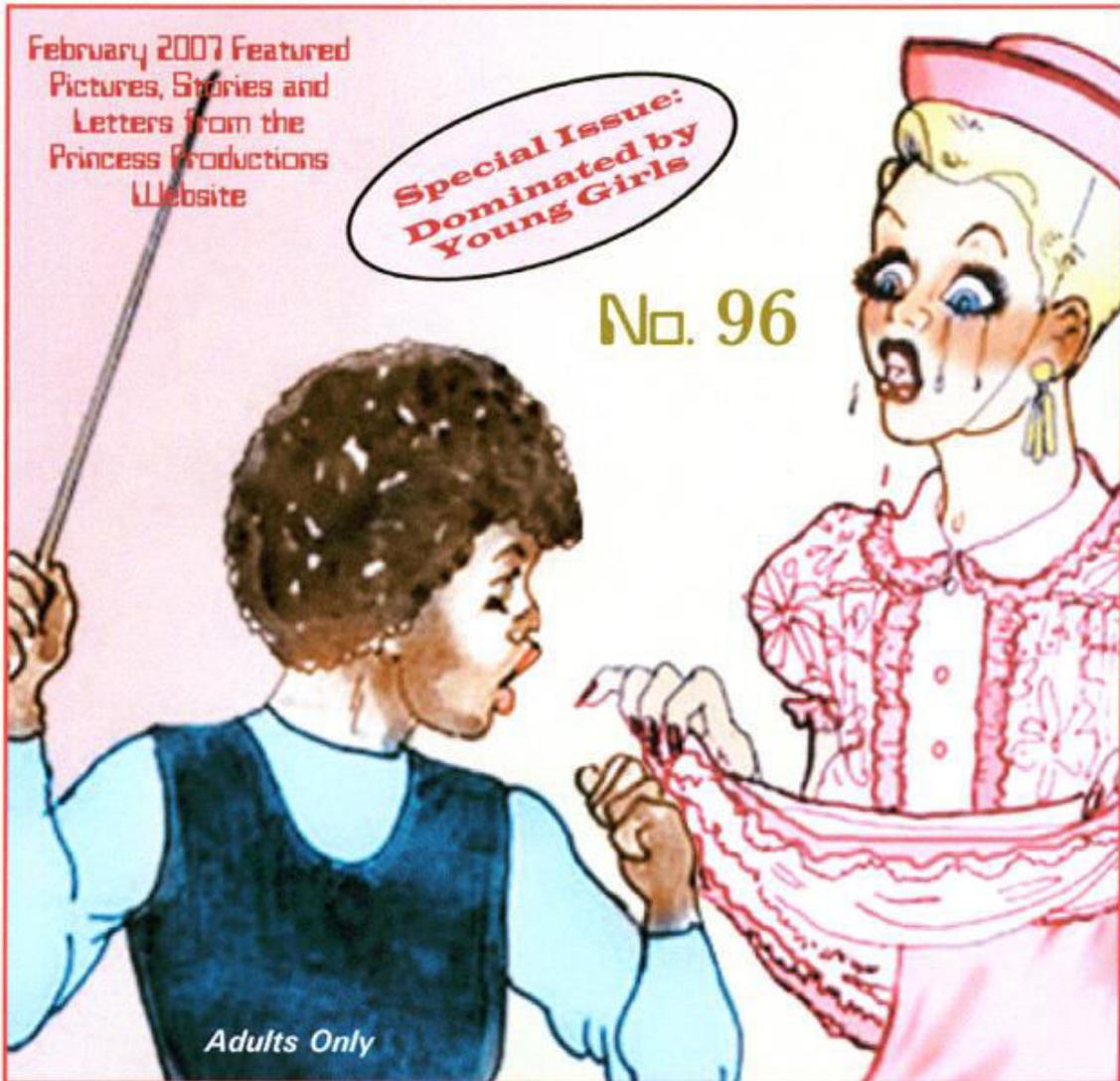


Princess Online

February 2007 Featured
Pictures, Stories and
Letters from the
Princess Productions
Website

Special Issue:
Dominated by
Young Girls

No. 96

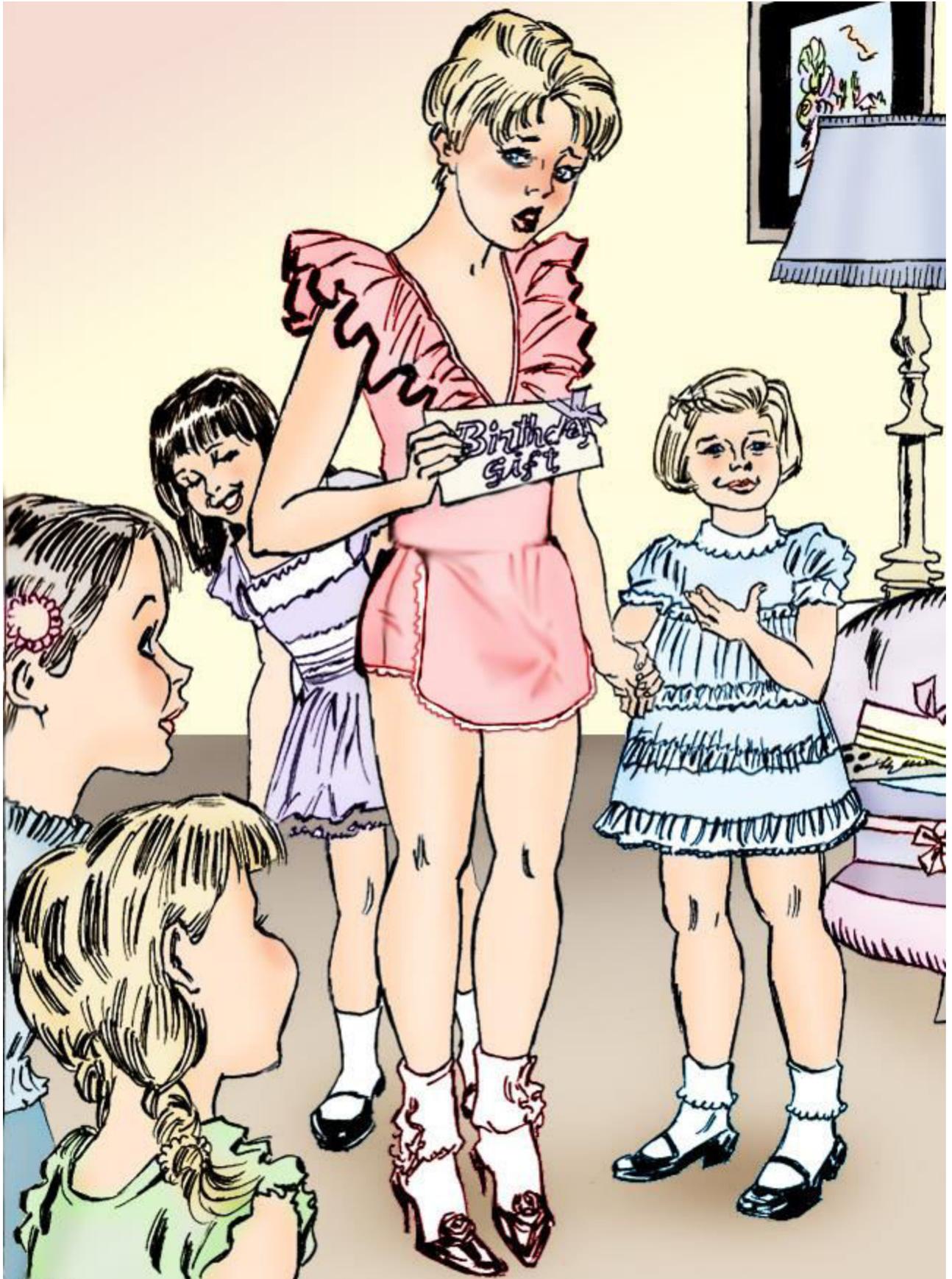


Adults Only

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

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Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by the extremely talented artist Juan Sole, is from an upcoming Carole Jean book showing a boy under the control of his baby sister, who has feminized him into being a total sissy. However, she is tired of trying to cure him of getting naughty little erections in his silky panties, and since Sally has another brother she likes to dominate even more than poor Tommy, she's giving Tommy to her best girlfriend for a birthday gift!

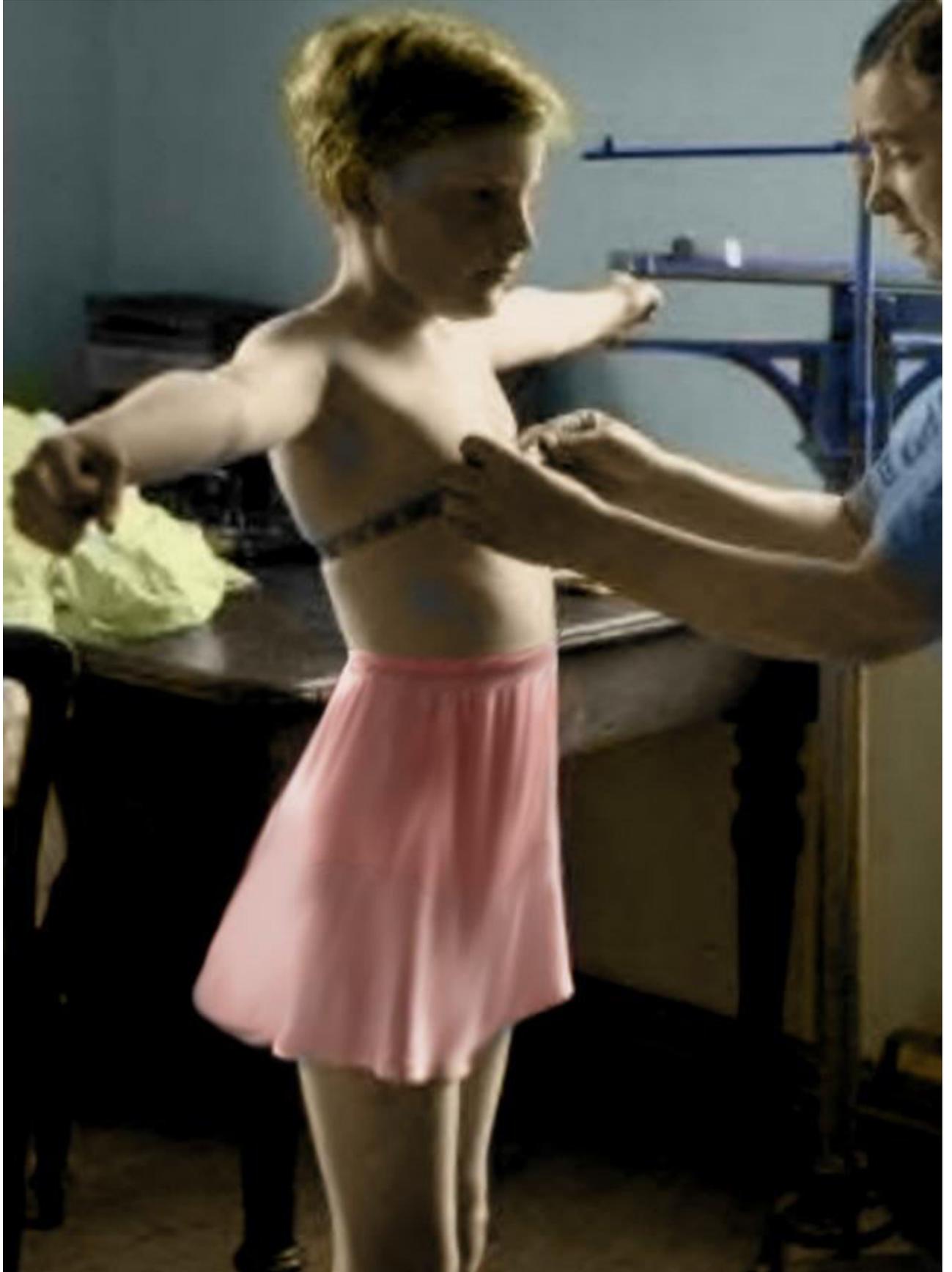
All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits or girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. The most distinctive feature of Carole Jean's books is the abundance of artwork. She has an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

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

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

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

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Watchdoggie!

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

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

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

As therapy, he collects and creates pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment, pictures that illustrate what happened to him, and one of his pictures we present here of a boy under petticoat punishment being measured for a beginner bra by his big sister. Abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being forced to wear a bra, dress and panties and heavy makeup and then having the nuns and other school kids laugh at and ridicule him.

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Masquerade

When strong-willed sisters get the idea in their head that they want to feminize their brother, they'll stop at nothing to do it, as seen in this picture, two girls have bound their brother in duct tape so he'll hold still while they put makeup on him!

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Classic Art

This month we happily present a drawing by the great Missy McQueen.
Whenever a boy gets a hard on in his sissy panties, little girls can be vicious little
monsters happily beating away at the
boy's erection until he screams in horror and his hard little cock falls down in shame
and pain.

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Ma Kelly's Rhumba Panty Boys: Alan

This month, we present the picture of eleven-year-old Alan, another one of Ma Kelly's boys. Except for when members of their family came to pick them up, Ma usually didn't let outsiders see her panty-clad boys because she knew that embarrassed the boys; however, from time to time, she did let some of the little girls in the neighborhood see one of the boys as a form of punishment, and on the day this picture was taken, Alan had misbehaved and unknown to him, he was about to be besieged by three eight-year-old girls Ma was inviting in to see and laugh at him in his pink rhumba panty costume.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Sissy of the Month

No one knows why sisters love to dress their brothers up like girls. Especially young girls love to dress up older brothers, probably to take them down a peg like in this scene from the movie *Custard's Last Stand*. But any boy who lets his sister dress him in girls' clothes must certainly have at least a little bit of sissy already in him, huh?

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Sissified by My Stepsister

Note: the photos contained in this story were taken almost 30 years ago with a Polaroid camera, and these instantly developing pictures are of poor quality compared to today's digital photography, but



nonetheless, we thought you, our readers, would enjoy seeing these actual pictures of a real girl making a pantywaist sissy of her stepbrother.

On 1978, my widowed dad got remarried to a pretty brunette woman named Ginette. I had really missed my mom since she died of a female type cancer, so I was hoping Ginette would fill in some of the void in me and make me feel special like my mom used to do. But she had an eleven-year-old daughter, Tammy, who was just a year older than I was, who was cute and outgoing like her mom. I was a shy, skinny boy and even shyer around my new sister. We moved to a new house, away from my friends and I felt very lonely, especially because my dad worked long hours as an insurance agent, so I was with these new strangers without a soul I knew. Adding to the problem, Tammy was huge for her age and I was small for my age, and I never got along with Tammy from the first time I met her while dad was dating her mom.

It seemed like she was always competing for my dad's attention, and she had this way of saying and doing things that always ended up making me appear to be a disappointment to my dad. He wanted a jock son and I wasn't. I was less than average at sports while Tammy could play any sport or game better than I could and better than most boys her age. My sexy stepmother wasn't much help either. Although she was always nice to me, she would often get on my case and try to get me to do more sports and typical boy things like playing ball at the park with the other kids. But I'd tell her I didn't like those things and wanted to stay in my room and draw pictures and write little stories, my fun way of escaping into the little dream world in my head.

One day I told her that while she was sitting with my dad watching television, she said, "Well, if that's what you want, I guess it's OK. After all, all boys can't be good at playing football. Maybe someday you'll grow up to be a famous artist or writer."

Then, much to my embarrassment, Tammy said, "It's more likely he'll grow up to be a sissy hairdresser or a gay dancer."

My dad frowned and looked at me like he was looking at me in a new light. I could see in his eyes he was envisioning me like that.

My step mom said, "Tammy, why would you say something like that? So Bobby isn't rough and tumble like other boys, and that's OK. He's a sweet boy, and if he doesn't want to or can't do sports, well..."

Tammy said, "He's a sissy, mom! The other kids laugh at him because he can't even catch a ball; and he runs like a girl. I'm just a year older, but I can beat him doing anything!"

My dad hadn't said anything until she said that, and it was like a surprise to him because he said, "Is that right, son?"

Tammy answered for me. "Y-e-a-h! And if he gets the littlest scrape, he runs home to mommy!"

“Not so! You're a liar!” I screamed.

“Hey kids,” Ginette said, “I thought you two were getting along a lot better. “Now, Bobby, apologize to Tammy for calling her a liar. Just last Friday you came home with that scraped knee, and after we washed it off, I could barely see were it had broken the skin. Most boys wouldn't cry over something like that and just keep on playing.”

“See, Bobby, you ARE a sissy ...” (and she spelled it out) S-I-S-S-Y! Bobby is a crybaby! Bobby is sissy!” she sang out.

“Tammy, that's enough, now. It's OK if your brother is a bit of a softie. We still love him.”

Dad was just sitting there taking it all in. I guess until then he hadn't realized how inadequate I was as a boy. I know he wanted me to be able to complete with other boys my age, but since I couldn't, I just wasn't interested in even trying. The expression on my dad's face made me feel like I was a great disappointment to him. And this wasn't the only time something like this happened. Things had been going in this direction for a while. Tammy was becoming more and more bossy with me, taunting me and putting me down every chance she got. But now she was doing it in front of my dad!

The next day was Saturday and my dad was working and my step mom had gone to the store. Tammy had two of her girlfriends over. One of them was ten like me and in my class at school; the other was Tammy's age. When Tammy called out to me, I went to her room where the three girls were sitting around and talking.



I stuck my head in the door and asked, “What?”

They giggled, and Tammy said, “We need your help Bobby,” as she grabbed my wrist and pulled me all the way into her room and stood me before her bed where they had spread out a big selection of clothes.

“Please, help us. We can't decide which of these two outfits is the prettiest, prissiest, and most girlie. Help us decide.”

I stared down at the outfits laid out on her bed. They were both plenty girlie-girlie. One was a white cotton dress puffed up with a lace petticoat and pink nylon panties, white ankle socks with lots of white lace at the

tops and white Mary Jane strap on shoes. The other was a red and white polka dot dress with a big collar and a white nylon half slip, training bra and red ankle socks with white lace at the top and pair of shiny red strap-on Mary Janes. The panties were pink nylon with a tiny bit of lace on the legs. My face reddened.

Lana, the girl in my class said, "Which one is the most sissified Bobby?" and they all giggled again.

I turned even redder and said, "I don't know and I don't care."

As I turned to leave, Paula, Tammy's other girlfriend shut the door and said, "Bobby, we're just asking you for your opinion. Please help us."

Tammy said, "Well, we want your opinion because you're such a sissy, so we figured you would be the perfect person to ask."

"You guys are all crazy. And you're assholes and shit heads! Get out of my way. I'm getting out of here."

"Oh-h-h-h-h!" Tammy said. "You said bad words. We need to punish you for that. Grab him, girls."

"And if you're not going to give us your advice, you can let us try each of these outfits on you, so we can decide. You're such a sissy; these clothes will look lovely on you."

As they came towards me, "I yelled, "NO! NO! Don't you dare!" I tried to fight them but they were too many and I was too weak. They stripped me naked and forced the pink panties on me, followed by a girl's undershirt and a slippery nylon half slip before putting the red and white dress over my head. I cried and begged them to give me my clothes back and let me go, but they just laughed at me and told me I made a cute girl.

After they teased me and pulled up the dress and laughed at my penis making a bump in the panties and pinched the nipples of my titless chest, Tammy said, "OK, Bobby, we'll let you go, but I want to take a couple of pictures of you first. Tammy got dad's Polaroid and began taking pictures of me. I wasn't cooperating and tried to hide my face in every picture. The girls told me to stop fighting them, but when I wouldn't they pushed me over my stepsister's lap, pulled up the back of the dress and they all took turns spanking my pink panties. They used their hands, a rolled up magazine and a ruler. I was crying like crazy because it really hurt. And they kept taking pictures of me too. They laughed as I sobbed and kicked my feet as I lay over my big stepsister's lap wearing the little girls' dress and panties. After each girl spanked me as much as she wanted, I was taken to the living room and put in the corner. That's where I was standing when my stepmother returned. It was so humiliating. I stood in the corner and sobbed as the girls laughed and explained to my stepmother how little resistance I had given them and how they each had spanked me before putting me to stand in the corner like a five year old.

"Turn around here Bobby," my pretty stepmother ordered.

I turned to face her and the giggling girls and I sobbed and stared down at the floor as she asked, “What will your father say, Bobby?”

I sobbed again and pleaded, “Oh, please, don't tell him, please!”

The girls giggled and my stepmother said, “Tell him? We won't have to; he'll be home soon. We'll just show him how you let these girls dress you up like a sissy boy.”

Tammy yelled, “Yeah, Bobby's a real sissy! He didn't resist us at all! And he wanted to wear my panties too; he begged me to wear them,” and she and her girlfriends howled with laughter.

I sobbed, “N-O-O-O-O! P-l-l-e-e-a-a-s-s-e-e-e-e!”

The girls howled again and Tammy said, “Oh, yes, mommy, let's show daddy his little girlie-boy! We can show him the pretty panties he's wearing too.”

“He's wearing your panties too? Oh, my, god! Your dad should know about this!”

Then she peeked under the dress I had on and saw the panties for the first time. “Oh, god, panties ... he's actually wearing panties ... pink panties at that! Shame on you! What a sissy you are!”

Thoroughly crushed and in great fear, I started sobbing so hard I could hardly get air. “P-l-l-l-e-e-e-e!” I bawled. “I'll do anything; please don't let my dad see me, P-l-l-e-e-s-s-a-a-s-e-e-e-e!”

Tammy stopped giggling and whispered something to her mother. Then my stepmother said, “All right, but you'll have to let the girls dress you up whenever they want.”

I sobbed, “Yes, OK, just don't let my dad see me.”

And then Tammy added, “And you have to agree to wear panties all the time, to school, to bed, to play, every minute of everyday.”

I sobbed and shook my head ‘no.’

She said, “Say it! Say you'll wear girls' panties for underwear from now on, or you can stay in your pretty dress and panties for your daddy to see.”

Ginette didn't stop her daughter from demanding this! I pleaded to her, but she just said, “Maybe it's for the best, Bobby. I'm sick and tired of you always fighting with your sister. You aren't much of a boy, and I was just about ready to take you shopping for new underwear anyway. Maybe wearing panties will lower the tension between you and Tammy. Maybe you'll actually become friends. I know your dad would be for you two getting along no matter what it takes. He's very concerned about you always making snotty remarks about Tammy and her friends. Maybe wearing some nice lace panties will make you more conscious of being nice, make you more like the girls since you're more like a girl than a boy anyway.” Then she added, “So make

up your mind, Bobby; will you wear panties and be nice to your sister. Hurry up, your dad should be home in about five minutes.”

I couldn't believe my step mom actually thought this was a good idea. I was totally dominated and subdued. I just sobbed and said, “OK.”

The girls giggled and Tammy said, “Say it. Say you're a pantywaist, and you'll wear pretty panties all the time.”

I sobbed. I reeked of shame and then I said, “I'm a pantywaist, and I'll wear panties all the time.”

The girls howled with laughter.

My stepmother took hold of me and pulled up the back of the party dress and half-slip. Then she said, “I can't believe you actually agreed to do that. I have to think about it for a bit, but it probably is a good idea. I can't believe how much of a sissy you are, Bobby. No wonder the girls didn't have to force you to put on this dress and panties. No normal boy would wear girls' clothes. You aren't a boy. You're a sissy, so maybe I should make you wear silky panties instead of boys' underwear. All sissy boys should wear lacy panties.”

“But I can't wear them to school, people will see ... and outside ... and my dad ...”

“Now, listen, Bobby, I always tried to speak up for you. It's OK to be a gentle boy and not do well in sports, but being a sissy is a disgrace. Tammy has been telling me for a long time that you're nothing but a pansy and a pantywaist, and I always defended you, but now I know for sure she was right. You're a poor excuse for a boy. You're a sissy, and as far as you wearing panties, I have a mind to make you do it, and if I do, you'll just have to be careful, because I really don't care who finds out – the kids at school, your cousins, even your dad. I won't tell him because I know he'd be terribly disappointed in you already.”

I could tell she now held me in great contempt. She smacked my silky and lacy panty bottom hard and said, “Get to your room and put all your boy underpants on top of your dresser. I have to think about this, but maybe I will have you put them in the trash. And for now, you can get dressed in your boys' clothes for your dad coming home but keep these panties on until tomorrow. And if I decide to keep you in panties, I'll take you to Gleason's to buy you some nice new sissyboy panties. They have a great selection of little girl panties and I believe I just saw yesterday that they're running a storewide sale.”

As I ran, Tammy said, “Gleason's, that's right, mom. They have really sissy stiff there I wouldn't be caught dead wearing.”

My step mom giggled, and the girls shrieked with laughter as I speeded up and ran bawling to my room.

I sat quietly through dinner, and Tammy was all giggles. I think dad sensed something was going on, but he didn't say anything.

At bedtime, Ginette came up to tuck me and in and said, she wasn't going to make we wear panties at all times but would if I didn't start showing more respect toward all females, Tammy and her friends included. She told me to keep the panties on for the night and put my boys' underwear on in the morning. She would take Tammy and me to Gleason's the next day but buy me new boys' underwear not panties like she had threatened.



Shortly after I awoke in the morning, I took off the panties and put on my boys' underpants. We all went to Mass, and I kept falling asleep during the sermon because I hadn't had much restful sleep the night before. Dad kept poking me and wanted to know why I couldn't stay awake, but I couldn't explain to him. After church, we went to Lalo's Pancake House for breakfast. Again dad asked why I had been so tired in church. As Tammy giggled and laughed at me with her eyes, I just told dad I didn't sleep very well the night before.

Then it happened; while my dad went to a friend's house to help him work on his car, my step mom took Tammy and me shopping. We went to Gleason's, and the girls' department was right inside the entrance. Ginette told me she'd take me to the boys' department when they were finished getting Tammy some things and had me wait sitting in a chair by the elevator and across from a display of frilly nightgowns. While my stepsister tried on dresses and other clothes, I felt odd and embarrassed and kept blushing.

When I got up and told my stepmother I just wanted to go home, Tammy saw how embarrassed I was and started teasing me. She held a dress up to me and said, “You'd look sweet in this one.”

I turned red and jumped away and they laughed.

Tammy had been carrying a small stack of panties and told me to hold them while she went to try on another dress.

“No way!” I screamed pushing her away and knocking the panties out of her hand.

My step mom grabbed me and gave my bottom a smack and said, “Don't you ever push my little girl again, Bobby. I thought you would be starting to act a lot nicer to her after yesterday.” She then picked up the pile of panties and shoved them into my hands. “There, now, stand there and hold these panties for your sister or we'll be picking out panties for you too!”

I had to stand there holding the stack of frilly nylon panties while they took a lot of time picking out other clothes. They hadn't taken a basket when they came in, so Tammy was carrying a sweater and some other things and Ginette had a stack of dresses over her arm for her by the time they got done. My step mom took the panties from me and we went to the cashier.

As we stood in line, Tammy said she'd be right back, and a few moments later, while the clerk was ringing up the purchases, Tammy stepped back into line with some more nylon panties and put them on the counter, saying, “Here these are for Bobby; they're in his size. He'll look good in these pretty pink panties.”

I turned crimson and knocked them off the counter shouting, “You're stupid! I won't wear panties! And you can't make me!” Then I pushed her and made her fall down.

There was dead silence and everyone was looking at me, the clerk and the customers too. My stepmother grabbed my face with both her hands and turned my head up, forcing me to look in her eyes as she berated me.

“It was a joke, Bobby. Your sister was teasing you.”

I heard some chuckles and people started moving again and my stepmother said, “Pick them up; hurry up!” as she pointed to the panties on the floor.

I quickly grabbed the silky pink panties up as Tammy got up off the floor.

My step mom said, “Put them on the counter! What in the world am I going to do with you, Bobby?”

Embarrassed to the core, I put them on the counter as the cute, blonde-haired teenage girl clerk watched. She was gaily smiling at me and then started giggling aloud as she held her hand over her face to hide her laughing mouthful of shiny silver braces.

My stepmother picked up the panties, brushed the dirt off them and then stood still for a moment like she was thinking. She nodded her head like she had decided something and then shoved the panties toward the cashier telling her to ring them up.

I wasn't really paying too much attention, but as Ginette signed the store charge, I did see her take one of the pairs of pink panties with white lace around the legs and white satin bows on the front and then looking at the clerk said, “Finish bagging everything else up, but I'll take these out. He'll wear them home.”

The clerk blushed and seemed to be in a bit of shock. She forgot to hold her hand in front of her face and I saw her braces-filled wide-open mouth, and the next thing I knew, my step mom was pulling me along saying, "If you fight me, I'll put you in a dress too. Understand me. Bobby? You make a fuss and you'll get a pretty dress too!"

She pulled me into a dressing room and I began to cry but I didn't fight her or try to stop her from yanking my shorts and underpants down around my ankles. The way she did it so roughly, I knew she was angry with me. I didn't want to wear a dress too! She put the panties down on the bench and then sat me down next to them as she knelt down in front of me and worked my shorts and underpants off over my tennis shoes. I watched as she whisked up the panties and then carefully forced the panties with the inch-wide band of lace around the legs over my feet and tennis shoes. Then she had me stand up as she hoisted the slinky pink panties up. I whimpered as she slid the tingly smooth panties up to just above my skinny knees and paused before looking me in the eyes and then yanking them all the way up around my slender waist. I felt the crotch of the panties crush my penis and balls and the tight elastic waistband snap against my tummy. I just stood there crying as she took my shorts and made me step back into them and then pulled me from the girls' dressing room wearing my new panties.

I stood beside her at the cashier's counter with my head down in shame and tears running down my cheeks. Before she gathered her bags of purchases, she stood there with my boys' underpants in her hand and asked the cashier, "Do you have a wastebasket somewhere? He won't need these anymore since he's wearing the panties now."

The salesclerk said, "Do you want to put them in one of your bags?"

"Oh, no, they can go into the garbage, He won't need them anymore."

The girl said, "I take it the panties fit him OK?" as she pointed to a big wastebasket beside the counter.

As my step mom threw my old underpants into the wastebasket, she said, "Yes, they fit him just fine. Perfect for a boy who can't behave and pushes girls around." She then pulled up the leg of my shorts and gave the cashier a peek at the wide band of white lace around the bottom edge of the panties.

I felt the heat of my reddening face as I heard my stepsister laughing and the cashier giggle, and then I was being pulled along out of the store and into the parking lot. While sobbing, I asked my step mom if she forgot because she was going to get me some new boys' underwear. She stood me still and said, "You got your new panties, Bobby. With the way you've been acting and with what you just did in that store, girls' panties will be the only kind of underwear you'll be wearing from now on! Get used to them!"

"Wow, mom," Tammy said, "you really are going to make him do it! Make him wear pink panties all the time!"

"Yes, I just decided!" she said.

In the back seat of our car, I had my head down and was crying as my stepmother told me, “Just you wait till your daddy finds out how you behaved Bobby, and then you can tell him why you're wearing little girls' panties from now on.”

My stepsister couldn't stop giggling, and as she sat next to me on the back seat, she kept reaching over, putting her hand up the leg of my shorts and pulling on the lace on my panties, stretching out the leg elastic and letting it snap hard against my leg.

Her mom heard us struggling and me sobbing and asked what was going on. Tammy said she was just trying to take a peek at my panties and I was fighting her.

Ginette told me to stop fighting and sit still, so I had to spend the rest of the trip home with my evil stepsister with her fingers up my shorts playing with the lace on my new pink panties. I was so shamed. I sat there and took her tickling, pinching abuse. I had a lot to think about. I didn't want anyone to know I was now wearing girls' panties, especially my dad.

Then Tammy piped in and asked with a giggle, “Mommy can we take Bobby's shorts and T-shirt off of him and take him to pick up his daddy in nothing but his new pink panties? Can we please, mommy? So everyone can see he's a sissy pantywaist, please!”

That was it, I broke. I began to sob and plead, “No-o-o-o-o-o! PLEASE! PLEASE, DON'T! PLEASE!”

My step mom looked back at me and said, “You better show me you can mind and be nice, understand me. Bobby?”

I shook my head ‘yes.’

She added, “We'll see then,” and then told her daughter, “You tell me if Bobby doesn't play nice when we get home. If he doesn't, we'll do what you want for his punishment. We'll take him to the Barclay's house just before dinner to pick up his daddy in nothing but his pretty new pink panties.”

Tammy shrieked and giggled, and I whimpered and promised to be good.

I sat in the back seat wearing pink nylon panties. I can't describe the humiliation. I was a ten-year-old little boy wearing little girls' lace-trimmed pink nylon panties. I just sat there and cried softly with my head down in shame. When we got home, I ran to my room, fell on my bed and sobbed. My stepsister came into my room giggling; I turned to her and said, “Go away!”

But she just laughed and held up a sack from the store. She opened it up and dumped the rest of my new panties onto the bed right in front of my face and said, “Here, pantywaist, put your new panties away like a good little sissy.”

I pushed them off the bed and cried out, “NO! Go away!”

Tammy grinned down at me, went over to my dresser and opened my underwear drawer. She took out my underwear and stuffed them into the empty sack and said, “Get off the bed, pick up your new panties and put them neatly in your drawer, sissy. Mommy told me to throw out all your boy panties.”

I screamed out, “No-o-o-o-o!” and she left giggling and waving the bag filled with all my boys' underwear. She turned back and said, “You better pick up all your new panties, dust them off and NEATLY put them away in your underwear drawer or you won't be wearing anything but a pair of your new pink panties when we go to the Barclay's to pick up your dad. That's what mom told me, and she's going to be up here in five minutes to check to make sure you did that or you won't have to tell your dad you now wear panties, he'll see for himself. And Tom Barclay and his asshole son will see too.”

I knew I had no choice. With tears running down my face I got up off my bed, picked the frilly panties and stuffed them in my underwear drawer before falling back down again on my bed and sobbing anew.

I don't know how long it was before I quit crying but I finally did. I lay there on my bed too stunned, ashamed and humiliated to get up. I just lay there like a freak, like a beaten dog, and every once in a while I trembled as I slid my fingers up the bottom of my shorts to touch the lace or down the front to feel the nylon of the panties and confirm what I already knew too well – that I was wearing little girls' panties like some kind of a fruit or sissy fag. And I kept thinking about my dad and the thought of being led around in nothing but my new pink nylon lace-trimmed panties as we went to pick him up. I was sad, sadder than I had ever been.

Finally my bedroom door opened. I looked up and saw my pretty stepmother standing there in the doorway. “Finished crying Bobby?” she asked.

I was cried out by then. I nodded ‘yes’ with hopes of her responding kindly.

“Stand up! Come here,” she ordered.

As I sat up, then got off my bed and stood before her, she pulled open my underwear drawer, looked down and said, “I'm glad you put your new panties away, but you just threw them in your drawer. Later, I'll have Tammy show you how to fold them nicely and you better keep them that way. If you keep smarting off to me and Tammy, you'll be in dresses in no time, maybe a nice little bra too. Would you like that?”

I moaned aloud ‘no.’

She pulled my T-shirt up and off. “You better play nice with your sister this afternoon and do exactly what she says or I promise you I'll take you to pick up your daddy in nothing but your new pink panties.”

I trembled and bit my lip as she undid my shorts and yanked them down past my knees and sat me on my bed in my new pink panties. As she pulled off my shoes socks and shorts she said,

“You play nice and mind your sister and we'll keep your pretty panties a secret. And unless you tell your daddy, he won't have to know you're a pantywaist sissyboy.” She pulled me back off the bed, stood me up and smacked my little pantied bottom. “Go on, scoot, your sister is waiting! She told me she has some new game for you to play.” And with another sharp smack on my little pink nylon panty bottom, I shamefacedly scurried from the relative safety my room and down the hall to my sister's scary double room. Barefoot and naked and wearing nothing but the flimsy pink nylon panties, I gently knocked on her door. She must have been standing right there because her door immediately flew open and she yanked me inside.

Her new game horrified the hell out of me. In just my panties I had to sit on her lap while she spent more than an hour massaging, pinching and pulling on my nipples. She said she was giving me breast and nipple exercises to make my tits grow like a girl's. It wasn't only humiliating and painful, but I couldn't do anything but let her do it to me because if I made a fuss, she was going to tell her mom, and I knew that would mean more punishment – god knows what, but something even more humbling than what I was already going through. Maybe even making good on that threat to take me out in just my new panties to pick up my dad and let him and the Barclays see me like that. So I barely complained, only asked Tammy not to pinch me too hard. I didn't give her a reason to report me to her mom. My nipples hurt so much I couldn't even stand putting my T-shirt on over them when it was time to go get dad. Tammy saw me wincing and moaning. She rubbed her hands over my nipples through my shirt and made me shriek. She laughed and offered to let me wear one of her training bras. I just looked at her with contempt like she was crazy.

“Easy, boy,” she said. “Or is it girl?”

She was continuing to taunt me, but I wasn't taking the bait.

We went to the Barclay's and picked up my dad without incident except the whole time we sat in their garage waiting for them to finish fixing the car, I sat with my fingers at the edge of my shorts to make sure they didn't gape open and expose the lace on my panties. Tammy saw me and knew what I was doing. She just kept smiling at me, and whenever no one was looking, she'd mouth the word ‘sissy’ at me. I read her lips, cringed, fingered the lacy edge of my panties and felt horrible all over again.

Then during dinner that night, I did something I thought I never could do. Tammy was sitting next to me and kept putting her fingers up the legs of my shorts to snap the elastic on my panty leg. Ginette and dad saw me squirming and Tammy giggling and wanted know what was going on, and I broke! I got up ran to my dad and hugged and told him, “Dad, they've been horrible to me. They're making me wear girls' clothes.”

“What are you talking about? Girls' clothes? All I see you wearing is your regular shorts and T-shirt.”

“No, daddy, no! Tammy dresses me up in dresses and hurts me, and step mommy makes me wear girls' underwear.”

Tammy stared blankly, probably in awe that I would breakdown and be able to say that to my dad. Ginette sat there silently.

Dad looked at both of them. He frowned and didn't know what to do or say. Finally, he kept looking back and forth at all of us and said, "What is all this about?"

I took him by the hand, and now sobbing, I said, "Come with me, daddy, I'll show you." And I took him up to my room, opened my underwear drawer and showed him the stack of pink panties neatly folded in my drawer.

He cleared his throat. "You wear these?"

I nodded.

"When do you wear them?"

I squealed, "All the time, daddy. I'm sorry." I immediately realized that was a wrong thing to say, like I was apologizing for wearing them.

He reached down and pulled open the elastic waistband of my shorts and looked down at the pink panties I had on. He reached out and touched the elastic, and lace and the nylon of the pink panties like he had to feel them to confirm what he was seeing.

"Oh, my, god! Are you some kind of a sissy or something? Take them off! Get out of them right away. Go put on your own underwear."

"Those pink panties ARE his own underwear," Tammy said from the doorway. She and her mother were now standing there watching us. "And, yes, he is a sissy," she added. That's why he's now wearing panties."

"Tammy makes me do it! And step mommy too." I screamed back at them.

"Bobby," daddy said, "stop screaming! You know how I hate that! How could a girl make you wear her panties? No boy would let a girl do that to him. You must want to wear them. How else could this happen? How long has this been going on?"

In a calm but firm voice, Ginette said, "I don't know how long it's been going on, but I think for quite awhile. Tammy kept telling me he was a sissy, but I didn't believe her and I ignored it. That was a mistake. I wanted to tell you, but I didn't quite know how. Now it's out in the open, and I'm sorry to tell you that your son is a pantywaist. And I think he has mental problems because he now has become abusive towards his sister. He hits her and even knocked her down right in the aisle when we were in the store today waiting to check out."

"You're hitting and knocking girls down, now?" my daddy screamed at me. He was starting to undo his belt. I know he was thinking of whipping me. "Bobby, how many times have I told you

that you never, never, never, NEVER hit a girl! And now you are hitting your sister and wearing her panties!”

“No,” Tammy corrected. “No, he's not wearing my panties; those are HIS panties. Mom bought them for him at the store today because he had been wearing mine and we needed to get him some in his own size.”

“Are there anymore surprises?” Dad was constantly yelling now. He looked to Ginette for an explanation.

“Yes, dear,” she said, “I did buy him some pink panties of his own to wear today. He's been so abusive lately. And he has this thing with girls' clothes. I don't know what it's all about, but I figured if he spent some time in pretty panties maybe that would teach him a lesson and get him to be gentler and nicer toward Tammy and her girlfriends. By wearing panties, he should be constantly reminded to be good and not hit girls.”

I could see daddy was thinking. He was frowning a lot and grimacing. He was upset for sure but obviously trying to make sense of it all.

“Daddy, please, I don't want to wear panties. I'll be real good to girls. I promise.”

“I don't understand this,” he said. “I've heard of such things, a boy wearing panties like a sissy, but I never thought I'd ever really see it — and my own son, too! But if you don't want to wear panties, why are you wearing them?”

“They make me ... Tammy and step mommy.”

“Making you? I don't think so! You sat there all through dinner and you obviously had them on then, had them on at least since before you came to pick me up. If you didn't want to wear them, you had plenty of chances to take them off. No, I think you're just saying that now because you're embarrassed because I now know you wear them. I'm sure any boy, even a sissy boy, would be embarrassed wearing panties in front of his father.

“No, you keep the panties on. If your step mom wants you to wear panties and think it will do you some good, then I'll back her up. But from what I heard, I think you want to wear panties anyway. So for as long as your step mom wants you to wear girls' panties, it will be panties for you, Bobby! Understand?”

In stunned silence, I just stood there without reacting. That made dad angry.

“Did you hear me, boy?”

Still I was too numb to say anything.

“Maybe he wants to wear some pretty dresses too?” Tammy said. “He's constantly asking me about bras, and his nipples are all red and irritated from him pulling on them trying to make them grow.”

My daddy pulled up my T-shirt and looked at my reddened and abused nipples. He was shocked, as was even Ginette.



I bolted from his grip, attacked Tammy, knocked her to the floor and kept hitting her. She didn't fight back like she would if we had been alone; she just screamed like a sissy girl and like I was trying to kill her.

Daddy and Ginette finally pulled me off her. Daddy had his belt off and was whipping me up one side of my body and down the other. I fell on my bed screaming in pain.

Tammy was pretending like she was crying, and she moaned out, “Mommy should I get one of my good dresses for Bobby to wear to help make him be good?”

My daddy answered. “Yes, honey, get him a dress, one of your prettiest dresses. Until he starts acting better, Bobby will wear dresses. Get him some Desenex to put on his nipples and one of your bras too. We better fix him up; we wouldn't want those nipples of his to get infected. And you better take him to the store again and get him some dresses and bras and more panties too, whatever you think he needs. We're going to cure him of this no matter what it takes. I never would have believed any of this if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, but his attacking Tammy made a believer of me. We have to get him to stop that and punish him for it if it's the last thing I do. Get him in dresses as well as panties, and I think we better take him to one of those doctors who treats crazy people. Bobby has some real bad problems with girls that we have to cure.”

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

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February 2007

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HEALTH

LIFESTYLE

HEADLINES



He lost a bet and now sis makes him wear her dress and panties every day, and she even got him to sign a sissy contract promising to really do it!

Girls agree: Boys in girls' clothes a lot more fun and easier to control.



His sister made him wear her panties and it started a career in lacy lingerie!

Randy Fazer, who now heads up the Feel Good Lingerie stores, says he got into lingerie after his mom caught him peeking at his sister as she was getting dressed. And since his sister was the victim, their mom let her pick his punishment, and she said he had to wear her panties for a week, under his clothes, even to school and out to play. Randy thought it would be an easy sentence, but then was horrified when his sister also told everyone what he was wearing under his clothes, and they made life miserable for him. He never forgot the humiliation he went through, and after that introduction into girls' lingerie -- as they say, the rest is history.

Study of why girls love to dress boy girls' clothes reveals amazing insight

Some want to get even for not having a penis.

Bushmore, ND: In a just released report from the Institute on Motivation, Dr. Annie Moore-Willie states that the age-old game of girls dressing up boys as girls is not just an innocent game but done with strong subconscious urges to fill a need hitherto unrecognized in young girls.

"Since girls don't have a penis," Moore-Willie says, "they feel inferior to boys and have a subconscious need to humiliate boys and feel superior to them, and dressing a boy as a girl is one sure way to do it."

Most boys are supremely humbled by the experience to the great joy of the girls.



"However, some boys being put into dresses & lingerie, and the girls are excited when they react way too. But if the boy up prettier than the girl can be trouble for him!"

Survey: What female got you to dress up?
 Other - 2% Aunt - 3% Wife/Girlfriend - 6%
 Mother - 20% Sister - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

After 22 years, woman still embraces her brother telling people that as a kid he used to steal her panties.

Since a lot of girls dress boys in their panties, manufacturer now making panties roomier in the back.

Girls at a progressive school voted for boys they wanted in their panties, and they didn't mean for their own.

Boy's sister finally admits hiding her panties in her clothes for their mom to find and punish him.

Instead 'underpants' or 'underwear,' some girls love to use the word 'panties' in front of a boy to get a rise out of him.





