

Princess Online

No.
69

November 2009
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.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's newest book, "Bob, Panty Thief" in the "Schooled to Be Girls!" series. Bob, who wants to get back at his girlfriend for snubbing him, steals a pair of her panties to embarrass her, but his plan backfires and he ends up getting punished by being sent to the Sylvan School for

Girls, where sissyboys are thoroughly feminized and humiliated at every turn. In this drawing, Bob ran away from the school authorities and is alone and without any money. He wanders onto a carnival lot and a girl shows him how to use his girlish charms to get some food without paying for it.

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

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

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

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

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HEY! It's what America loves to watch on TV and at the movies...

KIDS WORLD

Rated 'G'



Bullies

*strip, humiliate, abuse and force **Anton Tennet** (11 year old boy actor), to wear a pair of girls' sissy silky panties and a dainty pink satin dress in this 'G' rated family movie released in 2001.*

Watchdoggie!

Watchdoggie!

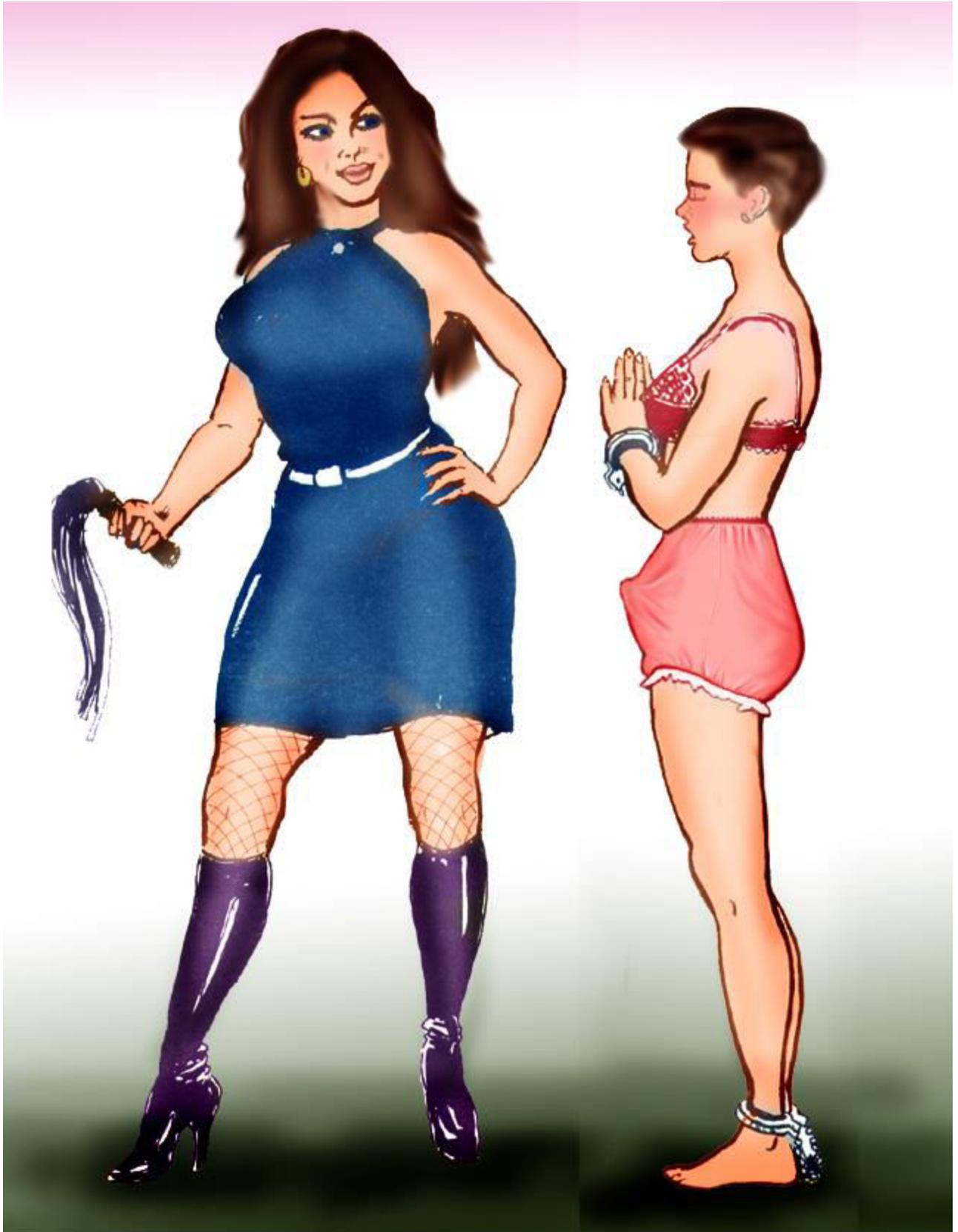
It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout 'family values' and left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: errant males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit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

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

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns and the girls in his fifth grade Catholic school during the 1950s. He still vividly recalls every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet that experience also taught him that our society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys. Radical groups bent upon destroying the male world circulate propaganda to their followers. Watchdoggie! monitors these groups, who are working to destroy present-day society! After almost 50 years, Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the pain and anguish he suffered undergoing petticoat punishment.

As therapy, he creates fanciful pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment pictures like the above poster for a 2001 movie, pictures that illustrate what happened to him. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while while being forced to wear a dress and panties and then having the nuns and other school kids laugh at and ridicule him.

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You can say all the prayers you want, ya little wanker, but nobody is going to save you from the hell I've got for you!

Classic Drawing

Here's an cute drawing from a crossdressing tabloid published in the 1970s.

A woman with a whip hovers over a crossdressing boy in his bra and panties. The caption reads: You can say all the prayers you want, ya little wanker, but nobody is going to save you from the hell I've got for you! Despite the impending punishment, the boy has a huge erection in his pink panties!

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Masquerade

Girlie-Boy Day at Sumer Camp



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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Richard

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Interesting sissyboy web pages from the Landover Baptist Church.

[What to do with sissyboys who refuse to play sports.](#)

[How to tell if your baby is going to be gay.](#)

[All about Mormon underwear, including frilly bloomers for high priests.](#)

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CHILD REARING!

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What to Do With a Sissy Boy Who Says "No" to Sports

Helpful Child Rearing Tips

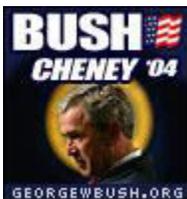
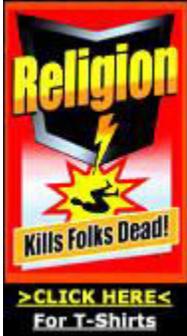
As a Christian parent, to find yourself raising a boy who expresses no interest in sports is not only embarrassing to you and your family, but also an insult to the Creator (God) and a public humiliation to members of your Baptist community. If you are in a position where a son you were once proud of, turns out to be a little sissy by asking you if he can quit playing sports, we pray that the helpful tips below will assist you in getting your limp-wristed little Nancy-boy back on the road to masculinity.

It is important to remember that little gay boys are all about trickery. They might show an initial



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interest in sports to appease the pride of a masculine father, while they are really skipping football practice so they can run off to play with dolls, dress up in their sisters' bras and lace panties, and trade Judy Garland records with their boyfriends. If you suspect your child is going behind your back to engage in effeminate activities, call your pastor immediately after you complete the first step below.

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Christian Tips for Parents of Boys Who Say "No" to Sports -

1.Ý The most effective way of getting a Nancy boy back in the game is to kindly and softly break one of the bones in his body that he used while playing sports. It is not an easy task. Remember the story of Abraham if your faith is swaying. God commanded Abraham to kill his son. Here, the Lord is only asking you to teach a loving lesson that will involve a painful setting and healing process. It is a tradition that has worked among Landover Baptist families here in Freehold, Iowa, for over one-hundred years. The grace and character of a loving father who is willing to sacrifice his son is a meaningful and worthy Biblical tradition. Acting upon this tradition will show your child how much he means to you, whether or not it makes complete sense to you while you are doing it. Grab your child firmly by whichever body part you intend to anoint (it's best to break the arm that he uses when masturbating in his stolen lace panties) and say, "In the name of Jesus Christ, I offer up this bone as a sacrifice to the living testament and bond between myself and my son."Ý A short, quick impact to the forearm or shin with a heavy object like a large KJV 1611Bible or a household iron will usually do the trick. Place his arm or shin over a hard surface and come down hard with one fell swoop. Wait at least three hours before driving him to the hospital to have it set. Let him cry and think about what Jesus just made you do. When all is said and done, the broken bone should heal up by next football season and your boy will have learned his lesson. In addition, you will have instilled a healthy fear in him. You can now confidently say to him, "You are afraid of me? Wait until you meet your Father in Heaven! He'll give you something to be scared about! It's called, Hell!Ý And that's where He'll send you if you don't honor your father and your mother and stop sneaking into your mother's bedroom and trying on her makeup and dresses!"

2.Ý If your boy approaches you in a contemplative manner about giving up sports (that is, he hasn't quite made up his mind, but is just coming to you for advice), hold your hand up with the backside toward his face and smack him firmly across his cheeks repeatedly until he cries like a little sissy. This is called, "bitch slapping." It is a humiliating and extremely effective way of showing your boy that he is embarrassing you by acting like a little girl.Ý

3.Ý If it is within your family budget, military school is an excellent option. Arrange for him to be transported to a strict military school within a week after he tells you he isn't interested in playing sports. Give him the silent treatment from the minute you hear him say he wants to quit sports up until the moment the Sergeant arrives at your front

door to pick him up. The last thing your son should hear you say before he leaves the house is, "Sergeant, every day strip him and check his underwear to make sure he isn't wearing some 'girls' panties he has stolen. Just like the devil who is controlling him, he is very clever and he can probably even get panties at a tough military school. Now, if you can't turn this little sissy gay boy into a real man, Sergeant, I don't want him back. Then let him keep his panties and let the other cadets humiliate him and teach him what it's like to be a sissy girl faggot."

4. Here is a quick and easy way to de-sissify your child. This advice works under almost any circumstance, and we've given it out on several other occasions. Make a sandwich-board sign that says, "I'm a Sissy Gay Boy Who Loves to Wear Pretty Girls' Panties and I'm Afraid of Sports." Put this around your child's neck and have him sit in a public place, like at a professional football game, the local basketball courts, or even out at the end of your driveway.



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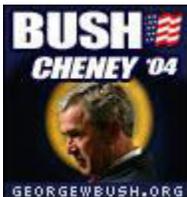
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Handy Homo Prevention Tips For Concerned Parents With Suspect Toddlers

A parent can never act too soon in taking precautionary measures to ensure that their child will never become intoxicated with mommy's perfume and choose to devote his life to being a prancing, lace-panty-wearing homo. By being both proactive and willing to inflict welts for Jesus, you can beat Satan at his own sick game and prevent him from turning your impressionable child into an ugly, rotting twig in the family tree crying out for brutal pruning.



Christian Doctors at Landover Baptist Hospital's [Homosexual Reparative Extreme-Psycho-Stabilization Ward](#) have put together a handy list of preventative tips for concerned parents with newborns or toddlers. Please print out these Godly reminders and pop them in your purse the moment your water breaks for handy reference.

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Early Child Development Homo Prevention Tips

1. Ÿ A boy must not sit on a toilet unless he is having a bowel movement.

Standing straight up, not hunched over while urinating, is a sign of manliness. Squatting on a toilet seat (especially if he hovers to avoid the urine of others or prissily wipes the seat with a square of toilet tissue) to pee is not only effeminate but a sign of shame! It is a secret hobby that homosexuals use in their daily lives. It is a scientific fact that when needing to use the restroom, a male is called upon to engage in the unpleasant undertaking of extruding a poopy in only 1 out of every 3 visits. But homosexuals use all three visits to practice squatting, to limber the cheeks of their bottom in preparation for even the most enormous (Negro) penises. Such calisthenics are neither necessary nor advisable for men who have no intention of squatting over an engorged penis. As soon as your child is able to walk on two feet, you must make that sure he is taught to stand proudly in front of a private or public toilet seat, and to speak not a word, especially in response to the coy whispers of Catholic priests in the next stall.

2. Ÿ A boy must eat everything on his plate. But if your son pesters you to serve corn on the cob, hot dogs or sausages, that is your signal to change his diet. Try serving meals that more effectively evoke a hankering for the fragrant delights of the female genitalia. An artichoke stuffed with tuna fish will usually do the trick.

3. Ÿ A boy must always wear socks, except while swimming. So-called, "flip-flops" and "sandals," where the toes and ankles are exposed are products that were created during the (homo)sexual revolution. Creation research indicates that these types of provocative "shoes," were invented by homosexuals in San Fransissycy during the late 1960's with fetishes for little boy ankles. Thwart the perverted delight of these pedo-pedophiles with a thick pair of tube socks!



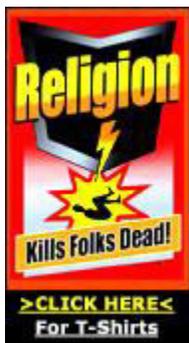
4. **ÝÝ A boy must not be allowed to watch cartoons of any kind.** He should spend Saturday mornings sitting quietly by his Father's side (with a respectful 3" between the male bodies), watching sports that don't involved male leotards. He must watch Football, Basketball, Baseball and Boxing. Soccer is not a sport for civilized people and often results in alarmingly long, uncut penises escaping from very alluring satin shorts. Soccer appeals only to poor, uneducated halflings from underdeveloped countries where the women grow mustaches twice as fast as the men. Make your child aware of this. When there are no sports on TV, take your boy out in the backyard and throw the football or play catch with a very hard baseball. Under no circumstances: wrestle in shorts, especially if your son is strapping, handsome and sporting a noticeably turgid crotch.



5. **ÝÝ A boy must not play with dolls.** If your boy has a younger sister, forbid him from entering her room except for the purposes of the type of ordinary heterosexual experimentation that occurs in any Christian household. If you catch your male child playing with dolls or going into his sister's room to play dress up in her dresses and panties, Landover Baptist Child Psychologists recommended that you shave his head, and sit him out at the end of the driveway with a sign around his neck that says, "I'm a Sissy Boy Who Plays With Dolls and Wears My Sister's Clothes. Will Some Real Boys Please Play with Me?".



6. **ÝÝ A boy must not refer to his parents as "Mommy" or "Daddy."** As soon as your boy is old enough to speak, he must be taught to call his Mother, "Ma," or "Momma" or "Mommie Dearest." When addressing his Father, he should refer to him as, "Sir," "Dad," or "Commander." "Mommy" and "Daddy" are what fey, spoiled boys weaned on effeminacy coo, embarrassing you in front of the neighbors by never keeping the palms of their hands below their waists.



7. **ÝÝ A boy must always wear thick, white underwear.** White boxers, and/or briefs are acceptable. Your child must be taught that men who wear colored underwear or undergarments cut within one inch of the outer periphery of their pubic region or the trough of the valley between the cheeks of their bottom are either European or Homosexual ñ and in America there is no difference between the two. Suffice it to say that boys should never put on any type of female garment, especially panties. Girl's frilly, silky and pastel-colored panties can ruin a boy for life if he puts them on for just one second! ÝSome parents think they should punish a sissy by making him wear fancy girls' panties to humiliate him, but that is a mistake. Silken and lace panties are a creation of Satan and they are so alluring that even a tough boy can't resist getting hooked on them. Yes, I know, some very tough males claim that they were pantied when they were a kid and it didn't hurt them at all. Well, I got news for you. That's exactly the type of male who still wears sissy panties every chance he gets. In fact, he probably wears them 24/7. If you hear that a guy was panty trained or panty tamed as a kid, sneak into his bedroom and I'll guarantee you'll find a mound of the fanciest girlie panties you could ever imagine, and he probably has them hidden in his trunk full of sports equipment! Then take those panties out and show them to all his friends and neighbors. that will humiliate him into a cubby hole he'll never get out of! However, be careful handling silky panties, they are contagious, so you should only handle them with gloves on. In fact that's not a bad idea because heaven only know what kind of germ-filled and unGodly stains are on any sissy's lace panties!



8. **ÝÝ A boy must never cry or pout.** Crying, pouting or showing feelings are weak and feminine traits. After the natural tears of infancy, brought on by a child's traumatic exit from the spiritual realm of HeavenÝ to the horrible shock every young man experiences in seeing his very own mother's hairy, dilated vagina, and into this Devil

run world we call, "Earth," your boy must be taught to stop crying. It usually takes a normal child several weeks to get over its birth ñ even when using daily submersions into ice-water. If your child is still crying after three weeks, please drop him off at the Creation Science Laboratory for the remainder of the year and for a determination of whether he is worth having back.

9. Ý A boy must not use brightly colored crayons or any crayons from any colors of a rainbow. Christian parents should remove and destroy any suspiciously colored crayons from their boy's box of Crayolas. This needs no explanation, as we here at Landover Baptist are all familiar with Mr. Crayola's so-called "alternate lifestyle," and his reason for putting "Pansy Pink" and "Engorged Penis Head Purple" into his boxes are quite obvious. A boy must also draw in straight lines. Some curves are fine, but if you suspect your child of "doodling," and see that he is using more curves than straight lines, please call your Pastor immediately.

10. Ý A boy must not skip or prance. You must not allow your boy to attend any school where they teach the children to "skip," or play "hopscotch" in Physical Education class. Creation Scientists have proved that such activities are the precursor to cross-dressing, appreciation for poetry, a sardonic display of irony and the rampant shoplifting of skin care products. Also any boy who prances when he walks is probably wearing silken panties secretly under his boys' clothes. Strip him on the spot, regardless of whether he is in private or public, and if he is wearing panties, humiliate and chastise him severely on the spot. Then send him to your Pastor, and if he can't get the boy on a hard straight course, throw the little sissy out of the house.

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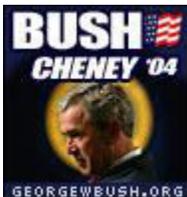
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Congregation Stripped Naked in Mormon Underwear Bust!

A compelling testimony from [former](#) Level 42 Mormon Cleric, Brother Zechariah Hosea, calls church members to action!

[Transcript - Landover Baptist Main Sanctuary - July 4, 2004](#)

Greetings, and thank you all for having me here. As I am wont to do, I begin each of my testimonies with a brief public prayer. So I ask now for every head to be bowed, and every eye to be closed, thank you.

Heavenly Father, thank you for delivering me from the cult of Mormonism, America's favorite religious fantasy role-playing game that doesn't involve a genuine invisible god.

Thank you for the Holy Spirit, who came to strip me of my sinful sissy pink and lacey bloomer panties and expose me, thereby returning me to the Garden from which Adam was banished by a cranky Lord.

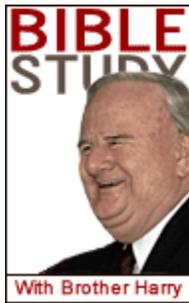
Speak through my anointed lips so those listening here today shall also be returned to a state of grace, unadorned by the apparel designed by Satan.

Kindle within their hearts, through your humble servant, Zechariah Hosea, a call to harness the furious fires of your Holy wrath sevenfold! And set free my brothers and sisters still trapped within the secret world of [Mormon fetishisms](#). Praise be, and A-men.

Friends, I took off my magic, pink sissy Mormon bloomer panties ten years ago, and haven't looked back since. I'm going to pass my old silk and lace bloomers around the church now, (Zechariah steps down from the pulpit) here



Above: A pair of rare "Cleric Class, Level 42, Occult Mormon Priest Underwear."



you go, ma'am, you inspect that carefully and pass it on to the lovely young lady on your right there, and so-on. I want everyone to take a long careful look at my old underwear. Don't be afraid little lady; they're not going to bite you! That's right, I want you to smell them, touch them, and rub them against your naked private parts to show Satan that these girlish bloomer panties with their secret Mormon designs on them have no power over you! That's it, madam, reach under your skirt and rub them against yourself, that's right. And you sis, don't be bashful, just open your zipper and rub these pink satin panties over your rod, oh, down over you testicles too. That's it, I can tell you're doing it right, but do be careful, try not to soil them too much with your seed. Yes, Satan is clever, I know many of you fellows won't be able to resist relieving a little tension. I understand, I was hooked on these panties for year, they are very cunning in their design and almost irresistible to the touch... good. I can see you're all getting into it.



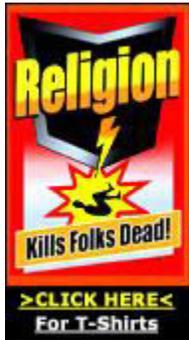
Now, I know you've all heard about [Mormon underwear](#) before, but what you hold in your hands even 99% of Mormons don't know about. These sissy panties supposedly have magic in them. most Mormons when they first see a higher wearing them fall down to their knees and adore them. And for me to show them in public, I am putting myself in grave peril. They have spies everywhere. Normally, you would have to be a Salt Lake City streetwalker to get as close to it as you are now. Well, after my testimony is over, each and every one of you are going to be able to run home and tell everyone that you've held the genuine article in your very hands. That pair of Mormon skivvies is going to sell for a boatload of cash on E-Bay, and you're going to find out why in just a few minutes, so let me continue. Ma'am, please take that out of your mouth. Thank you.



You folks might be shocked to hear me say this, but before this sermon is over, the Lord Jesus is going to call on me to move with utter chasteness and holiness in personally examining the undergarments of every single good Christian person seated here today. That's right! I'm going to take a peek at what each and every one of you has got going on under your skirts, dresses and trousers! I see some of you shifting in your seats there. Ease back now, folks... when you hear what I have to say, you'll happily oblige to my Christian demands, if only for your own personal safety. Praise be! And don't worry if the style you're wearing isn't the latest, or if you've had a little accident down there during the last hymn or even if you slipped on a pair you found on the floor this morning because nothing was clean. My eyes and fingers will be the Lord's eyes and fingers, as our Savior said, "Nothing is unclean."



Brothers and sisters in Christ, what I am about to tell you, [every Mormon](#) will deny. And the reason for that is most Mormons don't have a clue as to what hocus pocus goes on behind the temple door. Marilyn Chambers may have gotten behind the Green Door, but those Mormons have never gotten



behind the golden doors of their temple. Oh, they think they've been behind the door, but there are many doors in the temple, and many classes and levels in the Mormon world. 99 percent of Mormons are level 14 Alchemists, and most of them die before they get to level 21, so they never get any knowledge or power. I testify now, that standing before you today is a former level 64 Mage with over 150,000 skill points as a Prophet trained class 42 Cleric. And that's as high as I needed to go for enough magic points and Adena (a secret Mormon currency) to purchase what I thought were the final undergarments needed to get into the secret chamber and level up to 65. Ý Friends, to get to an equivalent level of learning in Scientology would have cost me roughly \$897,450.27



Once I got into the secret chamber, however, I learned that there were even more levels and classes that I didn't know about before. ÝAnd, frankly, after some of the scary stuff I'd already seen, I wasn't sure my poor heart would take any more information. Something clicked when I found myself standing face to face with a level 79 Priest in silver satin panties underwear and a snakehead. Do you folks realize how many skill points and rare items are needed to get to that level?Ý Even rich Mormons, like the Smarts ñ you know, the ones who sold their little blond daughter as a sex slave to a local vagrant and then couldn't stop yapping about it on TV ñ even the Smarts couldn't afford the fees to get to a level 79. Ý Even after their book deal.

It was years later, after I got saved, that the Holy Spirit called me to a True Christian ministry. And that ministry is to expose the Mormon church at the highest level and lay bare the sordid secrets of the Mormon world. I realized that in order to accomplish this holy quest, I needed to obtain the most powerful underwear available. In order to do that, I became what the Mormons call, a "Rogue Scout." A thief, if you will, who operates outside the bonded rules of the Mormon world, and obtains items through fleetness of fingers rather than skill points, in order to level up quickly and exploit the vulnerabilities of my opponents.

At this time, I would like to ask Landover Baptist security officers to bolt the doors to this sanctuary. Thank you. Ý

Now, there is no cause for alarm. If we keep having all this screaming nobody will know why the Holy Spirit is pulling at your elastic waistband. I do this at the end of each session and there is no need for anyone to be embarrassed. I want all of you to form a single file line and approach the screened off areas on either side of the altar. Men to the right ñ that's MY right ñ and the gentler gender to the left. When you are there, I want you drop your pants, and skirts for you



ladies. Carefully remove your underwear. When you exit from behind the privacy panels, drop your undergarments into the large baskets next to the complimentary tite buckets provided in fellowship hall for your convenience.

I understand that Landover Baptist is known the world over for its resourcefulness when it comes to security, and I mean no disrespect. High level Mormon Priests and Prophets are extremely cunning, and there is a bounty out on my head. Why, there could be one of these high-level Mormons sitting here in this congregation today. Yes, it could even be one of your neighbors! The only way for me to know for certain is to secure your undergarments. Understand, for reasons I cannot reveal, your panties and undies will not be returned to you. I will perform my Godly duty by carefully inspecting each pair in the comfort and privacy of my home at my own leisure.

Thank you for being cooperative, and good day.

Oh, and books and tapes of the extended version of my testimony are available for sale in main lobby. God bless!

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Pantied, Petted & Pacified

By Bobbi

When I was ten, Dad left my mom for another woman. Dad used to spank my butt every time I did something wrong, and he also smacked me whenever he felt like it, especially at night when he sat in front of the TV and drank one beer after another. With the unfair way he used to punish me, I was glad he was gone, but without him around, I became more difficult for my mom to handle. I'd argue with her, figuring I could get my way a lot more without getting spanked.

Mom spanked me sometimes, but when she did it, I knew I had done something wrong. And Mom didn't hit real hard like Dad used to do. Still, Mom could make me cry with just a smack or two, but I was a sensitive kid who cried easily.

To get out of the house and meet new friends, Mom joined a new church. I hated it because the people weren't friendly and the kids were all dorks. Some people might have called me a sissy (and they often did), but compared to some of the boys at this church, I was he-man! Anyway, I never saw it coming. All of my mom's warnings about my getting 'too big for my britches' and 'being a smarty pants' went right over my head until one day when my life got changed forever.

I was out back playing, and Mom called me to come in.

"In a bit," I shouted back.

But she put her hands on her hips like she did when she meant business and said, "Right now, Bobby! Hurry, I got your bath all ready."

I didn't want a bath, but she had warned me I was going to get a bath before supper. I didn't feel like fussing. Besides, I was bored, so I went in to take my bath.

In my room I stripped and put my robe on and then went to the bathroom. The tub was full of bubbles that smelled like strawberries. I hated bubble baths and smelly stuff. I turned to yell out at Mom, but she was right there.

"Don't start, Bobby. I want you to smell nice for church tomorrow."

"Aw mom, this stuff stinks."

“Yes, it stinks nice; now get in there, hurry up.”

I sighed, took off my robe and stepped into the heaping mound of bubbles.

“Now wash yourself well and don't forget to shampoo.”

She took my robe and left me there in the bubble bath. I didn't have a clue that my life was about to take a drastic change. I washed my hair and played with the bubbles. I got used to the smell. It wasn't so bad. After I got out and dried off with a big towel, I went to my room to get dressed for supper.

Mom was there waiting. “All clean, sweetie?”

I made a face and said, “Mom, don't call me sweetie!”

She just smiled and opened a pink box with pictures of strawberries all over it, and said, “All right, let's put some powder on you.”

“Aw, mom!” I tried to complain, but she talked right over me as she pulled the towel off me and said, “This will make you smell nice.”

She began patting me with the powder puff. The powder's strawberry smell was overpowering. I tried to pull away.

“No, mom! It's too smelly!”

But she held onto me, and to my surprise, she smacked my naked bottom hard.

“O-O-O-OW!”

“Stand still, Bobby; it'll all be over soon.”

I stopped fighting and let her finish powdering me. When she opened my underwear drawer, my mouth dropped open as she lifted out a pair of pink nylon panties with red ribbon bows on each side by the leg elastics plus another bow at the waist in the middle.

As she held the panties up to give me a good look at them, she said, “See here? The pretty little bow here on the front, sweetie, is how you can tell this is the front of the panties!”

“Panties!” I moaned to myself. “Panties!” These were panties for girls!

Then she pointed to the one side and I saw my name embroidered right above one of the bows. I cried

out, “NO-O-O-O! NO-O-O!”

She pulled on my arm and yanked me right up onto my bed and said, “You've gotten too big for little boy underpants. These pretty panties will put you in your place. I'm going to take some of that nasty boy out of you, Bobby. You think you can talk back to me and do whatever you want no matter what I say. Well, wearing panties will make take away your nastiness.”

I tried to squirm away but got two sharp smacks on my naked thighs. I stopped kicking, and instantly she slid my feet through the frilly panty leg holes. In one quick motion she stood me up on the bed and pulled the silky lace panties up around my waist. With a loud snap of the elastic waistband against my thin tummy, I was pantied.

“NO-O-O-O!” I screamed. “Take them off, take them off!”

“No, Bobby, you asked for this! You're going to be a little pantywaist until you've learned some manners. You're going to wear panties like a little girl and learn to act properly — cry all you want. You're a little pantywaist now, so you can act like one and cry all you want!”

As she was saying that, she was running her hands over the panties, smoothing them out over my hips and butt. She flicked the waist and leg elastics a few times – a stinging reminder to me of the sissy silk panties I now had on. I was in shock. Then I was further startled when she reached into my panties, and with her one hand on the inside of the panties and her other hand on the outside of the silky panties, she took a long time adjusting my penis and balls, tucking them back as far down into the crotch of my panties as she could get them, viscosly pushing them back between my legs. Then she took a strong hold of the waist elastic and pulled the girlie panties up real hard, crushing my panty-trapped penis and balls almost like she was cutting them off. She smoothed out the pink, ribbon-decorated panties once again, spending a lot of time tugging them up tight and flattening them out between my legs.

“Just like a girl!” she muttered to herself but plenty loud enough for me to hear.

As she held me in place, I started marching my legs up and down because I was being held and couldn't break free. But she flung me over her lap and immediately began hitting my skinny pantied butt, raining spanks down on me in rapid succession. Her hand hurt! She had never spanked me so hard, and it hurt even more because I was wearing silky panties, like some dumb pantywaist sissy! Tears of humiliation and pain poured down my cheeks. She spanked my pantied butt over and over. I kicked my feet and screamed.

“Please, stop, please! It hurts! Please, stop!”

But she continued until I couldn't even protest anymore, but just lay there on her lap sobbing uncontrollably.

She tossed me onto my bed and said, "Don't you dare take off your panties or you'll get an even worse spanking." Then she added, "You'll get used to them."

"No I won't!"

She grabbed me by my hair and turned my face up toward hers as she said, "Oh, yes, you will, sweetie! You're going to wear panties all the time, so the sooner you decide you like your pretty panties the better."

She let go of me and left me sobbing on my bed in my new silk panties. I finally quit crying and lay there. I reached down and felt the nylon fabric of the panties with the fingertips of both hands, and immediately pulled them back like they got a little electric shock. Hesitantly, I inched my fingertips toward the panties again. I lightly touched them, took a deep breath, and slid my whole hands over the silky panties. They felt so weird to touch and even more weird to feel all around my body. From the aftermath of the spanking, I was still panting and taking in big gulps of air. I hated touching the panties, but I had to do it. I had to see and really feel what they were like. I was sick to my stomach because I knew boys didn't wear girls' clothes, especially lacy panties! I was numb. Still sniffing, still running my hands over the soft nylon – and occasionally running into one of the little satin bows, I closed my eyes and wondered how this all had happened. "What had I done that had been so bad?" I wondered. And I wondered what would happen next. But I knew what I had to do. I got off the bed and went sheepishly to the living room where my mother was reading. I knew better than to take off the panties or to try to put on my regular clothes. Embarrassed and thoroughly shamed, trembling and still breathing irregularly from the spanking, I stood before her with my head hung low.

She looked up and asked, "Ah, here's my little pantywaist! Are you finished crying, sweetie?"

I held back new tears, nodded 'yes' and then said softly, "I promise to be good, Mommy."

"That's nice, sweetie. We'll eat soon, so go wash your face and hands."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, trying to show her I was going to be good. Then I said, "Can I take them off now?"

"Oh, no, sweetie! You're going to wear your panties all the time! Panties all day every day! Pantywaist boys wear panties forever and ever! And you're a pantywaist boy – my pantywaist boy!"

I broke out in tears and sobbed, "NO! No, Mommy, I can't! I'm not a pantywaist!"

"You're wearing pretty girlie panties, aren't you? So whether you like it or not, you're a pantywaist, and you're going to stay a pantywaist until you learn how to act, even if that is forever!"

"But, Mommy, I can't! You can't make me!"

“I can and I have! And if you don't think I can, I'll give you a spanking on your new panties that will make your bottom brighter red than those little red bows on your pretty new sissy panties!

“Now you do as I told you, go wash up. And keep on your panties. They are YOUR panties! And if you can't mind me, then maybe I'll let Johnny and his mom come over and see what a little pantywaist sissy you are.”

I wailed, “NO-O-O-O!” and went running to the bathroom to wash my face and hands.

Johnny was a boy from up the street, one of the only boys smaller than me that I could pick on. In fact, that's what I had called him the last time we played. I didn't get to know him until Mom joined that church because Johnny's mom belonged to that church too and that's where we got to know them. Sometimes, when I had nothing else to do, I'd go over to his place and play with him. I liked being bigger and tougher than him. The week before, I was at his place. We were playing in his backyard, and he wouldn't climb up a tree. He said he'd get his clothes dirty and all messed up. I climbed up the tree, looked down and made fun of him. I called him a sissy and made him cry.

As I sat at the supper table in nothing but my silky pink panties, I felt totally humiliated. I kept squirming around because my bottom still smarted from the spanking. I felt like a five year old little girl and my mother talked to me like one. As we ate, she explained that one of the church ladies had told her how she had turned her little boy into a wonderful child by using panties on him. They acted as a reminder to him to be nice and not be disobedient to his mother. I pouted when I asked Mom how long I would have to wear them, and would I really have to wear them forever! Mommy said that as soon as I learned to act properly, my panty training would end. But if I never learned to be a perfectly sweet and obedient child, I would be wearing silk and lace panties forever!

I was devastated and too ashamed to do anything but sit and nibble at my food and nod ‘yes’ when asked if I understood. After supper, mommy put a frilly pink apron on me and made me clean up the dishes. She laughed at how my silky pink panties showed out of the back of the apron whenever I turned around. With a giggle, she patted my silky pantied bottom through the back of the apron every time I walked by her. As I did the dishes, I realized this wasn't one of my mommy's aprons. It was small – in my size – it fit me perfectly. I knew she had gotten it just for me, but that thought scared me, so I kept myself busy washing and drying the dishes and tried not to think such thoughts. She let me watch TV till bedtime. I had to sit on the floor before her in just the humiliating panties and occasionally get something for her. Her looking at me in my panties with those smiling eyes made me blush and shutter every time. I was so embarrassed to wear them. I wasn't getting used to wearing panties and was sure I never would!

I was thrilled when it was finally bedtime until she told me, “You'll sleep in your new panties, just like little girls do! It'll help you get used to wearing them. In the morning, come to breakfast in just your panties. No other clothes, sweetie.”

I cried myself to sleep.

Sunday morning I sat at the table in my new panties and ate breakfast. Then Mommy sent me to wash my face and hands and go to my bedroom to get dressed for church.

“Take off your panties, Bobby,” Mommy said as she followed me into my room.

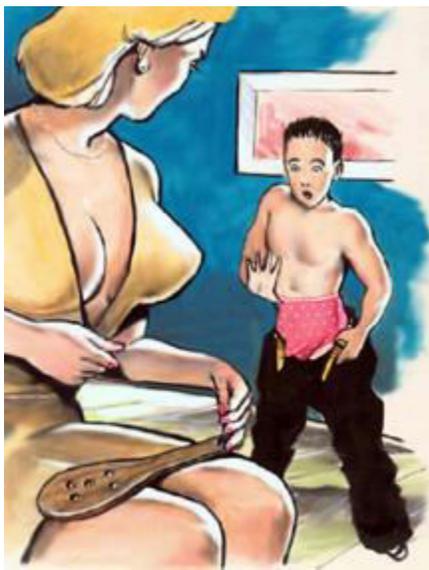
Was this it? Was this the end of me wearing panties? With a triumphant grin, I gladly took off the humiliating panties. I yanked them down and off so fast, tripped on them and fell against the bed. She took them from me and put them in my hamper. Opened my underwear drawer, she took out another pair of PANTIES! My heart fell, and I panted audibly the moment I saw the panties dangling from her fingertips. Horrified, I jumped up and down and cried out, “NO-O-O! MOMMY, PLE-E-E-ASE! Not to church too!”

But she just yanked me up on my bed and started putting the panties over my feet, saying, “I told you, sugar, you'll get used to wearing pretty panties. Really, they are very nice to wear. Now you have silky panties just like Mommy wears. Aren't you a lucky little pantywaist boy? You're going to love being a pantywaist sissy boy for your mommy. You are ten years old. You are not a man and probably never will be. You are not even a real boy. You are a ten-year-old pantywaist because that's what I want you to be. Now, don't you dare even try to take off your nice panties or mommy will spank.”

She forced my feet through the lacy leg holes of the white nylon panties. This pair had big red cherries printed on them and red ribbon bows and big wide rows of white lace around the leg holes. As she pulled the ticklish panties up my slender legs and then lifted me up to pull them up crushingly around my waist, I felt a huge wave of shame sweep over my entire young body. I hung my head and my eyes dripped tears as she pulled the elastic waistband way out and let it snap real hard against my tender tummy.

“That's my sweet little pantywaist boy. Just cooperate with mommy and you won't get a red bottom to match those little red cherries on your silky white panties.”

I sat on her lap with my head down as she put socks and shoes on me. The short white socks had a little white lace around the top of them. I gasped and at first pulled my foot away, but she smacked my thigh, grabbed my feet one by one and forced the girly-girly lace ankle socks on me. Then she stood me up and put a shirt and shorts on me and stood me in front of my full length mirror to take a look at myself.



“There! We're almost ready for church, my sweet little pantywaist.”

I had been crying gently so my tear-filled eyes blurred my vision

and I couldn't see too clearly what I had been dressed in. But now I used the back of both of my hands to push away the tears from my eyes and then looked up in the mirror. My face immediately went to an even deeper shade of red! I had on a silky white short-sleeved shirt with a rounded collar and pearly buttons, and pink velvet shorts with wide legs that left a big gap of my bare legs from the bottom of the shorts down to the ankle socks. The shoes were shiny and black with a strap across the top. I looked like a sissy -- a two year old sissy at that!

I sobbed and did a little dance and pleaded with my mother, "Oh, mommy, please, don't take me to church like this. Please! I'll be good. I'll be good! Really, I will!"

She just smacked me hard on my bottom and said, "Hush, up now, panty boy!"

I cried out, "O-O-O-OW!"

"Now, you be good in church, and if you aren't, I'll take your little sissy shorts down and spank you on your pretty panties while everyone watches. Go wash your face and quit crying, or I'll put you in a dress for church." She smacked me on my bottom and sent me running to the bathroom in tears.

I washed my face and went docilely with my mother to church. I sat beside her in the pew with my head down and tried not to cry and not to look at anyone. I heard people coming by and my mother said 'hello' to several. One woman whispered to my mom, "It looks like you've taken my advice, Madge," as she reached down and lifted up the flared leg opening of my pink shorts. I gave a start and tried to shirk away from her but Mommy held me tightly as the lady reached up, giggled when she saw the lacy leg opening of my cherry panties and gave the elastic a sharp snap that echoed throughout the church.

"I'm sure you'll be a good little boy for your mommy, now," she said, and with her fingers still up the leg of my shorts and stroking the nylon of my panties, she leaned real close to my ear and whispered, "I know you'll be a good boy; otherwise, everyone here will find out you wear little girls' lacy panties!"

I turned red as I realized this was the woman who had told my mom to put me in panties. I had kept my head down the whole time, but as shaming as it was, I had to look up at her and see who she was.

It was Johnny's mother!

"He's a sweet one, now, Madge, I'm sure he won't be giving you any trouble. He even blushes like a little girl."

I sat there red-faced with tears forming in my eyes. For the service, I sat there wallowing in my shame. I don't even remember what went on. On the way out of church, I heard some women saying things like "How cute!" some men saying things like "Oh, my, god!" some girls giggling, and some boys shouting out the word "sissy." I wasn't paranoid. I tried my best not to look at any of them because I knew they were all reacting to me and the stupid sissy way I was dressed.

After we got home from church I cried again. I begged my mother to stop making me wear panties and stupid sissy clothes. As tears rolled down my cheeks, I begged, "Please, Mommy, please! I'll be good."

She smiled, pulled me to her and gave me a big hug, raising my hopes as she undid my pink velvet shorts and let them fall around my ankles.

"I know you'll be good, sweetie. The panties are helping you do that beautifully. So, no more fussing about wearing your nice new sissy panties. You need them to be good.

"Go put your shorts in your dresser drawer, and then come back, put your apron on and help Mommy with dinner." I stepped out of the pink velvet shorts and hung my head as she gave my little pantied bottom a sharp smack."

When I opened my dresser drawer in my room, I saw a lot of pink, purple, baby blue and lace and ruffles. My eyes were clouded over with tears, but I didn't wipe them away, I didn't want to see the horrible clothes in that drawer waiting for me!

All day every day in frilly nylon panties! All night every night in silky panties! Each night I prayed my humiliation would end, and each morning I was put into another pair of little girls' frilly nylon panties. Every pair of panties – and there were a lot of them in my drawer – had my name embroidered on them. Each day my mother found a reason to spank me. "You have to learn, sugar," she'd say as she'd pull my pants down and firmly spank the hell out of my skinny little sissy pantied bottom.

Then one Friday morning Mommy had spanked me and then stood me up and explained to me, "If you don't improve more, I'm not going to let you wear shorts or trousers when we go out. I'll put you in skirts or dresses whenever we go to church and to the store. And until you learn to act like a good little pantywaist no more pants or shorts for you in the house. Even in girls' slacks, you try to act too much like a boy. So, from now on, even when you've been very good, while you are in the house, from the waist down the only thing you will wear will be your pretty little panties.

I started to protest again, and that made her angry.

"When are you going to learn? You know I have a bunch of skirts and dresses for you. I'm sure you've seen them in your closet. Who do you think those skirts and dresses are for? Huh! They're all for you, my little pansy. I told you no more backtalk! Ever! So does that mean you want to have me put you in one of your new dresses right now?"

I just cried. I wanted to shake my head 'no' but was afraid that she'd take that as a protest. Unable to move I just stood there and took her abuse.

"You are never to say 'no' to me. Understand, Bobby? I want you to act more like a prissy little

pantywaist, wiggle your hips when you walk, talk in sweet little whispers like a little girl, and get excited like a little queer boy when I put you in a fresh pair of panties each day. Understand and do what I want. If you don't, I'll take you to the doctor and have her cut you little baby penis and nuts off! Then your panties will fit you like they should!"

In shock, I nodded 'yes.'

She let me go and I ran to my room crying and fell on my bed and sobbed. As I lay on my aching stomach, her words echoed through my mind, and I sobbed and sobbed. When I finally ran out of tears, I thought I heard voices and then my door opened and it was mother and Mrs. Kent.

I looked at them in horror and rolled over twisting myself up in the bedspread as I tried to cover my frilly white lace-trimmed pink panties.

My mother said, "See, he cries continually."

"He'll stop, Madge, you'll see. He'll learn to love his panties." As she was talking to Mommy, she reached under the edge of the bedspread and grabbed my penis thorough the nylon panties. She jerked on it roughly. It caused me to arch my back and gasp for air.

"See, Madge," she said as she pulled the bedspread back far enough so Mommy could see how she was touching me. A few dozen strokes like this ten or more times a day, and within a week he'll be following you around like a hound dog in heat, pleading with you to jack him off in his panties!"

I looked up at Mommy and she was wide-eyed and grinning and holding up a very childish little girls' red velvet dress with lots of white lace trim, short puffy sleeves and a big white satin ribbon that went around the waist. She held the dress out to Mrs. Kent who let go of my penis and cooed as she took the dress and nodded approvingly.

"Hold him, Madge, and I'll put him in his first little dress."

"NO-O-O-O!" I screamed as Mommy held me.

Mrs. Kent said, "Now, every time you say 'no' to your mother or don't do what she wants, you will have to wear a skirt or a dress. And if you think you are big enough to fight your mother off and refuse to put on your dress, I live right down the street. She can call me at any time and I'll be right over to help her dress you up like the little pantywaist boy-girl we want you to be!"

Mrs. Kent put the little girls' dress on me, and Mommy made me keep it on for the rest of the day. Every day after that, I tried my best to be good, and stifled ever impulse I had to talk back or resist my mommy. I never wanted to be forced to wear a dress again!

That Sunday after church I was washing the dishes from lunch when behind me I heard Mrs. Kent say, "I see you got him helping clean up the kitchen. I love how you can see his little yellow panties sticking out from his apron in back."

I turned and saw my mother and Mrs. Kent and my face got red again as I lowered my eyes to keep from looking at my mother as I stood there in the frilly apron.

Then I heard Johnny's voice. He said, "Oh, Mommy, Bobby is wearing an apron and yellow girls' panties."

"Yes, he is," Mrs. Kent said to her eight-year-old little boy, "and doesn't he look cute?"

I didn't hear him say anything. Maybe he nodded. I did hear him giggle a little. By then I was done washing the dishes but just kept standing there with my back to them because I didn't know what else to do, and I didn't want to turn around and face them.

"Well, it looks like you're all done with the dishes, sweetie," Mommy said. "Take off your apron and let's go into the living room."

Mrs. Kent said, "Hey, Johnny, why don't you help Bobby take off his apron? It's tied in back, and I'm sure it's hard for him to undo it."

I felt my cheeks burn with blushing redness as Johnny chuckled and said, "Sure, Mom." He came up behind me, pulled down the big bow in back and said, "Turn around so I can help you off with your apron, Bobby." And he whispered, "So, who's the sissy now!"

I felt helpless and humiliated as I turned around and let the young boy slide the apron off my shoulders and leaving me standing there in just my canary yellow panties.

Mrs. Kent said, "Oh, don't be so embarrassed, Bobby. Johnny wears panties and aprons too. Don't you, Johnny?"

With an embarrassed lilt to his voice, Johnny mumbled, "Yes, mommy." I saw he had a bright red face too.

"She continued, "Now, show Bobby how much you like his panties."

Johnny put both of his hands on my panties and started rubbing me through them, rubbing me over my pantied butt, rubbing me down both sides, occasionally stopping to toy with the lace and bows. When he put one hand between my legs and cupped my pantied balls and then put his other hand on my pantied penis, I shrank back but was cornered between the sink and the refrigerator. I wanted to run, to smack him, to scream out, to do anything but let him touch me like that! But fearing punishment, I did nothing! My mommy had been jacking me off in my panties at least a dozen times every day – no, I

wasn't old enough to cum, but Mom would get me breathing hard and pleading with her to stop because I was so sore from her doing it so often. It felt great but it hurt too. I had become so sensitized! Now, Johnny was doing it to me and staring directly into my eyes as he jacked my little penis in my panties.

“Mommy, Bobby's penis is tiny. My penis is bigger.”

“That is a pretty small penis he has in his panties, son. I think you're right. You're more of a boy than Bobby is. Madge, you're raising a fine little pantywaist sissyboy here.”

Boy was I ever happy when they left that day.

That following Sunday, after we got home from church, Mommy told me to go take off my good clothes – the pink shorts and white blouse that had become my weekly church clothes, and as I went to my room to obey, she said, “I'll come and dress you, sugar; just leave your little purple panties on.”

I did as she said and sat on my bed in my lacy ruffled purple and white lace-trimmed nylon panties and waited. She came in, gave me a smile and said, “I'm glad you're learning to mind, Bobby. I know you'll be especially good today. Mrs. Kent invited us over, so we'll go over there for lunch. And I want you to play real nice with Johnny. No bossing him around and no fussing. After all, he has a bigger penis than you, so he can boss you around, OK? Understand me?”

I nodded and said, “Yes, Mommy.”

She smiled, opened my dresser drawer and took out a pair of white knee socks saying, “Here put these on, sugar.”

I sat on my bed, quickly obeyed and put on the white knee socks. Then she knelt before me and put the shiny black shoes on me that strapped on. I didn't like them. They were the girls' shoes I had to wear to church. I didn't want a spanking, so I didn't say anything.

“OK, now, hold your arms up, sugar.”

As I held my arms up, she opened my closet door and tears came to my eyes as I saw a huge puff of frothy pink nylon and lace hanging on the inside of the door. She took the little girls' pink nylon cancan petticoat from its hanger. It had several layers to the skirt part, each edged with crisp white lace. It went over my head, and Mommy pulled it into place as she slid it down my body. The layered petticoat got settled around my waist covering my pink lacy panties and extended about halfway to my knees. I cried softly as the black velvet dress with white lace trim and short puffed sleeves was put on over my head and slid down over my petticoats. Mommy buttoned up the back and tied the high-waisted white satin sash in a big bow in back.

“I’ll spank you soundly if you start bawling, Bobby,” Mommy told me as she took me out to the car and then buckled me into the front seat beside her. She added my final humiliation saying, “Here this will keep you quiet sweetie,” as she clipped a pink satin ribbon to my black velvet dress collar with something dangling on the end of it – a baby’s pacifier! She took hold of my chin, brought the pink pacifier up and pushed it into my mouth, adding, “Suck it, honey, suck on it and sit nice for mommy.”

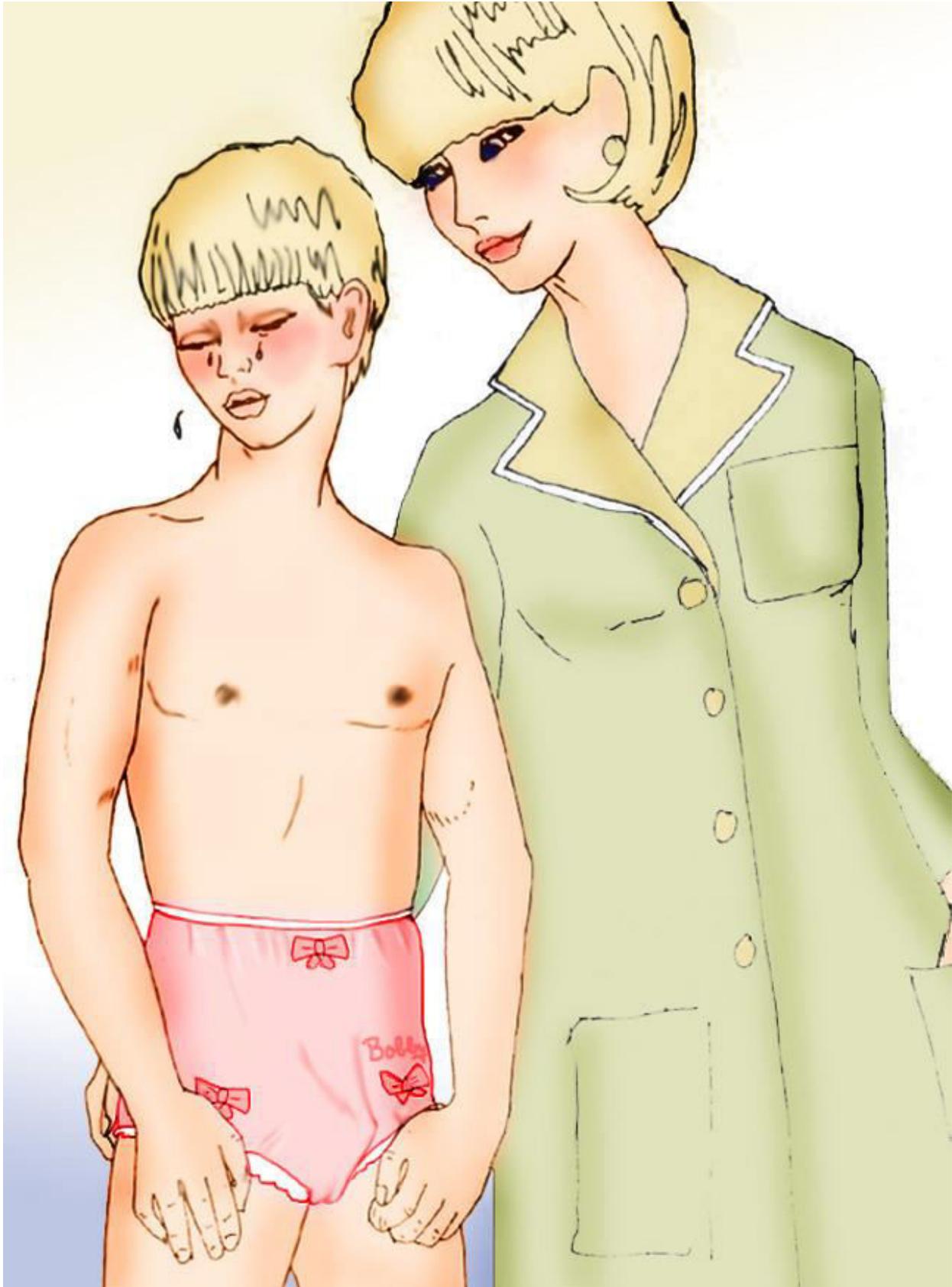
I felt a new wave of humiliation run through me as I obeyed quietly obeyed and began to suck on the large rubber nipple in my mouth. As my mommy shut the door and went around and got in, I thought about the pacifier. I had only seen it for a moment, but it looked kind of familiar. Then I realized what it looked like: It looked like my penis but a little larger! Yeah, like a boy’s penis!

As we drove to Mrs. Kent’s house, I sat beside my mommy in the front seat and concentrated on not crying, but huge tears were rolling down my cheeks in fear of what was going to happen once we go there and Mrs. Kent and Johnny saw me in my velvet party dress, cancan petticoat, purple panties and a penis-shaped pacifier in my mouth!

I obeyed.

Revised by Princess Lacey

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 2 No 5
November 2004

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LIFESTYLE



Flashing his panties doesn't compensate for being titles at annual sexy bra contest

Little Mounds, OH: The biggest event in this liberal small Ohio town is the Annual Sexy Bra Contest, staged each year by the Holding Lingerie Company, the town's largest employer.

Held in July, the 15th edition of this contest had a surprise -- a boy was competing! Jeffrey Lessup, a ten-year-old resident -- and a breastless one at that! -- showed up in a bandeau bra!

The rules state that all the bras worn by contestants must not be purchased but made by the contestants themselves. The idea is discover new ideas and designs the company may be able to market.

With a just a bandana around his chest as his bra, Jeffrey did not win the contest even though he tried to influence the judges by wearing a pink pair of the company's "Girlmaker Panties" sticking way above the waistband of the pink satin skirt he wore -- a trick that didn't work!

HEALTH



Panty Flashers Awarded

Open Valley, NY: The local Princess Girls' Club gave out annual "Panty Flasher" award to ten of their members this year, who were voted "for having made a difference."

Each recipient got a pink panty plaque and a gift \$100 certificate they could donate to any boy whom they had totally fucked up by flashing their panties at him. The money is for the boy to put toward his psychiatric bills.



Split personality TV reaches into his panties and goes nul

HEADLINES

Moms line dance in sexy lingerie to teach inattentive panty fetishist boys the ABC

Boys distracted by girls in short-skirted uniform

Great Divide, CO: After last year's report that many boys were failing because they were constantly distracted by the girls who wear their school uniform skirts so short the boys can see their lacy panties!

To counter this distraction, these moms come to school each day, and tutor the boys. They hold the boys' attention by stripping down to their lingerie!

They teach math by having the boys take their measurements, and they teach reading by line dancing while wearing letters of the alphabet and getting each boy to pull down their panties to read the label on the inside seams.



Boy hiding under bench to peek up skirts gets farted o

Reader's Poll
Who buys the most panties?
Females 69% Males 31% (but their business is coming up

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

US Presidential Election 2004: Bush says he's against sexy panties for little girls

Nobel Prize winner got his idea with thinking cap on, a pair of his daughter's panties over his head

Woman complains to store manager that panties she was buying had wet cum stain

D.C. hooker says Bush wears Cheney's panties with Rove's shit all over them

JUDGE THROWS OUT FRILLY LAWSUIT ABOUT A MAN SUING STORE THAT WOULDN'T LET HIM TRY ON PANTIES IN THE DRESSING ROOM

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