

Princess Online

August 2004
Featured Stories and
Letters from the
Princess Productions
Website

No.
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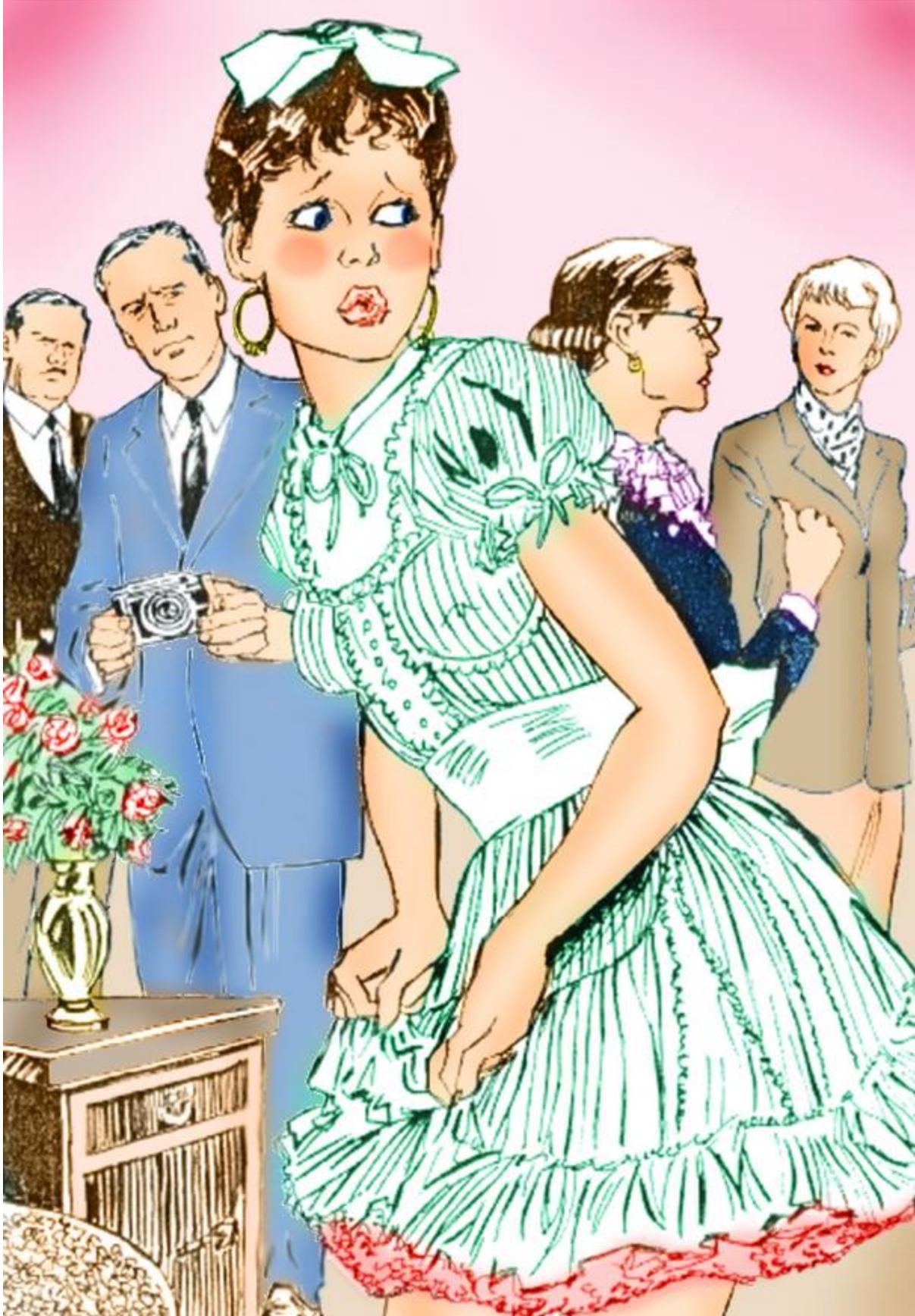


Adults Only

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.

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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 shown off to his former girlfriend and her parents as he appeals to them to release him from his sentence.

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

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

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

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

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Watchdoggie!

It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout 'family values' and left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: errant males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be contained and constantly

monitored. The way to save humanity from itself is to stop those hormones from ruining our men and boys, who in turn are ruining our world.

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

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

We usually present one of Watchdoggie's pictures each month on this website; however, this month we have a special picture, an actual photo of Watchdoggie! himself from the 1950s showing him in one of his petticoat punishment dresses along with his Aunt Carol and sister Katie. of course, he's not too happy about being photographed in a dress, but he tried to force a smile, knowing that if he didn't more punishment and humiliation awaited him. And if you look closely, Katie is still quite flat chested, but Watchdoggie's chest is filled out with a padded bra, and if you take a good look, you can even see the outline of his pink brassiere right through his dress!

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Sissyboy Coloring Book

(Click on the pictures for a larger view.)

Each month, thanks to legendary sissyboy writer and illustrator Jonathan Bebe, we provide you with drawings from our coloring book for you to color and add your own details, including a caption or dialogue. This series of pictures shows Johnny as a boy dreaming of being a ballerina, trying on his sister's dance leotards and toe shoes, and then seeing himself as a professional prima ballerina. Of course, sissy boys who dress up in their sister's clothes eventually get caught, and you'll read about what happened to Johnny when he got caught by his mother and sister.

Ballerina Boy

"You really are cute," Johnny's mother said when she found him dressed in one of his sister's ballet costumes.

Johnny blushed and ran to his room to change. His mother followed her humbled little boy, and by the time she got there, he was already stripped down to his sister's pink nylon panties he had on and trying desperately to untangle his feet from the tights twisted around his ankles.

"Oh, dear, I see you even put on Cindy's best panties. They look very pretty on you and fit you

perfectly."

Johnny blushed an even deeper shade of red and put his arms and hands around himself to hide the humiliating panties from his mother's smiling eyes.

"It's OK, dear. I think all little boys should feel free to express their girlish side. There's nothing wrong with it," Gina said as she looked over his shoulder at the pink and white dress hanging on his closet door. "Were you trying on Cindy's dress too?"

He nodded, hoping his mother would soon stop talking and leave him alone to ease the pain of being discovered in girlie clothes.

But she surprised him when she said, "Well, it's OK. Go ahead and wear the dress if you want. Do you want mommy to help you?"

Johnny unsure of exactly what he wanted at that moment, nodded. Sure he wanted to wear the dress along with the panties and all of his sister's other beautiful and silky clothes, but it was so strange to have his mother there seeing him like that. He knew boys who liked girls' things were sissies and called names, teased and hated by people.

Gina took a tissue out of her pocket and wiped the moisture from his eyes as she hugged him and then helped him untangle his feet from the tights. As the boy shivered from sitting there in the cool air in just the pink panties, his mother took her time folding up the leotard and pantyhose, and then much to his amazement, she placed them in his dresser drawer. Wondering what was going to happen next, Johnny sat on the edge of the bed with his arms hugged about himself to keep warm as well as hide his thin boyish body dressed in girls' pink panties.

"Stay right there, honey, I'll be back in a moment.

He sat in a daze not knowing what to expect. Moments later, his mother returned holding more of his sister's clothes, a shimmering white cancan slip, lacy ankle socks, and pair of white Mary Jane shoes. He watched his mother like he was watching a movie, but it was a crazy kind of movie going on all around him. Sitting in the middle of the action, the light revealed every detail and seemed exceedingly bright; every sound was unusually loud and echoed in his ears; and every sight was happening in at regular speed but simultaneously happening in a weird kind of slow motion.

His mother held open the froth of cancan petticoats at his feet for him to step into. As if in he were an actor in this movie, he now was doing his part, placing his feet into that enticing, feminine mound of silk and lace petticoats. Then his mother did her part, she pulled them up his legs, dragged them across his silky pink panties and then adjusted the big bouffant slips around his thin waist. She then took the pink dress off the hanger, pulled it over his head and adjusted it to his body with a lot of pulling, touching and stroking. As she buttoned up the back of the dress, Johnny felt like he was locked in, locked in a

wonderful little girly world forbidden to boys, an exciting world of silky sensuousness, but locked in just the same. How would he get out of the dress if his mother now got mad at him and made fun of him? Whenever he had tried on this dress before, he wasn't able to button the top buttons in back, and now his mother had buttoned those buttons. There was no escape! On the teeter-totter between fear and sexual thrills, Johnny's heart pounded and his head ached.

As he felt her tie the sash in a large bow behind him and straighten his skirt, reality was sinking in. He knew this wasn't a movie. It was really happening. He had dreamed of his mother making him into her little girl, but he never thought it would happen.

"I always liked this dress on your sister and was so sad when she outgrew it. I'm glad to see it fits you so prettily."

Johnny was silent as she put the lace-trimmed anklets and his sister's white Mary Jane shoes on his feet. She had him stand up and twirl around to make the skirt fly up and expose his pink panties.

"You look darling!" she exclaimed.

Just then his sister walked in. "Well, you finally got caught," she said "I knew it would happen sooner or later. He's always been such a sissy, mother. Surely, you've noticed."

"You've known about him dressing up in your clothes?"

"Oh, god! He's been doing it forever, Mom. You really never noticed before?"

"Johnny has always been sweet and ... and not very good at sports and boys' things, but..."

"I don't care, Mom. I always told him it was OK to wear my old clothes but not my good things. And when he was spinning around just now I think I noticed he was wearing a pair of my good pink panties. I'm mad at him for doing that."

"Well, he can keep these panties. I'll buy you some new ones to replace them."

"Well, now that you know, why don't you let the little faggot wear panties all the time?"

"Cindy! You shouldn't call your brother such nasty names!"

"Why not, Mom? The kids at school call him a sissy and a faggot all the time. They tell him he should start wearing dresses and shove him over to the girls' side during recess." She looked at her mother for a reaction.

"I had no idea. Why didn't you tell that before?"

“And what would you have done about it? He's going to grow up to be a queer. I think he is already. No one can do anything about it. Besides, he looks cute in my old dresses. He can wear my old dresses any time. I always wanted a sister.”

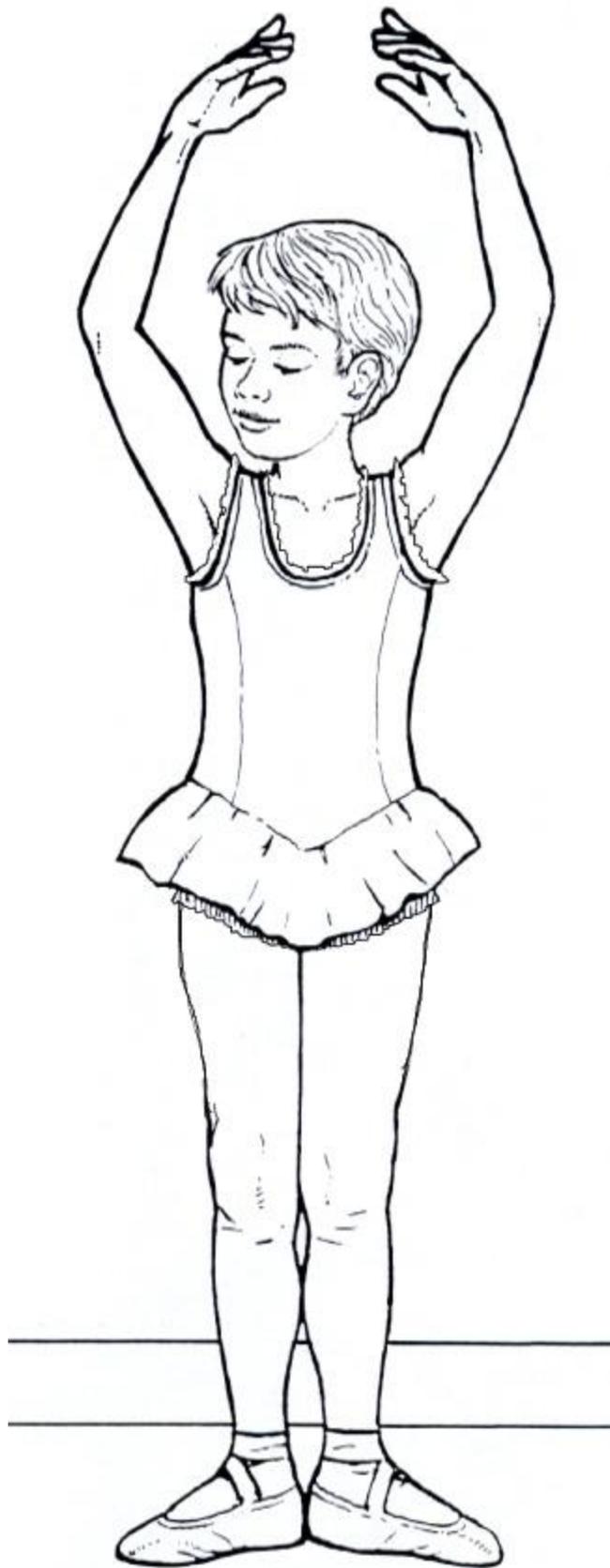
“Cindy, if Johnny turns out to be gay, that's OK. But you shouldn't go around calling him nasty names like fa...”

“Faggot, mom!?” she said what her mother was having a difficult time saying. “He is a faggot already, Mom. Several times I caught him kissing Billy Corso, and you know what a little queer he is. And one time I walked into Johnny's room and saw him showing Billy a couple of pairs of panties. He was trying to get that little faggot to join him wearing panties and do god knows what else. I left them alone and told him he should lock his door when he plays sissyboy games. He gets all excited in panties, look at this!” Cindy said as she pulled up his skirt.

She and her mother stared at the hard little bulge his penis made in her good pink panties.

Johnny was blushing furiously and on the verge of tears. His mother and sister looked at each other and realized the poor boy probably did need some time alone, so they both gave him a kiss on the cheek and left him to indulge himself in his girlie dream world.

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Classic Drawing

We Princessized this drawing by Missie McQueen that appeared in the old original edition of the classic British spanking publication Janus (Vol. 6 #4), showing a dominant matron along with two schoolgirl assistants in the process of disciplining a father and his two sons who are dressed in blouses and kilts, and the one boy has his panties drawn about his thighs and is about to be caned.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Jason

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

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

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

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

The babysitting service was going along fine. Ma took in boys after school and watched over them until their parents got off work and came to pick them up. The day one of the boys got himself all dirty playing in the mud; she made him take a shower and washed his clothes. She

didn't have any clothes for him to wear while his things were being washed and dried. That is until she remembered the boxes full of panties and tops left over from the store, so she dressed him in a pink top and pink rhumba panties. That boy was Donald Tierski (he was pictured on our march 2003 website). Realizing that boys are built a little differently than girls, she had him put the rhumba panties on backward to afford him a little more room in front. Donald didn't like the idea of dressing in those clothes, but when she explained she had nothing else for him to wear, he blushingly agreed. Like most of the boys she took care of, Donald was a farm boy used to minding his parents, so he went along with her with barely a tear in his eyes.

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

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

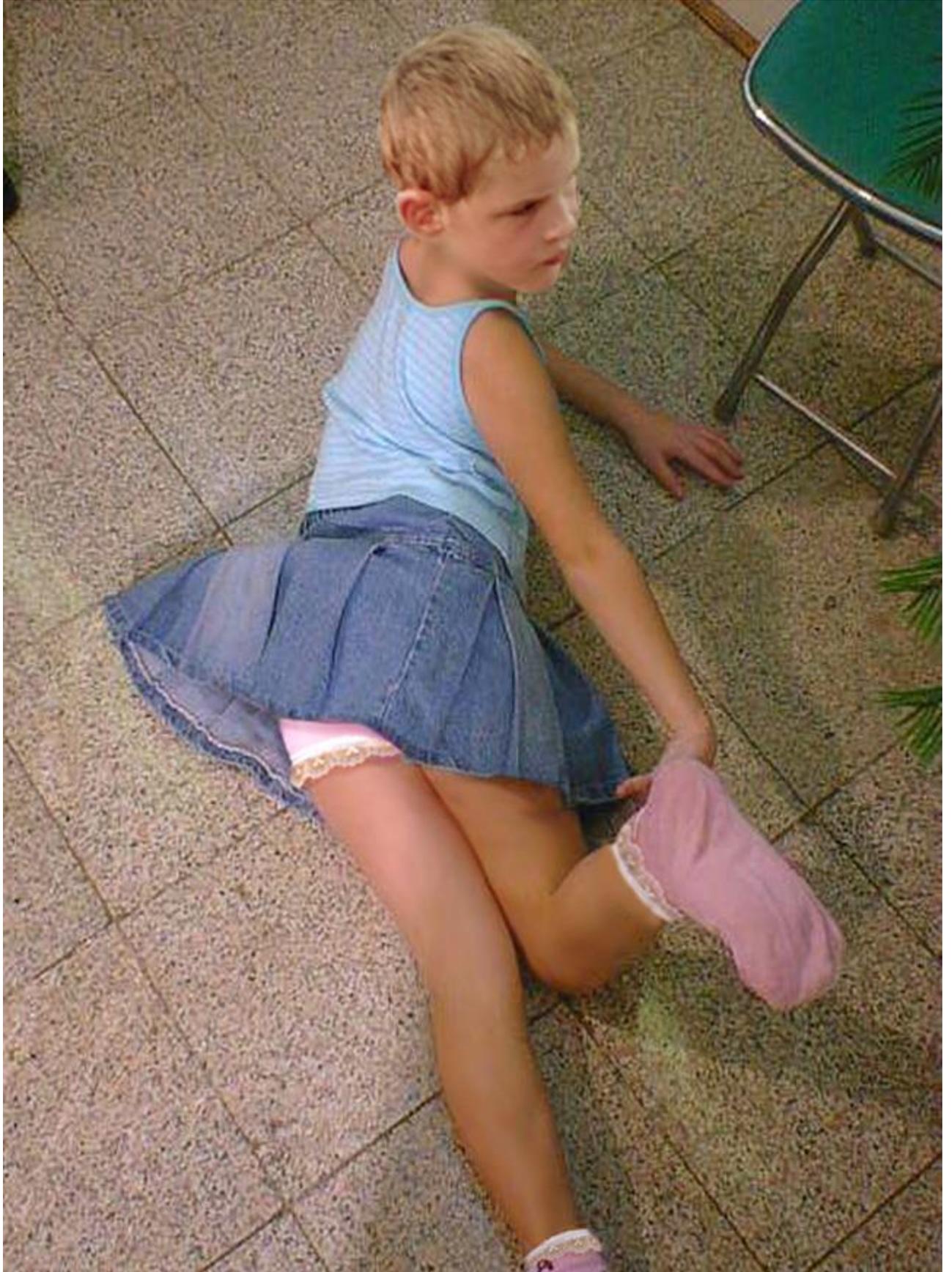
Well, within days, pink tops and sissy pink rhumba panties were the standard uniform for all the boys in her care. From the moment they walked into her door they had to change into their girly clothes, and weren't allowed out of them until one of their parents came to pick them up. For most of the boys 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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Sissy of the Month

A bashful sissy: Billy might be shy about showing his face to the camera, but I guess he doesn't mind showing us his lacy pink panties!

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Masquerade

Tommy Hasnon's mother sent us these two photos. She wants us to see her sweet little boy. He's a member of the "Sissy Girl & Boy Club" and shown outside their clubhouse with several of the girl members. Tommy proudly holds his favorite baby doll and has a bow in a his hair. In the second photo, he is shown dancing around with the girls showing off their Easter hats. He's wearing makeup along with his big flowered hat. You'll notice he's also wearing his sweatshirt with "Tommy" written across the front of it.

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In His Mother's Pink Panties

Part 2

(Continued from
Princess Online #65)

From Dr. Hilda's office, they all got into Catherine's limousine, and she drove them to their next destination. When she pulled up to the curb to let them out at Lady Be Fashions, she announced, "This is it, girlie-boys, when you get done here, all of you will be turned completely into lovely, delicate, little ladies. I'm so excited from just thinking about it!"

With that bit of information, the boys approached the shop with horror-stricken and pained expressions on their faces. They dutifully marched into the boutique but with heads hung low. Inside Catherine greeted the manageress, obviously an



old friend who welcomed her with open arms.

"Gerta, I want you to meet my dearest friends," Catherine said. "This is Sheila with her little Simon; this is Michelle with her little Virgil, and of course, this is my little Chauncey."

"I'm Gerta," the woman stated to the ladies and shook their hands. As the women engaged in a moment of small talk, Gerta crouched down to examine each boy. The women could tell she was looking at each boy child like an experienced feminizer. She smiled and nodded and giggled a bit here and there as she had each boy turn around. She was picturing each of them in the frilliest of feminine finery, little girl lingerie and fancy party dresses. She seized on Chauncey first.

"Such a pretty dress you're wearing. I remembered when you were in with your mother to pick it out. You put up quite a fight that day, but now I see you're wearing it like you were born to wear dresses. And just in case you are thinking about showing us any resistance today, I have my school teacher paddle all primed and ready to go."

"Oh, I won't be bad, Miss Gerta. I promise!"

"That's a good sissy," she said as she held him at arm's length. "Oh, dear me, how the little pansy has grown since last I saw her. You're doing wonders with her; she's so precious, so delicate and girlie. We simply must get her into a whole new outfit." Gerta then eyed the other two boys. "And how delightful that you are giving me two more dear little lovelies me to feminize! Now, I am in heaven! I can't wait to work on them."

Chauncey had a dress on, and Virgil had blue short shorts on. Simon was the only one in long pants. Gerta walked over to Simon and without warning began running her hands vigorously over the front of his trousers. He jerked in shock, but she held him securely to prevent him from going anywhere. Her intense massaging between his legs made him instantly sweat and pant for breath. For a total stranger to grab him and start masturbating him was too much for the little boy, even if that massaging was through the fabric of his pants, but her stroking caused his trousers to slip down and the waist elastic and a bit of the nylon and lace of his pink panties came into view.

Gerta's face lit up when she saw Simon's pink panties. She fingered the lace and said, "I see you have, at least, made a start on her." She undid his trousers and pulled them down with a few quick motions. Then she took his prick out of the legband of his panties and began to play with it. "She has a nice little prickie, small but nice." She continued to stroke it until he shot his load. She lifted her gooey fingers up to her face and licked his cum off of them. "I like her, and I have just the outfit for her. Follow me."



Simon was barely able to stand after that lightening fast wanking. On wobbly legs and struggling to pull up his trousers, he followed as she led them to a large back room.

She held up a little dress, pink silk, with embroidered lace flowers. "I think this really is her," Gerta said. "Put it on, child. Don't be shy. You're among friends."

Simon looked at his mother. "Mother, please, not in front of everyone. Please," Simon begged.

"A discipline problem?" Gerta asked, "Dear lady, allow me to show the little lady just what proper behavior is." She lowered her skirt, to reveal her soft yellow panties, covering the big bulge of her cunt. She rubbed her fingers over her cunt, and they quickly became damp. She lowered her wet panties, and mashed her cunt against Simon's face. "Face fuck me, little darling," she whispered. "Fuck me with your tongue." She felt his tongue moving deep inside her, and she liked the way it felt. Her cum drooled out over his face, and filled his mouth. She squeezed, and she sent a stream of hot piss splashing over the boy's face, and most of it went into his mouth. The startled boy was in shock and unable to move. She pushed him away, and stood over him, her hands on her hips. She squeezed out some more piss, and laughed as it splashed over his face. She turned, so he could see her big round ass. "Now, are you ready to do as you are told, or do I need to persuade you further?"

"You, ya.. you, you pissed on me!"

"Yeah, so what? Do you want me to shit on you now? I'll do it if that what it takes to get you to mind."

"My clothes are all wet!"

"Well then get out of them. I have plenty of pretty clothes for you to wear."

"But I don't want to wear dresses! I'm a boy!"

"You're a sissy in training to be a faggot and a girlie-boy."

"Mother, please! No dresses, please!"

Sheila slapped him across the face hard enough to make his ears ring. "We're here to buy you dresses and all kinds of pretty things. Now take all your clothes off and wash yourself off over there in the sink. We can throw all your clothes away. You won't need them anymore."

"But, mother..."

"Simon, do it now, or Miss Gerta will shit on you!"

“Shit? She was joking...surely...”

Gerta now had her dress up and was pulling her pantied down in back. “Get the little sissy on the floor, I'll show him I wasn't joking!”

“OK, mother, and Miss Gerta...I'll do whatever you say,” he answered, as he stripped his clothes off.

Once he had given himself a quick sponge bath, Gerta gave him a dress that she had picked out and told him to put it on. He obeyed. Next came pink high-heel shoes.

“Stand up,' she ordered him, and he obeyed her. “There now. Isn't she delicious? I think boys will just want to eat her alive, the moment they lay eyes on her,” she said as she looked at Simon and saw that he was crying. “Oh come now, you lovely little angel, let me have a kissy.” She then pulled him to her, and gave him a big wet kiss.

“Now, come to mommy, sweetheart,” Sheila said, and he stumbled toward her, uneasy on the high heels. “Now, my darling, get down on your knees. You deserve a little reward, for being an obedient little pussy boy slave.”

He fell to his knees, and she stood right over him, covering his face with her skirt, allowing him to look up, at her slip and panties. “Isn't that nice, dear heart? You are close to mommy's pussy. Go on, honey, smell my panties, I know you are dying to do so.”

He took a deep breath and his head began to spin. “Oh, no, mother, please, I can't take it. I truly can't.”

“Nonsense, darling, you can do whatever you want. Surely, you can't resist my lovely ass, so soft, round, so sweet to touch, and taste, and lick, and smell.”

“Please mother, I can-n-n-n't...can't resist!” Simon cried. He was completely covered by his mother's long skirt. They couldn't see him, but they could hear him crying and begging. And Sheila felt him pulling her panties down, and moving his face up to her ass. Once he settled in, she let loose of a big juicy fart. Simon knew he would be in for a painful paddling if he even attempted to pull away. So he kept his face glued to her ass cheeks, his tongue vigorously working away at his mother's asshole.

Now that Simon was in a dress and fully occupied, Gerta pointed to Virgil and said, “I think you shall be next.

“Yes, you, child, come to me, and I shall dress you like the pretty little lady you are. Crawl to me, darling. Crawl like a lowly little worm. Crawl like the weak panty slave you are.”

He shook his head in a feeble attempt at resistance.

“You dare to disobey me? How brave of you, little one. Tell me ladies, shall I demonstrate how easy it is to break the will of a weak little sissy, such as this pathetic creature?”

“Please, do,” Michelle said.

“Yes, do, and be merciless with the insolent little pantywaist,” Catherine said.

Gerta smiled, staring at a Virgil, and then moved her fingers over her soft white blouse. She pulled it off, to reveal a transparent bra, and opened her bra, fondled her large erect nipples and brought them to Virgil's lips. She instructed him to move his tongue down and around each nipple for him to suckle on her the way she liked it.

“Like it, dear heart?” she said. She looked into his eyes, and she saw fear and lust. She bent down, so her tits were totally engulfing his face. “Go on, child; give them a licking.”

He moved his tongue over one big nipple, but she pushed him away. “No, you are a bad little girl, a disobedient child. You do not get to suck my titties. Those are for good little girlies, not bad ones.” She knew these boys all had been trained to breasts as well as panties.

“Please,” Virgil begged. “Please, I'll do whatever you say.”

“Then,” she said as she held up a pair of pretty yellow panties. “Put these on.”

He obeyed.

“And these,” she said, as she handed him a yellow skirt and blouse.

Again, he obeyed her. High heels were next.

“Now hobble away,” she said with a laugh.

“But, your tits?” he said. “Can I suck your big tits?”

“Perhaps later, girl. Perhaps later. For now, I have more important tasks at hand. She looked at Chauncey. “You,” she said. “I shall have you next.”

“Yes ma'am,” he said, as he began to crawl toward her.

She sat down as he reached her. She raised her foot, and moved it toward his face. “Kiss it, darling. Show me how humble you can be in the presence of your superiors.”

He moved his face up to her foot, and she kicked him away. She stood up over the weeping boy. “You

aren't worthy enough to kiss my foot," she said.

Catherine reached for her son and smiled. "Crawl to mommy, darling. Come on, baby. You'll always be mommy's sweet little panty slave."

He reached her, and she pushed her foot into his mouth.

Gerta walked over to him, a lovely lavender skirt and blouse in her hands. "Come now, you dear little thing. I was only joking with you. You're a lovely child, and an adorable pussy panty slave. Here, put this on, and we shall see just how pretty you can be."

He obeyed her.

She looked down at him. "Very nice. You look precious," Gerta said as she looked at Chauncey, licked her lips, reached for his ass and began to fondle it through the silky material of his skirt, slip and panties. "You know dearest if I had a little prickie, I would fuck your little ass silly, but since I haven't, I'll just have to make due with this." She held up her hand closed into a fist.

Chauncey looked at his mother. "Mother, please," he begged. "Mother, please, please!"

"That is right, darling, say, 'Please, please, Miss Gerta, fuck my bottom with your fist!' Catherine said laughing.

"Relax your pretty little buns, dearie," Gerta said. "It will be easier for you if you do." She pushed her fist in hard, and the boy moaned. She moved it in and out, and after several minutes, she pulled it out stained brown. She moved it up in front of Chauncey's tear-streaked face. "Well?" she asked.

He looked to his mother for help but saw she was doing test swings with a big paddle with pointed studs sticking out of it. His tongue moved out of his mouth and began licking her shitty fingers.

"Good girl," she said. "That's a good girl. You know how to obey."

As she washed her hand in the sink, she said, "Your sissy boys certainly do have a lot of potential. A little bit of resistance, but nothing we can't handle, huh?"

As she went around the store and continued talking to the ladies, they picked out clothes and she began packing boxes full of pretty skirts, blouses, panties, slips, shoes and everything else any young lady could wish for. Then she held up one more box. "Special things are in this one, special things." She looked into the eyes of each woman, and saw that they understood. "Very special," she said. "Very, very special things."

Sheila asked, "What do we owe you, darling?"

“Oh, I think three will do it. That's for everything, including the special things.”

Sheila counted out three one-thousand dollar bills from a thick roll of them. She kissed her on the lips.

“Thank you, Sheila dear. I wish I could be there when you play with them,” Gerta said.

“See you again soon. Gerta, you are always welcome to come by,” Sheila said as the three ladies and their boys in dresses left the shop and returned to the limousine.

“And now, we are off to Madam's Hair Salon,” Catherine said, “My salon is the best. They can do wonders, even with boys' hair. And pretty little girls should have pretty hair on their pretty little heads.”

The boys, all dressed as girls, were crying now. “Please mother, can't we get off here and stop this?” Simon asked.

“You want to get off, dear?” Sheila asked with a laugh. “Instead, why don't you get your head under my skirt and get me off? Come here, little one. Come here, and get your mother off.” She lowered her pretty pink nylon panties and took a deep breath. “Darling, you have mother all excited. Can't you smell it? My pussy is getting juicy for you, and I can't wait any longer. I want to see my little boy in his pretty girlie dress eating my pussy. Go to it, sissy!” she half shouted as she grabbed him and pushed his face down between her legs. “See darling? See how hot mother is? You did that, darling. You have made me all excited, and wet. Now, do something about it! Lick it. Lick my problem.”

She felt his tongue, as he silently obeyed her command, and then she reached under his skirt, felt his panties, and grabbed his sissy prick. “You make mother feel so good dear heart. She wants you to feel good too.” As he ate her cunt, she jerked him off. They came at the same time. She then lay back in her seat, her legs still clutching the sides of his head, holding his mouth in place against her cunt. She continued dripping into his mouth.

“Now, I'm all worked up,” Michelle said, as she eyed the boys. “Which pretty little face shall I sit on?”

She looked at the boy's frightened faces. Her eyes stopped not on her son but on Chauncey. “You, you pretty little thing, I think I shall have you.” She raised her skirt, to reveal her bulging yellow nylon panties. They were damp. Come to me now, you delicate little baby. Come to me, and serve.” She reversed her position, so that her big ass was available to him, the round globes of flesh, straining against their clinging nylon prison. “Darling, don't you know yet, that you can't resist me? You are weak and helpless. I am oh so much stronger than you. There is no escape for you. Submit to me, dearest. Serve my need, and you'll serve your own as well. She didn't wait for a response. Instead, she smashed her ass into his face. “Eat it, child. Eat it. Make me feel good.” She felt his tongue, as it moved under her clinging nylon panties and into her ass. She felt it deep inside her body. He had an unusually long tongue. The feeling was pure pleasure. She felt the pleasure drooling out of her cunt in a hot liquid flow.

Sated, she pushed him away from her. "That is enough, child," she said. "I'm satisfied." She relaxed, and Chauncey crept away to his mother. He was crying.

"Are you all right, darling," Catherine asked. "That is what little girls are for, to be used and abused by big girls."

The limousine came to a halt. "Here we are dear hearts," she said. "Madam Hair Salon. all right now, children, I want you to come along now without a fuss or silly arguments," Sheila asked as she looked around at each of them.

"No!" Simon protested to his mother. "No! I won't!"

Sheila slapped his face. "What do you mean, no? No is a word that has no place in your vocabulary, not when you are speaking to me!"

He looked her in the eye, tears streaming down his cheeks. "No mother, I won't have my hair do up like a little girl, because I am not a girl. I am a boy!"

"Nonsense!" Sheila shouted. "You, my dear little lady, are precisely what I tell you you are. If I say you're a girl, then you're a girl! If I say you're a dog, then by god, you had better bark and wag your tail! Is that clear to you, little miss?" She shouted while looking into his frightened eyes.

"But I'm a boy, mother!" Simon insisted.

"Insolent fool!" she screamed. "Very well, there are ways of dealing with your utterly futile show of temperament." She opened her blouse, to reveal her big 44s, clutched by a transparent bra. Simon could see her swollen nipples, and they made him weak with the desire to touch them. He hated as well as loved being addicted to her breasts because just the sight of them and she could make him do most anything! He hungered now to wrap his lips around her luscious nipples. She removed her bra to reveal the soft white fullness of the flesh of her tits. She saw him licking his lips, and she knew, as she always knew, when she teased him, that he was hers, and that he would submit to her stronger female will. And he did. He fell to his knees and crawled between her thighs. He looked up at her.

"So tell me, darling. What do you wish to do now?"

"I'd love to suck your nipples and eat your cunt, mother."

She saw his tongue move out of his mouth and he moved to put his face between her legs, but she slammed her thighs together, tight against the sides of his head. "I would like you to eat me, my beloved, but you have been insolent. You have tried to act on your own accord, something that is intolerable to me. You are to have no will of your own, no thoughts, no feelings, or desires, or hungers, or opinions. You are nothing, nothing but an extension of me. You are a part of me, and you must learn not to even try to function on your own. Don't you see darling, that you are simply too weak, too docile,

too utterly helpless, even to exist separate from me. Without me, you do not exist. You are nothing! Now tell me, little one, and think before you speak. Are you male or female? Do you yield to me, to my supreme Will?"

He looked up, into her eyes, and he felt the crush of her thighs, against the sides of his head. He wanted to resist her. Truly he did. He wanted to, but more than anything, he wanted to taste her body, to lick at the opening that led to her very soul, to taste the warm honey that flowed so freely from her.

"I'm yours, mother," he whispered.

"Louder, darling. Say it louder, so the others can hear you! And pull up your dress and jack off in your pink panties while you say it, ya little faggot pantywaist!"

"I'm yours, mother, and I'm a female boy, a sissy, a panty-wearing little girl.

She squeezed his head hard, and he moaned. "Yes, I am too strong for you. I am superior. And you shall never again question my supremacy, never!" She squeezed his head again, and again, and again. Then she released him, and he fell to the floor. She looked down at him, and said, "Come now, my sweet little lady. Come and feast upon that which makes you so very happy. But first, what do you do, little girl, before you eat?"

"I beg. Please, mother, may I eat your pussy? Please?"

"Yes darling, go ahead. Indulge yourself."

He mashed his face against her oozing cunt, and his tongue lapped at the slick walls and then moved over her swollen clitoris. He felt his mother's hand roughly grabbing at his head, mashing it against her cunt, trying to force his tongue even deeper into her body. He didn't mind. He loved serving her, being used and abused by her. It was his life. He loved the taste of her oozing flow and the scent of it. She pushed him away, but only for an instant.

"Eat...uh...assss!" she grunted out, between aroused sighs. "Eat my ass!"

He obeyed without hesitation.

"She's good, isn't she?" Catherine asked.

"Who, mother or faux daughter?" Michelle asked.

"Why, both of them, of course! She is good at demanding service, and she (indicating Simon) is really good too."

“Well ladies, shall we go inside?” Sheila asked since they had been sitting in the limo for more than a half hour already.

“I think not,” Michelle said. “Not just yet. I'm feeling very worked up. I think I could use a little screwing. Fucking a girl with a dick is exactly what I need at this moment!!”

“Certainly,” Sheila answered. “How thoughtless of me. Of course, my dear friend, take your pick. Now we're at the point where we can all share our sissies.”

She looked at the exhausted Simon, and he turned away. “I think I shall have her. The little ass and cuntlapper is really good. I bet she does well with her little dickie too.”

“Well Simon dear, what do you say?” Sheila asked.

“Oh, mother, I'm so tired,” Simon whispered. She glared at him, silently, but the look she gave him, was enough. He crawled over to Michelle and began to raise her skirt.

Based upon a privately circulated 1960s manuscript entitled "In His Mother's Pink Knickers" by Lee Vinson.

Revised by Princess Lacey

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 2 No 2
August 2004

Published weakly, never w
Published only when we fu
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dressing up and jerkin

LIFESTYLE



Boy with no breasts arrested for baring his chest in public

Queens, NY: Brandon Walls is not a typical boy. He wears dresses, and he frequently does so when he goes outside even though he doesn't wear a wig or makeup or do anything to fool people into thinking he's a girl.

Last Thursday, while sitting in the park, something he does often, he was wearing a midriff blouse only held up by elastic that went around his chest. With no breasts to hold up the top, it kept slipping down and he was constantly pulling it back up.

However, at one point, Officer I.M. Pekin saw Walls' top slip down enough to expose his nipples at which time, the boy was placed under arrest for indecent exposure.



HEALTH



Girl with job of training her brother to be a girl finds it hard to get him to keep his skirts down

Port Upton, VA: When Todd Wright was just two years old, he announced to his family and anyone else who would listen that he was a girl not a boy. After years of psychological counseling, the Wrights had to admit they were wrong in trying to force the boy to be a boy, and now they are allowing him to indulge in his desire to be a girl.

Long denied and even punished for acting and secretly dressing girlishly Todd had to start from the beginning to learn how girls dress and act. The job fell to his older sister, who says she likes him much better as a girl.

The biggest problem she says, "I can't get him to keep his skirts and dresses down. Like a little toddler girl in love with her frilly rhumba panties, Todd can't resist pulling up his skirts and slips to show off his heavily frilled bright pink panties."

London: The wife of I. C. Itti, an Indian diplomat, and her son were invited to a "fancy dress party." But being unfamiliar with British customs, they thought they had to show up in fancy dresses, which they did to everyone's surprise. She wore a traditional gown and her son wore a fancy girls' dress, slip and panties! (Photo left.)

HEADLINES

Report to parents: Boys with older sisters 8 times more likely to end up in dresses

Even more than mothers and aunts, sisters feminize boys

Holy Hills, ND: The feminization of males, especially young boys is happening all around us on a larger scale than ever before.

So who is turning boys into sissies?

Typically, one or more sisters are the ones most likely to dominate and feminize (usually younger) brothers.

Compared to boys without sisters, boys with a big sister are eight times more likely to be asked, persuaded, or even forced to dress in female clothes and act like a girl.

Also noted in these findings by the Alice Springs Institute of Sexuality (ASIS), the more older sisters a boy has, the more likely he is to be pressured into dressing up in their clothes and do female things.

Mothers have long been suspected as the primary instigators when it comes to feminizing their male offspring, and they are the ones most likely to do it in families of only male children, but according to the IS study, sisters crossdress brothers much more frequently than mothers do to make daughters out of their sons.



A judge in Jake's Bend, N.C., granted class action status to a suit brought by Willie Moans against local lingerie manufacturer Kilroy Mills claiming that their panties mangled and permanently disfigured the shape of his penis after masturbating in Kilroy's panties thousands of times over the last twenty-three years. Mr. Moans says Kilroy used inferior nylon in their panties that did not allow for adequate expansion at the time his penis would surge to its fullest during ejaculation.



OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Sales at men's big & tall stores up 12% after they begin stocking women's panties in extra large size

Woman catches panty thief son with a mouse trap in her lingerie drawer

Sissy wants to cut off and auction his penis on eBay because it's too big and does not fit in his panties

Presidential debate: Transgender activist asks Bush and Kerry if they've ever worn panties

CUCKOLDED HUSBAND DIES PEACEFULLY IN SLEEP GAGGING ON HIS WIFE'S DIRTY PANTIES!

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