

Princess Online

No.
68

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Featured Stories and Letters from the
Princess Productions Website



Adults Only

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

Since 1981

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, "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 had a chance to escape and is shown running away from his captors with his skirt flaying and flashing his pretty pink slip and lacy panties.

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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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 that illustrate what happened to him, and one of his pictures we present above. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while while being forced to wear a dress and panties and then having the nuns and other school kids laugh at and ridicule him.

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Classic Drawing

One of our readers sent this to us from a yahoo website. We don't know who the artist is, but it certainly has a classic sissy boy style. We couldn't resist Princessizing it. In the picture, entitled "Frillies & Fellatio," one sissyboy in green panties plays with his pantied balls while licking the huge, hard pink pantied penis of another sissyboy swooning in ecstasy.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Timmy

This month, we present the picture of eight-year-old Timmy, 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 same conversation with each mother or father as they came to pick up their boy. All the parents had known and loved Ma for years and didn't question how she wanted to treat the boys, especially since she got them all to be such sweet little kids within such a short period of time.

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

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

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

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ABOVE, L. TO R.: NANCY MAE COON, NORMA HAHN, GAY ANN MORLOCK, JOAN JEAN LEONARD, URSULA MARY



"QUIN-TWIN"

Sirs:

On a hunch from this office The Toledo News-Bee, a Scripps-Howard newspaper, ran a "Quin-Twin" contest in which they attempted to find the Toledo girls of Quintuplet age who most closely resembled the individual Quintuplets Yvonne, Cecile, Marie, Emilie and Annette. More than 150 baby girls were

entered and the winners (see above) were dined and milk) at the Commodore Perry Hotel.

After looking at some of the other recent Quintuplets you will note that these three-year-olds reveal identical features when photographed by Clarence Bailey of the

Scripps-Howard Newspapers
New York, N.Y.

MAX

PICTURES TO THE EDITOR

(continued)



BOY QUIN

Sirs:

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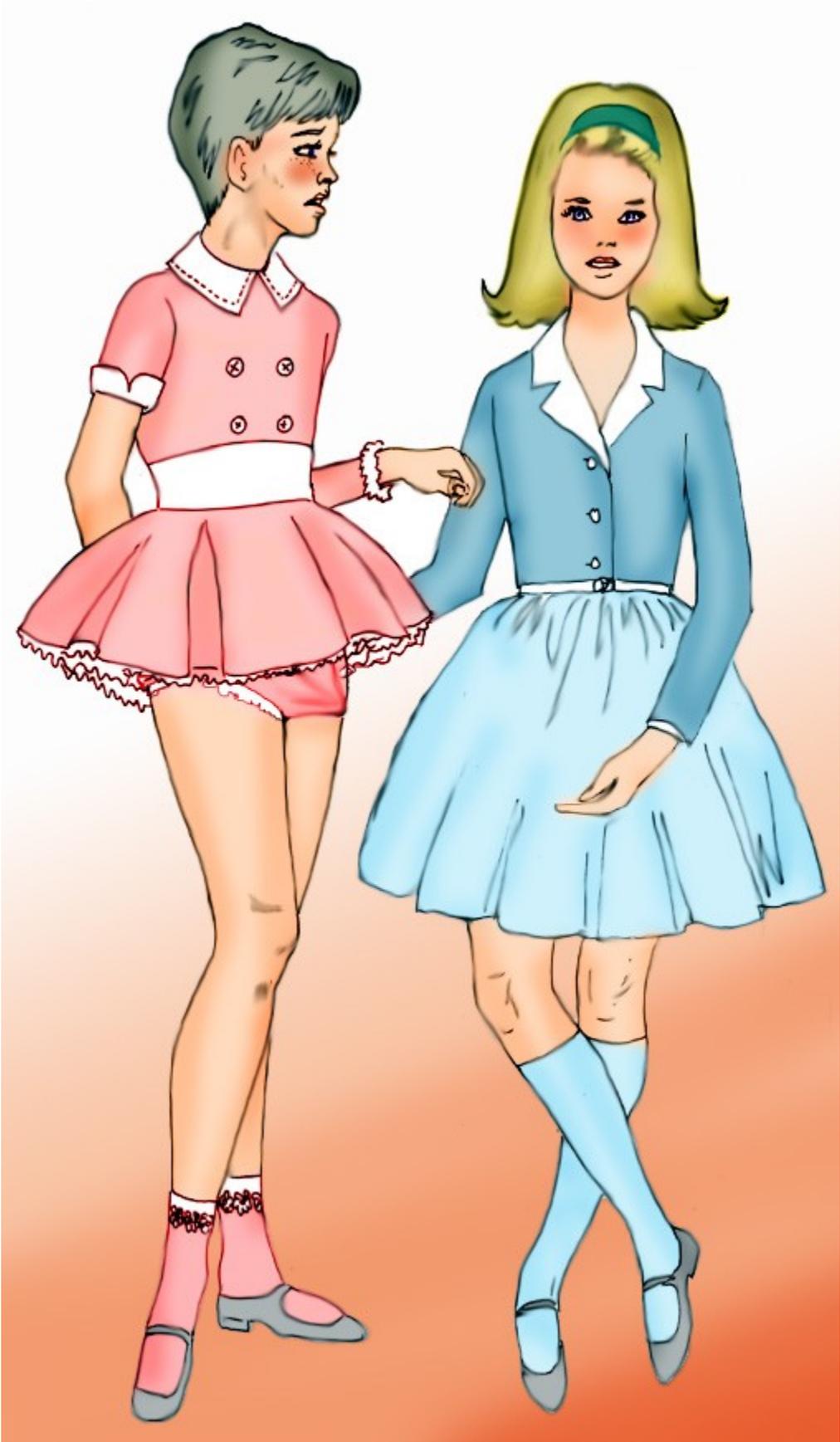
PAUL EV
Manag

The Toledo
Toledo, Ohio

Sissy of the Month

After the above story ran in the September 6, 1937, issue of Life magazine, it was later discovered that one of the little girls in the contest was actually a little sissy boy, and in the October 4, 1937, issue of Life, they published the item shown on the left that identified the masquerading little sissy boy along with a then current photo of him. Can you guess which one of the little girls is actually a boy?

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Humiliated School Boy

Chapter 2 - Part 1 (Continuation from Princess Online #67)

By Bobby

After Betty forced me to stand on her back porch and piss in my pants for the entertainment of her friend, Tammy, and her bully brother Jughead, she told me I was a sissy baby and gave me a pair of her silky pink panties to keep. I didn't want them, but she commanded me to keep them, so I shoved them into the pocket of my jeans and ran home completely engulfed in tears.

I had been so humiliated; it was too painful to even think about what they had forced me to do. I was in a rush to put the incident completely out of my mind. But I did too good of a job of burying all thoughts of that day. I had been in such a state of shock that I forgot all about the pink panties Betty had given me.

Now Monday was coming and Monday evenings are when my mommy does the laundry. And those pissed-in jeans I had been wearing would get washed and Mommy would surely find the panties balled up in my pocket I had forgotten about because my head had been so screwed up that day!

Just after I got home from school on Monday, Mom and Karen went to the store. I was watching TV when the doorbell rang. When I opened the door, Betty and Tammy pushed their way into our living room.

"Hey, I'm not allowed to have anyone in without my mom's OK," I protested.

"Yeah, we just saw your mom and sister leave," Betty said. "All right then, let's hurry and get this done while they're gone." She grabbed my arm and pulled me down the hall as she told Tammy, "Com'n, his kid sister's room is down here; I was over here once."

Both of them were giggling, and I was trying to figure out how to get rid of them, but Betty was much stronger than me and simply pulled me down the hall and into my little sister's room and said, "Hurry, take off your shirt, Bobby, while I pick out one of Karen's' little dresses for you to put on."

My face went bright red, and I just stood there dumbfounded.

Tammy said, "Betty, I don't think he's going to put on his little sister's dress for us."

She turned from the closet with a pink chiffon dress with white trim and said, "Bobby, you get your shirt off right now, and show Tammy how you like to wear your little sister's clothes, or I'll tell Jughead, and he'll beat the shit out of you!"

"Please, Betty I can't. I don't. I never put on her..." I whimpered, my bottom lip trembling at the thought of her big brother beating me up and at the thought of being forced to wear my little sister's dress.

Betty stomped her foot and said, "Get your shirt off now, sissyboy! Right now, or I tell my brother you lied to me again!"

Tammy's giggles filled the room. As a tear of humiliation rolled down my cheek, I began to pull off my T-shirt. Betty laughed as she took my shirt, threw it on the floor and then pulled my little sister's pink dress down over my head and forced my arms through the short white lace-trimmed sleeves. The sissy dress fell around me. It was so short it barely covered my crotch. They both kept laughing as they turned me around and tied the high-waisted white satin sash into a big tight bow in back.

"Now get your stupid little boy pants off, sissy," Betty said

"Oh, no, please! Don't make me take my pants off! I'm wearing the dress. Isn't that bad enough? Please, don't take my pants too!" I begged.

"Shut your sissy mouth, Bobby!" Betty said as she reached under the wide skirt, unfastened my pants and then shoved them down to my knees. "Hurry up! Get them on off, stupid!"

I obeyed, pushing my pants on down to my bare feet and stepping out of them while they giggled at my humiliation. I felt worse than naked; I trembled; I held down the hem of my little sister's short dress to keep my underwear hidden. But they just laughed.

Betty said with a giggle, "All right, get your stupid little boy underpants off too, sissyboy. It's time to put you into some frilly panties."

I whimpered at the thought and begged, "Please Betty, please don't, not Karen's panties too, please!"

Betty just laughed louder, pushed my hands away, reached up under the short skirt and yanked my underpants down to my knees saying, "Now get them on off, sissyboy, or you'll do it for my brother, and he'll make you act like his girlfriend too!"

The girls howled with laughter, but I was afraid so I pushed my underwear down and stepped out of

them. With my head hung down in shame and embarrassment, and except for my sister's skimpy pink dress, I stood there naked before the two eleven-year-old girls.

Betty shuffled through my sister's dresser drawer for a moment and then spun around with something pink in her hands and said, "I was going to make you get that pair of panties I gave you last week and have you put them on, but I'm going to reserve those panties for a special game we'll play one day soon. For your own sake, you better have kept those panties.

"No, today, you're going to wear a pair of your sister's best panties. Here, I picked these out for you to put on."

Betty held them out to me where I could see them, a pair of my little sister's lace-trimmed pink nylon panties with little bows at the leg. I sobbed.

"Here, sissyboy, put on your little panties. Show Tammy how you can put on your little sister's panties like a big girl."

They both howled again with laughter as I took the silky panties from her. With trembling fingers I held the panties down, stepped into them and drew them up my skinny legs until they were all the way up around me under the short pink chiffon dress that had tiers of white lace petticoats sewn into the skirt that made it stand out all the way around me. I hung my head in total shame and sobbed as their laughter filled my ears.

They giggled as they continued to emasculate me by making me put on a pair of my little sister's white ankle socks and forcing my feet into a tight pair of her black patent Mary Janes with a strap that fastened across the top of the foot. They romped merrily and kept pulling up the back of the dress to smack my little pink-pantied bottom as they made me prance around in my little sister's room and do curtsies and twirl around so the dress flipped up and the boy-crushing panties showed. They dragged me back to the living room where they continued to make me spin around several times as they took turns smacking me harder and harder as I exposed my little pantied butt to them. I was dizzy with the twirling and their boy-killing humiliations; I was crying and ashamed and ready to fall to my knees and sob and beg for mercy, but then all of a sudden, Betty took hold of my arm. I just caught a glimpse of her evil grin as Tammy opened our front door and the next thing I knew they both pulled me outside onto my front porch.

"NO-O-O!" I yelled, as Betty dragged me across the porch and pushed me down to sit on our glider.

Tammy shut the front door and then tried to reopen it saying, "It's locked."

Betty laughed and said, "Your Mommy should be home soon, sissyboy. Tell her you accidentally locked yourself out of the house while you were playing around in your sister's clothes. Tell her you just wanted to see what it felt like to be a little girl; I'm sure she'll understand."

As both girls continued their heart-stabbing giggling, they started to walk away.

“No! Oh, no! Please, don't leave me here like this. Please! I did what you said, please, Betty.”

She turned back laughing and said, “Why don't you tell your mommy you saw two cats fighting on the porch and went outside to shoo them away when the wind blew the door shut and locked you out. Tell you're sorry and you'll never dress up in your little sister's clothes again. Tell her anything you want, sissy, but if you tell her we made you do this, I'll have my brother beat the shit out of you, and we'll tell everyone at school how cute you looked in your little sister's dress and panties. Bye, sweetie.”

They went off to the echoing sounds of girlish giggles as I sat on my glider with my head in my hands and cried like a five-year-old girl. How could I have let this happen? What was I going to do? My life was ruined. My mom and ten-year-old little sister would be home soon, and I was sitting on the front porch wearing her dress, panties, socks, and shoes. There had to be a way out. Just then I saw my friend Johnny walking toward my house.

“Oh, God, no,” I thought to myself. I couldn't let him see me like this. There was no where to go, so I crawled around behind the glider and knelt there on my hands and knees, praying he wouldn't see me. I heard him come up the stairs and onto the porch and then I could see his legs as he stood before my front door and knocked. He knocked several times and then I heard him turn and leave. Once he was gone down the street, I crawled out from behind the glider, and as I got up I saw my mommy's car. All I could do was sit on the glider and await my new humiliations.

When my mother and sister reached the porch, I looked up at them and saw the astonished looks on their faces. I began to blubber out my excuses. “Please, Mommy, let me explain. Please. I'm sorry. I'll never do it again.”

I heard my little sister's giggles and saw her run one index finger along the other in the universal sign of “shame on you!” The anger on my mom's face hurt me to the core.

I blurted out Betty's stupid excuse, “Mommy, I'm sorry. The door locked. I heard a noise and saw two cats fighting and I just stepped out on the porch to shoo them away and the wind blew the door shut. I, uh, I just wanted to see what it was like to wear girls' clothes,” I sobbed as my mother unlocked the door.

My little sister kept giggling and my mom opened the door and said, “Get your little sissy butt inside! Hurry before the neighbors see you!” She yanked me off the glider by my ear and into the house smacking my pantied bottom hard as she told Karen to bring in the groceries.

“I'm sorry, Mommy. Please don't be mad. Please I'm really sorry; it won't ever happen again!” I moaned in anguish — another chance to tell the truth was gone along with any respect my mother might have

had left for me.

“Shut up, sissy!” she said as she smacked my face.

“O-OW-W-W!” I cried out, grabbed my cheek and fell sobbing onto the couch.

Karen came in and out with the groceries.

Mom shut the door and said, “All right now, sissyboy, stand up! Let's have a look at my pretty little sissy son!”

I sobbed as I stood up before my mother and little sister. I was mortified. I looked down at the floor as I cried; I couldn't look up at them. I so humiliated I felt weak and felt like I was a stranger in my own house. My little sister kept giggling as my mom stood there silently studying my feminized form.

Then she finally said, “Karen, get me the hairbrush and some pretty ribbons. I'm sure this little girl wants her hair put in ponytails; all little girls look so cute with their hair in ponytails tied with ribbon bows.”

I heard my kid sister squeal with delight as she went running to get the hairbrush and ribbons.

I whimpered, “Please, Mommy, don't! Oh, please, don't.”

My mother grabbed my arm near the shoulder and twisted me around to look up at her as she said, “You wanted to see what it's like to be a little girl? Well, we can do that. That's what you'll be for the rest of the day.”

I sobbed and ran in place as my mommy kept hand-spanking my pink-pantied butt with hard cracks of her strong hand and continued her humiliating taunting.

“You'll get to have pretty ribbons in your hair and play with your little sister's dollies, and you'll get a full day and night of being a little girl. Now just sit down on the couch and let your little sister put your hair in ponytails with pretty ribbons.”

She pushed me back onto the couch as Karen ran back into the room with the hairbrush and ribbons. I sat there whimpering as my mother instructed my little sister.

“All right, Karen, put your sissy brother's hair into ponytails and tie some pretty ribbons around them and then take him to your room and show him how to play dollies like a nice little girl.”

My little sister giggled and jumped onto the couch beside me. “Sit up, little girl.

“Mommy, his hair is pretty short for ponytails.”

“Well, we'll let him grow it long so he can have nice ponytails in the future, but for right now I think it's long enough to put into two little bunches that will stick up in a cute girlie way.”

I cried and sat up so my little sister could grab two little handfuls of my hair and tie each with a hair ribbon into short little ponytails as she continued my day of humiliation and emasculation that Tammy and Betty had started. Tears of degradation rolled down my face as Karen tied white satin ribbon bows in my hair. She giggled as she did it, and my mother stood there watching and nodding in approval.

“Now take him to your room and let him play dollies like a good little girl. The little sissy should like that.”

I pleaded, “Please, Mommy, I'm sorry. Please, I don't want to be a little girl; I don't!”

My mother took my skinny arm and yanked me off the couch as she smacked my little pink-pantied bottom up under my little sister's short dress and said, “You put on your little sister's things, Bobby. Now you can just stay in them and be a little girl for the day.” She pushed me toward my giggling little sister saying, “Go on, Karen! Put this little pantywaist to work playing dollies like a nice little girl.”

My little sister giggled as she dragged me to her room to play with her dollies wearing her dress, panties, socks, and shoes and my hair in ponytails with white satin ribbon bows tied in them. I couldn't stop crying as I obeyed my little sister and got some of her dollies and doll clothes out of her big doll chest and began to dress and undress them and pretend they could talk. My little sister loved it and giggled wildly as she gave me instructions on how to play dollies and crawl around on the carpet before her as she sat on the bed laughing at my humiliation. I reeked with shame as she laughed at me.

“I see your lacy panties, little girl; pull your pretty dress down like a proper little lady.”

It seemed like forever before mom was standing in the doorway looking down at me dressing a dolly. “Is Bobby being a good little girl, Karen?”

My kid sister giggled and said, “Yes, Mommy. I think he makes a perfect little girl.”

I looked up at my mom with teary eyes and pleaded, “No, please, Mommy! Please I'm sorry. I am.”

My mother yanked me to my feet said, “Come along, little girl,” as she pulled me down the hall to the living room. I saw the punishment stool in the middle of the room and heard Karen's giggles as my mom said, “Get up on the stool; hurry up, little girl.”

I hadn't been on the punishment stool for over three years. It was where she would make us stand when we got our spankings as we tried to maintain our balance. Falling off the stool got us an even harder spanking with a paddle. It was so humiliating to stand on the little stool, usually in only our underpants

while we got hit, but the added humiliation of being a boy forced to stand on the stool in a flimsy party dress with pink panties peeking out was impossible for me to fathom, but I knew I was soon to find out just how crushing it would be.



“Please, Mommy, I'm sorry, please,” I begged, but she gave me no mercy.

“Up on that stool, little girl!”

I got up on the small wooden stool, tears already flowing freely down my cheeks.

“Hands on your knees, sissy! You know how to do it!”

I whimpered as I bent forward and put my hands on my knees. I felt the short little skirt of the dress go up in back to expose my sister's silky nylon pink panties.

My mother said, “Spank the little girl, Karen. She stole your clothes, so you get to spank her.”

“Oh, please, not Karen! Please don't let my little sister spank me!” I begged and then I cried out, “O-O-OW-W-W!” as she smacked my pantied bottom. I squirmed and danced on the wooden stool teetering to keep my balance as my little sister slapped my pink pantied bottom over and over causing tears of pain as well as humiliation to run down my cheeks.

“OOOWW! Stop please!” I begged as I held my hands on my weak little knees so my little pink panties stuck out from under my short girlie-girlie dress, allowing her to smack them over and over.

“Shut-up, sissyboy!” my mother ordered as my little sister continued giggling and smacking away at my now very tender pantied ass.

As she spanked me harder and harder, I began to sob harder, and my little sister said, “Tell me you're a pantywaist, sissyboy, and tell me you love wearing your little sister's panties.”

“Do as Karen says, sissyboy, or you'll get the belt too.”

I sobbed out the words as my little sister giggled and continued to smack my little pantied bottom.

“Again! Say it again,” she ordered, and I again sobbed out, “I'm a sissyboy, and I love to wear my little sister's pink panties!”

She giggled wildly and smacked away at my pantied bottom as she ordered, “Again, sissy. Tell us again, you little pantywaist.”

Finally, my bratty little sister stopped, telling my mother her hand was too sore to spank me anymore. I just stood there on the stool with my head down and sobbed softly over and over, “I'm a sissyboy pantywaist, and I love to wear my little sister's panties.”

Mother said, “Karen, run and get the instant camera, honey.”

I stood on the stool in my little sister's clothes and pleaded with my mother, "NO! Please, Mommy! Please, don't take my picture! Please, don't take pictures of me like this, please!"

Karen came back giggling with the camera and it began. It was so humiliating and degrading. I sobbed each time the camera flashed and spit out another picture of me wearing my little sister's clothes. My mother demanded I pose every way my little sister told me, even to hold the skirt of the little dress high up around my waist for a picture so the frilly nylon panties showed clearly with my spanked butt in back and my modest little bugle in front. I thought my shameful ordeal was finally over, but then my mother had me step off the stool and go over to her. She turned me around so my back was to her and I faced my little sister as my mom undid the dress in back and pulled it down to my waist. Karen laughed because she said I looked funny, and she took more pictures as my mother pulled my arms free of the short puffed sleeves and the dress fell to my feet.

"Get your dress off the floor, sissyboy. Hurry up!"

I reached down and picked up the little dress and the camera flashed again and my mother got up and took me by the arm and led me over to the corner. She pushed my face into the corner and said, "Now you stand right there, sissyboy. Keep your nose pressed to the wall and your pink pantied butt sticking out, and don't you move or talk unless you're told. You stand there and think how much fun you've had dressing up in your little sister's things." She smacked my reddened and pantied bottom hard one more time to reinforce her words.

I sobbed and my little sister giggled. I had to stand there for what seemed like forever. My little sister continually came into the room and giggled and stuck her fingers inside the waistband of the panties and snapped them against my slender waist and giggled some more.

"Tell me again you're a sissyboy and you love wearing girls' panties," she would giggle, and I would whimper and say, "I'm a sissyboy, and I love wearing girlie panties." She would howl and snap the waistband of the nylon panties and then snap the legbands in back on my sore bum and make me scream with more pain. It seemed to go on forever.

Finally my mother came back into the room and asked me if I had learned my lesson, and I whimpered, "Yes! Yes, Mommy." She smacked me on my sore pantied bottom with a half dozen really hard slaps and sent me to bed in my little sister's panties. "Keep those panties on and nothing else; you're a disappointment to me. Imagine my son a god damn pantywaist queer boy!"

I wanted to protest, but knew it was best to shut up. I ran to my bedroom, and as I was crying myself to sleep my little sister opened my bedroom door and said, "Good night, sissyboy." She giggled and left me there to cry myself to sleep. In the morning my mom called me to breakfast. I got up and quickly took off my little sister's panties and put on my robe and went to breakfast. Mother asked me again if I had learned my lesson, and I told her I had. She told me I better had. That Sunday things were still strained and my little sister continued to call me sissyboy. I tried to get mom to make her stop but she just told me I had it coming.

On Monday at school I ran into Betty and Tammy at recess. Betty asked me if my Mommy thought I

looked cute in my little sister's dress and panties as they both giggled. My face turned crimson. I tried to brush them off and get away from my giggling tormentors, but Betty warned me, "You tell us what happened when your mommy came home, sissy, or I'll tell my brother you called me a liar again."

I knew she meant it, so I told her and Tammy some of what happened when my mom and little sister came home. They both loved it and laughed and giggled as I told them of my humiliation as I was spanked by my little sister.

They found me again after school, and as we walked home, they giggled and asked me if I was going to put on my little sister's panties and dress when I got home. When their teasing finally got me to start crying they loved it, and when we got to Betty's house she giggled and said, "Bobby, you're such a cry baby." She whispered something to Tammy and they giggled.

Tammy jumped in front of me and said, "Pee yourself in your panties for us, sissy baby, then you can run home to your mommy."

I felt sick. I started to cry harder, and I sobbed, "Please, please, I can't! My mom would be really mad. Please don't make me wet my pants again, please."

Betty laughed and smacked me on my skinny bottom saying, "Your choice, sissy, do you want to be punished by your mommy or Jughead?" She smacked my little butt hard.

Tammy said, "Pee your pants, sissyboy," as she smacked my face.

I began to sob even harder as I felt the warm pee start to flood my pants, and I heard the little girls' wild laughter.

Betty smacked my now wet bottom saying, "Run on home now, sissyboy. Run home and have your mommy change your panties."

I started running home as the torrent of tears of shame and humiliation streamed down my blushing red cheeks. As I got near my house, I saw my little sister on the front porch with her cute girlfriend, Misty. So I turned into the alley and ran around the back of the house to the back door. It was locked, so I just sat down on the steps in my wet pants and cried. "When would this nightmare stop?" I thought.

Then after a few minutes I heard my little sister's voice ask, "What are you doing out here, sissy?"

"Nothing. Is Misty gone?" I asked in a broken voice.

Karen said, "No, why are you crying?"

"Just go away," I whimpered.

Karen giggled and said, "Tell me why you are crying, sissy, or I'll go get Misty to come and see you crying like a little baby."

Misty was a pretty girl a year older than my little sister, and she knew I had a crush on her.

"Don't, please, Karen, just make her go home, please."

Karen laughed and said, "Tell me why you are crying, sissy, or I'll go get her."

I sobbed and said, "No, don't please. I, ah, I wet my pants."

And with that revelation, my little sister giggled wildly and said, "Oh, my, I better let Misty come and see my big baby brother has wet his panties."

"No, please! Karen, make her go, don't let her know."

Karen giggled and asked, "Will you do what I say, Bobby? Will you mind me like a good little sissy baby?"

I sobbed and answered, "Yes, just make her go and don't tell, please."

She giggled and said, "OK, I'll tell her to go home, but right now, get up and take off your wet pants, hurry up, show me you will mind me."

I sobbed harder as I got up and stripped off my wet pants. My little sister unlocked the door and grabbed my wet pants as she went in, slammed the door and locked it behind her, leaving me standing on the back porch in my T-shirt and wet underpants.

I waited for Karen to come back and let me in. I felt completely humiliated, and it seemed like forever before I finally heard Misty's voice from the front of the house as she walked away, saying good-bye to my sister and calling back to her that they'd talk later on the phone.

Karen finally opened the back porch door. She looked at me and giggled and said, "Take off your wet underpants, baby brother." I reddened more, then looked around and said, "Please, let me in first, Karen?"

She just giggled and said, "Take off your wet underwear and give them to me, or I'll shut the door and call mommy."

I reddened even more and quickly shucked my wet underwear down, stepped out of them and held them out to my little sister. She took them and held them by the tips of her fingers like they were contaminated. She flung open the door all the way, and I ran into the house. As I went by her, she

giggled and said, "Get into the bathroom and take a bath, you dirty sissy baby. Hurry up!"

I ran to the bathroom and shut the door and turned on the tub water. I was in the tub and washing off when my little sister came in. "Get out!" I screamed.

She just grinned at me and put her hands on her ten-year-old hips and said, "Shut up, sissy baby brother. You don't tell me anything or what to do, or I'll tell Mommy and who knows who else how you peed your panties."

"Don't call my boys' underwear panties," I protested.

She giggled and said, "Don't talk back to me, or I'll have you wearing panties everyday, even to school, not just when you want to have one of your secret girlie days and sneak into my clothes."

"That was a mistake! It will never happen again. I don't want your stupid clothes! Just leave me alone!"

"Now listen good, sissy brother. If I want you to wear panties, you will. I don't care if you want to or not. You did it once on your own, so I can only guess that you want to wear them again but are just too much of a sissy to own up to your own urges. Well, that's all right. Maybe, I'll help you experience your girlie side from time to time!"

"Now, little brother (I am her BIG brother!), you just finish your bath like a good little sissy, or I'll call Mommy."

I felt so ashamed as I kept from looking up at my little sister as I finished washing while she stood there watching.

When I finished, she said, "All right, get out and dry off, sissyboy."

I felt another wave of shame as I stood up naked in the tub and she handed me a towel. I got out and dried myself off before her. She giggled and smacked me on my naked bottom saying, "Get to your room, sissy."

I ran naked to my room with tears of shame rolling down my freshly scrubbed face. I felt sick to my stomach, and I heard my little sister giggle as I looked on my bed. "No, please, sis. Please!"

She smacked my face and said, "Get them on, sissyboy, get your pretty panties and little dress on. Hurry up or I'll have to call Mommy and tell her how you wet your pants again." Pulling me by the arm, she shoved me forward toward my bed. I stared down at the pink full-cut little girls' party panties. They had rows of white ruffles across the bottom and white ruffles with pink ribbon bows around the leg holes. She smacked my naked bottom again and said, "Put them on now, sissy!"

I reached out and picked up the humiliatingly emasculating panties and heard her giggling wildly, as I held the open the awful pink panties and stepped into them. More tears of my shattered life washed down my cheeks. I pulled the childish little girl panties up around my slender waist and hung my head and sobbed.

“Now, the dress, sissyboy!” my ten-year-old little sister demanded. I picked up the short-sleeved red velvet dress with white lace trim on the sleeves, bosom, and full skirt. I put my arms through the short puffy sleeves, pulled it over my head and it came down just past the ruffled pink panties. My little sister giggled and pushed me down on the bed and buttoned the dress up the back and tied the wide white ribbon waist sash in a big bow in back and smacked my little pantied bottom.

“O-O-W-W-W!” I cried out.

She laughed and began to spank my pantied rear over and over. Waves of shame ran through my wimpy little teenage body as I lay on the bed in my little sister's dress and panties and let her spank me over and over.

“Oh, please, stop! Please, Karen!” I sobbed.

She giggled and said, “Promise to be a good little girl, Bobby?”

I sobbed and cried out, “I promise. I promise to be a good little girl!”

She squealed with delight and stopped spanking me and then told me to get up. I got off the bed and stood before her crying with my head down in shame. She giggled and told me to look up at the birdie.

I knew she had the Polaroid, and I begged her, “Please, Karen, no pictures, please!”

But she just giggled again and told me to look up or she would show my wet pants to my mom, so I obeyed and the camera flashed and whirled and I sobbed.

“Hold up the skirt of your lovely dress and show off your pretty panties, sissyboy.”

I did it, and the camera flashed and whirled again.

“All right, little girl, it's dolly time. You know where they are, get the dollies and their clothes and bring them out to the living room. You can play dollies till your mommy gets home.”

With my head down in shame, I went and got the doll trunk out of her closet and brought it to the living room and got down on the floor and began to play with my little sister's dolls as she took pictures and giggled. I kept looking at the clock; I knew Mommy would be home soon. I continued to play with the dolls as my little sister sat there giggling at my humiliation. She had put away the pictures of me and

now was just sitting there giggling at my humiliation. I couldn't stand it any longer. I put down the doll and turned to face my tormentor and as new tears began to roll down my cheeks, I pleaded, "Please, please, let me change! Please don't let mommy see me like this. Please don't tell her I wet again."

She laughed and asked, "Are you going to mind me, sissyboy? Are you going to do everything I tell you to do?"

I nodded, lowered my head and said, "Yes, please Karen, I'll do anything — anything."

"OK, you can put on your pretend boys' clothes, but keep the panties on underneath. And wear them to bed tonight – and nothing else!"

I hurriedly changed my clothes and just in time before mom came walking in the front door. Twice I tried to make my way to the basement, but both times I was caught. My mom wanted to know where I was going, and I could only come up with an "I don't know" kind of answer, so twice she sent me to my room, telling me to do my homework. When I told her I didn't have any homework, she told me to study my books. I had been trying to go down to the basement and go through the dirty clothes because at any minute she was going to do the laundry, and she'd surely find Betty's pink panties stuffed into the pocket of my jeans I had been wearing that day when she had humiliated me in front of Tammy and Jughead.

Dinner was a quiet affair – except for Karen constantly staring at me, giggling and making faces at me anytime I looked in her direction. It was nice that several times during dinner Mom told her to stop giggling so much and eat her food. But I was too upset with her, Betty, Tammy, and my fear of Jughead. I couldn't eat. Mom threatened me with a spanking if I didn't eat. I tried to – after all, if I didn't eat, I'd always be a skinny little wimp and my sister would continue to outgrow me, but I barely was able to get any food down. Finally, Mom got tired of my moping around and sent me to my room. There I lay, dreading what would happen when Mommy found Betty's panties in my jeans' pocket. But nothing happened. Eventually, Karen came to my room and told me to get undressed. She wanted to make sure I was still wearing her pink panties – I was. Then she told me to sleep in them without any pajamas. She said if she checked on me in the night and found me wearing pajamas, she'd make me wear a nightgown the next night.

In the morning, Karen came in and woke me up by snapping on my panty's waist and leg elastics. I jumped up in fear thinking it might be my mother, but it was just my little sister. She told me to keep on the panties for school and handed me a sealed envelope to deliver as she reminded me that I had promised to do whatever she asked me to do.

"I had an interesting phone call last night."

I wanted to ask who from, but before I could answer, she said, "Take that note to Betty Egelston."

At school, I dreaded doing it, but I walked up to Betty and Tammy in the schoolyard at recess.

Betty asked, "Why, Bobby, how is our little sissy today? I was going to try and find you later."

With reddened cheeks and eyes lowered to the ground, I held out the note to Betty.

"What's this, sissy?" she asked as she took the note. I could hear them giggling as they read the note and then Betty reached over and slipped her fingers inside the waistband of my pants. I wanted to bolt, but I knew better, I stood still as she giggled and pulled her fingers out of my jeans exposing a bit of my sister's pink panties and the panty's waist elastic. They both cringed and couldn't hold back their laughter. Betty then said, "Tell your sister we'll see her on Saturday, pantywaist."

I hurried off as their giggles burned in my ears. When I got home later I told my little sister what Betty had said and she laughed and told me to go clean her room. I obeyed, and as I picked up her room, made her bed and ran the sweeper. I knew Saturday would be another bad day. I wanted to run away, but where to? Tears ran down my cheeks. I finished my little sister's room and went to my room and took off my pants and sat on my bed in silky pink nylon panties my little sister had made me wear to school and then had made me stay in as I had cleaned her room.

Saturday came, and after mom went to work, my little sister made me dress in the clothes she had laid out on her bed. I began to cry as I put on the pink nylon rumba panties and one of her purple school uniforms, complete with pink ankle socks with mounds of white lace at the top. I then buckled on a tight pair of her Mary Janes and sat at her dresser as she put a big purple satin bow in my hair and then added makeup - black lines around my eyes and bright red lipstick. Before putting a belt on me, she pulled the skirt of the uniform way up so my panties were on constant display and then buckled the belt to keep the skirt up high. Once she was satisfied with how I looked, she securely tied my hands behind my back and pushed me toward the door from the kitchen to the outside.

"Please, Karen, please don't make me go outside," I begged as she pushed me out the backdoor and pulled me along to our garage."

"Shut up, sissy!" she laughed as she pushed me inside the garage.

"N-N-N-O-O-O! P-P-PLEASE!" I sobbed as I saw my tormentors sitting on the old couch we had stored there.

As my little sister pushed me toward them, Betty and Tammy laughed and screamed their approval at seeing me all dressed up like a sissy little girl on her way to school. I pulled back, but I could feel that my little sister was stronger than me. She shoved me and I fell right into their laps.

"Shut up faggot, and let the girls take a good look at you!" Karen ordered.

I looked down at the floor and put my head in my hands and sobbed out, "I'm not! I'm not a faggot!"

Betty held me tightly around my slender waist and whispered in my ear, "Don't call your little sister a liar, Bobby Ann! Don't make me get Jughead down here. Don't make us have Jughead beat you silly, sugar."

I whimpered as her hand massaged my bare thigh, and she asked, "Do you want me to get Jughead?"

I shook my head 'no.'

Tammy asked, "Going to be a good little girl for us?"

I choked and nodded 'yes.' I felt her hand going up under my little school uniform. She went wide-eyed when her fingers reached the ruffled leg edge of my panties.

"O-o-o-o! What have we here? Pretty little panties on a pretty little sissy boy?" She snapped the ruffled panty leg elastic and said, "Tell your little sister you're sorry. Tell her you are a faggot. Tell her you like to suck dicks."

The camera flashed and whirled and I looked up from Tammy's lap at my little sister holding the Polaroid. It flashed and whirled again and I began to cry harder as I said, "I'm a faggot. I'm a faggot."

Tammy said, "And tell her the rest, Bobby Ann." She kept snapping my fancy panty leg elastic and it was getting painful and driving me crazy.

I sobbed out, "I'm a faggot - I'm a panty-wearing faggot, and I like to suck dicks!"

They all howled, and I felt sick. I slipped off of Tammy's lap onto the floor on my knees as the camera flashed and whirled again. I sobbed and held my face in my hands as they laughed and laughed.

"I think the little faggot needs his bottom warmed," my little sister said as she laughed.

I was pulled up from the floor and forced down over the stuffed arm of the couch. They all took turns spanking my pink pantied bottom and taking pictures of me. Betty got a ruler from an old desk stored there and started using it on my bottom and upper thighs. I squealed and kicked my Mary Jane covered feet as she paddled me severely with the wooden ruler.

"Stop! P-P-PL-L-LEASE!" I sobbed, and to my surprise she did.

"Now you show us what a little faggot you are, Bobby Ann," Betty demanded, "Or I'll get Jughead."

"OH-H, N-N-NO-O-O!" I sobbed. I hadn't seen or heard him come in. It was eleven-year-old Chuckie from

down the street, one of the only boys I ever got to pick on. This kid was real loser, and I know these forceful girls could get a kid like him to do anything. His pants were down, and Tammy was stroking his small penis hard and waving it before me.

“On your knees, faggot,” Karen ordered. “Show us how you like to suck cock. Do it!”

“Do it, or I'll get Jughead,” Betty hissed in my ear as she twisted my tied-up arms, and pulled them up in back. I yelped, and they all pushed me down on my knees before Chuckie.

“Suck it, faggot! Suck his dick,” Tammy chimed in.

Betty smacked the back of my head, and the camera flashed and whirled. “Do it now, or we'll drag you to the park where Jughead is playing ball, and he'll beat you up in your pretty school uniform while everyone watches. And then he'll make you suck his cock – and he has one five times the size of this puny little dick – and he'll make you do it while everyone in the park watches!”

“Suck it, faggot!” my little sister ordered. “You promised me to do everything I tell you to do, so start sucking now, or you'll be in more trouble with mom as well as Jughead!”

Chuckie was going crazy from the girls pulling on his cock. He reached out, and it hurt as he grabbed me by the bow tied tightly to a hank of my hair. The camera flashed and whirled as his little hard penis touched my bright red painted lips. I parted my lips and he pulled my head forward and his little penis slid right into my mouth, and fearing even greater humiliation and punishment, I began to suck on it. Their laughter and giggles filled my ears as I licked and sucked away like a queer boy. They started grabbing at my penis in my sister's panties as they egged me on. Their rubbing on my cock made it stand up in Karen's pink ruffled panties. I felt new shame run through my skinny body as they all laughed at me with a dick in my mouth and my hard cock in silky panties. The camera flashes I could see as Karen continued to take pictures.

“He's a faggot for sure now,” Tammy said laughing.

My little sister sang out, “Oh, my god! My brother, Bobby, the cocksucker!”

They all howled and the penis began to squirt in my mouth. I tried to pull away, but they were ready for me.

“Hold him tightly, girls! Make him swallow it. Make him swallow the cum like a good little faggot,” my little sister shouted leading the charge. They all kept their hands on me and held my head and body in place as Chuckie pushed hard into my mouth. His cum squirted and squirted. He had a big load for a little boy. I felt sick as I swallowed his jism. Some ran down my chin as his penis popped from my mouth. He was done. I was a cocksucker, and the girls all laughed so hard they could no longer hold me. As they let go of me, I had nowhere to go. I just sank to the floor, held my head and cried and cried.

After a long while, my tears subsided, and I looked at my sister, she was holding up the pair of pink panties Betty had given me the week before. "It's a good thing I did the laundry on Monday. I found these in the pocket of your jeans, the jeans you had wet yourself in. If mom had found them you would have been in deep shit! I knew the panties weren't mine, so I looked inside at the label and saw Betty's name on the label. (Something all the girls did so they wouldn't get them mixed up changing for gym class.) So I called her. She told me all about your little visit to their house the week before. Well, I think now is a good time for you to put on these panties, don't you agree, Betty?"

Betty was laughing and nodding in agreement.

I was crying but shaking my head and saying that I didn't want to play their stupid games anymore. I was going to tell mommy the truth about all of them and how they had been forcing me to do all kinds of humiliating things.

But Karen wasn't listening; she was just pointing her finger at me. More precisely, she was pointing at the pink ruffled panties still fully exposed from under the skirt of the school uniform that was bunched up around my waist. Chuckie had recovered from cumming in my mouth and was sitting on the floor beside me. Even he was staring open-mouthed at my panties – my sister's pink ruffled rhumba panties were all wet in front. I had shot a load of cum into those girlie panties – what humiliation! – as if any more shame could be dumped on me – I had dumped this upon myself. I was dressed like a queer, sucked cock like a faggot, and now shot a load in my panties like a true sissy! My life was over!

Betty, commanded, "Wet your panties, Bobby! Show us all what a big sissy baby you are. Pee in your dirty panties, and then we'll clean you up and let you put on my pretty panties!"

I obeyed.

Revised by Princess Lacey

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Girlie-Boy Day at School



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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

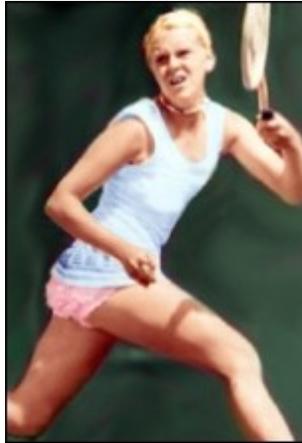
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LIFESTYLE

HEALTH

HEADLINES



Female tennis players told to wear lacy panties once again to look more feminine
Networks try to excite TV viewer.

Veiled Valley, NY: Declining network viewership of women's tennis over the last two decades has prompted major television networks to prohibit the players from wearing boy-style shorts and instead require them to return to the 1970s and 80s fashion of wearing fancy lace rhumba panties under their short skirts. An unnamed spokesperson said, "I'm sure this change in policy will excite back many TV viewers."



Photo above: A lifelong pantywaist dildo sucker enters sucking contest but shocked to discover real penises being used

Schoolgirls who don't wear regulation panties give the principal a very hard time



Upton Falls, NF, Canada: The girls of the Newfoundland Girls School have been put on notice by their principal, I. L. Copwon, that he will issue demerits to any of the girls caught not wearing the regulation, white, brief-style, high-waisted, nylon panties.

"ILC," known for his quickie inspections done with puzzling urgency, has warned the girls to always be prepared, since at a moment's notice, he may have the need see that any particular girl is in full compliance with his lingerie rule. He is known as a hard master, but girls who've experienced his quicky panty inspections say he mellows after just a few minutes of looking up their skirts.

They say he is also fascinated by the handkerchiefs many of the girls carry tucked under the leg elastic of their panties, and he usually insists upon inspecting a girl's hankie in private, and after a few minutes, he returns the hankie, but the girls report it's always stained with gooey secretions of an unknown origin.

French prohibition of all religious symbols in school prevents panty worshipers from wearing head pants

Mother says her son can't concentrate without her pants

Nancy, France: Giselle du Jaquet filed a complaint against the new ruling by the French government prohibiting all students from the wearing of all religious symbols while attending public schools.

Ms. Jaquet excitedly explains that her son has always worn pretty panties over his ugly face and is so used to them he cannot adequately concentrate and do his school work without them. She says she doesn't know what he'll do if he can't come in class without them.

She says she is not a member of any church and therefore the panties are not a religious symbol.

Government officials disagree and cite her son's practice of praying five times each day to a mini panty altar he set up in his locker.

While praying at his altar, the boy wears a soiled pair of his mother's panties over his head, prompting authorities to call the panties a religious symbol, and therefore prohibited.



Below: Doctor with fetish panties and breasts opens mammary screening clinic



Does anyone in Dick Cheney's family wear panties?
Readers' Poll - Yes 2% - No 98%
Margin of error + or - 3%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

US Presidential Election 2004: an anti-Republican by panty manufacturers promises to "Smother Bush"

New product: Experimental nylon panties theoretically good, but testing by fetishists revealed ideological flaws

Cat loving hooker and her veterinarian call to figure out how her pussy died in her pants

If Mama Bush would've put George W in pants we'd now have fashion wars instead of real wars

INDUSTRY SCANDAL: PANTY MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT CAUGHT WITH HER SKIRT UP -- AND NO PANTIES



