

Princess Online

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Featured Stories and
Letters from the
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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 book, "Bob, Panty Thief," in the "Schooled to Be Girls!" series. In this scene, Bob has run away from the Sylvan School for Girls where he has been serving his sentence after being caught as a panty thief. He's been forced to live as a girl, and now he is fresh on the streets after his escape. He's without any boys' clothes and money, desperate and very hungry, and after a streetwise girl shows him how to play up to a guy to get him to buy them food, Bob tries it and succeeds, but he is unprepared to deal with the guy who now is forcing himself upon the unsuspecting boy in exchange for buying him a box of donuts!

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

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

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

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

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Watchdoggie!

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

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

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

As therapy, he creates fanciful pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment like the photo collage here that remind him of his own painful ordeal. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being forced to wear a dress and panties and then having the nuns and other school kids ridicule and laugh at him.

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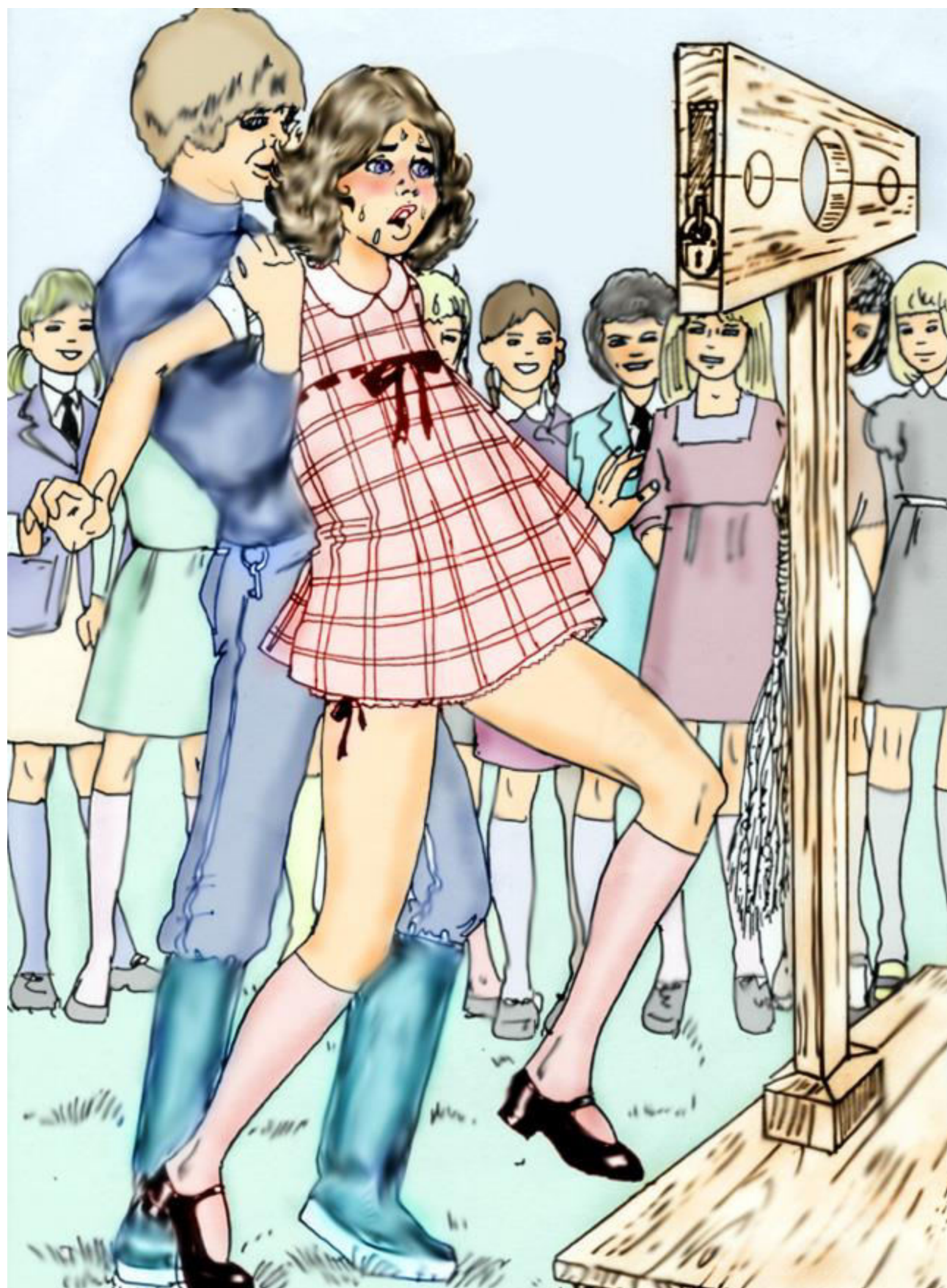




Masquerade

Eric Weiss appears to be unhappy about having to wear his sister's dance recital outfit for his Halloween costume, but we think he's cute with his pink hair ribbons and his metallic shirt and top with his bare midriff exposing a bit of his silky bright blue panty waistband!

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Classic Drawing

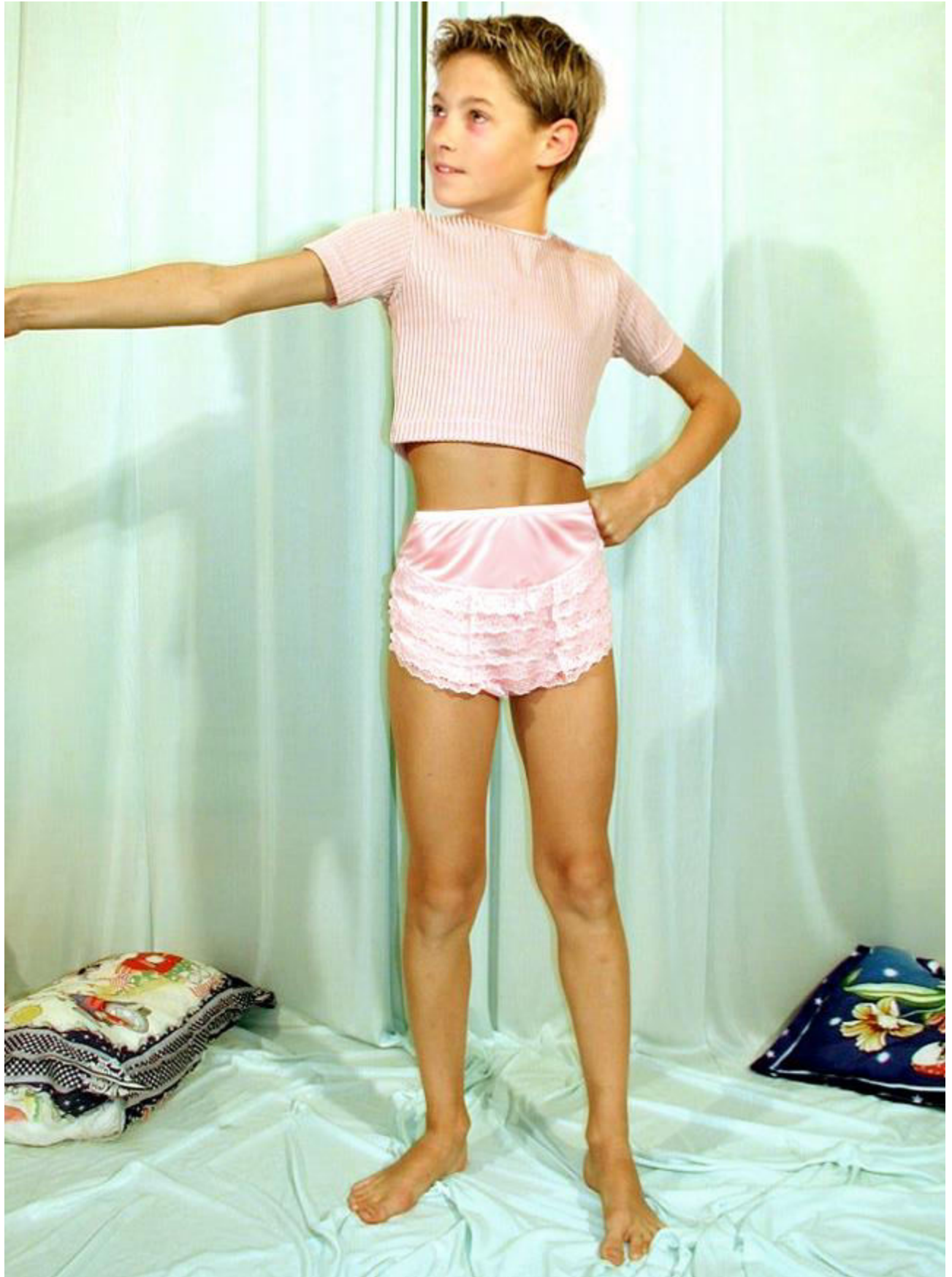
From the great Missie McQueen, this drawing shows a sissy boy who is an embarrassment to the neighborhood, and Butch, the local bully is about to lock him into a pillory and publicly humiliate him.

The local girls had the stocks built to punish this boy because the little sissy was prettier than all the girls in the neighborhood. And now, as the gang of girls watches, the girlie boy resists being put on public display to be teased and humiliated, but he's no match for Butch's strength.

The little pantywaist cries and begs, but in true sissy boy fashion, he's more worried about his short dress, because bent over in the pillory, his dress will go up in back and show everyone his ridiculously frilly petticoat and panties.

He complains, "Oh, Butch, please, p-l-e-a-s-e don't do this to me! I don't want to dress like a girl, but my mommy makes me do it! Please, don't lock me in the stocks because everyone will then be able to see the horrible slips and panties mommy makes me wear!"

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Wally

This month, we present the picture of twelve-year-old Wally, 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 she thought 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 without them getting into some kind of trouble or fighting with each other. But she did find her niche overseeing slightly older boys after school, and since the school was only doors away from her house, it was an ideal setup. The boys were in the six- to twelve-year-old category, and she could control them with a minimum of supervision, leaving her a lot of time to watch her daily soap operas and game shows.

Just as she was starting to have success watching boys after school, 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 else to do with the load of tops and panties, Ma Kelly deleted them from the store's inventory and took them home with her prior to the sale.

Looking after the boys was going along fine. She watched them until their parents got off work and came to pick them up. Then one day one of the boys got himself all dirty playing in the mud; she made him take a shower and washed his clothes. She didn't know what she was going to do with him standing there with just a skimpy towel around him because 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. 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.

That boy was Donald Tierski (he was pictured on our March 2003 website and in Princess online #50). Donald didn't like the idea of dressing in a girls' top and fancy pink rhumba panties, but when Ma 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.

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.

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. 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 and put on pink tops and silky rhumba panties. She reasoned that they wouldn't make fun of Donald if all of them were dressed just like him. It worked! Not only that, all the boys 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 had the same conversation with each mother or father who 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, and 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. But 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 had been 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'll present more photos of Ma Kelly's boys for your enjoyment.

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Sissy of the Month

Everyone thought it was funny when two-year-old Timmie Rodgers went clapping around in his mother's shoes. He loved the click-clacking sound her low high heels made as he walked, and he wore them around the house every chance he got, and that was almost daily. Then he started to get into his sister's old clothes: dresses, skirts, slips and panties, but when it came to shoes, he still preferred his mom's strappy sandals and little heels. People in the family didn't think too much about it -- he was just playing. Now Timmie is six years old, and he still loves to dress up. Some of his neighbors and relatives tell him he's getting too old for such games, but his mom and dad don't have the heart to make him stop -- (like they could!). He has been doing it for such a long time, and he's not hurting anyone, so what's the problem? Good luck, Timmie. We can't wait to see how you'll be dressing up in a few more years.

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Castrating a Panty Wanker

As usual while sitting in the bathtub, he couldn't leave his penis alone, and if his governess caught him, she'd surely punish him. Spread out before him across the edge of the tub, he had a line of pictures of girls in bras and panties from ads he had torn out of his mother's magazines and catalogs. He loved

looking at girls in their pretty lingerie. It made his dick so hard and so much fun to touch.

When he first discovered the joy of pulling on his cock, she'd catch him and tease him about playing with himself like a little baby. She didn't seem to mind. She even dared him to do it in front of her just to give her an excuse to spank him. But now John was older, and she referred to his nasty habit as a sickness and dealt more harshly with him, even slapping his penis and balls. But it was all a game to John, Sure it hurt more now, but he found the pain exciting. She knew he masturbated in the tub, and he knew at any moment she'd walk in and catch him.

The door opened suddenly, and without warning, two females appeared, his governess, Mrs. Lindsey, and her fifteen-year-old daughter, Candy. This was a new twist. Never before had she brought anyone else into the bathroom during their little game. The girl, barely two years older than John, was dressed in black boots reaching to her knees, a black skirt and sheer white blouse. She looked extremely authoritative, and with her black bra standing out under the thin blouse, she looked extremely sexy too. Suddenly John wondered whether this was still a game.

"Well, Master John, you're at it again, I see. Guess you'll never learn. You knew I was coming in to check up on you, yet you persist in jerking off like a little pervert. It's a show of disrespect toward all women and my daughter and me in particular. Now get out of the tub. I'm going to let my daughter discipline you this time."

"But I didn't know you both were coming. I thought ..."

"Shut-up, and get out!"

"All right, but what are you going to do?"

"Never mind," replied Candy. "I understand boys can't keep their hands off of their little things. My mother has tried to break you of this habit for years. Now, she wants me to give it a try. But different than my mother, I rather enjoy watching a boy masturbate. Yes, it is disrespectful to females when nasty little boys get all hard and excited thinking dirty thoughts about women and girls, but I think trying to change them is a bit of a lost cause and we shouldn't worry too much about it.

"We should just severely punish a boy when we catch him, and in that way, maybe lessen the number of times he wastes pleasuring himself. Men and boys are so weak no wonder women must take over. Now take this."

Suddenly, from behind her back she produced a wooden cane, and in quick succession before he had a chance to react, she whipped his wet penis one, two, three times. John was so surprised he yelled out and grabbed for his beaten cock, but it was too late. She was quicker and had already cupped his testicles in a viselike grip and began to squeeze.

"Doesn't this feel good, you little sissy?"

"No, it hurts. Please, stop. Please."

"Never! I'm going to teach you not to insult women with your foul behavior. Maybe I can't get you to stop jerking off, but I can make you pay the price for such disrespect and make you think twice about playing with your little toys.

"Now, are you going to do everything I'm going to tell you to do?" she said as she tightened her grip on his balls even more."

"OK! OK! Ow-w-w-w! You're hurting me. Please, stop!"

Mother and daughter quickly dried the boy off with oversized towels. Then John saw a flash of pink as Mrs. Lindsey handed her daughter something. Candy then bent before him and told him to lift his legs so she could dress him. He looked down and saw the pink panties they were pulling on him as they quickly slid the lace and frills all the way up his legs and over his cock and balls. With a firm tug on the sides to pull the panties completely up and over his hips, she fitted the filmy pink satin panties about him.

"By the way, your penis is awfully small; I bet the other boys make fun of you. Girls' panties suit you. They almost make it disappear. But tiny or not, I'm going to make your nasty, repulsive little dick and balls ache and keep you in pain for a long, long time."

Stunned, he looked down. He was about to complain, but as he opened his mouth Candy gave him a powerful double slap across his cheeks.

"Don't say a word, you little pansy. Only sick, immature little sissy boys jerk off to pictures of girls in their lingerie. So to punish you and to teach you respect for females, girls' lingerie is all you will wear for underwear from now on."

He saw the small pile of silky pink garments. Despite the embarrassment of standing there in sissy pink panties, his small penis was hard. Mother and daughter noticed, glanced at each other and exchanged knowing smiles.

They had him lie down on his back, his embarrassment obvious with his penis still erect and pointing upward and making a little tent within the stretchy nylon satin panties. In fear, he looked up at them. Mrs. Lindsey then sat down on his ankles and her daughter straddled his head so he could see all the way up under her dress and past the reinforced tops of her old-fashioned nylon stockings held securely with black ribbon garter straps. The crotch of her own pink panties was now fully visible to John.

"Take a good look at my panties, you little panty faggot, and start playing with your disgusting little dickie. It had better get good and hard quickly or else. Do you think my legs in silk stockings are pretty?"

"Yes. Yes!"

"Would you like to kiss them? How about my panties? Would you like to lick the crotch of my panties? Beg me, you little panty pervert."

"Please, let me kiss you lick your stockings, Miss Candy. Please, let me lick your panties between your legs."

"If you're nice. Only if you're nice! Now, keep jacking on your dick in your new panties, sissy boy."

The girl got up and removed one of her boots. Then leaning against the wall, she placed her nylon toes in the boys face. She noticed his penis was very hard and pulsating under his soft pink nylon panties.

"Mother, take my cane and hit his nasty balls."

She did.

"Ouch, ouch! Oh, my god! It hurts. Stop, please, stop! I can't stand it," he screamed.

"I think he's learning," Candy laughed. He cried in pain. "Now I'll give you something to forever remember me."

The boy had stopped masturbating. He was in pain from the cane and his hands were holding his testicles.

"Take your hands away. If you don't, I'll castrate you. Do you know what that means?"

His questioning eyes answered her.

"To castrate you means, I'll take a knife and cut your balls off! So take you hands away, now!"

"He went wide-eyed with fear and removed his hands. He didn't doubt her. This girl was barely older than him, but she was so smart and so masterful. He watched as Candy raised her other foot, the one still wearing the long, shiny black boot. He sensed she was going to hurt him and wanted to protect himself, but her threat to castrate him kept him still and at her mercy. He couldn't move.

"That's a good boy. I'd hate to cut your balls off, even though you'd be much better without them. Then your pretty pink panties would fit you very nicely. And now here's your punishment for today," Candy said, as her mother held his hands to keep him from interfering. The girl kicked him three times in the balls with the pointed tip of her hard boot. Then she stepped on him, putting the foot of her boot on his cock and the heel on his balls and pushing down on them with all her weight. She hammered her foot

hack and forth. His screams of pain echoed throughout the long hallways and the many rooms of the mansion.

"That's a good boy, my sick little panty-wearing sissy. That should do it, mother."

Candy stepped off him, and her mother pointed to his beaten penis. It was still spurting his smelly cum and he was still screaming.

"That should introduce you to my daughter, your new governess," Mrs. Lindsey said. "I'm confident she will be able to take over for me as she travels with you to England. I have to stay here. I promised to help look over the estate with your parents gone for their yearlong trip. As you know, you're headed to England to stay with your aunt and uncle, and since you can't be trusted alone and I can't go along, Candy will take over my duties as your governess. As you can tell, she's very intolerant of bad behavior. And she likes to turn little boys into little girls; so mind her in every way, or you'll be without your balls and on your way to being a girl faster than you can imagine. She's already converted two boys to girlhood in addition to her older brother, and she needed little help from me to do that, so I know she is more than capable of handling you. Be sure to mind her in everything, or your balls will end up in her trophy case!

"While you're in abroad with Candy and staying at your aunt's, you'll also meet your cousin Elizabeth. She is seventeen and I gather very prim and proper. Candy will teach you proper behavior and the manners you will need to impress your aunt and cousin as well as their friends among the Royal family of England."

Candy said, "Now, get yourself cleaned up and then meet me in your room for a get-acquainted talk. I want you naked except for the fresh pair of pink panties I've left out for you in your bathroom. I'll have my cane just in case you want to disobey me."

They left and John began to clean himself. His testicles were very sore and swollen. For the first time he was actually afraid of females. He wondered if they were serious about sending him to live with his aunt and cousin. He shook with shame as he stepped into the fresh pair of pink panties. They were humiliatingly decorated with satin bows and lacy edges. He went quietly to his room and waited on his bed, naked except for the panties.

After over an hour wait, Candy entered and he noticed she carried some garments in one hand and her cane, some cords and a wooden spoon in the other. He had forgotten about her last direction not to touch myself, and his hand strayed to cover his still sore genitals.

"Master John won't you ever learn? At least you don't have an erection, a nice little benefit I get from giving you pain in your balls."

"They hurt so much. I think you injured me forever."

“Nonsense.”

“What are you going to do to me now?”

“I intend to break your macho attitudes, to teach you to fully respect, honor and obey all females. By the time we're ready to travel to England, you'll adore femininity and be capable of serving women in any way they may desire. You will fully understand a female's needs and will have been turned into a little slave boy. No more macho.

“You see these clothes? They're some of my lingerie. This pair of panties I wore this morning. From now on you will wear girls' lingerie while at home. Nice panties that I'm sure you'll love and a tight panty girdle to conceal your repulsive little boy things. In time you'll become proud of the smooth front of your panties and not be tempted to play with yourself.

“The best way to break you of your nasty habit is to force femininity on you in conjunction with beatings until the mere thought of playing with yourself will bring to mind pain and fear of losing your balls. You'll get used to these pretty clothes, and soon you'll come to thank me for getting you to stop your ugly habits.”

“”Do I have to wear girls' underwear? It's just plain stupid and crazy.”

“By the way, we call these things lingerie, a much prettier name than underwear. Boys wear stupid underwear. Girls – and sissy boys – wear pretty lingerie. You'll get use to them quickly and soon you'll love wearing pretty lingerie.”

“You're kidding!”

“Master John, you look so silly with your soft penis flopping back and forth, up and down inside your panties. It looks like a funny little tail or something. Doesn't it bother you? How can you stand it?”

“You're teasing me. Stop it!”

“Here are my dirty panties from this morning. Put them up to your nose, breathe in deeply. That's it. This is all part of your training. Oops! I see something growing! Now control yourself. I guess smelling my dirty panties and my talking about your little dickie is making it get hard. A boyish bulge makes your panties look so stupid. Do you like the smell of my pink panties?

“You must; your penis is sticking up. You nasty boy, can't you control yourself? Now put the crotch of my panties in your mouth and suck on it, then lie down on the floor, and I'll rub your testicles with the heel of my boot.”

“Please, not that! It hurts too much.”

“You need to be broken of your bad habits. Keep your hands away, or else. I can feel your penis throbbing, so you must like the taste of my dirty panties. You are a pervert, aren't you?”

“Sometimes I don't wipe myself after doing pee, like this morning. You can probably taste something salty. I'm going to stand over you now so you can look up my dress and see my thighs and panties, then I'm going to punish you the same way I did this morning. I want you to take your punishment without saying a word. Do you like looking up my skirt? Like what you see, my little pantywaist pervert?”

“Oh, no, please, stop! Your heel is hurting my balls. Please, not again.”

But Candy couldn't hold back. She just had to hurt him. She loved the power she had over this boy – she was strictly lower middle class, and he was the only son of a fabulously wealthy family. His mother and father were now on a yearlong around the world cruise, but when they were home, they had little time for him. His mother was into society affairs; his father into his financial holdings, and now Master John was in panties! She knew she'd get him to the point where he'd do anything for her. One day he'd suck on more than just her soiled panties. Candy was caught up in her desire to enslave men and boys, torture them and emasculate them. Again she raised her boot and brought it down on his balls and ground her heel into him harder and harder until she saw his eyes about to pop out and his defenseless hands reach to protect his genitals. She was on fire but knew she had to stop before she permanently disfigured him.

“Don't cry. I'll help you. Does it still hurt? Wait here. I'll get an ice pack.”

This time John was sure she had crushed his balls. He doubled up and clutched at his wounded genitals. Finally he looked up to see her pretty face smiling at him. She took his hands away and put the ice pack on his balls. While smiling down at him, she placed a cold wash cloth on his forehead.

“I'm sorry I hurt you so much. I guess I got carried away. I did enjoy myself and hope you liked sucking on my panties. If you're nice and obey me, I'll let you suck on all my dirty panties, maybe even let you kiss my thighs and panties while I'm wearing them. I'd like that very much. Every girl loves to have a boy kiss and lick her through her panties. When the pain is gone, get up and I'll help you put on a fresh pair of my panties and hide your silly little cock and balls.”

John lay on the bed with the ice pack on his testicles and watched Candy brush her hair in the mirror. When she thought she waited long enough for him to recover from her abuse, she walked over to him and held out a pair of delicate pale blue panties.

“Now, you lucky boy, I'm going to help you into my pretty panties and then teach you how to worship a woman's body. I can't wait until your hair grows long so that it falls well below your shoulders. Here, put your feet in my silky panties and pull them up tight. Now, let me show you a little trick. I just push your

testicles up into your body and your penis back between your legs like this and then hold your penis in place while I pull your panties up real tight.”

Tucking away his balls made him scream in pain. She just giggled, and said, “That's it. Good job! Now, I'll slip on the tight panty girdle, and it will keep your balls in place.”

Once the struggle to get the panty girdle on him was over, she had him step into another pair of her pale blue panties. This pair had white elastic legs and waist and a delicate lace trim.

“Look in the mirror. See? No ugly bulge between your legs. Now you no longer have your disgusting genitals swinging to and fro or sticking up in your panties. I think it's a big improvement. What do you think?”

“I don't like it. I'm a boy. Why are you trying to make me into a girl?”

“Because girls are sweet and good and boys are nasty and bad. Would you prefer I take my wooden spoon to your balls and then crush them again under my boot heel?”

“Candy, why are you so mean to me?”

“You need to be dealt with strongly. You've been a typical macho little boy and need a prolonged period of training to learn submissiveness to females.

“When I'm through, you'll enjoy females much more. You will be able to relate to them as superiors, not as sex objects to be used to satisfy the lust in your balls. Your experiences in femininity will transform you from a macho pig into a truly beautiful person. Some day, maybe you'll even ask me to cut off your prick and your balls so you can be as much of a female as possible.”

“I would never do that!”

“You may surprise yourself some day, girlie boy.”

“Do you need to pee?”

He did but he hadn't even thought about it until now and she mentioned it. She took him to the bathroom.

“Here, slide your girdle and panties down to your knees then sit down and go. Don't let your balls slide down and let your penis point down between you legs.”

Afterward, she helped him pull up his panty girdle and both his over and under panties. She then took him to her quarters, a bedroom and bath at the end of the hall. On the bed was a thigh-length babydoll

pajama top that matched his pale blue panties. She helped him into it, and he didn't argue. He was ready to do most anything for her to avoid having her punish his balls anymore.

"Lie on your back," she said, and when he did, she squatted directly over his face with her panties rubbing against his lips.

"Go ahead and suck me through my panties and play with my breasts for a minute."

She was obviously enjoying herself as she rubbed her panty-covered clit back and fourth on his face. He loved it. The stale smell and acrid taste of her urine was suddenly replaced with the overpowering smell of shit. She had farted right in his face!

"I have to pee. Come on let's go into the bathroom."

She dragged him by the hand to the bathroom, stood ready by the toilet and said, "Come kneel and take off my panties. I've really got to pee. You can suck on my panties between my legs while I pee."

He heard her pee and felt his penis desperately trying to erect itself under his tight panty girdle and panties. He began sucking on her panties. Candy reached out and squeezed his balls gently caused him pain.

"Please, Candy please. It really hurts."

"OK, now one thing you must learn is to serve a woman on the toilet. You need to learn how to wipe a woman after she has peed. You use your tongue."

Candy stood up and placed one foot on the toilet seat and gently spread her sex for him to see. It was the first time he had ever seen an open, exposed pussy. With her guidance, she taught him how to stick out his tongue and gently lick her. It was salty, but somehow he enjoyed it and smiled up at her. She handed him a glass.

"Dip it in the toilet and then take a drink it down. It won't hurt you."

He filled the glass from the toilet, hesitated and then grimaced as he drank it down. Candy giggled and said, "Now, let's go to my bedroom. You're going to spend the entire night as a female loving me."

Once in bed they lay next to one another kissing and talking. Soon her hands strayed between his thighs and rubbed the crotch of his panties over his tight girdle.

"You're as soft and as smooth as any girl."

"I'll do anything you want, but please don't hurt me anymore."

"I want you to masturbate me very gently. Here, give me your hand. Rub me very gently along the inside of my thighs and then very slowly let your fingers slide between my pussy lips. That's it. Keep doing that gently and for a long time, and while you do it, suck on my breasts."

For a considerable time he licked and sucked her breasts and used his fingers to probe her lovely sex. Occasionally she would remove his fingers and make him suck them.

"Now dearest, slip under the sheets and use your tongue just like you are using your fingers. You'll stay down between my legs all night. Do me in front and then go around and do the same in back, lick my ass crack. If you don't do a good job, I'll castrate you in the morning."

He awoke in the morning with his head between her thighs. He could hardly breathe. Out of fear that she might castrate him, he stayed at work licking her slit. It was some time before she woke up and drew back the covers.

"Well little girl, you did a pretty good job, so maybe I won't castrate you. Now, I've got to pee, so come on."

She put towels on the floor and then sat directly over his mouth. This time she didn't hold any back, and after two mouthfuls of her pee, he couldn't keep drinking, so she lifted herself up and pissed all over his face. She then lowered herself sufficiently to allow him to lick her dry.

Months went by but Candy never let up in his training. Every day after school he would come home and remove his boys' clothes and in her presence put on panties and other girls' clothes. Sometimes he would sit at her dressing table, and she'd brush his hair or help him put on makeup. He detested being feminized, but he had no one he could turn to for help. Mrs. Lindsey controlled his allowance and his whole environment. He couldn't even contact his parents on their long-term cruise vacation without going through her. And even if he did, they probably couldn't do anything about his situation – that is if they even cared enough to do something about it. Mrs. Lindsey was a top-rated governess and given complete authority over him, and now that he was soon to be shipped off to England for the year and put under the control of Mrs. Lindsey's sadistic daughter, Candy, his hopes of a return to normalcy were even more distant.

Occasionally the mother-daughter duo would lie together and tease each other with lesbian touches as they had model girls' clothes, do a striptease, or have him wait on them in every way. In the bathroom, they both thoroughly enjoyed forcing him to be their personal toilet.

Candy was clearly more sadistic and was always prepared to hurt him in some way, especially using her heel to abuse his balls. She'd often do that in her mother's presence as the two of them carried on a conversation about feminism and the beauty of women or how inferior males are. Both were constantly belittling men and boys, suggesting they were unfit to govern and should either change their sex or

become slaves to women. One day Candy had him lie on the floor naked except for his pink panties. She then went into the bathroom and returned with two heavily soiled pairs of panties, one pair hers the other pair her mother's. These she placed over his head, with the crotches over his nose. And when Mrs. Lindsey noticed his erection stretching out his own sissy pink panties, she became angry and said he was lusting after her and Candy. She jerked severely on his cock, and when he screamed, Candy viciously kicked his balls.

As he writhed in pain, she stood over him and told him she knew deep in his heart he really didn't want to grow up be a man, so she had made plans with her friend Marsha, a doctor, and they were going to feminize him even more aggressively, castrate him and eventually perform a complete sex change on him.

"How could they do that? Surely his parents would object to that!" he thought. John wanted to complain, but before he could even start, he got another kick in the nuts.

Candy indicated it was a wonderful idea, but wanted a couple of her friends, two little lesbian sisters currently emasculating their big brother, to witness his operation. Three days later, after school, Mrs. Lindsey took John to Marsha's house.

"Come in, I've been waiting for you," the doctor said. "I bet you can't wait to be released from your male bondage and turned into a totally feminized, cocksucking, pussy-licking panty slave, not to mention a full toilet slave."

John froze at the mention of 'cocksucking' that's something he would never do – but then again he thought about all of what he had been through and knew that if they wanted him to suck cock, he would have to do it. He would have no choice.

Marsha continued, "Candy, your little friends are coming over shortly. I've been working on their big brother, and they want to know all about what is ahead for him. They're really quite pretty and are into the feminine supremacist movement at quite an advanced point for two so young."

Marsha, Mrs. Lindsey's lesbian friend and a surgeon by profession, had performed over twenty sex change operations. She genuinely feels sorry for guys who have sex identity problems. She explained to a dumbfounded John the advantages for a panty wanker of a life without a penis and balls. Then the doorbell rang.

"Oh that must be them now. John, take off all your clothes except your pink panties, while Candy goes to greet the girls."

John was naked except for his frilly panties and sitting on the bed when the girls came through the doorway. Like Candy, these little girls were wearing black boots that went up to their knees, short dresses, and see-through tops that showed off their pink satin training bras. Their hair was free falling past their

shoulders. John couldn't believe his eyes. Lisa and Linda were really just small children, only eight years old he later found out. Yet they had the air of little minxes strutting around in their sexy outfits. They were dominatrixes in training, and obviously deep into it.

Lisa and Mrs. Lindsey advanced toward one another with open arms. They kissed gently and embraced for a minute while the other girl, Linda, greeted Doctor Marsha, and then the two exchanged positions to greet the other. Then they both noticed John and their attention was immediately drawn to his erection tenting up his pink panties. They scampered over to his side, and instantly four tiny little hands were pinching, pushing, pulling and stroking his pink pantied penis, all the while they laughed and investigated the lace, ribbon bows and frills on his panties. They both paused to yank up their little miniskirts to compare their fancy pink panties to his, and they both agreed that his panties were much prettier, except for that disgusting little bulge in front, which they were sure wouldn't be there for long! Their laughing and cheeriness created an almost party-like atmosphere in the doctor's home office that until they arrived looked like a boring old hospital room.

"How's my sweetheart?" Mrs. Lindsey said to John. "Well, it looks as though everyone is ready for a party."

"Ma'am, why do you tease me so? You're not really ..."

"Why, of course, darling! We're really going to cut your balls off, today," Candy said with glee. "Isn't it exciting? But first, I need to go potty. I held it all through class just thinking of you, your poor balls and how I like to abuse you. Pretty soon Marsha will come and cut your little balls out, and I won't be able to mash them any longer! Now come into the bathroom with me, my little pussy panty slave."

On closed circuit TV from the bathroom, they all watched as John knelt before Candy and, as she raised her skirt, he bent forward and kissed her panty crotch. Then, slowly, he pulled her panties down. While she sat down to pee, he lowered his head sucked on her panty crotch. When she was finished, they watched as Linda stood up and Jamie very tenderly licked her pussy lips dry. John caught sight of something in his peripheral vision and saw the two little girls with their skirts pulled up. They had to pee too, and they took turns on the toilet and then had John lick clean their hairless little pussy lips and pull their panties back up.

The little girls compared notes and each gave him a 9-out-of-10 rating as a pussy licker. "Once you lose your balls, you'll make a great lesbian," Lisa said.

"I wonder how good he is at sucking cock. We could bring David over sometime and have him show us," Linda said. "Would you like us to bring our big sissy brother over sometime? So you can show us how well you suck cock?"

Tears came to John's eyes. "Uh, no, Miss, I don't suck boys' cocks?"

Both girls nearly gagged on their laughter at his answer.

"You mean you don't suck cocks yet!" Lisa replied.

"Well, Candy will let us know when she wants you to start," Linda added with more giggles.

Candy added, "How about next Saturday, girls? I've neglected that part of his feminization, so it's high time we start him guzzling down some of that smelly jism boys make."

"John, I have good news for you: Once your balls are gone, I'll call you Joannie and let you bathe with me and maybe even sleep with me and Mrs. Lindsey. Once your balls are cut off, you'll slowly lose the ability to get an erection. Of course, I think Marsha should remove your penis as well as your balls, then none of us would really have to worry that you might still get some dumb old male urges and ideas."

Marsha said, "John, you ought to have one more orgasm before we castrate you. Do it while we watch. All of us will raise our skirts to give you inspiration. Do it, panty boy!"

John, slowly at first, and then faster and faster, pulled on his penis through his panties. All five of the females raised their skirts, even the two little eight-year-old twins.

As he masturbated, Candy said, "Look at the embarrassing hard-on in your panties, boy. I thought you were better mannered than that, especially doing something so disgusting in front of little baby girls like the twins. We girls will have to punish you one last time."

As he was starting to shoot, Candy raised her boot and slammed it into John's testicles. Lisa and Linda jumped up and did likewise, until John rolled over into a ball, obviously suffering severe pain.

Marsha then helped the lad up onto an operating table. Mrs. Lindsey quickly changed into a nurse's uniform. She quickly administered several shots into his groin area.

"This should numb the area and reduce the pain."

"I guess we kicked him a little too hard," Lisa said, "but aren't we going to cut out his testicles anyway?"

"Yes darling. But first John has to give us permission to remove his balls."

"John, I know you are in a great deal of pain with all the kicks to the balls you have received in recent days plus the kicks you just got here. So I can make you feel better fast if I cut out your balls now. Are you ready? You really have wanted it for so long. Your balls have only given you pain. Now let's get started and soon you'll be a partial female, well, at least you won't be much of a male. And never again will anyone be able to kick you in the balls. So do I have your permission to do it? Tell me you want to wear pretty panties without your ugly balls in the way."

When he paused to answer she pounded his balls with her fist. She hit him with a blow that to him felt like it had been delivered by a prizefighter.

“Yes! Yes,” he squealed. “Take my balls! Yes, let me wear pretty panties forever more!”

As the anesthetic took effect, John's pain subsided, and they all watched as Marsha brought forward a tray with loaded with shiny silver instruments and a jar containing some fluid.

“I'm cutting out his testicles first,” she explained as she worked, “and then I'll remove his scrotum. I think that's the easiest. We'll wait several months before deciding about removing his penis.”

Slowly, she cut into his scrotum and pulled out his balls. Then she cut the cords, freeing his testicles. She put the severed nuts in a jar which was ceremoniously held by little Lisa and Linda, who showed them to John, his eyes filled with tears and fear. They all kept watching as Marsha cut away his scrotum entirely and stitched together the opening. Everyone looked at each other and smiled, another male had been demaled. It was one more victory for all females.

“Girls,” Marsha said to the twins, “give the jar with his balls in it to Candy, and you two can help me put this sanitary belt and Kotex on him. We'll let him pretend that his little wound down there is like his first period. The pad will act as a bandage and absorb any bleeding that may occur.”

They all watched as the doctor, assisted by the baby girl twins, fastened the Kotex pad to the belt and then helped him into a nice pair virginal white satin panties.



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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

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Published weakly, never w
Published only when we fi
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dressing up and jerki

HEALTH



Sissy blames his frequent colds on the short skimpy dresses his mom makes him wear

Breezy Point, OH: A judge threw out a case by young boy suing his mother to let him wear more substantial and longer dresses.

Willie Notwon said the childishly short dresses his mother makes him wear cause him to get a lot of colds because they don't protect him from drafts and cold weather.

The boy's mother said he wanted to wear dresses, so she was making him wear dresses made to embarrass him out of girls' clothes.

After a close examination under the boy's dress, the judge said, "I don't see anything under your dress worth examining." And

LIFESTYLE



Cuckold maids suck up again, fail to unionize

Queens, NY: Cuckolds cum up short once again in their bid to organize because they didn't have anyone to blow their horn for them.

Quickie quiz: How many openings do you have in your panties? If you have more than three holes in your panties, they are either worn out or you've been panty fucked!

Boy thinks panties grow on trees since

HEADLINES

Woman caught stealing panties back from panty thief gets fine

Woman angry over losing her pantie tried to get even but only got screwed

Slick Valley, ID: As the proud owner of a vintage collection of panties, Bessie Bottoms was thoroughly upset when she began losing pairs of her lacy briefs every time she washed some of them and hung them out on her clothesline to dry.

Upon reviewing a list of convicted sex criminals in her neighborhood, she learned one was a known panty thief, so she stalked out his home and when he did his laundry she saw some of the panties hung up on his line were hers! So she proceeded to steal back her panties, but in the process



got caught and the man called the police, who arrested her.

In court, the judge found guilty and fined her \$200 and didn't let her keep the panties she had taken back because she didn't prove the panties really belonged to her.

Survey: On average, how many pairs of panties do you jack off in every week?

1-3 pairs 5% 4 to 7 11% 8 to 11 15% Over 12 pairs 6%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Panty raiding fraternity boys sentenced to community service at women's prison laundry

A panty fetishist physics professor cums with wanking-in-nylon theory of relativity

Sissy's cock and balls yanked off after his panties get twisted up in jack-off machine

He's either very brave or a ding-a-ling: A b
asks his Mom to use her panties for wankin

**TOP POKER PLAYER IS ALSO A PANTYWAIST MAIL
HE KNOWS WHEN TO HOLD 'EM, WHEN TO FOLD 'EM**

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