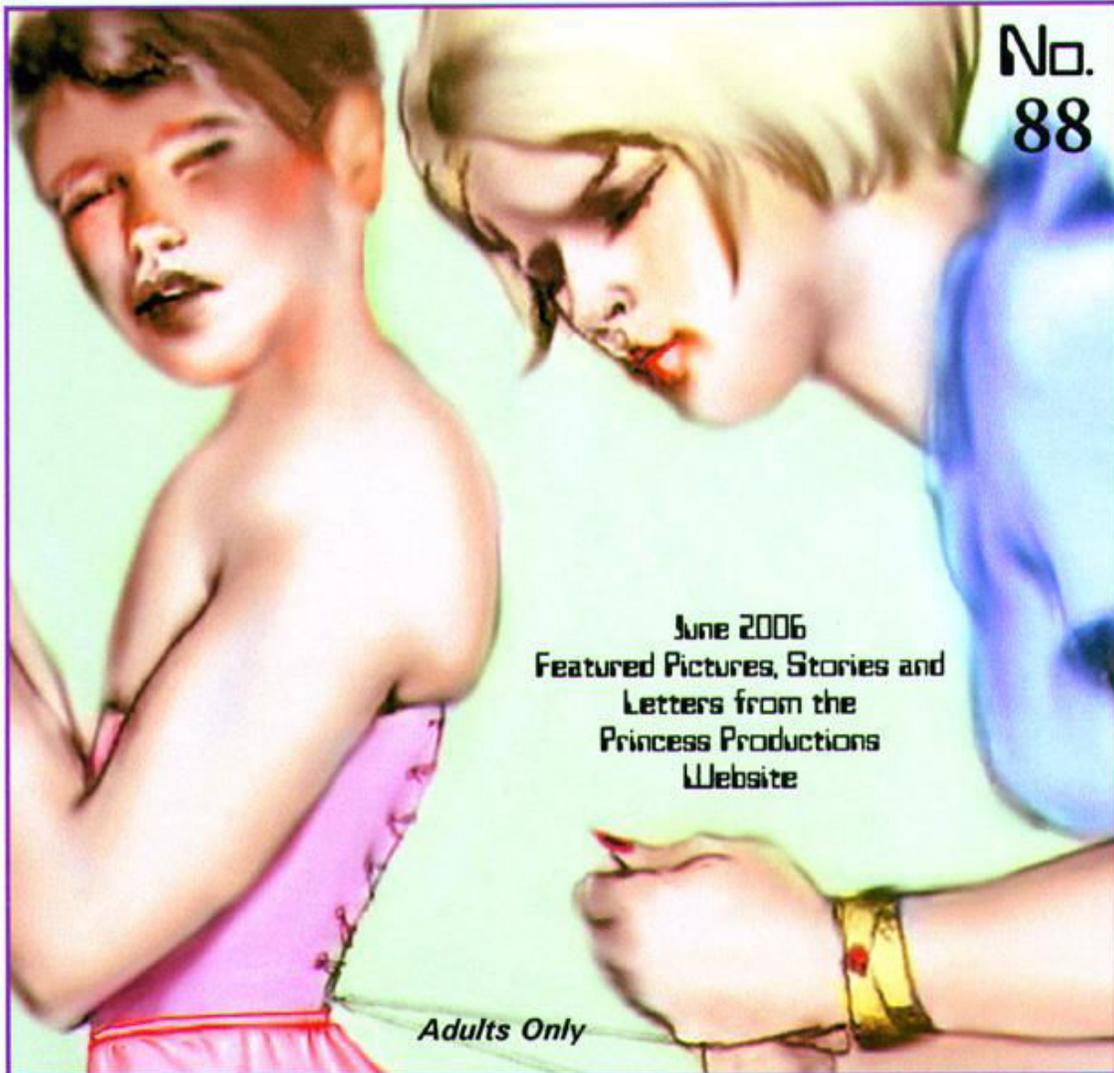


Princess Online



No.
88

June 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 boys under feminine training by dominant females who love dressing boys in girls' clothes and then humiliating those boys in front of their family and 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 creates fanciful pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment pictures that illustrate what happened to him, and one of his pictures we present here. Abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being forced to wear a dress and panties and then having the nuns and other school kids laugh at and ridicule him.

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Masquerade

Some of His Own Medicine!

Loud screams caused Muriel to rush to the window just in time to see John pulling up her daughter's dress to tease her about the fancy new panties she just got for her ninth birthday. He laughed at her embarrassed squeals and teased her as she struggled to free herself from his grip.

Muriel was ready for her misbehaving eight-year-old nephew this time. Ready and waiting were a complete set of girls' clothes in his size, the video camera and her old sorority paddle. Her daughter was aware of her preparations because John had pulled up her skirt before when he was there for a visit, and her mother said she'd spank him and make him put on girls' clothes if he ever did it again. The prospect of seeing her dumb little boy cousin in her clothes was a temptation too great for Sally to pass up. So Muriel didn't know that this time her daughter had trapped John to get him into trouble. She positioned herself so she was right under the open kitchen window because she knew her mother was right inside making a cake. Then she got John to play a game with her in which he had to guess what color panties she was wearing, and after he had guessed every color he could think of and still not guessed correctly, he became frustrated, grabbed her and began pulling up her skirt to see for himself. That's when she started screaming so her mother would hear.

Sally did not like boys, and neither did her mother ever since she caught her husband cheating on her and spending a lot of money on a girlfriend. She got a divorce and had little use for males ever since, and that dislike extended to boys too, and she always dreaded when she had to watch her nephew John when his mother had important things to do, like on this day.

At Sally's screams, Muriel looked out the window and saw John pulling up her daughter's skirt. She rushed outside, grabbed John and told him she hated little boys who were mean to girls and she was going to teach him a lesson.

He pleaded that they were just playing a game, but she ignored what he was saying and told him to stop lying. As she pulled him into the house by his ear, Muriel said she was disgusted with his teasing and lack of respect for females. She smacked his legs to get him to move faster as she propelled them upstairs to Sally's bedroom. Tears rolled down his face because he knew what was coming next.

"Please, Auntie, it was just a game. Don't spank me. I'll be good."

"You will be when I've finished with you. Now, stand still, or I'll smack you harder than ever before."

She yanked off his shirt and trousers. His T-shirt and underwear followed. He shivered involuntarily as he felt a cool breeze come in the window and over his nakedness. But a bigger chill came in the form of little girl giggles as Sally stood in the doorway mocking him.

"Please, Auntie, may I put some clothes on?" John said as he covered his privates with his hands and turned away from his cousin.

"Of course, you can, dear," Muriel said as she pointed to the stack of girls' clothes laid out on top of the dresser.

“Oh, but I can't wear those things. Those are for girls!”

Before the words were barely out of his mouth, Muriel hit him full force across his butt with her paddle.

“Y-e-o-o-ch!” he screamed. “Auntie, don't make me wear them!”

“I'm not going to make you wear them. You're going to ask me . . . no, in fact, since they're Sally's old clothes, you're going to beg her to put them on. Then you're going to beg your cousin to teach you how to be a sweet little girl instead of a stupid, ugly, naughty little boy.”

John's mouth dropped, the red glow of shame colored his cheeks. He quickly grabbed the frilly white satin party dress and tried to figure out how to put it on, but before he could, Muriel hit him again with the paddle.

“John! What are doing? Put that dress down! You start with the panties! Now pick up the panties and go to your cousin and ask her for permission to put her panties on.”

And when he didn't, she slapped him across the face and made him cry. Then he watched tearfully as his aunt picked up the stack of girls' clothes and set them next to him. She picked up a ruffled cancan petticoat and held it up to him.

"Here, we'll start with this nice little slip. We'll get to the panties in a moment. Come along! Step into the slip, we haven't got all day."

"Please, Auntie, don't make me wear girls' clothes!"

"Would you prefer a thrashing?"

John with tears streaming down his face stepped into the petticoat. His aunt adjusted the elastic around his waist. She slipped the white satin party frock over his head and then tied the sash into a big bow in back. Next, she slipped lacy white ankle socks over his feet, followed by Mary Jane shoes. Playfully she flipped up the front of his frock.

"So look in the mirror, you naughty little boy, and you'll see that if you don't wear panties, everyone will see your naked little boy parts because the dress is barely long enough to cover them up. Do you want your cousin and everybody else to see your tiny little dickie under your dress?"

“No, Auntie, please...”

She picked up a pair of Sally's party panties, pink nylon ones with a lot of frills in back and around the legs. She handed them to him. He held them like they were boiling hot, pinching them in just the tips of his fingers.

"Now, go ask your cousin if you can wear her panties.”

He shocked at that command, but when she picked up her paddle, he went to his cousin and mumbled something.

“John! I can't hear you. Ask loud enough for me to hear, or it's the paddle!”

“Can I put these...”

“These? These, what?” shouted Muriel. “Ask your cousin by her name, ask her nicely, and use the word 'panties!’”

“Sally, uh, can I please wear, these, I mean, can I wear your panties, please?”

“Of course, you can. I'll even give them to you. Because after you wear them, I never want to wear them again.”

Muriel said, “Good. Now, John, ask Sally to help you put her panties on.”

He blinked the tears out of his eyes, looked down at the panties still dangling from his fingers and then looked up at his auntie who had her paddle in hand and was ready to swing it on a moment's notice. “Sally, will you help me put on your panties, please?” he managed to say.

“Of course, sissy John boy, I'll help you,” she said as she took the panties from him and held them open by his feet.

“Come on, step into my panties, or I should say, YOUR panties! Hold onto my shoulder to steady yourself.”

John grabbed his cousin's shoulder to keep his balance. He looked away in the distance as he lifted his left foot.

“Watch what you are doing, John,” Muriel said. “You need to see yourself being put into your first pair of girlie nylon panties.”

While sniffing and through his teary eyes, he looked down and watched as Sally put his left foot through the lacy panty leg hole and then she did the same with his right foot.

“Hold your frock and petticoat up and watch closely, John girl!” she teasingly commanded.

As he did, he saw Sally ease the slinky lace panties up his legs. A feeling of shame flooded over him as the panties glided up and over his little cock. His aunt helped to adjust the panties around his waist, smiling at the sight of his boyish prick making a little mound inside the pink nylon panties. They were semitransparent, and Muriel and her daughter could clearly see his cock through the material. Knowing the good time they were going to have with him, auntie felt wetness in her own panties. She was turned on seeing the little boy dressed in girls' clothes, particularly the pink panties! She thought how great it would be if all little boys had to wear girls' panties! Perhaps, then, their behavior would improve.

Meanwhile, John's thoughts were in chaos. It was awful being forced to wear girls' clothes, but he was also aware of a nice ticklish feeling in his willie as it got settled in the unfamiliar silky material of the panties. As the nice feeling grew, so his little cock stiffened, and pushed out the front of the panties.

Muriel dragged him downstairs, opened the back door, pushed him into the garden and told him to play with Sally. Just then, Jill, one of her friends had come over to play and was stunned to see John in the white party dress. Terrorized beyond belief, John ran back toward the house.

But Muriel made him stay outside and told the kids, "Stay there in the middle of the yard where I can see you from the kitchen window." Then she went back in, locked the door and started her video camera.

Jill squealed with delight as Sally told her all about what was happening. "Look, Mommy put my cousin John in my old party frock! Doesn't he look sweet?"

"Oh, my goodness! What a pretty little boy! I wonder if he's wearing some nice panties too!"

Of course, Sally knew he was wearing her pink party panties, but she played along. "Well, let's find out!" she said as she and Jill clustered excitedly around the frightened little boy and tried to pull up his dress.

"Stop it! No! No, don't!" pleaded John, but as he was able to hold down one side of his frock, hands were grabbing at the other side.

Sally let Jill make the discovery.

"Oh, goodie! He is wearing panties!" squealed Jill, "Pink ones with lace! Sally, these are your best party panties!"

"So, he is," Sally said coolly. "Let's have a proper look," she said as she seized John's wrists and held them behind his back.

John was helpless as Jill pulled up the front of his frock, fully exposing the frilly pink panties to her bulging eyes. And when Jill rubbed her hands over the front of his panties, he gasped and squirmed. He had never felt anything like that before. He stopped groaning and pouting and started panting. Sally sensed the change and let go of his wrists but then had to hold onto him to steady him as he weaved back and forth in erotic pleasure from Jill's rhythmic stroking of his silken pantied cock.

Highly amused that Jill could so easily seduce John by simply jerking on his cock in her nylon panties, Sally shook her head and giggled in victory, and immediately decided to raise the stakes and really get him excited about panties. "I know," she said, "let's do handstands. I'll be fun!" She bent down right in front of John and kicked her legs up so Jill could hold her ankles. Her little dress fell around her shoulders. Her pale yellow panties were fully revealed. In spite of his aroused predicament, John stared at the amazing sight before him. He couldn't tear his gaze away

from Sally's panties only inches from his face. Girls always hid their panties from boys, and that was one of the reasons he liked to peek up their skirts, but to have a girl upend herself and fully expose her silky panties so close to him was something that could only be wished for, never really expecting it to happen, but it was happening. His hungry eyes feasted on his pretty cousin's forbidden panties, taking in every detail of the frilly lace-trimmed legs, embroidered flower decoration and elastic waist and legbands that pulled the clinging yellow nylon panty fabric into beautiful little mounds and tucks that danced around her tummy, hips and legs with her every movement. Most of all, he focused on the V where her panties disappeared between her upturned legs that she kept slightly spread apart to maintain her balance. Then she dropped down and the most astounding panty show John had ever seen came to an end.

"Right, now it's your turn," Sally said to the poor boy.

John hesitated and complained that he couldn't do a handstand, but Sally told him it was easy and they would hold his legs up. Then Jill whispered in his ear that if he did, she'd get him alone and play with his penis some more in the panties. He knew it was a horrible thing for a boy to do. What kind of a boy was he, anyway? Bad enough that these girls had seen him in girls' clothes, but now to play along with them, do a handstand and let them humiliate him even more? But the pull to be pleased again by Jill's hand was too great; he simply knelt down in front of Sally and kicked his legs up and over. He felt her catch his ankles, but most of all he felt his party dress and bouffant petticoat fall down over his chest and face. He knew the two girls were now ogling his panties from a very close angle. He felt so vulnerable, and it was so weird when a breeze ruffled the silky panty material. The girls gathered even closer and studied the little boy's panties and what was inside them.

"Look at his little willie," said Sally holding his legs as she opened them wider so they had a clear view as they stared when down at the bulges in the crotch and front of his panties. She had a feeling of tremendous power over John, her helpless victim.

"OK, Jill, why not have a good feel. There's nothing he can do about it!"

Jill grabbed a handful of his pink pantied willie and gave a squeeze.

"No, please stop!" shouted John from under the upturned petticoat. "No, everyone can see!"

"What?" asked Jill. "You don't want me to wank you off in your panties?"

"No, I mean, yes, I mean, no ... uh, not, not like this!"

Sally's laughing humbled the boy, but his protests only encouraged Jill, who was now fully exploring his cock and balls with both hands, rubbing, pulling and tickling them, making them dance within the silkiness of girls' panties.

"I want a go at him too!" shouted Sally.

John had loved Jill touching him, even though he didn't want her to do it with him upside down so publicly and fully exposed to his cousin's evil eyes. So he was happy when Jill stopped touching him but became alarmed when she took hold of his upturned legs and Sally began feeling him up through the thin silky material of her rhumba panties. John struggled, his legs kicking madly, but Jill was strong and had him in a firm grip. He was helpless.

To Sally, his struggles made it even more exciting. She loved looking at her fingers playing with the little bulge in the pink panties. She giggled as she noticed the little bulge was considerably bigger than it had been when they started! Despite his shame and helplessness, John responded to the strange feelings in his little cock as it reacted to the silky nylon and to the ministrations of his cousin's teasing little girl fingers.

In the kitchen, Muriel slipped her hand between her legs and rubbed her pussy lips through her own panties as she watched the two little girls ravish the captive boy. With her other hand, she zoomed the camera to get a close-up of her daughter's pink rhumba panties on the little boy and the girls' fondling his cock with inquisitive fingers. The folds of the nylon panties rippled, accentuating John's struggles of joy and terror. Eventually, the girls released him. He got to his feet, blushing bright red at the leering girls. But, more was to follow!

"Hold him, Sally," Jill said, as she slipped her hands up her skirt and took off her own panties. She held them up in front of John's face. They were powder-blue nylon panties with white bows and lace on the legs.

"I want to see him in MY panties!" she said.

She knelt down and slowly pulled John's pink panties down. His twitching penis and balls were now totally exposed to the ogling little girls, but Sally held him securely and he could do nothing to cover himself. She tugged the pink panties right off and then threaded John's feet through the leg holes of her own blue nylon panties. Exciting feelings exploded inside her at dressing a boy in her own pretty panties! Something she could never have dreamed of happening. This was fun! She slowly pulled the panties up John's legs by the waistband and then opened the elastic right out. She looked inside the panties down at the boy's cock.

"OK, little willie, you're going into my panties!"

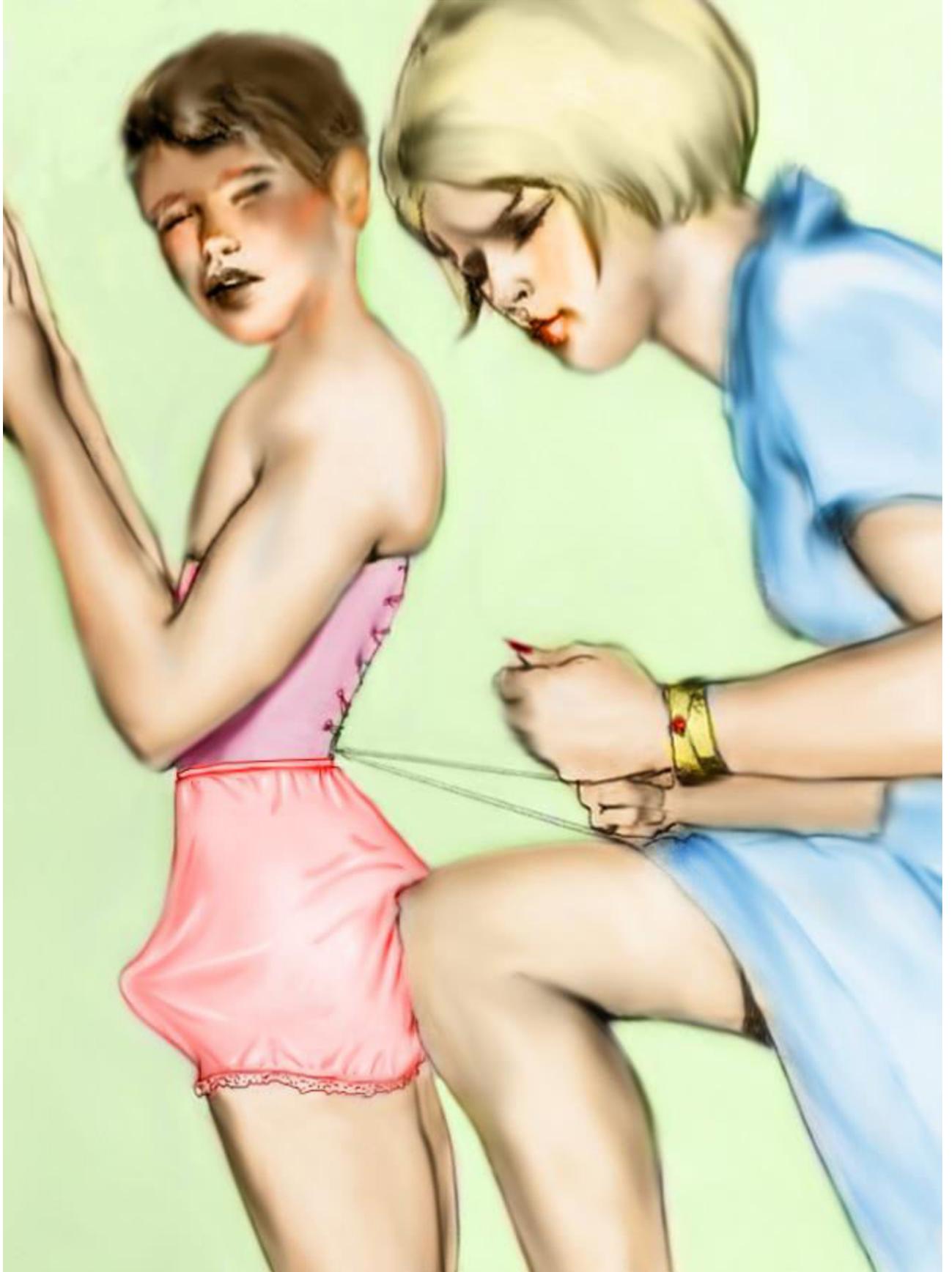
She looked up into John's eyes, gloating.

"Watch carefully," she ordered, "watch me put your funny little thingie in my panties!"

John looked down. With a cry of triumph, Jill released the waist elastic, and the panties snapped up against the boy's cock. John burst into tears. This was awful. But at the same time, he was once more aware of a nice but strange feeling in his cock. Jill took hold of the waist elastic and then pulled the panties all the way up high on his stomach and let it go with a stinging snap, making John yelp and cry.

Just then a group of kids came out of the house next door and into their backyard. Some of them looked over at John and the two girls and wondered what was going on. That's when Muriel realized they had done enough for one day and brought the kids back into the house.

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Classic Art

The faint noises coming from the stockroom unnerved her because she thought everyone had already left for the day while she stayed to catch up on bookwork. Cautiously, she walked from her office past the display cabinets filled with lingerie and the mannequins modeling nightgowns, bras, slips and panties. At the back of the shop she eased open the stockroom door and tiptoed in. There was her fourteen-year-old nephew whom she had just hired as her new stock boy hiding behind a stack of boxes and wearing nothing but a pair of lavender panties.

“Robert! What the hell are you doing?”

He jumped in horror and crouched low to cover his pantied condition. “Oh! Auntie Emma! I ... I ... uh ... I didn't think you'd hear me. I ...”

“What have I hired? Some sort of fag? Wait until I tell your mother about this!”

The poor kid was sobbing, moaning and begging her not to tell his mother. He was groveling at her feet pleading for forgiveness.

“Stop your blubbering, Robert! Or should I call you Bobbi or Roberta or what? You'll have to pay for those panties.”

“Oh, please, Auntie Emma, I'm sorry. I'll pay for them, but, please, don't tell mom!”

Just then she saw the big wet spot on the front of the panties. His spunk had turned the panties' pale lavender nylon fabric into a much darker color. His Auntie immediately knew what had happened.

“You blew your disgusting snot into my panties!” she screamed.

It greatly excited her to see him like that. She wanted to take him in her arms and comfort him and tell him that everything was OK because she loved sissy boys. Having owned a lingerie shop for over twenty years, she knew a lot of sissy men and boys who loved dressing up in slips and bras and panties. But instead of cuddling him and assuaging his fears, she took a different course of action. From her experience dealing with sissy lingerie lovers, she knew a curious young boy caught in this situation was very vulnerable and probably at a crossroads in his life. And as a psych graduate, she knew how she reacted could determine how this moment would affect him for the rest of his life. She knew exactly what to do.

“Well, if you don't want me to tell your mother, you'll have to let me punish you, OK?”

“Oh, yes, Auntie, you can punish me, but don't tell mom!”

She opened a box of miss made slips to be sent back to the manufacturer, draped a couple of them over her lap and then pulled Robert across her thighs and spanked the daylight out of his pantied bottom.

Then she stood him up. Gave him one of those slips, and told him to strip off the wet panties and dry himself with it.

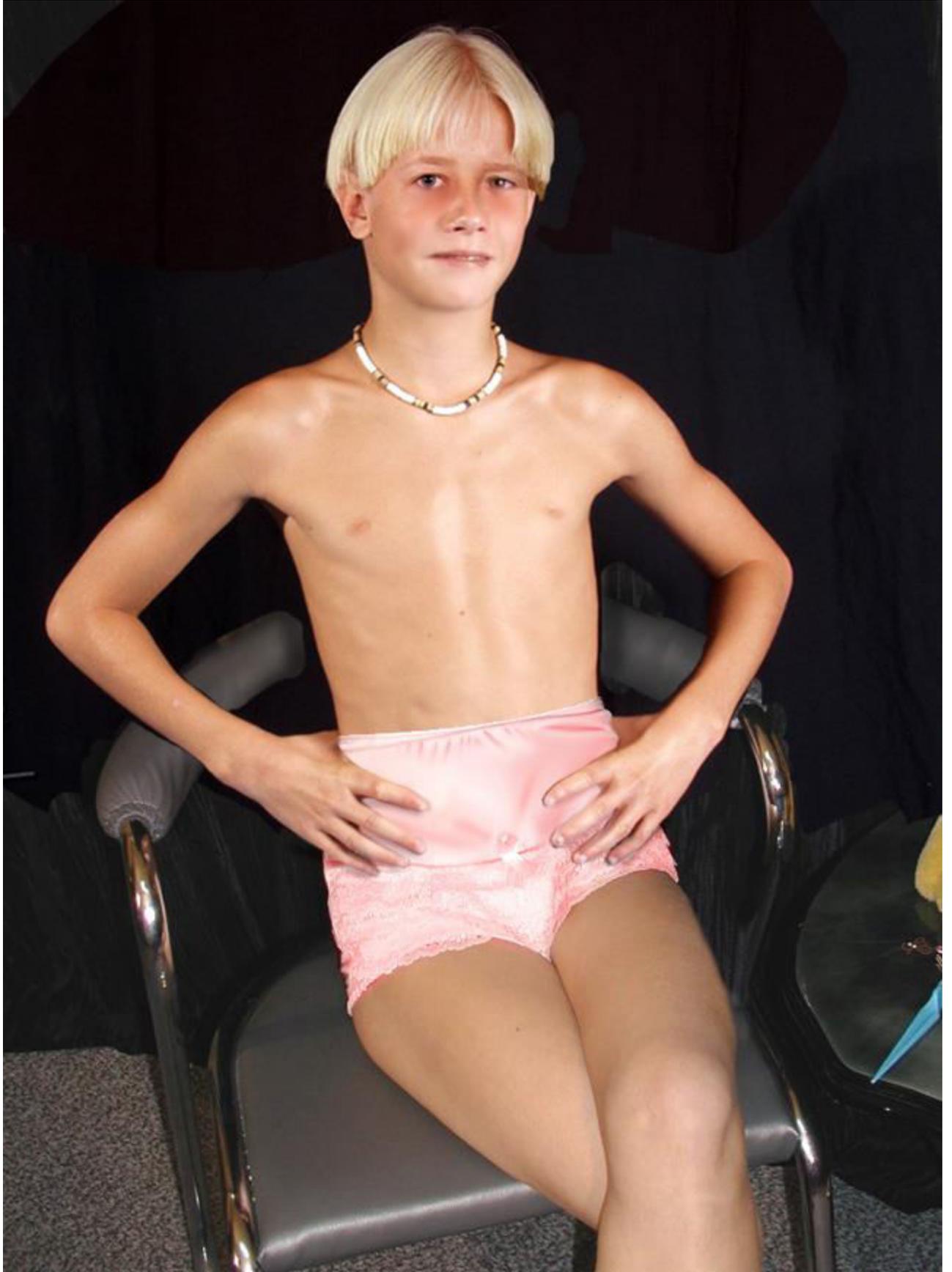
Next, she put him in pink panties and a lavender corset, drew the corset as tight as she could and told him he had to keep the corset and panties on under his clothes and go home. She warned him to keep them on all night and until he came to work the next day, which was a Saturday. Then she would see how she would further punish him because he was a very naughty boy who would need her special guidance for a long time.

After he got dressed and went home, his Auntie went back to her private office and called her sister, Robert's mother.

“You were right, Kate; he finally took the bait; I caught him playing with himself in panties in the storeroom. Yes! And he shot a big slug of cum into the panties! I spanked him and just sent him home wearing a corset and pink panties under his clothes. I told him he had to wear them until he comes to work tomorrow. So pretend to catch him wearing them when he gets home and punish him, and we'll be well on our way to having ourselves the sissy little slave boy you always wanted him to be! But right now I have to hang up, get my big vibrator out and entertain myself as I watch the video from my security camera. It was all so exciting. As I talk to you, I'm sitting here holding his fresh cum-filled panties, and I don't want to wait any longer to thoroughly enjoy this moment!”

We Princessized this classic drawing from an old transvestite story called "Boys Will Be Girls" and the story was based on a story published in 1979 in 51% Female.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Jacob

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

Ma Kelly was crazy. Nobody disputes that. Still everyone loved her and didn't question her ways. She was a 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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Japanese school lets boy enroll as girl

TOKYO — A young boy who believes he was born the wrong sex was allowed to enroll as a girl at an elementary school in Japan.

The 7-year-old boy entered the school as a girl in April 2005 after he was diagnosed with gender identity disorder at age 6, a spokesman for the local school board said.

The boy's name is listed with girl students, and he attends a girls' gym class and uses the girls' bathroom. The boy, who's in the second grade, wears a girl's swimsuit at the school pool.

"At this point, we are relieved that the child was accepted into first grade," an official said.



Two Girls Take Charge of a Boy

Still in our school uniforms, my girlfriend, Judy, and I had just come home from school and were playing hopscotch by my house. As I was about to take my turn, Judy broke my concentration as she said, “Oh, no, here comes Dennis Swenson.”

Like us, Dennis was eight years old. He lived down the block.

“So what's the problem,” I asked.

“I bet he's going to want to play with us, and I don't want to play with him now.”

“Dennis and I play sometimes. He's OK.”

“I know,” she said, “but I don't feel like playing with boys right now.”

I was about to ask why when Dennis came up.

“Hi, Judy. Hi, Susie. Whatcha doing?”

“What does it look like we're doing?” Judy responded. “We're doing nothing.”

That was true enough, since we had stopped playing and were just standing there.

“Can I play with you?” Dennis asked.

I was about to say, “Sure,” but Judy cut me off.

“No, you can't.”

“Why not, Judy?” I asked.

“Because he's a boy.”

“So?”

“So, we don't play with boys.”

I didn't understand why she didn't want him to play with us, but she was my very best friend, and besides given a choice between supporting Dennis or Judy, I had to side with a member of my own sex.

“I'm sorry, Dennis. Judy says you can't play.”

“That's not fair,” Dennis protested.

“What's not fair?” Judy said.

“That I can't play.”

“Oh, it's not your fault. It's just that you're a boy,” Judy said. “If you were a girl, it would be different.”

“Why,” asked Dennis.

“Because girls are better than boys,” she told him.

Just as Dennis was about to call it quits, Judy gave in a little, “You can play, but it depends.”

“Depends on what?” said Dennis.

“On if you can be good like a girl.”

“I'm good,” he said.

Judy ignored his response and turned to me. “What do you think, Susan? Should we let this boy play?”

By now, I was thoroughly confused and didn't know what to say.

Judy didn't wait for an answer and said, “Maybe, if he's does just as he's told.”

Dennis pleaded, “I'll play your way.”

Judy said, “You have to play the way we want you to. You got to prove you're good. This is a girls' game, and if you want to play, you're going to have to play by girls' rules. OK?”

“OK,” agreed Dennis. “What do I have to do?”

“First, you can't have a dumb boy's name. You have to have a girls' name. Hmmm, I think we'll call you Penny.”

I giggled, “I have a doll with that name!”

“Are you ready to play, Penny?” Judy asked.

“OK,” Dennis said nodding.

But Judy wasn't satisfied. "Not so fast. If you're going to play like a girl, you have to look more like a girl. Here, take off your shirt and put my blouse on. It's white and looks almost like your shirt but it buttons on the other side, so it's a girls' blouse."

"Do I have to?" complained Dennis.

"Yes you do, or you can go home. If you don't stop fighting with me, we won't let you play, right, Susan?"

"Yes, you have to do everything Judy tells you," I said. I still had no idea where all this was going, but I liked how Judy was ordering Dennis around. There was something about a girl telling a boy what to do that excited me.

Dennis took off his shirt, and put Judy's blouse on. She put his shirt on. "Now can I play?"

"I don't know," Judy said. "Something is missing. You need to put on a skirt too."

"Why do I have to wear a skirt?"

"So you're like a girl, silly. Here, you can change with me behind the bushes. I'll put on your pants."

"But why can you put on a boys' shirt and pants and I have to wear your school skirt?"

"Because I'm already a girl, so clothes don't matter, but the only way you can be a girl is to put on girls' clothes, like my skirt."

"I dunno..."

"Com'n, it'll be fun!" I urged him. I was tingling inside about seeing him in Judy's skirt. He was frowning and looking a little afraid. I felt like I could read his mind. "Don't worry; no one is around. Nobody will see you."

Judy coaxed him behind the bushes and helped him drop his pants. She took off her blue plaid mini skirt and they traded. As she helped him with the skirt, he would have liked to have seen her in her panties but his shirt pretty well covered them up. And as soon as she buttoned and zipped up the skirt, she said, "Take your underwear off too. I'll give you my panties, so you'll really feel like a girl."

"Oh, I don't want to wear them. I don't like this game. I think I'll go back home. Give me my pants back."

"Dennis, you agreed to play our game and you want to back out already. Well, I'm not going to let you do it. I've got your pants on, and I'm not giving them back until you get into my panties and play with us."

He had a tear in his eye, but he stopped complaining and shucked off his underwear. Judy reached under her skirt for her panties. They were pink silky panties with flowers on the front and a little bit of white lace on the legs. Dennis was staring wide-eyed as she pulled them down and off and handed them to him. She steadied him as he stepped into them. Instead of trying to peek at Judy's nakedness under his shirt, he was totally consumed, staring down at the panties on his hips, letting his fingers discreetly touch the silky fabric and lace. After Judy finished adjusting the lacy legs of the panties around his thighs, she put on his pants and then threw his underwear up on top the bushes.

“Hey! Why did you do that?” he complained.

“So you don't chicken out, try to grab your underwear and run home. Don't worry; we'll help you get them back when we're done playing. I can reach them a stick.”



Dennis seemed a bit less nervous. His hands and attention returned to his body in skirt and panties. He rubbed the thin silky skirt over the panties. He was awed by the feeling!

Judy continued, "Penny, Susan and I don't play with boys. Since you're not a girl, just a boy in a skirt and panties, you will have to prove you are willing to be good like girls and do everything we say."

"I've done everything you guys wanted ..."

"You have to do more.... I know what! You have to show us how you make pee."

Dennis stammered, "Here, outside?"

"No silly, come with us," Judy said leading him by the hand. "Susan, let's do it in your basement. You have a bathroom there."

"Yeah, but ..." I said.

"Yeah, but what?" asked Judy.

"My cousin Ken is in the house. He might see us."

Ken was my thirteen-year-old cousin, and today, like on many days, he got paid a few bucks to watch me while my mom was at work. Ken was very strict with me, but really, he was a nice guy. Besides, he was cute, and Judy and I sort of had a crush on him.

"Oh, no, he won't. He's too busy watching the ball game to pay attention to us. We'll just be really quiet."

With Dennis in Judy's clothes, the three of us snuck into the house through the backdoor and went right down into the basement. We got to the bathroom and turned on the light. Judy stood on one side of him, and I stood on the other to watch him take a pee. He seemed a little nervous, but had gone this far so I guess he figured he'd do what Judy wanted. I started giggling as soon as he pulled up the skirt and pulled his pen light-size penis out of the leg hole of the lacy pink panties. It wasn't that I didn't know what a penis looked like. I saw one once before — sort of. Judy had drawn me a picture. I did wonder how she knew what one looked like. I guess this wasn't her first time, but a boy's pecker coming out of pink panties sure looked funny to me.

"Wow, Judy, this is great." I whispered huskily, "I never saw one up close like this." All we did was ask him, and he took it out for us, just like that!

"Wait, it gets better," Judy told me.

We waited for a minute or two. Dennis took some deep breaths and finally relaxed and started peeing into the toilet bowl. I couldn't help it. I was gently giggling the whole time. When Dennis finished, he plopped his penis back underneath his pink panties, but Judy told him, "Oh, no, not

so fast! Now, we get to play with your dick. Hold up your cute little skirt, so we can touch it in your panties.”

“Is this OK?” I asked. I felt that just watching him was naughty enough, but actually touching his dickie was something entirely different. It seemed, so -- evil.

Dennis protested, “My mom says I'm not supposed to let strangers touch me down there.”

Judy had the answer to that one. “We're not strangers, Penny, we're friends. Besides, your mom means that about grown ups, not kids like us. Anyway, this is part of the game. If you don't obey the rules, you won't get your pants back and you'll have to go home to your mom in my skirt and panties. Now keep that skirt up. We're going to play with your peepee.”

He said, OK," but he was nervous with tears in his eyes. He asked, “Is this going to hurt.”

“Oh, no, Penny girl!” Judy assured him, “In fact, I think you are going to like it.”

She held his penis in one hand through the silky pink panties and to gently rub it. She took her other hand and put it on his panties in back. He squirmed a bit as she massaged his butt through the soft panties. “Nice, huh?” she asked with a big smile. She knew she was getting to him.

Dennis was breathing heavily and weaving back and forth. Judy let him sit down on the laundry hamper but made him keep his skirt held high and his legs wide apart so we could see his cock pushing at the front of her panties.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing and squealed, “Look at that, it's getting bigger.” I had never seen an erection before, and as an eight year old, I didn't understand the significance of it. All I knew is that watching Dennis' penis get hard in Judy's hands was fun to watch.

Once she got it big, Judy pulled it out of the leg hole again and used her fingers to continue playing with it. It looked like she knew exactly what to do. I wondered where she had learned all that stuff. I just watched – and giggled a lot! She stuck her fingers in her mouth to wet them, and then used her wet fingers to easily slide up and down his penis and then spread her spit around the head of his cock.

“There, how does that feel?” Judy asked Dennis.

“It feels kinda funny, sort of like when I have to make pee, only a little different, and I just went.”

“See, I told you it would be fun. Now, let Susan try it. Susan, do you want to try it? Its fun, you'll like it.”

“You bet! How do I do it?”

“You just put your fingers around his dickie like this, and your thumb on the head and rub it. Move your fingers back and forth, and make little circles with your thumbs. Make sure you spit on it every now and then to keep it slippery.”

I remember telling Judy, “It feels squishy, but it's hard.”

I loved the way his warm cock responded to my rubbing. I really got a kick out of having such control over a boy. I began to wonder if all boys were so easy.

Judy and I took turns playing with Dennis' penis. We were so much into it that we didn't notice Ken had come downstairs until he asked, “What are you girls doing?”

I was so scared, I couldn't breathe.

Ken took one look at Dennis and said, “What in the hell are you doing in a skirt. And you got panties on too! Why, you little sissy! And Judy and Susie, you're playing with his cock. You are bad little girls. Dennis, get the hell out of here. Go on home.”

“But ... but ... but, Ken, I need to have my pants back.”

“No you don't, little girl. If you like being dressed up like a girl, I'm making you stay that way.”

“But, they made me put on ...”

“You're a boy and you let two little girls put you in a skirt and panties! You must be a sissy. So just stay dressed this way. I think I'll send you home to your mom like this.”

“No-o-o-o! Please, nooo!”

“Well, both you and the girls have to be punished for what you were doing. Do you want me to punish you instead of sending you home like this?”

“Don't let my mom see me ...”

“OK, then. And when I get done with you, I'm going to punish the girls. But you're first. Girls go on upstairs until I'm ready to deal with you, and then I'm going to call your moms, and tell her what you kids were doing here.”

I was crying loudly as Judy and I trudged up the stairs on our way upstairs.

“Dennis, come here. I've got to punish you, and if you don't do what I say, I'll call your mom too and tell her everything. I'm sure she'll find it interesting that she has a little sissy girl now instead of a wimpy little boy.”

Judy had told me to stop crying and be quiet. Once I did, she tugged me back down the stairs to peek around the corner and see what Ken was doing to Dennis. He was standing real close to him and talking.

“Dennis, I was surprised when I saw you. At first, I thought you were a real little girl. Then I saw it was you. If you had a cute little blonde wig, you'd be a real pretty girl, much prettier than Judy and almost as cute as Susie.”

I gasped when he said that. Dennis a girl! Yuk! Judy put her hand over my mouth to keep me quiet. Dennis was crying and protesting, saying he didn't want to be a girl.

“But you make such a pretty girl. But now I have to punish you so you don't forget this. You will have to get a spanking for it.”

Dennis was protesting, but Ken quieted him when he said, “What do you think your mom would do if I told her?”

Pressed for an answer, he had to admit, “She'd probably give me a real bad spanking and tell my dad too.”

“So you have a choice, you can let me spank you or you can go home in this skirt and let your mom spank you and then tell your dad too.”

Dennis shook his head no.

“Well, let's get this over with, lift up your skirt and get over my lap.”

Ken's order was so loud and commanding that Dennis unhesitatingly obeyed. He put himself over Ken's knee barely before he was given the order. I felt embarrassed for him, as I watched him with the little skirt up around his waist and his shiny pink panties reflecting the bright overhead light.

Ken was really staring hard at Dennis' butt in Judy's pink panties. He started rubbing those panties and smoothing them out over Dennis' bottom. A lot of both the back and front of those panties were exposed. Dennis squirmed, still pouting.

Judy and I took another step down the stairs so we could get a better view. It was a struggle to stay quiet.

Ken placed his left arm over Dennis' back steadying him on his left leg, leaving his pantied rear end well up in the air for the spanking.

My mind was in a whirl. Only minutes ago, Judy and I seemed to be so much in charge of everything, now the whole situation was reversed. Minutes ago I felt so proud of the things we were doing to Dennis. Now I felt nothing but shame. I just knew Ken was going to make Judy and me pay for what we did just like he was punishing Dennis.

Ken kept his hand on Dennis' butt and slowly rubbed the panties, it looked like he was enjoying doing it. My butt felt cool, but I feared it was going to be red hot once he got around to spanking me too. I tensed with anticipation, and trembled for Dennis' sake...

“Don't clench your butt like that. It'll only make things worse for you,” he warned.

Finally, Ken lifted his arm and swung it down planting his palm squarely on the upturned pink pantied butt. It made a loud smacking sound. He gave a dozen or so swats and then told Dennis to look at him. He did so with anger and humiliation showing on his face.

“Why are you crying? You can't possibly be hurt. You're a big boy aren't you? Or are you crying because you're a sissy? I didn't spank you hard at all. I'm sure it didn't hurt.”

I had to admit that I didn't think Ken had hit him all that hard, but Dennis was sure crying. He was probably just humiliated to the core. Here he was in front of an older boy in a skirt and panties and being spanked!

“No, it didn't hurt,” Dennis mumbled through his moaning and tears.

“Good,” he grinned, “In fact you liked it, didn't you?”

“No! Can I go home, now?”

“Pretty soon, but first let me try this,” Ken said.

He had Dennis now standing up in front of him, and using his hands to play under the skirt.

“Hold your skirt up, boy! All the way around!”

He did.

“Oh, my god, you are a sissy. Look, how hard your little baby cock is in these girls' panties. You like me doing this, don't you?”

Dennis just moaned. He was really squirming and wobbling around back and forth. Then Judy and I were stunned as Ken ducked his head down, pulled Dennis' little cock out of the side of his panties and started sucking on it!

Judy jumped up and went running toward them. I didn't know what to do. I was frozen on the spot.

“Faggot! Faggot! Faggot!” Judy kept screaming.

Ken stopped sucking on Dennis and jumped up.

Judy told him she was going to tell on him. Ken tried to explain, but Judy knew she had him. Ken finally agreed to do whatever Judy wanted so she wouldn't tell.

I was shocked when Judy then told him to go back to sucking on Dennis' little cock!

Dennis was too young to cum, so Judy had them switch around and made him suck on Ken's big cock. Dennis didn't want to do it, but she used the same scare tactics Ken had used and threatened to send Dennis' home still in the skirt and panties plus tell his mom and dad.

I couldn't describe my feelings. I was shocked and weirdly happy. Things had happened so fast, but before I left that day, I started to feel better than I had ever felt in my life. Both Dennis and Ken were now our slave boys and totally committed to do whatever we wanted. Having power over boys is an awesome power!

Based on an anonymous 1995 Internet story entitled "Two Girls and a Boy."

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<h1>The Pantywaist Weekly</h1> <p>All the news you need to be panty wasted</p>			Published weakly, never w Published only when we fi time after raiding clothe dressing up and jerki
Vol 4 No 6 June 2006			
HEALTH	LIFESTYLE	HEADLINES	
		<h2>Petticoat punished boy goes craz and shoots up his all girls' schoo Mom says she didn't panty train him early enoug</h2>	
<p>After years of a boring sex life, woman got a divorce, met a sissy on the Internet and is now having the greatest sex in her life: She and her lover fuck, masturbate each other or sixty-nine while they both wear lacy rhumba panties!</p>	<p>He doesn't like pets but 50s crossdresser always owned a cat</p>	<p>Lavender Hills, CA: An 11-year-old boy attending an all girls' school broke under the pressure of his petticoat punishment and went on a shooting spree at Holy Mother of Mercy Elementary School. The boy, Mark Downey, did not injure anyone but caused a thousand dollars of damage. His target was the wardrobe room where costumes are kept for the various school plays, and these outfits were also the source of the punishment</p>	
	<p>Cape Fear, NC: During the 50s, life in drag was rough for a pantywaist, and if a cop would ask if he was a guy or girl he'd honestly tell him he had a pussy!</p>	 <p>As early as the 1st grade teachers had recommended that Mark's mother put him into frilly girls' panties to tame his wild spirits, but she did start pantying him until last</p>	



Survey: How long since you told someone you wear panties
Within last week - 1% Last month - 2% Last year - 6%
Since you started - 22% Never told anyone - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Finally a diet for sissies and pantywaist wimps! Mistress Connie Moore is getting rich pushing her diet guaranteed to get you to lose weight: All she allows you to eat is the cum drained into panties from her female slaves after they are out turning tricks!



By switching to jacking off with silky panties instead of using lube guys can conserve

When a sissy lawyer was asked what was in his briefcase, he truthfully told them bring

A miserly woman got too fat to fit into her panties, so she makes her husband wear them

Boy sues school for caption under his yearbook picture that said "crazy panty boy" instead of "crazy party

Women shopaholics happiest with crossdressing because they rarely limit their clothes buying

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