

# Princess Online

Featured Stories and  
Letters from the  
Princess Productions  
Website

No.  
61



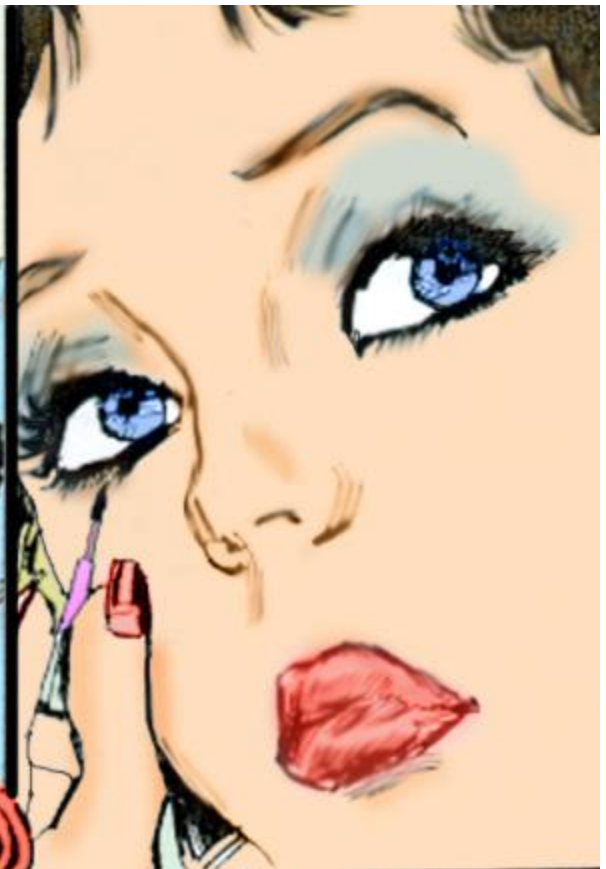
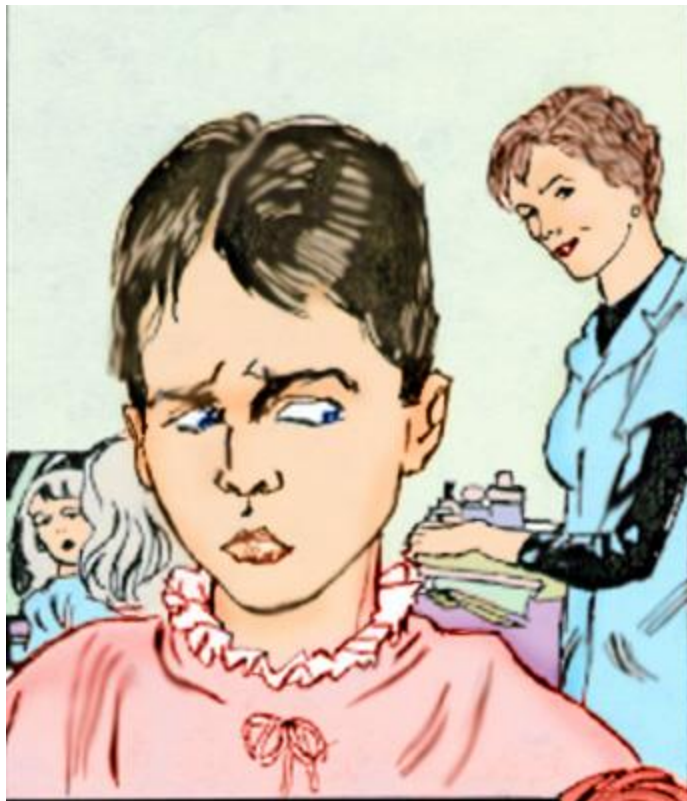
*Adults Only*

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, "Bob, Panty Thief" in the "Schooled to Be Girls!" series. Bob, who wants to get back at his girlfriend for snubbing him, steals a pair of her panties to embarrass her, but his plan backfires and he ends up getting punished by being sent to the Sylvan School for Girls, where sissyboys are thoroughly feminized and humiliated at every turn. In this drawing, Bob has arrived at the school and has just been outfitted in the school uniform of pink dress and lingerie for the first time and is now being made-up and given a girlish hairdo. The drawing shows his transformation from boy to girl.

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

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

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

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

[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. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being punished in a dress and panties with nuns and school kids laughing at and teasing him.

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







## Sissy Boy of the Month

May 25, 2000

Dear Princess,

I don't know whether my little story will interest you, but I think it reflects the new freedoms of our times. Last year we moved to a condo near South Beach, Miami, where sex and gender blending are considered matters of personal preference. Weekends and holidays it is not the least bit unusual to encounter a young mother or a grandmother leading her CD young son on a tea-time stroll along the beachfront. Some of the "new girls" will be quite accomplished as to female mannerisms, but others (blushing, to be sure) will obviously be newcomers.

Most of us with a cute young nephew, son or grandson have enjoyed fantasies of making him over and feminizing him as we had seen on countless family sitcoms or television movies or talkshows. It certainly hasn't hurt the acting careers of Ricky Schroeder, Steve Urkel, Billy Crystal or Jonathan Brandis to play a female role now and then. Even the vulgar talkshows have brought crossdressing into the American home and made it a topic fit for discussion. Our therapist finds that more and more adult females were wanting to know "how to get started" than wanting to know "why". There is still little knowledge of "gender dysphoria" save in families in professional counselling or transitioning a young son.

Now approaching 70, I have been an avid dressmaker from early childhood. My young grandson, 10 year old Anthony, had grown up helping grammy take in a waist, pin on a pattern, or even-off a hemline. From kindergarden he had amused himself with making designs of brightly colored or patterned cloth scraps. Some of them were very lovely and we mat them and frame them to decorate his room and my sewing room. He has a natural sense of line, color, form and design and I have just started him on private art lessons. Who says all young boys have to play football to have fun?

He has, of necessity, been my favorite fashion model when I want to make a birthday or Christmas dress for his cousin Janice, of the same size and delicate build. She lives across the country in Oregon, so fitting her is just not possible. Anthony is always ready to help out his poor old grammy when she needs him. I am the grammy who got him his first two-wheeler, made sure he had a remote control car when the other boys were getting theirs and surprised him with rollerblades on his birthday. Anthony looks forward eagerly to his special 3-day weekends with grammy. This gives his mother and new step-father some precious time to themselves.



About a year ago I resolved to feminize little Anthony and to ease him into it with patience, persistence and love. I began asking his help in selecting patterns and fabrics for Janice's dresses. I suggested that he could help keep grammy up to date by observing what the prettiest and nicest girls in his class at school were wearing to parties or to church. He became my roving fashion reporter and ate it all up as I praised him for his advice. He would spend hours thumbing through the J.C.Penny catalog when each issue came out, so that he would learn how to advise me. He quickly learned the names of just about every female garment (and from the skin out!).

I would ask him to observe how the prettiest girls sat and walked and twirled their skirts. Of course he had to demonstrate these mannerisms to me. Grammy was a slow learner, and he would patiently show her again and again. Of course, you can't twirl and all in pants, so he had to do this while I was finishing off a dress or a skirt for Janice.

When he returned to school in the fall to enter the 5th grade, he eagerly reported back that most of the girls were surely wearing bras, because he could sometimes see the outline through their dresses. I asked him to show me what he meant and he thumbed through the J.C.Penney Catalog to find training bras. Of course the lesson was not complete without my measuring him and showing him how a girl finds her proper bra size. He was much interested to discover that many young girls were padding to fill them out, and he could, too.

This was a natural invitation to begin having him select lingerie that would go with a party dress, a play dress or a school dress or outfit. He was amazed that panties came in so many designs, fabrics and colors. He readily understood that a girl in the 5th grade would want to dress more like a middle-schooler than an elementary-schooler. He offered that more grown-up girls liked to show they were growing up and not a kid any longer. When I asked him if I should get him some nice lingerie to wear under Janice's more grownup dresses, he eagerly reached for the catalog to show me what he would need! It was at this point that I was sure I was winning the game, for he had begun to accept himself as a female and not as a male when dressing up for grammy.

After his first ballroom dancing lesson at school, he reported back that the girls were wearing their fanciest dresses to class and fancy shoes called "pumps" with little heels. Again, he helped poor old grammy out by showing her what they looked like in the catalog. I showed him how girl's shoe sizes were quite the same as boy's sizes at his young age. He then added that they were wearing long hose or pantyhose with their fancy shoes. We then learned about pantyhose and stockings and how to hold them up. The next weekend at grammy's I showed him how a girl put on her pantyhose and he got a big kick out of it. Of course I rewarded him when he succeeded in doing this without my help. He really enjoyed the feeling of silken legs and how much prettier pumps and panty hose made his legs look. I explained that his legs were lovely, but that as he grew older he would have to shave them or use a depilatory.

He also observed that for dance class the girls could wear a light pink lipstick and matching nail polish! They also smelled of female bath powder! That was my cue to ask him what fragrance he thought Janice would like in a dusting powder. Of course for his next "dress-up" he would want to take a nice bubble bath and try the powder to see how much easier his pantyhose would slip on. I could see he liked this experience and so I decided to lose no time in suggesting there was no reason why he couldn't take a bath at bedtime instead of showering in the morning. He agreed it might be fun to sleep in "baby-dolls" just to see what it was like. After all, it would be our secret, wouldn't it? With no school in the morning, it made sense to both of us not to hurry up dressing on weekends even though that would necessitate a negligee or coverup. The next day we went shopping for one for Janice. He showed no surprise when I bought two!

Anthony continued to bring poor old grammy up to date on what the nicest girls in his school were wearing. He also began to notice what young girls would wear to Sunday Mass with their grandmas. This added accessories like white gloves, a purse, a hat and often a simulated pearl or diamond necklace! We agreed Janice would like what we picked out for her! Again, I bought two of everything! We were both growing more sophisticated in assembling and coordinating an outfit. He was picking up on female mannerisms slowly but surely. It was time for a female name for when Anthony was "doubling" for Janice. One Janice was enough for any family! He wanted a nice name, not one too odd-ball or pretentious. When I suggested that "Ann Marie" sounded nice and would be easy for everyone to remember, he lost not a moment in trying it on for size!



It was at that time that I had a long talk with my daughter and step-son in law. He has a Wealthy Swiss family background with grown sons of his own and he was delighted to explore raising a young daughter. After all, this was the new century. We agreed to spending a weekend together when Anthony would introduce his parents to an adorable, feminine and well mannered "Ann Marie". Of course this would be done well away from home. We decided on meeting at Colonial Williamsburg for a long weekend. Anthony would be Ann Marie for the whole time and have his first experience at passing in public.

We had a wonderful weekend and Anthony developed the confidence to become Ann Marie without needing to imitate anybody or pretend anything. His mother and step-father could appreciate this fully by the end of our time together. We agreed it was time for professional counselling and we really took our time before settling on our psychiatrist. We chose to pay just a bit more in order to get Anthony a therapist who also had a medical background. At 10, male puberty could be just around the corner, and we all agreed to do whatever was necessary to put this off altogether.

Anthony felt relieved to be told by his very own expert that there was nothing wrong or naughty in his enjoyment of the opposite gender and that sometimes this is the natural state for a child born in the wrong body. From the very first session, she insisted that Anthony be crossdressed for all counselling sessions. Nobody in her office knew Ann Marie as Anthony.

We agreed this would be his last year at public school and that he would move down here to live out his gender preference for as long as it would last. He understood that he could change his mind and become Anthony again, but that this was not a game where he could bat his gender back and forth like a ping pong ball or up and down like a yo yo. I would home school Ann Marie and she would fit right in with other boys and girls her age. I vowed she would have all of the wonderful "grammy's little girl" experiences of a pre-teen and enjoy these precious years.

The summer of '99 we packed up the pretty clothes I had made for Janice and drove out to Oregon. The long drive gave Ann Marie much confidence and really built a new self image. She never did really doubt her femininity after that. When we got to Janice's house there were much squeals of delight as Janice met her new (and only) female cousin! The next day, dressed alike in grammy's pretty sundresses, they looked enough alike to pass as fraternal twins, much to the surprise and delight of my daughter and her spouse. We stopped off on the way back to visit a couple of state fairs, some Indian Reservations, amusement parks and national parks. The children bonded almost immediately and loved to dress alike or similarly. There is really nothing that can compare to the experience of living and dressing female for one continuous and extended period of time. All in all, our trip took us almost 5 weeks.

This will be Anthony's last year at public school and his last semester as Anthony. He asked us to allow him to be Ann Marie for the summer. Our therapist heartily agreed with his reasoning and the summer would, indeed, give him ample time to see if he would like to remain female or grow tired of it. (Grammy will make sure he will not become bored!)

I write this to counter the misconception that all young boys must be transitioned under compulsory "petticoat punishment". For many, if caught young enough, it is more a delightful self-discovery or exploration than anything else. Many a grandma raising a young boy ought to give it a try. In these days of divorce and abandonment, a young boy will respond to the affection and attention of becoming "grandma's little girl". If it doesn't work, give it up. It's that simple!

In this day and age there is really no way a parent could force petticoat punishment on any young lad. One word to a school guidance counsellor, sex education teacher, pastor, neighbor, or extended family member would bring about untold embarrassment, expensive legal fees, and social disgrace. Let's hope the day will soon be here when a child like Ann Marie may simply live her life as she chooses to. Professional counselling was a big plus for us all. Ann Marie found her very own "expert" to talk to in a very loving and personally private way.

There is really no need to "force" a cute youngster into his female self. Just let him grow into it! Let's hope that more single-parent moms will give give feminization

*Joyce*



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



## Sissyboy Coloring Book

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 caption or dialogue. In this picture, Billy is taking his dolly for a walk outside.



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





## Drawing from "Eneq"

One of our favorite illustrations by the great Gene Bilbrew, this girlishly dressed boy's penis is making a most unfeminine display of itself in his pretty pink panties. A contemporary of Eric Stanton, Bilbrew did hundreds of drawings over several decades starting in the 1950s. We colorized this picture, "Princessized" it for your pleasure and present it here as a tribute to this great fetish artist, who often signed his pictures "Eneq" (Gene spelled backwards).

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



## Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Bobby

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

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

## Full briefs: the new G-string

Some fashion Nazi once said that to display VPL (visible panty-line) was to commit sartorial sacrilege. We believed them and women took to flossing their butts with lacerating under-garmentry. But it is fast becoming wisdom that: (a) visual assurance that a woman is in fact wearing underwear is a good thing (especially in the wake of *that* Paris Hilton incident) and (b) a crease line across the butt is a far more palatable option from behind than three inches of rising G-stringage. New York's *Daily News* reported recently that "thong tug" is soooo Monica Lewinsky and that "granny panties" are sitting firm for 2004.



In the news

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





## Masquerade

Old 1940s photo of three fraternity pledges made to wear pink panties while undergoing hazing ceremony.

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





## Forced to Be Feminine

“And how is Matthew these days? You said you were going to reform the little monster. Did you do it?”

“Well, you’ll see,” Mrs. Granger responded in an offhand manner. “Right now, my maid is helping him

dress for tea. He'll be down soon, and you can judge for yourself.

"Oh, there you are, dear," his aunt exclaimed. Turning to her guest, who was staring at Matthew wide-eyed, she asked, "Do you not agree he looks vastly improved over your last visit?"

"Good heavens, this can't be Matthew?" Mrs. Segovia exclaimed.

"But I assure you it is."

With downcast eyes and blushing cheeks that showed through his made-up face, the boy daintily gathered his swishing skirts between his gloved fingers, dropped a deep curtsy, and then stood stiffly erect, awaiting his aunt's further instructions.

"My dear," said the startled woman with a laugh, "I must say the change is priceless!"

"Did you hear the compliment Mrs. Segovia paid you, dear?"

"Yes, Aunty.

"Thank you, ma'am," Matthew managed to say, choking on the words.

"That's better, my dear panty boy. Now you can come forward and join us."

Noticing the tears of shame filling his eyes as he minced daintily forward, his aunt said, "Please, Matthew, no tears now. Surely you do not wish to ruin your makeup?"

"No, Aunty," he replied.

Mrs. Segovia clapped her hands together and gushed, "How perfectly sweet! His every movement is preciously feminine!"

"He practices hours daily, don't you, darling?"

"Yes, Aunty!"

"You see, he is most anxious to portray his role to perfection! He has fallen in love with his pretty panties, petties and pinnies."

"How utterly fascinating!"

"I think it would be nice if you were to model your pretty lingerie for us."



Matthew knew it was an order, not a suggestion. The crushed boy minced daintily back and forth before them, turning this way and that, finally whirling about on his toes to make his skirt and slips flare straight out.

As the lavishly frills of his panties were exposed, his aunt remarked, "Matthew adores sewing pretty frills on his panties. Don't you, dear?"

"Ah, yes ... Aunty," he mumbled, choking on the words.

"Please draw your skirts up to your waist now, dear."

"But, Aunty" he exclaimed.

"MATTHEW!" Her voice was like a rifle shot.

Tears again flooded his eyes as he gathered his frothy, swishing skirts up around his waist.

"Good heavens, he's excited in his panties!" cried Mrs. Segovia as she spotted his boyish bulge.

His aunty pulled open the waist elastic of his panties and her friend took a look down inside.

"My, dear, what in the world is that?" she asked seeing his penis wrapped in white satin and lace.

"That is a little device to make sure Matthew remains modest in the presence of ladies. Matthew insists upon wearing it, because he's a modest little boy."

"What a perfectly charming idea. May I examine it a little more closely?"

"Why, certainly.

"Matthew, go over to Mrs. Segovia, and keep your skirts up around your waist."

He stood before her.

"I must see how this little garment works," she said as she lowered his panties enough to free his penis in its frilly little petticoat. Clapping her hands in delight, she inspected the lace, ribbons and bows that decorated his penis sheath. But looking wasn't enough; she had to touch him. She stroked his little cockie within its satin sheath. In spite of himself, Matthew immediately had an erection.

"How utterly fascinating," she said as she continued to tease and tickle his little sissy dickie. After her tantalizing stroking, she massaged his little balls also encased in the satin before restoring the boy's prissy little panties.

“What a darling little device!” she said finally, patting him on his pantied bottom and then letting her hands rest on his silky ass as she continued to talk. “May I bring my little Nancy over to play with Matthew some afternoon? She would be most intrigued with the improvement in his manner and appearance.”

“Of, course! A splendid idea! Matthew needs to spend time with a real little girl. She could teach him a lot.”

“Oh, please, NO, Aunty! She can’t see me like this!”

“What utter nonsense. You know very well you would adore showing Nancy your closet full of pretty dresses and lingerie.”

“I would not! NO! I’m not a girl!”

“MATTHEW! How dare you create such an outburst? I’m ashamed of you! Now apologize to Mrs. Segovia this instant!”

“I will not apologize!” he shouted, jumping to his feet, “I don’t want to be a girl!” He covered his face and wept.

“MATTHEW, COME HERE THIS INSTANT!” His aunt grabbed his arm and drew him roughly down over her lap, pushing his rustling, swishing skirt up about his waist to expose his plump girlish bottom encased in his dainty pink silk panties. She brought the palm of her hand down smartly in a rapid-fire attack on his quivering butt, causing him to scream despite his struggle not to cry as he kept his lips tightly sealed.

“You may go stand in the corner to contemplate your outrageous behavior, Matthew,” his aunt commanded.

He moved slowly toward the corner, hands fussing under his skirts as he frantically rubbed the back of his silken panties in an attempt to soothe his burning bottom.

“My dear,” gushed Mrs. Segovia, “that little scene was priceless; I wouldn’t have missed it for the world! What a pity my Nancy was not here to witness it. She would have loved seeing him brought into line so swiftly!”

“Rest assured, my dear, that any misbehavior on his part when Nancy visits him will bring on a similar chastisement.”

Respite came at long last as, out of the corner of one eye, he spied Josie the maid entering the room, pushing a tea wagon before her daintily frocked and aproned body.



"Thank you, Josie," his aunt said, as the maid poured the tea. "By the way, Josie, I wish you to take steps to prevent Matthew from ever again causing an outburst like we just witnessed. He hasn't learned his lessons well enough. He wants to return to his horrid trousers. He's so ungrateful for all the trouble and expense I have gone to train him and supply him with the prettiest clothes available."

"Oh, madame, how dreadful," Josie replied, "I'll make sure it shall never happen again."

"Very well, Josie," his aunt replied. "You've done a fine job training him, but I think we have to move to the next level of feminine indoctrination, as we have discussed. I give you the authority to be as aggressive as you need to reform him completely to our will."

"Yes, madame," the maid replied.

"And one more thing, Josie ... Fetch one of master Matthew's prettiest pinafores."

"Yes, madame," she said, departed with a swish of taffeta.

Matthew cringed as he listened to their conversation, partly because he had learned to be afraid of the sadistic maid, and partly from the humiliation of having to wear a childish pinafore while Mrs. Segovia is in the house. Surely, she would tell Nancy all about it.

"A pinafore!" the woman chortled. "How perfectly sweet!"

"They are so practical in helping the poor child stay neat and tidy," his aunt remarked, and then turned to Matthew, saying, "As soon as Josie has buttoned on your pinny, you may join us for tea, dear."

"Thank you, aunty," he replied.

The pretty swish of Josie's uniform announced her return, and shortly afterward he was arrayed in a stiffly starched, lavishly frilled pinafore. As the maid tied the hateful garment around him, she whispered, "I'll attend to you later, you ungrateful child!" The tone of her voice portended a most unpleasant experience for him. He knew she was capable of doing the most fiendish things to him. He then turned and minced slowly over to join his aunt and her guest.

"My, what a becoming pinafore, Matthew," Mrs. Segovia said. "Now fess up, you really enjoy wearing it, don't you?" There was a teasing lilt in her voice.

Instead of telling her off like he wanted to, he meekly whispered. "Yes, Mrs. Segovia."

"You may sit there, Matthew dear," his aunt said, pointing out another uncomfortable straight-back chair.

“Thank you, Aunty.”

His respite was only momentary, for his aunt exclaimed, “Please tug down the hem of your frock, Matthew. You are making a most immodest display all the way up to the frills on your panties. Of course, we know you enjoy showing off your pretty petticoats and panties, but it is most unladylike to do so at tea.”

Matthew hastily pressed down his skirt folding his hands meekly on them. He presented a pretty picture sitting there so demurely, stiffly erect, his corset preventing any boyish slump, his daintily slipped feet placed flat on the floor with his knees and heels together modestly. His ordeal ended at long last when Mrs. Segovia rose to her feet, declaring she simply must take her departure. Under his aunt’s critical eye, Matthew hurriedly got up and smoothed out his skirts as he bid her good-bye.

Then, moments later, Josie appeared and took a firm grip on his arm, propelling him ungraciously from the drawing room.

“I’m sorry, Josie. Honest, I am. I’ll never do anything like that again,” he wailed.

“I can assure you it won’t happen again,” she said.

“Oh, please, Josie. You won’t hurt me, will you?”

“Quiet!” is all she said as she quickly removed his frock and petticoats, and then unceremoniously marched him over to the lacing bar, where she secured his wrists to the trapeze-like bar with strong ribbons before hauling him up to his tippy-toes.

“Oh, Josie! What are you going to do to me?”

She remained silent as her soft warm fingers closed over his flaccid penis in his silky panties and modesty sheath. It responded immediately in spite of his anguish. She slowly titillated his panty-bound penis until he was about to climax. Then she released her grip as it throbbed downward from the height of his excitement before resuming her ministrations. All the while, he squirmed and wriggled and begged her to let him cum. She ignored him and continued her teasing stop-and-go titillation. Finally, she brought him to climax, catching his spurting cum as it shot and then drooled through his panties. She brought her hand to his face and made him lick it clean.

“You might complain, but I know you love when I jack you off, you miserable little pansy. You love it because you’re a pantywaist sissy, and you know it. I knew it the moment I set eyes on you. Now if you create a similar ruckus while sweet little Nancy is visiting you, I’ll repeatedly tease you to a painful cum once again, but I’ll let Nancy and her mother watch me do it!” With that, she finished disrobing him, cleaned off his penis and enveloped him in a frilly pink nightie before tucking him into his bed.

The afternoon of Nancy's impending visit, Josie took special pains in dressing Matthew. After a refreshing bath in warm scented water, she rubbed the boy down with a rough terry towel until his flesh fairly glowed. Then she dusted his entire body, not missing a single mound or crevice with her puff loaded with fragrant body talc. As a final flair, she sprayed a little heady perfume in just the right places, behind each ear, between his boyish breasts, and, for good measure, under his little balls. Dressing him in heavily frilled pink panties and then wrapping him in a lace-and-ribbon decorated pink chiffon negligee, she led him back to his room and sat him in the chair before his full-length mirror. Slipping her fingers through the front of the negligee, she took his panty-covered cockie in her soft warm fingers.

"Oh, please, Josie," Matthew exclaimed, "not again! That would be the fourth time you spurted me within the last hour! I can't! I don't have anything left!" But he knew in his heart that she would not be swayed by his words.

"Hush, master Matthew. I'm seeing to it that you will not have any nasty masculine emissions while Miss Nancy is here." And to make certain he would not even have an erection to embarrass Miss Nancy, Josie forced him to climax twice more despite his moans of extreme pain and humiliation. He went limp when she was finished and burst into anguished tears.

His peter was inflamed, bright red and sore from being so frequently and aggressively masturbated. He cried from the pain as she washed and dried it. She put on him a modest little white satin training bra and garter belt and attached the garters to white silk stockings that teased his legs as she pulled them up and tightened them. She slid up his legs a lush pair of purple silk panties trimmed with white lace. Teasingly, she ran her fingers over the crotch of the panties and was surprised to discover that a telltale mound had reappeared at the front despite his groans and pleading for her not to touch him anymore. She pulled aside the leg elastic of his panties and swallowed his cockie into her hot mouth. Once again he was forced to climax. Then Josie took a fresh satin sheath from the pocket of her uniform and fitted it over his limp little dickie. Then she enveloped him in layer after layer of stiff net and taffeta petticoats. Tears came to his eyes, as he looked in the mirror and saw they reached only mid-thigh.

"Josie, must I wear this ridiculously short dress. You can see my stocking tops and almost see the lace on my panties!"

"Your aunt gave me explicit instructions as to what you are to wear this afternoon. If you have any complaints, I suggest you direct them to her."

He winced as she fitted him into a childishly styled purple and pink chiffon frock, then arranged a wide white satin sash about his narrow waist, fashioning the ends in a huge bow at the back. On his head, she put a flaming red wig. It's girlish style made him look like a cartoon of a sissy girl.

Josie led him by the hand down to the drawing room for his aunt's inspection.

"My, what a lovely little girl we have," she cooed.



"Oh, aunty, please don't let Nancy see me dressed like this! I'll die of shame!"

"Nonsense ... come here. Sit beside me and play with your cute little dolly."

Tears filled his eyes as he sat on a small stool and began to fondle the doll listlessly.

"And, Matthew, I expect you to speak like a six-year-old, too," she ordered.

"Please, Aunty, not that!"

Josie entered and announced the arrival of Mrs. Segovia and Miss Nancy.

"Oh, my! That's Matthew!" Nancy squealed as she entered, clapping her hands in delight. "Oh, he's cute, Mommy!"

Mrs. Segovia gushed, "My, dear, what a simply precious ensemble!"

Matthew's aunt smiled graciously, and then ordered him to his feet so he might curtsy to their guests, adding, "Matthew, darling, what do we say to our guests?"

Tears came to his eyes as he whispered, "I's a ickle dirl."

"Oh, you poor darling," Nancy exclaimed teasingly, hurrying to his side to hug him. "Here, let me dry your tears."

With his eyes flashing his suppressed anger, Matthew pulled away from her, shouting, "You leave me alone!"

"Oh, what a pretty froufrou your petticoats make. Matthew must be wearing oodles of taffeta petties just like I am," she said.

Matthew was so consumed in his own thoughts that at first he didn't realize it, but now he saw that she was dressed in an outfit exactly like his. And it looked ridiculous on her, so he knew it looked even more ridiculous on him. He cried.

"Isn't it just yummy, that my mother and your aunty decided to have us in matching dresses? Do you have on the same lingerie that I do underneath?"

Before he quite comprehended her intentions, Nancy gathered his skirts in her hand and with a loud "WHEE" tossed them in the air. In shock, Matthew was slow to react but as soon as he got his senses about himself, he tried to push down his flying skirts with frenzied fingers, hoping against hope that his

horrible lingerie wasn't on display for all their attention.

"Matthew!" his aunt exclaimed. "My goodness, child, whatever happened to your manners? Nancy only wanted to hear the pretty swish of your petticoats!"

"But, but ...!" Then he lapsed into a silence as he noticed the deep frown clouding his aunt's features.

She said, "Matthew, my dear, I think it would be very nice if you took Nancy up to your boudoir and showed her your pretty wardrobe, especially your lingerie."

"Oh, please do, Matthew," Nancy gushed. "I'd adore that."

After the way Nancy had already shamed him, he feared being alone with her. No telling what horrors she was capable of. "Must I, Aunty?" he inquired.

"Of course you must, dear. You entertain Nancy for a while. Mrs. Segovia and I have so many things to talk about."

"Come on, Matthew," Nancy urged, taking his hand and pulling him along. As they began to climb the staircase his petticoats created a pretty froufrou. Nancy exclaimed, "Don't you just adore wearing pretty dresses and luscious petticoats?"

"No! I do not enjoy them. It's mean and horrid of you to say such things!"

"Even so, they are so becoming to you," she teased, bursting into a veritable fit of giggling.

"You stop saying such things," he shouted. "I hate wearing girls' clothes."

Nancy was very thorough, entering his walk-in closet and admiring all the dainty frocks on their silk-padded hangers. She examined the row of pretty shoes, the coats and adorable hats, ooing and aching all the while. At his bureau she opened every drawer, taking out individual pairs of sissy panties that caught her fancy, so she more closely admire them. Finally tiring of this, she sat down on his bed and patted the silken spread coyly to invite him to sit beside her. With obvious reluctance, born out of fear of her unpredictability, Matthew arranged his skirts carefully and sat down at her side.

"Oh, Matthew, I wish I had a pretty room and oodles of lovely clothes like you do."

"You can have them all, for all I care," he replied.

"But some of your lingerie I haven't yet had a chance to see."

"Which ones? He inquired. "You have been through every drawer."

“Well, I haven’t had a good chance to see the ones you are wearing,” Nancy said, her face more serious, less teasing, now. “I’d love to see them, Matthew. Please, lift your skirts up around your waist so I can see them.”

“I’ll do no such thing!”

“Yes, you will, or I’ll scream for help - and then you’ll be in trouble!” she threatened.

Matthew did as he was told. He stood up and faced her. She reached out and took the hems of his petticoats in her pretty fingers and lifted them one by one, through all the layers of netting and ruffles, she slowly examined under his skirts until she had him holding them all gathered up about his waist. He cringed as she went on and on about his purple panties, and choked back a protest when he felt her cold, delicate fingers grasp the waistband of his panties. She stared in his eyes as she eased them down a bit and then took a look inside.

Nancy clapped her hands together in glee. “Oh, Matthew, your little penis has it’s own petticoat. How perfectly sweet!”

He crimsoned as Nancy reached out and manipulated his cockie through the satin and lace.

“Oh, no!” he said. “You mustn’t!”

“And why not?” she said. “You were told to show me everything.”

His blush deepened as he felt his organ becoming rigid in her soft little hand. She cooed with delight and began unfastening the ribbons that secured it to his balls. Matthew gasped as she pulled the sheath off entirely and peered closely at what it had contained.

“Oh, how darling. I just have to give it a little kiss.”

Nancy leaned forward and put her lips on the end of his dickie. His feeling mingled with anguish and fear, he thought he might faint, but finally desire took over. She slid the rigid little sissy boy cock into her mouth, sucking it and licking it greedily. As his passion mounted, he clutched at her hair and hugged her head to him while her pink tongue flickered back and forth across the sensitive head and around the shaft. Finally, he shot off a fountain of cum deep inside her throat, and she greedily gulped down every bit of it and then sucked hard for more.

At last, she released him, her eyes bright with excitement. “Now, Matthew. You can’t say that wasn’t nice, can you?”

He was too stunned to answer.



"After all," she said with a laugh, "I had to find out whether or not you were still a boy, didn't I?"

"I ... I guess so," he answered.

"I must warn you, Matthew, if you breathe a word of this to anybody, I'll say that you forced yourself on me. And you know they'll believe me, not you."

"I know. But I wouldn't have told anybody anyway. In fact, I liked it a lot."

"So did I, Matthew."

"But now I must ask you if you can keep another secret."

"I guess so," he replied.

"Promise not to tell anybody, cross your heart and hope to die?"

"All right, I promise."

Nancy drew her petticoats and skirts up about her waist, revealing a pair of purple panties that perfectly matched the ones he was wearing.

"Put your hand there," she whispered, indicating the silken crotch of her panties. Little knowing what to expect, Matthew hesitatingly ran his hand over the silk.

"Oh, Nancy," he said. "You're a boy, too!" He stared at Nancy in disbelief.

"I was a boy, until Mommy decided she would rather have a pretty daughter than a son in silly trousers," she said as she drew her panties down and showed him her little penis. He pulled away and sat beside her, fearing he'd make direct contact with her penis.

She reached over and drew him to her by means of grasping his flaccid symbol. To his horror, it began to erect, reacting like it would a real girl's touch. She forced him to lie down on top of her as she wriggled and squirmed and rubbed her silken panties against his bare penis.

"In two months, Mommy is taking me to a hospital and my little peepee will be turned into a sweet little pussy. Then we can really get together for some fun!"

Matthew was appalled. He could not understand his full erection as she rubbed his penis in his panties against her penis in her matching purple panties.

She looked up at him with a wan smile. "Matthew, I know you're not queer or anything, but would you

do me an especially big favor? I want you to make love to me like you would a girl, even if it's only pretend."

"I don't know, Nancy. I don't know if I can make my penis cum again. I'm exhausted."

"Oh, I'll take care of that. Just you watch!" So saying, she took his little organ in her hands once more and chafed it repeatedly through his panties, and as his cum was building up to shoot once again, she directed him to lie down on top of her. With her hand, she slipped his rigid cock out of the leg opening of his panties and into the leg opening of her own panties until it was nestled next to her penis in her soft warm crotch. Matthew was surprised at how nice his penis felt next to hers. But the nicest part was yet to come — he discovered, for she held him by his silk pantied behind and urged him to push in and out like he was fucking her, their little boy cock sliding back and forth across each other inside heavenly silky panties.

He took a long time coming to orgasm because of the exertions earlier in the day, but when he did climax, it was perfectly marvelous. His hot spunk shot out of his cock and filled her panties with creamy cum. Nancy sighed in delight as she felt the warm semen slithering down toward her little ass crack. She was completely transported with delight.

Later, they drew apart, and each helped the other clean up his eruption. For her part, Nancy insisted on licking every last particle from his cock, but fortunately for him, she did not insist he do the same for her. Finally, with their clothes back in order, Nancy held his hand and swore eternal friendship to him.

"The same goes for me," Matthew promised, as he smoothed out the wrinkles in his skirt caused by their lovemaking. "But I only ask one thing: Please stop teasing me in front of your mother and my aunt."

"Of course," she replied. "Did that really bother you?"

"Yes, very much."

"I was under strict orders from my mother to tease you. And she was taking her instructions from your aunt."

"I see," Matthew said.

"Your aunt will do anything to crush you. She really hates boys. The best thing you can do is to cooperate with her fully, and then she'll let up on you. That's how it happened for me."

Matthew sat silently staring at her, considering the wisdom of what she had said. For the first time since he had first been petticoated, he knew what he had to do. He had to act as cute and feminine as possible, give instant obedience to every order given to him by anybody in the house, and become so

nauseatingly girlish that even his aunt would gag! He had the perfect plan to mollify his wicked aunt and her cruel maid.

*Based on a story that appeared in Transvestite Digest V3 #4 (09713-M).*

*Rewrite by Princess Lacey*



# The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

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March 2004

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

## SPORTS



### Boy winner of panty sniffing contest says he thanks his mother

Queen City, IA: Danny Larson of Master Falls won the 14th annual panty sniffing contest at Hidden Hills Country Club this past week.

"I have to thank my mother for training me to panties from an early age. She used to give me her dirty panties to sniff and play with while I was a toddler," the eleven-year-old blushing boy said.

"We noticed his attraction to panties when he was about a year old. He'd crawl upon my lap, put his face up between my legs and curl up and go to sleep," Rachel Larson told reporters.

"He was highly attracted to the silkiness of the panties too. He'd finger the silky nylon and lace as he sucked his thumb and inhaled my womanly aroma steaming up from my always moist panties.

"But I can't take all the credit for turning him into a panty pervert. A lot of other women and girls have been instrumental in his training. Starting with his sister. I saw Danny was attracted to her panties soon after he discovered mine. It was so cute with little baby Danny begging his big sister to let him crawl up under her skirt so he could touch and sniff her little flowered panties.

"I must say all this attraction to girlie panties has made him into an awful sissy, but he's so sweet. It would have been heartless to stop him from sucking up to our

## HEALTH

Dr. Phil says, "Get Real, girl! Make that man of yours into a maid or throw that sissy little pantywaist and his lace panties right out the door!"



Parents: It's after 10 PM do you know what your pantywaist son is doing



## HEADLINES

### Panty tossing contest brings out the nuts!

Bloomer Bluffs, Ontario: In an event that has males of all ages competing against one another, this town's annual panty tossing contest sure brings out the nuts.

From hobbling seniors to pimple-faced teenagers, boys and men turn out in hordes to participate, each vying to collect the most panties that the town's young virgins strip off and toss to the crowd of panty sniffing, licking and wearing perverts.

Other features of the festival include a panty pie eating contest and the "Miss 2004 Panty Beauty Queen" pageant.



## LIFESTYLE

### Girl loses self-esteem now wears panty mas

Carlsbad, NM: Kitty Moore is desperate for attention from her boyfriend, causing her to suffer bouts of depression.

Her boyfriend, Carl Wilnot, an ardent panty masturbator has left her high and dry so often that she has self-doubts about her appeal to him. So she has taken to wearing a pair of his rhumba panties as a mask in hopes of making herself more attractive to him.



## OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

10,000 panty fetishist Frenchmen can't be wrong: Used panties better than fresh pus.

Catholic teen addicted to jerking-off in his pants has to go to confession daily to get forgiveness

Bush buys Laura panties for Valentine's Day; panty fags say he's stroking them for votes

Ashcroft wants power to seize records from lingerie stores to see who is buying what

## 10 ways to find out if your son is hooked on panties & how to hook him if he isn't

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