

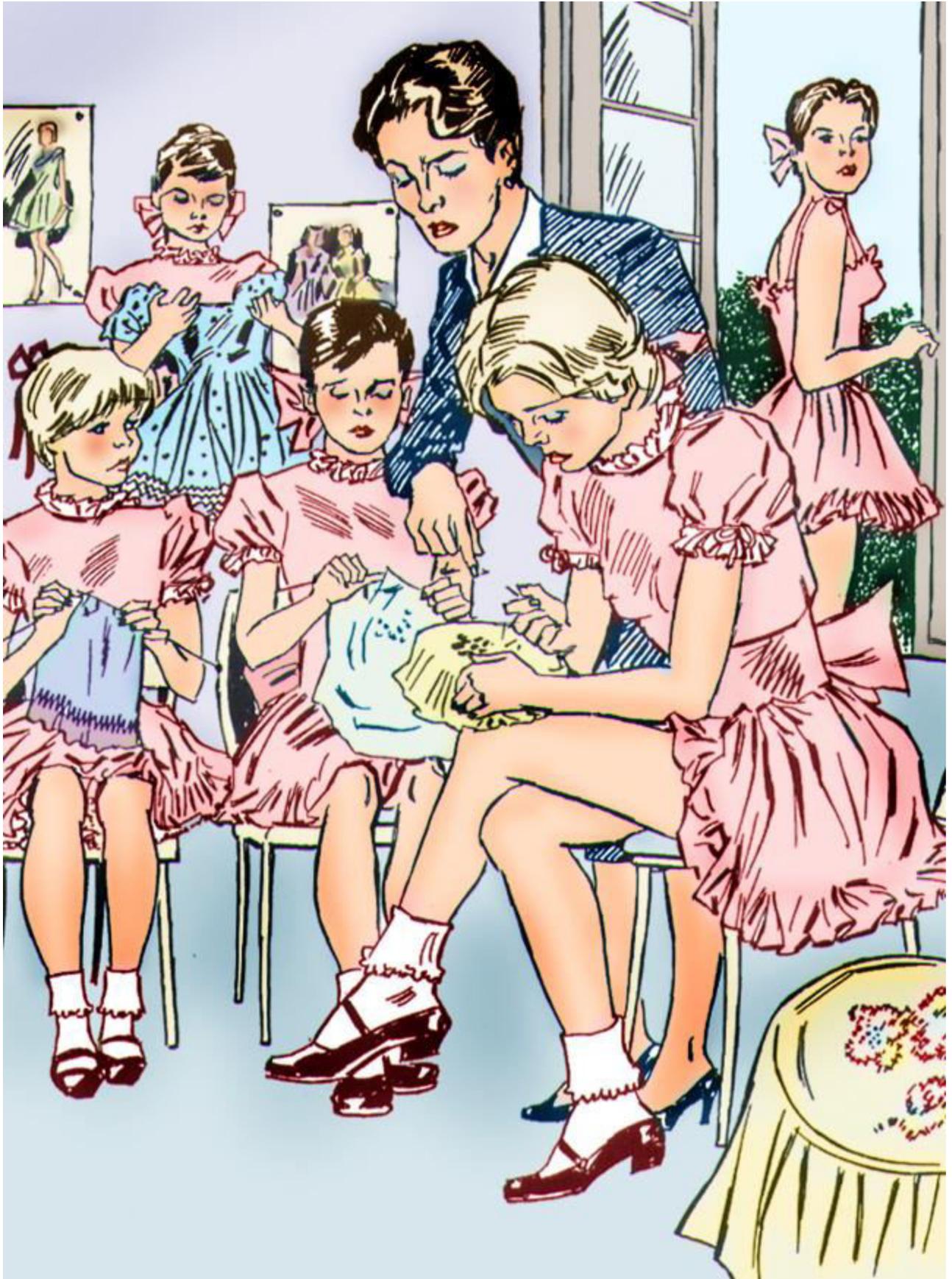
Princess Online



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

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A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Carole Jean

Each month, Carole Jean, a good friend and popular author of forced crossdressing stories, gives us permission to Princessize a drawing from one of her many publications. By "Princessize," we mean that we colorize and sometimes artistically alter the drawing. At times we only make a few minor changes, and at other times, we make a lot of changes -- all designed to reflect our (and we hope our loyal followers') interests.

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's book, "Van, The Bride," in the "Schooled to Be Girls!" series. At the Sylvan School for Girls boys are taught how to be girls. Van is going to the school because he's from a circus family that does a tumbling act, and since his sister can no longer participate in the act, the family doesn't have an act, and it's up to Van to take her place and therefore, he is going to this special school. He hates the school and hates being turned into a girl, especially since most of the boys there are sissies or under petticoat punishment. Van has just returned to the school after a weekend off with his family, and is in his sewing class with a group of sissy boys doing embroidery and making their prom dresses!

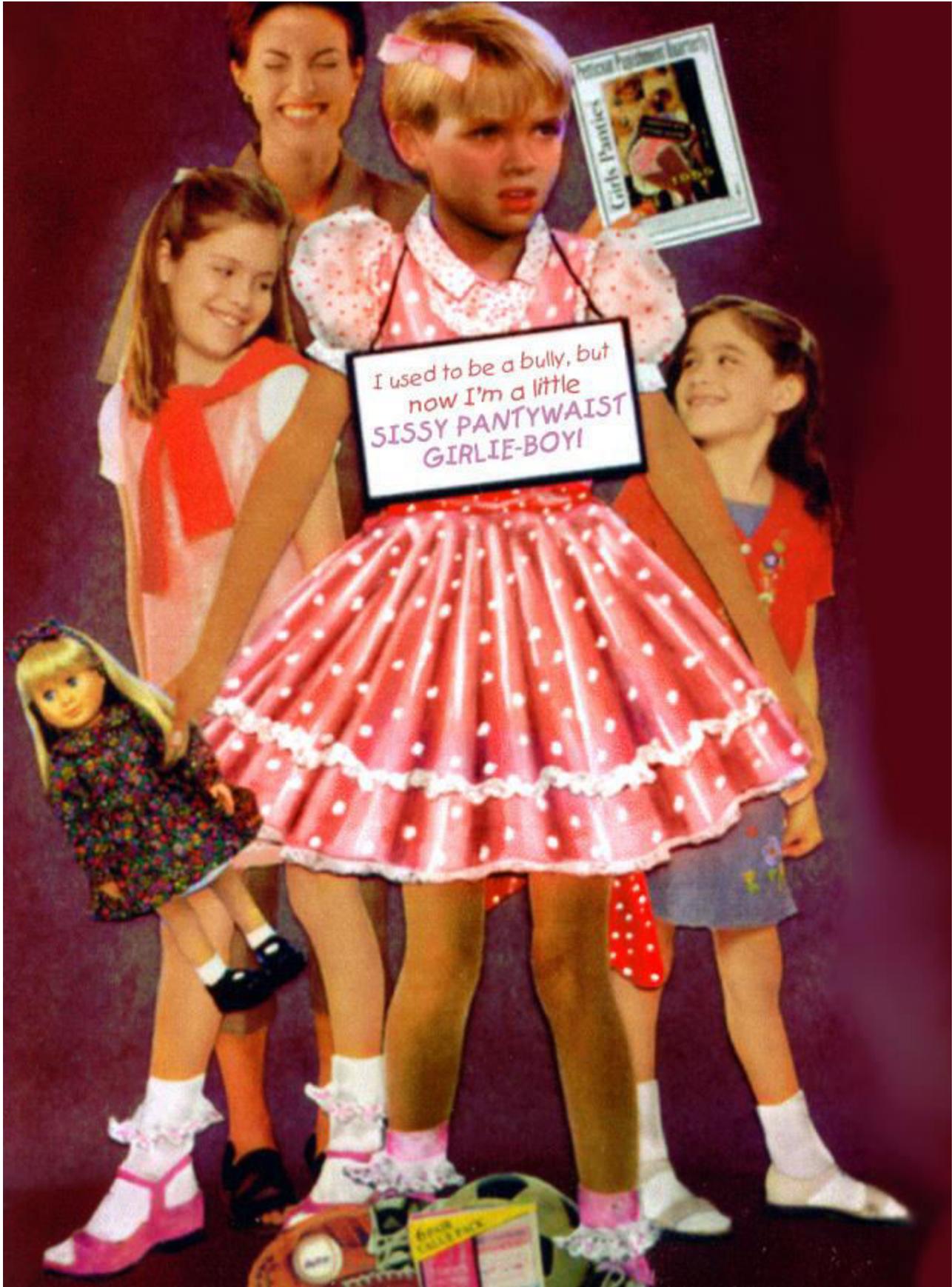
All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits or girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. The most distinctive feature of Carole Jean's books is the abundance of artwork. She has an 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/>

[Index](#)



Watchdoggie!

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

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

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns and the girls in his fifth grade Catholic school during the 1950s. He still vividly recalls every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet that experience also taught him that our society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys. Radical groups bent upon destroying the male world circulate propaganda to their followers. Watchdoggie! monitors these groups, who are working to destroy present-day society! After almost 50 years, Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the pain and anguish he suffered undergoing petticoat punishment.

As therapy, he creates fanciful pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment like the photo collage here that remind him of his own painful ordeal. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being forced to wear a dress and panties and then having the nuns and other school kids ridicule and laugh at him.

[Index](#)



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Masquerade

Astin Baumgartner doesn't seem to mind wearing one of his sister's dancewear outfits for a costume party. The short, nearly see-through skirt meant he couldn't wear his regular underwear, and his sister wouldn't let him wear any of her panties, so he had to wear a pair of his mother's gaudy, heavily frilled panties, but as we said: He doesn't seem to mind!

[Index](#)



Classic Drawing

We Princessized this drawing of one woman showing off her sissy son's hard penis in his pink panties to another woman while on a train ride. The drawing is by Kimberly Wilder; we got it some time ago, but the email return address wasn't functioning. If anyone knows how to get in contact with Kimberly, we'd love to know if we can get more of her lovely artwork.

[Index](#)



Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Bucky

This month, we present the picture of eight-year-old Bucky, 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.

[Index](#)





Sissy of the Month

While Scotty's sister is helping him with his homework, he bends over and she sees a pair of her pale blue panties peeking out above the top of his jeans in back. She grabs

the panty waist elastic to confirm her suspicions, and then berates him for stealing her panties and wearing them. She decides to punish him by making him put on her "National Miss" T-shirt over one of her padded bras stuffed with pairs of her dirty panties. She adds makeup, jewelry and fingernail polish, and then parades him before his older brother and their parents!

[Index](#)



Stepmother from Hell

Almost daily, Betsy Giamonni does three things: She eats a half a box or more of chocolate-covered cherries, she sits on her fat ass watching games shows (her favorite is "The Price is Right" because the men don't know most prices and look so dumb), and she spansks her new stepson because the boy is always breaking one of her thousands of little rules. At any given moment, Tommy's bottom ranges from warm to blazing hot and from bright red to black-and-blue. The once thoroughgoing eleven-year-old is now meek, broken, and withdrawn, a nervous wreck, and afraid of almost everybody and everything.

It's after midnight, Tommy is asleep and having his usual nightmare about his nasty stepmother and wondering why his daddy married her because she isn't very nice to him either, always complaining about him and telling him what to do.

A loud noise downstairs wakes Tommy up. He realizes he has to take a pee, but as he heads to the bathroom, he hears more noise so he tiptoes down the stairs and peeks into the living room. His new mommy is yelling at his daddy just like she yells at him all the time.

"Don't you ever disagree with me in front of anyone else like you did at the grocery store tonight," Betsy yells. Tommy remembers his daddy in the checkout line at the store meekly asking his wife not to buy so many boxes of candy. She just gave her husband a mean look, but Tommy knew that look meant trouble.

"Please, I won't do it again. I promise," Patrick says to his wife while sniffing like he's ready to cry.

"Patty, you're not a man, you're a whiney little wimp and a disgrace as my husband, and since you act like a little sissy, I'm going to spank you like a little sissy. Now get over here and get your pants down."

Tommy recognizes the situation, it's just like when he's about to get one of his frequent spankings from his new mommy. As quietly as he can, so he won't be discovered, Tommy crawls past the dining room table and gets as close as he can to the door to the living room and watches as his daddy undoes his belt and opens his zipper. Mommy yanks open his pants and pulls them down.

Tommy rubs the sleep out of his eyes to see more clearly and lets out a slight giggle because he thinks his daddy's underwear looks funny. His daddy is wearing pink underwear like his real mommy used to wear. Tommy doesn't know it, but they actually are his dead wife's old panties.

Mommy pulls down the panties, exposing daddy's peepee hanging down with a lot of hair around it. Tommy doesn't have any hair down there, so he becomes even more fascinated as he watches. Mommy

grabs daddy's peepee and pulls it back and forth. It stands up. Tommy's penis can stand up too, but his daddy's peepee really gets big, and it gets so long that when his mommy puts both her hands on it, like choking up on a bat, his penis still extends beyond her two hands. Looking at his daddy's long penis makes Tommy feel funny because it's so much larger than his own penis. Tommy's peepee isn't even as big as his little finger. He knows it's tiny compared to other boys because at school after gym class in the shower, the other boys all have big penises and make fun of his little peepee.

Now his daddy is over mommy's lap with his pink panties are around his thighs, and she's spanking him with her hairbrush!

WHACK!! WHACK!!

Daddy is crying and promising to be good just like Tommy does when he gets spanked.

Betsy stops spanking him, and tells him, "Now, Patty, keep your pink panties down and go stand in the corner and think about being a good little sissy husband."

As daddy hobbles to the corner, Tommy hears the TV come on. He quietly heads back upstairs to the bathroom and takes a pee but doesn't flush the toilet because he doesn't want his mommy to hear that he is up and out of bed. But as he leaves the bathroom, he sees his stepmother walking up the stairs toward him.

"Were you downstairs just now peeking at your daddy and me?"

"Uh, no! No, Mommy. I just had to pee," he says, as she hurries off to his bedroom.

She walks into the bathroom, and then yells out, "Tommy, get back in here!"

He runs back and sees her pointing at the toilet.

"You didn't flush, naughty boy."

She takes him by the ear back to his bedroom, sits on his bed and pulls him across her lap. She keeps one of her many wooden hairbrushes on his nightstand just for such an occasion. With the hairbrush, she spansks him hard like she always does. Instantly he begins crying, but she ignores his pleas for her to stop and continues until she decides he has been adequately punished.

As she pulls his underwear back up, she comments, "Your underwear is getting all worn out. I'll need to get you some new ones soon. Maybe I'll get you some like your daddy wears."

Tommy would probably complain if he had heard what she just said, but he didn't hear because he is bawling so hard. She puts him back in bed, and he cries for a long time just like his daddy had cried. He thinks about the pink underwear his daddy is wearing too. He wonders why his daddy wears underwear like his dead mommy used to wear. And he knows boys aren't supposed to be sissies, so he wonders why his step mommy kept calling his daddy a sissy.



The next day, he has trouble sitting in school. He thinks his mommy gave him too hard of a hairbrushing for simply not flushing the toilet. And when he gets home and undresses, he sees his bottom is still red and sensitive. Mommy comes into his room as he is pulling his underpants back up.

“Get those worn-out underpants off. I got you some new underwear. Come here, Tommy, I'll help you put them on,” she says.

He sees she's carrying a bag that she opens as she sits down on his bed. She pulls out something pink and lacy from the bag, unfolds them and holds them out for Tommy to step into.”

“Muh-uh-mommy! Mommy, these are... are...”

“Yes, these are panties, pink panties like sissy little girls wear. So what?”

“But I don't want to wear girls' stuff! I'm a boy, Mommy!”

“You a boy? You're not a boy! You're a sissy. You yourself told me all the boys at school call you a sissy. And they're right. Sissy boys wear girls' pink panties; so, hurry up and get into them.”

“Mommy, please, don't make me wear them!”

“Do you want another spanking?”

“No, Mommy! Please, no, Mommy!”

“Well, then shut up and step into your new panties. I'm sure you'll love them.”

“But, please, Mommy, I don't want to wear them like daddy.”

“So you know your daddy wears panties? Why, you little sneak. I kind of figured you saw him in his pink panties and getting his spanking last night. Oh, well, it's about time you found out about your sissy daddy. And now I know you're a liar too. Just like your daddy is a liar. I wondered if I should put you in panties, but now I know for sure it's the right thing to do.

“You see, Tommy, I don't like men and boys, but I married your daddy because I need to be married or my father won't leave me his money when he dies, and that's going to be very soon, I hope. Your daddy knows I don't love him, but he loves me. He's loved me for years ever since we met at his doctor's office where I used to work. I told him right out that I loved girls not boys, but he knew I needed to get married, so he wanted to marry me, anyway. He's in love with my big tits, so what the fuck do I care? So we did get married, and you are part of the bargain.

“But I'm pissed off at him because he lied to me. He said he had a lot of money before we got married, but then I found out he doesn't have shit for money. That's why I believe I deserve all the money he makes, and why I won't spend any more money on him or you than I have to. That's why I make him wear your real mother's old panties for underwear – one to punish him, two to save money, and three to let him know who's boss around here. I promised him I wouldn't let you find out about his wearing his wife's old panties, but since you're a sneaky little boy and found out all by yourself, all bets are off. That's why I bought you girls' panties to wear from now on. Girls' panties are so much cheaper than boys' stupid underwear, and you're not a boy anyway. Just like your daddy, you're a liar and a sissy – and everybody knows you're a sissy – so you should wear pink panties just like other sissies.”

“But I can't wear them; the other boys will laugh at me,” he says as he steps into the pink panties, and she pulls them up high on his skinny little body.

“So what? You tell me they laugh at you already. So what if you're wearing girls' panties. I'm sure they won't be surprised at all. And I don't give a shit about what your father has to say about it either. In fact, we'll show him how pretty you look in your new pink panties as soon as he gets home.”

Tommy is shivering in the cool nylon panties hanging on him loosely and ticking his body. He's quietly crying.

“Stop bawling like a baby, or I will give you something to cry about. And don't you dare take those panties off except to change into a clean pair every day, or I'll spank your butt so hard, you'll beg me to turn you into a real girl because I don't spank girls. I suppose you should know about that too.

“A lot of times when you are not around I make your daddy wear your mommy's dresses and other old clothes, but now he can do that in front of you. It's so funny to see him dressed up like a dumb little housewife or a silly faggot, but he does it! The son of a bitch still loves me, loves to suck on my titties, no matter what I do to him. And now that you know about his panties, I can have him wearing those old dresses around the house all the time. It will save a lot of money from having to buy him new clothes all the time. Anyway, we're married and staying married until my fucked-up father dies because your daddy can't get a divorce from me in this state with the prenup I had him sign. Besides I have pictures of him in all kinds of women's clothes, so if he doesn't go along with everything I want, I can destroy him, even take you away from him in a divorce. I'd do that just for fun – then I'd probably cut off your little dick and make you into a real girl. Get the message, sissy boy?

“And from now on, whenever you are in the house, pink panties will be the only thing you are allowed to wear! If I let you wear anything else, it will just be other girls' clothes that I buy from the secondhand store. And starting tomorrow, I'll be adding a lot more chores for you to do too. You're not pulling your weight around here. But for tonight, I'll give you a night off to get used to wearing your pretty new pink panties. So go downstairs and watch TV until your daddy gets home. And while you're watching TV keep your hands on your panties, rub your hands all over them and get used to feeling yourself up through all the lace, bows and soft nylon of pink girlie panties.”

Tommy complains because the panties are thin and his peepee can be seen right through them.

Mommy says, "Little boys have nothing to hide, and little sissy boys like you have even less, so what are you concerned about? In fact these tight little pink panties flatten you out so you look almost like a girl between your legs. Besides, if you're just in thin, silky panties, you're always ready for a spanking, and I don't have to bother pulling down your shorts."

Daddy comes home and sees Tommy watching TV and sitting on the living room floor in just a very lacy pair of pink silk panties. Patrick looks over at his wife and is about to complain to her, but she momentarily stops stuffing her mouth with chocolates, gets up and slaps him twice across the face.

"Don't say a fucking thing, you pathetic wimp. Your sissy son was spying on us last night when I gave you your spanking, so he knows all about you wearing your ex-wife's old panties. So I thought the sneaky, lying little pussy boy should be treated just like his lying, wimpy father. Now, get your trousers and everything else off except your pink panties, sit down and put your prissy son on your lap and watch TV together until supper is ready. And keep your hands on your son's panties, and Tommy, you keep your hands on your daddy's panties. I want both my panty boys to be thoroughly in love with each other's panties."

Daddy is blushing and shaking but strips down and both father and son sit watching TV, crying and feeling each other up through their silky panties. At Betsy's command, Daddy touches his son's pantied penis. She laughs when the little bump sticks up about an inch into the silkiness of his pink panties. She laughs even more when his daddy's big penis starts to grow and pushes out the front of his own panties. Tommy gets scared seeing and feeling his daddy's huge, angry-looking penis pushing up against his panties from behind.

It's now Sunday and mommy's friends, Alice and Carol, come over with Alice's daughters, Annie and Janie. Daddy is allowed to keep his men's clothes on over his pink panties, but Tommy isn't allowed any other clothes over his pink panties. The two women laugh as they see him for the first time, and that makes Tommy cry.

"Betsy, why is Tommy wearing girls' panties? Is this some new punishment for being naughty again?" Alice asks.

"Oh, he's naughty all the time. No, I just think pink panties are the kind of underwear a little wimp like him should be wearing," Betsy answers.

"Oh, yeah!" Carol says, "It's about time you dress in lacy panties like a proper little sissy. They really suit him, Betsy."

The women are bad enough, but the two little girls stare in disbelief, point at him and can barely stand up since they are laughing so hard.

“Where's his peepee, Mommy,” seven-year-old Annie asks through her giggling. “I don't see his peepee. Is Tommy a girl now? Is that why he's wearing pretty panties?”

“No, Tommy's not a girl,” Alice answers. “He's just a sissy. Sissy boys like him like to wear panties just like girls.”

Betsy adds, “Annie, Tommy's peepee is very small, just another reason why he's a sissy. He doesn't have much of anything to put in boys' underwear, so he may as well wear panties like a girl.”

“I think he looks real cute,” eight-year-old Janie says. “Can I touch his peepee?”

“Of course, you can,” Betsy answers. “Why don't you rub it through his silky panties? He likes that. And then it will get a little bigger so you can see it better.”

Tommy is made to stand still while both little girls look closely at his panties, play with the lace and bows and touch his penis. It grows a little larger, much to the delight of the girls.

“Can we see it some more, Auntie Betsy?” one girl asks, and she's quickly followed by the other girl with a similar request, “Can we pull down his panties and see it some more?”

“Of course, you can, girls.”

The girls now have his panties down around his thighs and are probing about and rubbing his penis. It gets a little bigger in their hands. He cries and squirms to the touch of their cold fingers. They keep laughing.

“Tommy! Stand still, and let the girls touch you,” Betsy commands. “Little girls need to learn about boys, especially sissy boys like you; so stop squirming.”

“But I have to go pee, Mommy.”

“OK, let the girls go with you to the bathroom and let them see how you go pee.”

As the three children walk toward the bathroom, Alice turns to Patrick and asks, “What do you think about your son wearing girls' panties? Most men would kill a woman who did that to their son, but it doesn't look like you're too upset about it.”

Patrick, fearing his wife might expose him in his own pink panties, just blushes heavily and shrugs his shoulders.

Betsy puts her arm around her husband and answers, "Oh, Patty, loves the idea of his sissy son in pink panties. He even has the boy sit on his lap in just his panties while they watch TV together. Isn't that right, honey?" Unseen by the other two ladies, Betsy slides her hand down the back of her husband's slacks, grasps the waistband of his pink panties and yanks up on them.

Patrick, totally red-faced and with a tear in his eye, just nods in agreement. Betsy yanks up even harder on the waistband of his panties, and he feels compelled to say, "Betsy is Tommy's mother now, and she knows what is best for him. If she wants him to wear pink panties, then I support her and tell Tommy he must listen to mommy and do everything she wants just like I do."

Alice looks at Carol with raised eyebrows. Carol looks back at Alice and mumbles, "Oh, my god, what a pussy whipped wimp!"

Monday is a terrifying day for Tommy, as he attends school for the first time wearing girls' pink lacy panties under his shorts. He's so afraid the other kids and his teachers will find out about his panties, but like a nerd, he keeps his shorts pulled up sky high around his waist and no one discovers his secret.

He gets home and finds his daddy lying on the living room couch in a pink nightgown because his daddy was too sick to go to work today. Tommy recognizes the nightgown as one his mother used to wear; it still smells of her perfume, and that makes him miss her more than ever because it seems like a thousand times he had snuggled up to his warm, cuddly mother while she was wearing this long nylon nightie trimmed with embroidered red roses and ruffled lace around the neck and the ends of the sleeves.

Tommy also realizes his daddy has been sick a lot lately and been going to the doctor a lot. They don't go to their old doctor anymore where his step-mommy used to work collecting delinquent accounts, but to a new doctor, a lady doctor that they all switched to when mommy quit her old job and started working for this new doctor. If his opinion of this new doctor was based on looks, Tommy would have loved her because she was pretty and young, for a doctor, with looks kind of like Madonna. She even did that Elvis-like sneer that Madonna sometimes does, but Tommy didn't like her because she wasn't warm or nice to him, and when she checked his scrotum during his preschool physical, she yanked down hard on his cock to pull back his foreskin and gave a little twist to his nuts that made him wince.

"Tommy," mommy says, "your daddy has been feeling sick lately, but I'm working with our doctor to fix daddy real good. A lot of men and boys need to be fixed, and if they were, the world would be a nicer, more peaceful place. Right now, the medicines he's taking make him tired. I'm going to be helping your daddy a lot this week and we have two appointments with the doctor this week to get him fixed up real good, so your cousin Barbara [not Tommy's real cousin just one of Betsy's nieces] will be here to stay with us and help out for a few days."

“Can I put on my shirt and shorts before she gets here, Mommy?” Tommy asks.

“Of course, not, you silly little pantywaist! Just your pretty pink panties are all you're allowed to wear in the house unless I give you a little dress or something else to wear. You know that! And when I'm not here, you must do everything your cousin Barbara tells you to do or she'll spank you. Plus I'll spank you again when I get home. Cousin Barbara is almost a grown up because she's thirteen.”

Barbara arrives and mommy tells her all about taking care of Tommy while she sits there and smiles at him in his pink panties.

“Auntie, I'm going to love taking care of Tommy. Mom told me you were making him wear girls' panties but I didn't really believe it. Tommy is so cute in his pink panties, and he minds you so well. I think more boys should wear girls' panties instead of the ugly underwear they all wear. Don't worry, Auntie, I'll spank him good if he misbehaves.”

“I'm sure you'll do a great job,” Betsy says. “Tommy, go put yourself across your cousin's lap, so she can see what it's like when you need to get spanked.”

“See how nicely he fits on your lap, Barbara honey. If he gives you any trouble at all, just spank him as hard as you can, and don't pay any attention to his pleas to stop. He's a liar as well as a sissy, so you can't believe anything he says.”

“Yes, Aunt Shirley,” Barbara says as she playfully but firmly slaps his pantied bottom a few times with her hand.”

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Tommy is startled, but she doesn't hit him hard enough to make him cry. He doesn't complain even when she has him stand up so she can do a close-up examination of his fancy pink panties. He blushes and tears are ready to fall from his eyes at the humiliation, but he forces himself not to cry. She takes over as Tommy's guardian as mommy takes daddy to the doctor's office to get fixed. Barbara gives Tommy a bath. It is pretty much like when his mommy does it, but she rubs his peepee a lot harder. She even sticks her finger into his bottom hole to make sure it's clean. She brought along with her an extra pair of babydoll pajamas, sheer white babydolls with big pastel-colored flowers all over them. She makes Tommy put them on over his panties and puts him to bed early. She has him sleep on the floor in a sleeping bag because she's going to be sleeping in his bed.

It is late when mommy gets back from the doctor's office after having daddy fixed. Day after day he sleeps a lot and doesn't go back to work. Day after day Tommy goes to school in fear that the other kids or his teachers will find out he's wearing girls' pink panties under his clothes, but as each day passes and no one discovers his secret, he lives a little easier.

During the week, whenever daddy is out of bed, he walks around the house in dresses that belonged to his dead wife, and he walks very slowly and it looks like he's in some pain. Tommy feels funny seeing him in those dresses. It makes him remember his real mommy and makes him feel very lonely and unloved without her. Day after day, daddy gets stronger and seems to be in less and less pain, so Betsy goes back to making Tommy sit on his daddy's lap to watch TV, and with his daddy in his mommy's pretty dresses, Tommy doesn't mind being on daddy's lap so much.

He doesn't even mind it when daddy rubs his little penis in his pink panties and makes it get real hard. He's still shocked a bit when daddy's penis gets hard and pushes out the front of the pretty dress. Tommy knows his real mommy didn't have a penis that got hard and stood up under her dresses, but his daddy is his best friend and only friend in the whole world, and that kind of makes it OK. Tommy is embarrassed to think about it, but it is kind of funny to see daddy's big penis bounce around under his silky dresses, but it is kind of weird when Betsy or Barbara push him to slide his hand up underneath daddy's dresses and touch daddy's really huge hard cock in his pink silky panties.

On the weekend, daddy is feeling better, and he goes with Tommy to the park. They both get to wear boys' clothes over their pink panties and love the freedom of being away from the male-crushing Betsy and giggling, teasing little Barbara. Father and son are having so much fun playing a game of chess in the cool breeze beneath a shady oak that they forget to be home on time. As they run home, mommy is in the front yard with her hairbrush, looking at her watch and obviously very angry. She yells at both of them and tells them they are two naughty little boys and going to be spanked.

Daddy meekly says, "Yes, ma'am." And Tommy says, "Yes, Mommy."

She marches them into the house, and without being told, they both immediately strip down to just their pink panties even though they are in for more humiliations because Aunt Shirley and cousin Ruth Ann, Barbara's little sister, are now there watching and laughing along with Barbara.

Aunt Shirley congratulates her sister on doing a fine job of taking charge of and panty training her new husband and stepson. Little Ruth Ann has the most spine-chilling giggle, and Patrick and his son are almost in tears just from the little girl's laughter provides the background music for a new round of discipline combined with shaming humiliations.

Cousin Barbara does not wait for mommy to spank Tommy. She just pulls him across her lap and uses her hand to spank him real hard. Tommy is soon crying and his bottom rages with heat and pain. Ruth Ann joins in. She picks up a fly swatter mommy sometimes uses for spanking and takes a turn at hitting Tommy's behind. He screams in horror and cries that it really hurts a lot! Then Barbara pulls up his pink panties and puts him in the corner. Both girls continue to torment him as they snap his panty leg elastics several times and make him dance as the tight panty elastics ping sharply against the bright red marks on his spanked bottom and upper thighs.

Mommy draws everyone's attention to daddy as she pulls down his panties for his spanking and then pulls him across her lap and uses the big wooden spoon she cooks with to spank him. His bottom turns red and he begins crying just like he did that first night Tommy saw him get spanked. Mommy has him get up and tells him to keep his panties down for his corner time, but before she leads him to the corner, she invites Aunt Shirley and her girls to come and take a look at how daddy has been fixed.

Tommy looks to the side and sees his daddy's penis. He stares in horror because his daddy no longer has any hair around his penis and it's hard but seems smaller than he remembered it. Actually, he doesn't see his daddy's penis at all because mommy is using it like a handle to lead daddy over in front of the girls. His penis does not stick out like it did the first time Tommy had seen it. But most shocking to the little boy is that his daddy's balls are gone! Mommy has him stand with legs spread as she shows Shirley and her daughters daddy's scars where they had castrated him. And his penis is only semi-hard even though all of them are handling it. Daddy is crying because he's so embarrassed, especially because his young son can see him with no hair and no balls. On a dare from her big sister, little nine-year-old Ruth Ann stretches forward and plants a little kiss on the end of Patrick's long dick. With a surge his cock instantly becomes more erect and throbs up and down as if wishing for more. That just causes the women and girls to laugh louder than ever. And as Betsy pulls up her sissy husband's pink panties and stretches them out and over his bobbing cock, she admonishes him for pervert attracted to baby girls. Ruth Ann give his cock another kiss, this time through his pink panties, and she lingers for a moment, even letting the head of his cock slide a little ways into her mouth. As she pulls away there's a wet spot on the panties over the tip of his penis, probably from her wet little panty penis kiss and probably not from him since he no longer has any juice-making balls!

Betsy has him stand at attention as Aunt Shirley, Barbara and Ruth Ann all laugh at the pantied father and son like there at the biggest party in town.

"With his ugly balls gone, Patty's panties are awfully loose on him now!" Betsy says with a wicked laugh. "Now that he's feeling better, I'm going to take him to the mall to buy him some new panties in a smaller size, and if he gives me any grief, I'll have that spongy log he calls his penis cut off the next time we go to the doctor. Then, I'll have to take him to the mall again and buy him a whole new supply of pretty panties in even a smaller size."

Aunt Shirley and her little girls get up close and feel daddy all over between his legs to see how he looks in his panties without his stupid-looking nuts. Mommy calls Tommy to come out of the corner and come up close to feel between his daddy's legs too. Tommy and daddy both cry. The ladies and girls laugh and say it's the most fun they have had in ages.

Five weeks have passed, and Aunt Shirley is killed by a hit-and-run driver. Now mommy looks after cousins Barbara and Ruth Ann as well as Tommy. The house is small, so Barbara and Ruth Ann get Tommy's room, and his bed is put into the storage closet with the door removed. Mommy and Daddy have to work very hard to support them, so Tommy is put under the control of his cousins, who are

given full authority over him. Barbara is two years older than Tommy, but the fly swatter-loving Ruth Ann is two years younger and just nine.

School starts and there is a whole new set of embarrassments. Both Barbara and Ruth Ann bring home their friends and classmates to visit. They all get to see Tommy dressed only in his pink panties running around waiting on his cousins. These kids get to inspect his panties, his penis and balls, and they get to watch how his cousins spank him. They make him take down his panties and show them how a boy pees too. Sometimes they even have boys over. Barbara's boyfriend thinks Tommy is weird wearing pink panties and stays away from him, but Barbara gets upset with Tommy when Chuck is there, and she asks him to spank Tommy for her. He agrees and seems to enjoy pulling Tommy's pink panties down to give him a really hard spanking. He then pulls up Tommy's panties and thinks it's a lot of fun to make the boy squirm as he rubs his hands all over Tommy's stinging hot pink pantied butt.

Ruth Ann's friends, both the boys as well as the girls, like watching and helping Ruth Ann make Tommy do tricks like a dog. They all think it's funny for a boy, especially a boy older than they are, to be wearing girls' pink panties. These kids laugh a lot. Even though all these boys are younger than Tommy, they say his penis is a lot smaller than theirs, even a lot smaller than their little brothers.'

Mommy figures out two more ways to save money. She buys an electric hair clipper and starts to give Tommy a crew cut every few weeks. Now with fairly short hair all the time, he looks even funnier when he wears dresses and babydoll nighties around the house. And, just like his ball-less daddy, he is now wearing girls' clothes full time around the house, most of them Barbara's hand-me-downs. The kids at his school don't know about his sissy home life because he goes to St. Mark's Catholic School and his cousins Barbara and Mary Ann go to Massillon's public school. But more and more, he has to wear Barbara's outgrown clothes to school too! Fortunately not the dresses and skirts, but it's almost as bad. Barbara has some white blouses that kind of look like boys' shirts, and mommy says they have lots of wear left in them, so he has to wear them. Tommy is fairly ignorant about the differences between boys' and girls' clothes. He thinks the blouses look OK since they are plain white and don't have any lace or flowers and stuff on them, and therefore, he does not object to wearing them, but he quickly finds out in school that they are not the same. Girls' blouses button right over left while boys' shirts button left over right, but smart-aleck, freckle-faced Tina Crouse, one of the girls in his class is the first to notice it, and she broadcasts it to all the other kids, who then laugh at him for wearing a girls' blouse. For more than two months, Tommy has gotten away with wearing pink panties under his shorts, and he has been feeling confident that he will be able to continue to get away with secretly wearing them. In gym class, he changes in the toilet stall so the other boys can't see that he is wearing girls' pink panties for underwear. But now with attention drawn to him again because he is daily wearing girls' blouses, he is newly afraid that the guys will begin to look at him closer and also find out about his frilly pink panties. More than ever, he is a nervous wreck.

Mommy always says that little boys wear shorts — short shorts and claims it's good for little boys' legs to be exposed to the weather, so she always gets Tommy the cheapest kind of little boys shorts, those with an elastic waist and without a fly so he has to pull them down to peepee.

But now with the weather getting colder, Mommy gives Tommy some of Barbara's old jeans to wear to school. They were made boys' style with a fake fly front, but the real zipper is on the side. He tries them on, and Mommy says they fit just fine and he doesn't need a fly in front because he can just pull them down when he has to pee. The very first day he wears them to school, he waits to use the toilet until he can be in there alone, but as he undoes the side zipper of his jeans and pulls them halfway down so he can lift his peepee over the waistband of his pink panties and pee into the urinal, two other boys come into the boys' restroom. Tommy gets scared and quickly struggles to pull his panties and jeans back up, but Paul, one of the meanest kids in school, sees a flash of pink, makes a funny face and comes over to see what he's wearing.

Tommy tries to back away, but Paul commands, "Hold it right there, boy!"

"Jake, do you see what I see? A side zipper on his jeans! He's wearing girls' jeans, god, what a sissy! And what's this?" he says as he reaches out, grasps the waistband of Tommy's pink panties and pull them way out to show his friend. "Hey, these pink things are panties! GIRLS' PANTIES!"

Paul and Jake call Tommy a sissy for wearing girls' jeans and sissy pink panties.

Jake's penis is hard in his pants, and he says Tommy looks like a girl and is making him excited, so he needs a blowjob. Tommy doesn't know what a blowjob is.

Jake says, "It means you get on your knees and suck on my cock," as both boys push Tommy down before Jake.

"Now, suck on it like a lollipop, sissy, and I don't want to feel any teeth."

Scared that they will hit him because they are talking so tough, Tommy does his best to pleasure the bully. After a while Jake grabs him by the ears and pulls me back and forth. He gives a yell of relief as he fills Tommy's mouth with salty, gooey cum.

"Swallow it, sissy!"

Tommy chokes on the jism and swallows, but a lot of the smelly boy juice still coats the inside of his mouth and the unpleasant taste lingers on, as they let the humiliated and crying boy finally pull up his pink panties and girls' jeans.

Tommy still has to pee but they don't let him. Instead they pull him out of the rest room, force him across the hall and shove him into the girls' toilet. There are some girlish screams from inside, then silence, and then Tommy is heard screaming and pleading with giggling girls to let him go!

The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

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Published only when we fi
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dressing up and jerki

HEALTH

President Bush to Panty Wankers: "Bring It On"

Washington, DC: President Bush declared war on panty masturbators this past week when he told them to "Give me your best shot."

Bush bowed to the wants of the religious right who are bent on stopping panty terrorists who soil nylon because they say nylon is a sacred fabric since it is a byproduct of oil, one of the holiest substances on earth. Oil is one language Bush can understand.

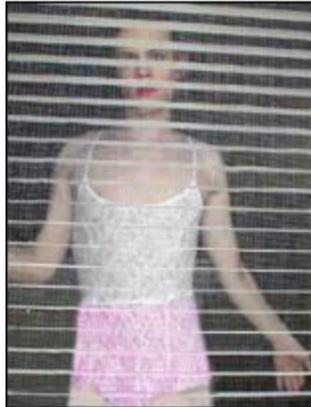


Sissy doesn't have the balls to go out in his best dresses

LIFESTYLE



He set new record: Out of 186 school days, boy caught wearing his sister's clothes 186 times



Voyeurs Association of America gives the Good House Peeping Seal of Approval to Sissy exhibitionist doing nightly strip in his open window

HEADLINES

Dolled up in wig and dress, son of bi mom stands in for her at charity event

More than spirits were raised at The Center for Gay Sexual Predators with ED when Trixie Moore sent her young son in her place to their annual charity event.

The staff and patients alike all rose up when the boy came into their ballroom and left a generous donation.

Izzy Moore, a happy little boy in every sense of the word, showed up wearing a wig and one of his mother's evening gowns. Just the sight of him was enough to cure the erection problems of many of these old fags.



Survey: Symptoms sissies exhibit when they don't cum:
Headaches 5% Sleeplessness 2% Heavy Breathing 6%
Nervousness 9% Blue Balls 9% Feelings of Insanity 6%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Fetish experiment goes wrong: Monkey taught jackoff in panties terrorizes girls on a panty r

No surprise: Dirty political trickster Karl R discovered licking piss and shit-stained pant

Terri Schiavo's panty pervert male nurse st her panties and is now selling them on eBa

Government awards grant to panty pervert research studying girls who piss their panties when they lau

Woman files \$400 homeowner's insurance claim a her jerkoff son ruins 8 pairs of her designer pantie

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