

Princess Online

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Featured Stories
and Letters from the
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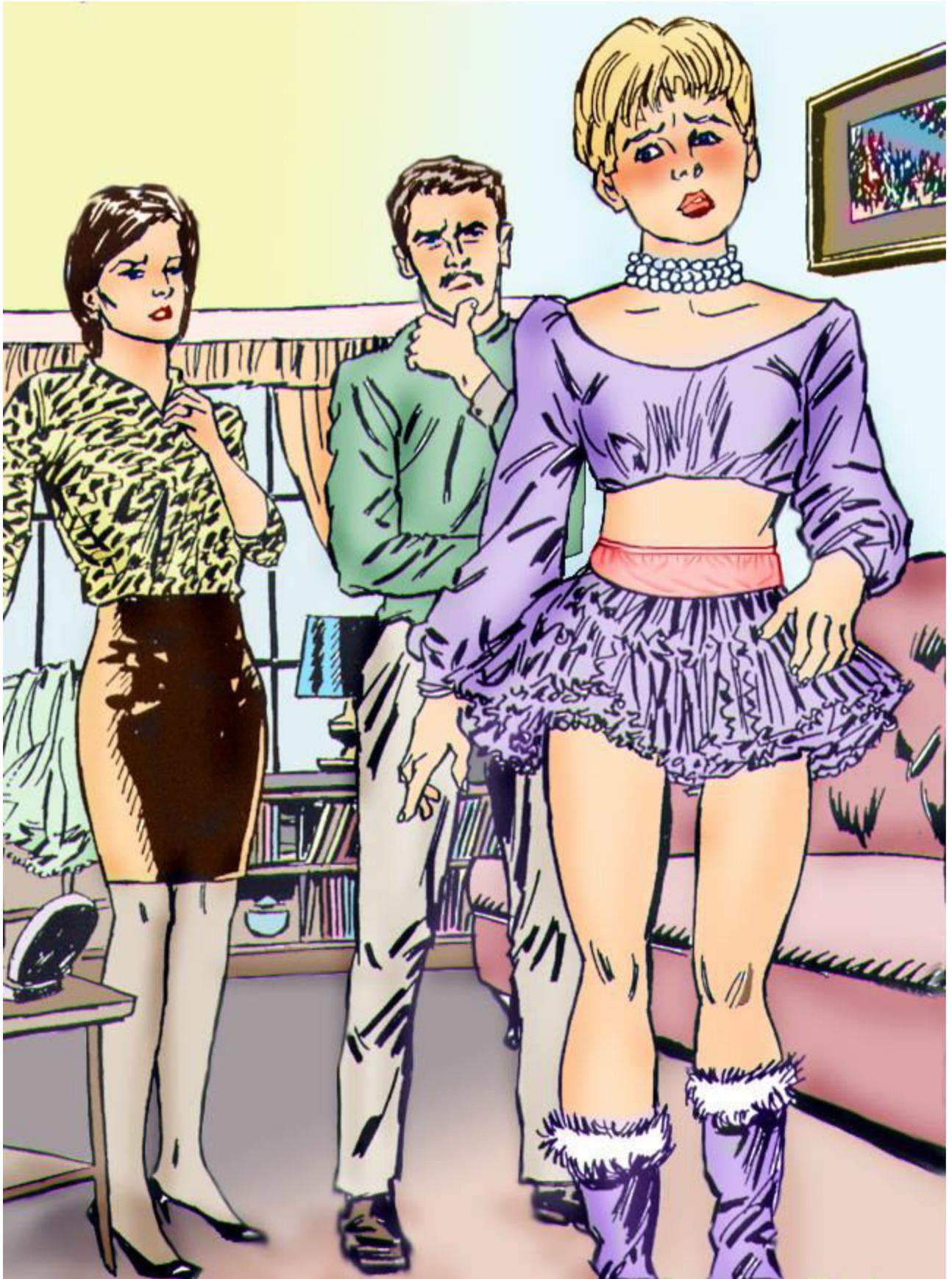


Adults Only

Originally featured on our Internet website, these are our best letters, stories, articles and other items of interest for the fantasy fulfillment of adult partywaist 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. Van is from a circus family that does a tumbling act, and after his sister is severely injured, the family doesn't have an act. Van's parents suggest he take her place, and this scene is from early in the story and shows Van trying on his sister's costume. We thought it fun to add pink waist-high panties to Van's costume with the low-riding skirt that exposed the top half of his panties. He doesn't look very much like a girl, therefore, it's decided that he will be sent to the Sylvan School for Girls where boys are taught how to be girls. Of course, he hates the school and hates being turned into a girl, especially since most of the boys there are sissies or under petticoat punishment, and this leads to all kinds of humiliating adventures for the poor lad.

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, showing a boy being pantied and petticoat punished by his mother that remind him of his own painful ordeal, when he underwent petticoat discipline. 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

My Sissy Brother and His Cocksucking Friends

One day I returned home from shopping earlier than expected. I was surprised to see the light on in my bedroom window because I knew my little brother was the only one in the house. What was he up to? I stealthily opened the front door, climbed the stairs and peered into my room. What a sight! Charlie was standing in front of my mirror wearing one of my silk summer dresses. I was upset, but almost immediately, I realized this was an opportunity to take long overdue revenge against my asshole brother.

Last year, I helped Charlie dress up in some of my clothes for a Halloween party his school was having. He really took to it, but I hadn't thought much more about it since, except I did hear rumors that three boys dressed up as girls were giving other boys blowjobs for \$2 each behind the bleachers in the auditorium after basketball games. Yeah, I had long suspected that my brother was gay, but for some reason I didn't make the connection between him and that blowjob rumor, but I did at that moment! Somehow, I just knew he was part of it! A few days later, I cornered Charlie about the rumor and he admitted it was true and he was part of it along with his two best friends, Dan and Serge, who he also admitted were gay. He even showed me a photo of the three of them on their way to one of those basketball games, and it's included here. My brother is the one on the left. Cute, huh?

So having discovered him in my clothes, I walked in and said mockingly, "My, don't we look pretty today."

He whirled round, absolutely shocked and blushed to the roots of his hair. He tried to weasel out of it and make some dumb excuse about another costume day at school, but I knew he was lying. Then all he could say was, "I-I'm sorry, sis," he stammered. "I don't know what came over me."

"Well, well," I said, "fancy my little brother being a big sissy. Wait till father and mother hear about this."

"No, no," he pleaded, "please don't tell anyone. I'll do anything, but please don't tell." Instantly, I knew I could get him to do anything for me, and I got him to agree. I was going to enjoy this.

"All right, first thing, pull your pretty dress up and show me your panties. I assume you put on the works."

He started to complain and beg me not to make him do it, but he knew he had to obey. Underneath, he was wearing a fairly plain pair of my white nylon panties.

"How disappointing," I said in pretended surprise, "those are such plain panties, much too plain for a sissy boy. Don't you think you should wear much fancier panties?"

He stared at me blankly.

"Answer me."

"Uh, yeah, sis, fancier, I mean, uh, fancy ones?"

"Fancy what?"

"Uh, fancy panties with lace and ribbons and stuff."

“Ah, yes, fancy panties. Lacy panties. Frilly panties. That's the ticket. Now shouldn't we get you some?”

“Uh, I guess, so...”

“Guess?”

“Uh, yes, sis.”

“Yes, what, you miserable little pervert panty thief?”

“Some fancy panties, sis. I should wear fancy panties.”

“Ask me to find you some pretty lacy panties,” I said.

Looking totally embarrassed, he said, “Please, sis, find some pretty lacy panties for me and let me wear them.”

For special occasions, I had a nice supply of fancy lace panties in pretty colors that I kept in their original boxes in a separate drawer from my everyday panties. While going through my things, I guess he hadn't yet discovered them; otherwise, I'm sure he would have chosen them to wear. But I'm glad he hadn't found them because now I was having fun with him by making him ask me for lacy and fancier panties than the ones he had on. I opened that boxes and took out several pairs of my best panties. As I held up one pair after another, I said, “I wonder which pair of my best panties will be just right for you.”

I lowered my voice and said in a sexy whisper, “Seeing as you like my silky lace-trimmed dress, I know you're going to love all these panties; these are my best panties, you're a very lucky boy! But we must pick out just the right pair of panties for you, shouldn't we, panty boy?”

I held up a pair of semi-see-through white panties pink ribbon bows. “These are rather nice, aren't they?” I didn't expect him to answer. The poor boy was actually trembling! I loved it! Then I held up a pair of buttercup yellow satin panties with a bouquet of flowers embroidered on each hip. I held them up to his hips. He cringed with shame.

“No,” I said, really enjoying myself. “I think pink panties are best for a sissy like you.” I selected a pair of candy cane pink nylon brief-style panties with ruffled white lace across the back and around the legs. I had them from a show we did at school where a bunch of us girls dressed up like little girls in short dresses with these fancy rhumba panties peeking out.

They were perfect panties for this occasion! I held them up for him to see.

“Yes, any little girl – or little sissy boy – would be delighted to wear lovely panties like these. Now, let's get those plain old panties off you and get you into the kind of panties that really suit a pantywaist sissy!

“Keep holding your dress up and come here,” I ordered as I sat down on the bench at my dressing table. I wanted him to be able to see himself in my mirror as I pantied him in these luscious babyish pink rhumba panties.

He walked over with his dress up like a cancan girl.

Slowly, I pulled his white nylon panties down, exposing his prick and balls, deliberately looking at them to increase his humiliation. He tried to lower the skirt of his dress enough to cover his boy toys, but I slapped his naked penis and told him, “Get your dress up and keep it these, you miserable little pantywaist sissy!”

He was quietly crying as he stepped out of the white panties. I picked up my pink panties and held them against his naked cock and balls, so that the silky satin nylon made contact with his genitals. I gently dragged the panties up and down against his prick, tickling it. It began to stiffen.

“Gosh,” I said, “you can hardly wait to get your silky pink panties on, can you? Well, let's not keep you waiting!”

I held them down by his feet. “Come on sissyboy, step into your pretty pink panties.”

He did so.

Slowly, very slowly, I pulled them up, talking the whole time. “Fancy my tough little brother letting me dress him in fancy girlie pink panties. It's hard to imagine, but it's actually happening. Just think about it! I'm actually slipping the prettiest girlie panties in the whole world up your legs, my very own pink silky panties. What a sissy you must be, 'cause only sissies wear fancy, lacy girls' panties.”

I slid them to the top of his thighs and held them there. “Now, say ‘I'm a sissy. Please pull my pretty pink panties all the way up.’”

He choked back his tears and answered me with a trembling voice. “I'm a sissy. (Sob. Sob!) Please pull my pretty pink panties all the way up.”

In a loud, cheery and teasing voice, I said, “Why of course, my darling little pantywaist brother. I'll gladly pull up your pretty pink sissy panties. You are such a lucky little sissy boy to be able to wear such pretty ruffled panties.”

I slowly slipped the panties over his prick, pulled them way, way up, and then snapped the elastic high around his waist.

He was wearing my panties! The fanciest, most sissified panties I owned! I wouldn't be caught dead

wearing these panties myself! I only had them because of that stupid play I was in.

The silky pink nylon satin rhumba panties clung to his stiffening penis that pushed out the front of the panties. I tried not to laugh! I stood behind him and made him look at his newly pantied self in the mirror.

“My, what pretty panties you're wearing,” I teased. “Do you like wearing your sister's best pretty little-girl-style panties? Do they feel nice?”

I slid my hands around his waist and ran my fingers over the bulging nylon panty front. His prick became fully erect.

“Aren't they lovely and silky,” I murmured. “Fancy my brother letting me dress him in my pink panties. I'm wearing pink panties too, not as fancy as yours, big girl pink panties, but pretty pink panties just the same. Would you like to see my panties? Kneel down and I'll show you.”

He sunk down to the floor on his knees facing me, still holding his dress up. I stood so my dress-covered pussy was just inches from his face with my legs parted and thrusting my hips forward against my skirt. I felt wonderful looking down at my pink pantied sissy brother as if he were my slave. He was my slave!

I pulled my skirt up, right up to my waist. “Have a good look,” I said with venom in my voice. “Pretty silky panties are just for girls, not for boys! Any boy who wears girls' panties is a girlie-boy and a faggot. You're wearing girls' panties. So tell me what you're wearing and what you are.”

He hesitated, but then crying, he said, “I'm wearing girls' panties because I'm a girlie-boy and a faggot. I'm sorry, sis!”

“Not as sorry as you're going to be. I'm still going to tell mom and dad you're a panty fag. You're a pathetic creep. I don't have any need for a queer girlie-boy! Get out of my sight. Oh, yeah, you can keep the faggy little girl panties! But stay the hell out of my room, pantywaist cocksucker!”

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Mommy, Mary Jo laughed at me and called me a boy when she saw my clittie. She said it's a lot bigger than her brother's. She showed me her clittie and it was so tiny. And why does my clittie get hard and shoot out this sticky stuff when I rub it?

Classic Drawing

If you like sissy boys and girls with penises in fun cartoon stories that are beautifully illustrated and you aren't a fan of anime, you should be. Anime is a style of cartoon artwork often in comic book form very popular in Japan and becoming increasingly popular the world over. The subjects range from nonsexual to the most extreme forms of sexual material, and boys crossdressed and girls with penises are popular subjects. On your computer simply do an Internet search for "anime" and you'll be linked to thousands of sites, many of them with beautiful artwork free for downloading. This month's picture is an anime drawing we Princessized for your enjoyment.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Ricky

This month, we present the picture of eleven-year-old Ricky, 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 blushing agreed. Like most of the boys she took care of, Donald was a farm boy used to minding his parents, so he went along with her with barely a tear in his eyes.

Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics, and they didn't quiet down until Ma Kelly gave them her famous evil look and severely bawled them out. Donald was normally a very active and destructive child. He'd break just about everything he touched. But after being put into the panties, he became quite withdrawn, gentle and docile. Ma was amazed at the transformation. Despite being told not to tease Donald, the other boys couldn't resist the temptation, and whenever Ma Kelly wasn't around, they got on Donald's case. After finding Donald crying because of all the teasing, Ma made all the boys take off their clothes. Then she put them all in pink tops and silky rhumba panties. She reasoned that they wouldn't make fun of Donald if all of them were dressed just like he was dressed. It worked! Not only that, all the boys became very quiet and sweet. They only talked in whispers and sat quietly on the floor watching television with her (her soap operas and game shows) and didn't fight with each other.

Once Donald's clothes were dry, Ma didn't let him change back into them until his mother showed up to pick him up. When she saw Donald and all the other boys in pink tops and panties,

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

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

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

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

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**Sissy of the Month:
Turning Him Gay**

Arthur is twenty-six years older than his trophy wife, and he had erection problems, something that Jennifer didn't find out until after they were married. Rather than suffer the humiliation of giving her a divorce because he couldn't sexually satisfy her, Arthur allowed her to discreetly take on lovers, but his wife became more and more demanding and dominated him more and more until she had turned him into a crossdressed sissy maid cuckold husband, whom she trained to wait on her and her virile young lovers while she had sex with them.

Jennifer had learned about crossdressing and using it to humiliate males from Mary Lou, one of her girlfriends with a fifteen-year-old son, whom she discovered was gay after finding a huge stock of forced crossdressing stories he had downloaded from the Internet. Mary Lou showed the stories to Jennifer, who loved them and that's how she got the idea to humiliate her husband by turning him into her sissy maid as well as cuckold.

Jennifer took Arthur deeper into submission when she invited Mary Lou to bring her son over for a visit. When Mary Lou arrived and saw Arthur for the first time in his maids' outfit she laughed heartily at him much to his embarrassment, but then she brought in her guest. Arthur thought it was a young girl, and he wanted to hide his sissified condition from this pretty little teenager, but he had nowhere to hide, and his wife made him stand and watch in wonder as Mary Lou removed the girl's cape to show him that it wasn't a girl at all but her sissy son Scott in a see-through white chiffon babydoll nightie with matching sheer white panties underneath. The boy had a huge set of real hormone-made tits that were clearly visible through his nightie as was his small penis poking at the front of his clinging thin white panties. Arthur knew the woman had a gay son, but he knew very little about him and never had met him until this moment. Mary Lou explained to

Arthur that she knew her son was gay from the time he was in the fifth grade and was caught sucking off a boy in the rest room at school. She said she then started him on female hormones because he was going to kill himself unless she got them for him because he was determined to become a woman.

They made Arthur stand still while they raised his skirts and showed off his penis-filled panties to the boy and his mother. Then Mary Lou called Scott by his feminine name "Sandy" and had him kneel before Arthur and take the man's penis out of the leg hole of his ruffled maid panties and suck on it. The two women gathered close around and played with both sissies while laughing at them, calling them pansies, panty faggots and other humiliating names while offering them encouragement, and touching and rubbing them through their sissy clothes.

Jennifer remarked that Arthur's penis was now very hard and wondered aloud if her husband was gay because he didn't seem to have any erection problems with this kid swinging from his cock. She encouraged him to shoot his load into Scott's mouth. The little faggot was an expert cocksucker, and as much as Arthur didn't want to succumb to a gay boy giving him a blowjob, he couldn't stop himself. Arthur shot his wad into Scott's vacuuming mouth, while Scott dribbled a few drops of his sissy semen into his own transparent white panties. Man and boy were both complimented for being such good sissies.

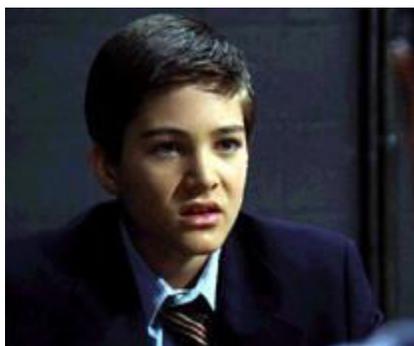
Since it was the first time Arthur had received a gay blowjob, Jennifer brought out cake and ice cream to celebrate the occasion, and then she announced she'd like to have her husband achieve cocksucker status by giving a blowjob to one of her manly lovers and told him, "Hurry up and finish your ice cream so you can practice on this sweet girlie-boy's little cockette!"

Adapted from 03502-P "Male Maid"

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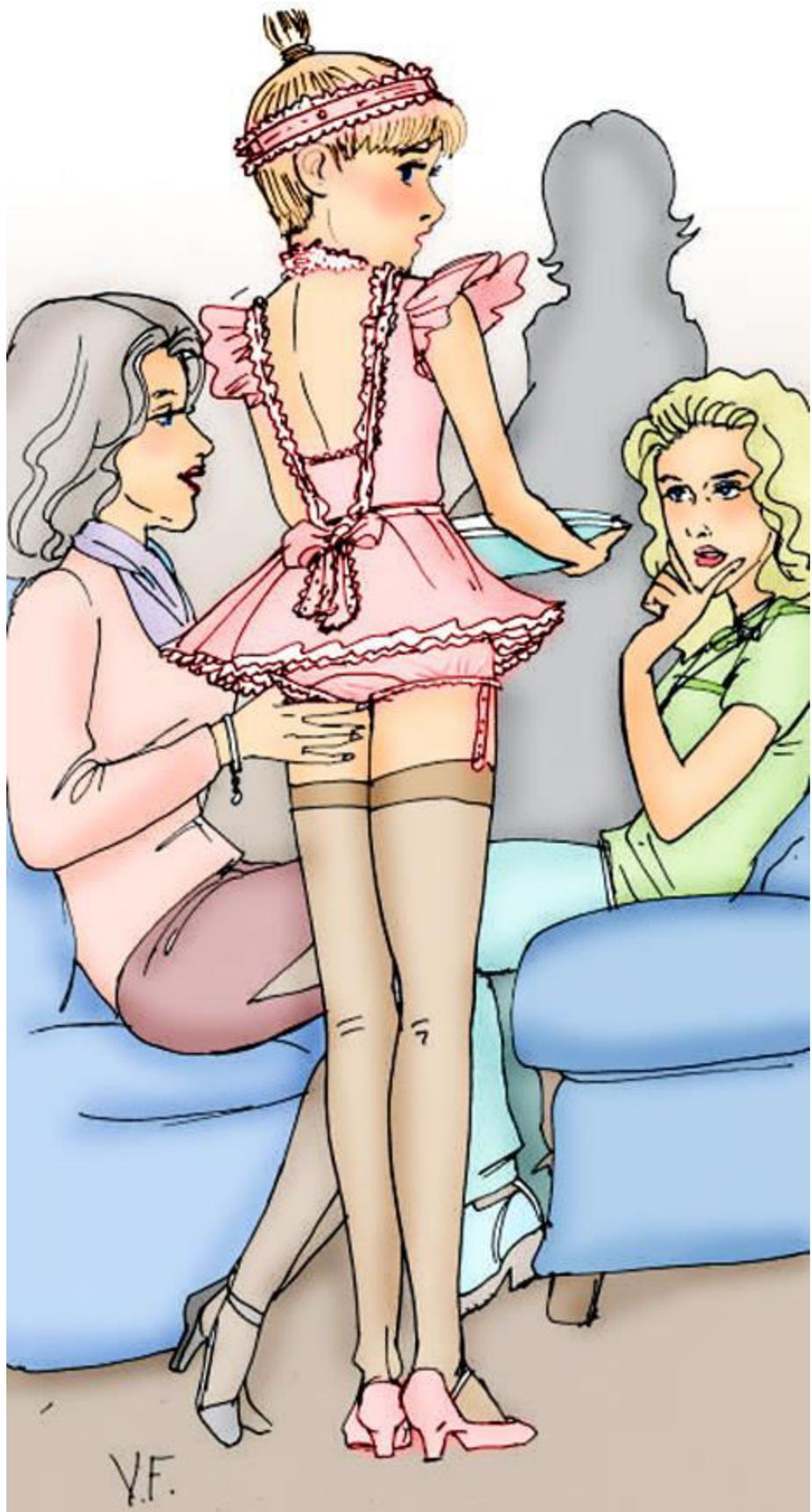
Reiley McClendon
From 2005 Television Show
"Law & Order:
Special Victims Unit: Identity"

Click on photos for a large view.





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Her Boy Maid

After managing the lingerie department at Field's for over eleven years, she knew all about sissy men and boys who often came in and bought panties, slips and other lingerie. Usually, they claimed to be buying them for a wife or girlfriend, but she knew a lot of them were buying the lingerie for themselves.

Brent was one of those boys, and after seeing him repeatedly hanging around her lingerie department, she came up behind him one day and surprised him when she said, "Hi there! You look like a nice strong young man. I have some boxes that have to be moved at home, and I'll pay you \$20 to come to my place and help me move them."

He was immediately under her spell. They talked for a few moments, and she found out he was living with a foster family. Bingo! She made her plan. He accepted her invitation, and after work, she met him in front of the store and took him to her home that she shared with her young lesbian girlfriend. Without ever mentioning anything about any boxes to be moved, Jennifer stood in front of the boy and slowly undressed. She could see his cock throbbing in his pants. She knew that within moments, he would be so hot that she could get him to take his cock out and let her dominate him until he was ready to crawl to her. She offered him her bare breast and let him suck on it. Then, she slowly started to massage his hard little penis through the fabric of his trousers.

She had him sit down before her, and then she slid her shiny pink panties down and off her long legs. She dropped the hot panties on his lap. She told him to kiss and adore them and suck her juices out of them. He obeyed. He raised the panties to his lips and kissed and licked them. He rubbed the panties all over his face, and she instantly knew his secret fetishes would be easy to uncover. She'd find fetishes he had that he didn't even know he had and use them to conquer him!

While he stared at her charms, she unzipped his pants and pulled out his little boner and stroked it with her soft panties that were still in his lap.

After several vigorous strokes, he collapsed with a groan as he shot his load into the silky, girlish panties.

"Put those wet panties on, you little pervert! I want to see if you'll make a good slave, so I want you to dress like the sissy faggot you are. Now, hurry up. Put the panties on that you defiled with your snot."

"But mistress, I can't, I mean to put these on, they're for girls, I mean..."

"Shut up, ya little cocksucking faggot, I saw you prowling around my lingerie department many times. You always gravitated towards the panties, pretended like you were just nonchalantly strolling along, but out of the corners of your eyes I could see your hunger, your sneaky little eyes staring at the panties. Many times I saw you reach out and touch the silky panties on display when you thought no one was

looking. Don't insult my intelligence. You're a panty fag boy, so put these panties on, now!" Jennifer said as she slapped him across the face.

He whimpered from the pain but hurriedly stripped naked and put on the pink panties.

"That's much better fuck face. If I take you on, you'll be my maid, and I'll fix you up real pretty."

"Ma-maid! I, uh, I can't be a, a maid!"

"Shut the fuck up! That's rule number one. Don't speak unless I ask you a question! Now turn around real slow; let me see how you look in my panties."

While wearing the panties, Brent found he was hot from the way the silkiness felt against his skin, and his cock started to push against the nylon that confined it. His mistress smiled at his lust; she knew he was a true slave, one who got his pleasure from serving, and she'd turn him into a faggot who loved to wear female clothing. She could tell he had not fully faced his fetish for lingerie before from the way he bitched at having to wear the panties, but she could see he was excited to wear them. She could hardly wait to dress him as a maid and have him wait on her and her friends.

Her dominant female friends would enjoy punishing him, and she had other slaves, some of whom she had sex with, and she could hardly wait to fuck them while he watched, dressed in the outfits she'd have made for him.

"All right, you sick little panty-wearing shit, you have thirty seconds to jack off in your panties."

He immediately started to play with his small cock, tickling himself through the panties. His penis found it very pleasurable within the soft nylon. He stroked himself faster and faster and grunted as he tried to cum.



He knew his time was running out. He didn't want to disappoint her. But then he knew he had it, and as Jennifer watched with satisfaction, he flooded his panties with his slime.

"I knew you'd like panties, ya little pansy. Do you want to stay and live with me? You can be my little panty boy maid."

He told he would, but would be missed at his foster home.

"Don't worry about that. Just write a note for me about running away. I'll see to it that your foster mother gets it."

After he wrote the note, she said, "Keep your cum-filled panties on until morning. I'm going out for the night, so I'll tie you to the bed. If you have to piss, you'll have to piss in your panties. I have a rubber sheet on the bed you'll be sleeping in. You can clean yourself up in the morning."

She led him to his room, a small sparsely decorated bedroom with a simple cot for a bed, a room that would become his maids' quarters. She tied his arms and legs to the cot and gave his cock a hard pinch through his wet panties before she left him for the night.

In the morning, she untied him, let him shower and handed him a fresh pair of panties, pale blue panties with lace on the legs and three ribbon bows. As she locked him in the bedroom, she said, "I have to

get you some proper clothes, a start on the wardrobe of girlie clothes you'll be wearing at all times for me. While

I'm gone, I know you'll masturbate in your new panties. I know you're ready to accept lingerie as your new underwear. So, yes, pull on your pantied pud to your heart's content – it's part of your training to help you become the fag sissy we know you are. But when you do it you have to play with yourself through your panties, and you must shoot your cum into your panties. I want to see a goodly amount of your smelly semen in those panties when I return.”

He nodded, and they both knew he would do it.

On her way home, she wondered how well he had complied with her directive to masturbate in his panties. She would punish him hard tonight, but she also might let him fuck the little slut who had sucked her pussy that afternoon – the thirteen-year-old runaway girl she hired as a personal maid, but who she soon found out was horrible at housekeeping but wonderful at lesbian cuntlapping. She couldn't wait to show the girl her new slave boy in panties, and she couldn't wait to see him go crazy with pleasure wanting to fuck the beautiful little lesbian Lolita.

When she opened the door to his room, he was lying on his cot in the throws of ejaculating into his pale blue panties. The room smelled like a whorehouse. He must have been jacking off all morning. His cock was hard, his panties glistened with his most recent slimy deposit, and she could see several more rings of dried jism proving that he had cum several more times into the panties he was wearing.

“Well, I see my little jerk-off panty slave is hot, and that he has been cumming into his panties all day long. Well, my little pantywaist slut, it's time for some more training. Take off your sticky panties, you cocksucking worm. Take them off and lick your slime out of the panties, and get down on your knees while you do it, you fucking pantywaist bitch!”

Jennifer smiled with sadistic lust as Brent hurriedly stripped off the panties and put the front of the panties into his mouth as he sucked them clean. He sighed and moaned, and he knew it would not be long before his cock would be hard again.

He had never been so humiliated – she made him wear ladies' panties of all things – and she kept calling him a cocksucker – he was a lingerie lover, but he certainly wasn't a faggot – but what puzzled him most of all, he was doing everything she was commanding him to do – and he had never been so sexually excited in his whole life!

After he had sucked the panties clean, she went to the simple little dresser and took out a pair of bright yellow panties with flower embroidery on the sides and said, “Now wash yourself up and put on this new pair of panties.”

Once he was cleaned up and in the new panties, she made him put on his jeans and T-shirt and took him

outside. As they walked to a local park, she asked him what it felt like to be outside with panties on under his jeans. He told her how it totally unnerved him, and she simply replied that he needed to get used to it because soon he'd be walking around outside in front of her friends and even strangers and he'd be completely dress in girls' clothes. She saw the fear in his eyes as she said that, so she tested his resolve by making him drop his jeans and expose his yellow panties for the entire world to see. Thank goodness they were in a remote corner of the park and no one was close by, so no one could probably see what she was making him do, but that did little to ease his fears, and he shook visibly as she held open his jeans and fully exposed his cum-stained yellow panties.

Back at her house, she led him to her room, dug into her closet and found a small size pair of pumps that would probably fit him. "I'll start you out wearing low heels. These are only two-inch heels, so you should have no problem learning how to walk in them. I'll be gradually graduating you up to five and six-inch heels that will help you properly mince around like a well-trained sissy maid. The heels fit him well enough. She thought that she might have to get him a pair that fit better, but then she thought that if he were in pain from the shoes he had to wear in her service, well then, that was good. She smiled as he tried to walk in the shoes, and she loved it when he stumbled, fell onto the bed and cried.

"Stand up you, little shit," she said, "Stand up and learn how to walk like the maid you are, or I'll take you to my doctor friend and have her cut your balls off. That's better, you little shit. I see your cock is hard. Run in place in those shoes and rub your disgusting cock through the fabric of your panties. I want you to cum for me, and I'm going to whip you while you run. Do not stop playing with your cock no matter how bad the pain is, or it will get worse."

He started to jog in place in the heels she was forcing him to wear, and his feet hurt from what she was making him do, and he longed to stop, but he was playing with his cock, and that felt good. He loved the way the nylon felt against his cock, and he moaned mostly with lust as he ran. He found he was getting used to the way the shoes felt, and then she started to whip him. It hurt and he wanted to cry out and tell her it was too much and that he couldn't take it, but he looked at her and saw she was hot, hot and lusty from what she was doing to him, and he sensed any protests he made would only excite her more and make her hit him harder. So he kept on touching his cock as he ran in his heels, and she whipped him harder, and soon his pantied ass was red and sore and burning in pain.

His cock stayed hard, and then he suddenly realized he was close to coming, and he was not hot from pain now although she was still whipping him, but rather he was hot from the pleasure he felt in his pantied cock, and he played with himself furiously.

She could tell he was ready to shoot, and as she watched, he bucked and heaved, all while running in place, and then he was shooting, creaming all over the panties of sheer yellow nylon he was wearing as part of his slavery. She told him to stop running, since he had cum, and she smiled at the sight of her slave, dressed in pumps, and a pair of frilly panties stained with a fresh shot of his jism. She made him stand for a while, just stand still, and she knew it hurt him for he was so tired and he longed to collapse, to lie down, to relax. But she made him stand there in front of her, his feet aching and his nylon pantied

hips burning up in back and filled with his fresh sperm in front.

“Well, I see my little panty boy got so excited in his panties he had to cream them with his filth,” she said, and then she abruptly walked out of the room, leaving him standing there in his cum-soaked panties.

He wondered if he had done something wrong, but then she brought Sally in, and his cock got hard again.

The little girl wasn't even five feet tall and looked more like she was ten than thirteen, and she was dressed like a slut in black panties and training bra – a training bra in black! What a weird but sexually arousing sight! The black training bra and panties with pink ribbons must have been custom-made. He knew a lot about lingerie from his years of hanging around girls and women's lingerie departments and secretly investigating the lingerie of his foster mother and the girls she took care of, but he never had seen such devilish lingerie for innocent little girls to wear.

The perky little baby whore took one look at him in panties and laughed a girlish giggle but she became instantly hot for him too. He could see it in her eyes. She grabbed his stiff cock through his panties and held it tightly as she french kissed him in a way that sucked the soul right out of him! He had only dreamed of sex with a girl, but at this very moment, it was all he could think about, and the image in his mind of himself fucking this young beauty, even though it was a ridiculous image of himself fucking like crazy while both of them were wearing sissy panties – the thought immediately and completely owned him! He was thinking like that because of the way the girl was ravishing him. She was swallowing his tongue, rubbing her hands over his cum-slimed panties, and then licking his stickiness from her fingers. Would his new mistress allow him such a luxury? God, he wanted to panty fuck this little girl more than he had ever wanted to fuck any girl in his teenage fantasies!

Mistress Jennifer had thought about having her two slaves fuck while she whipped them, and maybe she'd have them do it for her enjoyment some time in the future, but not now.

She found another pair of panties for Brent, in white nylon with pink lace and ribbons and with a hole cut in front so his hard cock would stick out.

She wanted to be able to watch his penis and see how excited he would get as she did various things to him.

His cock and how hard it would get would be an indicator of how much he was enjoying whatever she was subjecting him to at the moment. So she put the panties on him and stood him in the center of the room as she mounted little Sally like a horse and rode the bitch around the room while Brent stood and watched.

Sally ached from carrying her mistress in this fashion, and she knew she must not cry out since that would cause her to feel more pain than she was already feeling. So she sighed and moaned and shook with the weight she had to bear, but she did not make a fuss, and at last she was allowed to stand up.

Then Jennifer had Brent kneel, and she pulled down his panties and greased his asshole. By the way he reacted, she could tell he had never had anything up there before, but as her slave, he needed to have his rosebud regularly violated, and there was no time like the present to start breaking him in. She took a slim dildo, greased it and worked it hard into his asshole. He grunted with pain, but then he grew used to the sensation of the object raping his butt hole. She fucked his ass with it for a while with him squirming, and then she shoved it in as far as it would go and pulled up his tight panties to hold the dildo in place. She saw with satisfaction that his cock still sticking out of the front hole in his panties was hard again, even though he had just shot his cum. Sally was hot from the seeing the dildo fucking her fellow slave had just gotten, and she wondered what would happen next.

As she watched, Jennifer took up another dildo, thicker than the first, and she greased it too and then rammed it hard into the asshole of her pretty little girl slave. She cried out in pain, but her mistress ignored her pleas, and simply pulled her little panties back up and wedged them tightly into her ass crack to keep the big dildo from slipping out.

Brent's medium hard cock sticking out through the hole in his panties bounced around obscenely, and it was growing bigger than she had ever seen it, and she sighed with passion. It looked like he enjoyed having the dildo up his ass, so she knew that sometime soon she would strap on a dildo and fuck him with it, but now she wanted to humiliate him some more. She had already decided not to give him the pleasure of fucking her little girl slave even though she knew he was dying to do it!

Instead, she decided she would suck the girl's pussy in front of him to tease him and drive him wild. So she sat him down in a chair, tied his hands behind his back, and then she and Sally went at each other like two animals in heat while Brent watched hungrily and helplessly.

His cock was throbbing, and the pain he felt from the dildo up his ass had now turned mostly to a ass-ripping burning pleasure. Plus the sight of the woman sucking the hairless baby cunt of her little girl slave was driving him wild with lust. He knew if his hands had been free, he would not have been able to keep from playing with his hard cock, but as it was, all he could do was simply sit and watch, his cock throbbing with lust, bobbing up and down in his peripheral vision. Now, most of his pain was from being left unfulfilled with a desperate need to spurt his cum again.

Getting him into his maid's outfit was the next phase of his training, and she had invited five of her dominant women friends to help. She now knew he would do most anything for her, so it was time to further humiliate him and take him deeper into slavery.

After Brent was called and entered into the basement rec room, Jennifer said, "I see my little girl is hard and ready. M-m-m-m, I know my little candy ass piece of shit will like wearing his little french maids' uniform. M-m-m-m, I know he will like it because whenever I touch his cock through the nylon of his pretty panties, he gets bigger. Beg me to play with your pathetic sissy cock."

"Oh, mistress, please make me cum. Please play with my dick in my panties."

She waited for him to say more, but he fell silent, being so filled with lust and panting so heavily that he could hardly talk. She toyed for a while with his cock, and then masturbated him skillfully. She knew it would not be long before he would spurt his slime all over her hand. She grinned at him, and he moaned with lust. She did it faster and faster, and his panties were dampening with his precum juices. Then he gave out a loud grunt and moans of pleasure as he shot off into the panties, the goo flying right through the panties and onto her hand.

“All right, you sick little girlie-boy, lick my hand clean.”

She loved the feel of his tongue on her fingers as he licked up his own cum.

Jennifer announced to her friends that it was time to begin dressing him as the maid. They made him put on fresh panties, frilly white rhumba panties with a lot of lace all over them. They put him in a white satin bra. He got so hot from the silky bra and soft panties that he did not care about the pain that remained in his well-spanked butt and thoroughly torn-up asshole. His cock throbbed against the nylon of the panties, and once again he longed to whack off. She knew he wanted her to play with his hard dick a lot more even though he had just ejaculated, and she knew he would jerk off for her entertainment if she wanted, no matter how embarrassing it would be for him to play with himself while a bunch of giggling ladies and girls watched.

She loved having him totally in her power. She laughed cruelly at her lusting, panting slave.

“The little panty slut is hot, isn't he? I think it's time for the dress and shoes. Then, he can serve us with his tongue.”

Soon Brent was in painfully tight high heels and a cute, black maids' dress with a frilly white apron. The skirt was held out with heavily frilled petticoats that left the bottom of his frilly white rhumba panties permanently on display.

Ann, one of his mistress' women friends had brought a pair of white nylon brief-style panties her five-year-old daughter had worn the day before when she had an accident and didn't make it to the bathroom on time, and the panties were soiled with her piss and poopy! Ann rubbed the smelly panties over Brent's face as he lay on the bed. “Does our little sissy maid like my little girl's dirty panties?”

Turning to the others gathered, she said, “My or my, look at the way his cock is twitching as he sniffs them. I bet he wants to wear them, but his fat ass wouldn't fit into them. So let's jerk him off into them, and then make him lick them off. Then, he can be the little girl he wants to be.”

She took his little penis and balls out of the leg hole of his panties and stroked his genitals with the little panties. Then she said, “I think it would be better if my little girl herself was here to jerk off this panty boy in her panties.”

Just then she turned and motioned to one of women who opened the door leading in from the hallway and in stepped a sweet little girl in a flouncy white party dress that floated up and down to expose her pink ruffled panties with her every step.

"Oh, hi, precious!" Ann said in a lilting voice. "Brent, this is my darling daughter, Ginny. And Ginny this is Brent, the big sissy in training I told you about. I think it's only right you jack him off in these panties; after all, they're your panties! And Ginny, when you play with his cock, don't do it nice like you generally do with your big sissy brother. No, I want you to make it hurt, so pinch his cock a lot and pull hard on his balls as you jack him off. We want him to cum, but we sure don't want him to have too much fun!"

Ginny nodded. All of the women in the room had panties dripping wet with their lust as they watched the baby girl vixen attack his penis. Her eyes were filled with a perverse pleasure he had never seen in a child's or even an adult's eyes. She was a devil child and she was bringing him to the verge of exploding with just a few painful strokes of her baby hands with their long fingernails that she was digging deep into his cock and balls. Her hands held her panties around his cock and balls but they provided no protection from her viscous pulling and pinching fingers.

Brent moaned with lust and was soon pulsating and leaking his juices into her dirty panties. She liked that.

She sighed for a moment with passion, but then, she dug her nails even deeper into his cock, and now his moans were those of pain and not pleasure. While she hurt his cock, Ann, her mother, started to pinch his nipples. Just when he started to lose his erection from the pain the two of them were inflicting, they backed off and got him hot again with soft, teasing little strokes, and then they started to hurt him all over again. All the women loved the way this mother-daughter duo were teasing and tormenting him, and they would have loved to have seen it done to him all night long, except they wanted to see him in his maids' outfit. So Ann stripped pinching his nipples and tucked the boy's cock and balls back under his panties. Then she let her daughter work his pantied cock hard but without hurting it.

He moaned and groaned and his penis strained against his panties, as it pulsated the tension lines in the panties danced around like he had a live animal inside his silky panties; his cock swelled larger and larger, and he groaned with passion. Little Ginny slid one of her tiny hands up under the leg opening of his panties in back and shoved her ungreased little finger right into his asshole. As she forced her way into his butt hole, he moaned and shot his cum into his panties, and it went right through them and saturated his panties as well as the little girl's panties. The little girl with her unsmiling, coldhearted expression kept staring into the boy's eyes as he humbled himself to her stroking. What she wanted was coming up next.

She was anxiously wanting to see him lick both pairs of panties clean, lick them clean of his jism and her piss and shit!

Once Brent was humbled and forced to start licking the little girl's filthy panties, her eyes lit up. And Ann, her mother, teased him with a giggle,

“M-m-m-m, the little panty pig likes to lick his cum from my little girl's shit-stained panties, doesn't he?” Ann smiled cruelly down at Brent who was moaning with lust as he licked his semen along with the piss and shit from the smelly nylon panties. Ginny watched with delight as she made sure he got them clean, casually pointing out spots he missed here and there until they were completely clean.

Then, they had him shower in preparation to be dressed as their new maid. While he did that, the women sorted through clothes they had for him and assembled his outfit. Once he was clean and dry, they put him into a sexy new white bra and white rhumba panties, and he moaned with lust at the feel of them. He longed to look at himself in the mirror – he felt like a fool, but did he look at all like a sexy maid? He wondered. His cock was getting hard again even though he had cum so recently. The women loved how he looked, and they had to spank him -- because spanking a sissy boy's panty-clad ass was a turn-on for all of them.

Jennifer led him to a straight-back chair in the center of the living room. Then, she took him over her knee and started to let him have it. At first he felt only pleasure from being close to the wet cunt of his mistress and feeling the way she moved. He was getting used to being spanked and found some pleasure in the midst of the pain. He was learning! But he started to gasp and whimper, as the pain grew because she began to hit him so hard that the excitement of wearing his lingerie was overcome with the beating he was getting. He bit his lip to keep from crying out, especially because he didn't want to cry like a baby in front of little Ginny.

Also, he knew if he couldn't show the women he could take a severe spanking, his punishment would be much worse.

Once Jennifer was finished spanking him, the women made him get dressed. He was having less trouble with the shoes, and she noticed his cock was getting hard all over again. He longed to touch his cock through the nice panties, but he knew Jennifer would not let him do it.

Once he was in the dress and wig, the women smiled and the little girl giggled at how he looked, but they were also quick to note the tent his cock made in his panties as it stuck up under his skirt. Jennifer slapped the tip of the bulge and laughed when he winced from the stinging blow. She made him kneel in front of them and go to each woman and lick their shoes or boots. Then, they made him get busy and start to do the dusting around the room.

While he dusted, the women began to finger each other's cunts until they became so engrossed with themselves that they pretty much forgot all about him. He took the opportunity to reach a hand under his skirt to play with his hard cock through his satiny lace panties. Brent tried his best to resist cumming because if he did, he knew he would be severely punished. But then, Jennifer noticed Brent playing with his sissy pantied cock.

Between her passionate gasps for air, she told Brent it was OK to play with his cock and shoot into his panties, and she announced to all the others that they might enjoy watching him make a panty sissy of

himself while they enjoyed their lesbian pleasure.

After they all took a long rest, Jennifer awoke and decided to fuck Brent because she needed a cock. It was an honor she usually didn't grant her slaves, especially one who had been in her service such a short period of time, but she was in charge, she needed some cock, and Brent was the cock she wanted. So she woke him up, told him to shower, dress himself in just panties and wait in her bedroom for her. When she walked into her bedroom, he was naked except for a fancy pair of purple panties with little flowers and bows decorating them. She could tell he was already addicted to the feel of women's panties on his cock.

He immediately dropped to his knees and started to lick her feet. She liked that sign of his affection.

"I see my little fag likes to lick my feet, and I can tell he knows he is a real sissy because his girly cock is excited by the feel of satiny panties. Turn around slave and take the heel of my shoe up your ass."

He turned away and presented her with his upturned ass. She greased his asshole, and then firmly shoved her heel all the way in until he cried as it tore up his insides.

"Considered yourself well fucked, panty bitch!" she yelled in triumph over him as she fingered herself to an orgasm. Then she took her panty slave to bed and let him fuck her. He worried that he had shot his cum so much that day that he wouldn't be able to get it up and be able to perform to her satisfaction, but his cock rose to the occasion the moment she pulled it out of the leg hole of his gaudy purple panties and shoved it into her hungry pussy.

All the females left Brent alone in the apartment while they went out for dinner. Jennifer left him with the instructions to clean up the place before they returned. When they got back, they realized he liked wearing his female clothes because he was busy jerking off in a pair of Ann's panties he had stolen from the overnight case. The women wanted to laugh at him, but they grew serious because stealing panties was an action that could not go unpunished.

They made him lie down on the floor, greased his asshole and then shoved a dildo up it. When they got tired of fucking his ass, they made him put on a blouse and skirt with a frilly lace hem. They forced him over the edge of the couch, pulled up his skirt, pulled down his panties and gave him a spanking for stealing Ann's panties and playing with himself.

From 03502-P "Male Maid"

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 3 No 12
December 2005

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HEALTH



Sneaky man jerks off in wife's panties, she finds them, puts them on, then tells him to eat her through her panties



Upskirting: 16 states have outlawed using cell phone cameras to shoot peeks up skirts

LIFESTYLE

Boy creates special Holiday costume to surprise his stripper mom and TV father



He wishes a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you too!



Since a lot of people want to adopt girls, orphan boys dress up as girls when people go shopping for kids

HEADLINES

Pregnant teacher accused of having with student acquitted on panty defense

She claims pregnancy from sharing panties

Slime Creek, AL: Ms. Mary Nicks, the teacher pregnant by one of her students said they never had sex and only could have gotten pregnant by him on Halloween when she took off her panties and loaned them to him because he couldn't wear his own underwear with the skimpy 1950s car hop costume he got from the school's show wardrobe department.

She said, "Afterwards, I put my panties back on and noticed they were wet in the crotch but didn't think much about it at the time."



Spunky Moore, the under cross examination admitted ejaculating in the panties. "They were so darn silky," he said "I just couldn't help it"

Survey: What do panty perverts most want for Christmas
Wife or mate's acceptance - 20% Mother's acceptance -
Panties, panties, panties - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

With O'Connor out we thought one less pair of pants Supreme Court but maybe not with Roberts appointed

*After Monica, Hillary switched to thongs to lure now she's back to briefs to attract conservative
Bird flu: All foul banned from British Columbia, a load of panties with pictures of Tweety Bird on
At new "waterless" water parks you wear old nylon panties and slide down nylon-covered slides
New lingerie company says they are feeling out competition and touching customers in a new way*

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