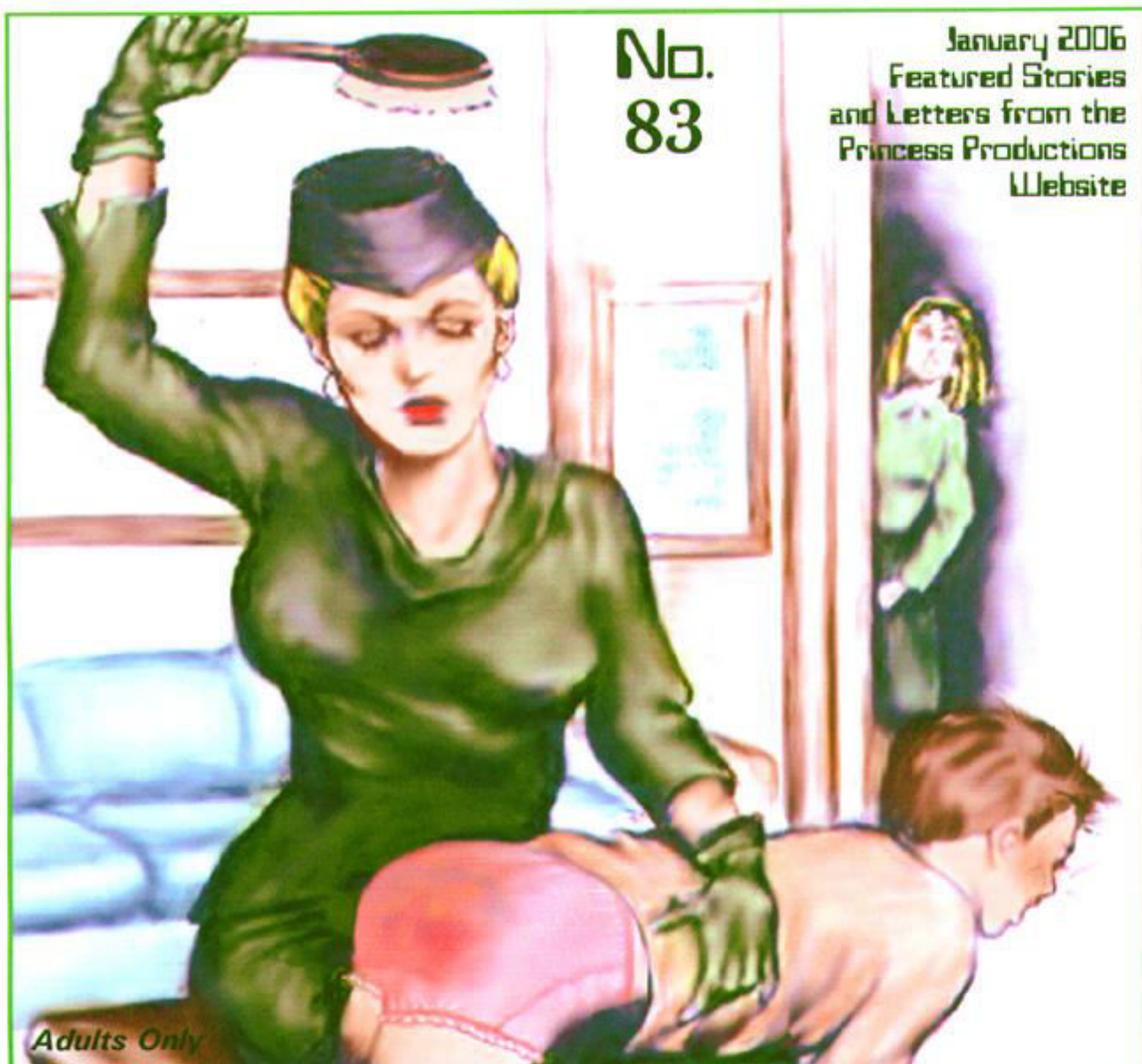


# Princess Online



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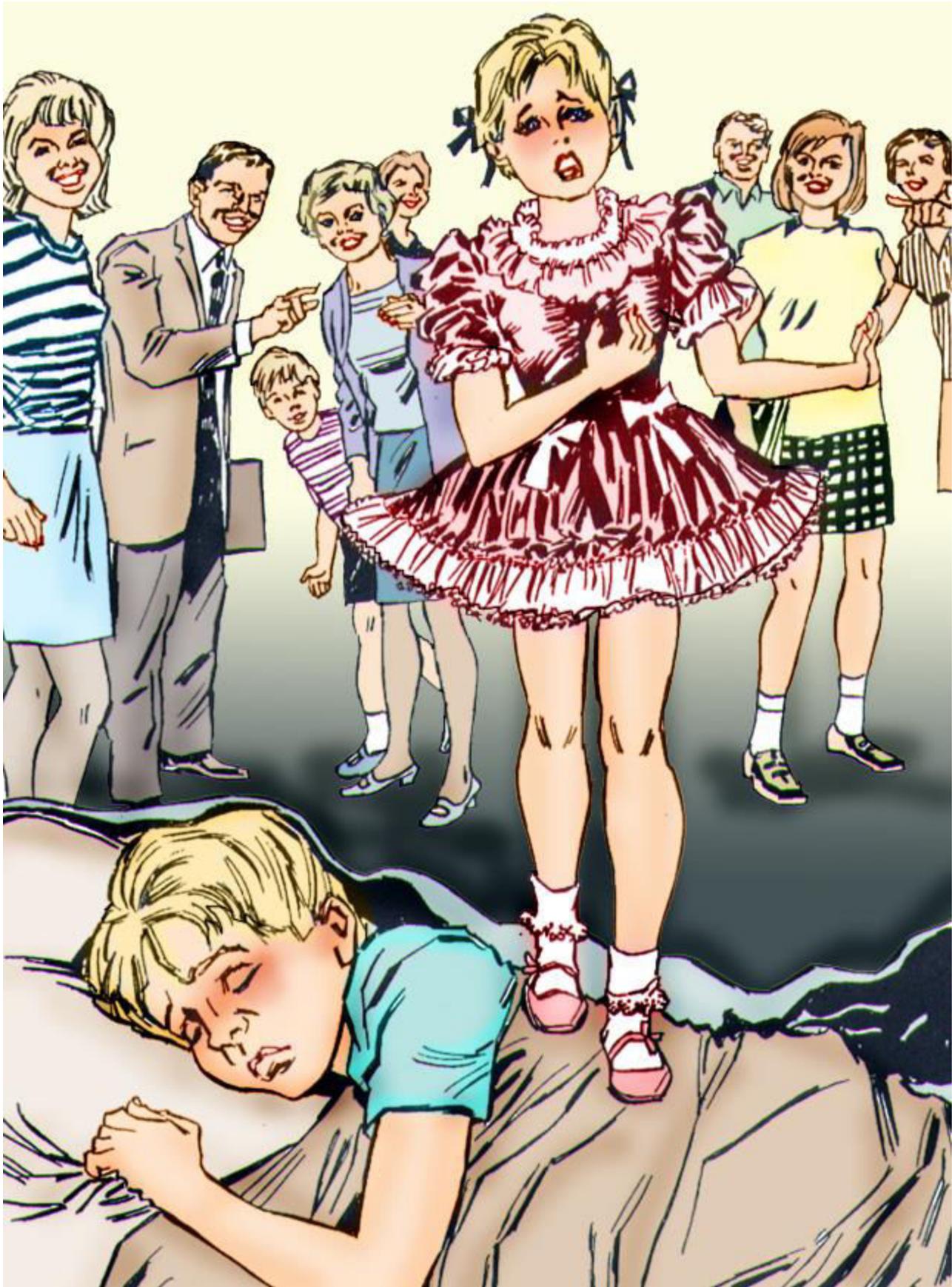
January 2006  
Featured Stories  
and Letters from the  
Princess Productions  
Website

*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 partywaist sissies. Items range from "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

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## Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from Carole Jean's book, "Van, The Bride," in the "Schooled to Be Girls!" series. Van is from a circus family that does a tumbling act, and after his sister is severely injured, the family doesn't have an act. Van's parents suggest he take her place, and since he doesn't look very much like a girl when he tries on her show costume, his parents decide to send him to the Sylvan School for Girls where boys are taught how to be girls. Of course, he hates the school and hates being turned into a girl, especially since most of the boys there are sissies or under petticoat punishment, and this leads to all kinds of humiliating adventures for the poor lad. This scene is from early in the story and shows Van having a nightmare about being humiliated while wearing girls' clothes as people point at him and make fun of him in his sister's costume.

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

The Bill books include: "Bill's Humiliation in Panties", "Henry's Vacation in Panties", "Darwin's Womanhood", "Jeff's Humiliation," and two of our favorites: "Beautified Bullies" and "Schooled with Girls." You can purchase all her books directly 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. The way to save humanity from itself is to stop those hormones from ruining our men and boys, who in turn are ruining our world.**

**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 nuns and the 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. Yet that experience also taught him that our society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys. Radical groups bent upon destroying the male world circulate propaganda to their followers. Watchdoggie! monitors these groups, who are working to destroy present-day society! After almost 50 years, Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the pain and anguish he suffered undergoing petticoat punishment.**

**As therapy, he creates fanciful pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment like the photo collage here, showing a boy being pantied and petticoat punished by his mother that remind him of his own painful ordeal, when he underwent petticoat discipline. By 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 ridicule and laugh at him.**

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## Masquerade

Patrick grew up in Ireland in a wealthy Catholic family. He, his four sisters and three brothers were subjected to frequent corporal punishment. Patrick was ten when his oldest brother, Sweeney, who was sixteen, joined a wannabe IRA gang. When their father discovered what he had done, he confronted him in front of the family when the boy came home that evening. At first the boy denied it, which earned him a punch in the stomach, after a few more punches, the father got him to admit what he had done. His father then forcibly stripped the boy naked and laid into him with a belt in front of all his brothers and sisters. He beat him fiercely all over his ass, legs and back. Before it was over the whole family was crying and begging the father to stop. In the end, Sweeney had long red welts all over his body. He was also grounded for six months, and starting the next day, he was forcibly dressed in girls' clothes, starting with his fifteen-year-old sister's school uniform, and soon after frilly clothes like a much younger girl would wear. And he was no longer a member of the gang after the gang members came by their house and saw the sissified boy forced to stand out in front of his house.

Little Patrick didn't know why being dressed like a girl was a punishment. He envied girls, so he started to sneak around and get into his sisters' clothes, and he found they were fun to wear. After he was caught dressed up, the family thought it was funny, and if he wanted to dress like a girl, it was OK with them, and he was allowed to be a girl along with his punished big brother. Sweeney hated the clothes he had to wear and wanted nothing to do with his sissy little brother, but their father made the older boy play with Patrick who swished around and acted like a girl in every way he could. After the six months, Sweeney was allowed to go back to his regular clothes, but was kept under close supervision, while Patrick was allowed to continue his girlish masquerade.

About five years later when Patrick was fifteen, his parents left to work abroad for two years. The children were left in the custody of the paternal grandfather, a retired military man. This man had a strict approach to discipline, and bare bottomed switchings were a daily occurrence. He was especially harsh on Patrick because of his dressing like a girl and budding homosexuality. He didn't stop the boy from wearing girls' clothes because his parents had allowed it, but he often beat him severely trying to discourage him from doing it. Even at that young age, Patrick started to sneak out of the house to participate in drag beauty pageants, and that earned him many lashings with a thin switch that was very strong and whippy and produced a terrible sting. Here are photos of Patrick and Sweeney during the older boy's punishment period.

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## Classic Drawing

We Princessized this drawing from an unknown artist of bygone days. The wardrobe suggests that it was probably drawn in the 1950s. Regardless, it is a lovely study of a naughty boy with his shorts down getting hairbrush spanked by his mother on his lacy pink panties with his little sister watching from the hallway. Enjoy!

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## Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Beau

This month, we present the picture of twelve-year-old Beau, 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 heavyset woman who had owned the local dry goods store for over thirty years. When she retired from the store, she hired a string of others to run the store for her, but one-by-one she fired them all. Some she caught stealing, some didn't treat customers with proper respect, and the others just didn't do things the way she wanted them done.

So she 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 opening a baby-sitting service. It went well but she almost immediately barred taking 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 this 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 store's inventory and took them home with her prior to the sale.

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. The day one of the boys got himself all dirty playing in the mud; she made him take a shower and washed his clothes. She didn't have any clothes for him to wear while his things were being washed and dried. That is until she remembered the boxes full of panties and tops left over from the store, so she dressed him in a pink top and pink rhumba panties. That boy was Donald Tierski (he was pictured on our march 2003 website). Realizing that boys are built a little differently than girls, she had him put the rhumba panties on backward to afford him a little more room in front. Donald didn't like the idea of dressing in those clothes, but when she explained she had nothing else for him to wear, he blushingly agreed. Like most of the boys she took care of, Donald was a farm boy used to minding his parents, so he went along with her 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 got on Donald's case. After finding Donald crying because of all the teasing, Ma made all the boys take off their clothes. Then she put them all in pink tops and silky rhumba panties. She reasoned that they wouldn't make fun of Donald if all of them were dressed just like he was dressed. It worked! Not only that, all the boys became very quiet and sweet. They only talked in whispers and sat quietly on the floor watching television with her (her soap operas and game shows) and didn't fight with each other.

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 she saw Donald and all the other boys in pink tops and panties, she was puzzled, but Ma explained to her what had happened and Mrs. Tierski understood, and when Ma told her how the girls' clothes made all the boys so much more manageable, Donald's mother laughed but said it did make sense. Then Ma got her okay to use girls' clothes on Donald anytime it was needed. Ma carried on that same conversation with each mother or father as they came to pick up their boy. 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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# Sissies of the Month



## Wrong Body.They have that 'pecker'

*by Ellen de Visser*

*'Volkskrant' Magazine, 13 September 2003\**

"I'm Valentin, and when you look at me you think I'm a girl, but I'm not a girl yet!" So speaks thirteen-year-old Valentin, a gender dysphoric child whose physical gender doesn't fit his feelings about himself.

Valentin was still called Willem when at nine years old when he first went to school in a skirt. Before then his parents had compromised with him by buying him 'unisex' clothes, such as red pants and colored shirts for his outer clothes because they feared the reactions from his teachers and other children and their parents if he wore more obvious girls' clothes. However, for underwear, he always wore silky lace-trimmed panties in girlie colors, like pink, which is his favorite color.

From an early age, his mother knew he was different. In preschool he always played in the dolls corner and at a school party he once wore a lovely princess 'dress up' outfit all afternoon, only changing after he got home.

Eventually Willem himself decided to go to school in a skirt and blouse in addition to the frilly panties he always wore underneath. His mother recalls calling the school to tell them Willem would be coming to school dressed as a girl, but it wasn't necessary because the school and his classmates already thought of him as a girl!



**Willem, age 12**

*(Note: Of the photos on this page, there are no larger size pictures available.)*

Valentin was just four years old and sitting in the back seat of a his mother's car returning from a birthday party when he told her he wanted to cut off his 'pecker.' His parents already realized he was different from other boys; he wouldn't play with boys' toys, instead he loved playing his Barbie.

"When watching movies, Valentin identified with the female characters," said his mother Klette de Rouge. "He always pretended to be Snow White or the Princess, never the prince!"

From age ten to twelve he attended ballet school in Amsterdam, but quit because he didn't want to be a male ballet dancer. What he really wanted was to dance as a ballerina in a tutu and 'en pointe' like the other girls!

Now 13, Valentin has the interests and looks of a girl his age. He proudly showed me a pink lace party dress, a training bra and a half dozen pairs of frilly pink, yellow and pale blue lacy panties he bought for himself at the mall just the week before.

On his first day at high school, he told everyone, "I'm Valentin, you think I'm a girl, but I'm not a girl yet. But one day I will be! I'll explain more later, and it'll make no difference what you say to me or if you try to argue with me about it. This is what I am!"



**Valentin 13 years old, acting as an elf in 'The Lord of the Rings'**

Relations, friends and neighbors often argue with Connie Smit, about her son Colin and feel she should make him dress and behave as a normal boy.

During summer vacation he chose a girls' name for himself, "Jasmin."

"For her, Colin no longer exists," said her mother. "Jasmin is not a freak or a transvestite to stare at. He's just a darling panty boy who wants to be accepted as the girl she really is."



**Jasmin aged 9 (born as Colin)**

## **Our Brother/Sister**

The official name for this condition is gender dysphoria, their bodies don't match with how they act and feel. "It's not just boys who sometimes want to play with girls' dolls," explains Els Schijf, Willem's mother. "It's children who adopt the behavior of the other sex consistently and over a long period." Precisely how many children in the Netherlands have gender dysphoria isn't known, but Professor Cohen Kettenis, (psychology professor at the medical centre at the Free University in Amsterdam), has treated over 400 children and adolescents over the last 15 years. And the support group Berdache currently has 120 children and adolescents as members.

Lejo De Hingh, father of Valentin and the secretary of Berdache, sees the relief in the faces of each new child who comes into the group. Often they've already had to cope with enormous problems and difficulties, having been passed from doctor to doctor and then to social services, etc.

"Parents confused by this behavior in their child often think they are the only ones like this or their child may be mentally ill," says Peter van Leeuwen, father of Willem, and also founder of Berdache. "We know of harrowing examples of children who have developed mental illnesses or become completely withdrawn and uncommunicative. Parents have many concerns and questions like: How do they inform the child's school and when? What can they do about their son being called a sissy, a faggot and a pantywaist, and being teased, beaten up and bullied? How should they deal with tensions within the family? Etc."

## Puberty

"Puberty is often a nightmare for these children" says Professor Cohen, "They develop an enormous dislike for their bodies."

Cohen is head of the gender team at the Free Hospital where gender dysphoric children receive help. They currently have a waiting list of over a year for patients to be seen and treated.

"It takes a long time, with tests, interviews, and observations before a child can be fully diagnosed. Gender dysphoria is not a static condition that can be determined by a single test."

Most children seen by Professor Cohen at puberty however, react with horror to the changes in their bodies.

"If the gender dysphoric feelings are become unbearable, then they will be prescribed medicines to temporarily halt puberty until they are sixteen."

Cohen says the treatment at this stage is reversible, and if it appears the child has taken the wrong track, then the treatment can be stopped and normal puberty allowed to ensue.

When the gender team at the Free hospital started this treatment five years ago, it was the first in the world to begin treating adolescents with puberty stopping drugs, leading initially to an uproar and questions being asked in the Dutch Parliament. Subsequently other countries such as the UK have shown great interest in the treatment, and in some cases have followed the Netherlands' example.



**Jamie, age 14**

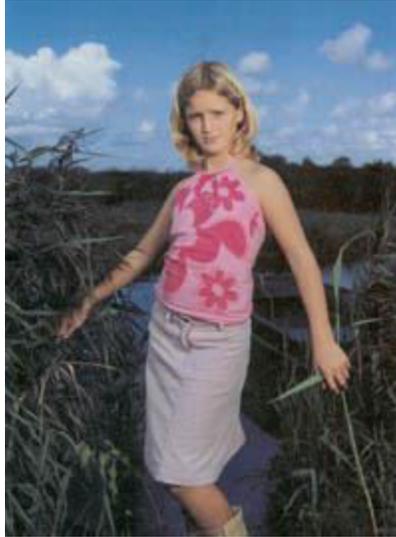
## **Hormones**

"During the period from the start of puberty to age 16 they can join a special support group run by Annerike Gorter. When they are 16 and quite certain that they have the wrong body, they can be prescribed hormones as well as puberty blockers to begin to change their outward appearance to more closely match their chosen sex. After that comes the actual sex-change operation" says Cohen. "Almost three quarters of the youngsters eventually become homosexuals, and at this stage they leave the program. The full sex change is only for those very feminine boys who need it."

Therefore Cohen always advises parents that their children should wait until they are over 18) before having a complete sex change.

Valentin and Willem are still not totally certain and have therefore not changed their names yet.

Valentin knows he doesn't want to be an adult male with a deep voice and body hair. "The only question is," he says, "whether I want to be a complete girl forever."



**Kristel aged 11 (born as Jeremy)**

## **Hiding Behind the Curtain**

Manon (aged 10) has come to the Berdache family day for the second time. The park playground they use is sheltered with private admission. The children play with each other on the climbing frame; the adolescents hold back self-consciously, the parents chat and occasionally shout to the children.

"Last year when Manon came here and was still called Benjamin, her eyes were opened to what she was," said her mother Elise Meussen.

"Previously, Benjamin had been a depressed boy and overcompensated by overly aggressive behavior. Always shouting, climbing to the highest branches, and being very nasty to everyone. When we took him to a psychologist, Benjamin said he would rather be dead, and his offensive behavior was to hide his true feelings. For years he had concealed his real self, because he thought that it was not acceptable. It was like he was hiding behind closed curtains. His admission relieved him of this burden, and then as soon as Benjamin came home from school each day, he would put on his sister's dress and soft lacy panties and dance around like the most prissy and sissy little girl. If the doorbell rang he would hide himself."

Now her parents have decided to be open about her with their family and friends. For her ninth birthday, they bought Manon a Barbie doll. She said, "Finally I have a present I really like!"



**Manon aged 10 (born as Benjamin)**

Willem's parents also decided to be totally open about his situation. Last month, they spoke to the teachers of his secondary school and then parents of other students were informed at the following parents' meeting.

"You can't hide in a school of 1100 pupils," says his mother Els Schijf. "If you say nothing, there will be rumor and gossip, and that's not good."

He had decided to dress in more boyish clothes for school, but the first day he went to school, he was sent home because everyone thought he was a girl masquerading as a boy!

This year at the school summer camp, Valentin slept in the girls' tent. "That caused no problems," he said.

## ***Humour Helps -***

"How gender dysphoric children themselves deal with problems can vary enormously," says Peggy Cohen. "Confident intelligent children are able to cope, but there are those who get in an awful mess."

In 'It Is Girl' (a guide for parents written by Els Schrijf), all the possible problems are listed in order - learning difficulties, isolation, abuse, envy towards brothers or sisters (or anyone who represents what the child wants to be), tensions between children and parents, especially about gender issues.

Sometimes, children have bad luck, Cohen says, and live in a neighborhood or go to a school where they are not accepted. When Jasmin went to her fifth grade class as a girl, her mother addressed other students in the school newsletter and said, "Our greatest fear is how we can protect her from the outside world that does not understand or accept her condition."

After that it went a lot better for her, says her mother Conny Smit "There was clarity, and Jasmin even gained some friends."



**Jasmin aged 9 (born as Colin)**

## **A New Class**

"However, she just advanced to the next grade, and they do not accept her as a girl. She gets teased and abused by the other children. Even our neighbors condemn her. They find it ridiculous that we let our son go out in a dress. During her summer holiday she was at the pool and some girls said, "There's a sissy boy in girls' clothes. Hey, boy, let us see your pretty panties!"

Jasmin became very upset about that," says her mother. "She quarrels with her younger sister and sometimes argues with her father. Also she can be very aggressive and has learning difficulties. She wants to be who she is, and that makes it very difficult for her." Conny wants to try and help her daughter to be more able to defend herself against such things without reacting violently.

## **'Dumb Girl'**

Great are the problems to overcome before gender dysphoric children can finally become themselves:

Manon's mother tells how delighted her son/daughter was when for the first time she was called a 'Dumb Girl.'

Conny Smit says, "Jasmin used to be sad and full of uncertainty, but now her biggest problem is pretty much limited to color coordinating her clothes and learning how to sit demurely in her dress so as not to show the whole world her lace-trimmed silk panties!"

Her mother says, "I have enormous respect for her, because she perseveres to get what she wants. A child doesn't consciously choose the most difficult way; it's driven by something deep within them."

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*\*This article was written by Ellen de Visser and published in the Dutch magazine 'Volkskrant' on 13 September 2003. It was translated into English by Barbara Blake, herself the mother of a transgendered teen.*

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Kamikaze Girls is a movie about the relationship between two very different girls, one is a biker and the other is into wearing fancy dresses like a little girl in the Victorian era. Our



*The extraordinary adventures of a Lolita-look aficionado  
and a tough biker gang chick.*

# *Kamikaze Girls*

*A Film by Tetsuya Nakashima*

interest here and what we want to bring to your attention is not so much about the movie itself but about the clothing worn by the Lolita-look girl in the movie, a clothing fad modeled after a character

in a Japanese anime\* story. The clothes are super feminine and very girlie-girlie and worn by teenage

girls -- AND SOMETIMES BOYS, and the links below give you more information about this movie and this clothing fad that is becoming increasingly popular.

The Japanese call this phenomenon "otaku" culture or cosplay – short for “costume play” – and takes popular or cult figures from cartoons, television, games, or other media, and interprets them as dress-up. Japanese teenagers and young adults do this style of dress up at conventions and shows but also every weekend in the livelier parts of cities, and as anyone can tell you who has visited the areas of cities where young people gather. Dress up is not necessarily reserved for a special occasion; it's part of the fabric of self expression.

[Click here for info on Kamikaze Girls movie and Lolita fashions.](#)

\* Anime is a style of comic book art extremely popular in Japan and now becoming popular worldwide. These cartoons feature a distinctive artistic style and the stories range from innocent children's stories to violent adventure and extremely sexually graphic stories. violent and sexual stories, often involving innocent young girls, and girls with big penises!

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## **The Redneck Sissyboy Who Got Spanked**

While I was dating a girl named Cindy we went to her family Christmas party. A lot of folks were there including kids of all ages. The women were setting out plastic cups, plates and a long double row of huge colorful plastic mixing bowls filled with potato salad, baked beans, chips, cole slaw, pretzels, etc., all in the midst of the TV blaring, well-worn furniture, threadbare carpets, etc., a rather seedy affair.

Cindy introduced me around, and then said she wanted to introduce me to her cousin because they used to be close. The boy was with this man, Charlie, who was slouched down on the couch. After Cindy introduced me, Charlie eyed me for a long moment, then pulled the beer bottle from his lips and motioned to me as he slurred, "Nice to meet ya'!" Crouched on the floor at his feet was this boy who was about twelve years old, his eyes were downcast and he wasn't saying anything or mixing with any of the other kids. At first I thought he was a girl since he had a feminine look about him; his mop of hair hung over his forehead with thick bangs; there just wasn't much masculine about him. He wore the ubiquitous outfit every teenage boy and girl wears – T-shirt and jeans – but he looked more feminine than masculine in them. Charlie kicked the boy in the side and said, "Hey, Pinky, you miserable piece of shit, say hello to Cindy's new fuck."

I never met most of these people before, so I couldn't believe how he was talking to me, but I soon found out just about everybody there talked like that, even the little kids. Profanity-filled prose was not just being spoken but frequently being shouted out all over the place, and without any "pardon my French" bullshit.

The boy jerked his head up, but huddled himself up even closer to the man's legs. His eyes glistened with tears. He looked like he was ready to burst out crying, but once he saw Cindy a smile lit up his reddened face and he whispered "hi" to me.

I was fascinated by the boy, so as the party went on, I couldn't help but look back toward him from time to time. He wasn't saying anything, nor was he smiling anymore. The man pulled the kid up onto the couch, and the kid just sat there right beside him with his eyes downcast. The man stuck his one hand down the behind the kid and kept moving it around, making the boy squirm a bit. The boy cuddled up to him, leaned onto his chest and at times looked up at the man through the strands of his longish hair hanging over his big eyes. He looked into the man's face with what I initially thought was intense admiration, but later learned it was more likely apprehension because the man had just given him a sound spanking before bringing him to the party, and they had arrived just before we had gotten there.

Shortly thereafter, I heard Charlie say to the lad, "Pinky, do you need me to take you over my knee and remind you what I told you earlier?"

At the time I thought Pinky was a pretty weird name for a kid, especially a boy, but then I remembered from my childhood the television character Pinky Lee, and he was a man, so I thought maybe Pinky was a boys' name too.

It was obvious Pinky didn't want to provoke the man further and was sticking close to him out of fear and being very attentive and quiet. I was sitting on a chair close to them and they were on the couch. From the side I could see the man's hand down the back of the boy's jeans and he kept it there cupping the kid's buns. It looked like he was constantly rubbing the boy's butt. That made the kid squirm almost continuously, and a few times Pinky did squeal a bit or meekly say something, and when he talked, Pinky's voice was feminine, teary, emotional and wispy.

Charlie was a brute of a guy in sloppy jeans and a short-sleeve shirt. He had anchors and military types of things tattooed on both his hairy arms, so I suppose he had been in the Navy or the military at one time. Some of the people there were neighborhood drop-ins, but most of them were relatives. One, I found out, was the boy's mother, but she didn't seem to have any interest in the kid and apparently was content with him never leaving the couch or the proximity of the older man. The dirty old man and the weak little sissy boy were a duo almost glued together, but occasionally the man went into the kitchen for more beer or to grab some more food or to the john to piss away some beer. I didn't see the kid eat anything, just sip on a Coke the whole time.

In quiet moments alone as we roamed around the party, Cindy told me about the boy, she explained he was afraid to do anything apart from the man lest he be spanked again. I had assumed the man was his father, but he wasn't. Cindy said the kid lived with him. The boy apparently was always getting spanked and most of the people at the party seemed to know it, as no one paid much attention to this dirty old Chester-the-molester look-alike man and his freakish little sissy boy.

This man had a live-in girlfriend too, who waltzed up to the duo occasionally with an ever-present half-filled rocks glass in her hand, usually just to bark out with slurred speech a few meaningless commands to the boy like "sit up straight" or "wipe those tears off your face; this is a party, stupid." The rest of her time she kept making the rounds at the party, and I overheard her and other people talking and occasionally mentioning Pinky and Charlie and halfway joking about how the kid didn't appreciate how good he had it, and how he got spanked every morning right after he woke up and Charlie personally showered him. I also heard the boy had to come home immediately after school and sit and watch game shows with Charlie's girlfriend and then help her fix dinner before the old man came home. After dinner, Charlie would take over the television, and the girlfriend, whose name was Mildred, would help the kid a bit with his homework. She'd spank him if she thought he wasn't trying hard enough. Charlie also spanked the kid most nights before they all went to bed. My butt hurt just thinking about how much spanking this kid was getting on a daily basis.

Cindy filled in some of the blanks in the bits of conversations I had overheard. She thought Pinky and the old man and his girlfriend were just weird. What really peaked my interest was that Cindy kept using the word "panties" when she spoke about the kid getting punished. She'd say things like, "Charlie and Mildred really like to warm up the kid's panties." And one time she said, "Pinky gets spanked like constantly, sometimes with his panties and sometimes with his panties down around his ankles. You'd think he'd run away or something, but I guess he's too much of a sissy to do that. I mean, who'd take him in? They've made him into a miserable little wimp."

I've been a panty fetishist since I was a toddler getting into my mom and sister's things, so her use of the word "panties" had me all that much more interested in the boy. Cindy didn't know about my panty fetish, even though we had been going out for almost a month and I was on the verge of telling her. I was pretty sure, she liked me enough and she was open-minded enough that she could handle it without it wrecking our relationship, so I promised myself I would tell her soon.

So, being a secret panty-wearing sissy, myself, I was really interested in what I was hearing her say about the boy, so I just had to ask her, "Hey, babe, about Pinky ... you keep using the word 'panties' is that just an expression or something? I mean, the kid doesn't really wear girls' panties, does he?"

"Hell, yes! He's a little sissy; you can see that, can't you? That's why they call him 'Pinky' because he always has to wear pink panties. Charlie and Mildred make wear 'em. Some of the relatives even give the kid a bunch of pink panties for Christmas every year. You'll see. Watch when we all open up our gifts."

Cindy could see I was taken back a bit.

"OK, you can close your mouth, now," she laughed. "Like I said, the kid's a sissy, so he wears pink panties, so the fuck what? And the way he gets his butt smacked all the time, they got worn out quick, so he goes through a lot of panties. Charlie and Mildred say they make him wear them to keep him tamed down and to keep him from getting any 'big boy' ideas. And they love to tease and humiliate the kid about his panties all the time. I heard that even at his age, they still like to take Pinky to the mall in December, make him sit on Santa's lap and make him ask Santa for more pink panties for Christmas!"

I was definitely taken aback. All I could do was to try and keep a straight face and nod understandingly while inside I was tremendously excited hearing about it. I could feel my cock starting to swell a bit in the panties I had on under my jeans. I had some pale green panties on that day with some white lace down each side.

"Here, come 'on," Cindy said, as she led me back over to where Charlie and Pinky were sitting. The old man was still sitting there with a beer in one hand and his other hand jammed down the back of the kid's jeans.

"Uncle Charlie," Cindy said even though he wasn't really her uncle, "Dez, my boyfriend here, seems to be awfully interested in little Pinky, especially after I told him how you make him wear pink girls' panties and spank him all the time to keep him in line."

"Dez, is it?" Charlie answered as he screwed up his face and looked me over with a strained expression on his beard-shadowed face. Then he looked in my eyes and said, "Dez, you a fruit or something? Why would you be interested in this little fairy unless you's a fruit too?"

"Oh, no, Uncle Charlie," Cindy said coming to my rescue, "Dez isn't a fag. I was just teasing him about Pinky. He was shocked to hear how you make Pinky wear girls' panties. He said he never heard of such a thing."

"Works wonders, works wonders," Charlie said smiling and nodding his head like he was a mastermind problem solver. "Keeps the little asshole out of trouble."

Charlie had just pulled his hand out of the back of the boy's jeans, and when he did, it made Pinky lurch, gasp and shutter a bit. The old man took the middle finger of his hand that had been down the back of Pinky's jeans and shoved it into the kid's mouth. "Suck it, sissy boy; suck it clean, you little fairly boy. Now keep on sucking on it while you unzip your jeans and give this nice guy a peek at the pretty pink panties Mildred and I give you the privilege of wearing."

As this was happening, all of a sudden I smelled the aroma of shit in the air, and I realized that all this time Charlie had been corn holing Pinky and had his finger up the kid's asshole! No wonder the kid couldn't sit still! And now the little pansy was sucking on that shitty finger like a lollipop! It turned my stomach just to think of it much less to be standing there and watching it! I hadn't had much of an appetite for the homemade potato salad, burnt burgers, and shriveled up hot dogs to start with, but now I had no appetite whatsoever! And by now the kid had unsnapped and unzipped his jeans and held them open in a V for me to see the pink panties he had on. He was blushing and kept his head down, probably not looking down at his panties so much as looking down so he wouldn't have to look up at me staring at him in his panties! His panties were pink all right with some flowers embroidered on the front.

For me it was a most amazing and exciting sight, but I knew I had to cool it and not look TOO interested. So I just nodded, mumbled, "Oh, I see," and did my best to look away and not just stand there and stare. The only good thing about seeing Pinky sucking on the man's finger coated with his own shit is that it had made my erection go down, but now that I was having a good look at the sissy kid's silky pink panties my cock was quickly thickening again! I prayed to the Almighty to stop me from having a boner that would betray me. I had to get away from there, so I tugged on Cindy's arm to let her know that I wanted to move.

Since Cindy knew I was interested in the boy (even though I tried not to make it too obvious), she didn't stop talking to me about him. And I wasn't about to stop her.

She said Mildred had trained the boy to do a lot of the cooking, cleaning and chores around the house, and if he didn't do them right, it was always reason to give him another spanking. Cindy was only nineteen and she admitted that before she left home the year before, she was still getting spanked, so I guess spanking was a pretty common thing in this extended family. She said she had a pretty good relationship with Pinky a few years earlier, and even though the lad wasn't supposed to use the phone, he used to call her and talk to her about everything, including the fact that they were both getting spankings, "girl talk," Cindy explained. This got us into the whole topic of spanking, and she asked me if I got spanked as a kid or if I ever spanked my son, who was four at that time. I told her I had never been spanked – she crinkled her nose up at that like it was weird not to have been spanked! And I told her I never spanked my son, but my ex-wife told me she had to spank him a couple of times for doing something wrong, but of course, I'm sure my ex didn't spank him anything like this spank-happy family seemed to punish their kids.

Cindy went on to tell me how Pinky got had gotten spanked and beaten his whole life. According to her,

the boy was always a sissy, even as a toddler. He'd always be getting into his mom's makeup and jewelry and his girl cousins' clothes when he was visiting them. His real dad and mom belonged to some crazy Baptist church that advocated corporal punishment and they tried to beat those feminine interests out of their son, stripping him and strapping him every time the kid made even the slightest feminine gesture. His dad, I was told, drank heavily and often applied his belt with a heavy hand to the young boy, so much so that the boy was often black and blue. Apparently his dad beat him all over not just on his butt.

Pinky didn't do very well in school, probably because the other kids gave him such a hard time, like they are known to do with sissy-type boys. Eventually, his dad and mom couldn't deal with having a pansy for a son, so they gave up on him, and somehow this man Charlie took the boy off their hands with their blessing, no official adoption – they just gave him the boy!

Charlie and his girlfriend Mildred believed in disciplining the boy all right, and between what I saw that day and what Cindy was telling me, they were out-and-out sadists in the way they handled him. And they weren't really interested in changing his feminine ways, in fact, under the guise of trying to cure him, they were promoting it. Supposedly it was Mildred's idea to make him wear pink panties all the time and to start calling him 'Pinky' instead of his real name, Errol. She had explained to the family that she was doing those things to him to stop his faggoty feminine way of acting, but in reality, Cindy said they weren't trying to change the kid at all, but just taking advantage of a situation in which they had a thoroughly submissive little boy at their disposal that they could dominate in any way they wanted and use to get off on their own sadistic jollies. She was sure they had no intention of reforming him in any way. They were just calling him Pinky, spanking him and making him wear girls' nylon panties to humble and shame the boy and make themselves feel superior. Cindy said both of them seemed to get very excited whenever they were humiliating and disciplining him with their panties-down, bare-bottom spankings. They were perverts, and many times she had seen them highly excited as they disciplined the boy; their excitement obvious in how they talked haltingly and breathed heavily with devilish glowing eyes. And Charlie often had a big boner pushing out the front of his pants. Cindy said they were weird but 'family' so all the other relatives didn't think it was their business to tell them how to handle the boy.

My girlfriend said his real dad and mom, on occasion still strapped him too. And, it was also clear his real parents knew for sure their son was being spanked to the point of abuse by Charlie and Mildred but were of the mind that the kid deserved it.

Cindy explained that when a kid screws up in their family, they simply yank pants or panties down and deliver a spanking, that's all. If someone happens to be there, well, the boy should of thought about that before he screwed up in the first place. "When a boy screws up, he doesn't need his ass spanked a couple of hours later. He needs it right then. That's just the way it is! Nothing wrong with that!"

Cindy told me Charlie lacked class in every department (that was obvious!), but he was a good talker. For example, the kid's parents were horrified when Charlie first told them that their son was to be called

'Pinky' and kept in girls' pink panties. The parents had no problem giving and sanctioning Charlie to give their son frequent and harsh spankings. That was just the way it was and no big deal in their family. But it took Charlie's gift of gab to win over the kid's parents and convince them that calling the boy a girlish name like Pinky and making him wear frilly little nylon panties made perfect sense as a way of humiliating the sissiness out of the boy.

The boy's goal in life was to work in a beauty shop, an interesting choice for someone so young, especially a boy, even if he was a sissy boy. He was always playing around with his hair and experimenting with Mildred's makeup, and for the most part, Charlie and Mildred would let him, and then expose him to other people even strangers as they would make fun of him for fixing his hair and wearing makeup like a girl. It was an extremely bizarre relationship these people had. I had never seen or heard of such a thing before, and to tell the truth, I've never seen anything worse or more bizarre since.

When she was still living at home and periodically in contact with Pinky, Cindy said she had wanted to stay close to him because she felt sorry for him, whom she kept referring to as her 'sister,' but as things went along, Charlie and Mildred hardly ever let him out of their sight so the kid really had no opportunity to have a relationship with her, except for the occasional phone call, but even those abruptly stopped one day, and now she only saw Pinky at family get-togethers like this one. And since Cindy couldn't stand Charlie, she really didn't want to have to deal with him in any way just to try to keep in contact with Pinky.

As I said, the boy's real mom was there, and later his real dad also dropped in to that little gathering. Both of them were such obvious losers is one of the reasons why I remember them so well. It really shocked me back then. The parents had been anxious to give the boy up because they didn't have any idea what to do with a sissy like him and were extremely embarrassed to have a boy with such feminine ways about him. It was sad. It seemed clear they were happy to have this old man and his girlfriend raise the boy even though this wacko couple gave the kid a feminine nickname and made him wear lacy nylon panties.

To the parents, Charlie, an older man well into his sixties, was a godsend since he was willing to take over the boy and care for him. It solved the problem of what to do with the boy. And if that man not only spanked their son, but beat him, panty trained him, and abused him in heaven knows how many other ways, well, that was OK with them. It was obvious Pinky was a very confused, frightened and weird little boy; I concluded that after Cindy described how Charlie had convinced Pinky that he was frequently spanked, disciplined, teased and humiliated because they "loved" him.

As Charlie was sitting there, he'd joke with people who stopped by to visit with him, laughing while he freely talked to them how he "had to" spank Pinky, saying there was no other way to handle a sissy boy like him. Charlie was a middle-aged, scruffy, cigarette chain-smoking, unkempt factory worker (a die cast maker, I think), and was quite upbeat about being Pinky's master. I'm sure he was well aware of the pleasures of his good fortune; he a miserable sadist having a boy of his own to dominate in any way with

the kid's mom and dad's blessing. The man was certainly not naive. He was very aware of his luck and took open pleasure in what he had. He was perfectly willing to tell people in detail how he disciplined the boy. He glowed and laughed a lot as he talked about it, and he'd punctuate what he was saying by nudging the kid in the side and getting him to say things like "I get spanked because I deserve it." "I like wearing my pink panties." "I love Uncle Charlie and Auntie Mildred." "If I'm good maybe Santa Claus will give me a dress for Christmas."

That kind of talk, forced or not, was driving me a little crazy — me with my panty fetish. I was even more stunned and strangely turned on when Cindy said she knew for sure that Charlie was having sex with the boy, raping him was probably more like it.

And on that day, I got treated to Pinky getting one of his spankings. Charlie had sent him to the kitchen to get him a beer, and the kid came back swishing his hips like a world class faggot, and some boy there, a boy about fifteen years old, thought he was being funny and tripped Pinky. Well, the little pansy and the bottle of beer went flying. Mildred was right there, and of course, she blamed it on Pinky because he was swishing around like a pantywaist and not watching where he was going, and the next thing I knew, she had the boy bent over that serving table loaded with those plastic bowls of food, and in a flash she had his jeans down and his butt in his pink panties fully exposed for all of us to see as she was slapping his behind and urging him to step out of his jeans.

Then she spanked the dickens out of his little pantied butt. After about fifty swats, she pulled down the panties and gave him about another fifty swats! She was spanking him just with her hand, but wow! How she could spank. A couple of little girls giggled wildly as they watched the lad's cock and balls flopping around freely as he jumped around, trying to avoid the swats and reacting to those slaps on his naked buns that were black and blue from previous punishments and now quickly taking on a bright red hue. She kept slapping him and threatening that she'd get "the stick and turn him over to Charlie" if he didn't stop jumping around so she could properly smack his sissy ass. The mention of the man's name caused the boy to pretty much contain himself and resist his natural reaction to shy away from her hitting him; the boy was clearly very, very much afraid of the man spanking him. Even though he had that fear, he tried to stand still and take it, but he still had trouble standing still for her spanking, pleading with her to stop and saying that he had learned his lesson. Even though he knew trying to avoid getting hit only made it more likely that he'd get spanked harder and longer, he still tried, like it was an almost a natural instinct. I guess his severely battered rear end just couldn't take much more. With Mildred spanking him like a half-crazed witch, Pinky went berserk kicking, screaming, squealing, and in every way putting on a really good and very loud show, no matter how hard he tried not to. Outside of a few curious kids, most of the other people at the party barely gave the whole thing a second look. I guess they all knew exactly how the boy was treated from his wearing pink panties to being firmly spanked. No big deal to any of them.

For some reason when I saw it, I was convinced Mildred was getting off on punishing him; she seemed to love hitting his bare bottom, making his butt hot pink and seemed to especially like doing it with others around, especially the other kids, who seemed to be more interested in it than most of the

adults.

While it was extreme, by my standards, completely stripped and strung out before this woman, I couldn't believe how the others weren't reacting — like he deserved his humiliating panty punishment and spanking! Once she had him held down firmly, she spanked him like the devil and his young bare bottom danced seductively, even erotically, very freely and openly, while he struggled and screamed as the woman's palm cracked down across both his bruised buns. The boy lunged forward quickly, his head with its flopping hair jerked up sharply and he shrieked sharply. The boy was extremely vocal and active as Mildred brought her palm down again and again. His buns turned scarlet and bruised easily, but she kept it up, spanking him and spanking him hard. His spanking continued while most of the other people either paid little attention or silently stood by watching. The little sissy cried, screamed, and promised her the world. Still the woman just continued spanking him for a very long time. The boy's buns ended up being bruised heavily.

The boy submitting to such punishment made it seem like he was convinced it was “love” and that he deserved it. How else could he stand there and take it? I guess he just didn't have much self-respect or believe he really had much to offer. Cindy told me that he referred to himself as a “screw up” all the time. But I don't think he was from what I saw. I thought he was quiet, well-mannered and rather smart, just from the few things I heard him say. But he just hung on Charlie all the time and shook when the old man would look down at him with an evil eye. I guess Pinky never knew whether or not a few moments later he'd be over the old man's lap for another walloping.

In my opinion, Mildred went on spanking him long after it was necessary, far, far longer than the boy needed for sure. Yes, he was crying, tears flowing, when he was finally let up and allowed to dash into a side bedroom, still crying hysterically. When we were getting ready to leave, we had to go into that bedroom to get our coats, and Pinky was in there curled up around the pillows on the bed and still sobbing. His pink panties were now around his thighs and his bare bottom was redder than just red and heavily marked with both old and new bruises. He cried even more when he knew we were there and looking at him. He probably had been told to keep himself there like that and he had no ability to hide from us.

Cindy gave him a cheery little greeting and told him things would surely get better, but she told me later that if an outsider (like herself) intervened, the boy would get it worse later, so there was no use in trying to do much but momentarily comfort the boy. Clearly, Cindy didn't want to get involved and just make it worse on him.

We kept getting detained as Cindy got involved in conversations with one relative after another who she hadn't seen in a long time, and that delayed us from leaving, but I didn't mind with my interest and my mind still whirling with thoughts about Pinky and what I had seen that day.

We were still there when his tears finally subsided and he ultimately reentered the main room. Actually the old man told him to come out, and he knew better than to object. He sulked and pouted so much

that Charlie warned him several times and came close to spanking him again and would have, I suspect, except as he was ready to march the boy out of the room, Mildred whispered something to him about finishing his punishment once they got home. Charlie just laughed, nodded in agreement and returned to sitting there with his half empty Bud, lighting up another cigarette, and was returning his attention to the tube and sports talk with two other equally disgusting macho types. I still find it amazing that from everyone's perspective, there was nothing unusual about any of this. Like they agreed the boy needed to be treated like that, and that was it, nothing strange about it, and no criticism of how Charlie and Mildred abused the boy.

But then it all changed again. Charlie had enough of the boy's sniffing and occasional groaning. He wasn't going to wait until they got home. He insisted Pinky go back into the bedroom, stretch himself out over the bed and get ready for punishment. Tears filled Pinky's eyes as he realized he was going to get it again.

"Pull yourself together and wait for me there," Charlie said, "I'll be back in a minute. I'm going to the car to get the stick." He went outside and moments later reappeared carrying a wicked long black stick about two inches wide. He kept snapping it back and forth in the air like he was loosening it up. He disappeared into the bedroom, and we could hear the boy's screams once again, louder than ever, even though he was in the next room with the door closed most of the way. As he beat him, Charlie explained how much he loved him even though Pinky was a fuck-up and a pantywaist!

After that whole scene, I just couldn't bring myself to tell Cindy about my panty fetish. Even though I was sure she could handle it, a lot of the things she had said about Pinky wearing panties was quite derogatory, and she really didn't have any respect for him or even seem very sympathetic toward him even if she felt sorry for him. I guess she thought he should stand up for himself – like a boy – and do something to change his situation! I just knew she'd surely carry a lot of those thoughts over to me if I ever told her about my love of wearing panties especially how I liked to wear panties while having sex with a woman. Since I hadn't told her about my panty fetish, when we did have sex, I pretty much got off by having her keep her panties on while we did it. She didn't have any problem with that. Plus I fantasized about me wearing her panties, but that had limited enjoyment for me and probably resulted in limiting her enjoyment too. Not long after we drifted apart. I would have liked to have stayed with her a while longer, just so I could hear periodic news about Pinky and perhaps seeing him again, but sometimes, ready or not, people have to move on, and we did. I don't know what happened to Pinky, but can only wonder what kind of life he has now.

After that day, I did see Pinky one more time. Cindy and I were still dating, and she took me to a Beatles impersonator concert, and some of her relatives were there, and as it turned out Charlie, Mildred and Pinky were there too because Charlie was a big fan of the Fab Four and was a friend of one of the roadies with the show. Of course, for me, the best part of seeing them was seeing Pinky. He was wearing a pink dress and dancing with Mildred, even though he was red-faced and crying. He probably didn't want to dance but had just gotten a spanking, and now he was dancing! I wasn't sure if all the jumping around he was doing was just his style of dancing or he was trying to cool off his well-spanked butt!



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

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January 2006

Published weakly, never w  
Published only when we fi  
time after raiding clothe  
dressing up and jerki

HEALTH

LIFESTYLE

HEADLINES



*Petticoat punished boy doesn't understand why his sister doesn't have to wear Jockey shorts and trousers when she gets her punishment*

*Happy New Year panty boys!  
Why not make a New Year's resolution to tell your wife or girlfriend every day that you love her so she doesn't start to think you like her just so you can dress up in her clothes!*



*Man uses 1950s photos as proof and wins millions from rich mother for raising him as a sissy boy*

Bird-in-Hand, PA: Fifty-eight-year-old Carol Hunt is a man who has been searching for his identity his entire life. His mother, Helen, never got married because the boy who got her pregnant back in the 1950s fled town.

In revenge, the child of the relationship, a son, she raised as a sissy, kept him in girls' clothes and only allowed him to play with girls and do girlish things.

After being dependent on his wealthy mother his whole life, he has sued her and is going on his own since he's tired of going to Helen Hunt for every cent.

## *Caught on video: Man rescuing son from ex-wife dressing him as a girl*

*Boy said he had to do everything like a girl*

Pecker Flats, IL: Last week the television show Video Crimestoppers featured the harrowing rescue of Bobby Head from his mother, who has been raising the 8-year-old lad as a prissy little girl.

Security cameras caught the father carrying the boy away in a flurry of frills as the kid's skirt and ruffled petticoats flew up exposing his lacy white panties.

Despite facing kidnapping charges, the boy's dad, Dick Head, said any decent father would have done the same thing, and he thinks any judge will agree with him.



Even though Judge Buster is sending the boy back to live with his father, the father said he'll do it again because no one would stop his overflowing to have his kid.

Survey: How many bows do you like on your panties  
None - 2% One - 5% Two or more - 14%  
As many as will fit on the panties - 69%

### **OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS**

*Horrified woman realizes just how excited her husband got buying her panties after finding them full of his*

*Boy who always prayed to God to change him into a girl grows up to be just a panty wanking pervert*

*Boy who was born without any balls gets a 50% discount on a sex change operation*

*Racist peeking in his daughter's lingerie drawer finds big black cock-like dildo under her panties*

*Cumming trend: Small lingerie company becomes big in business after big spurt in their panty sales*





WWXT-TV  
Crimestopper Video

