

Princess Online

No. 93

November 2006
Featured Pictures,
Stories and Letters
from the
Princess Productions
Website

Special Issue:
Boys in Garters
& Stockings



Adults Only

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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by the extremely talented artist Juan Sole, is from an upcoming Carole Jean book showing a boy under feminine training by dominant females who love dressing boys in girls' clothes, including the most feminine of petticoats, bras, panties and other lingerie, and then humiliating them in front of their families, friends and even total strangers.

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

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

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

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

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Watchdoggie!

It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout 'family values' and left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: Errant males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be contained and constantly monitored.

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

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of the nuns and girls in his fifth grade Catholic school during the 1950s. He still vividly recalls every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him.

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

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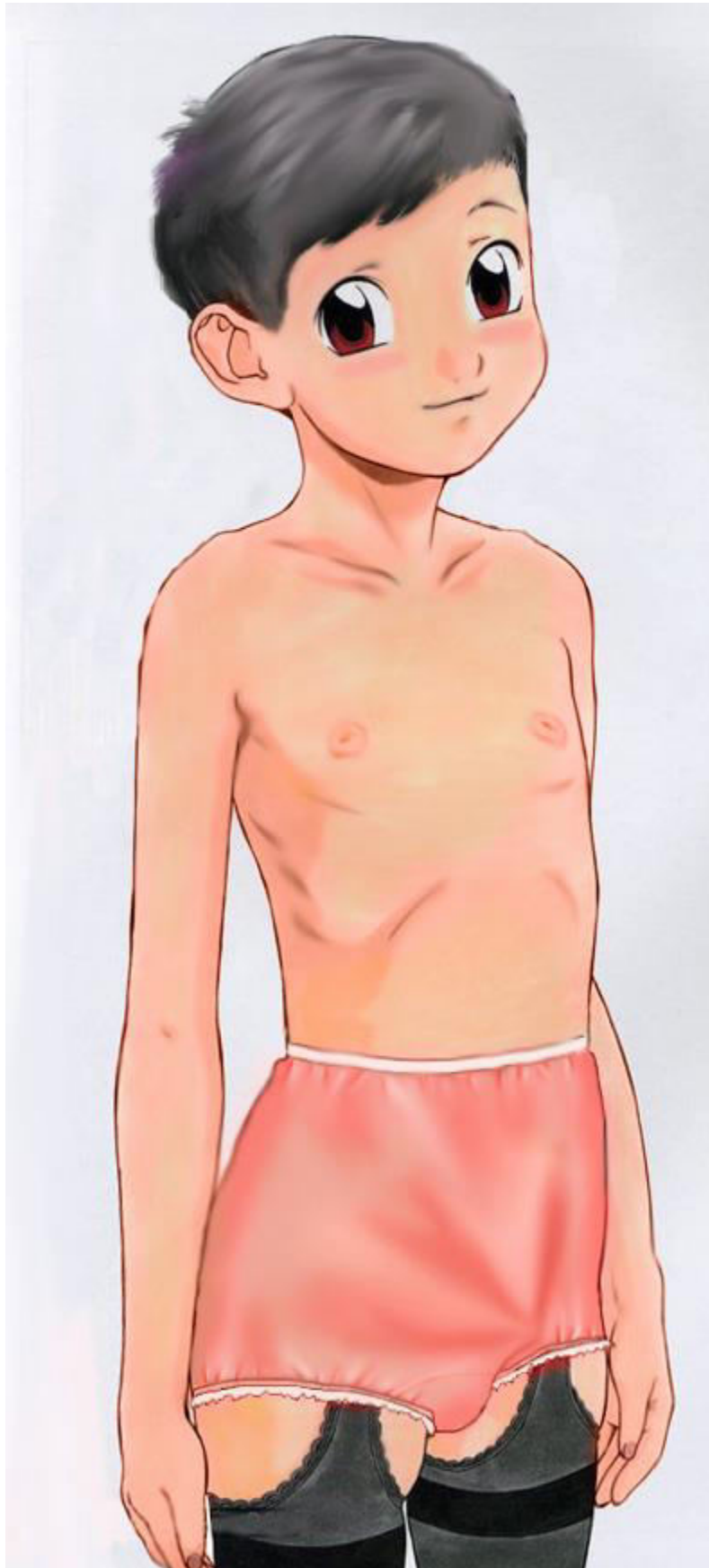
Masquerade

(Click on photos for a larger view.)

From the early 1970s through the mid 1980s, a company called Photo Talents specialized in producing and selling old-fashioned lingerie and bondage photos. And on a few occasions, when the owner/photographer couldn't find a new female model to pose for his lingerie photos, he'd recruit a cute boy and dress him up in makeup, a wig and lingerie for a photo shoot. The above three photos are one of a rare set of pictures showing one of these boys before and after his wig was put on; in the first two pictures he's in lingerie and in the third picture, he's fully dressed with the addition of a wig. Photo Talents was originally located in Evanston, Illinois, but in the last couple of years of operation moved to Las Vegas, and no one we know of has been in contact with them since. If there are any collectors out there with photos from

Photo Talents, please contact us. We'd love to trade with you to get any photos we don't already have in our collection.

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Classic Art

One place you can find a lot of excellent examples of sissy boy drawings is in artwork known as 'anime,' an art form from Japan usually drawn in a comic book-like format. The stories range from adventure to superheroes. A lot of them are "G" rated, but there are a lot of adult X rated stories too. A popular theme of some of the adult stories are sissy boys, especially girls with a penis and crossdressing boys. And a lot of those boys are in pretty lingerie including garter belts and nylon stockings as the example here shows.

If you are interested in exploring the world of anime, do a search for "anime" on the Internet, you'll find hundreds of free web sites, and if you dig through them a bit, you'll soon come across full illustrated comic book-style

sissy boy stories. A lot of the sites are in English but a lot of them are in Japanese only, but if you are interested in picture, these pictures tell the whole story.



One of the most popular and largest anime series is known as "Ranma 1/2" - a "G" rated story about a 16-year-old martial artist, who magically and repeatedly gets transformed back and forth from a boy to a girl. Happy searching!

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Tommy

This month, we present the picture of nine-year-old Tommy, another one of the few Ma Kelly boys who got out of line, so Ma increased his panty outfit to include a nice pair of fancy thigh-high hose much to the amusement of the other boys who teased him about his fancy ribbon stockings even though they were all wearing pink rhumba panties too!

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

So she put the store up for sale and looked for something else to do that didn't require her to get up early in the morning (she loved to sleep in) or stock shelves (she had a bad knee and it was getting worse). She

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

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

The babysitting service was going along fine. Ma took in boys after school and watched over them until their parents got off work and came to pick them up. Then one day one of the boys got himself all dirty playing in the mud; she made him take a shower and washed his clothes. She didn't have any clothes for him to wear while his things were being washed and dried. That is until she remembered the boxes full of panties and tops left over from the store, so she dressed him in a pink top and pink rhumba panties. (That boy was Donald Tierski. His picture is printed in our Princess Online #50 since he was pictured on our March 2003 website.)

Realizing that boys are built a little differently than girls, she had Donald put the rhumba panties on backward to afford him a little more room in front. He didn't like the idea of dressing in those clothes, but when she explained she had nothing else for him to wear, he blushingly agreed. Like most of the boys she took care of, Donald was a farm boy used to minding his parents and adults, so he put on the top and pink panties with barely a tear in his eyes.

Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics, and they didn't quiet down until Ma Kelly gave them her famous evil look and severely bawled them out. Donald was normally a very active and destructive child. He'd break just about everything he touched. But after being put into the panties, he became quite withdrawn, gentle and docile. Ma was amazed at the transformation. Despite being told not to tease Donald, the other boys couldn't resist the temptation, and whenever Ma Kelly wasn't around, they made Donald miserable with their finger pointing, laughter and name-calling.

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

Once Donald's clothes were dry, Ma didn't let him change back into them until his mother

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

Well, within days, pink tops and sissy pink rhumba panties were the standard uniform for all the boys in her care. From the moment they walked into her door they had to change into their girly 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

Two old photos from the 1970s of a Southeast Asian boy prostitute posing in thigh-high stockings, corselette, panties and high heels.

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When Peeking Under a Skirt was Truly Exciting

When Peeking Under a Skirt
was Truly Exciting

Long before miniskirts came into fashion, schoolgirls would roll up the waistband of their uniform to shorten their skirts. A lot of girls did it at my Catholic high school when I was a sophomore in 1960. Gail, a sexy long-legged beauty, did it whenever she could get away with it, but since she did it often, the nuns kept an eye out for her. Numerous times I saw her forced to kneel down so one of the nuns could measure the distance from the floor to the hem of her skirt to see if it was within the maximum allowable four inches. But clever Gail was adept at pulling her skirt down a bit as she was in the process of kneeling down, and much to the nuns' consternation, she often passed the test. But sometimes she wasn't quick enough and she didn't pass, and whenever that happened, she (like the other girls so caught) would get a stinging smack on her skirt-covered bottom with the nun's wooden ruler plus a demerit.



All those shenanigans girls did with their skirts both teased and pleased us horny young boys, and since these were the days before pantyhose, all girls wore either bobby socks or garter belts and nylon stockings, and a glimpse of the welted top of a girl's stocking, a peek at her wide elastic garter straps or, on very rare occasions, a flash of her panties was enough to drive us guys right over the edge.

We had little cubicles in my chemistry class barely large enough for two people, and all us kids were paired up two to a cubicle whenever we did experiments. Being young, dumb, and full of cum, I was thrilled to be paired up with Gail as my lab partner! I couldn't keep my eyes off her great legs, and in those close quarters her perfume overwhelmed me and always made me lightheaded in her presence. I had a constant hard on every time we worked together on a project.

Soon after we were assigned together and doing an experiment, I pointed to my hard on pushing itself up in my pants. She giggled, and I asked her if I could run my hands up and down her

nylon covered legs. She objected, but the next time we had a project to do together, she let me do it.

That first time my hands were shaking and my cock was throbbing. She was wearing silky, sheer, cinnamon-colored nylons and a white garter belt. When I reached the top of her nylon stockings, I tried to slide my hand up her bare leg to feel her panty-covered pussy, but she pushed my hand away and told me no higher than the tops of her stockings. I told Gail my cock was so hard it hurt and asked her if I could take it out of my pants and jack off for her while I played with her nylon stockinged legs. She didn't let me pull out my cock, but she unzipped me, reached in and rubbed my cock through my pants. I came in my pants within 10 seconds.

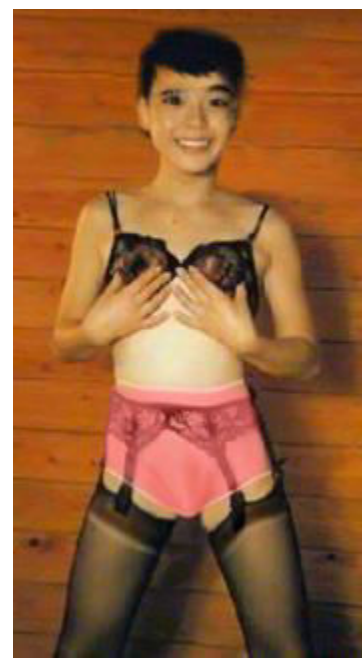
From then on, every time we had a lab project, I'd bug Gail to let me play with her legs and masturbate. Finally, after a while, and not getting much of our schoolwork done, she agreed to let me get off first thing, so we could do it quickly without being noticed and then get back to work on the experiment we were supposed to be doing. This was great for me. Sometimes she would jack me off with her hand while I played with her nylon covered legs.

By the time we entered our cubicle I would already have a massive hard-on. Gail would sit on her stool with her short skirt slid way up exposing her nylon covered legs, garter tabs, and nylon panty crotch. She would sit with her feet on the top rungs of the stool. I would stand in front of her and take out my throbbing cock and rub it against her legs. Gail would close her legs with my cock between them and rub back and forth while I ran my hands up and down her nyloned thighs. The feeling of the nylon against my hands and cock was incredible. I would always cum within seconds. Gail would try to keep her skirt hiked up high enough so I wouldn't get my sperm on it because I usually shot my cum all over her thighs and then it would drip down her calves. Clean up was easy because we had a sink and running water in our cubicle. Sometimes Gail would wear dark nylons and if she missed washing some of my spunk off her legs, my cum stains would dry into milky white splotches on her dark stockings.

When I complained to her that I was so hooked on her, her stockings and panties, and that I so hated when we were separated by long weekends and times when we weren't in school, she surprised me one day with a bag containing one of her white garter belts, three pairs of her nylon stockings, two bras and three pairs of her frilly nylon panties along with one of her old school uniforms and told me her clothes would remind me of her and all the exciting times we had together when I was at home and needed to jack off.

I put them to use that night! I held a nylon stocking and a pair of her panties over my cock and jacked off while sniffing another pair of her panties. After doing that on quite a few nights, I put on the bra, garter belt, a pair of the stockings, and a pair of the white panties and then jacked off. Wow, that was even greater! Many nights I would lie in bed with her lingerie on and masturbate four or five times. Sometimes I put on her schoolgirl uniform too!

Then one day when I knew we were going to have lab, I wore the



garter belt and stockings and a pair of her pink panties under my clothes. Boy was she delighted when I unzipped my trousers and showed her. I came almost the instant she touched me in the panties. I loved it, she loved it, and after that whenever we had lab and I could get away with wearing her things to school, it became our routine. Happily, chemistry lab was our last class of the day, so we had a chance to go to the rest room and do a complete job of cleaning ourselves off right after school. The only addition, sometimes she liked jacking me off with her one hand inside and her other outside my panties stroking my cock and balls through the sleek nylon and then catching most of my semen in her hand. She'd bring her hand out, show me the puddle of my cum in her hand and then stick out her long tongue and lick it up! That was just about the sexiest thing I had ever seen a girl do. And the way she would slowly relish licking my cum out of her hand I could tell she loved the taste of it! Sometimes she made me taste it too! I didn't like the taste of it or the idea of eating my own spunk, but I didn't want to take a chance on disappointing her and possibly bring an end to our sex games, so I'd eat it whenever she asked me to.

Outside of school we didn't see each other because she lived out in the country and took the bus to school. Besides, her family was very religious and wouldn't let her date. Since they were so strict with her, maybe that made her so wild and open to sexual adventure.

We finally got caught by our teacher. That was embarrassing to say the least.

Most of the classes at our school were taught by the nuns, but we did have some lay teaches too, and one of them was Miss McGuire, our chemistry teacher. It was her second year of teaching, and she was in her mid twenties with a little-girl pixie face and a great body that she wasn't afraid to show off -- as much as our school's dress regulations allowed for teachers.

In addition to Gail, Miss McGuire was a star attraction in many of my masturbation fantasies. She always wore high heeled pumps, tight fitting skirts and dresses that were a bit above her knees. She too had beautiful legs, and periodically I had been treated to little peeks up her skirts and saw her gartered hose and the lacy hem of her slips. I couldn't help but get hard on those occasions.

Anyway, on the day we got caught, Gail had pulled my panties down at the last moment and had me spray my cum on her stockinged legs. I had just finished cumming, and fortunately, put my cock away and pulled my trousers up just before Miss McGuire came by our cubicle. But there were fresh gobs of cum on Gail's nylons. Miss McGuire saw the stains and wanted to know what was going on. We both said nothing. She asked Gail what that mess on her nylons was, but Gail said nothing and was on the verge of crying. Our teacher told Gail to clean herself up and come up to her desk immediately.

At the time, I didn't know it, but Gail told her everything, even about me wearing her lingerie and jacking off in her nylons and panties!

Miss McGuire split us up right away and told me she wanted to talk to me right after school in her office.

When I got to her office I was scared. She had me sit down on a chair about three feet in front of her desk. She was standing with her hands on her hips. She didn't appear to be too angry. She looked really sexy. She was wearing a tight fitting, rather short, black sweater dress and black patent high heels. She kept asking me what I was doing with Gail in our cubicle and I kept telling her nothing. Then she told me Gail had told her “everything” and that if I confessed truthfully and our stories matched, there would be no punishment, but Gail and I couldn't be lab partners anymore. I kept staring at Miss McGuire's legs while she was talking. I could feel my cock getting hard. I was trying not to get a hard-on, but I couldn't help it.

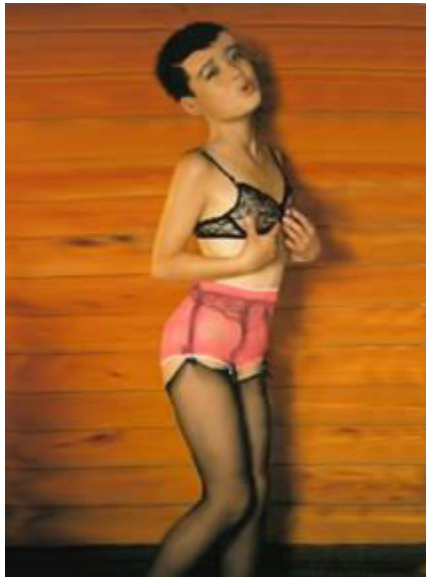
I started telling Miss McGuire about what Gail and I were doing, but trying to tell her as little as possible. She listened to me intently and asked me questions, wanting me to go into greater detail.

As I talked, she walked around and then sat on the front edge of her desk, less than two feet right in front of me. Her legs were just at my eye level. She was smoking, taking drafts off her cigarette and then exhaling the smoke in a sexy way. I could smell the smoke mingled with her heavy perfume that smelled fresh like she had put on the perfume just before I entered the office.

She crossed and uncrossed her legs while I was talking. Her skirt rode up and I got several good looks up her skirt at her garter belt and the tops of her nylon stockings. For the most part, I was just mumbling and talking around in circles.

I told her Gail and I had been making out and didn't know what else to say.

She blew my mind when she said, “Why don't you open your trousers and let me see the pretty pink panties you have on and then tell me all about you wearing Gail's panties and everything you have been doing with her.”



In shame, tears rolled down my cheeks as I then told her everything.

Still she insisted I take down my pants and show her, and I did.

She laughed when she saw my pink panties, garter belt and nylon stockings, but then she immediately apologized, saying when Gail had told her I had them on, she couldn't quite believe it, but just had to see for herself. Then she said I “looked cute” and understood Gail's fascination with me in lingerie.

I was so embarrassed; I couldn't look into her eyes. I just kept staring at her legs, standing in front of her with my trousers down to my knees and my cock so hard and throbbing in the panties. I thought for sure I was going to cum any second. I couldn't keep my eyes off her legs, and her

stocking tops and her garter snaps were now in plain view. When I took a quick look up at her, her eyes were fixed on the huge bulge in my panties. She asked me if I ever thought about her while I masturbated. When I told her 'yes' and how I fantasized about her often, she had me go into detail about it and then asked me more questions.

I couldn't believe it when she told me she wanted me to stand right there and masturbate in my panties for her. She told me that when she was growing up at home the guy next door would lie on his bed at night with his lights on and shades up and look at girly magazines and jack off. Her bedroom window was right across the driveway from his. She said she would lie in bed at night, and when she saw his light come on, she would sit in front of her window and rub herself while the guy jacked off. She said she has always fantasized about a guy being right in front of her masturbating while she watched.

With her encouragement, I began stroking my cock within my panties. It was already leaking pre-cum. She told me to wait a minute and had me take all of my clothes off except the lingerie, saying she wanted to see me just in the pink panties, garter belt and tan nylons stockings.

She reassumed her position on the edge of the desk, but this time she had her skirt pulled up high around her waist, and I could see her lovely lace-encrusted white nylon panties that went all the way up to her trim waist. I stood in front of her and masturbated within the panties. She spread her legs and began playing with her pussy through her satiny white lace panties. Her panty covered pussy was less than two feet from my face. I could feel the heat radiating from her body. I was slowly stroking my cock, trying not to cum. At the top of her pussy, she started rubbing her clit faster and faster through her panties, her glistening wetness coated her panty crotch and it was dripping onto her desk. I started running one hand up her silky nylon covered leg while I beat my meat faster and faster. I could smell the musky womanly aroma of her pussy. When she saw I was about to cum, she told me to put one hand inside my panties and catch my jism. My cock exploded and sent several big wads of cum into my hand as well as all over the inside of my panties.

In a commanding voice, she told me to take my hand out and lick up every bit of my cum. She said Gail had told her I was a cum sucker! I winced and tried not to think about it as I stared at her now going wild watching me lick up my cum while she was playing with her pussy at a fever pitch. She kept playing with herself for several minutes and went through a series of orgasms. I had never seen a girl cum and it blew my mind!

When it was over, I had to look away as I pulled my trousers and other clothes back on, but I did have the nerve to sheepishly asked Miss McGuire if I could have the panties she was wearing as a souvenir. She took them off and handed them to me. I wanted to put them to my nose but I was too shy to do it.

I was holding them and looking at them when she told me to go ahead and sniff them. I started to sniff them and stroke my cock at the same time. My cock was real hard again. I wrapped her panties around my cock and started to jack off into them. Miss McGuire sat back down on the edge of the desk with her legs spread real wide and rubbed her clit with one hand and fingered her tits with the other. I was so worked up I was close to cumming again even though I had just

shot my wad less than thirty minutes before. I jacked my dick and rubbed it against her nylons while she fingered herself through several more climaxes until I came a second time with her and the third time that day. (Oh, the joys of being a cum-filled teenage boy and with the ability to shoot off many times in a day!)



When it was over and she came to her senses, we sat and talked for a while and promised each other we wouldn't say anything to anybody about what we had done. I wanted to see her again, but as much as she wanted it too, she didn't think it was a good idea. I longed for her but I couldn't have her, and had to be satisfied just jacking off in her used panties and the lingerie I had from Gail.

Afterwards, Gail wanted to know what had happened in Miss McGuire's office, but I didn't tell her anything.

Then, three weeks later, I guess it got to be too much for Miss McGuire too. She asked me to meet her at a coffee shop downtown on the following Friday night. When I got there, she explained she lived alone and had no interest in having intercourse but would like to continue our mutual

masturbation games from time to time, but it was of the utmost importance we be discreet.

Then she said she had an idea of how we could continue our sex games. The apartment across the alleyway from her was vacant, and she had gotten her parents to rent it out because her mother was a shopaholic and a pack rat and needed a place to keep all her junk. Miss McGuire had fixed up the one room directly across the alley from her room as a bedroom, explaining to her parents that she might need it for when several of friends wanted to stay over. She gave me a key to the apartment and said I could use it and we could do our mutual masturbation sessions looking through each other's bedroom window. And that's exactly what we did as often as we could, but she did insist I lick my cum off my hand and lick every drop of cum out of my panties afterwards. Of course, I did it. It did make me a jizz junkie, which I am to this day.

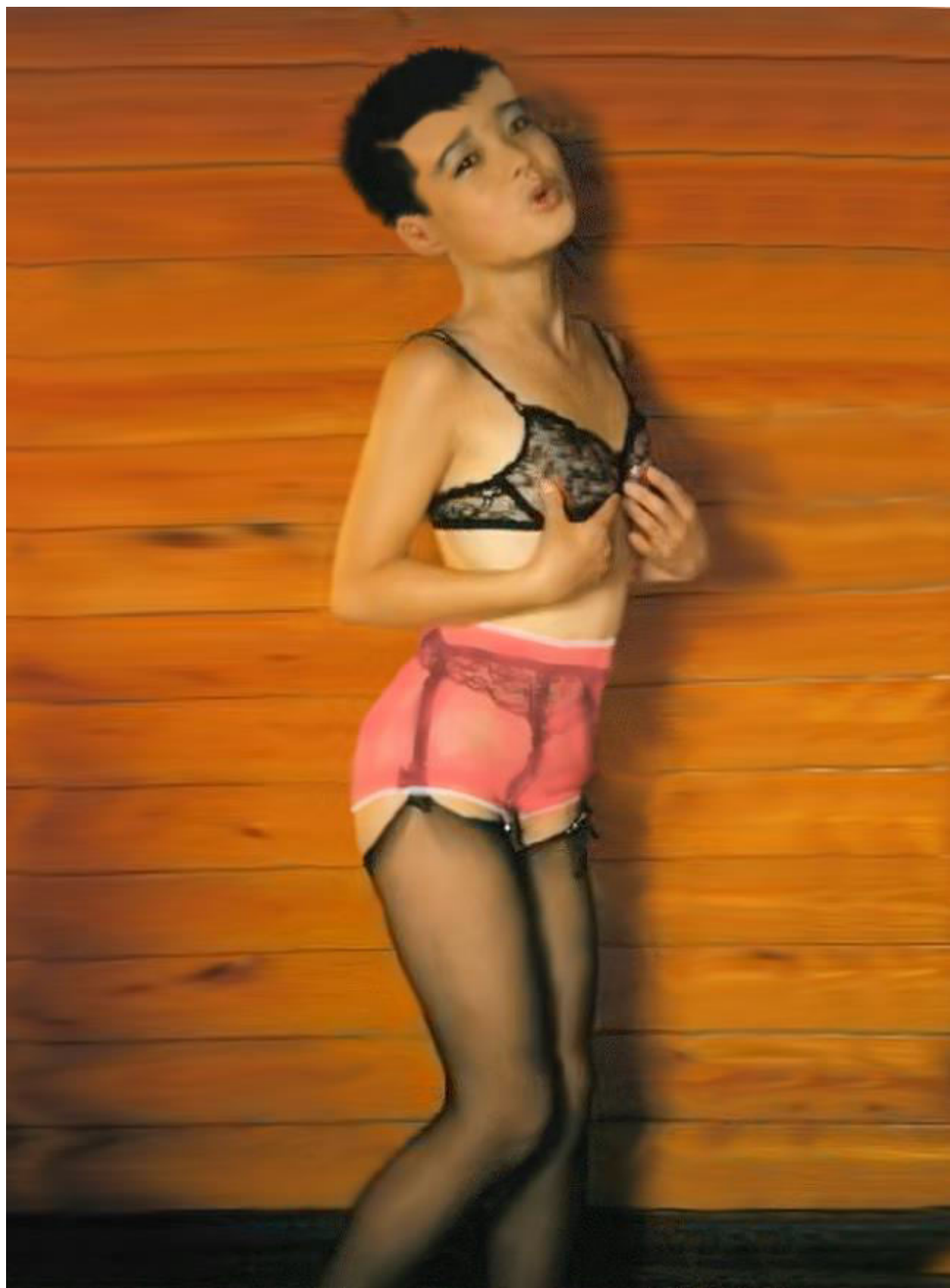
But Miss McGuire did have other issues in her life, and she had a jealous boyfriend. She liked him because they went to restaurants and shows all the time, but she didn't want sex with him beyond a little petting and a little bit of making out. One night he got fed up with her, called her a tease and tried to rape her. She called the cops and got a protection order against him, but he stalked her and attacked her again. Then, all of a sudden, one day she fled town. And when I went over to that apartment again, she had left me a box full of her lingerie – new and used – and a note telling me she loved me and some day would be in contact with me. But I never heard from her again.

*Story and characters based on
#07641-M "Corporal" author anonymous.*

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

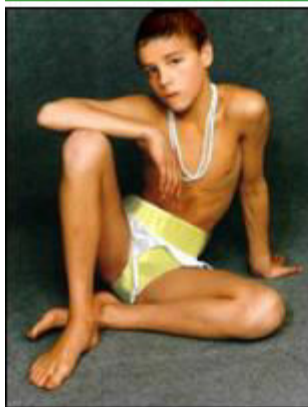
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HEALTH



1950s woman far ahead of her time: She bought garter belts, panties and silk stockings for her crossdressing son to stop him from stealing hers



After girl gets garter belt and panties from new boyfriend, she calls him a perv and makes him wear them

LIFESTYLE



Boy thought he was being funny when he tried on lingerie his sis got for Christmas and danced around in front of family, but mom said now they'll his and he has to buy his sister new lingerie



HEADLINES

GB&S Boys Waging Guerilla Warfare on Stores Unwilling to Sell Them Lingerie

Salesclerks Warned: You Will Lose Your Job

Slippery Slope, CA: Izzy A. Mann is aggressively fighting for the right for anyone (even men and boys) to openly buy lingerie for themselves.

Mann's organization GB&S does not stand for "Garter Belt & Stockings" but "Girlie Boys and Sissies." The group sends sissyboys into stores to tell sales clerks they want to buy lingerie for themselves, and any clerk who harasses the boy or denies him service is immediately reported to the manager with the demand the clerk be fired on the spot. If the manager doesn't, GB&S sues the store for violating their rights.



In a recent case, GB&N won a \$40,000 settlement against local lingerie chain, Petticoat Junction. Their clerk, Mona Moore (photo above) yanked the panties and garter belt out of the hands of a boy GB&S sent shopping. Moore refused to sell to him, calling him a sinner and a pervert.

Survey: What do you like to do with your garter belt?
Wear it over your panties - 2% Under your panties - 9%
Have your lover wear it - 20% All of the above - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

During sex with his wife, man caught and injured his cock in wife's garter belt; now he wears it while she's cuckolding him

Garter tabs showing through man's trousers get transie bank robber caught on way to his next job

Old-time burglars miss classy look of a nylon stocking mask and decay pantyhose that make them look stupid

In the 1950s, every woman (including Christian women) wore a garter belt and nylons, now they say they are sinners

Any man who wears a garter belt and stockings under his clothes can be called a snappy dresser

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