

# Princess Online

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Featured Stories and  
Letters from the  
Princess Productions  
Website



*Adults Only*

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

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## Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's book, "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 been called before the assembled students to be punished for attempting to run away from the school. Here he is with his dress and petticoats fully up receiving a severe caning across his frilly pink panties!

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

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

The Carole Jean books include: "Bound to Be a Maid", "Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", "Crave X -- A Wife's Revenge", "The Sarah School", "The Male Maid Book of ABCs", and the first two books in the "Schooled to Be Girls" series: "Norm, the Home Boy," and "Van, the Bride."

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

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# Watchdoggie!

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

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

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

**As therapy, he creates fanciful pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment like the photo collage here that remind him of his own painful ordeal, when he underwent petticoat discipline and had to make a scrapbook of his punishment photos to commemorate the event. 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.**

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## Masquerade

For Halloween, Jed and with his sister, Merle, dressed up like Hawaiian hula girls with grass skirts, seashell necklaces and coconut shell bras. Jed's mom didn't have a wig for him, but his hair was a little long so she just combed it all forward for a cute little girl look.

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### Classic Drawing

We Princessized this classic drawing created by the great Bill Ward for the 1976 book "She-Man Slave" by Clive Bedford. The story is about Lord John, a boy of noble birth,

brought up as Lady Joanna by a demented aunt who forcibly crossdressed him and taught him about pain and pleasure. Even as a teenager, he was unaware that he was a boy until he discovered the pleasure of rubbing his stiff little girlie stick within his silken bloomer panties. In this scene, "Clint was as shocked to discover that Joanna was a male as Joanna was to discover Clint was a female!"

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## Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Sammy

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

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

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

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

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

Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics, and they didn't quiet down until Ma Kelly gave them her famous evil look and severely bawled them out. Donald was normally a very active and destructive child. He'd break just about everything he touched. But

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

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

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

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

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

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### **Sissy of the Month**

Clark and Teddy Winslow love to play dress-up with their sister Jeanie. In the first photo, Clark is on the left wearing the white head scarf, Teddy is in the middle with

his short hair uncovered, and Jeanie has on the red head scarf. While most boys are out playing football or cowboys, these two boys along with their sister, love to get into makeup, fancy party dresses, cancan petticoats, nail polish and panties. Go boys!

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**Caught Him Cumming**

For a long time, I had my suspicions. I knew my husband was fascinated with my lingerie because I was always finding my bra and panty drawer not quite the way I had left it. I just thought Jack had a harmless little fetish and enjoyed touching my things. It was no big deal. I don't think I minded it because I felt in a way he was loving me through my intimate clothes, but I never thought for a moment that he was actually dressing up in the stuff.

Then one afternoon when I came home from the office early and found my husband dressed in one of my skirts and blouses, underneath he had on one of my bras and a pair of my lacy satin panties -- and he was masturbating like crazy! Well, he was thoroughly embarrassed and a pitiful sight as he repeatedly apologized and told me he was just curious and would never do it again. But I didn't believe him, something told me he had a big fetish for my lingerie, and he had been at it for a long time.

All of a sudden things that had happened in the past made a lot of sense -- he liked best to make love to me while I wore a full set of lingerie -- he wouldn't even take my panties off to fuck me; he preferred to simply pull aside the leg elastic to insert his cock in me and then he'd rub my ass through my silky panties the whole time we made love. Plus he was always giving me gifts of lingerie for any and every occasion. (I had wondered why he wasn't embarrassed out of his skin to buy such things for me. And the things he bought were always so frilly and excessively feminine, dripping with lace, bows and frills.)

Now that I caught him dressed up like a fag, I knew I had him at a huge disadvantage, and I instantly decided to use this opportunity to get even with him for years of bullying me throughout our six years of marriage. He insisted on making just about every major decision in our lives; he was bossy and inconsiderate and sometimes downright abusive. So I decided to exploit the situation at hand rather than just dump him. But dumping him was also a real possibility. God knows I'd never again look at him the same. Almost immediately I knew I'd never let him put his cock in me again. After all, I wanted a man for a husband, not a sissy transvestite, even if they do say most crossdressers are straight. (Straight, yeah!)

He started to take off the top and skirt, but I commanded him to keep them on. Then I dug our camera out of the closet and started taking pictures. I let him take off the top and skirt as I continued to snap away with the camera. Now in just bra and panties, he put his hands up as he tried to hide his face and asked, "Honey, why are you taking pictures; what are you going to do with them!"

I told him to put his hands down and pose for me. I let him know that he was in no position to bargain -- either let me take the pictures to make a record of his "unfaithfulness" or immediately pack his bags and leave the house and everything else to me. He gave in, and I took about a dozen of the most incriminating pictures of him in his nightie and pink panties, posing like a big time sissy faggot.

Then I told him he had to do what ever I told him to do, to obey me in everything, as I pondered the future of our marriage -- or even if I was going to continue our marriage at all. He only went along with me after I threatened to show the pictures I had taken to all of our friends and neighbors, plus I told him I'd send them to people he worked with and his family.

I asked how long he had been masturbating with my lingerie, and he told me he started just after we first got married. Holy shit! So he had been wearing the lingerie he was buying for me as gifts for all these years! I'm a very feminine woman, so I like frilly lingerie, but the things he would buy for me were often even too much for me. They were the frilliest, laciest, most feminine items you could find. And most of the lingerie he bought for me (but now I realized he bought for himself to wear) were in pink including negligees, bras, nighties, panties, slips, etc.

"Jack, are you gay?" I asked him.

He said no, but he did admit that he fantasized about being discovered by a man, while in my panties.

"And what happens in this fantasy?"

"Well, you come home from work with a coworker, a good looking macho kind of guy with muscles, someone I'd be jealous of. And the two of you start laughing at me when you see me sleeping on the couch in a pair of your lacy pink panties and a matching bra. Before I am fully awake, you have him hold me down while you get the clothes line from the basement and tie me up.

"You call me a 'sissy bitch' and tell him you never knew I was such a pathetic wuss. His eyes light up when you come onto him, and the next thing I know, you're down on your knees giving him head. It drives me crazy; I'm protesting and making all the noise I can, but I can't get loose to stop it.

While I'm choking on his big cock, he says, "Hey, baby, I can't concentrate with all his screaming; can we shut the little pantywaist up?"

You stop sucking on him and say, "What do you propose?"

"Hey, babe, I'm not gay, but as you know I spent over a year in jail for beating up some asshole, so I did learn prison ways, and I know how to take care of a sissy like your fag



husband here.”

You understood what he was saying and immediately helped him push me to the floor. Then he straddled my head and started face-fucking me.

You say, “Wow! It looks like my fag husband has done this before; maybe he wants your beautiful cock up his sissy butt too?”

After I've sucked on his dick until my jaws aches to the point that I'm in pain, the two of you flip me over, I shake my head 'no' and start to argue, but you take your panties off and stuff them in my mouth to shut me up. You get some of my duct tape and put it over my mouth to keep the panties in and to keep me silent. The two of you overpower me, and I feel my legs being spread and him mounting me from behind. He pulls my pink panties aside and forces his way into my dry asshole by repeatedly ramming his cock into me, with each stroke he goes deeper and deeper until he's all the way in and severely tearing me up in the process.”

I asked, “So this fantasy turns you on, huh?”

He said he's both humiliated and excited just thinking about it, but he assures me he is straight and has no real interest in having anything to do with other men, sexually. He kept insisting it was just a crazy fantasy that he never wanted to really happen.

But I thought differently about it. I didn't believe him. And I started thinking about my boss, who has been hot for me for two years. I've always turned down his advances, but I thought it would be nice to get fucked by him. He's a great guy, good looking and he has a big cock. A few times over the years, I noticed he had the beginnings of a hard-on while talking to me. As part of the deal, I wondered if he'd be willing to rape my pantied husband. For some reason, I thought he'd go for it.

I was really pissed at my husband for keeping his crossdressing a secret from me all these years. He was obviously ashamed of his fetish for my lingerie. I supposed he knew how much I hate sissy men and how much they turn me off. I'm sure he realized that if I had known, I never would have let him abuse me and run over the top of me for all that time. Now, I wanted to get even.

So, the next day, I told him, “Jack, I've decided I won't divorce you under one condition.”

“Anything! Whatever it is, I'll do it.”

“Since you enjoy your little lingerie fetish so much, I've decided to make your fantasies come true. From now on, I insist that you wear only panties every day, both at home and when you are out and about under your regular clothes.”

“To work too?”

"Of course, sissy! Now don't interrupt me!

"And whenever you're at home, you will dress completely like a woman, maybe I'll even make you dress like a little girl sometimes. I'll get rid of most of your men's clothes, and we'll do a lot of shopping to give you a complete wardrobe of pretty things, but in the meantime, you'll wear my clothes." I paused for effect. "And you won't be fucking me anymore. I'm going to get my sex elsewhere – from a real man, and I just might bring him home sometime and have you suck him off and then let him fuck the shit out of your sissy ass!" I could tell he was on one hand mortified but on the other excited. His cock was really hard and bouncing around happily in those frilly panties he had on.

"I don't know...," he stammered.

"You don't have a choice. If you don't go along with everything I have in mind, I'll divorce you and send copies of the photos I just took to everyone we know. That would be a nice departing gift, don't you think?"

He sat there, stunned, and finally said meekly, "Okay."

"Good," I replied. "We have a lot of work to do. You can start by emptying your closets and drawers completely, and I'll pick out two changes of men's clothes for you to keep and wear to work over your pretty lingerie. Everything else goes to Goodwill." He started upstairs. "Oh, and take off the clothes you're wearing, and I'll come and find you something nice to wear for the rest of the day."

He went upstairs, and I started planning for his future as a girl.

When I came into the bedroom he was naked and doing as I'd ordered. He had filled up several boxes and bags with his clothes. I decided we'd start him off with the trashiest clothes I owned, things he had bought for me over the years when he wanted to treat me like a slut. I pulled out a lacy purple panty and bra set, a black garter belt and lace-top nylons. He was watching me out of the corner of his eye. I then found the shortest, clingiest skirt I owned, so short anyone could get peeks of my pantied ass hanging out when I wore it! At the time he had me wear it, I was a prude and innocent, and I'd begged him not to make me wear it when we went out. "Please Jack," I would plead. "This skirt is so short people will be able to see my panties."

"That's why I had you wear the white see-through panties," he smirked. "And why I had you shave your pussy."

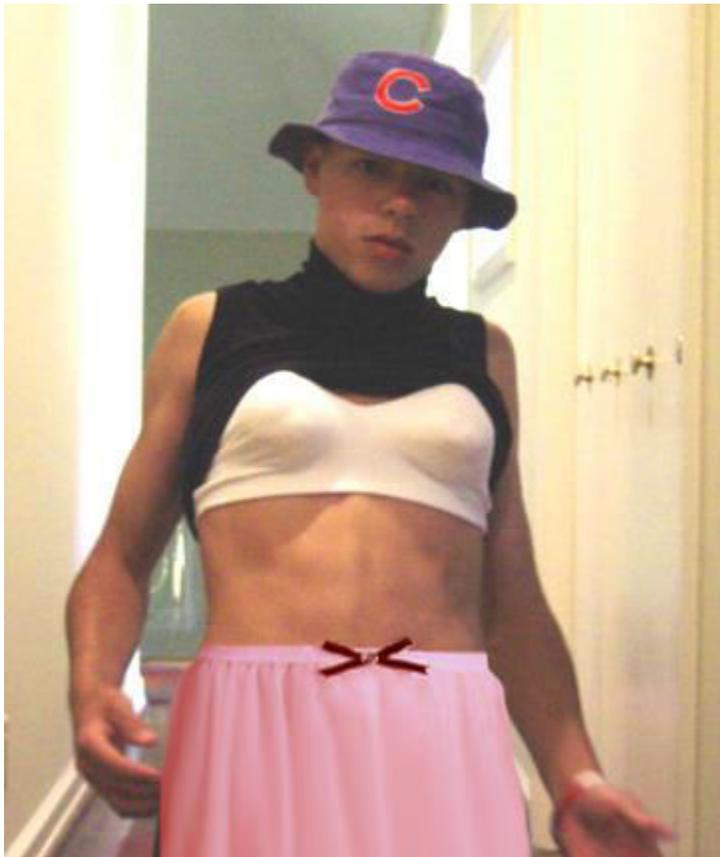
There was no arguing with him, I knew he would become violent if I disagreed or refused, and so I had worn those slutty outfits for him on many occasions. Everyone would stare at my pantied butt hanging out of the back of my short skirt, and when I sat down or had to reach up, anyone who cared to look could see my shaved pussy through my see-through panties; some women smirked and mumbled the

word “slut” or something similar, and many men made sexual gestures or comments toward me. Jack loved embarrassing me like that and would make me bend over or put me in compromising positions every chance he could. Now it was my turn to humiliate him, and my mind was reeling as I thought of ways I could take him outside and humiliate him in front of other people like he used to do to me.

"Jack, come and put these on," I ordered.

He stopped what he was doing and came to the edge of the bed. He looked at the outfit I had laid out on the bed. "I can't wear that, what if someone comes over?"

"Shut up and put them on; don't argue with me again," I snapped. I was seething at the gall he had to protest after the things he had put me through over the years.



As he put on the panties, he got an erection.

"Wow," I said. "I wish I would have known that's all it takes to turn you on. Maybe I would have had a lot better sex with you and maybe a lot more often! But then again, I wouldn't have been interested in having sex with a sissy fag."

Jack protested that he wasn't “a fag” as he sheepishly put on the bra, garter belt, and nylons. Then came the dress that was even tighter and shorter on him than on me. It was perfect.

"What a trashy slut," I laughed. "We need heels to match," and I went and brought back the highest heels I had, six inch stilettos. He put them on and stood up to walk. I expected him to have a difficult time walking, but he walked in them like a pro.

"You walk like you've worn my heels before. You have, haven't you?"

He told me he hadn't, but I knew he was lying.

“Get my leather belt out of the closet, the wide one I wear with my jeans.”

He looked puzzled, but went and got it and handed it to me.

"Bend over and grab your ankles."

He hesitated but then did as I asked. The short skirt he had on rode up to expose half of his pantied butt. At least I wouldn't have to hold it up while I whipped his ass with the belt. In his bent over position, I pushed him forward, propelling across the bed and told him to hold still for the punishment he deserved.

"Do you remember that time in the park, when we were fighting and you grabbed me by the hair, pulled me over to a bench and then forced me over your knee?"

"Well...yes...," he said, clearly nervous about what was going to happen.

"You pulled up my dress, and then pulled down my panties. Do you remember?"

I didn't wait for an answer. I just roughly yanked down his panties and then took an enormous back swing with the doubled-over belt and brought it crashing down across the cheeks of his purple pantied ass. He yelled, but I did it again and again, making his butt instantly turn beet red. He jumped and started to squirm away from me, but I commanded him to stay still and take his punishment like a big girl.

"Do you remember how embarrassed I was because a lot of people were in the park that day?" I asked as I swung the belt up and underneath his spread open legs to smash against his pantied balls.

He screamed and begged me not to hit him there. I thought he was about to cry.

"How many people do you think saw you spank me that day, Jack?"

He stuttered and cried out, "I don't know. Maybe a dozen or so. How do you expect me to remember? Please stop!"

"A couple of dozen! Well, maybe you don't remember, or you're fooling yourself, but I bet it was closer to a hundred! So, I think it's only fitting that I give you one hundred lashes with this belt. Of course, you won't have to feel the humiliation I felt in front of all those strangers that day in the park," I said as I picked up the tempo of the spanking. "Not yet, anyway..."

After giving Jack that beating, I felt a little guilty. I had gotten a bit carried away, and I think I really hurt him... So I thought the best way to smooth things over would be to take him shopping for some of his own lingerie! Sure, to get his wardrobe started, I was now going to give him all that girlie-girlie lingerie he had gotten me over the years, but for a girl, I knew there was nothing like her very own lingerie, so in

addition to my leftovers, I told him to get ready, we were going shopping! Jack got his jeans and a sweatshirt and was about to put them on over his cute bra and panty set.

"What are you doing?" I shouted.

"I'm getting ready to go," he answered hesitantly.

"Not like that you are! We're going to upscale women's clothing stores; you can't go looking like a bum. Besides, you'll be trying things on, and they won't let you in the changing rooms if you look like a homeless person."

He had a panicky look on his face, obviously realizing what it was going to be like taking him shopping for his own women's clothes. He didn't say anything; he looked like he had resigned himself to his fate. But I was going to make sure it didn't go easy for him. I wanted him to be humiliated and thoroughly embarrassed as I let strangers in on his perverted addiction to female clothing.

"What should I wear?" he said.

First go shower and shave from head to toe. While he did that, from my drawer I got out my filmy, fluttery pink chiffon ice skating skirt and a pair of lace-top thigh highs.

Back from the bathroom, I inspected him and then had him put on his bra, stuffed with dirty pairs of my panties and the nylons. To go over all this I gave him a black shell and a very thin pair of my white nylon shorts. After he slid on the shorts and glanced at himself in the mirror, his face went pale.

"I can't wear these thigh-high nylons with shorts. They are completely exposed. Can I have a long shirt that will hang down and cover the lace tops?"

"No, the camisole will be your shirt today, and if you're not happy with the shorts, you can wear this," I said, as I held up my skating skirt. "Remember how you used to make me wear thins out in public all the time?"

He went quiet. I tried not to laugh when he was dressed. The lace tops of the nylons weren't covered by the short shorts, so there was no doubt he had hose on. And the ruffles on his pink panties were clearly visible through the shorts. But the best part was his short hair, making it obvious that he was a male. I knew we'd get some looks today. He kept on complaining, so I let him put on his dumb old floppy hat. But he still complained so I made him put on the skating skirt over his shorts just to let him see how he would look in the mirror. I told him that if he complained one more time, I'd take off the shorts and leave him with just the short pink chiffon skirt to cover his panties as we went shopping. He promised not to complain anymore, so I took off the skirt and left him in the shorts with his stocking tops fully exposed.

Jack was panicky as we got into the car, worried we might see someone he knew. I told him that is the price he'd have to pay for being so sissy, I wasn't going to shield his lingerie fetish from anyone, but I did tell him that if we ran into anyone we knew I'd tell them we were going to a costume party, but I wouldn't tell them if he gave me any resistance.

I understood his hesitation when we got to the mall; I purposely parked at the opposite end because I wanted the pleasure of walking him the length of the place. When I started to get out, Jack just sat there.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I'm not getting out. I can't do this!"

"You will get out immediately, or I'll start honking the horn until either security or the police come. I'll tell them I caught you dressed up in my clothes and I'm making you stay that way, and now you're trying to rape me."

I knew he had no recourse. The shorts he was wearing didn't have any pockets. Before we left home, I made sure he didn't bring his wallet.

He looked around; I could see the relief on his face when I told him that the mall wasn't very busy. Reluctantly, he got out, and we started toward the stores. He looked nothing like a girl, so the padded bra and lace-top thigh highs made him look just like I wanted him to look, a ridiculous looking man crazily crossdressed in a very slutty costume.

He was fretting, and I could tell he was having a lot of second thoughts. He kept pestering me to call off this shopping trip. I told him he should be deliriously happy since this little shopping trip should feed into his fantasies; after all, he dreamed about being caught in his girly clothes, so I assured him he was going to love it!

But he didn't look convinced in the least! He looked absolutely scared to death!

We made it about half way to the store when a group of teenagers noticed us and started laughing and pointing at Jack, which in turn made other people turn, look in our direction and take notice of him.

We overheard one girl laughing hilariously as she screamed, "You can see that weird guy's ruffled panties right through his shorts!"

Jack was beet red.

"Haven't you ever seen a man in panties?" I said to the teenage girl who was now pointing and laughing along with the four other kids in their little group. They just shook their heads and laughed all the more.

As we walked in the door of the store, Jack was momentarily relieved to be out of the mainstream of mall foot traffic. A salesgirl approached us, and she instantly knew what we were there for.

"Hi, ma'am, can I help you find something for your little sissy friend?" she said.

"Very intuitive," I said.

"It happens here all the time; we get a lot of men and boys buying girlie lingerie for themselves. Sometimes these guys are accompanied by their mother, their wife or their girlfriend.

"See, honey," I said to Jack rather loudly, "you're not the only man in America who likes to wear a bar and panties."

Jack hung his head because everyone in the store must have heard me.

"So what is he looking for today?" the clerk asked.

"A complete lingerie wardrobe for him, panties, bras, garters, nylons, nighties, girdles, lingerie, heels ... the works. Oh, and we need to measure him to make sure we get the right sizes."

Two other clerks were nearby and eager to join us. Their intimidating smiles and giggles made Jack very uncomfortable as they jumped right into taking his measurements. Their hands were all over him, and the sissy slut actually got an erection. I, of course, admonished him, and the girls went into hysterics, especially when I gave him a hard slap right between the legs that made him double over in shock and pain.

Well, I made quite a production of our shopping spree. I was very loud and not discreet at all as I pointed at panties and said, "What about those pink lacy ones. You like to wear that kind of panties, don't you?" Then I'd play the dumb blonde role, giggle and say, "Oops! You didn't want me to say anything, did you?" And then I leaned toward a woman shopper near us and said, "My husband doesn't want anyone to know he wears women's panties. But I understand his weakness. Girls' panties are so pretty ... and I don't think it's so-o-o-o bad ..."

One lady, about 30 and very attractive said, "Well, I hate to tell him, but I can see his pink panties right through his shorts. If he doesn't want people to know, you'd think he'd cover up a bit more. But I guess I'm like you. I don't mind. In fact, I'd love to see him in a short skirt, as long as he wants to dress like us."

"You know that's a good idea," I said.

I called the salesclerk over and asked her to show us the shortest skirts they had in stock. Jack cringed, and when she pulled one off the rack, I smiled and nodded approvingly. It was really short and tight, the

kind Jack used to make me wear.

I said, "Can he try it on?"

She said, of course, but then she added, "... only if he comes back out of the dressing room and models it for all of us."

I had a laugh as I grabbed Jack's wrist and the skirt and shoved him into the fitting room. I told him to put it on without argument and come back out when he was dressed. As he changed, I got some six-inch stilettos from the shoe department and handed them to him through the door. A few minutes later, he peeked out and then slowly crept out of the dressing room.

As I took his hand and pulled him all the way out, I stunned him by announcing, "Attention everyone! May I have your attention? My husband here would love to have your comments on his new outfit."

Several women and girls who had just come into the store thought I was talking about me and were quite shocked when Jack walked out of the dressing room in the heels and the short mini skirt that didn't even cover his semi erection bulging out the crotch of his pretty pink ruffled panties. Of course, the comments, tittering and outright laughter completely demoralized Jack. Two women were highly offended, but so the fuck what! They walked out, but a dozen other women were in the store and assembled into an enthusiastic audience before we were finished shopping that day.

Jack left the store in tears. He ran back to the car ahead of me, but had to stand there and sob while he waited for me since I had the car keys. Of course, I took my time. In fact, three of the women and two little girls followed me all the way back to my car. They were completely consumed with learning about feminizing guys. I told them, he originally wanted it, but I wondered if he still wanted it, but that didn't make any difference. He was a sissy girlie husband now, and if we were to stay together, he'd always be that way. I was going to make him into my maid, and I was going to get my sex from real men, whenever and with whomever I wanted it.

After we got home with Jack's new wardrobe, I went to the den and fixed myself a drink. Shopping for Jack had worn me out. I told him to neatly set out his new things and put on a fashion show for me. I was ready for some entertainment! I had him put on a very feminine white, see-through blouse over a lacy pink bra and the shortest mini skirt we bought over a pair of ruffled pink panties. Along with that, I had him put on a pink garter belt and white lace top stockings and those six-inch stiletto heels.

Just then there was a knock at the door. It was my best friend, Beth, who had hated Jack ever since I met him. Beth and I were on the verge of a lesbian relationship when I met Jack, but it never happened. I always regretted that. I certainly found women more sexually appealing than Jack and often longed for the touch of another woman. And Beth was as hot as they come with large but perfect breasts, a fit and slim body and the tightest ass around. So there she was at the door. I invited her in, not really concerned much about Jack's upcoming fashion show. We were sitting on the couch talking when Jack walked into

the room, dressed like a slut. They both were shocked for a moment, and Jack started to back up and leave.

"Where do you think you're going, bitch?" I shouted.

Jack stopped in his tracks.

"My, my, what have we here?" said Beth, obviously delighted at Jack's outfit.

"You didn't tell me you were married to a transie ..."

I told Beth I had just recently caught him wearing my panties and found out he'd been doing it for years.

"So, you're punishing him? How long are you going to keep him like this?"

"Depends on how long he wants me to stay married to his sissy ass," I told her.

"Can I help?" Beth inquired.

When Beth asked if she could help, Jack looked panic stricken. "Perfect," I thought, he's horrified of what Beth might do, and of course, he knew she couldn't stand him, so however she helped he knew it wouldn't be pleasant for him.

"Why, Beth, how kind of you to offer. Let's discuss how you might be able to help," I said and then sent a nervous and pale Jack to the basement to fold my freshly laundered clothes.

After he left, Beth asked if this was for real.

"Yep, I've got him over a barrel. Do you believe he's been wearing my panties and stuff and masturbating in them ever since we got married?"

Beth said she didn't doubt it for a minute and said that from the moment she first met him, she thought he was a perverted little wimp of a man.

"Well, you were right. I don't know how I missed that. I guess he was overcompensating for his sissiness by acting macho and increasingly dominating and abusing me. But as you can see, that is all changing. Next, I need to get some real sex from real man ... and maybe from some women too, especially you if you'd be interested ..."

"Hell, yes, I've always wanted to jump on your bones. You know I swing both ways, but I'm to the point now of definitely preferring female company! Let's do it!"



“Great, but I want some men too. I want to know what I've been missing, but even more than that, I want some guy who can sexually abuse Jack a bit too now that I'm forcing Jack to be out in the open in this sissy mode of his. And I have just the perfect guy in mind ... my boss!”

“Curt Wilson?”

“Yeah.”

“Wow! Yeah, he'd be a great one – very fuckable! You really think he'd do it – do it with you, of course, but I mean fuck Jack around a bit too?”

"Absolutely! He's had the hots for me for years. He's already told me he'd do whatever it takes to make it with me. And he spent a bit of time in prison, need I say more?"

"Go, girl!"

"So, Beth, would you like to take Jack for a weekend sometime, to do with him as you please? That will give me the chance to get the ball rolling with Curt before I get him involved with Jack?" I asked her.

"Sure! You mean you'd let me do any evil little thing that I wanted to your weasely little panty-wanking husband?" she asked excitedly.

"Do anything you want with my new little girlie-boy," I said, "but do promise me to take a lot of pictures and videos! I want a record!"

When Jack came back into the den, and I told him of our plans, he totally broke down and begged me not to be forced to go with her because he knew she hated him, but I did get him to agree when I told him the alternative would be a divorce from him with me taking everything plus sending photos of him in his girlie clothes to everyone we know. He stopped arguing, and then both of them sat by while I called Curt on the phone and made a date with him. I told him right out, "Curt, my husband has already been pretty inadequate as a man, but I had no idea how much of a sissy and just how sexually inadequate he is until recently, so I need to spend some time with a real man ... if you're interested."

He was definitely interested. We agreed on a date and would discuss the details the next day at work.

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<b>The Pantywaist Weekly</b> All the news you need to be panty wasted		Published weakly, never w Published only when we fi time after raiding clothe dressing up and jerki
Vol 3 No 10 October 2005		
<b>HEALTH</b>	<b>LIFESTYLE</b>	<b>HEADLINES</b>
		<b>At this lingerie boutique, girls try on panties before they buy.</b> Daily, a Health Dept. inspector spends hours store looking into possible unsanitary practices. Overlook, VT: Willie C. Moore, a local health inspector.

*Pervert upskirt peeker  
invents tip-over chairs  
to see up girls' dresses*

Bird-in-Hand, PA: Lucky Seymore freely admits his hobby is peeking up girls' skirts, and to that end, he has invented a new line of remote controlled chairs that with the touch of a button cause any girl sitting in one of these seat to fall off with her skirts flying up to expose her stocking tops and panties!



**Lesbian with fully  
functioning penis  
transplant caught  
jacking off in her  
girlfriend's pantie**

Survey: At what age did you first buy a pair of panties?  
Over 21 - 3% Between 18 and 21 - 7%  
Between 12 and 17 - 21% Under 12 - 69%



Girls say in survey: The first place to look when you are missing a pair of panties is to check if your brother is wearing them!

**OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS**

**Church officials in their gaily colored satin froc announced that it's a sin for men to wear dress**  
**New Orleans' largest costume store lost in flood, everybody will just wear panties at '06 Mardi Gr**  
**A panty pervert gives his secret: How to get a girl to give you her panties: Give her \$5**  
**This guy only realized his lingerie fetish after his man-hating wife forced him into wearing pant**  
**Sex with panties is better than sex with women because no talking, no in-laws, no pregnancies, and a lot chea**

