

Princess Online



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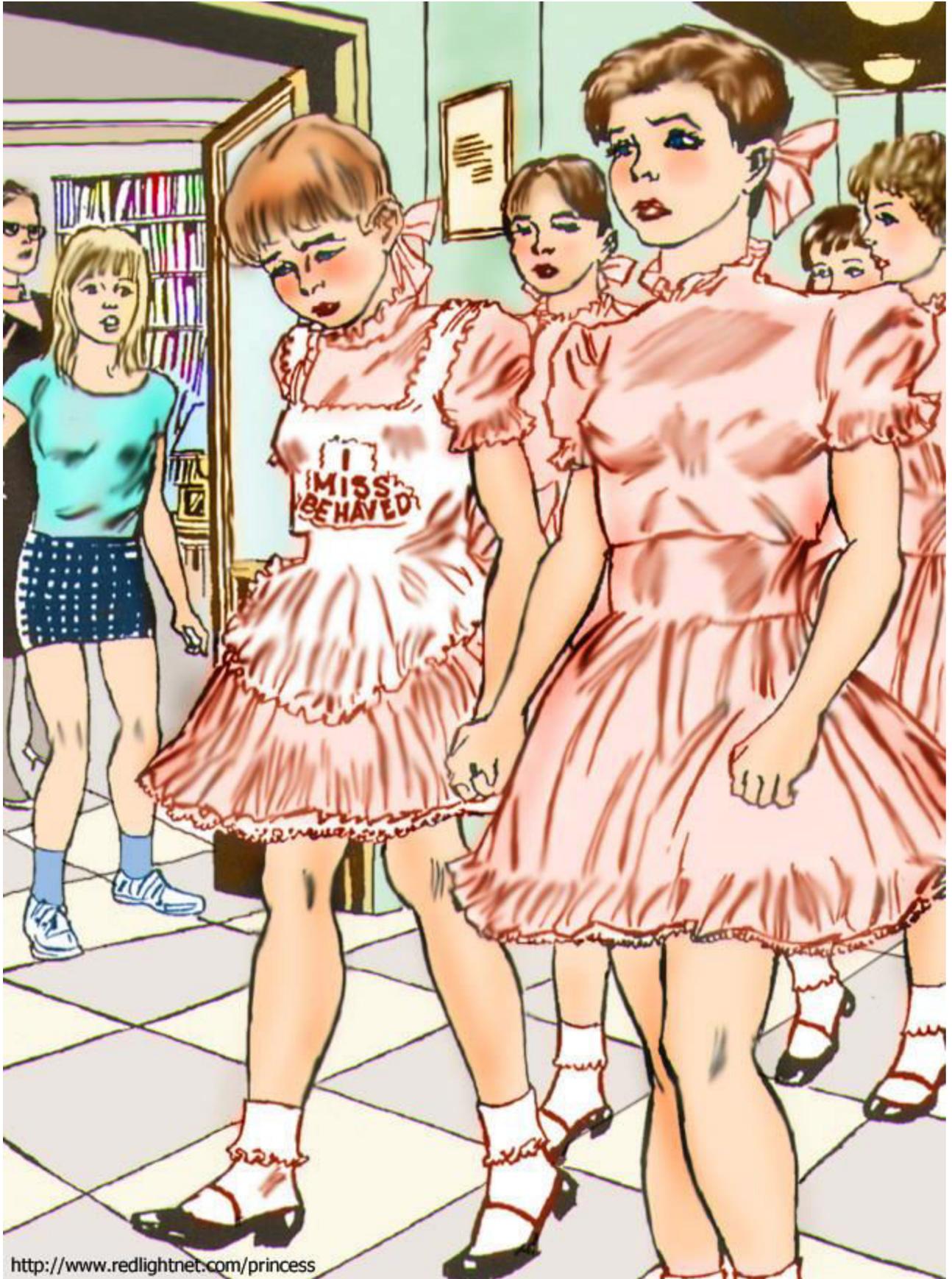
March 2005 Featured Stories
and Letters from the
Princess Productions Website

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 partywaist 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 book, "Van, The Bride," in the "Schooled to Be Girls!" series.

Van is now called "Iris" and is about to be married in a bride's outfit. He recalls his petticoat punishment and feminization while attending the Sylvan School for Girls, where sissyboys are turned into little girls. In this drawing, Van remembers being brought up on stage to receive a public spanking for attempting to run away from the school.

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."

And 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 her books at her website:

<http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

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BOYS! (rule # 10)

When Mom makes you wear dainty little pink silk and lace PANTIES under a very short sissy little dress to help you feel your feminine sensitivities, and then makes you play outside,

DO NOT RIDE YOUR BICYCLE!



Oh, no!

I should have known better than to ride my bike past the park. All the kids saw me in my punishment dress and ... uh, oh!!!! I didn't see that big bump, and now they're all going to see my pink polka dot panties too!!!

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.

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.

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 here. Abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being forced to wear a dress and panties and then having the nuns and other school kids laugh at and ridicule him.

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Masquerade

Every year the Harrison Eagles has a Father-Daughter Dinner & Dance however, some of the fathers who only had sons and no daughters complained that they didn't have an event for them. To put any end to the complaining, the club's ruling committee voted to allow fathers to bring their sons to the annual dinner dance if the boys came dressed up like girls! Two of the fathers, shown here, took it as a challenge and brought their little boys in cute party dresses!

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Lester

Ma Kelly was crazy. Nobody disputes that. Still everyone loved her and didn't question her ways. The sixty-six-year-old heavysset woman owned a dry goods store for over thirty years, and when she could no longer run it herself, she hired others to run the store for her, but she ended up firing them all because they didn't do things up to her standards.

She put the store up for sale and 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 started a baby-sitting service. It went well, but she quickly stopped taking 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 without them getting into some kind of trouble. But she did find her niche overseeing grade school boys after school, and since the school was only doors away from her home, it was an ideal setup. The boys were in the six-to twelve-year-old category, and she could control them with a minimum of supervision, leaving her time to watch her daily soap operas.

Then 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 the tops and panties from the store's inventory and took them home with her prior to the sale.

Watching the boys after school was going along fine. She watched over them until their parents got off work and came to pick them up. Then one 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's pictured in Princess Online #50.) 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 did what he was told with barely a tear in his eyes.

Donald was normally a very active and destructive child. He'd break just about everything he touched, but as soon as she put him into the panties, he became withdrawn and docile. Ma was amazed at his transformation. Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics and didn't quiet down until Ma Kelly gave them her famous evil look and bawled them out. Despite being told not to tease Donald, the other boys couldn't resist the temptation and made him cry. So Ma made all the boys take off their clothes and 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 him. It worked! Not only that, all the boys stopped their continuous fighting with each other and became very quiet and sweet, talking only in whispers as they sat quietly on the floor and watched Ma's television soap operas with her.

Once Donald's clothes were dry, Ma didn't let him change back into them until his mother came 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 when Ma told Mrs. Tierski 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 they were needed. Ma had that same conversation with all the mothers or fathers as each of them came to pick up

his or her 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, soon pink tops and sissy pink rhumba panties were the standard uniform for all the boys in her care. From the moment they walked in her door they had to change into their girly clothes and weren't allowed out of them until someone came to pick them up. For most of the boys, it was very embarrassing to have their mother or, even worse, their father see them dressed in lacy pink panties. The parents loved the results, and most of them reported back to Ma that their boy's behavior had immediately improved from the day they were pantied. In addition, some of those parents also threatened to make their boys wear girls' clothes at home or 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 even 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, most of Ma Kelly's boys rarely started a fight or got into other kinds 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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Sissies of the Month Tots in Thailand

Thailand is one of the world capitals of sex with brothels and street walkers catering to every whim, and they have a big demand for virgins because many of the tourists who come to this country for sex think they eliminate the possibility of getting AIDS if they have sex only with virgins.

And many Japanese businessmen believe sex with a virgin once a year gives them

youthful energy to be aggressive and successful in business. Consequently, virgin prostitutes as young as ten and under are in great demand and fetch high prices despite the fact that many countries (including the U.S.) make it illegal to travel to Thailand specifically to have illegal sex.

Crossdressed sissyboys abound too, and these alluring, sexy boy-girls are a delight to the eye. The above photo shows several very young sissyboys in full make up and wearing traditional female costumes.

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Finding Sissyboys Late in Life

Three years ago, my wife and I retired and moved to an area in Eastern Europe where our parents came from. With the extremely low cost of living, we were able to do some things that we had always dreamt of doing but either couldn't afford or couldn't so back in the States!

Throughout our marriage, we had an active sex life. It evolved over the years and eventually we stopped having regular sex because we both had a lot of sex fantasies and began to prefer mutual masturbation. We'd either masturbate each other or masturbate ourselves as we watched porn videos or read sexy Internet stories to each other.

Our fantasies fed off each other, and we developed a liking for similar things, especially spanking and crossdressing. I dabbled a little in crossdressing, but it wasn't my thing, but my wife and I found young crossdressed sissy guys fascinating. We started to go to drag shows every Friday night. We got to know a lot of



the performers and gradually worked our way into their underworld. After the last show on Friday nights, we used to hold parties in our home for the queens and their friends. They looked upon us like “mom” and “pop.” In fact that's what they called us.

Our parties would go until sunup the next day; they were like an after-hours club with drinking and socializing. In addition to the whole range of gender-benders, our parties drew an assortment of weirdoes and perverts, both dominant and submissive, and we loved them all. My wife and I were into spanking some of the cute young sissyboys, and most of the time, their price of admission to our parties was to go over our laps for “a little spanking for getting into mommy's clothes!” There wasn't a lot of sex at these parties, but occasionally some amorous or horny partygoers paired off and used one of our spare bedrooms.

We made a lot of contacts at these parties, and when we'd find a particularly pretty and young crossdresser, we'd pay him to stay over at our place for the weekend and entertain us during our masturbation sessions. I think we tried just about every kind of kinky sex with these lovely girlie-boys. It was a great learning experience as we discovered you are never too old to find perverse new twists to whatever turns you on. For one, we really got into spanking these sissyboys. Even if they weren't into spanking, most of them let us do it with abandon because they knew we'd reward them with an afternoon of clothes shopping. Sissy boys can't resist the chance to add some frocks and frills to their wardrobe, especially when someone else is picking up the tab!

After spanking them, we'd make them stand in the corner with their lacy panties about their thighs to show off their glowing red hot butts like naughty little sissies while we teased and humiliated them. Then we'd get them to masturbate for us or have sex with me or my wife while the other one watched or joined in.

Other than getting a blowjob from these pretty boys, I wasn't interested in gay sex with them. With a blowjob, I could fantasize that these young beauties were some great looking actress or model, and that would make me cum every time. At my wife's urging, I tried to have gay sex several times. I tried giving some of these cute boys a blowjob, tried fucking them in the ass, and tried having them fuck me in the ass, but since I wasn't a homosexual, it just didn't work for me – even though my wife found even my attempts very exciting. It's funny that I didn't get more aroused during my attempts, but I guess I'm just more of a watcher than a doer when it comes to gay sex. I do get highly aroused just seeing a really good looking, sexy dolly boy prance around and do a striptease like a beauty queen, but I just want to watch them and jack-off or have my wife get me off, not have sex with the queens.

Our life all changed one night at one of our parties.

On that night, Duke, an older dominant black man who came to a lot of our parties, led in on a leash a mousy but cute young white woman who looked like a schoolteacher, and later we found that's exactly what she was. Duke didn't work; he had half a dozen submissive girlfriends – slaves would probably be a better word – who supported him and paid all his bills. He was into spanking big time, and he spanked

the hell out of the slave girl he brought to any particular party.

We shared this spanking interest with Duke, but he'd spank females as well as sissy boys, and he did it a lot harder than my wife and I did. His victims often had to retire to one of the bedrooms and spend the rest of the party recuperating!

Duke always followed the same routine. He'd tear the clothes off his "date" until she was down to bra and panties, then he'd give her one of his milder spankings "just to warm up the little slut" before making her kneel alongside him like an obedient little puppy dog and wait until he'd yank on her dog leash and command her to do something, like get him another beer or expose her small breasts to anyone who wanted to see them.

And that's how he got started on this particular night, but then, after the party was in full swing, he stood up, got everyone's attention and announced that he had a couple of special guests who would be joining us.

He introduced his woman friend by saying that her name was "Slut," and he explained that she was in love with his big black cock so much that she'd do anything for him and to prove it, they brought along a couple of guests who had been waiting out in the car (for about an hour at that point). He said he had met this woman and her husband in an Internet chat room. She was looking to have sex with a well-endowed black man. She had her husband's full permission to have sex outside their marriage because he had been in an accident and had trouble maintaining an erection. Moreover, he had a small penis, so that's why his wife was now surfing the Internet looking sex and looking for a big piece of meat to fill her lonely and relatively unused pussy.

Well, Duke met these people and soon after was sleeping at their house most of the time. He was a master of domination, and he soon started draining the couple of their hard earned money. If he needed a little change of pace, he'd visit one of his other female slaves, fuck them and everyone else in their families and take whatever money he could from them before returning to this skinny little schoolteacher, whom he had thoroughly trained to full obedience, and now she couldn't get enough of his big black ramrod cock. Her husband had been so demoralized over the loss of his manhood that he went along with it. Duke turned that man into a first class cuckold in no time flat. Duke explained that he wasn't gay but he had to fuck the husband in the mouth or ass every once in a while just to keep him humble and remind him who was the boss.

And even though the woman was still just in her flimsy bra and panties, Duke sent her out to the car in the 20 degree weather to bring in the guests. A couple of minutes later, the shivering cold woman came running back in with a man and a young girl in tow. At least we thought it was a girl. Both of them had a dog leash around their necks too. Duke told the woman and the girl to "heel," and both immediately dropped to their knees beside the lounge chair he had been sitting in, before he turned his attention to the man.

Duke introduced the blushing man as "Cum Eater" the woman's husband and said the man was getting

pretty good at licking clean his wife's gaping pussy after each time Duke would fuck the hell out of her and deposit his baby-making juice in her sloppy cunt. He said he already got the slut pregnant and they are expecting a black baby in less than six months.

Prior to the party, Duke had made arrangements with Brandy Alexander, a drag queen who did makeovers for anybody who wanted one at our parties. Duke called Brandy over and told her to give the slave woman's husband "the works" including makeup, wig and a maid's outfit. Duke said he was sick of looking at this cuckold's cunt face and wanted the drag artist to make him into a pretty woman because he was going to start whoring him on the side to make some extra money.

Months before, Duke had the man quit his job just to keep him as a slave waiting on him hand and foot. And Duke was going through the family's money at a fast clip and now needed to explore other avenues of income.

Being turned into a maid and a whore must have been news to Cum Eater because his mouth dropped and he stared at Duke in disbelief. He muttered, "I'm sorry, Duke, but...but, I, uh, I can't do that!"

BLAM! Duke hit him across the face with the back of his hand so hard that the man fell backwards into a nearby chair.

The man immediately apologized and begged for forgiveness and said he'd try his best to be whatever Duke wanted him to be. Duke then handed the man's leash over to Brandy who trotted him off to one of the bedrooms where everything had been prepared in advance for the man's transformation. Little did the man know that Brandy's usual fee for doing a complete makeover was a blowjob! Oh well, I thought, this guy was going to be sucking and fucking guys soon enough so why not get some practice in!

Duke yanked on the woman's leash, told her to put her hand down into her panties and masturbate herself while he told her to describe what she thought of her husband being turned into a sissy maid and a fag whore.

Duke really had everyone's attention by then, and amid his laughter, the slut wife answered, "Oh, thank you, Master Duke. I know my husband, Mike, I uh mean, Cum Eater, will be happy to serve you. He's not any good as a man, so I think he'll love being a fake woman and whoring for you. It will be good for you and good for him to be contributing to your income. He's been feeling so worthless for so long that maybe this will make him feel like he does deserve a place in our – I mean — your home. He's been so afraid that you were going to throw him out of the house like you have been threatening. I'm sure he'll do his best to please you, Master, no matter what."

"Now, keep your fingers in your pussy and in your asshole too, white bitch. I want you to jerk yourself to an orgasm every fifteen minutes for the rest of the night, and do it right here so everybody can see what a miserable slut you are. And each time after you cum, lick off your fingers and start all over again. Now, do it!"

Immediately, the woman thrust her one hand down the front of her panties and her other hand down the back of her panties and started aggressively diddling herself front and back.

The young girl had been kneeling there unmoving and with her eyes kept down to the floor. Duke yanked on the young girl's leash. It was coke chain, and he almost strangled her as she wasn't fast enough getting up to stand beside him. All the people at the party were in exotic costumes or just in their lingerie, so the little girl looked out of place in her simple white and sea green top and royal blue skirt. Her hair was short in a pixie cut but neatly combed and she wore an exotic perfume, a heady scent that surrounded her like a cocoon. The meek little kid was continuously biting her lip and appeared nervous. Her reddish cheeks and bloodshot eyes made it obvious she had been crying recently. Still, she forced a smile, probably knowing that her master expected it of her.

“Now, listen carefully, everybody. I'm going to tell you about this sweet young thing. Her name is Daisy and she's a virgin, a cute little bitch, isn't she. Well, all I can add to that is that she is not a she at all but a he, and until I had Slut his mother and Cum Eater his father begin feminizing him, he was a worthless piece of garbage who used to spend his time playing video games, eating candy, listening to opera and drawing pictures. The day I met him, I knew he wasn't a real boy, just a worthless cunt boy who belonged in lace panties. He cried like a pussy when I had his mother undress him so I could see his, his...well, his whatever, I mean, I couldn't call it a cock...it was so fucking small! I guess he takes after his poorly endowed, limp dicked father. Anyway, he was so small down there that

I told his mother and father to go out and buy him some panties right away, really lacy and frilly silk panties because he had nothing to put in boys' underwear.

The pussy little kid wouldn't stop crying, so I took out my Johnson and showed him what a cock is supposed to look like. He wouldn't stop his sissy whining and crying, so I shoved my man meat into his mouth just to shut him up. I'm not really into gay stuff, but sometimes a man has to use his meat to impress upon a white sissy that he is not a man or a boy at all but just a pantywaist jerk-off.

“So, this is what I got to tell you. He's for sale. Except for that day when he held my cock in his mouth for the better part of an hour, he's a virgin everywhere else. I'm selling him because this crapola family isn't bringing in the kind of money I need. Cum Eater cashed in his 401K, his CDs and his life insurance. Now I'm going through his savings, and that will soon run out, so that's why he's now going to be a fag whore for me as you just heard. Slut, the little wife, here is just mine. No whoring for her until I get some black babies out of her, get tired of her, take all this family's money and then move on to a new meal ticket. But until then, I'm going to need a lot more money than that sad and soon-to-be-crossdressed maid husband will ever be able to bring in, so I have decided to sell the boy, this girlie boy in training will go to the highest bidder, a virgin sissy kid ready to be trained to the whims of his/her new owner.

“OK, Daisy boy; take off your blouse.”

Immediately, the blushing almost crying boy slowly and nervously began to unbutton his blouse until he stood there in just his skirt and pale pink training bra.

Peeking out above the top of his skirt, the top of his old-fashioned high-waisted pink panties could be seen. The panties matched his pink training bra, and both had a delicate pale yellow elastic and lace trim.

When Duke said again, 'All right, now, Daisy, take off your bra like a good boy and show everybody your flat chest, just to let these nice folks see that you really are a boy,' I had to squirm around a bit in my chair and repeatedly adjust my package within my pants to keep myself comfortable.

Duke continued, "So if you look closely, — come' on, boy, get that bra all the way off—that's better, so if you look closely, you can see his nipples are getting a little bigger and the flesh over his breasts is starting to swell up. He's been on the hormones just three months, and in a few more months, we'll get him implants, so he should have big knockers by the time he'll be sold. I'll be passing out some computer-generated photos I had made just to show you how hot he'll look with big tits.

"As soon as his mother got him into panties — god was he a sorry sight the day we made him put on his first pair of pink panties, he cried and cried. I almost had to put my cock in his mouth again, but he shut the fuck up when I told him that's what I'd do if I had to."

"Now, boy, get that skirt off and show everybody your boy pussy in your panties," he said as he gestured to Daisy to hurry up. Then he resumed his little presentation. "Anyway, as soon as I got his mother and father to put the kid into little girl fancy panties, you know the kind with all those silly girly ruffles on the back, I had the kid's slut mother stop taking her birth control pills and made her start giving them to the boy here.

"So now you know the story of this cute little boy who is well on his way to being a fag, sissy, girl, or whatever his new owner wants to him to be. Now, you people know all kinds of rich perverts with some pretty weird tastes, so put the word out, this kid is for sale. I know half of you will be jacking off to this kid's tittie photos, and that's OK with me, especially if it helps to get a good price for this pussy in training, but just to get you all that much more excited about this, whoever brings me the top bidder, I will pay a 15% commission of the selling price."

"Now, I got one more thing to show you. This sissy might be young, but he can take a good spanking. In fact, he can take it better than his mini-dicked daddy,"

Duke continued, and then he yanked on the boy's dog leash again before unbuckling it from around the kid's neck. "Get your pink panty ass over my lap, Daisy." Once again, he addressed the half drunk and now strangely quiet crowd hanging on his every word, Duke went on and on about how he loved spanking the boy's feminine butt that he always kept covered with lacy pink rhumba panties. Then he added, "I'm going to give you a little sample of how rough of a spanking this little sissy can take."

I was hooked! I found myself — like most of the others — totally absorbed in the scene. Like I said, I'm not gay, but this kid standing there in nothing but pink rhumba panties did it for me. He looked more

like a girl than 9 out of 10 real girls you see walking down the street. Duke and the boy's parents had done a great job of feminizing him. I couldn't see much of a bulge in the crotch of those panties, and with just the beginning mounds of female breasts and hints of makeup, he looked like a classic Lolita. I was squirming in my chair. My penis was stirring even though I kept telling myself "It's a boy! It's a boy!"

My wife gave me a funny look! Did she pick up on how this kid was affecting me?

While explaining that whenever he thought the feminine boy needed punishment, he thoroughly blistered the kid's butt, this big black master put this frail lily white girlie-boy over his massive black lap and gave us a sample demonstration, shocking most everyone with how hard of a hand paddling he thundered down on that skinny kid's plump ass cheeks. The kid was flying around, bouncing on Duke's lap, and screaming in pain with his tears flying up into the air.

I was weak just from watching the demonstration. I looked over to the kid's slut mother and she was flying through a giant orgasm just as the kid was getting hit the hardest. Even she must have been turned on by the abuse of her sissified son. Wow!

Throughout the "sample" spanking, the boy's pink rhumba panties had been kept up, but the intensity of the paddling yielded a red glow that showed right through the thin nylon of his ruffled girlie panties. Duke then made his weeping, cowering slave boy pull down his panties to show everyone that he indeed was a boy. The kid had a baby-size penis. I guess the hormones were working on shrinking it as well as enlarging his breasts.

Duke then sent the still crying child around the room so everyone could get a close-up look at the merchandise. He invited everyone to fondle the boy's developing breasts as well as reach into the kid's toddler-style panties and check out his limp dick. One old queen, who looked like Robin Williams in Mrs. Doubtfire, got the kid's little worm out of the legband of his ruffled pink panties and started sucking on it until Duke came over, took out his semi-hard black monster and rapped the guy on the head.

"Hey, you motherfucking queer, I said check out the merchandise, not take it for a test drive. I distinctly told you all this kid is a virgin to all sex acts, and he's going to stay that way until he's sold to the highest bidder. Now, come with me, you dumb fuck!"

The drag queen instantly opened his mouth and released the kid's still drooping wiener. Duke marched the old queen into the bathroom and left the door open as he stood the guy in the bathtub and proceeded to piss on him from head to toe before sending the guy running out of the party dripping in piss.



The kid got passed around, and when he came to me, the host of the party, Duke had him sit on my lap. The kid was a little minx. He knew what he was doing as he wiggled up against me to make himself comfortable — and me very uncomfortable but also very excited. I had a boner that wouldn't quit, and the lingerie-clad boy kept rocking himself back and forth, wedging my hard cock into the crack of his pink ruffled pantied butt. I was in no rush to have the kid get up because everyone would see the huge hard-on I had in my pants, so I pretended to play along with it, acting goofy and letting everyone know that I was just pretending to be turned on by the boy — and of, course, I really was excited by him! I slid my hands around his waist and held him to me. My hands tingled with electrified nerve endings as I touch those silky panties. I pretended to amuse myself stroking the sleek nylon covering his tummy and

hips. I toyed with the lace and ruffles, told the boy how pretty his panties were, and complemented him on how he looked like a real girl. He made several quick little turns on my lap that each time made my hand slide over the small bulge in the front of his panties – and he knew exactly what he was doing, probably well programmed already by Duke. And each time he did that and I made contact with his pantied soft penis, I took my hand away even though I didn't want to! But the breathtakingly sexy little vamp would just squirm around and so my hand would make contact with his penis in pink panties once again! God, how my cock ached!

Duke gave me that big toothy grin of his. He knew what was happening. He saved the day by handing me a margarita and a bowl of pretzels as he had Daisy get off my lap. I held the bowl in front of me and rested the ice cold cocktail down on my hard little tail to cool it off. It would have been embarrassing for my wife and everyone else to see me with an erection; after all, everyone knew I was straight and not excited by a cock-teasing sissyboy; and that had been true until now!

All I could think of at that moment was how much I'd love to spank the hell out of that prissy little kid's pink pantied behind. But I was sure that was off limits. And if I had been able to do it, I know I would have shot fountains of cum in the process!

Can't teach an old dog new tricks? I thought so too, but as I said, this day (or night I should say) changed my life. After about twenty minutes I took one of those computer-altered photos, went to the bathroom and masturbated myself to a whopping cum as I stared at the picture of the eleven-year-old boy in his pink rumba panties and fondling his big tits. Duke was right when he said, "A feminine little boy not old enough yet to cum in frilly girls' panties and with huge boobs topped off by big angry nipples can awaken the penis of a dead preacher."

I'm not a dead preacher, but I never thought a boy -- no matter how sexy or how feminine -- could make me want to fuck him, and I hadn't even fucked my beautiful, sexy wife in over a decade!

After the party that night, my wife approached me as we were getting into bed.

"So what did you think of that sexy little pantywaist fag boy that Duke brought over?" she said as she was rubbing her hands over the front of my pajamas.

"Cute...for a boy," I coughed up a reply trying to be nonchalant about it.

"Did you like how he was all gussied up?"

"Oh, sure, I guess, I really didn't notice much."

"Didn't notice much! Everyone saw how much you were playing with the lace and ruffles on the kid's panties? I heard some of the queens making bets with each other saying you would end up being the one to buy the kid!"

I opened my eyes with a start. "People noticed, uh, they, said that? Oh, that's nonsense! I was just playing along with the gag pretending like I was getting turned on by the little faggot!"

"You did a pretty good job of pretending," my wife said in a teasing low voice before backing off for the moment.

I closed my eyes again still dreaming about the pretty panty boy as my wife continued to stroke my cock. She slid down my pajamas and resumed touching me.

Her hand was like silk, and then I realized she was rubbing something against my prick, something very soft and smooth.

"You're really hard tonight! I have a surprise for you, and I'll tell you what it is if you tell me the truth, tell me how crazy with excitement you were over that skinny little panty boy child."

My wife knew me. How could I expect her not to know, but it was so difficult to admit even to myself because my sudden interest, almost obsession, over this boy had taken me by surprise too. And now my wife wanted me to admit it out loud to her.

"Yes, dear, I, uh, never could keep a secret from you. The kid excited me tremendously! His youthful girlishness, his pink panties, his innocent yet sexy appeal. I guess it was all of those rolled into one."

She gave me a knowing smile and continued to stroke my cock. She didn't seem upset or displeased with my frank answer. I looked down and noticed she was rubbing me with something pink and silky. "Oh, honey, thanks for being so understanding. I see you're rubbing me with a pair of your panties, you naughty little girl. O-o-o-o-o! They feel so good. You make me feel so good. Your panties are a nice surprise." I panted and moaned. I was getting close to shooting my spunk.

As she continued wanking me, she whispered in my ear. "The panties, dear, aren't mine. They're your surprise. They belong to that daring little fairy boy. I got Duke to have the boy strip off his panties and give them to me before they left. So, dream about your pink pantied faggot child as you shoot your juice into his soft, silky panties!"

Wow! I was stunned. In the throws of intense sexual pleasure, I pulled myself up and looked down and saw the pink blur of the boy's panties as my wife held them against my cock and balls and used both of her hands to massage me to my second cum explosion of the night that left me totally drained and exhausted. I actually cried with the acknowledgment to my wife. I apologized to her for being so excited by a sissy little gay boy. But my wife wiped the tears from my face with that boy's now cum-soaked pink panties and told me no apologies were necessary. The boy was an amazingly exotic creature. She admitted that she had been turned on by him too!

We talked all about it for more than two hours. The sun had long been up and we still hadn't gotten to sleep for the night (morning?). We had lost track of time.

After one of our all-night parties, we were usually like vampires wanting to get to sleep before it was fully daylight, but I was still supremely excited on this night, so my wife gave me the boy's panties and had me stand before her and jack off into them. Both of us looked at the tittie photo of the pantied girlie-boy. She was masturbating too and made me hold off until she was ready to cum, and then we both came together. Wow! Three cums for me in less than eight hours! I hadn't cum that many times in such a short time since I was in high school, and here I was almost sixty years old and wanking like a horny teenager!

It was one of the most pleasure-filled nights of my life. My wife and I talked about it all the next day, the day after that, and the day after that! We decided to put a bid in for the boy! We called Duke and asked him what the current highest bid was. He said six thousand. We thought that was a bargain so we made a bid.

Over the next month, Duke would call us every few days and tell us we had been outbid, and each time, we submitted a counter bid. But when the bidding reached thirty thousand, we couldn't justify going any higher.

About a month after that we learned that the kid went for \$52,000 to some rich pervert, a television producer living in Connecticut. We knew the son of a bitch.

Over the years, he had been to a couple of our parties. He was a real sadist, and my wife and I both shed a tear for the boy that day. We loved to give girlie-boys intense spankings and paddlings and liked to deliver them to the point of creating some nice black-and-blue marks and even drawing a bit of blood, but this guy was a true sadist, and we knew this kid would be subjected to unspeakable tortures. We even went so far as to call the guy and offer him more than his bid to get the boy for ourselves, but the man just laughed at us and told us that if we called him again, he'd come to our next party and beat the shit out of both of us in front of everyone just for the fun of it!

My wife and I talked a lot after that. We both now knew what we wanted, and we just needed to figure out how to get it. That's when we decided to move back to the old country. Both our parents had emigrated from there, and we had been back several times visiting cousins and other relatives. We moved because the sex laws in this bohemian country were very liberal and the cost of living was so low that we could get about five times as much for our money as in the states. Also there were a lot of unwanted children there, so it would be no problem adopting a select young boy to spank, feminize and train to be our slave.

Besides, the country itself was too consumed with its own problems of trying to adjust to a market economy following the downfall of the Soviet Union to be much concerned about how children were treated by wealthy foreigners who wanted to adopt them. In fact, an endless supply of child prostitutes, males and females, roamed the parks of my parent's former home town, and these kids were willing to do most anything for money.

After we finally moved, we hired several of these feminine boy prostitutes and sometimes even a few little girl hookers to periodically entertain us. Word got out, and they were always ready to accept our invitations because we paid them well and treated them well, except for some pretty intense spankings, but these experienced kids accepted it without complaint as part of the deal. We also got in with the

local drag queens, and before long we were having our weekly parties for queens, teen hookers and perverts of all sorts, just like the parties we used to hold back in the states.

But we were serious about adoption because we wanted to feminize a boy completely, and we wanted a really cute, innocent little boy who would be a total slave to us. We were looking for a prepubescent boy that had no interest in being a girl that we could feed hormones to and forcefully change into our fully loving, well-spanked, and sexy daughter.

When we contacted a doctor friend who was also a hanger-on in the drag queen scene, he said there were thousands of boys who could be had who would more than adequately fit our needs. He said everyone wanted to adopt babies or at least adopt a child under the age of six. He said older children stayed in State-run institutions until they were sixteen and then turned out into the world, regardless of whether they were ready or not to make it on their own, so we would have no trouble finding a prepubescent boy to our liking. He set us up visiting these institutions and interviewing various boys. We were surprised by how little the authorities wanted to know about us or our intentions. They even asked us if we wanted more than one boy and suggested that it was OK to adopt them to work for free for us if we owned a factory or most any other kind of business.

We took seven months to decide, and finally selected a boy named Serge. We interviewed him three times. The first time, we wanted to know all about him and were delighted with his meek, innocent manner and traditionally boyish appearance. He was a cute blonde with a slim build and a sharp mind, but he was also quite submissive. We were looking for a boy to feminize, but we didn't want a sissy. We wanted a boy who had no interest in girls' things. We knew we'd get the most enjoyment from using panty training and petticoat punishment along with intense spankings to force the boy to our will. We were going to make him into a well-spanked, world class cocksucking sissy faggot that no one would ever guess was anything but a sexy little girl.

At the second meeting, we asked him if he would submit to a spanking whenever he needed one to correct his ways. He said he would and admitted that he often got spanked at the institution, so he said he might as well get spankings while living in a nice house with real parents instead of the gray dismal public institution he lived in.

On the third interview, we asked him about wearing girls' clothes. He screwed up his nose at us, and wanted to know why we would want him to do that. We explained that we liked him a lot, but thought he was too rough, and we explained that if we punished him by making him wear girls' clothes whenever he was too coarse or vulgar, it would help him become a much more acceptable human being.

He pouted a bit and tears came to his eyes as we talked about it. He turned away because he didn't want us to see him crying. He said he was "a big boy," but if we thought he should dress up like a girl sometimes to teach him how to be nice, he said he wouldn't like it but he would do it. A lot of what we told him, he didn't like hearing, but he was so desperate to get out of there, we knew he would agree to do most anything.

We decided to select him. Those tears in his eyes as we talked about making him wear panties and dresses did it for us! He obviously would hate to be spanked, dressed and treated like a girl, but we knew he'd do it and not complain! He was perfect.

The day we came home from the orphanage, we fed him a lovely meal and showed him his room, filled with most things a boy his age wanted, like a television set and a lot of sports equipment that we knew would go totally unused! As we showed him around, we didn't say anything but we made sure he noticed all the frilly clothes in his closet including three lovely full-skirted party dresses and a big stock of girls' lingerie in his dresser drawers. He stared at them perplexed, but he didn't say anything about them.

We talked for over two hours, and then I simply stated that it was time for him to get a spanking. He looked at us with a "why" look on his face, and my wife told him we didn't need a "why." He was a naughty little boy so we could spank him anytime we wanted just on general principle. He got up and started to unbuckle his new jeans.

“Serge,” my wife said, “we need to have you properly dressed for your spanking. Follow me, and I’ll show you how you are to prepare yourself.”



I followed behind and stood in the bedroom doorway and watched as my wife took him to his dresser, opened the drawer he had seen before filled with lingerie and took out a white training bra and lacy panties. She didn't say anything to him, but with a nod, made it obvious they were for him to put on.

“But I don't want to be a girl, ma'am!”

My wife slapped him across the face. He immediately went to his knees and apologized with tears cracking through his voice.

“Crying already? And we haven't even started to spank you yet! Stand up, you little sissy and put on your bra and panties.”

Tears rolled down his face and dripped to the floor as he jumped to his feet and quickly took the panties and stepped into them. As he pulled up the slinky, stretchy panties, he did an involuntary bit of squirming. He didn't pull them up high enough around his waist, so

my wife grabbed the snappy waist elastic and yanked them up until his penis and balls were crushed against his body and he let out an “OH!” He stared at the bra, as my wife slid it over his arms. His eyes followed its emasculating trip as the bra went over his shoulders and hung loosely in front of him until my wife got behind him, hooked the clasp and took a long time adjusting it to fit over his flat chest. She secured it as tightly as she could, so he'd be aware he was wearing a dinky girls' training bra every moment he had it on.

“If you're crying already just over your new everyday underwear, how are you going to react when you start growing breasts and you have two big handfuls of girlish titties sticking out of your chest and pointing at everybody you meet?”

The boy cupped his hands against his chest and massaged himself with his fingers as if he was imagining what it would feel like to have boobies like a girl. With horror in his eyes, he looked at my wife and then me. “Why...” he coughed out through tears draining down his throat.

My wife had a Ping Pong paddle in her hands and she hit him with a solid whap on his newly pantied butt. “I'm not going to ever tell you again: We don't have to have a reason for doing things to you. Get used to the idea that you are going to be a thoroughly spanked little girl. If you do everything we say, we may decide to let you keep your penis because we think a sissy boy with big titties and a little penis can be a lot of fun. But we haven't decided for sure yet whether or not we'll take you to a doctor some day and have your cock cut off and thrown away. Girls don't have a penis but sissyboys do, and we haven't decided yet which one we are going to make you into, but one thing is for sure, both girls and sissyboys wear little bras and pretty panties, and little girls' lingerie is the only kind of underwear you will wear from now on!”

His crying became audible. His chest was heaving up and down with gasping breaths, and he was stretching his ribcage trying to adjust himself against the snug-fitting training bra. He held his hands in front of his pantied penis and on top of the little bra like he was trying to hide them, finally ending up with one hand over his penis and his other hand and forearm over his breasts. This kid was going to be great!

“Put your hands at your sides, and always keep them there! We put you in panties because your boy parts are so small, just tiny little bits of nothing that you won't miss if we do decide to cut them off and throw them away. You have nothing to put in big boy underwear. Little girls' silky panties are what you will always wear while you are here. And we put you in a training bra – that's what they call it – because we are training you to get used to wearing a bra because you will soon need a big one to hold the big titties that will be growing out of your chest.”

I pulled him over my thighs for that first spanking. I made it clear that spankings were our decision and our decisions were simply nonnegotiable, non-discussible.

If he wanted to stay with us, he had to accept that we would spank him whenever we wanted, and if he was bad we'd spank him even harder and even more often.

He nodded his head “yes” in agreement but continued to cry. I spanked him with my hand for a full twenty minutes, fast paced at times followed by a slower pace with harder strikes to his panty-clad butt. I took short breaks to vigorously rub his panties and intensify the pain he had to be feeling, only to return to barrages of spanks that made him scream like a fish out of water and plead for me to stop. But, of course, I didn't stop until I thought he had enough. Then I sent him stumbling over to my wife, and she gave him fifteen to twenty minutes of her own brand of heavy duty paddling.

That's how we started our relationship. He freely admitted that he loved living with us and repeatedly thanked us for the good food, luxurious bedroom and everything we did for him. He let us know he didn't like the spankings and didn't like wearing a training bra and panties every day for underwear and dreaded those times we fully made him up as a girl. (We didn't keep him in girls' clothes everyday because he would get to accept them too quickly. We enjoyed petticoat punishing him for little misdeeds. Every time was almost like doing it to him the first time. He hated it; we loved it! At other times, except for his hidden reminders of little girls' bra and panties, we let him wear nice boys' clothes and act as much as a boy as he wanted. We even let him make friends in the neighborhood, and even let him share with them some of his huge collection of sports equipment. That alone made him many friends, but we could tell that by his subdued nature, he was careful never to play too rough lest he expose the girlish bra and panties we wore under his clothes.

We had started him on female hormones that very first day he moved in with us. From the way we talked in front of him, he surely knew what we were giving him, but he swallowed the pills, sometimes with a little hesitation but always without complaint. He was willing to put up with how we were treating him rather than go back to the orphanage.



After he was with us for three weeks, he had mentioned that his best friend back at the orphanage was turning fourteen. We offered to throw a party for him and some of their mutual friends. At first Serge was delighted with the idea, and we went ahead with plans, but he had second thoughts, and told us that he wouldn't like to do it. I supposed he guessed that he was taking a chance on being humiliated before his former friends. But we told him our minds had been made up, and we wouldn't cancel it.

The day of the event, we made sure he had some of his frilliest panties on as well as gentle padding in his training bra. His outfit was a black velvet Little Lord Fauntleroy suit of shorts and bolero jacket with a lacy blouse, knee-high white stockings, and strappy little patent leather Mary Jane shoes.

Obviously distressed over his outfit, he was gently pouting all morning long on that day. His former friends arrived and we started them with ice cream and cake before we brought down Serge to make an entrance. And when he entered in his sissy outfit, they stared at him in disbelief, but they weren't about to stop gouging themselves with sweets and run off. They were all eyes as we gave them a tour around our house and the grounds of our estate, including Serge's bedroom. At this point, Serge was sure we were

going to open the closets and dresser drawers and expose his girly clothes to his former friends, but we didn't. Just his knowing we had the power to do that was training enough! The boys actually ignored him quite a bit and talked and laughed amongst themselves. At several points I overheard this low class group of ruffians say words like sissy, faggot, and queer, followed by laughter. If I heard those comments, Serge had to hear them too.

Afterwards, my wife remarked how well Serge was able to take an afternoon of abuse from the boys without lashing out, complaining or even crying. I told her that as I had Serge make his entrance, I whispered into Serge's ear, "Now, listen, my little panty-wearing sweet sissy, if you cry or complain or try to hide away,

I'll take you over my lap for a good spanking and let all your little friends see the pretty pink panties you have to wear every day."

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<p>The Pantywaist Weekly All the news you need to be panty wasted</p>			<p>Published weakly, never w Published only when we fi time after raiding clothe dressing up and jerki</p>
<p>Vol 3 No 3 March 2005</p>			
<p>LIFESTYLE</p>	<p>HEALTH</p>	<p>HEADLINES</p>	
 <p>Daughters took their mother's phone sex calls and sold all their bras and panties</p> <p>Cummings, WV: When Merry Bush got drunk and passed out one night last December, her sex business phone line didn't stop ringing, so her daughters answered the calls.</p> <p>When callers began breathing heavily and talking about their pussies, the girls thought they</p>	 <p>High school sex ed classes teach panty masturbation as a safe sex alternative</p>  <p>Panty masturbating woman without cable saves her old</p>	<p>Democrats claiming Condoleezza Rice flash her panties at Senate panel to get confirmation</p> <p><i>Her red-white-and-blue panties caught on tap</i></p> <p>Washington, DC: According to several leading Democrats, the new US Secretary of State Dr. Condoleezza Rice may have tried to influence the decision of the Senate panel considering her cabinet-level nomination.</p> <p>Reviewing a videotape of her testimony, Democratic spokesman I. C. Moore alleges she revealed a lot more below the neck than above the neck, as she can be seen in several shocking but tantalizing moves opening her legs to give members of the panel peeks up her skirt that clearly revealed her panties, which happen to be a patriotic design of red, white and blue. Moore added that anything</p>  <p>this low had to be the work of Karl Rove, who's been known to stoop pretty low to get a leg up on political opponents, and Rice's panties smell like his kind of jacking around.</p> <p>Panty flashing excerpts of Dr. Rice's testimony can be seen at www.look-up-the-secretary.com</p>	

Are you looking for that special someone who will make you think of stories of boys being forced into girls' clothes while jacking you off in your panties? – Talk to your hand!



Sales of rhumba panties had bottomed out until the release of a special edition patriotic panty in red-white-and-blue at the 2004 Democratic & Republican conventions

Panty Lover's Survey

What's your favorite way to peek at somebody in panties?
Escalator at the mall 5%, Under the Jungle Jim 3%,
Window peeking 10%, Keyhole 13%, In the mirror 69%

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PSYCHIATRIST SPECIALIZING IN FEMALE FLASHE EXPOSED AS A VOYEUR AND PANTY MASTURBATO

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