

Princess Online

No. 65

July 2004 Featured Stories
and Letters from the
Princess Productions Website



Adults Only

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

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Carole Jean

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

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

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

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

The Carole Jean books include: "Bound to Be a Maid", "Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", "Crave X -- A Wife's Revenge", "The Sarah School", "The Male Maid Book of ABCs", and the first two books in the "Schooled to Be Girls" series: "Norm, the Home Boy," and "Van, the Bride."

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

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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 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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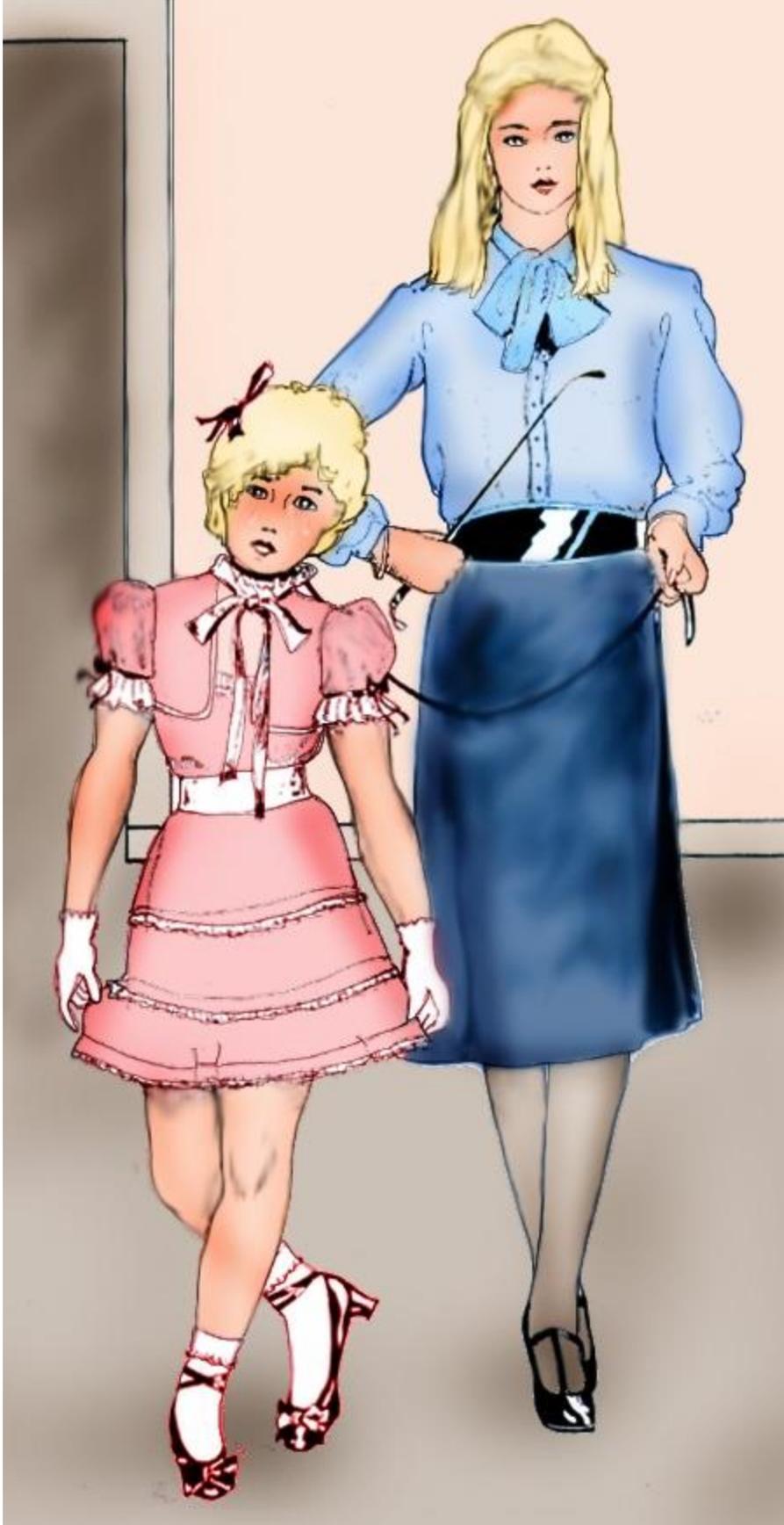
The Collins brothers. Ron is the ringbearer, and Billie is the flowergirl!

Sissyboy Coloring Book

A new feature!

Now, each month, thanks to legendary sissyboy writer and illustrator Jonathan Bebe, we are providing our subscribers with a page from our coloring book they can color and add their own details, including a caption or dialogue. In this picture, the Collins brothers participate in a wedding. Ron is the ringbearer, and Billie is the flowergirl!

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Classic Drawing

We Princessized this classic drawing by an unknown artist showing a mother with her feminized son on a dog leash that was originally published in 1983 in Slave Training #5.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Dickie

This month, we present the picture of eleven-year-old Dickie, another one of Ma Kelly's boys. Dickie is the twin brother to Leo, who was pictured in Princess Online #63.

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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Sissy of the Month

Four-year-old Ronnie likes to play with dolls, dress in girls' clothes and have tea parties with his little girlfriends. Ronnie has no sisters, so his parents don't know how he decided he wanted to be like girls at his young age. When asked if he is a boy or a girl, he says he's a girl. When told he's a boy and shouldn't wear dresses, he insists that he is a girl not a boy. His parents tried everything to dissuade him from girly things, but it only made the boy upset and depressed. Only after counseling, did his parents realize that he might be a transgendered child.

Upon the advice of their child psychologist, they took him shopping for party dresses, lacy panties, babydoll nightgowns, frilly slippers, lacy ankle socks, and black patent leather Mary Janes. Ronnie's hair is very fine and naturally curly. His hair is now getting long, but when he is told that it will soon need to be cut, he throws a tantrum. So to keep peace, his parents have decided not to have it cut for the foreseeable future, hoping their little Ronnie gets tired of girls' things and evolves out of this girly-boy phase. We have news for them: Regardless of what his parents want, Ronnie will probably be wearing panties and dresses for the rest of his life.

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Masquerade

Jerry Gilder wanted to be a girl. His parents weren't sure how to handle the situation, but they did buy him some girls' clothes so he'd stop stealing his sister's things. After they took the eight-year-old boy for counseling, they began to understand about transgendered children and bought him a complete wardrobe of his own pretty clothes, including a long blonde wig, and then they enrolled him in a special school for gay and crossdressing children.

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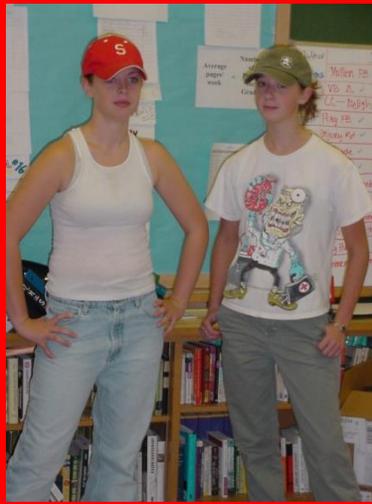
Opposite Gender Day



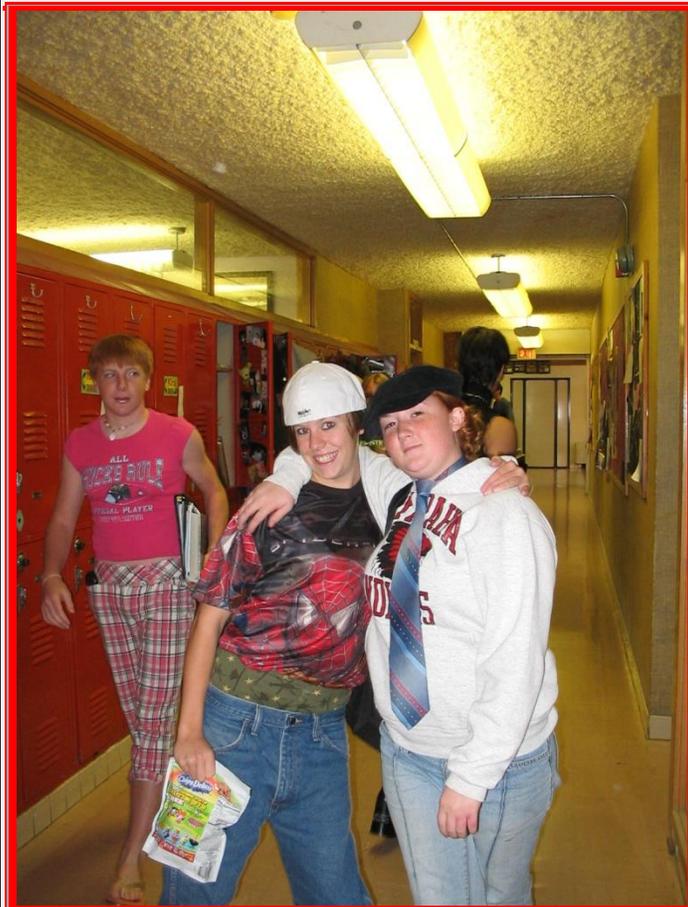
Freshman: Jason Arens and Brock Kaup



Sophomore Mitch Philben a.k.a Slick! Isn't he Cute!



Sophomores Ferguson and Jessie Heerten.



Senior Kristy Peterson and Junior Teri McCoy as Men
with a cute boy in the background!

Created By Kristy Peterson
Last updated 10-30-03

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In His Mother's Pink Panties

“Please don't keep us in suspense any longer. Just what, pray tell, do you have planned for our little sweeties, today?” Catherine asked. “I do hope it is something truly wicked.”

Wide-eyed Michelle expressed even more urgency. “Yes, please, tell us! Your plans are always so naughty – but exciting! I'm getting wet with anticipation.”

“I suggest a little shopping trip,” Sheila answered. “We'll take the dear ones to a lovely boutique and buy

each of them a complete outfit of pretty girls' clothes. We've been gradually feminizing them, putting them in panties and little bits of finery passed on from their sisters or neighbors. It's time we really make the dear boys into real girlie-boys! Let's take them shopping and have them try on pretty dresses, slips and panties right in the store! They can model them for us, and then for the first time, we'll buy each of our darlings his own complete ensemble of the prettiest and most fashionable little girl things we can find."

Catherine added, "Maybe we could even take them to a beauty salon, fix them up with wigs and makeup, so they really end up looking girlie!"

Michelle pulled her fingers out of her cunt and licked them dry. Then after a long pause, she said, "Oh, yes! That does sound like great fun. And while we're at it, we can all stop by my doctor's office. She loves to see my dear Virgil anytime, and it would be a good time to introduce your dear little ones to Doctor Hilda. You may want to start your boys on a course of treatment similar to what Virgil is doing."

The women were at Sheila's house for one of their mother-son get-togethers. At least once a month, they would get away for a weekend and each bring her panty-trained, pussy-whipped son. Then for each other's benefit, each would put her boy through his paces, as the women demonstrated how each was progressing into mother-loving pussy servitude.

It was now early Saturday morning, the boys were still sleeping after a torturous night of nasty little mother-son games. Each mother had sexually ravished her son the night before in private, readying him for this weekend with a more public display of sissyboy pain and pleasure.

Sheila looked at the eager faces of the other two women and then announced, "Let's watch each other as one-by-one, we wake our little darlings up in our own special way. That should get out hungry pussies drooling and get the day's festivities off to an early start."

The three women agreed, and then quickly got up and headed toward the bedrooms. Virgil's room was the first they came to. Michelle, his mother, entered, followed by the other two women, who hid in a dark corner of the room to observe.

Michelle looked at her boy; he was asleep in the large four-poster bed. Over his face was a pair of her pale green panties with gaudy purple lace trim. The crotch of those panties was right over his nose and mouth, and she paused for a moment and watched as the thin nylon fabric rose up and then sunk back down again with his every breath. Then she eased the blanket downward, revealing that Virgil was wearing a pink training bra and a pair of pale green panties with gaudy purple lace that perfectly matched his mother's panties still draped over his face, but in a smaller size. The other two ladies cooed to show their approval.



The sleeping boy's mother gently cupped his penis and balls within his pale green panties. His genitals made a small bulge in the panty fabric, but that bulge grew as she manipulated his penis and stroked his tight little balls through the silky panties. He continued to sleep, but his breathing quickened; the panties on his face rose and fell at an increasingly rapid pace. He moaned, and then he was awake. He reached up and moved the panties away from his eyes but continued to hold them against his nose. With a look of horror and panting pleasure, his now open eyes looked only in one direction – directly at his mother's smiling face. They stared at each other as she wanked him in his pale green panties, and he deeply inhaled her aroma from the panties he was now crushing tightly against his nose and mouth.

Off to the side, the other two ladies let out with a little moans, each holding a hand over her mouth to muffle her squeals as she used her other hand to tickle her cunt through her panties. They were reacting to what they were watching. Little Virgil's jaw was moving like he was eating something. It was obvious he was furiously sucking on the crotch of his mother's panties, slurping up her stale juices that saturated the naughty double-nylon crotch.

As they furiously rubbed themselves through their silky panty crotches, both ladies imagined they had their pussies crushed up against that little boy's mouth.

Michelle continued to beat his meat for him. “Good morning, Virgil,” she whispered. “How is my little wanker this morning?” She suddenly increased the pace of her stroking and then laughed as his hot white seed spurted, flooding the front of his pale green panties. The panty fabric over the end of his penis instantly turned a darker shade of green as his juice poured through the nylon and soaked her fingers. She moved them up to his face. “Lick them clean, sugar lamb,” she said. “Lick them dry.” Virgil moved the crotch of his mother's panties far enough to the side of his face, so he could open his mouth and begin licking and sucking on his mother's fingers like a thirsty dog.

While he had been spurting his cum, he had heard some giggling and whispering but was in no mind to wonder about it. But now with his juices drained, he looked around the room and saw Sheila and Catherine, standing in the shadows. Their presence increased his shame. Panty training sessions were humbling enough when it was just his mother and him, but other people watching made him feel like a hopelessly lost sissy with no chance of escape.

Once the hand job was completed, Michelle wiped her wet fingers on his angelic little face as she said, “OK, sissyboy, now that you've had your fun, give mommy her pleasure. Show my lady friends what a nice little cuntlapper you are.”

She mounted him in the 69 position. Virgil ate out her pussy as she wanked on his cockie in his cum-wet panties. Michelle shook with pleasure as she rolled through three successive orgasms. Virgil's penis was quite large for a twelve-year-old, and his mother's ministrations caused it to fully inflate. She thought about riding that hard cock to more orgasms but decided to put that pleasure off until later. Now, she wanted to leave the boy fully excited but deny him any additional relief.

As she extricated her crushing pussy from his battered face, she said, "Now, sissy honey, we're going to have a lot of fun today. So get yourself dressed. All of your clothes are laid out for you on the vanity bench. Then come downstairs, and we'll tell you all about the exciting things we will be doing today."

When his mother said they were going to have a lot of fun, Virgil knew from experience that meant she was going to have a lot of fun, but he knew it was probably going to be an outrageously horrendous day for him. All he could do was whimper and feel sorry for himself as his mother and the two other women exited his room in a torrent of excited girlish gibberish.

In the next bedroom, Catherine stood over her little Chauncey, as he lay fast asleep in his soft, baby blue panties and delicately embroidered matching slip. She looked at his pretty chestnut brown hair and felt her heart begin to beat faster, felt the heat building up in her pussy. The boy's hair was shoulder length and girlishly styled and tied back with a satin ribbon.

Her panties were already soaking wet from fingering herself while watching Michelle wank her little Virgil, now Catherine was hot and fully aroused in her panties. She needed relief NOW! She eased herself up on the bed and straddled her son's head, and then without any foreplay, she struck like a deadly python and mashed her oozing panty-covered cunt down upon Chauncey's face. Her massive thighs trapped his head in their depth in a sudden, silent, crushing fury. She squeezed hard and heard a desperate cry escape from her son's throat. His eyes popped open, and she saw them moving around in his head, trying to see what was happening. She tightened her grip, and said, "Relax, my panty baby boy, it's only mother." Chauncey stopped struggling. He was used to this kind of treatment. Instead, he just started mouthing her drooling pussy encased in her sopping wet white taffeta panties.

"Eat me out, my darling little pansy," Catherine moaned in a throaty, wanton voice. "Show mother how much you love her. Show her how much you love being mother's little pantywaist."

With a mouthful of pantied pussy, Chauncey couldn't answer her verbally. He answered her demand for pantywaist "love," the way he had answered it so many times before, not with words, but with a well-trained tongue. Soon, he felt the wetness pour out of his mother's cunt, through the rustling taffeta panties, into his mouth, and in the process, completely soaking his face. After a thunderous rocking of her hips that almost crushed and suffocated the frail little boy, she rhythmically jerked herself to three successive orgasms. She then collapsed in a heap of sexual bliss. The boy struggled to breathe and moaned from the full weight of her body, but she was in no rush to ease herself off him.

And when Catherine finally did get up, she rubbed her leaky panty-covered cunt all over his crying, freckled face. Like Frankenstein with a fresh jolt of electricity, she was now alive and animated. With bedroom eyes and a smirk of a grin, she said, "Sweetheart, we have a lovely day planned for our little boys, today. Get dressed in the new clothes we bought you last week. They're in the wardrobe case in the closet. Then join us downstairs. We'll be down shortly to tell you all about the wonderful things we'll be doing today."

It wasn't until then that Chauncey noticed the other two women in the room. He was embarrassed to be seen by them in his silky slip and panties, but he had little energy left to even cover himself. All he could do was stare at them as they stared back at him with his face glistening with his mother's pussy juices. The two women applauded and blew him a kiss before going onto the next room.

Michelle and Catherine followed Sheila into her son's bedroom and watched as she quietly sat on the edge of her son's bed and gazed down on her little Simon. Sheila and her son were the newest members of this private little group. He had been putting up a lot of resistance to being panty trained and feminized, so the other two women were delighted to see that he had been sleeping in an especially pretty pink bra and pink panties.

Sheila eased the panty waistband down about her son's hips and was delighted that her black silk stocking was still wrapped around his penis, and it was thoroughly stained with his cum. Silently, she eased the panties back into place high around his waist, then snuggled close to him on the bed and began stroking his penis through the smooth, sheer, pink panties and silk stocking tied tightly around his baby boy cock. His body began to move. She reacted quickly, by mashing her big tit down upon his face and filling his mouth with tit-flesh.

"Suck it, sissy baby. Suck it for mommy. Show her how much you love her."

As he dutifully sucked her tit, she jerked him off. As she felt his jism erupting, she moved up, over his face and mashed her pantied pussy flat against it. "Eat mother's cunt, my sweet nellie boy. Eat her. Make her feel nice. Show mother how much you love your mommy panty training you. Show her. Ah... yes! Show her!

"And show mommy's friends. Yes, Michelle and Catherine are here and watching. Show them how much you love your mommy and her panties."

She felt his tongue, as it moved inside of her and excited her. The two other women watching made it all that much more exciting for her and humiliating for him. Her body burned with excitement.

"Yes, my darling, yes," she was speaking loudly now instead of whispering. "You know just how to do it, don't you darling? You know just how to make your mother...uhhh...mother-r-r...likes...cum-m-m-m-m!" She screamed as she bounced up and down on his face.

When it was over, she rolled off him. He sucked in a giant gasp of fresh air and blushed bright red as he could then see the other two ladies standing along side the bed grinning freakishly as they complimented him on how well he had done. He switched his attention to his mother, lying alongside him still gasping for air as she eased down from her intense orgasm.

"Thank you, my darling pussy face," she uttered between moans and audibly taking in huge drafts of air to refill her lungs. "Thank you. You make me proud to be the mother of such a devoted and perverted

little panty maniac! Now relax, for a moment, and then get dressed in your blue suit. Come downstairs and then we'll tell you and Virgil and Chauncey all about the exciting things we are going to do today.”

The three mothers sat together on the living room sofa with the three boys kneeling in submission before them. Each boy knelt before his mother, and each boy wore sissified versions of boys' clothes: dark blue velvet shorts and a pink T-shirt. Underneath, each boy had on the mommy-required silky pink panties. And each boy had a gap between the bottom edge of his shortened T-shirt and the waistband of his shorts to expose the pulled-up high waistband of his pink panties. Each boy's panties could be clearly seen peeking out two or more inches above the waist of his shorts. Their mothers demanded that their panties be showing at all times while in the house, and outside, the boys could pull their shorts up to cover the top of their panties, but if they pulled their bottom hugging tight little shorts up too high, they took a chance on letting people see the lacy hems of their panties peeking out from beneath the leg openings of their snug shorts.

Catherine had Chauncey stand up. She removed his shorts and pink T-shirt, and then put a long pale blue slip and a blue dress on him. The other two mothers grinned winningly. The other two boys stared in awe, especially Simon, who had never worn a dress and never even seen a boy in a dress.

Sheila snapped her fingers. The three boys immediately looked to her. She said, “We have a lovely day in store you sweet little pantywaist angels. By way of introduction to the fun we will have today, we are having little Chauncey wear one of his dresses to show you how cute he looks in a dress. You see, we're going to take you boys to the best little girls' shop in town and buy you a complete set of the prettiest clothes, which you'll wear for the rest of the day as we continue shopping, take you to a beauty parlor and then go to tea.”

“No!” Simon shouted, “No, I won't let you dress me like a stupid little girl!”

Sheila lashed out with her hand and soundly slapped both sides of her son's face. “Such insolence will not be tolerated! How dare you talk back to me in our home in front of our best friends?”

But Simon started to get up. He was about to run out of the room, but the three women grabbed hold of him and in an instant, he was stripped of his pink T-shirt and blue shorts. Left in just his pink bra and panties, Simon was tossed over his mother's lap and given thirty spanks with back of a wooden hairbrush.

“Now, apologize to me and to our friends for you nasty talk,” Sheila said, “and tell all of us that you would love to be dressed like a pretty little princess.”

Simon was hollowing in pain and crying, but through his tears, he still protested and talked back to his mother. “No! I won't! I hate you and your stupid friends with their faggot sons.”

Sheila was about to hairbrush his butt again, but Catherine, the most experienced feminizer and panty

trainer among the three of them, stood up and said. "Dear, if you don't mind, let me deal with this little ungrateful panty boy."

"Very well," Sheila said before sitting back down.

Catherine stood over Simon. "So, the little silk panty-wearing pussycat boy has claws, after all! You've had your little show of bravado. I am sure we are all properly impressed, but let me tell you something: You, my sweet little faggot-in-training, shall do precisely what you are told to do. Should any one of us tell you to fly, you would do well to sprout wings and fly! You think putting on a girls' dress is bad? Just keep on disobeying us, and you'll be pleading to wear dresses instead of the things we will require you to do. Do I make myself clear, pussy-faced panty boy, or must I underline my words with actions?"

"But, ma'am, I don't want to wear dresses like a girl! I'm a boy!"

She grabbed his head with both hands and lifted his face up so she could stare directly into his eyes. "You are not a boy. You are a sissy. Get that through your head right now. And you will wear a dress and anything else we tell you to wear."

As he kept shaking his head "no," she began opening her blouse. She let it slide down off her arms and fall to the ground. She ran her fingers over her white bra-covered tits and then opened the front clasp of the bra and pushed it to each side. Simon stared as she moved her fingers over her nipples, and they swelled in response to her touch. She looked into his wide eyes. He was lost in a trance.

Long ago, Sheila had told Catherine that her son had a crush on her, but the two women had never done anything about it other than subtle teasing to encourage his lust for his mother's good friend. Simon was a breast fetishist and even admitted to dreaming about Catherine's breasts. In Simon's bedroom, his mother had even found crude drawings he had made of Catherine and her large breasts.

In the process of training her son, Sheila would describe for the boy Catherine's body and lingerie, especially her breasts. One day, she pretended like it was a mistake and told her son that Catherine had left her bra and a pair of her panties there the last time she was over. She gave the lingerie to her son as a present, saying that Catherine would never miss them, and she knew how much he loved Catherine, so he could keep them as an intimate souvenir of his unrequited love.

Sheila and Catherine had a big laugh over that, especially after they regularly checked on the bra and panties tucked away in Simon's dresser drawer and always found them freshly saturated with the boy's cum.

Now was the time to use his breast fetish against him. Catherine looked directly into his eyes and said, "Would you like to suck on my big breasts, little panty boy?"

He nodded his head. She then let her skirt fall to the floor and ran her fingers over her sheer silk

stockings, up over her garter belt, across the expanse of her bare thighs and then over her shiny silk panties. She snapped the elastics on her garter belt; she snapped the elastic leg bands and waistband of her panties.

“You like my bra and panties, don't you, ya little sissy?”

She did it again. She ran her fingers slowly over her nylons, thighs, and panties, pulling up on the panties to snug them high around her waist, stroking the panties with a loving touch. “So soft,” she whispered sensuously. “So soft. Wouldn't you like to touch my silky panties? And look! My breasts are sticking out right at you. My nipples are hard and pointing right at you. Wouldn't you love to hold my titties in your hands and suck on my big, hard nipples?”

Now, little Simon was trembling and incapable of speaking. He could only watch, helpless and obsessed. She slowly unhooked her garter belt and let it along with her silk stockings fall down. She slid them off her feet, and now, all she wore, were her wet panties and her open bra exposing her firm, melon-sized breasts. She ran her fingers over the big wet bulge that was her cunt.

“I'm so hot down here,” she whispered. “So hot. The only thing that can help me is a pretty little girl's tongue inside me, deep, deep inside me. Do you want to help me, you delicate little thing?”

He nodded.

“If you do, you must fall to your knees before me, admit to me that you are a little girl, beg me to let you wear dresses, and beg me for the honor of sucking my titties and cunt.”

This was his dream. He had hungered over Catherine for over a year, and here she was, and he could have her – if – if he told her he was a girl! His sexual excitement made him forget all else, all the humiliation, all the teasing, all the embarrassment, he fell to his knees, his eyes watching her gently swaying breasts and the oozing bulge in her fancy panties.

“I'm a girl,” he whispered. “Please, please, miss, please, let me lick your pussy and suck on your titties. And I want to wear a dress too, just like the little girl I am.”

“Louder!” she demanded.

He knew what she wanted. And he knew what he wanted and what he had to do to get it. “I'm a girl!” he screamed. “Please, please let me wear dresses! Please, pretty please, let me lick your nipples and eat your cunt!” He crawled toward her. “Please, let me eat you,” he repeated. “Please!”

“Go on, girly, lick my wet panties. Run your sissy tongue all over them. But first, lick my big titties, suck my hard nipples.”

“Oh, yes, ma'am, thank you!” he said, and then he mashed his face against her tits, burying himself between her full, soft breasts. He twisted his head to one side and then the other as he moved his tongue over her nipples, lapping them up like a loving, well-trained dog.

Catherine could only take so much, juices were already gushing from her cunt. She forced the boy down between her legs and commanded him to suck on her wet nylon panty crotch. He tasted her juices. He liked the taste -- a flavor he was used to tasting, similar to how his mother tasted, but even sweeter. He had been brainwashed into believing pussy juice was a sweet and delicate dessert.

Catherine grabbed his head and mashed his face tightly against her cunt. “Darling, snake that trained tongue of yours under my lacy leg elastic and lick me under my panties,” she said.

He obeyed her.

“She's a pretty good cuntlapper,” Michelle said.

“That's really all little faux girlies are good for, anyway,” Catherine said.

“Yes! Ah! Just like that,” Catherine screeched. “Yes, that's it. That's it. Move over it. Move your tongue over it!” She fell forward, crushing his face under her wet open cunt. “Lick it. Lick it! LICK IT!” she groaned, and then, she could no longer speak. She was too busy cumming in her helpless victim's mouth. Satisfied, she relaxed atop his face. Then she stood up, on shaky legs. She eyed the boys hungrily. “Do any of you other little lady-boys have anything to say?” She put her hands on her hips, and spread her legs defiantly. Her hot cum continued to ooze out of her open cunt and drip through the sodden crotch of her panties and down over Simon's face.

Neither of the other two boys said a word.

“I thought not,” she said, and then looked over at the mothers. “You just need to know how to handle the little sissies, when they get a bit rowdy. That's all.”

Sheila stood up. “Very well! Now that the rebellion has been quelled, I'll get dressed, and then I think we can go.”

They all got into a waiting limousine and were off to their first destination, Doctor Hilda Von Sutton's office. The doctor was a male-hating bitch in her early sixties. She had seen it all and she had no use for masculine males. When a friend of a friend introduced Michelle to this doctor, they became fast friends, and soon after the doctor was more than willing to help in Virgil's feminization.



Doctor Hilda was quite busy, but she always had time for Michelle and Virgil, who only had to wait about fifteen minutes before being shown into the doctor's office. Catherine and Sheila and their sons also followed. Doctor Hilda was pleasantly surprised to see the six of them enter her office. Realizing that the

doctor's time was quite limited, Michelle made quick introductions and then explained that these were her friends along with their sons whom they were in the process of feminizing.

Doctor Hilda helped a blushing Virgil strip down to his flowered pink bra and panties. When the doctor unclasped his bra, the other two women and the other two boys were astounded to see two small handfuls of flesh developing into perfectly shaped titties on Virgil's chest. He blushed like a bashful little girl. Doctor Hilda fingered his developing breasts and complimented on pretty he looked. The others had thought he had just padding in his little bra, so to see that he had real little titties was a shock to all of them.

Catherine quickly stepped forward and stripped her son Chauncey of his blue dress and asked the doctor if her boy could soon have tits like Virgil.

Doctor Hilda examined Chauncey, massaged all around his chest area and then masturbated the boy to a huge erection in his panties. The doctor was delighted to see the twelve-year-old with such a huge penis, she said with a big grin, "Oh, my, Chauncey, you really are a big boy, aren't you?"

All the ladies laughed at that, and especially Simon looked aghast when he had to strip down too for the doctor to examine. He didn't protest, remembering the hairbrushing and humiliation he had so recently suffered for disobeying. He wasn't about to put on dresses, and he surely wasn't going to let any doctor make him grow tits like a stupid girl.

Based upon a privately circulated 1960s manuscript entitled "In His Mother's Pink Knickers" by Lee Vinson.

Revised by Princess Lacey

Continued in Part 2 in Princess Online #66

In the next episode, the boys are further feminized and humiliated as they get outfitted in a fancy little girls' boutique.

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 2 No 1
July 2004

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LIFESTYLE

HEALTH

HEADLINES



Former child actor sues TV show for deductions from his pay for panties soiled during shooting

Hollywood: In 1962, Davy Lee played a crossdressing boy in "Pretty Boy." The gender-bending TV show was before its time and cancelled after only 10 episodes. But today, in reruns, it is one of the most popular shows.

Today the 52-year-old Lee is suing the producer because after reviewing his old contract, he realized they had unfairly charged him over \$12,000 and deducted those monies from his salary for panties he had soiled during the creation of the show.

Lee did admit he had a hard time getting used to wearing silky lace panties every day and did say he had a problem keeping them clean, but he claims in his suit that the deductions were unauthorized since his original contract states that the producer was liable for all expenses resulting from hazards of the job.



Brothers caught peeking up skirts sentenced to serve a month in panties & dresses

Queens, NY: A Long Island judge recently ruled that two boys caught peeking up skirts at the Viewline Mall will have to spend a month in dresses, slips and panties.

The boys were watched and taped on security cameras as they hung around mall escalators and then followed women and girls wearing skirts as they went up escalators, so the boys could sneak up behind the females, crouch down and look up the victims' skirts.

When the boys, brothers Guy, 12, and Cory Wilson, 11, were caught, they admitted their wrongdoing, and even showed police a log they kept, detailing their upskirt peeking escapades. Their neatly written journal contained over 250 entries and each described the date and time as well as what each girl or woman was wearing, including a detailed description of the victim's panties.

Victoria's Secret newest panty: "The Mini Thong" A crack-filling double loop of 1/4" wide elastic at "only" \$33 a pair – are we in panty hell or what!

Woman uses her panties soaked booze to cure her alcoholic husband

Now he hangs around the laundry hamper al...

Holy Hills, ND: After reading an article about habit substitution to cure addictive behavior, Lacey Palmit used her panties to cure her husband of alcoholism.

Lacey works at a hospital, and she borrowed a gurney to put her plan into action, and the next time Will Palmit came home drunk, Lacey locked him out of their bedroom and had him fall asleep on the gurney. She then strapped him down. Hours later, he woke up to use the bathroom and found he was strapped to the cart. His wife let him use a bedpan as she told him he was in bondage to keep him from escaping and going back to drinking.

And when he craved a drink, she let him suck on the crotch of her panties soaked in his favorite Puss & Butts Bourbon.

Lacey kept him strapped down for over a month, and during that time gradually decreased the amount of booze and increased the amount of her bodily essences in those panties. After a month, he's crued of drinking but hooked on her p...



Winner at panty jack-off contest thanks mother, sister and about 300 women who anonymously made donations to his insatiable panty fetish!



Panty nut has prostit smother him to death send him to panty hea

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

At the mall a sign in a lingerie store window: Help Wanted but NO Jacks

Priest caught in panties says he was trying to squelch his sex drive and remain celibate

Woman divorcing transvestite man : he turned their sons into crossdressers

After same-sex marriage law passed man asks if he can marry his partner

GUY IN PANTY OF THE MONTH CLUB SAYS A MONTH IS TOO LONG TO WEAR





