

Princess Online

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Featured Stories
and Letters from the
Princess Productions
Website



Adults Only

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

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Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from 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 in sewing class with other sissy boys as they are all making their prom dresses.

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

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

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

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

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Watchdoggie!

It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout 'family values' and left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: errant males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be contained and constantly monitored. The way to save humanity from itself is to stop those hormones from ruining our men and boys, who in turn are ruining our world.

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

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns and the girls in his fifth grade Catholic school during the 1950s. He still vividly recalls every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet that experience also taught him that our society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys. Radical groups bent upon destroying the male world circulate propaganda to their followers. Watchdoggie! monitors these groups, who are working to destroy present-day society! After almost 50 years, Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the pain and anguish he suffered undergoing petticoat punishment.

As therapy, he creates fanciful pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment like the photo collage here, showing a boy being petticoat punished that reminds him of his own painful ordeal, when he underwent petticoat discipline. By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being forced to wear a dress and panties and then having the nuns and other school kids ridicule and laugh at him.

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Masquerade

When I was five, I had a sadistic aunt who would get me to play dress up with her daughter, Kathy, who was my same age. One time I didn't want to put on a dress, slip, panties and all the stuff she'd have me wear because I found out that boys weren't supposed to do girlie things like put on girls' clothes, but my aunt made me dress up and play with her daughter anyway. Then just to be mean, she made us go outside to play. I didn't want to because I was afraid some of the boys I knew would see me, but after she threatened me with a spanking, I went outside. I wasn't even out there five minutes when two of the boys I sometimes played with walked by and I experienced my first public humiliation as they laughed at me and chased me around until they got me on the ground and pulled up my skirts to see what I was wearing underneath. At first when they saw I had lacy lavender panties on, they laughed at me but then they jumped off me like I had cooties or something and started calling me all kinds of sissy and fag names.

My aunt shooed the boys away and then held me and hugged me like she was concerned, but I think she was just pretending. Then she slipped her hand up under the skirt and rubbed my penis through the nylon panties, and when my little dick erected, she scolded me and told me I was a bad boy for getting hard. But she kept on rubbing my penis. It felt so good but it was upsetting to because she kept saying I wasn't supposed to get hard like that and then said the boys were right I was a sissy for getting a hard-on. That weekend when she saw my father, she told him she thought I was a sissy because she had caught me playing with my penis while wearing a pair of her daughter's lavender panties.

I can remember very clearly taking a walk with my father. He said "I understand you've been playing with yourself down there, and dressing up in your cousin's clothes. You better stop, or you'll turn into a girl." I was very confused and frightened because when my aunt had been fondling me in the panties, she was upsetting me, and now my dad was scaring me, but I also knew that I loved the feeling of being touched through silky panties, and that realization started me on a lifelong quest for panties and jacking off in them.

Some years later I was visiting my cousin out on Long Island (in Massapequa Park), and I was telling her about a play we put on at school. The other boys and I didn't want to put on makeup, so the teachers had the girls run and catch us and hold us down while the teachers put lipstick and rouge on us.

Kathy said, "Oh, yeah, girls like to see boys wear makeup," and teased me about it, asking if I wanted to put some on. I told her no and thought that was the end of it, but later, she came out of her room wearing a heavy coat of bright red lipstick, and she told me she wanted to practice kissing with me. I couldn't turn down an invitation like that, so I puckered up, and she locked her lips one mine, kissing me full on the lips. It was a long kiss, with a lot of lip movement. I was lost in the intimacy of the moment, and didn't realize what she was really doing was transferring as much as she could of her lipstick from her lips to mine.

Apparently my aunt had been listening in the hallway, she came in, looked at me with lipstick all over my mouth, laughed and said, "Oh, my god, you look just like a girl!" as she led me over to the mirror to see

for myself.

I tried to rub it off but it wouldn't come off, and my cousin announced that it was "permanent" lipstick that couldn't be simply washed off. I cried thinking I would have it on forever! Then my aunt said she could take it off with a special remover, but in return I had to agree to play a game of dress up like we used to play as little kids!

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Classic Drawing

We Princessized this anime drawing sent to us from one of our readers, showing a boy dressing up in girls' clothes for the first time and being surprised at how his dickie reacts to finding itself in lacy panties. Enjoy!

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: John

This month, we present the picture of twelve-year-old John, another one of Ma Kelly's boys.

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

and the others just didn't do things the way she wanted them done.

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

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

The babysitting service was going along fine. Ma took in boys after school and watched over them until their parents got off work and came to pick them up. The day one of the boys got himself all dirty playing in the mud; she made him take a shower and washed his clothes. She didn't have any clothes for him to wear while his things were being washed and dried. That is until she remembered the boxes full of panties and tops left over from the store, so she dressed him in a pink top and pink rhumba panties. That boy was Donald Tierski (he was pictured on our march 2003 website). Realizing that boys are built a little differently than girls, she had him put the rhumba panties on backward to afford him a little more room in front. Donald didn't like the idea of dressing in those clothes, but when she explained she had nothing else for him to wear, he blushingly agreed. Like most of the boys she took care of, Donald was a farm boy used to minding his parents, so he went along with her with barely a tear in his eyes.

Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics, and they didn't quiet down until Ma Kelly gave them her famous evil look and severely bawled them out. Donald was normally a very active and destructive child. He'd break just about everything he touched. But after being put into the panties, he became quite withdrawn, gentle and docile. Ma was amazed at the transformation. Despite being told not to tease Donald, the other boys couldn't resist the temptation, and whenever Ma Kelly wasn't around, they got on Donald's case. After finding Donald crying because of all the teasing, Ma made all the boys take off their clothes. Then she put them all in pink tops and silky rhumba panties. She reasoned that they wouldn't make fun of Donald if all of them were dressed just like he was dressed. It worked! Not only that, all the boys became very quiet and sweet. They only talked in whispers and sat quietly on the floor watching television with her (her soap operas and game shows) and didn't fight with each other.

Once Donald's clothes were dry, Ma didn't let him change back into them until his mother showed up to pick him up. When she saw Donald and all the other boys in pink tops and panties,

she was puzzled, but Ma explained to her what had happened and Mrs. Tierski understood, and when Ma told her how the girls' clothes made all the boys so much more manageable, Donald's mother laughed but said it did make sense. Then Ma got her okay to use girls' clothes on Donald anytime it was needed. Ma carried on that some conversation with each mother or father as they came to pick up their boy. All the parents had known and loved Ma for years and didn't question how she wanted to treat the boys, especially since she got them all to be such sweet little kids within such a short period of time.

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

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

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

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Sissy of the Month

The summer before I started school, I still sucked my thumb. To get me to stop, my parents would slap my face or give me a spanking sometimes whenever they caught me. When my mom went back to her old job as a legal secretary that she had before I was born, she hired a babysitter to look after me each day until she got home from work.Ý

The babysitter was a woman with a little three-year-old girl. The first day Mom dropped me off at the ladyís house, she told her I wasnít supposed to suck my thumb and she could punish me if she caught me doing it. Well of course I did do it all the time. I tried to hide it from the lady by holding something up in front of myself or by turning away from her, but I didnít fool her.

She said only little babies sucked their thumb, and boys who did it were sissies. I didnít like being compared to a sissy, but at least she didnít hit me like my parents did when she saw me doing it. Then one day, she said I must be a sissy because I couldnít stop it, so she forced me to sit still while she put some makeup on me. It was makeup from her little daughterís play beauty kit that could easily be washed off. Then she put red fingernail polish on me and a pink bow in my hair. She wanted to put some girlsí clothes on me too, but her daughterís clothes were way too small for me and her clothes were way too big, and therefore I was spared that humiliation.Ý

Then she sat me down in front of the television and told me I could suck my thumb all I wanted since I was now officially a sissy. I didnít cry or anything, but I did feel weird, but being able to now freely and openly suck my finger in front of her, I soon forgot all about the makeup, nail polish and hair ribbon. She snuck up on me and took a picture. Iíve attached a copy.

That scared me. I was so afraid she would show somebody the picture because I knew people would laugh at me if they saw me like that. I wasnít sure how my parents would react to me looking like a sissy girl, maybe they would think it was a good punishment for me or maybe theyíd get angry with me for doing girl stuff, but I didnít want to find out how theyíd react. Somehow or another, I just knew I wouldnít like it. For sure, they wouldnít be mad at the babysitter for fixing me up like that.

The lady told me she didnít care whether or not I sucked my thumb during the time I was at her house, but I was a sissy for wanting to do it, and if I did it at her house, sheíd treat me like a sissy. She said Iíd grow out of doing it soon enough, but she did want to make a good impression on my parents, so she wanted me to promise stop sucking my thumb in front of my parents, and she wanted to take credit for curing me of the habit. So I agreed to a deal with the babysitter, she wouldnít show the picture to anyone, especially my parents, as long as they never again caught me sucking my thumb at home. And when I was at her house, I could suck my thumb as much as I wanted, but I could only do it after she fixed me up with makeup and everything else.

That evening when my mom came to pick me up, the babysitter told her that she had cured me of sucking my thumb, but she wanted to make sure I was over doing it, so she told my mom to report to her if she ever caught me sucking my thumb again. Mom wanted to know how she had gotten me to stop, but she just said she had a talk with me and convinced me to stop.

The very next day, the women picked me up at kindergarten and when we got back to her house, she had a pair of fancy pink lace panties for me like her baby daughter wore but in my size. I cried when she put them on me, but I had to let her do it if I wanted to suck my thumb, so I agreed. I really did feel like a sissy then. Of course she added the makeup, hair ribbon and nail polish. I sucked my thumb the whole time I was there. I sat in front of the television most of the time, but I wasn't thinking much about what I was watching. Instead I was fingering the lace and silky fabric of the panties and thinking about wearing girls' pink panties. They felt good but really weird too.

Each day after that, the babysitter kept adding more girls' clothes to what she made me wear in her house. She made it clear that I wouldn't have to dress in them if I didn't suck my thumb, and on some days I tried to fight the urge, but sooner or later, and most of the time sooner, I'd go to her and ask her to dress me up so I could suck my thumb. When I did that, she always acted surprised, laughed at me and called me a sissy, a pansy or a girlie-boy. Then she'd reach into her



apron pocket, pull out a very lacy pair of pink panties, hand them to me and send me off to the bathroom to change, and when I would come out of the bathroom wearing nothing but the flimsy panties, she'd laugh some more at me and then finish putting me in a dress and makeup and everything else, and I had to stay that way until a few minutes before mom came to pick me up.

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The Unwilling Sissy: My Punishment in Slips, Panties, Cancan Petticoats and Bloomers

The following account is based upon the secret diary I kept during the years in which I was brought up under the stern control of my two maiden aunts, who

spanked me and feminized me just because they didn't like me. Unknown to me at the time, they were squandering all my money for their own pleasure, filling my young impressionable mind with their own junk science and pumping my body with female hormones to kill my emerging manhood.

My visiting fifteen-year-old cousin Fiona came outside to sunbathe in the nude safely within the walled part of our garden well shielded from the view of outsiders. I only know Fiona was there because Aunt Harriet had told me so, adding a warning, “On no account go near that part of the garden.”

She gave me that warning as she put me to work clearing stones in another area of the garden so she could plant some flowering shrubs. I was attired in my usual costume: an emasculating pair of panties, dirty panties worn the day before by my Aunt Lucy that were made of silky white nylon with a ridiculous lacy frill, and a full-length girls' slip in pale blue nylon with flowered embroidery about the hem and bodice. Hardly the kind of outfit one wears to do yard work, but I had been trained to do as I had been told. It was a hot day, and I was sweating profusely, soaking my clinging, nylon lingerie as I culled the soil for stones that I then threw into my wheelbarrow.

I was a slave in my own house. It was MY house, but at twelve years of age, I was too young to manage my own affairs, and therefore I had been put under the care of my two aunts, who despised most men and boys, so they enjoyed the opportunity to lord it over me and abuse me. They were also in charge of MY house and fully empowered to handle my considerable inheritance. It's been just three months since my mother's death, after which my aunts moved in to take over. I'm cursing inwardly as I toil and sweat and think about what has happened to me.

Just yesterday I had been severely punished for shooting my cum into Auntie Harriet's silky bloomers as she spanked me with her paddle. That earned me an additional walloping. Then she scared me as she reminded me about the article she had read to me out of some medical book that warned about boys shooting off their semen and how they lose a part of their manhood and become increasingly feminine each time they ejaculate. That being the case, I always have to lick up my juices after cumming, thereby — according to my aunts — replacing some of the masculinity I just lost by spurting it into my panties. But my randy penis always wants to erect and spurt, and the only good thing about my aunts keeping me busy doing chores is that it helps me keep my mind off my penis, but the silky lingerie they make me wear keeps reminding me of my wanton penis as the slips and panties constantly tickle and tease my boy parts in a most agonizing way. My daily duties require me to work my pantied fanny off. The only time either of my aunties shed even one drop of sweat is when they tan my backside with their leather spanking paddle.

As I work digging up stones, I think about Fiona. She's lucky; she's a female, and just being female sets her above me. Fiona doesn't live in the house with us, but she spends a lot of time here. She loves her aunties, and they love her. She sees how they treat me. It's so embarrassing for a young girl not much older than I am see me so shamefully attired in fancy panties and full-

length lacy slips doing every bit of the housework. She has even seen me prior to being punished standing naked except for a huge pair of Auntie Harriet's nylon bloomers — me a big twelve year old in my voluminous punishment bloomers decorated with ribbons and ruffled hems, standing on the upstairs landing waiting to be spanked with my face pressed against the wall. Fiona has often heard the unmistakable sounds of leather beating on my bare, pantied or bloomed bottom and afterwards has observed my tear-stained face and uncontrollable sobs. Yet Fiona shows no interest in my plight, other than occasionally making snide remarks to taunt me. She likes to call me “a panty wanking wimp.” The week before last, while my uncle (her dad) was here advising my aunts on some legal matters, I protested when he told me to sign a paper transferring my college fund to Fiona. He gave me a slipper spanking for my outburst and warned that my aunts would punish me further if I didn't sign. Of course, I did sign, and afterwards, Fiona made a comment.

“Daddy's not good at spanking you; he smacked you twelve times on your ridiculous panties and didn't even make you cry.”

Such comments are about as much interest Fiona has ever shown in me. After that spanking, I had been surprised too. Twelve with the slipper given smartly over my nylon underpanties! I usually get much, much more. My uncle is just one of the people my aunts have given carte blanche to punish me whenever he thinks I need it. He doesn't even have to ask permission of my aunts. Thank goodness he doesn't punish me as severely as my aunts do.

Even with Fiona's dad, I wasn't likely to come off his knee exactly smiling. He thinks I am a sissy of royal degree. He always blushes in my presence. I think he's embarrassed just at the sight of me.

“Not too hard now, Alistair, please,” Fiona's mom, my Auntie Cathie said to her husband when he was marching me off for a slippering. “He's a pantywaist sissy, you know. He can't take a thrashing like a normal boy.”

On one hand, I wanted to protest and say I was as strong as any boy my age, but then again, I wasn't about to protest the directive to go easy with my punishment. Still, twelve sound thwacks from a size eleven, thick rubber-soled slipper is not to be recommended as a pleasant sensation, even if it's administered over dainty silk underpanties. As Fiona observed, I was not crying afterwards, but even she surely saw I was red faced and near tears. And she had to have heard as I gasped and “OUFFED” at every splat of that slipper, as I was doing so quite loudly towards the end.

In regard to Fiona, to me, she had always been merely ‘Fiona.’ But after my parents died and my aunts took charge of me, I had to start calling her ‘Miss’ Fiona. Just one more sign that females ruled the roost in my house. When I address her as “Miss Fiona,” she wrinkles her nose and treats the courtesy with disdain. She thinks it's a ridiculous rule, but she also thinks I'm a ridiculous wimp of a panty wanking boy! Whenever she visits overnight, she keeps her panties and other lingerie locked in her overnight case because my aunts have scared her into thinking I'm a panty pervert who will steal and wear her panties if I have the chance!

Lifting the heavy spade I start the digging again. Within my air-conditioned house, my nylon slippers are crisp and chilly as my aunts keep the house quite cold because they both complain of “hot flashes” whatever those are. But working outside in the garden, my pale blue slip clings to me and I am now drenched in sweat. My sweat-soaked nylon slip and my soggy white nylon panties hold in the heat and make me feel hotter than it actually is. My mind flits to Fiona ... oops! ... sorry ... MISS FIONA ... mustn't forget that!

Quite a stunner is my fifteen-year-old cousin. Just three years older than I am, but quite mature in her ways, and quite developed physically, she's a real beauty from her long auburn hair to her shapely legs and her pert breasts with cheeky nipples that poke out the front of her blouses and T-shirts. Her thin waist accentuates her round bottom nicely as it's displayed in her tight slacks and skirts that are always made of thin fabrics that completely reveal her sexy panty lines, but lucky her, she gets to wear modern panties, not old-fashioned frilly waist-high briefs and bloomers like I have to wear. Fiona wiggles as she walks and just watching her walk makes me dizzy with pleasure. In my bedroom at night I can't think about her too much for fear of shooting off, as that is strictly forbidden. There is no way to hide from my aunts such an emission in my panties; I hate having to lick up my smelly boy juice and dread the sensation as it slides down my throat. Besides, I don't want to lose my masculinity, so I dare not jack off.

But my erect penis won't let me forget about Fiona sunbathing just behind that high stone wall about twenty paces away.

With my aunts safely out of sight, probably snoozing, I walk quickly to the wall and place my wooden tool box against it. I climb up and can just get a glimpse of her stretched out on a towel, glistening with suntan oil. Legs splayed wide, her bra and panties thrown off to the side. Her breasts, bigger than I imagined, are soaking up the sunshine nicely. Her nipples very large and brown. The enormity of the offense I am committing suddenly strikes. If I'm caught, I'll be in for it. But then the box breaks under my weight, and I fall against a recently taken down storm window. It shatters with a deafening sound. Quite a commotion, between me falling and the smashing glass.

I'M CAUGHT RED HANDED AND STIFF PRICKED, as Fiona with her towel wrapped around her comes out from behind the wall. The look on her face upon seeing me is one of surprise and shock. “You little sissy bastard! You were up there spying at me!”

The awful noise of the breaking glass was heard by Aunt Harriet, and she is now running, well more like waddling, from the house. Between what she sees and Fiona's hysterical accusations, Auntie tells me to hush and grabs me by my ear. It's painful having my ear twisted. I try to make excuses but only get slapped across the face.

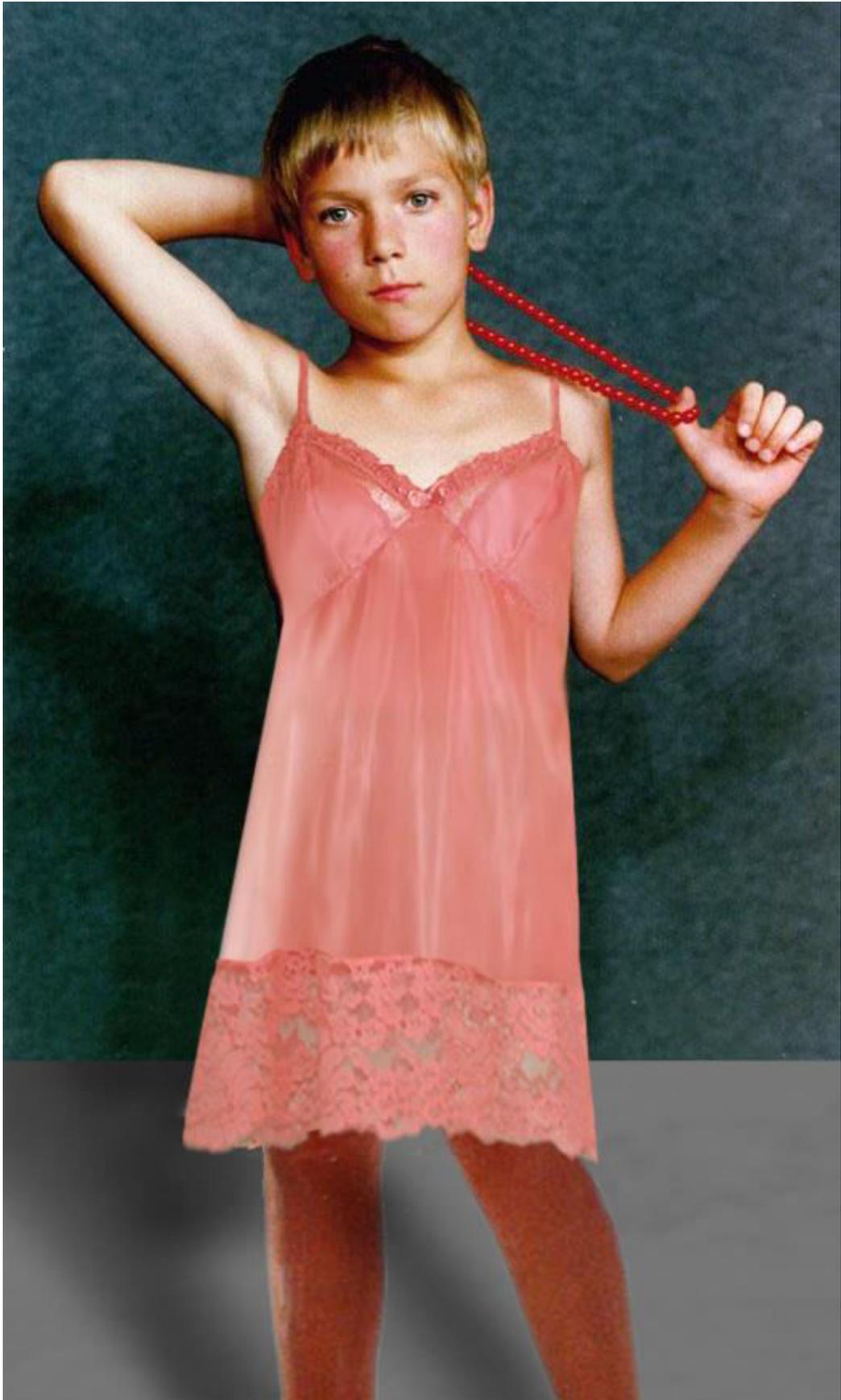
“Don't lie to me! Now, get upstairs, you smelly, sweaty wanking sissy of a boy, take a shower and meet me in your bedroom in twenty minutes. I'll supervise you getting into your punishment bloomers, give you a good thrashing, and then decide on how best to deal with your disgusting behavior!”

My brief peek at my cousin was not worth my punishment to follow. Within moments, I was sure one of my aunts would be on the phone to Auntie Cathie informing her of how I was caught peeking at her darling daughter while she was naked.

In addition to being spanked by Auntie Harriet, I thought I'd probably get slipped by Fiona's dad. He had spanked me four times now, and he always gave me a dozen, but those times were all for minor things, being cheeky or not doing as I was told. THIS WAS SERIOUS, and even to MY MIND it merited a good deal more than twelve smacks of the slipper. Perhaps he'd ask to borrow Aunt Harriet's 'bottom warmer' tawse. Oh, how I wished I hadn't done it. He most likely will have my tight nylon and lace-trimmed panties down too, not that they afford much protection; they're not very thick. I know his hands will shake as he grasps the waist elastic and pulls my sissy silk panties up tight to smooth out any wrinkles in the cloth before he starts; it's almost like getting it on my bare bottom. Still any cloth surely must absorb some of the sting.

I'm sure my aunts are going to report this to our minister too, and Reverend Brenda Cox, will surely have me around to her vestry for punishment after Sunday service. Our Church of the Divine Spirit is a small congregation made up mostly of women and girls; I guess that's why my aunts go there. Rev. Brenda has had me across her desk on three past occasions and each time has had two of her senior Sunday school girls hold me in position for a sound caning. Most likely, Charlotte and Shirley would do the holding. Both are in my Sunday school class and both are big girls of sixteen, well built and strong as horses, each take one of my arms and twist it up my back while they hold me and pull down my shorts to admire and laugh at my nylon panties. Like before, they likely will not be able to resist using their free hands to feel me front and back through the soft nylon of my panties as they smooth out all the wrinkles in preparation for the my thrashing to come. The minister lays each stroke on me as if her life depends on it, each cut a work of art in both placement and intensity. The SWISH/ HOWL of her cane never causes neither young lady any concern. They're bent on their duty to securely restrain me, a god awful perverted little boy the whole congregation knows wears girls' nylon panties, fancy slips and flouncy old-fashioned bloomers.

Our church believes in corporal punishment both public and private for wayward children, but in accordance with the church's requirement, Rev. Brenda keeps a Punishment Record Book, and she has to present it for inspection at Management Meetings. After it is passed around to the committee members, the entries are countersigned by the chairperson and eventually published for all members of the congregation to read. So all punishment sessions the Reverend administers soon become common knowledge complete with all the details, and for me that includes a description of the panties I had been wearing, how many strokes of the cane I got with panties up and panties down, how I reacted to each hit of the cane, etc. I thought it was so unfair that I should be publicly pilloried like that, but our church elders totally believe in the merits of corporal punishment as long as it is administered properly and they get a detailed written report. And since I'm just a lowly panty-wearing sissy (their words not mine!), the church managers never consider the way I'm handled as either outlandish or in any way unfair.



In fact, I know they always had a lot of laughs at my expense. Church members, the women and girls, can't look at me without laughing; most of the few men and boys in our church spurn me as a traitor to males, and they show their disgust of me by heckling me and even pushing me around when out of sight of any of the female members of the congregation. One time, a half dozen of the boys attacked me in the church bathroom after services, took down my sissy shorts to expose my pink panties and then made me kiss and suck on their penises. I had to drink their cum, a lot of it! Later, when I complained to my aunts, they blamed me for coming onto the boys, and I got punished by them with an intense thrashing for the sacrilege of performing filthy homosexual acts within the sanctity of our blessed church. But my aunts did say that at least swallowing all that boy cum would maybe help me become more masculine. Aunt Lucy added that drinking boy cum is good for preventing colds and diseases of all kinds! Then I was taken before the Reverend for the first time. Before she punished me, I had to tell her everything that had happened and in great detail, plus she made me model my pink panties for her. It's still painful just recalling the incident.

Upstairs, following instructions, I remove my sweaty pale blue nylon slip and soft white panties and take a refreshing shower. Upon returning to my room naked, Auntie Harriet points to the drawer in my tallboy containing my nylon punishment bloomers – actually a stock of her own big bloomer panties set aside for my use.

She says, “Pick out a nice pair, you filthy peeping Tom! Get your ladies' bloomers on and get ready for your punishment!”

As usual, I just picked out the pair of bloomers on top. This week the bloomers are shocking pink in color, voluminous, silky and thick. Pulled well up, they go halfway up my chest and the elasticized legs go well down to my knees (the rule for wearing them). I am covered from my knees to just below my nipples. As usual, the bloomers are one of Auntie Harriet's winter pairs, heavy gauge nylon; the thickness gives me a snug feeling of warmth and security, and when taken down for my spanking, the removal of that security adds considerably to the trauma of my punishment. The sense of loss of that thick material has to be felt to be appreciated to the full.

As always, my aunt has deaf ears for my apology and pleas for mercy. As Aunt Harriet inches my nylon bloomers down, I see the dreaded tawse lying across her own bloomed thighs exposed to my view because her skirt and slip are drawn up around her waist. I feel every square inch of my silky bloomers as they slide down and off my butt but remain up in front encasing my growing erection that I hope will go unnoticed. She tweaks my nipples, something she has been doing a lot lately, and tells me my breasts are developing nicely. I think she is just being mean by saying such a thing. After all, I'm a boy, and boys don't grow titties like girls. What a crazy thing to say!

As I lay myself across her thighs I can feel her suspenders and stocking tops pressing up against me from underneath her bloomers, and then with my nylon bloomers nestled about my upper thighs, she says, “You are going to FEEL THIS, you disgusting little pantywaist pervert. I see your bottom is still marked from what I gave you yesterday for whacking off in your panties. Well, I'll just add to it!”

Bitch! She always looks her most grim as she prepares to thrash me. Each hard smack of her paddle is like a hot cigarette burn, the words in the advertisement that originally persuaded Auntie Harriet to purchase her tawse. As she swats me, I wonder if she will then take me downstairs to the lounge and have me face my other two aunts and Fiona as additional punishment for my misdeed, and in front of me discuss my nasty deed and deliberate about any additional punishment I should be subjected to.

Those thoughts make me sweat in the thick pink nylon bloomers and then shiver as my nerves grip me. No matter how often I'm punished, I always am nervous before and during each session with a sudden pressing desire to visit the toilet and "pee the nerves away" that my Auntie Lucy says is "exactly how a girl would react if she were in your place." But once over her lap, there's no stalling, no chance to run to the toilet to relieve myself. I have to hold it, adding to the pressure and pain I feel.

After more spanks than I can count, I'm pushed to the floor, and from downstairs, I hear, "STEWART — DOWN HERE, BOY!" It's Fiona's young voice from the hallway below carried up to me with a truly mistressly ring to it. I detect anger and revenge. Fiona sounds cross and the sharp authoritative tone of her voice causes two immediate reactions: a smart, "Yes, Miss," as I answer back to her and a thickening and stiffening of my bloomed prick. Auntie Harriet has me pull up my big soft pink bloomer panties all the way up on my chest and then hands me one of my full-length slips to wear, a pretty pink one with a huge expanse of lace across the bottom. With practiced moves I easily slide the slip over my head and settle it down about me, the long pink bloomers peeking out below the hem of the slip.

Knowing I am to face my aunts, I wonder, as I descend quickly to the hall, if also Fiona will witness any of my additional punishments since she is the one I had violated. Miss Wonderful Fiona can do no wrong in our aunts' eyes. Most likely she has been versed on the seriousness of my offensive conduct and now my aunts' domineering ways have rubbed off on her. For once, she sounded quite interested in being a part of my punishment. In the past, Fiona has expressed with conviction that my prick is a "dinky" one, as she put it. Since she made such a comparison, she must have seen others pricks. In the way of modern young girls, she seems to be broad-minded and at ease with nudity and things sexual. I have that impression about her just from how she talks about such things. Not so with my aunts, however, to whom modern ideas about such things were considered morally offensive.

The sight of Fiona now standing primly in the hallway, in a summery skirt and blouse thrills me. Her long auburn hair, well brushed and hanging free, cascades down her back almost to her bottom. She looks angrier and more beautiful than ever. I feel small, like the naughty little boy I am, and I'm extremely conscious of the front of my nylon slip with my erection tent poling out the bloomer panties and thrusting out against the pink petticoat in such a way that even Fiona may no longer consider it to be "dinky."

"INTO THE LOUNGE—WE ARE WAITING," she says icily, as she follows me into the room to face not just my two aunts and Fiona but also Fiona's mother, Auntie Cathie, and she has a mean and angry expression on her face. And me, showing the all too obvious signs of being aroused, my full-length slip not hiding the jutting out in front because my cock is now fully erect

within the big pair of Aunt Harriet's roomy bloomer panties under my slip. Not a good start as eyes are drawn to what must be an offensive sight being presented to them. Such a blatant display only adds to my disgrace.

HOW I WISH I HADN'T DONE IT!



As a way to keep my mind off my upcoming punishment, I thought about my current situation and the things that led me to this point in my life.

My father was a very successful stockbroker; however, he died at forty-two in a skiing accident, and two years later, my mother died from a rare blood disease. That was little more than three

months ago. I had inherited a handsome fortune from my parents, but at age twelve, I was too young to know its true value, and I was too young to be on my own, so my two maiden aunts were put in charge of me and my inheritance. They were two of my father's three sisters, and they had never been married. The third being Fiona's mother, my Auntie Cathie. My two maiden aunts had no experience in raising a young boy. Their only experience with children was as teachers at a strict all-girls' private primary school. And what made it worse for me: they never had much regard for my father — or most any other man or boy — and consequently are taking it out on me.

Even in the sanctity of my own home, every moment of my current life is unbearable. No time is relaxing or enjoyable for me. With the exception of being taken out on a shopping expedition to buy me lingerie, by far the worse time for me is after church on Sundays at lunch since my aunts always have visitors and their snickering and obvious disdain upon seeing me greatly contributes to my humiliation.

Upon returning from church with my two aunts, I have to immediately change out of my Sunday best Little Lord Fauntleroy style sissy suit and put on the pair of Aunt Lucy's panties she has left hanging on the doorknob of my bedroom. They are always the panties she had worn the day before. They are usually primed with a good deal of her stains. I think she purposely rubs them against her pussy and up into her ass crack after insufficiently wiping herself after she uses to the toilet.

After I put on the panties, I have to don one of my full-length nylon slips. My aunts call my slips “aprons” and tell me I must wear them to keep myself modest and clean, but I know they are really petticoats because I have to accompany my aunts when they buy them for me. With a wink to the salesladies while we are shopping, my aunts call them aprons, and the sales clerks know well enough to refer to them in a similar way, but the signs over these garments and the hangers they were on or the boxes they come in all say “full-length slips” or “petticoats!”

These shopping excursions always embarrass me to the core and are designed to further put me in my place. I always have to try on dozens of slips before one or several are selected, and I have to undress down to my panties and try them on in front of the store clerks, usually with the dressing room door left wide open so other customers could look in and see me, a miserable and confused little boy, being made to try on an assortment of lacy nylon petticoats.

My “aprons” are usually pastel-colored, full-length and flowing down to my knees, where the lacy hem constantly tickles me. I'm always aware of my long, frilly petticoats since they unnervingly slip and slid around my body, teasing my penis, hips and bottom through the double silkiness with my panties. That teasing of my penis makes it difficult for me to not to become aroused, a condition that gets me into trouble because my aunts have decided to keep me celibate, and they're determined to prevent me from ever ejaculating.

The sleek slips also show every speck of dirt, and any such imperfection is cause for my aunts to punish me for lack of cleanliness. I have overheard their discussions with others and how they laugh at the sheerness of my thin slips that often reveal a shadowy glimpse of the fantastically sissy panties I have to wear underneath. Their comments let me know I'm not imagining it! And

the slips make it painfully obvious whenever I spring an erection. The nylon fabric juts out in front of me in an embarrassing fashion, an unmistakable and atypical bulge that distorts what is supposed to be the usually long smooth flowing front of the petticoat. An erection alone is usually cause for an immediate paddling, unless my aunts are in one of their wickedly playful moods and want me to dance for their amusement to make my penis jiggle and flop around within the loose nylon of my lingerie.

I have to keep all my slips neatly clipped to hangers on a special rack in my bedroom where they are always on view. Aunt Lucy is in charge of my wardrobe and always makes sure I have a supply of clean slips. I have at least eight to ten at any one time. To replace worn ones and maintain my supply, she periodically takes me to her favorite boutique to purchase new ones. And with petticoats being my normal everyday wear as I work about the house, I go through a lot of them, and therefore, shopping for slips is something we have to do quite frequently. This exercise is almost as traumatic as going with Aunt Lucy when I have to buy myself new panties: Those panties — my own panties, if you will — I only wear after my evening bath and to bed each night. During the day I have to change into a pair of dirty panties belonging to one of my aunts, usually my youngest aunt, Aunt Lucy, who is closest to me in size.

One day recently we were in the store, and I was trying on “aprons” for size and design. My aunt never lets me hide from giggling clerks and customers' rolling eyes, and on this day since there were only a couple of people in the shop, she decided the selection process did not require the use of the fitting room. Aunt Lucy never knows precisely what she wants for me and decides only after looking over the whole range of what is currently available. For such a small store, the boutique she frequents always has a huge selection of pastel-colored full-length nylon slips. My aunt is a good customer, and I think they stock so many slips just for her use in petticoating me since most of their collection of slips are in sizes that fit me.

She stood there fingering through several dozen petticoats suspended from hangers, periodically taking one off the rack to study the style and lacy trim before putting it back or holding it up to me to see if it would fit and ascertain how it would look on me. She often paused to stroke the smooth fabric or examine the lacy hem and the trim about the bodice. She found one with a teasing slit up the side, and the slit was also trimmed with femmy lace. The length was one inch above my knees. Aunt Harriet had decreed that the length of my petticoats can be anywhere from 1/2" to 3" or at the very most 4 inches above my knees. Any more than 4" is considered indecent because my lacy panties are all I wear beneath my “apron” slip, and a short slip easily rides up to expose them. And when I have to wear my Aunt Harriett's long bloomer panties, keeping them hidden under the hem of my slips, especially the shorter slips is quite impossible. The panties my aunts wear and pass onto me are always the old-fashioned type, either full-cut brief style or, in the case of Aunt Harriet, the long-legged punishment bloomers always edged with a wide ruffle of lace around the legs and enough lace and ribbon frills to make even a prissy miss blush.

After selecting the slip with the side slit, Aunt Lucy was looking to find several more slips for me. She had me try on every slip in the store suitable in size and length, at least twenty slips, but probably more like thirty, and all this changing was done in the center of the boutique between opposite counters. Being a shop that attracts exclusively female customers, I was the only male in the shop while being fitted – thank goodness. All of the ladies were highly amused at me, a

twelve-year-old boy presenting them with a slip and panty fashion show. Changing from one slip to another gave all of them plenty of chances to see the gaudy panties I was wearing that day – hot pink panties with little red hearts, pink ribbon bows and our family crest (that I sewn) on the left hip. The women and girls laughed at me so much that I felt I was dying on the spot — bad enough – but if a man or a boy were to see me (and a few have in the past), I would have been terrorized with even more traumatic nightmares for many nights to come.

Auntie Lucy had me retry all of those slips she had set aside and fit me reasonably well, but I'm sure just to shame me, she had me try on even more petticoats, every slip I could possibly get into, including the most outrageous bell tents made for extremely stout ladies to those I could hardly squeeze myself into. In order to properly assess a pattern with me inside it, she had me walk up and down, turn around and generally make an idiot of myself, encouraging me to point my toes outward and swing my hips in an exaggerated fashion as I walked so she could evaluate the hang on the slip and the swing and flaring out of the lacy hem, actions that SHOUTED out to everyone just how big of a sissy I am. When my humiliation finally came to an end, we ended up taking three slips with us, the one with a side slit, another one in pink with a lot of feminizing lace, and “for variety” a white half-slip cancan petticoat to which – much to my humiliation — she added a lacy white satin longline bra or bustier. “After all,” she said, “you can't go bare on top when you wear it!”

I can generally hold back my tears, especially in public since crying only makes me look even more like a pathetic example of the male gender, but while being fitted for the bustier and having the saleslady stuff padding into the bra cups, I did cry.

The lady was nice to me and said “Oh, dear boy, don't cry. You really look cute.” She added, “Just wait; like a real girl, you'll get used to wearing a bra in no time.”

The horror of the situation was increased by a rather elegant-looking lady in her mid fifties wearing an expensive looking fuchsia tailored suit with a small girl about six years old standing beside her, probably her granddaughter, who was in a yellow pinafore dress and sucking her finger like a toddler. The woman made no apologies for her presence even though I'm sure she knew she was adding to my discomfort. Instead, she just perched herself right in front of us and stared, the whole time pointing at me and making whispering but-not-too-quiet little comments to the little girl, using me as an object lesson and explaining to her all about petticoat punishment for naughty little boys.

Back at the house, I had to model each of the slips for Aunt Harriet. The slip with the slit up the side was just one inch above my knees; the pink slip an inch and a half above, and the cancan almost four inches. That one just missed being judged indecent by my aunts' standards — so much so that Aunt Harriet took a tape measure to me immediately after I put it on for her inspection.

“Scandalous,” she cried waving the tape measure, “What was your Aunt Lucy thinking when she bought this. Did she have her spectacles with her?” But she cooled off when the slip measured 4" above my knees.

“Very deceiving indeed; it must be the pattern that makes it look so short on you, boy! And through the chiffon netting I can clearly see details of the pink panties you have on underneath. But I do admit the bustier is a great idea. With your growing breasts, I believe it's time we start you on brassieres, training bras at least until your breasts more fully develop.”

There was that talk about my growing tits again. Just the thought of it unnerved me and made me shake, but I was a boy. I had no fear of growing breasts!



It's really quite ludicrous that my aunts think nothing of having my slip up and my punishment panties down to the base of my buttocks leaving me absolutely bare for a thrashing. To them, my nudity is not indecent for a paddling, yet these witchy women get uptight about the length of a stupid slip that to them exposes too much of my leg or a bit of my panties. Granted, when I am wearing lacy ankle socks or am bare legged, there is a hell of a long expanse of my bare flesh on display, more so if the petticoat is of the short variety, as half of them are. But I wear what I am told to wear. For once, I am not at fault. They decide what I wear or do not wear. I don't like the short slips either. The bare flesh is, after all, mine, and the exposure of my panties is quite humiliating even though by now, I should probably be used to having people ogle me in my gaudy silk panties since I've been wearing them for months now with all kinds of people seeing me in them. But I'm not used to it and never will get used to having people see me wearing the horribly sissy panties!

On one Sunday, a typical Sunday, I wiggled out of my all too tight sissy velvet suit as usual and retrieved Aunt Lucy's dirty panties from my doorknob. They were yellow nylon panties with a trim of black lace. My aunts always go out of their way to buy the gaudiest panties available, and if they don't have enough lace, ribbons and bows on them — and they usually don't — they make me sew on more of the humiliatingly feminine decorations. Not that they like such ornamentation for themselves, they only wear such fancy panties because they know I will probably be wearing them eventually, and all that fussy lace and sissy frills are a crushing blow to my maleness, especially when I am exposed to outsiders while wearing their secondhand panties.

Now that I was in Lucy's yellow and black panties and a clean white slip — one of the few white ones I owned, I went to the kitchen to assist Aunt Harriet prepare lunch while Aunt Lucy showed off her skills at the piano and entertained the guests in the lounge until lunch was ready. I worked under the direction of Aunt Harriet, and she made sure I did work! She is very particular, and so I was extremely careful. I had to please her discerning eye. Any carelessness on my part reflects on her housekeeping abilities, and I have to pay with a spanking. While I have to attire myself in a pair of Aunt Harriet's big bloomer panties for a spanking for major infractions of my aunts' rules, it is usually Aunt Lucy's panties that I wear daily and have on for lesser punishments. Her hips are the slimmest, and therefore guarantee a decent fit on me, and when being spanked, the panties I have on are usually kept up for the first part of any spanking to heighten my awareness of my sissy position. The panties she passes on to me are not old pairs but ones in current use by her that she stews in a brew of her bodily juices in a special, tightly sealed chamber pot she keeps in her room. At times, I have to change into another pair of her panties as I work about during the day, and I have to ask her permission to take a freshly brewed pair, and after I do, Aunt Lucy usually answers, “Very well, Stewart, fetch the top pair.”

Her panties are of different colors, and I never know what color they are likely to be. Possibly she knows which pair is on top; I certainly don't until I open the panty pot. Immediately upon opening the panty pot, her concentrated body aromas fill the room. I hurriedly take the top pair and reseal the panty pot. They can be green, blue, black, white, yellow, orange, red, purple, SHOCKING PINK or variations on any of those colors. I won't say color doesn't matter to me; it does because the brighter colored panties make my predicament even more humbling when we have visitors in the house. The more vividly colored panties tend to show more through my thin

slips, even at a distance. This is one reason I prefer white or pale-colored panties, but I rarely get them. I do have a couple of white slips, and I was wearing one that day. The one drawback of a white slip is that onlookers are able to discern every detail of the usually very colorful, lace-encrusted, and ribbon-bedecked panties that I have on underneath the thin white nylon.

As my cousin Fiona who is fifteen often says with a bold laugh, “Between your fancy ‘aprons’ and gaudy panties you are a good advertisement for boys in faggot training.”

I have no answer for such observations. Her comments annoy me intensely; yet there is absolutely nothing I can do about them. As Fiona well knows!

When all is in readiness, our guests and my aunts come into the dining room. It is my duty to seat them, guests first, my aunts later. I feel like a twit dancing around in my sheer slip, pulling out chairs and seating girls of roughly my own age or even younger, making sure their bottoms are squarely lined up with the chair seat before I push it into place under them. Aunts Lucy and Harriet sit at either end, both in carver chairs: Aunt Harriet sits in the boss lady position at the head of the table, and Aunt Lucy sits opposite as she does the serving out of portions and carves if necessary.

Before I am allowed to take a seat, I have to go to each of my aunts as they take a moment to examine me in my silky slip, and then they send me around to each of our guests and invite them to look me over also. They are checking to make sure there is not a speck of dirt on or any wrinkles in my slip. My aunts are always looking for an opportunity to punish and further humiliate me in front of their guests. Sometimes, my aunts insist I hike my slip up for an instant panty inspection. That is always enough to put my mind in a horrified whirl for the rest of the day.

“Make sure your apron stays SPOTLESS, my lad,” Aunt Lucy says. Our guests let out a few little giggles. I know it's because my aunt refers to what I am wearing as an apron, yet they all can see it is a girls' full-length nylon slip. At times, when we have a precocious little girl among our guests, she doesn't understand the “apron” joke and corrects my aunts, telling them that I am wearing a girls' slip and not an apron. Everyone always laughs at that!

On that typical Sunday, Aunt Lucy continued. “Pull out your chair and stand at attention in front of it. Move, boy!”

I did as I was told, pulling my chair well out and away from the table, and then I stood at attention in front of it.

Aunt Lucy eyed me. “Straighten up, boy!” she shouted. “Fingers stretched fully down by your sides, put your head UP!” She paused for me to comply and then added, just as loudly, “Keep your eyes to the FRONT!” She kept me standing in my thin swishy slip (with my black lace-trimmed yellow panties plainly showing through it) even though the soup had been served and everyone had begun to sip it.

“STAND STILL, BOY! DON'T FIDGET,” Aunt Lucy said all too loudly. She admonished me tartly. “EYES TO THE FRONT! I TOLD YOU! DON'T LOOK AT ME OUT OF THE CORNERS! I SEE A PROTRUDING IN THE FRONT OF THAT NICE APRON YOU ARE WEARING. YOU BETTER NOT BE GETTING THE HORN ON, YOU DISGUSTING LITTLE PANTY WANKER!”

I continued to stand what seemed like ages made to seem even longer by being exposed in my slip and peeking yellow panties while everyone else was fully attired in normal clothes.

“KEEP THAT HEAD UP! UP! UP!” she yelled.

I got it up and was looking over the head of the person sitting opposite my place at the table. I felt silly, standing there all dressed in a shimmering white nylon slip with mounds of lace and frills, truly like a sissy fag of a boy. I was tempted to look at Auntie Lucy to see if she was about to allow me to sit down. Finally the order snapped from her lips like a whiplash.

“SIT, STEWART!”

I sat down hurriedly, just in case she changed her mind. She would at times, when she was in certain moods.

“Up straight, arms folded, eyes to your FRONT!”

I complied and now looked straight at the person seated opposite me. On this occasion, it was a middle-age man, whom I did not know and did not want to know anything about. The person across from me can be a man or a woman, either young or old. Whenever I enter the room with our guests, I try not to look at them. I don't need to further my humiliation by gazing into the eyes of people laughing at me or showing obvious signs of shock at my appearance. Such images stay in my mind for days! So I try my best not to actually meet the eyes of the person across from me, especially if it should be someone, male or female around my own age.

“Get your HEAD UP!” ordered Aunt Harriet. Apart from being quite large, she was born with a deformed hip that affects her walking to the extent she has many bunions and corns. They make her short tempered. She is hardly ever in a good mood.

My soup finished, Aunt Harriet directed me to clear away everyone's dishes and bring through the next course — on this day, chops with mashed potatoes and two green vegetables. I knew even before I saw my plate that the chop designated as mine would be a very fatty one. Not only fatty but Aunt Harriet surely would have under cooked it, so the fat is chewy and horrible. I detest fat, but Aunt Lucy loves it and eats all of hers. I have to do the same. To suit HER!

The FIRST TIME she presented me with such a chop, I refused to eat it. “But, I'll be sick, Ma'am,” I said to no avail.

“If you are, you will clean it up and continue until you are finished eating it.”

I tried but to no avail. I didn't finish it. In fact I hardly ate any of it. Though Aunt Lucy gave me the strap for disobedience, I felt it was worth it to have that chop in the dust bin. A hot panty bottom was a small price to pay.

But come teatime she presented me with the, by then, cold and congealed fatty chop and two words, "EAT IT!" I looked at it nauseated. I forced myself to eat it because otherwise, I knew I would find it on my plate the following morning for breakfast and every meal thereafter until I did eat it.

On the following Saturday morning I had to go shopping with Aunt Lucy and during this excursion we visited the butcher. She is a very good customer, and I think the butcher fancies her a bit. I had to stand by in a pair of my obviously feminine slacks and a lace-trimmed white blouse while she choose the chops for Sunday lunch with care, and as she finished selecting what she wanted, the butcher asked her, "And one for the little sissy, as before, madam?"

"Yes, please," she said smilingly.

The man disappeared into the back of the shop and then returned with the most ghastly fatty chop you could imagine.

"I saved this one special for the little pantywaist, as I know you have told me he likes his fat." He grins; he knows I DON'T like fat. And he knows all about my wearing Aunt Lucy's dirty panties every day. That much she has told him in my presence, and once before she even pulled the waist elastic of my panties and a bit of the lacy nylon panty out above the waist of my slacks and showed him. He laughed and asked me how it felt to wear ladies' panties. He said most ladies wouldn't allow their little boy to wear ladies' panties like a faggot, even if he was a sissy like me. Aunt Lucy made me tell him I loved wearing panties, especially the silky and lacy kind. Heaven only knew how much else she has told him. I thought perhaps he had been one of our guests at Sunday lunch, but since I avoid looking at the guests as much as possible, I'm not sure. But by then, probably half the people in our small town had been among my aunts' guests at one time or another. If not, at least word about me has gotten out to most of the neighbors. You can't keep such news secret in a small town. I generally don't get quite the horrified reactions while out and around town that I used to get. I suppose everyone has gotten used to seeing sissy little me tagging along with mincing steps behind my aunts as they make their rounds.

The butcher interrupted my daydreaming. "There will be no charge for the girlie-boy's chop, madam; no one else would pay me for it. Pig bin is all it's fit for, really."

"Thank you very much, that's awfully kind of you," Aunt Lucy said as she bestowed a beaming smile on the man.

And then I knew that for Sunday lunch that fatty chop would repose on my plate.

That is a peek at my abominable lot. I no longer have a tolerable life. I'm a swishy sissy in fancy slips and frilly nylon panties unable to function without my stern aunts, my teasing cousin Fiona, my heavily padded bottom, and people making fun of me at every turn.

Based upon a revised version of "Glimpses of Ultra Strict Domestic Discipline" that appeared in issues of "Vixen" #4 and "Dear Mistress" #46.

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The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Vol 4 No 2
February 2006

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

HEALTH



Right to die controversy before Supreme Court; terminally ill pantywaist dies in smother panties

Deep Valley, MO: Thirty-four-year-old Peter Droop chose to be suffocated in his mistress's smother panties instead of dying a painful death from his inoperable brain tumor.

His cancer treatments had made him incapable of achieving an erection and having an orgasm.

Being a pantywaist, he had always worn panties, but his excitement in doing so came from the tactile enjoyment he experienced from his cock in contact with the

LIFESTYLE



A boyhood friend said the president loved to hide his dick and put on a dress and panties like a girl. Today, we'd love if he would put on a dress and panties and hide his dick (Cheney).

Iran's wacho new president claims there is no such thing as petticoat punishment since Western boys are

HEADLINES

Recent study finds most boys envy when their sisters get a gift of panty

Far right group working to halt panty sale

Pecker Flats, IL: A study by "The Center to Prote Masculinity" found 81% boys envy the frilly clot their sisters wear, and it most apparent at Christi and on birthdays as they watch their sisters gettir gifts of lacy lingerie.

The group maintains tl excessively lacy and fril lingerie is the work of tl devil and make boys thi girls have more fun and advantages than boys.

To shield boys from th ideas that are destructiv their masculinity, this ri wing organization want



ban the sale of excessively feminine lingerie.

Even though these bits of femininity generally aren't seen in public, males are all too aware of them, and boy: already weakened by the feminization of our society are most susceptible and need to be protected.

Survey: Panty Perverts Reveal Their Favorite Jack-off
Crossdressing Videos - 10% Crossdressing Stories - 1
Pictures of Lingerie - 7% A Big Mirror - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

New clothing trend of letting underwear peek out at your slacks lets panty pervs show people what they

Most transsexuals after sexual reassignment surgery don't go down even one panty size

Couple adopting baby wanted a girl but got a boy so they just raised him as a girl

Transvestite caught when a cock was found in his panties, but he wouldn't admit it's his

Boy caught jacking off in panties told if he didn't stop his dick would fall off, so he kept on doing

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