

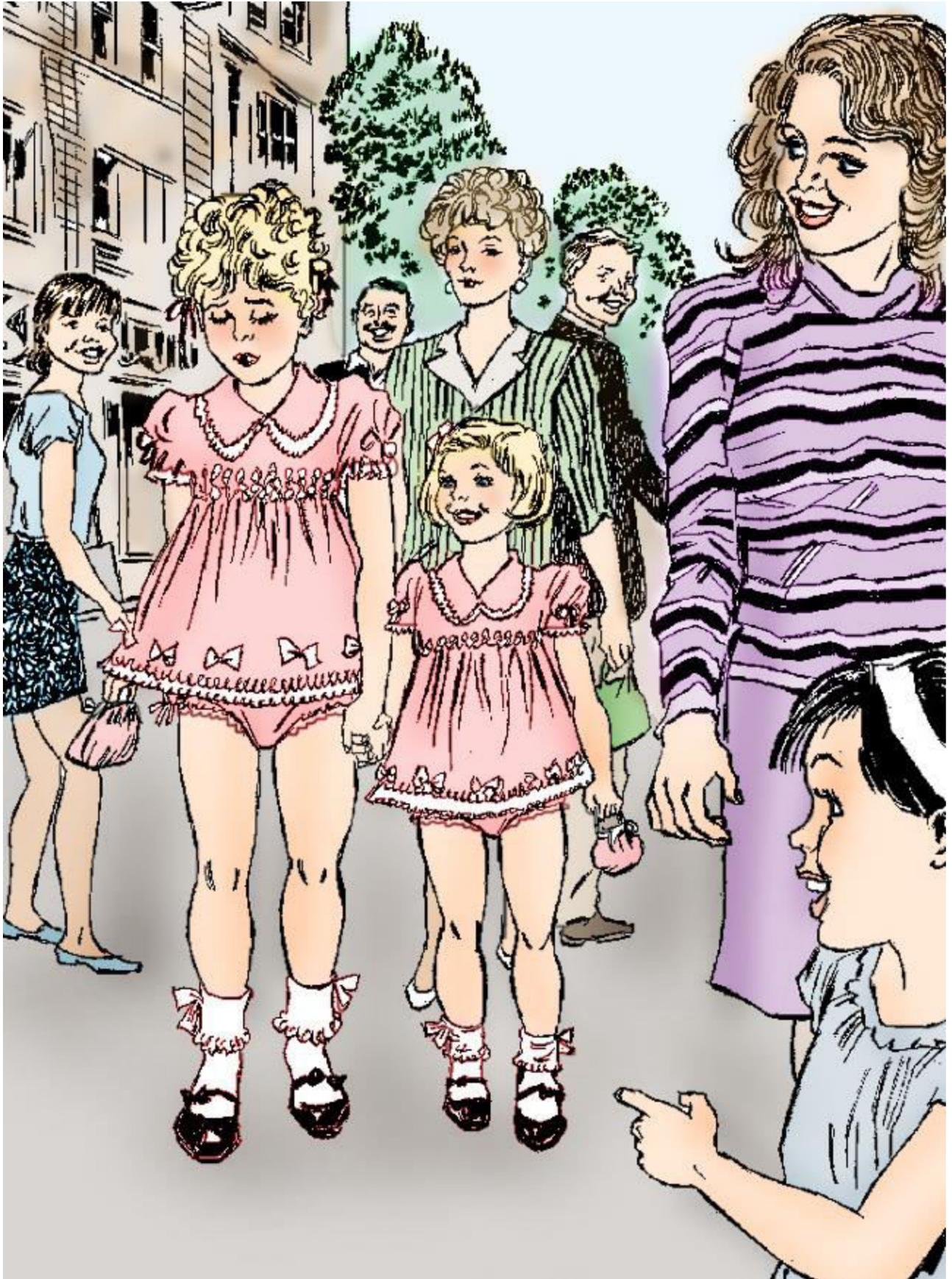
# Princess Online



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 the extremely talented artist Juan Sole, is from an upcoming Carole Jean book showing a sissy boy being exposed to ridicule as he is paraded down the street by a girl half his size, much to the amusement of the onlookers. He's totally embarrassed and probably headed for an even worse fate at the hands of his evil little mistress!

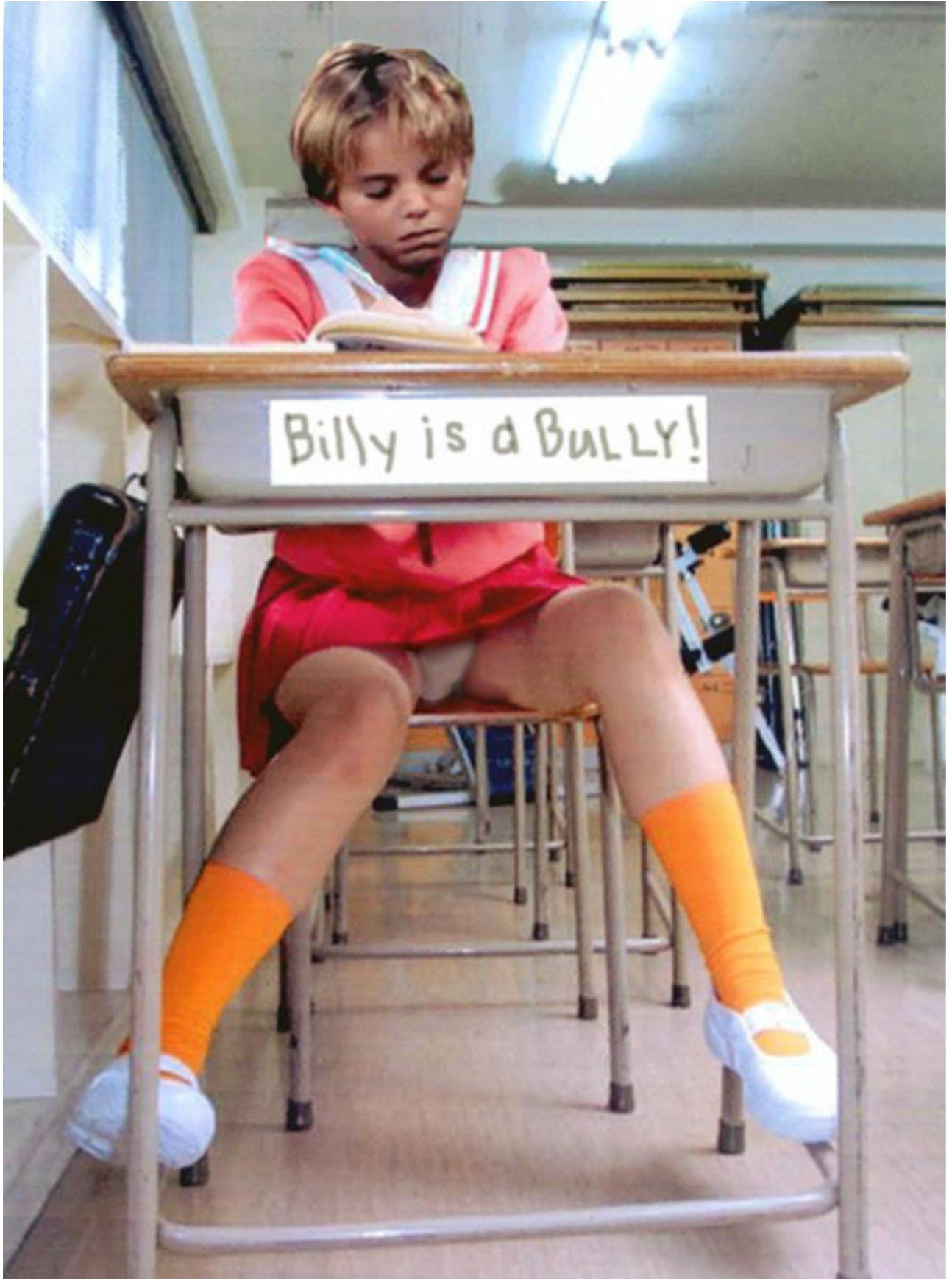
All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits or girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. The most distinctive feature of Carole Jean's books is the abundance of artwork. She has an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

[Index](#)



# Watchdoggie!

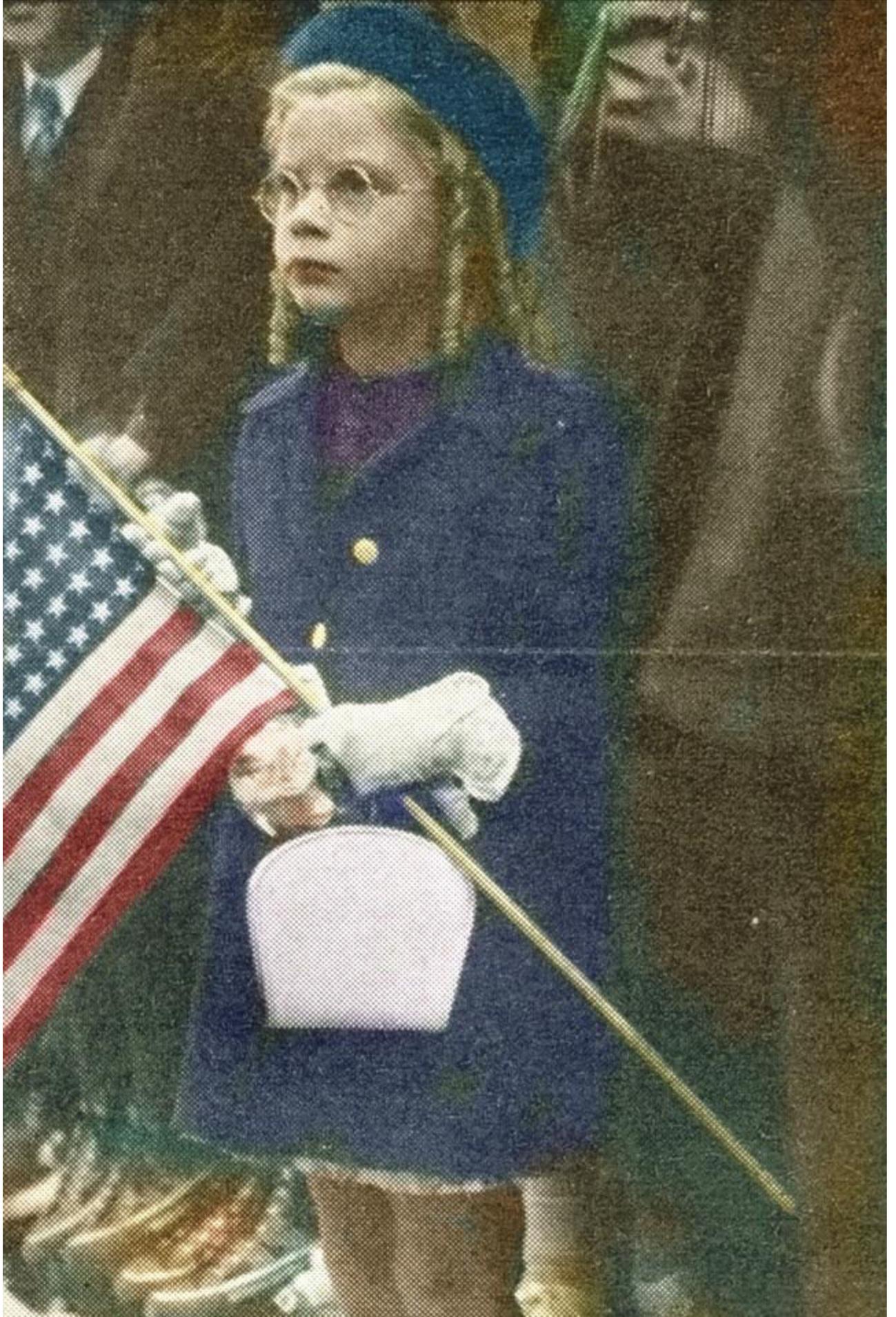
It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout 'family values' and left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: Errant males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit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

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

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

As therapy, he collects and creates pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment, pictures that illustrate what happened to him, and one of his pictures we present here of a boy being punished for bullying the other kids in his class. The boy has to wear a girls' dress and sit on the girls' side of the classroom. However, if you take a look at the photo, there is one thing he has to learn, and that's to modestly keep his legs together while he's sitting! Abreacting by collecting and presenting such pictures, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being forced to wear a dress and lingerie and having the other school kids laugh at and ridicule him.

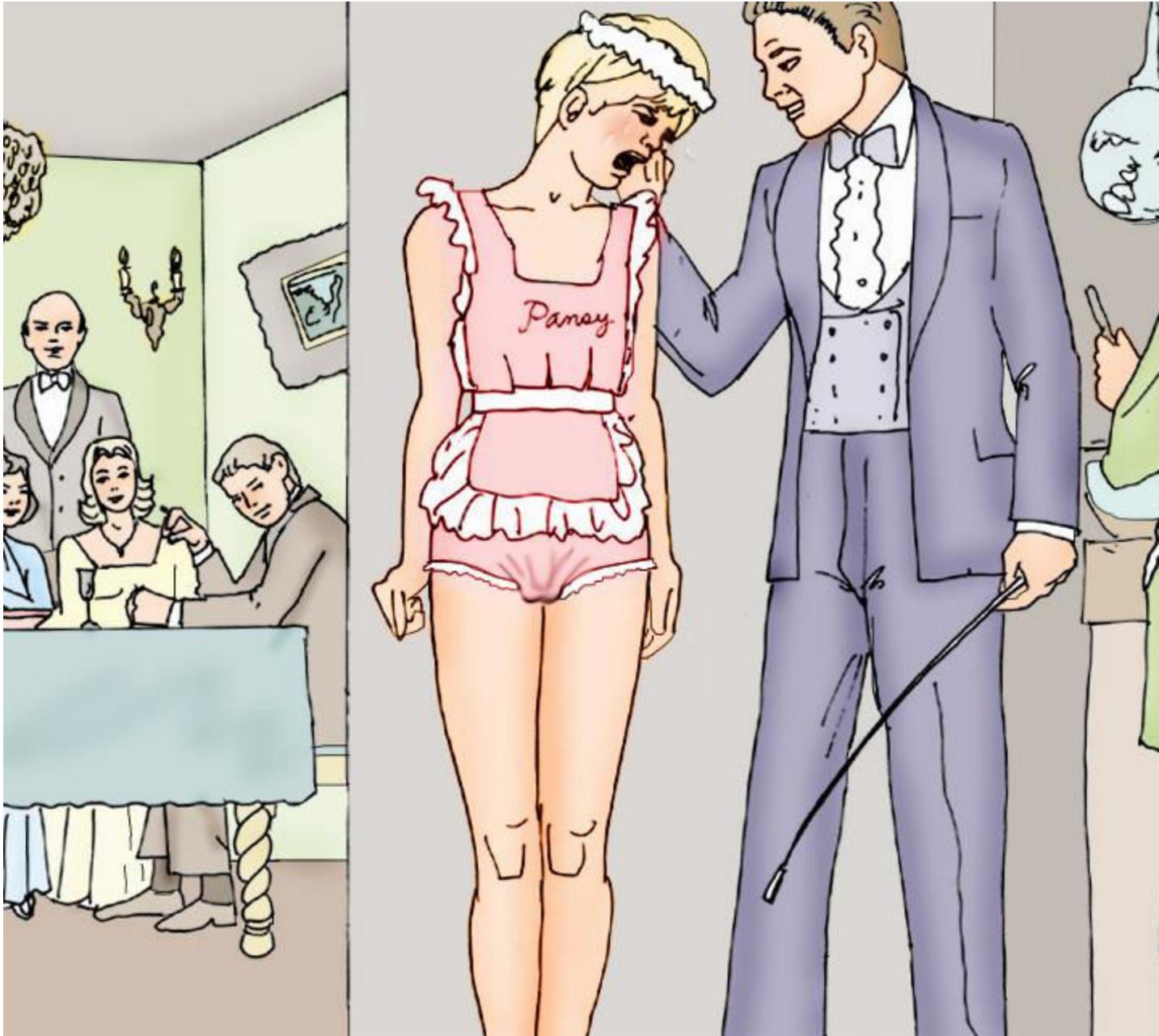
[Index](#)



## Masquerade

In 1937, Life magazine ran this photo of Reginald Von Edder with his American flag in hand watching the Memorial Day parade in Philadelphia. The boy has his long blonde hair set in adorable sausage curls and he's wearing a girls' coat. His bare legs end with white ankle socks and girls' shoes; plus he's carrying a purse! Surely he has a dress on under that coat; we can see a bit of the hem peeking out. And under the dress surely he's wearing a silken slip and lace panties. Oh, the good old days, when mothers knew how to dress little boys to ensure they would be good!

[Index](#)



## Classic Art

This month we happily present a rare, old drawing from the 1960s of a boy sissified and about to be sent out as a maid to serve his parent's guests!

[Index](#)



## Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Gerald

This month, we present the picture of twelve-year-old Gerald, another one of Ma Kelly's boys. On the day this picture was taken, Gerald had misbehaved and as punishment, Ma Kelly wrote the word "sissyboy" on his pink top and let the other boys ridicule him as well as let parents see him as they came to pick up their own children from her daycare.

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.

## [Index](#)



*Click on photos for a larger view.*

## **Sissy of the Month**

When his family was on vacation and they went swimming, Lelo's mother forgot to pack his swimsuit, but fortunately (or unfortunately) she did have an extra suit because his older sister didn't want to go swimming that day. His mother persuaded Lelo to wear his sister's suit, even though it was a little large on him and it didn't do a good job of hiding his boy parts. He was hesitant, but his mother dispelled his fears and told him, "Nobody is going to notice that little bump you have down there, anyway. Just act like a girl and no one will know."

## [Index](#)

## **Summer Vacation Under Petticoat Punishment**

*Click on photos for a larger view.*



After Clark went to Saudi Arabia on a long-term assignment to upgrade pipelines, his fourteen-year-old son, Eddie, went from being a rather well-behaved boy to an insolent and cheeky kid within a short period. Compared to his father's brand of strict discipline that included severe beatings, his mother's childish timeouts and mild hand spankings didn't deter the boy from doing what he pleased. Besides, he now felt he was the 'man of the house' and controlling him was becoming more and more difficult for his mother, Linda.

One day, following a heated argument with her son, Linda just sat down and wept. What could she do? Her husband was miles away. She was financially well-off thanks to his lucrative job, but Eddie was now more than she could handle. Seeking a sympathetic ear, she explained the problems she was having with Eddie to her sister, Carol, when she came for a visit. Carol had a daughter, Julie, who was never any trouble and was currently doing well at college besides achieving considerable success in regional dance competitions.

"It's a pity you didn't have a girl," said Carol in a sympathetic manner. "I find boys are more likely to get into trouble and can be so difficult to handle." She then remembered how a neighbor had punished her disobedient son by dressing him as a girl and how simply doing that made him manageable and obedient and made him lose his rebelliousness and youthful arrogance.

Linda had never heard of such a thing. "You're not suggesting I dress Eddie up like a girl?" she queried incredulously.

"Why not? It might work. You've nothing to lose."

"But what about clothes, the neighbors?" she argued.

Carol was a dominant woman and much preferred the company of girls. She too, had been on the end of some of Eddie's rudeness and insolence, and the prospect of dressing up the little wise guy as a girl fascinated her. She made it sound like it was so easy to do. Eddie could wear some of her daughter's clothes and even some of her outgrown dancing costumes, and they could do it while they were all on vacation together. And in a strange new town, Eddie wouldn't know his way around, lessening the chances he'd try to run away to escape being feminized.

Linda needed a vacation from her son's reign of terror, and Carol suggested the perfect destination: Prettyville-on-the-Sea. She had discovered it while visiting her daughter at her college in Bockington a short distance away. Besides, Carol joked, with a name like Prettyville, the adorable little town was a natural place to turn a boy into a girl!

"He'd never do it," argued his mother. "He thinks girls are silly, and you know he doesn't like your Julie at all."

As summer approached, Carol kept trying to persuade her, saying renting a cottage for the summer in Prettyville would make for the perfect time and place.

During his last month of school before summer break, Eddie was brought home by the police. He had been caught fighting and drinking beer with his delinquent buddies at a baseball game.

That did it! “He wouldn't even dare to go to a baseball game and hang out with his lawbreaking friends if he were forced to wear dresses because he would be much too embarrassed to be seen by anyone that way, much less his buddies,” thought his mother. She soon agreed to Carol's idea, even though she thought it was a bit ridiculous and next to impossible to do!

The summer came and Eddie accompanied his mother, Auntie Carol and his cousin Julie to Prettyville. He wasn't happy about going, but at the beach he could feed his newfound lecherous interest in pretty girls. Plus he knew a regional fair was held there every year and that sounded like a lot more fun than hanging around in their dusty old mining town during the hot summer.

It was a long train ride to Prettyville, and shortly after they arrived, they went out to dinner and then back to the cottage and promptly to bed. Soon after he was asleep, his mother crept into his room and removed his case and all the clothes he'd taken off.

“Hide his clothes in the attic,” said Linda, her eyes bright with anticipation. “There can't be any male clothes for him to get his hands on!”

After Linda climbed down from the attic, she saw her sister and daughter putting a selection of fancy girls' clothes in Eddie's suitcase.

“He'll never wear that,” she groaned as Carol folded a filmy Latin style pink dance dress and placed it in the case.

“Oh, yes, he will! Maybe you aren't strong enough to overcome him anymore, but with the three of us, we'll be able to handle him like a toddler. And if he gives us any trouble, Julie brought along her sorority paddle, and we'll blister his bottom until he behaves and dresses in whatever sissy and girlie clothes we give him.”

Still with doubts in her mind, Linda entered her son's room where he was sleeping soundly and replaced his suitcase that was now loaded with his new girlie clothes. Then the three females worked out details of their feminization program for the unsuspecting boy who was about to wake up to one of the most traumatic days he had ever had. The arrogant and obnoxious boy was going to be humiliated into absolute girlish obedience!

When Eddie awoke, he clambered out of bed, recollecting slowly where he was. He looked around for the clothes he had left hanging over a chair, but they were gone, so he snapped open the suitcase and a pretty frothy pink petticoated dance costume flew up into his face! He looked embarrassed, then disgusted. He thought he must have picked up his silly cousin Julie's case by mistake. He remembered it did look similar to his own. In just his underwear, he knocked on his mother's door.

“Who is it?”

“Eddie — who the hell do you think it is?” he yelled out. “I've got Julie's suitcase by mistake — will you get mine from her — I don't have anything to wear.” He left the case by his mother's door and then returned to his room and waited.

Eddie's mother, Carol and Julie had prepared themselves for this moment. Linda knew her son had some interest in bras and panties and other lingerie because she noticed on a number of occasions her things had been gone through while she was out. She was sure Eddie wasn't wearing them or anything like that, but just exhibiting a curiosity about female lingerie that she understood was typical in a lot of teenage boys.

The three females had agreed upon how they would be dressed as they presented themselves to Eddie, dressing themselves in a way to stun the boy and shock him into the magnitude of this now life-changing summer stay at the cottage. They each dressed themselves in just bras and panties, old-fashioned garter belts and nylon stockings, much like the women pictured in some of the cum-stained pages of the vintage men's magazines Eddie kept hidden under his bed. Once they were ready, Julie brought along her sorority paddle, and the three of them went to the boy's room and knocked on the door.

“Come in. I'm in bed, just drop it inside,” he called out.

The door opened and they entered, his mother in white nylon panties and an old-fashioned white bullet bra, Carol in an evil-looking black lace Jezebel bra and satin panties, and Julie in a frilly little-girl-like pink ruffled bra and rhumba panties.

“What the hell?” cried Eddie. “What are you ....” He didn't know what to say or how to react.

Instead of explaining why they were dressed that way, they just stood there for a moment and posed for his wanton and scared eyes, each of them running their hands over their fancy bras and sleek nylon panties, snapping waist and leg elastics and gently moaning in feigned sexual excitement.

“There's no mistake, son,” Linda told him. “This is your suitcase, and it's filled with things you are going to be wearing every day this summer while we are here.”

Carol added, “We decided, you're much too disobedient and disrespectful toward females, so we are going to make you into a girl for the summer to change your ways. And at the end of summer, maybe we'll keep you as a girl when we go back home.”

“Like hell you are. Have all you stupid broads gone nuts! Get the fuck out of my room and give me my clothes back!”

As she looked at him and saw the fear and anger in his eyes, his mother was still unsure if this was all going to work. She even felt a little sorry for him, but the abuse she had been getting from him gave her resolve, and she said quietly, “I'm sorry son, but these are going to be your clothes; we've decided to dress you as a girl because you are a horrible person as a boy.”

“No you're not! And you can't make me!” he said as his voice cracked. He seemed scared and a lot less sure of himself.

His aunt Carol stepped up to him. “You're going to be a girl — you heard your mother. Get up now and put these pretty clothes on,” she said as she flicked open the case, rummaged through the clothes and then held up a pair of glistening pale pink lace-frilled panties.

Eddie looked at them in horror. “I'm not wearing them!”

“Oh, but you are. All your clothes are gone for good, and all you now have to wear are these pretty girlie clothes. And just to make sure you don't give us any trouble, we brought the convincer to make sure that you do.”

That's when Julie held up her two-foot long wooden sorority paddle and gave it a few test swings that audibly whooshed through the air.

“No! You're all crazy. It's a joke, isn't it?” he cried, now more in fear than in apprehension. Surely they'd not do this to him. It was ridiculous. He was entering high school in the fall and they were trying to punish him like a sissy little kid! “Why?” he blurted out. “Why are you trying to do this to me?”

“To teach you a lesson. Make you obedient. You're a delinquent and a nasty boy who thinks he can do as he pleases. We're going to change that for now and for good. No use trying to argue, too late for that, my boy. You'll spend the summer in lace panties and pretty dresses, and we'll see about giving you back your jeans and T-shirts when we go back home!”

Eddie was really scared now. The prospect of wearing a dress appalled him. Girls were silly and weak, soft and spoiled little brats. Yet they wanted to dress him up and turn him into a girl.

“Get up!” shouted Carol, as she and her daughter pulled off his blankets, exposing him in just his Jockey shorts. Carol threw the pink panties at him and told him to put them on or they'd take off his shorts, paddle his butt and still make him put on the panties. Julie handed her mother the paddle, and the look in her eyes convinced Eddie they weren't joking.

Eddie saw he was outnumbered; he shivered at the thought of what they were suggesting, but he realized he had no choice; he decided to do what these dumb females wanted him to do just to get past the moment, but at the first opportunity, he'd do something to get the upper hand. He got up, turned his back to them, whisked off his shorts and almost as quickly slid on the humiliating panties. “UGH,” he groaned. He was miserable — how soft the panties felt, all smooth and dainty -- and the lace tickled, shame overcame him — and he felt ridiculous!

“Now your petticoat,” ordered Carol hardly able to contain her delight.

He pulled the multitiered pink petticoat up to his waist. It was one of Karen's chiffon dance petticoats, three filmy layers, deeply flounced and lace-trimmed on each layer, and fully flared for a swirl effect. The soft rustling and girlish slithering of the filmy material on his thighs and pantied boyhood made him shutter. They adjusted the frilly petticoat about his waist as he stood in utter revulsion, his anger building. He then raised his arms at Carol's bidding and felt a slippery, soft satin dance leotard top slither over his head. He let her tuck it into the waist elastic

of his frothy pink bouffant petticoat. The sun shining through the open drapes onto his pink satin top and flared petticoats had a shimmering effect. In contrast with the full skirt, his naturally slim waist appeared nipped in and very girlish.

Then he exploded. "I'm not going to be a girl for you. This is sick, and you're all crazy," and with that he started to pull off the petticoats and made a dash for the door.

Julie put a leg out and caught him, and in mid stride she pulled him over her leg and in one fell swoop started lambasting his pink pantied butt with the paddle as his mother held him secure.

"Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!" he screamed as he was greeted with each smashing sting of the paddle. Almost instantly he was shedding tears. He hadn't cried from a spanking since his father had beaten him – and a beating from him that hard was years ago.

But the females had planned an additional bit of humiliation for the boy, a way to drive home the combined feminizing power of the three females now looming over him. Julie got behind him, reached between his legs from behind, grabbed his penis in the saucy pink panties and started aggressively masturbating him through the silky nylon. Her wanking hand so startled him that he just froze in position, still clinging to and bent over his aunt's outstretched leg, but now panting with wanton desire. His cock instantly hardened as Julie was laughing wildly and driving him crazy pumping on his dick while calling him a pantywaist boy and telling him they were going to turn him into a girl.

Suddenly he felt a surge of pressure in his balls and his cock began spurting his cum; he desperately didn't want to ejaculate. He had never been in a situation in which he didn't want to cum, but the shame of shooting off in a pair of girls' nylon panties in front of a group of laughing females was frightening, but he did shoot, and shoot his slimy cum with a vengeance. It shot right through the panties and all over Julie's masturbating hand. Out of his mind with misery, he fell back onto the bed on his smarting butt in frilly disarray. With a shriek of pain and shame he tried to fathom what had just happened, but he knew all too well what had happened – and how was he ever going to face them again – how was he going to face any female again after so degrading himself, soiling himself in lacy girls' panties!

"Stop your crying and get up, girl! That spanking wasn't even a sample of what we're capable of. Now hold up your nice new petticoat so you don't get any of your smelly penis snot on it and get up so we can finish dressing you," snarled his aunt Carol, standing above him.

He cringed as he saw her with the paddle. No, he wasn't really crying from the pain of being paddled, he was crying from the degradation he had just endured, forcibly being masturbated like a fag sissy boy into pink nylon panties!

"Please, don't make me a girl," he begged. "I'll be good; I promise."

His mother loved having him beg; he hadn't been so cowering and submissive toward her in years! And when he didn't get up off the bed as his aunt had demanded, Carol moved in again and raised the paddle.

He quickly jumped to his feet. And as his mother gingerly removed his soiled pink panties, Julie scurried off to wash the slime from her hands. Moments later, she returned with a wet washcloth and his aunt Carol then used to wipe clean his limp penis.

“Here's some nice clean pink panties for you,” his aunt said holding up a fresh pair of panties she had just taken from his suitcase. “Put YOUR pretty pink panties on, sweetie and straighten YOUR petticoat, then we'll be ready to put you in your little dress.”

Eddie shamefully admitted the petticoat was wet with his cum. The females laughed and told him to step out of it so it could be washed clean. Now naked except for the leotard top, he was quick to take the pink panties his aunt offered and hurriedly slip them up his legs. They dropped a simple, summery, thigh-length white dress over his head and slid it into position. The females looked at one another and then knew what they had to do as they bunched up handfuls of Kleenex and stuffed them down into the top of the leotard to give the boy a modest pair of girlish tits. A pair of knee-length white socks and girls' one-strap shoes ensured that the look was no accident.

It was like a nightmare for the boy, but the females wanted to revel in the effect they'd created, and after Julie took a picture of him in his girlish outfit with his short hair and tears draining from his eyes, his aunt quickly added a short brown wig that she combed into a feminine fringe about his face. They paused to take a good look.

“Really cute,” teased Carol, as she tied a pink ribbon in his hair. “You'll turn heads when we take you outside this morning!”

Eddie let out a cry of anguish. “No! No! Please don't take me outside like this!” he begged. “I'll do anything — I'll change my ways — honest.” Tears welled up in his eyes.



Linda, his mother, looked at her sister for any sign of pity — but there was none. Carol wanted to really humiliate the wretched youth! Carol shook her head and said firmly “Look, we've told you already. You're going to be a girl and behave, or you'll really regret it. You will act as a girl, and if you exhibit any boyish behavior, you will be punished on the spot — even if we are out in public. Understand, Eddie?”

“I don't want to be a girl. Please, please! No! No! Don't send me outside like this, please, Auntie? Mom? Please, I'm a boy, not a silly little girl!” Tears ran down his cheeks as he wriggled in acute fear of spending the summer in girls' clothes and possibly being taken outside and exhibited to total strangers. He could never act like a girl. He had no desire to act like a girl!

“Come along and take a look at yourself in the mirror; you

really do make a decent looking girl.”

When the humbled boy got a look at himself in the mirror, he noticed something was printed on the top of the dress. In the mirror, the printing appeared backwards to him, so he had a hard time trying to figure out what it said, but then he was able to decipher it, and to his horror, it read, “Hi, I’m sissyboy Eddie!”

“Oh, no! You can’t take me out like this ...”

“Hush, now, little girl, you have no rights anymore. You’ll do what we say and go wherever we want you to go or we’ll pass around copies of that picture Julie just took of you to all the kids at your new high school when we get back home.

Realizing he was beaten, he let them lead him to the dining room for breakfast. Eddie pouted miserably. On the way to breakfast, the netting of his short petticoat sliding back and forth over his thighs tickling his legs unmercifully, and he had to keep brushing the wig’s brown locks from his eyes just like a girl.

“Now, have something to eat, darling. We have a full day planned and you’ll need your energy,” coaxed his mother.

He just cried.

“You weep like a girl!” she added, “it suits your pretty outfit.”

He sat uncomfortably at the table — too upset to eat.

Julie was the first to say something. With a shriek of delight, she said, “O-o-oh — he’s really girlie, mom. He looks just like a real girl, and if he smiles and wiggles his hips when he walks, he’ll fool people into thinking he really is a girl.”

“Show us your pretty outfit, Eddie, model it for us,” his aunt said. “Stand up — let us see you properly!”

The boy was too scared to disobey. He got to his feet.

“Julie, Eddie is your little sister now,” her mother told her. Then to Eddie she added, “You will do as Julie tells you or suffer consequences. And she is right, you need to have more girlish mannerisms, so before we go out, we’ll have Julie give you lessons in how to stand, sit and walk like a proper little girl. But right now, model for us. Raise your skirts so we can see how nice you look in the fresh new pair of pink panties we put on you.”

Eddie submitted to the girl he hated, unable to resist, knowing the paddle was ever-present and at the ready to bash him silly. He turned and twisted in his idea of how a model struts down a runway. Julie commented that she would be teaching him how to do it much more femininely. And when Aunt Carol got his attention and flicked her finger up and down, he started crying

anew as he knew what she wanted and then slowly raised the skirt of his dress to fully expose his pantied condition.

Julie giggled over his frilly pink panties and slid her hands all over his pantied hips and bottom only to then bring both of her hands together in the front of his panties and give his soft penis a few good tugs. He shrank back and groaned. All the females laughed at him cringing and about to collapse.

While his aunt and mother washed the breakfast dishes and cleaned the kitchen, Julie gave Eddie pointers on how to walk and handle himself as a girl, and when the two women joined them, Julie explained, "Oh, Eddie, you're a real girl now!" The women laughed and clapped her hands in delight.

In misery, he begged again. "Please, I'll do anything — don't take me outside! I don't want to be a girl!" But as they prepared to go out for the promised walk along the beach, they ignored his pleas for sympathy, and much to his horror, Julie put on a T-shirt and printed across the front it said, "We Have a Sissy Today!"

"Come on, Eddie," said his mother as she opened the door.

"No! No!" cried the boy in absolute terror.

Carol and Julie dragged him bodily to the door. He felt himself being pushed outside! Tears poured down his face as the door closed behind him. The next two hours Eddie was to remember forever. Being a girl he found frightening and utterly humiliating. With his aunt Carol on one side and his mother on the other, each holding one of his hands tightly, Eddie cried as he was taken down the street to the seashore. His aunt was quick to point out that most people took him for a girl but his crying, more than his appearance, was causing people to look at him.

He tried to shirk back behind his aunt and mother and tried his best not to cry and attract attention to himself but it was difficult with Julie behind him laughing and teasing him.

"With the wind blowing, I saw his panties," she cried out.

The wind continued to blow Eddie's skirt up, and repeatedly expose his panties to any passersby. He couldn't hold his dress down because the two women were holding his arms so tightly.

Upon reaching the busy, open, bright sunlit beachfront his agonies really began. A girl of about eight looked at him strangely and then said, "Mommy, it's a boy in a girl's dress."

Eddie heard her and cringed.

"Yes, dear," the girl's mother answered, "don't stare."

Eddie wished he'd die on the spot and end his embarrassment.

He was glad when the two women sat down with him on a park bench. Julie saw two teenage girls making sandcastles and struck up a conversation with them. But Eddie became unsettled when the three girls kept looking in his direction and hearing their loud giggles whenever the wind blew up the front of his dress. With the two women still holding his hands securely, he could do nothing but let the skirt of his dress fly up repeatedly and expose the front of his pink panties for the amusement of the girls. Their giggles turned into screams of laughter as Julie continued to talk to them, obviously telling them all about his petticoat punishment. It was excruciating mental torture for him.

“I like your panties, Eddie,” one of the girls called out, and that was followed with a peel of laughter.

“Yes, very pretty panties, Eddie. Much prettier than any panties I own,” teasingly shouted the other girl.

Julie and the two strange girls with foolish grins on their faces got up, came closer and stared at Eddie, Julie asked her mom if they all could go to the nearby carnival and funfair.

Linda and Carol agreed, and accompanied by a chorus of girlish derision, Eddie was taken to the funfair. It was crowded and everyone they passed seemed to be pointing and laughing at him. Many read the words printed across the front of his dress and made cutting comments. The words “sissy,” “pantywaist,” “pansy”, and even “faggot” and “gay boy” Eddie heard a dozen times if heard them once. He was crushed and dejected.

His mother and auntie continually chided him. “Mince more prettily. Act like a dainty little girl, Eddie, just like Julie taught you, or we'll spank you here in public.”

In absolute shame Eddie began to take girlish steps, knowing his tormentors wouldn't hesitate to raise his dress and give him a good thrashing then and there if he didn't obey. As the morning wore on he became numb with shock and humiliation. With nowhere to run and hide, his mother and aunt released their hold on his arms and allowed him to walk girlishly between them.

Julie's friends offered to take him on a whirling chair ride.

“Do I have to?” he pleaded.

“Yes, Eddie. That or a spanking! We'll watch!” his aunt said.

On the ride, the girls sat on either side of him, and Eddie had to keep his hands firmly on the safety bar before him.

“Whoosh” they were off. And the boy's frilly, flimsy skirt blew up and down on his thighs with every violent twist and turn of the ride. The fluffing up of his skirt tickling his thighs unnerved him, but he couldn't do anything to hold it down. His panties were being flashed to a laughing, growing crowd.

Still in tears from his shame, next they took him into the Fun House, but it was no fun for him. His skirts were raised by wind-holes while again he tried desperately to hold them down but his silk panties were constantly unveiled to gawking onlookers.

“Why was this happening to him?” he wondered. “No boy deserved such girlish ridicule.” Desperately, he wanted it all to end. By midday he was nearly fainting with shame. Satisfied, Carol and Linda led him back to the cottage. He had attracted a following and on the way back, three girls tagged along behind and delighted in calling him sissy names and teasing him.

Back at the cottage, Eddie broke out in loud sobs begging, pleading for mercy — not to have to go out as a girl ever again! Tears rolled down his cheeks and fell onto his dress!

“Eddie, look at your pretty dress. Your tears had better not stain it. Come to your room at once and put on a clean one.”

The dress he was changed into was soft, heavily adorned with frills and flounces and flared out crazily over a cancan petticoat. Eddie felt more girlish than ever!

“I hate dresses; I hate being a girl,” he cried out in fury. Carol caught hold of him and flung him over her knee. Up went his dress and petticoats!

“Don't, please, don't spank me. Oh! Ow!”

Smack — Smack — Crack. Eddie was given a sound spanking. He shrieked in response to the smacks with the paddle.

Carol scolded him severely. “You naughty girl, Eddie. You'll get this again and again if you don't behave!”

Smack — smack — smack with the paddle

She pulled the boy to his feet and had him stand before her and stare into her eyes as she raised his dress in front and aggressively masturbated him into his pink panties.

“Tell me how much you love your panties,” she demanded.

When he hesitated, she groped his cock harder and more violently jacked him off.

“Oo! OO! OOO-OO!” he screamed. Please ...”

“Tell me!”

“I, uh, I, uh, love my panties!”

“What kind of panties? Tell me again. Tell me more.”

“I – o-oh – love my pretty pink panties – o-o-o-o-o — pink, pink pretty panties –ooooooo!” he squealed as she shot a powerful series of cum shots, spurting into his panties with his jism than drooling out through the panties and coating his aunt's long, slender fingers tipped with bright red nail polish.

She dragged him to the dining room and commanded him to show his mother and Julie the slimy stain splattered across the front of his panties.

“Now, stand in the corner facing the wall. Hold your dress up to your waist and put your hands behind you,” Carol told him.

As he stood there with his nose pressed to the wall, his shoulders heaved with sobs. After just minutes but what felt like hours to him, he was sent to wash himself up and get another pair of pink panties from his suitcase and put them on himself.

Alone in his room, he had to get out a fresh pair of slinky, lacy pink panties and pink panty himself. He hated doing it, but he did it! There was deep humiliation at every turn.

“We'll be going out again shortly, Eddie,” said his mother gloatingly to her whimpering son. “There's a Punch and Judy show on the beach — surely there will be a lot of little kids there happy to admire a boy like you in a pretty dress and panties.”

It was Carol's idea for him to spend a while standing before the large mirror in the master bedroom. “Look at how girly you are, Eddie,” teased his aunt, swishing his skirts on his thighs “Doesn't that feel soft and pretty rubbing up against your little penis in those nice pink panties you have on?”

Strange sensual sensations were caused by wearing such silky and flimsy girl's garments, but they were causing feelings of acute shame, not happiness. He stood obediently, hands behind him, a pretty, punished, boy in ribbons and bows, staring in horror at his wig, ribbons, girls' socks and fluffy skirt, the rustling and soft caresses from which across his silken panties were a constant reminder of his girlish ordeal of shame! Soon he'd be outside again as a girl — he'd be laughed at and ridiculed. The giggles and taunts of the girls that morning had haunted and terrified him and troubled his passions.

Julie came cheerily bounding into the room with a bag in her hands. From the bag she pulled out a nice new pair of plain white nylon panties and a camisole top devoid of any kind of frilly decoration. She asked Eddie if he'd like to wear them instead of the frilly pink panties he had on, and he nodded that he would. Then she said he could wear them but first he had to learn how to do a little sewing and stitch some ribbon bows and appliqués onto the panties since he'd surely want to gussie them up to be girlishly fashionable! He had no choice but to labor under the strict eye of his cousin as she taught him how to sew decorations onto his panties, and the whole time he sat there, much to his horror, he listened to his mother and aunt discuss his future.

“I have a friend who is the principal of a small private prep school. Margaret Simmons, I think you know her.”

“Oh, yes, didn't she use to work on the school board?”

“Yes, but her husband died two years ago and since then she came out of retirement and is now in charge of Amanda Fields Prep School. It's a real prissy place; you should see their little uniforms. Anyway, I was wondering,” Aunt Carol paused and then continued, “Well, since Eddie is so cute in dresses, I think she'd take him in. She's a real male-hater since her husband left her with a pile of bills after he died. Plus she found out he had been cheating on her for years. I'd bet she'd love to strike a blow at maleness and feminize Eddie, even train him fully as a girl.”

As Eddie finished his stitches, the women laughed heartlessly as frightened little Eddie realized they were planning on sending him to a girls' school! He squirmed in fear.

Then Julie brought out the iron and ironed on some stenciling across the front of the camisole, and when she was finished, she held it up for the boy and the two women to see, it read "I'm Eddie a Pantywaist Sissyboy." Eddie was appalled. Julie was excited and giggled and then whispered to the two women.

“Of course you can masturbate that miserable little boy in his panties. Just be careful not to get any of his slime near your pussy. It wouldn't do for you to get pregnant with his juice. I don't think you'd want to take a chance on having a sissy boy for a son, and it surely would happen if his penis snot impregnated you with a boy! Other than that, go to it, girl. His mother and I will sit here and watch. I don't think we'll ever tire of seeing him brought to his knees as he's made to spurt slime into his panties.”

His mother added, “Do have a nice cum, Eddie, and afterwards remember to thank Julie. It's so sweet of her to take an interest in you. Most girls, as you know, would just laugh at you in your panties and never want to even touch that little nubbin you call a penis, much less have enough interest in you to make it spurt. Julie is such a nice cousin to make you feel nice about being pantied and sissified, and she's so good at!”

Aunt Carol laughed at the crestfallen expression on his face. “Believe me, Eddie, when we're through with you, you'll be a sweet, obedient, little girl -- or a swishy-ass fag!”

Eddie sobbed. He didn't want to wear dresses, petticoats and panties! He felt so foolish, so humiliated! Why did they want to turn him into a little girl -- or worse yet -- into a faggot?

Julie stood him up, quickly jacked him off and brought him shaking to his knees as she milked him dry, and then she cleaned him up and put his new white panties and camisole on him, the ones he had just decorated with pink bows and appliques. In defeat, he fell back on the couch. Then she took another photo!



Then, he was given a short miniskirt and again dragged out the door, protesting desperately, dressed and treated like a little girl. The cool breeze blew up his dress again and they laughed at his attempts to keep himself modest. Julie giggled as she reminded him, “I guess you like having your new panties on and showing them off to everybody we pass since you are doing such a poor job of keeping your skirt down!” she laughed uproariously at his scarlet-shamed face.

“I don't like being a girl,” he sobbed in vain, but he knew there was no escape, and he dreaded going back to school even more than trying to survive the rest of the summer vacation since it sounded like his mother and aunt were bent upon sending him to a prissy all-girls' prep school and permanently changing him into a silky little girl! For Eddie, he sensed he was in for years of girlish humiliations and forced panty masturbation tortures!

His aunt predicted, “I know you like sliming your panties, so I know you'll learn to love being a girl with a little penis in her panties, and if you don't learn to love it, maybe we'll just have to have that minuscule little cock of yours amputated so your panties will fit properly and you will have no choice but to learn to love being a prissy little girl.

*Rewrite based on "Petticoated Tony's Holiday Humiliation" from Madames V4/12 & 5/1.*

[Index](#)





# *The Pantywaist Weekly*

**All the news you need to be panty wasted**

Vol 5 No 4  
April 2007

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

HEALTH

LIFESTYLE

HEADLINES



**Boy on a class sightseeing trip lost a bet and had to go in a blouse & skirt**



**Tabbed as a sissy by schoolmates, boy is put into a skirt and forced to wear eye makeup and lipstick and then bound up and left on the front lawn of a posh girls' boarding school**



**Ring bearer at fancy wedding had lacy girls' panties under his satin suit!**

**Mother of boy caught peeking dressing rooms made to dress Kid forced to put on panties & dresses in s**

Queens, NY: It was an unusual sight one day last week at Masson's Department Store as customers saw a boy of thirteen in the store aisle forced to try on lingerie and dresses while other customers laughed and watched in horror.

Instead of stopping the obvious abuse of the boy, store clerks and customers cheered and encouraged the shaming of the boy whose mother was punishing him for peeking at girls in the store dressing rooms.



The boy, Peter Shake was forced to strip nal and change into lingerie and dresses in the store aisle as people watched. He was put into pantie slips, bras and dresses he to would feel the sl of being seen naked b strangers and then for into humiliating linge

Survey: Where was your worst public humiliation?  
Caught in a restroom - 4% Caught at work - 5%  
Caught buying lingerie 22% Caught stealing panties - 6

**OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS**

**Carl Rove caught undercover with his har down Valerie Plame's top secret pink par**  
Sissy fantasizes about being publicly humiliated changes his mind when his wife says today is th  
After angry wife tells her friends her husband \ her panties they ask her how she got him to do  
Boy in role as girl in play told to jack off b the show to keep the bulge in his panties d  
After panty thief is exposed on televis women send him with their dirty pant







