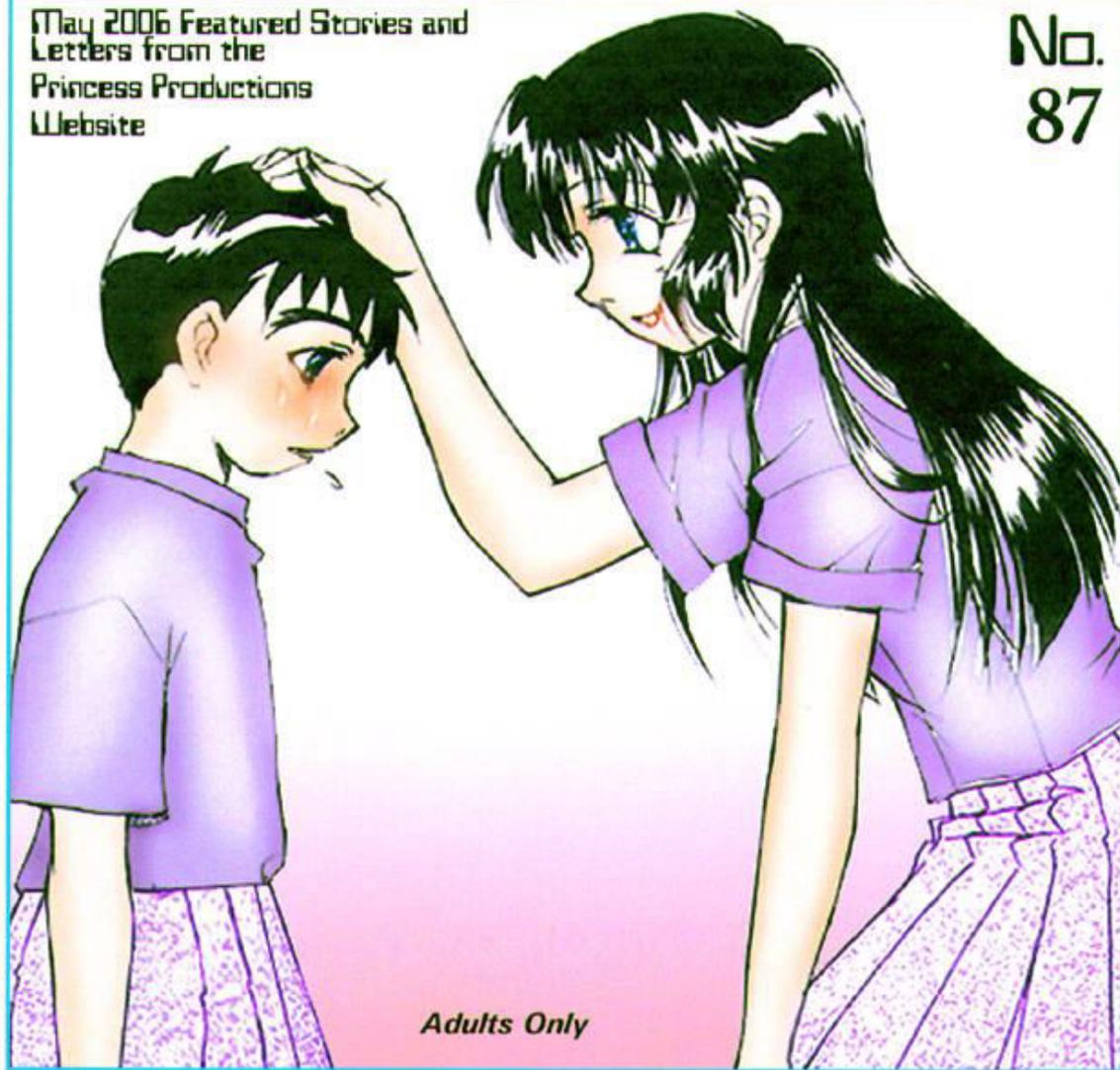


Princess Online

May 2006 Featured Stories and
Letters from the
Princess Productions
Website

No.
87



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.

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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 one of Carole Jean's upcoming books and features a group of boys under feminine training at a school for boys being turned into girls and sissies. He the boys are getting dressed for bed in their sheer white nighties that they wear over their bras and panties to maintain that feminine feeling all night long!

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

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

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

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

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Watchdoggie!

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

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

this movement insist, will serve the boys throughout their lifetime.

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

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

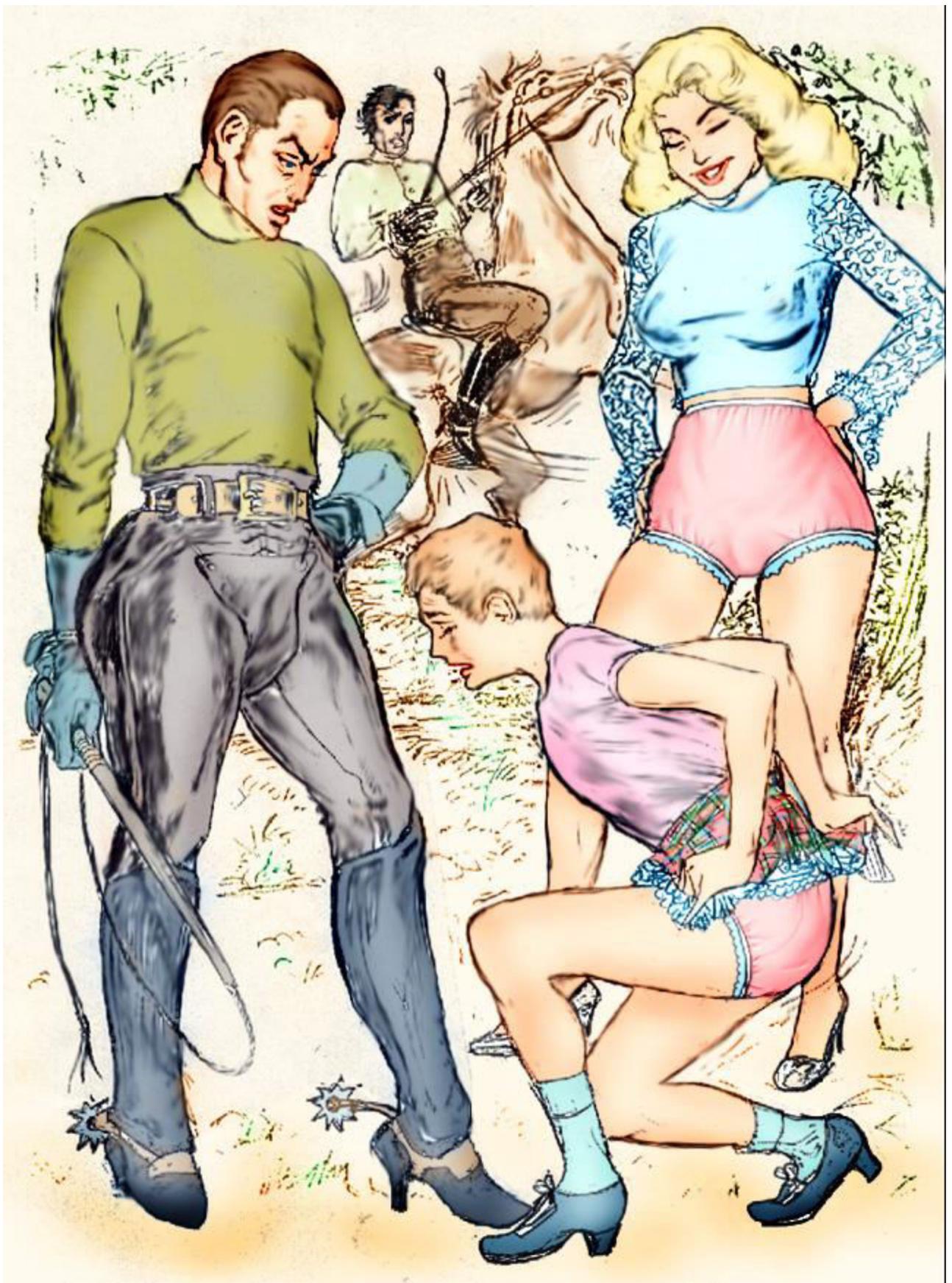
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Masquerade

Everybody thought it was so funny, when on the day of their sister's wedding and after everyone had changed out of their wedding clothes, Janet's two brothers came walking into the reception wearing dresses! Charlie had put on one of the bride's maid dresses, and little Austin had put on the little flowergirl's dress!

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Classic Art

Young lovers Jenny and Bobby were both from wealthy families. Jenny's dad ran a construction company favored by the City's politicians, and Bobby's dad was a major beer distributor. These two kids should have had everything, and they did, especially Jenny, a beautiful girl everyone loved and showered with every sort of gift and advantage.

Bobby's family wealth did little to make him happy. His greatest happiness came from dating the sensationally gorgeous Jenny. At times, even he wondered why she loved him. He was a poor excuse for a boy, and he knew it. He was small and weak and spurned by nearly everyone.

Bobby had always been abused by his father, his nasty older sister, bullies at his school, and the rough-and-tumble monster kids in his neighborhood. He had been battered, teased and terrorized his whole life.

But both Bobby and his girlfriend were masochistically inclined. Through very different ways, they had arrived at the same need to be dominated. Because she had so much, Jenny's guilt made her crave humiliation. Conversely, Bobby's lack of affection, friends and power had taught him to get enjoyment from being mistreated. He had a hard time admitting that to himself, but deep inside he knew it, and he did love how Jenny could make him cringe and embarrass him. Every boy in school wanted her, but they didn't interest her. She liked wallowing in the lows of lows with Bobby. And she constantly challenged him to ever deeper feelings of shame, but he loved her so much that he had a hard time refusing to do anything she asked, and she could think up some pretty crazy and humiliating things for them to do.

She especially loved to taunt and tease him and get him to join her doing all kinds of embarrassing things in public. And on this day, she had talked him into wearing a skirt while they went horseback riding. Jenny gave him a plaid skirt that she said was a boys' kilt, but he knew it was actually a girls' skirt that he had seen her wear many times before. He promised to wear it as soon as they reached the open fields.

Then she added that she wanted him to wear a frilly petticoat too, but he refused to wear the lacy half-slip she showed him. But as they drove to the stables, she kept after him, and at the last minute, he gave into her and changed into the skirt and slip in the car. However, it escaped his attention that a lace-trimmed ribbon had been sewn on to the hem of the slip, apparently in the last minute before they left, and for all to see, it trumpeted that he was wearing a petticoat under the skirt.

There were many riders there, and it made Bobby nervous because they were all very masculine types of men and all dressed in well-worn breeches and boots. A rough lot judging by the way they tossed four-letter words around and abused their horses. Bobby felt pity for the poor helpless, suffering animals. He wanted to tell those riders what he thought of them, but considering how he was dressed, he was much too embarrassed to say anything to these men.

Since Jenny and Bobby were the only “skirts” at the paddock, they had attracted attention from the men, who snickered and blurted out barbs at him as they noticed his skirt with the lacy ribbon peeking out from underneath.

The most shaming comments came from men asking Jenny things like who her ‘girlfriend’ was. Several of them offered her their manly services since they said it looked like her sissy friend surely wasn't up to the job!

Jenny laughed and relished the attention, and for all their comments, she had a cutesy reply, like, “Oh, you men are all so funny! This isn't my girlfriend! This is my boyfriend, and he's a very sweet boy.” And, “Oh, my little Bobby, here, is a gentle boy, and he just loves to wear skirts and pretty girls' clothes, don't you honey?”

When she said that, Bobby was awestruck and then further humbled when someone said, “Looks like the sissy has a pretty petticoat on too. He must be a faggot.”

Then, much to Bobby's embarrassment, Jenny decided to discard her skirt so all the men could see her new hot pink panties. She wallowed in the shame of being in the midst of all these macho men exposing herself in her flimsy nylon and lace-trimmed panties. As a small crowd gathered around, she did several pirouettes and gave them all a good look at her beautiful body in her lovely panties.

That's when they bumped into Will Breaker. He carried a hunting crop in his leather-gloved hand. Jenny put her arms around his neck and kissed him. And, he kissed her back aggressively for a very long time with an open mouth, her head writhing back and forth as he tongue fucked her face while wedging his leather-clad right knee between her thighs and grinding his thigh up against her pantied pussy so hard that it lifted her off the ground.

Bobby was furious. How could this brute treat her like that! She was his girlfriend! The disgusting man was shamelessly fondling his girlfriend's tits through her thin blouse. Jenny didn't attempt to stop him as Bobby gawked with a stupid expression on his face. This was something he would never have dared to do. To him, she was a beauty to be put on a pedestal and adored.

However, she only laughed and squirmed girlishly at the man's bold caresses. It made Bobby's blood boil to see the object of his adoration being treated with such little respect. He wanted desperately to slap the man's face and demand he stop touching Jenny like that. But what held him back was the fact that Mr. Breaker was considerably bigger and stronger than he was. The well-muscled man also behaved and dressed in a way that emphasized his brutish manliness. He wore dark brown glossy whipcord breeches trimmed with leather reinforcements. Bobby was especially conscious of the brazen barn door type flap in front of Will Breaker's riding breeches, a codpiece tied up with thin leather straps to “D” rings attached to his broad belt.

As he broke off the erotic kiss, Mr. Breaker mumbled aloud about a pair of wasted beauties as he tweaked her nipples now poking out the front of her blouse. Then he gave her a resounding slap on her silk pantied ass.

Bobby's girlfriend, Jenny, commented how she loved Mr. Breaker's riding outfit. She had always liked all kinds of fancy clothes, especially on men and boys. But Bobby was taken aback when she turned to him and asked him to curtsy low before this new acquaintance of hers, this repulsive brute wearing riding breeches and tall, shiny high-heeled riding boots with sharp, pointed spurs.

“Don't be bashful, dear,” she said. “Consider it a privilege to curtsy before a powerful and masterful man like Mr. Breaker. He's a new friend I met here in the paddock last time we went riding.”

Bobby still stood motionless and erect trying to control his temper when Jenny turned to him and insisted he raise ‘his’ skirt and curtsy before Will Breaker exactly as she had taught him in private, and also to say, “Mr. Breaker, I'd be right honored to serve you, Sir, in anyway that you command.” Bobby was dumbfounded at her request. Then she added, “Go on, Bobby, get a hold of the lace-trimmed skirt you're wearing, raise it up as you bend your knee before this fine gentleman.”

Bobby still stood silently erect with his legs planted wide apart and his fist clenched, determined not to sink to that degree. But then, someone -- the lowest of the low -- said, “What he needs is a little encouragement,” and with that, he hit Bobby from behind with a bull pizzle.

Bobby clutched his butt with both hands and cried out in pain. The pizzle -- a whip made from a bull's penis -- had imparted such a blow that Bobby's knees buckled under him and as he wobbled and yelled out in pain, he forced himself to immediately comply with Jenny's request. He grabbed his skirt as he sunk downward and attempted a curtsy before his Lord and Master, Mr. Will Breaker.

“That was rather clumsy,” Jenny said, completely ignoring the terrible pain her boyfriend was in from being struck with the bull cock.

“Now, raise your skirt, properly, Bobby,” she demanded, “and curtsy deep before this fine gentleman. Raise it higher, boy! Don't be afraid to show him my lace panties that you are wearing today under your skirt and pretty slip. He has seen those panties before on me, and I might add, he is good at pulling them down; so beware, Bobby. Be humble and curtsy deep.”

Will Breaker added, “And keep your eyes on my hunting crop,” he said holding his crop directly in front of Bobby who had bent his knees deeply doing his curtsy. The man nudged Bobby with his crop and then humiliated the cowering boy by rubbing the front of the boy's pink panties with the whip handle as he taunted Bobby and made fun of the kid's pantied little bulge containing his boyishly small penis and balls. “Yes, you pathetic little sissy, raise your skirt. I want to see those lace panties again.”

Jenny laughed and then spoke loud enough so all the gathered men could hear, “Would you Mr. Breaker like to see Bobby masturbate for you in his panties? Jacking off in my silky panties that I let him wear every day is his favorite thing to do in the whole world, isn't it Bobby dear?”

We Princessized this old classic short story "Mr. Breaker's Little She-Man" and drawing by Stanton.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Reggie

This month, we present the picture of thirteen-year-old Reggie, 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 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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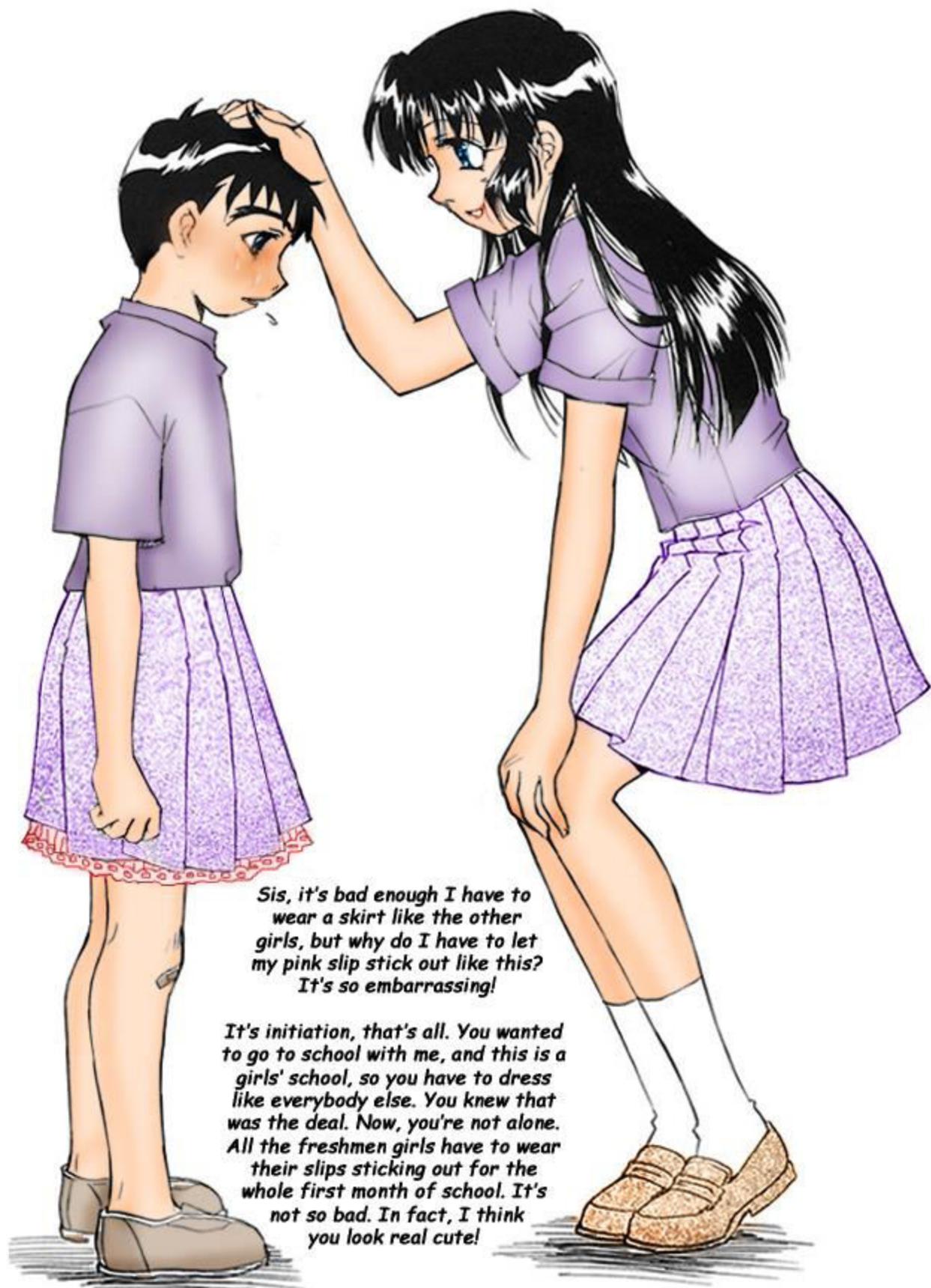


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Sissies of the Month

Two boys trying on training bras and lacy rhumba panties.
We can't think of a better way two boys can spend an afternoon.

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Sis, it's bad enough I have to wear a skirt like the other girls, but why do I have to let my pink slip stick out like this? It's so embarrassing!

It's initiation, that's all. You wanted to go to school with me, and this is a girls' school, so you have to dress like everybody else. You knew that was the deal. Now, you're not alone. All the freshmen girls have to wear their slips sticking out for the whole first month of school. It's not so bad. In fact, I think you look real cute!

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My Best Friend's Kid Sister Turned Me into a Fag

“OOOOWWWW!” I cried out as Susie twisted my arm again.

Susie giggled and said, “Say it, Bobby! Tell us you're a pussy and a wimp.”

Susie was my best friend's kid sister, just eleven years old, a year younger than me and my friend, Ronnie. Well, she wasn't exactly little. She was chubby and strong. And at this moment, she had me face down on her living room rug with my arm twisted up behind my back.

Ronnie and I had been wrestling around, and she wanted to join in, but I told her and her girlfriend, Tammy, “Wrestling ain't for sissy girls.”

That got Susie mad, and she jumped up and in seconds had me pinned facedown on the floor with my arm twisted up behind my back.

“Say it, wimp!” she demanded as she twisted my arm even more. “Tell us who is a sissy and a wimp.”

I cried out, “OOWWW! I'm a sissy and a wimp, uh! ... Now, let me go.”

The two girls really thought it was funny. They giggled as Susie posed with her one arm up in the air like she had just won a championship bout.

Then my buddy Ronnie said, “Hey, hold him there, girls; I got to get a picture of this.”

I struggled but couldn't break Susie's hold on me as Ronnie ran off to get his camera even though I begged him, "Hey, no pictures, please! This isn't funny!"

Tammy just kept giggling. Susie leaned down near my ear and said, "Shut up, wimp. Shut your sissy mouth." She put more pressure on my arm.

I cried out again. "OOWW! Don't! Please, Susie, let me up, please?"

"Bobby, turn your face this way," I heard Ronnie say.

I knew he had the camera. I refused to turn toward him. "No, don't do it, Ronnie!"

Susie pressed on my twisted arm and said, "Face the camera, wimp, or I'll break you sissy arm!"

I cried out in pain and turned my head toward Ronnie. The Polaroid flashed and whirled. They all laughed, and I felt a wave of shame run through me.

"Let me up!" I begged as the first tear rolled down my cheek. I cried easily, and I hated that about myself, but I was humiliated and my arm really hurt. I couldn't help it; then I started to really cry.

"Look! The pussy boy is crying." Tammy said giggling.

Tammy wasn't big like Susie, she was petite and cute and always caught my eye, but she was just eleven too and pretty childish in how she acted. She was really getting off on me being beaten by her girlfriend. They all laughed about my crying.

Susie said, "You really are a sissy wimp, Bobby. Let's see if you can answer a question for me before I let you up." She giggled wildly thinking about what she was about to ask me. Then she asked, "Hey, pussy boy, since a girl younger than you can beat you up, that makes you a sissy for sure. So tell me, pussy, what do all sissies wear?"

I had no idea what she was talking about and just said, "Com'n, let me up, please?"

She pushed up on my twisted arm again, and I screamed. They laughed and she demanded, "Tell me what sissies wear, wimp?" She pushed up on my arm even more. She asked again, "What do sissies wear, wimpy?"

"OOWWW! Stop Please!" I sobbed, "Please, I don't know!"

She leaned her face down to mine and whispered in my ear, "Sissies wear girls' panties. Don't they, Bobby." She pushed on my arm.

I cried out, "YES! OOWWW!"

Susie asked, "Are you a sissy, Bobby?"

I sobbed, “Yes.”

Tammy giggled and squealed and said, “Yes! Yes, do it, Susie. Do it! Make him wear your panties!”

I realized what she was going to try to do to me, and I cried out, “NO, please! Ronnie, please, help me. Make her stop, please, Ronnie, please!”

But Ronnie was laughing along with the girls. He was caught up in the moment and was enjoying watching his little sister humiliate me. Ronnie, my turncoat friend, joined in. “Hey, yeah, sis. That would be great. I'd love to see him wearing some of your girlie panties!”

Susie twisted my arm and said, “Tell me you want to wear my panties, sissy. Tell me you're a sissy, and you want to wear my pretty panties.”

My arm was going numb. I needed to end it. I cried out, “OOOWWW! Please, OOWWW! I want to wear panties! I'm a sissy, and I want to wear your pretty panties!”

They all laughed. Susie let up a little on the pressure on my arm as she told Tammy to run into her room and get a pair of her panties. “Get a pair from my bottom right-hand drawer, Tammy. I keep my special panties there.”

As Tammy went running I felt Susie's free hand flip open my belt and begin to unzip my pants. I twisted to evade her, but she gave me a hard slap on my face as she said, “Just cooperate, Bobby. Don't make me break your arm. You're going to wear a pair of my prettiest panties for us. I'm sure you'll look sweet in my panties.”

I heard my friend Ronnie chuckle. I turned my head toward him and begged, “Please, Ronnie, please, don't let them do this ... please, Ronnie?”

As Susie pulled my pants down, she giggled and told her brother, “You heard him. He wants to wear my panties. He told us all he's a sissy. You heard him. He's a sissy and sissies wear panties, right?”

Ronnie chuckled and said, “Sorry, Bobby, but you did ask for this. Just play along. We're all just having fun.”

I wailed, “NNNOOO!”

And at that moment, Susie pulled down my underpants too. Tammy came scurrying back into the room screaming, “Wow, Susie, these panties are great. You always wear those plain white panties of yours. I never knew you had some fancy panties like these!”

Tammy was dancing around in glee, flagging the panties around. Then she bent down and held the panties down so I could see them. “Look, Bobby. You're a lucky sissy boy. Look what you're going to get to wear. Susie's prettiest panties.”

I saw the childish full-cut pink nylon little girls' panties with a big red lace flower on the side. They were like little sissy girls wear. I jerked my arm and tried to break free from Susie's iron grip, but she just applied some pressure to my arm and made me scream.

“OOOWWW! NO, please, don't put those on me, please!”

Susie just giggled and directed Tammy. “Pull his pants and stupid boy panties all the way off, and get these sissy's fancy panties on him.”

Ronnie just stood by and watched as Suzie held me tightly and Tammy put my feet through the legs of the pink nylon panties. As she got them up on me, I could feel every bit of their teasing silkiness. My head was in pain from sheer embarrassment. They all thought it was a laugh riot to see me pantied. For me it was the worst day of my life. I had never felt so bad. And through all this pain, I heard Tammy talking, and I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

“Susie, in your bottom drawer, you had a whole box of other pretty things ... some bras, garter belts, and even old-fashioned nylon stockings. Wow! Were did you get all that stuff. Wouldn't Bobby look great in those things too?”

“Sure, he would!” Suzie said with a snotty grin. “Mom got them for me in Mexico. Really sexy lingerie in little sizes. She got them as a joke, and I wore some of them for Halloween one year. Sometimes, I wear them around the house; I like to wear them sometimes when I feel really wicked. But they're too embarrassing for me to wear in front of anybody – too girlie-girlie! I did a couple of times, and guys really shit when I let them peek up my skirt and let them see those garters holding up my stockings. Yeah! Go ahead and get them. Bring the whole box of them. Bobby can give us a fashion show in my trashy lingerie. Sissies love all kinds of naughty lingerie, not just pink little girl panties, don't you Bobby?”

When I turned my head to protest to Ronnie, I was greeted with a flash from the camera. He had taken a picture of me wearing his sister's pink nylon panties!

Susie told me, “Just cooperate, Bobby, this will all be over soon unless you fight us. If you don't do everything I want, Tammy and I will take you for a walk so everybody can see you in these pretty lace panties.”

I began to cry really hard and sobbed out the words, “Please, don't! Oh, please, don't. Please don't dress me in any more of your girls' stuff, please.”

I turned to my friend. With tears streaming down my face, I begged, “Ronnie, stop them, pl-l-l-e-e-ease!”

But he just stood there staring at me with a wicked grin on his face.

Tammy was now back and I felt the two girls strapping a black lace bra around me. Susie momentarily let go of my arm to slip it through the bra strap, but my arm was so numb and she did it so fast I had no chance of escape.

The close-up camera flash nearly blinded me.

Then Susie told me, “Bobby, we now have several pictures of you wearing these pretty pink panties and the bra, so I'm going to let you go so we can put some more lovely clothes on you, but since we have those pictures, I know you'll cooperate and won't try to run away. Otherwise, everybody will be seeing copies of those pictures. Do you understand?”



I told her I did.

She let go of my arm. It ached beyond belief. I was so thankful that she had let go. Then I did cooperate, but I wailed even harder as the two girls stood me up and put a matching black lace garter belt around my waist and over the panties. They slid black nylon stockings up my legs and attached them to the ribbon garter tabs. Susie completely let go of me, and I just sat there on the couch crying in the sinfully wicked looking black lace bra and garter belt with nylons and little girls' fancy pink panties. Susie took the camera from Ronnie. The camera flashed and whirled. She told me to pose sexy or she would put me outside for everybody to see me. I tried to do a sexy pose for them, hoping they now had their fun, and it would end soon.

Ronnie said he was tired of playing these dumb little girl games and wanted to go play ball with the guys in the park. I pleaded with him to get his sister to let me have my own clothes back so I could go with him, but Susie said, “Bobby's going to stay here and learn to be a good little girl for us.”

I sobbed and the girls laughed.

Ronnie chuckled and said, “OK, have fun being a girl, Bobby.”

“Don't leave me! Oh, please, don't leave me here like this!”

Susie laughed and grabbed me by my sore arm again and twisted it and made me get up on my feet. She shoved me toward Ronnie who was now standing in the half-open door and said, “Hey, on second thought, here, you can go to the park, Bobby. Go along with my brother and show everyone how cute you look in a bra and panties!”

I screamed, “NNNOOO!”

They all laughed. Ronnie left and the door slammed shut. Susie shoved me back onto the couch and said, “Now, you're going to be a good little girl for us, aren't you?” and the girls giggled wildly.

I had to stop this. I felt less and less like a boy with every passing second. I couldn't let these little eleven-year-old girls do this to me. I jumped off the couch and shouted, “No I won't! I'm getting dressed and going home! Right now!”

At that moment, Susie punched me in the stomach harder than I had ever been hit in my life. The wind went out of me, and I fell to my knees. She grabbed me by my hair, pulled my head back and slapped my face hard.

As I fell back against the couch, she told Tammy, “Let's make him look even more like a little girl. Hand me the white training bra, white stockings and garter belt. Then we'll put him in those yellow rhumba panties with all those white ruffles. He'll look great in them. The two of them took off the black bra, garter belt and stockings and the pink panties, and put me in the new set of white lingerie with the yellow baby rhumba panties. As I stood there and cried, Susie whispered something in Tammy's ear and sent her to get something. All I heard was her saying something like “We're going to finish making him really look like a little girl.”

Susie saw me wanting to balk, so she just slapped my face repeatedly until she made my cheeks sting and burn in pain. She grabbed my hair again and yanked me forward so I was on my knees and said, “Don't make me beat you, Bobby. I'll beat you and put you outside like you are for everybody to see.”

I sobbed and she pulled me on up to my feet and then shoved me back onto the couch saying, “Don't you get up until Auntie Susie tells you, sissy.” The camera flashed and whirled. She told me to pose sexy or she would put me outside for everybody to see me. I looked up at her as the camera flashed and whirled again. She made me twist around in every direction on that couch, and she took picture after picture. I whimpered. I was defeated. She had beaten me into being a sissy. I was lying upside down with my head by the floor and my feet over the back of the couch when I saw Tammy come running back holding by a hanger a clear plastic clothing bag, and inside was a ball of pink and white.

“I found it! I found it” Tammy yelled triumphantly.

I turned right side up so I could see what she had found. As the two girls slid the bag off I saw it was a very full-skirted but very short pink little girls' party dress covered with white lace and ruffles. I didn't have to ask. I knew they were going to make me wear it! I had no fight left in me. What more could they do to me? I didn't fight as they giggled up a storm and put the pink and white lace party dress on me. Tammy had also brought along a pair of white one-strap little girls' Mary Jane patent leather slippers. They were tight on my feet but that didn't stop them from forcing them on me and then tightly buckling them. Tammy got some perfume and lipstick out of her purse. She had always smelled so nice, and now she was spraying me with that same perfume! I smelled like she smelled!

Susie took the lipstick and made me purse my lips as she put it on me. She put on several coats. It was thick on my lips and felt strange. As she put it on me and then instructed me how to blot my lips on a Kleenex, she told me I was to call them Auntie Susie and Auntie Tammy, and if I didn't do everything exactly like they wanted, they would spank my butt raw and then push me outside for all the neighbors to see.

Susie had Tammy find a video and put it in the VCR. They made me sit on the floor and watch as Susie found the part of the tape she wanted. It was a Shirley Temple movie, and Susie stopped it at the part where Shirley danced and sang this stupid song about being a little girl.

When it was over Susie nudged me and said, “OK, now, sissy, this time you are going to do the dance and sing the song with her.”

As she rewound the tape, the girls giggled, and I said, “I can't! Com'n Susie, no-o-o! That's stupid. Isn't it bad enough you got me wearing this dress and other girls' stuff? The lace on these panties tickles me something terrible! Can't I take them off?”

Susie screamed, “IT'S, AUNTIE SUSIE! Say it, fruitcake, Auntie Susie!” as she stopped the video and yanked me up on my feet.

I saw the belt in her hand; she smacked my bare legs with it, and I screamed, “OOOWWWW! Auntie Susie! Auntie Susie! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I forgot!”

She said, “That's better. Now, dance and sing. Sissies just love this song! Do it!”

She smacked my bare legs again with the belt, and I screamed, “OOOWWWW! I'll dance, Auntie Susie. I'll dance! Please, don't hit me anymore, please.” I started to jump around and tried to dance like Shirley Temple and sing some of the words as the girls giggled. When it was over, I hung my head in shame.

Susie rewound the tape and said, “Again, little girl. Do it again, sissy. I want you to know this song by heart and be able to dance it perfectly.”

She started the tape again. I cried and began to dance and sing along with the video. Over and over and over I did it as they laughed. Occasionally, Susie smacked my bare legs with the belt saying, "Try harder, little girl."

Finally she didn't restart the tape and said, "That's enough for now, sissy. You've got it down pretty good."

My legs ached. The tight shoes were really hurting my feet. I fell to the floor on my knees and sobbed. I was too humiliated to look up. I fell back on the floor in her little girls' pink dress, panties, socks and shoes and cried. The skirt was so short and it was all bunched up around my waist. The girls really started laughing, laughing louder than before. Then I felt Susie grab my cock in the panties. She pinched it!

"Hey, Tammy, look at this! He'd got a boner in my yellow panties. Look! Here, you can touch it too!"

Tammy scooted down and put her face right up to my hips as she felt my penis in the rhumba panties. My cock was hard! I couldn't believe it myself! The girls were rolling around in laughter. The shock of it all helped me to stop crying. I sat up and tried to modestly pull down the dress and full slips to cover the panties. I sat and cried anew with fresh tears of shame. I tried to push Tammy away, but Susie told me to let her check out my sissy dick-filled panties all she wanted.

I couldn't really keep the short skirt and slips down well enough to cover myself. Tammy thought it was funny how hard I tried, and while she kept her hand up under my skirt tickling my cock, sliding the silky panties back and forth over it, Susie was gone for a few minutes. Then she came back.

"Here you earned a refreshing little drink, panty boy," she said.

I looked up and saw her holding a baby bottle filled with milk. I hung my head back down.

"Take the bottle, little girl. Take it and get up on the couch. Drink it. Hurry up, sweetie."

I felt a new wave of shame, and when I didn't move, she struck me with the belt on my bare leg. I shrieked, scurried up onto the couch, immediately raised my head and opened my mouth.

Susie held my head on her lap as she had Tammy shoved the bottle's nipple into my mouth.

"Suck it, little girl. Suck it, sissy," both of them kept saying.

I sucked on the nipple and warm milk filled my mouth. Tammy grinned down at me. I closed my eyes as Susie brought my hands up and put them around the bottle and said, "Now drink up the whole bottle, sissy. Be a good little girl for Auntie."

As I sucked on the bottle, I heard the camera flash and whirl. The girls giggled as I slurped it down like a two-year-old little girl while they watched and laughed.

After I finished the bottle they made me dance and sing again as they played the video over and over until I could sing the song from memory and dance without the video. They laughed and laughed.

Just then Ronnie returned. I was standing there in the little girls' pink party dress with my head down in shame. Having him see me like that made me cry again. He was laughing so hard at me that he had to grab his belly as he fall down across the couch. Tears of laughter came to his eyes. He told the girls they had done a great job of turning me into a little girl.

“Watch, Ronnie!” Susie said with a giggle. She smacked my bare thighs in back with the belt and said, “Show him, little girl. Show him your song and dance.”

I began to dance and sing the song about being a little girl as their laughter filled the room and more tears of shame ran down my cheeks. When I was finished I just stood there crying with my head down as they continued to laugh at me, and then Susie smacked me with the belt again, and I cried out.

She said, “On your knees, little girl.”

I dropped to my knees and she said, “Let's finish making you into a complete sissy girl, Bobby.”

She turned to told Ronnie and said, “Unzip your pants, Ronnie. Let this sissy suck you off. Sissy boys wear panties and suck cocks.”

In shock, I began to sob as I heard Ronnie unzip his pants.

I begged, “Please, oh, please! Don't! Not this! Oh, please, don't make me do that, please! I can't! I can't!”

They laughed and Susie yanked my head up and I saw Ronnie's half hard six inch uncircumcised penis zeroing in on me. Susie ordered, “Lick it, sissy. Lick his dick!”

They howled with laughter as Ronnie came up real close to me. He was laughing like it was the world's biggest joke as the girls held me and he stuck his cock in my face. The girls shoved my head forward until my tightly closed lips touched his cock. The camera flashed and whirled. Then Susie put the camera down. Lifted up the back of dress and gave me a hard crack with the belt on my yellow ruffled pantied butt.

“LICK IT!” she demanded.

I saw her take aim with the belt. New tears rolled down my cheeks. I stuck my tongue out and began licking my friend's hard dick. They all laughed, and now Tammy held the camera, and I

herd it flash and whirl. Waves of shame ran through me, as I licked my friend's penis wearing his little sisters' fancy dress and ruffled nylon panties.

Then I felt Ronnie's hand on the back of my head as he pulled my head forward.

Susie slapped my face and said, "Open up, suck it, sissy!"

His penis slipped into my mouth, and much to my disgust, I began to give my friend a blowjob. Susie and Tammy's laughter filled my ears. Ronnie's penis grew harder, and he was panting heavily. All of a sudden, his cock began to squirt in my sucking mouth. He held my head firmly as he ejaculated and wouldn't let me pull away. His hot slimy cum flooded my mouth and filled the back of my throat. I felt thoroughly shamed. There was nothing I could do but swallow his cum that was making me gag. I choked it down, but it just kept shooting. He was a gusher; his jism filled my mouth and some ran out of the corners of my lips and down my chin. The deafening noise of the girls giggling lessened as his penis quit spurting and his throbbing cock started to soften and then he let it slide back out of my mouth. I didn't try to move from the spot. I just sank back on my heels, hung my head in shame and cried softly.

Susie said, "You'll get used to it, Bobby. You're an official panty-wearing, cocksucking sissy now, and you're going to suck lots of dicks for Auntie Susie."

Ronnie, spent and quietly laughing, had fallen back onto the couch. He looked at me and said, "Bobby, you were great! You can suck my cock anytime! Hey, sis, can you get him to dress up like this and suck me off every day?"

The girls erupted into a new fit of laughter.

"Absolutely, dear brother!" Susie said, "That's the least I can do for my big brother for introducing us to this sweet little panty faggot. But I have a lot of boys I want him to give blowjobs to. I think I'll start charging boys five bucks each for one of Bobby's great blowjobs. We can use the money to buy Bobby a lot of really nice sexy clothes!"

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The Pantywaist Weekly All the news you need to be panty wasted		Published weakly, never w Published only when we fi time after raiding clothe dressing up and jerki
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HEALTH	LIFESTYLE	HEADLINES
		Boy thought he had a clever wa out of a bet he lost with his siste But their mom overrules

Mother of seven boys tells other moms the best way to keep boys at home and out of trouble is to simply go around the house all day in just panties



Boy wearing pink panties at beach starts a near riot

Cape Fear, NC: When the Nelson family arrived at Escels Beach and they realized they didn't bring along a bathing suit for their seven-year-old son, Peter, Mrs. Nelson said he could wear a spare pair of his sister's panties as a bathing suit since she did have a change of clothes for his sister.

He agreed to wear the decidedly girlie lacy pink panties, but when some other people saw him, they started a near riot!

In a divorce suit, wife claims her sex life was a disaster because her hubby made her dress up in old-time lingerie along with him for sex and seeing him in bra and panties made her laugh at him so much that he couldn't get a <<< good hard-on!

Lavender Hills, CA: 9-year-old Phil Hancock bet his 10-year-old sister he could beat her in a wrestling match, and if he lost he'd have to forfeit his underwear for a full day and wear her bra and lacy panties so everyone could see them. Still he agreed because he knew there was no way he could lose to his sister.



Well, he did lose, and he wanted to renege on the bet, but his sister made him do it under threat of beating him up again.

But he thought he was clever when he simply put the bra and panties

in his pockets and let them peek out. When the girl cried foul, their mother intervened and made him wear the bra on his head and the panties sticking out above his jeans because he couldn't go about without wearing underwea

Survey: How did you get your first pair of panties?
 Bought online - 5% Bought in store - 20% Had made - 2
 Asked a female for them 4% Stole them - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Cheney's chest pains stop when his mistress pulls her shitty panty gag out of his mouth

Search for White House leak turns up Condoleezza's stolen panties with Carl Rove's DNA on them

Cumming soon: Scientists to announce finding gene linked to an addiction for nylon panty

High school girl wins science fair with project studying the effects panty flashing has on boys

Girl has her hands full after training two boyfriends to cum in her panties



