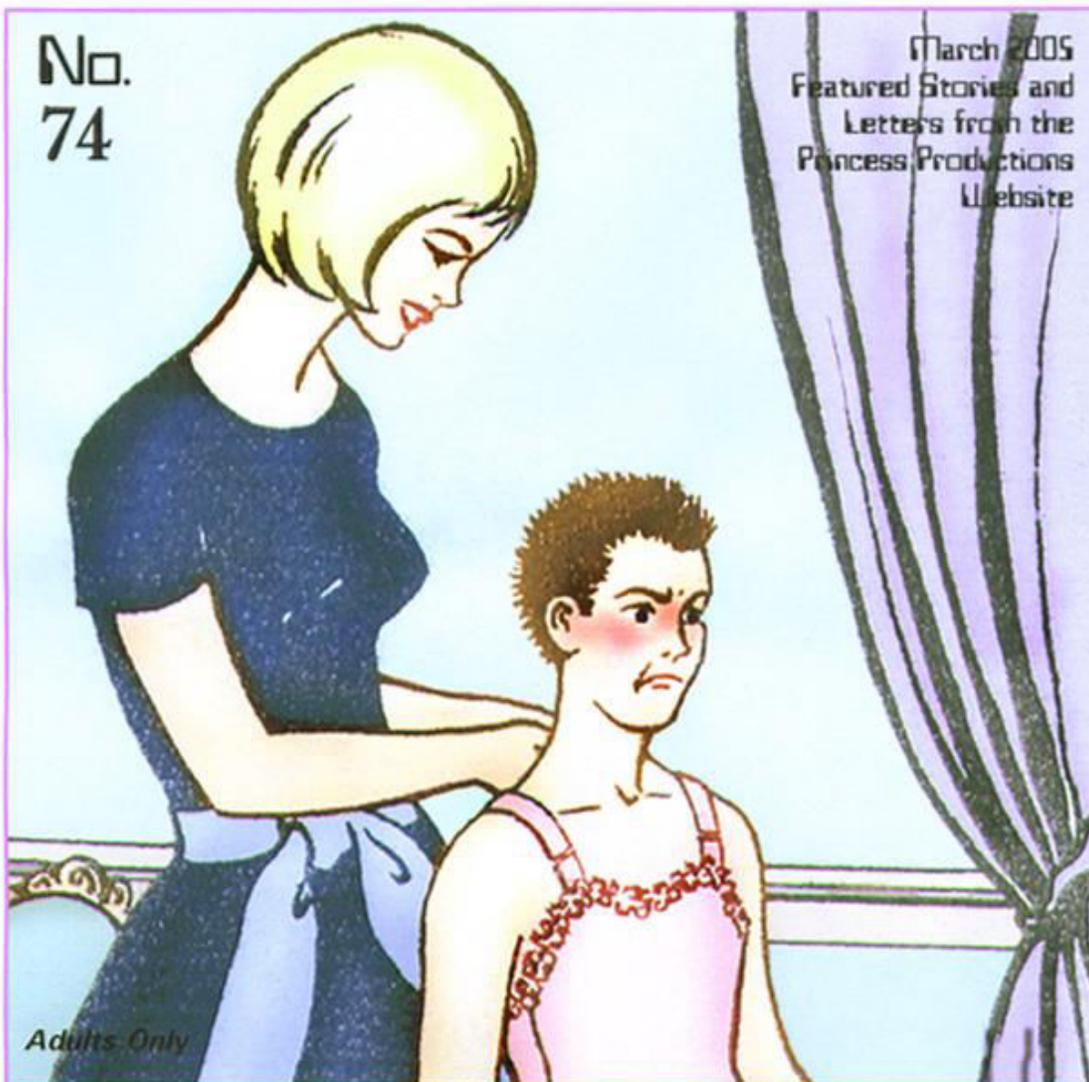


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No.
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Featured Stories and
Letters from the
Princess Productions
Website

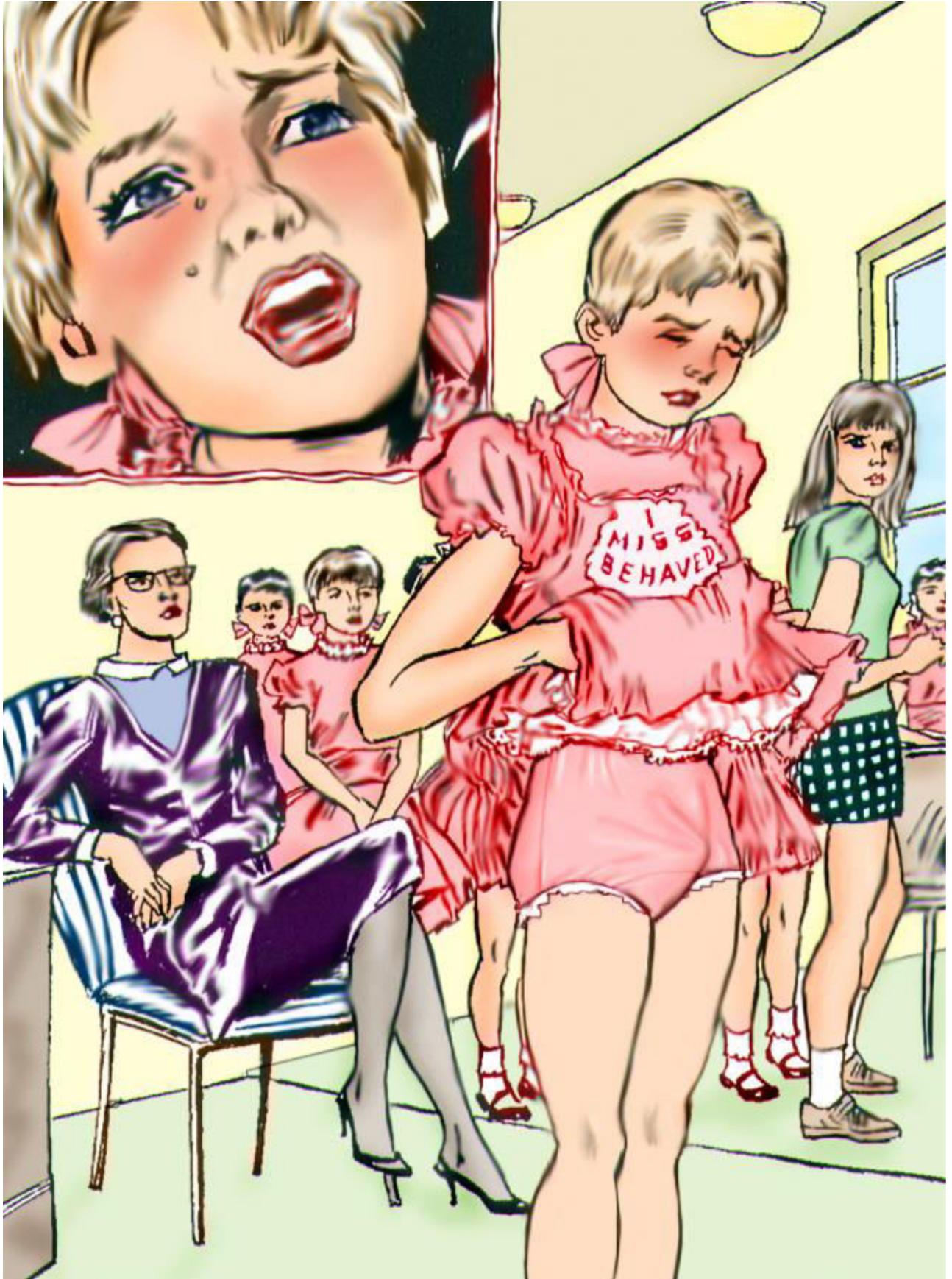


Adults Only

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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's book, "Van, The Bride," in the "Schooled to Be Girls!" series. Van is now called "Iris" and is being punished for trying to escape from the Sylvan School for Girls. After he had been severely caned, he brought up on stage, has to stand in front of everyone with his skirt held high to reveal his pink panties and sing the school song.

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

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

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

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

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LIFE

Petticoat-Discipline:

Humiliating young boys by making them wear girls' silky panties, a slip, dainty dress, etc., and then subjecting them to the teasing and abuses of their peers...



BULLY
humiliated in pink silk panties



I'M A
SIBBY IITIS
PANTYWAIST
BULLY

President
Eisenhower's
trip to Paris
page 29

25 CENTS

May 9, 1955

Disciplining bullies

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 like the mock up of the cover of LIFE magazine the week he suffered being petticoat punished as if they had done a story featuring him and his painful ordeal. His pictures illustrate either fantasy situations or some of the things that actually happened to him. 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 ridicule and laugh at him.

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Masquerade

Ballerina boy: Another photo from the Raymond Eddelson Junior High School annual gender-swap day.

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Classic Drawing

This drawing by Lorraine Channing was the cover illustration for the 1965 Abbie de Choisy edition of the Nan Gilbert story "Petticoated Male." In the mid 1960s, Channing a pre-op transsexual, did a number of beautiful drawings for Fred Shaw (fem name Siobhan Fredericks), the publisher Abbie de Choisy. Shaw lived in Brooklyn, and Channing was his friend and downstairs neighbor whose illustrations appeared in Shaw's periodical "Turnabout" and in several of his crossdressing booklets.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Trent

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Once Donald's clothes were dry, Ma didn't let him change back into them until his mother showed up to pick him up. When she saw Donald and all the other boys in pink tops and panties, she was puzzled, but Ma explained to her what had happened and Mrs. Tierski understood, and when Ma told her how the girls' clothes made all the boys so much more manageable, Donald's mother laughed but said it did make sense. Then Ma got her okay to use girls' clothes on Donald anytime it was needed. Ma carried on that 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

Our mom worked at Lucy's Diner in downtown St. Paul until ten most nights, and Karen, my older sister, baby-sat me after school and put me to bed each night that Mom wasn't there. Since we lived in a lousy neighborhood, Mom wouldn't let me play outside with the other boys that lived by us. Therefore, Karen usually kept me inside. I had to play by myself or play things she wanted to play, but she was nine years older than I, so we had few interests in common. Most days, Karen's best friend, Patty, came over to play with her, and a lot of times she brought her kid sister Shelly along with her. Shelly was ten and barely a year older than I. All three girls would play things together despite Shelly being so much younger than my sister and her sister. I guess growing up around all those girls, I was subconsciously jealous of them because they always seemed to be having a lot of fun, and I had to watch TV by myself (unless they wanted to watch it) or play in my room.

One day after school, Karen, Patty and Shelly were looking for something to do, and Shelly said she wanted to play dress-up and wanted to know if she could dress up like a boy to see what it was like and

if she could try on some of my clothes. My sister called out to me to come to her room, and when I got there, she asked me if I'd like to play dress-up with them and trade clothes with Shelly because she wanted to see what it would be like to wear boys' clothes and maybe I'd like to dress in Shelly's clothes and see what it felt like to be a little girl.

Like I said, I was jealous of the girls already, so I meekly said I'd do it much to the sparkling giggles of the three girls. All of a sudden, the three of them were on a mission and they got both of us naked and examined us side-by-side. Then Shelly put on my under shorts and Patty helped me into her little sister's peach and pink colored panties. They stopped had compared how we looked and asked each of us how we felt after adding each piece of clothing. I remember I told them I liked the soft, silky panties a lot. I couldn't keep my hands off of them even after I was in Shelly's short dress. It felt really good to let my fingers creep up along my thighs and slide under the edge of the dress to tickle myself through the panties. The girls caught me doing it ever few minutes. "Richard, little girls don't play with themselves through their panties!" and "Oh, my god, I think he really likes his panties, maybe your mom should get him some of his own." Patty had said that, and I stood there vigorously shaking my head yes in agreement. They rolled on the floor laughing at me. They kept up with comments like that, but I didn't care I really did like dressing up in her clothes, and I could handle the teasing because I didn't have any problem agreeing that I did like wearing Shelly's clothes, especially her silky panties. We stayed dressed like that for the rest of the afternoon, until Shelly and Patty had to go home. They undressed us and put us back into our own clothes.

I was in bed but still awake that night when Mom came home from work. I was excited about playing dress up and I told her Mom all about it when she came into to check on me. I could tell she didn't like me doing that, but she didn't tell me not to. She just said, "Boys aren't supposed to wear fancy dresses and lace panties. Boys who do dress up like girls are called sissies."

I didn't tell my sister about that conversation I had with Mother.

Patty and Shelly came over every day that week while Mom was working, and every day I would wear Shelly's panties, dress, anklets, and Mary Janes while she would wear some of my clothes. I told them all that I loved dressing up, but I didn't want them to tell Mother because I knew boys weren't supposed to wear girls' clothes and I thought she wouldn't like me to do it. They agreed. On the days Patty and her little sister came over, Shelly started arriving in ever increasing fancier and prettier clothes, like party dresses, little miniskirts, even her ballet tutu and some of her sequined dance costumes. I loved them all but they all knew my favorite item of her clothes was her panties, and they always had her wearing some silky, lacy ones for me to change into.

One day, after Patty and Shelly had gone home, I freely admitted that I was totally enthralled with girl's panties because they were so pretty and smooth and felt so nice on my little peepee. Karen laughed at me in a teasing way but then said she'd buy me a couple pairs of my own at the store we passed by every day on our way home from school. I begged her to keep it a secret from Mom and she said she would, and she'd keep the panties in her drawer and let me have them whenever I wanted them.

The next day we went to the girls' lingerie department in the store. I got embarrassed because Karen held up various pairs of panties and kept asking me what colors and styles I wanted. There were two little girls and three women also looking at panties at the same time, and they all kept staring at me, pointing and giggling. They really got into it after I had blushing picked out three different pairs of panties, and Karen held each pair up to my waist to check the size. My sister gave me the money and made me take the panties up to the old lady behind the counter and pay for them. When I handed the panties to her, she smiled and said she thought I would look very pretty in them. She did a lot of coughing and clearing her throat because she was trying to hold back from laughing at me right out loud. I was so humiliated I almost cried because my sister wanted to humiliate me. She told the sales lady I didn't need a bag because I she wanted me to carry them so everyone could see what little sissy I was holding my pretty new panties on the way home.

Despite the shame I felt, I wanted the panties so badly that I put up with my sister's malicious harassment. When we got home, Karen undressed me and had me model all of my new panties. She apologize for making fun of me in front of everybody so much at the store, but told me that if I was going to wear girls' panties and dresses, I better get used to being teased. In order to make me feel better, she took me to her room, where we went through her old clothes and picked out some dresses, skirts, blouses and lingerie I could have. After I had tried them all on, she told me to take them into my room and put them in my closet. I said I was afraid Mom might ask me why I had them, but she said she would talk to Mom tonight and make up a story that I was letting her use my closet for some of her old clothes because I had a lot o extra room in my closet and her closet was getting too crowded. I've enclosed two photos of me in a frilly house my sister gave me that I used to wear after I got out of my dresses and got myself ready for bed each night.

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“Now, just say it, ‘My panties!’”

After dinner I was learning a new program on my computer while my kid sister Stacy had her friend Stephanie come over so they could watch television together. This was the in the days of MS-DOS, and I was engrossed in executing a long list of commands when Stacy came to my room and asked me if I could walk Stephanie home because it was now dark out and about to rain. I agreed and begrudgingly put my shoes on.

Stephanie lived five blocks away. We started walking and the drizzle began. I didn't bring an umbrella and we were halfway to her house, so there was no sense in turning back to get one. The drizzle quickly turned into a cloudburst. We ran the rest of the way, but by the time we got to her house, we were drenched. She insisted that I come in until the rain let up. She got us some towels to dry off, but we were soaked to the skin.

“Danny, I'm going to change clothes and see if I can find something for you to wear,” she said as she went down the hallway.

In a minute, Stephanie was back wearing a big T-shirt the came down to her thighs. I could see a shadowy pink outline and her panty lines through the shirt. She had me go to the bathroom and told me to take off my wet clothes so she could put them in the drier.

When I reached through the door and handed her my wet clothes, I asked what I could wear, and she said she'd be right back with some clothes.

As I stood there naked staring at myself in the mirror, I realized she lived alone with her mother and wondered if she would bring back some of her clothes to wear. I felt scared and a bit nervous. I had an older cousin who used to love dressing me up in her fancy clothes when I was a little kid. I remember liking those dress-up sessions as being fun until I got old enough to realize that boys don't dress up in girls' clothes. Ever since then, I worked hard at being a tough guy.

Still standing before the mirror, I started thinking about Stephanie. She was really cute, and often got hard just seeing her playing around with my sister. She'd wear those little miniskirts and give me little flashes of her panties all the time. I think she liked me, and it never seemed to bother her when she'd catch me peeking at her panties. I remembered she always wore flowered panties, silky ones usually with lace and bows or other decoration on them. The more I thought about Stephanie, the more I wondered if I could make out with her. Would this cute, sexy little fourteen-year-old girl, who was a friend of my sisters, let me kiss her? Would she scream? Tell my parents? Tell her parents? It seemed like a bad idea to even try to do it.

The knock on the door brought my back to my senses.

“Open the door, I have some things you could try on,” she said.

I opened the door a little and she handed the pile of clothes through. I put them on the counter and looked at them: a white T-shirt with the logo of JoJo's Surf Shop, a stretchy pair of pale blue shorts, and a pair of girls' pink flowered panties! I knew those were the kind of panties Stephanie always wore, so I knew they were hers.

I stared at the pile for what seemed like a lifetime. Locked in a moment of fear, excitement, anguish and solitude. The shirt was OK, and the shorts seemed OK, but the panties threw me for a tailspin.

Should I wear them and open myself to the ridicule that would surely follow? Do I wait in the bathroom until my clothes were dry? Do I just put the shorts and T-shirt on and ignore the panties? Do I...?

Then I heard her say, “Does everything fit OK?”

“I can't wear your panties. It will make me a fag!”

“No, it won't. That's all I have for underwear. There a pair of mine. Just put them on and come on out. They're just underpants, nothing to get all worked up about. And don't worry; I won't ell anyone you put them on. Go ahead, do it for me. I think I'd love the idea of a strong, good looking masculine guy like you wearing my panties, even if it will only be for a few minutes. Do it for me, OK?”

“What if you do tell someone? I'll never live it down.”

“Well, I won't. My promise is good. And I'll even give you some insurance. I'll write a note to you saying how much I loved having sex with you. Then you could tell people we had sex and prove it, and you could tell people I was lying because you dumped me and I was just trying to get even. I would have no way of proving that you wore my panties, but you'd have my note for proof. OK? GO ahead and put them on. I'm getting very excited with the idea of you wearing them. I'll write that note and even give it to you before you come out of the bathroom, so get dressed. I assure you that you won't regret doing this little favor for me.”

I picked up the panties, held them at arms length and studied them: pink nylon panties in a flower design with a size tag sewn into the side seam, thin elastic waist and legbands. They were little girl style panties that went up to the waist, not skimpy little bikinis like older girls usually wore. I turned them around, bent down and stepped into them. As I pulled them up my legs, I realized how soft they felt compared to my own underwear. I pulled them up to my hips. They were a little tight in the crotch area but comfortable overall.

Checking myself in the mirror I realized I looked pretty good in them and they felt great to wear, but I wouldn't want Stephanie to know that. She'd think I was a fruit or something. As I finished dressing, she

knocked on the door. She told me to open the door a crack, and I did. She handed me a hurriedly written note saying how much she loved my big cock and having me fuck her! Wow! That was exciting to get a note like that from a cute little girl. My cock stirred in those tight panties, but the shorts helped to keep it from fully expanding.

I finished dressing, took one last look at myself in the mirror and then walked out to the living room where Stephanie was sitting on the couch watching a movie on TV.

"Those clothes fit you pretty well. Are they comfortable?" She asked.

"They're okay, I guess."

"It'll only be for a little while. Your clothes should be dry soon. Here, sit next to me," she said as she patted the couch next to her.

I sat next to her and watched the movie. At the next commercial, she asked if I wanted something to eat. I told her yes, and when she got up to go to the kitchen, her T-shirt had been all rucked up around her waist and it stayed there for a moment until she was all the way up and it fell back into place to cover her panties, but for a few moments, I got a great close-up view of her panties and realized they perfectly matched the pink flowered panties I had on! I found that strangely erotic, and my penis thought so too because it sprang up and made a huge bulge in the front of those stretchy shorts and the panties underneath.

A few moments later, she came back with some milk and cookies on a tray, but she just stood there transfixed and stared at my distended shorts.

"Wow! You're really stretching out the front of my shorts and panties. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. It's just that sitting this close to you has gotten me a little excited. That's all." I replied.

"A little excited? It looks like you are ready to rip right through my shorts. Does it hurt when it gets big like that?" she asked pointing to my slight erection.

"It only hurts when it has to go down. When it's getting bigger it feels great."

"I know guys put their things into girls during sex, but I never knew it would be so big! I don't think I could fit one so big inside of me."

Hearing her words made me even more erect, causing further stretching in her shorts.

"I think a girl can stretch to let almost any sized one into her for sex."

“You think yours would fit in me if we had sex?” she asked.

Before I could answer she exclaimed, “It's still growing bigger. How big will it get?”

“It gets pretty big when I am fully excited.” I answered.

“Are you getting fully excited now? Am I making you fully excited?” she asked as she sat back on the couch and snuggled up real close to me.

“I'm getting really excited with you so close to me and just wearing a T-shirt and panties and with us talking about sex. I can almost see your panties through your shirt. And I saw them when you got up to go to the kitchen. Your panties are just like the ones you gave me to put on. For some weird reason, I find that strangely exciting.”



"I've never seen a penis so big before. I've seen my cousin's when he was changing clothes, but it wasn't big like that at all."

I felt my hips begin to buck and push my erection against the fabric of the panties and shorts that held it in place. Now emboldened with my hormones surging, I asked her, "I've never seen a girl naked, you know. Can I see you naked if I show you my erection?"

Stephanie looked at me with her steel blue eyes penetrating me.

I put my arm around her and pulled her towards me. I kissed her deeply. She kissed me back and put her arms around my neck. I had never french kissed a girl before, but my mouth opened like it was the most natural thing to do and we had a long, long, deep soul kiss with our hands caressing each other's neck, sides and back. I took her left hand and put it on my erection.

She looked at her hand and then to my face.

"It's so hard. But, it doesn't hurt?"

"No, it feels good having you touch it. Your hand increases the pleasure I feel. The more you move your hand, the more pleasure I feel."

"Will you have an orgasm if I keep moving my hand? Will it shoot into your panties if I don't stop?"

"Yes, I will have a huge orgasm and make a mess in your panties if you don't stop."

She took her hand away and moved closer to kiss me.

"Don't have your orgasm yet. I want you to wait. When I think it's time, I will let you have it, do you understand?" she whispered in my ear.

"Yes, I understand," I replied as I leaned even closer and we kissed some more.

She took my hand and put it in her lap. I felt a damp warmth that seemed to be inviting me into her. I ran my hand over her T-shirt and felt her panties underneath. I then slid my hand under the shirt and started feeling her directly through her panties. As I ran my hand between her legs and felt her warm, moist panty crotch, she stretched her head back, moaned and her spread legs. I cupped her pantied mound and gently massaged her pussy. Then she stiffened her whole body and screeched, "I think I'm coming, Danny. I'm coming. I-I-I-uh can't stop. Oh god, I'm co-o-o-o-ming!"

I held her tightly as she shuttered and gasped for air. Then after a few more spasms, she collapsed in my arms. We didn't move for several minutes.

“You made me cum, Danny. That never has happened to me before. I had no idea what an amazing feeling it is.”

She pulled down the stretchy shorts and looked at my huge erection pointing up through her flowered panties. She began rubbing my prick through the teasingly soft nylon panties. “Do you like it when I do this? Does it feel good?”

“Yes,” I groaned. It feels great.”

“I want to see it. Do you want to put your cock in me?”

“Oh, god, yes, Stephanie! I want to take it out of the panties, show it to you and then put it in you.”

“Danny, they're not THE panties, they're YOUR panties. Now that you've had them on, I'm giving them to you as a gift.”

“Yes, I want to take off my panties, show my cock to you and make love to you. I want you so badly it's starting to hurt.”

“If you take off your panties, will you put them back on when we're finished?”

I felt weak and ready to orgasm just from her talking to me and rubbing my erection through my panties. “Oh, god, yes! I'll put them back on when we're finished.”

“Oh, stand up, Danny; let me watch you take off your panties.”

I jumped up and tried to take off the shorts and panties at one time.

“No, do it slowly. Drop the short and then let me enjoy watching you take your panties off.”

I removed them slowly and put them on the arm of the couch. She picked them up and looked at them.

“There is a wet spot on the front of your panties. Did you already come for me?”

“No, that's just a little bit of precum. When I cum it will be a lot more than that...”

Stephanie took the panties and wrapped them around my cock and stroked me slowly up and down. “It's so hard and hot; I love how it feels in my hands. I want to feel it inside me. Do you want to make love to me, Danny?”

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” But I was building to an orgasm too quickly. I had to warn her. “Stephanie, I'm going to come. I can't wait any longer. I can't stop it.”

She held the panties over the top of my cock with one hand and continued to stroke the sexy nylon up and down my shaft with her other hand.

“Make love to me, Danny. Come in YOUR panties!”

Her words threw me into a sexual frenzy. Body-wrenching spurt after spurt I shot into MY panties! It seemed to go on forever. Then thoroughly spent, I fell back in her arms and we held each other tightly for about fifteen minutes. I felt my penis stirring once again and looked down. She looked down at it too and both of us saw the panties jump up a bit as my cock buried underneath the panties started to erect again.

We stayed locked together for several more minutes, exploring each other's mouths. While we kissed, I ran my hands over her panty-clad ass and gently massaged them through the erotically stimulating nylon.

“Take me to my room, Danny, and fuck me! I want to feel your cock deep inside me. I want you to fuck my virgin pussy. But first put your panties back on. I loved seeing you in panties. It was so-o-o-o exciting! Do it for me.”

I pulled on the panties – at that moment I would have put on the panties and walked down Times Square if she had wanted me to! We went to her bedroom, decorated with a mixture of little girl images – like angels, cartoon characters, and dolls – and teenage girl items like rock band posters, beauty magazines, and a pink princess phone. We got onto her bed. As I reached under her T-shirt and began to ease down her panties, she seemed apprehensive.

“We can do it with panties on. Panties feel so wonderful to wear, don't they? We can have both the pleasure of wearing panties and fucking at the same time. We can both keep our panties on, just pull aside the legband. They're plenty stretchy so we can do it that way.”

As I wondered if it was even possible to do it like that, she became a bit impatient. “Don't tease me any longer. I want you inside my panties and inside me with your big cock. Do it to me. Fuck me, Danny girl!”

Our kissing was deep and wanting, as I moved into position on top of her. I took some fumbling around, and I even had to look downward a couple of times until I had my penis out of the legband of my panties, and lurched forward to find her pussy. She held open the legband of her panties with one hand and guided my cock into her pussy with her other hand. She was a virgin and tight. I was a virgin too, so kept switching from being deadly serious to making little jokes about being awkward in our movements and letting out tension-relieving giggles until we did get it right, and I got the tip of my penis in her. I had to back off and push against her opening with my hard penis repeatedly, each time I gained a little more ground, her cunny opened up a little more, and I burrowed my way in. I'm sure there was some pain but also great pleasure for her, but she coaxed me to forge ahead.

Once I was all the way in, she put both of her hands on my pink pantied ass and encouraged me to thrust into her with pounding forcefulness. She gave out with a moan that was almost a scream and then with each subsequent thrust, ratcheted down her reaction until she was panting and sighing with pure pleasure.

As I kept ramming her, I felt my orgasm building. I knew I couldn't last long. I actually tried to think of other things to detract from my pleasure so I wouldn't cum before she did. I prayed I'd last long enough to let Stephanie orgasm first.

Then he legs trembled, and she was bouncing her body between me and the bed as she said, "I'm cumming, Danny. I'm cumming. Come inside me where I can feel it."

She had a long series of orgasms, and I had been so concentrating on her pleasure that I had gotten sidetracked, but now that she was cumming, I returned to thinking of how wonderful it all was and quickly built to my own climax. Her repeated stroking of those flowered panties across my hips and ass drove me wild, and I started spewing forth my jism deep into her pussy.

When I was done pumping my semen into her I relaxed slowly and felt her do the same. We opened our eyes and looked at each other. We kissed lightly as we each caught our breath and tried to understand what happened.

I felt my penis soften and withdraw from inside her on its own. I eased myself off her and into a sitting position next to her on the bed, and in the process tucked my softened penis back into my pink panties.

"Did it feel good? I hope it wasn't too painful for you." I said.

"It felt wonderful, better than I had ever imagined. The little bit of pain was well worth it, but I do feel like I might not be able to walk for a while! How do you feel?"

"I feel great. I have never felt so good in my life."

We were staring at each other when the dryer buzzer sounded again. This was about the fifth time it had buzzed, but we had been too involved to have it concern us, but this time we both laughed and moved to get up.

"Help me up. I still feel weak!" she said.

As I helped her off the bed, she felt my semen start to leak out of her and ran to the bathroom with her hand held tightly against her panty crotch. "Wow! Your cum sliding out of me is a really weird feeling! Go check your clothes in the drier while I get myself cleaned up."

Walking around in just the pink panties, I checked the clothes, and they seemed dry, so I took them out and put them in a nearby empty clothesbasket. Walking into Stephanie's bedroom I saw her changing into a clean pair of panties, silky white flowered panties this time.

"Are they ready?"

"Yeah, they're dry. Does this mean it's time for me to get dressed and go?" I asked.

"It's getting late, and it's stopped raining. I suppose you should go. My mom won't be home from work for three more hours, but I suppose your mom is probably wondering what happened to you by now."

"Yeah," I said, a little disappointed.

I put the clothesbasket on the bed and picked out my underwear, jeans, T-shirt and socks. But as I went to the bathroom to take off the panties, clean myself up and put my own underwear on, Stephanie told me to stop.

She went to her dresser drawer and pulled out a pair of her panties. She handed them to me and said, "I want you to put these panties on and wear them home. You said you'd wear them for me, remember?"

"Yeah, but, see I am wearing them, but they're dirty and I have to put on my own clean underwear to go home. I can't wear your panties home. I'd die if someone saw me or I got caught wearing them."

"How would anyone know unless you told them? They'd be hidden under your jeans. You can come back over tomorrow night after my mom leaves for work, and we could play some more."

"I thought your mom doesn't let any boys come over when she's not here?"

"Well, I wouldn't tell her my lover was coming over to fuck me! She'll never know you were here, and I won't tell her."

My penis was getting hard again, listening to her describe how she wanted me to fuck her again. I was getting weak in the knees.

I grabbed her and led her to the bed. Kissing her deeply I sat on the bed and had her sit on my lap, her legs straddling mine, my erection in the pink panties poking up skyward sandwiched between us.

She pulled back from my mouth and whispered in my ear. "I can feel your hardness against my pussy. You want to fuck me again, don't you panty boy?"

"Yes. Yes, I do. I want to make love to you all over again."

"No, you want to fuck me. You don't want to make love to me. You want to shoot your cum into me,

don't you?"

"Oh, god, Stephanie, yes! Yes, I want to fuck you like crazy."

She slowly stood up, pulled me off the bed and took my pink pantied erection into her hands. "When you walk home, you will wear your clean panties, won't you? You want to wear them, don't you? You like the feel of them on your hot cock. Right now, instead of being inside me, you'll have to settle for being inside my panties, which I'm giving to you, and now they will be YOUR panties."

"Please don't make me wear them home. I'll get caught."

As soon as I said the words, her hands left my erection and she stepped back.

"No, don't stop. I want to love you again."

"Will you wear my panties home?"

"I can't. I'll get caught." I was begging now.

"If you won't wear them, I can't let you fuck me tomorrow night. Don't you understand? It's just a little sacrifice for me. Please do it. I want you to fuck me tomorrow, but I need to know you're mine and are willing to do little things like this for me."

"Oh, my god, Stephanie, if I wasn't afraid of getting caught ... What would my parents say if they knew I was wearing girls' panties? They'd think I was a pervert."

"They will never know. Trust me. No one but you and I will ever know. I think it will be sexy having a big secret like that."

"If you won't wear them, it's okay. Get dressed and go home. Maybe I'll see you tomorrow and maybe I won't." She said as she took out a pink satin teen bra with a little pink bow in front and put it on to cover her perfect little mounds.

O got up to change, but confused and worried, I sat down again on the edge of the bed, still holding the white flowered panties that she wanted me to wear home, and still wearing the stained panties that I had on during our lovemaking. I was close to having tears in me eyes as I begged, "Stephanie, I desperately want to make love to you, but ... but, I just don't think it's a good idea for me to wear your panties home."

Stephanie turned around and sat on my lap. "I don't want you to make love to me. I want you to fuck me. Hold me down on the bed, and fuck me again through my panties, fuck my pantied ass right off! Fuck me hard so I know what a good fucking is. I want to feel you take control of me and fuck me."

I put my hands on her hips as she began rocking back and forth on my lap, my hard cock rubbing up against her belly through two pairs of silky nylon panties, hers and mine. Holy shit, did I want her! I wanted her even worse now than before.

“Fuck me. Danny, I need for you to fuck me. Fuck me right now, but if you do you'll have to wear those nice white panties home, the pretty panties that you're still holding onto like a little girl holding onto her candy!” Stephanie whispered into my ear, but now the price has gone up, “Fuck me now and you'll have to wear a garter belt and nylon stockings home too, and keep them on along with the panties all night and all day tomorrow!”

I was beyond control, I had to have her. Unlike before I was going wild, and she was calm and in control. As I rolled her over onto the bed, I kept my pantied cock in constant contact with her pantied tummy. I felt so wonderful to have our two pairs of panties rubbing up against each other.

Unexpectedly, she squirmed out of my grasp and flipped over on her stomach. I wonder what she was doing. Then she turned her head and looked directly into my eyes. “Promise, me; promise me, now, Danny. Promise me you'll wear your panties, and garter belt and nylons home, and not give me grief about it! Promise me, or go home and stay home and never come back!

“I promise. I promise to wear all those things, but please, let me fuck you again!”

She quickly turned over, slid the legband of her panties aside, and helped me get my cock out of my panties before she slowly eased it to her pussy and let me rock back and forth to ease it into her again. God, did it feel great! I quickly picked up the pace and was soon fucking her with abandon. She kept her hands on my pantied butt and massage me through those panties in a way that drove me insane.

And soon it was over; I was shooting cum like a geyser. I was so into my pleasure that I had totally forgotten about her pleasure until it was too late and I had emptied my jism deep into her little girl pussy. But she didn't seem to care, In fact, she wasn't all that worked up like she had been before. Her satisfaction seemed to come from overpowering me into fucking me on her terms.

Now, as I came down from my stratospheric sexual high, the consequences of the bargain I had struck dawned on me more and more. I was embarrassed just thinking about it!

In triumph or defeat, I wasn't quite sure how to feel, I eased my trembling body off her and fell back onto the bed. Once I was off her, she rolled over, held her hand between her legs and hurried to the bathroom.

For a couple of minutes, I lay there, and then forced myself upright and waited for her to return. Then I got up on my rubbery legs and took my underwear, T-shirt and jeans from the laundry basket. As she came out of the bathroom, I took my regular underpants and started to walk past her, so I could get myself cleaned, but she waved her finger at me with a 'no-no-no' type gesture and picked up a little

yellow wastebasket with white daisies painted on it and held it in front of me. I understood what she meant, and with great trepidation dropped my jockey shorts in it.

She picked up the white satin panties covered with little red flowers and handed them to me. She led me to the bathroom where she helped me to take off my now heavily soiled pink flowered panties and then gently washed my penis, balls and entire groin. Surprisingly, I didn't get hard with all her handling, probably because I had just shot my cum for a second time, plus I was worried about the promise I had made to her to wear her filly lingerie home under my clothes. I was scared.

After she dried me off, she took the fresh white girlie panties from me and held them open at my feet. I slowly stepped into them and let her pull them up my legs in one of the most erotic moments of my life. I shuttered as she pulled them up high on my waist and felt their silkiness deep in between my legs as they crushed my now soft penis. They felt better than the ones I had on earlier and seemed to fit better.

“They look great on you. I think I'll have you wear panties all the time. Seeing you in sissy panties makes me horny. I have a little secret to tell you. I've always dreamed of having my boyfriend wear panties. Ever since I was seven and talked my nine-year-old cousin Sean into wearing a pair of his big sister's panties, I've had that dream. For years I've dressed my boy dolls in girl dolls' panties. See here.” She picked up a boy doll, pulled down his shorts and showed me the little pink lace panties she had on him! “I learned how to sew by hand just so I could make little panties for my boy dolls. Aren't his panties so-o-o-o cute on him? I've had this fantasy for so long, and now it's coming true! For all these years, every time I would just think about a good looking guy in my panties, I'd start to get wet.”

I didn't respond to her. I was getting ready to put my T-shirt on, but she stopped me and then led me back to her bedroom, rummaged through her dresser and then came back with the other garments that had been part of the fuck deal. “Here,” she said, “wear these too. Remember, you promised and promised not to argue with me about it.” She was holding a white garter belt and a pair of long beige nylon stockings. “You know you want to. I think you'd look so hot in sexy stockings along with your panties. Remember, you're doing it for me – and yourself. I think you're really going to take to lingerie, my little panty boy lover.”

The enthusiasm in her voice convinced me that my wearing of her lingerie really did excite her. I took them from her but was a little unsure about how to put them on, but she was right there to help, easing down the waistband of the panties, she snapped the garter belt around me, inserted the garter tabs through the panties and pulled the panties back up with a stinging snap. She pushed me back down on the bed and knelt before me to put the nylons on me.

“Silk stockings feel great, don't they?” she said with a big girlish smile as she showed me how the nylons clipped onto the garter tabs. “You're gong to love walking around in silk stockings and wearing them home under your jeans.”

I was about to finish dressing once again, but again she stopped me.

“You look so hot! Now, since we just fucked and your hard-on is gone, just for fun, push your penis and balls down deep into your panties, then reach around yourself from behind, go down the back of your panties and pull your cock and balls as far back as you can so you're flat in front. I want to see what you'd look like if you didn't have that big monster down there. I want to see what you'd look like without a big cock, with nothing in front like a girl.”

I did it and she swooned with delight. She couldn't resist touching the flattened front of my silky panties. She kept rubbing, and it was so erotic that my cock quickly inflated. I had to let go of it from behind because it was starting to hurt. It sprung up in the front of my flowered panties and jumped right into her hand.

“Oh, my goodness, what do we have here? A nice big penis in my little girl's panties — and it's all nice and hard.”

We both wished we had more time, so we could fuck again, but it was late, and I had to go. Stephanie bent over and kissed my panty-covered hard penis. It twitched in response like a pet doggie panting for more, but I had to put it away for the night. I pulled my jeans on and they ticked my nyloned legs as they traveled upward until I had them all the way up,

We kissed again before I left. I walked home, jumping at every little noise in the night, thinking someone was there and knew I was wearing panties and nylon stockings like some faggot. I went in the back door at my house. Mom was asleep in front of the TV, so I quietly snuck past her and went up to my room. My fears were lessened now that I was safely home. I still felt panicky, but not uncontrollably so. The silkiness of the panties and nylons constantly teased me, electrifying my skin like Stephanie's gentle caressing. The tight elastic bands of the panties biting into my waist and legs and the strong garter straps tugging on my nylon stockings with every move I made didn't let me forget for a second what I was wearing.

I brushed my teeth and then went to bedroom and locked the door behind me. I checked my computer for e-mail and saw one from Stephanie.

When I opened it, it just said “Thanks for walking me home in the rain. You made my fantasies cum true. Sorry you got so WET”. Wet was underlined and capitalized. I knew exactly what she meant.

When I took off my jeans to get ready for bed, I looked at the panties and nylons and decided to leave them on for the night. I felt foolish wearing them, but they did feel good in a strange way. I surely could have taken them all off and left them off until the next night, and then just put them on again before going over to her house for more great fucking. But I had made a promise, even if it was a stupid promise, and even if she had me at a great disadvantage when I had made that promise, so I decided to keep them on. I crawled into bed wearing just the panties, garter belt and nylons. I felt safe because I had a locked my door.

All night I was in a light dreamy state. I felt very relaxed and calm, like floating on a cloud with little angels dressed in frilly lingerie floating all around me.

I woke to the alarm with a huge erection in my panties and a strange sensation of contentment, but I also had an urgent need that required immediate attention. I stayed in bed as I reached down gently and masturbated myself into those precious flowered nylon panties. While dreaming of Stephanie and all the exciting things we had done together and what we were going to do together, I shot my load and thoroughly soaked those – I mean, MY panties!

Based on "Misled" by Danny Collins. Rewrite by Princess Lacey.

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<h1>The Pantywaist Weekly</h1> <p>All the news you need to be panty wasted</p>			Published weakly, never w Published only when we fi time after raiding clothe dressing up and jerki
Vol 3 No 4 April 2005			
HEALTH	LIFESTYLE	HEADLINES	
		<h2>Nun charged with abuse for ending boy's 2 years petticoat punishment</h2> <p><i>Boy tearfully pleas to keep wearing dresses</i></p>	
<h3>Psych major conducts experiment on her son what's tougher to quit: smoking or panty fetish!</h3> <p>Twin Peaks, WY: Natty Butts' Master's degree thesis studied quitting powerful addictions. She used her five-year-old son Willie B. Butts, training him to two of the most difficult habits</p>	<p>Since contributions to the Democratic Party have a but dried up, fundraisers spurt up contributions by stroking party regulars to cum up with \$25 to buy "Official Bushwhacker Panties" featuring a photo of Bush, and if the front of the panties gets wet, Bush's face changes to a picture of Karl Rove!</p>	<p>Lavender Cliffs, MT: Sister Mary Fearsun, principal of Little Angels School is the subject of an investigation after she ordered the end of the two-year long petticoat punishment of eight-year-old Dickie Siskins.</p> <p>Fearsun blamed budget cuts, citing the high cost of keeping a naughty boy in the most embarrassing and frilly dresses and lingerie.</p> <p>But after two years dressed as a girl, Little Dickie is so used to his punishment that</p>	 <p>he doesn't want it to end. He admits an obsession for expensive real silk panties and doesn't understand why Mother Superior won't buy them for him anymore. He says he has been on his best behavior over the last two years and just wants to serve out his life sentence.</p>



**Hermaphrodite solves
clothing problem, boy
on top, girl on bottom**

Panty Lover's Survey

While wearing panties, who is your favorite sex partner?
Wife 12% Girlfriend 11% TV buddy 8% Your hand 6%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

**Transsexual with a split personality is
not sure what sex he wants to change**

**Cynical fetishist says mad cow dis-ease
is when his fat wife finds his panty stash**

**Man found to be wearing panties in emergency
room pretended to be blind until nurse bent over**

**Wal-mart sells packages of Days-of-the-Week
panties but they only contain six pairs of pants**

**BOY FOUND HIDING IN GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM SAYS HE
WAS TAKING A PANTY SURVEY FOR A CLASS PROJECT**



