

Princess Online

April 2009

Featured Stories and
Letters from the
Princess Productions
Website

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62

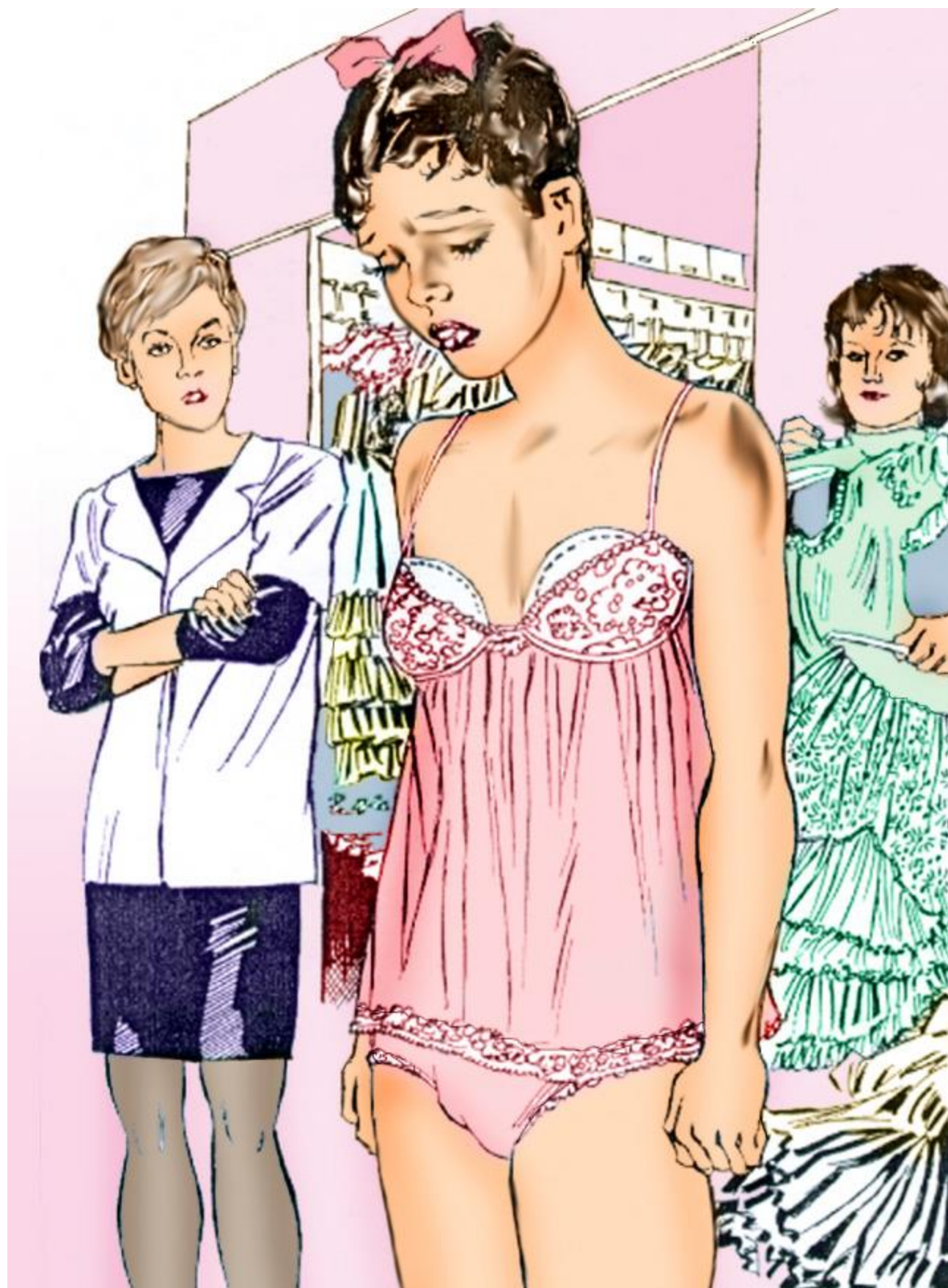


Adults Only

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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's 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 is being dressed to greet his girlfriend for the first time since arriving at the school to show her how he is being punished. He's convinced that she'll think his punishment is too severe and will help him get out of this horrible sissy school.

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

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

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

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/>

I'm old enough to remember when...



...being **PUNISHED** was
PAINFUL and **HUMILIATING!**

Petticoat-Disciplined BOYS satirical poster by 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 petticoat punishment pictures that he can identify with, images that illustrate what happened to him, and one of his pictures we present above. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being punished in a dress and panties with nuns and school kids laughing at and teasing him.

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Sissyboy Coloring Book

A new feature!

Now, each month, thanks to legendary sissyboy writer and illustrator Jonathan Bebe, we are providing our subscribers with a page from our coloring book they can color and add their own details, including a caption or dialogue. In this picture, Danny is ready to take a nap in his new nightie and with his new dolly!

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Click on each of these 4 links to see the 8 additional scenes from the Milo Manara classic "Click" Part: [1](#) [2](#) [3](#) [4](#)

"Click" from Milo Manara

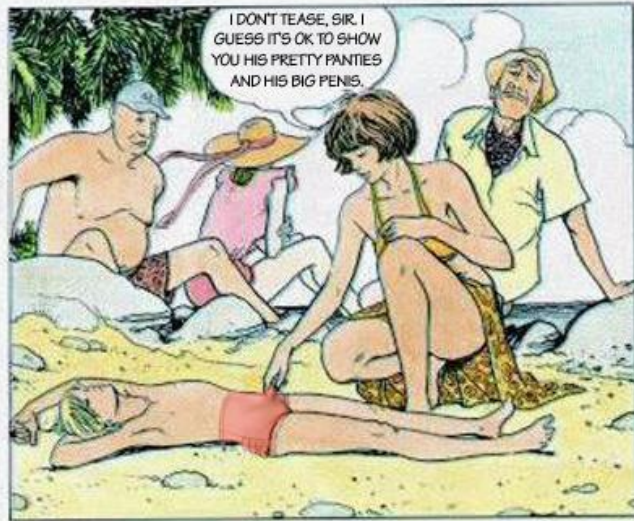
"Click" is the title of a comic book style story by the great Spanish artist Milo Manara. Originally published in Spain, the first American edition was published in 1985. The story is about a beautiful but sexually cold woman who comes under the control of a perverted old doctor who surgically implants a tiny receiver in the woman's brain that he can activate at any time and turn her into a raging nymphomaniac. At first, the woman doesn't know what is happening to her, but when she finds out, she begins to go out of her mind because she can't evade the old pervert and stop him from making her aggressively sexually attack everybody and anybody every time he turns on his transmitter.

The main story is excellent and the art is first class, but we were only interested one substory that appeared in the original but was subsequently deleted from later editions. No doubt deleted because it was too graphic for a publication being sold in comic book stores. This later edition (without the substory) is still being sold in stores.

Here's the scenario of that substory: The woman, desperate to escape from the old pervert, takes a cruise, and at a desert island layover, she and others from the cruise get off at a port to go swimming on a tropical beach. There she meets a woman with a rambunctious little boy. After he gets into mischief, the woman takes him behind a tree and jacks him off to quiet him down and put him to sleep. The others want to know what her secret is to getting the boy under control so quickly. After she hesitantly explains how she did it, the others react with a mix of emotion ranging from laughter to horror. But the woman is not fazed and even gives the group of onlookers a demonstration, showing them how she masturbates the boy.

We couldn't resist "Princessizing" this classic, putting the boy in pink rhumba panties and then letting his mother show us how she has panty trained him to keep him under control!

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Bobby

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

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

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

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

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

Teacher Allegedly Confesses To Putting Dress On Student

POSTED: 4:57 pm EST February 27, 2004

UPDATED: 10:52 pm EST February 28, 2004

A Central Florida preschool faces allegations of punishing children in an unusual and potentially traumatic way after a teacher's reported confession of putting a boy in a girl's dress, according to a Local 6 News report.



The family of a 5-year-old boy who was reportedly put in a yellow dress because he was talking too much said Friday that they plan to file a lawsuit against the Merriday Montessori School.

"It was a form of punishment, because he would not listen, they put him in a dress," the boy's grandmother Brenda Bradley said. "A yellow dress, and had my other grandson and the rest of the class laughing at him."

The details Bradley told Local 6 News about were confirmed in a 43-page Department of Children & Families report obtained by Local 6 News. In the report, the teacher admitted that she put a dress on the boy because, she stated, he was "being unruly."

Local 6 News obtained a copy of the taped interview between the DCF case worker and the 5-year-old child describing the incident:

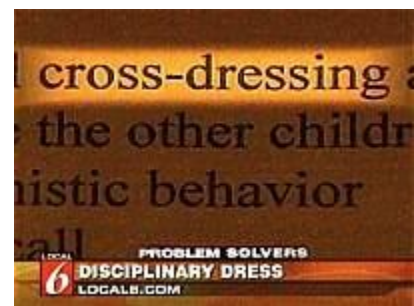
Child: "When I was watching TV, I was talking too much and Miss Valerie put the dress on me."

DCF worker: "What color was the dress?"

Child: "Yellow."

DCF worker: "With flowers?"

Child: "Um hum. -- they laughed at me with the dress."



DCF worker: "Who?"

Child: "Everyone."



The child's mother, Tiffany Fairlamb, told Local 6 News that the teacher said her son would not listen so she had to put him in a dress, according to the report. Local 6 News has learned that the case may not have been an isolated incident, according to reporter Wendy Saltzman. Saltzman said that another child told his mother that a different boy at the school had been punished in the exact same way.

"I think this is a practice that happened more than once, by more than one teacher to more than one student," Fairlamb said. Local 6 News reported that Merriday Motessori School stonewalled repeated requests for an interview and refused to acknowledge the unsettling allegations. Local 6 News reported that DCF closed their case without any action, because, they said there was a low level of risk since the family has already removed their two kids from the school.



However, Local 6 News will investigate whether DCF did their job in Friday night's 11 p.m. show and speak to another parent. Watch Local 6 News for more on this developing story.

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Masquerade

[Click here to see the news story about the boy punished in a yellow dress.](#)

<http://www.local6.com/print/2881645/detail.html>

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Tights, Panties and Bedtime Punishment for My Bad Boy

By Madonna

My son has always been a handful! Always playing tricks on his sisters, hanging around with a bad crowd and using foul language. During a Saturday afternoon party I was throwing to welcome some new people to the neighborhood, he started to act up again, and I decided I needed to take action to correct him. John apparently had been teasing his older sister Marie to no end, and in response, she tried to hit him but missed and hit their little sister Gina instead.

I got angry when I saw Gina crying and sporting a bruise to her face! Without asking what had happened, I immediately blamed John! The girls let me assume he had done it -- after all, they blamed him because he did start teasing them, so they didn't correct my wrong assumption. I grabbed John by the ear and marched him up to the bathroom. This wouldn't be the first time I gave him a "double-sudsing," but I had learned a few things from a friend and was going to make his punishment more severe than ever before.

I disrobed him, threw his clothes down the laundry chute, then turned on the hot water and threw a bar of Ivory soap into the sink. I grabbed him by the hair, shoved his head over the sink and forced the soap back and forth in his mouth. For five minutes, he wretched much to my delight as I made him suck on that bar of soap like he was giving it a blowjob, causing gobs of soapsuds to bubble up and pouring out of his mouth.

Coughing and gagging, I made him drape himself over the toilet seat. After I prepared a two-quart enema and hung the bag on the shower rod, I greased the tube, spread his cheeks and inserted the six inch nozzle. Then I opened the clamp. He groaned and moaned as the solution went in.

IT WAS NICE TO SEE HIM SUFFER SUCH AGONY AND SHAME!

I filled him up with the enema solution and then allowed him to expel it in the toilet and rinse out his mouth in the sink.

IT WAS NOW TIME TO DRESS HIM!

I selected faggy lavender nylon tights and pink panties that I made him wear over the tights to intensify his embarrassment. The lingerie outlined his boy parts and left little to the imagination! This outfit was very similar to the one Sally Ann, my neighbor, made her five-year-old boy Michael wear when he

misbehaved! That's where I got the idea because I could see how effective it was in controlling him.

The clothes I used on John were his sister Marie's. The idea was to make him feel ashamed, and these clothes did it because the tights were practically transparent and made him feel like he was still naked, so he willingly let me put the cute frilly little panties on him. He probably hoped they would provide additional covering, but when he saw the final effect, theissy panties definitely increased his humiliation!

I dressed him slowly, noting his angry reaction and shame at being forced into girls' clothing. I then announced he had to return downstairs to the party in his new outfit because that was part of his punishment. He pouted because his little girlfriend was going to be there! I told him I didn't care; it wasn't my problem that he had chosen that day to be a naughty boy!

He looked so cute in the thin nylon tights with his lace-trimmed panties on full display. I added a pink turtleneck knit shirt, and with a haughty attitude, I simply stated that he had "pants" and a "shirt" on, so I couldn't understand why he was so upset! (Ha-ha-ha!)

To head off the storm of resistance, I slapped him hard across the face and then grabbed him by the earlobe and dragged him towards the downstairs landing. He hesitated, and when he balked about being seen by everybody, I threatened to drag him down by his hair if he didn't keep walking. At the party were friends, neighbors, relatives and some of Marie and Gina's friends. About twenty people in all. And soon, Margaret, his girlfriend was going to be arriving.

His sisters had warned the partygoers what to expect, so as John rounded the landing, all eyes were upon him. Of course after what he had done to Gina, no one took pity on him for the childish manner in which I was punishing him. He hung his head low and tried to slow his sobbing as I led him into the living room. The guests were dressed smartly as the ladies wore high heels and dresses or pantsuits. He got plenty of stares and smirks, chuckles and condescending stares, especially as the ladies gazed upon his bright pink panties and sheer blue semi-transparent tights. His sisters ran up to him and tickled him as they ran their fingers up the seam of his tights.

He reacted by shouting at them!

Ten-year-old Heather, a daughter of one of my best friends, scolded John for expressing his anger and told him to simmer down and act like a good little boy. She



said, "If you can't behave properly, maybe you should be spanked!" and then she added, "My, you do have pretty pink panties on!"

He raised his arm and was about to strike her, but he saw me staring at him and my look let him know there would be grave consequences if he did such a thing. In frustration, he put his arm down and tried to limit his humiliation by pulling down his turtleneck as far as possible to cover his shamefully exposed pink panties, but the shirt was too short and his attempts were to no avail. Beforehand, it was fortunate that Gina had suggested shortening the turtleneck top, so that the waistband of both his tights and panties would be fully on display and prevent him from being able to pull his top down far enough to hide his embarrassing costume!

He was allowed to roam about the party accompanied by Gina as she held his hand tightly and watched as the caterers brought in the food and set up the buffet table. It was so delightful to see friends and relatives both male and female gaze upon his ridiculous costume. It was so gratifying to hear the comments about his childish condition. There were a lot of condescending smirks, wandering eyes and whispering comments. He was the center of attention. Those that knew of his boisterous behavior were very pleased to see him now restrained, ashamed and docile!

Mary Jo, my next door neighbor came in and smiled when she saw John's rear end encased in ruffled pink panties and girls' nylon tights. She snickered because she was always commenting on how John should be controlled like a little child. Her anger stemmed from the disrespect he had shown toward her in the past, so now she was ecstatic to see him punished!

"And what did the nasty little sissy do to deserve this punishment?" she asked.

After I told her, she laughed out loud!

Margaret, John's girlfriend, still hadn't yet arrived. I know he was dreading it, probably praying that for some reason she couldn't attend.

Then about noon, whilst we were all outside in front, I saw Michael, the next door neighbor's boy, acting very rudely toward several young girls, one of who was his sister. His mother came out yelling at him that if he didn't stop his shenanigans right that moment, she'd put him to bed! Then she went back into the house. But he continued his verbal assault on his younger sister and her friends and tried to pull up their dresses. His mother saw him trying to do it through the window and came back out and grabbed Michael by the hair! He kicked and screamed to no avail as she shouted out that she was going to scrub him clean in the tub, and instead of dinner, he would be given 32 ounces of baby formula in a sip-seal cup and immediately after put to bed in the nursery for the night. The girls laughed at Michael as he was led inside. Some of guests were commenting, and I overheard one cousin say that when older boys act in childishly, they should be treated accordingly.

I could still hear screaming coming from my neighbor's open window and the sound of running water as

she gave him a bath. It was quiet for awhile, and then I saw the boy's curtains and shades being drawn and minutes later, the child was apparently put to bed!

Then sweet, sexy little seventeen-year-old Margaret arrived escorted by a young man. She was wearing very high 4" stiletto heels, a black leather skirt and a sheer white blouse with transparent sleeves. Her elaborately lacy black bra showed clearly through the flimsy material. Her legs were encased in sheer, black, seamed nylons and she was looking like a young princess. Her escort was Robert Peters, a very rich lad who had on numerous occasions tried to get Margaret to date him, but until today, Margaret had blatantly refused!

She had been very happy to be John's girl until about a week ago. There had been a card game and John lost all his money to Robert. As the winner with John still owing him more than the money he had, Robert said if he could have a date for the full weekend with John's girlfriend, Margaret, Robert would forgive the debt! Margaret was mad at John for losing all his pocket money and protested because she disliked Robert a great deal. And she hated being the payoff for a bet, but after several days of thinking, she decided she would honor John's bet and have the date with Robert, though she assured John she wouldn't enjoy it!

John curiously had asked Margaret if she was going to have sex with Robert. His question further angered her, and she replied she was going on a date with Robert starting Friday (yesterday) night and ending Sunday evening. Robert said he'd take her to dinner and dancing every night, and then back to his yacht for drinks, and if romance was his wish, she just might be mad enough at John to have sex with Robert.

John was convinced she had said she might have sex just to get him all steamed up. But he also thought she might be vulnerable to do it out of frustration with him. Lately, she had been complaining that their dates were pretty lackluster. He never had much money to take her to movies or out to dinner. John knew he was no match for Robert when it came to money and hoped that wouldn't turn his girlfriend's head toward the rich bastard.

But upon their arrival, everyone could see by the way Robert held her hand and how they smiled at each other, Margaret was thoroughly enjoying the date.

When Robert marched over to get Margaret and himself some punch, Gina, still holding John firmly by the hand, pulled him over to greet his girlfriend.

Margaret stared at him decked out in shiny panty hose and pink nylon panties, then looked at Gina and said, "Panty hose and girls' panties! Oh, my god, !John What a pansy you look like. Gina, what naughtiness has your nasty brother done to be dressed like this at this nice party?"

Gina laughed and told her big brother to greet his girlfriend properly and tell her why he was wearing girls' tights and lacy panties.

Margaret snickered sarcastically as John tearfully tried to explain. She didn't believe him when he said he wasn't to blame. Instead, she cut off his lame excuses!

"How rude of you to treat your sister so badly. Hitting little girls can never be tolerated. I think it's fitting that you are forced to dress like a sissy child."

Then she took Gina aside and they whispered, whilst each stared at John condescendingly!

Meanwhile; I was talking with my neighbor Sally Ann, Michael's mother, since after putting her bad boy to bed, she had rejoined us at the party. I wanted to know all about the early bedtime punishment she imposed on her son and how she evaluated the success of her methods to stop him when he acted like the pest he was sometimes.

Gina came up to me and told me about Margaret's comments!

Sally Ann listened attentively and understood Margaret's opinion.

Gina walked away, and I looked at Sally Ann who smiled and pointed to her home and Michael's bedroom window. She commented that bad boys belong in bed for punishment!

I was surprised and John scowled angrily when we saw Robert strolling affectionately arm-in-arm through the garden with Margaret, but I then got the whole story why she was with him at the party as his date. It was bad enough that John was always spending his pocket money foolishly, but to lose it all in a silly card game and then put up his girlfriend as collateral I found very disturbing!

John broke free of Gina's grasp and ran toward Margaret when he saw her kissing Robert ever so passionately. John cocked his arm like he was going to punch Robert, but when Robert took one look at John in his tights and panties, he laughed hysterically, and John cowered in shame.

"Hey, what do we have here?" Robert hissed. "I say, it's a little girlie sissy boy. Nice tights and panties, kid! You want to hit me or something? Well, I don't fight with girls or sissy boys. I wouldn't want to hurt you!" Looking at Margaret, he asked. "Hey, you can't possibly ever go back to being the girlfriend to such a faggy, ridiculous sissy boy?"

Margaret admonished John for wanting to start a fight. "Haven't you caused enough trouble already?" she said steaming and giving John a stone cold stare. She then said she wanted to leave the party soon and have a private all-night party with Robert on his yacht!

Margaret called for Gina and once again took her aside and whispered, whilst staring at John. Gina then grabbed John by the hand and brought him back into the house into the den. He was commanded to a corner and Margaret walked in, teetering in her very high stiletto heels. She asked Gina to invite me (his

mother) in to assist in a very humiliating and childish punishment of her boyfriend.

Margaret sat down on a stool, sharply twisted John's wrist and began to force him over her knee. He obeyed with much hesitation. She twisted his arm up behind his back and held it there securely, leaving his big bottom sticking up and ready for punishment. She began paddling his behind with a wooden ruler and smacked him very hard, commenting that naughty boys should be spanked to correct their deviant behavior and then put to bed early without dinner!

John cried out in agony as his sister and I laughed.

After the spanking, I made him look me in the eye, and I asked him if he knew how the neighbor boy, young Michael, was being punished. John nodded. Then I told him he was next!

Margaret, with a condescending smile, told him in a sweet voice she would be up shortly to "tuck him in" and kiss him goodnight, and then walked out and rejoined Robert in the garden.

I grabbed him by the ear; he kicked and screamed as I marched him in the house. Our guests were enjoying the sunny afternoon and the party, little concerned that John (the troublemaker) was being removed from their presence. There were many comments made about his childish appearance, and as he was forcibly marched up the stairs, he heard people say things that angered him.

"Bad boys should be dressed in panties and other girls' clothes and put to bed early!"

"John is a bully around little girls. He's nothing but a big sissy baby. He should be treated like one!"

"Why not give him a baby bottle and wash his nasty mouth out with soap, then put him into a frilly nightgown, which I'm sure he'll surely love!"

With such comments echoing in his ears, I marched John up the stairs. He was quite a handful, and I made him stand before me in the spare room, now designated as the nursery. I pulled down to his knees his panties and tights, pushed him into a chair, and then finished pulling them off. He started to get up and began to swear at me, so I unwrapped a small hotel size bar of Ivory Soap! The moment he started make another smart aleck remark, I thrust the bar deep into his mouth and taped his mouth shut with a large piece of duct tape. I pulled off his top and announced to him that for being so nasty, I was going to page his sisters over the intercom to come and help me finish putting him to bed. He groaned through the tape and looked very upset as I laughed at him and called for Marie and Gina to come up.

Then I pulled him into the bathroom and into a tub filled with soap bubbles I had prepared. I made him stand as I scrubbed him clean like a baby. Gina and Marie entered smiling and eyeing their older brother's nakedness. His shriveled up penis was obviously a major embarrassment to him!

I ripped off the duct tape, rinsed out his mouth and dried him before grabbing his hair and pulling him

back to his bedroom. I asked Gina to prepare a two-quart punishment enema and she complied most willingly. She wheeled it in on a stand and brought me a pair of rubber gloves and a jar of Vaseline. I slipped on the gloves and lubricated the six inch fluted nozzle. Then I dragged John across my lap with his one arm wrenched up behind his back. I spread his cheeks and inserted the nozzle in one quick motion as he grunted in pain, and then I opened the clamp and he groaned. The two girls laughed hysterically, telling him he needed a good cleaning out and made fun of the fact he was being punished with an enema. Once he was filled with the solution, I closed the clamp and spanked him hard with a wooden ruler until his butt was an even darker shade of beet red. He was terrorized and crying from the pain. I allowed him up and made him walk (not ran) to the toilet. If he ran or lost any of the enema before he got to the toilet, I told him, I'd have to do it all over again.

He returned as Gina and Marie had his bedcovers folded back and his tights, panties and turtleneck shirt put away. They grinned at his nakedness and soft creamy skin (I had removed his body hair long ago and make him keep himself clean shaven all over). I put on him a disposable diaper, pink rubber panties, and then a large pair of pink nylon panties with sissy white lace and ruffles across the back. All of that I followed with a sissy pink one-piece sleeper that was secured from behind. Then I stuffed a pacifier in his mouth and tied it in place. I read him the riot act about his horrible behavior with his sister and his girlfriend before warning him to go straight to sleep or else! Then I put earplugs in his ears.

An old youth bed we had converted into a large crib in anticipation of this need, and placed John on his stomach in the crib and strapped him in. He was covered up with six blankets, and I kissed him nitey-nite. Gina smirked and taunted him as she raised the crib sides and locked the web top in place, and Marie closed the heavy curtains and blinds. I turned off the light. He was restless and trying to break from his restraints, but he couldn't! The girls made fun of him for having to go to bed early for misbehaving, and he was reminded of how Margaret had teased him and thought baby treatment was a most effective punishment. I turned on the baby monitor and hooked the receiver on my belt.

The three of us left the room. It was now 12:20 in the early afternoon!

Some three hours later, I heard struggling sounds on the baby monitor. Margaret and I went upstairs to check on him. He was awake and trying to break free. So Margaret and I looked at each other and made preparations to calm this child down!

We hung a two-quart bag of baby formula above the crib (which also contained sleeping medication), inserted the feeding pacifier into his mouth and secured it. The flow clamp was released and John began swallowing super-warm baby formula. He made horrid faces at the sweet, sickly taste, but had no choice but to swallow it. I told him I would check on him again before our dinner at five o'clock and let him know he would not be allowed up. Margaret chided him and told him he was a big sissy and baby and was being appropriately treated. Then she told him that shortly after dinner, she was going to join Robert on his yacht for the night.

She walked over to the crib and whispered in his ear that she decided to let Robert take full advantage

of her, as he already had found his way up her skirt and massaged her thighs above her stocking tops and fondled her, through her new yellow panties. She proceeded to lift up her skirt and show John the panties she was talking about, the panties that his enemy would soon be invading.

John grunted angrily, but could do nothing!

Margaret was obviously losing interest in John, interest in him as a boyfriend that is! However, she seemed to have developed an immense interest in teasing him for being a baby and a sissy boy, as if she wanted to get even with him for being such an inadequate and boring boyfriend that she had wasted so much time dating.

As Margaret and I got ready to leave him, I told him I would continue to monitor him as I went on with the party. I was more than delighted that I had found a way to control and punish my naughty son. I thought I just might keep him a sissy baby for the rest of his life!

I didn't expect John to cooperate, so the restraints were very necessary!

At 5 o'clock, Donna, my neighbor Sally Ann's eleven-year-old daughter, arrived at the party, as she had been dropped off from a weekend visit with her father. She told her mother and me she had gone upstairs in their house to check on Michael and reported that her brother was still sound asleep in his pretty new pink nightgown. I laughed, picturing the image. I asked if I could take a peek at the little mollified sleeping boy, and Sally Ann said, "Of course!" But before we over to take a peek at him, I told them that we should check on my big sissy baby.

Donna was delighted to hear that I was treating John like her mother had been punishing her brother. Donna couldn't wait to see my John, and she took the stairs two at a time as we went up to check on him. Margaret also followed. We opened the door to the nursery and saw John still fast asleep. Margaret turned on the small bedside lamp and quietly lowered the crib side so we could all get a good look. Donna's eyes were aglow as we removed his feeding pacifier and replaced it with a penis-shaped pacified and secured it with a strap to prevent him from spitting it out. Throughout, due to the sleeping medication I had given him, he remained deep asleep. Margaret leaned over the crib and kissed him on the forehead, leaving a small lipstick stain! She smiled down at him and looked over to Donna as she peeled back the blankets to show the little girl John in his pink all-in-one footed pajamas. Then she pointed to the tiny bulge his dickie made beneath its surely hot covering of sleeper, diapers, rubber panties and nylon rhumba panties. Margaret pinched John's well-padded penis and rubbed him between his legs. He stirred and increased his breathing but didn't wake up. I told Donna she could do it too. The excited eleven-year-old gleefully rubbed him between his legs. I know she didn't like John, so doing this to him made her feel very superior to him. She kept whispering "sissy", "pansy", "baby", and other derogatory comments as she rubbed. He once again started breathing heavily without waking up, but we had her stop before he got too excited or woke up.

We all went back downstairs for a hearty buffet dinner. We needed the nourishment. A long day of sissy

baby training takes a lot of energy! Margaret and Robert then announced they had to leave.

Sunday morning, Donna came over to help me clean up after the party. Actually, she was still intrigued with my punishment of John and wanted to see more! I guess punishing and dominating her sissy brother was becoming old hat and she was looking for new thrills with a new sissy boy.

John was restless in his crib as Donna walked in and opened the heavy curtains. She lowered the crib and removed John's restraints. John yawned as the sleeping medication still had him under control. He slowly awoke to realize he was being punished like a girlie boy and all this wasn't a dream. He was surprised to see Donna there; his embarrassment was obvious on his blushing face and staring eyes. Donna shook her finger at him and told him I had decreed his sissy baby treatment would go on throughout the weekend, and if he didn't behave better, he's be severely chastised! The willful little girl stripped him of the childish sleeper, panties and wet diapers and led him by the ear to the bathroom. There he saw a tub full of soapy bubbles. Donna pointed to the tub and ordered him in. He was scrubbed and cleaned and checked for any body hair and then a thick pink cream was applied to keep his skin soft and feminine. I let her do all this while I simply supervised and directed her punishment of him. I'm sure my punishment of him was bad enough, but having a little eleven-year-old punish my big boy like the world's last sissy boy had to be almost unbearable for him! How humiliating! Back in his bedroom, I had everything laid out: the powder blue turtleneck shirt, sheer-blue nylon tights, white lacy nylon panties and brown/white oxfords. He was now fully awake and his temper had been rising. He was appalled and stomped up and down!

Donna quickly reminded him that he would be severely punished if he continued and also told him his punishment was being continued for using his beautiful young girlfriend as a pawn and losing her in a silly card game! AND FOR THAT, HE WAS GOING TO BE DRESSED AGAIN IN HIS PRETTY TIGHTS, PANTIES, TURTLENECK SHIRT AND HIS ONLY BOYISH ELEMENT -- HIS OXFORD SHOES!

Once dressed, he was led downstairs and told his sisters, Gina and Marie, were out for the day with friends. Then Donna informed him he was going next door to her house to visit her petticoat punished sissy son, Michael, and the two of them were going to be fitted for pink party dresses!

John revolted at that! He looked like he wanted to run or do something, but didn't know what to do. I bought out my paddle, and he quickly and meekly backed down, begging me not to take him outside in the ridiculous clothes he had on and not to let them put him into a dress!

But I ignored him and rubbed the paddle across my hand. He got the message and became quiet again.

After breakfast -- 32 ounces of baby formula and oatmeal with strained prunes, Donna took him by the hand and out the front door of our house and next door to her house. I followed to make sure he wouldn't give her any trouble. It was sunny and warm and many people were about. Several neighbors saw John in his tights and panties and laughed. He was forced to walk s-l-o-w-l-y alongside Donna as we made our way to her house. We were greeted and invited in by her mother, Sally Ann, who stared down

at John and smiled.

Then he saw Michael!

He was dressed in a pink turtleneck shirt, white panties with colorful flowers of red and blue with green stems and pale pink see-through nylon tights. His shoes were very sissy black patent maryjanes with straps. The two naughty little boys were marched into the living room and ordered to stand at attention. Michael was told that for the time being, he would be a little girl and wear pretty party dresses and anklet socks with Mary Janes. While my John was to wear the same type of dress, but with a very high waistline and flouncy skirt, so his panties would easily show. He was also going to wear a white little-girl garter belt and sheer white patterned nylons to add to the ridiculousness of his costume! He would also wear four-inch high pink stiletto heels with pretty bows. John wanted to scream out but only hung his head and moaned in shame. Donna told Sally Ann about the card game and she grabbed John over her knee, forced one arm up behind his back and spanked him till he cried. I had asked Sally Ann to do this at the first opportunity because I wanted to see her spanking technique. I loved it! John hated it and was sobbing like a little cry baby. Then she made him stand up. Furthermore, the two boys were told their regular bedtime would be 4 o'clock on the weekdays and 3 o'clock on weekends. Then she measured them, and told them once they were in bed, she was going to the store to get them dresses they would begin wearing in the morning!

Back at home, still cleaning up from the party, I made John vacuum the house and wash the dishes. While Donna and I enjoyed ordering him about, Josephine, one of our neighbors who had been to the party, called inquiring whether or not John was still undergoing petticoat punishment. I assured her he was. Josephine explained that Sheila, her four year old daughter had missed the party because she had been on a weekend with her father. The little girl had just returned and wanted to see John for herself and be involved in his training. I told Josephine she could send Sheila over right away to help me and Donna because he was being difficult about going outside to hang up laundry. I could hear the little girl in the background squeal with delight as her mother relayed the invitation to her.

Within a few minutes, Sheila walked in. The little girl in a charming little pink tutu (she loves ballet and dresses in her tutu often!) came in like she owned the place and stared laughingly at my humiliated boy more than three times her age and size. She ordered John to carry out the large basket of wet laundry and hang it up, and he did it! I had seen it all now: a little four-year-old prissy girl bossing around my former bully son! She laughed at him and called him a "sissy." She continued singing, "John is a sissy! John is a sissy!" over and over again as he meekly obeyed. After a half-hour of hanging up the laundry (he was all thumbs and very slow to get it all hung out), Sheila brought him back inside. Just then the phone rang! It was Margaret!

Donna deliberately left on the speaker phone and talked to Margaret as Sheila sat beside her. I taped John's mouth closed and forced him to stand at full attention in front of us during the conversation. We talked with Margaret about her evening with Robert. She reported they had even stopped to visit Robert's parents. She said they loved her, and she didn't correct them when they called her Robert's

new girlfriend!

HIS NEW G-I-R-L-F-R-I-E-N-D!

John looked taken back at her remark. "HOW COULD SHE! WHAT DID SHE MEAN BY THAT!" and similar thoughts had to be roaring through his mind. He tried say something, obviously about Margaret's outrageous behavior, but the duct tape on his mouth kept him nicely reduced to just groans and grumbles.

Margaret said they took his yacht to St. Thomas where they went shopping, and he bought her several great new outfits at some exclusive boutiques. She sounded like she was very happy and deeply in love!

Donna informed Margaret that they were on the speaker phone and John was right there and had heard everything. Margaret suspected as much. (She's really a smart girl!) She said that was good because it saved her the trouble of breaking the news to him in person. She added that at three o'clock, she'd call back to find out what color of sissy panties he was wearing to bed and to wish him nite-nite!

After the phone call, Donna removed the tape from his mouth and motioned for John to go to the corner. Sheila stood watch as Donna prepared a 32-ounce sip-seal container of baby formula, this time adding castor oil for extra punishment. She returned to the living room and asked Sheila to feed her big baby! And Sheila was delighted to comply. This was better than feeding her toy dolls! John was forced to sit on a little one-foot high stool to be fed. He made horrid faces as he discovered the castor oil, but he could do nothing but take it in! Sheila reminded him to drink up, for it was soon time to go nitey-nite! Then Donna grabbed him by the ear and began marching him hunched over upstairs. She thanked Sheila for the help and the sweet little girl went to the kitchen to rinse out his sip-seal before going home.

Once upstairs, John was quickly undressed and put into diapers, rubber panties and pink rhumba panties with blue and white ruffles and lace, and much to his disgust, we humiliated further by putting on him the tope to one of his sister's pretty pink baby doll nighties. We told him it was a symbol of his further feminization that we were planning for him. He was secured face down in his crib with his hands tied and reins tightened about his waist. When the phone rang, Donna picked it up and placed it on the speaker phone. It was Margaret! His former girlfriend greeted John condescendingly and asked him if he was all comfortable in his crib.

He moaned "yes."

"And describe for me now what kind of pretty panties you are wearing, panty boy!" she teased.

John hesitated, but when I flashed him a look at my paddle, he mumbled, "Pink, uh, panties, uh, Margaret, you're not really Robert's girlfriend now are ..."

Before he could finish, I was pounding his diaper and panty-covered ass with my paddle. Realizing all

that padding absorbed the blows, I then aimed lower and gave him a half dozen cracks across the backs of his thighs. "Tell Margaret about your panties, fruity boy!"

He got the message!

"Ow! Ow! Ow! OW!" he kept screaming until I stopped hitting him.

"Oh! Uh, pink, uh, pink panties, uh, ow! Margaret they're pink panties!"

"Pink! How cute! But surely they must have some decorations on them tell me all about your panties, you little faggot!"

Probably more from her name calling and teasing than from my paddling, John was crying and had a hard time slowing his panting and moans to start talking again.

"Mar, Mara, Margaret, oh! Panties, I'm wearing pink panties with some ruffles and stuff on them in back and big white lace in front, and oh, yeah ... oh, please, Margaret! I'm sorry. Aren't I still your boyf...."

Crack! Crack! Crack! I delivered three more blows to his naked upper legs, right at the point where the lacy legbands of his panties bit into the tender flesh at the back of his thighs.

"Mother, I'm, uh, so, I'm sorry, uh, mommy!"

"Well, if you don't want to be here all day and night repeatedly getting paddled, you better talk to Margaret and keep telling her bout your panties. Now, tell her how pretty they are and how much you like to wear them. Tell her you want more panties, and you want to show her your dresser drawer full of pretty panties the next time she takes the trouble to even come over and visit a sissyboy like you!"

"Oh, Margaret, mommy says," -- he saw me ready to go at it again with the paddle, -- "I, uh, mean, these are nice pink panties with lots of lace and ruffles. They feel funny when I sit own on all that lace, and I get very hot under my diapers, rubber panties -- the rubber panties are bright pink too with ruffles and stuff around the legs. My nylon panties on top are silky and look like the ones little girls wear to parties and to church. Yes, please come over here whenever you want, and yes, you can see the panties in my dresser drawer. I love wearing pink panties," he said now crying heartily.

Margaret interrupted his panty talk and crying. "I've heard enough. I've got more important things to do than listen to how much a sissy boy loves his panties. I have to get ready for my date tonight with Robert, a real young man and a skilled lover. A real nice guy who treats me good and buys me nice things. Good night, panty fag!"

Before hanging up, she told me to keep him under petticoat discipline indefinitely! Then she threw him a kiss and ordered him to close his eyes and go to sleep! She chatted with Donna after the speaker was

disconnected (so they could talk privately) and John fell fast asleep because I had laced his formula with sleeping medication!

Monday Morning

John was awakened at nine and put through the same routine of being bathed and dressed, and then Donna had decided to give him a girlish perm! When done, he looked like Shirley Temple! A pink ribbon was placed in his hair and we all loved how he looked! She next applied foundation base, eye shadow, liner, lipstick and rouge to his face and then gave him a mirror so he could see his pretty girlish face staring back at him!

A fresh round of tears greeted his reaction. I warned him he'd get a paddling if he ruined his make-up, and he struggled to hold back his tears! Then we led him upstairs and there hanging in the nursery was his new dress!

Donna dressed him in a shimmery full slip, training bra, lace panties, garter belt, sheer white patterned nylons, high heels, crinoline petticoats and his new frilly, lace and satin bow-trimmed PARTY DRESS! She taught him how to walk and sit like a proper little lady and marched him downstairs at noon and made him stand in a corner of the living room. Then the doorbell rang!

He was spun around and in walked Margaret! She smiled at him and ran her soft fingers under his short dress and up his nylon-clad legs and commented on how pretty little JOANNE looked in a dress! She had a gift for him. John tore open the box to find a long blonde wig inside! He cried. what kind of a boy ever got a gift like that from his (former) girlfriend? She placed the wig on his head and then asked where John was. Donna smiled and said John had gone away for a long time, perhaps forever! John trembled with fear as Margaret told Robert she was appalled! After all, she had honored John's foolish bet, and then she came back only to find him gone!

"Oh, well," she sighed. "I guess he didn't care for me all that much anyway. I guess it's over between us. After all, with the way he had been treating me of late, it was only a matter of time before we broke up anyway. But I was lucky that Robert is here to be my boyfriend now, and he's turning out to be a real prince!"

I whispered something to Donna, and she relayed the message to Margaret. She asked her if she was interested in a new position that was now open because we needed a nanny for little Joanne! Without hesitation, Margaret accepted, after all she was a registered nurse and had completed training in childcare. Plus I knew she'd be the perfect disciplinarian. She'd already demonstrated how quickly and completely she could humble John!

Margaret had to leave to meet Robert but said she'd be back to help put little Joanne to bed.

We marched John into the dining room for lunch. A bowl of brown baby food mush was placed before

him as well as another large container of formula! He became somewhat bratty, so I told him for that his bedtime was moved up one half-hour! He gave me a cross look, and I ordered him to finish his lunch because we were going to freshen up his make-up so he'd look pretty for his new nanny just prior to his bedtime. I was shivering inside. There was something very sexual about how we were treating my son. After he finished lunch, John was paraded upstairs and his makeup repaired.

Margaret arrived with Robert. Ignoring John's look of horror, she told us about how she and Robert spent the night together, and now she brought him along to show him that Joanne (John) wasn't any kind of threat to their new relationship. Margaret immediately took charge of John, ordering him to walk up and down the stairs to practice maneuvering in his new high heels. He teetered once too often and was then told he was another half-hour closer to bedtime! John (Joanne) was ordered across Robert's knee, and Robert was given a hairbrush and told to give him a good hiding. Robert had a good time pulling up John's full skirt and cancan petticoats to lowered my son's rhumba panties and rubber panties and then we removed his diaper. Robert then spanked poor John without mercy and made him shriek and cry aloud! He sobbed and flung his nylon-clad legs in the air, much to the delight of Robert, Margaret and Donna.

Then he was marched off to a corner with his pink silky panties and pink rubber panties about his stinging thighs and told by Donna to hold up his petticoats and dress for everyone to see his red, blistered bottom. Within the half-hour, he was spun around and told it was bedtime.

John gave Donna a real cross look, but she smiled at him and told him she would dress him in his new babydoll nightie right there in the parlor in front of Margaret and Robert! He screamed at that and was then slapped across the face. Donna went upstairs to gather his bedclothes. He cried so pitifully begging that he didn't want to be undressed and put into his night clothes in front of them, but Donna paid him no mind. Margaret stood by, as Donna removed his dress and petticoats and placed them on scented hangers. Then she unfastened the garter belt and removed his nylons and stiletto heels. The training bra, rubber panties and nylon panties were left on and Margaret assisted Donna in putting him into the frilly pink top of his sister's babydoll pajamas. He was all dressed for nite-nite without a diaper!

Then he was forcibly put into a chair and his new wig removed. Donna put his hair in little pink curlers, mostly to humiliate him and asked Margaret what she would do to a naughty little girl who yelled at her mother. Well John was appalled when Margaret brought a pink bag from her purse, and produced a baby's pacifier suitable for an adult, and patterned after a large penis! She said they had picked it up in St. Thomas as a joke, but it was the perfect thing for Joanna! Then she produced a small bottle of nail-biting deterrent and coated the pacifier three times, blowing on it gently each time to quicken the drying time between coats. She smiled at John and approached him with a piercing stare. Donna handed her a three ounce paper cup and before John realized what they were up to, Margaret pinched his nostrils and Donna held his head back and poured a big dose of castor oil down his throat. John choked and coughed as Margaret quickly forced the pacifier in place and secured it like a gag with a strap around his head.

The look on his face made everyone laugh as he realized that the pacifier tasted awful! Then Margaret told him it was bedtime for displaying such child-like behavior and ordered him to stand up and she pointed to the stairs!

She told him that tomorrow he would begin baby training with Michael next door and would also learn how to act like a young lady! John looked very unhappy as he was marched upstairs by Donna and strapped into to bed (on his stomach this time) so early in the afternoon! Sleeping medication had been slipped into his lunch, so he became drowsy quickly. Margaret and Robert sat beside his crib. Donna and I watched, as Margaret did two things at once: masturbate John through the combined layers of his pink silky panties and rubber baby panties, and at the same time coo, laugh, kiss and make out with Robert. Margaret complained that she was getting so excited that she had saturated her panties, so she reached up under her skirt and pulled her panties off. To our delight, she put her sodden panties over John's head, and he had to inhale her fragrance as he lay there. The sight and sounds of Robert and Margaret making love consumed his attention as he drifted off to sleep!

Revised by Princess Lacey

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

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Published weekly, never w
Published only when we fin
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dressing up and jerkin

LIFESTYLE

Schoolboy fairy getting into his part too well

Queens, NY: Janus Middleton never did anything halfway. The straight-A student at Fairmount High is a classic over-achiever in every subject. He only lacks street smarts.

So when he joined the school's choral society, he approached it like everything he does, he went headlong into research and took additional voice lessons.

Then when the choral club had their Spring Assembly, Janus was cast as one of the Spring fairies. Well, when he couldn't find any information about "Spring fairies" in books at the library, he happened to ask his cousin, Cal, if he knew.

Cal, a wayward child highly jealous of his brainy cousin, told Janus he knew all about them. He had Janus dress up in is fairy costume and then took him to a local gay bar.

There he stood in the middle of the dance floor and asked anyone so interested to help Janus become a fairy.

Well, the daisy chain went the length of the bar, and by the end of the evening, Janus knew just about everything there was to know about fairies!

The next day at school, much to the surprise of the gay choral leader, Jason got down on his knees and demonstrated his newfound knowledge.



HEALTH



Since he got a pussy, he says he has a good reason to wear panties

Carlsbad, NM: Kitty Moore didn't know what to do when her nine year-old-son, Willie, started wearing his sister's panties. She tried to put a stop to it by telling him the facts of life. She told him, "Little girls have pussies that need to be pampered and taken care of, and that is why they get to wear silky little panties."

Well, young Carl took her to her word! He found a stray pussy cat and brought it home. He then told his mom, "Since I now have a pussy, I can wear pretty panties too!"

But then little Willie began to wearing all his sister's clothes!

Being an angel has made him a regular visitor to paradise

Holy Hills, ND: Local church officials are trying to authenticate the claim of Dickie Sheen who says he regularly visits paradise.

"It's a miracle," the twelve year old says about what happens to him at least 4 or 5 times a week and sometimes two or three times in the same day.

This unusual phenomenon began just after the boy played the part of an angel in the annual Easter show at St. Thomas the Doubter Church.

Known for their elaborate Easter production, the church is headed by Father Will Milkie, who stated, "I am investigating Dickie's claims, and I have no official comment at this time."

The boy was a bit more willing to talk, he says he first had the experience after dressing in his angel outfit, a gauzy white affair with wings and ballet slippers for shoes. Blushingly, he admitted he wore the outfit over a girls' lacy white camisole and satin panties.

"The panties are the key," the little boy says, "whenever I put them on, a strange feeling comes over me, and I feel myself going up to heaven. I have to lie down and I put my hands on the panties



that get very warm. I start breathing very fast and call out God's name. I can feel myself rising up and away my body. Father Milkie w over me. He puts his hand my silky panties too. He p and tells me how pretty I : an angel. I can feel him sh I tremble and give up my Afterwards, my panties r very wet. Father Milkie sa is holy water, and he licks He says it makes him holy

Father Milke's only com was, "The boy is an inspir and a divine gift from God

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

DNA from semen found on panties at the c scene lead to arrest of lingerie store robb

Pussy aroma from storage locker leads coy stash of over 4,000 stolen pairs of dirty pan

Is Kerry's mistress smart or dumb? Si washed his cum stains out of her pan

Ashcroft says against the law if you lie to Feds when they ask if you are wearing pa

Tom Jones donates to charity all the pan admirers have thrown at him over the ye

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