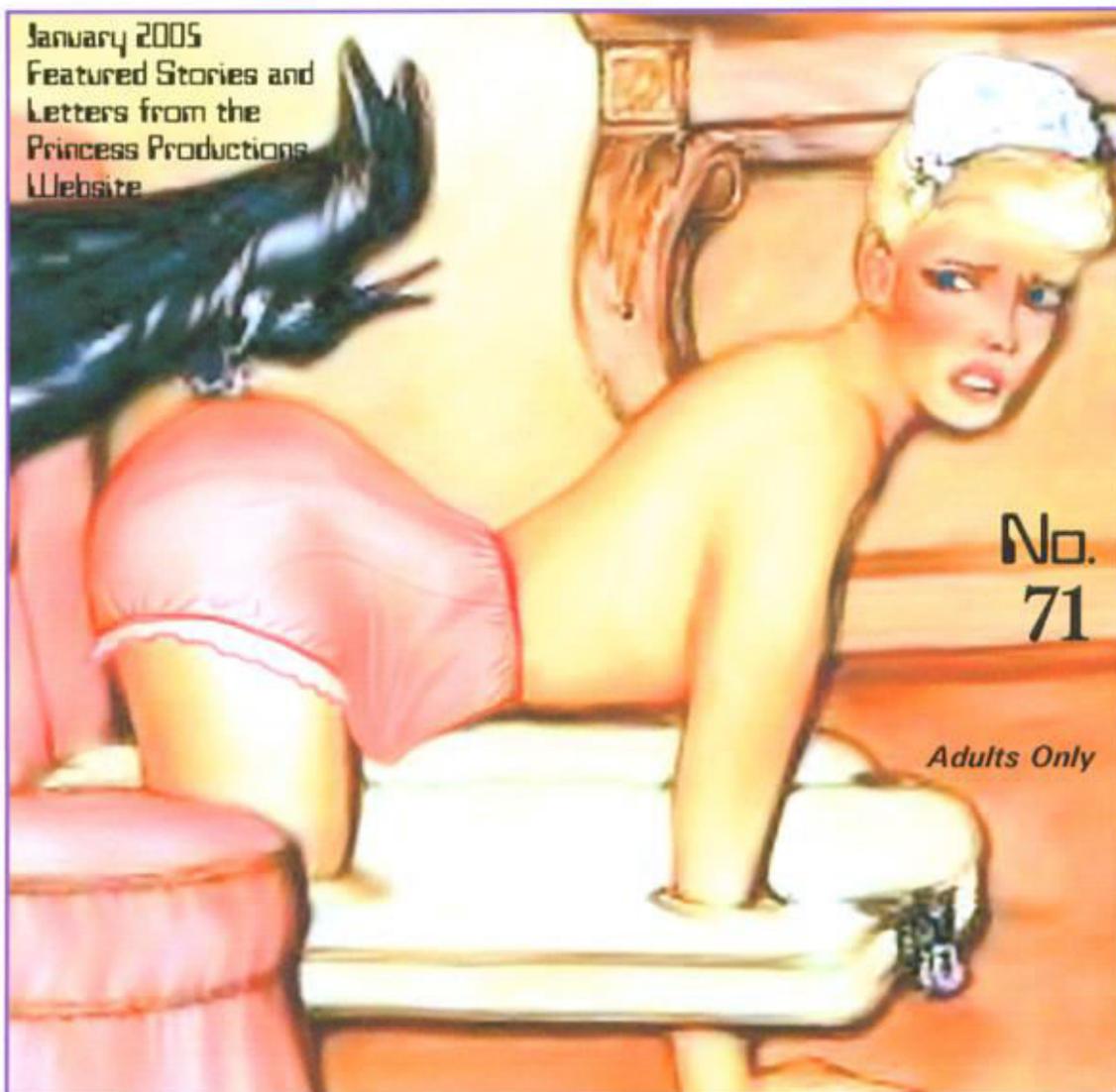


Princess Online



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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's newest book, "Bob, Panty Thief" in the "Schooled to Be Girls!" series. Bob, who wants to get back at his girlfriend for snubbing him, steals a pair of her panties to embarrass her, but his plan backfires and he ends up getting punished by being sent to the Sylvan School for Girls, where sissyboys are thoroughly feminized and humiliated at every turn. In this drawing, Bob has escaped from the school and is walking down the street desperately looking for some boys' clothes he can steal and change into!

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 pictures like the above poster, pictures that illustrate what happened to him. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while while being forced to wear a dress and panties and then having the nuns and other school kids ridicule and laugh at him.

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Classic Drawing

We don't know the origin of this old-time classic, sent to us by one of our readers, but we Princessized it and present for your pleasure this cute maid boy thoroughly pink pantied, fully erect and doing duty as his mistress' foot stool; no further explanation is needed!

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Masquerade

Cute photos from a charity father-son crossdressing day. These are the only two pictures we have from this event. Too bad we can't see all of dad in his red minidress, but his son is darling in his sundress, and as he walks away with his dress twisted up in back, he gives us all a glimpse of his panties.

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Ember



Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Cameron

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

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

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

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

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

Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics, and they didn't quiet down until Ma Kelly gave them her famous evil look and severely bawled them out. Donald was normally a very active and destructive child. He'd break just about everything he touched. But

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

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

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

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

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

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Young Virgins Slavery

Holding hands with little Judy excited David as they walking down Thorndike Avenue. Puppy love was welling up and consuming these two innocence twelve year olds. Both virgins and both strangers to the land of love, they were now entering this land for the first time. They had heard about love and seen examples of it, mostly on television and in the movies. They were filled with thrills and fears as they imagined their first kiss – it would be the first kiss for each of them. But the doubts of youth made each of them think the other had no interest in being kissed. Would they be able to do it like they had seen in the movies? Would it be fun? Would it be fun for each other? Both certainly hoped so but were too frightened to make the first move. They didn't have the courage to talk about it, and they didn't know how to go about making it happen, but both were sure it was just a matter of time. The strain of waiting was nerve-wracking, like waiting for that first kiss between kids in the movies. You knew it was going to happen, but it was torturous as the moment drew near, and for David and Judy the terror was a million times worse when it was not some movie star but their own first kiss they were dreaming about – and having nightmares about! Seeing it in movies was one thing, but when it came to themselves, it was altogether different and frightening.



When they were together, they both felt tingling sensations between their legs, scary but thrilling desires they didn't quite understand. Each wanted to get closer, but each was afraid to make the first move. Finally, today, David's boldness drove him to clumsily grab for her hand. He feared she'd pull her hand away in disgust, but a warm glow went over him as she responded by settling her hand into his. His hand was hot, her hand was cold, but their hands blended to a common temperature within moments. David's small hand completely engulfed her much tinier hand. He thought to himself that it was like holding a tiny, newborn bird that you had to hold gently lest you crush it to death. His woolgathering was interrupted as they came to the streetlight on the corner of Taylor Street because he remembered he had something he had to do.

“Oh, Judy, I gotta go. I almost forgot, I told Miss Louise I'd help her out today. She's expecting me by four o'clock,” he said as he released her hand, said a hurried good-bye and then ran down Taylor Street.

David did little errands for Miss Louise. He had met her a few weeks earlier as he went knocking on doors, asking people if he could do odd jobs for them so he could earn some money. Miss Louise was a big-boned black lady. She lived with her pretty little daughter, Maxine who, at fourteen, was two years older than David. He never saw a man around the house, so he assumed Miss Louise hired him to do things she didn't feel like doing herself, like carrying boxes to the attic, cleaning up her basement, cutting her lawn and burning rubbish in the incinerator. She always gave him at least a dollar or two for

even the littlest jobs. And he needed the money more than ever now because he wanted to take Judy places like to the movies and to Redman's for ice cream sundaes.

David didn't know why, but every time he went to Miss Louise's house, he felt funny, sort of embarrassed. Partly because this big, towering woman usually answered the door in skimpy, tight clothing like hot pants and little halter tops that barely covered and her huge watermelon breasts. And when she was wearing a dress, it was always very low cut in front, and she liked to pull up the skirt of her dress whenever she sat down. She'd sit with her skirt bunched up and legs parted and complain that she was hot. Of course, her panties – and they were always colorful and lacy – were often on full display for his amazed little eyes. David would blush when he'd see up her dress like that, especially if she caught him looking, but she never made any move to close her legs or modestly tug down her skirt. She'd just give off a laugh like it was no big deal.



Today she was barefoot and wearing a red housedress, unbuttoned almost up to her crotch and down to her navel.

“Hello, David, come on in, dear.”

As he stood just inside the door waiting for Miss Louise to get the shopping list and money for him, Maxine, dressed in her school uniform suddenly came out of one of the bedrooms and walked past him without even acknowledging his presence. Then directly in front of him, she bent over to tie her shoe lace. Her extremely short, dark blue, uniform skirt went up in back, exposing her pink satin panties underneath. Many times the girl's mother had exposed her panties to David, but this was the first time he got a glimpse of Maxine's panties. The exposure lasted only a few seconds but instantly excited the little virgin boy.

As the girl stood back up, she pretended to notice David for the first time and said to him with a wink, “Nice to see you, kid,” before continuing on her way back down the hallway.

“Nice to see you too,” David uttered as an automatic response.

Miss Louise let out a belly laugh as she came walking back into the room. “Eyes bets you were glad to see mys little Maxine. Eyes saw yous sneaking a look at my girl's pink panties. Eyes think yous is a panty boy, David.”

David was shocked to have been caught looking and wanted to protest and pretend like he hadn't seen anything, but before he could produce any words in his defense, Miss Louise said, “Close your mouth.

David. Or are you trying to catch yourself some flies! Oh, lordie! Eyes have a panty boy on mys hands.”

He had a funny feeling in his crotch. His penis was hard. His boner pushed out the front of his trousers. He wished she'd walk by again, just once.

“Here we are, David,” she said as she handed him the list and the money. “By the way dear, do you know what those are?” she asked as she pointed to the word “Tampax” on the list.

He shook his head no.

“Well, ask one of the girls at the store to get them for you. Tell her they're for you,” she said with a giggle.

David nodded, not knowing the humiliation he would be subjecting himself to. At the store, he approached Tina Mills, one of the cashiers he knew since she was a girl that was in his older sister's class. He couldn't figure out why she started laughing her head off at him when he told her he needed some Tampax. And when she asked whom they were for, he told her Miss Louise said they were for him. That sent her into gales of laughter. As he walked out the store, he saw her run over to the other cashiers and excitedly talk to them. Moments later they were all laughing wildly and looking right at him! Once outside, he took the Tampax out of the bag and read that it was for “girls on those special days.” He had no idea what that meant. When he got back to Miss Louise's house, she asked him how it went and if he got everything okay. He blushed and said all the girls at the store laughed at him getting the Tampax.

“It says on the box that they're ‘for girls on those special days.’ What does that mean, Miss Louise? I'm not a girl, so why did you play that trick on me and have me tell them that they were for me?”

“Boy, you need a lot of educatin'! Forget those stuck up white girls at the store. Yes, these are for you! You see, to me you're gentle and sweet like a girl, and really kind a pretty too! You don't mind if eyes think you is kinda like a girl, huh? Eyes didn't play no tricks on you. I'm just trying to be nice to you for all the nice things you do for me. So eyes thought I'd maybe treat you like a nice girl sometimes.”

“Oh, but, Miss Louise, I'm a boy. I don't want you to think I'm like a girl. I'm strong and do all that heavy work for you. It makes me feel funny with you thinking I'm like a girl. My sister's a girl, and I wouldn't want to be anything like her. She's not nice to me. She and her friends are always teasing me. They don't think I'm tough and strong like other boys. But I am strong, and I can run real fast, faster than any girl, and I even have myself a girlfriend now, and she's the nicest girl I ever met.”

“And I'm a nice girl too, huh?” Miss Louise asked. “And Maxine too, huh?”

“Oh, yes, Miss Louise, you're very nice. Maxine too.”

“So there are probably a lot of nice girls, not just bad ones like your sister and her friends. Nothing wrong with being like a nice girl, a nice girl like your girlfriend.”

David didn't know what to say to this strange line of conversation.

“Hey,” she said, “your girlfriend, that's little Judy Wells, right? Eyes sees you walking with her sometimes.”

“Uh, yes, Miss Louise.”

“And just what do you two do when yous all alone?”

His face got very red, and he had to lower his eyes as he moved his feet about on the floor, nervously. “N-N-Nothing. I, uh, did hold her hand today ... that was for the first time.”

Miss Louise began to laugh as Maxine came into the room, bare naked except for some fabulously frilly pink panties and nothing else. Her breasts weren't very big, but they were very round with short pinkish nipples, just large enough to jiggle a little as she walked. With her hands at her hips, she idly toyed with the ribbon bows on each side of her panties. Each of her young breasts would fit nicely into a gently cupped hand. With a blank expression on her face, she was chewing gum nonstop as she stared at him, but he was looking at her nipples, coral pink and not much larger than his own, but her nipples were hard, standing up and staring right back at him. His cock jumped up to attention. David had never seen a naked girl before, outside of a few dog-eared pictures passed around the schoolyard, but here was a real girl, almost totally naked. She was just two years older than him, but to a twelve-year-old boy she was a woman! His face only got redder and redder.

“Held her hand, did you? That's nothin'! Oh, come on, David. Yous done nothing with a pretty girl like that? When Judy is naked or just wearing her pretty little panties, is she as cute as my Maxine here? Eyes have seen your little girlfriend's ass in slacks; she must have a marvelous poopie hole. Come on dear, you can tell us.”

They were both in front of him now, and he was trembling. They felt powerful as they teased and frustrated him like this. His innocence was like a drug to them.

Louise reached down and pinched his trouser front, tweaking the head of his fully erect penis.

“See that, David, your pecker is hard. Now is it hard from lookin' at my daughter's sweet little titties, from looking at her pretty new pink panties, or is it hard thinking about your little Judy's and her little poopie hole? Come, dear, tell us the truth. Have you ever seen it? Sniffed it?”

He jumped back in shock both from the disgusting things she was saying and from her probing fingers exploring his penis through his clothing. He wanted to turn, to run, but his feet would not move. Her hands had opened his zipper and quickly maneuvered around to pull his little penis out. He looked down

and saw her hand holding something pink, pink fabric like the panties her daughter was wearing. Then he realized it was a pair of panties, and she was now stroking his penis with them, milking his cock into panties like the panties on the young girl standing unashamedly before him, chewing cum and grinning with a devilish sneer.

“O-Oh, oohhhh, n-n-n, n-n-no-o-o-o, Mis-s-s-s Louise. N-o-o!”

“No! You’re a liar, David. I do treat you real good, and you lie to me. So you know what, child? I think you look and act like a little girl to me; so eyes decided to make you my little pet girlie slave boy. What do you think of that?”

David didn't know what to say. He thought this behemoth of a black lady was his friend. What was she talking about? Why did she want to treat him like a girl? And what exactly did that mean? And Maxine standing there in her pink panties! The two now huddled close to him and both of them fondling his cock through those pink panties were making him very nervous. He was feeling so damn foolish, standing there, helpless, red faced, unable to budge.

“Eyes think you need a good spanking, Davie girl, a good spanking on your pretty white ass. What do you all think?”

He couldn't believe his ears. A spanking? Even his parents had never spanked him. He was too old to be spanked like a little kid. Suddenly, with no warning,

Louise pulled him by his ear and led him to a chair. She sat down and made him stand before her.

Trembling, ready to cry, his ear burning from where she had pinched it to pull him. He began to blubber as she casually undid his belt buckle. His hands wanted desperately to stop her, but it was as though they were in a steel vise. Maxine was sitting next to her now, smiling, watching intently, and holding two twelve-inch shiny metal rulers in one hand and the pair of pink panties in her other hand that they had been using to massage his cock. He could clearly see the panties now because she was holding them up before him for display.

The pink panties were exactly like the ones she was wearing. As his trousers fell loose, Miss Louise let them go, and they sailed down past his knees to his ankles. His little boy underwear had already been pushed down and tucked under his balls and cock, his hard little boner pressed upward against his thin tummy.

He was mortified, and when Louise tweaked the little penis head, he felt like he was dying of shame and fear. His whole body was shaking, convulsing. No one had ever touched him there before.

“Well, well, well, David dear, I see this little dick of yours is nice and hard. That must mean you like what eyes do.”

David was too much in shock to answer or to fight back. Mother and daughter looked excitedly at each other and then giggled as Miss Louise yanked his Jockey shorts all the way down. His breath got caught in his throat as they stared at his rubbery little dick bouncing and waving around like it was on a spring.

Louise took hold of it, firmly. He nearly fainted. He wasn't even aware that Maxine was down on the floor swiftly untangling his feet from his trousers and underwear and pulling them completely off. Swooning in fear, pleasure and shock, the surrealistic sensations made him numb. He didn't even feel Maxine put his feet into those panties and pull them up his legs. When she let the waist elastic go with a thunderous snap, he jumped, looked down and touched the panties on his hips to see if they were real and if they were really on him. His first reaction was to grab them and try to struggle out of them, but his hands were met with stinging blows as the two females began hitting his hands with those metal rulers. Stinging with intense pain, he pulled back his hands and looked at them with tears running down his cheeks. He wanted to ask why, but his tears poured down his throat and made it impossible for him to talk.

“Eyes told you eyes gonna treats yous like a girl. Now, don't yous all look sweet in them there panties? Now, thank Maxine for letting you wear this nice pair of her pink panties.”

David was stunned, but he saw both of the females holding those rulers like they were about to hit him again. He didn't know what else to do.

“OH, Miss Louise, I can't wear these underpants. I'm a boy. Ple-e-e-a-s-e don't make me wear girls' things!”

BAM! Miss Louise's hard hand hit him across his cheek.

“Now, thank her, you miserable, thankless little girlie-boy!”

“Tha-that-tha-thank you, Ma-Maxine,” he cried.

“Thank you for what, you fucking sissy? Tell Maxine what yous are thanking her for?”

“Than-thank you, Maxine. Thank you for the, these underpants.”

Miss Louise's big black hand with the white palm came crashing across his other cheek as she screamed in his ear, “Pants! You fucking sissy with a baby dick!

Those are panties you have on! Boys wear pants, but girls wear panties, and sissy girlie-boys like you wear pink panties like girls. Now thank my daughter properly for your pretty pink panties, or I'll rip your cock off and make a real girl out of you all!” she said as she gave a viscous yank to his pantied penis.

Crying harder than he had ever cried before, his cheeks shiny with sheets of tears, he tried once again.

“Dear, Maxine, — sob, sob — thank you for, uh, for, thank you for letting me — sob, sob — wear your pretty pink, oh, please, Miss Louise, no!”

BAM! Another slap across his already reddened face.

Crying, he wailed, "Oh, thank you, Maxine, for letting me wear (cough) your pretty pink panties!"

"That's better, you little faggot. From now on, you don't wear boys' underwear no more. You will only wear girls' panties! Pink girls' panties! Maxine is given' yous these yous have on to start yous off, but the rest of them yous have to steal from your sister or from a store, or maybe your little girlfriend will give you some of hers. Eyes don't care where yous gets them from, but yous be wearing panties all the time now. If yous don't, I'll tells your mother you done steal these panties from Maxine."

Just then a flash went off. Maxine had just taken a picture of him standing there with nothing on but those horrible pink panties! He cried out in horror and put his hands over his hips to hide the panties, but it was too late for that and he knew it.

"That's just a little insurance eyes needs in case eyes have to tell yous parents and the other kids that yous a faggot panty thief. Now eyes gotten proof."

"Hey, Mom," Maxine said, "look at his boner in my panties. I think it's getting a little bigger."

"My, oh, my, it sure as hell is, baby. I knows he'd like pink panties. I knew he'd like us making a girlie outta him."

On a secret cue, she pulled his penis downward, and Maxine grabbed his hair and pulled him forward. He found himself stretched across Miss Louise's naked, soft, full lap, the skirt of her dress had been pulled completely up. His naughty hard boner pressed against her warm fleshy thighs. Both females began to tattoo his pink pantied white ass with their metal rulers, laughing as they tried to keep a music-like rhythm between them. David was squirming and crying, but that didn't bother them in the least. His cheeks got redder and redder, and began to glow right through the thin pink panties, and whenever he tightened his cheeks up, the rulers stung all the more. Finally they stopped.

David was crying very hard. He dare not move. Why was Miss Louise pushing one of his legs to the floor, and not the other? Spreading them open this way.

Why was Maxine, pulling aside the leg elastic of the panties and spreading his ass cheeks apart with her long fingers? He twisted and tried to close his legs and escape their grip, but he was weak like a little girl compared to these big strong, determined females.

"Jus you now relax, Davy girl. Wes just wanna see your poopie hole. Ah, yes, there it is, your little pink pussy. Davy girl, I done see a lot of poopie holes, but yous all tell me. I think yous a virgin. Right?"

Still crying, David knew he had to answer, somehow. "Wha-what's a virgin, Ma, Miss, Miss Louise?"

Mother and daughter laughed at that as Maxine kept his behind totally spread, and Louise rubbed his

tiny reddish pink spot with her index finger.

“Oh, dear! You are a precious one. Bys a virgin, I means, did a man or a boy ever put his hard boner up your poopie hole?”

David was shocked, mortified. He had never heard of such a thing. He knew his penis, his boner, was for making babies with a girl. Why would a boy put his boner up another boy's butt?

“O-o-o-o-o-oh! No-o-o-o-o-o! O-o-o-o! Oh-h, uh, oh! Uh, Miss L-Louise! O-o-o-oh, n-o-o-o!” he yelped and twisted and humped as her finger invaded his rosebud.

As they stood him up, facing them, Louise kept her finger shoved far up into his bottom as she slowly masturbated his panty-covered boner with her other hand.

Slowly, erotically! His knees were buckling.

“Davy girl, Maxine and I are going to make you our pet slave girl. What do you think of that?”

He couldn't answer her. All his thoughts and feelings, his emotions were lost in her grip on his hard little boner as she stroked it through the silky pink panties. He was shaking horribly, his knees bent, going back and forth before her, as he was actually helping her jack him off into those sissy pink panties. She was trying to slowly masturbate him, but involuntarily his thrusting hips instinctively were trying to hurry along the process. It was too much to wait for. And as she played with him, she talked and talked, and finally told him what she wanted.

“Tomorrow is Saturday, and since you don't have any school, you'll be here at noon. And we want you to bring your sweet little girlfriend, Judy. We want to get a look at her pretty little pooper hole too. And when you show up, make sure you're wearing these pink panties, or I'll call your mother and tell her you're a panty thief!”

She had to pause jacking him off to get his full attention, so she could get through to him as she asked the question again, and once he agreed that he'd be there at noon the next day with his girlfriend – what else could he say? – she resumed wanking him like a well-practiced whore. When she sensed that David was about to ejaculate, Miss Louise bent his penis downward, very painfully, making his knees bend too, and Maxine formed a cup with her hands, right over his swollen penis head that had already thoroughly wetted the panties with his precum.

“That's a good sissy, Davy girl; let it all come out. My goodness, that's a lot of juice for a faggot like you,” she said as she watched his sperm shoot and ooze through the nylon-covered tip of his penis and into her daughter's hand.

Maxine knew exactly what to do. With him totally spent, out of breath, and groaning in misery, she rubbed her cum-soaked hand all over his face. He tried to jerk his head away, but was met with another

hard crack across his cheek. In pain, he let her have her way, and she rubbed his cum into his face and then making him lick her sticky fingers completely dry.

Still convulsing and moaning from this, the most amazing experience of his young life, he was permitted to dress. However, Miss Louise threw his jockey shorts into a wastebasket and made him keep his sperm-laden panties on under his trousers. She walked him to the door, her hand around his shoulder.

“Remember David, tomorrow, at noon, you and Judy. If you do not show up together, we'll show up at your house and have a talk with your mother, and then we'll go looking for your friends. And when you show up with Judy, you better have these panties on too, understand?”

He nodded, and in a very tender way, Miss Louise bent over and kissed his cheek. Maxine kissed him too, but she slipped her fingers under his T-shirt and down into the waist of his trousers, grabbed his pink panty elastic and gave it a hard snap. He jumped. She laughed.

“I like you in my panties. I'm going to love having you for my little slave sister.”

Then the door closed. He ran all the way home. He skipped dinner, spent the night in his room going over everything that had happened and worrying about the next day.

Saturday morning by eleven-thirty a.m., he was shaking. He had to lie to Judy, telling her that Miss Louise wanted to meet her in person. Judy, quite naive, agreed and was looking forward to meeting this nice lady that Davy was always talking about.

“So you're Judy? David has told us so much about you, dear. Come, sit here, on the sofa, next to me.”

David couldn't move or speak. Judy thought Miss Louise was very nice, even if her mini skirt was much too short especially on such a large woman, and this lady's breasts stuck out so much that they embarrassed the sweet little girl. Maxine sat on the other chair, legs crossed, smiling. Polite little Judy sat demurely in her sailor top and pleated white tennis skirt, the outfit she had on because she told Davy she wanted to play tennis after they visited Miss Louise. Judy modestly kept her short skirt down to cover her girlie little rhumba panties. It embarrassed her to show them off when her skirt went up, but she also liked the whistles and comments from the boys when they did peek out a bit.

“Everything all right at home, dear?” Miss Louise asked.

Judy smiled and said that it was. Louise and Maxine loved to sneak up on their victims this way, catch them off guard, first a little bit of harmless small talk and then...

“Judy dear, we think David has been fibbing to us. He says that he has never seen your poopie hole? Is that true, my dear?”

The young girl's innocent head popped up, her shocked eyes meeting the lecherous gaze of Miss Louise. Surely she misunderstood this nice lady.

“M-M-M-M-A-A-A-M-M-M-M-M? Wh-What did you say? I misunderstood?”

“No, you didn't, Judy dear. We are discussing your asshole, your shit factory, that little hole between your honey cheeks where you poop out your sweet little brownies. Has David ever seen it, dear?”

The frightened girl's eyes shot over to her little boyfriend, “David, let's get out of here!”

“Now, yous and little Davie girl aren't going anywhere until eyes tell yous can go. And your little sissy boyfriend can't help you because he's a girlie-boy, my girlie-boy! Show her, Davie, show her yous a sissy.”

David stood in shock.

“Drop your pants and show your little Judy the pretty panties you now wear.”

Maxine didn't wait for him to move, she yanked open his belt, unzipped him and let his trousers drop. The boy looked to the side and wanted to hide himself away but there was no hiding away from these viscous females and no way to stop them from molesting his girlfriend.

“Pretty panties! Davie is wearing, pretty pink panties, huh, Judy? Real pretty pink panties! Eyes told you he's a sissy girlie-boy.”

Judy's lips opened like she was going to say something but no sound came out, and they just remained open and trembling as she stared at the little boy who walked her home from school every day – a boy who is now standing before her wearing girls' pink panties. Maxine forced the boy to take all of his clothes off except for the panties and then proceeded to put a pink bow in his hair and a little pink training bra around his skinny chest.

Miss Louise laughed and told him how pretty he looked in Maxine's old bra that she used to wear before her breasts started to grow. And she laughed some more as Maxine held him securely with one hand while repeatedly snapping his bra straps and panty elastics with her other hand, sending the sissy boy into stinging, squirming torment.

“Yous make that little panty fag boy dance real good, honey.”

Frozen by what was being said and what she was seeing, Judy felt herself shoved forward as Miss Louise took the opportunity to pull the girl over her lap.

Maxine commanded David stand still in front of Judy and not to move. She told him that the door was locked and if he made a move to escape, she'd make both him and his little girlfriend eat a bowl of her fresh shit. He remained standing there in front of them perfectly still; he sensed she wasn't joking.

Leaving him standing in just his pink bra and panties and shivering from the coldness of the room and the horror of what he was experiencing, Maxine walked over to Judy sprawled over her mother's lap, and yanked up Judy's sexy little tennis dress. She ooded and ached over the pristine lacy white panties with ruffles completely covering the girls' round little bottom. Quickly she pulled the panty leg elastic aside and spread the girls' virgin butt cheeks. Judy was too startled to scream. She tried to jerk herself loose but couldn't move. Maxine and Louise knew how to rape a young girl as well as a young boy. Panties aside, the two ravishing females held her down and spanked her hard for a full two minutes to make her stop resisting. The girl had never been spanked and was babbling furiously as she begged them to stop. They stopped but then Maxine shoved her greased finger into Judy's butt hole and that sent the girl wailing and crying for David to make them to stop it.

The lost boy in bra and panties stood like a manikin unable to help, all parts of his body unable to move – except his penis. His little cock was growing inside his humiliating pink panties. He had never seen Judy's lacy panties and tight bottom, and he found them immensely exciting to look at.

Maxine and her daughter had been cooing and joking as they spanked and then raped Judy's asshole, but suddenly, they went silent as the door opened and a big, tall black man walked in.

David jumped. Judy looked up and was shocked to see a man staring at her exposed asshole with the nasty woman's finger in it!

“Oh, Lester? Good yous here. Yous can help us break this dumb little white girl's brown cherry.”

“My pleasure, honey!” he said.

Lester let out with a catcall when he noticed David, a boy, in frilly pink bra and panties. “Holy, shit! I done seen everything now. He does look almost like a girl. I don't go for boys, but I just might like a blowjob from this cute little panty faggot. Come here, boy! I mean girl! Or whatever!”

Miss Louise called out, “David? David, stop your gawking! Do yous all hear me? Go over and show yourself off to my Lester.”

David stopped staring at the monstrous black man and looked to Miss Louise. He felt extreme humiliation. Standing before Miss Louise, Maxine and especially Judy in just a sissy pink training bra and panties was bad enough, but the big man glaring down at him made him feel ten times more embarrassed. The man's harsh gaze made David feel like the ultimate sissy — made him feel horrible because he knew standing there like that he was a disgrace to all men and boys.

He looked at Miss Louise who was trying to talk to him. It was much easier to look at her than at that menacing black man. Davie tried to pull his mind together to listen to and understand what the woman was saying.

“David, now, listen to me,” Miss Louise said as she kept slowly finger-fucking the little girls' asshole.

“David, open Lester's trousers and take out his big cock while we get Judy's pretty poovie hole all ready for him to fuck.

“Lester, honey, we're making little Davie here into our girl slave. Let him get out your monster so he can see what a real man looks like.”

“He's no girl. He's jus a faggot, a sissy faggot in bra and panties. I'll tell you what: Maxine, go call Marcus on the phone. He loves boys in pink panties. He'll fuck this little pantywaist fag silly for you all.”

“Good idea,” Miss Louise said, “but do let the little fag practice handling a real man. Let him take out your big boner.”

Lester nodded.

David was too terrified to refuse. He opened the smiling man's zipper, reached in through the opening in his shorts and was shocked to feel a huge hard cock inside — easily five times the size of his little pecker. Davie couldn't even get his hand completely around it. He had trouble getting it out of the small opening, and Lester complained to him not to handle it so roughly. David carefully used both of his hands to ease the man's monster out of his fly. It was easily ten inches long, a stone-hard black muscle with a big head, like an angry snake ready to bite.

Maxine stepped to the side and made the phone call to invite Marcus to the rape party, but no one really heard what she was saying because they were all too consumed either raping or being raped. Miss Louise kept the crying girl's ass cheeks spread wide as she continued to massage the very tiny brownie hole.



Through her tear-filled eyes, Judy could see the monster cock before her. She wanted to look away and pretend all this wasn't happening, but the sight was too astounding and too frightening to ignore. She couldn't look away from the angry black man with the monster cock, couldn't look away from her silly little boyfriend with a dumb pink bow in his hair and holding onto that thick black fire

hose.

“David,” Miss Louise said, “take the jar of Vaseline on that table and rub some of it all over Lester's cock.”

Mortified, the young boy obeyed, rubbing the grease everywhere and seeing the huge boner even grow bigger in his tiny hands.

“Way to go, Davy!” Lester said. “My brother, Marcus, is going to be here in a few minutes. I'm not into faggots, but he loves little pantywaist pansies like you. He'll go crazy over you in those goddamn pink panties. You're going to love him! And wait till you see the boner on him, Davy girl. It's even bigger than mine!

“Ya did fine, ya little panty fag, but that's enough.” Lester said, “Yous don't want poor Lester shooting off in your hands, now do we?” The man laughed when David instantly let go of the big cock in fear of it exploding the man's smelly goo all over his hands.

Lester approached Judy and shoved his cock up to her lips that remained tightly closed until he slapped her across the face and demanded that she put it in her mouth. And when she did, his cock instantly swelled even bigger and harder, but he didn't want to shoot off in her mouth. She wasn't good at cocksucking. She was going to need some training and all of them would see to it that she had plenty of practice, but for now, he wanted her virgin asshole. Miss Louise had prepared it with a glob of Vaseline as David had prepared the big man's cock. It was going to be tight fit, but Maxine, Miss Louise, and most of all, Lester was looking forward to it. The anxious man was drooling from his thick lips as well as from his throbbing cock. Even though just one hour before, he had fucked Maxine, the little fourteen-year-old minx who could fuck like a thousand-dollar whore, Lester was supremely aroused at the sight of this little white girl, innocence personified in a little pleated blue and white sailor-style tennis dress with the pleated white skirt twisted around her waist and her white rhumba-pantied ass up in the air, spread open and waiting for his entry.

Maxine held the little girl's unusually plump ass cheeks spread very wide, so even her virginal poopie hole was opened a little bit, like a human eye. Louise grabbed Lester's very slippery horse cock and began to rub the hard smooth head along Judy's ass crack as she gradually zeroed in on her tiny anus. It looked like a baseball bat trying to get through the eye of a needle. Lester allowed Louise to do the entry. The awestruck little girl was screaming like she was being murdered as the huge cockhead plowed into her tight, tiny hole. Soon, he was ass fucking her in earnest while the two ladies kept her in position. They were all deaf to her screams.

Maxine decided to put an end to the screams. She stood by Judy's head, grabbed her hair and pulled it up. Then she ground her pantied hips into Judy's face, commanding her to lick and suck on her pussy or she'd knock all of the little girl's teeth down her throat. Maxine's thighs locked on the child's head.

At this outrageous orgy, the sexually mature-way-beyond-her-years Maxine with glaring eyes was giggling (one of her few attributes that still resembled a young girl). The debauching Miss Louise was

smiling like the leech she was; she loved getting fresh little girl white meat for herself and her man, Lester. And he was panting, digging his heels in and bracing himself as he rammed his cock meat into Miss Goody Two-shoes' plump little piece of heaven. He was ripping her wide open.

As the anal rape went on and on, David stood in stunned silence. It was a horror beyond belief and something before this moment he couldn't even imagine happening. But he was excited too, and it felt good for him to rub his hands over the soft, frilly panties on his hips and bottom. His hand found their way between his legs. It felt so good to stroke his penis and balls through the sublime silkiness of girlie panties. He didn't care if they did make a sissy of him; he didn't care if he did look ridiculous; he didn't even care if people did call him names and made fun of him. The bra and panties made him feel so-o-o-o good! And he knew he should feel sorry for poor little Judy, but it was exciting to see her getting butt fucked! It was the most exciting thing he had ever seen in his life! It was amazing to see Lester's big black cock pumping in and out of her ass, sliding past the contrasting shimmering virgin whiteness of her delicate ruffle rhumba panties as it went back and forth, in and out of her asshole. With each thrust, she screamed in pain. That should have brought David to his senses and should have made him fight them off her, even if it was him alone against three of them and against overwhelming odds, he should have been moved to superhuman strength and fight, fight, fight for her! But he didn't. He couldn't! He was a panty-wearing sissy, and now he really knew it! Miss Louise was right to make him dress in a bra and pink panties. He had no strength to resist. All of his energy was in his tiny penis, and it loved being stroked within the silky tenderness of girls' panties. Now, he willingly wanted to wear panties forever after, and he wanted this moment to go on for ever. Just then, the door flew open with a bang.

A huge black man was racing into the room. David assumed it was Marcus, and he was right. The man was undressing as he moved, and by the time he got to David, the man was totally naked. He grabbed the boy and a handful of the boy's hair, pulled him down and made him lick the underside of his already erect cock. But both Marcus and David momentarily paused and looked over at Judy getting butt fucked as she let out the most bloodcurdling scream. Lester's cock had expanded to even great length and girth as it exploded into her tender bowels. Lester came, violently, spewing hot sperm into her brownie hole. Then he pulled his long boner out, and it was covered with slime, blood, and long brown traces of shit.

Marcus got back to what he was doing. He looked down at David and loved what he saw, a little preteen white boy in pink bra and panties licking on his huge dong. But Marcus needed to fuck the kid, now! So he flipped him over, pulled aside the legband of the boy's pink panties and began ramming his cock into the tight little hole. It took more than a dozen thrusts and a couple of dozen rapid-fire spanks on the kid's pantied ass to get him to relax his rosebud and submit to being anally raped. David kept crying like Judy had cried, but he was crying even harder.

Lester was finished fucking Judy, so he slid out of her and walked over in front of David. Miss Louise said, "Now David, it doesn't look like you gonna stop crying like a prissy little girl. So Lester will put his cock in your sissy mouth. Now suck his boner, real good. Clean all the juice and poopie off his cock. That should keep you quiet, so we can enjoy Marcus fucking the shit out of your girlie ass."

David knew he had no other choice. He opened his mouth for Lester's cock, but he wasn't fast enough for the ugly old black rapist. Lester grabbed Davy by the hair and forced his monster cock down the boy's screaming throat. Lester laughed as the little kid choked and fought to keep from gagging. Davy did his best to clean off the cock, hoping as soon as he did, it would be over. The taste was horrible. But Lester began to get hard again, and the old pig got a kick out of reaching down and playing with Davy's pink pantied ass as he sucked away and Marcus fucked that same pink panties ass. Lester told him how he liked to be sucked, and yanked hard on the kid's hair whenever he didn't follow instructions to a T. The frightened boy obeyed; his jaws ached; his lips were bruised and bleeding; his tongue was sore from being abused by the huge cock that now owned his mouth.

Maxine and Miss Louise gave Judy a break, held her with their arms around her between them, and had her turn and look at her little boyfriend being double fucked in his sweet sissy pink bra and panties. Miss Louise told Judy that her boyfriend was wearing Maxine's panties, and that he had to wear panties all the time now, so maybe Judy would be kind enough to give him some of hers to wear. Judy stared and said nothing. She was incapable of reacting, like she was looking into a dream, a nightmare with everything out of control and not a scream or a word left in her body.



“Oh, this is so much fun,” Miss Louise shouted over all the crying, laughing and heavy breathing.

Just then Marcus shot stream after stream of hot cum into David's pink pantied butt, and soon after, Lester shot a load of jism into the boy's mouth. Davy cried and swallowed; there was nowhere else for the baby juice to go.

In a flurry of activity, the raped boy and girl were thrown out of the house along with their clothes. As they struggled in broad daylight to get themselves dressed again. Miss Louise shouted at them, reminding David to keep wearing panties. If she ever caught him not wearing panties, she'd put him in panties and tie him up out in front of the door of his school with a sign around his neck announcing that he'd give blowjobs for 25 cents. The two kids wanted to run but they had to get dressed first. Their struggles were drawing attention from a few people sitting outside on their porches. Soon they were calling to other people to come out and see these young white kids, these little fools who had just been fucked half to death in Miss Louise's house. They knew what went on in that den of sexual horrors. As some of those people gathered for a closer look, the boy and girl noticed the gathering crowd with lecherous looks and many of the men and boys were panting and stroking a visible lump inside their pants. As the kids got ready to run for their lives, Miss Louise told the two of them to be back there at 4 o'clock the next day, Sunday, and if they weren't there, she would show everyone photographs of

everything that had gone on in their house, photos that showed the little boy and girl in every imaginable sex position, but only they could be identified. The faces of Miss Louise, Maxine, Lester and Marcus could not be seen. And she threatened to show those photos to the kids' parents, neighbors, and friends at church and school.

Totally raped and ragged, Judy and David ran home in tears, knowing they had to return the following day. But as they approached Judy's house, David quietly asked, "Judy, can I, uh, I mean, would you please, please give me some pairs of your pink panties? Miss Louise says I have to always wear pink panties, so I need some. These I have on are smelly and all wet."

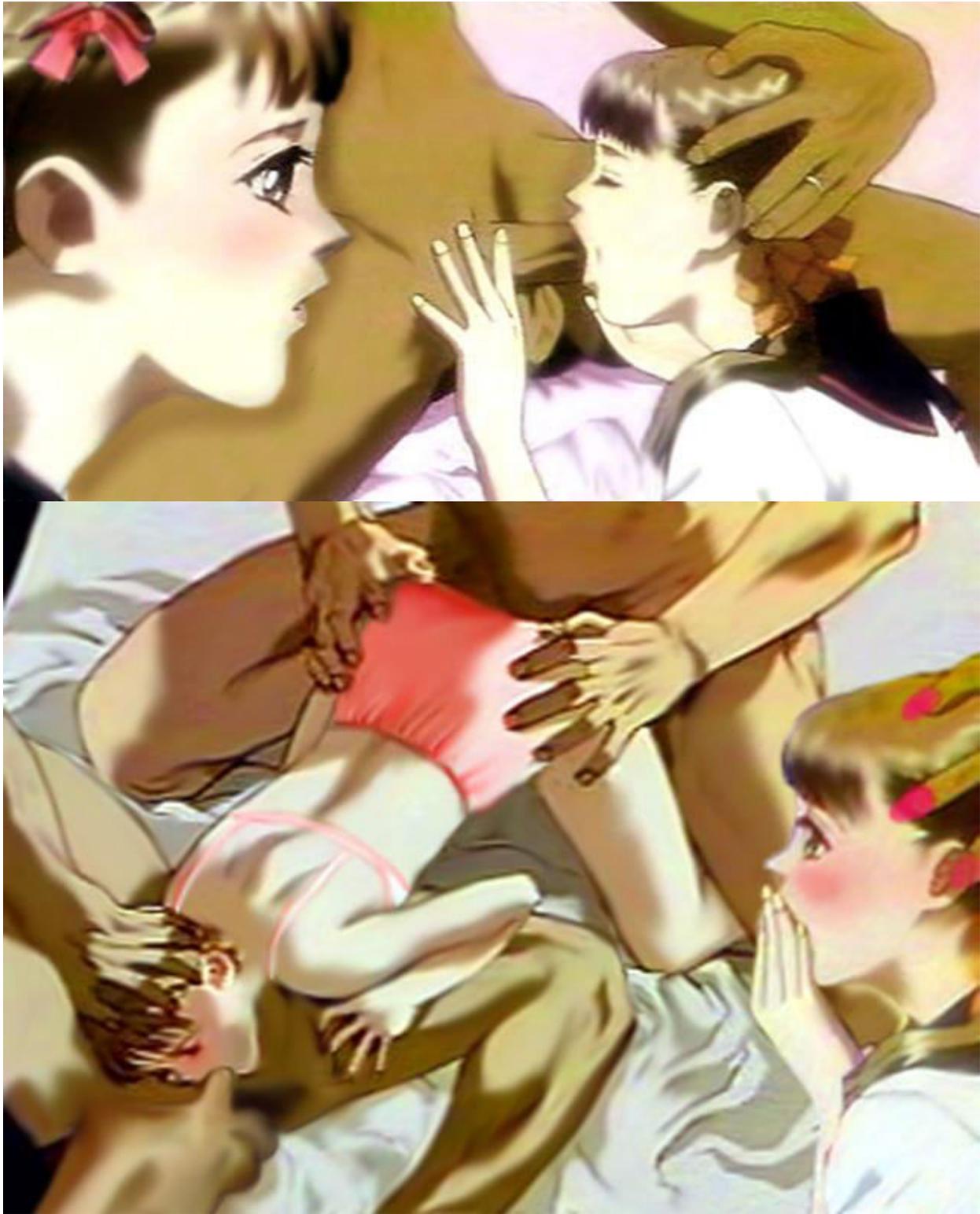
Judy looked at him, her cheeks blistering with redness and her lips puffy, bruised and sore from abuse. She said, "Sure! Sure, you can have some of my panties, you goddamn little sissy!" She hated him for taking her to Miss Louise's house. She was too busy feeling sorry for herself to feel much of anything except revulsion for him, but she knew they were both in the same boat, and she had no choice; they now had a special relationship together, and for the foreseeable future, it looked like they were going to be the repeatedly raped little girl and panty sissy boy of those horrid perverts! The two of them snuck through the back way into her house. They helped each other clean up, and yes, Judy gave David a whole stack of the loveliest little girl panties any thoroughly raped little pantywaist could hope to own.

Based upon a BMR manuscript "Teenage Virgins Slavery" from c 1980. Rewrite by Princess Lacey.

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The Pantywaist Weekly
All the news you need to be panty wasted

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LIFESTYLE



Judge acquits woman who tried on panties in store aisle

Peekskill, NY: Merry Dickers, accused of indecent exposure after trying on panties in the aisle of a Target store when the dressing room wasn't available, was acquitted by Judge Dick Cummings after she gave the judge lengthy and repeated demonstrations of what she did in the store.

During the demonstration, the prosecution lawyers believed the judge was violently masturbating himself under his robes, so they moved for a mistrial but their request was denied. Judge Cummings said it was one of the perks of his job and a much needed release during his long day on the bench, plus he added that his pleasure had nothing to do with the case at hand.

HEALTH



Law passed to treat boys like girls to curb violence

Hidden Point, OK: In an attempt to reduce juvenile crime, this town passed a law that requires all boys under the age of 16 to be raised like girls. Each boy has to be assigned a "big" sister to watch over him 24/7 as well as teach him the fine points of dressing and acting like a prissy little girl. Flitting about in frilly panties and dresses, the boys seem to be gaining a firm hold on the joy of being a girlie-boy.



Boys new to dresses love flashing their panties and see nothing wrong with it

HEADLINES



Boy on girls' team wears uniform

Short skirt gives him access to his devastating forehand

Great Divide, CO: Fearing a discrimination suit, Seymour High allowed a boy, Hi Song, to join the girls' tennis team.

But school officials tried to dissuade him from playing by requiring him to wear the standard girls' team uniform of a short skirt and lacy panties.

But Hi was not put off and he appears at school matches to the wolf whistles and catcalls of his fans and foes, and his teammates are not happy about the attention he is getting.

Panty masturbator's insurance to pay for the carpal-tunnel syndrome treatment he needs after years of habitual wanking

Reader's Poll

Sissyboys answer the question: Why do you wear girls' panties? Comfort 2% To feel girlie 10% To jerk off 69% Mommy makes me 1

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Baptist minister cums out in favor of panty lines says that no-underwear look is sinful

Panty sniffer goes nuts after his wife launders his collection of dirty panties

Three-year-old panty boy prodigy knows every manufacturer, brand, type and style

New boy hired to do stock at lingerie store says he's getting the feel of this

NEW PRESIDENT OF LINGERIE COMPANY SAYS HIS PANTIES ARE THE BEST FOR THE JOB AT HAND



From the Pantywaist Weakly

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