

Princess Online



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 Carole Jean's book "Schooled to Be Girls!: Norm" in the "Petticoat Punishment Illustrated" series. The drawing shows a boy being spanked for refusing to get dressed in his girlie clothes at the school that turns naughty boys into girlie boys.

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/>

[Index](#)



Maybe if BULLIES were made to feel a measure of the pain and humiliation they inflict on their victims, we'd have fewer BULLIES!

Watchdoggie!

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 dress and panties and then having the nuns and other school kids laugh at and ridicule him.

[Index](#)



Masquerade

An old 1960s photo from an S&M costume party of a dominant but sweetly feminine mom in just a gauzy frilly apron over her lingerie giving a hairbrush spanking to her sissy son!

[Index](#)



Classic Art

A classic drawing of a boy getting hairbrush spanked. He's wearing just a thin pair of lacy white panties and his stinging red butt is glowing hot and showing right through

the sheer panties!

A reader sent us this drawing by "Barb" and we'd like to see more of her art. We'll reward you if you can get us more of her art or in touch with the artist!

[Index](#)



Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: David

This month, we present the picture of thirteen-year-old David, one of the few Ma Kelly boys who had to be spanked before he would willingly keep on his pink rhumba panties. David was a big city boy. His family had recently moved into town. He thought he was too big to be treated

like a sissy boy and required to wear pink panties, but he soon found out that Ma Kelly didn't put up with any nonsense and told him he wasn't going to be treated any differently than any of the other 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 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 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. She rarely had to spank the boys to get them to do what she wanted. There was 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.

[Index](#)



In the Good Old Days When Teachers Spanked Bad Boys

I was a teacher in the 1960s and spanking was allowed in our junior high school. One naughty boy I often had to spank was named Charlie. The first time I punished him, I had caught him repeatedly dropping things on the floor and bending down to pick them up. As I observed more closely, I realized he was doing it intentionally so he could turn and look up the dresses and skirts of the girls sitting behind him. I got up from my desk, walked around the classroom and up and down the aisle, and when I arrived at Charlie's desk, I noticed he had his hand down inside his pants and he was touching himself. I told him to keep his hands on the desk and to stay after school.

After I dismissed the class, I told Charlie his behavior needed modifying and a severe punishment was in order to help him make an adjustment to his personality. I instructed him to go into the cloakroom, take off his pants and underwear, put on what I had set out for him on the chair in there and stand in the corner until I came in.

I gave him time to change and then let him alone for a few minutes to dwell on his misconduct. When I finally decided to go in, I entered with a yardstick in my hand. Charlie was in the corner pouting and wearing the pair of pink satin panties I had set out on the chair. I had borrowed the panties from a supply of clothes kept in the cloakroom for an incontinent girl I had in my class. We had a bed in the cloak room too that we used if one of the kids wasn't feeling well until their parents were able to pick them up. I sat down on the bed and called Charlie over to me. He kept his head down but I could see his face was beet red and tears were rolling down his cheeks.

I told him I made him put on the pink panties because he seemed to be so interested in looking up the girls' skirts to see their panties. I interrogated him about what he had done, and he admitted that in the past, he had done many things to peek up girls' skirts, but none of the teachers had ever caught him doing it. He said he had no sisters at home, so he was curious about girls and liked to look up their dresses. While none of the teachers had even caught him, some of the girls had, but they just screamed at him or ran away and stayed away from him. They never told their parents or teachers. Once, he said, he even snuck into the girls' locker room, hid in the supply room and spied on the girls when they went in there and changed clothes for gym class. I told him his punishment would be for the wrong he had done in the past and as a deterrent to this kind of behavior in the future.

I began administering the thrashing. I made him count each stroke of the yardstick smacking him across his pink panties and say, "Thank you, sir. One!" "Thank you, sir. Two!" etc. I gave him twenty hard cracks all across the panties.

Never before had I used girls' clothes to punish a boy, but I thought it was a great idea in this case. I thought his shame and the pain of the spanking would cure him, but about a week later I found him playing with himself at the end of the school day standing along the main stairway to the second floor looking up the girls' skirts as they hurried down the stairs on their way home. I immediately pulled him into my room and made him change into a fancy pair of pink lace panties from that stash of girls' clothes in my cloakroom and then gave him a good hand spanking. I think it unnerved me more than it hurt him because I realized I was getting turned on by my spanking this boy in lacy girls' pink panties. By the time I finished spanking him I had ejaculated into my pants! I told him to come to school the next morning wearing the panties and to keep them on all day until he came back to my room after school because he would need another spanking.

I told him I'd keep his underwear and if anyone caught him wearing the panties, I would pretend I didn't know anything about it, and say I found his underwear in the cloakroom, and he must have stolen the panties after I had used that room to give him a spanking.

He was in my eighth grade, and I had several more opportunities to spank him that school year before he went onto high school. I added a white garter belt and white nylon stockings to his pink punishment panties that he had to wear under his clothes (see photo), but that still did not deter him as a Peeping Tom. I think he liked the spankings and wearing the panties because I believe he purposely did his peeking in places where I was liable to catch him.

[Index](#)



Step Daddy Puts Bobby in Pink Panties

Part 1: Bobby Remembers

By Bobbi

“Damn boy, you whine more than a girl,” my step dad said after I complained to him that his daughter, Tammy, my new little stepsister, had wrestled my Gameboy away from me and wouldn't give it back.

Even though she was two years younger than me, Tammy was chubby, big and strong. I was a skinny twelve-year-old and no match for either her or her older sister, Karen, who was twelve and just as old as I was, and even chubbier, bigger and stronger than her little sister.

Karen was sitting on the couch sorting out laundry. Both girls liked to show off their strength and their dominance over me by shoving me around when my mother wasn't around to see. And I didn't complain to my mom about it because I was too embarrassed to admit to her that I was no match for either of the girls.

My step dad was no help; he'd just chuckle when his daughters would push me around. Sometimes, he'd say things like, “Hey, boy, are you a sissy? Can't you even stand up to a girl?”

I would usually react by running off to my room crying. I supposed that made me look like even more of a sissy.

On this day, my mom was at work, and in a whiny voice, I complained to my stepfather, “Tammy took my Gameboy and won't give it back; make her give it back.”

I had been an only child, a momma's boy for years, and I didn't know how to deal with having two new stepsisters, especially aggressive girls like Tammy and Karen.

“Damn, Bobby, can't you take a game back from a little ten-year-old girl?” he said frowning at me.

I knew he was fed up with my frequent whining and always complaining about his daughters, but on this day, I guess I had hit the limit of his tolerance. Then it happened.

Karen giggled, reached into the pile of laundry, tossed a pair of Tammy's pink nylon panties onto the floor between her dad and me and said, “Here, daddy, since Tammy has his game and won't give it back, give him something of hers; let him wear a pair of her good panties.”

My face reddened. I looked at Karen and said, “You stay out of this!”

“Make me little boy,” she said, knowing I wouldn't challenge her.

My face got redder. I looked back at my step dad and said, "Make her quit teasing me; she does it all the time."

My step dad looked at me, shook his head and said, "God damn, boy, you are such a sissy." He then reached out, picked up the pink panties, took my arm and pulled me to him. "I think you need to learn a lesson, boy."

I screamed, "N-N-N-O-O-O-O!"

Karen giggled wildly as her dad depantsed me in a flash and then gave me over thirty hard hand spans on my naked butt that left me crying harder than I had ever cried before. Then he roughly pulled the pink panties on me and told me to put my shorts back on and sit down on the couch like a good sissy.

"Stop your whining and crying, boy, or every day I'll spank you and make you wear pretty little panties all the time. And don't you dare take those panties off either."

He went down in the basement to do some work and left me sitting there in the chair humbled and in tears, wearing my ten-year-old stepsister's pink panties under my shorts. He warned me not to get out of that chair until either Karen or he told me I could.



Karen giggled and sang in a taunting voice, "I know a pantywaist, a pantywaist, a pantywaist."

More tears ran down my face as I said, "Stop it!"

She giggled and said, "Make me, you little pantywaist!"

I just stared at my feet.

She kept on laughing and singing, "Bobby's a pantywaist, a pantywaist! He wears my little sister's pink panties, PINK PAN-TEEZ!"

I sat there with tears running down my face too ashamed to even look up.

Not long after, Tammy came walking into the room with my Gameboy in her hand. I turned away from her and shoved my face into the back of the chair so she wouldn't see my tears. I was hoping my step dad would return and tell me to go change back to my underwear, but he hadn't.

Tammy said, "What's wrong with him?"

Karen giggled and said, "Hey, Bobby, tell Tammy why you're crying like a sissy."

I squirmed in the chair and said, "No! Just leave me alone!" I got off the chair to go to my room, but Karen warned, "Oh, no, you don't. I didn't give you permission to get out of that chair. But I will give you permission just as soon as you show Tammy what she gave you in trade for your Gameboy."

My face went red. I screamed at Karen, "I didn't trade!"

Karen laughed and said, "Yes, you did, sissy. Pull down your pants; show Tammy what she gave you for your game."

My tears and shame got Tammy excited. She smelled blood. She kept asking her sister what I had traded for the Gameboy. Karen wouldn't tell her. Instead, she made her little sister try to guess.

I couldn't take it anymore. I ran to my room in tears as Karen's laughter echoed in my head.

I fell across my bed crying. It wasn't fair, I hadn't done anything wrong and now I had on pink panties. I could feel the silky panties as I lay on my bed. I squirmed and turned over onto my back. It wasn't right to make me wear Tammy's pink panties. I wanted to take them off and tear them up, but I didn't dare. My step dad would blister my little pantied butt again if I took them off. I squirmed on the bed, kept hitting the mattress with my hands and cried out, "I hate it! I hate wearing Tammy's panties; it isn't fair!" I turned back over onto my stomach and squirmed on my bed and cried. I reeked with humiliation at being put in my little stepsister's pink panties; it was so emasculating. I felt like such a sissy. I hated it.

I heard them come into my room. I turned and saw my stepsisters and screamed, "Get out!"

Karen giggled and said, "Shut up, pantywaist! Shut your sissy mouth, or I'll tell Johnny and Chuckie how daddy turned you into a pantywaist."

I reddened.

"You're already in a lot of trouble for getting out of that chair. You better do exactly what I tell you to do, or I'm going downstairs and tell daddy you disobeyed his order.

"More than that, Bobby, I'll call Johnny and Chuckie on the phone right now and tell him to come over so you can show them that you're a pantywaist."

I got redder. I couldn't fight them.

"Now, pull your shorts down and show Tammy why you're a pantywaist."

I rolled off the bed and pulled down my shorts.

Tammy screeched with laughter. Then filled with indignation, she moaned, "Those are my Sunday panties! Why is he wearing my best pink panties?"

Karen calmed her down. "Well, that's what you traded him for the Gameboy. But don't worry, we can go to the mall and buy you a whole bunch of new party panties. We probably should get you a lot of nice panties because I think Bobby will be wearing your panties a lot from now on."

Karen made me take my shorts all the way off. Tammy now saw the humor of the situation and quickly went from being upset to rolling over with laughter.

Karen then said, "Come along, pantywaist; you're going to play dollies with your little stepsister." She took my hand and pulled me down the hall to Tammy's room and had Tammy get out all her dolls and doll clothes so she could teach me how to play dollies with her.

Then she went to Tammy's closet and took out a blue pleated skirt and said, "Take off you pants, pantywaist; you're going to wear a skirt too."

I looked at the skirt in her hands and said, "No, no way!"

She giggled and said, "Oh, yes you will or I'll tell Johnny and Chuckie how cute you look in Tammy's panties and invite them to come over and see for themselves."

My face got hot, and I said, "No, Karen, please."

She jiggled the skirt in her hands and said, "Then get your shorts off sissy; hurry up, and put on your little skirt! You've got ten seconds to do it or I'm going to the phone."

I hung my head.

She laughed and said, "Tammy, help your sissy brother put your skirt on."

Tammy giggled and I didn't resist as she put the little miniskirt on me and then sat me down on the floor and made me play dollies with her.

Not long after, my step dad came to the door and looked in on us. I wanted to run and hide but there was nowhere to go. He didn't seem surprised in the least to see me in the skirt, and sitting on the floor, there was no way I could keep the short skirt down and keep from exposing my panty crotch for all to see.

He smiled, and said, "Hey! Nice skirt, Bobby. It's about time you start dressing like you act. I bet you can't wait to show your mother how you look in a skirt and panties."

I started crying wildly and pleaded with him not to let my mother see me dressed like that.

He just shrugged his shoulders and walked away. For the next hour and a half I had to sit there and play dollies with Tammy, and the whole time I was in terror, thinking about my mother seeing me like that. Then, just as it was about time for my mom to come home, my stepfather came in, and told me I could change back into my shorts. He said he wouldn't let my mother see me that way unless I didn't show great improvements in my behavior. He did tell me to keep the panties on under my shorts just as a reminder for me to be good.

I was so thankful that he wasn't going to expose me to my mother dressed in a skirt and panties that I didn't protest about keeping the panties on as I pulled off the skirt and put on my shorts, and I kept repeating over and over again to him that I would be best on my best behavior at all times.

My step dad laughed and nodded in approval, but as he turned and headed back downstairs I saw he had a huge bulge in the front of his trousers!

Part 2: Step Dad Remembers

The first few times I did it to the boy, he screamed bloody murder. For me, I that was a big part of the fun of doing it, watching him squirm and sob and beg not to be put in his little stepsister's panties. Bobby was a skinny little runt of a ten-year-old with blonde hair. He was a little pest, my new wife's only child. His mother and I had been married only two weeks when I first pantied him.

I had two girls, Karen who was twelve and the same age as Bobbi, and Tammy who was two years younger. My girls were great kids, almost like little dominatrixes in the making as they loved to push around Bobbi, especially whenever his mom wasn't around.

The girls really loved watching their stepbrother being pantied and spanked and forced to wear the little skirt. I had set out to sissify the poor boy and it was working like a charm. The girls

were a big help to me on my mission. I broke his spirit and watched my daughters become more and more dominant over him until one day, not long after I had first pantied him, when I came home he was standing in the corner wearing a dress and crying because his little stepsister had made him put on her dress and panties and spanked him. That's when I knew he was sissified for life, and knew I would have no problem finish breaking him. But I'm getting ahead of myself. In the first part of this story, Bobbi told you all about how I had pantied him that first time. Now, I'll tell you about the second time I pantied him.

His mother, my new wife Sue, was at work. I worked construction and had worked a short day that day and relieved the babysitter early to watch the kids for the rest of the day until Sue came home. This was only five days after I had made Bobbi wear panties that first time, and he was beginning to slack off and forget the lesson I told him he had to learn. But I knew that would happen. I knew he'd leave me an opening to panty punish him again. If there is one thing I know, it's boys, especially downtrodden little sissy boys!

So when I came back from driving home the sitter, Bobby and Tammy were watching cartoons and he kept picking on his little stepsister, pulling her hair, pushing her, and pinching her, just doing little things to annoy her.

I told him to stop, but he said she was poking him (she was), and with a big liar's grin, he said he wasn't doing anything. Finally I had enough and grabbed the boy by the arm and yanked him into the air.

“I've had it with you Bobby; I'm going to show you what happens to naughty boys who pick on nice little girls.”

He yelled, “Stop, let me go!” as I dragged him to his little stepsisters' room. Tammy followed.

I sat on her bed and as I yanked down his shorts, I told Tammy, “Get me a pair of your panties, honey, a pretty silky pair. Bobby's acting like he wants to be a pantywaist again.”

“N-N-N-O-O-O-O!” he screamed and tried to squirm free, but I held him firmly on my lap as his little stepsister giggled and brought me a really frilly pair of pink nylon panties with ruffles on the butt and around the leg openings.

She held them up for us to see, and Bobby screamed again and tried desperately to get away, but I held him firmly, clamping his legs down as I told Tammy, “Perfect, sugar, put them on him. Put your nasty brother in panties and make him a sissy.”

“N-N-N-O-O-O-O!” he screamed again, but I held him as Tammy forced his feet through the lace-trimmed panty leg holes. She giggled as she pulled the panties up around his slender waist and I flipped him over onto his belly on my lap. I brought my hand down sharply on his now pantied little butt.

He screamed, “O-O-O-W-W-W!” over and over as I spanked his little pantied ass.

His little stepsister giggled. I had her run and get me the Ping Pong paddle and continued his spanking with the paddle.

“Please stop!” he begged as he kicked his feet and squirmed on my lap.

His bawling and my daughter's laughter prompted me to paddle him even more.

“STOP! PL-L-E-E-E-A-A-A-S-S-S-E-E-E!” he screamed.

After more than thirty swats with the paddle, I asked him if he was going to be a good little pantywaist.

He cried out, “Y-Y-Y-E-E-E-S-S-S!”

I then pulled him up and sat him on my lap. My now hard penis pushed against his little pantied bottom. I loved it! I told him, “You be a good little pantywaist and play nice with your stepsister or you'll get another spanking, and I'll take you to the playground for your friends to see you in panties.”

I stood up him before his little stepsister, and he grabbed and frantically rubbed his sore pantied butt.

I said, “Here, Tammy, play with him however you want and tell me if he doesn't play nice.”

She giggled and told Bobby, “OK, daddy, I think I'll have Bobbi play dollies with me.”

And that's what she had him do. I loved it. I watched the poor boy as he sat on the living room floor playing dollies with his little stepsister and wearing nothing but pink panties.

Once again, just before his mother got home, I asked him if he had learned a lesson, and he said, “Yes.” Then I told him his mommy would be home soon and asked him if he wanted to show her how cute he looked in his little stepsister's panties, and he said, “NO!”

I chuckled and told him he could get dressed, but he had to keep his little stepsister's panties, on and if he misbehaved, I would take his pants down and show his mommy he was a pantywaist. I tossed him his shorts and shirt, and his stepsister giggled as he put his clothes on over her lacy panties. I told him it would be our little secret and not tell his mother if he was a good sissy. His little stepsister giggled. The poor ten-year-old boy quickly dressed and sat down before the TV with tears of humiliation in his eyes.

I was only dismayed that Karen, my older daughter hadn't been home to witness his further sissification, but she was at her girlfriends' house. Tammy asked me if she could tell Karen that Bobbi had been acting up and had gotten paddled and put back into her panties again. I told her she could, but we'd keep it secret from his mommy a long as he drastically improved his behavior. Which, as I said before, I knew would only last so long!

“You stop that crying, Bobby, or I'll pull your pants down and show your mommy you're a little pantywaist sissy.”

He huffed and puffed a bit as he struggled to stop crying, moaning and biting his lip with his head lowered in shame. He had been put in his little stepsister's panties and the humiliation was overwhelming. I knew what was happening in his head; I knew how humiliated he felt. I knew I was forcibly changing him for life. I knew that what I was doing to him could never be undone. I knew it because it had been done to me when I was a boy.

* * *

When I was ten I got a new dad. He didn't like me from the beginning and about a month after we moved in with him he found his favorite punishment for me. He stripped me and dressed me in my nine-year-old little sister's panties and dress and spanked me soundly. He told my mother I was a sissy and I had to be treated like one. In those days, the man of the house usually ran things and set down the rules with little interference from the wife, and that describes my home life completely. My step dad was a bully and a pervert.

Just to be mean, he put Tina, my little sister, in charge of me, explaining it was only right since it was her panties and dress I had been forced to wear. She loved being in control of her big brother, and from then on, she used me as her live dress-up doll. She got to dress me up in her petticoats, little garter belts and nylons and all the fancy clothes little girls wore in the early 1960s. Tina loved to make me play dress up, and if I resisted, she would go to my step dad who would pull down my trousers, exposing the panties I had to wear all the time. Then he'd violently spank my nylon pantied butt until I agreed to do whatever she wanted me to do.

After a couple of times I no longer resisted.

I remember how proud she was the first time I submitted without our step dad spanking me. Tina put me in a little blue cotton dress with white nylon panties, ankle socks and her shiny black Mary Janes. All of my sister's clothes fit me perfectly except the shoes, which were very tight on my big feet. I was wearing my hair a little long in those days of the Beatles, and she had fun tying white ribbon bows in my hair before she then took me to the living room to show my mom and step dad.

I stood there in tears with my head down in shame as my sister giggled and told my mom and step dad, “He didn't even fuss when I dressed him up; isn't he so-o-o cute!”

My mom didn't say anything, but my step dad did. “Good job, Tina, now spank him; little sissies need their pantied bottoms spanked all the time.”

Then he laughed as I stood there before my mom and step dad while my little sister made me bend over the end of the couch, hold up the back of my dress and let her smack my bottom with mom's hairbrush. I cried from the shame as well as the pain. I've enclosed a couple of old photos of me getting spanked on my panties by my step dad with my pants down! No wonder I grew up to be a pantyboy and was now aggressively turning my new stepson into a sissy.

* * *

The next time Sue left me alone with the kids, I called Bobby over to me. I picked him up and sat him on my lap and asked him if he had been a good boy.

His face reddened, and he answered, "Yes."

I patted his skinny legs and asked Tammy if that was true and she said, "Yes, most the time, but still he never wants to play with me."

Bobby, his face beet red with embarrassment said, "Yeah, that's because she only wants me to play like a stupid girl, play dolls with her like before."

I pulled him up tighter on my lap and said softly in his ear, "Does she want you to wear her pretty panties like before too?"

He squirmed and said, "NO, but she wants me to play dollies like a dumb girl."

I chuckled and said, "Girls wear pretty dresses and frilly panties, and she didn't even ask you to wear a dress and panties to play dolls with her, Bobby?"

He squirmed and said, "No, but she wants me to play dollies; only girls play dollies."

I squeezed him to me and chuckled, "So she didn't even ask you to wear panties and a dress, and still you weren't nice enough to play dolls with her? I don't think she was asking too much of you. Do you?"

He didn't answer, just hung his head.

I looked over at Tammy and said, "Go get your dollies out, honey; bring them out here. Bobby is going to play dollies with you."

As soon as I said that, the poor boy started bucking on my lap. He cried out, "NO! I won't! I didn't do nothing!"

As his little stepsister ran to get her dollies, I took hold of him by his hair and yanked his head back so he looked at me, and said, "That's right, Bobby; you didn't do anything. You didn't play nice with Tammy, so now you're going to be punished; so the next time Tammy asks you to play with her, you'll do it and play nice with her."

Tammy came back into the room and put a big box of dolls and doll clothes on the floor.

Bobby was trying to squirm out of my grip, but I commanded him to sit still. Then I slipped my fingers inside the elastic waistband of his little boy shorts and swiftly pulled his pants and underpants down. I told Tammy, "Get him some panties."

He screamed out, “N-N-N-O-O-O-O!” So I added, “And a little dress, Tammy; get Bobby a cute little dress to wear while he plays dollies with you.”

“N-N-O-O-O-O!” he screamed as I held him fast until his little stepsister came back waving a dress and a pair of panties in her hands.

I held him still as she put the frilly lace-trimmed white nylon panties on him, and then I helped her put her cute little A-style burgundy velvet dress on him. I made him stand still as I tied the high-waisted white satin ribbon sash in a big bow in back. I told Tammy to get him socks and shoes too, “Let's make him into a pretty little girl; and bring some white hair ribbons and a brush.”

The poor boy tried again to squirm free of my grip. He was sobbing now and begging, “Please, don't, please don't make me into a girl!”

I chuckled and said, “Oh, no, Bobby, I'm not going to make you into a girl, just a little pantywaist sissyboy. That's what I'm making you into, Bobby — a pansy, a sissyboy!”

The dress was short on him and when I forced him to sit on my lap, the hem of the dress went up and he was sitting on me in just his panties. With his back to me, I readjusted myself, pulled down my jogging pants and had him sit on my hard on in my panties! He was sitting on my big aching hard cock with just his panties and my panties between us!

Moments later, his little stepsister came running back into the room with shoes, socks, and hair ribbons. I made him sit still as I brushed out his hair and formed it into pert little ponytails on each side of his head. Tammy then tied the white satin ribbon into bows to hold them in place. He stayed seated on my pantied lap as Tammy put her ankle socks and shoes on his feet. Then I flipped him over in such a way that Tammy couldn't see my jogging pants shoved down, and put him across my lap, his pantied penis against my big hard pantied penis! And then I spanked him with my hand, enjoying the touch of his nylon pantied ass on my hand with every smack. I hit him maybe fifty or a hundred times, I lost count – I was too excited to count! All of a sudden I couldn't hold back anymore and I shot my cum in my panties and tons of it went through my panties and all over his pink pantied penis!

After I discreetly pulled my jogging pants up over my cum-filled panties, I slid the crying boy off my lap and down onto the floor. At the time, I wondered if the boy knew what had happened, but as it turned out I had nothing to fear. The kid kept crying, and when I insisted that he stop crying. I said the spanking I had given him wasn't that hard of a spanking, and that's when he said he was embarrassed because he had wet his panties! And he actually used the words “my panties!” God was I making progress! On that note, I just about came again in my panties! Wow!

I told him that it proved all the more that he was a sissy and directed him to go to the bathroom and clean himself up while I had Tammy deliver a fresh pair of panties to him. When both of them came back, I checked to see the panties he had on, a nice pair of pale yellow panties with a triangle of white lace on each side and dark blue lace around the legs. Then I said, “Now, you play dollies nicely, sissyboy, and don't you dare ever refuse to play dollies with your stepsister

again or I'll take you to the playground and make you pull down your shorts and show your friends your panties.”

I spent the day watching the poor feminized boy play dollies like a little girl with his youngest stepsister. Just before his mother came home, I did as before and let him change clothes except his little stepsister's panties; I made him keep them on under his shorts.

Once again, Karen, his other stepsister, had missed out on the fun, but as far as I was concerned that was probably a good thing because I think she knows too much about sex and it would have been difficult to panty masturbate myself with the boy during his spanking if she had been there. I knew I'd have to have a talk with her real soon. When she did come home, Bobby was still playing on the floor with Tammy. Karen laughed her head off and made him get up and model the dress for her, and of course, she made him lift the dress and spin around to show her the lacy yellow panties he was wearing. Tammy could barely contain herself as she described every single second of what had taken place – well almost every single second! Then it was time to get him changed back into his shorts.

I pantied Bobby three more times after that. I wanted to panty him permanently, but then his mother would have to know and approve. She knew I wore panties and was very accepting. It was one of the reasons I was so attracted to her, but now I wanted to panty punish and feminize her son. So I began to discreetly work on her, telling her how her son was often mean to his stepsisters, how he lacked manners and seemed to be developing aggressive tendencies as well as a disrespectful attitude.

Then one night I pretended to come up with a brilliant idea. I told her I had found a wonderful unisex children's shop and wanted to take Bobby and the girls there and get them matching outfits. I told her that if we dressed Bobby like his stepsisters that it would moderate his behavior.

“Surely, not in a dress!” she exclaimed.

I laughed and said, “No, but if he keeps misbehaving that might be a good idea.”

“He'd just die.”

I laughed and said, “No, he wouldn't. I'm sure he wouldn't. After all, he is a bit of a sissy, you know,” and didn't elaborate.

She laughed at the idea.

The next day while Sue worked I took Karen, Tammy and Bobby shopping, but before we left I told Bobby he was to be on his best behavior.

He said he would be.

Karen said, “But, dad, can you be sure he won't act up?”

So I said, “Well, perhaps we better make sure,” and then took hold of him and called to Tammy. She had been dressing and came running and stood before us in nothing but a pair of white nylon panties with pink bows on the sides and an inch wide row of white lace around the leg openings. (I had prearranged this scenario with the girls.)

As I pulled off Bobby's PJs, I asked Tammy if she had another pair of panties like the ones she had on, and she nodded ‘yes.’ I told her to go get them.

As she squealed and went running, Bobby squirmed on my lap and began to beg. “Please, oh, please, don't put me in panties again, please!”

With him now naked and on my lap, I whispered in his ear, “Stop whining or you won't just be wearing panties under your clothes as we go shopping; I'll take you out wearing a dress too!”

I felt him immediately stop struggling. I knew it was going to be a fun day.

I took them to the generic clothing store I had told Sue about. The store was generic all right, generic for girls and sissies. I bought them several matching outfits, and when we left they were dressed identically in new summer one-piece playsuits, light blue jumpers with a ruffled pink trim and elastic in the waist. They buttoned up the back and had short wide legs. I purposely got a size too small for Bobby and reminded him to be careful because the lace on his panties would peek out if he bent over or stretched his arms upward. That embarrassed him to the core, almost as much as when the saleslady was helping the kids try on the suits and saw all three of them in their matching lacy nylon panties. She said, “Oh, that's so darling! To see a sweet boy dressed in girls' panties just like his sisters! How did you ever get him to agree to wear matching girls' panties?”

As Tammy and Karen giggled, I let out a little laugh, snapped Bobby's waist elastic and said, “Oh, it was no problem. Bobby is a sissy boy and he begged his mother and me to let him wear fancy panties like his stepsisters.”

Bobby scowled, his face burning red as I said that, but I had warned him ahead of time to go along with me completely because if he made any trouble, I'd spank him on his panties right in the store and everyone would see.

I explained to the sales lady, “Oh, dear, see him blushing! He is so ashamed to be exposed as a sissy. But my wife and I got sick and tired of him stealing his stepsister's panties and trying to get away with secretly wearing them. So we told him that since he wants to wear panties like his stepsisters, we would let him, but it would mean that he's officially a sissy. We told him it's the price he has to pay for wearing lace panties like a girl. So he knows he's a sissy, but he still gets embarrassed when other people first find out about his panties.”

I bought three outfits for each of the kids along with white knee socks and black strap shoes. Bobby could easily be taken for a girl as we left the store and made our way back to the car and home. The poor boy was mortified, terrified someone would see him dressed like his stepsisters. I could hardly wait to show him off to his mommy.

When Sue came home, I had the kids come out and model each of the three outfits I had bought them – the playsuits first, little sailor suits second, and then the matching short smocks!

“Oh, my god,” Sue screeched! “You did get him a dress!”

I quickly explained it was a smock like artists wear and not a dress.

She just shook her head, grabbed him and had to give him a big hug, as she said, "Bobby, you don't mind wearing this smock? It's like a dress, you know!"

In the process, his short little smock went up and his lace-trimmed pink nylon panties were exposed for her to see. She glanced in my direction, then took a deep breath, pulled his smock all the way up and fingered the delicate nylon and lace of his panties. At first she didn't say a word, just kept rubbing her hands all over the panties, and then while she stared at me (knowing I was wearing panties at the very moment too), she directed what she was saying to her son.

“Bobby, do you know that these are girls' panties?” she said, punctuating her question by snapping the lacy leg elastic of his panties.

He gave a little jump. Tears came to his eyes, and he nodded ‘yes.’

“And do you like wearing girls' panties like your stepsisters?”

He just hung his head. I'm sure he wanted to protest, wanted to tell her the truth about how much he hated wearing girls' clothes and being abused by me and my daughters, but he didn't. My threats to expose him to his friends and show them the panties he (thought) he had wetted was enough to admit to his mother that he liked his new clothes and wanted her to buy him more girls' panties because he was a sissy.

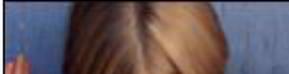
It takes a pantywaist sissy to make a pantywaist sissy!

[Index](#)

The Pantywaist Weekly
All the news you need to be panty wasted

Published weakly, never w
Published only when we fi
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Vol 4 No 8
August 2006

HEALTH	LIFESTYLE	HEADLINES
		<p>Girl beats the shit out of her mom's pantywaist boyfriend after he told her to pick up her toys</p> <p>Girl following in footsteps of her dominatrix mother</p> <p>Noman, OK: Rosy Enders makes her live-in boyfriend run around the house in a</p> 

In Japan, feminized boys enrolled in girls' schools must wear the standard girls' uniform and submit to daily panty inspection to make sure their balls and penises don't make an indecent bulge in their panties, and if they do, they get spanked, a shot of female hormones in their balls and made to wear a panty girdle under their panties.

Dad says his adult son still lives at home, but the dad says only gay boys and sissies don't get married and still live at home, so dad treats his son just like he did when he was in school: He makes his son wear frilly panties under his clothes and submit to spankings.



He forgot his wife had told him to wear pink panties, and when she made him take off his pants to show them to her girlfriend and saw him in yellow panties, she whipped his panty butt until his yellow panties turned pink!

Survey: How do you wear panties for a spanking?
As a gag - 2% Over Your Head - 6% Down - 23%
Up and Wedged in the Crack of Your Ass - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Dumb sissy hospitalized after spanking his panty penis because he had heard 'beating off' was fun
He got excited when she wanted a good licking but got upset when she shoved his face between her thigh
When asked if he had ever been spanked, a boy asked if 'spanking the monkey' counted
Evangelical Christian mom abhors nudity, so she put thin girls' panties on her son before his brutal spanking
Since Bush probably advocates spanking, we'll bet the devil will welcome him with 'the mother of all padds'

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