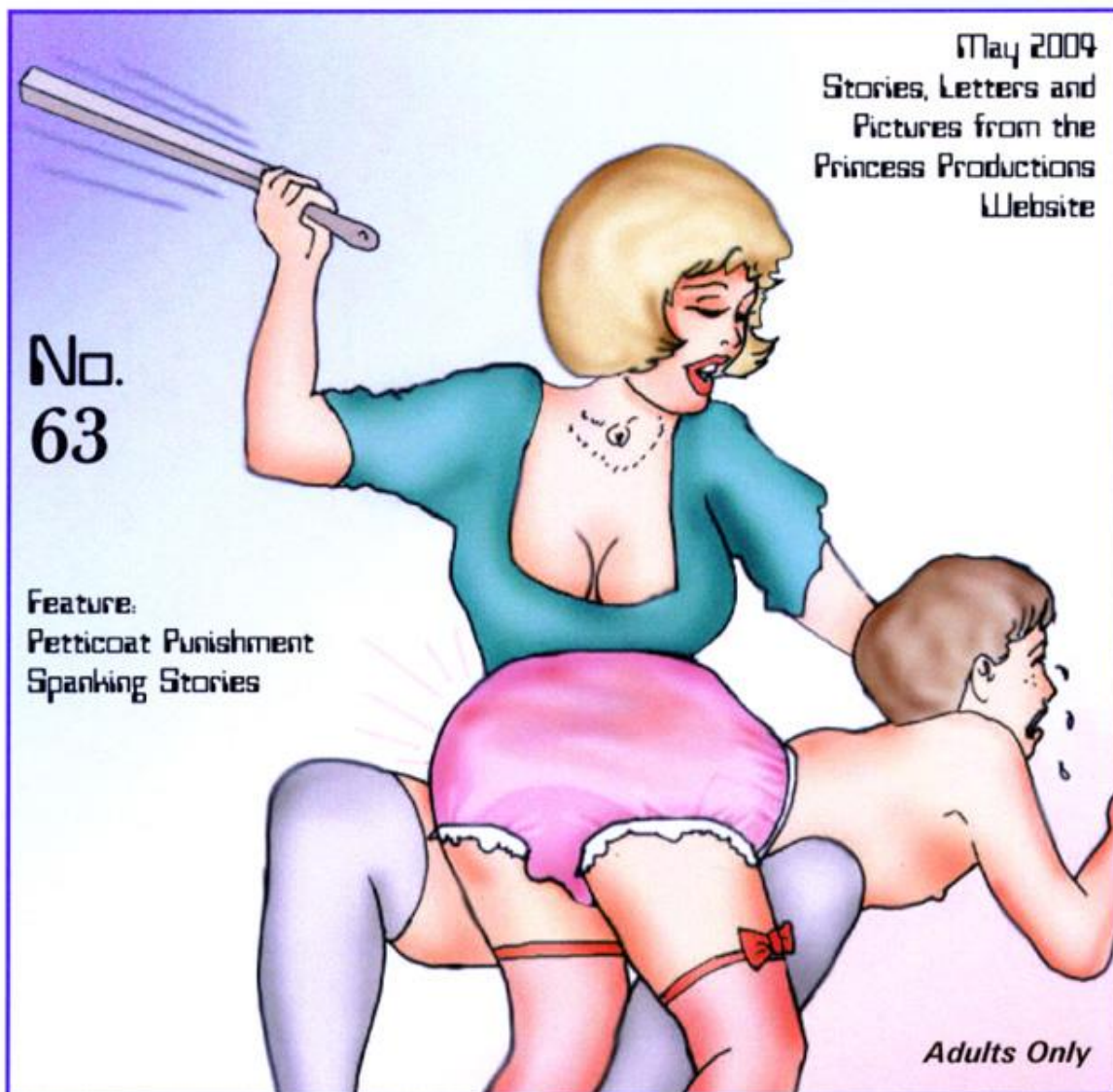


Princess Online



May 2009

Stories, Letters and
Pictures from the
Princess Productions
Website

No.
63

Feature:
Petticoat Punishment
Spanking Stories

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 inspected by the school's principal after he has been dressed in a particularly frilly dress for a visit to his former girlfriend and her parents to appeal 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/>

a bully's worst nightmare If school BOY bullies

Now take
our tough little
GIRLIE-BOYS back to
their classroom,
Ms. Balspincher!

Yes, Ms
and since
so tough an
I'll take them
the boys' gym
cafeteria, t
cheerleading
and the kind
classro



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

Each month, legendary sissyboy writer and illustrator Jonathan Bebe, provides our subscribers with a page from his coloring book they can color and add their own details, including a caption or dialogue.

In this picture, little sissy boy David is in costume as Little Bo Peep with his sheep!

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People who go snooping may find a bit more than they expect!

Classic 1970s Poster

"Seeing is Believing" is the name of a poster (shown above) popular in the 1970s.

We had a little fun with this picture, Princessized it and added the caption,

"People who go snooping may find a bit more than they expected."

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Leo

This month, we present the picture of eleven-year-old Leo, another one of Ma Kelly's boys. Leo has a twin brother, Dickie, who will be pictured in Princess Online #65.

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 blushinglly 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 girly 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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Sissy of the Month

"Now, Joey, don't cry. You look adorable! I know you wanted to be a cowboy for Halloween, but the best I could do was get this cowgirl costume from your cousin Tammy. And with my wig and makeup, no one will ever know you're a boy!"

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Masquerade

Halloween picture: Tammy (in the French maid's outfit with (left to right) Jim her husband as Marilyn Monroe; son Jason's girlfriend Patty as a Playboy bunny; son Jason as an Indian squaw; daughter Carrie as a mermaid; Tammy; and son Alan also in a Marilyn Monroe outfit!

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Spanking Today

By Will Henry

Spanking and Petticoat Punishment

The practice of dressing boys in girl's clothes, a form of discipline sometimes referred to as "petticoat punishment," is nothing new. English publications going back many years speak of the advantages of employing girl's clothing as a means of disciplining unruly boys. And in some families, petticoat punishment has been traditional for young males. For many decades there was a sharp decline in the use of this form of discipline. However, for some unexplained reason, petticoat punishment has made a strong comeback in recent years. Especially popular in disciplining teenage boys, petticoat punishment is normally combined with spanking because it often takes a sound spanking to get the boy into girls' dresses and lingerie when he is first introduced to this way of controlling them. And this practice is not limited to teenage boys, males both much older and much younger can benefit from this treatment. Many dominant women often employ petticoat punishment on their submissive husbands and boyfriends, and sometimes even a very young girl will be given control over much older petticoated brothers or even control over their panty-trained father! Many such male slaves are permanently petticoated and must wear feminine clothing at all times when serving their dominant females.

It should be noted that the traditional practice of petticoat punishment places great emphasis on

humiliation—often described as “beneficial humiliation.” The embarrassed culprit is required to dress in a complete outfit of girls' clothes, including panties, nylon hose and high heels or lacy ankle socks and little girls' Mary Jane shoes. The punished male is required to act girlishly, swinging his hips as he walks and taking small, mincing steps. He may be called by a girls' name! With the accent on humiliation, it is not surprising that the male is sometimes shown off to visitors. Since a number of women take an unholy delight in seeing a boy attired in feminine apparel, such sessions can prove quite an ordeal for the victim.

With the increasing popularity of petticoat punishment, this form of discipline has evolved to now include considerably more sexual activity than in former years. However, women who impose this type of discipline almost always insist that their male charges adopt a passive, girlish role in keeping with their costuming. The victim may even be required to submit to “intercourse” with a dildo or other device. He may be required to perform cunnilingus on female guests who are there to observe his correction. Some females insist the pantied male maintains a stiff erection. Some of the females permit or even promote ejaculation, while others prohibit erections and cumming and will punish the male for getting sexually aroused. In this connection, some women use girdles and other tight undergarments to physically prevent erections from developing.

The following case histories provide some examples of these practices.

Case History #1

Thelma G. is an attractive platinum blonde, a former high school teacher who is now a housewife. By her own admission, she is a man-hater and has trained her sixteen-year-old nephew to suit her own particular requirements, resulting in the boy developing deeply masochistic tendencies after three years of living with her. In the following report, Thelma describes her systematic training sessions for the boy:

“I am in favor of extremely strict discipline and for some time now have been conducting regular training sessions for my nephew twice each week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The boy is well adjusted to his discipline and accepts it. After school on Wednesdays and after he has finished his chores on Saturdays, I make him report to me attired only in a flimsy pair of pink panties. Needless to say, he is delightfully embarrassed and shamefaced on such occasions, and I have numerous cutting comments designed to make him blush all the more.

“I have him stand in front of me while I sit provocatively in a short-skirted sleeveless navy blue dress, black nylons and pumps. I keep my legs crossed casually and let my skirt hike up past the tops of my



nylons. The boy can't keep his eyes off of me as I talk to him about his upcoming discipline session, and it isn't long before noticeable bulge appears in the front of his sleek pink panties.

"When I am ready, I take him to the guest bedroom upstairs where I keep my father's old heavy leather belt hanging on the wall for these occasions. I take the belt and sit on a plain chair, once again letting my skirt ride up over my nylons. At my command, the boy must kneel and kiss my feet. Most of the time, he is simply required to plant a kiss on each foot. However, depending on my mood, he may be required to kiss my pumps and stocking feet all over for several minutes. He is extremely flushed and humble after this.

"I then move up to sit on the outer edge of the chair, and pull my skirt up around my waist. On my command, he must commence kissing and licking me between my legs exactly as I instruct. He, of course, has been taught just how to do it and approaches my panty-covered pussy with reverence, carefully kissing my panties and licking me through the nylon, until I motion to him to slide the panties aside and use his long tongue to delve deeply into my cunny. Normally, I don't have him bring me to a climax at this point but simply have him get me heated up and make sure I smear his face completely with my flowing juices, so he smell and taste me with his every breath.

"I abruptly tell him to stand before me. He invariably has a full erection pressing against his panties. I chide him about it at length, telling him it shows that he is addicted to my panties and in full agreement with my method of training him. I then make him get on the floor supporting himself over a hassock, kneeling on all fours. I then take the belt and go to work.

"I smack with a firm stroke, allowing a brief interval between each spank. As his bottom turns red, he wriggles and howls and eventually bawls and pleads with me to stop. There is something about the sight of a cowering young boy with an erect penis, howling like a baby and dressed in pink panties that sets me off. Sometimes I have an orgasm while I'm putting the belt to him. Other times I abruptly stop, stand in front of him and make him lick my pussy until I climax. Often times, I reach several climaxes during one session.

"When I am thoroughly satisfied, I sit down and light up a cigarette. The boy is required to stand in front of me and masturbate himself to a climax. He is delightfully embarrassed, of course, and I keep urging him on, telling him that his excitement proves how thrilling he thinks I am. Afterwards, depending on my mood, I may have him perform cunnilingus again. After I fully satisfied, I have him keep on the cum-stained panties and wear them until bedtime, at which time I have him take his evening shower and then I dress him in one of my babydoll nighties with matching panties for bed. During this time he may be required to perform other servile tasks for me and he frequently earns himself an additional dose of the belt."

Case History #2

"I'm a little shocked but also intrigued by the disciplinary methods employed by my next door neighbor. Eileen is a tall, extremely attractive brunette in her late thirties. She has a stepson of fifteen, who is quite a good looking boy. As the boy's father travels extensively, Eileen has taken complete charge of the boy at home. She and I visit back and forth frequently and she has never hesitated to describe her methods to me in the greatest detail, although at times I have to blush at her descriptions.



"She has precise rules for him to follow, which are written out so there is never any misunderstanding. Any violation means a session in private with her in the master bedroom. She keeps a wooden paddle conveniently located in her vanity drawer and takes it out as she sits herself down on the vanity bench when preparing him for a punishment session. As she settles herself in, she pulls her skirt and slip up out of the way, revealing stocking tops and bare thighs.

"The boy is required to stand at her right side, keeping his hands at his sides. He becomes quite red in the face as she unfastens his pants and lowers them along with his undershorts. She also has a special store of frilly panties in her dresser drawer and makes him take a pair out and hold them while she talks to him, telling him pretty panties are a symbol for sweetness and goodness, something he should strive to become. She makes him examine the panties as she describes every little detail about them. He knows what's going to happen soon, and despite his embarrassment, he has a promising erection. To intensify his embarrassment, Eileen makes him stand there for several minutes, totally naked and playing with a pair of her frilly little panties while she scolds him at length for the misdeed that earned him his punishment. She takes the panties, wraps them around his hard cock and strokes his penis as she continues to berate him, making pointed remarks, telling him that he must be very stiff to fully appreciate the spanking to follow in order to best learn the lesson he has to learn. When his erection is at full firmness, she makes him put on the panties before receiving his spanking.

"She then spreads her long legs slightly apart to provide a nest for his pulsating penis between her moist panty crotch and warm thighs. He then goes over her lap. When he is in the right position, she instructs him to grasp one of the vanity table legs with his left hand. He is then told to grasp her left ankle with his right hand, and is warned not to bounce around and cause a run in her stockings. He is ordered very emphatically not to let go with either hand until the spanking is concluded. He is also admonished to take it 'like a man' by keeping his penis stiff throughout, but is strongly warned not to have an 'accident' or he'll have to lick it up!

"With that she picks up the paddle and goes to work on his sissy pantied bottom. She takes her time

about it and applies the paddle with loud smacks. He tries to take it as quietly as possible, although there are squirms and gasps right from the beginning as the paddle makes its point. As his bottom begins to get so bright red that the redness can even be seen through the thin panties, the boy howls and his tears flow. Eventually he pleads for her to stop. She doesn't count the spansks but estimates that an average spanking consists of about sixty firm paddle smacks. Although he is sobbing heavily, she doesn't quit until she thinks he has had enough and no amount of tears or cries of pain have any influence over that decision. Then she makes him stand before her and she masturbates him within the panties. The boy has an extremely large cock, about nine inches, and Eileen says she loves jacking off such a large dick in frilly panties, the incongruity of the situation gives her endless pleasure.

How does she have so much control over the boy? She has taken numerous pictures of the boy with his huge erection tenting up various pairs of panties, plus she has picture of him in her panties with gobs of fresh cum splattered all over his belly. She can get him to do anything simply by threatening to show his father those photos!



Case History #3

"I must say that I am amused when I hear teenagers complaining about discipline. Perhaps they would be interested in knowing that in our home there is one young man of twelve who is regularly made to submit to the ordeal of petticoat punishment. This consists of special outfits I had made for him consisting of a frilly tube top and a multilayered full slip, all made from rustling white satin and yards of scratchy stiff lace. He also has to wear white nylon stockings held up by a garter belt! In fact, right at this moment, my thoroughly embarrassed young culprit is standing in the corner awaiting a spanking while attired in his sissy outfit!

"It might seem surprising that such measures would be employed on a boy of his age. However, I have found that such humiliating punishments are just the thing to keep him in line. Whenever he disobeys me or violates one of my rules, I make him put on his girls' clothes and submit to my discipline. He of course just hates to be dressed in his frillies, and he always pleads to be spared. But no matter how much he pleads, he always has to put on the

taffeta top and slip, take his spanking and any other punishments I impose, and remain petticoated until I release him.

"I don't always spare him simply because guests happen to be present. Instead, if I order him to do so, he must appear before them attired in his shameful costume. Needless to say, some of my lady friends find it thoroughly amusing to see a boy of his age being put through his paces. He, of course, is simply scarlet with shame on such occasions, but he knows better than to lose his temper. Instead, he must swallow hard and take the inevitable teasing in good grace.

“He usually isn't spanked or given other punishments in front of guests. Instead, after a period of time standing in the corner, he is removed to the study for the spanking. Although guests can't see him getting spanked, they can hear everything—my humiliating comments to him as well as his outcries. Afterwards, still red eyed and smarting, he must suffer the indignity of going out and facing them, knowing that they know he was thoroughly spanked like the naughtiest of little girls.

“I have several close lady friends who are permitted to watch the punishment sessions, and this increases his shame considerably. The most usual visitor is a young widow who lives next door. Others who have seen him punished are his music teacher, one of his school teachers and the three members of my bridge club. I don't suppose I need to say that they all find my methods highly interesting. A couple of them have even let me know that they would be glad to take over if I had to go out of town for awhile.

“I administer all spankings in the old-fashioned over the knee style, as I believe that is by far the most embarrassing position. Before sitting down, I lift my skirt to around my stocking tops and then sit down with my legs apart. At my command, he must endure the humiliation of gathering his little frock up to the waist. Not to anyone's surprise he's dressed (as always) in the most delightful pair of full taffeta panties, also in virgin white to match his top and petticoat. The panties also have oodles of lace and ribbon frills. I skim down his panties down to the base of his ass cheeks and make him stand between my legs. Then I guide him over my left thigh and clamp my right leg around him, leaving his bare bottom and hips jackknifed upward over my lap and beautifully framed by his garter belt, ruffled slip and panties.

“I then go at him with the hairbrush, supplementing each stroke with scolding and shaming comments. In short order, I have a red bottomed and tearful young boy-girl. As the hairbrushing continues and each stroke adds more heat to his already stinging bottom, he yelps and cries and pleads with me to stop. I finally pause with the hairbrush and ask him to describe just exactly what he will do if I do stop spanking him. He knows what I mean, too! Even when we're alone, he has difficulty actually saying it. When one or two of my friends are watching, I sometimes have to keep putting the hairbrush to him until he says what I want.

“When I release him, he slides off my lap to his knees in front of me. I pull my skirt and spread my legs apart. He must then endure the humiliation of paying tribute to my feminine charms! He, of course, is just crimson with shame, and naturally it's quite amusing and delightful to watch him shamefacedly caressing me with his tongue. It's doubly humiliating for him if one or more of my lady friends are standing there smirking and tittering. I always make him bring me to a climax. Afterwards, he must wear his girls' outfit until bedtime, and then hang it up neatly in his closet until the next time he is in need of punishment. He's still such a sissy and a baby that I have to have a baby-sitter for him whenever I go out. Mildred, my neighbor, usually does the honors; however, she can't do it this weekend, and unknown to Peter, I have Gale, a girl from his class coming over to baby-sit him! I know he fancies this girl, so it will be doubly embarrassing for him. I'll tell him of my plans on Friday, and I'll warn him that if he balks, I'll

make him appear before her in his girly outfit. Of course, I won't do that, but I have already decided that I'm going to make him wear his nice frilly white taffeta panties under his trousers that day just to keep him on his toes while she's here!

Case History 4

Marge G. is a 35-year-old schoolteacher, who has a very dominant personality. Her 17-year-old nephew, who has been living with her for four years, has been brought completely under her control. Marge uses her own version of petticoat punishment, mixed with spankings and sexual humiliations, to keep him in line. Here is Marge's report:

“At least once a week my nephew is required to report to me attired solely in a shamefully brief lingerie costume, bearing my old sorority paddle, and humbly request correction. This has been going on for four years now, and will continue indefinitely. Indeed, at this moment, my blushing and downcast penitent is doing his penance strapped to the wall in the basement, with a pair of my dirty panties over his head. He's wearing lacy panties and a teenage training bra in pretty pink and blue. He is delightfully embarrassed, of course, and he knows that he is going to be much more embarrassed by the time I get through with him this evening.



“A couple of noisy training sessions after he first moved in with me soon convinced him that it was better to submit quietly when ordered to do so. When instructed to strip and put on his sissy training lingerie and fetch the paddle, he always does so meekly and without question despite the intense humiliation involved. As I indicated earlier, this occurs at least once a week and sometimes more often. I make no exceptions even in the summer when we're on vacation, as a training session can easily be held in a summer cottage or motel room.

“There is no set pattern to a training session, so he never knows quite what to expect when he blushingly reports to me in his punishment girly clothes. I usually schedule a training session to last from seven to ten p.m. During this time he is required to obey a series of humiliating commands without question, being subjected at all times to continual supervision, bossing, scolding, ridiculing and very cutting comments. Foot kissing, paddling and sex discipline are essential parts of any session.

“A training session usually commences with a very humbling foot kissing ceremony. When I slip off my pumps and stretch out my stocking feet, he doesn't have to be told what to do. Despite the deep humiliation he obviously feels, he submissively kneels before me and abjectly begins kissing my stocking feet all over. This can go on for up to ten minutes, and he knows that he had better not overlook one square inch of my feet. While he's at it, I have plenty of cutting comments for him as he performs this

humble task.

"After this, I have a number of games designed to humble him thoroughly. I have numerous tricks for him to perform and he never knows what to expect next. One of my favorites is to make him circle the room a dozen times or more girl-style, that is, on tiptoe with short, mincing steps and swinging hips. Although it embarrasses him nearly to death, my paddle is there to encourage his hips when they don't wiggle enough, so he always puts on a very amusing show despite himself. I also use mirror punishments. He is required to stand looking at himself in a full length mirror, marching in place in his shameful bra and panties. I may add lipstick and make him kiss his own image in the mirror.

"Under my close supervision, he may then have to do a very embarrassing series of exercises. The most embarrassing exercise for him, however, is the one that begins with the command, 'Play with yourself!' Standing in front of me, he must stroke his penis until it is rigid. While he blushes warmly, I order him to be sure and keep it stiff like that for the rest of the session to show how much he approves of my training. Of course, from time to time it will start to dangle and I'll give him one of those looks that means he had better start using his hands on himself again. Once he's good and hard, I strap him to the wall dungeon-style in the basement. I can sit there forever and watch him trussed up there with his boner angrily stretching out his soft panties.

"Following this, I release him and give him the humiliating order to bend over the arm of the couch. I slowly and teasingly work his panties down in back but leave them covering his disgusting erection in front. I have a strong right arm and the smack paddling that ensues is a long, hot burning session for his bare butt! I can assure you he is no hero about having his bottom set on fire. As his bottom turns bright red, he howls and tears run down his cheeks to accompany his frantic pleas for mercy. I keep up a running fire of comment, chiding him about his reaction to the spanking. By the time I finally stop, I have a sissy boy with a thoroughly reddened, burning, throbbing pair of buttocks who can neither sit down nor stand still!

"I make him remain in position over the hassock while I bring out a large red dildo I keep handy. He really howls when I promptly shove it all the way up his ass. Telling him that now he knows how some poor girl feels, I warn him not to let it slide out under any circumstance. I hold it there until he reaches back with one hand to hold it himself.

"I then strip off my panties and put them over his head and then I stretch out on the couch with my skirt up to my waist and play with my pussy lips as I look at humiliated mass of boyhood in bra and panties fucking himself with a dildo and my dirty panties over his face!

Eventually, I have him crawl to me and abjectly start kissing my pussy. While he is doing that, he must use one hand to hold the dildo in place and the other hand to play with himself! I have a mirror arranged so that I can watch him playing with himself. By this time I am already pretty worked up and wet between the legs, and it doesn't take him long to bring me to a delightful climax. He has been taught to hold back his own climax until I am ready for mine so that I can enjoy the sight of his spurting fluid. I

make him shoot his smelly snot on a plate and serve him a snack on that plate before sending him to bed in one of my silky nightgowns.”

Case History 5

“I have long been interested in the subject of feminine domination. In the West last summer I was lucky enough to witness a 17-year-old boy being given strict discipline by his sophisticated stepmother, a pretty young woman whom I took to be around thirty-two. She turned out to be one of those modern young women who believe in the ‘total’ effect in discipline—punishment uniform, special punishment rules, spanking and sex humiliations. A lady whom I was visiting and another lady observed the discipline session.



“When the three of us arrived, I will never forget the sight as our attractive hostess led us into the living room. She was dressed head-to-toe all in leather, like a motorcycle gang members. This sweet young woman looked very ominous in this outfit that was quite a departure from the frilly feminine clothes she normally wears. She explained that this is her discipline uniform for when she feels very dominant. The young man was there kneeling meekly in the center of the room. He was attired in what I later learned was his regular punishment uniform. This consisted of a girls’ lacy white see-through blouse with short sleeves and a pink pleated mini skirt. His legs -- in fact his entire body -- was clean shaven. The red hair on his head was the only hair on his body! He wore bright red lipstick and a bit of makeup.

“The sight of a well developed young man in such outlandish attire caused the three of us to break into laughter, and there were a number of harsh comments aimed at him. He blushed furiously, but said nothing and remained kneeling meekly. As I had not met our hostess before, she suggested that we all sit down and get better acquainted. As we sat around talking, none of us could take our eyes off of him. He of course was keenly aware of our attentions and was delightfully embarrassed by them. The conversation soon got around to our hostess’ ideas on discipline, which she discussed frankly and in the most intimate terms. And while she talked, he blushed scarlet and was teary eyed.

“We were soon given a demonstration of how well trained he was. Our hostess produced a heavy paddle and, tapping him lightly on the hips with it, ordered him to walk for us. She pointedly reminded him to act very girlish—to swing his hips when he walked and to take very short little steps. Shamefaced and blushing hotly, he began circling the room, doing his best to follow her instructions. The sight of a boy trying to walk so girlishly was quite amusing, of course, and the three of us couldn’t hold back our smiles and amused comments, which only added to his embarrassment. I was surprised that he could walk so well in the high heels he had on because they were at least four inches high! It was obvious that

his stepmother had trained him very well.

“Under the watchful eye of our hostess, he slowly circled the room a number of times. She finally sat down and, removing her shoes, extended her well groomed stocking feet. At her command he walked over to her, whereupon she snapped her fingers and pointed toward her feet. Without hesitation he knelt before her, took her stocking feet in his hands and started kissing them all over. While the three of us watched with great interest, she leaned back in her chair and haughtily watched as he blushing kissed her stocking feet repeatedly. The foot kissing session went on for what must have been ten minutes, and by the end of that time he must have kissed both feet all over several times.

“The workout with the paddle came next. Scarlet with shame, he was led to a chair in the center of the room and compelled to bend over the back of it. Our hostess promptly lifted the short skirt, revealing heavily ruffled, pretty pink panties with black lace and ribbon trim. With deliberate slowness, our hostess began working the panties down from his hips, chiding him about having his bare bottom smack paddled in front of three women. Once she pulled the silky panties low enough to expose his butt, he was quite a sight with his black garter belt perfectly surrounding the target area. Of course, there were murmurs and pleased comments from us visitors, which I am sure he was very much aware of.

“The bare bottom paddling that followed was something to see, I can assure you. Our hostess was obviously quite experienced with the paddle, and each well placed swat landed with a loud smacking sound. He bore the correction very submissively, but cried like a little boy throughout. When the paddling came to a halt, his bottom was fire red and obviously burning up. Although I watched the correction with my heart in my throat, I thoroughly enjoyed it, and I'm sure my two companions felt the same way.

“After replacing the boy's panties and allowing him to straighten up, our hostess turned to us with a wide smile and announced: ‘As you can see, this young thing admires feminine clothes, and he loves to wear them so much. But he also admires feminine charms! Now, each of you is invited to take him into the spare bedroom, where he'll be delighted to show you how much he admires you!’

“Naturally, the three of us just shrieked at this announcement, while the boy blushed deeply and stared at the floor. My two companions were quick to take advantage of this offer. Each of them spent about fifteen minutes in the spare bedroom with him, and returned looking happily flushed with their skirts a fairly wrinkled. Between trips to that room, he was scarlet and couldn't look any of us in the eye.

“Finally it was my turn to be alone with him in the spare room. He kept his eyes averted as I gave him a knowing smile. Grasping the hem of my skirt and slip, I slowly pulled them up to my waist and asked him if he would mind getting me ready himself. He quickly knelt in front of me and removed my shoes, stockings, girdle and panties. Keeping my skirts up out of the way, I stretched out on the bed with my legs apart.

“Without hesitation, he knelt on the bed between my legs and lowered his blushing face to my pussy.

He began kissing me all over, and it was obvious that his stepmother had really trained him well in this area. Slipping his hands under my hips to hold me up slightly, he began tonguing me all the way up and down from my vulva clear back to my anus. Naturally, it didn't take much of this to get me wet and breathless. As I began working my hips back and forth, he used his fingers to pull the lips of my vulva apart and plunged his tongue between them. I promptly went off with a bang, squeezing his head between my thighs and holding him there until I calmed down. He meekly replaced my clothes for me afterward, looking flushed and never once looking me in the eye.

“Afterwards, a bridge table was set up for the four of us in the living room, and we were waited upon by our appropriately attired boy-girl. He served refreshments, lighted our cigarettes, emptied the ashtrays and so forth, just as efficiently as any maid. He of course was delightfully shamefaced throughout, but just as meek as can be imagined. We visitors couldn't help teasing him considerably, and there were several very pointed remarks about the intimate way he had serviced us in the bedroom, which naturally added to his embarrassment. Despite all of his mortification, however, I did notice that the front of his skirt did show a distinctly unfeminine bulge, which I suppose was proof that he really loved being trained by his stepmother's methods.”

Revised by Princess Lacey

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 1 No 11
May 2004

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

LIFESTYLE



Crossdressers proven to have larger penises

Queens, NY: A study by the John Thomas School of Medicine said crossdressers tend to have larger than average penises.

Dr. Dick Long attributed the phenomenon to the wearing of panties. He said that since female panties are stretchy and less restrictive than men's briefs, the male penis has more room to play, grow and develop.

So ladies, go out and buy your husbands, sons and lovers some nice panties, and while you're at it, why not get them the frilly, lacy kind! After all, if he's going to wear panties, he may as well go all the way!



Get panties with a message for when you need to butt into a conversation

HEALTH

Girls imitating fashion idols making brothers and dads panty nuts

Carlsbad, NM: Everywhere you go, you see young girls wearing those low-rise slacks and skirts and exposing tantalizing bits of their sexy panties.

These girls are imitating their idols -- movie actors, rock stars and fashion models who go about flashing their lingerie.

One problem, the girls doing this are becoming younger and younger, and there's no end in sight. However, an even bigger problem is that these trashy little princesses are focusing so much attention on their panties that their dads and brothers are becoming panty fetishists at an alarming rate!

But experts do agree that it is just a fad, and once waistlines go back up, males with lingerie problems will go back down.



HEADLINES



At school lingerie show fundraiser, girls made to wear panties over their clothes

Holy Hills, ND: The girls were excited about their latest project, a fundraiser to buy two new big screen televisions for their school cafeteria. They decided to get the money by selling tickets and putting on a lingerie show.

However, on the day of the performance, the Rev. I.C. Upp, principal of this conservative all-girls school attended the dress rehearsal of the show and shot off a message to the show's director stating that the girls could only model panties over their clothes!

The Reverend had no problem with slips and camisoles and even skimpy bras, but he said the panties were too revealing, and as proof he said he spilled his pop on his lap during the show, and the nuns had to rush to help him wipe the mess off his pants.



Used panty prices drop to all-time low

Beaver Falls, MN: Girls here, there and everywhere are selling their dirty panties! With the glut of panty sellers, no one knows if we've yet hit the market bottom.

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Panty thief dies of heart attack after he finds out panties belonged to a girl

Airport strip search finds crossdresser hiding something big in his panties

Man trains dog to steal women's panties but dog gets confused chasing pussy up a tree

Boy finds his dad's panty stash and starts acting just like good old pop!

Man found wearing panties says he had to put them on to slip into a tight hole

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