in a big way. They made me get down on my knees and ..." Harold's sniffing turned into a torrent of tears.

"Oh, my god! What did they do to you?" Dora wanted to know.

"It's so embarrassing. Darrell opened his zipper..." Harold was crying loudly.

Dora had a pretty good idea what was coming next, but waited.

"He, he made me kiss his, kiss his ... it was horrible!"

"Kiss his penis?" she finished the sentence for her sobbing husband. While Dora hugged him and let him cry on her shoulder, her mind was ablaze with the image of her husband kneeling before Darrell and kissing the black man's big cock. She knew it was big. She wanted to ask her husband to describe it. She wanted to know what it looked like and just how big it was, but she knew that was not the time.

"So, what's in the bag?" Dora wanted to know.

"Well, as he was leaving my office, he gave me this," Harold said as he fished a business card out of his pocket.

Dora saw it was from Tanya's Trashy Lingerie.

“He told me to go to this place on my way home, tell them who I was and pick up a package.”

“The lingerie shop?”

“Yeah, I left work and went there – just a small place with one tarty looking woman behind the counter. Her long black hair was up in a wild hairdo with sparkles all through it. I told her my name. She said she had been expecting me as she sashayed around the counter and started taking my measurements and holding things up to me, things like bras and panties. I told her she was crazy and went to leave, but she reminded me that Darrell would take me to court and financially ruin me if I didn’t stay there until she was finished with me. It was horrible standing there like a big idiot. Just as she was holding some god awful pink panties up to my waist, two schoolgirls came in. They took one look at me, then got closer and looked at her holding the panties up to my waist and practically fell down screaming and laughing. She took my charge card, put over \$500 on it, packed up this bag and handed it to me.

“As I left, she told me the stuff in the bag was for me to wear until Darrell told me differently, and she said I better be wearing them 24/7 from now on unless I want more trouble than I can handle.”

Harold was so distraught he could hardly sit still. Dora was stunned but also upset with him. How could he have done something so stupid? With his business on the line, they could lose everything he had spent years building. But for all the distress and shock she was experiencing, part of her wanted to laugh as she tried to picture Harold in lingerie. He deserved whatever he was going to get for being so stupid. She fantasized about having her husband groveling at her feet and licking her pussy as she whipped, tormented and abused him. More than ever she wanted to get back at his past inadequacies and insensitivity to her needs. She dreamt about making him suck Darrell's cock in front of his son -- that would humiliate him! And she dreamt about Darrell's big cock. She wanted it in her pussy, preferably while her milquetoast husband and wimpy son watched! And she had to admit to herself she was fascinated with Darrell's big cock. Tired of her husband's pimple dick, she had cheated on him three times over the past twenty years they had been together. She didn't cheat on him for love; she did it just for sex -- just to feel a decent-sized cock between my legs for a change, even an average-size cock was an exciting upgrade. Darrell was always so wrapped up in his work that he had never even suspected that she had cheated on him. And recently, especially since being the object of Darrell's frottage at the Christmas party, she was feeling that hunger for a big cock again. And even now as her candy ass husband was whining and fretting, Dora was fantasizing about having Darrell's huge cock meat rammed deep into her pussy. Regardless of the circumstance, her husband always knew what to do, but now he was begging her to help him figure out what to do.

“I suggest you change into that new lingerie you bought.”

Harold pulled back and stared at her like that was not the kind of answer he was expecting, but then he just nodded, realizing that was exactly what he had to do.

“And you better put that stuff on before he calls. I’m sure he’ll ask if you have them on. Go do it now, and when Luke comes home, I’ll explain it all to him.”

“Luke! Oh, god, I forgot all about Luke! Oh, please, don’t tell him!”

“You forgot about our son! That’s just like you. Tell him? I think we better tell him. If he found out on his own that his father was now wearing lingerie, it would have a far worse effect on him. No, we have to tell him and as soon as possible.

“Now open up the bag and let’s see what you have in there.”

Harold seemed to be frozen in his seat, so Dora unloaded the bag. My god, what a treasure-trove of raunchy lingerie, everything was pastel and lacy – garter belts, nylon stockings, bustiers, several full length satin slips and a dozen pairs of panties in assorted colors, even some humiliating hats and little blouses with lace and fur, funky boots and screw-on earrings with a note that they were for his nipples! Dora wanted to laugh. This was going to be priceless! She quickly picked out a pair of panties and told him to go up to their bedroom and change into them. She’d follow him and help him on with the bustier, garter belt and nylons. Then he could get dressed again and wait for Luke to come home. He dreaded letting Luke in on what was happening, but Dora explained there was now way not to have him find out. Besides, Dora was enjoying this whole situation in a strange way. She liked the idea of humiliating her husband and saw it as an opportunity to humiliate her wimpy little son in the same way. Plus, she just might be able to get Darrell’s big cock up her pussy for a good fucking or two!

When Luke came home, he ran in the door and told his mother he was going to change clothes and then go over to Cody’s house to play computer games. Dora told him he had to stay home. She had to talk to him.

“Besides,” she said, “Cody’s a faggot.”

Luke looked at her stunned.

“I knew it from the first time I saw him. You’ve been hanging around with him a lot lately. Are you turning into a faggot too?”

His mouth was wide open.

“Mind you, it’s OK with me if you’re gay. I like gay boys. Has he sucked your cock yet? Or have you sucked his cock yet?”

Luke stood there in shock.

“Now, sit down, I’ve got something very important to talk to you about.”

Dora proceeded to tell him everything that had gone on with his father and Darrell Washington, even telling him how his father now had to wear lingerie at all times, and how they were all going to be subservient to Mr. Washington unless they wanted to take a big chance on losing the business and all their money. When she thought he was as ready as he could be, she called for Harold to join them in the den.

He finally came down the stairs with a lost, spaced-out look on his face. Luke went to him and said his mother was telling him a lot of crazy things. He asked if they were true. Harold just nodded. His face was a picture of complete shame. He finally told his son that he had to go along with whatever Darrell told him and hope that it would all be over with and forgotten before long. Harold was speaking in choppy sentences, and hurrying his words. Dora noticed he was shivering. She had never seen him so nervous before, even when he talked, on occasion, before large audiences. He told Luke about the phone call that they were expecting from Darrell, and that his mother was supposed to answer the phone. He looked at her and added that she should agree to do whatever Darrell asked her to do. And he told Luke, if Darrell asked him to do anything, he should do it too, and do it without hesitating. Darrell was a big man, and there was always a chance that he might get violent. He said Darrell just wanted to humiliate him, but he was sure Darrell wouldn't do permanent harm to any of them.

"Think you can do it, sweetheart?" he asked his wife.

Playing up to him a bit, she put a grim look on her face, hesitated, but then said, "Yes, I can do it for us. I'll do anything he asks. I love you, Harold, and I love you too Luke, and we can't afford to lose everything we have over such a stupid thing that your father did."

Harold moaned as he talked. "I'm sorry to have to put you and Luke through this. I'm sure it will all be over as soon as he feels like he's evened the score."

The three of them were sitting in the den when the call came. Luke was sitting on the floor watching television. Harold was thumbing through a magazine, but he looked quite nervous and was staring down at the floor with a horror-stricken face more than he was looking at the magazine. He was twitching like he had ants in his pants. The lingerie under his clothes was surely upsetting him. When the phone rang, Dora's heart began racing and her throat suddenly went dry. She got up, counted to five to calm myself, and then picked up the phone.

"Hello?"

There was an unnerving silence. She waited, tapping her toe. Just as she was about to hang up, he spoke.

"Who is this?" he asked.

"This is Dora Farnsworth. May I ask who's calling?"

"This is Darrell Washington. Your husband told you I would be calling, didn't he, Dora? What did he tell you?"

The voice was smooth and almost unnaturally modulated, like a well-trained actor's. She told him what she understood of the situation. There was more of that unnerving silence. She got the strange feeling she was standing there naked and he was looking at her right through the phone and sizing her up. A shiver ran down her back.

"Tell me, Dora, are your husband and son there with you?"

"Yes."

"And is your husband wearing his pretty new lingerie?"

Harold looked up briefly and tilted his head in a questioning gesture. Dora frowned and shook her head. Surely he wondered what Darrell was saying to her. So she turned the question into an answer so her husband and son could hear.

"Yes, he's here beside me and under his clothes, he's wearing his new lingerie...."

Darrell interrupted her with a loud voice, full of power and clarity. It was so masculine, so controlling and demanding.

"Tell him to get out of his male clothes immediately!" he shouted. "He doesn't deserve to wear them! From now on, whenever he's at home, it's lingerie only, and I don't care who else is there and able to see him! Now, tell him!"

Dora told her husband what he had to do. He stood up, unbuckled his belt, and with a sheepishly expression, took off his pants and shirt and stood before his wife and son in just his new bustier, pink panties and beige seamed nylon stockings.

"OK," Dora told Darrell, trying to suppress a laugh. But her mirth showed in her voice as she said, "He's down to his new panties and stockings."

"Dora," Darrell said to her over the phone in his deep voice, "did you know that both your husband and son are faggot cocksuckers?"

She was astounded at the question. This was going too far too fast, and for her family's sake, her first

reaction was to hang up on him or tell him off, but something inside of her didn't want to let this go. Her son was hanging around with a gay boy, and her husband was standing before her in lingerie. If putting up with this kind of talk was what it took to get a big cock in her pussy, she'd go with it!

"No, I didn't know that my husband and son were faggot cocksuckers," she repeated for the benefit of Harold and Luke. They both looked at her in complete shock. "And, Darrell, how would you know that about them, especially about our son since you never even met him?"

He told her how Harold had kissed his cock that afternoon in front of his two friends, two witnesses, and Harold had done it with very little prodding. Then he added that any son of a wimp like Harold had to be a fag boy just waiting to blossom. Dora didn't object to anything Darrell said. She wondered where this was all going. Excited in a strange new kind of way, she was fighting to keep her voice steady.

His silky smooth voice, like a warm gentle caress, asked, "Dora, describe to me what you are wearing. Be specific and leave nothing out."

Her ears burned at the command.

"I'm wearing a blue blouse, kind of see-through, bluejeans, white ankle sox, a wristwatch, and my wedding ring. Underneath, I'm wearing a matching set, pale blue bra and panties with a little white lace on the edges."

"Can your husband and son see you from where you stand?"

"Yes."

"Take off your blouse and jeans."

"Take them off? In front of my son?" she asked stupidly.

"I know you heard me, Dora. And believe me, when I tell you something, I mean it. Don't ever question what I tell you to do; just do it! Now, don't say anything until you've done as I've told you."

She set the phone down, stood up, pulled off her blouse and stepped out of her jeans, tossing them across the chair. She took a deep breath and looked at her husband and son staring at her near nakedness. She picked the phone back up.

"OK," she said.

"Is there an extension phone that Harold and your son can pick up and still see you?"

"Yes. There's one in the dining room."

"Have them pick it up."

The boys were still looking her over in awe. She pointed to the phone in her hand and then in the direction of the dining-room extension. They understood her sign language, then stood up and moved to the phone. There was a soft click as Harold picked it up and they both put their ears to the receiver.

"Hello, Harold."

"Hello, Darrell," Harold said.

"That's Mr. Washington to you. And don't forget it!"

"Yes, of course, sure, yes, Mr. Washington."

"Good!"

"And hello to you, Luke, I'm Darrell Washington; that's Mr. Washington to you too. Luke, that's your name right?"

Luke mumbled a yes.

"Well, Luke I'll be meeting you in person soon. I don't know how much your folks have told you, but from now on. I'm in charge of you, your father and your mother, and all of you have to do everything I tell you to do, and do it without hesitating, or I'll take your faggot daddy to court and take away his business and all his money. And yes, I'll even take that shiny new BMW of yours that your daddy told me about. Understand?"

"Yes," Luke said.

"And when you talk to me, call me 'sir!' Understand?"

"Yes."

I could tell Luke was nervous.

"Yes, what!" Darrell's voice came thundering over the phone.

"Uh, uh, yes, sir!"

"That's better. Now tell me Luke. What do you think of your father wearing pretty panties and lingerie?"

Following a stunned, long pause, Luke answered with a "Gees, I dunno," and then added, "sir," as Harold mumbled to him to say it.

"Describe your faggot father's panties to me," Darrell demanded.

"Uh, pink and white, uh, sir."

"Is that the best you can do? Your father told me you're a straight-A student. Surely, you can describe them better than that, and I want you to use the word 'panties' when you describe them. Now let me hear it."

"The panties my dad is wearing are real bright pink and look like silk. They have white lace on the front and some stuff in front, some bows, uh, red bows. And the elastics on the panties look very tight, uh, sir. Is that all?"

"That's certainly better, but you've got a lot to learn about lingerie. Now, how about your little cock – is it hard looking at your father dressed up like a hussy? Does looking at him in his silky panties make you all excited and hard and make you want to jack off? Make you want to wear some pretty panties like that too and jack off in them?"

"Uh, no, sir."

"Oh, well, those panties will do their magic on you soon, my boy. Before you know it, you'll be wearing pretty little panties too and filling those panties with cum faster than you mother can keep them washed and clean.

"Dora," Darrell continued, "you better get Luke some panties right away. I know he'll need them, and take note of the kind of panties your husband is wearing; I want you wearing the same kind of panties. My friend Tanya will get you what you need. She's cool. She knows what I like for my white pussy slaves and honky fag boys to wear.

"Now tell me, Dora, when was the last time you and Harold fucked?"

Dora looked at Harold. He was looking down at his feet, ignoring her, probably pretending he hadn't heard the question. Luke was blushing and squirming, as he stood there with his mouth open. Dora took the opportunity. Now the conversation was going in her direction!

"It was over a month ago," she surprised herself by admitting it with ease in front of her son.

"What a fag! A beautiful woman like you and your wimp husband hasn't made love to you in over a month! Beginning now, and until I say otherwise, no more sex between the two of you. Harold has told me you have a two-week vacation planned beginning this weekend, going to the latest shows and

restaurants in The Big Apple. You are going to cancel that vacation, and I'll be spending it together with you in your house. Do you have a guest room of some kind?"

Harold was still staring at his feet like the most interesting things in the world.

"Yes," she answered.

"Good. Starting tonight, Harold will move out of your bedroom and into the guest room. Move all of his things out. Starting tomorrow night, the bedroom will be shared by only you and me. Dora, a beauty like you needs to be fucked long and hard on a regular basis, and I plan to see to it."

Those were the words she was waiting to hear. She didn't care what her husband and son thought. She answered Darrell with a "yes, sir," said with uncommon enthusiasm. Harold now knew his wife was looking forward to being fucked by Darrell's big cock.

"I will arrive tomorrow at 5:00 p.m. I am very punctual," Darrell told them. "One more thing before I go. Dora, pull down your bra, grasp one of your nipples and hold it out, away from you, until it hurts more than it has ever hurt before."

She did as he asked, and moaned in pain and waited.

"Luke, you can see your mother, can't you?"

Dora glanced at Luke, and he returned her gaze.

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Which nipple is your mother pulling for me?"

"The left nipple, sir."

"I see.

"Good. Dora, I want you to release your nipple, remove your wedding band, and set it aside to give to me tomorrow. As of now, you are no longer married to that panty-wearing faggot you have been calling your husband. Harold, keep wearing your lingerie or you're in deep shit. I will see you tomorrow at work, and I'll check to make sure you're properly attired under your sorry ass business suit. Then, I'll see the three of you tomorrow night, and I'll be bringing my special friend, Tanya -- yes, the lady who owns the lingerie shop. She'll be bringing a nice supply of lingerie for you and Luke to wear. I'm sure he's going to love what Tanya is going to pick out for him. So, Dora, call Tanya first thing tomorrow morning and give her Luke and your measurements so she can get things in your right sizes. Your husband has her business card. He can give you the number. OK, now, remember, no sex, Harold. Dora, sleep alone

tonight and think about tomorrow night and how you will be getting the best fucking of your life. Good-bye."

The line went dead. Dora hung up the receiver, released her now stinging nipple, and put her bra back in place. She was visibly aroused. She removed her wedding ring and put it on the mantle.

Suddenly grabbing her, Harold hugged her tightly and wept. She returned the hug, and then kissed him passionately. He was shivering, groaning. She wondered about him. Did he know what he was in for? Well, it was too late for second-guessing. He had made his choice for the three of them to accept his punishment, come what will.

Loosley based on the story "Husband" - Anonymous.

If you liked this story, let us know, and we'll continue it!

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He's a she

Believe it or not, the cutie at right is actor Rob Lowe — who dressed as a girl when he tried out unsuccessfully for a role in "To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything! Julie Newmar." Rob sure had the feminine pose down pat!



Rob Lowe

Great pic of movie star Rob Lowe auditioning for a role as a drag queen.

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Old Girlie Boy Picture Story

Click here for a larger view of each drawing: [1](#), [2](#), [3](#), [4](#).

About ten years ago, Omni and Penthouse magazines ran a cartoon series that included in its cast of characters a sweet little sissy boy in pretty little dresses. We recently came across the above and thought you'd enjoy them.

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THE YEARS ROLL AWAY
AND MEMORIES OF A
LONG FORGOTTEN
CHILDHOOD COME
FLOODING BACK. HIS
TWIN BROTHER,
VINCENT.....

COME AND PLAY
MOTHERS AND
FATHERS, VINCENT?

GET LOST, OTTO!
CAN'T YOU SEE
I'M DISSECTING
THIS FROG?





I IMAGES OF HIS PARENTS,
PHAEDRA AND LUDWIG,
THE 12TH BARON VON
FRANKENSTEIN, SWIM
BEFORE HIS TEAR
FILLED EYES.....

I'M WORRIED ABOUT OTTO,
DEAR—HE'S SO UNLIKE
HIS BROTHER, VINCENT.
HE DOESN'T BEHAVE
LIKE A FRANKENSTEIN
AT ALL!

I GAVE HIM
A SCALPEL
FOR XMAS
— AND HE
GAVE HIMSELF
A PEDICURE
WITH IT!



I THINK WE'LL HAVE TO SEND HIM AWAY!

TO SCHOOL?

ANYWHERE!

I'M GOING HOME! AFTER ALL THESE LONG AND BITTER YEARS OF STRUGGLE AND FRUSTRATION.....

..... THE WARM BOSOM OF MY FAMILY BECKONS!



THE PRODIGAL RETURNS!
THE BLACK SHEEP—AND THAT'S REALLY BLACK IN A FAMILY LIKE THE FRANKENSTEINS— IS COMING HOME!

①

Dear Princess



At The age of 20 I was shacking up with an older woman. She had a little boy by The name of Kevin out of wedlock. And I Guess I kind of resented The fact That he wasn't mine. The boy served as a constant reminder That my Gal had slept with another man. And I had a hard Time dealing with That. But Ellen wanted me To move in with Them so I did. I wasn't ever mean To The little Kid or anything like That. I Guess I was Just Jealous That his dad had got To his mother be-
-For I did. I also wasn't To hot on The Idea of Having To Raise somebody elses Kid. But my Girl Friend worked days and I worked nights so I ended up babysitting The wimp more Than Half The Time.

There weren't very many Kids in The apartment complex where we use To live. In fact The only other Kids in The whole Building Just Happened To be a bunch of little Girls. And Kevin's mother didn't want her Son To grow up playing with dolls. So she kept Them separated from each other. (But! - I did not).

What mom did not know wasn't going To hurt her. And it was sad To see The little Guy standing at The window, watching All of The little Girls have fun Together. Kevin was only Five or six years old at The Time. And I didn't see any harm in it so I would let him go out sid and play when his mother wasn't home. Kevin knew his mom didn't want him playing house. But I promised him I wouldn't Tell and we Just kept it our little secret.

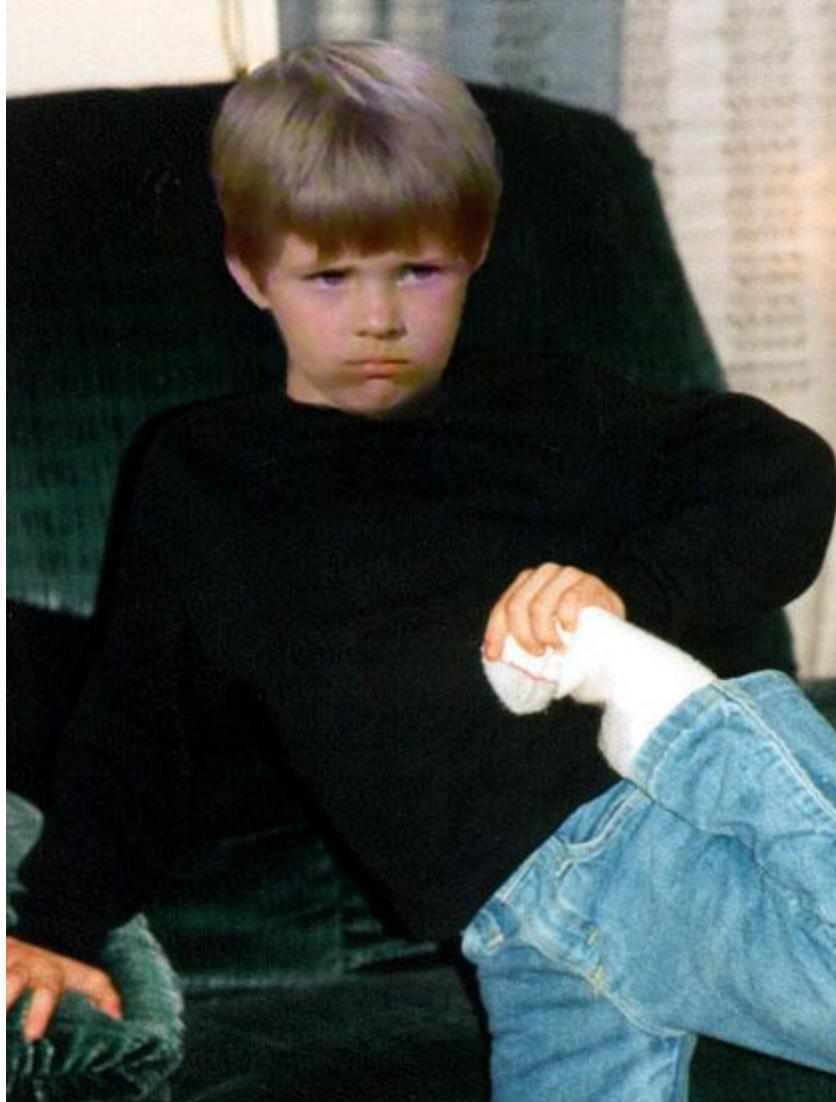
Ellen was The one who set all of The house rules and handed out all of The punishment in our family. why I Just tried To be sympathetic and understanding with The boy. Sometimes I would even encourage him To go out and play with The Girls. But it was only a matter of Time before they wanted To play dress up, and I caught little Kevy running around The court-
Yard in a dress. His mother would of killed us both had she

Man Helps Sissyboy - Page 1

A letter from 'Gay Panty Man.'

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Kevin was very unhappy because there weren't any boys in the neighborhood to play with, only girls -- and his mother wouldn't let him play with the girls.



Kevin was so happy when I got him his own party dress and I let him play with the girls from our apartment complex.

2

Been home at the time.

But I thought the whole thing was kind of funny so I just let it go.

Anyway once Kevin knew he wasn't going to get into trouble for playing dress up with his new friends. He let the girls talk him into it more often. I think Kevin just wanted the other kids to like him. Because he sure wasn't putting up much of a fight.

It all seemed like nothing more than a little harmless fun to me so I would kind of just look the other way when he would come home for lunch in a frilly little dress. Kevin's such a sissy, the neighbors all thought he was a girl anyway so it didn't matter and I thought he looked kind of cute that way. I guess I should of put a stop to it right from the very beginning but I didn't.



If anything - I think I might of even encouraged it a little by rewarding the neighbor girls for their efforts. And Kevin's mother never even knew anything was going on. She was a workaholic dedicated to her job and she spent more time at the office than she did at home. It hurt my ego a little but Ellen was the main bread winner in our home. And as much as I didn't want to admit it. I think she was just using me as a live-in babysitter. As time went on Ellen moved up the corporate ladder, while I lost my night dishwashing job. The little neighbor girls nick named Kevin 'Karen', and I convinced his mother to let him grow his hair long. It was the in thing to do at the time and she was too busy to care anyway. The only time Karen even got to see his mother was on the weekends. And then Ellen and her boss started going on these so-called business trips and we hardly ever saw her at all. I knew she was stepping out on me but I couldn't prove it. So I took her credit card and went out and bought Kevin a pretty little dress of his own. I know it sounds crazy but I guess it was my way of getting back at her.

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Kevin was so happy when I got him his own party dress and I let him play with the girls from our apartment complex.



Kevin was apprehensive about taking pictures in his girl clothes, afraid that his mother might see them.

③

And poor Kevin just got caught in the middle. This sort of thing went on for a very long time. At first it was just a game we played. But I was slowly turning her son into a little girl. She was too caught up in her self to notice the gradual change in his behavior.



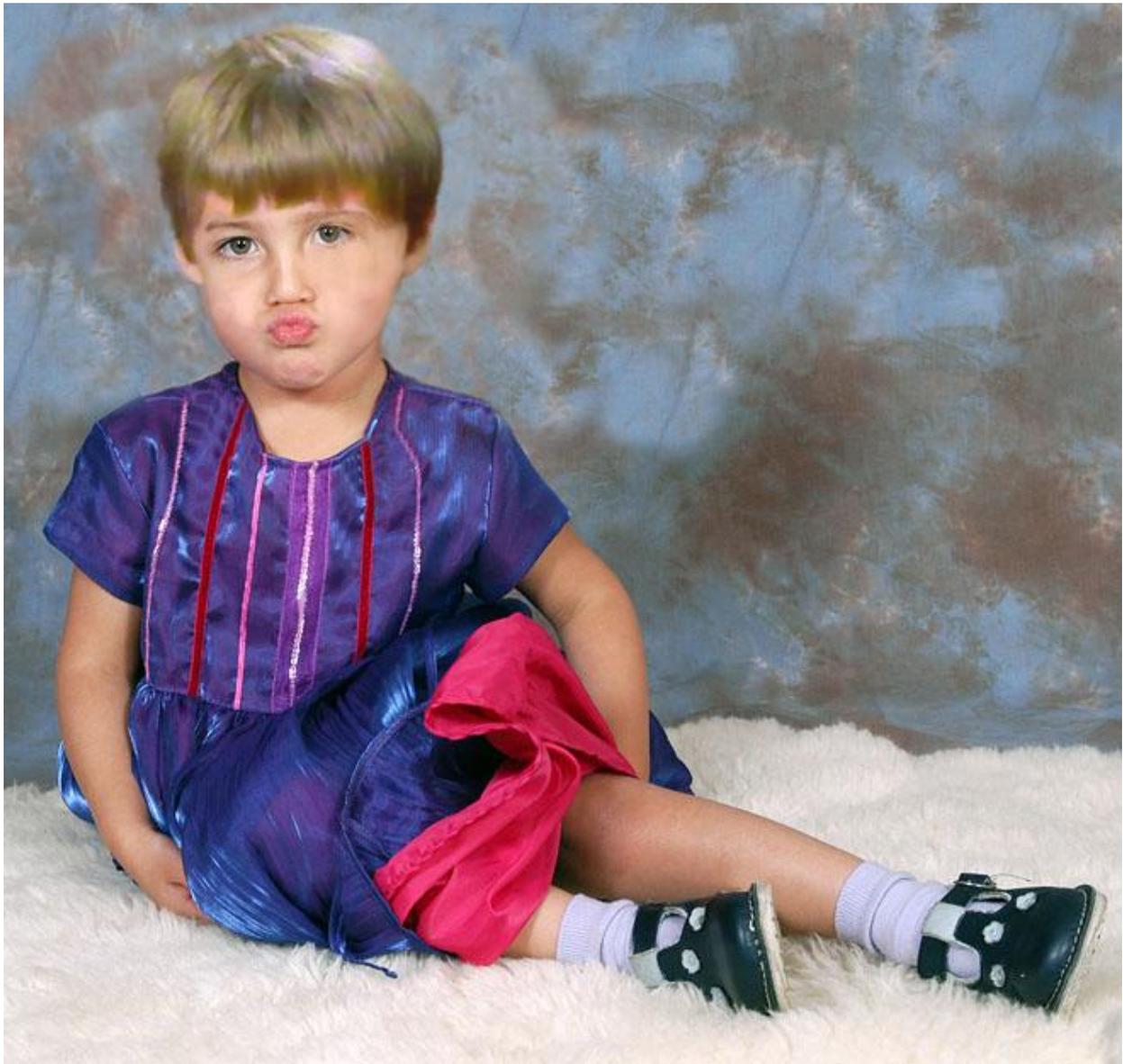
But all good things must come to an end and it was only a matter of time before Ellen came home early one day and caught her son running around the neighborhood in a little baby blue dress with panties to match. Needless to say she was up set. **ALL HELL BROKE LOSE!** I tried to play dumb and acted like I was completely unaware of what the boy was wearing. I mean it was every man for himself and poor little Kevin was on his own. But Mom didn't buy it and we both got in to a lot of trouble that day.

She gave Kevin a good spanking and sent him straight to bed with out his supper. Then she bitched me out for over an hour. I tried to tell her that the dress must of belonged to one of the little neighbor girls and that kids will be kids. But it didn't seem to do much good. Kevin and I were both in the dog house.

After the baby blue dress mess, Ellen wanted me to take Kevin down to get his hair cut short. But she had to go on another one of her business trips the very next day. So I took Karen to her very first beauty salon for a style and a perm only. And I refused to let them cut one blond hair from our daughters heads. He didn't want to so I bribed the sissy with a new barbi doll and he left the salon with a new hair style and a perm. I knew what I was doing would be against his mother's wishes. But her constant punishment only brought us closer together. It was the foundation for my manipulation and at that age, Kevin was very easy to mold. Karen started to take an interest in the same things that her friends did and what I couldn't teach him.

Man Helps Sissyboy - Page 3

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Kevin was apprehensive about taking pictures in his girlie clothes, afraid that his mother might see them.



Even when dressed as a boy, Greta's femininity was palpable under his clothes. His mother heard out!

(4)



He Learned From The Girls in our apartment buildings. We lived in an ideal atmosphere full of feminine opportunities. And I saw to it that Kevin got the chance to take advantage of every one of them. It was a perfect situation and by the time he was nine years old Kevin no longer wanted to be a boy. He even resented his mother for making him wear boys clothes when she was home. This made him a lot easier for me to work with. But it also made my job a lot harder. Kevin was turning into such a fem the question of his gender never even came up. The school board just naturally assumed that Karen was a girl and they took it upon themselves to correct his school records believing that an error had been made on their part. But I was always afraid that the matter might come up on parents, teachers night. Ellen hated school meetings and she would always send me in her place every time she could. But again I knew it was just a matter of time before the whole thing blew up in my face. And I constantly had to stand guard for fear his mother would come home early and catch us by surprise again. I couldn't let her see any of his pretty new school clothes and I had to forge her signature on all of Karen's report cards and falsify other documents as well. Plus I had to worry about Kevin giving himself away at school, or if one of his little friends might cause reason for suspicion. Ellen still never even had a clue as to what was going on. But she was still quite sensitive about people who accidentally mistook her little boy for a girl. I remember one day at the start of school. Kevin had to drag his mother down there to enroll. And one of the teachers was nice enough to compliment Ellen's darling daughter. And I could see that Ellen wasn't very pleased with the new teacher's remarks so I had to come up with a fake emergency of some kind in order to get his mother out of the classroom before she went off on Karen's teacher. It was a close call but with

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Even when dressed as a boy, Kevin discreetly wore panties under his clothes. His mother found out!

5



A little quick Thinking. The Truth — was still 'not' to be known
After that everything seemed to mellow out for a while.
Ellen was able to break away from motherhood and enjoy her
night life. while I stayed home and took care of her kid.

Everybody seemed to be happy. I had a wonderful place to
live with access to her bank account. But I'm afraid our relation-
ship was all but dead. There wasn't anything between us but
a silent business agreement. The party girl got to have her cake
and eat it too. while I got to play mr mom and clean house.
But the longer it went on the easier it was to take. She kept her
love affairs from me and I hid her son's panties from her.

So I took Kevin down and signed him up for dance lessons.
Then one day his mother happened to drive by the dance studio.
And she spotted my car out front. I was just picking him up
after class and we came out the front doors holding hands and
walked right into his mother. It wouldn't of been so bad but Kevin
was wearing pink leotards and a frilly little tutu at the time.
"DA party was over". She came in Glued and started beating on me.
It was time to get out of town. Kevin grew up in a foster home and
he turned out to be gay for some reason. I used Ellen's credit card to
get back on my feet and she married her boss. a few years later
Karen turned 18 and I mailed Ellen a video of me doing her son.
I would of loved to of seen her face when she seen the tape but
you can't have every thing can you.

The end.



gay panty man

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The end of Princess Online #46

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