

Princess Online

No.
64

June 2009
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. Items range from "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 Carole Jean's newest book, "Bob, Panty Thief" in the "Schooled to Be Girls!" series. Bob, who wants to get back at his girlfriend for snubbing him, steals a pair of her panties to embarrass her, but his plan backfires and he ends up getting punished by being sent to the Sylvan School for Girls, where sissyboys are thoroughly feminized and humiliated at every turn. In this drawing, Bob is being shown off to his former girlfriend and her parents as he appeals to them to release him from his sentence.

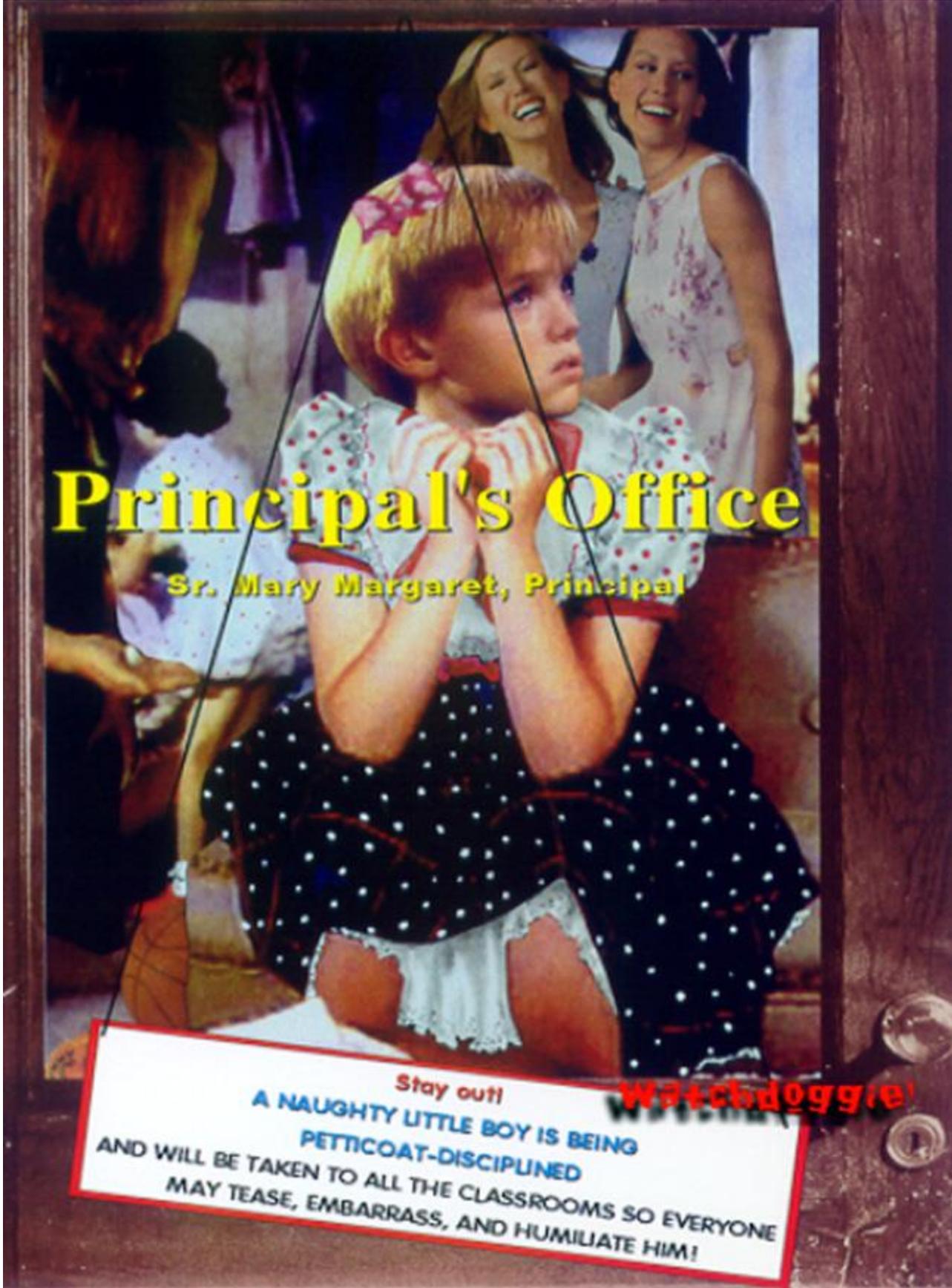
All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits and girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. The most distinctive feature of Carole Jean's books is the abundance of artwork. She has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

Sr. Mary Margaret, Principal

Stay out!
A NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY IS BEING
PETTICOAT-DISCIPLINED
AND WILL BE TAKEN TO ALL THE CLASSROOMS SO EVERYONE
MAY TEASE, EMBARRASS, AND HUMILIATE HIM!

Watchdoggie!

Watchdoggie!

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

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

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

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Sissyboy Coloring Book

A new feature!

Now, each month, thanks to legendary sissyboy writer and illustrator Jonathan Bebe, we are providing our subscribers with a page from our coloring book they can color and add their own details, including a caption or dialogue. In this picture, little sissy boy Bobby tends to his garden while giving us a peek at his petticoat and panties!

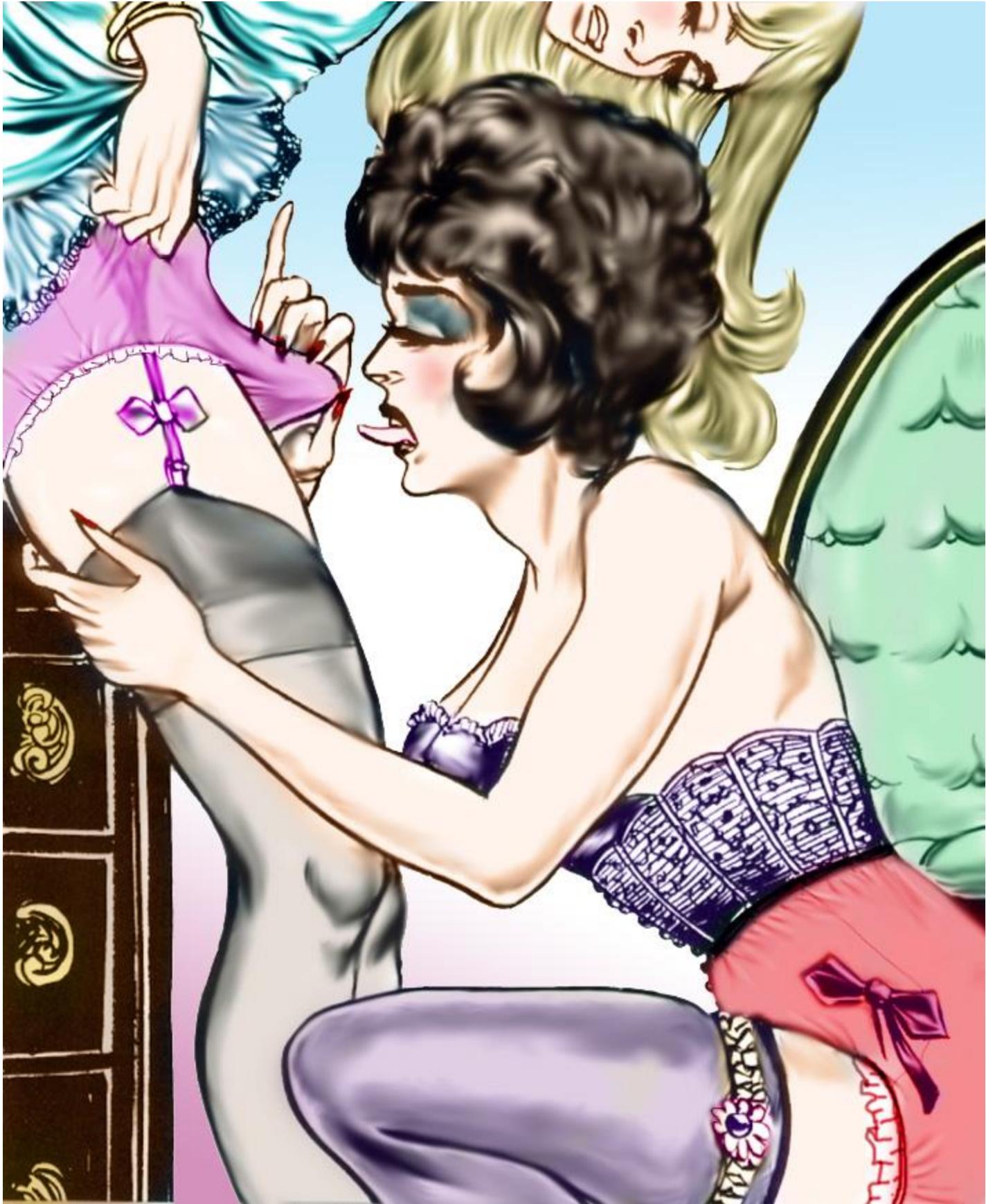
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Classic Eneg Drawing

Gene Bilbrew, a prolific and talented artist, often signed his drawings "Eneg" (Gene spelled backward). This is one of our favorite Eneg pictures that we have colorized and Princisseized for your pleasure.

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Boy Being Made Up by His Sister and Her Friends!

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Toby

This month, we present the picture of twelve-year-old Toby, 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 heavyset 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 same 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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Masquerade

In 1969, for a costume party, Sam's girlfriend had him dress up as a maid and wait on her and her girlfriends. They had such a great time, she made him be their maid at their weekly hen parties, but then she made him quit his job so he can be her maid 24/7!

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Schooling Movement to Subdue Males

With so many daytime talk shows and even prime time shows dealing with crossdressing in a nonnegative way, it seems there is a conspiracy to feminize American males. Perhaps one of the most striking examples recently appeared on the Donny Moore show.



Throughout Japan and now in the U.S., it was reported, a group of stern women teachers have secretly set up a number of private schools designed to change the dynamics between males and females. Quietly and discreetly these schools operate outside the normal educational structure. They put male students (especially young malleable ones) through lengthy sessions of repetitious chants and writings to instill a feeling of inferiority. Here are some of the things the boys are required to say and write: “I am inferior because I have a cock.” “A penis is a birth defect; I would be better off without one.” “Boys are bad and girls are good, but sissy boys can be good too.” “Girls are so lucky to be able to wear pretty bras and panties.” “All females are superior to all males.”

The Tinga School just south of San Francisco is one such place. In these schools, the girls and boys wear similar uniforms – and both wear skirts, but the girls have long skirts and the boys have short skirts. Also the girls wear their hair very long and the boys (who quickly get to the point of envying the girls and desperately beg for long hair) have to keep their hair short, at the most covering their ears, but they are encouraged to bleach or color it and keep it in a sissy style. The girls are given priority in everything, and the boys are always placed in subservient positions. For example, when any boy enters a room and there is a female in the room, he has to drop to his knees, crawl to each and every girl, kiss her shoes and beg to see her panties. All the

girls carry little soft leather paddles, and they can lift a boy's skirt and paddle his panties at any time and for any reason.

Teachers (along with mothers and sisters) tell boys outrageous lies, like erections are signs of a disease, and the only way the boys can be cured is to have another boy suck the erection until climax, effectively training them to be homos. The boys are taught that diseases like colds and the flu can be prevented by periodically sucking off another boy, and swallowing semen provides temporary immunity. The boys who suck most enthusiastically are rewarded by being dressed in perfumed, soft, dressy girls' clothes when they are not in class. And before a boy can put on fancy female clothes a big ritual is made of bathing him (including an enema to get rid of all his boy dirt inside and out).

For athletics, boys engage in jack-off contests with prizes for the most distance or best accuracy (into the open mouth of another boy). Boy gymnasts are encouraged to become limber enough to suck their own cocks for the entertainment of giggling girls. Panty fetishism is developed in boys by exposing them to panties while masturbating them. The boys are never permitted to have an erection, nor are they allowed to ejaculate without permission from a female. Women and girls never touch a boy's penis directly. They only touch it through a pair of panties. Soon the boys are hooked on being touched by female hands, and the boys willing wear silky panties because they know the girls like boys to wear them and by wearing panties, they are always ready for a girl to touch them. Each boy's panty fetish is reinforced for months. Then suddenly the boy has his panties taken away from him, and after going half insane and begging for panties to wear so the girls will want to touch him again, he is given a pair of panties but only other boys are allowed to touch his pantied penis, and then he is punished severely for the predictable erection he gets.



You may wonder how these women get husbands, fathers and brothers to go along with such outrageous training of their sons and brothers. The secret is blackmail. These women use a variety of methods. The most popular is to have a sexy girl lure one of these guys into an apartment with the promise of sex. Once in the apartment, the girl switches on a hidden camera so whatever takes place can be used against the guy. Sometimes the girls have sex and then tell the guy they are underage or they get the guy all excited and then stop, and when the guy continues to pursue them, they pretend like they are being raped.

Some of these females train boys from birth to serve women and be homos. In their homes, all the photos and drawings on the walls show males serving women, dressing in frilly feminine clothes, and engaging in homo acts. TV sets are on all day long, playing videos of sissies, slave males and strong, dominant females, reinforcing these themes and portraying them as normal. Infant boys are fed from bottles with penis-shaped nipples. When they move onto baby food, they are fed pureed food from penis-shaped dildos, and the boys have to suck on the dildos to extract the food. Whenever boys are

hungry, they are trained to beg for a “cock to suck.” From time to time, these “feeding” cocks are dildos worn by women, rather than hand-held ones. Semen is often mixed with the contents to get the boys to cultivate a taste for it. And many of these boys are taught to suck on real penises belonging to their fathers and brothers from the time they are still in the crib. Older boys sleep tied to each other in the 69 position every night. To reward good behavior, they are allowed to sleep wearing sexy girls’ babydoll pajamas. Those are just some of the things that go on with this group of women as they take their own approach to reforming the world.

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At the Tonga School, the girls wear their hair and skirts long,
while the boys wear their hair and their skirts short!





Girl with her girlie-boy and ever-ready panty paddle.



Sissy of the Month

A cute sissy maid picture from 1973.

"The wig and the costume are nice, now if I just add a few foundation garments like a longline bra and girdle, I can give you some breasts, a narrow waist and full hips. Believe me none of the girls will suspect our sweet little maid is my baby brother."

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Another Case History from Spanking Today

By Will Henry

Spanking and Petticoat Punishment

My long time friend, Janet, a forty-year-old widow, is rather well off financially. She is the domineering type and a firm believer in strict discipline for adolescent boys. She has put her ideas into practice with her son, who is going on fifteen and is a tall, well matured boy. I can certify he is under extremely strict discipline at home. While spending a week visiting them last winter, I was privileged to witness an incident that revealed the full extent of her control over him.

In my presence one afternoon, Janet didn't even look up from the magazine she was reading as she simply said to her maid, "Howard has to be punished for disobedience. Put him in his punishment uniform as soon as he arrives home from school."

Lola, Janet's full-time, live-in maid, is an extremely attractive young black girl in her early twenties. While working, she always wears a very trim black uniform that is low-cut and fashionably short with black hose and heels.

Young Howard arrived home around four, and Lola immediately took him in hand. While they were gone, it was difficult for me to suppress my curiosity when Janet remarked that it was customary for Lola to assist with disciplinary matters. When I asked about his punishment uniform, she told me I'd see him in it shortly. Then as we were sitting in the den with a pre-dinner cocktail, the boy appeared, followed by a smiling Lola.

To my astonishment, Howard wore a huge red ribbon bow tie and a pageboy cut wig as well as touches of makeup. He had on a pink taffeta blouse, trimmed in lace. His trousers were actually extremely short shorts, skintight and in dark blue velvet. On his long, clean shaven legs he was wearing girls' ankle socks and dance slippers.

He was scarlet with shame beneath his makeup. I couldn't restrain a gasp as he blushing walked over to where his mother was seated, keeping his eyes riveted on the floor all the way. It was readily apparent Janet really had him under strict control and really knew how to get results. I couldn't think of any costume that could possibly make a boy his age look and feel so sissyish, so unmasculine and so undignified; particularly when seen by a visitor such as myself.

While he stood shamefacedly in front of his mother, she sat there with her shapely legs crossed lecturing and chiding him at length. While she scolded him, Lola stood quietly at one side, looking extremely pleased about the whole affair. I had been paying so much attention to the boy that I had failed to notice that Lola was carrying a large brown wooden paddle. Ordinarily that would have astonished me, but after seeing the boy's costume it wasn't unexpected.

When Janet concluded her lecture, she ordered him to walk up and down and turn for us. His velvet pants fit his hips like a glove, and he minced femininely as he walked. His face was beet red even through the makeup, and he couldn't have looked more embarrassed as the three of us watched him parade back and forth. It was evident he had been trained to walk with a swish as sweetly as any girl. His mother made him walk for several minutes in front of us, but it must have seemed a lot longer to him.

Next, Lola placed a chair in the middle of the room and sat down on it, paddle in hand, her legs apart and her short skirt riding up several inches to give a pretty picture of nyloned ebony legs. I gasped as I realized Lola was going to spank him then and there! As he slowly walked over to the young maid, the boy suddenly broke his silence and begged to be taken to his room. In reply, his mother told him that humiliation was part of his punishment, and that he was going to be spanked on the spot and before their guest (me).

While he stood there scarlet with shame, Lola deliberately unfastened and lowered the short pants. Beneath them he wore pink nylon panties! They were almost diaphanous and the outline of his maleness was quite apparent. Lola then calmly patted one nyloned knee as a signal for him to get into position. With deep humiliation written all over his face, he lowered himself over her lap. She immediately started banging away at his pink-pantied, girlish butt. What a sight! To see a boy so

degraded, feminized and punished was amazing!

Then Lola paused, and he groaned with despair as she slowly peeled down his pink panties! Soon he was completely bare. His hairless bottom looked totally girlish.

I sat transfixed. From Lola's calm and well-paced manner, it was apparent she was quite used to disciplining him in the manner. She promptly went back to work with the paddle, smacking one side of his naked butt and then the other with firm strokes that noisily echoed throughout the room. Quickly, his bottom reddened. He squirmed as the paddle was put to him and did his best to take it without losing his composure.

As his most spanked spots got good and red, he started wriggling and gasping more and more. Finally, he burst into tears and began kicking his legs like any well spanked youngster. What a sight he made with his long legs flaying about! As Lola continued to put the paddle to him, he begged her to stop and promised to do anything she said. It was a revelation to see what she could accomplish with that paddle.

Before she stopped, his bare bottom was a fiery red. Finally the spanking was over, but the indignities weren't. He had to raise himself up so she could pull up his panties, and with a loud crack she snapped the waistband of the high-waisted panties against his back. Lola antagonized him by mischievously snapping the leg elastics of the frilled pink panties, the elastics went over the backs of his tender thighs. He begged mercy for her not to snap them any more, but she laughed as she snapped each leg elastic a dozen times or more before releasing him. Tearfully, he slid off her lap to his knees in front of her. Her uniform had worked up over the darker parts of her stockings, exposing a couple of inches of bare thigh, but she made no effort to pull it down as she looked down at the boy with a knowing smile. Janet stepped forward and regarded him with a severe expression on her face.



"Show Lola how much you appreciate her paddling by kissing her feet!"

Sniffing and looking quite embarrassed, he meekly kissed Lola's feet just above the vamp of her shoes.

"Now kiss her thighs!"

Looking quite flushed, he kissed the heavier part of her nylons. At a nod from Janet, Lola spread her pretty legs and pulled her uniform up to her waist. She wore brightly colored lavender panties with a lot of frills.

"Kiss her pussy, you miserable little pantywaist!" Janet demanded.

He inched forward and planted a kiss on the crotch of her panties. I watched in amazement as Lola slid aside the leg elastic of her pretty panties and he obediently nuzzled his face in her cunny and gave it a long kiss. Lola shivered as a wave after wave of excitement passed over her. He started to draw back but Janet stopped him.

"No," Janet ordered, "keep on doing it! French kiss her pussy until she tells you to stop!"

I was too dumbfounded to do anything but stare as the shamefaced boy paid tribute to Lola's womanhood. Sitting on the outer edge of her chair to give him full access, Lola looked thoroughly pleased and occasionally rotated her hips, grinding her pussy into his face in response to his oral caresses. Janet returned to her chair and resumed her earlier conversation with me as if nothing were happening, although I couldn't take my eyes off the spectacle in front of us. Once he began, Howard never lifted his face from Lola's throbbing sex, and his persistent sucking and smacking sounds were quite audible. Lola went from one spasm of delight to another.

Finally, she violently jerked through an enormous orgasm, then pushed him away.

Janet ordered him to get up and present himself to her. His erection pushed out the front of his panties to an alarming degree. Noting his boner, she angrily asked, "Hey, you wimpy little sissy! What's the meaning of that hard-on! You know you're not allowed to have an erection without permission! Lola, take him out and see to it that he gets rid of it! I don't want him ruining all his pretty panties by stretching them out of shape with his naughty little boy prick. And don't you give him any help either!"

"Oh, don't worry about that," Lola laughed. "I love to watch him doing it to himself. That pair of panties he has on is already ruined, so I'll let him jack himself off in them. Miss Janet, I think he is getting thoroughly hooked on silky panties. He's been getting hard in them almost every time I put him in them."

"So, he's not just a wimp and a pantywaist, he's also a panty pervert and a panty masturbator! This boy needs a lot more training. I better have my doctor give him some female hormones to stop those nasty erections. I can't have news get out that we have a panty masturbator in our house!"

Lola promptly escorted the hapless boy from the room. It was several minutes before they returned. Lola was grinning and he was looking very sheepish and flushed. His uniform was back in place, there was no sign of an erection, and a cum-drenched pair of pink panties dangled from Lola's outstretched hand.

"I cleaned him up and put him in fresh panties, ma'am. And as you can see, he filled these panties up with a big load of his smelly juices."

"Throw those panties in the trash. Call Chelsea at Button and Bows and tell her we need a two dozen

more pairs of panties for our little pansy. Tell her you want the laciest and fanciest panties she can get. Also tell her we'll be in shortly to measure Howard for bras, slips and dresses. I think it's time we increase his training."

Howard was compelled to leave his punishment uniform on for the rest of the evening and remain in our presence. I was so fascinated by his attire and lowly status that I couldn't take my eyes off of him, much to his mortification. I can't wait to visit them again and hopefully see him in dresses!

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 1 No 12
June 2004

Published weakly, never w
Published only when we fin
time after raiding clothe
dressing up and jerkin

LIFESTYLE



Hopelessly addicted panty pervert capture sniffing panties while girl still wearing them



After 3-year petticoat punishment sentence bad boy finally gets to hang up his panties

HEALTH



Lingerie thief not allowed to hide his bra & panties

Carlsbad, NM: Upon walking through Gadsten Park we came across a crowd gawking at a young guy. As we got closer, we noticed the reason for the crowd: The boy was sitting on a blanket in shorts and T-shirt, and from behind him a pair of brightly colored flowered lace panties were peeking above the waistband of his shorts! Yes! Girl's panties, and pretty ones.

An additional surprise was the obvious outline of a bright pink bra showing through the back of his tight T-shirt!

Dogged by questions as well as teasing comments and a lot of laughter, the boy was quite embarrassed. His sister, who was lying beside him trying to get some rest under the late afternoon sun, volunteered a few answers.

It seems the boy was caught with an armful of stolen bras and panties after raiding a local Laundromat. And rather than sentence the boy to the home for juvenile delinquents, the judge gave him probation providing the kid wore the bra and panties he stole for 60 days and he had to wear his bits of dainty girlie lingerie so they showed no matter what clothes he was wearing over them.

HEADLINES



Panty tester says it's just a (hand) job

Wife complains he works too many hours and works at home too

Holy Hills, ND: Jack Offenheimer a man with a hard job, is a fabric tester for the My Dream Lingerie Company. Every hour of the day Jack is testing all newly arrived bolts of nylon, silk and satin for quality, texture, and durability.

After a sample pair of panties has been made from each new bolt of fabric, Jack puts on each of those pairs of panties and thoroughly abuses himself – and in the process thoroughly abuses the panties. He has a big job on his hands (so they say), but he's been up to the task for over twenty-three years. He works alone but has never let a load get past his fingers.

"It's a dirty job, but someone has to do it," he says as he washes his hands (thank goodness) before he greeted this reporter with a gentle but vibrating handshake.

His wife complains when he gets backed up and has to bring his work home, but she usually offers to give him a hand. She feels obligated because the competition for his job is stiff.



Panty peekers agree: Blind girl sees no need to use a store's dressing room

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Astrologer predicts cumming craze males will have for women's panties

Woman finds panties of husband's girlfriend: Now he's wearing them

Dog steals and hides woman's panties husband blamed; he's in the doghouse

Bum with a sign: Homeless pervert will work for food or dirty panties

Touch Football Playoffs: Commemorative coin for coin toss at Frederick's of Hollywood Bowl: Bras or Panties

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