

Princess Online

June 2005 Featured Stories
and Letters from the
Princess Productions Website

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Adults Only

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

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A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Carole Jean

Each month, Carole Jean, a good friend and popular author of forced crossdressing stories, gives us permission to Princessize a drawing from one of her many publications. By "Princessize," we mean that we colorize and sometimes artistically alter the drawing. At times we only make a few minor changes, and at other times, we make a lot of changes -- all designed to reflect our (and we hope our loyal followers') interests.

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's book, "Van, The Bride," in the "Schooled to Be Girls!" series. Van is now called "Iris" and is about to be married in a bride's outfit. He recalls his petticoat punishment and feminization while attending the Sylvan School for Girls, where sissyboys are turned into little girls. In this drawing, Van remembers being brought up on stage and made to perform as "Miss Panties!"

All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits or 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", "The Male Maid Book of ABCs", and the first two books in the "Schooled to Be Girls" series: "Norm, the Home Boy," and "Van, the Bride."

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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WHAT A DRAG



The Associated Press

Jason Householder, left, and John Stockum are interviewed by television reporters as they pass the Coshocton County Courthouse Friday. A Municipal

Court judge had sentenced them to 60 days in jail or an hour-long stroll down Main Street wearing dresses, wigs and makeup.

Men choose dresses over jail

Associated Press

COSHOCTON, Ohio - Serving this sentence was a drag.

Two Coshocton men who dented a car by throwing beer bottles served their punishment Friday afternoon by taking an hour-long stroll down Main Street wearing dresses, wigs and makeup.

Municipal Court Judge David Hostetler had given Jason Householder, 23, and John Stockum, 21, a

choice of taking the walk in drag or serving 60 days in jail.

Their jaunt drew whistles and laughter from people who lined the sidewalks. Some people took pictures of Householder in a black wig, black coat and black skirt; Stockum donned a red wig, red dress and white and black fur coat.

Householder said it was worth it because now "I can keep my job and my home."

A man was arrested for throwing a plastic bottle at Householder and Stockum, police said.

The judge said the criminal damaging convictions for denting the car were not what drew the unusual sentences for Householder and Stockum.

Hostetler said it was their behavior toward a woman in the car. One of them reportedly made a derogatory remark to the woman.

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 fanciful pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment and collects articles on the subject. Items that remind him of his own painful ordeal. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being forced to wear a dress and panties and then having the nuns and other school kids ridicule and laugh at him. The item above

is a true story from a newspaper detailing the punishment a judge handed out to a couple of guys who made a derogatory comment to a woman as they vandalized her car. The judge sentenced them to dress in female clothes complete with wigs and makeup and then walk down a main street while onlookers made fun of them!

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Masquerade

One afternoon I was working on my bike in the backyard, and I accidentally smeared grease on my sister's cheerleading uniform when I had to pass through the laundry hanging on the line on my way into the house for dinner.

My sister's scream announced to the world that she discovered the grease stains, and my mother came running. Immediately, they rightly guessed I was responsible. Dad came to my bedroom, made me undress and gave me a spanking. When I started to whine and carry on, he told me if I continued to behave "like a little girl," he would put a dress on me.

I sassied back at him and told him I'd never put a dress on.

He immediately told Mom to get one of my sister Laura's dresses for me. She came back with the cheerleader dress that I had stained, saying it was mine now because it was ruined. When mom and Dad attempted to put the dress on me I vehemently protested and fought them off, but Dad threw me over his lap and the two of them slapped the shit out of my ass until I agreed to put the dress on. Once the dress was on, I was paraded in front of my sister and introduced as her new sister. .

She thought it was a laugh riot. The dress was so short it barely reached down to my thighs. When my mother noticed this, she asked Laura to go to my room and bring back a pair of shorts for me. Laura then said that panties would be more appropriate and my Dad agreed. She went to her room and brought back a pair of nylon panties for me in baby blue with dark blue flowers on the hips and white lace around the legs. I had to pull my underwear off without leaving the room, and then Mother put the blue panties on me and held my skirt up as she pulled them up real high and checked the fit. I had to spend the evening in that dress and panties.

After that episode, Dad told me to keep the dress and panties in my room, and I had to wear that outfit many more times in the months and years that followed. Even though I never was close with my Dad, we became even more distant. He pretty much disowned me, and between mother and my sister, there seemed to be no end to the ways they thought up to embarrass me.

On such occasions as Christmas and my birthday, whenever it suited their fancy, they'd give me gifts of girls' clothes to add to my punishment wardrobe. On one of those birthdays, I opened my gifts and found a short full skirt, sheer blouse, padded bra and pink panties. We had two uncles, three aunts, four girl cousins, and two boy cousins over that night, and I was embarrassed beyond all belief opening those gifts with them staring and then laughing at me. And after Dad had a few drinks, the highlight of the

evening came when he made me go to my room, change into my new girls' clothes and then come out for my annual birthday spanking!

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Classic Drawing

This Missie McQueen classic shows Jenny, a girl who likes to play nurse. She's a candy striper at the hospital with access to the hospital's equipment and drugs, including the supply of female hormones which she has been administering to her big brother David (now Dana) for over two years, and now the boy has a big set of real titties. Jenny panty trained the wimp from the beginning, and his panties constantly excite him, but because of the hormones, his penis can't get very hard. Another thing she has taught him to love is getting enemas, and here she is ready with all the equipment, and the poor boy is so excited, his limp little penis is already drooling its watery jism, and it's dripping down his legs! (Missie McQueen is aka Curtus.)

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Jed

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

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

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

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

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

Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics, and they didn't quiet down until Ma Kelly gave them her famous evil look and severely bawled them out. Donald was

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

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

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

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

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

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Caught and Chastised

I'm a submissive sissy who loves girly clothes. My first experience was wearing my older sister's lingerie. I had gone shopping with her and our mom, so they could buy her a fancy dress for her confirmation. I, of course, was thoroughly bored as I had to sit outside the dressing room and wait as mom kept going in and out to have her try on one fancy white lace dress after another. I did take notice of the dresses and thought the dresses were pretty cool – for girls. So I just sat there waiting impatiently.

Then, all of a sudden the dressing room door opened and my sister was standing there in a fully ruffled half-slip and a bra. I had seen my mom's bras because I had snooped in her dresser a few times, so I knew what they looked like, but mom's bras like all her underwear were plain white cotton and nothing special, not like fancy underclothes I had seen in pictures. But here was my sister standing there in a slip and a bra that were shiny and silky and loaded with lace and ruffles, even a few little blue ribbons on the trim. My sister didn't wear a bra, so I was very curious when I saw her wearing one. I guess it was her first bra. But what really struck me was how fancy these clothes were. I had seen pretty girls' underwear in mom's catalogs, but never saw any I person.

Anyway, sis was just standing there with these long nylon stockings with a big row of lace on top. Mom was out in the store hunting up another dress for her to try on and sis had opened the door to call out to mom that she needed help with the stockings. She was standing there with the slip bunched up around her waist, holding up the stockings by their lacy tops. She was complaining to mom that the stockings were too big and wouldn't stay up. And with her slip up like that I could see she had on pale pink panties that were made up of row after row of lacy frills.

I was off to the side a bit so sis didn't see me because she was looking out the door for our mom who was in the aisle in the opposite direction from me. I didn't even do it consciously; I stood up and moved closer to her to get a better look. I was just standing there staring at her and moving ever closer. The next thing I knew, Mom was standing right in front of me.

“And just what are you staring at, young man? Do you want to wear some pretty girls' clothes like your sister? Do want me to buy a pretty dress and a slip and panties for you too?”

My sister then noticed me and ducked back into the dressing room with a shriek. “Get him out of here!” she screamed.

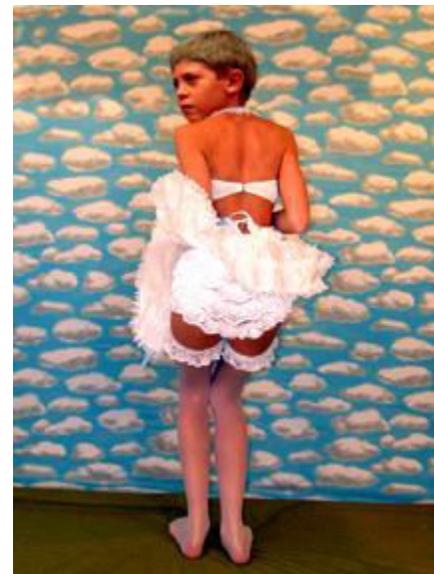
Mom's laughing at me embarrassed me, and I turned around, sat down and looked away from her.



When they were finished and sis came out of the dressing room, she was mad at me and told me it wasn't nice to look at her when she was getting dressed. I didn't feel like I had done anything wrong. She's the one who came halfway out of the dressing room in just her underwear. I hadn't wanted to be there in the first place. But what did puzzle me was that I had gotten up like a robot under the control of some outside influence and moved in close to her to get a good look. I blushed all the way home, and my sister kept making snotty little comments to me about being bad. Mom finally had enough, and she told sis to stop it, but she did say that I should respect my sister's privacy and I shouldn't be looking at girls when they were getting dressed. She said it was a sin I'd have to confess in church.

When we got home I had a lot to think about. I was suddenly very interested in girls' clothes, especially when they wore fancy clothes underneath like I had seen in newspaper store ads in catalogs.

I kept thinking about those clothes, and three days later, we were having a picnic lunch in our backyard. I made the excuse of going in the house to use the bathroom, but I knew what I had to do. I had to check out those pretty clothes. I went into my sister's room. I saw the dress and slip hanging up in her closet. And in her tallboy, I found the lacy-top stay-up stockings, the ruffled little training bra and the rhumba panties made up of so much lace they were like a big ball of ruffles and frills. I touched the bra and panties and stockings. My little peter got instantly hard. It was a cool spring day, but I was sweating! I knew I couldn't stay there too long, so I quietly and quickly left, but only after promising myself that I'd be back to check them out at the next chance I got to be alone.



It was over a week before I got another chance. Mom had taken sis to the beauty parlor for both of them to have their hair done. I was home alone with dad and wanted to sneak up to sis's bedroom to look at those pretty clothes again, but I just couldn't risk being caught by dad.

But when Mom came home, she announced that she had to take dad to the airport. Sis went along with them, and I told them I wanted to stay home. I knew what I wanted to do! Mom said I should stay in the house and stay out of trouble. They'd be back in about two hours, After dropping off dad, they were going to their favorite place for tea.

No sooner had they left, and I was in my sister's room examining those amazing clothes. I also discovered that my sister was now assembling a collection of pretty panties in assorted colors and they were all silky and most of them were lacy too. I saw the old white cotton panties (like Mom's) that she always used to wear and they were all pushed to the back of her lingerie drawer. I knew I'd be making regular visits to her panty drawer. But I didn't see any other bras, just the white ruffled one that went with the confirmation outfit, so I guess this was my sister's first bra.

Then the robot took control of me!

I undressed on the spot and picked up and pulled on the panties so fast it was almost like magic that they appeared on me! There are no words in any language that could describe how I felt wearing those gorgeous white lacy rhumba panties. I almost jumped up as soon as I sat down on the bed because all those lacy ruffles on the back of the panties made it really weird and really wild to sit on! I giggled to myself, pressed my panties butt back down on the bed and squirmed around luxuriating in the satin, lace and ruffles rubbing against my ass for the first time in my life.

I got the stockings out of the drawer and sat back down. Then everything slowed way down. I loved sitting around in the frilly panties, so I took a great deal of time pulling on the long stockings. The big rows of white lace at the top of the stockings were another super special surprise. They tickled the hell out of my legs just as I sat there, and when I got up and walked around they drove me crazy with ticklish pleasure!

I went over to my sister's big mirror and danced around in front of it in just the stockings and panties! This was the most amazing experience of my young life, and I was sure I'd never experience anything half as much fun and pleasurable every again. There were a few little thoughts bouncing around in the back of my head. My mind was trying to talk to me: "Boys don't wear girls' panties." "You look stupid in your sister's clothes." "People would laugh at you if they could see you." But the erotic pleasure I was enjoying was so intense that such thoughts almost seemed silly. "So what!" I muttered out loud, arguing with those thoughts going through my brain. But those thoughts didn't have a chance. I pushed them out of my head as fast as they popped up.

Next, I went to the closet and got the slip. It had been pinned to the hanger, and I did have some fear that I wouldn't be able to put it back how I had found it, but the urgent need to put on that matching slip overran my concern about covering my tracks. I decided I'd worry about that later. Now was the time to put on the slip. Did it go on over my head or up my legs? I wasn't sure, so I finally decided to put it on over my head, like I had seen my mom put on her dress sometimes. That was a bit of a struggle, but I got it into place around my waist without too much trouble.

The slip was a new thrill altogether. I had seen girls spin around in dresses and let their skirts flare up, and it always looked like they were having fun, so I just had to try it. I hurried back to the mirror and spent long minutes dancing, spinning around, and pulling up the slip to look under the slip at myself in

the stockings and panties. I spun around so much I was getting dizzy, but I kept on doing it! Wow!

Then I remembered the bra. I had seen sis wearing it, but I didn't know how to put it on. I studied it for a few minutes, opened and closed the clasp a few times, and then gave it several tries. I just couldn't get it to work. Finally, I did have my arms through it the right way and was twisting in every direction trying to snap it in back – and that's how my sister found me! I didn't know she was there staring at me until she let out with the loudest scream I had ever heard in my life! And she just kept on screaming!

Moments later Mom came running. She stopped cold at the bedroom door and just stared at me! Sis was crying and talking, or I should say screaming a mile a minute! She was so loud that my ears hurt! I could smell my mom's perfume from across the room. It wafted into my nostrils like incense in church or like sweet smelling pipe smoke. I knew my mom's perfume, but it had never smelled so strong before.

As it turned out, Mom and sis didn't go to tea because they took too much time with traffic at the airport and then came right home because they had to get sis dressed because a photographer was coming over in about an hour to take a picture of her in her new hairdo wearing her confirmation outfit!

Well, sis was still screaming, saying she'd never wear those clothes after I had put them on my dirty body. She was crying and terribly distraught.

I couldn't move. I knew I was in deep shit. It seemed like for the longest time, none of us could move. This tableau was out of a sci-fi movie. It was like nothing was real – except for my sister's constant screaming and crying.

I started crying too and started taking off the clothes.

Sis fell on her bed crying. Mom dragged me out of there and into my own room, sat me down on my bed and bitched at me to no end. The bra was still looped over my arms unhooked, the nylon stockings had fallen down my legs and I was tripping over them, the slip was all askew, as I had tried to pull it up and squirm out of it. I was crying as mom started taking the clothes off of me, saying she was going to tell dad what I had done when he got home in three days from his business trip.

That scared the hell out of me. I pleaded with her not to tell him. I knew he'd beat me and probably tease me forever about doing something so sissy. He had at times in the past teased me abusively when I had done anything the least bit girly, so I knew he'd have it in for me. Dad sold heavy construction and farming equipment for a living, so I'm sure you can imagine what kind of a macho asshole he was.

But then mom stopped undressing me and offered me a deal: let her have pictures of me in the lingerie and she wouldn't tell dad, unless I ever pull a stunt like that again. A “stunt” – that was mom's word for it. She made it sound like I was doing this to hurt my sister. She totally missed the point that I loved the clothes and wanted to wear them forever! The whole time I was dressed up I barely thought of my sister for a second!

As it ended up, I agreed. Mom made me keep on the lingerie. She hooked the bra on me and straightened out all the clothes. Then she took me into my sister's room and made me apologize, plus she told sis about her proposed punishment, explaining that it would be best that way because she feared it would maybe really hurt me if he ever found out, but she did say she'd tell him and show him the photos if I ever did a "stunt" like that again! So when the photographer showed up, she had him take pictures of me and not sis!

Mom also promised sis to get her all new clothes. I immediately wondered what was going to happen to the slip, stockings, bra and panties I had on! Would they be mine? I guess I knew at that very moment that would be too much hope for. But what was going to happen to them? As it turned out, Mom took them back to the store and exchanged them, saying sis didn't like them and wanted a different style!

Sis never did let me forget it, and I fell into a pattern of being submissive to her and mom because they had this hold over me. Yes, I did get into my sister's things again – frequently as a matter of fact, but I was very sly and careful when I did it. They never did catch me, but I think sis suspected I was still going into her room and getting into her clothes. She wasn't too neat about taking care of her clothes, so she never really knew for sure, but she was always telling me to stay out of her room and away from her stuff.

Today, I'm married and wear a bra and panties as often as I can. I'd wear them all the time, but my wife thinks it's funny when I wear them, and her teasing makes me feel so bad that I have to periodically stop wearing them. Then the need builds up in me and I have to put on my bra and panties again even though I know she'll verbally abuse me until I'm about to cry. She teases me, but she also gives me presents of bras and panties on my birthday and at Christmas and then laughs in my face as I open my gifts! She's very conservative and will have nothing to do with me when I'm dressed up, except put me down. I know she goes out on me with other men and has sex with them. She's told me that she's trying to get pregnant but will never let me fuck her again because she doesn't want to get impregnated by a silly little sissy like me and take a chance on having a sissy son that's as effeminate as I am. Sometimes I get into bed in my bra and panties, but she just rolls over, turns her back to me, and says, "OK, pantywaist, get it over with!" as she lets me rub my pantied penis up against her pantied ass until I cum, then she says something like, "OK, sissy boy, you've had your naughty little fun. You're such a sick pervert! Now rollover and go to sleep in your wet panties!"

Princess Lacey edited this letter from her files.

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Sissy of the Month

(Click on the photos for a larger view.)

Twelve years ago, Halloween fell on a Saturday. I was home from college for the weekend, and Mom and Dad went out that night, so I was left to hand out candy to the trick-or-treaters. One time I answered the door and saw Ruth, our next door neighbor, but I didn't recognize the little girl with her. The girl was in a 1970's retro kind of costume with a cheap wig, but then I remembered Ruth only had a son and not a daughter, and I laughed a bit when I realized the little girl was actually Christian, her seven-year-old boy.

I sensed he was serious about his girlie costume, so I apologized for laughing and told him he looked really cute, just like a real little girl.

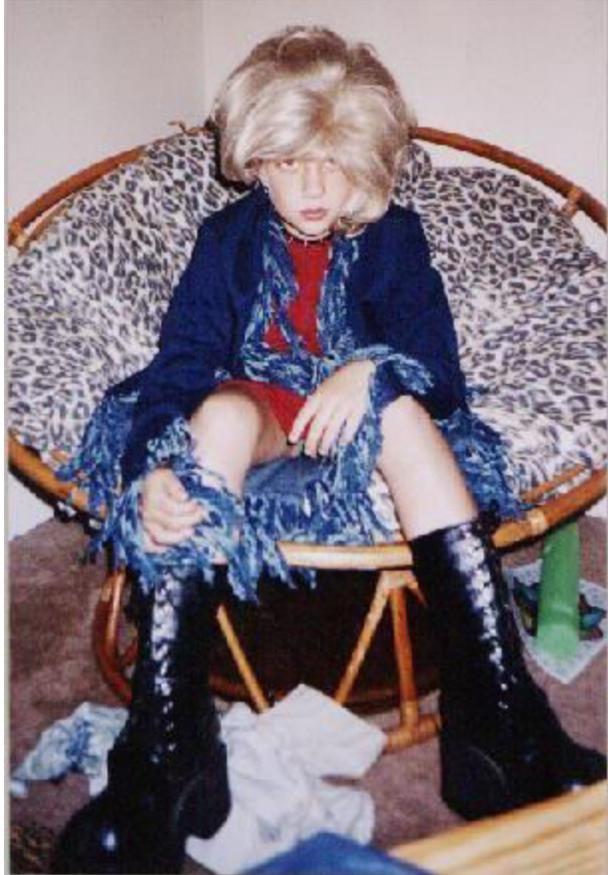
When Mom came home, I told her about it, and she told me that the boy dressed up as a girl all the time and paraded around the neighborhood in a wig and dresses almost every day. Mom thought it was funny. Dad mumbled under his breath that the kid was fag in the making.

After that, I paid more attention to my little neighborhood sissy boy because I found it all utterly fascinating. Whenever I was home from school, I'd do my studying out on the front porch, and I as often rewarded with sightings of the little sissy swishing around in all kinds of different girlie outfits. And as time went on, he appeared more and more like a real girl as his mom got him a better wig and sexier clothes.

As you can see in the picture on the left, his first attempts at dressing up like a girl were not very good, but the two later photos (about two years apart) show that he ended up being quite cute and sexy!

And yes, my dad was right. Christian (Chrissy) grew up to be a flaming fag, but a very good looking girl!

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Miss Dani's Sissy



Ever since our strange new neighbor, Miss Dani, moved in, she attracted attention from every angle. My mother and her friends gossiped about her. I'm sure they were jealous of her beauty and sexy clothes. My father and other men couldn't help but stare admiringly at her whenever she passed by. All the boys on the block, including me, were instantly in love with her and always making juvenile sex jokes about her.

She called out to me one day as I walked by her house and asked me if I wanted a job cleaning out her garage. I was flabbergasted that she would even talk to a nerd like me, so I jumped at the opportunity. While I worked, she peered out her back window occasionally to see how I was doing. Outside she had some of her lingerie drying on the clothesline. One time when she looked out, I think she caught me staring at her bras and panties on the line. I was her smiling, and I blushed and hurriedly went back to work.

When I was finished, she had me come into her house to get paid. I was mesmerized by her beauty. She had on a white and gold robe made of a shiny, silky material, and it was loosely belted at the waist. It kept gaping open a bit giving me a peek at her white bra underneath. I took a seat on a chair in her living room while she went to get her purse. She came back into the room and sat on the couch, her robe slid open from the waist down fully exposing her sexy legs covered in tan nylons held up tightly with white garter straps that disappeared under the edge of her lemon yellow panties. She had her legs crossed, so I could only see a bit of her panties from the side, but what I did see of her long, perfect legs and lacy panties launched my cock to a hardness that I had never felt before. I could see her perfect legs almost all the way up to her crotch. She talked to me with a chummy, sweet voice as she made small talk about the work I had just done in her garage. In contrast, I answered her in a trembling, strained voice, I'm

sure she sensed I was nervous.

“My dear, boy, you look uncomfortable sitting over there, so instead come over here and kneel down right in front of me.”

What a crazy request! But I found myself moving like a robot without a mind of its own. I moved slowly, sliding off the seat. With my head down, I approached her, and then she leaned forward, put a hand on my shoulder and guided me into crouched position on the floor before her. I kept my hands in front of myself to hide the bulge in my pants.

“There, that's better. I can tell you like kneeling before me like a little slave boy. While you're down there, why don't you kiss my feet?”

“Go ahead, sweet boy, I know you want to do it.”

I had never thought of doing such a thing, but I found myself doing it! I knew she could make me do anything.

“It's so nice to meet an obedient boy. Most boys are spoiled and treat girls badly. I can see you aren't like that. You appreciate females, and I bet you do anything you can to make girls happy.”

“I try to be nice,” I mumbled. “My mom and sis taught me to be nice and to help around the house.”

“I bet they did. But I'm not your mom or your sister, so I guess they taught you to be nice to all females.”

“Yes, ma'am, but especially you are...”

“I'm what?”

“Well, all the boys like you. They dream about you and talk about you.”

“Do you dream about me too?”

I blushed. That was enough of an answer for her.

“Well, that's nice. Kiss my shoes again.”

I bowed my head and kissed the toe of each of her shoes, and when I knelt up again, she stood up and



slid off her robe, and I was staring right into the crotch of her yellow panties. Blushing heavily, I looked to the side.

“You're all red in the face, Johnny! That's so sweet of you. It's okay if you want to take a good look at me. Consider it part of your payment for cleaning out my garage. Go ahead; take a good look at my bustier and panties. They're nice yellow panties, aren't they?”

I hoped she wasn't expecting me to answer that question. I couldn't speak at that very moment. I did take a sidelong glance, then looked away, and then looked again. I had no idea what a bustier was but I guessed that was the long bra-corset like thing she had on. It was white and lacey and held her tits up so they stood out above my head, with her looking down at me between the bra cups, a sinister grin on her beautiful face. She smoothed her hands with their red-nailed fingers over her hips in the yellow panties and went upward, sliding along until they flowed over her bra cups.

Watching her touch herself like that made me whimper. I thought I'd cum in my pants at any second. My cock throbbed. Her laughing at me was probably the only thing that prevented me from not shooting my boy juice. My boyish cock hurt as it pushed against the front of my trousers. I was covering the bulge with my hands. I wanted to grab myself and violently jerk myself off, but I couldn't with her staring down at me like that. She noticed my excitement and giggled a little. I'm sure she knew the astounding effect she was having on me!

“You do appreciate females, don't you?”

I remained there on the floor, waiting. I felt I could wait forever before her glamorous legs. She was perfectly at ease with a nervous little boy crouching in front of her, and I wasn't about to complain. Not with the thrilling view I had of her gorgeous legs, encased in shimmering, sleek silk stockings. I could smell her perfume that was like being in a flower garden. As we talked, she sat back down and casually put one of her legs up on my shoulder, giving me a perfect view up between her now parted legs. I was so close to her yellow panty crotch that I could have reached out and touched it. The panty fabric danced around with every little movement she made. I imagined her pussy was winking at me from behind those silky, fluttering panties. I'm sure it meant nothing to her, but I had never been so excited in my life! There was no doubt about how humiliating it was for me but exciting at the same time, the same humiliation and shame I felt when my sister used to make me wear her lingerie. I had never told anyone about that in my entire life, but I was kneeling there telling Miss Dani all about it!

Why I would tell almost a complete stranger about something so secret and so embarrassing? I don't know, but she had me hypnotized. This beautiful woman was giving me her undivided attention. She wasn't judgmental and she didn't dismiss me like most adults did. I wanted to be with her forever, so when she asked questions, no matter how intimate, I answered honestly and with as much information as I could give her.

She didn't laugh when I told her about my sister controlling me and humiliating me, how she used to

make me wear her slips and panties and dance for her and her friends, and how my mom would see her doing it and laugh her head off.

Miss Dani told me to stay kneeling there as she went to her bedroom and then returned a few minutes later carrying a small silky pink bundle.

“Let me help you take off your clothes,” she said as she unbuttoned my shirt, unzipped and dropped my pants. I was about to explode with excitement.

“Really darling,” she laughed as she pulled down my underpants. “Just how do you think we're going to get these nice silky little panties on you with this thing sticking up like this?” She touched my penis; I jumped back. She laughed a little, but then she hugged me. Moments later she was helping me step into a femmy pair of pink nylon panties. I thought she was going to hug me again but instead put a training bra up my arms and around my chest. I didn't resist. She took two pads and stuffed them in my bra. She gave my rock hard cock a squeeze through the panties.

This time, after she was comfortably seated, I took my place kneeling at her feet again without being asked. It felt right somehow to be in this position. I had a view of her elegant black high heels and her gorgeous legs that led up to her frilly sunny yellow panties, white bustier and smiling face.

Once again, Miss Dani used me as a convenient footstool, putting her feet up on my shoulders, as she asked me more questions about my relationship with my sister Linda. I explained that Linda, who is six years older than I, remembered far more clearly than I did the hard times we had when our father walked out on us, and left both my mother and Linda with emotional scars and bitterness toward all men and boy in general and toward me in particular, because I was my father's son and looked just like him.

I'm not a psychologist but it's not all that difficult to understand why I'm so drawn to girls and women's panties. Linda, sensing I was just becoming aware of the opposite sex, came into my room one night, after a date and began teasing and playing with me. It ended up by her flaunting her pretty legs in front of me, letting me look up her skirt, and giving me my first orgasm by taking a pair of her white panties with little flowers on them and using them to masturbate my cock.

The next day, she caught me staring in her dresser drawer and touching all her panties. She told me I was a pathetic little fruity boy, and from then on took full control of me, using her sexual power over me. I did anything she asked of me, including dressing up in her slips and bras and panties for the amusement of her and her girlfriends. From the start, mother didn't give her approval of what Linda was doing to me, but she was aware of it and made no move to stop her.

Eventually, even Mom participated and made me entertain her friends too. My only sex was masturbation, but only with their permission and usually in front of a laughing audience of girls or women, making me into their little panty sex slave.

“A very wise mother,” Miss Dani said when I'd finished telling my story. “If more mothers raised strong daughters and sex slave sons, the world would be a far better place.” She slid her heeled foot between my legs and rubbed my satin-pantied penis. “It feels good, doesn't it, baby?”

I hung my head but my rapid breathing gave her my answer.

“Well, in a few minutes I'm going to take you shopping for a bra and some pretty panties of your own, so you won't have to borrow your sisters, and I can have you be my pretty little girl anytime I want. I know you'd love that.”

I was bucking my pink pantied hips in response to her foot massaging my cock through my panties.

“Now, I could give your twenty dollars for cleaning my garage, but I think you'd rather have some pretty girlie clothes than the money. And if you go along with me and let me make you into my little sissy, you can come over here a lot and play girlie games. You'd love that wouldn't you?”

It was like being submissive to my sister all over again, and I realized I missed that feeling since my sister went off to college. But Miss Dani was so much more amazing and powerful. I couldn't refuse her.

“It's good I had some of my niece's things from when she stays over. I never knew I need to borrow them for a little sissy boy who lived right next door! Now put your shorts and T-shirt on over your little bra and panties, and we'll be on our way.”

I was completely embarrassed to be outside, but she told me no one could see what I was wearing under my clothes, so not to worry, but I was sure my T-shirt didn't completely hide the gentle mounds and pink color of the padded training bra I wore underneath. We parked in the underground garage of the mall, and I was completely devastated, as she made me get out and held my hand as we walked to the stores. I dared not run away. To be dressed like that and without her would have been even more horrific.

“Come along, darling,” she kept saying as she pulled me a long, walking so very fast in those high heels she was wearing. “There's a cute, little shop over there that has some great little girl lingerie. It's a good place to start,” she laughed. “I'm sure they sell a lot of bras and panties to sissy little boys just like you.”

In the store, Miss Dani made no secret that the lacy bras and panties she was sorting through were for me. It was supremely humiliating but wildly exciting at the same time. The same shame I felt when my sister made me wear her slips and bras and panties, and the same excitement of anticipation, hoping Miss Dani would touch and fondle me through the silken lingerie just like my sister would do...and would, if I obeyed and amused her sufficiently, jack me off to an orgasm.

“We'll take one of these pink bra and panty sets,” she told the snooty, fat salesgirl. “Get the price tags

off, and then give them to him. He'll be wearing them home.”

With that, the salesgirl raised one hell of a scene, saying I couldn't change in the girls' dressing rooms because I was a boy. She was talking so loudly that soon every lady and girl in the store knew Miss Dani was buying lingerie for me.

“Just ring up the prices,” Miss Dani said in an ice-cold voice. “Your lingerie is very nice but overpriced, and I'm sure your owner doesn't want to lose this sale.

I'll go in the changing booth with him and make sure he doesn't peek at any of the women or girls that may be in there.”

The fat salesgirl gave in, and everyone in the store was now looking at us and giggling as they watched Miss Dani taking me into one of the little dressing booths and slid the curtain closed. However, the curtain didn't quite close all the way, and I didn't know it since my back was to the opening. She quickly pulled my

T-shirt over my head, unzipped my jeans and let them drop. I was erect in her pink panties and about to explode.

“Really, darling,” she laughed as she grabbed my pantied cock. “Now, you can't try on new panties with this ugly little thing sticking out this way.” She treated the whole thing like a big joke as she masturbated me into those panties. “Now, that's a good sissy,” she cooed as I bucked back and forth and spewed my juice into those soft, sexy panties. When I was finished, I nearly collapsed. She let me sit on the bench as she took my wet panties off and then dressed me in the new matching pink lace bra and panties. She put the two pads in to stuff out my bra. “There now, we got some nice lingerie for you. Finish getting your clothes back on while I pay the girl.” She gave my cock (that was still rock hard) a squeeze through the new panties. “I'll meet you back at the car.”

As I turned to see her exit the dressing room, I saw that the curtain had been partially open the whole time, and an audience of horrified and laughing females was packed together and staring at me! Even though my back had been to them, there was no doubt that they knew exactly what had taken place!

Somehow I struggled back into my T-shirt and shorts. I feared the panties were peeking out from beneath my shorts, so I pulled my T-shirt down as far as it would go and ran out of the dressing room. I ran right into a girl trying on a party dress. We stared at each other for a moment, she laughed hysterically at me, and I turned and ran out of the store and out to the mall parking garage without stopping, as people stared at me with the padded pink bra pushing out my T-shirt. Miss Dani was leaning on the fender of the car, waiting for me as I dodged in and out of the parked cars for cover.

“So much for phase one,” she laughed. “In the car baby, we have more shopping to do.”

Princess Lacey edited this letter from her files.

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 3 No 6
June 2005

Published weakly, never w
Published only when we fi
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dressing up and jerki

HEALTH

LIFESTYLE

HEADLINES



Guy on panty diet says he has shit for protein

Cape Fear, NC: Mistress Ann Madson specializes in training overweight slaves. She advertises she can make a man lose over ten pounds a week on her special panty diet, and men who need to trim down beg her to be admitted to her program.

The rules are simple: It's basically a fasting diet. The slaves are allowed to suck on her panties at any time to stop any cravings they have for food.

So do they get anything to eat? Yes! She maintains a large stock of dirty panties regularly supplied to her by friends and supporters, and her slaves can feast on shit, piss and menstruation stain: as much as they want! Plus she gives them all they want to have from her toilet!

Panty Mafia has rules to qualify as a "Maid Male"

Queens, NY: A mafia goon becomes a "made man" only after he makes a hit.

Now the "panty" mafia has a similar honor, and to then a "maid man" is a guy who can pass as a women's restroom attendant for a week!



23-year-old man finally goes from diapers to pantie

He claims it's hard getting used to satin



Panty pervert twins are happy not gay

Twin Peaks, ID: Jack and Randy Offiden aren't afraid to admit to both friends and strangers that they have a total addiction to panties, but they want everyone to know they're two of the happiest perverts on earth, but they are not gay!

Man who paid \$2,600 for Marilyn Monroe "Seven Year Itch" lace panties complains that someone washed them

Survey: From whom have you stolen the most panties?
Your: Wife 9% Daughter 3% Aunt 5% Neighbor 1% Strangers 1% Son 2% Sister 10% Mother 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Maid finds box of lacy panties in man's room he says he's collecting for his favorite charity

Research says: Tea made from dirty pantie has more nutrients than previously thought!

Panty pervert misses the good old days when people used to be shocked when he bought himself pantie

Panty boy soldier waves his white lace pantie to surrender, enemy shows up with a hard-on

SIGN MAKER MISPELLED "PARTY" AND WEIRD CROWD SHOW UP AT "ANNUAL WOMEN'S REPUBLICAN PANTY FUNDRAISE"



