

# 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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## 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 the extremely talented artist Juan Sole, is from an upcoming Carole Jean book showing a boy under feminine training by dominant females who love dressing boys in girls' clothes, including the most feminine of petticoats, bras, panties, fancy nightgowns and other lingerie, and then humiliating them in front of

their families, friends and even total strangers. In this drawing three girls are teaching a boy how to apply his own makeup.

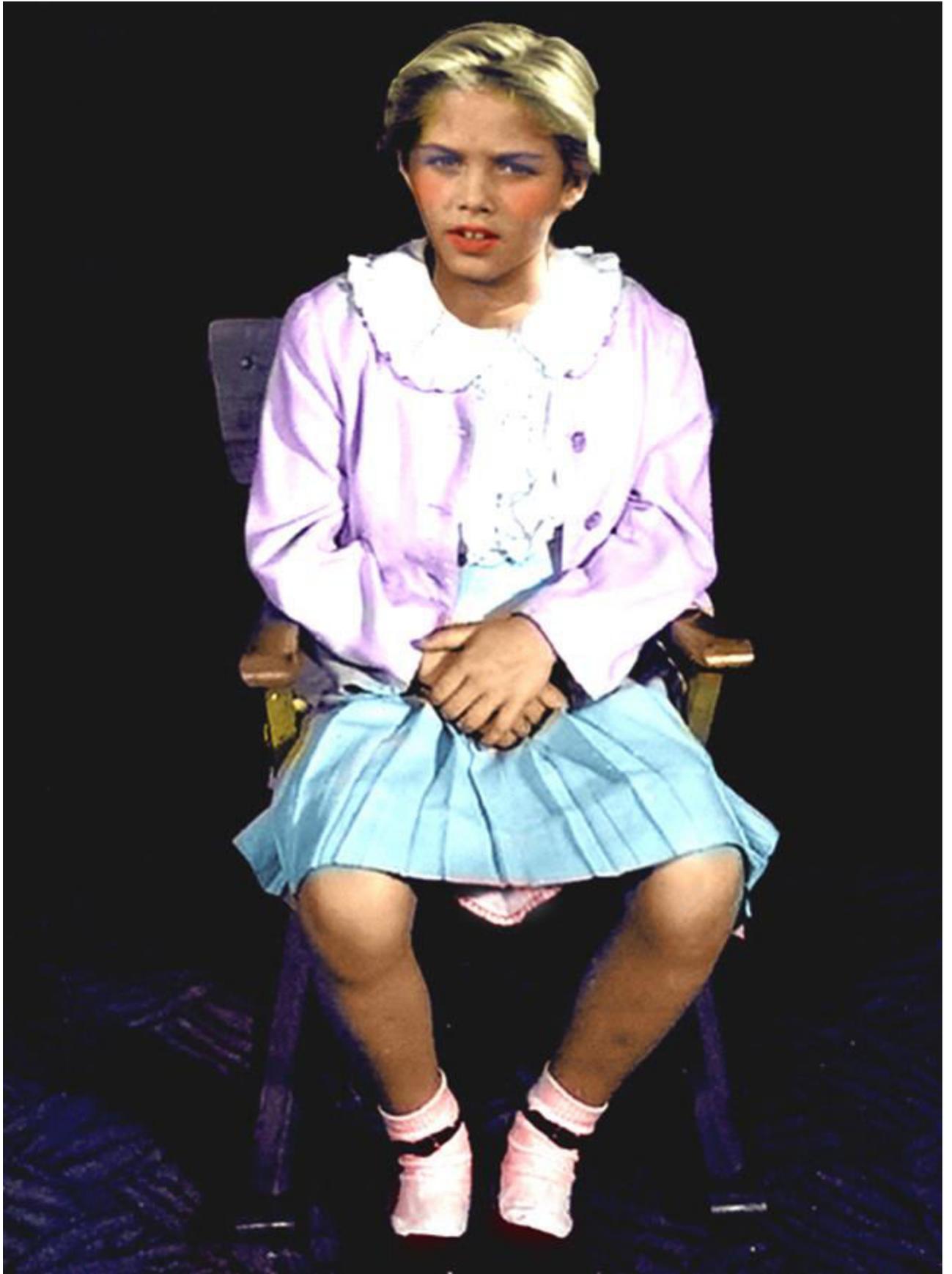
All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits or girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. The most distinctive feature of Carole Jean's books is the abundance of artwork. She has an 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: "The Male Maid Book of ABCs", "Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", "The Sarah School", "Bound to Be a Maid", "Crave X -- A Wife's Revenge", and the first two books in the "Schooled to Be Girls" series: "Norm, the Home Boy," and "Van, the Bride."

The Bill books include: "Darwin's Womanhood", "Henry's Vacation in Panties", "Bill's Humiliation in Panties", "Jeff's Humiliation," and two of our favorites: "Beautified Bullies" and "Schooled with Girls." You can purchase all her books 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.

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 the nuns and 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.

As therapy, he collects and creates pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment, pictures that illustrate what happened to him, and one of his pictures we present here. Abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being forced to wear a bra, dress and panties and heavy makeup and then having the nuns and other school kids laugh at and ridicule him.

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*In 1952, boys in dresses, lingerie, jewelry and full makeup (but no wigs) wait to audition for the part in a*

## Masquerade

In 1952, boys in dresses, lingerie, jewelry and full makeup (but no wigs) wait to audition for the part in a play of a boy who loves to dress up in his mother's clothes!

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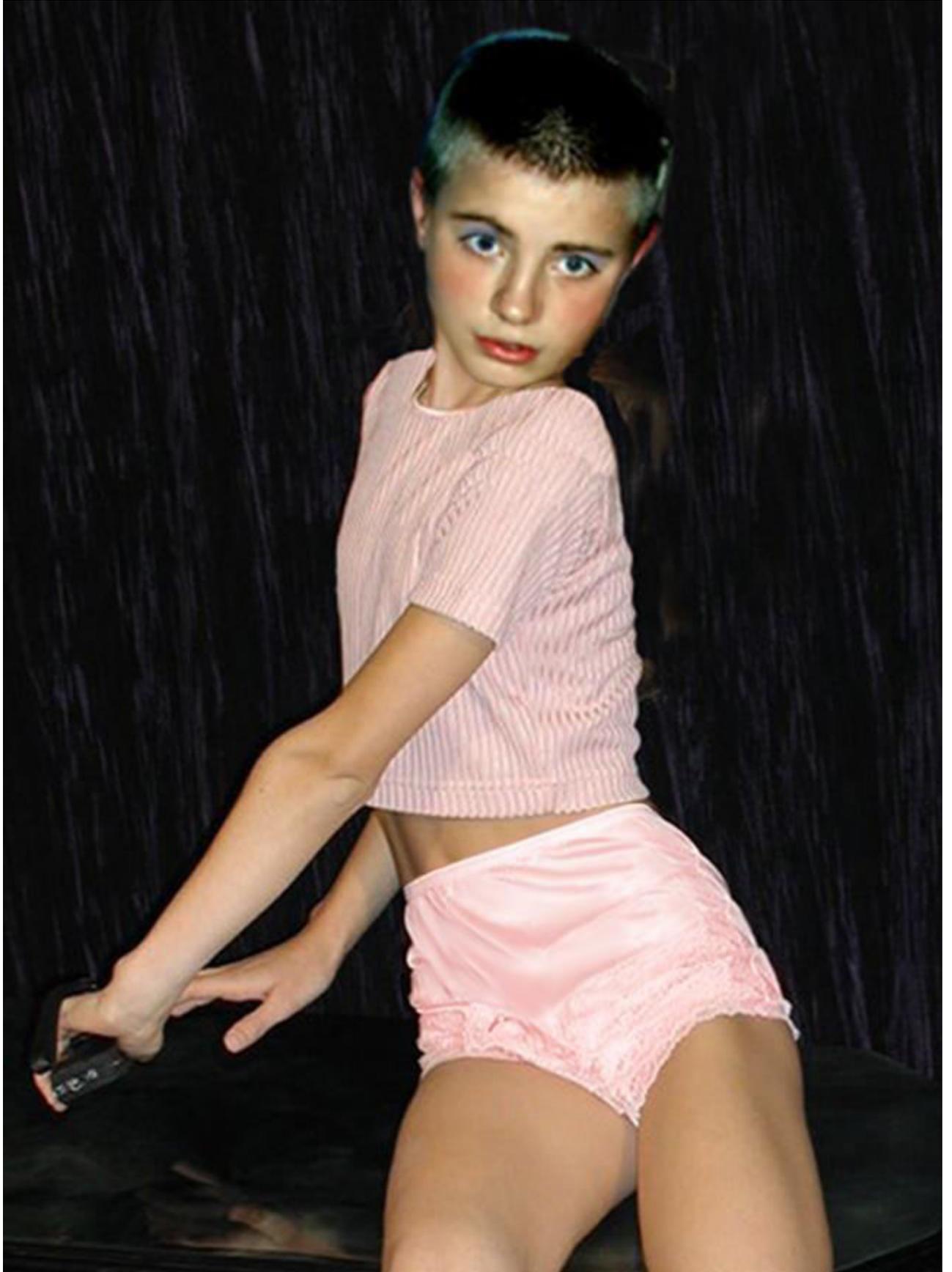




## Classic Art

This month we happily present a drawing by the great Missy McQueen.  
For being a bully and abusing girls, a girl has the pleasure of putting makeup and  
lipstick on her big brother  
who is being turned into a sissy while his best friend looks on in stunned amazement.

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## Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Benny

This month, we present the picture of ten-year-old Benny, another one of Ma Kelly's boys. On the day this picture was taken, Ma had lost patience with Jimmy and humiliated him in front of the other boys by adding makeup to his face with his pink rhumba panty costume.

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 put the store up for sale and 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 starting a baby-sitting service. It went well but she almost immediately barred taking in 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 that excess 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 inventory and took them home with her prior to the sale of the store.

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. Then one 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. His picture is printed in our Princess Online #50 since he was pictured on our March 2003 website.)

Realizing that boys are built a little differently than girls, she had Donald put the rhumba panties on backward to afford him a little more room in front. He 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 and adults, so he put on the top and pink panties 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 made Donald miserable with their finger pointing, laughter and name-calling.

After finding Donald crying because of all the teasing, Ma made all the boys take off their clothes and put on a set of the pink tops and silky rhumba panties too. She reasoned that they wouldn't make fun of Donald if all of them were dressed just like him. It worked! Not only that, all the boys became very quiet and sweet. They stopped fighting with each other, only talked in whispers and sat quietly on the floor watching television with her as she watched her soap operas and game shows.

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 the parents saw Donald and all the other boys in pink tops and panties, they were puzzled, but Ma explained to them what had happened and the parents understood, and when Ma told them how the girls' clothes made all the boys so much more manageable, they withheld their skepticism and agreed it made sense. Then Ma got their okay to use girls' clothes on each boy anytime they were needed. All the parents had known and loved Ma for years and didn't question how she wanted to treat the boys, especially since she got them all to be such sweet little kids within such a short period of time.

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

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

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

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### **Sissy of the Month**

*Click on photos for a larger view.*

At Luella's birthday party, she talked her little brother Donovan into letting her and a bunch of the girls put makeup on him and bows in his hair. The first picture on the left shows Donovan before they made him up. The picture on the far right looks like he was having fun after the girls fixed him up, but the picture in the middle shows a sad little boy who is no longer very happy at being made up like a sissy little girl because all the adults and boys at the party laughed at him and teased him until he cried!

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### **Made Up into a Sissy**

“Stop struggling or I'll spank,” my big sister Karen warned as she held me naked on her lap so my little sister Amy could get my feet through the lacy leg openings and pull the pale blue panties up past my skinny knees. Then, in one swift motion, Karen raised me off her lap and Amy pulled the humiliating little girls' panties up around my slender waist. I yelled when she let the waistband go with a loud snap against my tummy. After stretching the elastic as far as it could go, she purposely let it go to sting me and to drive home the point that I was now wearing silky sissy panties. And knowing a skirt was next, it was the saddest day of my life. Now, even I knew for a fact, I was officially a sissy for



letting my domineering sisters make me wear panties and girls' clothes to go trick-or-treating.

For a costume, I had wanted to wear my old baseball uniform from last year, and Mom had been after me to try it on before Halloween to make sure it still fit, but I kept putting it off, and now the day was here, and when I put it on, it was way too small, and I ripped the butt out of the pants. It was obvious I couldn't wear it. I wanted to go out in costume and get some candy like all the other kids, but now I didn't have a costume and I didn't know what to do.

As I stood there in my underwear and asked my mom what I could do now, my big sister said I should wear one of her old dresses and go out as a girl. For coming up with that idea, I called my sister a "shit face," and for saying that, mom gave me a quick dozen smacks on my butt and then washed my mouth out with soap. And the next thing I knew, I was being hauled into the bedroom my two sisters shared, and my mom simply told them, "Girls, fix him up real pretty like and then bring him downstairs so I can see him." She also warned me that if I resisted in any way, she'd have dad give me a paddling.

I was crying because I knew I was now destined to go parading around the neighborhood like a dumb little girl. I wanted to resist, but I feared dad's paddle. Besides, with my bottom still stinging from mom's spanking and my mouth still tasting of soap, I had no fight left in me. After being pantied, a tight V-neck top made of a stretchy white fabric was pulled over my head and tugged into place.

My older sister said, "Amy, get a couple of your hair ribbons and put them in his hair. It's pretty short, but I think there's enough there to tie on the ribbons. You do that while I put some makeup on him."

I pleaded with them not to paint my face and not to put bows in my hair and complained that just the dress would be bad enough, but Karen giggled and said, "Shut up or I'll paint your nails too."

"Oh, sis," Amy begged, "yes, let's paint his nails too."

"OK, you can paint his nails after you put the hair ribbons on him," Karen said as I saw her opening a tube of lipstick and aiming it at my lips."

I felt helpless, ashamed and overwhelmed. Even without fear of getting the paddle from my dad, Karen was four years older than me and able to beat me up. She always had been able to physically dominate me and at the rate I was growing, it would be a long, long time before I could match her strength. I was a weak and wimpy brother to my evil sisters. There was nothing I could do except stop protesting and let them finish my humiliation.

I ran my tongue over my lips, the lipstick made my lips feel completely different, and not just like I was wearing ChapStick. It felt smooth and velvety. Boys, I realized, weren't supposed to feel such things. And they weren't supposed to feel the other things too like the silky panties covering my dick. It wasn't very big. It wasn't even as big as most of the other boys in my gym class, and now it was inside the ultimate item of girlishness – lacy, silky panties. They were soft and comfortable – too comfortable for a boy but also very unnerving. Every bit of skin on my

hips and ass tingled with their silkiness. While thoughts raced through my mind of how strange these hallmarks of femininity felt on me, Karen made me sit perfectly still (awfully difficult with my burning butt in silky panties) as she pushed me further toward girliness by adding eyeliner, purple eye shadow and blush to my face.

Once the ribbons were in my hair, Amy painted my nails a bright red to match my lipstick, and then they stood me before their full-length mirror. A sissy in panties and makeup was staring back at me. The girls put a pale blue chiffon skirt around me and tied it on. It was part of one of my kid sister's dance outfits and it was so thin you could see my light blue panties right through it! My skinny white legs were almost totally exposed from the lacy edges of my pale blue panties so visible through the skirt down to the ruffled tops of the frilly white ankle socks they had put on my feet. I was numb as Karen took pictures of me. My reverie was broken when Karen said, "OK, sissy, you've enjoyed looking at your pretty little self long enough, it's time to go downstairs for mom to see."

I didn't want anyone else to see me like this, but before I could even protest, the girls were shoving me downstairs and didn't stop until I was standing before my mother. She laughed at me and that made me start to cry.

"Stop crying this instant," she said, "you're going to ruin your makeup. Stop, now, or I'll get dad's paddle and give you plenty to cry about!" She looked me over with a sneer on her lips. "Well, if I would have known you looked so good in girls' clothes, I would have put you in them long ago. No sense wasting so many of Karen's outgrown clothes just because they're girls' clothes and you're a boy."

"Mom," Karen said, "I don't think he's really a boy. Look at the little bump in his panties. I think he likes wearing girlie clothes. He's a sissy, mom."

"Maybe, maybe .... He is pathetic; that's for sure. I wonder what his father is going to say when he sees him."

I begged mom not to let dad see me dressed like a girl, but she just told me to shut up and then added, "So if your father isn't home by the time you get back, we'll keep him dressed up like this until he sees him. He should be back from the restaurant at about eight. While you're out getting candy, I think Karen and I'll go through some of those boxes of old clothes in her closet and see what he might be able to use ..."

"NO! Mom, no!"

"Didn't I tell you to shut up! Don't worry; they'll just be some of your sister's old clothes for you to wear around the house. I won't make you go outside in them ... well, maybe I would if you keep on being so bad to your sisters."

Karen was sixteen and too old to go trick-or-treating, but I was twelve, almost thirteen, and Amy was ten, so we were still young enough to do it. With a warning to me to go wherever my little sister wanted me to go and to do whatever she wanted, Mom and Karen shoved me out the door.

Amy pulled me down the street and we began trick-or-treating. She made sure to tell each place we went to that I was her big brother as if they couldn't tell that from my short hair and the makeup that did little to hide my identity. Some of the people knew me and all of them laughed and told me what a pretty little girl I made and how sweet I looked. Most of them wanted to know if those were real girls' panties I had on, and Amy would make me pull aside the chiffon skirt and let them have a good look. Much to my horror, some of the women and girls couldn't resist reaching out and feeling my silky panties.

My humiliation continued as my sister took me to every house on our street including the houses of my two best friends, Johnny and Chuckie. Luckily, neither of them were home but their mothers were and they were delighted to see me in my sissy little girl outfit.

Johnny and Chuckie were both younger than me by almost two years and I had enjoyed bossing them around and being the leader on our little block. Both mothers told me how sweet I looked and how they were sorry their sons couldn't see me in my costume. My nasty sister agreed and told both mothers the boys could ask her at anytime to show them pictures Karen had taken. She added, "If they ask Bobby, maybe he'll dress up for them and show them how pretty he looks as a girl."

With a wicked laugh, Chuckie's mother responded, "Well, he certainly is pretty, but I don't know if he looks like a girl so much; to me he looks more like a pretty sissy boy."

I wanted to bolt at that point, but Amy was standing in front of the door. Thank goodness we left just a few moments later, and once outside, I cried and told Amy it was too embarrassing for me to go on. I wanted to go home. Surprisingly, Amy agreed. She probably realized that after destroying my reputation with the mothers of my two best friends there was little else to gain.

When we returned home, dad was just pulling into the driveway. He got out of the car and came to the front door at the same time we did. It was dark out and he recognized Amy right away but not me. He asked Amy who her friend was, and that's when the front door opened and Karen welcomed us all in, and when she called me Bobby, dad stumbled on the doorstep and almost fell coming in.

"Holy, shit! Bobby, you went outside like that! Do you want everyone to think you're a fag or some kind of freak? Shit! Shit! Shit! You got goddamn girls' lace panties on too? I don't care if it is Halloween, how could you embarrass our family by going around to our neighbors like that?"

Dad dumped himself down in his La-Z-Boy and told mom to fix him a drink. Mom was way ahead of him and had mixed his vodka gimlet the moment she heard him pull up outside. Dad took his time looking me over. He pinched my nipples and asked if I was going to start growing tits now. He kept asking how I could do something like this. He said his standing in the neighborhood was important and he didn't want me to turn into a fag or a sissy and shame him.

Dad switched to double martinis and had two them while he continued to berate me. Every time I tried to explain how it all happened, he didn't want to hear it. He said, any decent boy would never allow himself to be dressed up like a sissy girl. After dad's third drink, he was flying high

and mumbling gibberish a lot to himself that was interspersed with taunts aimed at shattering any shred of masculinity I had left in me.

“You going to wear dress all the time, now, boy?”

Mom answered, “No, but I was thinking he could get a lot of wear out of Karen's old dresses for wearing around the house.”

“You ain't kiddin' either, are ya? ... Motherfucking sissy!”

“You a fag, now?”

“Going to be bringing home boys to suck?”

“Com'n over here, you can suck on this,” he belched as he grabbed his crotch.

Mom yelled at him, “Pete, that's enough! So the kid is a little sissy, so what!”

Dad eventually drifted off to sleep in his drunken stupor, but I was sobbing all night long. Of course, my sister laughed at everything that made me cry. With dad's biting comments, little Amy learned some new words that night. Mom finally let me change out of those awful clothes and into my pajamas. I think she felt a little sorry for me because she gave my sisters and me a little snack of cookies and milk before sending us off to bed.

The next day my sister teased me something awful as she removed my red nail polish. Even though it was the weekend, I avoided Johnny and Chuckie for several days. Mom was nice enough to tell them I was out or busy with something whenever either one of them came to the door. Mom finally told me that she understood I was embarrassed, but it had been Halloween and a lot of boys dress up like girls, so it was no big deal, and I had to get myself out of the house and mixing with my friends again.

On a rainy day that following week, Chuckie came over and mom let him in. While the two of us were playing checkers in my room, Chuckie asked me, “Hey, did you really dress up like a girl for Halloween?”

I blushed and shrugged my shoulders and said, “Yeah, it was a really dumb costume.”

He giggled and said, “My mother said you were even wearing lace panties.”

I swallowed hard and reddened more and said, “Com'n it's your turn.”

“Aw, what's a matter, don't you want to talk about it? You were wearing panties like a sissy. My mom said only a sissy would wear a dress and lace panties.”

I turned beet red, got up knocked him down and shouted back, “I ain't no sissy, Chuckie. My mom and sisters made me do it because I didn't have any other costume. Now shut up, you dumb shit!”

“God, I was just teasing you,” he said as he got up, brushed by me and left.

A little while later the phone rang and soon after my mother called me to come downstairs. She asked why I had been nasty to Chuckie. I told I hadn't been nasty. I just got mad at him for teasing me about my Halloween costume. She told me I had to learn to behave and she wouldn't tolerate me beating on my friends and knocking them sown. I had no idea what she was trying to do as she yanked me up and began undressing me. She had me down to my underpants in seconds, and that's when Amy came into the room with the chiffon skirt, pale blue lace panties and the other things that had made up my Halloween costume.

As I screamed and tried to squirm away, she gave me a sharp smack on my bottom and pulled down my underpants. I stood there naked and crying as mom dressed me back in my little girl costume, the hated lace panties and all. Karen then appeared with her hands full of makeup. When I protested, mom slapped me hard three times on each cheek. I was really crying hard. She just laughed at me and said, “That will add some nice red color to his cheeks; we won't even have to put any blusher on him.”

With threats of humiliating me in front of my father again, they made me stop crying before putting the eyeliner, eye shadow and lipstick on me. I could feel every speck of that makeup on me. I now understood why they say women ‘paint their faces’ – it felt like thick gobs of paint around my eyes and on my lips. This lipstick had a flavor to it; it tasted like fruit, berries of some kind. The last time they had put lipstick on me, I didn't remember it having any flavor to it. Maybe I had been so traumatized I didn't remember it. I don't know why I did it, but I kept flicking my tongue over my lips to taste it again and again. Mom saw me and told me to stop licking off all my lipstick as she proceeded to put more of it on me, a really thick greasy coat that made my lips stick together a bit every time I closed and then opened my mouth.

Then the terrible blow came. Mother told me. “Chuckie is going to be here in about five minutes and you are going to apologize to him and play nice.

“NO! PLEASE!” I begged as tears of shame ran down my face.

My sister giggled and said, “Aw, don't cry little girl. I'm sure Chuckie will be really nice to a sweet little sissy girl like you.”

With more threats and a heroic effort on my part, I was able to stop crying. I knew I was going to be exposed to Chuckie, one of my best friends, and I felt it would be even worse for him to see me crying. It would just make me look that much more like a stupid weak little girl. Karen repaired my eye makeup and added a fresh coat of that thick, sticky strawberry-tasting lipstick to my lips. Yeah, strawberry – that's what it was! We had to look like a weird group sitting there waiting in near silence, and I, of course, was the weirdest one – a sissy boy!

While we waited, Amy got the idea that I should learn how to curtsy, and the three of them made me practice. I was beyond any further indignities – or so I thought – and I didn't want any more trouble, any more reason to be punished with a spanking or dressing like a girl. I just wanted this all to be over with, so I practiced doing curtsies, like the stupid sissy I was dressed like.

A minute or two later, Chuckie was ringing our doorbell, and as Amy let him in, I saw his mother was with him. I couldn't help it. I cried. I was standing there crying and dressed like a little five-year-old girl. Chuckie immediately started giggling, and my sister told me, “OK, Bobby, curtsy like you've been taught and apologize for being rude and hitting your best friend.”

I was mortified and frozen in place but started moving when my mother smacked my little pantied bottom up under the short chiffon skirt. I squealed and Chuckie laughed like the devil as I put my left foot forward and bent my knees as I held out the thin skirt to further expose my lacy pale blue panties. In tears, I squealed, “I'm sorry for being nasty to you.”

Chuckie's mom said, “all right, dear, tell Bobby you accept his apology and, even if he is a boy in girlie makeup and sissy lace panties, tell him he looks very nice.”

He was laughing his head off, but pulled himself together long enough to say, “Hey, Bobby, it's OK. You didn't really hurt me when you knocked me down. I mean, how could a big sissy like you hurt me? Oh, yeah, and you do look very nice like that. Mom didn't tell me how pretty you looked in your costume. You look very nice. I think it would be fun to play with you when you're like this.” And then he fell back in his chair laughing so hard tears were shooting out of his eyes.

Mom said, “Bobby, now take Chuckie up to your room and play nice.”

As I ran up to my room with little Chuckie following, mom said, “Bobby, I don't want to hear any noise from you and I don't want to hear any complaints from Chuckie. Play nice or your punishment will include a trip downtown to buy you some of your own panties and a visit to my beauty parlor to get a makeover!”

Chuckie's mom laughed at that. “Wow!” she said. “I bet that will get Bobby to be nice. Hey, what does Pete think about his son being a sissy like this now.”

As mom started to answer her, I didn't stick around to hear. And as soon as I got to my room, I fell facedown on my bed and cried.

Chuckie rubbed his hand on my shoulder and back like he was trying to comfort me. But then I felt his hand slide down my back and touch my butt through the gossamer thin chiffon skirt and the silky sissy panties.

“Don't do that, stupid!”

“You better play nice or I'll tell your mom, and I'll tell everybody you wear dresses and panties.”

I sobbed and told him I'd play nice.

He giggled and told me to set up the checkers game again, and that's what I did. Sitting on my floor, like we always did, we played for over an hour. The whole time I tried not to look at his sneering face, but whenever I did glance up at him, he was staring at me, especially focusing his eyes between my spread open legs to look at my panties. I tried twisting around and sitting in different positions, but no matter what I did, I couldn't hide the embarrassing lace panties from his staring eyes.

Finally, mom called us downstairs.

“Chuckie has to go, Bobby; have you learned your lesson?”

“Yes,” I answered with my head down.

Mom asked Chuckie if I played nice, and he said I did and then he asked, “Can you make him do it again. It was fun. He played real nice and didn't fuss or boss me around. He's much nicer when he's wearing a dress and panties.”

Mom, my two sisters and Chuckie's mom all laughed.

My mom said, “Well, we'll see, but you can't tell anybody about this. We wouldn't want everyone to know, OK?”

Chuckie said, “Sure, but other people already know he was a girl for Halloween, and Johnny knows too. His mom told him all about it. He said he'd pay a dollar to see Bobby dressed up like a girl.”

Mom said, “Well, Chuckie, we don't want this going around anymore. Bobby's dad is afraid it will hurt his restaurant business if everybody starts talking about Bobby being a sissy. He thinks people will think he's a faggot and stop coming to the restaurant since Bobby buses tables there on the weekends.

Then my bigmouth sister Karen giggled and said, “So what's so bad about being gay? These days it's not like the end of the world or anything.



“Hey, Bobby, kiss Chuckie goodbye like a good little girl.”

My face reddened as my sister giggled and then my mother said, “Yes, that's a good idea. It will be part of your punishment and help to keep you in line for a long time to come. Hurry up, Bobby, Chuckie has to go, give him a little kiss on his cheek.”

“And a curtsy,” my sister Amy added.

I wanted my humiliation to end as fast as possible, so I curtsied real quick, kissed Chuckie's cheek and ran off in tears to my room.

Later, mom came up and told me she hoped I had learned my lesson. “Now take off all your clothes except your panties, fold them up neatly and put them in your underwear drawer.” She gave my butt a playful swat on my silky panties and supervised me as I put all the clothes away in my dresser. “Now, every day when you get your underwear out, you'll be reminded of your time as a sissy girl, and if you start acting up again, I won't hesitate to put you right back into those pretty clothes.”

I stood before her in the pale blue little girl panties with my hair still tied in ribbons and begged, “Mommy, oh, please, don't make me wear girls' clothes anymore. Please! I'll be real good. I promise.” I felt so ashamed and humiliated. I sobbed.

She took me in her arms, hugged me and patted my lacy pantied rear and said, “You have to learn to behave properly, Bobby. I won't have a willful little boy making trouble for me, so you better learn to behave when you are dressed as a boy or you'll wear girls' clothes again.” She smeared cold cream on my face and wiped off the makeup.

“And these are YOUR clothes now.” Mom added with a little laugh, “And if you miss them, you can put them on anytime you want. Now, get dressed. Leave YOUR pretty panties on under your shorts so you don't forget to be on your best behavior.”

I looked at her in horror.

“I'm serious. Keep the panties on tonight and when you go to bed. Keep them on until I wake you up in the morning. Then put them in the laundry hamper and you can get dressed in your boys' clothes again.” Then she was gone, and I stood there in the soft, pale blue panties. The hair ribbons were still in my hair. I cried as I yanked them out of hair and then pulled on a T-shirt and my shorts.

The next few days went well. My sisters teased me less and less, but the terrible girlie clothes in my dresser scared me every time I had to open that drawer and get some of my underwear out. Mom had washed and ironed the lacy blue panties and put them in the drawer too. I kept shoving all those girlie clothes to the back of my drawer, but they kept reappearing on top of everything else. I was sure it was the work of my two sisters, but I didn't say anything, and finally just left them on top of my underwear, so I had to dig under them to get anything out. Since they were a vivid reminder of the humiliating punishment I had been through, I made a point of doing my best so my sisters and mom wouldn't have a reason to ever punish me like that again. When my sisters called me a sissy or a girlie boy or teased me in any way, I just ignored them and wouldn't let them push me into fighting with them. And I helped around the house, was courteous and pleasant and did my very best to be perfect. I desperately wanted never to be sissy humiliated again.

The day after Thanksgiving we were off school. Chuckie called and asked my mom if I could come to his house and play. She told him yes and then came and told me to go down the street to

his house. I had seen Chuckie since the dress-up incident but we hadn't been to each others' house since then, and he didn't say anything more about it. I was feeling better about how he had teased me and figured it was all over and hoped it was forgotten. When I knocked on his door, his mom let me in and told me to go on upstairs to Chuckie's room. I took my coat off, hung it up and ran up the stairs. When I opened the door to Chuckie's room, I saw Johnny was there too. This was the first time I saw Johnny in almost a month. After we said 'hi,' Chuckie and Johnny were grinning and acting goofy. I asked why they were acting so silly, and Chuckie said for me to close the door and he'd show me. I closed the door, and he pulled his bedspread back and I saw a little girls' pink dress with short puffed sleeves and white lace trim and a pair of white ruffled little girls' panties with pink lace all over them, and next to them a pair of little girls' lace-topped ankle socks with black patent Mary Janes and a huge ball of white chiffon and lace. I had no idea what that was, and I wasn't anxious to find out.

“What the shit,” I said; I could feel my face redden.

Chuckie said, “Johnny brought these clothes from a trunk in his attic. His sister used to wear this outfit when she used to go to birthday parties with her little girlfriends, but she outgrew it.” He giggled and looked at me with wild eyes.

Johnny added, “I know you're going to look real cute wearing these things.”

“I ain't wearing them!” I said defiantly.

Chuckie grinned and said, “all right, then go home, but Monday I'm going to tell Katie and Melissa how funny it was when your mother made you play games that day with me while wearing that see-through blue skirt and lace panties.”

Both boys were laughing; by then, I felt my face burning hot red.

“Chuckie said you made a real pretty little girl. But I didn't get to see you. Come on, be a sport, let me see you. My mom saw you when you were out trick-or-treating. She said you looked cute. I wanna see. Do it or we'll tell everybody you know how your mom got you dressed up that day for Chuckie and played with him.”

“Make your choice, sissy boy, put on your little girls' clothes and play nice or go home and you'll find out what everybody thinks of you wearing dresses and panties.”

They wouldn't stop laughing. I felt sick and said, “I never wore a dress! It was just a little skirt – not a dress.”

“Skirt — dress – what's the difference?”

“Guys, please, I don't want to.”

Johnny held up the frilly ruffled nylon panties and said, “Com'n, sissy, it's time to put on your panties. Be a good little girl now, Bobby. Hurry up, and we won't tell anyone. Last chance.”

The sick feeling in my stomach got more intense. I felt tears roll down my hot cheeks as I began unbuttoning my shirt.

They stared at me like I was on fire and hooted and hollered. “He's gonna do it! He's gonna do it!”

They watched me strip naked. I was embarrassed about my little penis so I kept facing away from them until I pulled on the ruffled baby-style panties. Then I hurriedly pulled the full-skirted Little Miss Dolly dress on over my head and smoothed it out. Putting the dress on was a new experience. I didn't like it one bit, and I felt really dumb when Johnny reached behind me and buttoned up the back. I panicked a bit wondering how I was going to get out of the dress since I couldn't reach the buttons, but I was sure once they had a good laugh, they'd help me out of the dress and let me get back into my own clothes.

Chuckie giggled and said, “Good girl,” as he handed me a big ball of lace and nylon netting. I had never seen something like it and I didn't know what to do with it. Johnny explained it was like a big skirt but it goes under the dress to puff it out. I looked at him, wondering how he knew so much about girls' clothes. He seemed to read my mind and explained he peeked at his big sister Sheila all the time while she was getting dressed. He said she knew it and didn't care because she never closed her door even when she knew he was standing there looking at her. Sheila was one of the prettiest girls I had ever seen, and Johnny got to watch her dress and undress all the time. I was stunned and excited at that bit of information.

“Gees, Johnny,” I asked, “since I'm dressing up like this for you, do you think you could have me over to your house sometime, and I could watch Sheila taking her clothes off like you do? She really doesn't mind if you look? Do you think, she'd let me watch too?”

“Well, I don't know about any other boys, but a sissy boy like you, I'm sure she wouldn't mind. You can come over to my house anytime dressed like this, and I'm sure I can set it up so Sheila and you could play dress-up and help each other put on and take off all of the pretty clothes she has in her closet!”

That wasn't exactly the answer I wanted. Both of them thought it was funny and kept teasing me about trading clothes with Sheila.

“Hurry up now, Bobby Ann; put on your lacy socks and pretty shoes.”

I sat on the bed and did just that and then sat there dressed in the little girls' outfit and stared at the floor.

“You need ribbons in your hair like before,” Chuckie said. “You look cuter that way.”

Johnny said, “I didn't bring any ribbons, but it's OK. I think he looks cute anyway.”

They laughed and made me walk over to the mirror so I could see how cute I looked. I did as they said; I was too humiliated to argue. I just wanted it to end. They laughed and made me twirl

around and the wide skirt of the dress flared out and showed off the puffy cancan slip and the ruffles on my little girls' pink and white panties. They howled.

After a light knock at the door, Chuckie's mom opened it and stepped in saying "You boys are so loud up here, what are you doing?" And then she went quiet as she saw me wearing the little girl's dress. I wanted to die.

Chuckie said, "We're just having some fun, mom. Johnny brought some of his sisters' old clothes over so he could see what Bobby looked like on Halloween because he never got to see him."

I stared down at the floor.

"Oh really," his mom said. She reached out and pulled up the hem of the short little pink dress and then pulled up the slip too. "I see. Nice panties, Bobby." She made me turn all the way around so she could see my lacy panties from all sides. It seemed like forever that she was staring under my dress. Finally, she let the dress fall back down.

Johnny said we didn't have any makeup or hair ribbons, so we couldn't dress him up all the day, but I think he looks really cute already, just like a pretty girl."

I thought I'd die of shame when she said, "I can fix that. I'll be right back."

The boys giggled like grade school girls, and I stood there shaking, staring at the floor. She came right back and set some things on the bed and then pulled me to her saying, "all right, now I'll put some pretty pink ribbons in your hair to match your dress and the bows on your panties. Plus I got some lipstick, eye makeup and perfume for you, sweetie."

I felt a new wave of shame run through my body as she repeatedly pulled on my hair to attach the ribbons. She apologized, saying my short hair made it difficult to put the ribbons on and tie them into bows.

Johnny laughed and said I should grow my hair long like a girl, and then I would look even more sissy and be able to do all kinds of fancy girl things with my hair.

The boys hadn't stopped laughing since I had arrived, and now they were giggling more than ever as Chuckie's mom put the makeup on me and then finished my humiliation with a spray of perfume on my neck. Then, much to my surprise, and much to the delight of the two boys, she lifted up the front of my dress and sprayed a bit of the perfume on the front of my panties.

"Since it looks like you're going to getting on like a girl more and more, you have to learn little tricks girls do, and one of them is spraying your panties with a bit of perfume!"

I was stunned! I didn't want to know any tricks girls do! I wanted to say something nasty to her. It was so humiliating having my best friend's mother drag me deeper and deeper into dressing and acting like a girl.

She looked at me and surely saw the disgust in my expression. She shook her head and said the word “sissy” without making a sound, just mouthing the word. I'm no lip reader, but I knew exactly what she had said. If she had shouted it at the top of her lungs, it couldn't have hurt me anymore. I knew I would forever after remember that intimidating look on her face with her lips saying, “SISSY!”

She lifted my dress and slip in back, gave me a smack on my fancy pantied bottom and said, “all right now, Bobby, you be a good little girl and play nice with the boys. I have to go off to the store. I'll be gone for about an hour and a half. When I come back, I'll take the makeup off you. Until then you can play at being a sweet little girl for your little boyfriends.”

The boys laughed, and I felt so ashamed as she left me there lace pantied and perfumed to play with my friends now turned enemies. They had a ball. They had a doll they made me play with, and Chuckie put on some records, and they made me dance to them. While they watched and laughed, I had to prance around and twirl and wiggle my pantied rear. They sent me to the kitchen to get them a couple of Cokes and some chips. They sat on the floor enjoying their snack and kept laughing at me as they made me dance and yelled out things like, “Shake it up, baby!” and “Spin around and show us your pretty panties, Bobby.”

They made me spin around about ten times. I got dizzy and fell down by them. My vision was blurred and I thought I was seeing things, but then I realized I was seeing what I had feared I was seeing: Both boys had their pants open and their penises pointing right at my face. Johnny grabbed me by my arms in front and Chuckie got hold of me from behind and shoved me down toward Johnny's little erection. I guess it wasn't too little. It was definitely a lot bigger than my dick.

“What are you doing?” I screamed.

“We're going to make you into a complete girl, Bobby. We're going to make you into a cocksucker. That's what little girls do for their boyfriends, and that's what you are going to do for us.

“NO! I won't. I ain't no queer! Let me go!”

As they pushed and pulled my head ever closer to Johnny's cock, Chuckie said, “Now, I want you to suck it. Then I want you to suck my cock, and suck it until we both shoot cum into your mouth, faggot!”

I resisted with all my might and wouldn't open my mouth, but then Chuckie said, “Amy was good enough to give me copies of pictures Karen took of you all dressed up, some of the pictures even have you showing off a little bump in your panties. I have ‘em and I'll show them to everybody unless you open your mouth and start lunching on Johnny's cock. Do it, sissy! Do it!”

I cried and said, “I don't know how to do it.”

“Sure you do. Just put your lips around it, go up and down on it and let him fuck your mouth. Suck, boy, I mean, girl, I mean ... oh well, what ever. Just suck; it comes naturally to girls and faggot sissy boys like you. Now start, and keep your goddamn teeth out of the way or the two of us will bash them in and break every tooth in your mouth.”

Terrorized and cringing, I put my lips around his penis, closed my eyes and did my best at what I thought they wanted me to do. Johnny shot slime into my mouth in no time flat. Chuckie took a lot longer, and he made me play with his balls and lick and kiss them while Johnny got behind me, got under my dress and slip and played with my panties, snapping the leg elastics and laughing hysterically as he reached around and pulled on and pinched my dick inside the silky panties.

When Chuckie started to shoot off, he thought it was funny to pull back and shoot his slime all over my face. He timed it with Johnny so he spurting just as Johnny made me explode in the panties. A slug of Chuckie's cum splattered across my face and hit me in both eyes. I was so ashamed that it was a blessing not to see, but then I heard a familiar female laugh and rushed to wipe the preteen boy's watery cum out of my eyes so I could see. Then I saw my big sister, Karen, standing in the doorway, looking right at me and grinning ear to ear.

“Wait until mom, dad and Amy hear about this,” she said while shaking her head and turning up her nose. “Sorry to break up your little queer party, boys, but Chuckie's mom had called our house and told mom you were dressing up and acting like a sissy again, so she sent me over to see ... but we had no idea what you little fairies were up to. Hurry up, now, and straighten your dress out, I better get you home right away.”

I begged her to let me go to the bathroom, clean up, and put my own clothes back on, but she refused.

“Are you kidding? I want mom and Amy to see all that cum on your face. Otherwise, they might not believe me. Don't you dare try to wipe any of it off, sissy!”

I felt the tears rolling down my cheeks in sheets. I only hoped my tears would wash away the cum that I felt dripping from my chin. As she led me out of the bedroom, she told Johnny, “He'll bring the dress and things back after mom has him wash them out.”

“No need,” Johnny said, “they're just some of my sisters' old clothes. He can keep them.”

“Good. I bet our mom will be having him wear dresses all the time now, probably even take him downtown to buy him some pretty dresses and panties of his own after I tell her what fags you guys are. A sissy like him needs a lot of nice clothes and more than just his big sister's hand-me-downs.”

The boys were strangely quiet. After all, they had been caught too. Chuckie spoke up, “Hey, Karen, we're not fags like your sissy brother.”

“Oh, really,” she said with a smirk.

“We were just doing it to tease him. Don't go telling people about this.”

“Are you telling me what to do? I don't think you're in any position to tell me what to do. I think I better call your mothers and tell them about this. A mother should know when her son does queer stuff like what you guys were doing.”

They cried and pleaded with her not to tell. I actually enjoyed seeing them squirm and beg.

“OK, boys, I'll make you a deal, come over to our house tomorrow night after eight. You can give a repeat performance in front of our whole family. I just don't think they'll believe me until they see it for themselves. And don't think about not showing up.”

“But I'm not allowed to go out after supper ...” Johnny tried to explain.

“Listen, you little faggot, I don't care what you tell your folks, just be there, or they'll get a call from me. Understand?”

We left with the both of them crying.

At home, mom was furious. She took one look at me, kept yelling and wouldn't let either Karen or me get a word in. During her tirade, Mom lifted up the back of the dress, screamed at me for wearing the ruffled panties, and insisted I obviously didn't fight the boys off very hard if they were able to dress me like this. She concluded I really did want to put on the dress and panties so I could prance around like a little girl again.

“And you smell like crap ... and what's all that gunk on your face?”

“Mom, they made me ...” I sobbed.

“You trying to tell me two little eleven-year-old boys made a much bigger twelve year old like you dress like a girl? It doesn't look like they beat you up to make you do it. I don't see any bruises.”

I sobbed and said, “They said they'd tell everybody how you made me wear my Halloween costume and play with Chuckie. And Chuckie said he'd tell everybody I know.”

Karen finally spoke, “There's a lot more to tell you, mom.”

Then through my tear-filled eyes, I noticed dad in his recliner with a drink in his hand. “Jesus Christ, I hope nobody saw you prancing down the block like that. You're a fucking disgrace! There's more to tell? What more could have happened?”

I went crimson as Karen methodically, told my horrified parents and my sister Amy what she saw me do, and it was obvious that she had been standing there watching us for a long time. She described in complete detail how I had danced for the boys and then gave them each a blowjob. The gunk on my face was Chuckie's cum!

Dad, with a demonic look on his face, spilled some of his drink and he motioned for me to come and sit on his lap for a little talk. With his slurred peach, he told mom and my sisters to leave us alone. As I approached dad, I saw he had a boner pushing up the front of his pants. He pulled up the back of my dress and had me hold it and my big cancan petticoats up as he yanked me up onto his lap. He squirmed around, and then I felt his hot cock pressing up against my butt in my silky ruffled panties. He was breathing heavily. I was crying, and I could see my grinning sister and my mom peeking around the corner staring at me. I knew I was about to be raped by my own dad, and I couldn't do anything about it!

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HEALTH



It was supposed to be a joke, but then hundreds showed up for the "Boys in Makeup Beauty Contest" a charity event with a 'gay all-expense paid trip to Cape Cod' as the top prize! The other prizes included makeup kits, scholarships to beauty school and makeovers at Mr. Peter's Salon.

*Girls agree: Boys in makeup much prettier than boys without makeup!*

LIFESTYLE



*Why do little girls love to put makeup and girls' clothes on their brothers and any other boy they can?  
An even better question: Why do little boys let girls put them in makeup and dresses?*

**Latest teen fad: Girls get boys to get a makeover in a department store on a dare!**

HEADLINES

## He says his mother made him gay b putting makeup and dresses on him Mom says it was the only way to control hi

Queens, NY: Mary Wayz said she was just doing her job as a mother as best as she could when she used to force her son wo wear makeup and little dresses, slips and panties and then send him out to play with the other little boys in the neighborhood.

But unknown to Mary at the time, the other boys would make fun of him and then force him into anal and oral sex.

Her son, Manny, says he got used to the abuse and learned to like it when boys pulled up his skirts and teased him about his fancy girlie panties, and when they forced him



down on his knees to gi them blowjobs, he hated it, but decided he would pretend to like it, so the boys would leave him b but the boys didn't stop, and he learned to love i

Survey: At what age did you first put on makeup  
Over 21 - 2% 18 to 21 - 3% 13 to 17 - 6%  
7 to 12 - 20% Under 6 - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

**Bank robber uses makeup for his disguise but he got caught because he didn't know how to remove smear-proof lipstick**

**Cosmetics manufacturers envision doubling sales as they are promoting makeup for men and boys**

**People knew this football player was gay when he put the black around his eyes instead of under them**

**Texas warden makes prisoners wear pink clothes and panties and is now tattooing makeup on the**

**Many crossdressers say they first got interested in becoming a girl after watching their mothers dress and put on makeup**

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