

# Princess Online

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Featured Stories and Pictures  
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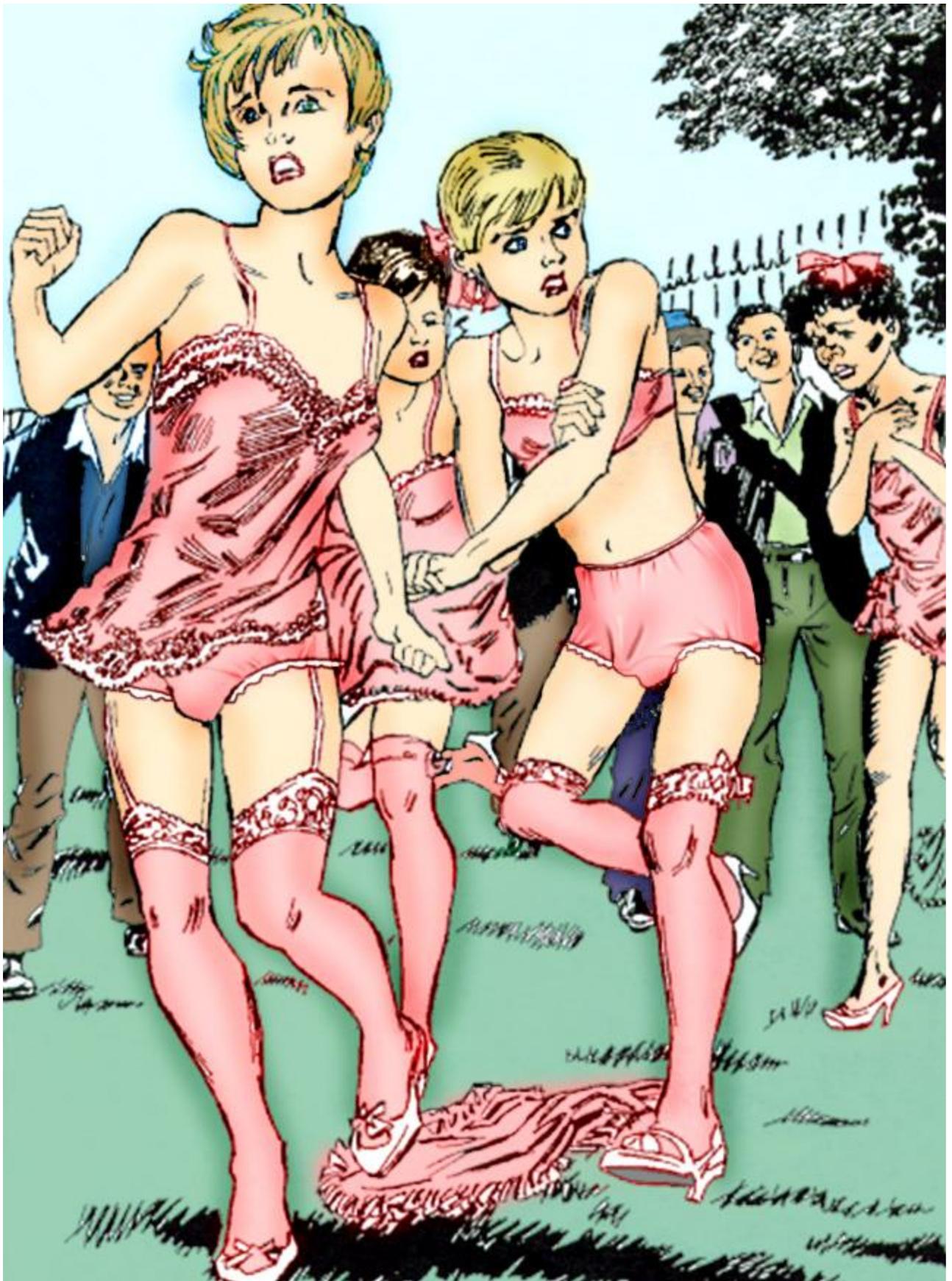


*Adults  
Only*

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

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# 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, "Norm - Schooled to Be Girls!" Norm, along with other boys from the sissy school he attends, has to entertain and wait on boys from the regular high school he used to attend. Norm gets fed up with the teasing and humiliation and starts a fight between the sissy boys and the boys at the party, and those boys take after the sissies and strip them of their clothes as seen in this drawing.

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

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

The Carole Jean books include: "Bound to Be a Maid", "Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", "Crave X -- A Wife's Revenge", "The Sarah School", and "The Male Maid Book of ABC's."

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/>

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



# 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 petticoat punishment pictures that he can identify with, images that illustrate what happened to him, and one of his pictures we present above, showing a petticoat punished boy suffering the humiliation of being forced into a blue satin party dress -- an open dresser drawer in the background shows off a selection of his pretty lingerie! By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while while being punished in a dress and panties.

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



### Famous Photo of Jeremy Fry

In 1982 there was a famous court case in Canada about a boy who had been made to put on a dress, camisole, lace panties, ankle socks and girls' sandals and then forced to march around his school. The case was brought to demand the dismissal of the teacher who devised the punishment. Six-year-old Jeremy Fry was the boy, and we have his picture from the time he was being punished in 1982. And you can see a larger size full-color version of this photo with any purchase this month.

At the time, Jeremy's parents said the punishment had a traumatic effect on their son, who didn't want to go back to school anymore because of all the teasing from

his classmates. His dad, a taxi driver, said his son "wonders if he's a boy or a girl." The boy had been punished for repeatedly sneaking into the girls' bathroom to peek at the little girls. In the end, the teacher was given a reprimand but allowed to keep her job.

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



Roger and Darlene Smith always wanted a boy and a girl, so when their second son was born, they named him Sissy and raised him as a girl. He wears girls' clothes all the time, except when he is in school, where he has to wear boys' clothes, but even then, he wears dainty little camisoles and lacy panties underneath.

## Sissyboy Coloring Book

A new feature!

Now, each month, thanks to legendary sissyboy writer and illustrator Jonathan Bebe, we are providing our subscribers with a page from our coloring book they can color and add their own details, including a new caption or dialogue. In this picture, parents, who wanted a girl after having a boy, got a second boy. So they named him Sissy and are bringing him up as a girl. Here are the proud parents along with Sissy and his older brother.

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



## Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Miguel

This month, we present the picture of eleven-year-old Miguel, 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 some 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.

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



## Maureen Makes Billy into a Panty Sex Slave

Standing by the window, I glanced out, but this time I was disappointed. The clothesline was empty. The day before, I had noticed for the first time that same clothesline filled with the loveliest lingerie, something I was developing a great interest in after noticing advertisements for women's and girls' underwear in the daily newspaper.

The clothesline belonged to the mother of my best friend, Donny, and I made a point of coming over to his house today just so I could peer out his back window and once again see his mother's lovely collection of slips, bras and panties dangling on the clothesline.

Donny wasn't at home, but I talked my way into the house by telling Maureen, his mother, that I'd wait for him since she told me he'd be back in an hour. She looked lovely in a slinky white mini dress, her hair neat and her face made up. She smiled and seemed pleased to see me. As she made a quick turn to go into the house, I was thrilled to see she was wearing hose with seams and they were held tightly with black garter straps. (This was 1967, and mini skirts were just coming in vogue, and Mrs. Kiel, like many women, wore her mini skirts with the standard garter belt and silk stockings, as pantyhose had not yet become universally popular when wearing short skirts.) She also had on a pair of cream-colored high-heeled shoes. Her legs looked super!

Like she always did, she offered me a glass of ice tea, and I accepted. I followed her out to the kitchen because from there I could get a peek out the back at her laundry on the line.

Returning with my drink, she saw me looking out the back window.

As she placed the ice tea on the table and held the chair back for me to sit, she said, "I was going to do some washing today, but it looks like rain."

Without any forethought, I responded, "You had a line full yesterday."

"Oh, yes, but it was just my lingerie."

Then – I don't know what possessed me to be so bold and say it, but I said, "They were very pretty."

"Turn you on, do they, Billy, panties and things?" Maureen asked with her big brown eyes sparkling mischievously.

I blushed profusely.

She giggled, then pushed out her breasts with obvious delight and brought her pretty face up close to mine and whispered with a wicked tone in her voice, "I had three pairs of my panties hanging on the line yesterday: a black pair, a yellow pair and a white pair. Now I'm wearing one of them today — guess which ones?"

I was dizzy just from her closeness and the intimate things she was saying. I mumbled, "Ah, uh, the black ones?"

She shook her head no and her wavy brown hair shook sexily from side to side.

"The white ones?"

Again she shook her head. "I'm wearing the lemon pair."

I was now very hard down below as a result of all this panty talk and thankful that the table hid my erection from her view. I don't know from where I had gotten the courage, but with a cough to clear my throat, I asked, "Can I see?"

Maureen slid her tongue over her rich red lips, looked around, then slowly stood up and then even more slowly pulled up the skirt hem of her short flirty dress. It was a sight to behold! She didn't stop hoisting up the hem of her dress until it was fully up and exposing her stomach peeking out above the top of her luscious yellow panties. Her medium-brown silk stockings with the reinforced tops curved up to the tautness of the tight garter straps and stood out clearly against her smooth white thighs.

The bright yellow panties were almost sheer enough to see through and adorned with blue lace around the legs and two tiny blue satin bows on the front -- deluxe, full-cut briefs, so popular with women and girls in the mid 1960s, as bikini panties had not yet become popular for most women. Maureen appeared to love exposing herself like this to me and made no move to drop her skirt.

"Believe me now?" she said in the sexiest voice I had ever heard.

My head and shoulders must have betrayed the fact that my hand was busy under the table stroking myself through the front of my jeans.

"I see you like my panties," she said. She really sent my senses reeling as she took one hand off the hem of her skirt and slid it down over her pantied tummy until she reached between her legs, and with the long shapely red-varnished fingernail of her middle finger, she stroked the nylon fabric over her pussy and then pushed the fabric between her pussy lips and eased her finger up and down, repeatedly. As she shuttered from stroking herself, I stroked myself. I didn't care if she noticed me doing it.

Neither of us spoke and slowly she spread her shapely legs wider apart and cupped her bulging nyloned pussy in her hand. I was masturbating unashamedly now and couldn't have stopped if even if her son or

husband had walked in. However, with a deep sigh, Maureen suddenly let her dress drop and sat down next to me.

Her sultry eyes held mine and then looked down to peek at the huge bump my erection was making in my jeans. I removed my hand to give her an unrestricted look, and Maureen sucked in her breath and shook her head from the frustration of unreleased orgasm.

“Sorry to tease you, Billy,” she sighed. “We shouldn’t be doing this, but I can see panties and things really turn you on!”

Such a mix of emotions! I was near tears from excitement as well as being so close to an orgasm and so close to the mysteries of womanhood. I had never had such intense feelings before. I could barely mumble a yes to her question, but my excitement was so obvious that I’m sure I didn’t have to say anything.

She laughed and admitted that she had noticed me staring out the window the day before. She suspected then that I was hooked on lingerie!

“I was feeling real randy after seeing you staring at my bras and panties like that,” she admitted, and then went on to tell me, “I enjoy showing off in public. You know, giving men and boys peeks up my skirt and down my blouse. I do it on buses, in bars and restaurants -- every where! That’s why I like to wear short skirts and garters and stockings instead of tights. But recently, I’ve had a desire to do something more than just tease. Then I saw you staring yesterday. And here we are today!

"Since you're so gaga over my panties, I'm going to make you into my little panty sex slave."

Without saying any more, she stood up and undid the belt and buttons on her dress. She wasn’t wearing a slip, and as her dress parted, she revealed herself to me in all her pretty undies. Her bra was a half-cup in pale blue satin with white lace and her breasts bulged out of the top of it. My eyes fixed once again onto her divine yellow panties. She coaxed me out of my chair and had me kneel before her. In adoration, I kissed her thighs of my own accord. She seemed to like that. I could see her smiling down at me. Clasp the back of my head, she brought me to the apex of her thighs and buried my head into her warm soft silky panties. Her perfume was exhilarating. The silkiness of her panties on my face was maddening. I kissed her sweet yellow panties all over.

"Open your jeans and take out your cock. I'm sure it's in great need of being stroked through a nice silky pair of panties."

[Next](#) | [Index](#)

## LIFESTYLE



### Hair curlers add new twists to petticoat punishment

Queen City, IA: The old-fashioned practice of disciplining boys by making them wear girls' clothes has made a strong comeback in recent years, and Anne Fullright of Fairville has brought this girlie-girlie way of keeping boys in line to a new level.

Commonly called dress discipline or petticoat punishment, Anne has made it standard procedure in her house, and she really does use old-fashioned petticoats, heavily frilled lingerie and even old-time hair curlers when she has to take in hand her five-year-old son, Jack.

As is the style for many boys, Jack has long hair, so when he needs taming down, part of her treatment is to send him to bed not only in his silky nightgown but also with curlers in his long hair.

Anne says, "It's supposed to be punishment, so I'm just showing him how painful it was to be a girl when I was growing up. I'm letting him know what it's like to have to sleep every night with your hair in painful bobby pins and curlers!"

## HEALTH

### Boy in dress causes ruckus at Halloween

NORMAL, IL: Justin Mayberry attended the annual Gale County Halloween party in a Cinderella dress, and that proved to be too much for some local bluenoses.

One woman protester said it is not right for boys to wear girls' clothes. However, this reporter noted that woman was dressed in a sweatshirt, baseball cap, jeans and engineer boots. I wonder if the boy had worn those clothes, would she still be angry because he was wearing female clothes?



## SPORTS



### In Japan, schoolgirls selling their panties

Tokyo: Of all the American ways Japan has adopted over the years, one of the most interesting is their love of exquisite Western lingerie. Lingerie fetishism has hooked thousands of Japanese businessmen, who prize having a young girl's panties in their pocket.

To augment their lunch money, girls on their way to school as young as six regularly sell their panties to men passing them on the street!

## HEADLINES

### Nuns follow medical research recommending bras for boys:

BIG GAP, WY: Is your boy always tired, rundown and lacking energy? Many preteen boys as well as boys in their early teen years suffer from bouts of listlessness and fatigue.

A series of problems contribute to the condition including feelings of loneliness, lack of self-confidence, and growth spurts (teenage boys have a lot of those).

Nuns at the St. Cissily grade school have been conducting experiments on their teen and preteen boys who are suffering from this malady. The good sisters are trying an approach developed at a university in Nancy, France, in which it was found that boys who were made to wear bras showed a marked improvement in this common and often perplexing condition.

The boys had to wear the bras around the clock. Researchers say the bras were purposely kept tight to be a constant reminder to the boys what they were wearing, causing them to think about the restrictiveness of the bras and not their own little problems. Plus foreign feeling of two little mounds on the boys' chests made the very self-conscious, which many researchers thought would be detrimental; however, it was discovered to have just the reverse effect. Obviously, wearing sissy little bras so took the boys out of their element that they welcomed opportunities to do things to take their minds off the humiliating bras.

At St. Cissily, the nuns decided to add frilly panties and little pleated skirts to the boys with this condition. Their studies have yet reached a climax, but the hard evidence is pointing upward.



## OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

**New company offering lingerie for male working up to beat production figures**

**Female volunteers wanted to give a hand to boys with an addiction to wearing lingerie**

**Truckload of panties overturns on the highway near Johnston Boys' School, classes interrupted for a day**

**Jerk-off says he wasn't shoplifting but just came in the panties to see if they worked**

**Boy caught with his sister's panties in his room tells mom he doesn't know how they got there**

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