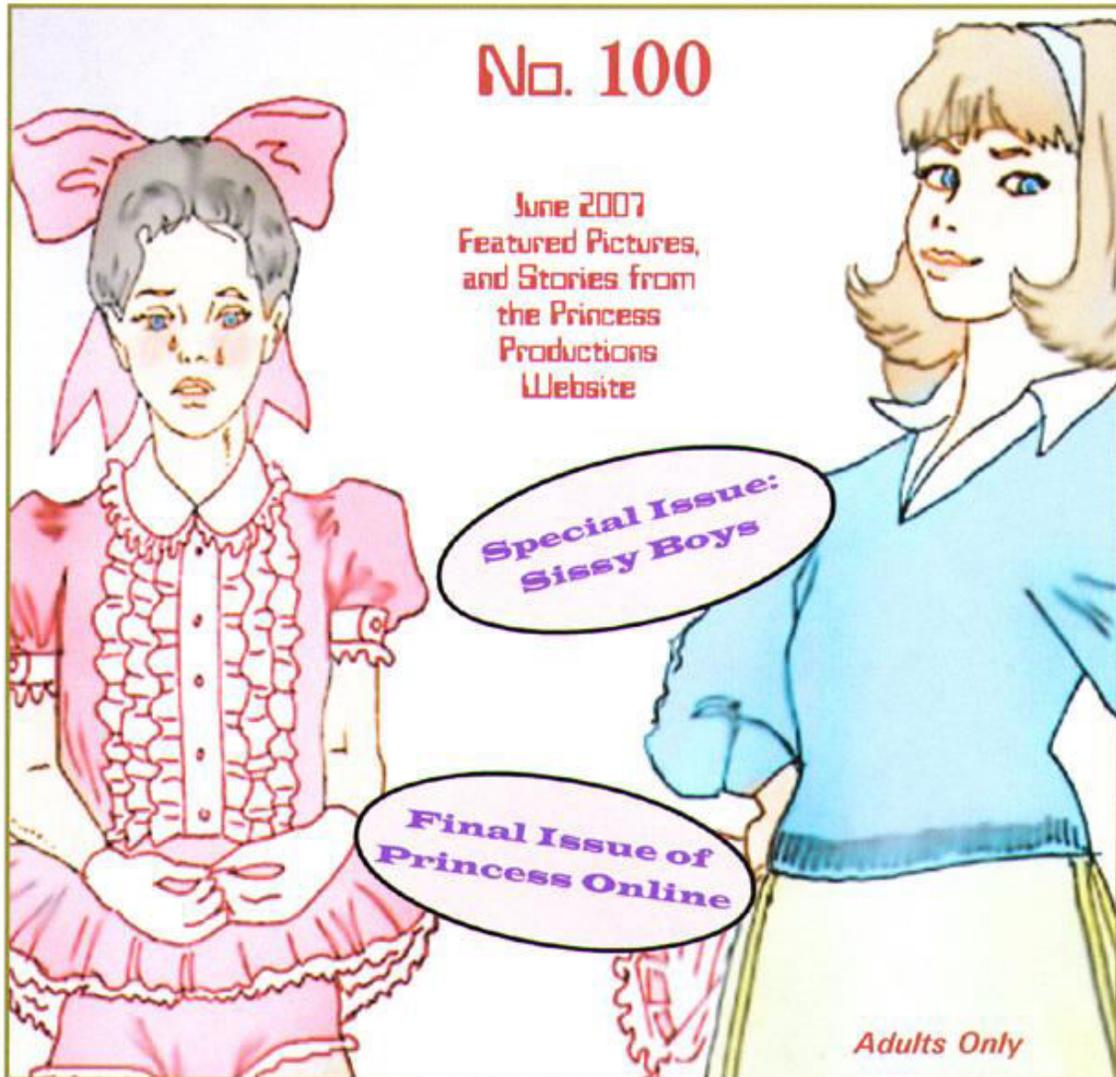


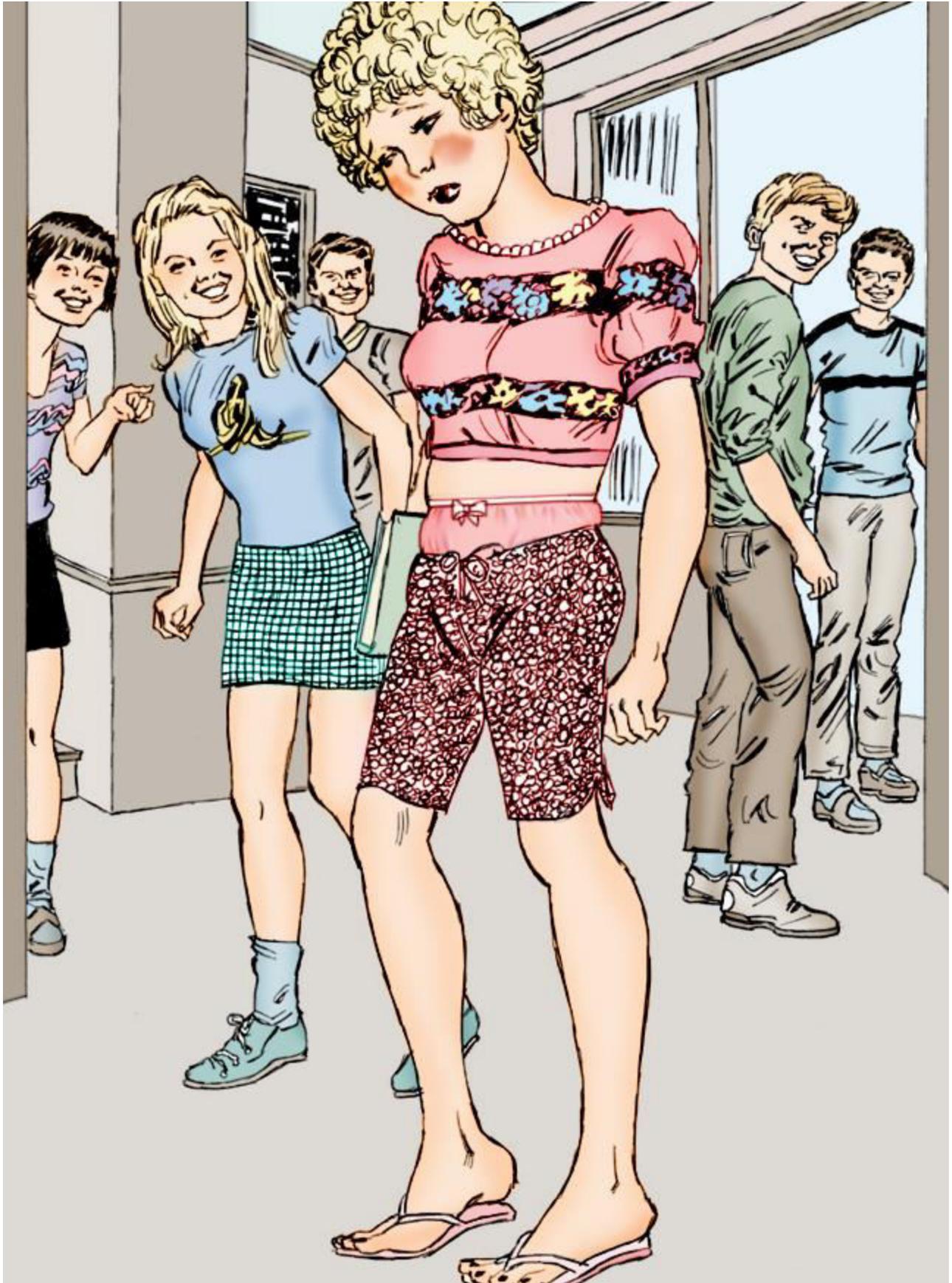
Princess Online



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.

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 sissy boy forced to dress like a sissy little girl -- here he is flashing his pink panties in public!

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 creates fanciful pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment that illustrate what happened to him, and one of his pictures we present here. It's his way of relieving the pain he still feels from the humiliation of being forced to wear a bra, petticoats, a dress and panties and then having the nuns and other school kids laugh at and ridicule him.

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Masquerade

How many boys get turned onto sissyhood by teachers in their schools? A popular 'game' teachers play is to have boys and girls imitate the opposite sex. Here is an example. The sign behind the boys reads, "Clark School Battle of the Moms - Eddie and Charlie Impersonate their Moms."

It looks like a harmless competition, and the boys are laughing and appear to be having a lot of fun, but such activities that get boys to put on female clothes (with

their mothers and teachers' approval) can be an introduction into a lifetime of sissyhood.

In the pictured competition, the two boys' moms had created their costumes and were on hand to see the show as the boys imitated them!

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Classic Art

In this drawing called "What I Saw at the Old Ball Park" by Jackie Off, the artist detailed what he was amazed to see when he attended a Sunday afternoon baseball game. Two little girls caught his attention because they were atypically dressed for a ballgame. While most people wore casual clothes, these two were in their Sunday best clothes complete with beribboned hats, skirts puffed out with full petticoats, lacy ankle socks, and even white gloves. Even more interesting, the two girls were hooting and hollering at the players as they rooted for their team. But what really astounded the artist was that while the girls were jumping around and cheering on their team, their short skirts periodically flared up and exposed a good view of their lacy panty-covered bottoms. And the artist, with his trained eye for sissy boys, saw the unmistakable boyish bulge of a penis and balls in the one girl's pink panties! The scene didn't last more than a few minutes because the kids' mother eventually came along and told them to sit down and act more ladylike! We don't know who won the game, but the artist sure came out a winner, with a memory he will savor for a long time. Thanks for sharing your experience with us, Jackie!

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Clark

This is the LAST month we will be presenting pictures of Ma Kelly's Rhumba Panty Boys. Our publication *Princess Online* is now at issue #100, and we decided it was a good time to change our Internet format and present many of the other interesting things we have to offer. Ever since issue #50 of *Princess Online* we have featured one pink pantied Ma Kelly boy in each issue. Ma didn't continue watching over boys once they reached fourteen years of age since those boys she deemed were then old enough to take care of themselves after school until their working parents got home. So it's only fitting that in this last issue, we present Clark just after his fourteenth birthday and at his last day in Ma Kelly's day care. It's also fitting that Clark is looking at himself in the mirror just before wishing Ma a fond farewell. He's no doubt admiring himself in Ma's regulation pink shell top and pink rhumba panties that are standard wear for all her boys. Like many of her boys, Clark probably has come to love the soft, silky nylon panties with the ticklish rhumba girl lace, and while he's looking at his pantied self in the mirror, he probably knows he is going to miss wearing the humiliating but oh-so-pleasant and exciting-to-wear sissy panties.

Ma Kelly was crazy. Nobody disputes that. Still everyone loved her and didn't question her ways. The sixty-six-year-old heavysset woman owned a dry goods store for over thirty years, and when she could no longer run it herself, she hired others to run the store for her, but she ended up firing them all because they didn't do things up to her standards.

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 started a baby-sitting service. It went well, but she stopped taking toddlers because she wasn't into changing diapers, and she soon stopped taking care of preschool kids because she couldn't deal with potty training issues. But she did find her niche overseeing grade school boys after school. The boys were in the six- to twelve-year-old category, and she could control them with a minimum of supervision, leaving her time to watch her daily soap operas.

Then she had an opportunity to sell the dry goods store, 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 them since it was just a small country store and would take a long time to sell them off, so not knowing what she was going to do with them, Ma Kelly deleted the tops and panties from the store's inventory and took them home with her prior to the sale.

Watching the boys after school was going along fine. She 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. (He's pictured in *Princess Online* #50.) Realizing that boys are built a little differently than girls, she had him put the rhumba panties on backward to afford him a little more room in front. Donald didn't like the idea

of dressing in those clothes, but when she explained she had nothing else for him to wear, he blushing said he would wear them. Like most of the boys she took care of, Donald was a farm boy used to minding his parents, so he did what she told him to do with barely a tear in his eyes.

Donald was normally a very active and destructive child. He'd break just about everything he touched, but as soon as she put him into the panties, he became withdrawn and docile. Ma was amazed at his transformation. Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics and didn't quiet down until Ma Kelly gave them her famous evil look and bawled them out. Despite being told not to tease Donald, the other boys couldn't resist the temptation and kept taunting him until he cried. So Ma made all the boys take off their clothes and put them all in pink tops and silky rhumba panties. She reasoned that they wouldn't make fun of Donald if all of them were dressed just like him. It worked! Not only that, all the boys stopped their continuous fighting with each other and became very quiet and sweet, talking only in whispers as they sat quietly on the floor and watched Ma's television soap operas with her.

Once Donald's clothes were dry, Ma didn't let him change back into them until his mother came to pick him up. When she saw Donald and the other boys in pink tops and panties, she was puzzled until Ma explained what had happened. And when Ma told Mrs. Tierski how the girls' clothes made all the boys much more manageable, Donald's mother laughed but said it did make sense. Thereafter, Ma got an OK from all the other parents to use girls' clothes on the boys, and pink tops and rhumba panties became the standard uniform for all boys in her care, who had to wear them from the moment they walked in her door until they were picked up. The parents loved the results, and some of them began using girls' clothes at home to control their boys.

Ma Kelly was practicing petticoat punishment even though she probably had never even heard the term. What she had done out of expediency became the way she treated all her boys. Spanking or other punishments were rarely needed. After being panty trained, most of Ma Kelly's boys rarely got into trouble. As other parents heard about Ma's success, she was soon taking care of a houseful of sweet little panty boys!

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Sissy of the Month

From the 1980s when matching clothes were in fashion for mothers and daughters, this hapless little boy got swept up into the fashion trend as his mother made him a

slacks and blouse outfit out of the same floral print fabric that she made dresses for herself and her three daughters. Any wonder this boy turned into a sissy?

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George's Sissy Transformation

Click on photos for a larger view.



George's Sissy Transformation

One time I persuaded George to play dolls with me. Of course, he didn't want to, but he had knocked me down trying to show me boys were so much stronger than girls, and for punishment, mother made him play with me and do whatever I wanted. He often got into trouble, and mother seized upon it as a good punishment for him; she knew how much he hated playing girlie games and dolls with me, so it was a good punishment.

One day, we were playing dolls and mom had dressed my boy doll in girls' clothes as a joke. She gave the doll to George and told him to play with it. He threw the doll down and told her that wasn't funny. That earned him a sound paddling over mom's lap, and she didn't stop until he agreed to let me dress him up in some of my girlie clothes. Mom reminded him that for a day last

school term he had to wear a dress all day at school for beating up a girl. She knew he had hated that treatment and knew it would probably do some good to put him in girlie clothes again.

I hadn't seen George the day of his punishment at school because he was in a different classroom from me, but of course, I heard all about it. Still it was a long time ago, and I had almost completely forgotten about it.

I often liked to play dress-up. I had never thought of dressing George up like a girl, but now that mother had said it, I was thrilled with the idea. Well, that day I did get him into some of my fancy clothes. I loved it! George, of course, hated it! And after that day, with mom's support, I got George to dress up like a girl in my old clothes every time he was being punished and forced to play with me. George always made me promise not to tell anyone outside our family about it, and I promised not to. After a while it was easy to persuade him to wear girls' clothes when he realized I kept my promise not to tell anyone about it.

Then one day something happened that really caused him a great deal of humiliation. We had been playing in my room, I was in my summer school uniform and I had George in a really outrageous pink party dress I hadn't worn in a couple of years. Mom was sweet enough to shorten the dress just for my play times with George, and on him, the dress didn't even hide the lace-encrusted pink panties I had him wearing. I also had a huge pink bow in his hair and short, beribboned socks on his feet along with a pair of my dance slippers. His hair was a little long and how most boys his age were then wearing their hair, and even though it was short for a girl, he really did look like a cute little girl. (The little bulges in his fully exposed panties betrayed his impersonation. In that shameful outfit, he wouldn't be able to fool anyone into thinking he was a real girl.)

At these times, George became increasingly comfortable wearing my fancy clothes. I guess he figured as long as he was being forced into dressing up, he might as well try to have a bit of fun doing it. And so it happened on this day while we were fooling around with George prancing around like a cancan dancer holding up the skirt of that short frilly dress and swishing from side to side for my entertainment. Then, suddenly, he looked over my shoulder and stopped dead; he was rooted to the spot with fear in his eyes as he looked in horror at the door. Standing there and laughing like they were ready to burst were three of his friends. They had called around to get him to join them in a football game, and mother had sent them upstairs to my room to see him.

Obviously, they immediately recognized George in his girlie drag, but Dirk played along and stifled his laughter long enough to ask me, "Hey, Wendy, who's your new girlfriend?"

Just that lame question sent the boys into another fit of laughter.

George was crying now and tearfully trying to explain to his friends, "My mom is punishing me. She's making me do this. I really hate dressing up like this."

The boys just laughed and shook their heads. Jack said, "Aw, come off it, you big sissy. We saw you! You were really enjoying yourself when we came in, prancing around like a prissy little girl and dancing holding your dress up showing off your fancy panties like a big sissy."

Engulfed in tears, George was a pitiful mess and at a loss for words. He had no answers, and they just continued to pelt him with humiliating comments.

“I see you were playing with your dolls. Hey, guys, look at all the doll stuff spread out on the bed. What a fucking nancy boy?”

“Hey, man, remember last year when that old bitch Sister Regan put him in a dress for fighting with a girl ... or something ... ”

"Yeah, and didn't that girl beat him up? ... I don't know ... something like that. Anyway, it looks like he really took to dresses ... and pink panties Too! Gees!"

“Uh, George, oops, I mean, uh ... Georgina! Hey, Georgina, are you going to come to school like that? I'm sure a lot of those faggot seventh graders would be very interested in getting to know you.”

“Yeah, especially if he wears that nice short dress and flashes them his pretty panties!”

“Don't worry, Georgina, we'll protect you from those rough horny boys. They just want to get into your panties!”

George halted his sobbing long enough to plead with them not to tell anybody about his sissy punishment. He lost his temper and complained they weren't true friends as they continued to tease him and refused to promise not to tell the kids in the neighborhood and everybody at school.

The boys had no mercy.

In spite of George's pleading, the three boys left, laughing and giggling and saying they were going to tell everybody he liked to dress up and play like a girl.

George was in a pickle. He was stronger than any one of the other three boys and could beat up each one individually, but he couldn't take all of them on at once. Even if he did retaliate against them and beat them up one by one, he'd be punished, and at St. Martha's, the nuns just might subject him to petticoat punishment like they did to him the year before.

The nuns didn't use that punishment often, only when a boy acted like a bully or did something bad against the girls. So, no matter what he did, George was going to suffer.

Thoroughly dejected, he started to cry bitterly. He said out loud to himself, “What can I do, now? I can't go back to school cuz everyone will know, and they'll probably gang up on me, call me a sissy and beat me up like they beat up fags. Everybody will tease and shun me, even the nuns. They might even think I'm a queer, and the nuns teach the kids it's OK to hate queer sissy boys and faggots. Why did mother let them come up?”

Just then, Mother came into the room and heard what George had said. She laughed at how ridiculous he looked, but she admitted he would make a pretty girl if he had a nice wig and wore a longer dress so people couldn't see those unsightly bulges in the front of his pink panties. She told him his dressing up was no big deal. She tried to comfort him and cheer him up by saying she didn't think his friends would make any bones about it. She added that they were probably just giving him some good natured teasing. She was sure his friends wouldn't turn on him and really tell people, as she said, "They're your friends after all, aren't they? And you've known them for years. I'm sure they were just having some fun at your expense. I mean, you do look pretty funny in that outfit. I'm sure they're not out to hurt you." She then persuaded him to go back to playing with me because his punishment time wasn't over yet.

On the following Monday morning, George didn't want to go to school, but mother eventually forced him to go. Three of my friends and I followed him all the way and were disappointed when none of the boys we met said anything about his dressing up. George gained confidence as he got near the school without anyone ragging on him. Before the bell rang at school, we girls went into our playground, disappointed at the lack of any teasing, and George went into the boys' playground. Then we heard a lot of jeering and whistling from the boys' side. The door connecting the two playgrounds is supposed to stay shut during playtime, but then suddenly it was opened and George was thrust through into our side while some boys shouted out, "We don't want any of you girls in our playground. You'd better keep this new girl on your side or some of the seventh and eighth grade boys might want to do nasty things with her."

A bunch of girls gathered around George and were pulling on him to join them, and he was struggling to get back into the boys' side. Suddenly, he lost his temper and started to swing out wildly and kick at the boys and in the process managed to hit three of the girls, one of whom immediately started crying hysterically. Two of the nuns came running and dragged George and the main other boy he had been fighting with off into the school.

Then the bell sounded, and we were all trooped into the assembly hall instead of our regular classrooms. The nuns brooked no delays when it came to punishing for misdeeds. They reacted seriously and swiftly, and as soon as we said our morning prayer and the Pledge, our principal, Sister Mary Austin, brought George and the other boy out onto the rostrum. After telling us why the two boys were to be punished, she turned to one of the nuns, Sister Mary Rose, who came forward flexing a leather strap between her hands.

She took the other boy first, made him grip his ankles and pulled his jacket over his head exposing the seat of his shorts. She stood to the left side of him, measured the distance for the strap, and then with a quick sweep of her arm, brought the broad leather down across his behind. He gave a muffled yell and tried to stand up but she commanded him to remain bent over for more. He was given two more strokes and then told to stand to one side. George was given the same treatment. The principal reminded the boys the school had a standard punishment promised boys caught bullying or harming girls, and then the two were both taken to the teacher's Common Room.

The rest of the school waited restlessly for about ten minutes, everyone knew what was happening to the two boys. Then they were brought back to the rostrum and shown to the whole

school. The other boy had on a girls' uniform, a muted green smock over his shirt, tied with a dark green belt around his waist. He looked funny with his scrawny bare legs sticking out of the bottom of his skirt. He still had his boys' socks and shoes on his feet. He looked thoroughly shamed. He hadn't cried when he had been belted, but he was softly crying now.

George was a real sight though, crying bitterly as a teacher dragged him to the front and let the whole school laugh at him; he stood with his head hung down in shame. Instead of a girls' school uniform like the other boy, he had on a dressier outfit. Sister Mary Rose explained that once a boy had been disciplined with a dose of petticoat punishment, his second offense called for an even more elaborate and embarrassingly girly outfit. And now he stood before all of us in a frilly blouse and a plaid miniskirt that was so embarrassingly short it revealed the lacy edges of the pink panties he had on underneath. A short, pageboy wig had been jammed onto his head and tears were rolling down his cheeks as he was made to stand perfectly still and face the school. A grinning nun came up to him and warned him not to soil his pretty clothes with his tears or he'd endure even more punishment. The principal told him in front of us all he would be expected to behave just like a girl and would be treated like one until the time came when it was decided he had learnt his lesson. He would be watched closely all day, and any sign of rebelling or doing things a girl shouldn't do would mean more time dressed in girls' clothes. His punishment was to be one day in the miniskirt outfit plus an additional strapping at an assembly scheduled first thing the next morning. Plus his petticoat punishment would be extended to another day if he stepped out of line in any way. Additional days would be added until he committed no misdeeds and acted like a perfect little girl for an entire day.

We delighted in teasing George as we marched off to our classrooms, some of the girls pulling at his miniskirt to get a good look and feel of his panties – and they were god awful fancy panties, the nuns must have spent hours sewing additional lace and bows and frills on the panties.

For some reason, as I skipped off to my room, I started to laugh to myself because it was really funny to think of those bitchy old nuns sitting in the convent by the fireside sewing frills on nylon panties that they knew were going to be used to knock the macho sap out of some boy.

As we taunted George, he tried to hold his skirt down and then started to get angry until he remembered what Sister Rose had said. All he could do was grit his teeth, suffer in silence and take it. Unfortunately, being a year younger than I am, he was in a different classroom, and I didn't get to see the fun that went on in his room, but I do know he was really tested that day by both the girls and the teachers just to see if they could trick him into getting additional days of petticoat punishment.

The other boy was in my class and some of us started teasing right away, but some of the girls felt sorry for him and said it wasn't really his fault he was being punished and pleaded with us to leave him alone. Of course, we couldn't resist giving him a good deal of teasing throughout the



day, but I'm sure we were much easier on him than the way George was being ridiculed and harassed in his room.

At home, I was anxious to tell mom all about George's punishment, but she told me the school had called and got her permission to give him sissy punishment, so she had known all about it. She thought it was the right thing to do, and as soon as George got home, she made him change into one of my old girlie-girlie dresses, lacy panties, a half-slip and all, saying it was good for him to pretend to be a little girl for a while, plus she joked he could 'stay in character' and make it easier for him to get back into his girlie boy routine at school again the next day if his punishment was to be extended – and mother thought it would be.

The next day, once again we had the first-thing-in-the-morning assembly and George was told to his dismay that his behavior the day before had been unsatisfactory. So while the other boy's punishment was just limited to that first day, George was again made to spend another day in his humiliating girlie outfit, but this time he was dressed in a miniskirt outfit before he was strapped. And when he was brought out after being dressed by one of the nuns and bent over, all of us cheered when we saw his bottom covered in pale blue panties loaded with white lace across the bottom and pink ribbon bows, panties like little baby girls wear to a fancy dress party!

(It must have taken one of those witchy old nuns hours to make those excessively frilly and fussy panties! And all the while that nun's own plain old panties probably got moist just thinking about how she would be lording it over a nasty little boy demoted to sissyness and exposed for all eyes to see in the panties she was so carefully making as outrageously feminine as she could conjure.)

Apart from morning playtime I only recall seeing George once that day. He had refused to join the girls and learn how to do knitting in the girls' home ec class, and for that he was sentenced to stand outside the cafeteria throughout lunch hour with his skirt pinned up and fully exposing for everyone's amusement his utterly fantastic and heavily decorated nylon panties.

When my girlfriends and I caught sight of him, we started to tease him and touch his panties. We really laughed when his penis seemed to like the attention and it started standing up and pushing out the front of his panties! The miserable lout started to weep, but before we really had a good chance to get to him, a nun came along and told us we could 'look but not touch' and then sent us in for lunch and told us to then go out to play until the afternoon bell.

George surely was going to be strapped again in the morning and made to spend another day humiliated in a dress and panties. George undoubtedly knew he would be punished yet another day because next morning he did something which showed just how much he hated petticoat punishment.

When I came down to breakfast, George was already in the kitchen, standing by a pan of boiling water on the stove. Suddenly, I heard him yell. He had tipped the pan of scalding water on one of his feet. He was in pain and hopped about screaming until Mother got him to sit down so she could pull his sock off. His foot was severely burned and he, of course, couldn't go to school that day. He really had to have been desperate to give himself that painful injury just to avoid another day of suffering the physical and mental agony of being the school's sissified panty boy.

When he did return to school the following day, he was a different boy altogether. He still got strapped and had to spend the day in his miniskirt outfit, and even though by most any standard, he was far less than a perfect little girl, none of the teachers reported him for misdeeds, and his petticoat punishment came to an end. I think the nuns saw through his distress and understood he had burned himself to save himself from further girlie boy punishments, and they probably thought he had agonized enough and learned his lesson, so they gave him a pass.

But the experience had reformed George; he was ever so good for quite a bit of time after that, especially at school. Sure, he had lost his three former friends, but he gradually got some new friends, and for quite a while we was still called 'nancy' or 'sissy' and was forever being asked questions like, "Why don't you bring your dolly to school like the other little girls do?" Or "Hey, boy, what color panties are you wearing today?" George just put up with it until the boys got tired of teasing him and left him alone. Over time, he eventually returned to a lot of his less-than-admirable old ways, although he was careful not to bully or do anything against any of the girls in school.

Soon school was out for the summer, and in June, George did something really bad to me and earned himself another woeful experience in girls' clothes. He had caught me at a disadvantage during a game, held me down, pulled down my panties and then felt me between my legs.

George and some of his pals were playing some stupid boys' game in our back garden. I think they called it 'Bandits' or something like that; anyway it was like most silly boys' games where someone is captured and hidden somewhere, and then the others have to find the captive and try to free him before they get captured themselves. It's like a glorified game of hide and seek. Anyway, in this game I was captured by George and tied down in some bushes behind the gazebo in our garden. I tried to struggle free, begging him not to leave me tied up, but he just laughed and said I would have to stay like that until one of the other boys found me and rescued me. I was getting frightened, thinking it might be ages before anyone came to set me free. As I continued to struggle George laughed at me and said, "You're ticklish, aren't you? I know you don't like being tickled and now you can't stop me, can you?" And with that, he began to tickle me under my arms.

I wriggled and jerked in the ropes holding me, squealing and giggling helplessly. George began to tickle my legs behind my knees and then suddenly moved his hands up my legs to feel my panties. He snapped the leg elastics, and then much to my horror, he pulled my panties down around my knees. Then he lifted my dress and said, "I know a place where most girls like to be tickled, and I bet you'll like it too," as he put his hands on my inner thighs and inserted his fingers in between my legs.

Just then I heard someone nearby, and before George could cover my mouth, I yelled for help. George frantically tried to pull my panties back up, tearing them on the way, and I still had them only part way up with my dress rucked up round my waist, when my friend Margaret found us. Edward was with her and George's three pals must have heard my screams because they followed them! When they saw how I was tied and wondered what George had been doing, they pulled George away from me, untied me and asked me what George had done to me. I told them,

Edward (who has a crush on me) gave George a hefty backhander and called him a little pervert, telling him he'd tell our father that George had been molesting me.

George was frog-marched back to the house, struggling futilely in the older boy's grasp. "I don't think you need to come around to play with George this weekend," Edward told George's three pals, "I don't think he'll want to come out or be able to come out while he's been punished."

The three boys went home, grinning and laughing at a struggling and squirming George.

When we got to the house, Mother came to see what all the noise was about and Edward told her what George had done. It thoroughly upset her, and not knowing what else to do, she made George go up to his room and wait for his father after changing into nothing but a flimsy pair of the frilly panties he had worn during his petticoat punishment at school. (After petticoating a boy, the nuns always sent his punishment panties home with him because they believed it was unhygienic for anyone else to ever put on someone else's underpants, and the boy's parents just might find occasion to have the boy wear them again at a future date – like now was the case.)

Not long after, father came home and mother told him in detail what George had been up to. Father didn't like petticoat punishment for his son; he feared it might make him into a sissy, so when he called George down to the den and saw him wearing the fanciest panties he had ever seen a woman or girl wear; it enraged him and made him almost ill. Mother explained she didn't know what else to do, so she had made him put on the panties and locked up his clothes so he wouldn't be tempted to run away knowing he was in for a major discipline session.

Father nodded as if to say she did the right thing. It was obvious he was more disgusted with George than with his son wearing grossly feminine little girl panties. He looked at George and told him, "I thought you had learnt a lesson the last time you got out of line and promised never to pull any of your pranks again."

George was then made to bend over, and father hesitated a moment staring down at his son's big bottom encased in girlie-girlie nylon panties. Gripping the waistband of the panties he started to ease them down but then left them up. Instead of pulling them down, he pulled them up, repeatedly yanking on the silky panties and snapping the waist elastic forcing them up against his son's immature cock and balls — certainly with the idea of punishing George's boy parts. "I don't like sissies! I don't like the idea of you wearing girls' clothes, but with your actions today, you certainly aren't fit to be a boy. Maybe being made to wear girls' clothes for a long while might straighten you out. God knows nothing I do to you seems to make an impression."

"Please, father, please, don't make me wear Wendy's clothes. I'm sorry. I'll be good -- real good, and forever. I promise!"

Father didn't like to see a boy cry either and when he saw George over his lap in pink panties with his head crooked back to look at him and plead with great big tears flowing from his eyes, it further enraged him.

"Please, No! No! Don't make me wear girls' clothes anymore. Please. I'll take a whipping

instead. But please don't let mom and sis dress me up like a girl. Please, father, don't let them do it," George sobbed, as his limp body hung over father's broad lap.

Father didn't feel sorry for him in the least. "Today is your lucky day, boy," he said looking down at his pantywaist son. "You're going to get the beating of your life and have to wear your sister's clothes too. Now doesn't that make you happy?"

Father had no appreciation for this crazy sissy way of disciplining a boy, this petticoat punishment; he was gone working and traveling a lot of the time, so he really didn't see George very much while he had been undergoing his various petticoat punishment and dress-up sessions, and until now he had no idea just how shameful it was for his son.

With belt in hand, he strapped George's panty-covered bottom with a vengeance, taking out his disappointment in his son, a miserable boy who molested his darling daughter and seemed to only learn a lesson and be cured of his evil ways for at least short periods of time after being made into a fool wearing sissified little girls' clothing. His son was a pitiful and wretched thing, and his anger toward him was now being displayed before the family as again and again, he brought that burning, stinging strap down as hard as he could. Panties or no panties, father's thundering belt had to sting like a thousand wasps and brought out bloodcurdling screams from his terrorized son.

"Get up on your feet, you big sissy, and bend over that stool. I'm going to give you three more strokes that you will forever remember, and then you can go. ... Go to hell as far as I'm concerned. Run away if you like. But if you stay in this house, I want you in dresses and panties and all the other fancy stuff girls wear for a long time, maybe forever. Not only do you have to dress like a girl, I don't ever want to see you. A boy in girls' clothes disgusts me, so stay away from me or I'll thrash you just for being near me. You make me ill. And remember, if you disobey me or cause any kind of trouble in this house, I guarantee the next whipping I give you will make you stay in bed for a week!"

Taunting him, he said, "Come to think of it, I've never seen you decked out in all your frillies. Mother tells me you look really pretty, so this one time, I want to see for myself. I want to have a picture in my mind of you as the full sissy you are. You repeatedly get warned about not doing things evil and against girls, but you keep doing them, and repeatedly you get punished by being forced to wear girls' clothes; well, I don't think it's a punishment, I think you're nothing but a sissy faggot, and you do bad things just so you'll be made to wear your sister's clothes. So, my dear girlie boy, you're going to get your wish. You're going to get to be a girl for the summer, maybe even forever.

"Now go upstairs with your mother and sister and let them pretty you all up for your grand entrance. Then come down here, curtsy for me and thank me for letting you be the sissy



pantywaist little boy girl that you obviously want to be. Get out of my sight now, and don't come back until you're as pretty as a miserable lout like you can be.”

By the time George dragged his beaten body up the stairs and into my room, I was already going through some of my best clothes for him to model for his father. No hand-me-downs this time, I was going to have George dressed in my finest things. I was busy in my chest of drawers selecting a matching set of pink lingerie, a slip, lacy panties, even a garter belt, and a bra – he had never worn a bra before and he stared at it in horror, and I was greatly excited.

“I think most of these things will fit him just fine,” I said to mother as she entered. She went to my closet to choose one of my best party dresses and brought it out and put it on my bed. George appeared terrified as he looked at the mass of frilly clothing awaiting him and again pleaded with mother to stop this insanity, but instead, she just slapped him across the face and told him he was getting off lightly for what he had done.

I knew the bra was going to be a big deal, so after we got him into my best pink panties, I said, “Let's see, what's next to put on? Ah yes, this will do nicely,” and picked up my longline bra, holding it up and putting my hands inside the cups to show him how it looked.

“Oh, no! Please, don't make me wear that, sis. Mom, don't let her do it; please, don't let her. Let me go, please. I promise never to touch Wendy again. I promise. Honest I won't ever touch her again. Oh, please ...”

But mother cut his outburst short with a solid double slap to his face. No words, just a scowling expression and slaps. George shut up and let me put the bra on him.

Throughout his dressing, he was sobbing in frustration. There was nothing he could do to change his immediate future. Once we had him in my prom dress I wore last year, mom did an impromptu alteration of it, and gathered the thin skirt up and bunched it around his waist securing it on each side with scarves decoratively tied in a way to leave his skirt pulled up and his – I mean my — pink panties on full view for his daddy!

Now fully dressed and still sobbing like a real pantywaist, we led George downstairs to show him off to father, who looked at his son and saw the terrified look on his face, and then father said; “I still don't approve of trying to turn a boy into a girl to correct his sins, as you know. I think a really good hiding, often repeated until a boy's behavior problem is corrected is a better way of doing things, but I'm not home a lot and mother here can't hit you hard enough to do any good, so I supposed girlifying you will have to do since it's her discipline method of choice.”

When George heard what father said, he sensed he had an option, and he started to plead once more, appealing to Father to stop being petticoated. “Please, father, don't let them do it. I'll take a beating from you instead. All the beatings you want to give me, whenever you are home. Stop them doing this to me. Stop them, please stop them. Give me a beating instead, please.”

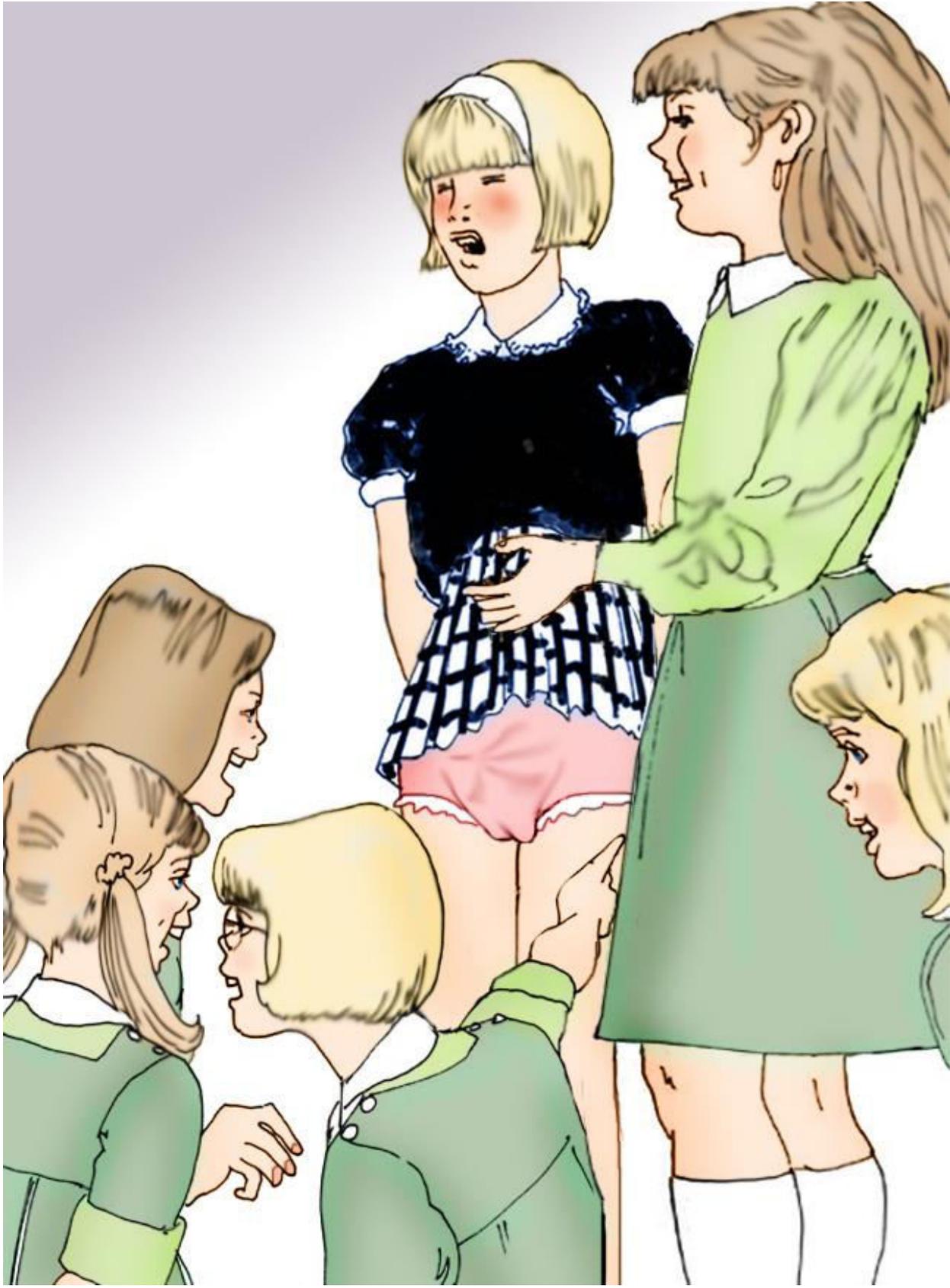
Father looked at him in surprise, amazed a young wimp of a boy like him actually pleading for a beating. He said, “Well, it appears your fear of being turned into a sissy girl scares you more

than my belt. ... so ... so, I'll not beat you any more unless you get in my way, as I mentioned, and I'll let your mother and sister make you into a girl for all the kids to tease and abuse. I hope your former friends get their hands in your panties, feel you up in your panties, and let you know what it feels like to be raped, you disgusting molester. Yes, this petticoating – what ever that exactly means – must be good for you since you fear it so much.”

And so George spent the summer in dresses and panties, and the kids in the neighborhood were welcome to come to the house and visit him or just come to stare and giggle at him most anytime they wanted. His old buddies stopped around a few times as did kids from school, especially a lot of girls visited who were envious and highly desirous of getting their brothers into a similar discipline program.

Based upon “*The Transmutation of George*” that appeared in *Madame V6 #3* in 1980.

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HEALTH



Boys with older sisters are most likely to become sissies and fags

LIFESTYLE



College setting up non-credit photo course for sissies to teach them how to take good pics of themselves

HEADLINES

The sissy boy Little Lord Fauntle the most influential boy of all time *Mothers believed his fancy clothes tamed*

Queens, NY: While many boys throughout history have been an inspiration to other boys, no one boy influenced the lives of other boys more than Little Lord Fauntleroy, the fictional character from the book of the same name published in 1886 by Frances Hodgson Burnett.



She modeled the character's clothes after fashions she had designed for her own t sons and included ruffled blouses, sailor suits, kilts, in particular, his elegant trademark velvet suits with short pants and wide lacy collars.

Mothers read the story and were convinced his sissy clothes turned him into a little gentleman and were s such clothes would do the same for their rough boys set fashion trends lasting over sixty years, making L Lord Fauntleroy the most influential little boy in his

Petticoat punishment: the old-time practice of disciplining bad boys in girls' clothes is again becoming the best way to tame naughty little boys!

Slippery Stick, WY: Maybe you thought petticoat punishment was something of



bygone days, this old way of taming boys is making a comeback because nothing disciplines a macho little boy like making him into a sissy and humiliating in front of his friends!

Survey: Why do you think females like to feminize boy
For a joke - 2% For vengeance - 7%
For punishment - 22% To feel superior to males - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Mother of a boy who stole panties told judge s buy her sissy son panties so he wouldn't steal t
Minister caught in panties says one of his flo
addicted to panties and he wanted to feel his
Panty-wearing sissy died in air condition
duck after trying to break into lingerie s
Woman divorced from macho ass
makes her sons wear bows and pan
Males threatened by fem boys are insecure in t
manhood and probably secretly attracted to sis

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