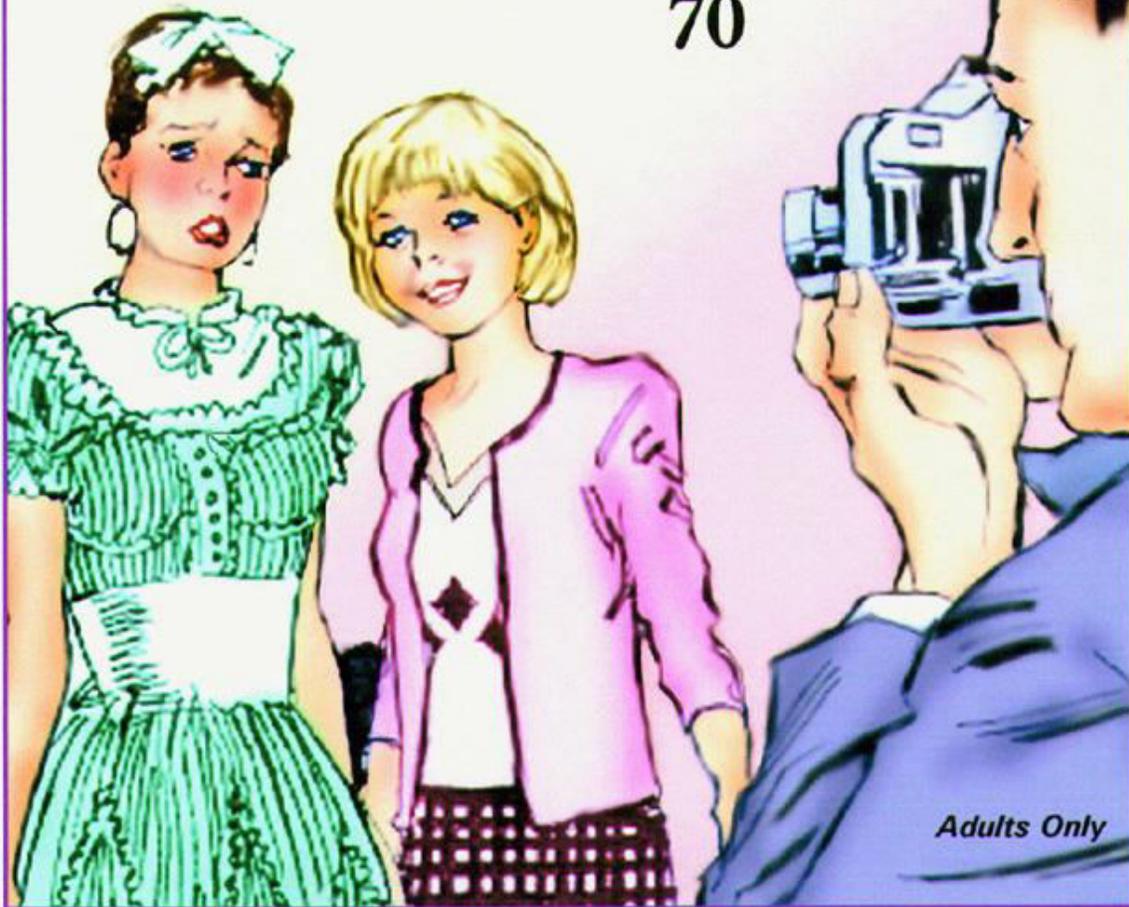


Princess Online

December 2004
Featured Stories and Letters from the
Princess Productions Website

No.
70



Adults Only

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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's 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, but instead, they tease and humiliate him and even take photographs to show his family and former friends.

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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1950's Catholic Grade School NUNS satirically illustrated by-watchdoggie!

Watchdoggie!

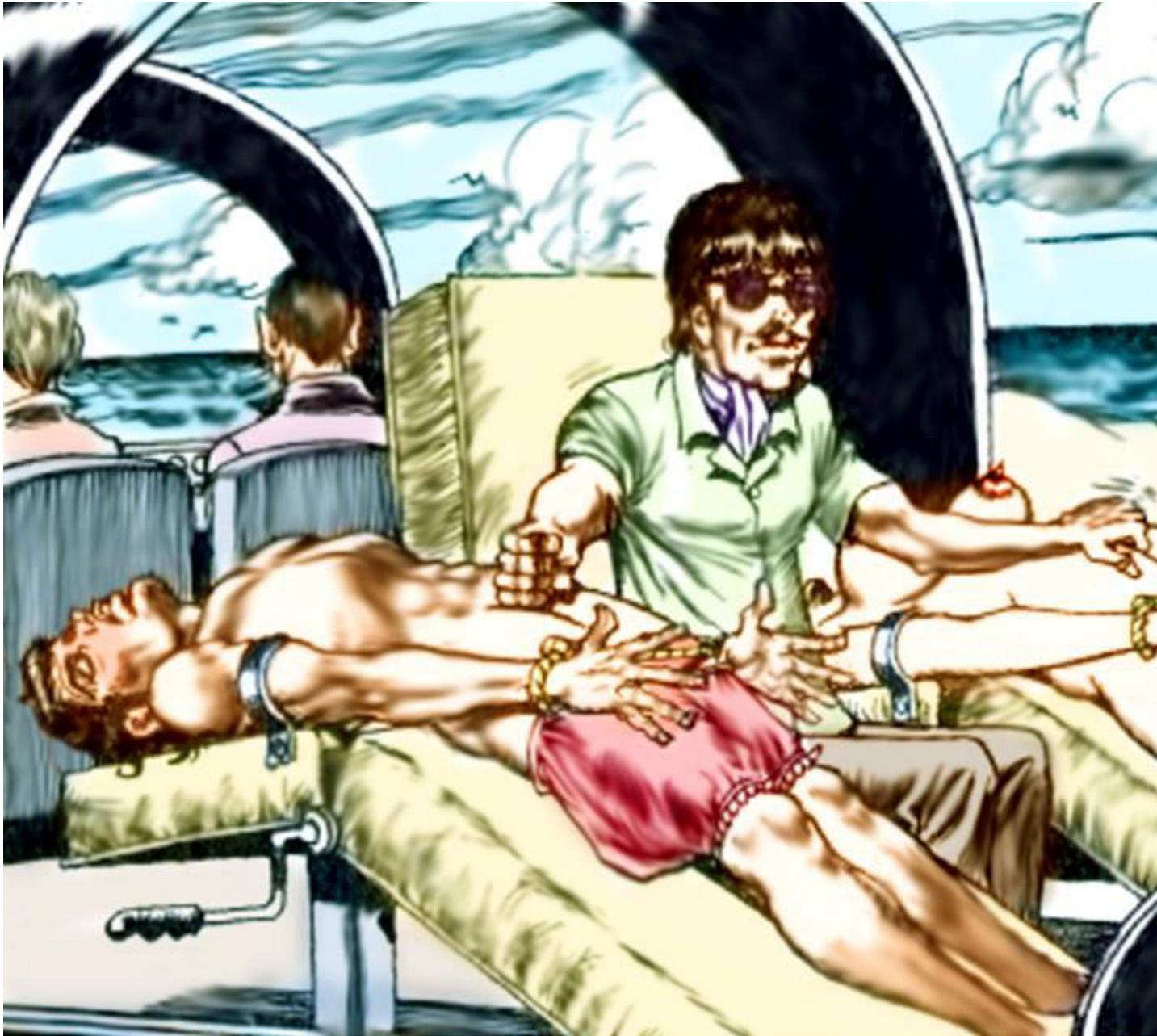
It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout 'family values' and left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: errant males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit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

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

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

As therapy, he creates 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 being forced to wear a dress and panties and then having the nuns and other school kids laugh at and ridicule him.

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Classic Drawing

The prolific Bill Ward created this drawing for the 1975 book "The Slave's Revolt" by Clive Bedford. The story involves a boy and girl who are thoroughly dominated, and the boy is feminized. This scene takes place onboard a boat with the boy and girl tied up and strapped down and being simultaneously masturbated by their captor, a depraved man. The boy's humiliating pink bloomer panties are drawn down his thighs and fully on display.

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DISGUISED SCOUT

Sirs:

This petite "young lady" (*right*) is Jack Cavanaugh, Danville, Ill. Boy Scout who disguised himself so skilfully Saturday, Oct. 16, that he was able to pass through a city-wide network of 225 fellow Scouts from city limits to the county courthouse in the heart of Danville's downtown area, to be declared the best of 12 Scouts who tried the feat in an "Uncle Dan's Troop" contest. The biggest "kick" Jack got out of the whole affair was that furnished by several young men who tried to flirt with him.

TEP WRIGHT

Commercial News
Danville, Ill.

Masquerade

Vintage photo and article from October 8, 1937 issue of Life magazine.
Boy Scout masquerades as a woman and gets other scouts to hit on him!

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School-daze

Annually, the students at Smez High in Wilmington vote on who are the five coolest and most popular girls in school, and on one day the following week those girls have to dress backwards and inside out and in granny panties. So regular clothes are worn inside-out or backwards and lingerie, including a big pair of granny panties, are worn on the outside of clothing. The object of the event is to see if these girls can take being knocked down a notch and teased and laughed at for a day. It's all done in good spirit, and the girls usually love the attention even if it's meant to embarrass them. However, this year, Carl Lambert, a very popular but openly gay and very swishy boy, got voted in as one of the girls! He went along with the fun and showed up in the required humiliation outfit, including a pair of flowered yellow panties (he borrowed from his mother). That's him in the middle!

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Marty

This month, we present the picture of eleven-year-old Marty, 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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“Look, Ma, no hands!”

Attention Mistresses, Sissyboys and Habitual Panty Masturbators:

Prostate Milking Device

A device is available that can make you ejaculate without using your hand to stroke your cock. Instead, you insert this prostate massager up your asshole and internally manipulate it by contracting your anal sphincter muscles. There are a couple of models available (PS2 and PS3). One has adjustable tangs on it, designed to apply pressure to the peritoneal area as well as rubbing the prostate. Prices is about \$50.

The instructions say many users experience a sensation like an orgasm without actually having one, and it may not last long since your anal muscles tire rather quickly. It's like being brought right to the edge of an orgasm but you can't get there. Talk about frustration! (Mistresses and teasing wives and girlfriends love it!)

The literature also suggests using the device much like you do Kegel exercises including the breathing part (which I'm not familiar with), but you use the same clenching technique. If you are contemplating the purchase of one of these, you should immediately start practicing, repeatedly constricting your anal muscles to build up a tolerance for this exercise, so by the time you receive it, you don't wear out so quickly. That's because when you first use it and get to where it's working, you feel like if you could just keep going a little longer, the orgasm would happen but without having built up these muscles, you will probably get tired of the clenching rather quickly.

The device can be used in combination with some chastity belts and genital restraints, like some models by Neosteel. And you should know that the directions say your rectum should be empty and rinsed with warm water before using the device. The pre-session enema may be a plus or a minus, depending on your point of view.

Please note: This is not a recommendation to buy or use these products. We have no financial or any other type of affiliation with this company. We simply present this information for your enjoyment. We consider these products as novelty items and have no knowledge of any problems associated with using them, but if you order and use any of these products, you do so at your own risk.

[Click here to go to the prostate massager website at: http://www.highisland.com](http://www.highisland.com)

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How to tame a rambunctious boy: Mrs. Mable Hurley of Hobart, Indiana, gets excellent results taming the town's wildest little boys. Any boy sentenced to spend time in juvenile hall can go free if instead, he takes Mrs. Hurley's three-times per week piano lessons. The only catch: The boy has to wear a dress along with long silk stockings and all the typical frilly unmentionables.

Sissy of the Month!

Old-time petticoat punishment article from a 1930s magazine.
Young offenders convicted of petty crimes can forego juvenile home if three times a weeks, they are willing to take piano lessons in a dress, silk stockings and lingerie!

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Pantywaist Pushover

Part 1

When the doorbell rang, Veronica was on the living room sectional watching a women's soccer game on the television. Her two daughters were on either side of her, but they weren't watching the game. Mary Ellen and Betty were intimately touching their mother and teasing her pussy through her shimmering white panties. As she cheered the goal made by her team, Veronica admonished her girls and told them to play nice and not get her too excited because she was trying to pay attention to the game. After the game, she assured them, they'd have plenty of time for girls-only fun.

Just as her team was again driving aggressively across the field, the doorbell rang again. This time with a long buzz.

"George!" snapped Veronica, "What the fuck are you doing? Jacking off in your panties again?"

"No, Miss Veronica, I'm just finishing up the dishes from lunch," he said from the kitchen, a frilly full apron wrapped around his skinny body and his hand immersed deep in sudsy water. The apron – a god-awful lacy affair in faggot pink -- was all he was allowed to wear over his pink panties. And he could only wear the apron while doing some of the chores or, for modesty's sake, when answering the door. On rare occasions, she let him wear a garter belt and nylon stockings, especially when she was entertaining some of her friends and had him waiting on them. Otherwise, the only thing he was allowed to wear in the house was a pair of his frilly panties. She and her daughters had quickly and thoroughly panty trained him, and now he had plenty of panties – all lacy and all in pink!

"Well, get the hell out here and answer the fucking door, stupid! Unless you want me to spank your pantied ass once your faggot sons arrive."

She was always threatening him like that. Whenever he got temporary custody of his two boys every other weekend, George got a reprieve. He was allowed to don a man-tailored blouse and a conservative pair of women's slacks while the boys visited. They were quite young, so he was sure they didn't know that much about adult male and female clothes to notice that his clothes were made for a woman. Even so, he had to be careful because underneath he always had to wear his pink panties, and he had to make sure his blouse didn't creep up and expose the waistband of his pink panties peeking above the top of his slacks. His pink panties would surely make even his youngest son do a double-take. The boys surely knew that men and boys didn't wear pink panties.

George grabbed a towel and dried his hands as he quickly ran through the living room to open the door. Veronica and her two daughters giggled as he scurried past them, his jiggling butt in his lace-frilled panties on full view sticking out through the back of his apron. A hilarious sight they never got tired of seeing.

It was a delivery boy with flowers, two dozen long-stemmed yellow roses. The boy was a bit stunned to see George standing there wearing the humiliating apron, but he was unprepared for sight he saw once George took the flowers and told the boy to wait while he got his purse to give him a tip because when the man turned around, he exposed to the boy the full expanse of the heavily frilled back of his lacy pink rhumba panties.



The poor kid probably wanted to turn and run but the amazing sight kept him glued to the spot. He also noticed the woman and girls reclining on the couch, dressed only in bras and panties unmindful of his stares as the three females made no move to cover

themselves. The little girls were even playing around in the crotch of the woman's panties, and the woman was playing with the flat little triangles of lacy satin fabric that covered the girls' undeveloped breasts.

George, as quickly as possible, handed the boy two dollars and shut the door, thankful that one more humiliating episode was over. He took the flowers to Veronica. She read the note and then told George to throw them in the garbage. They were from one of her pig male admirers who would have to come up with a lot more than flowers to get her to even talk to him.

George was glad to be sent on his way because standing before the three lingerie-clad females, his little dick was getting hard in his nylon panties. He could feel his cock growing, and he knew that at any moment, it would stick out enough to push out the front of his panties. Luckily, they didn't notice it. He was forbidden from getting an erection without their permission, and it seemed like Veronica never gave him permission! It had been weeks since he was last permitted to cum. Veronica said an erection was lewd, sinful and a filthy habit that males must control. George ran to throw the flowers in the incinerator.

“Who were the flowers from?” Mary Ellen innocently asked her mother.

“They were very pretty,” Betty commented. “Why did you have sissy Georgie throw them away, Mommy?”

“They were from an asshole!” Veronica said, as she continued to massage the palms of her hands over the girls' flat chests. “Asshole males cannot give things of beauty to females. Once they touch them, they are no longer things of beauty.”

When the soccer game ended, Veronica and her two little daughters made their way to the bedroom. As they passed the sewing room where George was dutifully folding clean laundry, he asked, “Miss Veronica, if you please, may I go change because Brian and Jeffrey will be coming over soon?”

“They're not due until two o'clock. Stay as you are until five minutes to two, then you can change. But as usual, keep your panties on underneath. AND put your pretty apron back on over your slacks!”

“But...but, my boys...”

“Shut the fuck up. Do you want me to tell your dumb little faggot boys – or better yet – show them exactly what really goes on in this house?”

“No. No, Miss Veronica, please...and they're not gay!”

“Hey, any backtalk from you earns a punishment. Did you forget the rules?”

“Uh, no, Miss Veronica. I'm sorry, Miss Veronica,” he said as he executed a deep curtsy with his pink apron fully fanned out.

Six-year-old Brain and three-year-old Jeffrey “Jeffie” were his two sons from his first marriage. Kim, his ex-wife, divorced him two years earlier. She had been cuckolding him ever since Jeffie was born because she wanted a daughter and Brian was only giving her sons. And much worse in her opinion, both boys inherited their father's well below average size penis, a further embarrassment to her.

So Kim abruptly stopped having sex with George and started openly dating, saying she was tired of having his little pimple of a cock constantly fall out of her while they were fucking. She said she deserved better and wanted a man with a big cock, plus she wanted to get pregnant with a baby girl. Much to George's surprise, and to thoroughly humiliate him, she often brought her lovers home and had sex with them in front of him and the two boys. When the two boys saw her and wondered what she was doing with those strange men, she'd simply tell them she was trying to make a baby girl so they would have a sister to play with, and that was how mommies made babies. She also told them that their daddy only made boy babies, so she needed other men to help her make girl babies.

For over a year, George put up with the arrangement. He still loved his wife and sons dearly and wanted to keep his family together even if it was an abomination of the typical happy suburban family. Then one day, Kim took the two boys and moved in with a wealthy black man and announced to George that she was filing for divorce.

In the divorce, he got to keep his three-and-a-half million dollar trust fund and the house (which had been in his family for over 70 years), but he had to give her custody of the boys and just about everything else (which was considerable) even though he had his lawyer tell the court that she had been unfaithful to him. He didn't bring up the fact that she was having sex with other men in front of the boys. That would have won him custody, but he knew that both he and the boys would then have to testify and he didn't want to put them or himself through that. Besides, he had a full-time job and no way to care for the boys. And he also knew that as horrible of a home life that it had been, Kim was a good mother (except for the fucking in front of the boys but he knew she only did that to embarrass him). So he decided that the boys would be better off with their mother.

After the divorce, George took a good look at himself and realized he was a not only a chump, but a total wimp, and he further had to admit to himself that he couldn't help it. He had been like that his entire life. He was brought up by an overpowering, bitchy mother who used to put pink bows in his hair and send him out to play with the mean little kids in his neighborhood whenever, in her opinion, he didn't act like a tough little man. He came to the realization that he liked strong women and realized that was why he had let his former wife walk all over him. He just thought of himself as a nice guy who wanted to avoid trouble at all costs, but he did have to acknowledge to himself that he had a penchant for falling in with the wrong kind of people, people who took advantage of him. He was a notoriously poor judge of character.

Then at the bar at the yacht club, he met Veronica, a money-seeking woman on the prowl. She was a stunning beauty, and he immediately fell for her looks as well as her dominating way. Within days she was living in his house and controlling his entire life. He was shocked when he discovered she had two daughters, Mary Ellen, nine, and Betty, eight. Less than a month after they met, they got married.

Until that time, she had been doing everything from A to Z sexually with him, but then on their wedding night, he was totally stunned when he found her in bed having lesbian sex with her two daughters. That's when she announced to him that she was a lesbian and couldn't stand the sight of him and especially his ugly penis, so she put him in pink panties and made him dance around for her and her hysterically laughing little girls. She had purchased three dozen pairs of silky pink panties, all lacy and frilled, and that night, she gave them to him as a wedding present along with the command that he must burn all his male underwear and wear the panties full time. He didn't want trouble. He knew he was a fool, but he did what she had demanded he do.

Even though he knew he was a sucker for a good looking dominant woman like Veronica, something drew him to her; just looking at her (especially in the sexy lingerie she usually wore around the house)

was almost reward enough. And her lesbian daughters, the little minx Mary Ellen and the precocious yet sweet and innocent Betty, both of whom clung to her like a witch's familiars. George was in love with looking at them, peeking was more like it. He severely got paddled if Veronica caught him staring at their lithe young bodies in their little-girl bras and panties. Just a peek or two at those sex-crazed little pixies was almost enough to make him blow his wad without even touching his pantied penis.

He resigned himself to what he had gotten himself into. He felt Veronica would leave him when she got tired of him and scrounged as much as she could out of his trust fund. Or perhaps she'd meet some wealthier sucker she could take advantage of. George knew she was already looking. Several nights a week she went out bar hoping at the most exclusive joints for miles around. He knew he was just an oasis and she'd leave him the moment she found another watering hole with more of what she needed: a male to rob and dominate.

This Saturday afternoon, Brian and Jeffrey were coming to visit and stay for the weekend, something they did twice a month. The quiet, well-mannered boys would be arriving by limousine with the usual warning to get them home by six on Sunday or his ex would call the cops on him!

At precisely five minutes to two, George dashed into his bedroom (which used to be one of the three guest bedrooms) and put on his women's slack and blouse over his shameful pink panties – and he did it just in time!

It was still a couple of minutes before two, but the doorbell was ringing and Veronica was screaming for him to go answer the door – no matter how he was dressed. If his sons had arrived any earlier, he knows Veronica would have made him answer the door like he did for the delivery boy – in just his panties and apron! Just thinking about that all afternoon had made each hour waiting a horrific ordeal, but now it reminded him to race back to his room, grab the apron and put it on while he was running downstairs to answer the door. He got it on straight and tied the big bow in back just in time.

Veronica was marching out of the den to see if he was answering the door. Huffing and puffing, he opened the huge oak door, but swung it open just enough to let the two little boys in. He tried as much as possible to hide himself behind the door, but he knew the chauffeur standing behind the boys probably got a glimpse of the pink apron strapped around his waist as he thanked the man for dropping off his children. And before he got the door closed all the way, he heard the chauffeur giggle and clear his throat. The man had seen his apron! He wondered if he would report that to his ex, but he had little time to worry about that. Now he had to worry about his two boys who were standing before him and looking at him in disbelief.

With the door closed, the two boys stood in the entranceway. They heard Veronica approach and turned toward her. Now, they didn't know where to look. They saw their father standing there like an idiot wearing a woman's frilly pink apron, and they saw Veronica standing in a strong wide-legged stance with her hands on her hips fingering the silky white nylon panties covering her hips, her fingers massaging herself like tiny snakes.

As if that wasn't enough to look at, just then Mary Ellen and Betty walked out of the den and strutted their little girl femininity scantily clad only in dainty little satin bras and baby girl rhumba panties. The boys looked back to their father. It was obvious they wanted to say something. They certainly wondered what was going on, but they were obviously embarrassed for their father. Even Jeffrey, the little three year old, blushed at seeing his father in the girlish apron.

"Hi, boys," Veronica said, breaking the tension. "Your daddy was just helping out with the cleaning, and I had him put on that apron so his clothes wouldn't get dirty. I know it's a girls' apron, but I think it looks real nice on your daddy, don't you?"

Both boys didn't answer verbally but only nodded their heads, and Veronica took that to mean they agreed with her statement. (Their meekness and malleability was something else they had inherited from their father).

"Well, since you think he looks so nice in the apron, we'll have him keep on wearing it all the while you are here."

"Oh, Veronica, please. I don't want them to see me..."

"George, hush!"

"But, they'll say something to their mother, and – and, I won't even get visitation anymore..."

"Didn't I tell you to be quiet?" Veronica yelled loud enough to make the boys cringe. "Just for that impertinence, lift up your apron and drop your slacks!"

"Wha..." George couldn't believe what she was telling him to do.

"Do you want to add a spanking to your punishment?"

Both of the little girls were trying to stifle their giggles, and the two boys were thoroughly confused and becoming more fearful by the moment.

“OK, everybody, Georgie is going to put on a show for us. Everybody into the den,” Veronica commanded.

All of them snapped to attention and quickly went into the den as if they didn't do it they would be shot for insubordination.

Except for George, who now stood before them waiting for the inevitable, all of the others sat on the long sectional and stared at him. Veronica snapped her fingers. Thick silent tears rolled down George's cheeks as he obediently lifted his apron, undid the button and zipper on the side of his slacks and let them drop to his ankles. For a moment both boys just sat there and looked at him.



Brian stared; he knew what he was looking at: his father was wearing women's lacy pink panties.

Jeffrey smiled and giggled, “Daddy's wearing mommy's panties!”

“Oh, no, Jeffie, they're not mommy's panties. Those are your daddy's pretty panties. He wears them all the time, don't you honey?”

Jeffrey kept giggling. It was infectious. The two little girls couldn't hold back their laughter anymore.

Brian, hesitated and then quietly asked, "Daddy is it a joke for us?"

"Well, answer him, stupid," Veronica nearly screamed at George.

"Uh, well, no – no, not really, son. You see, uh..."

"You see," Veronica continued the sentence, "your father is a big sissy. He loves to dress up in pretty girls clothes, don't you, honey?"

"Yes, dear," George said lightly crying but desperately trying to hold back his tears in front of his sons.

"Your father isn't very good at being a man, so he likes being a sissy. And yes, those panties don't belong to your mommy; they really are your daddy's panties. He has a whole drawer full of them. George, why don't you take your boys up to your room and show them all the pretty panties you have. You're so lucky because I like you even if you are a sissy man who loves to wear girls' panties. Isn't your daddy lucky that he has me and my little girls to help him enjoy being a girlie boy?"

"Now, George, take your boys up to see your panty collection. I'm sure they can't wait to see all their daddy's pretty pink panties."

With Veronica and her daughters following, George took his boys by the hand and led them up to his bedroom. Right away they noticed that their daddy now had a different bedroom than the big bedroom he shared with mommy when they had all lived there together, but they didn't say anything.

In his bedroom, George slowly opened the top drawer of his dresser, but it was too high for the boys to see into it, so Veronica said, "Well, the only way we're going to see them is if you hold them up. Let's go! You have a lot of pretty panties that we all want to see, and we don't have all day!"

George took the panties out of the drawer one pair at a time and held them up for all to see.

"I think the boys want a closer look. Get real close, boys," she said as she pushed them up close to their dad. "That's right. Nice and close. Go ahead, boys, touch them. I can tell you want to feel how nice and silky your daddy's panties are. They won't bite! They're just pretty panties, silky panties, nylon panties, slick sissy panties with lots of lace and bows on them. I'm sure you noticed, all of your daddy's panties are pink. Isn't that nice? They're pink because pink is the favorite color of sissy boys. Don't you just love the color pink, boys? Don't you just love your daddy's pink panties?"

"Ya, know, George, I don't think the boys really appreciate just how beautiful all these panties are. Why don't you take everything off and model each pair for us, OK?"

George obeyed. He knew if he didn't there would be even greater hell to pay, and all the while, he wondered, 'Is there no end to the humiliation she is putting me through?'

When he was down to just his panties, Veronica rubbed her hand over his penis and balls. "See boys, your daddy's peewee is so small a nice pair of girlie panties almost completely hides it – one reason why he's a sissy is because his peewee is so tiny. And that's why your mommy got rid of your daddy. He just has a pimple for a dickie, not a big, thick penis like other men."

Crying audibly now, George gripped the waist elastic of his ruffled rhumba panties and timidly eased them downward. As his panties floated down to his ankles, Veronica let out a big laugh, because once he was naked, there was no hiding his clean-shaven genitalia from his wide-eyes sons and her giggling girls.

Veronica said in a trumpeting voice, "Boys, as you can see, your daddy isn't a man at all. Now, you can see for yourselves just how little his peewee and balls are."

Brain cringed. He felt his father's terror and shame. Little Jeffie continued to giggle and point. He acted like this was some kind of game.

Pair after silky, lacy pair, panties, panties, and more panties -- George tried on every pair of his three dozen pink panties for their benefit. But just trying them on wasn't enough for Veronica. She made him twist and turn like a runway model. She made him pull on his penis to get it as hard as he could get it. (She gave him permission to make it hard, but as much as he had been panty trained to enjoy a firm erection in his panties, he found it difficult to do in front of her prissy, bratty little girls and his embarrassed little boys.)

George jumped in shock but reminded standing as still as possible as she let the girls touch him in his panties, and then she turned to the boys.

"Brian, Jeffie, now both of you touch your daddy's pretty panties. Go on, that's right. Aren't those panties nice? Don't they feel nice and silky? No wonder your daddy likes being a sissy? Because sissy boys get to cover up their little peepees with such silky smooth panties!

"Wow, boys," she continued, "you're doing such a good job of rubbing your daddy's nice panties. Now, reach down between his legs and rub those silky panties all over your daddy's little peepee.

"Oh, my goodness! His little penis is getting bigger; isn't it, boys? I



never saw your daddy's peepee get that big before. It never gets that big for me or my little girls. I think your daddy loves you masturbating him in his panties.”

Brian looked funny at Veronica, “Master...?”

“Masturbating? You've never heard that word before? That's what we call it when a boy rubs his penis or when somebody else rubs his penis and makes it get hard. A lot of times we call it ‘jacking off’ or ‘jerking off’ too. Boys, I think your sex education has been sadly neglected. Whenever you come over here, we'll teach you a lot of really exciting sex words, and we'll show you a lot of really sexy fun things to do, like jacking-off.

“Now, just keep jerking on your daddy's peepee. He loves you so much, and I can see now he loves it when you look at him in his sissy panties and sissy masturbate him through all the nylon and lace on his panties.

“You see, all boys love to jack-off because it feels so good for a boy to pull on his peepee, but you boys probably already know that. But sissies love it even more because it feels so much better when their penis gets rubbed real nice through a silky pair of girls' panties. And I think your daddy likes having you rub his peepee in panties more than when anybody else does it. Isn't that right, honey?”

George, silently crying big tears, moaned in defeat. His little boys' hands pulling on his penis was too much, he gave himself up to his lust. Sexual ecstasy took control of his mind and body. “Yeah, oh, yeah, oh, boys, oh...”

“Is daddy, OK,” Brian asked with a worried expression as he continued to jerk up and down on his daddy's dick through the soft nylon rhumba panties.

“Oh, he's more than all right! He's in heaven and having more fun than he has ever had in his life, and you're the ones who are giving your daddy so much pleasure!”

Then she turned to her daughters, “OK, girls, work on his nuts and goose him!”

Mary Ellen screeched in delight as she reached down the back of George's panties and shoved her slender, dry finger up his asshole. Little Betty wiggled her way between the two boys. Her head was right at George's penis level. She snuck one hand through the leg hole on one side of his panties and then shoved her other hand through the other leg hole, and then slid both her hands down to gently cup his tight balls.

The girls looked at each other, and then Mary Ellen shouted, “One, two, three!” And on ‘three’ Mary Ellen shoved all of her fingers as far as she could up his asshole and little Betty grabbed each one of his balls in a claw-like grip and pinched and squeezed his nuts with all her might.

George screamed, reached down to clutch his sons' hands over his pantied cock, and fell back on the bed, dragging backward the boys and the two little girls who wouldn't let go. They all looked up to see George's little stiffie spurting, his long-denied ejaculation finally allowed release; his thick creamy goo bubbled up and over the little bump in his panties and through his sons' still stroking fingers; his rancid, smelly slime wetting his panties, changing the pink nylon to a much deeper shade of sissy pink.

Both boys stood there in awe, wondering exactly what had happened.

“Boys, look what you did to your father! You made him sissy sum! Now lick your fingers clean. I don't want any of that nasty sissy juice to get on anything or to drip on the carpet. Hurry up, lick it up! I know you'll like the taste of it, all sissy boys learn to love it!”

The boys were too afraid of this shouting, dominant woman to do anything but do what she commanded them to do. With crinkled noses and scared expressions on their faces, they gingerly stuck out their tongues and lapped up their daddy's jism coating their fingers. Veronica was staring down at them, intimidating them, and making sure they licked up every last drop.

“Drop your pants and your underpants, boys!” she commanded.

Brian did it. Little Jeffie needed help. Soon both boys were naked from the waist down.

“Just as your daddy told me, both of you have tiny little baby peewees and practicably no balls at all. Girl! Look at the little pimple each of these kids has between his legs. Aren't they cute? You two are not boys at all, are you? You're sissies, just like your daddy. How come you aren't wearing pink panties like your daddy?”

George was recovering from cumming and having his balls and asshole severely abused by this wicked woman's two little girls. But seeing what Veronica was doing to his little boys was going too far. “Stop, it,” he shouted.

His outburst was met with a lightening fast forehand and backhand across his face. The double slap sent him falling back to the bed.

“Shut the fuck up, you little pansy! Your two boys are sissy faggots just like their daddy; the sooner they know it the better. And the sooner they start wearing pink panties, the better off they'll be. Then they won't have to worry about trying to measure up to real men and boys all their lives.



“Girls,” she called out to her daughter, “go take these two little sissy boys into your room and dress them up in some of your old slips, panties and dresses. Make sure everything you dress them in is in pink. Pink is their color; they're sissies, and you know me, I know a sissy when I see one. After you get them dressed, bring them out in the garden, their daddy will be serving all of us tea.”

As the two led the two boys out of the room, Veronica told George that she wanted him in clean panties and a clean apron pronto. Then she added, “I'll be sending the boys home to their mother with pink panties on under their ugly boys' trousers, and if you aren't perfect between now and then, I'll put them in dresses too and send them home that way.”

George's eyes were bugging out. She knew he wanted to protest, but in fear of her threat, he dared not say a word.

“Don't worry, Georgie, your wife knows what a sissy you are. You don't know it, but she and I have had a lot of nice long conversations on the phone. We even met once for tea and once of a nice long dinner.

“You should have seen her when I told her about keeping you in pink panties and an apron. She insisted

I show her some pictures, which of course I did. The management at the restaurant was on the verge of throwing us out because she was laughing so hard. She said she wished she would have thought of doing it while you were still married. She said her lovers would have gotten a big kick out of it. I asked her how she would do it in front of your boys, and she said she didn't give a fuck what they thought about their father.

"Then I asked her if she thought your boys were sissies. She thought for a moment and then said 'Definitely, yes! Since, he's such a sissy, how could his sons be anything else but a couple of sissies.'

"She mused for a moment and then told me, 'Ya, know, I always wanted a little girl. I don't know why it ever occurred to me just to start dressing my boys like pretty little girls. After all, they are sissies. I know it. The whole neighborhood knows it. Both of them often come home crying telling me that the other kids call them pantywaists and sissies. I don't know why I didn't realize it then and just start turning them into girls! I don't think anyone would be surprised to see them show up in dresses!'

"So, you see Georgie, you might dread sending your boys home in pink panties, but I think your ex will be pleasantly surprised when she pulls down their trousers to get them ready for bed. I'll bet by eight PM Sunday night, I'll be getting a call from Kim thanking me for starting them on the road to complete sissyhood.

"Now, get yourself changed and start preparing tea for us. After tea, I think I'll teach your boys how to give you a blowjob! You lucky boy, I'm going to let you cum twice or maybe even three times today!"

Adapted from the 1972 novel, *She Lived for Lashes* , by Bridgette Van Dusen. Revised by Princess Lacey.

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

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Published only when we fi
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LIFESTYLE HEALTH HEADLINES



Boy sues after turndown for lingerie modeling job

Little Mounds, OH: A local couple is suing Nowcum Talent Agency because their son was not permitted to audition for a modeling job for the Willie B. Loman Lingerie Company. A spokesperson said the boy was not equipped for the job.



On a clear day you can see forever! New-to-crossdressing boy gets stares, he keeps forgetting to sit like a lady



Sleep apnea man breathes easier through dirty panties

Open Valley, NY: After more than ten years of using a CPAP breathing machine (at a cost of thousands of dollars and much discomfort), sleep apnea patient Shorty Klinger found he can sleep better at night if instead of using the CPAP, he dozes with a pair of well-used dirty panties on his head (with the juicy part directly over his mouth and nose!). If you have sleep apnea, we urge you to consult your physician before trying this at home!



Girl at dance recital wants everybody to see her new panties

The 'Panty Toucher' caught in act

Beach bum panty perv nabbed doing his thing

Great Divide, CO: Phil Moore, a local handyman, apprehended last week at Valley View Beach for reaching up a woman's skirt while she dozed in the park, had met his match in Faith Izmore because when he reached under her skirt to finger her panties, he found out that she was a he!

The discovery so unnerved Moore that he jumped back and in the process awakened the sleeping Izmore, who screamed. A passerby with a cell phone called police and gave them the offender's license number.

Shortly thereafter, officer M. A. Hunter apprehended Moore at his home.

It is widely believed Moore is The "Panty Toucher" who has been attacking women and girls in local parks and beaches. He preys upon sleeping females



and tries to reach under skirts to fondle their pan and even attempts to pus fingers under the edge o panties to sexually mole his victims' by touching genitalia and nether regi without waking them up

Girl returns pantie to Victoria's Secret saying they are no 'secret' because th panties created bi ugly panty lines. (I guess she does know that big par lines are beautiful

Reader's Poll
Where do you get your panties?
Retail Store 69% Online Shopping 8% Steal Them 23%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Cuckold cocksucker says he's not gay. He just hooked on cum sucking out his wife's used pa

Man shoots thief stealing panties off wife's clothesline only to see it's their s

Boy caught sucking on panties cho to death trying to swallow evidenc

Woman runs ad for a French maid, a three men apply -- she hires one of th

IN DIVORCE, WOMAN CLAIMS HER HUSBAND WAS UNFAI -- NOT WITH ANOTHER WOMAN BUT WITH A PAIR OF PA



