

Princess Online

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Featured Pictures,
Stories and Letters
from the
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Website

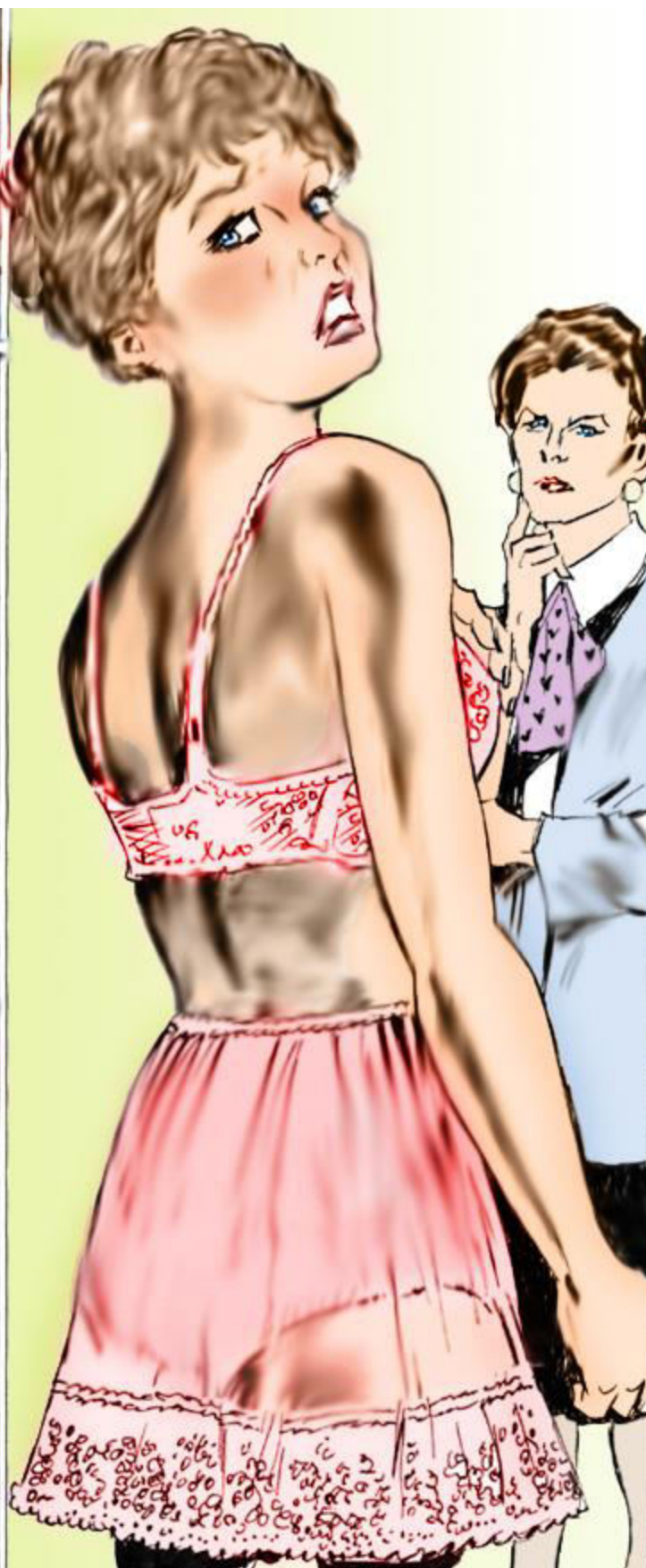
Special
issue:
Boys in Bras

Adults Only

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

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Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by 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 bras, panties and other lingerie, and then humiliating him in front of their family, 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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I'm old enough to remember when...

5th graders, Billy and Jeff Petticoat Disciplined on May 9, 1955



Our Lady Of Love Elementary, Sister Mary Margaret, Principal

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 creates fanciful 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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Life Goes to a Little S

NINE-YEAR-OLD BOYS CELEBRATE IN TH

This month, on his 9th birthday, Barry Bingman of Dallas had a long-time wish fulfilled — he had a party to which only “ladies” were invited. Cards were sent out to 19 friends: “Borrow from your mother a brassiere, dress, panties, and shoes; Be at my house on Saturday, primping as much as you choose.” As the guests arrived, dressed in high heels, big hats and furs, neighbors came out of their houses to watch. The party started off with a fashion show, with each lady whirling and showing off her dress

for the cool were judged b and cake. As shoes (“they straight?”) a arrived to ch want to get b



DEMURE Jack A. Hardwicke shows off his flowing yellow chiffon gown.



SOPHISTICATED pose is affected here by Andy Roach, Barry's cousin.



BLASÉ, “like the way Alan I

Masquerade

From an old magazine published in 1952, an article and photos of nine-year-old boys attending a birthday party dressed in their mother's party clothes, complete with ball gowns, hats, jewelry, and underneath bras and panties! The costume party was the idea of the birthday boy, the son of a wealthy family, who loved to dress up in his mother's clothes!

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Classic Art

I'm a thirty-eight year-old woman, the mother of three children (Louise, 14, and Cindy, 12, and Arthur, 10). I've been divorced for seven years and work fulltime now as a portrait photographer. For a long time, I have had an interest in women who occasionally like to dress their sons as girls, not as a punishment, but just for fun, to see what they look like as girls, and to see what they would be like as a daughter.

My own son is very good looking, and when he was young, I frequently fought the urge to put him into a skirt or dress. I would look at his sweet face and think how pretty he would have been had he been a girl. And I would look at his brown hair and wished I could let it grow long and put it in braids or pigtail with pink ribbons, but I didn't because long hair on a boy in our family was verboten.

I always had a few girls' clothes in his size in my closet because I couldn't resist buying a cute little outfit or a fabulous bit of lingerie that caught my eye as I visited the shops, but I was strong enough to resist the urge to dress him like a girl most of the time. It bothered me that I felt that way, so I rarely acted on my feelings, and when I did, I always approached him like it was a game or a fun adventure and put him in just an item or two of girls' clothing for just a few minutes at a time. And I never had him wear panties for everyday underwear like some moms do.

But from time to time, like Halloween or a costume party, a situation did arise that would permit me to feminize his appearance without feeling it was inappropriate. For example, when my oldest daughter got a little girls' makeup kit and a package of three training bras for her 10th birthday, I helped her put on one of her bras (the pink one) and makeup while her sister and brother (he was 6 at the time) watched. I glanced over, and without even thinking asked them if they'd like me to put a bra and some makeup on them too. My younger daughter (age 8) of course said yes. My son said no, but both his sisters then urged him to do it. He said boys don't do wear bras and makeup, but his sisters kept pestering him, telling him it was only for fun, etc. and he finally agreed. I had suspected he really liked the idea but needed to be told it was OK for him to do it. Well, pretty soon both girls and my son had on lipstick, mascara, eye liner, rouge, and fingernail polish and one of the training bras (my second daughter in the pale yellow bra and my son in the pale blue training bra – "blue for boys after all!" I admit I loved putting the makeup on my son and seeing how pretty he looked with the blue satin bra around his flat chest.

Another time, the three of them were playing a game where the winner could tell the loser to do something and the loser had to do it. It was mostly silly stuff like acting like an animal or spinning until you got dizzy. But then one of my daughters (I'm not sure which one) won and told my son he had to put on an outfit of her clothes. (I assure you I had nothing to do with that. I believe most girls just naturally find it amusing to make boys dress like girls).

I think he was eight at the time, and he decided he didn't want to play if that was what he wanted to do. And so they all started to fight. I was in another room and had no idea what was going on until the yelling got so loud I had to go investigate. When I walked into the room, my two daughters were holding my son face down on the bed with his hands behind his back. They had

managed to remove his pants and his underpants, had put a pair of lacy white nylon panties on him, and were in the process of working a skirt up his legs. He was struggling and crying, and when he saw me, he begged me to make them stop.

I calmed them all down, and then made them each tell me his or her side of the story. After hearing them out, I told my son it sounded like he had agreed to play the game but then wanted to back out only after he lost, and since what he had to do wasn't going to hurt him in any way, it seemed to me his sisters had every right to make him do it. Then I added that I thought he would actually look quite pretty in his sister's clothes, and that lots of boys actually liked to try on girls' clothes sometimes and that there was nothing wrong with it – and besides, girls wear boys' clothes all the time, so why not see what he looked like in girls' clothes.

He then gave up protesting and did what his sisters wanted, and in just a couple of minutes he was dressed in panties, a skirt, blouse, girls' sweater, frilly anklets, and strappy black patent leather Mary Janes, and with my help, his hair was brushed forward into bangs and a scarf put on him to cover his short hair. At this time, his big sister had started breast development, so we had to stuff the bra we put on him with handfuls of her soft nylon panties. He looked adorable! He was so pretty it just melted my heart.

For a long time, I never mentioned this or similar incidents to anyone, even my closest friends, but over the past few years (now that our kids are mostly grown), as my friends and I have reminisced, I have been surprised at how many of them have similar stories to tell – of wanting to put their boys into dresses and of how much fun it was when they had some opportunity to do so.

For example, my friend Julie said that when her son was seven she encouraged him to try out for a Christmas play at their local library. The play only had a couple of parts for boys, and Julie knew that those had already been cast. Unbeknownst to her son, she had spoken with the woman organizing the production about selecting her son to play one of the girls' parts - to be a sugarplum fairy. When he got that role, he was reluctant at first, but after a lot of encouragement from his mother (who kept emphasizing how much fun it would be, how it didn't matter because it was only a play, and how disappointed she would be in him if he didn't accept the part) he finally agreed. Julie said it had been a wonderful experience. He had to wear a pretty little ballerina outfit – complete with tights, slippers, pink tutu etc. And although he put it on at the library, his mother convinced him that for the ride over to the library it would be better if he wore a dress. That way, she said, everyone would think he really was a girl, and he wouldn't get teased! And except for her friend, the director of the play, no one did know that Julie's daughter was really her son.

As my friends and I admitted these incidents and desires to each other, each of us also mentioned how guilty we felt about doing them, although now talking about it with each other was very therapeutic. We realized we had done something most women would have liked to have done but didn't have the guts to do, and since no harm had been done to the boys, we needn't feel guilty about it! Our attitude was basically – why not?

You may be interested to know that in my job as a photographer, something I've been asked to do several times has been to take mother-daughter portraits in cases where I know that the 'daughter' in the picture is really a boy!

Such women simply think their sons are pretty and look cute in girls' clothes. They even claim it is really good for their boys to experience life as a girl a bit, so they'll be more understanding and less sexist as they grow up. The moms have also told me that they simply think it's fun to have a once-per-week or once-per-month time when their sons spend time as their daughters, and those are wonderful times for building a close relationship with their child. In fact, when you look at the pictures, you can see how pleased the moms are with how pretty they'd made their sons, and even the boys look perfectly happy with being able to have this special mother-daughter time.

One of the moms, Teresa, told me she and her eight-year-old son are part of a playgroup with four other mothers of similar-aged boys. The group meets two afternoons per week, during which the boys get to play while the moms look on and chat over coffee. She told me that one week of each month, they have a "girl" play day, and the boys are dressed in girls' clothes, called by girlish versions of their names, and all their activities and outings are female related. Teresa said all the boys are comfortable with this arrangement and enjoy the opportunity to play with dolls, to be soft and pretty, and so on. Instead of fighting and playing rough, they have pretend tea parties, play hopscotch, dress up their dolls, brush their dolls' hair, walk around holding hands and giggle a lot (especially, Teresa said, when they sit or end over improperly and get a glimpse of each other's panties). Teresa said that all the boys seem to particularly like it when they get to be in matching mother-daughter outfits, like in a picture I took of Teresa and her son.

I have to admit I really admire these women. Things really do seem to have changed since my boys were little. Not in terms of women wanting to put their boys into dresses, but in terms of whether they feel guilty about it. The young mothers I meet today who do this feel quite comfortable with what they are doing. I wish I'd been able to feel that way.

Alice

Note: The artwork is an adaptation of a drawing by Jackie-off!

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Carl

This month, we present the picture of twelve-year-old Carl, one of the few Ma Kelly boys who got out of line and needed to be taken down a notch. When he first arrived after school to be watched over my Ma, he laughed at the other boys and accused them of being sissies for wearing girls' panties. So after a spanking, Ma got out an old teen bra and made him wear it in addition to the pink rhumba panties. That made him quite docile and stopped him from teasing the other boys who were now teasing him for wearing a bra!

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

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

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

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

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

so he put on the top and pink panties with barely a tear in his eyes.

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

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

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

Well, within days, pink tops and sissy pink rhumba panties were the standard uniform for all the boys in her care. From the moment they walked into her door they had to change into their 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 Boy of the Month #1 Aunt Bella Knew What to Do With Me

My aunt was a sexy babe! I didn't know it then, but it was rumored she had slept with every man within twenty miles, and in our small town that was considered wild! Of course, it was an overstatement that she had sex with that many men, but conversely, people had no idea just how wild and kinky she really was. I was twelve years old, in the seventh grade, and just getting interested in girls, and to me, she was the sexiest female in the world, the epitome of womanhood.

One day I tagged along with my mother to visit her. I had to use the bathroom, but my mother was using it, so Aunt Bella told me to go upstairs and use her master bathroom. As soon as I walked into that room, I saw a black satin brassiere hanging out of the lid of her wicker laundry hamper. It was one of those bullet-pointed bras, so popular in 1961. Immediately, I was drawn to it, especially since it belonged to my sexy aunt. I held it to my nose and inhaled her exotic perfume. Inside the hamper, I found several pairs of her nylon panties too, plus something I had never seen before -- long panties that



went all the way down to the knees. I just had to try them on!

I took a chance, undressed right there, and put on the bra and the silky panties. They fit me pretty well. I was rubbing my cock in the pettipants (later I learned what they were called) while I struggled to keep the bra on over my shoulders because it was too big for me and I couldn't hook it up in back. And that's how my aunt found me.

"What are you doing, you naughty little boy!" she yelled. I was too shocked to answer. Then she said as she walked out, "Never mind. It's all too obvious what you're doing. Be downstairs in one minute."

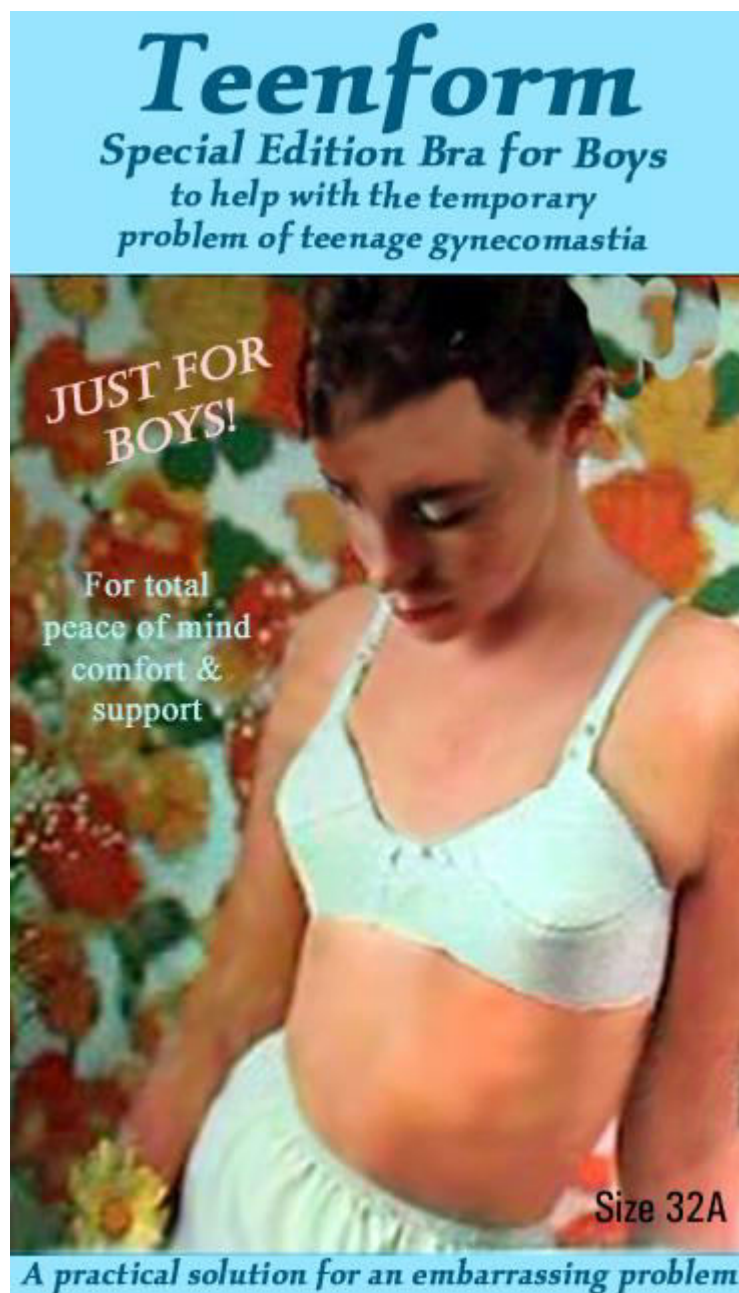
I hurriedly got back into my own clothes and expected the worse when I came downstairs, but nothing was said, and she obviously hadn't said anything to my mother, who asked my I was blushing so much! As I left with mom, auntie pulled me aside and told me to come to her house after school the next day or she would tell my mother what she had found me doing.

The next day, I was so nervous I couldn't concentrate in school and arrived at her house ready to burst out into tears. She let me in, and I immediately saw she was dressed even more sexily than usual. I especially couldn't take my eyes off her low-cut blouse showing off that big pointy black bra that I had played with the day before!

She pointed to some lingerie on a side table and explained she had gone shopping that morning and bought the lingerie for me and they were in my size! She made me take off my clothes and put on the small white preteen bra and a sensuous pair of white nylon pettipants with delicate rows of pastel-colored flowered lace around the legs. Then she sat me on her lap and jacked me off into the pettipants as she told me sexy stories and exciting things, including that she was a lesbian (I had never heard the term). She told me what it meant, but then said she liked to have sex with males too, especially young boys because she loved making them cum at her command!

She let me keep that bra and pair of pettipants, but I had to keep them at her house, and she had me visit her every week or two so I could wear my lingerie and either let her masturbate me or let me wank myself off in the pettipants while she watched! She had always been my favorite aunt and the sexiest woman in the world to me, but after she introduced me to sissy sex, she became my absolute goddess.

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Sissy Boy of the Month #2 A Bra for Bobby

From the time I was a little boy, I was quite aware that everyone in my family was "genetically predispositioned" to be a little overweight. My whole life my mother had me and my sisters on a diet, and I was plagued with being called "fatty" and other names. And since I was overweight, I wasn't very good at sports; I wasn't athletic and couldn't run very fast, that only made everything worse. I felt very inadequate as a boy and often questioned my masculinity.

When I was twelve years old Jesse Ann, a girl I secretly loved and thought was the prettiest girl in the world, delivered the ultimate shame when I was in the swimming pool at our local YMCA. She was with three other girls, and I noticed they were all looking at me. I blushed at the attention, but then Jesse Ann yelled out so everyone could hear, "Hey, Bobby, why don't you get a bra!"

As the four of them laughed hysterically, I was devastated and

jumped back into the pool and hid myself from them. I didn't get out of the pool until almost everyone else had left.

At home, mom wanted to know why I was so upset, but I couldn't talk about it. However, my sister had been at the pool with me, and she told mom why I had been crying.

Two days later, Mom took me to a special lady doctor who explained I had gynecomastia, an abnormal enlargement of the breasts in males that often affects young boys. Mom told her it was common in the boys from her side of our family, and my cousin, Dirk, had the same problem,

and he was two years older than me. Mom then shocked me as she told the doctor that Dirk often wore one of his sister's old training bras under his regular clothes to keep his breasts pressed down and to keep them from being noticed. She said the bra made it so his breasts didn't bounce around so much when he ran or moved around.

The doctor said a lot of boys with my condition wore brassieres, but it wasn't necessary to wear girls' bras because they now had brassieres specially made to help boys with breast enlargement, and she gave mom the name of a special store where we could buy these bras.

Mom took me to the store, but I balked and became very embarrassed because the store turned out to be a women's lingerie store. I didn't want to go in, but mom explained to me that this was the only place to go to get what I needed, and she assured me they would be very professional and no one would laugh at me. I blushed even more when mom talked to the saleslady and explained that the doctor recommended this store for my special problem. Happily, there wasn't anyone else in the store.

Tess, the girl waiting on us was so sweet and pretty. She became tried to act very serious, nodded her head a lot and kept saying "I understand" as mom talked. She kept smiling at me. She wasn't outwardly laughing at me, but I sensed she was laughing at me inside and straining to maintain her professional demeanor! Still, I liked her.

Tess talked incessantly and with a lilt in her voice that made me tingle. As she talked, she opened a drawer, took out several packages and assured me everything was going to be OK. She led me back to a fitting room for privacy. The room was only big enough for two people, so mom had to stay outside. Inside, she talked to me and made me feel comfortable to be with her even as she had me take off my sweatshirt and the tight T-shirt I wore to keep my tits down.

A few silent tears rolled down my cheeks as she measured me above and below my breasts and then right across my nipples. She cupped my breasts and felt them, saying she was an expert at bra fillings and was checking my breasts to see how firm they were and if there was any tenderness. In the cold air of the dressing room, my nipples got hard, and as she touched them my penis got hard -- and she noticed the bump in my shorts!

"Oh!" she said, "I guess your nipples are sensitive, a bra will cover them up and help so other people won't notice when they stand up they are doing now."

That kind of talk was really embarrassing me, but it didn't compare with the embarrassment I felt as she opened one of the packages, took out a soft white bra and put it on me. She spent a lot of time adjusting the straps and smoothing the cups out over each breast. The little room was brightly lit, and the one wall was a mirror so I observed everything about this humbling moment in complete detail.

She opened up a couple of other packages, one was a pink bra. I blinked and said, "But, uh, isn't pink for girls?"

"Oh, no, silly, this is a bra for boys. See what it says right here?" she said as she pointed on the package where it said in bold letters, "A Special Bra Just for Special Boys."

"Bobby, this bra isn't pink; it's flesh colored so it blends with your skin color so it won't show through your shirts."

I didn't care what she said, it was pink and looked even more girly than the white one!

Then she took a real lacy pink one out of another package and said, "I thought you might say that about the pink one (See she just said it was pink too!). So, just for comparison, I brought this one along to show you what a real girls' bra looks like. It has lace and a little bow on it. That's how you know it's really for girls. Now look at your two bras. See, they are very plain and don't have any of these girly frills."

I stared at the bras, especially the girly one.

She was stooping down beside me with her arm around me. "Go ahead and touch it; it won't bite you," she laughed.

I did touch it! And as I did, I could see down her blouse to her lavender bra with white lace, and her forearm was pressing right against my hard penis. I was sure she could feel it. I almost exploded in my shorts when she asked, "Want to try it on? You can if you want."

Something inside me told me I DID want to try on the lacy pink girly-girly bra, but I couldn't admit that! So I just shook my head 'no.' It was all I could do because I didn't have the ability to make any words come out of my mouth.

She put the white bra back on me, and then took me out to show my mother. Two other women were in the store, so I stayed behind my mom so they wouldn't see me as Tess and mom pointed out different features of the bra I had on. She also told mom about the "flesh colored" bra (It WAS pink!) for wearing under lighter clothing.

Mom told her we would take the two bras and come back for more if they worked out OK. As Tess suggested, mom told me to wear the white bra home "to get used to it."

Back in the dressing room, Tess helped me back into my T-shirt and sweatshirt, and told me that when I was going to come back for more bras, to have my mom call first and make sure she would be on duty to take care of me. She hugged me, told me I was very brave, and assured me my new bras would help make my life easier.

Then in a whisper she said, "I know a lot of little boys with pretty little titties like you, and a lot of them don't like being boys because they aren't strong and rough and tough like other boys. Some of those boys like to pretend that they are girls sometimes because it makes them feel so good. I understand boys like that, and if you ever want to come back and try on some of the really girly bras we have, I'll help you with them and talk to your mom about buying them for

you. It's nothing to be embarrassed about. Besides, I think you would make a very pretty little girl!"

She also said that the next time I came to the store she would be glad to spend a lot of time with me and help me feel better about having to wear a bra. She said a lot of men and boys wear bras but nobody knows because they are very careful with the clothes they wear and how they handle themselves.

Back out of the dressing room, Tess also told mom that after I wore the bras for a while to come back and she would discuss with me any problems I had wearing them and help me wear clothes in a way to best disguise the bras.

Mom and Tess were talking quite loud about me wearing bras, and I'm sure the other two women in the store knew what was going on, but I was too shamed to look in their direction to see if they were watching and listening.

That day opened up a whole new world for me. I had never thought about wearing a bra or any girls' clothes until Jesse Ann made fun of me that day at the pool, but at home after the bra fitting, all I could do was think about the things Tess said to me. It was so weird because I started thinking about wearing girls' clothes and having fun pretending to be a girl. I liked those thoughts so much because if I were a girl, I wouldn't have to constantly struggle to measure up to boys. I wasn't much of a boy and I knew it. I immediately loved the idea of thinking of myself as a girl.

That's how I felt, but my mom sure felt differently. The bras worked out well, and it was mom who suggested we go back to the store to get me a few more bras. I told mom that I liked wearing the bras and I thought they helped a lot. I pretended to make a joke about it and told her maybe I'd like to try on some lacy real girls' bras, but my mom frowned and asked, "Why would you want to do something so dumb like that? Maybe wearing these bras isn't such a good idea if it's making you want to be a girl. Maybe we should forget about you wearing bras. You know, we can get your breasts surgically reduced -- that's an operation too."

I immediately pretended I had been joking about wanting to wear girlie bras. She bought it!

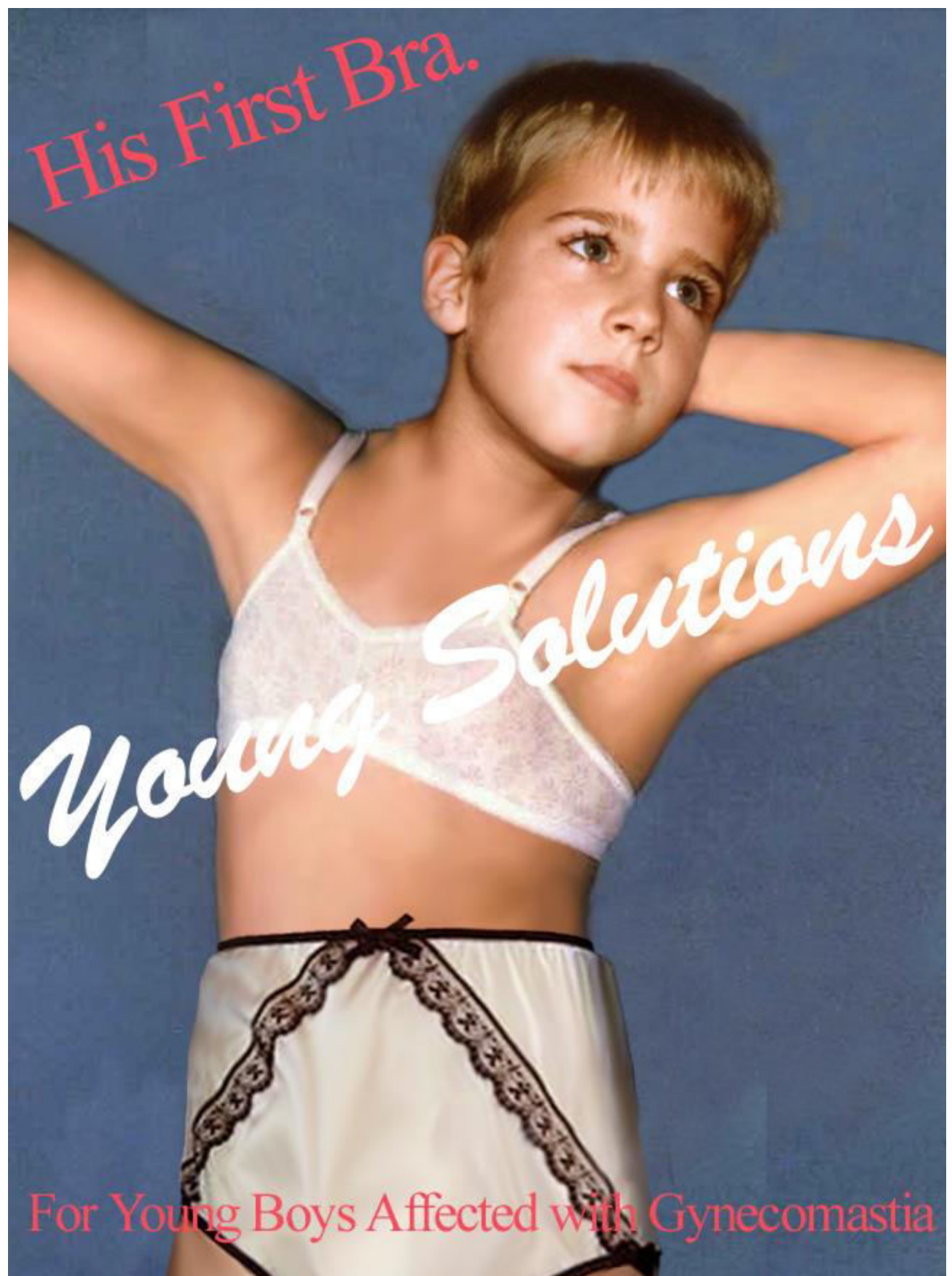
Back at the store, in the privacy of the dressing room, I whispered to Tess my desire to try on a girlie bra, but I also explained that my mom would be dead set against it.

Tess went out of the room and came back with a selection of girlie bras for me to try on in addition to a couple more the utilitarian variety mom was ready to buy for me. I loved the bras and was sad when Tess put them back in their packages. She asked which one I liked the best, and she slipped it in my pocket and then pulled my sweatshirt down to cover up the bulge in my pants' pocket and the other bulge making a display of itself!

She had been so sweet with me and so very businesslike with mom and said nothing to her about the girlie bras. To me, Tess had already passed Jesse Ann as the most beautiful and sweetest

female in the world, and now I was convinced she was absolutely the most amazing person I had ever met, and I still feel that way about her today!

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His First Bra.

Young Solutions

For Young Boys Affected with Gynecomastia

Bras for Boys?

A small lingerie company designs bras for boys plagued by the medical problem of gynecomastia, which is an abnormal enlargement of the breasts in males, known to especially affect boys going through puberty and their teenage years. Here is the packaging for one of their bras for boys.

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Just Because I Like to Wear Bras and Like to Dream of Having Real Titties Doesn't Mean I Want to Be a Girl

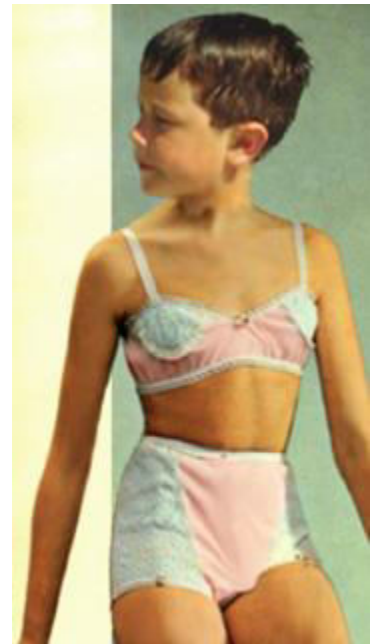
The following true story shows how a budding crossdresser is affected by the reactions of his parents, friends and society, and in this case, the extreme overreaction of his parents, especially his violent father, and how it changed his family's chemistry and forever changed this little boy's life.

Dear Sir:

When I was six years old, my family was quite poor and we lived on a farm in Illinois. At that time I was the only child in our family, and we lived next door to my grandma, and she had a daughter (my aunt Lilly) who was my same age. She was the only other child for about a mile around, so we played together all the time.

On Saturday afternoons, I would be dropped off to stay with my grandma and aunt Lilly while my mom and dad would go into town to shop and have a beef stew dinner at a rundown old bar, which was the highlight of their week.

I would spend the night at grandma's house, and after supper, grandma would give me a bath and then put me into one of my aunt's silky slips and a pair of her panties. They were always soft and had nice lace and little ribbons decorating them. I loved how they felt and always looked forward to wearing these pretty clothes. However, at no time did she put me into one of my aunt's dresses. Even when we went to play outside, I wore just the slip and panties, and grandma would have me sleep in them too. The following morning, grandma wouldn't let me put on my dirty boys' clothes from the day before, and I would go around the house in the slip and panties until my mom or dad would come over to get me. And as soon as they got me home, they'd pull my aunt's lingerie off me and put me back in some of my clean boys' clothes. That happened every weekend.



Obviously my grandma didn't think there was anything wrong about putting my aunt's lingerie on me, and I guess my mom and dad didn't think ill of it either because they never made a fuss about it. And my aunt and I were too young to think much about it. All I remember is that I liked how soft and pretty those clothes were. I don't remember ever being embarrassed by wearing my aunt's slip and panties. My grandpa liked me in the slips and panties and would often hold me on his lap while he read us stories and he would call me his little girl boy and sweetly pet my thin little body through the slip and panties I had on. I really loved my grandpa especially when I had my aunt's slip and panties on because he was so nice to me at those times.

When I was nine, my mother had a baby boy, and mom and dad seemed to be always so busy with the new baby and all, and after awhile, when my mom or dad came to pick me up at grandma's house, they wouldn't change me back into my boy's clothes the minute they got me home. Instead, they would often just have me stay in them the rest of the day until that evening when it was time for me to take a bath at bed time. Those girls' clothes mom would take off of me, wash them and then store them in my underwear drawer until she had a chance to return them to grandma. That was how it happened every weekend. Then one day my aunt Lilly got a small bra for the first time, and she was so happy about it she just had to show me when we were getting ready for our bath, and after my bath she told my grandma to put one of her new bras on me too. Grandma did, and all the while we laughed a lot about it and had a good time. I went to bed wearing the bra and had it on when mom came to pick me up in the morning. She didn't notice it on me under the slip until a couple of hours later while I was putting away some of my little brother's toys that he had scattered all over the living room floor. She stood me up, pulled the slip over my head and just stared at me in the bra. It was very lacy and frilly like they made training bras for girls in the 1950s. It was pink and white and matched the panties I had on too. Mother asked me about wearing it while she took it off me, and then told me never to put on a girls' bra again. She put on a scary mean face and added that I was getting too old for such silly dress-up games, and I should never wear girls' clothes again.

The next week, when I was at grandma's, mom told her not to put me in aunt Lilly's clothes anymore, and she brought along some clean boys' clothes for me to wear after my bath and to go to bed in. I wasn't really upset about not being able to wear the clothes. After that, I don't remember wearing girls' clothes for awhile.

Soon after, my grandparents moved to California because she had a sister who was sick and alone and needed help. I was ten years old. And when I was eleven and my little brother was getting close to three years old, mom and dad would leave him in my care while they worked hard bringing in the corn crop or picking our peaches and cherries. While they worked, I had to stay in and around the house and do little chores like washing dishes, watering our vegetable garden, and feeding the rabbits and chickens with my brother following me around.

At that time, I became very curious about females and discovered my mother's slips, bras and panties while looking around in my parent's bedroom. I don't know why I was drawn to them, but they excited me just to look at and touch them. I followed my urges and began stealing her lingerie out of her drawers and wearing them whenever I was alone in the house and my brother was taking his afternoon nap.

My mom never put one piece of female clothing on me, not even an apron when I was doing female chores like the laundry, cleaning and washing dishes. But also I knew my mom knew I was stealing her clothes since I would hide them in different places, and when I would go back after them, often they would be gone and I'd find them back in my mom's drawer. I don't believe she ever told my dad about it, and she never once mentioned it to me.

One day during that winter, my mom and dad went to town and took my little brother with them. Before they left they gave a list of chores to do around the house before they returned.

So after they left, as usual, I put on a pair of mom's nylon panties, white ones with pink lace. Then I got one of my mom's white bras and a beige full-length slip and put them on. Up until that time, I had only worn my mom's slips, bras and panties, but this day I wanted to dress up completely in mom's clothes and see how I would look as a girl. So I tied one of my mom's scarves on my head, put on one of her flower print dresses and her low heeled shoes and then set out to do the list of chores. Unfortunately, they came back before I thought they would, and when my dad came in the front door and caught me in my mother's clothes, he got mad; in fact, he completely lost his head.

In intense anger, my father pulled off the dress and slip and made me lie across the bed still wearing the bra and panties and head scarf. He took his belt and beat me until I had blood soaking through the panties and running down my legs. I was sure he was going to beat me to death, but he finally stopped when my mom started crying and begged him not to beat me anymore.

After he stopped, he told my mom to clean me up, put fresh panties on me and put the slip and dress back on and commanded me to stay dressed like that. After talking to my mother for a few minutes, he quickly left the house. Then just after mom cleaned me up and redressed me, dad came back and told me I had to stay dressed that way for the rest of the day.

About thirty minutes later, I saw our minister drive up to the house. I knew my mother and father were very heavy into churchgoing, but I had no idea my dad had the minister come over.

When he knocked on the door, I ran into my bedroom. I could hear mom and dad talking to him and his wife, but I couldn't make out what they were saying. Then my dad hollered and told me to come into the living room. I didn't want to because I was ashamed, but I didn't want another beating, so I went in to face them with my head down. I stood there as they laughed at me like I was the funniest thing they had ever seen.

Then dad made me tell them why I was dressed that way. I had to sit down while the minister gave me a good talking to. The minister's wife was a very pretty lady and smelled very nice. She sat next to me and put her arm around me while the minister told me how sinful it was for me to do what I was doing, but the weird thing about it – the whole time, the minister's wife kept rubbing her hand over me. She had her arm all the way around me and the palm of her hand rested on my stomach, and she kept rubbing me there, and I could feel the warmth of her hand through the dress, slip and silky panties. Of course, I was terrified and completely humbled, but I found her stroking hand very comforting, in fact so comforting, that I developed an erection

within the soft panties. I was in agony with my hard cock stick up in the panties right under her hand! Did she know she was gently massaging my cock while she (I think) innocently rubbed my tummy and her husband kept screaming at me that I was going to go to hell if I kept on dressing up in my mother's clothes? Finally, when he had finished, she bent over kissed me on the cheek and told me to try my best to be a good boy. The minister said I needed to be shamed, so he told my parents to keep me dressed this way for the whole week, except for going to school. He said he'd have my parents dress me this way and bring me over to the church twice a week for special prayers and counseling if I ever did it again, and those sessions would last until I was cured and the devil driven out of me. Then they left.

For the rest of the week, I stayed in mom's clothes and did the housework. She had me doing even more of her female chores. What I didn't know how to do, she taught me, like ironing, and how to sew and cook some basic foods. All during this time, I was kept in dresses, slips, bras and panties.



In those clothes, I only went out of the house once that week, and that was when my father took me to see our doctor. The nurse and a lady in the waiting room laughed at me when my father told them I was Dalton, his son who wanted to be a girl. (I had never said that to him, and I didn't think I wanted to be a real girl. I just wanted to wear girls' clothes.)

Then I went into the office, and the doctor laughed at me when he saw me. He made me keep on the clothes instead of undressing for an examination, and I had to hold up the dress high around my chest as he said, "Oh, wow! Those are cute pink panties you have on, for a boy!" Then he felt around me through the panties. He had the giggling nurse take the panties down so he could examine my penis, balls and asshole. As he held up my penis and balls, he said to the nurse, "We've given examinations to a lot of little girls, but I don't think we've ever seen a girl with a set of these, have we?"

The nurse shook her head 'no' and said, "No, doctor, but maybe you could do an operation on this little girl and cut them off so she looks like other little girls down there." The nurse had to hold herself up against the counter so she wouldn't fall over she was laughing so hard.

"So, Dalton, I can give you some pills and they would make you grow breasts like your mother's breasts, and then they would fill out this bra you have on. Would you like that?"

I just stood there astounded and very shamed.

The doctor picked up a long knife from a table, held it up and then pointed it at my penis and said, "You know I can cut your penis and testicles off and make you into a girl. Would you like me to do that? Then your panties would fit real nice in front with those ugly little things out of the way."

There were tears flowing from my eyes, I was shaking my head 'no' about ten times before I was able to screech the words out of my mouth through the tears draining down my throat and groan to them, "No, I don't want to be a girl. I don't want to be a girl. I just want to go home!"

That obviously was the answer they were looking for. The nurse stopped laughing and walked out of the room while shaking her head. The doctor pulled my panties up, gave me a slap on my silk pantied butt, and told me to go home and think about being a good boy and not a bad girl.

Throughout all of this, dad had sat there stone faced. He then yanked me by my arm and led me out of the office. A lot of people were in the waiting room now, and I was sure they were all laughing, pointing at and talking about me.

At the end of the week, I was given my own clothes back and all of my mother's clothes that I had been wearing were taken away. I had been made to feel very ashamed, and I happily promised my parents and myself that I would never get into my mom's clothes again. After that my parents even mentioned anything about all of this to me.

But then less than a week later, I could not believe myself when I found it impossible not to sneak into my parent's bedroom and get myself dressed in my mom's bra and panties when I was alone. Filled with anguish, I cried the whole time I put them on, but then I quickly put my boys' clothes back on over the bra and panties and got out of their bedroom as fast as possible, so I wouldn't get caught again.

I found it nearly impossible to do my chores that day, and when mom came home and saw a lot of things were left undone, I told her I wasn't feeling well. She told me to undress and get into bed, and she'd serve me supper in bed. Thank goodness she had left me alone to undress. I took all my clothes off plus her bra and panties and put my long johns on and got into bed.

All I could think about were the things the doctor had said about cutting off my penis and giving me pills to make my breasts grow. The idea of having my penis and balls cut off scared me beyond belief. I felt pain between my legs just picturing in my mind the nurse laughing at me and the doctor with the knife in his hands, but the thought of growing tits like my mommy's excited me greatly. At that point, my mother's bras became even more exciting, because when I wore them I knew in my heart that someday I would be able to get some of those pills and actually have breasts to put into the cups of my pretty bras.

When I was sixteen, it all happened to me over again. It rained hard all night long, so the next day it was too wet for us to work in the field. Dad and mom got dressed early in the morning and told me they were going over to see my uncle who lived thirty miles away and be gone all day. I was to stay home and have the house spotlessly clean by the time they returned.

Since my brother went with them and I was going to be home alone all day by myself, I went and got my mom's white bra, white full slip, yellow panties and white stockings from the new batch of lingerie she had just bought. I put them on, more excited than ever before. I was now almost as tall as my mom, so her clothes fit me perfectly. The bra was so thrilling to wear. I stuffed it with pairs of my mother's panties to fill out the cups. Then I saw a blouse and skirt lying over the

back of the chair in their bedroom. My mom had worn them to church the day before, so I put them on too. I then painted my lips with her lipstick and put her headscarf around my head and forced my feet into a pair of her high-heeled shoes. Now my feet were already getting bigger than hers! I then tied her frilly apron on and went into the kitchen to do the cleaning.

I was in the kitchen mopping the floor when I heard the door open. I turned around and saw my dad standing in the doorway. I could tell by the look on his face that I was in serious trouble. I just froze in my tracks because I knew what was going to happen to me.

Dad ordered me to take off the apron, skirt, blouse and slip, and as I was doing it, I saw him taking his belt off. I was ordered to bend over the kitchen table, and I got the worst beating I ever gotten. It was even worse than the one he gave me the first time he had caught me; he soon had blood running down my legs again. He sure could whip hard.

After the beating, he told mom to clean me up, and my dad went and got the minister again. Mom put a fresh pair of turquoise panties on me along with a clean pair of white stockings and the skirt and blouse, and once again, I was forced to come out in front of the minister and his wife and tell them I had on the clothes my dad caught me wearing. The blouse was so thin that they could see the bra and slip right through it.

The minister said, "I can see you even have your mother's underwear on. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You're supposed to be a boy growing up to be a man, not growing up to be queer."

My dad said, "Would you like to see his under stuff? It's really frilly."

The minister laughed and nodded.

Dad made me pull my skirt up so they could see the slip. At the sight of the turquoise panties, they all made cooing and giggling sounds. Then dad made me unbutton and take off the blouse, unzip and step out of the skirt, and then slid the slip up, over my head and off. With me standing before them in just the bra and panties, they hissed at me, and all of them started calling me names like sissy and queer. They made me stand in front of a mirror to look at myself while the minister went into another one of his intimidating speeches.

"Do you think any girl would be interested in dating and marrying a boy who dresses up in his mother's clothes? Of course, they wouldn't; they would only laugh at you. What will the boys at school say when they find out you are a sissy? You better be careful. Real boys will probably beat you up all the time. Real boys hate sissies. I think you should be kept in these clothes and taken around to all the farms around here, so all the neighbors can see you too. They should know that they are living by a sissy boy and warned to keep their kids away from you."

His words made me cry as I stood before them and the mirror. The minister's wife came up and stood beside me and held me while I bawled my head off. (But she wasn't rubbing my tummy with my hard penis underneath like before, and this made me think that the time before when she did this, she did it innocently and didn't really know she was exciting my penis under all those silky clothes.)

The minister told my dad that he had given me one chance, and since I disobeyed him again, he should keep me in female clothes day and night for my punishment and taken to a doctor dressed just the way, a “to crazy doctor,” he said, “to see if the doctor thinks I had a mental problem.

My father did just that. I was taken to the doctor's office dressed in my mom's clothes. My father knew this doctor, and he had stayed after office hours to see me. In the office, the doctor had me get out of the skirt and blouse, and I had to sit there wearing only the slip, the bra, panties, shoes and headscarf. My titties stood out really big since I had been forced to overstuff the bra cups with panties. He took my blood pressure and pulse and had me pull my panties down and hold my slip up so that he could check my private parts to see if there was anything wrong with them. With my panties stretched around my thighs, he just kept holding onto my penis with one hand and my balls with his other hand as my father and the doctor laughed and made fun of me and the doctor asked me very embarrassing questions about masturbating, thinking dirty thoughts and stuff like that.

Over the years, I often wondered if that was a real doctor or just somebody my dad knew that he could get to embarrass me as much as possible.

When this ‘doctor’ was finished, he had me put my clothes back on while he told my dad that he couldn't find anything wrong with me. He also told him that the only way I would quit was if he and my mother shamed and embarrassed me. He was a nutty doctor.

When we got back to the house, my father made me take off all my clothes except for the bra and panties, headscarf and heels. My mom went and got a pair of earrings and screwed them tightly onto my ears. My dad told me to get busy cleaning house and I had to do it in front of them and my laughing brother wearing only the bra, panties and heels.

You may not believe it, but all the time I was in my mom's and the other girls' clothes, not once did I play with myself or jack myself off to a cum. I did like to touch myself through the silky nylon panties while I rubbed my bra and dreamed about having real titties, but I was too scared to ejaculate since my dad repeatedly told me that he better not see anything in my panties or see any sign of me playing with myself. Just before I went to bed every night, I had to hold up my nightie for a panty check, and every morning, the first thing that I had to do was to stand in front of my dad or mom and let them look down my panties to check them for any stains. During the day, if they thought I stayed in the bathroom too long, when I would come out, Dad would call me over to him and make me hold up my dress and slip, and he would check my panties and then pull them down and peel back the foreskin of my penis and actually put his nose right down by my little cock and see if he could smell a recent ejaculation! I did have wet dreams about every week or two, and they always earned me a severe beating with the soiled panties over my head with the dirty crotch shoved into my mouth.

When I was seventeen, I had met a boy at school and we got along really well. One day, he rode his bike out of the town to see me. Much to my embarrassment, my parents let him in and he saw me dressed in my girls' clothes. He didn't laugh or make fun of me and he said he wasn't surprised because he had heard all about it. He told me he hated his home life and the two of us decided to run away.

The next morning was Sunday and my dad and mom and brother left me home to clean house while they went to church. My friend came by to get me. I dressed in some of my boys' clothes, took a wad of dollar bills my mom kept hidden in the kitchen and we ran off. I never went back home again.

I could tell you a lot more, but everything I wrote is the truth and did happen to me. I do not hold it against my dad and mom, because I honestly believe they thought they were doing the right thing to try and keep me from doing what I was doing. The experience has left me the way I am today and will be for the rest of my life. Although I ran away from my dad and mom, I can't run away from the clothes, and I love dressing as a girl and doing housework. And over the years, I have taken hormones on and off to maintain a nice bit of breast development that nicely fills a B cup bra that I can easily hide under loose clothing yet look so beautiful filling out the ay one of my huge collection of fantastic sexy and sissy bras.

Dalton G.

Illinois

From #01963-M Maleshe III

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 4 No 9
September 2006

Published weakly, never w
Published only when we fi
time after raiding clothe
dressing up and jerki

HEALTH



Ancient Chinese proverb:
World upside down when
boys in bras and panties
more feminine than girls



Showing your underwear used to be a no-no, but since the 1990s when girls started wearing their bras so everybody can see them, there's been a huge increase in bra sales and an increase in boys wanting tits so they can wear bras too!

LIFESTYLE



Movie about a wicked mom making her son into a brassiered sissy may inspire moms to put bras and panties on their own boys!

Habitual masturbator thought his wanking would end with his sex change surgery, but now he gets off rubbing his big tits!



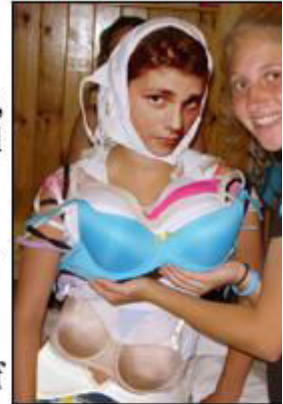
HEADLINES

For breast awareness month, girl with thief brother makes him wear bra costume

Caught boy has no spunk left in him to fi

Little Hills, OK: For years, Hattie Fitz, local organizer for breast awareness month, has been a victim of her kid brother's secret forays into her lingerie. The teen boy didn't just look through her clothes out of curiosity, he actually wore her bras and panties and wanked himself into them, staining them with his sperm much to the horror of his sis and mom.

So when he was caught red handed (actually it was pink pantied), his mother said he should be punished publicly to shame him.



Hattie said that since he bras and panties so much could both publicly punis and gain publicity for bre cancer awareness by mak him wear a bra costume t their cancer charity lunch

Survey: Other than sissies, what males should wear bra
Husbands of nursing moms - 9% Overweight men - 2
All homophobic males - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Boy idiot caught stealing bras and wearing t said he was just trying to stay abreast of th

Transsexual says he first wanted real tits afte angry mom demanded he stop wearing her b

Psychologist warns that boys who snap girls straps subconsciously want tits and to wear

Women members of strict religions that restrict outer c they can wear often wear lingerie like whores underne

Woman who wears a huge 48" DD bra says she h no idea why her son is obsessed with bras and br

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