

Princess Online

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Featured Stories and
Letters from the
Princess Productions
Website

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, "Van, The Bride," in the "Schooled to Be Girls!" series. Van is now called "Iris" and is being punished for trying to escape from the Sylvan School for Girls. After he had been severely caned, he brought up on stage, has to stand in front of everyone including his former girlfriend with his skirt held high to reveal his pink panties and sing the school song, "I enjoy being a girl."

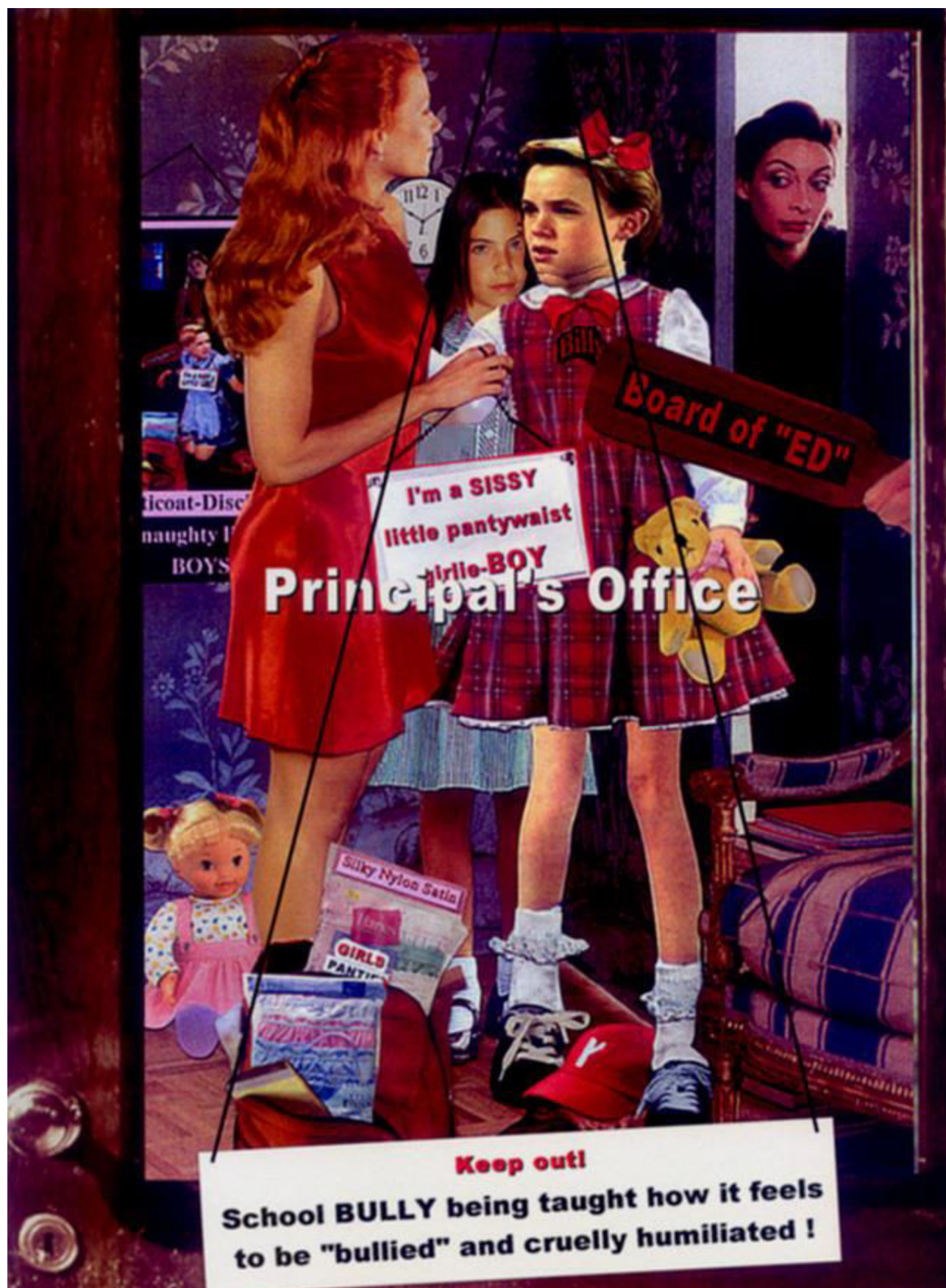
All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits or girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. The most distinctive feature of Carole Jean's books is the abundance of artwork. She has an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

Keep out!

School BULLY being taught how it feels to be "bullied" and cruelly humiliated !

Watchdoggie!

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

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

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

As therapy, he creates fanciful pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment like the mock up of the cover of LIFE magazine the week he suffered being petticoat punished as if they had done a story featuring him and his painful ordeal. His pictures illustrate either fantasy situations or some of the things that actually 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 ridicule and laugh at him.

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More Tots in Thailand

Thailand is one of the world capitals of sex with brothels and street walkers catering to every whim, and they have a big demand for virgins because many of the tourists who come to this country for sex think they eliminate the possibility of getting AIDS if they only have sex with virgins. Also Japanese businessmen believe sex with a virgin once a year gives them youthful energy to be aggressive and successful in business. Consequently, virgin prostitutes as young as ten and under are in great demand and fetch high prices despite the fact that many countries (including the U.S.) make it illegal to travel to Thailand specifically to have illegal sex.

In Thailand, crossdressed sissyboys abound too, and these alluring, sexy boy-girls are a delight to the eye. Some of the bars offer girly-boy shows, and a popular interlude in these shows is for the owner of the bar to bring two kids to the stage and have the people in the bar place bets as to which one is a boy and which one is a girl. To challenge the customers, they purposely either dress them up in full girlish outfits or traditional costumes or dress them down in more normal street wear. Sometimes one is a girl and one is a boy, but most of the time, they are both boys like in this photo. The other photo shows a very young boy in costume taking a break outside behind the bar waiting his turn to be made up and fitted with his wig.

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Classic Drawing

A copy of this drawing was given to us many years ago by the artist Erica and was used in several Empathy publications. This cute little sissy boy appears to be rather apprehensive about dressing in lingerie, but his mother has him well in hand with fake titties, a see-through bra and an elegant lacy half-slip that gives us a peek at his panties underneath! We've lost touch with Erica and if anyone has been in touch with her recently, let us know because we'd love to renew our relationship with her.

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Petticoat Photography Link

(Click on photos for a larger view.)

The new Petticoat Photography website is a link to professional photographers who, as a sideline, enjoy photographing men and boys dressed in female clothes. The website keeps the names of these photographers confidential and clients are put in contact with a specific photographer in their area when arrangements for a sitting are ready to be made. If a photographer is not in the client's area, the client may wish to travel to the nearest available photographer. And arrangements can be made for the photographer to travel to do the shoot in a hotel room or some other location, especially if an organization (like a transgender club) wishes to host group or individual photo shoots.

As professionals, these photographers are experienced in making their subjects feel comfortable and do everything possible to have a successful photo session. Most

clients are men who want photos of themselves dressed as women, but some mothers (probably desirous of the daughter they never had!) want photos of their sons dressed as girls.

These photographers also do photo restoration and can make photos of crossdressed males appear more glamorous. Also, they can print digital files or photos someone has taken at home to save those individuals the embarrassment of going to a store to have them commercially processed and printed. This company is a private professional service and they don't sell or give access to the photo work they do to anyone except their clients. So they don't sell or release copies of their past photos to anyone except the clients who commissioned the photos. In the future, they may ask some of their clients to extend limited preprint rights for advertising purposes etc., but they have no such arrangements at this time.

Derek is Senior Photographer and Webmaster of Petticoat Photography, and he supplied us with the above information. We have not used this service or know anyone who has because they are so new. So until we do or are contacted by our customers who have used their services, we can't endorse this company, but we are offering you this information and this link because it seems like a service that a lot of transgendered people would probably like to use. To contact them, go to:

<http://www.petticoatphotography.com/>

Note: Since they don't release to the public any of their privately commissioned photos, we used the above group of photos to add a little interest to this link. The pictures are from the 1992 episode "The Fairest of Them All" from the TV show "The Suite Life of Zack and Cody" starring Cole and Dylan Sprouse.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Dominick

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

Ma Kelly was crazy. Nobody disputes that. Still everyone loved her and didn't question her ways. She was a heavyset woman who had owned the local dry goods store for over thirty years.

When she retired from the store, she hired a string of others to run the store for her, but one-by-one she fired them all. Some she caught stealing, some didn't treat customers with proper respect, and the others just didn't do things the way she wanted them done.

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

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

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

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

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

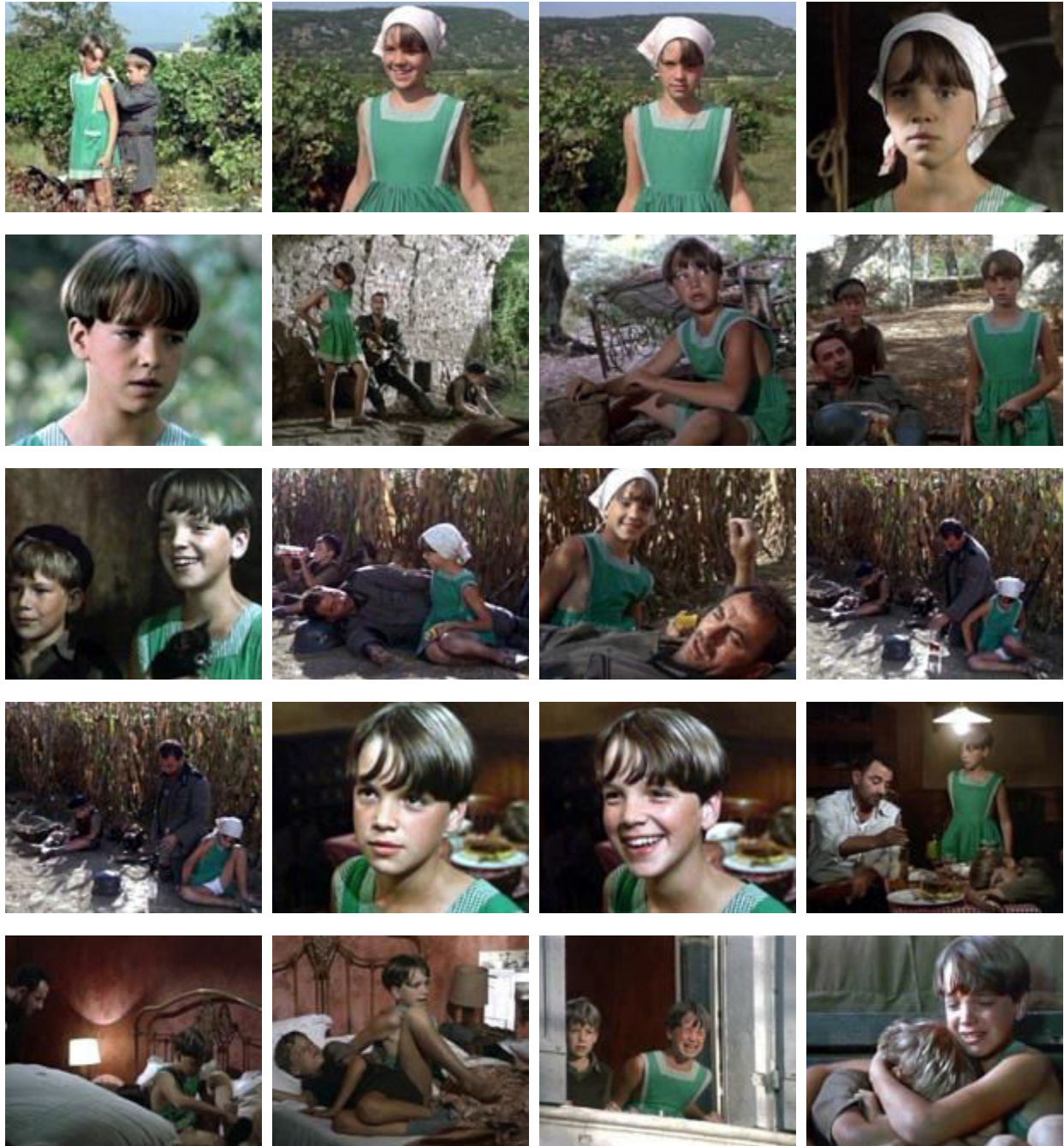
Well, within days, pink tops and sissy pink rhumba panties were the standard uniform for all the boys in her care. From the moment they walked into her door they had to change into their girlie clothes, and weren't allowed out of them until one of their parents came to pick them up. For most of the boys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

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

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

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Après la Guerre - the Movie

(Click on photos for a larger view.)

The 1989 movie *Après la Guerre* takes place at the end of World War II in a small French town. Two small boys see tanks approaching and believe the Americans have arrived to liberate them. They run to

the village and assemble the people to greet the Americans, but to their horror, they discover the tanks aren't from the allies, but from the Germans. After the death of one of the town's people, the boys run away in shame because of the mistake they made and because the people are out to punish them. One of the boys steals some girls' clothes and disguises himself as a girl since they are looking for two boys not a boy and a girl. The two boys hide out and have to survive on their own in the French countryside.

They run into a German soldier in a deserted mill and expect the worst, but the man isn't really a soldier, he's just disguising himself as he is on the run too. He teams up with the boys reluctantly as they wander around whilst deciding what to do next, eating fruit from vineyards and hiding and sleeping in abandoned houses until they are liberated. When the Americans finally do arrive, the story continues with more complications for the threesome.

Fine performances by the two main characters played by brothers, Antoine and Julien Hubert. A French language film AKA "Krieg ist aus, Der." Available on the web but only in PAL video format (not playable on standard US NTSC VCRs.)

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Sissy of the Month

Most people think that a guy who wears female clothes is probably gay! Of course, that's usually not the case. A lot of regular guys, even guys without a panty fetish, would wear panties every day if there wasn't such a stigma attached to doing it. Let's take the example of nine-year-old Tom Rackluff, pictured here.

Tom's mother believes in soundly whipping a boy's butt when he gets out of line. She knows it's not politically correct these days to spank a kid, but she has four sons and one daughter and that's how she raised them all, and Tom here is her youngest and she's not about to change her ways simply because psychologists think they have a better idea. Here's her story:

A little bit of humiliation should be part of every spanking, and that's where girls' panties come in handy for training boys. I let the kids be kids when they were small, but once they entered school, I expected them to know right from wrong, and whenever one of mine got too big for his britches, I made him put on pink panties (for decency as much as for humiliation in front of their sister), and I'd whip the devil out of the boy until he was begging for mercy and dancing around like the panties were alive. If this was their first panty punishment, I'd finish them off by making them vow to go downtown with me and buy themselves a supply of pink panties that they'd have to wear for time outs and spankings.

Then right after the spanking, I'd take them shopping. On the way, I'd have the boy put his hands down the back of his trousers to feel his blazing hot butt in silky panties just to remind him that an even harder spanking would follow if they hesitated in telling the salesgirl that they were buying the panties for themselves. I also threatened the boy with exposing to the saleslady the pink panties he had on if he didn't do this chore to my satisfaction.

Just like his older brothers, that's what Tom's mother did to him. She escorted him to the girls' lingerie department at Bascom's and stood by while he blushingly asked the saleslady for "girls' panties that I can wear." His fear of further punishment gave him the courage to do it. Tom got three pairs of silky pink panties from the lady, took them up to the cashier and paid for them out of his allowance.

When Tom and his brothers needed an even stronger punishment, their mother dressed them completely in girls' clothes including a wig and makeup. And each year at Halloween, she always made the boys dress in their girls' clothes for trick-or-treating. In these photos, Tom is at school on Halloween in his girls' clothes. He's not gay, yet he now enjoys dressing up in girls' clothes and even opts to wear a pair of his silky girls' panties every day under his regular clothes just because they're a lot more comfortable than boy's underwear.



Caught in His Mom's Bra and Panties

(Click on photos for a larger view.)

Sam was rubbing his cock. He needed a good cum, but realizing his folks weren't going to be home for hours, he threw the Sears and Roebuck catalogue on the floor, went into his parent's room and poked around hoping he'd find something to help inspire him, something he could masturbate with.

He felt very naughty as he tiptoed around their room. He went to his mother's dresser, and it was here that his life was going to change forever. He opened the drawer after drawer and saw all sorts of slips, stockings, panties and bras. He gathered his courage, reached in and touched a pair of panties. They felt so soft and smooth beneath his fingertips, the softest thing he had ever felt in

his life.

Fondling his mother's things was so much more exciting than just looking at pretty lingerie in his mother's mail-order catalogue. He summoned even more of his courage and picked a pair of panties, ran them through his fingers and held them up to his cheek. His prick was instantly hard and his balls ached horribly at the thought of how those panties snugly fitting up against mother's cunt and ass.

Unable to restrain himself he held the crotch of those panties up to his nose and inhaled deeply, hoping for some clue as to what a woman's pussy smelled like, but they were freshly laundered, and all he could smell was soap and perfume. Then he picked up one of her bras and looked at the inside of the cups, thinking how they intimately hugged her full tits.

Without bothering to close the drawers to his mother's dresser he took the bra and the panties and retreated back to his own room, where he quickly stripped off all his own clothes and sat on his bed studying the bra and panties.

He ran the pale green panties with purple lace over his chest, paying special attention to his nipples, which he noticed were standing out firm. Sam ran those soft big panties down his lower belly until they were touching his prick. He gulped and breathed heavily. His cock leaped up.

“Wow!” Sam said out loud. “This is great!”



He had never considered doing something like this before, and now he was cursing himself for all the time he wasted looking at the catalogue pictures of girls wearing lingerie as he lovingly ran the panties up and down his cock and loved how the sexy feeling grew in his balls. He knew what he had to do at that point. Still sitting on the edge of his bed he pointed his toes out in front of him and slipped the cool ladies' panties over his feet and ankles. Standing up he pulled them up the rest of the way so that his erect cock and balls were teasingly

nestled inside them. He couldn't believe how great they felt.

He fingered his cock through the nylon and found he was hornier than he had ever been. He picked up the bra and held the cups up to his nipples, trying to imagine what it felt like to have tits. It wasn't nearly as good as the panties on his prick, but he liked it anyway. It took him a long time to figure out how to do it but he eventually managed to hook the clasp behind his back.

Then he lay down on the bed and started to gently tickle his balls with his fingertips. Then he heard a sound. It scared the shit out of him. It was the sound of the front door opening, and he could tell by the footsteps his mother had come home early. He panicked. He didn't know what to do. Finally, out of desperation, he quickly got under his covers and tried to pretend he was asleep, but his mother did not go straight to his room to see if he was home.

Instead she went into her own room to take off her shoes, and when she did, she saw her open dresser drawers and noticed one of the pairs of her panties she had just laundered were gone.

“Samuel!” she screamed, intense anger making her voice quiver.

Sam tried to get further under the covers so only the hair on top of his head was sticking out. The door to his room burst open, and his mother stood there. Her hands were in fists at her sides. She was a small woman, just a little over five feet tall. She didn't look much older than she did the day she gave birth to baby Sam. She had dark brown hair, and her beautiful complexion was at that moment glowing red. And she was holding her leather spanking strap.

“Oh, hi, ma,” he said sheepishly. “What are you doing home so early?” He tried to sound sleepy and



groggy as if he had just awakened.

"I came home early to catch you fooling around in my room. I know you've been going through my things. I even know you took some of them. Now where are they? Give them back to me immediately young man!"

"I don't know what you are talking about, ma. I just woke up. I've been asleep all afternoon.

"The hell you have," she said, rapidly approaching the bed. She got her hands on the covers and with one yank pulled them clean away.

Sam lay there in his mother's pale green bra and panties. Fear had made him lose his erection. There was nothing he could do; he had never felt so embarrassed and humiliated in his life.

His mother's eyes were wild with anger; she grabbed young Sam by the ear and dragged him out of bed.

"So you want to be a girl, huh? I'll show you what it's like to be a little girl!" she screamed, as she marched him into his sister's bedroom.

"Now, I'm going to show you how to dress up like a girl." Her anger seemed to be mellowing.

Sam remained passive knowing she wanted to humiliate him, and he had no choice but to obey her. She made him take off the sagging bra and put on a half-slip and a skimpy little silk dress with a psychedelic



design, a figure-hugging sundress that looked silly on him since he was terribly skinny and totally without tits. None of his sister's shoes fit him, so she let him put on a pair of his own heavy boys' shoes.

Her husband hadn't been able to get a hard-on for years, and she was a very sexually frustrated woman, frustrated nearly to the point of being psychotic.

Sam felt foolish, yet his cock grew hard again and he couldn't stop it.

She grabbed him by the ear again and this time dragged him out onto the patio, slammed the door behind her and locked it.

"Now, Samuel, I'm not going to let you back into the house until you tell me about this horrible habit you have of dressing in my clothes."

As he talked he tried to explain to her that it was the first time he had ever tried such a thing. He

apologized and told her he would never do it again. But she wasn't really listening to him because she had caught sight of his huge boner tenting up the front of the thin little dress.

"Sam," she said breathily, "have you ever seen a woman, I mean a real woman, naked before?"

Sam slowly shook his head no.

Immediately, she began to take off her clothes.

"I guess it is about time you get some sex education," she said. The lust she was feeling caused her voice to crack.

Sam was starting to get the idea of what I was going on, but there was nothing he could do about it. She soon stood before him naked, and he openly stared at her tits and pussy.

"On your knees, you pathetic little girl!" she screamed.

Sam dropped to his knees in front of her like he was about to pray. She walked up to him so that her pussy lips were brushing against the tip of his nose. He felt like crying, then he felt like throwing up, and then his glands took over, and he felt like fucking his own mother. The guilt he felt at that moment bent his personality. For the rest of his life he would associate dressing up like a girl with having sex and memories of being a motherfucker.



"Smell me. Smell what a real woman smells like!"

Sam stuck his nose right in there and inhaled deeply. He loved it instantly. It was sweet and musky and kind of dirty, almost like he had imagined. He thought he smelled a little shit at the same time, but he couldn't be sure. The odor only made him hornier, and his cock wildly stretched out the front of the green panties he wore.

Then she reached down and pulled the lips of her cunt wide open.

"Taste it!" she screamed impatiently. "Taste the cunt from which you were born!"

Sam struck out his tongue tentatively and touched it to his mother's cunt. He liked the taste and he wanted more. She threw back her head and sighed. It had been years since anyone had done that to her. He knew nothing about female anatomy, and he had no idea how to give a woman pleasure, so he just started licking all over inside her cunt, like a dog licking his master.

His mother groaned extra loud when he licked her little ball of pink flesh at the top of her pussy, so he concentrated licking on that spot. Soon his mother started to scream out with glorious pleasure. She was acting just like he did when he jacked off. When she let out an extra loud scream, Sam knew he had made his mother climax.

It was the first time in years his mother had an orgasm that wasn't by her own hand. She became a wild woman, pushed Sam down on the ground, pulled up his dress and tugged down his nylon panties. She was thrilled to see he had a big cock, and it was hard, throbbing and ready to fuck her. She straddled him and shoved his big log of meat right up her twat. It didn't take Sam long to come but his mother managed to join him in another one of her furious orgasms. It was the first time in years that she had a real prick up her cunt. So what if her son was a sissy, a transvestite, so what! But one thing was for sure: he wasn't a fag! And he had a nice big cock that could keep her happy for years to come!

Based on 01938-P The Banker's Secret. Rewrite by Princess Lacey.

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

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May 2005

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Published only when we fi
time after raiding clothe
dressing up and jerki

HEALTH

LIFESTYLE

HEADLINES

Mystery solved: Why panty nuts are slimmer than most other males

Lavender Peaks, OR: Solving a longtime puzzle has been the life work of John Stroker, a scientist at the Hancock Research Center, an institute dedicated to investigating anomalies in sex statistics.

Wondering why male panty fetishists tend to be slimmer than average males, Stroker looked at handled 729 males who have an obsession with female panties.

Stroker felt these man and boys were slimmer because they spent so much time at malls and stadiums walking sneaking around trying to look up the skirts of women and girls who were sitting carelessly and accidentally flashing their panties.

Another reason he cited: Panty males often skipped meals and lost hours of sleep jacking off into their panties

Religious crazies picketing
because Day-of-the-Week
panties at Wal-Mart have
Sunday panties n black!



Research results
Girls at the park
purposely show
their panties --
Da! We knew it!

Panty nut puts up his rare collection of vintage panties as collateral for a loan -- so he can buy more panties!

Bank requires regular panty inspection

Sticky Puddle, MO: Len A. Lott, president of the First State Bank, demonstrated his bank's wide open policy for issuing loans by pointing to the loan they made to Mr P. N. Teamoore, a collector of rare vintage women and girls' panties.

When asked what he does with his panties, the man just said he collects them.

He added that he wanted the money to buy more panties of women's pink panties and for his bulging collection of seemed to be quite excited 3,430 pairs at last count! about getting the loan.

When Mr. Teamoore bent over during the loan application process, one teller saw he was wearing a pair of the loan, the bank required the man to submit to regular panty inspections.



Survey: Your favorite way of cumming in panties?
Reading stories 9% Stealing panties 6% Buying panties 5%
Sex with wife or girlfriend 7% Looking in the mirror 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

**Lady with toddler girl syndrome keeps lifting
up her dress in public to show off her panties**

**Man goes nuts after he realizes he shot his cum
when he saw a guy in panties he thought a girl**

**Panty pervert misses the good old days when little girls
wore only panties to the beach instead of bathing suits**

**Wife finds panties she threw out in her husband's
workshop, he says he uses them to polish his tools**

**MAN CARRYING SIGN ON A NYC STREET CORNER:
HOMELESS PERVERT WILL WORK FOR USED PANTIES**