

Princess Online



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Adults Only

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Featured Stories
and Letters from the
Princess Productions Website

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

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A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's book, "Van, The Bride," in the "Schooled to Be Girls!" series. At the Sylvan School for Girls boys are taught how to be girls. Van is going to the school because he's from a circus family that does a tumbling act, and since his sister can no longer participate in the act, the family doesn't have an act, and it's up to Van to take her place and therefore, he is going to this special school. He hates the school and hates being turned into a girl, especially since most of the boys there are sissies or under petticoat punishment. Here are two of the students participating in a fashion show modeling dresses they had made for themselves!

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 parents, 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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Watchdoggie!'s poster tribute to the Sprouse twins for their television series "The Suite Life of Zack & Cody" and their upcoming (March 2006) movie "The Heart is Deceitful above All Things."

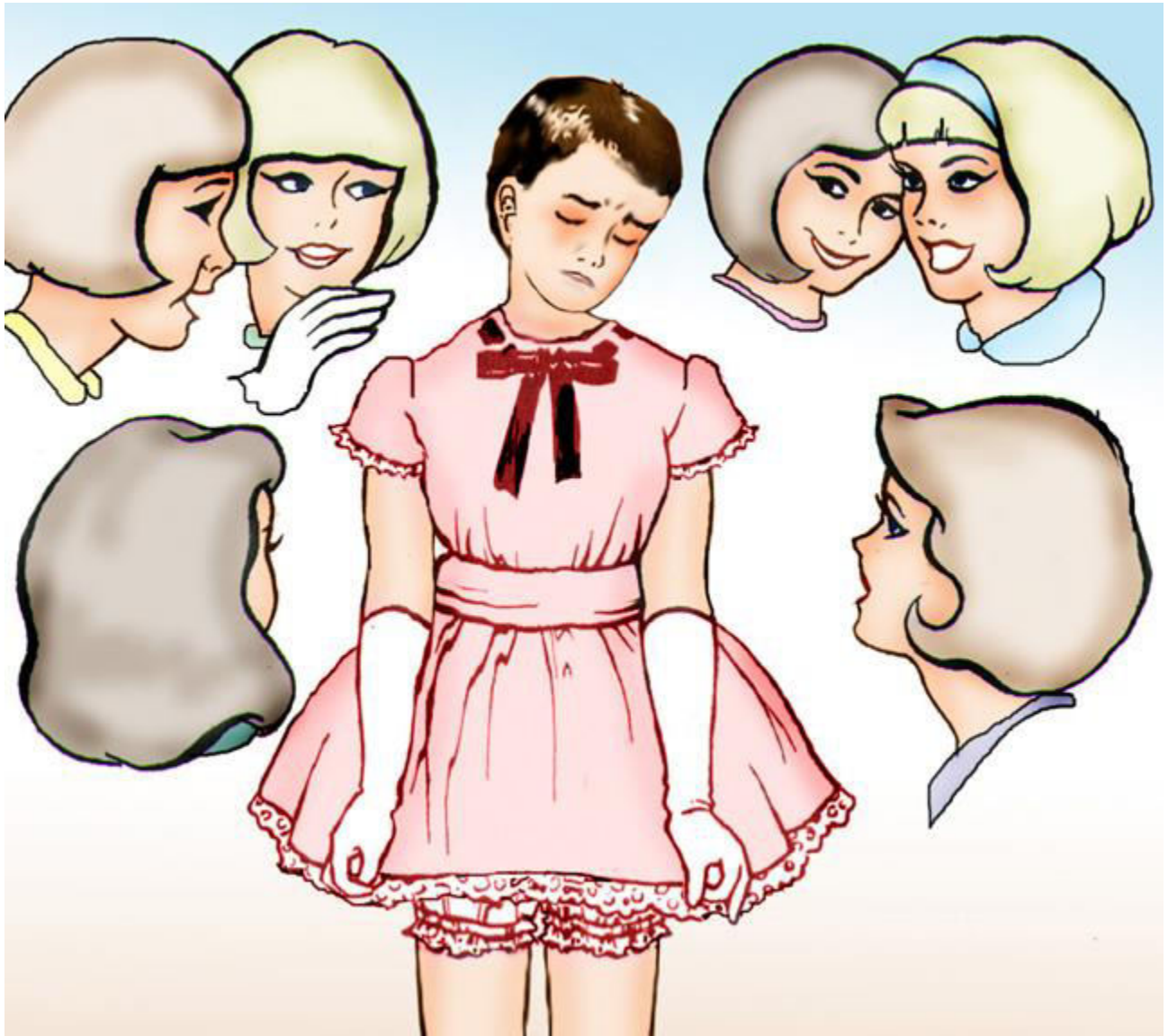
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Masquerade

Since St. Michael's is an all-boys boarding school, boys have to play the part of girls in school plays. Here Tommy McCord is Cinderella. He makes a very cue little girl, but he doesn't look very happy doing it!

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Classic Drawing

In this drawing, a boy is experiencing the classic humiliation of being dressed as a girl and then teased and tormented by a group of ladies. The base drawing was made by Lorraine Channing for the "Leslie" series of books. It's the story of a boy dressed in girls' clothes by his dominant aunt who is raising him, and along with her sexy maid,

she is forcibly feminizing and sexually ravishing the innocent boy as they transform him into their little girlie-boy.

The story is from a long manuscript by Nan Gilbert, originally written in the 1940s and only circulated privately among a small group of collectors. Then in the 1960s, Turnabout (crossdressing magazine) publisher Fred Shaw of Abbe de Choicy Press published the manuscript in book form and had his transsexual friend and neighbor Lorraine Channing add some illustrations. This drawing appeared in "Leslie Book #1 - Petticoated Male."

At that time (1965), Shaw and Channing lived in Brooklyn. Shaw eventually moved to California where he passed away in the mid 1990s. We don't know what happened to Miss Channing. If anyone who reads this can give us any information as to what happened to her, we loved to know, so we can contact her if possible.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Will

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Sissy of the Month

The kindergarten class at Jefferson Elementary School in Louiston had a "Be Whatever You Want to Be Dress-up Day" and five of the little boys chose to be little girls!

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Another Sissy of the Month

Pantied & Paddled

I'm the mother of a very active boy, who is a good most of the time and not that difficult, but at times he does things and I have to discipline him. Whenever David gets into trouble, my husband or I send him down to the basement where he has to dress for his punishment in a pair of white lace panties and a filmy chiffon babydoll pajama top.

Then he waits sitting on the chair my husband or I will sit in for his spanking, and he has to stare at his punishment stool (more about it later) that he'll be put on after his punishment if we think his wrongdoing merits it. Depending on what he has done, we let him sit anywhere from five minutes to an hour. Since he knows what to expect, this gives him plenty of time to think about his offense and fret about what is going to happen to him.

When we're ready, we go to the basement and ask him if he is sorry for whatever he did wrong. Usually he cries, pleads for mercy and almost always he gives us a yes answer with no excuses and with a promise to do better. My standard reply is that I'm glad he's going to do better, but I assure him he'll better remember to improve once I'm finished.

After a long lecture detailing what he had done wrong, he knows it's time. His humiliation now starts in earnest. We make him stand up and lift his chiffon babydoll top up fully exposing his lacy girlie panties. He has to finger the lace on the panties, tell us how pretty he thinks they are and how much he loves to wear them.

That alone is usually enough to start the tears really flowing because we know he hates the panties and hates to wear them. The silkiness of the sweet white panties usually does its job and he's now standing before us with a little boner poking away at the front of those panties.

In the corner of the basement we have a horizontal water pipe running along the wall a couple of feet off the floor. He has to bend over, grab onto the pipe and keep holding onto it through his spanking or more cracks are added to his punishment. Either my husband delivers his punishment using his belt or I do it using my husband's old fraternity paddle that's over a foot long so it covers both buns with one swat. Making him hold onto the pipe occupies his hands and makes him less likely to reach back. We keep his sweet lacy panties up during his spanking to reinforce the shame of a boy wearing such a girlish garment. After fifteen swats, or maybe a few more for really serious matters, we stop.

All we want is a change of behavior not a brutal beating, so if we feel he has had enough, he's sincerely contrite and we believe he'll change his behavior, we let him off without further punishment. But when

he has done something particularly bad, or when we feel he is not had enough punishment to reform him, we pull aside the legband of his panties and make him sit on his punishment stool (that is standing beside him and he has been made to stare at through his paddling).

That stool has a seven-inch hard rubber dildo attached to the center of the seat. The toy cock is black and well greased. He always does a lot of huffing, puffing, and usually a fair amount of screaming as we make him ease himself all the way down on the plastic cock, but a lot of the time, we think he's just play acting. It can't really hurt him all that much. From experience, we know he adjusts fairly quickly to the length and girth of the fake cocks he has had to take up his asshole, so we have gotten longer and fatter dildos from time to time to make sure his dildo butt fuck session is an effective and memorable punishment. Once he's on the penis-loaded stool, he has to sit there anywhere from twenty minutes to several hours.

Last week David got into trouble along with another boy. They had been caught stealing candy from our corner store, and as we discovered, it was our boy who had talked the other boy into stealing candy along with him. So much to David's horror, we invited that boy over to watch his punishment. We explained to the kid how we punish our son by making him wear girls' clothes for his paddling. We told him that if he wanted to remain friends with David, he was going to have witness his punishment, and to make sure he kept what he was going to see a secret, he'd have to put on a similar pair of girls' panties to watch David's punishment.

He thought I was joking, until my husband handed him a pair of lacy pale green panties. The boy wanted to refuse, so I went to the phone and told him I'd call his parents and invite them over to see David's punishment and then recommend they put him into panties too and punish him in the same way.

Of course, we wouldn't do that, since we don't know this kid's parents very well and have no idea how they'd react, but he was convinced that we would do it, so he gave in, and though he was crying, he took off all his clothes and put on the lacy light green panties. They had little pink bows on them and he looked adorable! He was scared witless when David came out in his panties and nightie top, got paddled and then dildo fucked on his punishment chair.

We cautioned the boy never to get into trouble again with our son, and we warned him never to tell anyone what he had witnessed, and just to make sure he wouldn't ever tell a soul, we showed him the pictures we had taken of him with a hidden camera that clearly showed him sitting and standing wearing his girly pale green lacy panties.

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Pantied Patrick's First Period

When I first met Melissa, I didn't put up much resistance as she molded me into her panty slave. After all, I loved her from the moment I had first set my eyes on her. She was one of the most popular girls in school, a role she almost instantly assumed as a transfer from San Francisco. Her single mom is a lawyer and seems to work all the time, leaving her two daughters home alone a lot. Her pretty face, long black hair and saucy tight little butt made my head spin, so how could I argue when she wanted me to do a little favor for her and wear her panties to prove my love for her.

Then she added, "Patty, I know you love me, and I like you a lot too. But I think panties, yeah, my panties are about right for you to wear."

Besides, her panties were soft and silky and exciting to wear, and they made me feel like I was fucking her 24/7!

Then she nicknamed me "sissy", which she explained was not a bad word but a term of real affection. Soon she even got me to refer to myself by that name, and I had to say things like, "May this sissy use the little girls' room, please?"

And when it came to using the toilet, she said, "You know, you're penis is pretty small, one of the

reasons I thought it was right for you to wear girls' panties, so I think you should sit down when you pee. It must be difficult to pee trying to hold onto a little penis like yours. I'm sure you get piss all over your hands and everything else a lot, so if you sit down to pee, you won't make a mess. And don't forget to wipe off the tip of your penis before you pull your panties back up. If I keep finding a lot of little peepee dribble spots in your panties, I'll have to start making you use a Kotex pad to protect my panties that I so generously let you wear every day. Piss is very corrosive, and you must honor my panties and protect them from all harm!"

At times, she 'accidentally' referred to me as a girl, saying things like, "Didn't your Mommy ever teach you how to properly use the toilet when you were growing up as a little girl? Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot, you're a boy, of course, but a very gentle boy for sure, but you are so cute and gentle that sometimes I do think of you almost like you're a little girl. But since you're so sweet, you probably don't mind if I think of you as a little girl, right? Oh, well!"

Then sex between us waned.

At times, right in the middle of me trying to fuck her, she'd sigh and say, "I'm sorry, my precious little panty boy. Don't be offended, but I think you understand when I say I wish I had a real man here inside me instead of you. Sometimes, I just need a lot more penis meat in my pussy than you can give me. Is it in yet?"

But most of our sex life was over the phone. We'd have phone sex almost every night, and she'd get me real excited and then make me promise to think about her and masturbate in bed, stimulating myself for at least a full hour in her panties before allowing myself to cum. Then I had to sleep in the wet, sticky panties, and in the morning, I had to bring my cum-stained panties to school or to her house and give them to her. She'd examine the panties and then have me stuff them into my mouth. When in school, I had to keep them in my mouth all during homeroom period before she'd let me take them out! I had some crazy experiences while doing that but those are other stories, and now I want to tell you about her humiliation of me when she started making me have a monthly period.

Since she kept me sexually drained with our long bouts of nightly phone sex in which she kept me stroking myself for what seemed like hours. I was constantly losing sleep between those long conversations and the additional hour of panty jackoff time I had to do each night.

Then when we were together, she'd belittle me if I tried to beg off of sex because I was too tired or if it took me more than a few minutes to get a hard-on. Her verbal teasing and taunts could be vicious and would sometimes even kill my hard-on. And often during our nightly phone sex, she'd mix exciting me with humiliating me. I didn't realize it at the time, but she was mentally breaking me down.

Then one Saturday afternoon while I was at her house, her little sister Deanna wasn't home, so she took me into the six-year-old girl's bedroom. Melissa went into a dresser drawer and got out a pair of her kid sister's little girl pink rhumba panties and slowly jacked me off through the pink panties I was wearing

and into the soft nylon and ruffles of her baby sister's cute little panties. As I gyrated my pantied hips and ground my pantied cock into her hand lined with her little sister's panties, I shot my cum, and as I pulsed out my jism, I heard little giggles, and much to my horror, I saw Deanna watching me. She had been hiding in the closet. Melissa relished my embarrassment. I wanted to die. Her little sister's giggles still ring in my ears!

Melissa asked Deanna what she thought of me. Deanna said I was a shameful sissy, and she wondered why her big sister was dating a sissy boy who wore her panties and wet himself in his panties like an untrained baby.

Melissa said to her sister, "You know what, lately, I've been thinking about that a lot too. As I told you a long time ago, he hasn't been my boyfriend ever since I realized just how big of a sissy he is, but I've keep going out with him because he's so much fun to play with and I think it's so funny that he wears my panties every day and jacks off in them every night like a total pervert. But you're right, he's such a wimp, so I decided I need to go out with some real guys."

This was all a huge shock for me, but the biggest shock was yet to come.

"In fact, little Patty (her nickname for me), I'm canceling our dinner date tonight. Instead, I'm going on a date with Marcus Watson."

I'm not into sports, but even I knew he was a big star on our school's football team. He's a big black guy and appears very menacing. I'm intimidated just looking at him. I opened my mouth to protest, but she put her hand up to my lips and said, "Now, just hush, Patty, we can still play together, but I think you realize I have to date real guys who can fuck me and not just shoot off in my panties."

"But while I'm out with Marcus, be a dear and stay here and baby-sit Deanna, or maybe it's more like Deanna will be baby-sitting you!" She laughed at her own joke.

Deanna was wildly shaking her head up and down in agreement, "Oh, goodie!" she shouted with glee. "And if you're nice and do what I say, I'll let you play with my panties all night long!"

That night became the major turning point in my relationship with Melissa, and since then I haven't fucked her, just been allowed to cum in my panties. I say "my panties" because that following week, Melissa had me take Deanna along with me as I had to buy two dozen pairs of panties for myself, because Melissa said her panties would now be forever off limits to me. So she said I needed a supply of my own.

I cried and asked her why she was doing that to me. I told her I would feel lost without her panties.

Melissa said she was tired of having a sissy boy on panties for her boyfriend and now thought I was simply pathetic. She said that if I wanted to be around her in any way, I'd have to do things for her to

make myself useful. She said she did feel sorry for me, so she would find some kind of way I could be useful to her, so we could remain friends and I could keep coming over to her house.

Little Deanna did say I could jack off in her panties any time I wanted, but I would first have to ask her permission and then I'd have to do it while she watched!

Despite the humiliation and embarrassment, I couldn't stop loving Melissa and wanting to be around her; being around her in any fashion – no matter how humiliating — was more important than a life without her. And she knew it. She used that knowledge to take me down a downward path in which I debased myself more and more. I was miserable with her, but I knew I'd be even more miserable without her.

Then, when I thought I had sunk as low and as any human being could sink, Melissa announced that I was to begin having a period every month. She said I still had some masculine tendencies, and it would serve to totally destroy any bit of masculinity I had left. I tried to hold my head up and take her abuse, but I couldn't do it. I just cried like a weak, sissy little girl. She said I had to do my best every day to prevent anyone from ever thinking of me as a normal male. Melissa did solidify our relationship in a new way. She appointed me her sissy teenage secretary, and now she was keeping me busy doing so many little things for her that I had little time to do much of anything else.

Anyway, Melissa was going to have me start my first period on May 14, and it would last a week with a heavy flow the first three days and a light flow the last two days. I had to wear a tampon and a pad for the first three days and would need to change the tampon at noon each day. She said there would be no exceptions, and it was one of the things a sissy cannot change and must learn to deal with. She said I would be very regular, having a period every 28 days that would last seven days, and that I should just get used to it.

She had told me all that two weeks before the start of my first period, so I had plenty of time to worry about it, but I was not to do or buy any menstruation supplies until she gave me further instructions.

As May 14 approached, I did worry and wonder what would happen and how I would cope. I wanted to experiment and prepare, but I couldn't because I didn't know exactly what to do, and I didn't yet have her permission to get the supplies I would need. She had given me some audio tapes to listen to while I slept, and they did their work. By May 12, I was feeling heavy and bloated, had cramps and had lost much of my appetite. I felt ugly, stupid and pathetic.

I'm devoted to and trust Melissa completely, but I'm also afraid of her, and debasing myself by having a period was making me tremble in her presence even more than normal.

Whenever she praises me for being a good sissy and a competent secretary, I'm thrilled, and when she is harsh with me, belittles me and makes fun of me, I feel like crying. That is thrilling, too, in its own way — and that is troubling because my need for debasement has now evolved into something that is almost

pleasurable.

May 14 arrived, but during the two weeks before it, Melissa said nothing more about me having my period. Did she forget? Then at noon that day, she called.

“Do you have any news for me today?” she asked.

I knew what she wanted to hear. I said, “I’ve been feeling a bit sickly. And my panties are very moist between my legs. It’s hot in here, and I’m sweating a lot.”

“Sweating?” she screeched. “Hey, stupid, you’re having your first period, little girl! You better get yourself to the drug store and get the supplies you’ll need. Go on your computer. I emailed you a list of everything you’ll need to get and complete instructions. You’ll have to ask one of those snotty prick-teasing little teenage girls at the drug store to help you. After you get everything, Deanna and I’ll be over to help you.”

And that’s how it started. One of the things I found most humiliating about my period was all the picayune details. There was just so much stuff to keep track of and so many weird things to learn how to do: preparing the chili sauce-Karo syrup mixtures, transferring it into the syringes, staying lubricated, keeping tampons and pads at the ready, taking care not to soil my clothes, washing the syringes after using them, keeping all the equipment neat and tidy (as a proper sissy should).

All this (not to mention the embarrassment and discomfort of having the hot sauce and syrup gook coating the tampon up my asshole and smeared all over my penis and testicles) was stuff no normal person has to worry about, not even a real woman having a period, for the most part.

All the ridiculous preparations and rituals fed into my depressed feelings, and at times I’d cry like a little pantywaist, reconfirming the lowliness of my new position in my panty wanking life.

Melissa didn’t make fun of me, but she didn’t have to. I knew her opinion of me. Just the look on her face whenever she saw me told me she thought of me as a pathetic little sissy not even worthy of wearing her dirty panties anymore!

While pretending to be supportive, she’d talk down to me, and say things like, “Yes, having a period is messy, but I’ll help you through it like any good big sister. And yes, you will feel sickly, bloated and even a little depressed during your period every month, but that’s the way it is. It is important for you to experience a period to become a good sissy who understands the vicissitudes of life as a pretend female. It’s the price you have to pay for being hopelessly addicted to jacking off in girls’ panties, and I know you wouldn’t trade your nightly wanking into your panties for anything else in the world.”

It seems to me she meant I needed to experience submission, not merely reluctant obedience, and submission does not come without some real discomfort and inconvenience (not to mention

humiliation). I now understand my periods have helped me to become even more submissive, and the reward I get in turn is the realization that I am so lucky to be able to wear women's panties and be accepted as a sissy. Melissa has made me into a total panty pervert, and there is nothing I love more than the nightly jerk-off sessions I have in my beloved, pretty, lacy, silky panties. My nightly pink panty masturbating sessions are what I live for. They are heaven even if my days as a sicko sissy can be hell.

As soon as my first period was over, Melissa and Deanna watched over me as I marked my calendar for the rest of the year with Ss and Es for the days my future periods Start and End.

For my birthday in August, Melissa gave me a present of a box of three training bras in pink, white and pale blue satin, each with a little bow in front between the flat lace-trimmed triangles in place of the cups on a real woman's bra.

I didn't argue and tell her I wouldn't wear them; I knew what I had to do. I thanked her for such a "sweet and thoughtful gift." Tears rolled down my cheeks as I had to take off my shirt, put the bra over my arms and let little six-year-old Deanna snap it closed behind me.

Deanna reminded me to say "thank you" to Melissa and made sure I lisped when I said it. Once introduced, lisping soon became the way I had to speak at all times. If I ever slipped out of my sissy character and began to talk normally, Melissa would say, "Panty boy, have you forgotten your position in life? Real men do not wear lacy panties and satin training bras, my dear panty sissy, so don't fool yourself into thinking you are something you aren't. Talk like the sissy you know that you are!"

If I ever showed her any hint of resistance, she'd dismiss me with a little wave of her hand and send me to stand in the nearest corner, immediately drop my pants and start masturbating in my panties without cumming. And I had to keep myself fully erect panty stroking myself until she told me to stop. That would range from just a few minutes to the better part of an hour or more. I had to do it no matter who was present, and I usually had to do it until my cockie was sore and I was moaning in pain!

The first time someone other than Melissa or her little sister saw me being corner punished was when Deanna's little girlfriend, Janet, came to the house to play. Janet, an innocent little seven year old, had no idea what I was doing, but my shame of masturbating in front of a strange little girl was horrific.

Janet said, "Why's that funny looking boy wearing girls' panties?"

Deanna just said, "Oh, he's just my sister's sissy."

"Oh," the other little girl said, "I never saw a sissy before. So sissy boys wear girls' panties, huh?"

"Yeah," Deanna answered, both little girls were talking in unemotional, monotone voices, being in the presence of a masturbating panty boy was no cause for alarm, and apparently no big deal!

“But why does he keep pulling on the front of his panties?”

“Oh, he's just jacking-off. Sissy panty boys like to do that.”

“He likes it? So why is he crying?”

“I don't know. Sissy boys are hard to figure out. But ya know what else?”

Janet shrugged her shoulders.

“He has periods every month too.”

“With blood and stuff just like your big sister?”

“Yeah, but he has to put sticky syrup and hot sauce up his butt hole and in his panties.”

“Yuck!”

“Yeah, yuck! That's what I say too, but that's why I say sissies are hard to figure out. I guess he likes to do all that stuff because he does it. Oh, look! He's juicing his panties! He's juicing his panties!”

Deanna then began screaming, “Melissa! Melissa, come here. Sissy Patty is juicing his panties!”

Melissa came running into the living room. I knew I was in trouble. Of course, I wasn't allowed to cum in my panties during my corner punishment time, but there was something so weirdly erotic about jerking off in my pink panties in front of two little girls, one so innocent that she didn't even know what I was even doing! I cried and I tried everything in my power, but I just couldn't hold back.

So what was my punishment? No, Melissa wasn't into spanking me. She didn't believe in physical violence. For my punishment, I had to wait on her and her big black lover that weekend like a serving maid while they ate, drank and had continuous sex. Throughout, I had to tend to their every need, and all I was allowed to wear in addition to my usual lacy panties were a frilly apron and a pink miniskirt. Talk about humiliation! Marcus couldn't get over what a wimp I was. I was going through my period then, so it was doubly humiliating. He went along with it when Melissa asked him if it was OK for me to kiss his big cock. He said 'yes,' but added that as long as I was down there I might as well suck on it for a while and get it nice and moist so he could properly fuck her. The next day, he told everybody at school about me. He told them everything from how I was dressed, how I had to wait on them, and how I had to suck on his cock and prance around like the world's biggest faggot.

With that, my life as a cocksucking panty pervert sissy was made public knowledge, and in the days that followed, I often got beat up at school – and that was on the good days! Sometime, when I get up the nerve to talk about it, I'll tell you about some of the things the kids at school still make me do on the

not-so-good days.

Melissa has said, "You certainly make a better sissy cuckold than you ever did pretending to be a boy and a lover. You know, I think it's time I totally feminize you. Life will be much easier for you if you just give into the whole female part of your personality."

So now I'm kept shaved, waxed, and nail polished, and daily I wear touches of makeup, even to school, and at Melissa's house (where I am most of the time), I have to wear frilly dresses, 4 inch heels, garter belts and nylon stockings -- the works. I also wear a locking dog collar around my neck, and she or Deanna usually attach a leash to it when we go to the store or just for a walk over to the park across the street, where I'm always the subject of a lot of ridicule by all the kids playing there. Some of the mothers try to shield their kids from "that disgusting sissy Patty the panty boy pervert" and grab their kids and run off when they see me being led over to the park, but most of the mothers think I'm just a pathetic and laughable playtoy for their kids to tease and humiliate.

Melissa has made a project of handling me. She's a new age female who believes it is important to feminize most males because in reality she believes they really want it! She says being a male has to be tough in today's world, so she's actually doing us males a favor who don't really have what it takes to be a good representative of our sex. She thinks, the world doesn't have or need many good, strong traditional males. In our modern world, physical strength is becoming increasingly unneeded as a useful commodity, and she is on her own personal crusade to train other men and boys like she has trained me. (I've met some of them she has trained!) She shows other women and girls how easy it is to train the tiny little male brain to associate frilly silky panties and ejaculating with the sexual greatest thrills possible as she turns weak willed little male minds into mush. Most men and boys try to be macho but fail so badly that they compensate by being road rage drivers, abusive husbands and boyfriends, rapists and criminals of all sorts! But she loves to take these kinds of asshole males, and once they have been thoroughly panty trained, she contends they can be made useful members of society serving females.

Thank you for listening me to my story.

Patrick, a panty pervert who now has shit for brains and a monthly period!

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 3 No 11
November 2005

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HEALTH

LIFESTYLE

HEADLINES



Boy who looked like real girl disqualified from costume contest

Bird-in-Hand, PA: Peter Lesser dressed up like a girl for the annual Halloween costume party with the help of Mary Peters, his neighbor and a professional theatrical costumer and makeup artist.

He made such a convincing girl that he was not allowed to compete because officials thought he was a real girl and not in costume.

Seymour Dicks, the head organizer, took the boy in hand to determine if he was qualified and gave him an oral examination but the contest was over before he completed his mission.



Investigative report reveals that hetero crossdressers marry big and tall women because they can fit into their clothes!



Girls complain boys in dresses don't know how to sit without showing their panties

Should we worry that boys are becoming more feminine and girls more masculine?

Experts disagree about affect on society

Overlook, VT: More girls and women are committing crimes and going to prison. It's a sign of the times as females are becoming more aggressive and taking on other traits traditionally associated with males.

Females are increasingly interested in boys who are kind and gentle, instead of traditional beer guzzling, hard talking, belching, and sports-addicted guys.

Today's girls ignore boys with poor hygiene and who have no interest in fine arts and intelligent conversation.

Mary Cockburn, a girl typical of the new female,



is shown here playfully lifting up her crossdressing boyfriend, Peter Hunt who appears to enjoy being submissive to her.

We asked the lisp if the little mounds on chest were real, and he simply said, "Dah!"

Survey: What color of panties do you like best?

Black - 2% Red 2% Light Blue - 4% Purple - 6% White - 8% Yellow - 9% Pink with My Cum Stains - 6%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Since wanking into panties doesn't qualify as a sex relationship, man now realizes he's a 40-year-old virgin

Police suspect a pair of nuts responsible for stained panties found in two separate incidents

Pervert commits hara-kiri after learning par he stole and jerked off in belonged to a truck

Boys who steal and secretly wear panties found to be smarter and more resourceful than other boys

After the death of nun known for her rigorous uppity petticoat punishment, she is discovered to be a real girl







