

Princess Online

November 2003
Featured Stories
and Pictures from the
Princess Productions
Website

No.
57



*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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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 newest book, "Norm - Schooled to Be Girls!" In this scene, Norm is a cheerleader about to be exposed to his old schoolmates, and the old hag in charge of the cheerleader boys is going around lifting their skirts. She'd inspecting their panties and at the same time letting everyone in the stands know the boys are wearing pretty pink lace panties instead of the standard spandex tights most cheerleaders wear.

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

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

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

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

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Watchdoggie!

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

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

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns and the girls in his fifth grade Catholic school during the 1950s. He still vividly recalls every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet that experience also taught him that our society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys. Radical groups bent upon destroying the male world circulate propaganda to their followers. Watchdoggie! monitors these groups, who are working to destroy present-day society! After almost 50 years, Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the pain and anguish he suffered undergoing petticoat punishment. As therapy, he creates petticoat punishment pictures that he can identify with, images that illustrate what happened to him, and one of his pictures we present above, showing a petticoat punished boy suffering the humiliation of being forced into a schoolgirl uniform, complete with lacy slips and panties. 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.

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Masquerade

For Halloween, four-year-old Ricky wanted to be a princess, so his mom and dad got him the prettiest little princess dress, lingerie and accessories they could find.

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Sissy of the Month

Only a sissy boy could be talked into playing the part of a fairy in the church play and allow himself to be dressed in such a femmy costume.

Greg's sheepish expression says it all: He knows he looks like a ridiculously feminine little sissy!

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Another Sissy of the Month: Marty

We reached back into our old, old files to bring you this picture of Marty, a young transvestite, modeling his newest lingerie. The year was 1967, a magical time when mini skirts first came into vogue, but still popular were many of the traditional fashions like excessively frilly lingerie and full petticoats that went back to the 1950s. During that change over time, fashion designers were going in every which direction, and fads in fashions seemed to be changing almost weekly. Here, sixteen-year-old Marty is modeling something he just had to have: a rainbow-colored, cancan bouffant petticoat to be worn under the new mini skirts, many of which were full skirted, even though they were short. This is a priceless photo of a sissy at the peak of his prettiness, caught at a time of exciting, changing fashion trends. Of course, you also notice his pale yellow strapless bra, but on Marty (who doesn't have any titties to put in the bra), it's slipping down a little too far!

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Mike

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

Ma Kelly was crazy. Nobody disputes that. Still everyone loved her and didn't question her ways. She was a heavyset woman who had owned the local dry goods store for over thirty years. When she retired from the store, she hired a string of others to run the store for her, but one-by-one she fired them all. Some she caught stealing, some didn't treat customers with proper respect, and the others just didn't do things the way she wanted them done.

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

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

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

Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics, and they didn't quiet down until Ma Kelly gave them her famous evil look and severely bawled them out. Donald was

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

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

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

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

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

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Sissyboy Coloring Book

A new feature!

Now, each month, thanks to legendary sissyboy writer and illustrator Jonathan Bebe, we will be 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, Bobby is in a dress (with his heavily frilled bloomer panties peeking out) and playing house with his friend, David. Here's two boys who know which side of the bread to butter.

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Student News Network



volume 7

March, 2001 issue

NEWS

Slaves at Wade High!

By: Lily S., Wade Central High, Halifax, NS

Dressed in everything from wigs, pajamas and extremely dresses, students and teachers at Wade Central High danced, bounced and crawled through the hallways on Friday March 2001, and bowed to their temporary "masters"! This "slave" was a fund-raiser held by the drama club at Wade, in order to raise money for an exchange trip.

Marcos LaSalle (pictured here) is a good example of the



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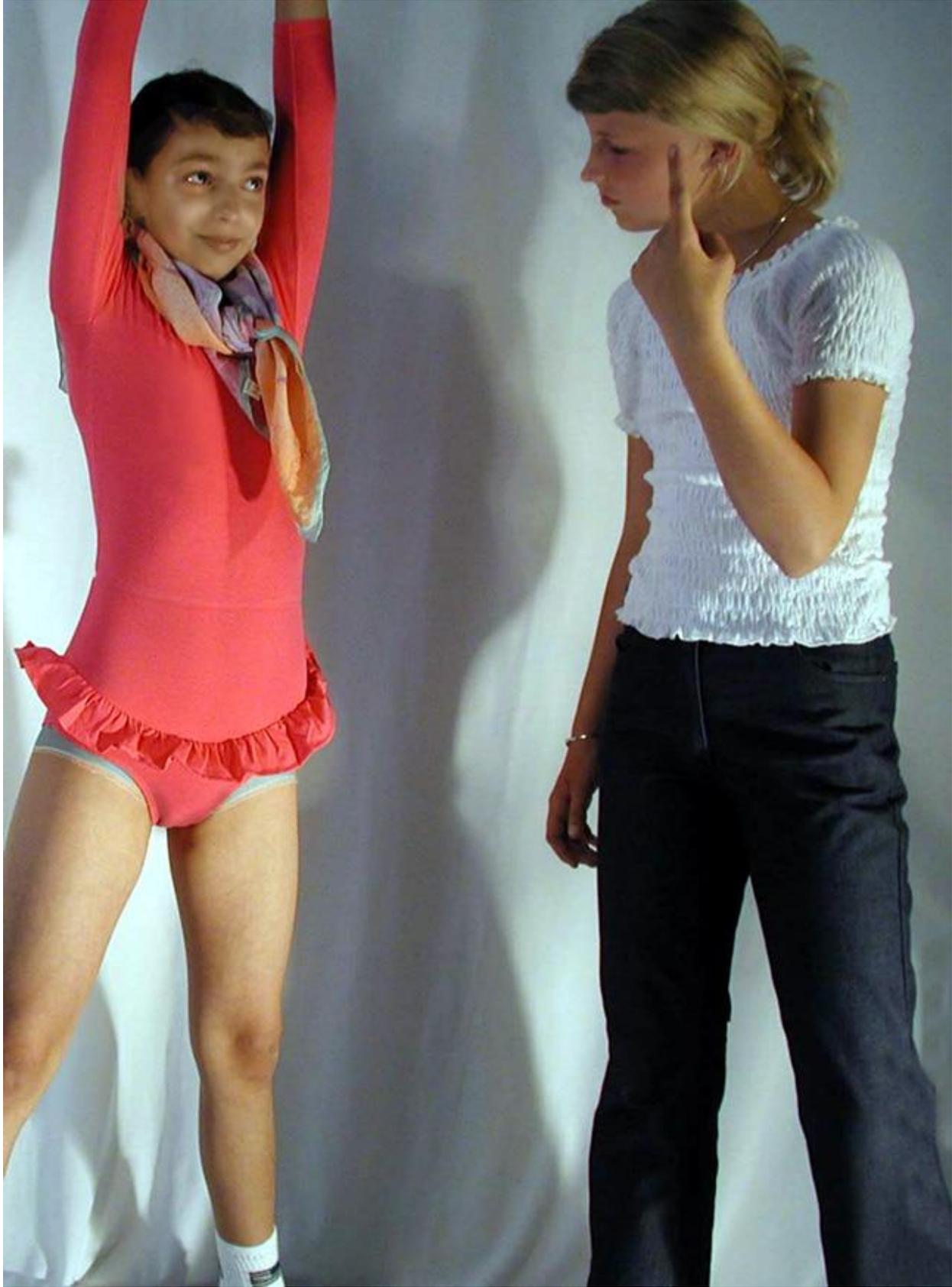
merriment that went on. Linda Dynotte is shown putting Marcos through his paces. she has him dressed in a bright pink ruffled dance leotard. she making him do morning exercises, and as he reaches up, what do we see? His pale blue panties with a nice white lacy trim peeking out from the lower edge of his leotard!

On Thursday, students and teachers gathered in the gymnasium and were auctioned off to the highest bidder as slaves for the following day. All bids started at \$5 and went as high as \$40 for the services of two slaves! Mrs. Ranning, drama director at Wade, commented that, "Slave Day was a wonderful fund-raiser because it was quick, profitable and it really helped to bring out school spirit."

Slave Day was not only enjoyed by the masters of slaves, but also by the slaves themselves. One Level 1 student and slave, John Wool, looking cute in a French maid's outfit with oodles of lacy white petticoats and ruffled panties fully exposed, said he thought Slave Day was "a lot of fun! It was fun being dressed up and wearing makeup. And I enjoyed watching other slaves being dressed up and humiliated as well!"

Slave Day was not only enjoyed by the student and teacher body, but it also proved to be an excellent way to raise money! Due to its success and the high level of enjoyment experienced by all, Wade's drama club is considering holding another Slave Day!

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Stepmommy

From my pictures here, you can see what I am today – a sissy! I'll never forget the day my stepmom did it to me. Just after she married my dad, we moved in with her. I had just graduated from the sixth grade, was anticipating a great summer and looking forward to going to junior high in the fall. My new stepmom was a big strong woman. Frances had a nice house and a good income from her ten acres of farmland with a barn, two horses and some other farm animals. I thought it was going to be a dream living there. I had no idea it was going to turn into a nightmare. My dad never was handy fixing things and doing things around the house, so he wasn't much good at doing work around the farm. He got a job waiting tables at a restaurant in town and put in pretty long hours. Besides, Frances had hired hands that took care of the animals and everything on the farm.

Anyway, the day it happened was a nice sunny day. Dad was at work, and I had been exploring the countryside most of the afternoon. After dinner I was watching TV when my stepmom came in. She set a brown bag down by her chair and told me to get her a beer. I gave her a look and mumbled, "I'm not your slave."

She went and got herself a bottle of beer. When she came back, she told me, "Come here, Bobby."

I went over to her, and she picked up the sack and said, "I got a surprise here for you, Bobby."

I watched her take out a package from the sack. I was anxious to see my surprise and when I saw a colorful, plastic-wrapped package labeled girls' nylon panties, I didn't understand. She tore the package open saying, "Get your pants and underwear off, Bobby."

I realized she intended to put a pair of those girls' panties on me. My face went red, and I said, "No way, you're not putting those on me."

She chuckled and grabbed my arm as I squealed.

"I'm going to teach you whose boss around here, Bobby. You're going to be my little pantywaist. Your days of wearing little boys' underwear are over. From now on, you're going to wear panties like a sissy should."

"N-o-o-o-o!" I screamed as she undid my pants and pulled my pants and underpants down. I

tried to struggle free from being depantsed, but she was too strong for me. She easily pulled off my pants and underwear and my socks and shoes with them, and then she forced my feet through the lacy nylon panty leg holes. I was too weak. I couldn't stop her, and when it was over, I was wearing a pair of very sheer red nylon panties with some lace on the front. She held me on her lap with me wearing just my T-shirt and panties. I squirmed from the strange feeling of wearing girls' panties and screamed, "Take them off! Take them off!" Tears of humiliation rolled down my cheeks.

She flipped me over face down on her lap and started raining her big hand down on my skinny pantied bottom.

I screamed out, "O-o-o-o-w-w-w-w! O-o-o-o-w-w-w-w! O-o-o-o-w-w-w-w!" as she spanked my little pantied bottom over and over until it was on fire. I kicked my feet and screamed as she spanked me and didn't stop.

She paused and was huffing a bit as she said, "I put you in these thin red panties because I'm going to spank your butt until your ass turns red enough to be seen right through the panties."

Then she resumed slapping away at me. My bottom got hotter and hotter as she spanked; it hurt so bad. I stopped kicking and screaming and began to sob so hard I couldn't talk or scream. Finally she stopped and pulled me up and sat me back on her lap. Good thing she stopped then because I was about ready to piss in the panties the pain was so intense.

She smoothed the panties out over my bottom. Her touch sent me into agony. I squirmed and tried to reach back and push her hand away from touching my tingling ass cheeks.

"Want some more?" she asked, as she gave me one more solid swat.

I couldn't speak, only nod "no" as I continued to sob.

She went back to looking at my bottom through the red panties, commenting. "Now, your virgin butt perfectly matches these panties. You better mind me, always, or your ass will be this color all the time!"

She stood me up and had me sit down on her lap again. I jumped from the pain of sitting down. She laughed and just pulled me down onto her lap. I had never gotten a spanking before, just a few swats from dad every now and then. This was bad; my bottom was throbbing, and I never thought it could hurt so much just to sit down. I tried to wiggle around a bit and hand my ass cheeks over the edge of her lap, but she knew what I was trying to do and made me sit right where she knew it would be the most painful for me in my spanked, red-pantied bottom.

"Are you going to be a good little pantywaist for me and your father?" she asked.



I sobbed and nodded “yes.”

She laughed in my face as she pulled my T-shirt up and off, now leaving me with nothing on but the frilly nylon panties, and she said, “The sooner you learn to behave like a good little sissy, the sooner I’ll stop turning your little pantied bottom red.” She grabbed my hair and yanked my head up so I looked her in the eyes. “Understand me, sissy?”

I nodded “yes.”

She yanked my head back again head and said. “Tell be what you are, Bobby.”

I sobbed.

She said, “Tell me or you get some more, Bobby.”

I was bawling hard, but managed to squeal, “I’m a pantywaist.”

She laughed hard at that and then asked, “And what else? Tell me Bobby.”

“I’m a sissy.”

She howled with laughter, stood me on the floor, and said, “All right, now, get me another beer, pantywaist.”

I coughed and moaned through my crying as I went toward the kitchen, blinking away the tears in my eyes so I could see.

“Hurry, sissy, or you get it again.”

I sobbed and went running. I brought back a beer and held it out to her. I felt ridiculous.

She grinned at me like a mad man, took the beer and said, “Tell me what you are, Bobby.”

I hung my head, and in a whimper said, “I’m a pantywaist.”

“Louder, sissy! Louder!”

I began to cry hard again and shouted out each word,” I-AM-A-PAN-TY-WAIST!”

That made her laugh louder than ever. Then she told me to go stand in the corner, “Get your little pantied butt in the corner, sissy, and I want to hear you repeat what you are over and over again until I tell you to stop.”

I ran crying to the corner and between pants and moans, sobbed out, “I’m a pantywaist. I’m a pantywaist. I’m a pantywaist...”

“Wiggle that little pantied butt of yours, sissy, while you are saying that. Keep telling me that you’re a sissy and a pantywaist and keep wiggling your little sissy ass like a girl,” and she laughed.



Between gasps of breath through my crying, I sobbed, “I’m a sissy,” and shook my little pantied bottom. “I’m a pantywaist,” and shook my ass again. The silky panties slithering across my spanking-hot ass cheeks and sent burning shock waves through me. I went on and on until I broke down completely, sobbing so hard I was unable to talk anymore, or even stand. I fell on my knees in the corner and just cried and cried.

She left me kneeling in the corner and sobbing for a long time. Finally I felt her big hand grab

me by the hair and pull me up to my feet. She dragged me back to my bedroom, stood me before my dresser and opened my underwear drawer.

“Take out your old boy panties and put your new sissy panties in their place.”

And when I moved too slowly for her, she smacked my little pantied bottom hard with three rapid smacks, refreshing the stinging in my butt. I ran in place to displace the pain and wailed, “O-o-o-o-o-w-w-w!” and I yanked the stack of my underwear from the drawer and looked to her, wondering what to do with them.

“Throw them in the wastebasket, pantywaist. Go ahead, and do it, sissy.”

She smacked my little pantied bottom hard again. I dropped them into the wastebasket. She turned me to face the stack of little girls’ nylon panties on my bed and said, “Put your new girlie panties away, right now.”

I sobbed hard as I picked up the colorful stack of nylon, lace-trimmed panties and put them in my drawer.

“From now on you aren’t a boy, you’re a sissy. So make sure you act like one.”

Before she left the room, she pushed me onto my bed facedown and smacked my pantied bottom hard a half dozen more times before looking closely at my pantied ass and assessing the damage she had inflicted on me. Still wearing nothing but the tissue thin, fire engine red panties, she left me alone crying wildly.

After a while I heard her call, “Sissy, get down here, I need another beer.”

Still weeping, just the sound of her voice increased the tears flowing down my cheeks. I jumped

off my bed and hurried to the fridge to get her another beer. She took the beer from my trembling hand, and when I turned to go back to my room, she said, "Don't go, sissy. Come here."

I turned back to her with big tears and an expression pleading for mercy, but she couldn't care less. She pulled me up on her lap and held me there as she took a big drink of her beer with one hand and let her other big hand rub my bare soft leg and the nylon panties on my hip.

"So many of you city boys are soft just like little girls, and that's why you have to wear panties -- because you're soft and feminine like a little girl." She took another swig of her beer, and her hand went to my panty waist elastic. She pulled me close to her, hugging me tightly all the while flicking the elastic with her finger like a guitar string as she said, "Don't be difficult, Bobby. Don't try to act like a boy, understand me?"

She kept playing with the panties, rubbing them over my tummy. She reached up to my chest. With her thumb and forefinger she found one of my little nipples and began to play with it, twisting it and pulling at it. I squirmed my silk pantied butt on her lap. She gripped me tighter around the waist and pulled me back against herself to hold me still. It pained me to press against her with my well-spanked, sissy pantied bottom. She tweaked my nipple and said, "Don't you try to squirm away, Bobby. Sissies like to have their little titties excited like little girls. Hold still! Don't struggle, or I'll whip you good."

Tears ran down my face. I stopped squirming as she pinched my little nipple and rolled it between her thumb and forefinger while her other hand stroked my pantied hip and then moved down between my legs. Moving my cock to point upward in the panties, she manipulated my penis through the panties until it was very hard and I was panting and moaning from more than just the spanking. She slipped her finger inside the elastic of the panty leg and between my skinny spanked buttocks.

I cried out, "N-n-n-o-o-o! PLEASE!" as her thick finger pressed against my asshole and then slipped inside me. It made me dizzy, and I hung my head in shame as she probed my boy pussy (that's what she kept calling it) and pinched my nipple harder and harder. I whimpered as she tortured and probed me. After minutes that seemed like hours, she stopped hurting my nipple and pulled her finger out of my butt.

"Now don't you ever say 'no' to me again, sissy," she said as she shoved me off her lap onto the floor. "Go get dressed, sissy, before I tell your dad that he should fuck you like the little girl you are." She laughed herself silly over that comment. "And leave your panties on. If you take them off, I'll make you start wearing dresses too."

I jumped up and ran sobbing. In my room, I got dressed and laid on my bed and cried.

Not long after, I heard my father come home, and I could hear loud voices. I couldn't make out the conversation, but I felt sure it was about me because I heard the words, boy, Bobby, and sissy. Finally there was silence and I waited and waited. I wanted to run and tell my dad what my stepmother had done to me, but she had told me to stay in my room until I was called or she would whip me with her dress belt, so fearing her, I stayed put.

Finally, my door opened and I saw my father. He had already changed after work and was wearing his slippers and her beige quilted bathrobe, which I would have thought kind of weird if I hadn't been so consumed with my own predicament. My stepmom was standing behind him grinning at me. I wanted to tell my dad what she had done to me, but she was there, so I stayed quiet, except for the sniffing and moaning that I was still doing in the aftermath of my stepmother's punishment.

My father said, "Bobby, your stepmommy told me what went on today. You have to accept that she is in charge now. You have to mind her. Now, she is just trying to teach you a lesson. All along she's been telling me how you have not been showing her proper respect ever since we got married, so she's just trying to humble you a bit to bring you into line. You should do whatever she says. Don't make it worse on yourself by giving her any trouble."



My face went crimson. "But, dad, she..."

He cut me off saying, "Quiet, you must learn to obey your stepmommy. She told me she bought you some girls' panties, and that she is making you wear them. Knowing how you hate anything for girls, it sounds like a good punishment for you. You've been a little snotty lately. That should bring you down a peg or two. I'm sure you aren't the first boy to be put in panties. So just do what you are told if you ever want to wear boys' underwear again."

Frances grinned at me and pulled my dad to her, kissed his neck, squeezed his bottom and said, "Come on, baby, I want to give you some loving." As she started to pull him out of my doorway, she looked at me sitting on my bed with new tears running down my cheeks and said, "Take off your britches,

Bobby. Show your daddy your new panties."

They stopped their retreat as I took down my trousers, chocking on my tears. At the sight of me in red panties, my father gagged on a burst of giggles but didn't say anything. He didn't have to. His squeals and bulging eyes humiliated me to the core.

As they walked away, Frances said, "Bobby, from now on, no pants in the house ever unless I tell you."

As she pulled my dad down the hall, I heard him say, "Oh, Frances, you got him silky lace panties! They're so girly-girly! But taking his pants away. Maybe that's too much. That has to be really embarrassing for him!"

He just laughed and said, "Sissies don't need pants."

Later she called me out to the living room. She had ordered a pizza and told me to fix myself a coke and a beer for each of them. I did as she ordered, and felt so stupid and humiliated to be serving my dad and her in just red panties and a T-shirt.

“Sit here and eat on the floor, Bobby,” she ordered.

I looked at them and said softly, “I’m not hungry.”

She chuckled and said, “You eat a piece anyway. Sit your little pantied butt on the floor and eat, or I’ll warm your panties again.”

I sat with my head down and ate while they watched TV and until I had to get up and get them more beer. When I brought it to them, she chuckled as she took it and pulled me up onto my dad’s lap with her sitting beside us.

She slipped her thick finger inside the leg of the frilly nylon panties and snapped the elastic panty leg against my thigh and said, “I think you look pretty in panties, Bobby. You’d like to be a girl, wouldn’t you?”

I trembled, and she snapped the panty leg again.

My dad was looking at me like I was the one who was weird, but I felt a hardness pressing against my panties from behind. I glanced back and saw that his (her) bathrobe was open and he didn’t have any clothes on underneath. I knew the hardness pushing against the back of my panties was his cock.

“Tell your daddy you like wearing pretty panties, and then you can get in bed. Tell him, Bobby.”

I was helpless. I began to cry.

My father said, “Don’t, Frances, please. Maybe we’ve punished him enough for today.”

But she reached under my butt and felt his hard cock. That made her laugh. “Getting off on having a pantied boy for a son, huh?”

She snapped my panty leg again and said, “Tell your daddy what you told me, today. Tell him what you are, sugar.”

I felt her other hand slip up from my stomach and find my sore little nipple under my shirt, and remembering how she had so savagely pinched me before, I whimpered, “I’m a sissy and a pantywaist, and I want to wear pretty panties like a little girl.”

I felt her hand inside the opening of the bathrobe massaging his cock. My dad was blushing and squirming and began jumping around. I looked at her. Without skipping a beat on his cock, she looked at me with pure evil in her eyes. Then I felt something warm and wet erupt on the back of my panties. My dad had shot his cream on me! I was devastated!

She chuckled and pulled me up off his lap. As I ran to my room in tears, she called after me, “Bobby, go wash your butt off and put on a fresh pair of panties. A pair of the pink ones would be nice. I’ll be up in a few minutes to tuck you in for the night.

I washed up and then tearfully went to my dresser drawer and took out a pair of the pink panties. As I drew them up my legs, I couldn’t take my eyes off my old Jockey shorts piled up in my wastebasket. I felt like I’d never be able to wear them again. And after wearing girls’ panties, I thought I’d never be boy enough to deserve to wear boys’ underwear again. I pulled on the oversized, long-sleeved T-shirt that I wore to bed every night. It felt strange to be wearing girls’ panties under it instead of my regular underwear. I crawled into bed, and now alone in the darkness, the physical pain had waned but the mental anguish was taking its full turn. The sensation of wearing girlishly frilly, silky panties couldn’t be ignored. Just thinking about wearing panties was humiliating. Actually wearing panties is something I had never even thought of doing. And now actually wearing panties was supremely upsetting. Then my bedroom door opened. My stepmother made me stand up. She sat on the edge of the bed and masturbated me to a powerful orgasm as she jacked me off through the panties. I squealed in shock as she started probing my asshole through the panties. She never said anything directly to me. Wanking me in front, fingerfucking me in back, both through the maddening silkiness of nylon panties – throughout it all she kept saying humiliating things like a hypnotist luring me into a trance. “You are a sissy ... you are my pantywaist...you’re the world’s biggest sissy...you have a cock but it’s a sissy cock ... cum for me sissy ... show me what a grateful sissy you are....” And she didn’t stop until I exploded my jism into my panties. She laughed, turned me around and tucked me into bed without changing me out of my wet panties. I looked over her shoulder. More tears came to my eyes as I saw my father standing in the doorway. He had seen the whole thing.

The end of Stepmommy.

Based upon "Stepdad" by Bobbie, 2003.

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An original 1958 photo of my stepmom inspecting my freshly spanked, red-hot pantied bottom.



The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 1 No 5
November 2003

Published weakly, never
Published only when we find
time after raiding clothes
dressing up and jerkin

LIFESTYLE



Chicago's most ev

CHICAGO, IL: A local newspaper recently ran a feature on the city's most evil and depraved criminals. Topping their list was Crazy Sam DeStafano, a mob enforcer whose preferred weapon was an ice pick. But accounts of the torture and humiliation he handed out are what brought him to the top of the list.

Perhaps the most memorable tale involves a deadbeat juice collector, who had gone missing.

Sam invited the man's family to a Cicero restaurant, and while they were eating a fabulous meal, Sam hauled out the deadbeat man, who was dazed, covered with scars and burns and dressed in gaudy lingerie: a slip, panties, garter belt and silk stockings. Sam forced the man's wife, mother and preteen daughter and son to strip naked and urinate on him, making the man suck the urine out of his young son's penis.

SPORTS

Cheerleading nun stirs boys to action

NORMAL, IL: Sister Mary Ann teaches cheerleading at St. Rita's and she filled in when one of her cheerleaders was unable to be at Friday's game against Marblehead High. The good Sister stunned the crowd with her high kicks that exposed some very un-nun-like lingerie. Afterwards, she said she got the frillies for the occasion. "I just wanted to spur the boys on," she said. She certainly did that!



HEADLINES

New Hope Summer Camp boys caught in panty raid put on display



BIG GAP, CA: When two eleven-year-old boys from New Hope Summer Camp went on a panty raid at the neighboring Hidden Valley Girls' Camp, the girls had been tipped off and were waiting for them. After the boys grabbed handfuls of panties of every type, style, and color, they were captured and had to put on T-shirts, one read "Panty Boy" and the other said "Panty Raider."

The two boys were bound to trees along with their loot – the five stolen panties firmly tied in their hands. The trees were located off the main road at the combined entrance of the two camps, and a bit of luck would have it, this happened on parents' visiting day!

Latest diet craze:

No-carb edible panties

made of chicken fat and high protein bull sperm

HEALTH

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

New breakthrough for panty masturbators
Instantly evaporating spray-on cum removal

Dupont announces their new stretchier
nylon panties allow for plenty of expansion

Victoria's Secret offers red polka dot panties aimed
at women during those spotty days of the month

Dickhead wonders why he gets headaches
sleeping with cum-filled panties on his head

Sears says it now prints the lingerie section
of their mail-order catalog on absorbent paper

Worthless facts you already knew:

The average female has 16 pairs of panties;
the average panty fetishist has over 300 pairs

She's happy now!

Woman tired of losing her panties to a clothesline thief bates a pair of her best panties with ground fiberglass itching powder; Two days later, neighbor boy has a severe rash on his penis that requires medical attention, and she has all her panties back!



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