

Princess Online

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Featured Stories
and Letters from the
Princess Productions
Website

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85



Adults Only

Originally featured on our Internet website, these are our best letters, stories, articles and other items of interest for the fantasy fulfillment of adult pantywaist sissies. Items range from "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by 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 shows Van's father's dropping him off back at the school after a two-day visit with his family, and Van has waited until the last minute to get back into his humiliating school uniform, so he is now changing into his dress and lingerie in the car before going back into his much hated school.

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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FamilyLife Today

A Modern Approach to Disciplining Young Boys

There is no type of discipline more effective than humiliation, and the ultimate humiliation for a boy is to be treated like a girl!



Humiliate
naughty
young boys
by making them
wear little girls' sissy
panties, slips and dresses
in front of their peers.

In the 1950's it was called
Petticoat Discipline

By: *Cissie Fiedd, Ph.D*



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 more than 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 faux magazine cover we present here, showing a boy being petticoat punished that reminds him of his own painful ordeal, when he underwent petticoat discipline. By abreacting 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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Click on photos for a larger view.

Masquerade

Boys at this particular church were always tardy for Sunday school. So to cure this problem, the teacher bought several girls' heavily frilled party dresses complete with all the accessories and warned the boys if they came in late, they'd have to wear a dress in class until it was time to go home. The punishment dresses did significantly cut down on the number of tardy boys, but the few who still showed up late --

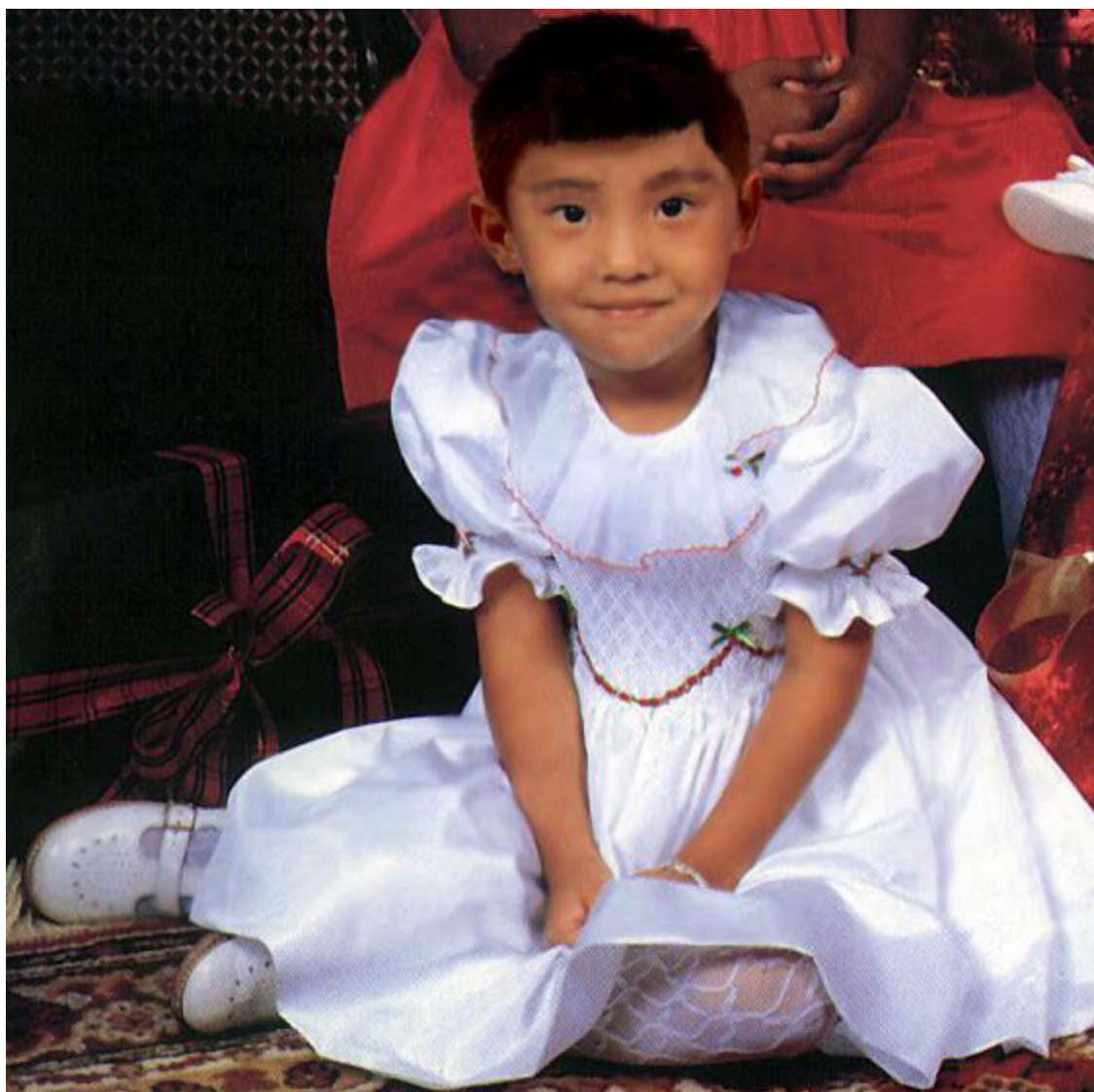
regardless of the reason -- had to wear one of the dreaded dresses.

However, one boy seemed to be always late, and he was put into a dress almost every week, and during one week, a local reporter was doing a story on the church and came into the Sunday school classroom as part of a tour of the grounds.

He was drawn to the boy in the dress and kept asking him questions, wanting to know all about the boy undergoing petticoat punishment. And when the story appeared in the newspaper, it was more about the boy in the dress than about the church! And in the story, much to the church's embarrassment, the boy admitted he liked wearing the dress, and when the reporter wanted to know what else he had to wear with the dress, the boy didn't hesitate to raise his skirt and show the reporter his tights, full slips and ruffled panties!

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Classic Drawing

We Princessized this anime drawing sent to us from one of our readers, showing a dominant girl panty training her boyfriend and making him beg for her charms. Enjoy!

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A note about KNICKERS to our British customers:

The word Knickers: A lot of our customers in Britain as well as elsewhere love stories using the word 'knickers' as well as or instead of the word 'panties,' and we understand that a lot of those readers wished we used the word knickers. However, most of our customers are in the U.S. and definitely prefer the term panties. To most Americans the word knickers is NOT erotic and only brings to mind the image of the knee-length trousers boys wore in the 1930s. Consequently, we almost exclusively use the word panties and not knickers in our stories.

How to put the word Knickers in our stories: Anyone well versed in using a computer probably already knows this, but if you don't, here's how to substitute the word "knickers" for the word "panties" in our stories and get even greater enjoyment from our material.

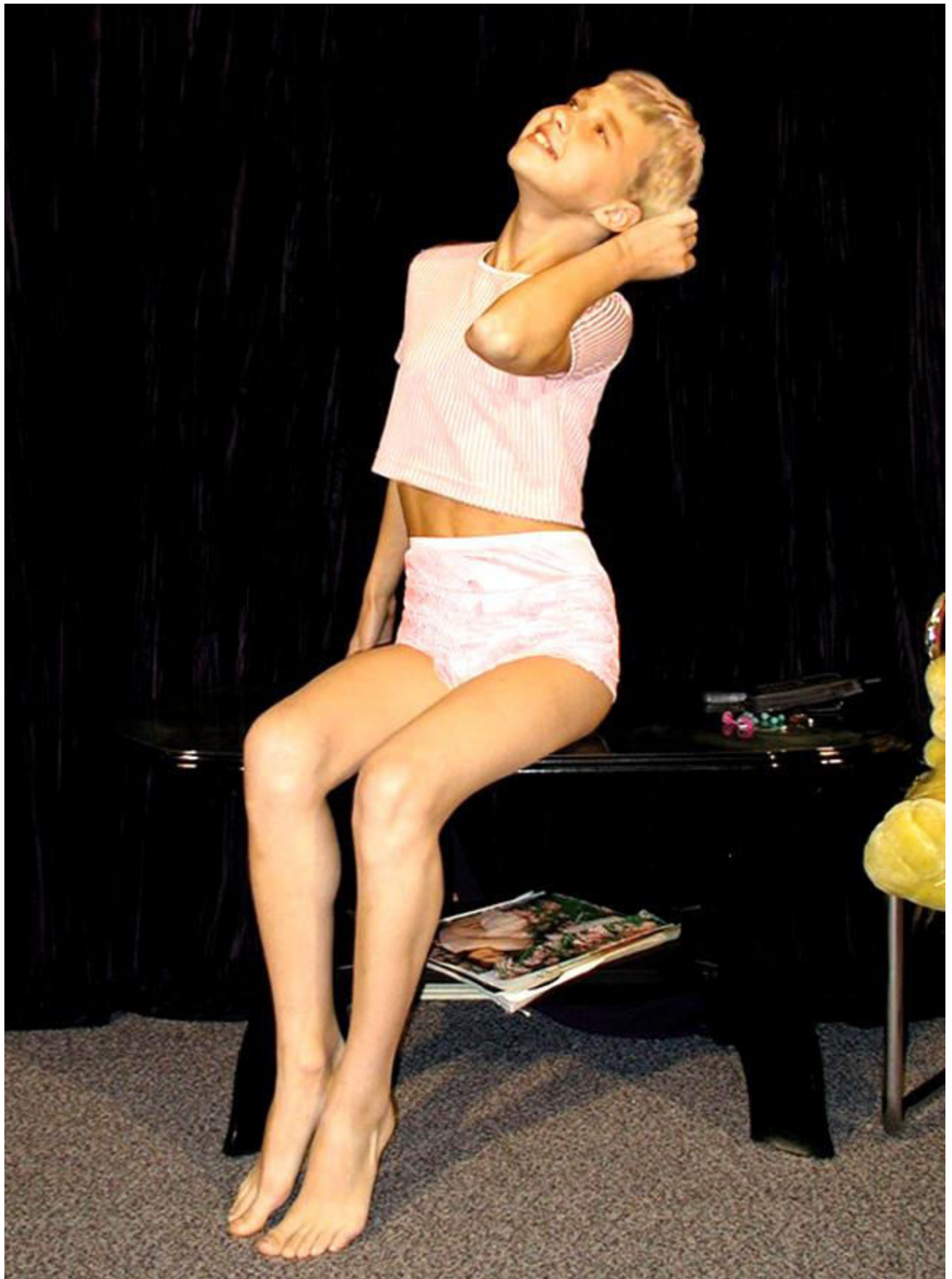
Instead of just reading our stories online or printing them out on your printer, first download them to your computer, then open each file up in a word processing or web page composer program. Then do a 'search and replace'* on each page to change the word 'panties' to the word 'knickers.' Then can print the story out on your printer and you'll have our stories made even better for you!

You can also use this feature to change the name of a character to your own name or some other favorite name you may have; you can also change all the colors of

panties in a story to "pink" or some other color; or change "mother" to "sister" or "aunt," etc. I think you get the idea. This is a way to customize any story you find on the Internet to more completely feature your personal preferences.

* If you don't know how to "search and replace" a specific word in a word processing program, and can't quite follow the instructions above, get someone who knows a bit more about computers than you do to show you how to do it.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Frazier

This month, we present the picture of twelve-year-old Frazier, 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 girly 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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Y Sissy of the Month

Back in 1965, when I was fourteen, we moved next door to a widowed lady, her daughter, who was away at college, and Paul, her fifteen-year-old son. A few days later, I knocked on their door because I needed directions to the nearest drug store. Imagine my amazement when the door was sheepishly opened by Paul, an obviously ashamed boy because he was dressed in a prettily embroidered and childish white lace pinafore! He seemed to know who I was, and was blushing to the roots of his hair.

He led the way back into the living room to his mother, and I could see she was enjoying the situation for she called him over to her and said, "All right dear, as we have company, you may take your pinny off for a little while." And as she



undid the buttons and untied the big bow that held it at the back, she explained to me that his pinafore was only worn when he was doing housework to protect his other clothes, but I couldn't help realizing, the way it was buttoned up and tied, that it would have been quite impossible for him to have taken it off himself.

The pinafore was long enough to conceal what he was wearing underneath, except I could see his legs were bare and he had on what looked like girls' ankle-high white socks, and they looked a bit funny since he was wearing his boys' shoes, a pair of heavy oxfords. I really gasped when he removed the pinafore, and I saw he was wearing a girls' school uniform over a pale blue shirt. But what really shook me was the telltale glimpse of a bit of frothy lace peeking out from under the edge of his skirt. It was obvious he was wearing a lacy petticoat!

Seeing my startled look, his mother told me she kept him in his older sister's old school uniforms while working around the house because they were still quite serviceable and had a lot of wear left in them. She told Paulie, that's what she always called him, 'Paulie, your petticoat is showing a mile. I know how you love your pretty slips, but you know it's not proper to so blatantly show them off, especially in front of guests. So do adjust your petticoat, dear boy.'

She laughed as she said, 'And in addition to getting good use out of his sister's old frocks, the clothes have a salutary effect on him. He wears a slip and other lingerie so the uniform will hang properly. He won't admit it, but I know he is smitten with the smooth silkiness of his elegant satin slips and panties. The lingerie is not his sister's, but his own, ones I have had him pick out for himself while shopping since I don't believe it's proper for one to wear another person's underwear. But he is still not yet well skilled at keeping his lingerie out of sight while standing, sitting and walking in a skirt. So I do have to apologize for the dear boy immodestly displaying the lacy hem of his slip.'

'When I first came up with the idea of dressing him in Melissa's outgrown clothes, he was a bit of a ruffian and getting much too unruly to control. I had read an article in one of my women's magazines about how mothers used to put boys in girls' clothes to tame them down and make them genteel. I thought it was funny and wondered if

the article was just a joke, but then I remembered all of Melissa's old clothes packed away and going to waste, and with the way Paulie was so hard on clothes, I thought it was worth a try and an opportunity to save some money on all the clothes I was forever buying him. I had nothing to lose.

When I first proposed it, he absolutely refused to cooperate. I did have to get my husband to help me. Osgood was not thrilled with the idea of dressing our son like a girl but went along with it since he had been on the boy's case ever since Paulie embarrassed him in front of his lodge members at the club's annual picnic. My husband had to give the boy a good thrashing, in fact he had to spank him a number of times over the first three days of his conversion to skirts. But as you can see, it really has proved most effective. Within the house, he now wears skirts and dresses and a full complement of lingerie at all times. He's a different boy altogether now," she said, ignoring completely the fact that the helpless lad was almost sobbing with humiliation and shame at being discussed like this.

Adding to his misery, she told him to lift up his uniform skirt, so I could have a better look at his beautiful lace-trimmed slip "that you were so anxious to show off to our guest!" She made him stand close to me and insisted I finger the lacy hem of the pale blue slip. I felt funny but secretly thrilled. Paulie was sniffing and on the verge of a complete breakdown. She deliberately taunted him, as she made him keep raising his skirt and then his slip higher and higher until I could see, encircling his thighs, the lacy elastic legs of his old-fashioned white satin panties!

The whole thing, of course, was a completely new experience for me. I had never bothered much with boys, as I had found them much too bossy and demanding, but this pinafored, petticoated and pantied young boy was obviously trained to respect and obey all females, even a young girl like myself.

He had a forlorn look on his face, but I couldn't resist taking advantage of the moment. I straightened out the frills on his petticoat and slid my fingers under the elastic legs of his bloomer panties and adjusted the lacy hems so the frills neatly circled his thighs. His mother smiled approvingly, obviously feeling it was doing him good to be humiliated like this by a girl younger than him. She asked me to come to

tea on the Sunday when there would be more time to get acquainted, which of course I eagerly agreed to do, especially as she promised that Paul would be more suitably dressed for my visit. She refused to say anything more, but assured me that I would find it amusing.

I certainly did!

On Sunday, to my delight, he was attired in a lovely little girl frock of cream velvet with a wide ribbon sash and a fussy little lace collar and cuffs. His mother explained it had been a fancy dress costume his sister had worn at one time. It was ridiculously short, leaving exposed not only his flouncy lace petticoats but also his deliciously childish satin pink rhumba panties, and no matter how desperately he tried to hide them, every movement left his frilly panties shamelessly and humiliatingly exposed.

I had a wonderful time, the first of many such sessions. And over time, with his mother's blessing, I got quite adventurous and ruthless in my teasing of the poor helpless lad, and I also grew very fond of him. It was a thrill to be able to dominate and humiliate him as I liked, and even when he would literally squirm with embarrassment, he always remained docile and obedient, as he still does, for we have been married now for nearly five years. And he is always subjected to regular petticoat, pinafore and panty discipline with new addition: I've turned him into a nanny because we have two delightful little children, a girl four and a boy three, who is just coming out of diapers. I'm having early success with his potty training because when he stays dry, I let him wear frilly, silky little nylon rhumba panties just like his nanny daddy.

My boss at the construction firm where I am a secretary is the real father of our children since I didn't want any of my husband's weak sissy sperm in me. Just the same, we are raising our boy in not just panties but also slips and pretty party dresses too. We're not fooling him. He knows he is an inferior boy but is privileged to wear girls' clothes like his big sister and his cocksucking sissy nanny daddy. Oh, yes, I've trained Paulie to be very proficient at giving guys blowjobs. From the home remodeling crew I hired to refurbish my kitchen to the paperboy and even our faggot

minister, my husband has gotten me all kinds of favors and things for free in exchange for his oral skills.Ý

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I Cast a Spell Over My Son with My Dirty Panties

During my search for ways to handle my rambunctious little eleven-year-old son, Teddy, I became fascinated with hypnotism after I read an article about it. I laughing thought to myself how great it would be to hypnotize him and get him to act exactly how I wanted him to act at any time and at any place. I got books from the library on the subject and read some more. For the most part it was just a fantasy of mine to be able to so fully control my little demon like that. Then by a strange coincidence something happened to make it all a reality: One day, quite by accident, I walked into my bathroom and found my son playing with my

panties!

He must have forgotten to lock the door, or maybe he had a subconscious desire for me to catch him. (I'm big into the power of the subconscious mind.) I had just returned home from Charlie's house. He's a neighbor who gives me a good fuck every now and then. I heard music coming from my son's room. He's the only other person who lies with me, so I was sure he was in his room reading a comic book or playing his Space Raiders game on his computer. I hurried up to my room and approached my adjoining master bathroom to clean myself up after being so royally fucked. The bathroom door was closed, which I thought was unusual, but didn't think anything of it until I opened the door and saw Teddy naked on the floor with all of my dirty bras, slips and panties from the laundry hamper heaped all around him. Lying on his back, he was holding the crotch of a pair of my soiled beige panties to his nose while fondling his penis with his fist lined with a pair of my pink panties, all the while breathing heavily and moaning.

I immediately backed out and closed the door. My master bathroom is really big, and he was on the far side from the door and so wrapped up in his little jack-off session that I was sure he hadn't even noticed me. I stayed just outside the door and listened as he played his little masturbation game until I heard him give out the all-too-familiar male cumming sounds of a short series of grunts and gasping moans. I knew he had shot his boy juice. I was surprised because I had no idea he was even old enough yet to spurt his cum. And I had no idea he had been using my lingerie to do it! I wondered how long that had been going on.

I thought about what I had seen. He must not have heard me because he had kept right on jerking off. Needless to say, I had a lot to think about before he got himself cleaned up and came out of my bathroom. What was so special about my panties? Why had I never realized he had such an interest in my lingerie? Sure, I know growing boys are supposedly fascinated with lingerie, but when it's your own son and your own lingerie, you have a difficult time admitting it's even possible. And I thought it was

amazing that he could be so absorbed in making love to my lacy aroma-loaded dirty panties that he didn't even notice me when I walked into the bathroom!

I waited downstairs but listened closely until I heard him exit my bathroom and go back to his own room. I was ready for him. I didn't have any answers to my questions, but I was formulating a plan of action as I went into my attack mode.

I first went to my bathroom and took a long look at the bras, slips and panties he had been playing with. I saw the streaks of slime he had deposited in my dirty pink panties. Then in my room, I took off the white nylon panties I had on and had worn while being fucked by Charlie, but I was surprised to see that in addition to the combination of Charlie and my fuck juices, I was saturating them with a fresh flow of my pussy juices in my excitement over discovering my dear little Teddy as a panty wanker!

I was breathing heavily as I changed into a clean pair of yellow satin panties with scalloped lace, straightened out my skirt, smoothed down my hair, and prepared to confront my son. I paused. I needed a second to think.

At that moment, I realized I had found the hook I needed to take control of my little boy. So how was I going to use this knowledge? Thinking on the fly, I dug down deep into my panty drawer to get an old pair of flowered pink panties that I hadn't worn for a long time. They were practically new because they were too small for me, so I never wore them, but with an audible smirk to myself, they would be perfect for what I had in mind; I thought they'd fit Teddy fairly well. If he liked my panties so much, I'd get him to wear them; that would give me the upper hand I needed to take charge of him. Any hypnotist knows you have to have some aspect of superiority over a potential subject. A boy deep in shame and guilt would be easy to bring under control, and by putting him in panties, I was sure I could stop him on his current course of developing a lot of the worst aspects of typical masculine behavior. So I headed for his bedroom with my little flowered panties and my dirty just-fucked-in panties concealed in my hand.

He was reclining on his bed with his back to me, reading a Superman comic book. He shirked back a bit – out of guilt I'm sure — as I playfully climbed up on his bed behind him and tried to snuggle up close to him.

“Ma-a-a-a! I'm trying to read my book.”

“Oh, come on, I just want to hug my sweet little boy for a moment.”

He blushed, but like a typical little preteen boy, he tolerating my closeness and let me hug him from behind.



"How was your trip to my bathroom, sweetie?" I whispered to him with a smile as he stretched out beside me on the bed, put down the comic book and pressed his face into the pillow.

With the pillow partially muffling his voice, he cleared his throat and then asked, "Wha...what do you mean, mom?"

"Well, a little while ago, I came upstairs to use my bathroom, but you were in there, and you were...."

"You, you, you were ... you, you know ... you saw me?"

"Yes, I did," I said. I licked his ear and made him squirm, as I said, "But don't worry. I'm not angry with you. But now I realize you must love me a whole big bunch, baby, because you even love my dirty lace panties!"

We were now fully stretched out on the bed with his back against me. I felt him tremble. He moaned; I sensed he was about ready to cry. He tried to mumble something, but he just moaned and didn't make any sense.

I slid my hand holding the my panties loaded with Charlie's cum and my pussy scum around him and put the crotch of those dirty white nylon panties against his nose. "Do my panties smell nice to you, baby?"

He sighed again, and breathed in, even more deeply. I could feel some tenseness leave his body. Then he instantly tensed up again as I slid my other hand with the small pair of flowered panties around him and cupped his boy cock through his jeans. I had never touched him intimately before! I never had even thought about it! But now, still on a high from Charlie's fucking and catching my son in the middle of a panty jerk, I was on auto-control. I think all of that reading I had been doing on hypnosis was influencing me too. For some reason, I realized this was a prime opportunity to take control of my son, and even at that exact moment, I didn't know just how I was going to do it, but I was doing it just the same! It was weird. It was incest. But it was so exciting. After one moaning, "Mom, we shouldn't," Teddy put up no resistance. Obviously it was tremendously exhilarating for his mom to fondle his cock. He was writhing and moaning. But it was tremendously exhilarating for me too. The sense of power I felt over him was intoxicating. The more I rubbed my dirty panties over his nose and mouth and massaged his hard little cock through his pants, the more carried away both of us were getting.

"Mmmm, I know you love me. It's important for a son to love his mother, love everything about her, and now I know you even love my filthy dirty panties, you sweet little sissy.

"You know, at times you do things that displease me. You know you do, but I think that is going to change because your love for me and my panties will be strong enough to make you into the sweetest little boy any mother could want, and I now know you will do everything in your power to never go against me."

He reached up and put his hand over mine, to hold my panty crotch more firmly against his nose. At the same time, he thrust his crotch against my other hand to intensify the friction down there. I gently squeezed his balls, and felt his penis grow even larger in my hand. I could tell my plan was already working.

“But you know, only sissy boys like things like girls' panties, and only naughty little pervert boys do things like suck on their own mother's dirty panties. But I don't mind. I love having a perverted little sissy boy for a son. I want so much to make you happy because I know that in turn, you'll make me happy.” I whispered to him lovingly, “Tell me how much you love my panties and how much my aroma on these panties really means to you.”

As I said that, I quickly pulled the prize panties away from his nose and reached for his lips with mine. I managed to cover his mouth before any words could escape. I stuck my tongue inside his mouth and moved it around as I intensified my massage of his ever hardening cock. As we soul kissed, I unzipped his jeans, and his own hands fumbled to unbutton and open them up. I took the panties in my hand shoved them down into his underwear and massaged his penis with their silkiness. I momentarily broke off our kiss and had him pull his jeans and underwear all the way off.

We locked lips once again, and while we did a tongue dance, I held my dirty panties up to his nose while I stroked his naked cock with the flowered panties.

As I moved my mouth away, I continued to stroke his pantied cock and again asked him to tell me how much he loved the smell of my panties. But before he could answer me, I stopped stroking him because he was starting to buck up against my nylon panty-lined hand, and I didn't want him to shoot off. Instead, I brought the panties back up and rubbed the crotch of my panties again against his nose and mouth. He moaned again and aggressively sucked away on the crotch of my love-and-sex-loaded white panties.



“I know you love me,” I said in a soft voice, without moving the panties away.

He nodded weakly with tears in his eyes.

“And now that I know you love to suck my pussy juices out of my dirty panties, I know you'd love the taste of my pussy too,” I said in an even softer, more feminine voice.

He nodded again and moaned helplessly. He was gasping and thrusting his hips at my hand holding the pink flowered panties, but I didn't want him to blow his was just yet. I knew he was

completely under my power, and I needed to take advantage of the situation.

“Do you love me enough to pledge your eternal devotion to my service, the service of my pussy, and all my feminine needs?” I whispered even more gently, right into his ear.

He kept nodding and moaning, and trying to push his face and crotch up against each of my silk-panty-filled hands. I continued this treatment for a few more minutes and brought him just to the verge of coming. Then, I let up just a bit.

“Tell me,” I whispered, “just how much you love me?”

I pushed my panties against his nose again and then pulled them away.

“Tell me how much you want and need my pussy to sniff and lick. Tell me what you'll do for me if I give you my dirty panties every day so you can jerk-off like the perverted little sissy that I now know you are.”

He pulled my panties back to his face and opened them up a bit to cover his eyes and blushing cheeks as well as his nose and mouth. He hid his face behind the panties because I could tell he was too embarrassed to look into my eyes.

“I've always loved you, mom. I'll do whatever you say, mom; I promise. I love you.”

“I know you do and always will, baby. So I guess now is a good time to start.

“You know, usually when a person makes a big promise like that, he usually does something to demonstrate his sincerity. And do you know what I think would be nice? I think you could demonstrate your willingness to do whatever I say by putting on a pair of my panties. I brought a nice pair of panties with me, see,” I said as I held up the pink panties with pastel-colored flowers printed all over them.

He stopped cold and stared at them for a long moment.

“Come on, baby, do this for me. Show me that you'll do whatever it takes to make your mother happy. Put on my panties, my darling little sissy boy. You surely aren't going to refuse the first thing I ask of you now that you have promised to be totally devoted to me...”

I knew he knew he was cornered. He swung his legs off the side of the bed, slipped his feet into the flowered panties, and stood up for just a quick moment while he pulled them up his legs as fast as he could. Then he got back on the bed, keeping his back against me. I know he was too shamed to look me in the face.

I immediately pulled him close to me and hugged him, retuning my dirty panties to rest against his nose and lips. With my other hand, I rubbed him through every inch of those sleek panties. He kept twisting his hips and giggling a bit. I suppose my touching him through the soft panties tickled him as well as excited him. I boldly toyed with his penis within my flowered panties, giving him small and full strokes up and down through the nylon. He arched his back and shook when he gasped and moaned. The white panties I had been holding up against his nose I was now shoving into his mouth and telling him to suck on them.

“Do you like sucking on my dirty panties, you little pervert panty boy?”



He aggressively shook his head 'yes.'

“Well, then enjoy them, baby. But I should tell you something. Just before I got home I was over at Charlie's house. He has a real big cock, not a little one like yours. Did you know that? Know he has a big horse cock? Oh, well, how would you know? Anyway, I was over there and he fucked the daylights out of me with that big cock of his, and he shot a big load of his hot cum into me too. His slime is still leaking out of me! God, was it great. I just wanted to tell you that my dirty white panties that you are sucking on are the ones I wore while Charlie fucked me. We were in such a rush, so he didn't take the time to pull down my panties. He just pulled them aside and nailed me with his big dick, and ever since he came in me, I've been leaking his jism into my panties. So, I just wanted to tell you that you're eating Charlie's slime as well as my own!”

At this point I was firmly stroking his cock. I wanted to keep his mind on his own pleasure, a pleasure that was strong enough to override any disgust he may have had at the knowledge that he was eating Charlie's fuck juice as well as my own. He didn't balk. So, I pushed him around fully flat on his back, twisted myself around, threw my one leg over him and sat backwards on his face in the nice yellow panties I had just put on.

As I panty jacked his darling penis and kept him fully stimulated, I firmly positioned his nose between the cheeks of my silk pantied ass, and his lips next to the lips of my still dripping pussy. After wiggling my hips a bit to make sure I was in the best position, I leaned back and said “Since you really love my pussy as well as my panties, I'm going to give you both. This is what's called '69', baby, so start licking and kissing, do it exactly as I'll teach you, and don't stop until I tell you.”

Well, time stood still for me. I had no idea how much time we spent like that, but it was a long time and it was superbly exciting. Sure, I'd ease up occasionally, so he could get a good draught of fresh air, but I pretty much rode his face to countless orgasms over what was at least an hour or more. I kept him

interested my keeping him on the brink of panty orgasm pleasure, but I didn't let him cum. I had to give him a lot of instructions on how to give me the most pleasure, but he learned on the job! And he did a great job in no time. It was quite divine, and I wouldn't have wanted it any other way. Between cums, I even flipped the channels on the remote control and surfed the TV across from his bed. Knowing he was helpless to stop me, I even called one of my girlfriends from the phone on his nightstand and told her that I was now a Panty Queen with an official panty-pussy-licking slave, who was eating my cunt at that very moment I was talking to her! Of course, I didn't tell her that pussy slave was my own son. Instead, I led her on and let her guess and then just told her I'd tell her one of these days! After all that time, I finally couldn't take any more, so I brought Teddy to a full climax, and I loved it as I watched his boy scum fly right through the pink flowered panties and bubble up and through the nylon like a mini oil well coming in and making everybody rich!

Since that special day of awakening, I learned how to make use of his intense need for me and my panties. To more fully carry out his pledge to me, I had him take all of his boys' underwear out to the trash, and then I took him to my favorite department store where I bought a collection of the prettiest panties for him to wear from then on.

I believe most boys these days don't have a fear of feminine things like boys and men in past decades. I could be wrong, but that's just my feeling. Teddy wore his new panties every day; however, I did give into him and got a couple pairs of plain white panties for him to wear when he might be in a situation in which someone might be able to see them, like a trip to the doctor or when he had to change clothes in the locker room for gym.

Even though he took pretty well to wearing girlie panties, I felt I needed to even more fully solidify my power over him. Thanks to my new knowledge of hypnotism and understanding the psychology behind it, I used some subtle and some not so subtle ways to manipulate his attentions, and under my careful guidance, I got him to fall deeper and deeper under my spell.

Almost instantly, he lost his ability to defy me. He was a panty pervert, and I knew it — powerful knowledge for a mother to have about her son. Plus he couldn't get enough of our sexual relationship. So he quickly became completely obedient to me; I knew he didn't want to do anything to jeopardize the sexual excitement I was giving him. Even I was stunned with the amount of power I had over my horny little preteen after I had encouraged and let flourish his fetish for my dirty panties. Now, anytime I

want something from him, I'd just hold a pair of my dirty panties to his nose and tell him to breathe deeply. (Actually, I hardly have to tell him to do anything for me any more, since he knows most everything I want of him and he just goes ahead and does it! He has been so well trained!

With my dirty panties up to his nose, he starts by taking long, deep breaths, and after a couple moments his eyes begin to



close, and he puts his hands on top of mine to press my panty crotch even harder into his face. Then I run my fingers through his hair, snake my hand down into his pants to jerk on his cock inside his panties and tell him what a good little boy he is.

Many mornings, I start right out by waking him up by holding a pair of my dirty panties up to his nose, and as he breathes in my odors, I take him right into a hypnotic trace. I constantly work on him to make him more pliable, more cooperative, and more firmly under my control. And one of the demonstrations of the effectiveness of what I am doing is that I have him dressing up in girls' clothes at all times while he is at home, and he loves it!

After a few months now, I think he is totally mine in every way, and he has no thoughts of his own that don't include me. Presently, we are having great fun as I have him wearing slippers and dresses in addition to his frilly panties. And he wears one of his many pretty nighties or babydolls to bed every night. I just started having him wear training bras, and occasionally I reward him by letting him wear even more exotic things like a garter belt and nylons. He wears these things and loves every minute of it! A few times we have ventured outdoors with him in a dress, once for a walk in the park in the evening and once for afternoon tea at a little place that caters to the upper class old ladies and bored housewives from our neighborhood, but he so fears being recognized as a boy in a dress because of his short hair, which I purposely keep short because as I explain to him, I am not trying to make a girl out of him, I'm just letting him be the sissy that he knows he is — the sissy that I have convinced him that he is through hypnosis. Every few days, I keep up the hypnosis sessions to reinforce my dominance over him. I always tell him that he is a boy, who loves his mommy and girlie things, and that he's just a pantywaist sissy boy with the harmless but all-consuming hobbies of loving to dress up in girls' clothes, eat his mother's pussy and jack off in his silky panties. Such innocent and rewarding little pursuits! And for some time now, while he is in a trace, I have been feeding him the idea of sucking Charlie's cock. I think he's just about ready.

I have no desire to mess up his life. However, since my plans depend on us living and loving happily and successfully together, his total devotion to me is essential as well as a dream come true, as I use him in a way that we both get what we want. My goal is simply to make him happy while making myself happy.

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 4 No 3
March 2006

Published weakly, never weekly!
Published only when we find the
time after raiding clotheslines,
dressing up and jerking off!

HEALTH



**New autobiography:
Top 50s panty model
says bikini panties
ended her career**

Overlook Valley, PA:
From 1955 until 1967,
Lacy Cummings was
the top panty model in
the U.S. Her career
ended in 1967 when
low-cut bikini-style
panties became the
most popular panty
style, and she couldn't
model them due to a
scare on her abdomen
from a Caesarian birth.

LIFESTYLE



**Japanese school
experimenting to
see if skirts for
boys aid learning:
Since guys' brains
are in their dicks,
skirts give brains
room to grow**

**Wimp Dick Cheney
blames his mother:
He got his first gun
just after she made
him stop shooting
off in her panties**

HEADLINES

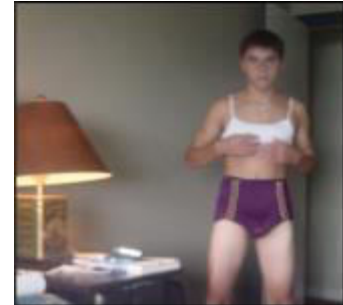
Pantywaist's visit to his boyhood home ends in unexpected emotional release

His hidden lingerie stash was still there!

Overlook, VT: A lot of
people may dream of
visiting their childhood
home, but few ever get
the opportunity.

So when Jack Moore
saw his boyhood home
was up for sale, he went
to the open house. When
no one was looking, he
snuck into what used to
be his old bedroom and
removed a loose floor-
board where he found a
stash of his sister's lacy
lingerie he had hidden
there years before!

He had always mourned
losing that collection of
frilly bras and panties



he had to leave behind when
his parents moved while he
was away at summer camp.

His joy at finding his lost
treasure caused him to lose
control, and he couldn't stop
himself from undressing and
putting on a bra and panties,
and that led to him shooting
off in the panties as the real
estate agent came walking
into the bedroom!

Survey: Whose panties had the most traumatic effect on you?
Catalog Model - 1% Stranger 2% Other - 1% Aunt - 5%
Daughter - 2% Sister - 18% Neighbor - 1% Mother - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

**Right-handed panty masturbator goes berserk when
he breaks his right arm and can no longer jack-off**

**Disoriented pantywaist in the Army without
his panties signs up for a sure suicide mission**
Torino Olympics: Men's figure skater disqualified
for staring upskirt of partner he held overhead

**Jackoff pantywaist really hurts himself after
pulling his groin muscle one too many times**

**Lovers of classic 1950's panties release report:
Victoria's Secret sell the most unsexy panties**



