

# Princess Online

No. 94

Special Issue:  
Boys in Nighties

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

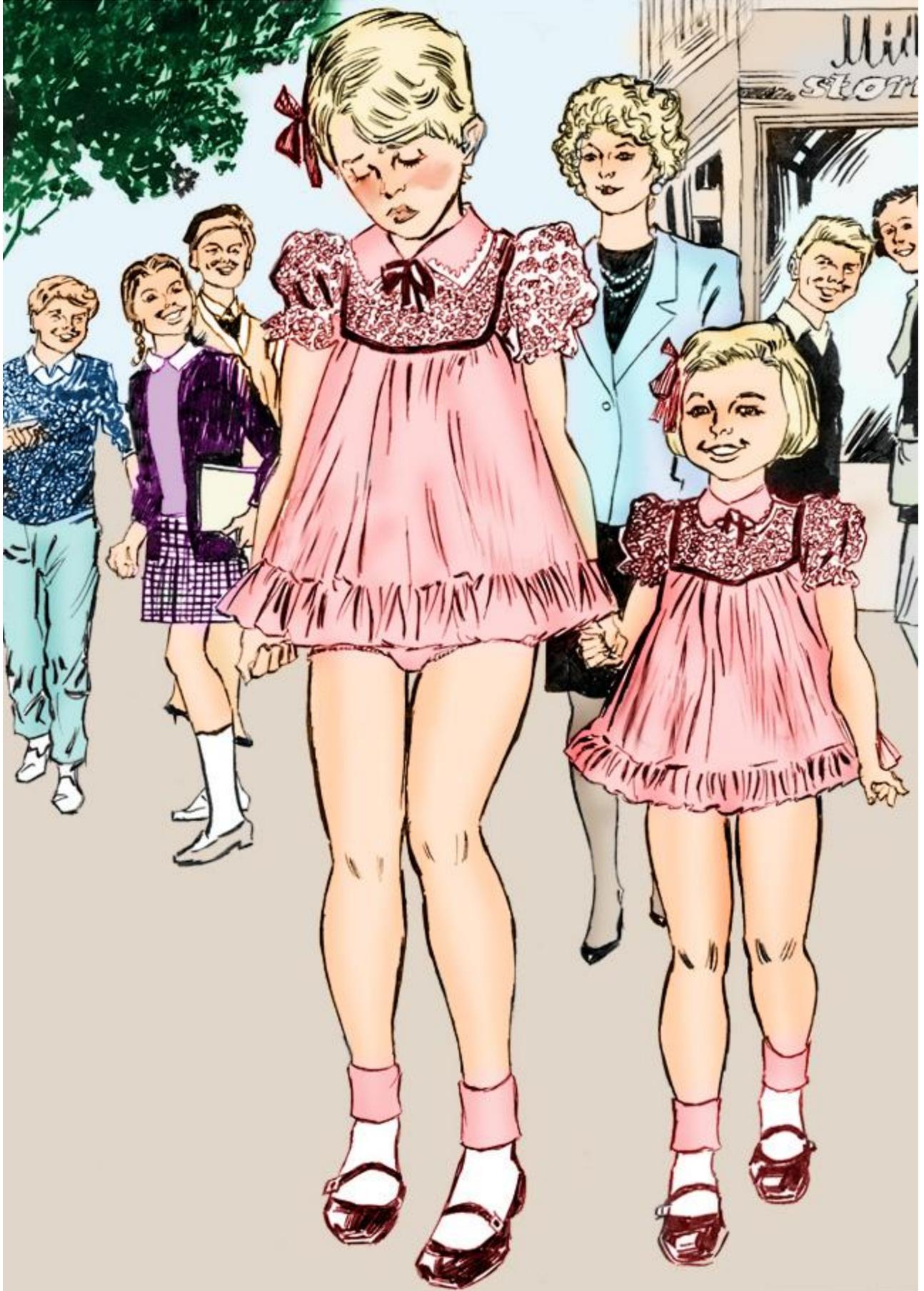


**Adults Only**

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

Since 1981

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**



# Carole Jean

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

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

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

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

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

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

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# Watchdoggie!

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

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

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

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

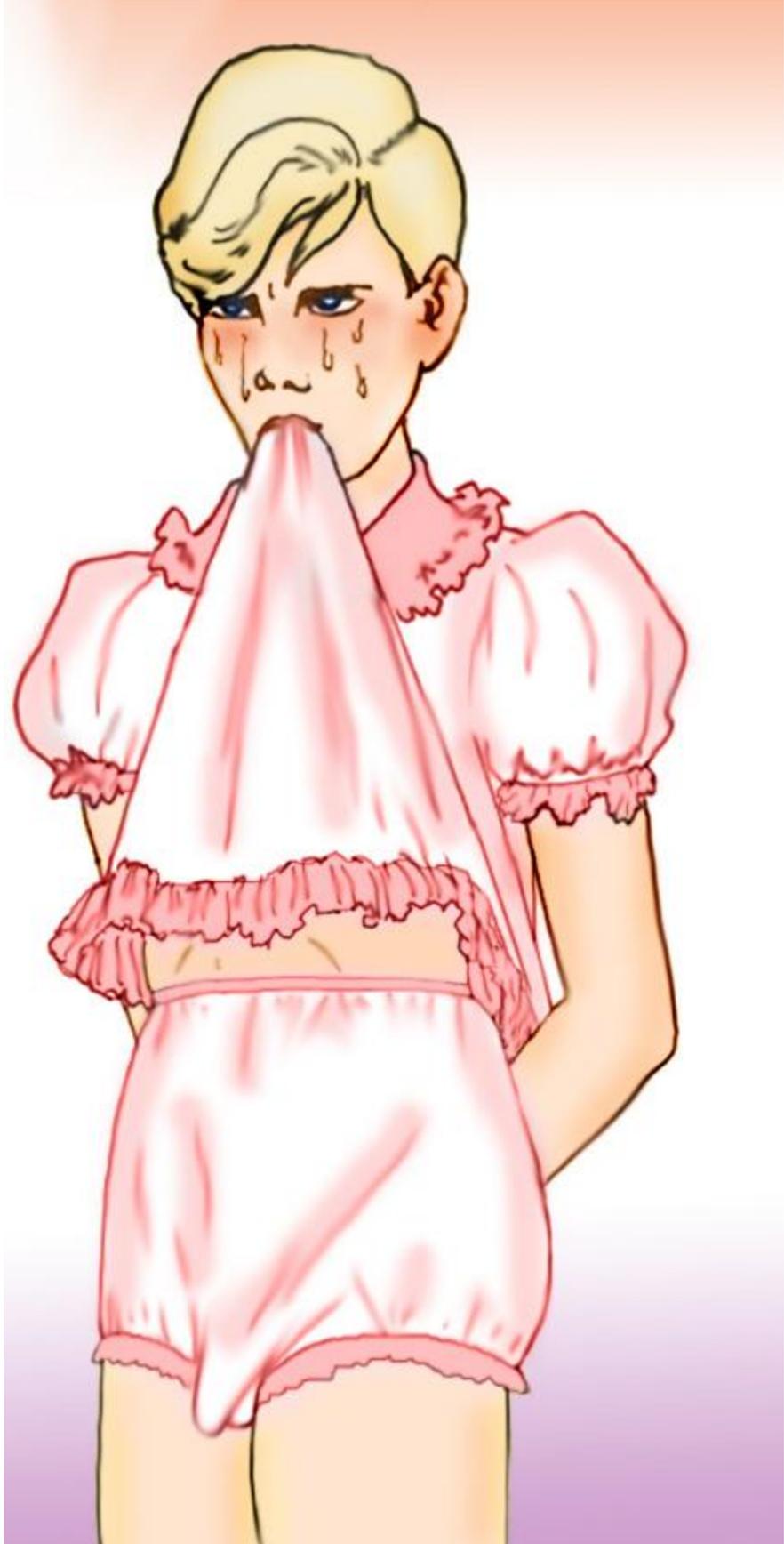
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## Masquerade

Trevor's sister talked him into wearing her babydoll nightie to a costume party .  
He enjoyed wearing it so much that he started wearing it to bed every night!  
Some Boys are lucky to have such great sisters.

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## Classic Art

This month we happily present a drawing by the great Missy McQueen.  
How embarrassing for this boy who has to keep his nightie up and his panties exposed  
for all to see!

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## Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Jimmy

This month, we present the picture of ten-year-old Jimmy, another one of Ma Kelly's boys. On the day this picture was taken, Ma didn't have any clean pink tops for Jimmy to wear, so she gave him an old shirt-style nylon nightgown to wear, but of course, Ma had plenty of clean pairs of her famous pink rhumba panties, so as you can see, Jimmy is lifting the gown to show us he's wearing the required sissy panties like all of Ma Kelly's other boys!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## Sissy of the Month

Some boys so love their lingerie they love to keep on their regular panties, garter belt and nylons underneath their babydoll nightie.

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### **In His Mother's Pink Panties**

“Please don't keep us in suspense any longer.” Catherine asked. “Just what, pray tell, do you have planned for our little sweeties, today? I do hope it is something truly wicked.”

Wide-eyed Michelle expressed even more urgency. “Yes, please, tell us! Your plans are always so naughty – but exciting! I'm wet with anticipation.”

“I suggest a little shopping trip,” Sheila answered. “We'll take the dear ones to a lovely boutique and buy them some lingerie – a girl never has enough, does she? And I thought I would make it even more interesting if we held a little fashion show. My friend, Greta, at Living Dolls called to tell

me they just got in a fabulous shipment of new nighties, so I thought a fashion show would be in order.

“We've been gradually feminizing them, putting them in panties and little bits of lingerie passed on from their sisters and neighbors, but it's time we really immerse these boys in femininity – and there's nothing like panties and nighties to do that! Let's take them shopping and have them try on pretty lingerie right in the store! Greta says she'll close the shop for us, so we can do what we please. The boys can model the new nighties for us, and then for the first time, we'll buy them their own complete ensemble of the prettiest and most fashionable things we can find.”

Michelle pulled her fingers out of her cunt and licked them dry. “Oh, yes! That does sound like great fun.”

The women were at Sheila's house for one of their mother-son get-togethers. At least once a month, they'd get away for a weekend and bring their panty-trained, pussy-whipped sons. Then for each other's benefit, they would put the darlings through their paces to demonstrate how each was progressing into mother-loving pussy servitude.

It was now early Saturday morning, the boys were still sleeping after a torturous night of nasty little mother-son games. Sheila looked at the eager faces of the other two women and then announced, “Let's watch each other as one-by-one, we wake our little darlings up in our own

special way. That should get our hungry pussies drooling and get the day's festivities off to an excellent start.”

The three women quickly headed toward the bedrooms. Virgil's room was the first they came to. Michelle, his mother, entered, followed by the other two women, who hid themselves off in a dark corner of the room to observe.

The boy was asleep in the large four-poster bed with a pair of his mother's pink panties over his face. The crotch of those panties was right over his nose and mouth, and she paused for a moment and watched as the thin nylon fabric rose up and then sunk back down again with his every breath. Then she eased the blankets downward, revealing that Virgil was wearing a pair of pink panties – in a smaller size – that perfectly matched her panties still draped over his face. The other two ladies cooed to show their approval.

Michelle gently cupped his penis and balls that formed a small bulge within his pink panties, and that bulge grew as she stroked his penis and manipulated his tight little balls through the silky pink panties. He continued to sleep, but his breathing quickened; the panties on his face rose and fell at an increasingly rapid pace. He moaned, and then he was awake. He reached up and moved the panties from his eyes but continued to hold them against his nose as he had been taught. With a look of horror and panting pleasure, he now looked directly at his mother's smiling face. They stared at each other as she wanked him in his pink panties, and he deeply inhaled her aroma from the panties crushed tightly against his nose and mouth.

Off to the side, the other two ladies let out with little moans and squeals, each holding one hand over her mouth to muffle her moans as she used her other hand to tickle her cunt through her panties as they watched. Little Virgil's jaw was moving like he was eating something. It was obvious he was furiously sucking on and tonguing the crotch of his mother's dirty panties, licking and slurping up her stale juices saturating the naughty double-nylon crotch. As the two women furiously rubbed themselves through their silky panty crotches, they switched hands and began rubbing each other's pantied pussy as both ladies imagined they had their pussies crushed up against that little boy's mouth.

Michelle continued to beat his slim dickie. “Good morning,” she whispered. “How is my little wanker this morning?” She suddenly increased the pace of her stroking and then laughed as his hot white seed spurted, flooding the front of his pink panties. The panty fabric over the end of his penis instantly turned a darker shade of pink as his juice poured through the nylon and soaked her fingers.

She moved her slime-coated fingers up to his face. “Lick them clean, sugar lamb,” she said. “Lick them dry.”

Virgil moved aside the crotch of his mother's panties far enough so he could open his mouth and begin licking and sucking on his mother's fingers like a thirsty dog.

While he had been spurting his cum, he had heard some giggling and whispering but was in no mind to wonder about it. But now with his juices drained, he looked around the room and saw Sheila and Catherine, standing in the shadows. Their presence increased his shame.

Panty training sessions were humbling enough when it was just his mother looking at and laughing at him, but other people watching made him feel like a hopelessly lost sissy with no chance of ever being a real boy again.

Finishing up her hand job, Michelle wiped her wet fingers all over his angelic little face as she said, “Now, sissy honey, we're going to have a lot of fun today. So get yourself dressed. All of your clothes are laid out for you on the vanity bench. Then come downstairs, and we'll tell you all about the exciting things we have planned.”

But Virgil knew from experience that meant that his mother was going to have a lot of fun, and it would probably be an outrageously horrendous day for him. All he could do was whimper and feel sorry for himself as his mother and the two other women exited his room in a torrent of excited girlie gibberish.

In the next bedroom, Catherine stood over her little Chauncey, as he lay fast asleep in his soft, baby blue panties and delicately embroidered matching slip. She looked at his pretty blond hair and felt her heart begin to beat faster, felt the heat building up in her pussy. Her panties were already wet from masturbating while she watched Michelle wank her little Virgil and then make him suck up his own juices.

Catherine was hot in her panties, and she needed relief NOW! She eased herself up on the bed and straddled his head, and then without any foreplay, she struck like a deadly python and mashed her oozing panty-covered cunt down upon his face. Her massive thighs trapped his head in their depth in a sudden, silent, crushing fury. She squeezed hard and heard a desperate cry escape from her Chauncey's throat. His eyes popped open, and she saw them moving around in his head, trying to see what was happening. She tightened her grip, and said, “Relax, my panty baby boy, it's only mother.” He stopped struggling. He was used to this kind of treatment. Instead, he just started mouthing her drooling pussy encased in her sopping wet white taffeta panties.

“Eat me out, my darling little pansy,” she moaned in a throaty, wanton voice. “Show mother how much you love her. Show her how much you love being mother's little pantywaist.”

With a mouthful of pantied pussy, Chauncey couldn't answer her verbally. He answered her demand for pantywaist “love,” the way he had answered it so many times before, not with words, but with a well-trained tongue. Soon, he felt the wetness pour out of his mother's cunt, through the rustling taffeta panties and into his mouth, and in the process, completely soaking his face. After a



thunderous rocking of her hips that almost crushed and suffocated the frail little boy, she rhythmically jerked herself to three successive orgasms. She then collapsed in a heap of sexual bliss. The boy struggled to breath and moaned under the full weight of her body, but she was in no rush to ease herself off him. And as she got up, she rubbed her leaking panty-covered cunt all over his crying, freckled face. Like Frankenstein's wife with a fresh jolt of electricity, she was alive and animated. With bedroom eyes and a smirk, she said, "Sweetheart, today, we have a lovely day planned for our little boys. Get dressed in the clothes I've set out for you and then come downstairs. We'll be down shortly to tell you all about it."

It wasn't until then that Chauncey noticed the other two women in the room. He was embarrassed to be seen by them in his silky slip and panties, but he had little energy left to even cover himself. All he could do was stare at them as they stared back at him with his faced glistening with his mother's juices. The two women applauded and blew him a kiss before going onto the next room.

Sheila had two son, Simon and Stanley; Michelle and Catherine followed her into their bedroom, and watched as she quietly sat on the edge of their bed and gazed down on her boys. She admired the pretty pink panties both of them wore. She peeked down the front of each boy's panties and was delighted that one of her black silk stockings was still wrapped around each boy's penis and thoroughly stained with his cum. Silently, she readjusted each boy's panties back into place high around his waist, then crawled between them on the bed and began to stroke both stocking-bound baby boy cocks at once through their smooth, sheer, pink panties. Each boy's body began to move. She reacted quickly, dropping down her bra and pulling both boys to her and mashing on of her big tits down upon each boy's face, filling his mouth with tit-flesh.

"Suck 'em, sissy boys. Suck 'em for mommy. Show her how much you love her. As they dutifully sucked, she jerked them off. As she felt Simon's jism erupting, she moved up over his face and mashed her pantied pussy flat against it. "Eat mother's cunt, my sweet nellie boy. Eat her. Make her feel nice. Show mother how much you love your mommy panty training you. Show her. Ah... yes! Show her! And show mommy's friends. Yes, Michelle and Catherine are here and watching. Show them how much you love your mommy and her panties."

She was jumping around on Simon's face, but she didn't forget about Stanley; she was jerking violently on his tiny cock, and he was crying in pain and pleasure, begging her to be gentle.

Catherine felt Simon's tongue, as it moved inside of her and excited her. The two other women watching panty training her two boys made it that much more exciting for her and humiliating for them. Her body burned with excitement.

"Yes my darlings, yes," she was speaking loudly now instead of whispering. "You know just how to do it, don't you darling? You know just how to make your mother...uhhh...mother-r-r...cum-m-m-m-m!" She screamed as she bounced up and down on her older son's face.

When it was over, she rolled off him. He sucked in a giant gasp of fresh air, and blushed bright red as he could then see the other two ladies standing along side the bed grinning freakishly as

the told him how well he had done. He switched his attention to his mother, lying alongside of him still gasping for air as she eased down from her intense orgasm.

“Thank you, my darling pussy face,” she uttered between moaning in drafts of air to refill her lungs. “You boys make me proud to be the mother of such a devoted and perverted little panty maniacs! Now relax, for a moment, and then get dressed in your blue suits and the other things I've set out for you. Come downstairs and then we'll tell you and Virgil and Chauncey all about the exciting things wee are going to do today.”

The three mothers sat together on the living room sofa with the four boys kneeling in submission before them. Each boy wore typical boys' clothes, shorts and a T-shirt, but underneath, each boy had on his mommy-required exquisitely feminine silky panties. And each boy had a gap between the bottom edge of his shortened T-shirt and the waistband of his shorts. And each boy's panties could be clearly seen peeking out two or more inches above the waist of his shorts. Their mothers demanded their boys to have their panties showing at all times while in the house; outside, the boys could pull their shorts up to cover the top of their panties, but if they pulled their bottom hugging tight little shorts up too high, they took a chance on letting people see the lacy hems of their panties peeking out from beneath the leg openings of those snug shorts.

Sheila snapped her fingers. The three boys immediately looked to her. She said, “We have a lovely day in store you sweet little pantywaist angels. We're going to take you to the best little girls' shop in town and buy you a complete set of your own lingerie. No longer will you be wearing hand-me-downs – now, you'll have a big collection of your own lovely panties and other exciting things to wear.”

“No!” Simon shouted in protest, “No, I don't want any girls' clothes. I won't let you dress me like a stupid little girl anymore!”

Sheila soundly slapped both sides of her son's face. “Such insolence will not be tolerated! How dare you talk back to me in our home in front of our friends?”



“Now, apologize to me and to our friends for your nasty outburst and tell all of us you love to be dressed in the fanciest panties and lingerie like a pretty little princess.”

“No! I won't! I hate you and your stinking dirty panties in my face, and I hate your stupid friends and their little faggots.”

Sheila was about to face slap him again, but Catherine, the most experienced panty trainer among the three of them, stood up and said, “Dear, if you don't mind, let me deal with this little ungrateful panty boy.”

“Very well,” Sheila said before sitting back down.

Catherine stood over Simon. “So, the little silk panty-wearing pussycat boy has claws, after all! You have had your little show of bravado. I am sure we are all properly impressed, but let me tell you something: You, my sweet little faggot-in-training, shall do precisely what you are told to do. Should any one of us tell you to fly, you would do well to sprout wings. You think putting on girls' lingerie is bad? Just keep on disobeying us, and you'll be pleading to wear dresses to school and begging boys to let you give them a blowjob. Do I make myself clear, pussy-faced panty boy, or must I underline my words with actions?”

“I don't care what you say or do, I won't let you crazy women dress me up like a girl anymore!”

She grabbed his head with both hands and lifted his face up so she could stare directly into his eyes. “You will wear a dress and anything else we tell you to wear. You will suck cock if we tell you to.”

As Simon kept shaking his head “no,” she opened her blouse and slid it down off her arms. She ran her fingers over her white bra-covered tits and then opened the front clasp of the bra and pushed it to each side. Simon stared as she moved her fingers over her nipples, and they swelled in response to her touch. She looked into his wide eyes.

Long ago, Sheila had told Catherine her son had a crush on her, but the two women had never done anything about it other than subtle teasing to encourage his lust. Sheila would describe for the boy Catherine's body and lingerie, especially her breasts. Simon was crazy about women's breasts, and in a weak moment, he even admitted to his mother that he loved to dream about Catherine's big breasts.

In his bedroom, his mother had found crude drawings he made of Catherine and her large breasts. To further develop his fetish, one day his mother pretended like it was a mistake and told her son that Catherine had left her bra and a pair of her panties there the last time she was over. She gave the lingerie to her son as a present, saying Catherine would never miss them, and since he so loved Catherine and her titties, he could keep them as an intimate souvenir of his unrequited love.

Sheila and Catherine had a big laugh over that, especially after they regularly checked on the bra and panties tucked away in Simon's dresser drawer and always found them freshly saturated with the boy's cum.

Now was the time to use his breast fetish against him.

Catherine looked directly into his eyes and said, “Would you like to suck on my big nipples, little panty boy?”

He nodded his head, and she then let her skirt fall to the floor and ran her fingers up her sheer silk stockings, over her garter belt, expanse of bare thigh and then all around her shiny silk panties. She snapped the elastics on her garter belt; she snapped the elastic legbands and waistband of her panties.

“You like my bra and panties, don't you, ya little sissy?”

She did it again. She ran her fingers slowly over her nylons, thighs, and panties, pulling up on the panties to snug them high around her waist, stroking the panties with a loving touch. “So soft,” she whispered. “So soft. Wouldn't you like to touch my silky panties? And look! My breasts are sticking right out at you. My nipples are hard and pointing right at you. Wouldn't you love to hold my titties in your hands and suck on my big, hard nipples while you play with my panties while I'm still wearing them?”

Now, he was trembling and incapable of speaking. He could only watch, helpless and obsessed. She slowly unhooked her garter belt and let it along with her silk stockings fall down. She slid them off her feet, and now, all she wore, were her wet panties and her open bra exposing her firm, melon-sized breasts. She ran her fingers over the big wet panty bulge over her hungry cunt.

“I'm so hot down here,” she whispered. “So hot. The only thing that can help me is a pretty little girl's tongue inside me, deep, deep inside me. Do you want to help me, you delicate little thing? You can be my little girl and give me some girlie-boy loving that I need so much.”

He nodded.

“If you do, you must fall to your knees before me, admit to me that you are a little girl, beg me to let you wear dresses, and beg me for the honor of sucking my cunt.”

This was his dream. He had hungered over Catherine for over a year, and here she was, and he could have her – if – if he told her he was a girl! His sexual excitement made him forget all else, all the humiliation, all the teasing, all the embarrassment; he fell to his knees, his eyes watching her gently swaying breasts and the oozing wetness in her fancy panties.

“I'm a girl,” he whispered. “Please, please, miss, please, let me lick your pussy and suck on your titties. And I want to wear a dress too, just like the little girl I am.”



“Louder!” she demanded.

He knew what she wanted, and he knew what he wanted and what he had to do to get it. “I'm a girl!” he screamed. “Please, please, let me wear dresses! Please, pretty please, let me eat your cunt!” He crawled toward her. “Please, let me eat you and suck your nipples,” he repeated. “Please!”

“Go on girly, lick my wet panties. Run your sissy tongue all over them. But first, lick my big titties, suck my hard nipples.”

“Oh, yes, ma'am, thank you!” he said, and then he mashed his face against her tits, burying himself between her full,

soft breasts. He moved his tongue over her nipples, lapping them up like a loving, well-trained dog.

Catherine could only take so much, juices were already gushing from he cunt. She forced the boy down between her legs and commanded him to suck on her wet nylon panty crotch. He tasted her juices. He liked the taste. A flavor he was used to tasting, similar to how his mother tasted, but even sweeter. He had been brainwashed into believing pussy juice was a sweet and delicate dessert.

Catherine grabbed his head and mashed his face tight against her cunt. “Darling, snake that trained tongue of yours under my lacy leg elastic and lick me under my panties,” she said.

He obeyed.

“She's a pretty good cuntlapper,” Michelle said.

“That's really all little faux girlies are good for, anyway.” Catherine said.

“Yes! Ah! Just like that,” Catherine said. “Yes, that's it. That's it. Move over it. Move your tongue over it!” She fell forward, crushing his face under her wet open cunt. “Lick it. Lick it! LICK IT!” she groaned, and then, she could no longer speak. She was too busy cumming in her helpless victim's mouth. Satisfied, she relaxed atop his face. Then she stood up, on shaky legs. She eyed the boys hungrily. “Do any of you other little lady-boys have anything to say?” She put her hands on her hips, and spread her legs defiantly. Her hot cum continued to ooze out of her open cunt, drip through the sodden crotch of her panties and streak down over Simon's face.

None of the boys said a word.

“I thought not,” she said, and then looked over at the other mothers. “You just need to know how to handle the little sissies, when they get a bit rowdy. That's all.”

Sheila stood up. “Very well! Now that the rebellion has been quelled, I think we can go.”

They all got into Catherine's limousine. She drove them to their destination, Living Doll Fashions, and then announced, “This is it, girlie-boys, when you get done here, you'll all be well on your way to being lovely, delicate, little ladies. I'm so excited!”

They all got out of the car and walked toward the shop. The boys had horror-stricken and pained expressions on their faces. They dutifully marched into the boutique with heads hung low. Inside Catherine greeted the manageress, Greta, obviously an old friend who welcomed her with open arms. Over the last several months, she had been talking with Greta and describing the success she was having panty training Chauncey, and they discussed the day when she could bring him into the store to buy him his own lingerie – and today was the day!

“Greta, I want you to meet my dearest friends. This is Sheila with her little sons, Simon and Stanley; this is Michelle with her little Virgil, and this is my little Chauncey.”

“I’m Greta. Catherine and I have been anxiously awaiting this day, and I’m so pleased all of you could join us,” the woman said as she flipped over the “closed” sign on the front door and then locked it. As the women engaged in small talk about how nice it was to meet each other, Greta crouched down to examine each boy. The women could tell she was looking at each boy child like an experienced feminizer. She smiled and nodded and giggled a bit here and there as she had each boy turn around. She was picturing each of them in the frilliest of feminine finery, little girl lingerie and fancy party dresses. She seized on Chauncey and held him by the shoulders at arm’s length.

“So, this is your little Chauncey. Oh, dear me, how the sissy has grown since last I saw her. She liked to think of herself as a little boy then, didn’t she? You are doing wonders with her; she’s so precious, so delicate and girlie. We simply must get her into a whole new outfit.” Greta eyed the other three boys, “And just look at this — three dear sweet ones! Three more dear little lovelies you are giving to me to feminize! Oh, now I am in heaven. I can’t wait to get to work on them.”

Simon, obviously nervous, was fidgeting around. Great walked over to him and without warning pulled his shorts down. His shorts had an elasticized waist, and sliding down against his silky panties, they flew down his legs in an instant. Greta’s face lit up when she saw his pink panties. She fingered the lace and said, “I see you have, at least, made a start on her.” She pulled his prick out from under the leg elastic of his panties and began to play with it. “She has a nice little prick, small but nice.” She continued to stroke it, until he shot his load, a small amount of watery slime. He had just started being about to shoot his juice. She lifted her gooey fingers up to her face and licked his cum off of them. “I like her, and I have just the outfit for her. Follow me.”

She led them to a large back room. “As I had mentioned to Catherine, I just got in a wonderful shipment of nighties from Mexico; they really know how to make fancy lingerie.” She held up a pink chiffon nightgown with pink satin edging and a pair of matching panties. The full circle nightie with ribbon bows decorating it looked almost like a dress. “I think this really is her,” Greta said. “Put it on child. Don’t be shy. You are among friends.”

Simon looked at his mother. “Mother, please, not in front of everyone. Please,” he begged.

Greta looked toward Sheila and asked, “A discipline problem?”

Sheila nodded. “A bit.”

“Dear lady, allow me to show the little lady just what proper behavior is.” She lowered her skirt to reveal her soft yellow panties, covering the big bulge of her cunt. She rubbed her fingers over her hot pussy lips, and they quickly became damp. She grabbed Simon’s head and mashed her cunt against the boy’s startled face. “Fuck me, little darling,” she whispered. “Fuck me with your tongue.” She held aside her panty leg elastic and felt his tongue moving deep inside her; she liked the way it felt. Her cum drooled out and filled his mouth. She squeezed and sent a stream of her hot urine splashing over the boy’s face and into his mouth. He screamed in shock. She pushed him down on the floor and stood over him, her hands on her pantied hips. She squeezed out some more piss, and laughed, as it shot through her yellow panties and splashed over his face. She turned, so he could see her big round ass hovering over him and making the tension

lines in her panties dance a dance of domination. “Now, are you ready to do as you are told or shall I do more to persuade you?” she asked.

“I’ll do what you want,” Simon answered, as he stripped his clothes off. She took a damp rag, wiped off his pissy face and then sat down and pulled the pink nightgown over him. She removed his panties and replaced them with the soft panties that went with the nightie.

“Stand up, and walk up and down the aisle. Model this gown for us,” she ordered, and he obeyed her. “There now. Isn’t she delicious? I think all the big boys will want a blowjob from this sweet thing.”

She looked at Simon, and saw that he was crying.

“Oh come now, you lovely little angel, let me have a kissy.” She pulled him to her, and gave him a big wet kiss.

“Come to mommy, sweetheart,” Sheila said, and he stumbled toward her still crying. “Now my darling, get down on your knees. You deserve a little reward for being an obedient little pussy slave.”

He fell to his knees, and she stood right over him, covering his face with her skirt, allowing him to look up at her slip and panties.

“Isn’t that nice, dear heart? You are so close to mommy’s pussy. Go on, honey, smell my panties, I know you are dying to do so.”

He took a deep breath. “Oh, no, mother, please, I can’t take it. I truly can’t.”

“Nonsense, darling, you can do whatever you want. Surely, you can’t resist my big bottom, so soft, round, so sweet to touch, and taste, and lick, and smell.”

“Please mother, I can-n-n ... can-n-n ... can’t resist!” Simon cried. She felt him hurriedly shoving his face into the back of her panties, deep into her ass crack, ready to smother himself if so pleased.

“I think you shall be next,” Greta said, and then she pointed her finger at Stanley.

“Yes, you, child, come to me. Come to me, and I shall dress you like the pretty little lady you are. Crawl to me, darling. Crawl like a lowly little worm. Crawl like the weak and helpless sissy thing you are.”

He shook his head in a feeble attempt at resistance.

“You dare disobey me? How brave of you, little one. How brave, and how utterly futile. Tell me ladies; shall I demonstrate how easy it is to break the will of a weak little sissy, such as this pathetic creature?”

“Do, please,” Sheila, his mother said. “Be merciless with the insolent little dog.”

Greta smiled, and then she moved her fingers over her soft white blouse. She pulled it off, to reveal a transparent bra underneath. She fondled her large erect nipples. She moved her tongue down, and licked one swollen nipple.

“Like it, dear heart?” she said. She looked into his eyes, and she saw fear and lust. She bent down, so her tits were near his face. “Go on, child, give them a licking. Go on.”

He moved his tongue over one big nipple, but then she pushed him away. “No, you are a bad little girl, a disobedient child. You do not get to suck my titties. Those are for good little girlies, not bad ones.”

“Please,” Stanley begged. “Please, I shall do whatever you say.”

“Yes?” she asked, as she held up pretty pink nylon panties. “Put these on.”

He took off the panties he had been wearing and put them on.

“And let me put this on you,” she said, as she put a pink nightgown over his head and let it drift down over his body.

“Now, go away,” she said.

“But, your tits?” he said. “Can I suck your tits?”

“Perhaps later, little girl. Perhaps later. For now, I have more important things to do. She looked Virgil in his eyes. “You,” she said. “I shall have you next.”

“Yes ma'am,” he said, as he began to crawl toward her.

She sat down as he reached her. She raised her foot, and moved it toward his face. “Kiss me darling. Show me how humble you can be, when in the presence of your superiors.”

He moved his face up to her foot, and she kicked him away. She stood up over the weeping boy. “You aren't worthy enough to kiss my foot,” she said.

Michelle looked at her son, and smiled. “Crawl to mommy, darling. Come on, baby. You will always be mother's little slave.”

He reached her, and she pushed her foot into his mouth.

Greta walked over to him, a lovely pink nightgown and panties in her hands. “Come now, you dear little thing. I was only joking with you. You are a lovely child and an adorable Silly little slave boy. Here, put this on, and we shall see how pretty you can be.”

After he obeyed her, she looked down at him. “Very nice. You look precious. Good enough to eat!”

Greta lined the four boys up and had them parade up and down the aisle in their pink nightgowns as the women encouraged them to swish around and swing their hips and act as femininely as possible.

“Oh dear, aren't they just precious?” Sheila said.

All the women agreed, and then Greta had each boy stand by his mother, but since Sheila had two sons, she had Simon stand in front of his mother, and Greta had Stanley stand in front of her. Greta smiled, and said, “Oh, you are so sweet,” as she reached for his pantied ass and fondled it, nodding for the other women to do likewise. “You know dearie, if I had a prick, I'd just love fucking your silky little ass, but since I haven't, I'll just have to make due with this.” She held up her hand, and closed it into a fist.

The women laughed.

Then as Greta pulled up the back of Stanley's nightie and pulled down the back of his panties, he looked at his mother. “Mother, please!” he begged. “Mother, please, please ...”

“That's right darling, please, please, beg to be fucked by this nice lady, and she just might fist fuck you your sweet little bottom,” Sheila said and then started laughing.

“Relax your pretty little buns, dearie,” Greta coaxed. “That make it easier for you.” She pushed her fist one greasy finger up his butt and then another and another until her four fingers and thumb were at the entrance of his butt hole and partially inside, and then with a mighty thrust she shoved her whole hand in and as it entered she collapsed her hand into a fist. Stanley screamed so loud it echoed throughout the cavernous storeroom. The others had to hold their ears, but then one after another each boy's asshole was similarly violated by his own mother, and the screaming echoed and reverberated as each boy yelled out in a pain he had never felt before and wanted to immediately stop, but it didn't stop. The pain just went on and on. And the women noticed but the boys probably didn't that each boy's penis was erect in the front of his panties and as hard and throbbing as it had ever been, and each of those penises were shooting cum into their new panties.

Virgil was the first to cum. The other three boys soon followed.

The women had been holding the boys up as they abused their assholes, and now as they withdrew their fists and let go of them, each boy fell to the floor crying, screaming and promising to do anything for the ladies as long as they never had to suffer being fist fucked again.

After Greta pulled her fist out of Stanley's butt; it was stained with brown streaks. She shoved her shitty hand into Chauncey's tear-streaked face. “Well?” she asked. As he stared in stunned silence at the smelly residue coating the back of her hand, she reached forward with her other

hand, grabbed his little drained penis and tiny nut sack and squeezed them, as she told him she'd let go as soon as he stated licking up his mess. He screamed anew but immediately began licking the back of her hand like it was sweet Belgian chocolate.

“Good girl,” she said. “That's a good girl. You know how to obey.”

And then, since Virgil was the first to cum, Greta pulled his limp little body up and dressed him in an exquisite yellow chiffon nightie with deluxe yellow nylon panties underneath. The panties had a wide band of bright white lace encircling each leg band, and the darling panties could easily be seen through his sheer yellow nightgown as Greta led him on a victory lap up and down the aisle to the cheers and catcalls of the delighted ladies.

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*Based on an old manuscript "In His Mother's Pink Knickers" (#04360-U) by Lee Vinson, probably written twenty to forty years ago. All we have of this story is Chapter 10, and if anyone has any other chapters of this story or is able to put us in contact with Lee Vinson, we will reward you with free items from our catalog for any help you can give us.*

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## HEALTH



**Dilemma of a strict religious university trying to appear to be more accepting toward gays: The governing board is deciding whether or not to keep a statue donated by a famed sculptor and former student of a Greek warrior celebrating victory since the warrior's 'victory' robe looks like a lacy nightgown. The university is upset that students have nicknamed it 'the sissy boy in a nightie' and made it a popular place to gather on campus.**

## LIFESTYLE



*Woman always called her son 'babydoll' – jealous over all the affection she gave the boy and not him, her husband bought their son a babydoll nightie one year for Christmas to make fun of him and his wife; however, the wife called his bluff and starting having the boy wear the silky nightie to bed every night, and the kid didn't mind wearing it*

## HEADLINES

### Moms buying girls' nighties for their sons Salesclerks told to be nonjudgmental

Queens, NY: Mary Knight recently did what a lot of mothers are doing these days; she took her six-year-old son to the mall to buy him a Barbie nightgown. Her son, Spunky, wasn't embarrassed in the least as they sorted through the racks of nighties looking for the one he wanted.

He had asked his mom to buy him the nightgown because he wanted one that would match his friend's nightie.

Spunky and his friend often sleep over at each other's house, and after seeing his friend in a Barbie girl nightie, he asked if he could try it on along with the pink nylon panties that matched the top.

His friend let him try them on, and Spunky immediately fell in love with the silky sissy nightwear.

The next day, the boy talked his mom into buying him a matching nightie. She had no problem doing that, admitting that Spunky and his little friend, Lucky Freeman, were already sissies anyway.



**Most increases in the sales of girls' nighties attributed to sales to boys**

Survey: What length nightie do you prefer?  
Full length - 2% Waltz length - 9%  
Babydoll - 20% All of the above - 69%

## OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

**Bush asked Laura if his new nightshirt and thong would appear to the left, she said one of her nighties might help cover his c**

**Son of 'born again' Christian mom says he was born again in his sister's nylon nightie**

**Five-year-old tells priest who led service that his lacy surplice looks like his big sister's babydoll nightie**

**Wife of premature ejaculating man tells him to put on her nightgown and panties and go fuck himself**

**Idiot who jerks off daily in his mom's nightie goes nuts and commits suicide when he hears law passed to limit emissions**

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