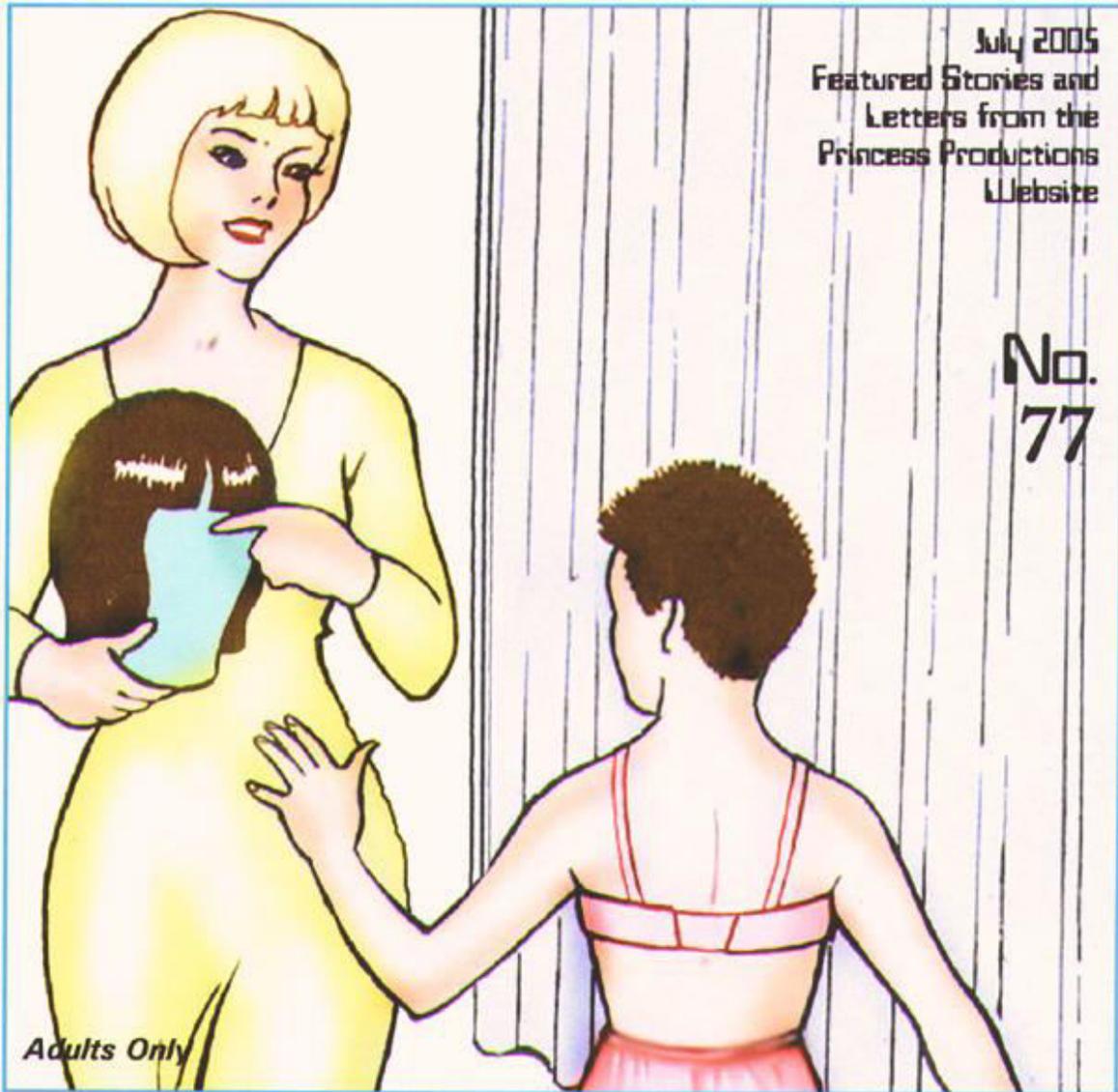


Princess Online



July 2005
Featured Stories and
Letters from the
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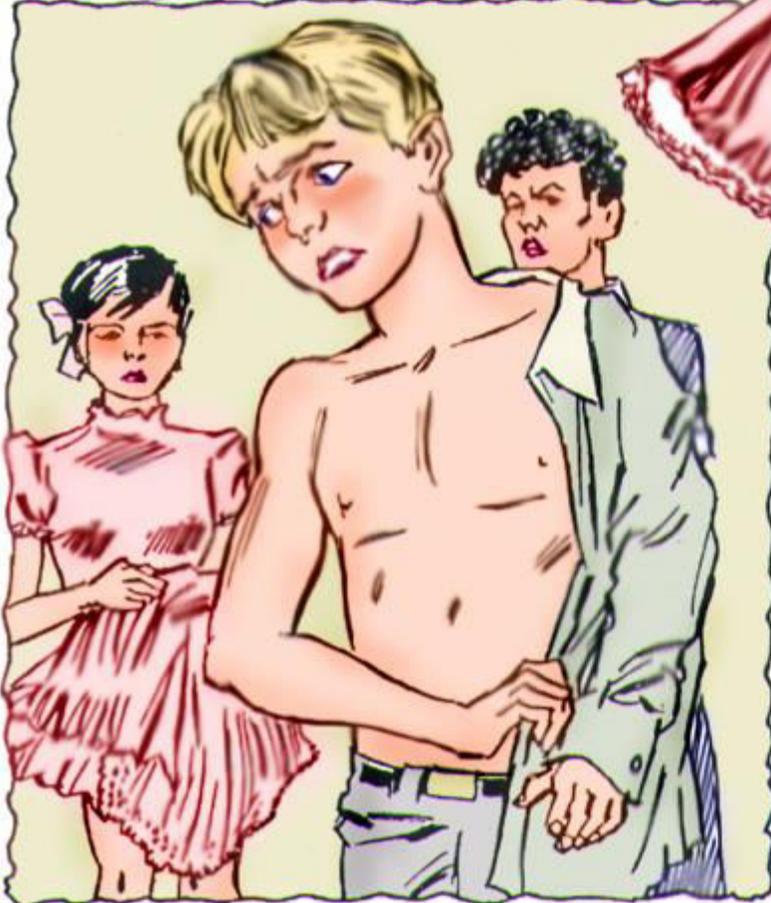
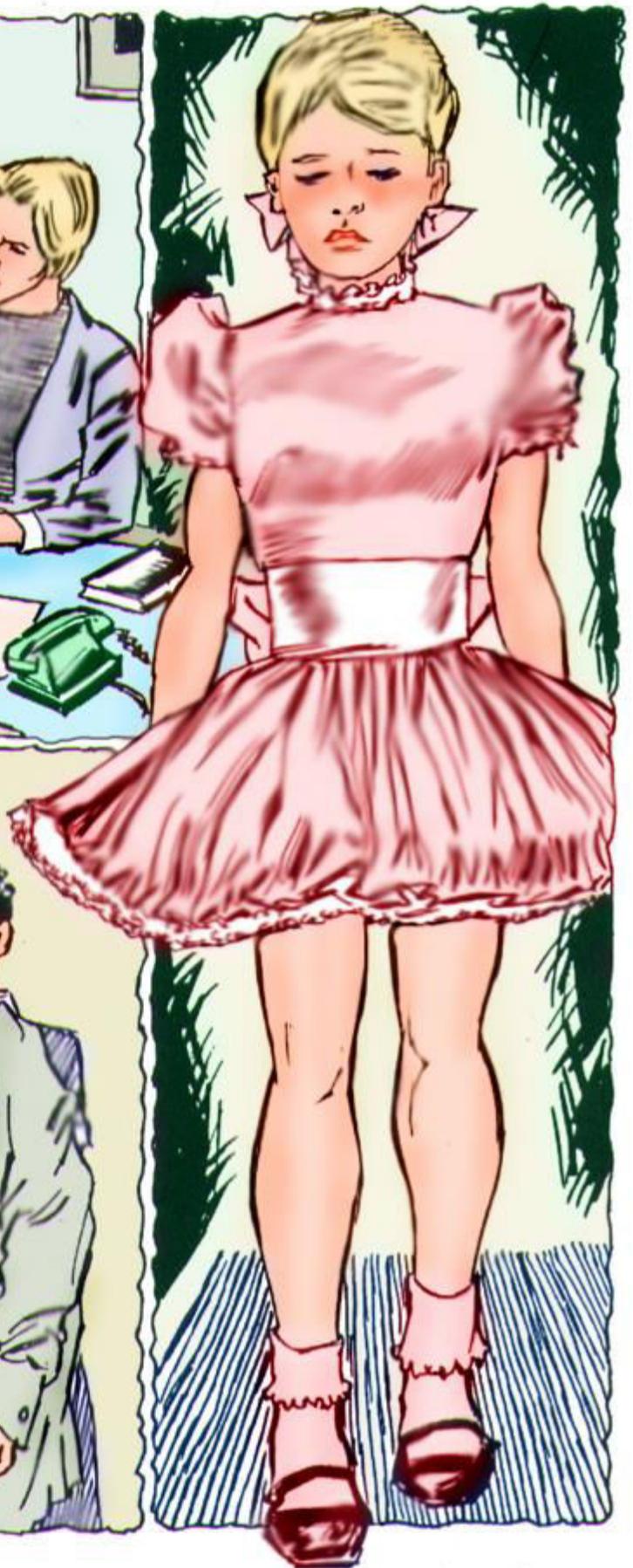
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Adults Only

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.

Since 1991

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 has just arrived at the Sylvan School for Girls, where sissyboys are turned into little girls. In this drawing, Van goes through the induction process and is being put into a frilly pink dress, the official school uniform!

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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PETTICOAT-DISCIPLINE

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 and collects articles on the subject. Items that remind him of his own painful ordeal. 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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Masquerade: Opposite Sex Day at Schools

The links below are interesting reading about schools that have "opposite sex days" and how some people are upset about it and other people think it's no big deal. They give you a peek into how average people react to crossdressing.

Have fun!

<http://www.vendio.com/mesg/read.html?num=28&thread=238522>

<http://www.foxnews.com/story/0,2933,138802,00.html>

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Classic Drawing

In this drawing, Leslie, a fifteen-year-old boy, is being dressed in girls' clothes by his dominant aunt who is raising him, and along with her sexy maid, they forcibly feminize and sexually ravish the innocent boy as they transform him into their little girlie-boy.

The story is from a long manuscript by Nan Gilbert, originally written in the 1940s and only circulated privately among a small group of collectors. In the 1960s, Turnabout (crossdressing magazine) publisher Fred Shaw of Babe de Choicy Press published the manuscript in book form and had his transsexual friend and neighbor Lorraine Channing add some illustrations. This drawing appeared in "Leslie Book #1 - Petticoated Male" and was also used as the cover illustration for "Leslie Book #6 - From Pants to Panties."

At that time (1965), Shaw and Channing lived in Brooklyn. Shaw eventually moved to California where he passed away about ten years ago. We don't know what happened to Miss Channing. If anyone who reads this can give us any information as to what happened to her, we loved to know, and even get in contact with her if possible.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Zack

This month, we present the picture of thirteen-year-old Zack, 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 heavysset 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.

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"Billy Elliot" may be on its way to Broadway

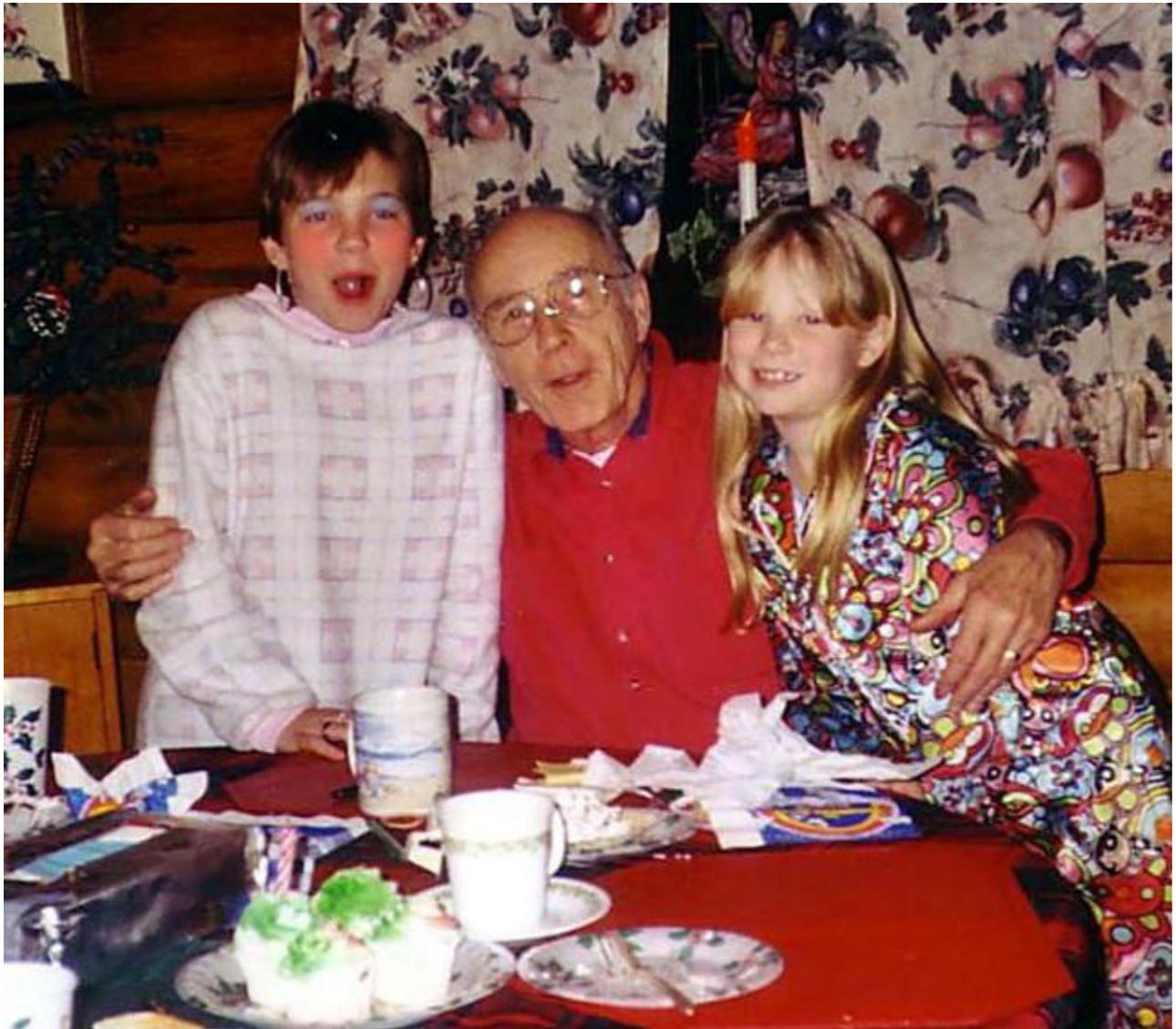
"Billy Elliot" is headed for Broadway. It's a first-rate British musical based on the movie of the same title about an 11-year-old boy who, on his way to a boxing lesson one day, stumbles into a dance class and is seized by a passion for ballet. Living in a mining community in the north of England, he must overcome macho prejudice, as well as his family's financial hardship, to pursue his dream of attending the Royal Ballet School. His struggle is set against England's violent 1984 miner's strike. Elton John wrote the music for the show and was the first to suggest it for the stage.

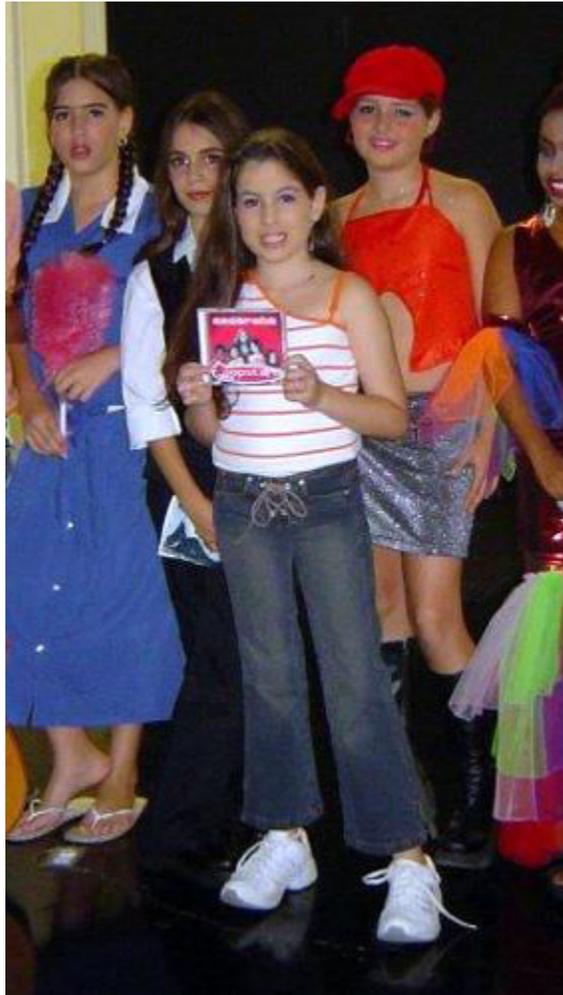
Putting "Billy Elliot" on stage in England wasn't easy. Because of Britain's tough child labor laws, three different sets of child actors perform the show. Each Billy has his own choreography (to reflect each actor's strengths as a dancer) and sings in a different key. The physical demands are such that, during an early preview, one of the Billys threw up onstage.

But in the end, the producers pulled it off. Not only is "Billy Elliot" a hit with critics, it's also a box office

smash at the Victory Palace, where the show sells out every performance. The above photos are from the movie version of "Billy Elliot" and are of some of our favorite scenes of Billy's best friend who is a cute little gay crossdresser, who appears in a dress in a couple of scenes. If you haven't seen the movie, you can get it from your favorite rental place, and be watching for it to show up on Broadway.

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Sissy of the Month

Craig DeLay is a very fortunate sissyboy with a very understanding grandpa who loves his little pantywaist grandson every bit as much as he loves his beautiful little granddaughter. In the top photo, Craig is ten years old and on the left, standing next to his grandfather and sister, Cindy.

In the other photo, Craig is twelve years old and shown at a costume party. He's the one wearing a red top and red cap.

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Boy Crushing Cousins

“Who's a sissy? Tell us Bobby, who's a sissy?” my cousin Karen asked as she sat on my chest with my arms pinned above my head.

When I didn't answer, she bent my little finger backwards, and I screamed out, “O-O-O-W-W-W!” She asked me again, and I cried out, “I'm a sissy! I'm a sissy!”

Just because I had made a smart aleck comment, my four cousins were ganging up on me. It wasn't fair. I was just eleven. Shannon was fourteen, Karen was twelve, and Tammy and April, the twins, were nine.

Karen stopped twisting my little finger but said to her big sister who was sitting on my legs, “Take his pants off.”

Compared to me, Shannon was much bigger and stronger, so she easily kept me from kicking my legs while she laughed and began pulling down my pants. She told the little twins, “You two, get his shoes and socks off.”

“Don't! PL-L-E-E-EASE!” I cried out.

But Karen just grinned down at me and said, “Relax, sissy, you're going to love this – since you told us you're a sissy, were going to dress you up like one. All little sissies love to dress up like little girls.”

With the four girls screaming and laughing, I struggled and cried out, “N-O-O-O! PL-E-EASE! PL-L-L-EASE, DON'T!” but they ignored me and stripped me naked from the waist down.

“N-O-O-O-O!” I screamed, but there weren't any grown-ups there to help me. They had gone to a church Las Vegas night and left me with my cousins at their house. I had gotten into an argument with Karen because I didn't want to play house with my dumb little twin girl cousins. I told them it was a stupid game for sissy little girls. Karen reacted by knocking me to the floor and climbing on top of me, and now I was at her mercy without my pants and underwear and with the twins giggling wildly as Shannon had them take a good look at my wrinkled up genitals.

As Karen continued to sit on my chest and stare into my eyes with a conqueror's smirk, she said, "April or Tammy, one of you go get a pair of your prettiest panties for this sissy, pink ones if you can; sissies like pink panties best."

Tammy was consumed with staring at my boy toys and wasn't about to go anywhere, but April quickly jumped up and moments later came back squealing and flagging a pair of frilly nylon panties held high above her head.

She asked, "Are these OK, sis?" as she held them up for Karen to see. I saw them too and looked in fear at the frilly little girls' pink nylon party panties.

Karen said, "Oh, yes, they're just perfect, honey; put them on him. Girls, hold his legs still while April puts her panties on our little sissy cousin."

"N-O-O-O!" I screamed as they pantied me, but I was helpless to stop them.

Karen got off me, and Shannon helped her yank me up onto my feet. They laughed like crazy while they hauled the panties up thighs and then pulled my T-shirt off over my head. Shannon said, "Since he has April's party panties on, Tammy you go run and get one of your dresses. Get the new dress Mom bought for you, the one with all the nice pretty flowers on it."

Minutes later, I was wearing Tammy's little summer dress while they all laughed, and all I could do was scream, "Take it off, please. Take it off!"

Instead, they forced me over the arm of the couch. My short dress flew up in back, and they took turns spanking me, even the little twins were hitting me surprisingly hard.

"Promise to be a good sissy," Karen said.

I sobbed out the humiliating words as my other cousins kept smacking me on my little pantied bottom. "I'll be a good sissy. I'll be a good little sissy," I kept repeating much to their delight. They took me down to April and Tammy's room where they put little white sandals on my feet. They tied white ribbon bows in my hair and painted my finger nails and lips pink and then took me to the living room and brought out dolls belonging to the twins and made me play with them while they sat around and laughed and laughed.

Tammy said, "I like Bobby in dresses and panties. I wish he had to wear them every time he comes over here."

Shannon laughed and said, "I don't think that would be a problem. He'll do whatever you say, and if he doesn't, then you can just tell his friends all about how he put on your dress and panties and then played dollies with you after you spanked his little pantied bottom."

I said, "No way; I'll just tell them she's a liar!"

Karen laughed and said, "It won't matter sissy, they'll see your red face and know you're the liar." They all laughed and then she added, "Besides, if they don't believe us, all they'll have to do is go ask your mommy."

I looked at her and saw she was looking over my head and behind me. I turned and saw my mother standing there. My face went beet red.

Mom said sharply, "What's the meaning of this? Why are you dressed like a little girl, Bobby?"

But before I could answer, Shannon said, "He wanted to, Auntie Carmen. He asked Karen if he could be the little girl and play house with us as the mommies!"

My mom's face reddened. She grabbed my arm and jerked me to my feet as her other hand landed sharply on my bottom, the panties I had on were barely covered from view by the flowered dress. She hit me three more times.

I cried out, "O-O-W-W-W! No, Mommy, they made me! O-O-W-W-W! O-O-W-W-W!"

I was slobbering like a nincompoop, and Shannon, the oldest said calmly and most convincingly, "Frankly, Aunt Carmen, we all couldn't believe it when he came and asked us to dress him up like a little girl. I'm telling the truth. We had no idea he was a little sissy. We even tried to dissuade him by telling him that if we dressed him up, he'd have to wear a pair of the twin's pink party panties too, but that only seemed to make him want to dress up all the more. He actually pleaded with us to let him wear the prettiest pink panties we could find."

The girls all giggled, and as they were nodding their heads and verbally backing up Shannon's lie with a chorus of little girl gibberish, my mother pulled up the back of my dress and saw the pink panties I was wearing. She took that as proof of the girls' story and then yanked me around and firmly said, "Now, no more lies, Bobby! No more! Just hush up!" And while keeping the back of my dress held up high, she underlined her command with three quick swats directly to my pantied bottom — SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! — and then she shoved me face first into the corner. "Now, you just stand right there, little girl, until it's time to go home."

She left me sobbing in the corner in my cousin's dress and panties with my hair in satin ribbons. I stood there in the corner crying, reeking with humiliation and shame.

Just then, the girls' mother, my Aunt Kay, came in from parking the car. I heard her say, "Oh, my, our little Bobby is really all gussied up! What's going on here? Little boys shouldn't wear girls' clothes. What's the occasion?"

My mother said, "Lift his dress up."

I cried harder as I felt my dress being lifted up in back as my Aunt exclaimed, "Oh, my goodness, even pink panties!"

Her daughters all rushed to speak at once as they told her the big lie that I wanted to dress up like a little girl and play house because I was a sissy.

"Really? Did you tell my girls that you're a sissy?"

I couldn't answer her because it was true. I wasn't a sissy, but they had forced me to tell them I was a sissy. I had no defense. All I could do was cry, and my aunt took that as a yes answer.

"That's naughty of you, Bobby! Imagine, a big boy like you a sissy and wanting to wear girls' dresses and panties!"

I wanted to disappear into the wall. Then I felt my Aunt's hand smack my pink pantied bottom, and I cried out, "O-O-O-W-W-W!"

"Shame on you, Bobby!" And as she let the dress fall back down, she said to my mother, "Well, Carmen, as long as he's THAT kind of a boy, I'd make him wear panties full time. I'd put the sissy in panties every day, and let all the kids know he wears panties. Other boys don't like sissy boys. They'd make his life hell. That would teach him!"

I trembled at the thought, squirmed in horror and sobbed out, "No, Mommy, please, please, don't make me wear panties, not all the time like auntie says! Please, I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Even though I had done nothing wrong, I was saying I was sorry and begging for mercy.

My mother said, "Well, we'll see. Now, just hush up!"

I stood in the corner sobbing in my cousin's dress and panties while my mom and aunt talked about what a disgrace I was, but I could barely hear them talking over the clamor my girl cousins were making as they continued to laugh and tease me. Finally, it was time to go. My aunt told my mom it was OK for me to wear the dress and panties home. I was in shock as Mom simply pulled me out of the corner, right out the door and to our car as my cousins giggled and kept calling me a sissy and a girlie boy in panties. I rode in the back seat, my head down in shame.

My ten-year-old sister, Sara, had been playing at her friend's house. We had to pick her up on the way home. Her eyes bugged out and she laughed her head off when she saw me in my cousin's dress. As we drove, Mom repeated the story about me telling them I was a sissy and – the big lie – about me asking to be dressed like a little girl so I could play house with my cousins.

Sara fell back across the seat laughing, and when she finally quieted down, Mom told her I had even asked the girls to let me wear a pair of the twin's silky rhumba panties. Sara tried to peek under my dress to see the panties for herself, but I fought her off until Mom told me to let her have a look.

"After all," Mom said, "you wanted to wear them, so you shouldn't be ashamed to show them off. Now let your little sister see how pretty you look in girls' pink panties."

I was thoroughly ashamed to be wearing lacy little girls' panties and to have my kid sister see in them. Sara collapsed in laughter again, and when she was finally able to talk again, she offered me some of her clothes for whenever I wanted to be a little girl and play house.

I angrily told her to go eat my poop.

Mom made me apologize. Then Sara said she'd love to have a picture of me in my girls' clothes. Mom thought that was a great idea and said she had the camera in her purse. So a moment later, Mom pulled off the road into a park near our house. She made me get out and pose for pictures. She threatened to spank me right there in the park if I didn't smile to show I loved being in a dress and panties.

She said, "Smile, Bobby, or I'll make you walk the rest of the way home in your pretty flowered dress! Maybe I'll even take you over to the baseball park and show you off to the boys! Now, smile."

I tried to smile, but my face was beet red from all the crying I had been doing.

When we got home I ran into the house hoping none of our neighbors saw me. First thing Mom did was to spank me while my little sister watched and giggled. I kicked my feet and sobbed; it was so humiliating. When she finished hitting me on my panties, she stripped me down until all I had on were April's ruffled panties and sent me to bed with the command to keep my panties on. I cried myself to sleep. The next morning when I got up, I quickly took off the stupid panties and stuffed them down deep into the bottom of my wastebasket. I got dressed and went downstairs.

My sister was already up and had her dolls out on the living room floor. She hadn't played with her dolls very much in the last few years. I thought she was over that stuff, but she was playing with them now like a little girl. I didn't think much more about it and just ate my breakfast while mom finished getting ready for work. As she was about to walk out the door, Mom warned me to behave and then added, "You're still in the dog house, Bobby. I'm not done with you, so you be extra good today. Mind your sister even though she's younger than you. I'm putting her in charge because she's a lot more mature than you are. Stay in the house today, so you don't get into any more trouble."

I blushed and nodded and my little sister giggled and said cheerfully, "You can play dollies with me all day!"

I said, "No thanks."

Mom looked at Sara and then at me and said, "I think that's a good idea. You seemed to like playing dolls at your cousins' yesterday! So you can play dollies again today."

My little sister giggled.

I moaned, "Aw, Mom, they made me do it. Really!"

Sara said, "Please, Mommy."

Mom looked at her and then back at me. "Well, I'm going to make you play with your little sister today and play whatever she wants to play. If she wants you to play dollies, you'll play dollies, and play nice with her all day, and I better not find out any different when I get home!"

She left me standing there red-faced, humiliated that I had to be under my little sister's control.

The moment Mom drove away my sister looked up at me and said, "Hurry and get dressed so we can play."

I looked at her funny and said, "Duh! I am dressed."

She giggled and said, "You're not dressed to play dollies. On my bed, I put out one of my best dresses and some nice panties for you; go put them on and be a little girl again."

My face went red, and I said, "No way!"

She giggled again and said, "Do it, or I'll tell Mom you wouldn't play nice, and I'll tell Dave and Alex and all your dumb friends how you dressed up like a girl at Auntie's!"

My face got redder, and I begged, "Don't Sara, please!"

But she just giggled some more. "Go get your dress and panties on; hurry up! Last chance. Be my little girl or you'll be in big trouble with Mom!"

I looked down, hoping I could avoid this trap.

She said, "NOW!"



I knew I had no choice, so I slowly turned and headed to her room to do as she ordered. A pink chiffon dress and white nylon panties were on her bed just like she said. I felt waves of shame run through me as I undressed and put on my little sisters' dress and panties and saw myself in her mirror in her short little dress that showed her lace-trimmed white nylon panties every time I moved. Tears gathered in my eyes as I headed downstairs to play dollies.

Barefoot and wearing her little full-skirted pink dress with the white nylon panties peeking out, I stood before my sister. She was giggling and had my moms' spanking ruler in her hand. I reeked with shame and my knees trembled.

She tried to stifle her giggling and pretend to be serious as she told me, "You're going to mind me, little girl. Now turn around and raise your arms up."

As I obeyed, I felt the short dress rise up in back totally exposing my little pantied butt. Then I felt the sting of the ruler smack my pantied bottom. I cried out, "O-O-O-OWWW! O-O-O-OWWW! Please stop! O-O-O-OWWW!" Sara smacked my little pantied bottom over and over. I did a little dance and cried out as I got hit on my little white lace pantied butt with the metal ruler again and again until I was sobbing and begging at the same time. She stopped and I just stood there crying.

"Now if you misbehave and don't mind me again, little girl, you'll get the ruler again!" she said as she lost her fake serious tone and laughed loudly.

I played dollies all day with my little sister. I also posed for pictures. She got the Polaroid out and took pictures of me playing dollies, posing sucking my thumb, reaching up for a book on the top shelf of the bookcase so my frilly panties peeked out in back, and holding up my little skirt to fully expose me in her lacy panties. She also made me wear a frilly apron to fix our lunch, clean up the kitchen, make her bed and run the sweeper as she took more pictures.

Just before Mom got home, my baby sister Sara used the ruler and spanked my pantied butt again. I had to stand before her like before and bend over exposing my panties while she paddled my pantied butt, causing me to do a little dance while I cried out and begged for mercy.

She said she ought to keep me in her little dress for our mommy to see, but I pleaded with her to let me change while she giggled at me. Finally she said,

"OK, you can run and change, sissyboy, but you leave my panties on – I mean YOUR panties. I wouldn't wear those panties again, no matter what. So you keep them in your room, and don't you dare take off YOUR panties, or I'll tell Mommy you were bad and asked me to dress you like a girl again."

I ran crying to my room to change before Mommy came home. I was so-o-o humiliated and ashamed. I changed and stayed in my room wearing an old pair of shorts and a T-shirt and, of course, the silky white nylon lace-trimmed panties underneath.

When mom came home I stayed in my room and didn't come out until supper time. I sat at the kitchen table with red eyes and a sore bottom and of course very conscious that I was still wearing my little sisters' panties under my shorts. Sara was all smiles and giggles as she told Mom how I had played dollies nice all day long and even fixed lunch and made the beds.

Mom said, "Good." Then she looked at me and asked, "Why are your eyes all red, Bobby?"

I felt my face redden and shrugged my shoulders.

Sara giggled and said, "Oh he cried about being made to play like a sissy girl, but he did it, and he played real nice, Mommy. He played JUST like a little girl would play."

My face was getting redder by the moment.

"Is that right, Bobby? Is that why your eyes are all red?"

I shrugged and managed to whisper, "I guess."

Sara giggled again.

We finished eating in silence, and then mother told me to clean up the dishes while she had a talk with my sister.

Sara jumped up and got the apron I had worn at lunch and brought it back saying, "Here Bobby, wear an apron like you did for me at lunch."

I reddened a lot more and looked at Mom and saw she had no mercy for me, so I stood up and let my kid sister tie the frilly apron around me like she had earlier.

As I cleared the table and did the dishes, I could hear their voices and my little sisters' giggles, but I couldn't tell what they were saying. After I finished and took off the stupid apron, I went to the living room where Mom and Sara were waiting.

"All done?" Mom asked.

With what now seemed like a permanently red face, I said, "Yes."

"Good, now take your shorts off."

I felt my face go an even deeper red and tears pooled in my eyes, but I tried not to cry.

I heard Sara giggle and felt the tears in my eyes ready to leak down my cheeks.

"Take your shorts off! Hurry up!" Mother commanded.

With trembling hands, I reach for the elastic waistband of my shorts, and as I pulled them down, I felt the first cold tears run down my hot face to the sound of my little sister's giggles. I hung my head in shame as I got my shorts down to my knees.

Mother had an intense harshness in her voice as she said, "Oh, my, god! I thought I had a son, but you're wearing little girls' panties again! What in the hell is going on with you? Get those shorts all the way off, you little sissy pantywaist. Hurry up!"

As I stepped out of my shorts I sobbed, "She made me. Sara made me wear them, Mommy!"

"So are you still trying to lie to me, Bobby? So you're saying that yesterday, your twin nine-year-old cousins and now today your ten-year-old little sister made a big boy like you dress up like a little girl? Well, I don't believe you," she said as she stuck a picture of me in my face, a picture Sara took of me posing in her little pink party dress held up to show off the white lacy panties she had made me wear and that I was still wearing. "I don't see anyone holding you down, Bobby. I see you posing like a god awful little faggot for his little sister."

I began to sob hard as she pulled my T-shirt up and off saying, "Sara, get a dress for your girlie brother, and let's put this little sissy's into a dress like he belongs."

With her giggles echoing as she ran down the hallway and up the stairs to her room, I pleaded with Mother, "NO-O-O-O! PLE-E-EASE, MOMMY!"

"Just shut your little sissy mouth, Bobby."

My precocious kid sister came running back with a high-waisted black velvet dress with a wide white lace collar and a white satin ribbon waist sash. I sobbed as she giggled and Mom helped her put the dress on me.

"Get the punishment stool, Sara." Mother ordered.

I sobbed harder as Sara ran to the kitchen and brought back the little wooden stool my mother always made us stand on for our punishments. Sara sat it down.

Mother said, "Stand up on the stool, sissy. Hurry up!"

I sobbed as I stepped up on the short wooden stool and saw the metal ruler in my mother's hand. My knees weakened and I pleaded, "Don't, please, Mommy. Don't, please, my bottom is still sore!"

Sara giggled and Mother asked, "What from? Why's your little pantied butt sore, sissyboy?"

And when I didn't blurt out an answer, she flicked the metal ruler and smacked my naked thigh just below the lacy hems of my frilly panties.

I cried out, "O-O-WWW!" and did a little dance on the wooden stool. I rushed to answer her to spare myself another smack. "From Sara, Mother, Sara used the ruler on me after she put me in her dress and panties!" I began to sob a lot harder; the humiliation was too much, just too much. I stood on the stool crying, my shoulders shaking and my knees so weak I was afraid I'd fall off the stool and get an even worse paddling. Sara was giggling, and I was shaking with big tears of shame running down my cheeks. I trembled as I felt the cold metal ruler strike me again — this time right on the lacy bottom edge of my panties.

"What a pathetic sissy you are," Mother said as she rubbed the ruler back and forth over my trembling, silk pantied bottom. "Put your hands on your knees, Bobby," she ordered.

Knowing what was coming next, I sobbed and leaned forward just enough to put my hands on my skinny shaking knees, and that made the short velvet dress go up in back so my tender little pantied butt was well exposed. My nasty little sister giggled wildly with anticipation.

Mother said, "I ought to whip your little sissy bottom good, Bobby."

I cringed and I tried hard not to lose my balance as my knees wanted to buckle. I bawled like a little kid. "Don't, Mommy, please. I'm sorry. Please, don't, please!"

Then to my surprise, Mother stopped stroking the ruler over my panties and said, "No, I'm not going to paddle you anymore, Bobby, unless you make me with your lying and bad behavior. I'm going to teach you a lesson that will last longer than my spanking you."

I felt a sense of relief, but wondered how more could she punish me?

Then she said, "Here, Sara, let me see how well you spank a sissy like your big brother."

Sara squealed for joy and before I knew it, her first smack found its mark.

"O-O-O-OW-W-W! O-O-O-OWWW! O-O-O-OWWW!" I cried out as my little sister laced my pantied bottom with the ruler. "OOWWW! O-O-O-OWWW!" I cried out as I wiggled my pantied butt. Sara giggled and smacked it over and over and finally I couldn't take anymore. I pulled my hands up off my knees and grabbed my bottom and jumped off the stool and danced before them crying out, "NO MORE, PLEASE, PLEASE! IT HURTS IT HURTS!" NO-O-O-O!"

Mom looked at me in disgust as she said to Sara, "Well it seems you know how to discipline a little

sissyboy.”

The little brat did her trademark giggling.

Mother looked back at me and said, “Maybe I should call Chuckie's mom and see if he can come over and watch you play dollies with your little sister tomorrow.”

I sobbed in horror and cried out, “N-N-NO-O-O! MOMMY, PLEASE !”

She pointed to the stool and said, “Then you get back on the stool, Bobby, and put your hands on your knees so Sara can finish. Hurry up, ya big sissy!”

I was in hysterics now, sobbing uncontrollably as I got back onto the stool. In a flood of tears, I pleaded, “Please, it hurts! It hurts, Mommy. Don't, Sara, don't, please!”

But as I put my hands back on my knees, Sara smacked the ruler down hard against my pantied bottom. I wailed out and my mom said, “Down a little Sara. Hit him right where his panty lace goes around his thighs. Then the lace will scratch and tease and torment his tender skin and remind him of the lace he has on his sissy panties and remind him of this paddling you are giving him.”

She hit me more than a dozen times around my panty line, and then Mother told her, “Good, now aim just a little lower, so when people see him in his short dresses and panties, they'll also see the red marks on the backs of his thighs, letting them know he's a well-spanked panty boy. So, hit him hard just below his lacy panty legs, now.”

The ruler came battering down on my bare thighs just below the ruffled leg openings of my panties. I screamed out and wiggled my silk pantied butt as my little sister giggled and smacked me again and again. This was worse than before. I couldn't stand it, but I couldn't get off the stool and let my mom follow through on her threat to have Chuckie come down to see me playing dollies with my sister. “O-O-O-O-W-W! O-O-O-O-W-W! O-O-O-O-W-W!” I cried out holding my knees tightly and wiggling my pantied bottom. The spanking with the ruler stopped but I stayed bent over holding my knees and wiggling my pantied bottom reacting to the burning pain.

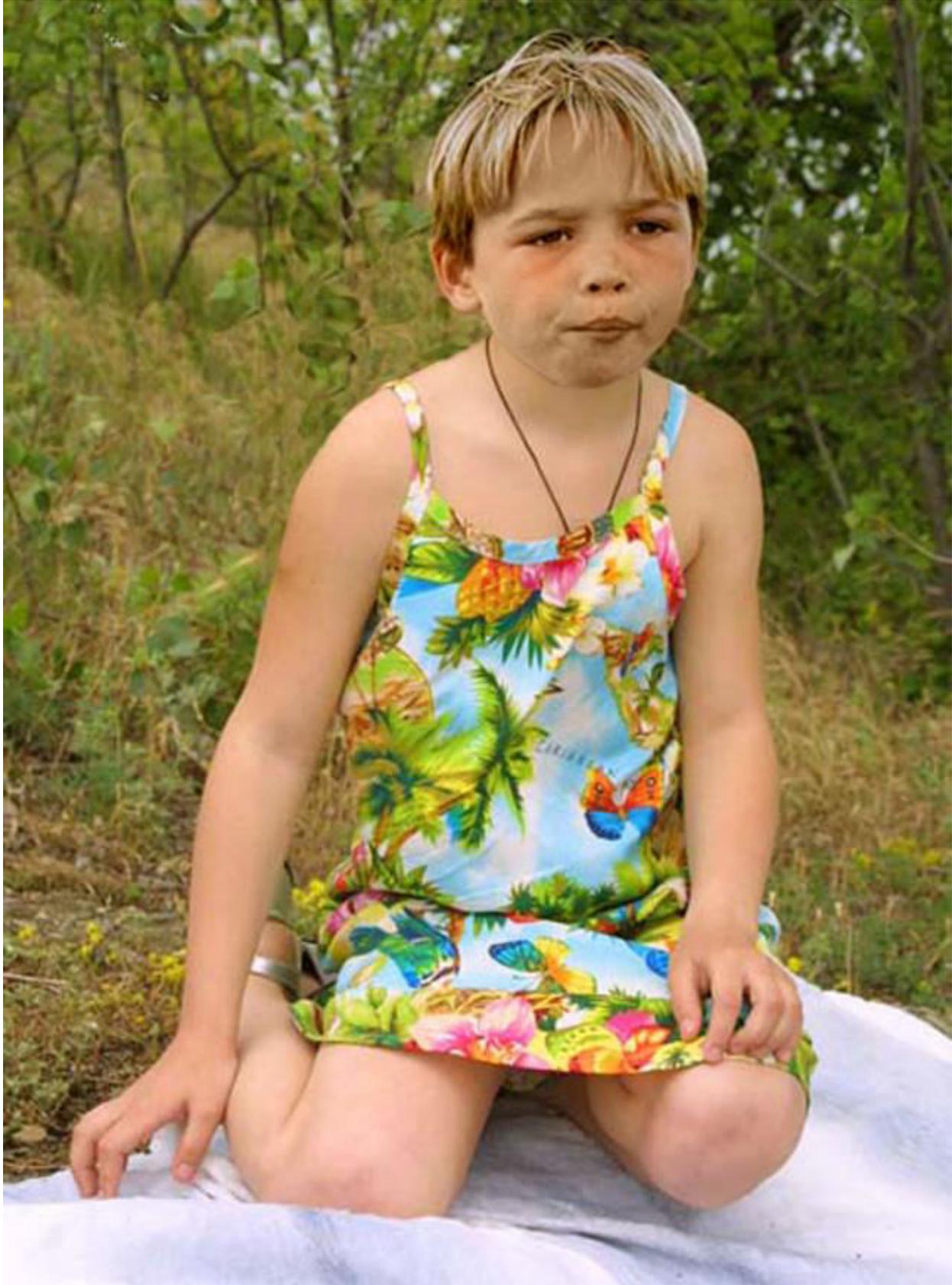
“Please, no more, Sara, please, please.” I begged. I felt sick as I realized why the spanking had stopped and I heard my little sister giggle out, “Look, Mommy, he's wetting his panties like a baby!”

I was in such pain and under such distress that I didn't even realize what was happening, but then I felt my warm pee spreading out over the front of my panties, soaking my panties and running down my legs.

The humiliating disgust in my mother's voice crushed any bit of dignity I had left. “Holy cow! This is getting worse by the moment! What a sissy baby! Now, you just stand their on that stool in your little pissy lace panties, sissy, until it's time for your bath and bedtime.”

She then turned to Sara. "Honey, you can put the ruler away, now. You did a wonderful job. It's reassuring to know you can handle your sissy big brother with ease. Now, I want you to go to your room, and sort out any dresses that you have that might stretch out and fit your big brother. And if he's going to be pissing in his panties every time he gets a spanking, I guess he'll need a big supply of pretty panties, so we'll take the sissy to the mall tomorrow and get him to pick out a nice supply of the prettiest little girl panties we can find. But first, call Chuckie's mom, and ask her if she can have Chuckie come over tomorrow afternoon. We're going to let him see how Bobby plays dollies with you, and after that, we'll make your brother go up to his room and show Chuckie all the pretty little girls' panties he bought himself at the mall."

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Pantywaist boy cures women's menstrual pain

Cape Fear, NC: When women go through a particularly bad day with menstrual pain they often attend a meeting of the DAMES Society to discuss their problem and experiment with ways to ease their pain.

At these meetings they try various techniques and treatments, ranging from herbal and prescription medications to smoking pot and exercises.

Recently, at a meeting held in one woman's home, her four-year-old son came out into the living room in a white tutu-style ballerina outfit to plead with his mother if he could please wear a pair of his new sissy pink, bow-covered lace panties. The assembled women thought the little sissy boy made such a hilarious sight that they broke out into uncontrollable laughter, and after that fit of laughter, they all realized that they had no more pain! Laughter was the cure thanks to this sissy boy!



Girl expelled for drawing pictures of boys in dresses

Queens, NY: A fourth grade girl was expelled from her school for drawing pictures of boys in dresses and other girls' clothes.

The school, located in one of the most conservative areas of the city took action after the girl refused to draw pictures of boys in regular boys' clothes. The girl simply said she thought boys' clothes were dumb and she thought all boys should wear pretty clothes just like girls wear.

The girl's parents are filing a law suit, saying expelling their daughter over what she created in art class violated her Constitutional right of free speech.

Boy thinks panties grow on trees since his mom washes her lingerie every night and hangs them on a tree to dry overnight

