

# Princess Online

No.  
47

Featured Stories and  
Letters from the  
Princess Productions  
Website



*Adults  
Only*

Originally featured on our Internet website, these are our best letters, stories, articles and other items of interest for the fantasy fulfillment of adult pantywaist sissies. 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.'" In this story, Norm's sister has had enough of her bully brother so she get him sent to a school for sissy boys, where he is feminized and made up as a cheerleader to be humiliated before his former friends.

All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits and girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. The most distinctive feature of Carole Jean's books is the abundance of artwork. She has an exceptionally talented artist illustrate almost every other page of her stories.

Carole Jean has published books both under the name Carole Jean and under the name "Bill."

The Carole Jean books include: "Bound to Be a Maid", "Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", "Crave X -- A Wife's Revenge", "The Sarah School", and "The Male Maid Book of ABC's."

The Bill books include: "Bill's Humiliation in Panties", "Henry's Vacation in Panties", "Darwin's Womanhood", "Jeff's Humiliation", and two of our favorites: "Beautified Bullies" and "Schooled with Girls." You can purchase all her books directly from her website:

<http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

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## Watchdoggie!

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

humanity from itself is to stop those hormones from ruining our men and boys, who in turn are ruining our world.

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

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns and the girls in his fifth grade Catholic school during the 1950s. He still vividly recalls every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet that experience also taught him that our society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys. Radical groups bent upon destroying the male world circulate propaganda to their followers. Watchdoggie! monitors these groups, who are working to destroy present-day society! Now, as therapy, he makes parody collages like the Harry Potter movie poster above to help relieve the pain he still suffers!

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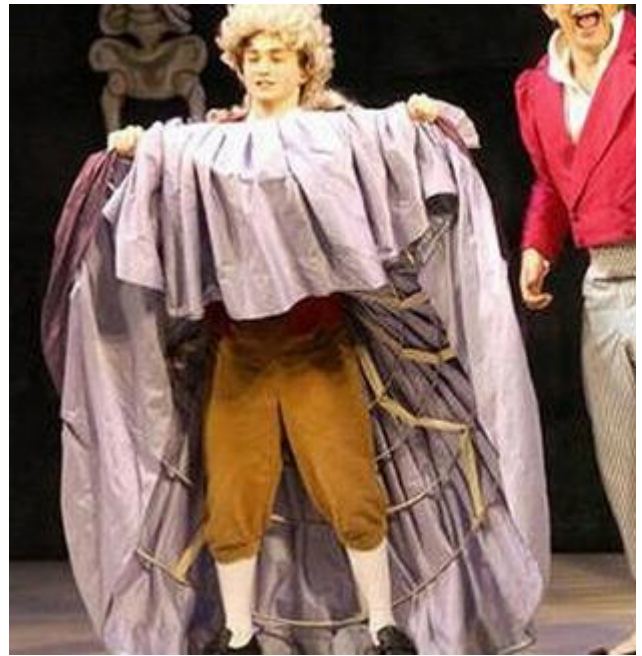


## Harry Potter in a Dress!

Daniel Radcliffe, known for his role as Harry Potter in the movie series of the same name, recently appeared (Fall of 2002) in London for a limited theater engagement in the play entitled "The Play That I Wrote." In the production, he dons a wig and a dress as shown in these photos.







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*Child rearing help from the Internet website advice column on  
the Family Ed Network:*

**Q.** My six-year-old son enjoys playing dress up on a daily basis. He mostly plays female Disney characters like Cinderella and Snow White. His favorite friend is a sweet little girl, and they do everything together. She even gave him pair of her panties while they were playing at her house and he had an accident and couldn't make it to the bathroom on time. He loved those silky pink panties and asked me if he could have underwear like that. I probably didn't handle that in the best way. I told him lace panties were just for girls. That made him so sad; it hurt me terribly. Finally, I told him I'd think about buying him some little girls' panties.

He also plays with Barbie dolls. Dressing them and even making clothes for them from paper towels. He is very creative and enjoys every moment. He does engage in some typical boy activities, like playing with trucks and trains, but not often and he only does so halfheartedly, as does his time pretending to be a girl. I'm sure you can see what my question is. I wonder whether or not this behavior gives any insight into his future gender identity. Of course there are many questions that would follow like what I should I be doing to help him? Please help with any information you have as I have been pondering this situation for a while and I'm at my wits' end on how to handle this.

**A.** Our culture leads us to be very worried about these behaviors in a boy; lest they be indications he is or will become a homosexual. We allow girls his age to be tomboys and don't register the same fears and anxieties. I can assure you that your descriptions of his play preferences do not suggest and/or confirm his gender identity. There is no body of hard clinical data stating that your son's current behavior is a reliable predictor of his permanent sexual gender identification.

I would encourage and support all his creative play. Don't show him disapproval or embarrassment when he plays in this manner. The larger issue you are concerned about cannot be resolved at his present age and stage of development. You may be lucky, and he may forget about the panties, but most likely, he won't forget. Then I suggest you buy him one pair and tell him he can wear them sometimes but not all the time and see how often he wears them. If other children his age find out he wears girls' panties, they may ostracize him. That may be enough to make him decide not to wear them, but that is a horrible thing to put a child through. So do warn him about how cruel other children can be. We boys are certainly quickly discouraged from experiencing our "feminine sides." I think men in this culture would develop in a healthier manner if this discouragement were not burned into our psyche.

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## Masquerade

When I was a kid, I got my picture in the local newspaper in drag! Since my name was Dale, a name that could be either a girl's or a boy's name, the newspaper photographer never asked if I was a boy or a girl, despite my typical boys' haircut, which my costume did nothing to disguise. In the paper they identified me as a girl along with my little sister, Sally! I was nine years old at the time, and already heavy into dressing up in my sister's clothes, and I'd wear a girls' costume every Halloween.

Sally was seven at the time. She appears to be very unhappy in the photo, and she was! Originally she was supposed to be the harem girl and I was supposed to be the princess, but I manipulated her into changing costumes with me at the last minute even though her costume was a bit small on me and my costume was big on her. I wanted to trade costumes with her because her harem girl outfit included hot



pink satin panties under the billowing, sheer pink pants. I just had to wear those pink satin panties! She hated the princess dress because it was too long on her, and she had to hold it up all night long as we went trick-or-treating!

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## Jordan

### Petticoat Punishment in the Muck & Mire





Petticoat Punishment in the Mud (Above and on the next three pages) Jordan is a willful boy, who regularly gets into trouble, and his mother uses petticoat punishment to keep him in line, but he has gotten used to his punishment panties and dresses and doesn't mind serving his time in them. The clothes are old and outgrown items from his older sister's huge wardrobe, and while being punished, he's free to play outside in the back of their 7-acre estate.

Jordan loves to play in the mud. His mother doesn't care if he gets the clothes dirty. So one day, he thought he'd challenge his petticoat punishment by playing in the murky old creek that runs through their property. But his mother didn't care that he got himself completely wet and dirty and totally wrecked the clothes because his sister has a huge wardrobe of old clothes ready and waiting for him to be punished in, and if he wants ruin those clothes, it's okay with her just as long as he doesn't take them off until his punishment is over!

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May 23, 1995



**tough news**

KIDNEWS ♦ CHICAGO TRIBUNE



Photo illustration by Bill Hogan

# Guys and dolls

Do you pick on boys who play with the traditional  
'girl toy'? Or cut them some slack? Read on:

By Vicky Edwards Gehrt  
SPECIAL TO THE TRIBUNE



**W**hen Ed was little, he used to give tea parties for his stuffed animals.

"Winnie the Pooh was my hero," recalls Ed, who is now a football player for his high school team, "and I wanted to take care of him; I had three or four stuffed animals, and I'd give little tea parties."

Ed, who lives in Lombard, is like a lot of boys who have played with stuffed animals or dolls. Recently, however, a researcher from Northwestern University in Evanston released a study that might make some boys more reluctant to talk about their doll-playing days.

Michael Bailey, an assistant professor of psychology, did a study that made news when he concluded that boys who play with dolls a lot, dress like girls and want to play with girls all the time — what he calls "cross-gender behavior" — have a greater tendency than other boys to be homosexual when they grow up.

"Typically, boys play more with other boys, they're more interested in sports than girls, and girls are more interested in playing with girls and with dolls," Bailey says.

But wait, guys — you don't have to throw that doll back into the Cabbage Patch yet. Others think that boys' play habits don't mean much of anything.

"Playing with dolls isn't even considered a cross-gender behavior," says Dr. Wanda Sadoughi, a psychologist who has studied the issue. (In other words, doll-playing isn't a girl-only thing.)

Some boys might think something is wrong with them if they aren't sure who they are or what things they like. Sadoughi says such an identity crisis is normal. "There's so much going on in adolescence with confusion."

Dr. Martin Goldstein, an adolescent psychologist in Arlington Heights, also thinks people might misread the study: "The study is not saying that

this [playing with dolls] is a cause" of homosexuality, he says. Playing with dolls can simply be a way to express nurturing traits, which society often discourages in boys.

Goldstein is also concerned that people who hear about the study will get hung up on the stereotypes we have about how boys and girls are supposed to act. It keeps alive the idea "that only aggressive and competitive behaviors are valued as masculine traits," he says.

And what about girls who would rather play ball than play with Barbie? Some studies have been done, but researchers haven't reached any conclusions. (And an energetic kid could make the argument that traditional boys' activities are more physical and fun than the activities girls are "supposed" to like.)

Even with boys, Bailey emphasizes to KidNews that the only time cross-gender behaviors might tell anything about the future is when there are many of them and they last for a very long time. "For example, if you have a boy who, for a several-year period of time says he wants to be a girl, and he plays only with girls," he says, "he's likely to be a gay man. Just playing with dolls is not very predictive."

But one thing does tend to happen when a boy acts in ways that others consider feminine, Bailey says: "The boy will experience a lot of difficulties with other kids, especially with boys."

In other words, a boy who "acts like a girl" often gets teased and bullied — and that bullying can make his life rough (something to keep in mind when you see a kid getting picked on).

So back to Ed, our football player (who's not gay, in case you feel the need to know). What does he think that his little tea parties say about the kind of guy he is? He answers: "It shows that I'm a caring person who likes to take care of his friends and the people who are close to me."



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**In Sweden's state-run schools, Sven can learn how to make his own dresses and lingerie even if his parents object!**

# Destroying the Family Swedish Style

**By Eric Brodin**

*This article, published in the Washington Inquirer, was excerpted from Eric Brodin's address given to the Eagle Forum's Annual Conference, Washington, D.C., on September 21, 1985. The article is published here with the gracious permission of Mrs. Phyllis Schlafly, lawyer, leader of the Eagle Forum - Pro-Family Movement since 1972.*

Some years ago a British journalist returned from Sweden saying: - I have seen the Future and it doesn't work. Despite many evidences of the truth of that observation many Americans - especially those in sociology and related disciplines - help maintain belief in the myth that Sweden's Welfare State is still a model for us and others to emulate.

The family has become the target because it is the solidifying and most effective element for perpetuating those traditional values that often are the only defense posts against the totalitarianization of our society.

"Legislation," as one government directive puts it, "is one of the most important instruments available to the state to anticipate the desires of the people or to turn the development into new channels.

In Sweden they have included a veritable barrage of legislation in which internal relations within the family and the role of the family within the society and vis-à-vis the government has undergone a radical change. Some of these plans are the following:

(1) Subject the child to compulsory educational programs in sex education, socialization, and religion that are consciously and with ideologically biased and intended to counteract the child's values derived from parents within the family.

(2) Deny the parent the right to insight into or control over curricula and textbooks (which may not be brought home). This is particularly true for material that has proved to be effective in values clarification or similar experiments where secular humanism is a *raison d'être*.

(3) Deny the parent the right to exercise a choice over the education or the schooling of the child by forbidding private or denominationally run schools, this despite Sweden's being signatory to a UN Declaration which provides the parents with the right to alone determine which schooling best fulfils the ethical and religious requirement the parents wish for their children.

(4) Provide a curriculum that intentionally ridicules or attempts to change traditional masculine/feminine, boy-girl gender roles by forcing boys to take sewing and girls to take metalcraft.

(5) Pass taxation legislation that penalizes the woman who wishes to stay home and care for children. Deny her tax deduction for childcare; deny combined tax filing. Sweden has already removed deductions for children at home.



(6) Encourage the woman to leave the home although minors may be there by incessant propaganda on state-controlled radio and TV against "parasitic mothers." In the interest of equality in the labor market, give cash bonuses to employers who give traditional female jobs to men and male jobs to women.

(7) Provide collective care for children between ages of six months to seven years, thus providing an opportunity for the state to assume the parental role and provide a neutral and ethically normless environment.

(8) Radicalize sexual instruction, making it available to increasingly younger age groups. Avoid moralizing, as it preserves prejudices and adheres to impossible prohibitions. Teaching the proper use of contraceptives and methods of sexual acts should be encouraged.

(9) The right of the "woman" to the "fruit of her body,"- even if it is a 14-year-old girl, should be maintained even if it means that a school nurse's decision in abortion can be performed without the knowledge of the parents or prospective father.

(10) The state is the natural protector of the children's best interests. It has the right to determine social or ethical suitability of real parents to keep the children. It can deprive parents of their children without a court case or warrant. It can grant a "divorce" by a 16-year-old girl from her family, for example.

(11) Legislation regarding marriage, divorce, and child custody shall be changed to take into consideration shifting moral values. If a divorce is declared due to the adultery of one partner, this must, under no circumstances, have any effect on the courts' determination of who shall have primary right to the children.

(12) In the case of a father's (or mother's) failure to provide the cost of the child's care, this shall be assumed by the state.

(13) In Sweden the state now arrogates to itself the power to be the primary protector of the child. It can determine whether a single, mild form of corporal punishment, verbal chastisement or temporary restriction of the child's activities, constitutes an infringement of the law, by which the parent becomes subject to a jail sentence.

The case of Sweden then should serve us as a warning: it is a model more to be avoided than emulated. Its function must best be to indicate for us where we in America could be ten, twenty years or less from now unless we learn from Sweden's "Future that does not work."

[Lawyer, Mrs Siv Westerberg's London lecture](#)

[How to control adults by means of children's rights](#)

[Crime and Punishment](#)



**Sissy of the Month**

It takes a lot of guts to be a boy with breasts to go swimming!



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. To see dozens of her great drawings and exotic tranny photos, visit her FREE website

<http://www.fabulousloustasha.com/TashaHome.html>

and you'll see dozens of her great drawings and dozens of her exotic tranny photos.

**Racist  
Wimp  
Gets His**



# Comeuppance

## Part 3

**Summary of the first two chapters that appeared in Princess Online #46:** Wealthy Harold Farnsworth owns a wholesale company, and when a pallet full of expensive electronics fell to the floor and broke, he made the mistake of firing his lift truck operator Darrell Washington, a black man, and in the process, Harold humiliated the man in front of the other employees. Worst of all, he used racial slurs and the “N” word. Hours later Darrell confronted Harold with a lawyer and a show of union force. By then Harold realized that the accident wasn’t Darrell’s fault, and he gave him his job back, but that wasn’t enough for Darrell. He needed to humiliate Harold for what had been done to him.

Harold was powerless to refuse anything Darrell wanted because, especially with the racial slurs, Darrell could sue Harold and ruin him financially. Darrell started to get even by pulling out his huge black cock and making Harold kiss it; he also made Harold buy himself some lingerie and told him he had to wear women’s lingerie 24/7, and then he said he was going to involve Harold’s whole family and humiliate them and make them too pay for Harold’s mistake. Darrell informed them that he was going to be arriving at their house and he fully intended having sex with Dora, Harold’s wife, plus do god only knows what other humiliating things to Harold, his wife and Luke, their fifteen-year-old son.

\* \* \*

After the phone call from Darrell informing the Farnsworths that he would be moving in with them and sleeping with Dora, Harold was sullen and withdrawn. Still dressed just in his frilly pink lingerie, he retired to their bedroom and just lay on the bed staring at the ceiling. When Dora tried to talk to him, he avoided discussing what had happened and what was about to happen, so she didn’t push the issue. Surprisingly, he did attempt to initiate sex with her despite Darrell’s command that he was not to have sex with his wife. She didn’t know if he had simply forgotten about the prohibition, or if it was a test of some kind, but she gently and firmly put a stop to it. After a deep sigh, he went off to the guest room for the night since Darrell had told them that Harold was no longer permitted to sleep with his wife in the master bedroom. Dora wondered what it would feel like having Darrell’s huge cock up her tight pussy, and she didn’t want to screw up the opportunity to find out! The Farnsworths slept in separate beds for the first time in their marriage. It was a strange feeling for both of them. Dora didn’t even want to admit to herself that she was too excited about the arrangement because she was way overdue for some hot sex, and with a beautiful black man to boot, so she just kept telling herself that this was what they had to do or take a chance on losing all their money.

### **DAY ONE: Friday**

The next day, as per Darrell’s instructions, Dora called Tanya at the lingerie shop and gave her Luke’s

measurements as well as her own clothing sizes. Tanya said she'd be arriving with Darrell that evening and that Dora should have \$300 in cash on hand to pay for the clothes. Harold came home early, stripped down to his pink camisole and panties and sat on the couch in the den staring blankly at the television as he surfed the channels. Dora laughed out loud because she still wasn't used to seeing him dressed like that. She apologized to him but couldn't stop grinning all though her apology. From his dejected demeanor, Harold obviously had a bad day at work with wearing lingerie under his clothes and wondering what was going to happen this evening, so his wife didn't even bother to ask him about it. This problem was of his own making, she had little sympathy for him – and she just might benefit by having Darrell's huge cock up her cunt! Just the thought of it made her tingle. Her pussy had been dripping wet all day long!

Harold did say that Darrell had called him at the office and told him to punch him "in" for the day because he didn't feel like coming into work but that he would be at their place at 5 o'clock.

Luke came home right after school. He seemed to avoid looking at his lingerie-clad father as much as possible. He asked his mother if she thought Darrell was serious about making him dress up too in women's underwear. Dora just shrugged her shoulders and told him he had to do whatever Darrell asked him to do or they'd all be in big trouble. They all wondered how the evening would play out. They had a light early dinner, with Harold squirming around in his in his ticklish lingerie on the hardwood chair, very few words were said. Harold and Luke just picked at their food. Luke was visibly frightened not knowing what was going to be expected of him. Dora too was a little scared about what was about to happen. Her excitement, though, was almost palpable.

Harold came over and kissed his wife sweetly in the middle of her forehead. "Thanks for going along with this, honey. I know I screwed up, and I'm willing to take my punishment, but I hope Darrell doesn't demand too much from you and Luke."

After showering, Dora put on a bright yellow sundress over a slinky pair of full-cut yellow satin panties that she had dug out of an old gift set from years ago and never had occasion to wear. She chose them because Darrell had told her on the phone he liked old-fashioned, full-cut panties, the fancier the better. The yellow panties didn't have any lace on them, but they were the only pair of full-cut briefs she owned. She thought about putting on a pair of the panties Harold had purchased for himself, but when she tried a pair on, they were much too big on her. She settled on the plain, waist-high yellow satin panties and told Harold to change into a fresh pair of his faggot pink panties. Then she helped him into a garter belt, white nylons and a lacy white bustier.

At precisely 5:00 p.m., the doorbell rang. Dora moved quickly to the door, took a deep breath, and opened it.

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## Racist Wimp Gets His Comeuppance

### Part 3 continued

When Dora opened the door, Darrell stood before her between two expensive suitcases. She guessed him to be 35 to 40 years old. He had black hair with just a hint of gray at the temples, wide shoulders, slim hips and a handsome face with piercing, steel-gray eyes -- the kind of face women fall in love with even knowing full well the potential for heartache and pain (even violence?) that such a face and eyes portend. He was dressed in a new pair of jeans and a crisp, white T-shirt. The muscles of his arms were well defined, and peeking out just below the left sleeve of his shirt was the bottom part of a tattoo. She couldn't make out its details.

A well-built light-skinned black woman with a big hairdo stood next to Darrell. Dora assumed it was Tanya. She held a large pink box, but Dora didn't spend much time looking at her instead momentarily locking eyes with Darrell and then looking down between his legs at a very promising bulge!

"Hello, Dora. I believe you are expecting us," he said.

In person, his voice was even more impressive than she had remembered it, a very masculine, rich voice. She opened the door and motioned for them to enter.

"Harold and Luke are in the living room. Would you like something to drink? We're having a nice dry red wine."

"No, there will be plenty of time for that later. Thanks anyway."

As she led them into the living room, a crimson-faced Harold in his whore lingerie rose from the couch, forced himself to



smile and offered to shake hands. Luke, with downcast eyes, extended his hand too.

“Hello, Harold. You boys can put your hands down. I don’t shake hands with faggots. I must say you look to be the proper little sissy; pink lingerie becomes you! And I’m going to teach both you and your son here just how much fun you can have being faggot slaves! Now, at least until we come up with a better name for you, I’ll call you Harold but add faggot or cocksucker, or any of a dozen similar names, so much better than that stuffy Mr. Farnsworth stuff at work.

“And Luke, it’s nice to meet you. You’re going to love the things Tanya and I will teach you. I’m going to set you free and make you one very happy gay boy!”

Luke stared at him in a nervous stunned silence. Then Darrell spoke again.

“I see no point in wasting a lot of time with pleasantries. We’ll get to know each other as things go along. I prefer that we begin talking about some necessary things. The three of you sit on the couch; I’ll stand here by the fireplace.

“First, Tanya, you already know Harold the faggot, now I want to introduce you to the faggot’s slut wife and his pantywaist son. This is Dora and that skinny little runt is Luke, but I think I’ll be calling him cocksucker, pussy boy and a host of other names that will fit him much better than the name ‘Luke.’”

Dora smiled a greeting to Tanya, who looked at her with contempt and then looked at Luke and nodded her head like she was going to really enjoy doing whatever she was going to be doing to him.

Darrell leaned against the mantle and pointed to the pink box. “Tanya, why don’t you show sissyboy Luke and little dick lover Dora some of the things you brought for them.”

The tall, well-muscled woman chuckled as she opened the box and took out a dozen pairs of full-cut panties, mostly in pink, and handed them to Dora.

“Darrell says yous be wearing panties like these from now on. So here they is.”

“Tanya,” Darrell said, “why don’t you get started fixing up Luke. We don’t want him lookin’ like a ‘Luke’ no more. We want him lookin’ like a ‘Laura!’” He laughed at his own joke. (I might mention that this was during those years when “Luke and Laura” were famous daytime soap opera characters; hence the joke.)

Tanya continued, “And I got a dozen more of these fine panties in a smaller size for Luke, who I think I’m going to be calling Laura-boy! Plus all the rest of these pretty girly things are all for him,” she said as she started holding up item after item.

I could tell Luke was ready to bolt. He had moved up to sit on the edge of the couch, but I kept a firm

grip on his arm and told him to settle down. For some time, Luke had been trying to fool everyone into thinking he was a ladies man with all the girls chasing after him, but he was popular only because he had a steady supply of money in his pocket and a new BMW, a gift for passing his driver's test just after his fifteenth birthday. (You can drive at fifteen in this state as long as you have completed a driver education course in school.) Dora loved her son, but she knew he was a wimp just like his father. She wondered how long Luke would be popular with all the kids, especially the girls, once they discovered that now he was wearing girls' panties for underwear!

Luke stared with a scowl on his face, as he looked at the lingerie, all loaded with an abundance of frills and lace, old-fashioned 1950s things that would make a hooker blush. Dora now understood why she called her place "Tanya's Trashy Lingerie." This stuff was the sluttiest looking clothes she had ever seen — bras, panties, bustiers, garters, seamed nylons, fancy nightgowns, even some flimsy blouses and ultrashort skirt sets — all in gaudy colors and encrusted with lace and frills.

"These here is some of the finest things I got. You're sure getting your money's worth, lady. And speaken' bout da money, where is it?"

Dora had an envelope ready with the cash and handed it too her. Tanya stuffed it in her bra top and took Luke by the hand. If he wanted to run, he didn't stand a chance. She towered over him and looked strong enough to make him do anything she wanted him to do. She stripped his clothes off him in a flash, like she had overpowered wimpy little boys many times before. Luke bent to hide his nakedness. She just smacked him on the butt with a garter belt she was holding at the moment. The hooks on the end of the garter belt must have stung him because he let out with a yelp and immediately stood up straight for her with his hands at his sides, as she demanded.

Dora hadn't seen her son cry since he was a baby, but now he was standing there with thick tears running down his face as Tanya slapped him on the thigh and had him step into a pair of pink panties.

"Tell me you love these panties," she barked at him.

"I love them," Luke said. His crying had been silent, but now you could hear it in his voice, cracking with emotion.

Darrell slapped Luke across the face hard enough to leave a huge blotchy red mark on his cheek.

"Them? THEM?" Darrell shouted. "They're panties, stupid! Now tell us all that you love your pretty panties, you little faggot?"

"I, uh, love, these pretty panties, uh, sir."

"That's more like it, boy cunt! Now you're learning how to answer when a lady asks you a question. And it's good that you ended that sentence with a 'sir'; otherwise, you'd be getting a nice bruise on the other

side of your face to match the one you already got! Now don't put up any fuss while Tanya helps you try on some of these new outfits. I don't want you to be wasting no more time with any foolish protests as she gets you ready for the festivities! You'll be eye candy for us. We'll be looking at you model all your pretty things, while I do some more talkin' so everybody understands their place here and knows what's going on." Darrell laughed.

When Darrell had hit Luke, Harold winced, for a moment Dora thought her husband was going to get up and defend his son, but he didn't make any kind of effort to stop what was happening. Yes, Dora knew, Harold had to go along with whatever this duo from hell was going to dish out, but she thought he'd at least make some token effort to protect their son. But he didn't move a muscle in defense. Dora was losing more and more respect for her husband by the moment.

Darrell folded his arms. He gleefully watched Tanya dressing up their son, making him try on one outfit after another, each more gaudy and outrageous than the last. In a perverse sort of way, Dora was enjoying it! Watching her son being fixed up like a floozy was certainly taking him down a notch or two! She thought he was getting too big for his britches anyway. Now, she was sure he wouldn't be getting too big for his panties!

As Tanya continued dressing, undressing and redressing Luke, Darrell talked.

"Thank you for inviting me into your beautiful home and into your life," he began. "Please remember that the relationship we are starting here is completely consensual. The primary ingredient of this relationship is that I now have total control over your lives, and if that control is ever questioned or tested in any way, I will punish you severely. I warn you, don't test me! You don't want to know all the terrible things I can do to you and your lives. If you refuse me in any way, I might decide to walk out the door, and believe me, you don't want me to do that because then I will do whatever I have to do to get even in other ways. But I don't think that's going to happen, though. You probably have a good idea of the damage I can cause you.

"All of you should look at it this like we are going to have a little fun for a while. Sure, faggot Harold, it will humiliate you to know that I am fucking your wife, but you and she are willingly giving me her body for the wrong you did to me. That's fair payment. And don't give me any bullshit about how embarrassing it is for you to be cuckolded and how humiliating it is for you and your son to wear lingerie. I'm doing you boys a favor! If you're not hooked on your pretty panties already, you and your son soon will be. You'll be thanking me for introducing you to such wonderful pleasures. All little gay boys love to wear pretty panties and all kinds of sissy girlie clothes."

"But I'm no fag," Luke asserted through his tears.

Darrell walked up to him and slapped him again across the face with his wide black hand. Luke fell back and began crying loudly.



"If I tell you that you're a fag – you're a fag! And remember to address me as 'sir' when you talk to me, or I'll have the word 'faggot' tattooed on your forehead. Understand?"

"Uh, yes. Yes, sir!" Luke said between heavy gasps for breath and hefty sobbing.

Darrell looked at the boy's mother with unblinking eyes and continued.

"Dora, I now own your body for as long as I want. When I tell you to do something, do it immediately. Never question me, never hesitate, and never fail to do everything within your power to comply and to please me. Are we of a like mind?"

She looked into Harold's eyes and answered. "Yes, Darrell. We're of a like mind." She was mesmerized by the power he exuded.

His gaze fell on Harold.

"Well, cunt face Harold, you just heard your wife pledge her body to me. It no longer belongs to you, or her, in any way. Do you understand the implications?"

"Yes, I believe I do."

"No, I don't think you do. I think she has a better grasp of what this is going to mean, as well as the full potential inherent in this situation. True submission is only understood through experience. But no matter! As your wife learns to prostitute herself to me, so will you to both her and me. Now, Harold, except for that little kiss you placed on the tip of my cock yesterday, have you ever sucked another man's cock?"

Harold's face turned very red. He didn't look up, as he said, "No."

At that statement, Luke reacted with eyes lit up in amazement. He stared at his father: "Dad kissed that man's cock!" he said to himself, as graphic visions of his dad kneeling before the black man and kissing his dick invaded his adolescent mind.

"No, I didn't think so. I haven't either, but then I've never been in the position you've put yourself and your family in. I'm sure your wife knows the joys of cocksucking, though. I'll bet she has learned the little secret that there is tremendous pleasure in submitting to someone stronger than yourself. A little bit of advice that will help you through the coming days and nights: Don't submit just a little bit. Submit totally. Put everything you've got into it, cunt boy, or you'll have a very rough time of it. The same goes for you, pussy boy Luke. Quite simply, my advice to all of you is to learn to like every bit of being dominated!"

"And what about you, pussy boy Luke? Have you ever sucked cock?"

Luke looked up in disbelief, shaking his head 'no.'

Dora said, "But his best friend is a faggot."

"I would expect nothing less!" Darrell said with a hearty belly laugh. "Well, I really don't care if you have or haven't, but I assure you, you will be sucking cock sooner than you think. You're a faggot. I could tell the instant I walked in this room and saw you. Get ready for a life of downing cocks and being ass fucked. You're a queer and always will be. Accept the many humiliations I shower you with and it will be a lot easier for you. In other words, learn to submit like a girl, sissyboy Luke. Learn the pleasures of letting a man get into your panties!"

Darrell was pacing now, his hands in his front pockets, thumbs out. Dora was getting very turned on. She loved the way he had walked right into their lives and took total control. He was a man -- a real man!

Darrell suddenly leaned down, cupped Harold's chin with his hand and looked into his eyes.

"Make no mistake about it, faggot Harold. Your wife is going to be debased, humiliated and used. We're going to act out games that would make a jaded whore throw up. Her mouth, cunt and ass are going to be reamed out like never before. She and I, and maybe even others of my choosing, are going to do things you never dreamed possible. Sometimes, I'll even let you and your pimple-dicked son watch. Nope. There will be no "loving" around here for a while. Just a whole lot of sucking and fucking! And when I'm tired of fucking her, I'm going to fuck you and your pantywaist son!"

He let go of Harold's chin with a curt shove and looked up at Dora.

"Dora, do you see what I see in this big sissy's pink panties? The fag you have been calling your husband for all these years has an erection. At least I think that what is making that little bump there. Come here, kneel down and take his measly excuse of a cock out of his girly panties. We all want to see how small his cock is, don't we? We've already seen that little thing your pussy boy son has between his legs. And look at him; with those panties snugged up around him, you can hardly see it! What a fucking poor excuse of a boy. Maybe you thought you had a son, but I got news for you, he's going to make a better daughter than he ever was as a son. It's good I'm turning him into a girly boy. I'm saving him a lot of grief because girls would just laugh at him when they saw that little string between his legs he calls a penis! I bet his wimpy dad's cock isn't much bigger."

As Dora moved to Harold and knelt down before him, she knew Darrell was right. When she extracted Harold's semi-hard penis from the leg opening of his pink panties, it was wet at the tip. She stroked it. He leaned back on his hands and closed his eyes as Darrell and Tanya broke out into wild gales of laughter.

"Well, I'll be! I don't think it's any bigger than his faggot son's dick!

“Dora,” Darrell said, “how did he ever penetrate you with that thing? How did he ever got you pregnant with that girlie boy of yours?”

She looked up into his cold-as-steel deep brown eyes and laughed. “It wasn’t easy. Whenever he tries to screw me, he keeps falling out! Sex with him is a chore just trying to get him deep enough in me to feel anything at all!” Dora had always felt cheated by Harold in the penis department, and now she was paying him back with spiteful comments.

Harold just hung his head in shame.

“Tell your loving husband how pretty he will look sitting on the end of my hard prick.”

“Harold,” she said, “I think we just might have found a kind of sex that you can do properly. With Darrell’s big cock up your butt maybe you’ll have some idea of what I’ve been longing for in my cunt for so long. Sure it will hurt until you get used to it, but once you do, I’m sure you’ll prefer having your prostrate massaged on the inside by the stroking of a big cock up your ass as opposed to trying to get off as it slips loosely around inside my pussy.”

Darrell laughed and then pointed to Luke dressed up like a little whore. “And tell your sissy son how you can’t wait to see him dressed up like a sweet little girl with his lips stretched out around my cock. Tell him how excited it will make you and how proud you will be of him. Tell him the truth.”

With her cunt throbbing, wet and tingling with excitement, Dora looked at Luke all dolled up and said, “Luke, baby, you look adorable! You’re going to make a fabulous little girl – well, you won’t be a girl, but you’ll sure look like the sweetest little girlie boy anyone has ever seen. I’ll let you in on a little secret: I love sucking cock, and you will too! Most wimpy guys would love sucking a real man’s cock if they could just get over their initial fears about being a homo. Being gay is nothing to be ashamed of! Gay boys have a lot of sex. I’m sure most of them are very happy, especially if they learn how to enjoy sucking cock as much as I do!

“Harold, don’t stare at me like that! Yes, I’ve fucked and sucked a few cocks in my day! I know I haven’t sucked your in years – what’s the use? Two or three strokes or a few licks of my tongue and you shoot all over the place. That’s not my idea of making love to a cock, and that’s why I haven’t given you head in years, but during that time, I have given a few guys blowjobs. Every once in a while, after going so long without decent sex, I’ve broken down and just had to find a decent size cock to suck on or have shoved up my pussy. I’m sure you’ve never even suspected that I was going out on you -- you being the workaholic that you are. I could have sucked cock everyday of the week and you probably wouldn’t have noticed. A few times I came home fresh from being fucked and giving some guy head. There had to be the smell of cum on my breath and even stray bits of jism still in my mouth and plastered to my face. Purposely I’d give you one of my long lingering kisses and feed you the remnants of that cum! Never once did you ever guess! It got to be a game with me, wondering just how far I could go before you



caught me. There were many close calls, but you were blind to all of those clues that I purposely left in your path. So in a way, you have already sucked cock -- at least eaten a real man's jism with all the bits of cum I've fed you over the years. You'll take to cocksucking like a trooper!

"And my dear little Luke, I know you'll love being a dick licker."

"Mom, how could you? No! No! I won't do that!"

Bang! Darrell slapped Luke again. This time, he was knocked the kid completely off his feet.

"You'll suck cock, and you'll like it," he said.

Tanya helped Luke to his feet and straightens out his lingerie. Then she grabbed him through the silky folds of his panties and started masturbating him, one hand on his balls and her other hand on his little worm of a cock. Luke squirmed in her grasp and tried to twist away from her but she warned him against resisting. As she continued to stroke him, his mother continued to talk to him.

"Luke, baby, you'll love sucking cocks, and when a big manly man shoots off in your mouth, you'll love the taste of his semen. And I'll be right by your side cheering you on. I know how good it can be, and I'll teach you how to be a prize-winning penis lover. You won't be able to get enough of it! You'll suck so many cocks in a row that your tummy will be filled to the brim with cum. You might even throw up the first few times you get so much jism in your belly, but your system will get used to it, and soon you'll be able to keep it down. I'll be so proud of you! Maybe I'll call all the boys in your class and tell them to keep your tummy filled with cum while you're in school."

Dora went on and on, even talking about Cody, Luke's best friend, who she was convinced was gay. Luke was crying with a strange mix of mind-boggling humiliation and the erotic pleasure from Tanya's expert manipulation of his baby-size genitals in his fancy panties. She was driving him crazy with pleasure. When she stuck her one hand down the back of his panties and started probing his asshole with her long fingernails, the pain and pleasure was too much -- he began ramming his pink panties penis into her other hand. As he fucked her panty-stroking hand, he collapsed in her arms and started shooting gobs of cum through his girly panties. With a loud voice like the blaring of a trumpet, Tanya announced he was cumming. Darrell laughed. Dora grinned like the devil, and Harold stared in amazement.

Tanya wiped her cum-drenched hand on Luke's inner thigh. Then she made him stand in the corner with his hands on his hips, displaying his spent penis, now clearly visible because his boy cum had saturated his panties and made them practically see-through. Darrell made Luke thank Tanya for his first experience with sissy boy sex.

*Loosely based on the story "Husband" - Anonymous.*

## ***The end of Princess Online #47***

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