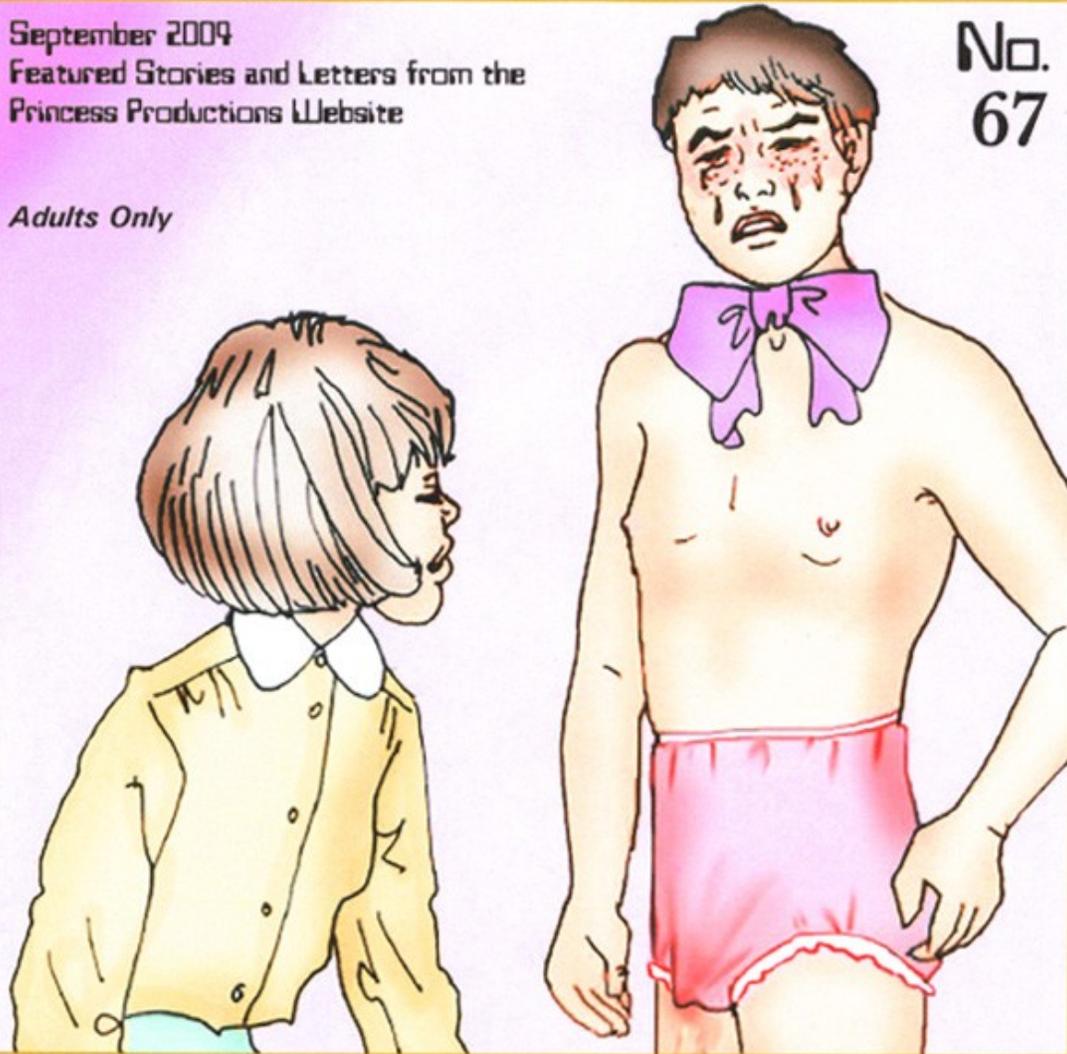


Princess Online

September 2009
Featured Stories and Letters from the
Princess Productions Website

No.
67

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.

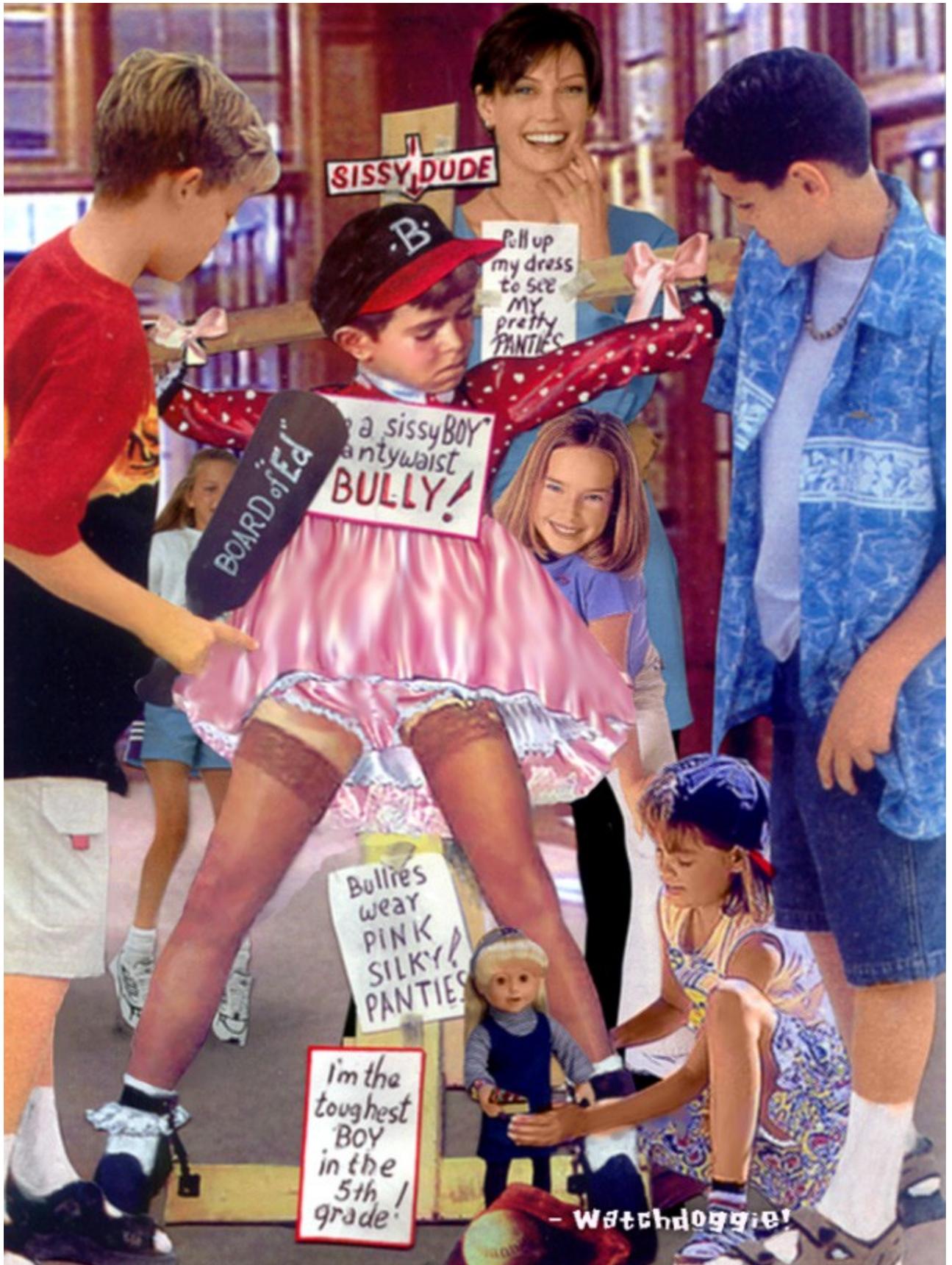
This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's newest book, "Bob, Panty Thief" in the "Schooled to Be Girls!" series. Bob, who wants to get back at his girlfriend for snubbing him, steals a pair of her panties to embarrass her, but his plan backfires and he ends up getting punished by being sent to the Sylvan School for Girls, where sissyboys are thoroughly feminized and humiliated at every turn. In this drawing, Bob is shown in the distant background behind the principal of the school. He has been there just three weeks, but in horror he listens and imagines the results of staying in this school as the principal details what a typical boy achieves by the end of each year of the three-year program.

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/>



- 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 fanciful pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment pictures 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 forced to wear a dress and panties and then having the nuns and other school kids laugh at and ridicule him.

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Sissyboy Coloring Book

Each month, thanks to legendary sissyboy writer and illustrator Jonathan Bebe, we provide you with a drawing from our coloring book for you to color and add your own details, including a caption or dialogue. This month's picture shows Jonathan in a dress and his friend Tommy trying to chase after him to steal a kiss.

His First Date Was a Boy

“Oh Mommy, I've been invited to a most wonderful party, and I can wear my new party dress.” Jonathan was quite excited as he told his mother about the phone call he just got from Marsha. “But the only problem, it's for couples only. I would have to have a date. Marsha said I could come as a girl, but then my date would have to be a boy!”

“That shouldn't be a problem, dearest. “I bet Tommy would love to go to the party with you,” his mother said as she kissed his cheek and told him not to worry.

Jonathan had worn girls' clothes since he was an infant, and now the only time he wore boy's clothes was when he went to school and even then he wore his lovely panties and girlish camisole vests for underwear.

Tommy was a little friend, who loved playing house with Jonathan. He always took the roll of the daddy and Jonathan was the mommy. Tommy had always been shy around real girls, but he loved it when Jonathan would put on a pretty dress and become his girlfriend, and Tommy would chase him around the backyard to steal a kiss.

Tommy also loved it whenever they played husband and wife, and his penis stiffened whenever he got a peek at his lovely panties and Jonathan's stiff wiener was pushing

out the front of the soft nylon. What Tommy loved most was when he was invited to stay over night at Jonathan's house because his little boy-girlfriend would wear a filmy soft nightgown with matching panties, and during the night, he would let Tommy rub his wiener through his panties, and then when he got very excited, he would fell his boy-girl slide under the covers and put his lips around Tommy's cock. He'd suck it gently until his whole body stiffened and he climaxed. It was a beautiful feeling for both of them and by the end of the night they would fall asleep in each other's arms.

As predicted Tommy agreed to take him to the party.

Jonathan's new dress was pink with rows and rows of white ruffles and thin spaghetti shoulder straps and a large white bow in the front at the waist. His half slip and petticoats made his full skirt flare out and bounce with his every movement. And his deliciously soft satin panties rubbed his wiener and sent thrills and chills up and down his body every moment he had them on. His outfit was completed by a large pink and white bow for his hair and white thigh-high lace stockings. His darling pink shoes had large pink bows on the front.

Jonathan stepped back from the mirror and smiled. "What do you think, Mommy?" he asked, already knowing the answer.

"You look absolutely lovely, sweetie," his mother cooed. "And I'm sure Tommy will love the way you look too."

Jonathan added a touch of light pink lipstick to his lips and painted his nails to match. His wiener was stiff and he had wonderful sensations as it rubbed against his crisp new satin panties. He lifted his skirt to admire his deliciously feminine panties that were snow white with layers of multicolored lace wrapped around them. He hoped he would have a chance to show them to Tommy at a private moment during the party.

"Oh, by the way, dearest," announced his mother, "I took the liberty of inviting Tommy to stay the evening after you come back from the party."

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Jack, why do you have a hard-on in my panties? I thought this would be punishment for you. Are you a sissy or a faggot? Wait until I tell your father about this!

Classic Drawing

We couldn't resist Princessizing and adding a caption to this drawing by Pudgy Roberts that appeared in 1985 publication "The Danielle Project." A woman sits and watches as she forces her son to dress in her lingerie but then realizes it is not a punishment for him since he develops a giant-size erection in her pink panties.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Keith

This month, we present the picture of eleven-year-old Keith, 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.

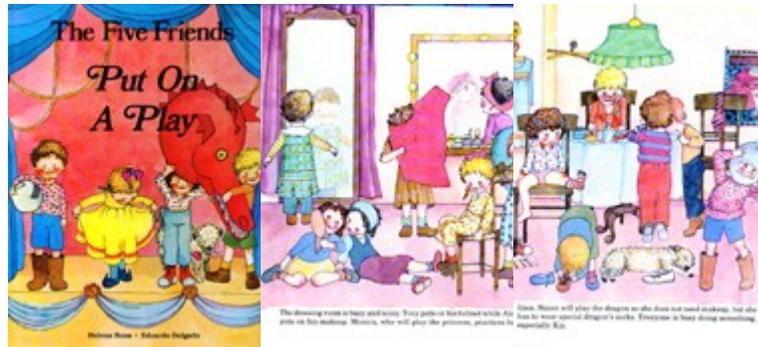
Once Donald's clothes were dry, Ma didn't let him change back into them until his mother showed up to pick him up. When she saw Donald and all the other boys in pink tops and panties, she was puzzled, but Ma explained to her what had happened and Mrs. Tierski understood, and when Ma told her how the 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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Children's' Book

***** Click on each picture for a larger view *****

We thought you'd be interested in seeing what some of our kids are reading. "The Five Friends Put on a Play" is a children's book you can find in many bookstores and libraries. We found it fun because of a couple of sissy boy like elements. In the process of putting on the play, one boy looks at himself in the mirror as he is trying on a dress, and in another picture a boy is putting on makeup for the play.

Picture #1 is the book cover, #2 shows the boy in the dress (upper left hand side of the picture), and #3 shows the boy putting on makeup in the middle of the picture. The book, by Helena Rosa and Eduardo Delgado, was originally produced in Europe, and this edition was translated into English and published by Derrydale Books in New York.

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The Five Friends

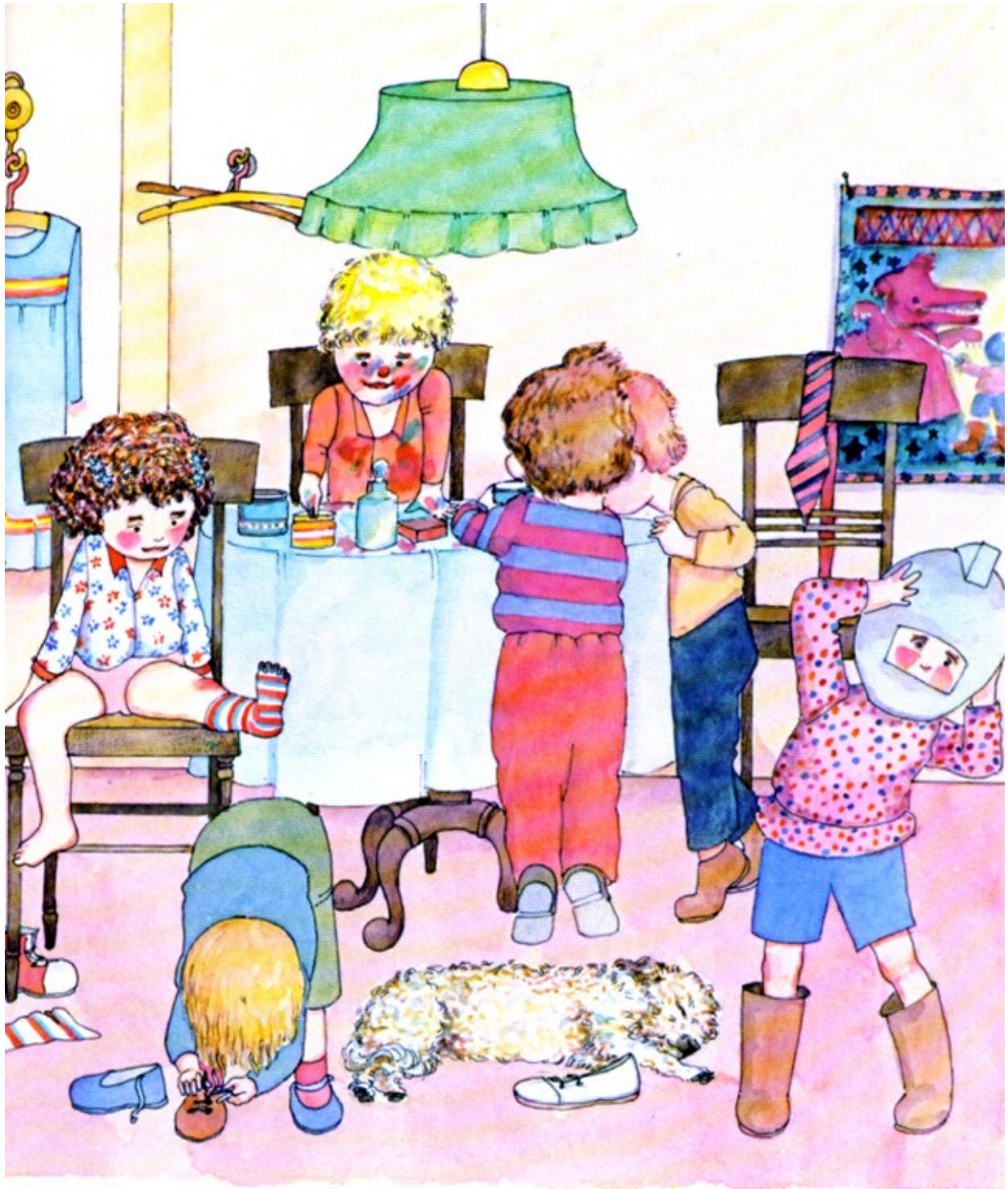
Put On A Play



Helena Rosa • Eduardo Delgado



The dressing room is busy and noisy. Tony puts on his helmet while Ale puts on his makeup. Monica, who will play the princess, practices he



lines. Susan will play the dragon so she does not need makeup, but she has to wear special dragon's socks. Everyone is busy doing something, especially Kip.



Sissy of the Month

Boy playing around kicks his feet up in the air and accidentally shows everyone he's wearing lacy pink panties!

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Masquerade

The girls in the Sterling High School gym class raided the drama club's wardrobe room and talked Paul Isaacson into trying on a ballerina outfit, tutu, ruffled panties and all! He cooperated and did a nice pirouette for the school newspaper camera!

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Humiliated School Boy

Part 1

By Bobby

“O-O-W-W-W!” I cried out and saw stars from hitting the brick wall as I was being shoved up against the garage behind my house. Immediately, I felt a huge knot rising on my forehead and it hurt. Jughead, the neighborhood toughie, was pushing up against me with his fist drawn back ready to strike. Tears had already started rolling down my face, and I was sure I was about to lose my teeth.

"I'm going to bust you good, Bobby!"

I sobbed out, "What for? What for?"

Jughead grinned down at me and said, "I'm going to teach you not to call my little sister a liar."

"I didn't! I didn't!"

"Don't lie to me, Bobby. Don't lie. I'll give you a black eyes and a busted jaw!"

"I'm not. I'm not a liar!" I whimpered as I cried harder.

He brought his fist right up to my eyes as he squeezed my cheeks in a viselike grip and screamed in my face, "Betty said you were a sissy, but her girlfriend Tammy said she asked you if you were a sissy, and you said you weren't. So you're calling my sister a liar."

"I didn't say that," I lied. I had told her that once, but she was black mailing me with junk my sister told her. "Please, let me go. I don't know what you're talking about!"

He squeezed my cheeks again to shut me up and said, "Well, we'll settle this right now. You get your sissy butt over to my house; Tammy is there now, and you go and tell her that Betty was telling the truth. You tell Tammy and Betty and anyone else that's there that you are a sissy. NOW, RUN SISSY!" he said as he turned me loose.

I wasn't about to go against him, so I ran full bolt down the alley to his house.

My head hurt, I felt dizzy, and I was scared to death of what Jughead could do to me as I ran. I saw Betty on the back porch of her house with Tammy. I ran up to them. I was out of breath and crying and I looked at them staring at me and I sobbed out, "Betty was telling the truth, I'm a sissy."

The two eleven-year-old girls giggled wildly.

As I turned to go home, I saw Jughead walking toward us.

Betty said, "Wait, Bobby, don't go yet."

I turned and sobbed, "I have to."

Betty giggled and said, "This won't take long, Bobby. I also told Tammy your mommy makes you wear your sister's hand-me-down panties because your penis is so small. Tell us it's true. And I know you wet your panties like a baby too. It's all true, isn't it? Tell us!"

I looked and saw Jughead coming up the back walk so I turned back to the giggling little girls and said, "OK, I'm a sissy, and I wet my pants like a baby, but I don't do it any more. I'm all over that."

But the girls weren't satisfied. They continued to laugh at me, but they wanted more.

I reddened and turned to see Jughead now standing beside me. "So what's this girls? He's even more of a sissy than you told me? He wears his sister's panties. And he wet his panties too?"

The girls shook their heads enthusiastically up and down, laughing so hard and falling all over each other that they couldn't talk.

I had to speak up. "I only wore my sister's underwear once when I wet my pants and my mom didn't have clean underwear for me to put on. She made me wear them and said they would be like a punishment. But that was more than a year ago."

That wasn't completely true. While I had been having spells of bedwetting and an occasional outside pants peeing incident, my mom took away my trousers for punishment, saying only big boys get to wear trousers. She stripped me naked and then noticed how my penis didn't seem to be growing as I got older. She teased me for having such a small cockie and really embarrassed me when she showed my sister how little my penis was.

Karen, the little bitch, said, "Mommy, it's so small I bet he could wear my old panties. He doesn't have stuff like other boys have to put in boys' underwear."

My mother thought that was a great idea, and moments later they were making me step into a lacy pair of pink panties. When mom saw how excruciatingly humiliated I had become wearing the panties, she immediately declared they would be my punishment panties, and I would have to wear them whenever I wet myself. My sister jumped up and down in glee like she was on giant springs.

Later that night when I had to go pee, Mom stopped me from using the toilet. Instead she made me stand in the bathtub and pee myself through the silky panties as she and my kid sister watched and laughed until I thought they would both die of a heart attack!

That quickly became the standard punishment for wetting myself. For days after and incident, Mom would keep me dressed in old pairs of my sister's panties, and whenever I had to pee, she put a big oil cloth down on the living room floor and make me pee myself in the panties for their entertainment. Mom claimed that the humiliation of it all would cure me. Well, maybe it did because not too many months after she started doing that, I was able to stop wetting myself completely. But one thing was for sure, nobody but my sister and mother knew about that. My nasty sister must have told these girls some of that stuff even if she didn't tell them the whole story. I hate my little sister.

The little girls were howling with laughter. I turned to go, but Betty said, "Wait, Bobby, you ain't done yet, sissy. I don't want you telling Tammy later that I made all this up." She paused, giggled and then added, "Pull down your pants and show us your panties."

"I told you I'm not like that. I'm not wearing panties!"

"OK, then take down your pants and show us just how little your penis is."

"I can't do that!" I screamed. "That's wrong!"

Jughead grabbed my arm in a painful grip. With his other hand he reached down into my jeans and pulled up the elastic of my Jockeys. "Boys' underwear," he declared to his sister and her friend.

"OK, so he doesn't have his little panties on today, but I know for sure he wears them. Tell us you wear panties!"

"I told you. I wore them once, but not since then!"

"Oh, well, I'm sure we'll catch you sometime wearing panties. A sissy like you surely can't go long without her panties!" Tammy laughed at that. Jughead just shook his head and looked at me like a total loss to masculinity, but then Tammy continued, "OK, then, you don't have to show us your naughty little baby penis, but I'll tell you what you can do. You can pee your pants for us, right here and right now!"

Jughead yanked viciously on my arm, "Show Tammy my sister isn't a liar. You're pants wetter, so wet your pants for us, sissy. Hurry up! Do it now like my sister told you!" With his other hand, he smacked the back of my head for good measure.

I was terrified and felt sick. I whimpered softly, "Please, oh please, don't make me, please, I can't!"

He grabbed my face in the vice grip again and said, "Do it! Wet yourself, sissyboy. Show us how you wet your panties. Show Tammy my little sister is telling her the truth — last chance — or you're dead meat!"

"But I don't do that anymore!"

"Wet your panties, faggot!"

I trembled with fear and the tears rolled down my cheeks as I began to try to pee my pants. I figured it was better to do that than to have my face bashed in by this gorilla. I hadn't peed for a while, and I was so scared it wasn't hard to let it go. I felt the warm pee start to flood my pants. Jughead let go of me and stood back to turn up his nose and get a good view. I heard the girls giggling wildly. I stared down at the ground as I wet my pants. I felt my underwear and my pants getting soaked with pee as it began running

down my legs into my socks and shoes and then wetted the sidewalk with a growing ever larger pool of pee. The little girls began to howl with laughter and jump around. As soon as I finished, they made me open my pants to show them my dripping wet Jockey shorts. Then they made me pull down the front of my shorts to show them my piss-dripping little cock. I stood there sobbing in my pee-soaked pants and underpants, socks, and shoes.

Betty held back her wild laughter long enough to tell me, "Don't move. Stay there. I'll be right back." She came back within moments and handed me something pink. I didn't have to open the folded up fabric to know it was a pair of pink panties – her panties no doubt.

"Here's a gift from me. Since you're such a sissy and a baby, I'm sure you'd much prefer to wear pretty pink panties than big boy shorts. Now, pull up your smelly wet pants and get out of here. Take these panties home, sissyboy, and have your mommy change you out of your wet panties and into these nice new panties!" Then she added, "And by the way, you better keep these panties handy, I just might pay you a visit sometime and have you model them for me! And if you don't have the panties, I'll get Jughead to make you wear nothing but pink panties to school! Got it?"

I nodded.

Jughead let out a guffaw and walked into the house.

I took off running for my house with tears of shame streaming down my cheeks and my pissy clothes dripping a trail behind me. I was so humiliated and now I had to try and sneak into my house. If my mom saw me, she would be fit to be tied.

I had been a bed wetter and for years she had been so disappointed and so disgusted with me. But it had been over a year now since I last had an incident, and my status in the family had definitely improved since I was able to control myself.

But now this! What could I say to my mom? That two little girls made me wet my pants? Or that Jughead had hit me in the head and made me wet my pants? I was too ashamed to do either. If she caught me, I'd just tell her I couldn't get home, that I fell and hit my head and it hurt so bad I wet my pants — that was it!

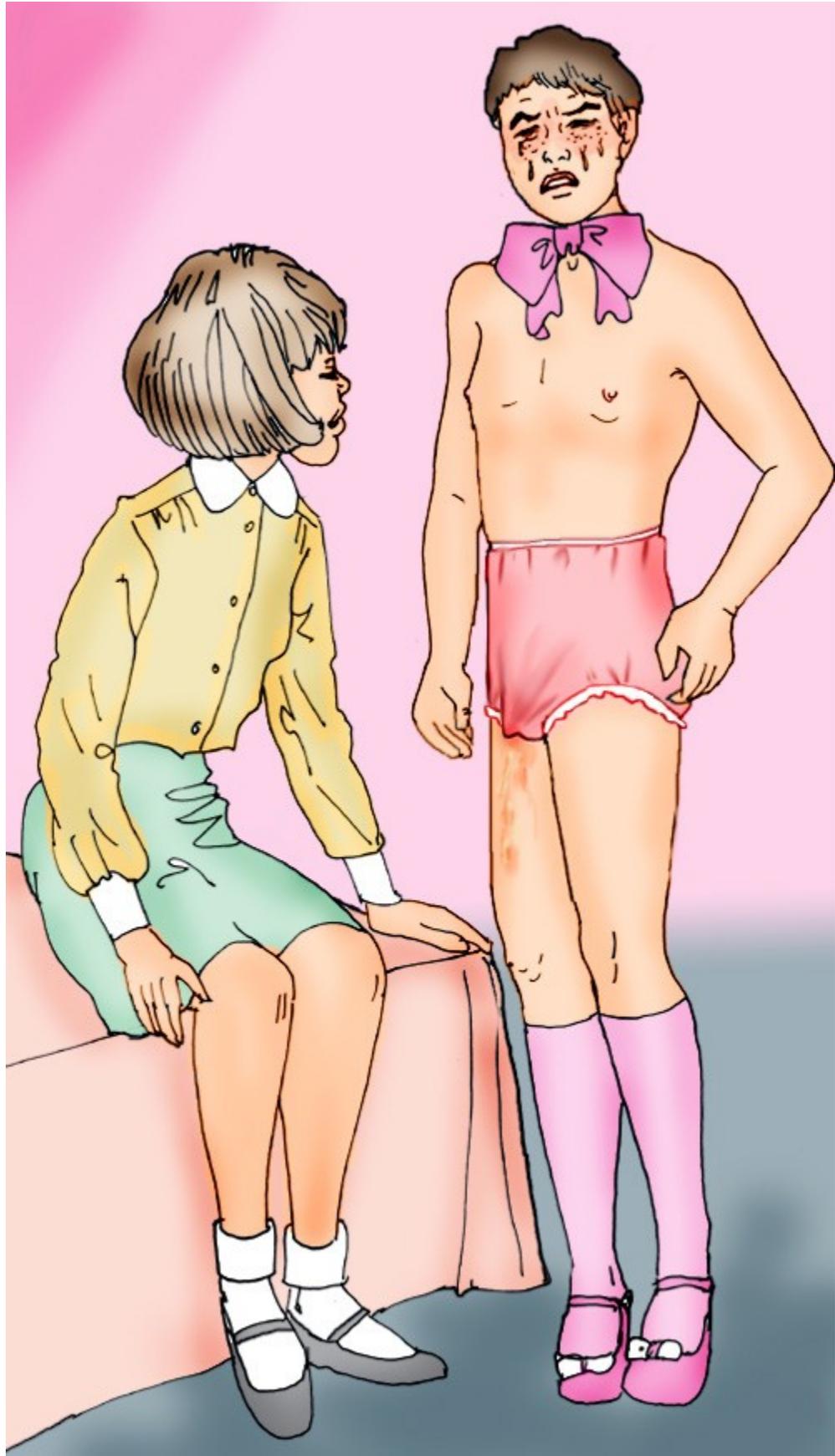
That's what I would tell her.

As I ran home, I didn't know what to do with Betty's panties. I thought about throwing them away, but I knew that if she ever did want them back or want to harass me about them I had better be able to get them, so I just wadded them up and shoved them in my pocket. Then I went into the back door of our house, hoping to be able to sneak into my bedroom to change into some dry clothes. But I didn't get far. Just as I was halfway up the back steps going into our kitchen, my nine-year-old little sister, Karen, came flying down the stairs.

Immediately, she noticed my wet pants. Her eyes bugged out as she put her hand to her mouth, pointed at my wet crotch and then shouted, "O-O-H-H-H, Bobby! Your pants are wet! How come your pants are wet! M-O-M-M-Y! M-O-M-M-Y! M-O-M-M-Y! BOBBY HAS WET PANTS!"

I began to cry again.
Karen turned around and followed me up the stairs. Just as we entered the kitchen from the back door, Mom entered from the dining room with an icy stare and a frown on her face.

I looked at her with a red-shamed face and said, "I fell and hit my head and it hurt real bad. I couldn't help it! It was an accident, Mommy! It won't happen again. I promise!"
"He wet his pants! He wet like a baby!" my little sister giggled.
I saw my mom's face reddening, and her eyes narrowing.
I cried out, "No, Mommy, I was hurt — Here feel my head. I'm hurt!"



Mom reached out and felt my head and said, "You do have a good knot there, come along." She pulled me into the bathroom and shut the door. She took a closer look at the bump on my head.

"Ouch!" I yelped when she touched it. "I got dizzy, Mommy, and it hurts."

"How did you hit your head Bobby?"

I had to tell her something, so I said, "I, uh, I was climbing a tree and slipped."

"Well you're going to live," she said and as she turned the water on in the tub. "Get those wet things off. Hurry up!"

I hurriedly stripped off my clothes as she ran the bath water. I hadn't been naked in front of my mom since the last accident over a year ago, and I stood there naked and embarrassed with my hands in front of my little penis as she poured bubble bath into the water.

"all right, get in and get washed."

I stepped into the tub, and she picked up my wet clothes and she left, shutting the door. I sat in the hot bubble bath and cried. I had been humiliated before Betty, Tammy, Jughead, and my little sister and my mom. I sat there and cried and washed myself clean and wished I had been dreaming.

I was a skinny little thirteen year old. I was always picked on by other kids, and my mom always demanded that I grow up and stand up for myself and not let other kids push me around like I was some kind of sissy. She called me a sissy a lot whenever I wasn't acting like a little man in her opinion. About a year earlier, I had finally stopped having accidents and was even getting picked on less at school — and now this.

My little sister was a little vixen and a real problem. Though she was a year younger, she was just as big as me, and her favorite pastime was getting me into trouble. And now with this, I knew she'd tease me mercilessly. I had to make sure mom made her promise not to tease me or tell anyone. I knew she had to be the one who had told Betty about me wetting, wearing panties and all that. I promised myself never to forgive her for that. I had to get mom to make her tell Betty it was a lie, she was just joking or something like that — even though it was the truth. I didn't know how I was going to do that, but I'd figure out a way.

The door to the bathroom opened. I thought mom was back, and I said, "I'm done, Mommy."

Then I heard my little sister coo, "That's good, baby."

I turned in the tub and splashed water at her. "Get out! Get out of here! I'm not a baby! GET OUT!"

She ran off laughing.

I got out of the tub and started drying off. As I did, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and then got closer to examine the knot on my head. From the next room, I heard Karen shout, "That's not fair, Mom! You promised; it's not fair!" I could tell she was upset. That made me feel a little better. I wrapped the towel around myself, went to my room and got dressed. I just stayed there and watched my TV. I didn't want to face my mom or my little sister.

Later mom called me to supper, and I went down sheepishly and sat at the table. I wasn't hungry because I was still overcome with shame. I wished I could tell mom the truth, but I just couldn't. I could tell I was still in hot water but at least Karen didn't seem to be as happy about my embarrassment as she had been. I supposed she wanted to go blabbing all around the neighborhood about me wetting my pants today, but I think mom put the kibosh on it. It was a quiet meal. Finally, it was over and I asked to be excused. That's when Karen piped up.

"You get to do the cleanup, baby."

I reddened and said, "Don't call me that! And besides, it's your turn to clean up, so shut-up!"

Mom smacked the table and said, "Now. Both of you hush!" and then added, "It won't hurt you to do the clean up two nights in a row, Bobby."

Karen giggled.

"But, Mommy, that's not fair!"

She reddened with anger and said, "Oh, it's fair you want — is that what you want, Bobby?"

Karen giggled again.

Mom continued, "Well, let's be fair then? Karen you do the clean up. Bobby you go to the living room and stand in the corner. Now, get!"

I felt the tears coming as I got up and ran to the living room with Karen's giggles echoing behind me. I stood facing the corner and cried. God, would this day and the humiliations ever end? Maybe I should tell mom what really happened. But, oh, I couldn't. I couldn't tell her how I had let Betty humiliate me. How I had wet my pants on purpose to keep from getting beaten up by Jughead. I just had to bear this last part of the day and then it would be over and I could try to forget this horrid day.

"The kitchen's all clean, Mom." I heard my little sister say cheerfully.

“That's good, honey. You can turn the TV on for a while until bedtime.”

I heard the TV come on and I stood there waiting to be told I could get out of the corner but nothing was said. They watched TV, and I remained in the corner like a three year old being punished. I hated it. The minutes ticked by and I still stood in the corner and waited. Finally, I couldn't wait any longer and said, “I'm sorry, can I watch TV?”

Mom said, “No, you just stay in the corner for a while and learn to be a good little boy. I think that's fair.”

I sniffled and bit back more tears. I heard my little sister giggle. I hated her! I stood there and waited. I shifted from foot to foot. I wanted out of that corner.

“Stand still, Bobby,” Mom ordered.

I tried to stop shifting around. Each moment of standing there, the harder and harder it got to stand still, and I began to cry. Tears flowed down my cheeks, and I couldn't stand it any longer. I began to sob harder. I sobbed out, “P-P-P-L-LEASE, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, please, Mommy. I'm sorry!”

My little sister's giggles rang in my ears.

I cried out, “Please, Mommy, please, mommy, please, let me out of the corner! PLEASE! It won't ever happen again, I promise!”

“You said that before, didn't you, Bobby?”

I sobbed out, “YES-S!”

“Get over here, hurry up,” Mommy said.

I ran over to her, and she pulled me to her and began undressing me.

I whimpered, “I'm sorry, Mommy, I really am.”

“What did Mommy say what would happen the next time you had an accident Bobby?” she asked me as she pulled off my shirt and then pulled me up on her lap and started taking off my shoes and socks. I didn't get it. I didn't think back to the last time. It had been over a year, and I was so upset then — and now I was more upset with what all that had transpired today. So she asked again, “Bobby, what did I tell you about the next time you wet yourself like a baby?”

I heard Karen's giggles as Mom undid my pants and raised me up off her lap and pulled them and my underpants down to my knees.

I tried to remember — then I did remember! I cried out, “N-N-NO-O! NO! Mommy, please, not that, not that!”

My little sister giggled wildly, and my mom said, “You wanted me to be fair, Bobby. It's only fair I do what I promised.”

She pulled my pants and underpants completely off, and I squirmed naked on her lap and sobbed, “N-N-N-O-O-O-O-O! Mommy, no!”

She turned me toward my little sister and asked, “And who did I say would get to panty you like a sissy baby, Bobby?”

I saw Karen kneeling on the floor beside me with a pair of pink ruffled panties in her hands. She was giggling. I pleaded with my mommy, “No, Mommy, not panties, please, oh please, don't do it! Please don't have Karen put panties on me, P-P-P-L-L-LEASE!”

But there was no mercy for me this day. Mommy stood me up and swatted my naked butt hard and said, “Hold still for your sister right now!” She smacked my bare bottom again and roughly turned me around to face my sister naked. “Be still, or you'll get a real spanking and then she nodded at Karen and said, “Do it to him. Panty him like a sissy baby.”

I had my legs together and my hands over my little penis and my little sister was looking right where my hands were. With a big smile and she said, “Move your hands away, baby. Spread your legs, sissy.”

I looked at my mom. My pain had to be obvious in my eyes.

She said, “You cooperate or you get the ruler!”

I looked away, moved my hands to my sides and spread my legs a bit. My boy parts popped out from between my legs.

My little sister giggled and said, “Here comes your panties, baby.”

I felt her hands threading the pink panties up my legs. I began to sob as my little sister slowly drew the panties up my legs. She took her time easing them over my penis.

“That's a good, sissy baby.”

I hated her staring at me in her pink panties. I twisted away from her, hoping the worst of it was over.

Mom said, “Cooperate! I mean it!”

Karen and mom proceeded to check out the fit of the panties from every angle. I had to stand there quietly and perfectly still as they pulled on the elastics, talked about the lace frills, laughed at the little ribbon bows and tease me about what a lucky boy I was to be able to wear such pretty girly panties.

I just stood there and took it. What else could I do? I obeyed and they giggled like Betty and Tammy had already giggled at me that day. Karen giggled in triumph. She had a giggle that penetrated me to the core.

“Mom,” I pleaded, “don't let anybody know, I mean, Karen might tell...”

Mom said, “Karen, you are not to tell anyone about this.”

Karen straightened up and said, “I know, Mom. It'll be our little secret, but I get to panty him whenever he wets again. OK?”

Mom said, “Yes, it's only fair, that's what I promised. If Bobby needs to be pantied, you may do it, and he will mind you when he's in your panties, or he'll answer to me, and he won't like the punishments I can come up with. And if he keeps this up, I just might buy him his own supply of pretty panties. After all, he can't be taking all your panties all the time.”

Then turning to me she said, “Understand me, Bobby? Your sister is in charge of you when you are in her panties. So mind her, or you'll be sorry.”

I nodded, too ashamed to look up at either of them.

“Get to your room, Bobby, and you better be dry in the morning.”

I ran off in my pink, lace-trimmed rumba panties. My little sisters' ego-piercing giggles followed me. I ran to my room in tears, jumped into bed and buried my face in my pillow to sob myself to sleep.

When I awoke the next morning I thought, “What a crazy dream — how horrible — thank god I am now awake!” And then I turned over in bed and realized it wasn't a dream. I was wearing girls' pink panties! I reached under the covers to confirm it; I felt the silky fabric and tiers of lace and got sick to my stomach.

Just then the door opened and I saw my sister standing there fully dressed in jeans and a top. She was grinning and as she came toward me and said, “Mom said I could check the sissy baby's panties.”

I held the covers to my chin, and she giggled and said, “Do you want a spanking? I'll have Mommy spank you if you don't mind me like a good baby.”

I relaxed my grip on the blankets and my eyes teared up as I let my little sister pull down the covers.

She reached between my legs. I looked away as she wiggled her index finger inside my ruffled panty leg to check to see if I had wet myself. She took the opportunity to rub her fingers over my penis and balls. I froze and sucked in air from the unwanted intimate contact. She giggled and said, "Oh, what a good little baby! Get up! Let's go tell Mommy you didn't potty in your panties."

As I got up, I got a chance to see myself in the mirror for the first time and I saw how horrible I looked — a skinny little boy in little girls' pink rumba panties. I turned deep crimson as Karen giggled.

"That's right, baby, take a good look at yourself. Don't you look ever so cute in your pink panties?"

I ran to find mommy with hope she'd let me take them off.

Karen called out after me, "The baby is dry, Mom." And her laughter followed me down the hall to the living room where my mom was waiting.

"Please, can I take them off?" I whined in tears.

Mommy asked, "Have you learned your lesson, Bobby?"

I sobbed, "Yes, I promise, I promise!"

"All right then, Karen, change him back to little boy panties."

Karen giggled and reached up and slipped her fingers inside the waistband of the panties and said, "Stand still while Mommy changes baby back into a little boy."

I did. She pulled the rumba panties down to my knees and left them there while she got my boys' underwear. They were colored little boy briefs with blue and red stars on them. I hadn't worn them in two years. I didn't even know they still existed. I whined and said I wanted my new underpants.

Karen giggled and said, "After we know you're a big boy again, you can have them, but right now you have to wear either your little boy panties or little girl panties, which do you want?"

"Mom-m-m-m! PLEASE!" I complained. This was all so humiliating. And why did they insist on calling my boys' underwear panties too? I wished they wouldn't do that!

Mommy thought for a moment and then said, "That seems fair, Bobby. You show us you are a big boy again, and you can wear big boy panties. Until then, I saved your little boy panties just in case we still needed them. And since you wet yourself like a little boy who can't control himself, it's good I did save them. Now, you have to wear either them or your sister's panties."

My little sister giggled and tossed the little starred underpants to me and said, "Put them on like a good little boy. Hurry up, we have to get ready for school."

I obeyed. I wore those old little boy undies for a few days, and my little sister continued her teasing. But she must have gotten bored making fun of me because she did it less each day. During that time, except for school, I stayed near the house and completely avoided crossing paths with Jughead, his little sister or her girlfriend Tammy. I definitely didn't want them to see me in little boys' underpants. To be caught wearing them would be almost as bad as being caught in my sister's panties.

Then one day my big boy underwear appeared back in my room. And even though my standing in the family had depreciated considerably because of the pants wetting and the panty punishment that followed, things gradually became more bearable and almost normal again at times. I was able to forget about 99% of that incident, and I forced thoughts of it out of my mind whenever something happened that reminded me of it. During that week, Karen turned ten. She was going through a growth spell and seemed to be getting bigger than me by the day, while I just stayed skinny little Bobby.

But I was too successful in forgetting about the most recent wetting incident. I had totally forgotten about the pink panties Betty had given me and told me to keep. I had put them in my jeans pocket that day and then totally forgot about them. And Monday was coming and that's wash day when those pants would get washed!

Part 2 continues in Princess Online #68

In part 2 Bobby has further run-ins with his mother, sister and Jughead and his sister.

Revised by Princess Lacey

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 2 No 3
September 2004

Published weekly, never w
Published only when we fin
time after raiding clothes
dressing up and jerkin

LIFESTYLE



Judges admitted having a hard time deciding winner of fanciest panties contest

Holy Hills, ND: A Fanciest Panties competition was added to this year's handicrafts exhibits at the Queen's Valley County Fair.

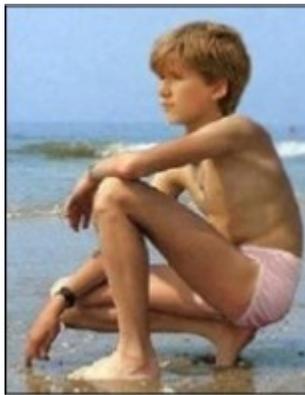
The new event had talented seamstresses trying to outdo one another creating the fanciest panties they could dream up. Forty-three females and two males competed.

Each contestant was given unlimited access to various materials, laces and trims and allowed 30 minutes to sew a pair of panties to be modeled by anyone of their choice.

Three of the ladies modeled their own creations; all the rest had models usually family members. One boy was almost pressed into service when his sister was late to arrive. That kid was sure sweating!

Everyone agreed it was an exciting new event, but the judges complained about having a hard time choosing the winner and two judges took a long break before coming to a decision.

HEALTH



State clothing allowance scandal
Family Services investigates into why orphan boy found wandering around in just pink panties was given secondhand clothes to wear



In custody battle, woman told how she could only get pregnant by her sissy husband by jacking him off into her panties and then stuffing the panties up her twat

HEADLINES

Resourceful panty fetishist caught peeking up dresses of customers in lingerie shop

Man used mini camera mounted on the toe of his shoe

Peekskill, NY: Over the last five months, customers and employees of the I See London Lingerie Shop had no idea that their forty-year old security guard, Richard A. Round, was clandestinely photographing customers by aiming a his mini camera to peek up their skirts.

Known to the store's employees simply as "Dick," the man wasn't discovered until last Tuesday when his gun accidentally discharged and he hit himself in the foot. The injury he sustained was minor, but employees coming to his aid saw a miniature cam mounted in his right shoe. Bea A. Gast, the store manager, suspected foul play and immediately summoned police.

Officers on the scene seized the camera and sent it out to be studied by a team of experts on pornography at the local police lab located just behind Joker's on South Bush Street. A subsequent search of Dick's locker contained hundreds of upskirt photos exposing the panty and pantyhose covered crotches of various females, all presumed to be the shop's customers.

The police also searched the man's apartment. The building's landlady, I. M. Prying, affectionately known as "Snoopy" by her tenants, said, "It's about time somebody caught up with this pervert. I had my suspicions, but if I had known for sure, I would have reported him."

Ms. Prying opened the apartment for the police and helped them find hundreds of upskirt photos, all of which were presumably taken at the store.

"I guess I should have known better. With a name like Dick A. Round what can you expect!"

Wife makes her cuckold sissy husband wear her panties over his head and forces him to watch her through the panty legs as she blows and fucks his brother and golf buddies!



OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Mother of thirteen-year-old boy says she has to keep her lingerie and the Sears catalog under lock and key

He found another man's semen in his wife's panties as though she was cheating but turns out his wife is a HI Olympic marathon winner says wearing his sister's pantie keeps him cool and adds to the excitement of long hard runs

In 2004, the deciding question for a lot of voters: Laura or Teresa – who wears the prettier pantie?

JUDGE FORBIDS PANTY JERK FROM WEARING HIS PANTIES WHILE DRIV
BECAUSE HE HAS BEEN ORDERED TO KEEP BOTH HANDS ON THE WHEE

Middleberry: Girl playing
with herself in her panties



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