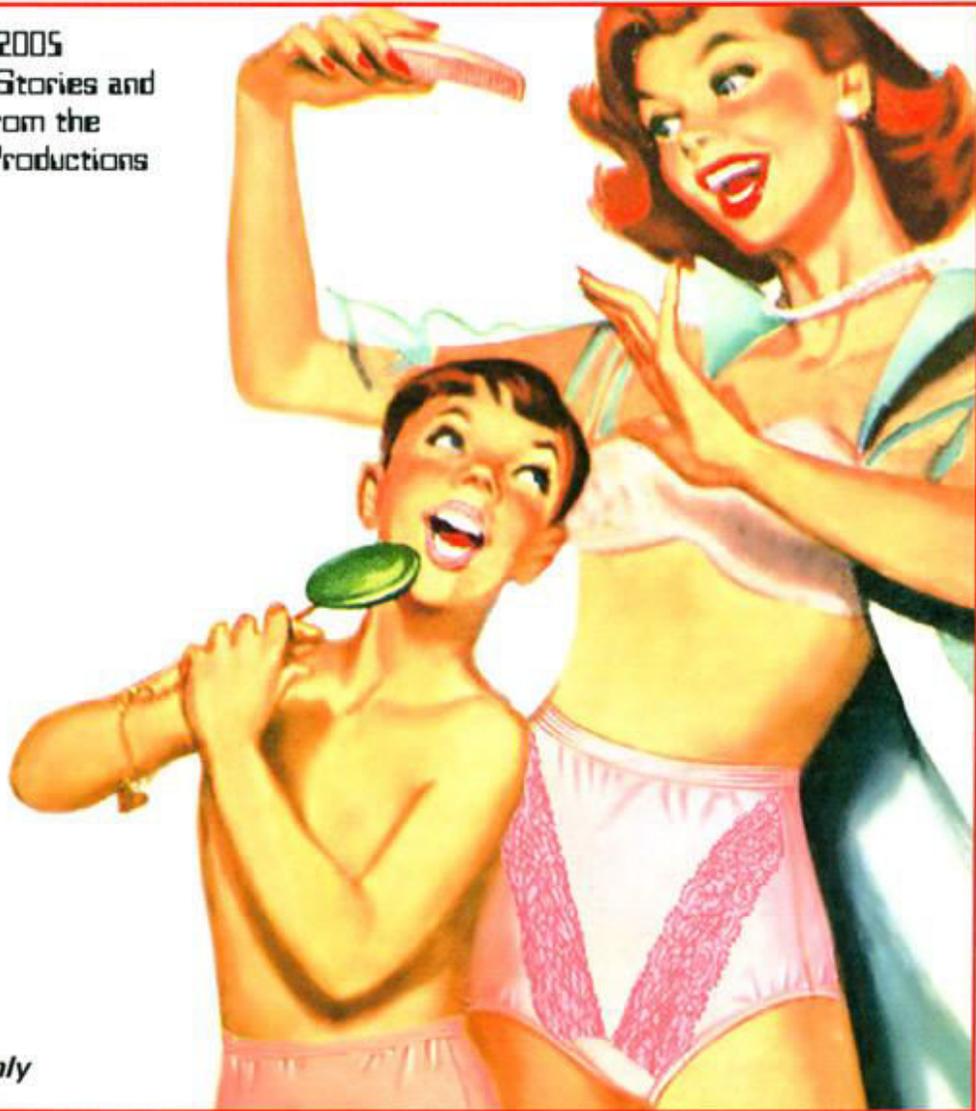


Princess Online

February 2005
Featured Stories and
Letters from the
Princess Productions
Website

No.
72



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 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 escaped from the school and takes up with a streetwise girl, and when he falls asleep, she tries to have lesbian sex with him, and he wakes up fearing she will discover that he's a boy!

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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A 1950's Catholic Grade School NUNS satirical poster illustrated by -W@tchdoggie! '01

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 pictures like the above poster, pictures that illustrate what happened to him. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while 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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Classic Drawing

We Princessized this classic drawing created by the great Bill Ward for the 1976 book "She-Man Slave" by Clive Bedford. The story is about Lord John, a boy of noble birth, brought up as Lady Joanna by a demented aunt who forcibly crossdressed him and taught him about pain and pleasure. Even as a teenager, he was unaware that he was a boy, and that is when he discovered the pleasure of rubbing his stiff little girlie stick within his silken bloomer panties, and in the drawing it shows him completely consumed in a bout of sissy masturbation!

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Masquerade

Boys at the Raymond Eddelson Junior High School come dressed as girls on the school's annual gender-swap day.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Rodney

This month, we present the picture of eleven-year-old Rodney, 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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Sissy of the Month

Forced To Service My Brother-in-Law

**An addendum to a story
published in Princess Online #52**

When I wrote to you before, my letter was getting quite long, so I had to stop short of telling you a lot more about how things evolved with my sister's family and me.

Just to recap: I started baby-sitting my nephew, Charlie, for short periods of time dating back to his toddler days, and when he was seven, my big sister and her husband left me to care of him while they took a three-day trip. Joan, my sister, is a costume designer and she had to go to Chicago to oversee the making of costumes she had created for a show opening there.

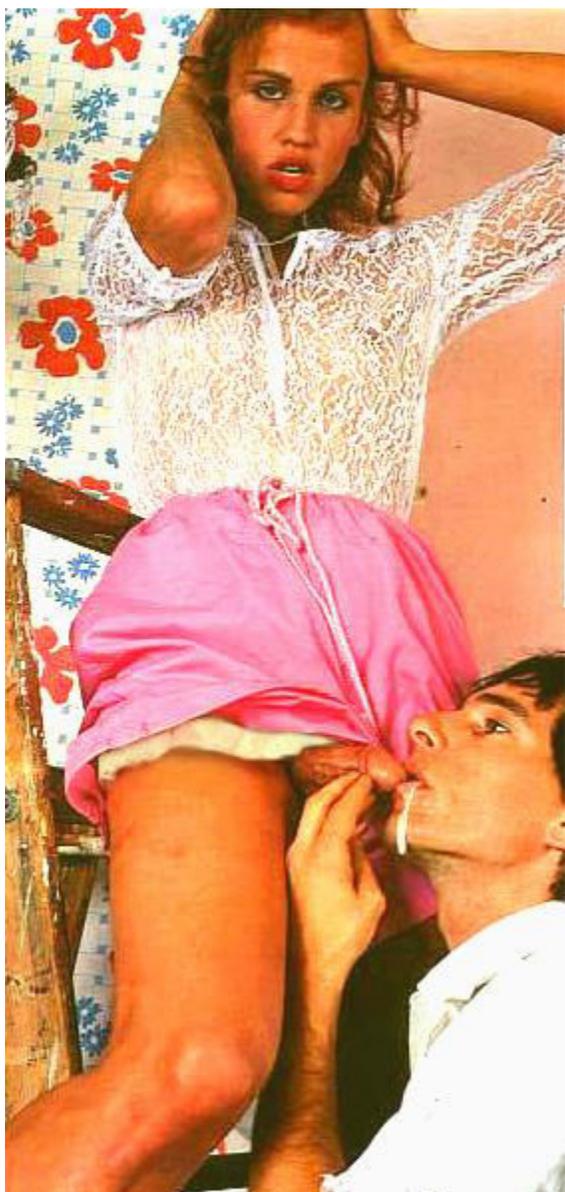
While they were gone, my nephew walked in on me that first morning sleeping and dressed in one of my sister's nightgowns. I was totally embarrassed and afraid he'd tell on me, but we got to talking and he admitted that, for fun, sometimes his mother dressed him up in girls' clothes she had made. That brought back memories: She had done the same thing to me when I was a kid, and it started me on the road to a life of crossdressing. So, the rest of the time while they were gone, Charlie and I played dress-up, and I had to take frequent bathroom breaks to relieve my tension!

When little Charlie noticed my hard-on in my panties, he became curious. We ended up talking all about sex and doing a lot of experimenting. I got him to promise not to tell his mommy or daddy about the things we had done.

Then a week later, my brother-in-law had me come over to baby-sit again, and that's when he told me he knew everything that had gone on between Charlie and me because he had caught me on videotape with his videocam showing us dressing up and playing sex games. He didn't tell my sister. Instead he told her he had watched the babycam tape and nothing bad had happened while they were gone. Then he used that tape to blackmail me into giving him a blowjob whenever he wanted it!

In fact, I still do him at least twice a week, but I no longer do it because I'm being blackmailed, and I don't have to hide away from my sister now because she found out about everything! It was almost a year later, while I was doing one of my regular baby-sitting gigs for them when they came home early and found little Charlie and me with our dresses up and jacking-off each other through our panties.

My brother-in-law pretended to be in shock like he knew nothing of what we were doing. My sister was momentarily surprised but wasn't angry. I was amazed at how well she took it. She saw how nervous I was and put me at ease by making a few little joking comments about her "sissy little boys" (her son and me). I guess that was because she always knew I would sneak around and get into her stuff ever since she dressed me up when I was her son's age. Charlie didn't mind being seen by them in his dress and even danced around like a flitty little girl showing off. Sis knew full well he was hooked on pretty clothes. She didn't let me change right away; instead she proceeded to take pictures of little Charlie and me just as they had found us. Sis said she'd use them against me if they had to, but they wanted to think about what would be an appropriate punishment and told me to show up the following evening at 7:30 sharp.



Upon arriving, they had me to go up to the spare bedroom and dress myself in the clothes laid out for me. I had no choice but to comply, so I changed into the lacy lemon yellow panties and lightly padded bra, lacy white blouse and short pink miniskirt. I keep my long hair in a ponytail, and my sister had told me to take the band off, comb it out over my shoulders and fluff it up real girlie.

When I came downstairs, I was surprised to see little Charlie dressed in a fussy party dress and swishing around like he was born to be a girl! He ran to me and hugged me, obviously happy to see me as a girl again.

Sis and her husband treated both Charlie and me like girls, even calling me "Roberta" instead of my real name, Robert, but they still called Charlie by his own name. The conversation quickly got around to sex, and my brother-in-law asked me if I had ever sucked a guy's cock.

Taken aback in front of my sister, I quickly answered "no" even though he had been blackmailing me into giving him blowjobs for almost a year at that point. Then he asked his wife if she would let me suck him off as punishment for being a sissy and turning their son into a crossdressing sissy too. (It was she who had started him crossdressing, but I was in no position to argue.)

She laughed and said I should suck off John. I don't think this was as extemporaneous of a decision as

they were pretending it was. I think they had decided ahead of time to make me do it. I knew I wouldn't be able to say no since they had those photos. Sis took me aside and gave me some quick tips on the subject, like don't bite, use my tongue and swallow as much as possible. I pretended to her like I was afraid and had never done anything like that before.

She then had me kneel on a cushion and had my brother-in-law walk up to me. They made me unbuckle his pants and pull out his cock. All the while, little Charlie looked on intently. I didn't know if I could go through with it in front of my sister, but she forced my head down on his shaft, and I did it. I stopped to complain when sis started taking pictures of me. I was in tears now knowing there were photos of me sucking cock, but dutifully, I went back to my task. It seemed like I had sucked on his big cock for an hour before he shot his load. Then after a rest, they made me suck him off again. He shot his second slimy load, but this time he backed off and slimed me all over my face. My sister caught it all on their babycam! Little Charlie laughed really loud when that happened.

I was so upset that my brother-in-law was playing innocent that I told my sister everything, how he had caught me dressing up Charlie, how he had been blackmailing me into blowjobs, etc. My sister said she had known all about it almost since the beginning! I was so upset for being taken for a patsy. I wanted some revenge, so I told my sister that I knew for a fact (I was only guessing but I was pretty sure it was true) that her husband was making little Charlie give him blowjobs too!

My sister didn't know that but she said she had suspicions that something sexual might have been going on between her husband and their son, but both of them were keeping it a secret. Then little Charlie blurted out that it was true, and my brother-in-law John finally owned up to it. He was having Charlie dress-up as a little girl to give him blowjobs and had threatened him with harm if he ever told.

Even with this news, my sister was not as shocked as I thought she would be, but she was angry at her husband. She decided to punish him then and there. She made him get down in front of me and give me a blowjob! And while he was sucking on me, she watched with little Charlie on her lap and played with his hard little penis in his pink panties. She also shouted out encouragement and instructions on cocksucking to her husband, and afterwards said she had captured it all on their babycam!

R.B. Wyoming

Adapted from 03982.

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Spanking Led to His Love of Panties & Dresses

Harold was raised by foster parents along with the couple's two daughters. He was directed to refer to his foster parents as "mother" and "father" and call the girls "sisters."

He and the girls were taught to be strop-fearing children. Frequent chastisements were meted out to him by his foster father in front of the whole family, while the girls, Debbie and Gloria, received their punishments from their mother in the privacy of their shared bedroom.

Harold was in the attic one day and got to see and hear his mother preparing his sisters for a punishment session with the dreaded strop. An overpowering curiosity had caused Harold to stealthily position himself in the attic when he knew the girls were about to be punished. A few days before, he had discovered that on the floor of the attic there was a heating grate that could be opened and let him see below into the girls' bedroom.

The first thing to come into his range of vision that day was the sight of fifteen-year-old Gloria stripped down to her pink bra and panties fretfully anticipating her punishment as her younger sister, Debbie, was draped across her mother's knees, also attired in just a bra and panties – hers were white with little pink flowers on them – and pleading for mercy from the strap raining down upon her panty-covered bottom.

The entrancing scene so excited Harold that he made a noise and betrayed his presence. In an instant, his mother rushed up to the attic and ordered him to come down to the bedroom at once. She informed him that insofar as he found the girls' punishment worthwhile viewing, he would now get a firsthand taste of it. When she commanded him to take off his Levis, he refused saying he didn't have any underwear on that day.

Not one to be stumped by such a matter, his mother instructed Debbie to furnish Harold with a pair of her panties from the dresser drawer behind them so he could modestly cover himself. He was then made to retire to one corner of the room to remove all his clothes, don the delicate pink panties he had been handed and await his punishment.



The girls were ordered not to look at Harold as he stripped naked and prepared himself by pulling on the strange-feeling sissy soft panties.

Debbie was made to resume her position over her mother's lap. She received the last three strokes from the old razor strop and then was denied the privilege of rubbing her scorched bottom as she was sent to stand in the corner to dwell upon her correction.

Dressed in his twelve-year-old sister's tight-fitting pink panties and left to stand and stare at Debbie's blistering red and perfectly formed butt cheeks amply visible through her sheer nylon panties, ten-year-old Harold was embarrassed by the erection that sprouted up in the panties he was wearing. The panties were large on him and he hoped they disguised his hard-on. His crisis went unnoticed by the two

girls because they were fully involved in their own shame and punishment as Gloria was now set over her mother's lap and receiving a thorough stropping.



Once the punishment of both girls was over, and they were crying huddled together in the corner, their mother turned her attention to Harold. Immediately she did notice the stiffie in the kid's panties, and she startled him when she grabbed it. As she held it tightly though the sissy pink panties, she pulled him across her lap for his punishment – fifteen strokes with the strop. To the astonishment of all, including Harold, the biting blows of the strop across his nylon-covered ass barely made him whimper, so the woman put the boy into one of the girls' outgrown dresses.

She added a couple of bows to his hair and made him stand in the corner with the dress up and the panties pulled down to show off his reddened bottom.

After thirty minutes in the corner, the children were released. Harold was ordered to pick up his clothing and return to his own bedroom. In an oversight, he was not told to return his sister's dress and panties.

A week later, Harold was discovered hiding in his closet dressed in that same dress and panties, and from that time on he was made to suffer the additional humiliation of being made to wear dresses and panties every time he was subject to a whipping, and Gloria and Debbie were always allowed to witness his punishment and encouraged to laugh at him and call him a bad sissy little girl.

The woman had hoped the sissy clothes would heighten his punishment but was upset to see he maintained a hard-on every time he was made to dress up. It was obvious he liked wearing the sissy, silky clothes. She tried to embarrass him out of it by keeping him in them for three days after his stropping, but much to her consternation, during most of that time he had a boner pushing out the front of his panties and dresses.

Then she decided to put him in girls' shorts and force him to go outside and play where other kids would see him, hoping their teasing would stifle his love of dressing in girls' things. He did get teased by the neighborhood kids, but it did not deter him from liking the clothes, which the woman fully realized two days later when she caught him with his hands under his dress masturbating himself wildly through the silky panties.

She took away all his punishment clothes and forbade him from ever wearing them again, but the damage had been done, by then he was addicted to silky panties and dresses, and at every opportunity forever after he secretly dressed himself in items he stole from his sisters and played with his pantied penis.

O. G.
Michigan

From #01717 and revised by Princess Lacey.

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Screwed Out of Being a Boy

“Mother, I don't want to wear a dress. I won't do it.”

“Now, now dear, you're such a pretty little girl, and you'll look just lovely in it.”

Mother had always wanted a girl, and when I came along she just couldn't bear it, so from the time I was born she dressed me in pink baby clothes, and later in girls' dresses until Father finally put a stop to it.

But even his prohibition didn't deter her from making me into her feminine doll. So whenever Father was at work or on one of his many long business trips, she made me wear panties, petticoats and frilly dresses and pretend to be her little girl. This went on at least once a week all the years I was growing up. I liked being a boy and didn't want to be a girl, but I so thoroughly loved my mother that I didn't want to go against her in any way. I always did what she wanted even though I didn't like dressing up.

Mother made me promise never to tell Father, so I didn't. I wasn't very close to him, anyway, because he didn't spend much time with me. He never did find out about Mother dressing me up even though there were many close calls over the years, like times when I missed smudges of makeup on my face or when he came home early and I was barely able to run to my room before he saw me.

One time, Mother left a yellow bow in my hair. Father saw it and wondered what was going on. Mother came to my rescue by saying she was punishing me for being a bully to one of the neighborhood girls! Sissy little me a bully! But Father bought it. Then he reprimanded Mother and said she should punish me in some other way.

When I was twelve, it was popular in our area for boys to wear their hair long. So of course, Mother kept mine long, and she styled it into fancy hairdos whenever I was dressed in my special girls' clothes. But I was now beginning to notice girls, and I wanted to be friends with them, not be one. They were noticing me too, and with my feminine looks and mannerisms as a result of my Mother's influence, most of them thought I was cute. The boys noticed that about me too because they avoided me, and I was always the last one they chose to be on their team.

From all those years of pretending to be a daughter, I was quite effeminate, but now I desperately wanted to change and become a regular guy. But how could I with Mother insisting I keep my hair long and dress as a girl whenever Father wasn't around?

One day I confronted her.

“Mother, please don't make me wear girls' clothes anymore. I'm a boy and I don't want to be a girl.”

“Now, dear, look at you. You're not very big for your age and you're not strong enough to be a boy; besides, you're so pretty. You're really a girl inside or should have been, and one day we will get that corrected too. So for now, let's get you dressed in the pretty things I've laid out on the bed because I have a beautiful new dress for you to try on.”

What was I to do but start dressing in the pretty pink panties, white satin training bra, garter belt and dark nylons she had ready for me. She helped me put on the new mauve silk dress that fit me like a glove. Makeup, high heels, and jewelry followed. She lovingly combed my hair into a cute pageboy style.

“There, honey, you look lovely. Your father would be so proud if only he could accept you as a girl. One day we'll surprise him and show him you as his beautiful daughter.”

“Oh, Mother, you wouldn't. I mean I just couldn't face Daddy looking like this. I'd just die.”

“Well, I think we should do it soon. After all, your father did see you dressed every day before you started in school. I think he really enjoyed seeing you like that, but then he got so concerned that other people would find out and wanted you to stop playing in girls' clothes. But that's all in the past. For now, let's go out shopping.”

“Mother, you want me to go out dressed like this?”

“Of course, dear, it's time we showed you off.”

“But what if people who know us see me? They'll know it's me. Oh, I just can't do it, Mother.”

“Nonsense! Nobody who knows you will see you, and even if they do, it's time they saw you as you really are.”

“Mother, please!” I protested, but it was no use. Her mind was made up, and after helping me on with a new lavender cashmere coat with a faux fur collar, she handed me gloves and a purse, and out the door we went.

We'd barely taken five steps out the door when our neighbor, Mrs. Thompson came out of her door. She said hello and then asked Mother, “Who is this cute little thing?”

I almost passed out, but before Mother could answer I squeaked out, “I'm her niece, Nancy, from, ah...Chicago. I'm here for a short visit.”

“How nice, but it's just amazing how much you look like your cousin Phillip. Why, you could easily pass for his twin sister. Don't you think so, Mrs. Brown?”

Not knowing what Mother was going to say, my heart stopped pounding until she agreed I did resemble her son. We said our good-byes to Mrs.

Thompson, who had a strange look on her face.

“Mother, she knew who I was. Did you see how she was looking at me? Oh, please, can we go back inside?”

“Now, dear, you're just imagining things. Come now, let's get our shopping in before your father gets home.”

I shuddered. My nervousness made me feel like I couldn't breathe all the while she drove us to a department store where she insisted I go into the lingerie department alone and pick out a new selection of panties.

I was shaking as the salesgirl held one pair after another up to me as I stood in front of a mirror to see how they would look. Then we went to the young teens' department where Mother made me try on several dresses. I thought surely the saleslady helping us discovered I was a boy as she saw me in my slip while fitting dresses on me. She gave me some strange looks but didn't say anything that let me know she had any suspicions. Then Mother wanted to go to the shoe department, but I reminded her that Daddy would beat us home if we didn't leave right away. She relented and we headed back for the car.

Then my world collapsed. The car wouldn't start! I panicked, and I think Mother did too. She wasn't quite ready to face Daddy with me in tow wearing a dress.

“Mother, what can we do? Daddy will just kill me!” I started to cry.

It was all Mother could do to console me.

“Well, honey, we have no choice now. I'll call a garage and get the car fixed, and then we'll just have to go home and face your father. It's time it happened anyway. And I guess it was meant to be.”

When the car was finally running again, I wanted to run somewhere, anywhere, but I was petrified and didn't know what to do. Mother repaired my makeup so I was presentable again, but I didn't feel very presentable in my frilly dress, heels, nylons, slip, panties and bra. What would father think? The closer we got to home, the weaker and more frightened I became. When we pulled into the garage, I fainted.

When I awakened, I was lying on my bed fully clothed except for my heels, and I was sure Daddy had seen me. It was all over. He had to be the one who had carried me up to my bed. I couldn't bear the suspense, so I crept to the door and opened it a little.

I heard Mother saying, “John, our little Phillip is really more a girl than a boy. I've been putting female

hormones in her food for more than two years, and that's why she's not developing like a boy. Her breasts are starting to swell and her skin and hair are very soft and girlish.

I had no idea what female hormones were, but I got the idea that Mother had been giving me something that was making me into a girl. No wonder I wasn't growing very much in height. I thought I was putting on weight and that was why my chest, hips and bottom were getting bigger. I tried not to eat too many sweets and bad foods, but I continued to grow out in places like a girl. I couldn't resist continuing to eavesdrop.

"You know I've always wanted a girl," Mother continued in her conversation with Daddy, "and, well, I just couldn't help myself. Surely, you understand, and she can have an operation to completely change her sex when she's eighteen. It's too late now to change her back into a boy. I hope you don't hate me and won't despise him."

"All right," he said, "if that's how it is, bring him in."

"Now, please, John, don't be hard on the boy."

"Bring him in!" He demanded.

Scared to death, I hurried back into bed and pretended to be still out of it.

Mother gently shook me awake and said, "Everything is all right, honey. Your father wants to see you now."

"Mother, do I have to?"

"Yes, dear."

I put on my heels and straightened my skirt. She again fixed my makeup and hair before I followed her into what I felt was certain doom.

Then I stood before him. My legs were shaking so much my silky dress rustled against my satin slip underneath.

"So, Phillip, my boy, you want to wear skirts, and ladies' stockings and bows in your hair? Huh, boy?"

"No sir, I don't. I want to be a boy."

"Well, that's not what your mother says. Just look at you, lipstick and the black makeup around your eyes. You certainly don't look like you want to be a boy."

"Well, you see. I mean, Mother, well, I can't help it."

"If you were a real boy, you wouldn't do it..."

"Now, John," Mother cut in, but he hushed her.

"OK, OK! I guess it is too late to do much about this. For god's sake, you do look like a girl! Well, Phillip, it looks like you're Phyllis, now. So be it!"

"But, Daddy, it's, uh, it's Nancy."

"Nancy?"

"My name ... my name isn't Phyllis. When Mother dresses me up my name is Nancy."

"It's Nancy is it? So, you say you want to be a boy, but your name is Nancy?"

The anger in his voice and the threatening look he was giving me was scary. I was confused and thoroughly distressed. I broke down in tears and crumbled into a heap as I fell back onto the couch. I wanted to die. Mother got mad at him, threatened to get a divorce, and then take me and leave him permanently if he didn't stop his attack.

It seems he was thinking that over, but he relented and said her, "So, you want him to be a girl; we'll go ahead and make him a girl, but I don't want to be embarrassed by him, and I don't want him bringing home boys and have the whole neighborhood knowing we have a fag for a son."

I turned crimson.

"It would probably be best if you put him in a girls' school. Let the neighbors forget that we ever had a son."

I felt like everyone I loved had turned against me, and I was to become a girl whether I wanted to or not. Mother was delighted, and moments after Father walked out of the room, she was looking up girls' schools in the phone book.

I told her I wouldn't go, but she paid no attention and went about making calls and getting information. I went back to my room, fell across my bed still fully dressed and cried. Nothing had gone in my favor. I wondered what would happen next. I didn't go down to dinner, and Mother brought a plate of food up to me.

I wasn't hungry, so I didn't eat. Also her comment about having added stuff to my food to make me into a girl made me suspicious, and I probably wouldn't have eaten the food even if I had been hungry. In the morning, I stayed home from school. Mother let me sleep in, and when she finally did come into

my room. I was awake. She brought me a breakfast tray. I was starving hungry, so I ate the food without much thought about whatever she might have added to it.

Then, she happily announced that she had been on the phone all morning checking into schools that I might attend and finally had settled on one and arranged for us to visit to see the school and to talk with the headmistress. But first, she made an appointment for me to see our family doctor the next day, and now that my life as a girl was out in the open, I was now to wear only girls' clothes all the time, and that included whenever Father was home and when we went outside. The only exception was when I attended my regular school until I transferred schools.

That next day, when I got up to get dressed, I was surprised that Mother already had all my boys' clothes boxed up for charity with the exception of one shirt, one pair of trousers, my blazer and oxfords that I needed for school. But I knew those would disappear once I transferred. Mother dressed me in a conservative white blouse and black skirt and we left for the doctor's office.

“Well, well, so this is our little Nancy. My, my, you have turned into a lovely little girl. The hormones your mother has been getting from me are working very well. I'm glad to see you're finally dressing like the little lady you are!

“Phillip...oops! Sorry, I mean, Nancy, for years, your mother has told me of your desire to be a girl, so I have been giving her the medications necessary to help you become one.”

“Oh, but doctor, I don't want to be a girl. I want to be a boy! It's my mother who wants me to be a girl!”

“Really, now! So when did you change your mind? I mean your mother has shown me hundreds of photographs of you dressed in your girls' clothes, and she's told me so many stories of how you act and enjoy being a girl.”

“But, I want to go back to being a boy!”

Next, I had to undress and go through an embarrassing examination the results of which confirmed that it was too late to turn back the clock on my feminization.

“You are well on your way to becoming a girl. It's really too late. You never will fully be able to go back to being a boy again.”

As I cried (like a girl), the doctor gave Mother a much stronger hormone prescription, plus a letter to present to the school and to the courts to legally change my name and sex until such time that I would be old enough to have an operation to completely transform me into a girl. At that point I just gave up. I had nowhere else to turn, and it just looked like I would be in skirts forever.

The next day I pleaded with Mother not to send me to a girls' school. I told her I wouldn't be able to fool

people, and I'd get into trouble. Mother told me that no one would know except the headmistress who would receive the doctor's letter. Besides, my father insisted that I attend girls' school to keep me away from boys. I blushed clear to my toes.

So, I didn't have a thing to say about it, and the next week I was dressed in the school uniform of white blouse, blue sweater, and pleated plaid skirt. Mother had dressed me in pretty pink lingerie, and I wore a garter belt (Mother hated pantyhose) and nylons and penny loafers. Daddy had insisted I wear a pink satin bow in my hair. I'm sure just to make fun of me. And off to school I went.

My first day at school, as a girl: I couldn't believe it was happening, and I couldn't believe that no one knew I was really a boy. Everyone accepted me as Nancy and was very nice to me, the new girl at school. All the girls wanted to know where I was from, did I have a boyfriend and hundreds of other questions that I made up answers to until I got dizzy from it all. I finally got through the day and went home to Mother for even more questions. I told her everything had gone fine, and all the girls and teachers liked me and were helping me get settled. I had to repeat it all for Daddy later on, and they were both so relieved, particularly my father. I think he just about drank all the whiskey in the house celebrating his daughter's passing undetected on that first day.

With Daddy's accepting me as his daughter, I resigned myself to my new role. Mother was in heaven with her little girl. She bought me new clothes at every opportunity, and while she liked me in frilly dresses, my father preferred me in sweaters and skirts, and with the new prescription the doctor had given me, I was beginning to fill out my sweaters quite well. Daddy was stunned when he asked Mother if she wouldn't pad my breasts so much. He thought I was too young for it, and that's when she told him that it wasn't padding but all me! Daddy hit the whiskey again!

At school, I was popular with most of the girls, but two girls, Judy and Pat, became my best friends. They were both very cute, and I spent most of my free time with them. Both had boyfriends and couldn't understand why I didn't. They were forever trying to fix me up. I got away with giving them excuses, but when the annual school dance came up, they wouldn't hear of me not attending. So one afternoon when I had them over to the house to listen to records, they told Mother about the dance and said that all the boys from St. Andrew's, the nearby all-boys prep school, would be there, and it was time I met some boys. I was aghast when Mother told me she wanted me to go. I tried using every excuse I could think of not to go, but Mother overruled my every objection. I looked to Daddy for help.

The next few evenings were filled with arguments. I told Daddy I didn't want to go. But Mother argued that it would seem very strange for a girl as popular as I was not to attend, and after all, I was a girl now, and I should be getting some experience with boys so I'd know how to handle myself once I did have the sex change operation.

Daddy could not argue with that logic and agreed that I should go to the dance, but only on the condition that he would take me and bring me home when it was over. When Mother assured me it would be fine, I stopped resisting.

Then the shopping began in earnest. I was worn out from trying on formals and high heels and selecting accessories. Finally, Mother chose a blue satin dress with just a hint of bustle and white 4" heels. Then we headed for lingerie.

"Mother, you already have a ton of underwear for me at home that I haven't even worn yet."

"But this is your first dance, honey, and for an occasion like this, a girl has to have everything new and very special from the skin out! And it's not underwear, but lingerie!"

The night of the dance, I presented myself to my father in my new dress, coiffure, makeup, and Mother's jewelry.

"My heaven's, Nancy, you're beautiful," he said in a way I knew he genuinely meant it as he swept me up in his arms, gave me a bear hug and told me, "You'll be the cutest little lady at the dance," and then he added in concern, "and I don't want any of those boys mauling you."

"Martha, give your daughter some advice on how to handle herself."

"Yes, John. Come, Nancy, and we'll have a little chat."

I was beet red thinking about what might happen to me mixing with boys. On this night, I knew I should be the boy dancing with a pretty girl and making advances like Mother was warning me about, not the other way around.

I was whirling in frustration as Mother said, "Oh, dear, I know that all the boys will love dancing with you."

"Oh, Mother!"

Daddy escorted me into the dance, and when Judy and Pat saw me, they rushed over and gushed over my new dress and how I looked. After I introduced them to my father, they immediately went over a list of boys I just had to meet!

With that, Daddy got red in the face, excused himself, and said, "I'll be waiting for you at the entrance at 11 o'clock, dear. Have a good time."

It seemed like I danced with every boy in the place before the evening was over, and had I accepted all the dates offered me, I would have been busy every weekend for the rest of the year. But, one boy named Bob seemed very nice. I liked him right away as a friend, and I agreed to go to the movies with him the following week. I danced with him a lot that night, and both Judy and Pat were giving me knowing looks, especially after he invited me out to the garden for some fresh air.

What seemed like a good idea turned into disaster! The moment we got outside, Bob took me in his arms and kissed me. After the initial shock, I struggled free and said, "Stop that. I thought you were a nice boy and that we could just be friends!"

"But, Nancy, most girls like to be kissed and fooled around with. I didn't know you were such a prude."

With that, I grabbed my skirt and rushed back inside. He immediately followed and begged me to forgive him so nicely that I relented and danced with him again, and from then on, he was as nice as could be. I enjoyed myself. He made me feel comfortable and good inside!

Afterwards, Daddy drove me home and on the way, asked me a million questions. At home, Mother followed with her own long list of questions. She was thrilled and made me tell her ever detail of what had gone on.

That night in bed I cried. I was more confused than ever. I was distraught because I felt like I was beginning to enjoy being a girl. It seemed strange that my attitude had changed so abruptly, but it had.

I was half asleep when mother came to tuck me in. She pulled down the blankets, pulled up my nightgown and eased my panties down in back. The next thing I knew, I felt her getting onto the bed and rubbing up against me from behind, but then I smelled the distinct aroma of whiskey, and I felt something hot, hard and greasy being shoved up my behind! It wasn't my mother; it was my father. He had been drinking and now he was fucking me in my ass!

He reached under my nightgown and rubbed my developing breasts. His booze breath filled the air as he shouted out over my shoulder, "Okay, sissy boy, you want to be a girl. I'll make you into a girl."

I felt his cum pumping into me. I cried into the pillow. He left as fast as he had entered but not before flipping me over and kissing me with an open mouth and then shoving his spent cock into my face. It was still hard and dripping his cum. He forced me to kiss it. It tasted salty like my tears, but smelly and pungent.

"Damn, boy, you make a cute little girl. But you're not a real girl, just a sissy faggot. We'll have to do this often, son. Next time I'll shoot my cum down your sissy throat and make you into my personal queer little cocksucker!"

"Good night, son!" he said as I felt his jism leaking out of my asshole!

I trembled and cried now knowing what I had to look forward to in my life as a girl.

Adapted by Princess Lacey from #4505-B True Stories of TVs #1.

Index

The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 3 No 2
February 2005

Published weekly, never w
Published only when we fi
time after raiding clothe
dressing up and jerki

LIFESTYLE



Mayor recreates wind after city's subway closes down

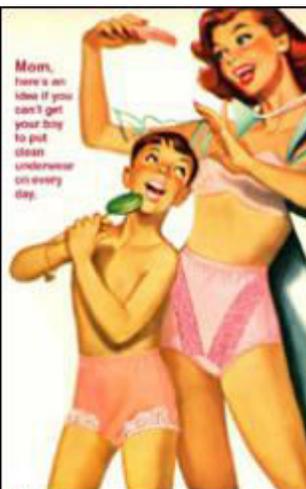
Seuupo, Japan: Many in this city were upset when their privately owned subway system went out of business and shut down, but no one was more disappointed than its mayor, Sein Upyormini, an ardent panty fetishist.

This nation of lingerie perverts has the greatest concentration of panty adoring men in the world, and this city's mayor willingly admits being one of them.

And the city's schoolgirls are more than willing to tease these panty wankers as they walk over the subway grates and let their skirts fly up as the wind rushes up from below whenever a train passes underground.

So when the subway shut down the mayor so missed the girls' panty shows that he had installed

HEALTH



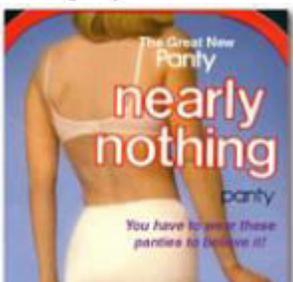
LOLIPOP

A lot of these have your hygiene and are also shown to contain the single strongest anti-obesity substance. Well, Mom, we have a solution for you! If you can't get your boy to put clean underwear on every day, get him some Lollipop. It's not just a lollipop, it's a lollipop that contains the most powerful anti-obesity substance in the world. It's called Lollipop. It's not just a lollipop, it's a lollipop that contains the most powerful anti-obesity substance in the world. It's called Lollipop. It's not just a lollipop, it's a lollipop that contains the most powerful anti-obesity substance in the world. It's called Lollipop.

Panty ad excites critics

Great Divide, CO: Reacting to protests, The Mountain Peak

Free Reader pulled an ongoing ad featuring a drawing of a boy in girls' panties that parodied a classic panty advertisement.



HEADLINES

Feminist hookers selling panties cheap but loaded with subliminal messages

Claim they're just advertising their business.

Hidden Point, OK: This week the Johnson All-Consumer Inspection & Testing (JACIT) laboratory reported finding subliminal messages imprinted on panties being sold through eBay and the Internet.

The assumed customers, panty fetishist males, can't see these messages that are invisible to the naked eye in normal light.

Using a new technology the panties are emblazoned with pictures and/or sayings that are only visible when they come in contact with a male's saliva or seminal fluid.

Such messages as "Penises Are Ugly," "You are a panty slave to all females" and "You



hate your penis, so cut it off," are printed in special ink with a wave length only visible during hot sex or under ultraviolet light.

One can only guess why these women are doing this, but there has been a rash of self-inflicted castrations and penisectomies since these panties went on sale.

Do you have a need to tell someone you wear panties, act like a sis whenever you can and are so addicted to masturbating in your pants that you don't have the time to find someone to tell? Don't bother r

Panty Lover's Survey
What do you do after you cum in your panties?
Wash them immediately 2% Suck your cum out 69%
Wear your wet panties to bed or for the rest of the day 25

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

If they had panties in the time of Jesus do you think he would have worn them? After all he wore dress

Ditzy panty nut seeking castration tries to do-it-yourself with a pink nut crack

When does an aging panty wanker know when he's fucked? He can't cum anymore

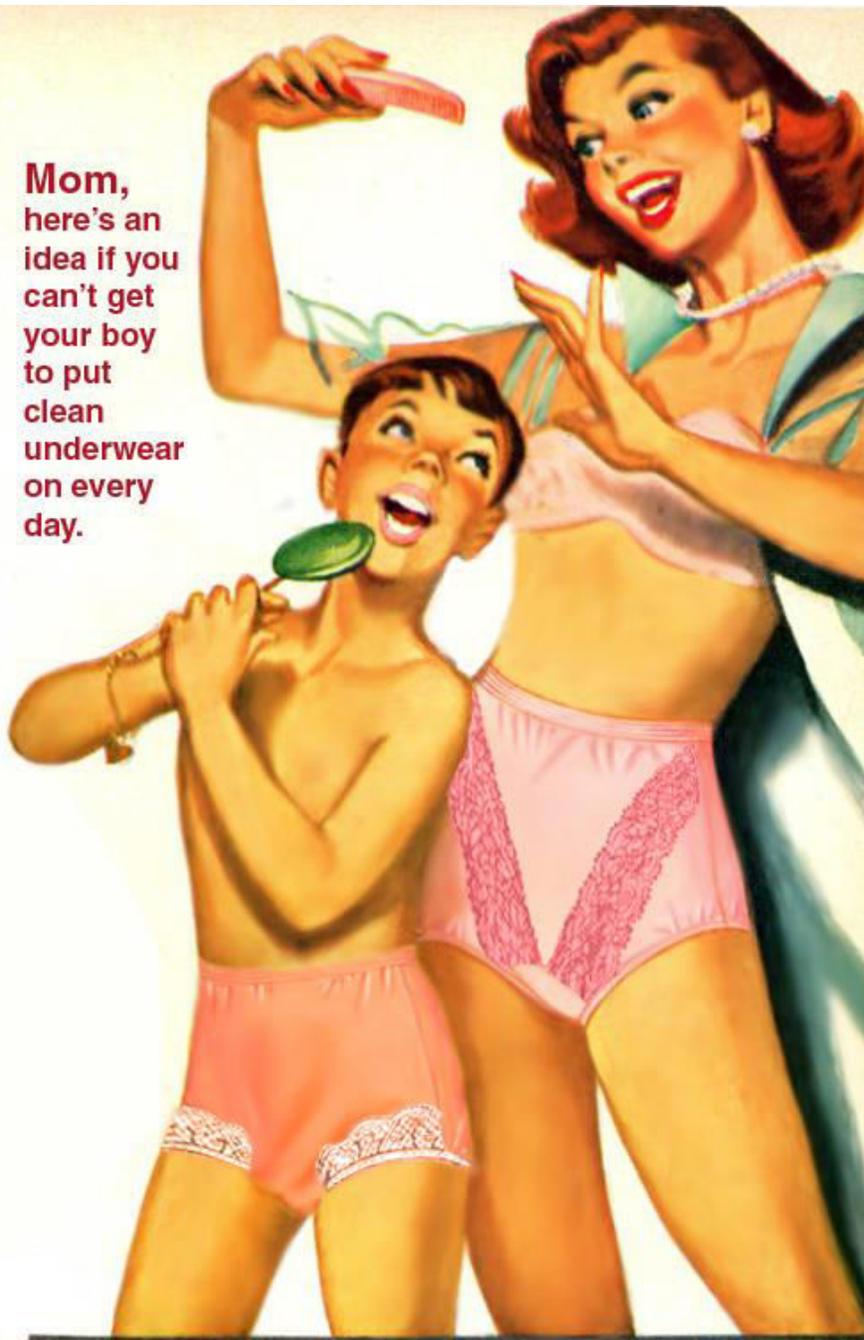
At \$8 a pair, panty wankers say "Nearly Nothing" panties cost a lot more than nothing and are nearly nothing for a good jerk

Boy found in his sister's room jacking off in her panties caught without a good alibi

WHEN DOES A HOPELESSLY ADDICTED PANTY WANKER CHANGE A LIGHT BULB? WHEN THE LAST LIGHT IN THE HOUSE BURNS OUT

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**Mom,
here's an
idea if you
can't get
your boy
to put
clean
underwear
on every
day.**



LOLIPOP

A lot of boys have poor hygiene and are lax when it comes to regularly changing into clean underwear. Well, Mom, we have a solution for you! If your boy won't change his underwear everyday, get him some panties just like you wear! It's well known that most boys are fascinated by their mommy's panties, so take advantage of the situation -- get him some panties of his very own! Lollipop panties is introducing a new line of soft nylon panties in boys' sizes from 4 to 13. They are tailored to fit a growing boy's body and come in a rainbow of colors. These plain panties don't have any lace or frills like on Mommy's panties, but if your boy is a special boy and insists upon having nice lacy panties just like mommy, then you'll find a complete range of lacy and frilled Lollipop panties for him in the girls' department of your favorite store.