

Princess Online



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, "Norm - Schooled to Be Girls!" In this scene, Norm resists as he is forced to put on his pink lingerie and sissy school uniform dress 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", and "The Male Maid Book of ABC's."

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, showing petticoat punished boys suffering the humiliation of being exposed to laughing onlookers. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while while being punished in a dress and panties.

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Masquerade

Peter's sister dared him to go with her to a boutique and try on wigs, a dress and other feminine accessories. He took her up on her dare, and it looks like he had a delightful time! In the last issue, we presented one picture of Peter, and above is another!

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Sissy of the Month 1

Patrick is just a normal little boy who wants to play with dolls and wear a Barbie nightgown like his sister!

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Cute Pic

A cute photo from the book "Lesbian & Gay Book of Love & Marriage. We colorized the pic for your enjoyment. The book by Paula Martinac is published by Broadway Books/Bantam Doubleday Dell and available from your favorite bookseller.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Denny

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

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

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

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

The babysitting service was going along fine. Ma took in boys after school and watched over them until their parents got off work and came to pick them up. The day one of the boys got himself all dirty playing in the mud; she made him take a shower and washed his clothes. She didn't have any clothes for him to wear while his things were being washed and dried. That is until she remembered the boxes full of panties and tops left over from the store, so she dressed him in a pink top and pink rhumba panties. That boy was Donald Tierski (he was pictured on our march 2003

website). Realizing that boys are built a little differently than girls, she had him put the rhumba panties on backward to afford him a little more room in front. Donald didn't like the idea of dressing in those clothes, but when she explained she had nothing else for him to wear, he blushingly agreed. Like most of the boys she took care of, Donald was a farm boy used to minding his parents, so he went along with her with barely a tear in his eyes.

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

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

Well, within days, pink tops and sissy pink rhumba panties were the standard uniform for all the boys in her care. From the moment they walked into her door

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

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

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

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News staff photo / Jonathon M. Whitmore

Jesse Bridges, shown above, says he doesn't mind being the only boy on the team. "I put it out of my mind and just play the game."

By DAN DUSSEAU
News staff

The common athletic denominator for Jesse Bridges has always been hockey. It began with ice hockey and expanded to street hockey, and while that's enough for most youngsters, Bridges found he even enjoyed field hockey.

There is a connection between ice hockey and street hockey, but as a high school sport intended mainly for females, field hockey isn't usually considered an extension of the two.

Fortunately for the Hamilton-Wenham program, Bridges isn't shy about being the only boy playing the sport. The 16-year-old junior is the Generals' goalie and he has held up his end in helping the team capture its first-ever Division 1 North sectional title and remain alive for a state crown.

"We're on a roll," said Bridges, who will be in action tonight (7) at Bentley College in Waltham when H-W meets Walpole in the Eastern Mass. final. "We're playing like a team. In the tournament I haven't had to do much. The defense has been like a wall."

In five tournament games, Bridges has five shutouts — all 1-0 victories. Because of a strong defense, he went two games without seeing a shot. Still, in the North final against Danvers, Bridges was among the standouts, stopping a penalty shot to enable H-W to prevail.

"He really hadn't been tested, but he stepped up against Danvers," said H-W first-year coach Daryl

BRIDGES, page D2

Walpole up next for Generals

By MIKE GRENIER
News staff

They've been down this road before and it hasn't fazed them.

The Hamilton-Wenham Generals were supposed to make a cameo appearance in the field hockey tournament, but now they're in a starring role after taking out all those superior, higher-seeded teams in the North sectional.

Nevertheless, the path to the Division 1 Eastern Mass. championship goes through Walpole. Let's emphasize that: It *definitely* goes through Walpole, even though the game itself will be played on the artificial turf at Bentley College in Waltham tonight (7), with the winner advancing to the state championship game.

Walpole appears to be the field hockey equivalent of the Chicago Bulls, only with a better record. You know how many losses Walpole has to show for its last 70 games? Try *none*.

GENERALS, page D2

Only Boy on Girls' Field Hockey Team

Jess Bridges doesn't mind wearing the girls' uniform! I wonder what we see when his short skirt flies up?

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Interesting Website

These photos are from an actual website, a family of boys from Tripoli.

All these boys, when they were young, were kept in dresses and other girls' clothes.

Photo #1 (left): Two boys, 1967. The brother on the left, now a man, says he was always embarrassed by these photos of him in dresses.

Photo #2: 1971 - The two youngest boys dressed as girls.

Photo #3: The boy's first haircut. The barber was kind enough to come to their house.

Photo #4: This man said they would dress up boys like girls at an early stage because it would protect them from the evil eye, which did not affect girls. People then were very superstitious and the evil eye had quite an effect

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Sissified By My Stepdad

The first time my new stepdad spanked me was less than a week after he had married my mom. I was seven years old and being punished for giving my mom and stepdad lip about losing my bedroom to my new five-year-old stepsister, Tammy. I had been shipped off to the smaller guest bedroom because “girls need more room than boys.”

My stepdad yanked down my shorts and underpants and pulled me over his lap. With his hard, strong ditch-digger’s hand, he smacked my dinky little naked ass. I screamed and kicked my feet as tears rolled down my cheeks. After only a few swats, my bottom was on fire, and I began to plead for mercy and beg him to stop, but he didn’t. His rough, big hand continued to hit my little butt over and over. I had never been spanked like that. After he was finished, I stopped kicking, but I couldn’t stop sobbing uncontrollably.

“You cry like a goddamn little girl, Bobby,” he yelled at me as he pushed me off his lap and onto the floor.

I just lay there and sobbed until he yanked me up and sat me back on his lap.

“Stop bawling like a little sissy girl,” he ordered.

But I couldn't stop sobbing. My red bottom throbbed as I sat on his lap, and I couldn't catch my breath because I crying so hard. He smacked my bare thigh just above my knee, and I squealed out in pain and sobbed harder.

He screamed at me, “Listen, kid, I'm warning you. Stop bawling like a god damn little sissy, Bobby.”

But I couldn't stop, and that was the beginning of years of humiliation. My little stepsister was the cause of my being spanked, and it humiliated me to see her standing there watching me get punished.

My stepdad looked at her and said, “Tammy, your big brother is bawling like a little girl. Go get him that wig you wore with your Halloween costume.”

“No-o-o!” I wailed as my little stepsister went running.

Moments later, Tammy's blonde wig was being pulled on my head, and I was threatened not to take it off. I thought that was the end of my punishment, but I was badly mistaken because the next thing I knew, my stepdad forced me outside and made me sit on the porch for all the neighbors to see. It was late in the afternoon and a lot of people saw me because parents were coming home from work and kids were playing up and down the block. Word soon spread, and a lot kids came running from all directions to get a look at me, laugh and call me names. They wanted to know why I was crying and wearing the wig, but I just turned away cried some more. I thought I was dead meat after that, but things weren't too bad. After that, when I ran into some of those kids, they asked me about it, but I just told them I was being punished, and most of them didn't hassle me about it, even though every once in a while I'd overhear someone saying something about it or tease me about it.

But that spanking on my skinny bottom and the wig changed my life forever. It was the beginning, and my stepfather kept on putting me in the wig and forcing me to sit outside for the neighbors to see. After a while the kids began to think I was weird and must really be bad or a sissy to be repeatedly punished like that. The few half-baked friends I had soon distanced themselves from me. Over the next couple of years, the spanking and wig punishments increased, and instead of just being made to sit on the porch. My stepdad took me shopping like that. Of course, my little stepsister loved every moment, and when people would notice me, she would be quick to tell them I was a crybaby sissy being punished for acting like a girl. Most amazing, people would look at me like I had the plague and often tell my stepdad he was doing the right thing by punishing me for being a sissy.

The day I turned ten, things really changed. After dinner, we celebrated with a little birthday cake Mom bought at a discount bakery that sold day-old goods. That bit of sweetness was followed by my stepfather's announcement that it was time for my birthday spanking. I always dreaded that. It had become a tradition in our house. My stepsister only got little love pats on her

pantied behind when it was her birthday, but on my birthday, my stepdad always took the opportunity to give me a good hiding. And on this birthday, he gave me a beating with his belt. He said I was getting too old for a hand spanking; they weren't doing much good anymore because, according to him, I was getting into trouble more than ever. Well, the ten cracks with his belt just about killed me. I had never cried so hard in my life. I was begging and pleading for my life after the first crack of the belt.

“What a fucking little crybaby sissy you are!” he yelled at me for not being able to take the beating without crying. “I think we better start putting you in a dress, so people know you really are a sissy little girlie-boy and not a real boy.

“Tammy, go get your brother one of your skirts to wear. He belongs in skirts!”

As Tammy ran toward her (my former) bedroom, he called after her, “And bring the big sissy a pair of your pink nylon panties too.”

I feared being dress like a girl and the humiliation that would go with it, but I was totally beaten and had no fight left in me. All I could do was cry, and my loud crying was making my stepdad angrier by the minute. He stripped me naked, and when Tammy returned he took the pink, nylon, lace-trimmed panties, handed them to me and said, “Take these panties and put them on. Hurry up!”

Tammy giggled, and I tried to squirm away with the little bit of strength I had left, but he smacked my naked thigh hard. It made me jump and I grabbed the pink panties and put them on as fast as I could while my little stepsister giggled. I hung my head in shame as he took a light blue half-slip and had me step into it. He snapped it around my waist as hard as he could. Thinking that was funny, he then snapped the waist elastic of both the slip and panties a half dozen more times. Then he invited the giggling little Tammy to repeatedly snap my lingerie elastics. Then he made me step into a beige skirt. I still had on my T-shirt. I guess he decided that was okay. I was totally distraught – thoroughly spanked and put in my little stepsister's slip, skirt, and panties while she watched and laughed wickedly. I couldn't stop crying, and I couldn't get away from my stepdad's grip on my skinny arm.

“I ought to put you out in the front yard, Bobby, put you on display for everybody to see,” he said, and then as I sobbed, he pulled up the skirt and slip and smacked my little pink pantied rear end. As I jumped and danced in place, he asked, “Would you like that sissy, would you like to stand out on the front porch so everyone can see you in your cute little skirt?”

With my little sister's screeching and giggles ringing in my ears, I managed to sob, “No-o-o-o! Daddy, please, please don't.”

He smacked my hot pink pantied bottom again and asked me, “Would you rather play doilies with Tammy like a little sissy girl?”

He smacked me again, and I did my little dance and cried out, “Yes, yes, I'll play dollies! Please, it hurts. Please don't spank me anymore. I'll play dollies.”

He laughed like a drunk and shoved me toward Tammy, saying, “Go play nice with Tammy, or I’ll use my belt on your little pantied butt again.”

Tammy with her nonstop giggle took my hand and dragged me bawling and blubbering toward her room.

At first I was sure my mom would rescue me. She said it wasn’t right for a boy to wear girls’ clothes. I sat in Tammy’s room wearing her dress and panties and playing dollies, hoping she’d come to the door and get them to stop this horrible humiliation of me. When she finally did open the bedroom door, I got up and tried to run to her, but Tammy had reached out and pushed me back down on her bed.

“Keep playing with your doll, sissy, or I’ll tell your stupid friend Johnny how you begged me to wear my skirt and panties and play dollies.”

My face went red at the thought. Johnny was a real loser, a smart aleck kid with a nosy big sister, but he was just about the only boy in the neighborhood who would play with me, and he did that because he liked to boss me around. His favorite thing was to take out his penis and make me kiss it. Thank goodness he never made me suck it, but I’d have to kiss it a lot. Then he’d go into hysterics laughing and calling me names like pussy boy and faggot. I looked to mom for help, but I saw some big red marks on her cheeks. I knew my stepdad had been hitting her. He had been doing that more and more lately.

“Mom,” I pleaded, “please, let me get out of this dumb skirt and stuff!”

But she just forced herself to smile and said, “Oh, but Bobby, you look so cute in a skirt. I think you should wear skirts and dresses all the time. I’ll bet the pink panties feel pretty good to wear too. Girls’ panties are so smooth and silky. Now, you do love to wear your pretty panties, don’t you?”

I stared at her like she was from another planet. I knew my stepdad had made her say those things. I’m sure he had been slapping her in the face to make say stuff like that to me. Tears instantly spouted from my eyes and washed down my cheeks.

Tammy said, “See there, now! Your mommy thinks you look pretty in a skirt, and I know she’s right about the panties. I know you like wearing them because I saw you keep running your hands over your skirt to feel your silky panties. Wow, you are a sissy for sure!”

“Liar! Liar!” I yelled. “I hate wearing your stupid old clothes!”

I tried to get up again, but she still had a grip on me and pulled me back down. I looked up and my mom was gone.

Tammy saw the puzzled expression on my face and said, “You’ll see your mommy soon enough, sissyboy. Now, play with your dolly like a nice little girl, give her a bottle, or I swear I’ll tell

Johnny and Chuckie too!”

Chuckie wasn't a friend. He was my worst enemy. He teased me more than all the other kids put together. When I hesitated, she smacked my bare leg. I squealed, “O-O-W-W-W!” and grabbed the doll and began giving it the baby bottle.

About a half hour later, Mom called us to come to the living room.

“Take your baby doll with you, sissy,” my little stepsister ordered.

So I headed to the living room in my little stepsister's skirt and panties with a doll baby in hand. My mother was on the couch with my stepdad beside her.

She looked at me, smiled and said, “I hear you've been learning to play nice with your little stepsister, Bobby.”

Tammy squealed in delight, and my stepdad smiled.

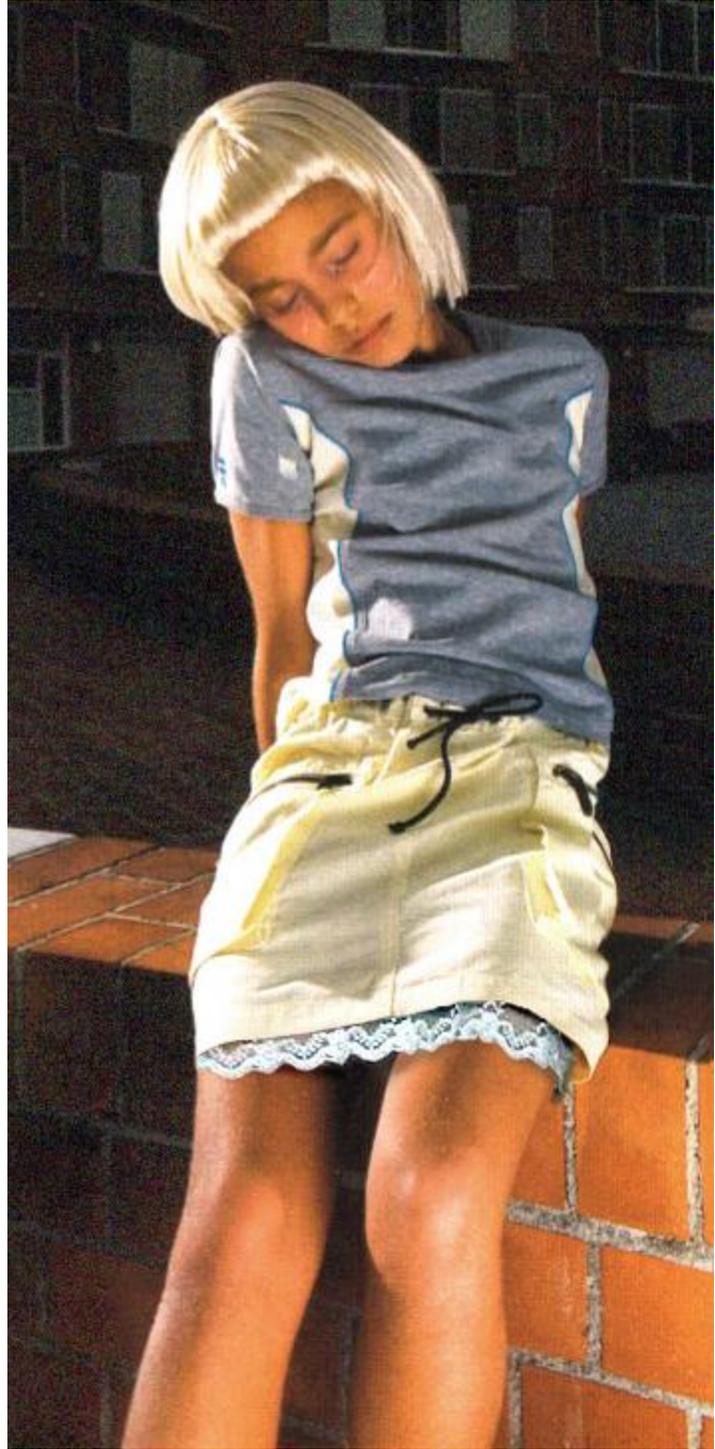
I dropped the doll, pulled on the skirt and said, “Look at me! I'm a boy! I don't want to be a stupid girl!” and I began to bawl.

To my amazement, my mother jumped up from the couch, not to hug me but to berate me. She picked up the doll and shoved it back into my arms as she said, “Stop it, Bobby! Stop it, or I'll let daddy use the belt on you again! You'll learn to play nice with Tammy, and if your daddy wants you to wear a dress while you do it, then you'll wear a dress. What's the big deal about wearing a dress, anyway? I wear a dress everyday. It won't hurt you to wear a dress once in a while. Besides, I think your daddy is right, wearing a dress just might teach you to be nice and stay out of trouble. Now, help me set the table for supper, and then go back on up and play with Tammy until we're ready to eat.”

Humbled beyond belief, I set the dinner table. I wasn't so sure my stepdad had put my mom up to saying all that. Her face wasn't red anymore and she seemed to say it like she really meant it. Now, confused and terrorized more than ever, I went to my room and cried my eyes out instead of going to Tammy's room. Minutes later, my stepfather stormed into my room, yanked me downstairs by the neck and threw me out the front door. He threw me the old blonde wig, told me to put it on and stay on the porch in my skirt until he'd let me back in the house, and he warned me that if I didn't stay there or if I tried to take off the skirt or wig, he'd make me go to my next Boy Scout meeting in a skirt. Crying furiously and knowing I had no choice, I stayed on the porch for more than an hour before it was dinnertime and I was let back inside, but the damage had been done. Two groups of girls and Chuckie and two boys had seen me. I knew I'd never live it down. Two days later, Johnny caught up to me walking home from school. He had heard about me being outside in a dress, and my nasty little stepsister had told him I was wearing a silky slip and lace panties too. I tried to run away from him when I saw him coming toward me, but he demanded that I stop and talk to him.

"I heard you looked nice in a skirt. Wish I could have seen that."

I begged him not to tease me, but he just laughed in my face and told me to be at his place that Saturday. "And bring your skirt and girls' panties with you too," he said with a hearty laugh and a sneer. "We're going to have some real fun. Don't forget. Show up just after lunch. My mom always goes out shopping then. You can dress up for me, and I'll let you play with my dick. Don't even think about not being there. I don't think your sister and your parents would be too pleased to hear that you like to kiss my peepee."



That next Saturday afternoon took me ever deeper into sissyhood. Johnny's mom came home to find me sucking on his cock. She screamed. At first she thought I was a girl since I had the skirt on, but then she recognized me and screamed bloody murder. I grabbed my pants and ran home, but by the time I got there, my stepdad was on the phone with Johnny's mom. I tried to run past him, but he grabbed me and wouldn't let go until he was finished talking to her. He then pushed me down on the couch. I had quickly changed out of the skirt and slip behind some bushes and had stuffed them under my jacket. He saw them and pulled them out, and then started berating me and slapping me, calling a faggot and other words I had never even heard before.

"Don't you dare get up until I tell you. I'm going to call your mom at work. She'll be here soon."

After he called her, he came up to me sitting on the couch. "Well, I knew you were a sissy. I guess I should have expected this. I thought putting you in a skirt was punishing you, but now I find out that you like it, and you even dress up for your little boyfriends and suck their cocks! You're fucking disgusting! Your mother is going to be so ashamed of you!"

Those words really made me cry. How could I tell him he had it all wrong?

Tammy came walking in the door, and my stepdad didn't spare any words in describing how I had been dressed and what I had been doing.

"He was sucking on Johnny's peepee?" she giggled like it was the funniest thing she had ever heard.

When I tried to argue that Johnny had forced me to do it, I saw fire in his eyes. I trembled. He yanked my little shorts down and he and my stepsister saw me wearing her pink silk panties. Tammy laughed and pointed. She touched the panties like she wanted to make sure what she was seeing was real. My stepdad became totally enraged. He started hitting me all over.

I began to cry and beg, "Please, don't spank me! Please, I'm sorry. I'm not a sissy. I don't want to wear Tammy's clothes."

But they weren't listening to me, and I knew it. Besides, I was crying so loud that I'm sure they couldn't even understand what I was trying to say. He hit me so hard I lost control of myself and pissed all over myself! For a moment, everything went quiet except the hissing sound of my pissing. They were stunned to see me pissing. My bright yellow piss was shooting right through the front of the pink panties, up into the air, and down my leg; some of it even hit Tammy and my stepdad. It was surrealistic. I was shocked myself. I pissed and pissed and had no ability to stop it!

That was the moment Mom came running in the front door.

My stepdad simply said to her, "Your son is not only a sissy. He's a fag too! Mrs. Klineworth caught him in his skirt with Johnny's penis in his mouth! And you're just in time. As you can see, he's just pissed himself in his panties!"

My mom was shocked. She acted like she couldn't say a word.

My stepdad quickly calmed down. It was very eerie. To me he said, "You'll be wearing panties all the time now since you like them so much. And you'll be in skirts and dresses whenever you're not in school, won't you?"

He smacked my pink pantied bottom, and I cried out, "Yes!" What else could I say?

My little stepsister was dancing around like she won the lottery.

My stepdad said, "Ask your little stepsister to get you a pretty pair of panties to wear, Bobby, since you pissed into the panties you're wearing."

He laughed, smacked my bottom again, and I sobbed and cried out, "OOWWW!"

I knew I had to say it. So I took a deep breath and moaned, "Please, sis, get me pretty panties to wear. Please!"

She giggled and ran from the room.

Mom was crying and mumbling about what an embarrassment I had turned out to be. She wondered if word would get out and she'd lose her job or the people around us would run us out of the neighborhood. Mom was in her own world. I don't think she would have understood my explanation even if she gave me her attention and could listen to me.

My stepdad kept smacking my bottom hard every few moments, and I'd squeal each time and do a little dance. "You're a fucking, sissy. Understand me?" as he yanked off the wet panties. Now naked, I had to stand there while he smacked me again, saying, "Answer, me! Tell me you're a sissyboy, Bobby!"

With ever smack of his hand the fire in my bottom grew and grew. I cried out as he smacked me again. "O-O-W-W-W! I'm a sissyboy! I'm a sissyboy!" And I had to keep repeating it.

Then my little stepsister was back with a frilly pair of yellow nylon panties with white lace around the legs and white ruffled lace across the bottom. She stood there holding them up and said, "These are my good tennis panties. How are these, daddy?"

He smacked my little bottom hard again and told me, "Beg for them Bobby. Tell your sister you're a sissyboy and you want to wear her pretty panties. Do it!"

I hung my head and sobbed and did what he said. My little stepsister giggled as she waved the panties in my face. I stood there naked. When she came around in front of me and looked down at my naked penis, I tried to put my hands down there to hide myself, but my stepdad slapped my hands away, took my little penis in his hand and laughed, saying it was so tiny, no wonder I was a sissy. He invited Tammy to touch it. She did! And the little brat pinched it! I screamed and

they laughed.

“Sissy, here’s the little panties you want so badly,” she laughed, as she tossed them to me.

I put them on to cover myself up more than anything, but they took my quickness in putting them on as a sign I was anxious to wear them. Mom even turned on me some more. She said I did look like a little girl in the panties, and she bemoaned the fact that my penis was so small. She said she had no idea I had a problem with my penis. I was devastated! She said as long as I was going to be more like a girl than a boy, she could use some help around the house because with her working, she never had enough time to do all the cooking, cleaning and washing. My stepdad immediately put me to work washing the windows (from the inside thank goodness) wearing nothing but my little stepsister’s yellow nylon panties. I shook with terror as I washed the picture window in the front room, fearing people would walk by and see me. A couple of kids did walk past our house, but I guess they were too far away to see what I was wearing. Still it totally unnerved me. I could have washed those windows with my tears; I had cried so much.

Mom obviously had enough. She didn’t say much except she was going back to work. She needed time to think about everything that had happened. Later when she came back home after work, my stepdad had me sitting on the couch wearing nothing but the yellow rhumba panties. He told her I had told him I loved wearing panties, and she should take me shopping for a bunch of my own. He said girls’ panties seemed to help me to remember to be good because I had been no trouble since she had left.

I started to cry again in disbelief.

Mom said, “I think I’ve heard enough of your crying. I have no pity on you. You’ve brought this all upon yourself. Putting on your sister’s skirt and panties and doing those evil things to that boy! You better quit crying right now, or I’ll give you something else to cry about.”

I was stunned to hear her talk like that. I tried to stifle my tears as she left me shamed and sitting there on the couch in nothing but my stepsister’s yellow nylon panties.

At bedtime, I was still wearing nothing but my stepsisters’ panties, and my mom told me my real dad was coming on Saturday to take me for the day. “Shall I tell him you now like to wear your stepsister’s panties?”

I vigorously nodded “no” and stared down at the floor. I couldn’t look her in the eye. Tammy giggled.

Mommy said, “All right, I won’t, but you had better be good, understand?”

I nodded “yes.”

“If you act up between now and Saturday, I’ll tell your daddy about this queer thing you have for wearing girls’ panties and doing faggot things to the boys in the neighborhood. If I hear about this from any of my friends, I don’t know what I’ll do. You better hope this doesn’t get out.

Imagine, a panty-wearing sissy for a son. I never!" Then she sent me to bed wearing nothing but my stepsister's yellow panties.

That Saturday, before my dad came and got me, my little stepsister gave me a pair of white nylon lace-trimmed panties saying, "Wear these, Bobby. They'll help you to remember to be a good sissyboy."

I didn't want to wear them. I wanted to tell her, "No! Go to hell!" but I was sure she would have my stepdad spank me again. I took them and went to my room and put them on. It was so humiliating to be made to wear panties by my little stepsister. I was so ashamed. I acted shyly all day around my dad. He kept asking me if I felt sick. I wasn't sick like he suspected; I was sick with the fear that he might somehow discover I was wearing lace panties under my shorts. All day long, all I could think about was wearing my little stepsister's white satiny panties, and what made it worse -- she had made me wear them. I felt like such a sissy. When I got home, mom asked my dad if I had been good, and he said I had been and asked mom if I was all right. She told him I was just going through a phase, keeping to myself and acting very quiet lately.

My stepsister giggled and added, "I like him better this way. He even played dolls with me now, just like a girl."

I blushed crimson, and my mother said, "All right, now, Tammy, you don't need to tell everybody your brother plays dollies with you; they'll call him a sissy."

My macho dad blushed, gave me a glance and a frown and said, "Well, Bobby, I don't think you should be playing with dolls, or next thing you know, you'll be running around in dresses."

My eyes flashed wide open when he said that. Mom and I looked at each other. I'm sure she could see the horror in my eyes. Tammy laughed joyously. Thank goodness, everyone let it drop.

Dad continued, "Bobby, maybe you better get involved in Little League or get a paper route."

"Yes sir," I said, as he patted me on the back and started to the door. After he said good-bye, I gave my mom an unhappy look and then ran to my room in tears.

Later my mom came to my room. She sat down on the edge of my bed, patted me on the head and said, "Bobby, honey, it's okay, sugar. I've been thinking about it. It's okay to be a sissy...even to be gay!"

I pulled away and looked at her with my mouth open. I said, "I'm not a sissy. Mom! I'm not a sissy!"

She blushed, looked away and then turned back to me. "I know you don't want to be, Bobby, but if you can't help it, it's okay."

I jumped off the bed and stood defiantly before her. "I'm not a sissy, mom! I'm not! Really!"

“All right, Bobby,” she said as she gave me a hug and then went toward the door. “You don’t need to pretend for my sake.”

“I’m not pretending, Mom. I’m not!”

“Okay, honey, so how do you explain what you got caught doing with Johnny?”

“Oh, Mom, Tammy told him about me in the skirt and stuff. He made me dress up like that and do those things to him.”

“But a real boy would never do those things no matter how much he was threatened.”

She started to unzip my jeans. “Let’s see something,” she said.

She pulled off my jeans and had me lie back on my bed. To my amazement she started to rub my penis within the yellow cancan panties. I started breathing heavily and tried to push her hands away, but she told me to hush and just relax.

“See there!” she said in triumph. “You’re gay, Bobby! See. Look. See your penis is all hard. A real boy wouldn’t get excited in girls’ panties. So, it’s okay. I know what you are now for sure, and it’s okay with me. I had my doubts, but after everything that has happened, I guess your stepfather has been right all along. You know, even before he married me, he told me he thought you were queer, and he also told me that he always thought you’d look good as a girl. I had no idea how right he was. Tomorrow after school, I’ll take you to the store to get you a dozen really nice panties, so you don’t have to keep wearing your stepsister’s secondhand panties. You’d like that wouldn’t you?”

By now, I had trouble hearing what she was saying because I was getting very excited as she continued to expertly stroke me in my stepsister’s panties. I was panting and getting bleary eyed.

“Show me you’re happy being a sissy!” she said. “Show me you love wearing pretty girlie panties, nice nylon panties with little pink ribbon bows and loads of nice white lace around the legs. Show your mother just how much of a big sissy you are! Wearing little girls’ lacy panties like a sissy little boy!”

Thrills ran through me like never before. Tears ran down my cheeks. Cum shot out of my penis and soaked my panties.

With a knowing laugh, she left me like that. I had never before cum in my young life, so I had no idea what to make of the strange and powerful sensations racing from my highly sensitized penis throughout my entire body. My penis pulsated. My nerves tingled. It felt so good, but I knew I wasn’t a sissy. I shouldn’t like such queer things. But I had to admit that those were the most astounding sensations I had ever felt in my life. I was really confused. It was amazing how I ever got to sleep that night with the barrage of crazy and weird thoughts going through my tender mind.

A few days later mom still hadn't taken me shopping for panties, so I got to feeling pretty good, thinking she had been just threatening me because she was so mad at me. I had been wearing my own underwear for two days now, and no one had said anything about me wearing panties or remind me about being caught doing those faggot things to Johnny. Anyway, we were all watching TV that night, and my stepdad had been drinking a lot of beer. He called me over to him, pulled me onto his lap and said, "Tammy said you refused to play with her this afternoon."

I was afraid as I stood before him with my head dizzy from breathing in his beer breath, but I was feeling boyishly confident, and I knew I had to stand up to him. I said, "She wanted me to play dollies again, and I said no because I'm not a sissy."

"Is that right?" he said, and then he yanked my head back. "Well, we'll just see about that. Tammy, get me a real pretty pair of panties, real fancy ones, please."

Tammy squealed with joy and went running. He started pulling at my clothes.

I screamed out, "No-o-o-o, MOMMY, please, stop him!"

But there was to be no mercy for me, Tammy soon returned with a pair of full-cut pink nylon party panties dripping with lace and ribbons. As he held me, she forced my feet through the leg holes and pulled the humiliating panties up my slender legs until they were all the way up and tightly hugging my skinny hips. He snapped the waistband against my little tummy, making me jerk as though I had been shocked. Tammy reached down and snapped it too. Repeatedly she snapped the elastic, as she said, "Pantywaist! Say it! Say, 'I'm a pantywaist.'" Say it!" My stepdad started snapping my waistband too, and said, "Say it, or I'll take you out for a walk – in just your pretty pink panties!" I started parroting the words back to them, but I wasn't saying it loud enough or clear enough for their pleasure, so they kept snapping my elastic. My tummy ached with the stinging sensations. The pain kept building. It was amazing how painful it was. The elastic on a pair of little girls' panties was driving me to tears! They both kept snapping my panties again and again and saying, "Say it!"

Finally, I controlled my sobbing enough to scream out, "I'm a pantywaist! I'm a pantywaist!" I said it at least a dozen times before they stopped the snapping.

My little stepsister giggled. She pinched my penis in the panties. She rubbed her hand across the silken butt on my panties and said to my mother, "See! He admits it, just like we thought."

I sobbed and I went limp on my stepdad's lap. He made me put my thumb in my mouth like a baby. "Suck it, sissyboy. It's, okay, suck your thumb like a nice sissy."

What else could I do? I was completely cowered. I lay there across his lap and sucked my thumb, hoping that would please him and he'd stop harassing me. But instead, he put his big hand on the front of my panties and massaged my penis to hardness. That made him and my stepsister laugh. My mother turned and walked away.

He got up with me in his arms and carried me back to my bedroom where he laid me on my

tummy on my bed. He massaged my pantied rear and kissed me on my neck, saying, "Now, you mind me, sissyboy, or I'll show your friends and your other daddy what a little pantywaist sissyboy you are." He made me keep sucking on my thumb. Then he took my other hand and shoved it down the back of my panties after he had put some Vaseline on my middle finger. He made me snake that finger up into my asshole, and as he snugged my pink panties up nice and high over my forearm, he tickled my little pantied bottom and told me not move out of that position. I lay there on the bed and sobbed and sucked on my thumb. From behind, he kissed my neck again and squeezed my little ass. He french kissed my ear, and I squirmed in response. He just reminded me to stay in position unless I wanted more punishment. I whimpered as I sucked my thumb and butt fucked myself. He chuckled and pinched my little pantied rear and then left me on my tummy as he went back downstairs. Before he left, eh said, "Don't you dare get up or turn over; just lie there in your pretty panties, suck your thumb and finger your asshole. Keep that finger in there deep, sissyboy!" As I writhed and struggled for some degree of comfort, I cried. My little penis hardened in my stepsisters' frilly panties! I felt ashamed and humiliated to get excited because my penis was rubbing against sissy frilly nylon panties. After a few hurried deep breaths, I felt something warm squirt from my penis into the silky panties. I cried, thinking I had wet my panties, like I had when my mother had touched my penis. In shame I fell asleep in my cum-soaked panties.

The next morning I took off the stained panties and saw the hard, dried-on cum. I had no idea what I had squired into my panties. Of course, I had heard about cumming, but for some reason I didn't think was what had happened. I thought you had to be in love and trying to make babies for that to happen. I was so fucking stupid! I just put the panties in the dirty clothes hamper and got dressed.

Later that evening my stepdad called me to him after his favorite TV show, and I saw he had draped my cum-stained panties on the coffee table in front of him. I felt sick. He held them up so my mother and little stepsister could see them and said, "Bobby, tell your mommy and stepsister how you stained your panties."

My stomach flopped, and my face got red. I began to cry, and my little stepsister giggled.

Realizing I was too shocked to speak, my mom said, "We understand, Bobby."

But my stepdad said, "Yeah, we understand all right! We understand you're a sissy, a queer boy, and a pantywaist, who shoots his baby juice into girlie panties. You're pathetic! Now, go wash out your panties, boy. I'm sure you can't wait to shoot off in them again!"

Then it all made sense to me – "baby juice" – I had shot cum into the panties. It was only the second time I had shot cum -- and I had done it in my stepsister's panties! I was a pathetic sissy! To lessen the shame, I grabbed the panties and ran crying to the bathroom to wash them out.

Tammy followed me, and as I ran them under the water, she hit me with her never-ending giggle and said, "Daddy said these are your panties, now. He said for you to put them on a hanger to dry in your room. I'll help you to make sure you do it right."

Tears rolled down my face. I couldn't look at her as she said, "Daddy said you're a pantywaist, and I can make you wear my panties and other clothes anytime I want."

I just stood there and rinsed out the frilly panties and cried. She turned on the water in the tub and said, "After you hang up your panties, sissy, come back here and get in the tub. I'm giving you a bath and dressing you in one of my nighties for bed."

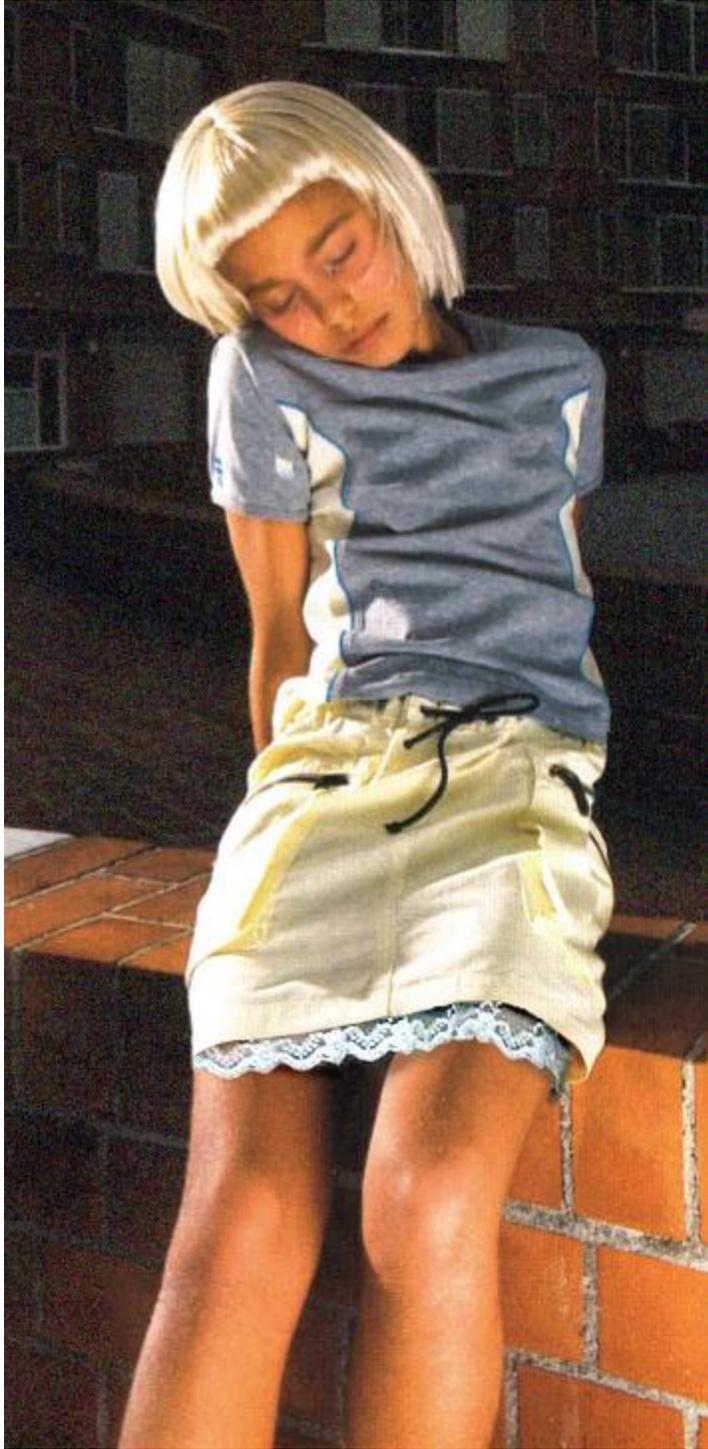
I knew I had no choice.

But that was only the beginning. From that day on, for the next six years I was humiliated and sissified and punished by my stepdad, stepsister and even my mom over and over again. When he finally left my mom and me, it didn't matter anymore. I was broken and sissified beyond any help. He had spanked me and put me in Tammy's clothes so many times, I no longer complained. I just obeyed and took my humiliating punishment like the sissy he had made of me. At first I fought and begged and pleaded, but as time went on I became more docile and just complied and hid in my shame, for I found the less I fought and complained, the less they enjoyed tormenting me. They loved it when I screamed, begged, whined and sobbed. So I learned to accept my panty punishment, and eventually they lost interest, but by then my stepdad and my mom were very out of love, and one day he left along with his nasty little daughter, Tammy. As I said, I was already too much of a sissy to change. By then, I had been wearing lacy panties for years. I couldn't wear men's underwear without feeling really weird. Mom and I got to talking about all those years, but I don't know if it was forgetfulness for convenience sake on her part, or if she really didn't remember all the terror and humiliation I had been through during those years, but she acted like she had no idea what I was talking about whenever I brought up the subject.

The end.

Based upon "Stepson" by Bobbie, 2003.

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LIFESTYLE



More panties than one man can handle

MARS, PA: The panty thief who steals from local clothing stores has finally been apprehended.

Don Moore, the suspected thief, has an unusual MO; he dresses as a woman, goes into stores, takes from a display a dozen or more pairs of panties into a dressing room and puts most of the panties on under his full-skirted dress and then exits the dressing room with a couple of pairs of the panties that he returns to the display before leaving the store.

Moore was caught on video tape by a dressingroom security guard. He makes a convincing woman, s store detective had no idea he was a man, discovering that fact only after he was searched by police. After being caught, Moore said, h had a lot more panties at home.

Sears store sensitive to bashful boys now selling girls' panties in boys' department



"Young man, how may I help you? ... You--you--you want panties? Oh, my go

SPORTS



Boys' panty ogling disrupts her game

NORMAL, IL: After losing a tournament last week, Lindsey Short filed a complaint against three boys who attend all her games and taunt her whenever she bends over and accidentally flashes her frilly panties. She said she lost because the boys disrupted her concentration.

Lindsey is known for wearing colorful and lacy panties, and when asked why she doesn't stop wearing the fancy panties or switch to shorts, she protested that the sissy panties are her trademark, and she shouldn't have to change because of the disgusting little pervert boys.

HEADLINES

California Governor Recall: On heels of the old photo of candidate Sweet in drag, 57 of the 134 running admit to crossdressing

BIG GAP, CA: Following last week's surprise release of the old photo of Maris Sweet in full drag, a protest from the transgender community prompted most of the candidates to say they had nothing against a crossdresser running for public office. And most of them volunteered to answer questions about their own crossdressing.

From all the answers, our reader should find it of interest that 57 of the 134 in the race had dressed in clothes of the opposite sex at least once in their life, and that does not include the 12 women running, since as we all know women crossdress all the time! Answers also disclosed that there were 22 gays, 14 panty fetishists, a window peeker and one who described himself as a panty boy fanatic.

Arnold Schwarzenegger did not respond to the questionnaire, but a spokesperson said if elected, the bodybuilder movie star would start a mandatory program to turn all of Cal-ee-fornia's sissy she-males into big, strong he-men like he is.



Sweet does look sweet caught in his cute little maid's outfit!

Father of boy with breasts not amused

his son growing breasts from eating too much KFC hormone-fed chicken

HEALTH

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Bull Dyke Mom Loves Having TS Father Breastfeed Their Crossdressed Baby Boy

Pantywaist Says He Never Would Have Found His Cancer If He Didn't Storke His Balls Daily

Manufacturer Hides Drooping Sale of New Panties with Penis Pocket

Obstetrician Being Sued by Parents of Faggot Sissy Son They Say Should Have Been Abort

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"Young man, how may I help you? ... You--you--you want panties? Oh, my god!"