

Princess Online

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Featured Stories and Pictures
from the Princess Productions
Website



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

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Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's newest book, "Bob, Panty Thief" in the "Schooled to Be Girls!" series. Bob, who wants to get back at his girlfriend for snubbing him, steals a pair of her panties to embarrass her, but his plan backfires and he ends up getting punished by being sent to the Sylvan School for Girls, where sissyboys are thoroughly feminized and humiliated at every turn. In this drawing, Bob has arrived at the school and has just been outfitted in the school uniform of pink dress and lingerie for the first time.

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

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

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

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

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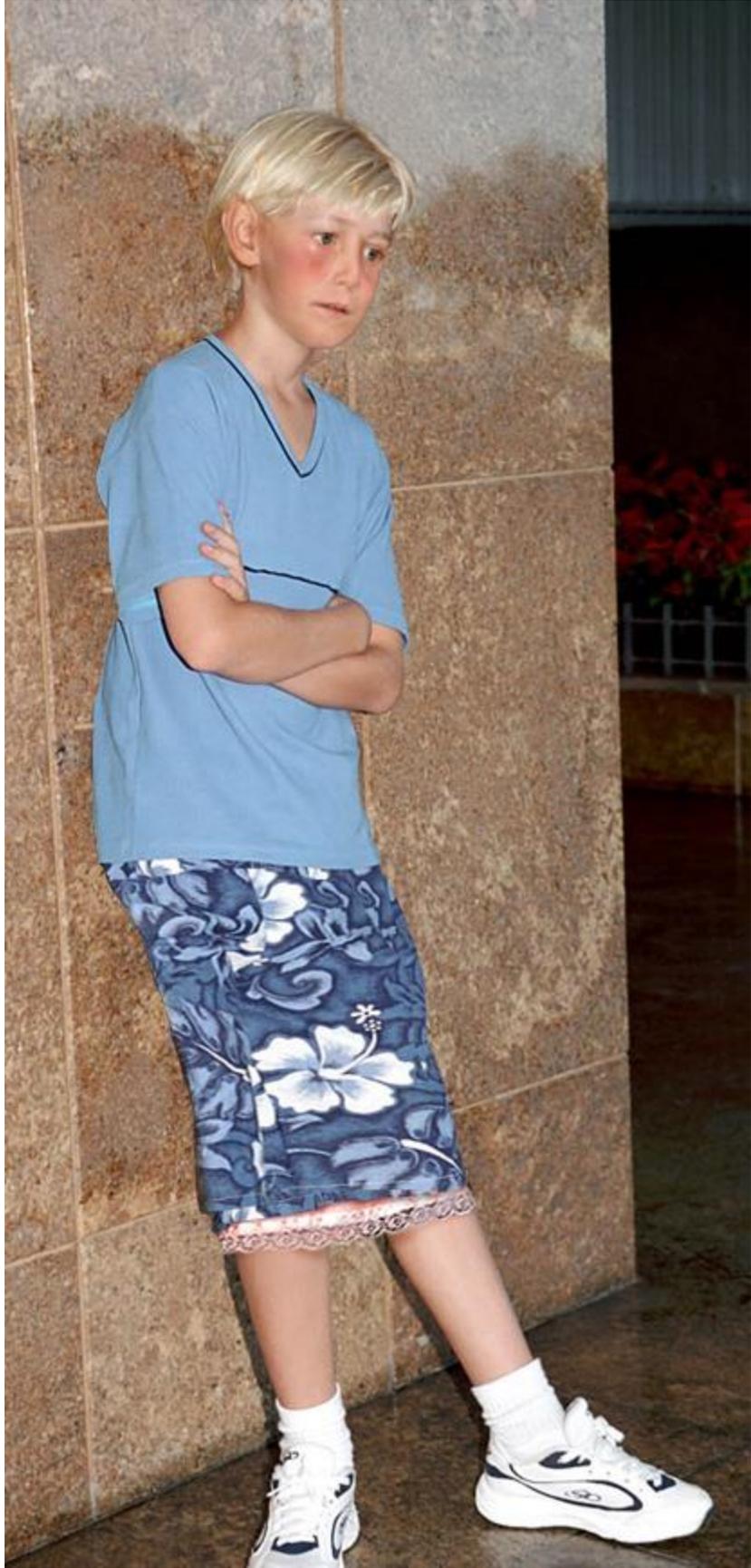
Watchdoggie!

It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout 'family values' and left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: errant males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be contained and constantly monitored. The way to save humanity from itself is to stop those hormones from ruining our men and boys, who in turn are ruining our world.

These radical groups advocate making grassroots changes right in their own communities, schools, churches and homes. They see the problem at its worst in young boys approaching or in the early stages of puberty, many of whom have difficulty controlling their actions because they cannot handle the hormones surging throughout their bodies. And if such boys aren't kept in check, they risk becoming abusive, disgusting and worthless members of society. The way to cure them, these radical groups maintain, is to subdue them with a good dose of panty and petticoat discipline. Therefore, males who can't conduct themselves in a proper manner are forced into fancy dresses and frilly lingerie. Such clothing shocks them out of their selfish, destructive thinking and makes them receptive to learning how to act properly. Lessons that, the leaders of this movement insist, will serve the boys throughout their lifetime.

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns and the girls in his fifth grade Catholic school during the 1950s. He still vividly recalls every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet that experience also taught him that our society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys. Radical groups bent upon destroying the male world circulate propaganda to their followers. Watchdoggie! monitors these groups, who are working to destroy present-day society! After almost 50 years, Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the pain and anguish he suffered undergoing petticoat punishment. As therapy, he creates petticoat punishment pictures that he can identify with, images that illustrate what happened to him, and one of his pictures we present above. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being punished in a dress and panties with nuns and school kids laughing at and teasing him.

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Sissy of the Month

Petticoat punishment today often involves using modern day clothes instead of frilly party dresses and lavish lingerie of yesteryear. Here's a boy undergoing petticoat punishment at his school for peeking in the girls' locker room. He had to stand in the main hallway wearing a skirt. What we especially like about this tearful little boy's outfit was the pink slip hem hanging out from beneath his skirt. It's so rare to see a boy wearing a slip or petticoat anymore when he is being petticoat punished.

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Sissyboy Coloring Book

A new feature!

Now, each month, thanks to legendary sissyboy writer and illustrator Jonathan Bebe, we are providing our subscribers with a page from our coloring book they can color and add their own details, including a caption or dialogue. In this picture, Tony is hanging his newly washed panties out on the clothesline.

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Drawing from "Stanton"

This Stanton drawing showing two dominant women lifting up the dress of their thoroughly dominated sissy boy to inspect his pink panties is our favorite picture by this great fetish artist. We colorized the drawing and present it here as a tribute to Eric Stanton who recently passed away.

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Some monkey business for new year

SINGAPORE — Many women in Singapore are buying their husbands special Chinese New Year briefs, hoping to bring them good fortune and increase their sexual potency.

Women are also buying themselves “Funky Monkey” panties specially designed for the year of the monkey, featuring smiling cartoon primates.

The Lunar New Year begins on Thursday and is celebrated by the Chinese diaspora around the globe.

But the most popular style is bright red briefs for men featuring Chinese characters for wealth and prosperity,

Trendy women are buying these “Funky Monkey” panties that celebrate the Chinese year of the monkey. —AP

said Jeannette Cheong, owner of the underwear store ButtOn Trendy Undies.

Cheong said she has sold more than a thousand pairs of the festive undergarment, priced at 5.90 Singapore dollars (3.50 in U.S. dollars), since Christmas.

“The year of the monkey is definitely more marketable than the other zodiac signs,” Cheong said, “because the cartoon designs for women’s underwear are cuter and more appealing.”

The items are most popular with middle-aged women who told Cheong they want to spice up their love lives, she said.

She said she has also received bulk orders from companies looking for Chinese New Year gifts for their staff.

More unusual buyers of the lucky underwear include graying-haired men shopping for themselves, Cheong said.





Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Patrick

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

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

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

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

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

Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics, and they didn't quiet down

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

Once Donald's clothes were dry, Ma didn't let him change back into them until his mother showed up to pick him up. When she saw Donald and all the other boys in pink tops and panties, she was puzzled, but Ma explained to her what had happened and Mrs. Tierski understood, and when Ma told her how the girls' clothes made all the boys so much more manageable, Donald's mother laughed but said it did make sense. Then Ma got her okay to use girls' clothes on Donald anytime it was needed. Ma carried on that same conversation with each mother or father as they came to pick up their boy. All the parents had known and loved Ma for years and didn't question how she wanted to treat the boys, especially since she got them all to be such sweet little kids within such a short period of time.

Well, within days, pink tops and sissy pink rhumba panties were the standard uniform for all the boys in her care. From the moment they walked into her door they had to change into their girlie clothes, and weren't allowed out of them until one of their parents came to pick them up. For most of the boys that was the most embarrassing moment. To have their mother, or even worse their father, see them dressed in lacy pink panties was extremely shameful. The parents loved the results. They had nothing but praise for Ma Kelly, and most of them reported back to her that their boy's behavior had immediately improved from the day they were pantied. In addition, some of those parents either threatened their boys with girls' clothes to be worn at home or even worn out in public if they went back to their destructive, malicious and naughty ways.

Ma Kelly was practicing petticoat punishment even though she probably had never heard of the term. What she had done out of expediency became the way she treated all her boys. There was no spanking, no verbal or mental abuse (other than having their masculinity torn down in the eyes of their parents and siblings, who often came along with the parents to pick up each boy just to see him so sweetly attired in pink panties). Word quickly got out and these boys were miserably teased by their friends and schoolmates, but that was a good thing. It made them even quieter and sweeter. After being panty trained, none of Ma Kelly's boys ever started a fight or got into most any other kind of trouble. As other parents heard about Ma's success, she was soon taking care of a houseful of sweet little panty boys!

In the coming months, we will present more photos of Ma Kelly's boys for your enjoyment.

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Masquerade

Preston Keyes wasn't too happy about being dressed as a fairy for Halloween. His girl cousins, who had dressed him up, did allow him one consolation: They let him go without the low-heeled shoes that went with the outfit after he complained that they hurt his feet too much and that he couldn't walk in them. Ever wonder how many boys dressed up like fairies for a costume party grow up to be one?

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Masquerade

When Danny went to visit his aunt on her farm, there weren't any other kids to play with except her two daughters. Jean and Annie didn't want to play with him, so they tried to humiliate him into staying away from them, but he wasn't deterred even when they started bossing him around and making him do girly things. On this day they went rollerblading, and if he wanted to go with them, he had to dress like they were dressed, in jeans and a crop top, but the girls insisted that he wear a pair of their silky panties too and let the panties peek out above the top of his jeans like they were exposing their panty waistbands. Danny reluctantly agreed, and we see him here with a bit of his yellow panties peeking out, like Jean with her peeking purple panties and Annie with her pink panties. The girls also decided to write on the front of the bra-like halter tops. They wrote "girl" in big letters on the front of their tops and and wrote "boy" on the front of Danny's bra top!

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Wedgie

Justin was a sissy and everybody knew it, so one day some of the boys in his gym class decided to make him wear pink girls' panties under his gym shorts, and when the other boys found out, they harassed him through the class and then hung him up in the locker room by the waistband of his pink panties. The panties made one hell of a wedgie up his ass crack. They gave him a sign to hold that said "sissy" and left him hanging there for all the girls to see when they came into the locker room next for their gym class.

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Three Aunts and Their Petticoat-Trained Boy

For me, every excursion outside is excruciating because I am always exposed as the thoroughly sissified boy my aunts have turned me into and subject to their domineering ways where other people can see me.

And no meal is relaxing, but Sunday lunch is by far the worst since we always have visitors after church, and that contributes to my humiliation. Upon returning from church with my three aunts (my permanent family now that my parents are both gone), I must immediately change out of my Sunday best sissy suit (a god awful thing of blue velvet with short pants and a frilly blouse for a shirt), and put on the pair of Aunt Lucy's panties that she has left on the doorknob of my bedroom. They're always the panties she had worn the day before. They are usually primed with a good deal of her stains. I think she purposely rubs them against herself after insufficiently wiping herself after use of the bathroom.

After I put on the panties, I repair my makeup. (Yes, my aunts make me wear bright red nail polish, lipstick, rouge, black eyeliner and blue, green or red eye shadow everyday -- even when I have to accompany them outside.) Then I don my pinafore. I know it's not really a pinafore but a girls' white slip. My aunts call them "pinafores" or "aprons" and tell me I must wear them to keep myself modest and

clean, but I know they are really full-length slips. And I know that because I have to accompany my aunts when they buy them for me. My aunts call them aprons or pinafores, and the sales clerks know well enough to refer to them in a similar way, but the signs over these garments and the boxes they come in all say “full-length slips” or “petticoats.” Those excursions are always an embarrass-to-the-core experience designed to further put me in my place. I always have to try on dozens of slips before one or several are selected, and I have to undress to my panties and try them on in front of the store clerks and often times in front of other customers too!

My “pinafores” are always white, full-skirted and flowing down to my knees. I am made constantly aware of its presence as it slips and slides around my body, teasing my penis and butt through the double silkiness created by my panties. The lacy hem tickles my knees. These slips are always white, supposedly to signify my innocence (!) and purity (!) since my aunts have decided to keep me celibate and are determined to prevent me from ever ejaculating. Being white, the slips also show up every spec of dirt or stain; any such imperfection is cause for my aunts to punish me for lack of cleanliness. I’ve overheard their comments and discussion with others. The white slips allow shadowy little glimpses of the fantastically sissy panties I wear underneath. Half the time, anyone can easily see right through my thin slips and see my panties. The comments I get let me know that I am not imagining this! And the slips make it painfully obvious whenever I spring an erection. The nylon fabric juts out in front of me in an unmistakable and most unfeminine fashion. An erection is usually cause for an immediate paddling, unless my aunts are in one of their wickedly playful moods and want me to dance for them to make my silk-covered penis flop around for their amusement.

Every day, my aunts wear frilly aprons in the kitchen and for doing housework, so it’s maybe natural for them to insist I be similarly dressed for similar work. However, while theirs are real aprons or genuine pinafores, my “pinafores” or “aprons” are always girlish white slips.

Aunt Harriet makes sure I always have a supply of clean slips, and therefore, it is necessary for me to have at least six at any one time. To replace worn ones and maintain my supply, Aunt Harriet periodically takes me to a milliner’s shop to purchase new ones. This exercise is almost as traumatic as going with Aunt Lucy for new panties: Those panties -- my own panties, if you will -- I only wear after my evening bath and to bed each night. I wear clean panties at night, so I can be inspected in the morning for any stains that might have appeared on my panties while I was asleep. During the day I am under constant supervision, so I wear dirty panties belonging to one of my aunts, usually my Aunt Lucy.

Today we are in the store; I am trying on the “aprons” on for size and design, and my aunt doesn’t let me hide from giggling clerks and customers’ rolling eyes. She insists the selection process does not require the use of a fitting room. Most women choosing a slip know their size and exactly what they want. They merely choose a style that pleases them and that’s that. Not so with me. Aunt Harriet never knows precisely what she wants for me and chooses to decide only after looking over the whole range of what is currently available. The store she frequents always seems to have an unusually large selection of white slips. My aunt is a good customer, and I think they stock so many just for her use in petticoating me. And since that is my normal everyday wear in the house, I go through a lot of slips on an annual

basis.

Today, she knows the style slip she wants for me: long and silky in nylon with a wide band of intricate lace about the hem and a fully laced bodice. She finds one with a teasing slit up the side, and the slit is also trimmed with the femmy lace. The length is one inch above my knees. The length can be anywhere from 1/2" to 3" or at the very most 4 inches above my knees. Any more than 4" is considered indecent because my lacy panties are all I wear beneath the apron-slip. And when I have to wear my aunt Harriet's long bloomer panties, keeping them hidden under the hem of my slips is quite a chore. Panties my aunts pass onto me are always the old-fashioned type, either full brief style or in the case of aunt Harriet, long-legged bloomer style, and always with a wide ruffle of lace around the legs and enough lace and ribbon frills all around to make a prissy miss blush.

After selecting the slip with the slit side, Aunt Harriet is looking to find several more slips for me. She has me try on every slip in the store suitable in size and length, at least 20 slips, but probably more like 30, and all this changing is done in the center of the boutique between opposite counters. Being a shop that attracts exclusively female customers, I am the only male likely to be in the shop while being fitted – thank goodness. All of the ladies are highly amused at a fifteen-year-old boy giving them a slip and panty fashion show. Changing from one slip to another is giving all of them plenty of chances to see the gaudy panties I am wearing today – hot pink panties with little red hearts and pink ribbons all over and our family crest (that I sewn) on the left hip. The women and girls witnessing this laugh so much and so often that I feel like I am dying here and now -- bad enough – but if a man or a boy were to see me (and a few have in the past), I'd be terrorized with nightmares for a week!

Now she has me retry all of those slips that appear to fit reasonably well. None of them quite fit her fancy, so I have to try on every apron I can possibly get into. That includes the most outrageous bell tents made for extremely stout ladies to ones made for little girls that I can hardly squeeze myself into. In order to properly assess a pattern with me inside it, she has me walk up and down, turn around and generally make an idiot of myself, encouraging me to point my toes outward and swing my hips in an exaggerated fashion as I walk so she can evaluate the hang on the slip and the swing and flaring out of the lacy hem, actions that SHOUT out to everyone just how big of a sissy I have become. Two of those patterns pleased her, so she asks the shop clerk to obtain one of each in a size to fit me. We ended up taking two slips with us, the one with a slit and another one with a full cancan-like skirt.

Back at the house, the first slip she selected is just 1" above my knees, and the cancan one almost 4 inches. That one just misses being adjudged indecent by my aunts' standards -- so much so that Aunt Olive takes a tape measure to me immediately after I try it on for her inspection and model it for her.

"Scandalous," she cries waving the tape measure, "I don't know what your Aunt Harriet was thinking when she bought that. Did she have her spectacles with her?"

The resulting measurement of 3 ¾" above my knees cooled her off.

“Very deceiving indeed; must be the pattern which makes it look so short on you, boy!”

It’s really quite ludicrous that each of my three aunts without compunction will have my punishment panties down to the base of my buttocks, leaving me absolutely bare for a thrashing. To them, my nudity is not indecent for a paddling, yet these witchy women get uptight about the length of a stupid slip that to them exposes too much of my leg or a bit of my panties. Granted, when I am wearing lacy ankle socks or am bare legged, there is a hell of a long expanse of my bare flesh on display, more so if the slip apron is of the short variety, as half of them are. But I wear what I’m told to wear. For once, I am not at fault. They decide what I wear or don’t wear. And I don’t like the short aprons either. The bare flesh is, after all, mine, and it’s quite humiliating for me even though I should be used to wearing gaudy silk panties by now. But I’m not used to them and never will get used to having people see me wearing them!

On this Sunday, I wiggle out of my all too tight sissy velvet suit, and retrieve Aunt Lucy’s dirty panties from my doorknob. They are yellow nylon panties with a trim of black lace. I know all my aunts go out of their way to buy the gaudiest panties available. And if they don’t have enough lace, ribbons and bows on them (and they usually don’t), they make me sew on more of the humiliatingly feminine decorations. Not that they like such ornamentation for themselves, they wear such panties because they know I will be wearing them eventually, and all that fussy lace and sissy frills are a crushing blow to my maleness, especially when I am exposed to outsiders wearing my aunts' secondhand panties.

Now that I’m in Lucy’s yellow and black panties and my clean white slip, I tidy up my makeup and go to the kitchen to assist Aunts Harriet and Olive prepare lunch. Aunt Lucy, as head of this household, is entertaining the guests in the lounge until lunch is ready.

I work under the direction of Aunt Harriet, and she ensures I do work! Amongst my tasks will be setting the silver and china on the dining room table. I have to ensure it is done exactly right, including placing a chair for each diner.

“Set for ten, boy,” is her orders today.

Aunt Harriet, who acts as head housekeeper, is very particular, and so I am extremely careful. I have to get it done to please her discerning eye for she will come into the dining room to inspect my work before the guests come through.

Aunt Harriet, I might mention, is the least strict of my three aunts, but careless housework is one of the things that makes her see red. My carelessness or faults reflect on her housekeeping abilities. She does not use the paddle quite so much as do the other two, but it is usually Aunt Harriet’s panties I wear for punishments. Her hips are the slimmest, and therefore guarantee a tight fit on me for the first part of any spanking, which is usually done over the panties to heighten my awareness of my sissy servitude.

For punishments, I do not wear old pairs of her panties but ones in current use by her that she stews in a brew of her bodily juices in a special, tightly sealed chamber pot she keeps in her room. Her panties are

all of differing colors, and when I ask her permission to take a freshly brewed pair for my upcoming punishment, Aunt Harriet says. "Very well, Stewart, take the top pair."





I never know what color they are likely to be. Possibly she knows which pair is on top; I certainly don't until I open the panty pot.

I take the top pair, and they could be green, blue, black, white, yellow, orange, red, purple or variations on any of these colors. Such as lime green, lavender, sky blue, pale yellow, ordinary pink or SHOCKING PINK.

I won't say color doesn't matter to me; it does for the brighter panties make my predicament stand out when we have visitors in the house. I have to stand outside my aunts' bedroom doors in the upstairs hallway awaiting punishment as the stewed panties I'm wearing dry enough for my paddling. The monitor of the house's closed-circuit security camera permits those below to see my standing there. Bright panties show me off more at a distance and on the screen of those monitors. I cannot hide my light under a bushel. This is one reason I prefer white or pale colors, but I rarely get them.

As my cousin Fiona who is 20, says "Between flamboyant aprons and glaring panties you are a good advert for boys in faggot training." There is no answer to that observation. Her comments annoy me intensely; yet there is absolutely nothing I can do about it. As Fiona well knows!

As I am setting the table for lunch, Aunt Harriet calls from the kitchen, "Remember to put out napkins and two condiment sets, one at each end of the table, boy." I thus avoid punishment for being careless and forgetful; her reminder is not appreciated by Aunts Lucy and Olive, who love to catch me doing a poor job so they can lambaste my pantied ass.

All in readiness, our guests and Aunts come into the dining room. It's my duty to seat them, guests first, my aunts later. I feel like a twit dancing around in my sheer slip, pulling out a chair and seating girls of roughly my own age or even younger, making sure their bottoms are squarely lined up with the chair seat before I push it into place under them. I keep my eyes down as I do my tasks. I have no desire to look at any of our guests, even though I can feel their smiling, teasing eyes squarely focused on me, my slip and my peeking panties. Aunts Lucy and Harriet sit at either end, both in carver chairs: Aunt Lucy in the boss lady position at the head of the table and Aunt Harriet opposite as she does the serving out of portions and carves if necessary.

As each of my aunts enter, they take a moment to examine me in my silky slip and invite our guests to look me over too. They are checking to make there is not a speck of dirt or any wrinkles in my slip. They are looking for an opportunity to punish and further humiliate me in front of their guests.

"You make sure your apron stays SPOTLESS, my lad," says my Aunt Lucy. Our guests let out a few little giggles. I know it's because my aunt is referring to what I am wearing as an apron, yet they all can see it is a fancy white girls' full-length nylon slip.

"Yes, ma'am," I reply.

Aunt Lucy continues. "Over behind your chair, pull it out and then stand up at attention behind it. Move, boy!"

I do as I'm told, pulling my chair well out away from the table and then stand to attention behind it.

Aunt Lucy eyes me. "Straighten up, boy!" she shouts. "Fingers stretched fully down by your sides, put your head UP!" She pauses for me to comply then adds, just as loudly, "Keep your eyes to your FRONT!" She keeps me standing in my thin swishy slip (with my panties plainly showing through it, I'm sure) even though the soup has been served and everyone has begun to sip it.

"STAND STILL, BOY! DON'T FIDGET," Aunt Lucy says all too loudly. She admonishes me tartly. "EYES TO YOUR FRONT! I TOLD YOU! DON'T LOOK AT ME OUT OF THE CORNERS!"

I continue to stand; it seems for ages, made to seem longer by my skimpy slip and panties while everyone else is fully attired in normal clothes.

"KEEP THAT HEAD UP! UP! UP!" she yells.

When I get it up, I am looking over the head of the person sitting opposite my place at table. I feel silly, standing there all dressed in shining white, truly like a sissy fag of a boy. I am always tempted to look at Auntie Lucy to see if she is about to allow me to sit down.

"SIT, STEWART!" Finally the order snaps from Aunt Lucy like a whiplash.

I sit down hurriedly, just in case she changes her mind. She can do so, when she's in certain moods.

"Pull in your chair," she snaps.

I draw it in until I'm almost touching the table. As I relinquish my grip on the seat of the chair, Aunt Olive now takes charge of me.

"Up straight, arms folded, eyes to your FRONT!"

I comply and now look straight at the person seated opposite me. It may be a man or a woman, either old or young. Ever since I have entered the room with our guests, I have tried not to look at them. I don't need to further my humiliation by gazing into the eyes of someone with a mix of shock and laughter in their expression. Those images stay in my mind for days! So I try my best not to actually meet the eye of the person across from me, especially if it should be someone, male or female around my own age or a little kid -- they're the worst. They usually can't stop laughing at me.

"Get that HEAD UP!" orders Aunt Olive testily. She has, since birth, a deformed hip that affects her walking to the extent that now she also has bunions and corns. These make her both bad and short

tempered. She is hardly ever in a good mood.

“HEAD UP,’ I said, or would you prefer your BOTTOM TO BE UP across your Aunt Lucy’s knees?”

She does not expect an answer to that. As I raise my head up a shade higher, she says, “YOU MAY START.” And as an after thought, “Remember, eat properly, no stains on your pinafore or the table cloth.”

As a regular part of my training, I’ve had many hours of practice to learn to eat properly, carried out with me kneeling at a card table that is set on a large sheet of white cartridge paper. The table itself is covered with similar paper, as is the spot I kneel on. I eat a full meal under the scrutiny of Aunts Lucy and Olive, who shout at every wrong move I make. The eating is made more difficult by the fact I am on my knees and the table is a bit unsteady. Only my arms, hands and head are allowed to move, and I must leave NO STAINS. If there are, one of my aunts will discipline me. This all suits my aunts -- MY MISTRESSES -- and their desire for me to be a perfect sissy. They see it as a reflection on them. And it's part of their routine to teach me to be absolutely OBEDIENT TO THEM.

My soup finished, Aunt Lucy directs me to clear away everyone’s dishes and bring through the next course: Today chops with mashed potatoes and two green vegetables. Once again I have to stand behind my chair and go through the hassle before being allowed to sit, and when I finally do sit, it’s up straight, arms folded, head well up, eyes to my front until Aunt Olive gives me permission to eat.

I know before I even see my plate that the chop I get will be a very fatty one. Not only fatty but Aunt Harriet undercooks it, so as the fat is chewy and horrible. I detest fat but Aunt Lucy loves it and eats all of hers. I have to do the same. To suit HER!

The first time she presented me with such a chop, I refused to eat it. “But, I’ll be sick, ma’am,” I said to no avail.

“If you are, you will clean it up and continue until you finish it,”

I protested, “But Aunts Harriet and Olive do not eat their fat. They leave it by the edge of their plates.”

Aunt Lucy replied, “You are neither your aunt Harriet nor Olive. I can eat every bit of MINE, so you will eat every bit of YOURS -- every morsel or I shall want to know the reason WHY. I mean it, so you had better get started, my lad.”

I didn’t finish it. In fact hardly ate any of it. Though Aunt Lucy gave me the strap for disobedience I felt it was worth it to have that chop in the dustbin. A paddled hot frilly panty bottom was a small price to pay. But come teatime she presented me with the, by then, cold and congealed fatty chop and two words, “EAT IT!”

I looked at it nauseated.

“Very well, sit up, fold your arms, eyes to your front. You’ll eat it before you get anything else; believe me you will. And I’ll wallop you each time you rise from this table with it unfinished. She allowed me to sit for a while before saying, “You have only to say, ‘YES, PLEASE,’ and I’ll allow you to start eating.”

I stuck it out; didn’t eat any of it -- not one bit. I got my fingers soundly warmed for my troubles. And the chop was set down at breakfast for me. I sat arms folded and didn’t even look at it. Same at lunch. At parttime I ate it. She had not walloped me; instead I was to be sent early to bed on Saturday and Sunday. For me that means 4 pm on each day, windows shuttered, light bulbs removed and door firmly LOCKED. 16 hours of bed and no alternative. I don’t get the better of any of my Aunts...they are my Mistresses. I should know better than try to go against them.

On a Saturday mornings I have to go shopping with Aunt Lucy and during this excursion we visit the butcher. She is a good customer and the butcher is obsequious to her. I think he fancies her a bit. I have to stand by in one of my girlish kilt outfits or some obviously feminine slacks and blouse combination while she chooses the chops with care, and as she finishes selecting what she wants, the butcher asks her, “And one for the boy, as usual, madam?”

“Yes, please,” she says smilingly; maybe she fancies him.

The man disappears into the back of the shop returning with the most ghastly fatty chop you could imagine.

“I saved this one for the little pantywaist, as I know you have told me he likes his fat.” He grins; he knows I DON’T. He knows all about my wearing aunt Lucy’s dirty panties every day. That much she has told him in my presence. Heaven knows how much else she has told him. I think he has been one of our guests at Sunday lunch, but since I avoid looking at the guests as much as possible, I’m not sure. By now, maybe half the people in town have been my aunts’ guests at one time or another. If not, at least word about me has gotten out. I don’t generally get quite the horrified reactions while out and around that I used to get. I supposed everyone has gotten used to seeing sissy little me tagging along with my aunts as they make their rounds.

The butcher interrupts my daydreaming. “There will be no charge, madam; no one else would pay me for it. Pig bin is all it’s fit for really.”

“Thank you very much, that’s awfully kind of you,” Aunt Lucy says as she bestows one of her beaming smiles on the man.

And now, it is Sunday lunch and yesterday’s fatty chop now reposes on my plate.

“You may start,” says Aunt Olive. No one needs to tell me that they expect a CLEAN PLATE from me.

Somehow I will manage to eat the repulsive thing.

That is a peek at my abominable lot in life. I'm no longer human. I no longer have a life. I'm a thing to be used and abused. I'm a swishy sissy in panties unable to function without my slippers and panties, heavily paddled bottom, and people making fun of me at every turn.

Based upon a revised version of "Glimpses of Ultra Strict Domestic Discipline" that appeared in issue #4 of Vixen.

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LIFESTYLE



Young girls working as undercover cops nab budding panty fetishists

Queen City, IA: Jack Forester was doing what most normal boys do when they spot a girl flashing her panties -- he stared!

But the girl he was staring at was Rachel Thomason, who is working with the Moral Leaders of Tomorrow Association to identify and reform boys likely to become lingerie fetishists.

Girls like Rachel are volunteers recruited to innocently and supposedly unknowingly flash boys peeks up their skirts or expose them to their panty waistband riding high over their slacks in back.

The girls work in pairs, one to do the flashing and the other to identify suspects -- any boy who gives any more than a passing glance to the teasing lingerie show.

After a boy is caught, his parents are notified and they are persuaded to enter the boy into a special lingerie addiction program presided over by Miss Prissy Unders.

SPORTS

Geeky Canadian pansy with panties on his brain and more than time on his hands creates 110 new ways to masturbate in your panties. See the pictures on laminated, cum stain-proof pages 20 through 54.

HEALTH



Woman loves licking cum out of her sissy husband's panties

NORMAL, IL: Candy Moore is delighted to have a pantywaist husband. The twenty-two-year-old housewife and mother of two is on a low carb diet. She has lost over 33 pounds in 12 weeks.

"I always was cock crazy. In high school they called me "the Hoover" because I sucked off or jacked off every guy I could. I craved eating boys' slimy stuff!"

"And now that I'm married I keep my husband thoroughly drained. I believe in the health benefits of cum. It's all protein and great on my low-carb diet.

"I'm getting my kids used to the taste of cum too. Every day put some of their daddy's cum in their cereal. My hubby's a sissy addicted to jacking off in his la panties, so we have a good supply."

"But with me on this diet and two growing boys, we need more fresh jism. My husband and I are now giving blowjobs and hand jobs to the neighborhood boys to augment our supply.

"Darrell is so sweet to let me do it, but I do have one condition: All those boys I go down on or jack-off have to wear panties! My husband taught me the joys of sissyboy sex and now that's the only way I want it! Oh, and our boys are now in panties too

HEADLINES

U.S. to Give Every Iraqi woman a dozen pairs of fancy panties in latest effort to bring peace

BAGDAD: At a Monday press conference, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld announced the U.S. is giving each Iraqi female a wardrobe of lingerie including a dozen pairs lacy panties, sexy slips and male-teasing satin bras.

Based upon new intelligence that Iraqi men are wild about female in fancy Western lingerie, the White House decided it was a cost effective way to keep idle Iraqi men at home instead of out ambushing American soldiers.

While most things (including the way many of Iraq's female dress) have remained unchanged for thousands of years and the people have little interest in adopting ways of Western societies, lingerie is the exception. The males in Iraq are absolutely gaga over frilly unmentionables! American intelligence wins out over barbarian torture methods once again!

However, a last minute adjustment to the program was made when thousands of Iraqi men started showing up in the lines to get the free frillies. Under intense questioning, U.S. Forces learned these men were getting the lingerie for themselves! Many are lingerie fetishists or boy prostitutes. This development created a moral crisis for the far-right conservative Bush, but he yielded, saying, "Keeping those men and boys off the streets is the goal, let the fairies and pansies have the panties! What ever works!"



An Iraqi woman checks out her sexy lingerie gift from George

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Government typo results in 10,000 pantie instead of pansies sent to beautify park

Man dies after eating eatable panties made from byproducts of cattle infected with mad cow disease

Fetish dominatrix says our right-wing president is one Bush she'd like to cover with panties

Pantywaist French president visits U.S. looking for spurt in panty sales after anti-French boycott

Ashcroft wants law to ban all lingerie sales says frillies responsible for our moral decay

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