

Princess Online

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April 2006 Featured Stories
and Letters from the
Princess Productions
Website

*Special focus:
Boys in bras!*

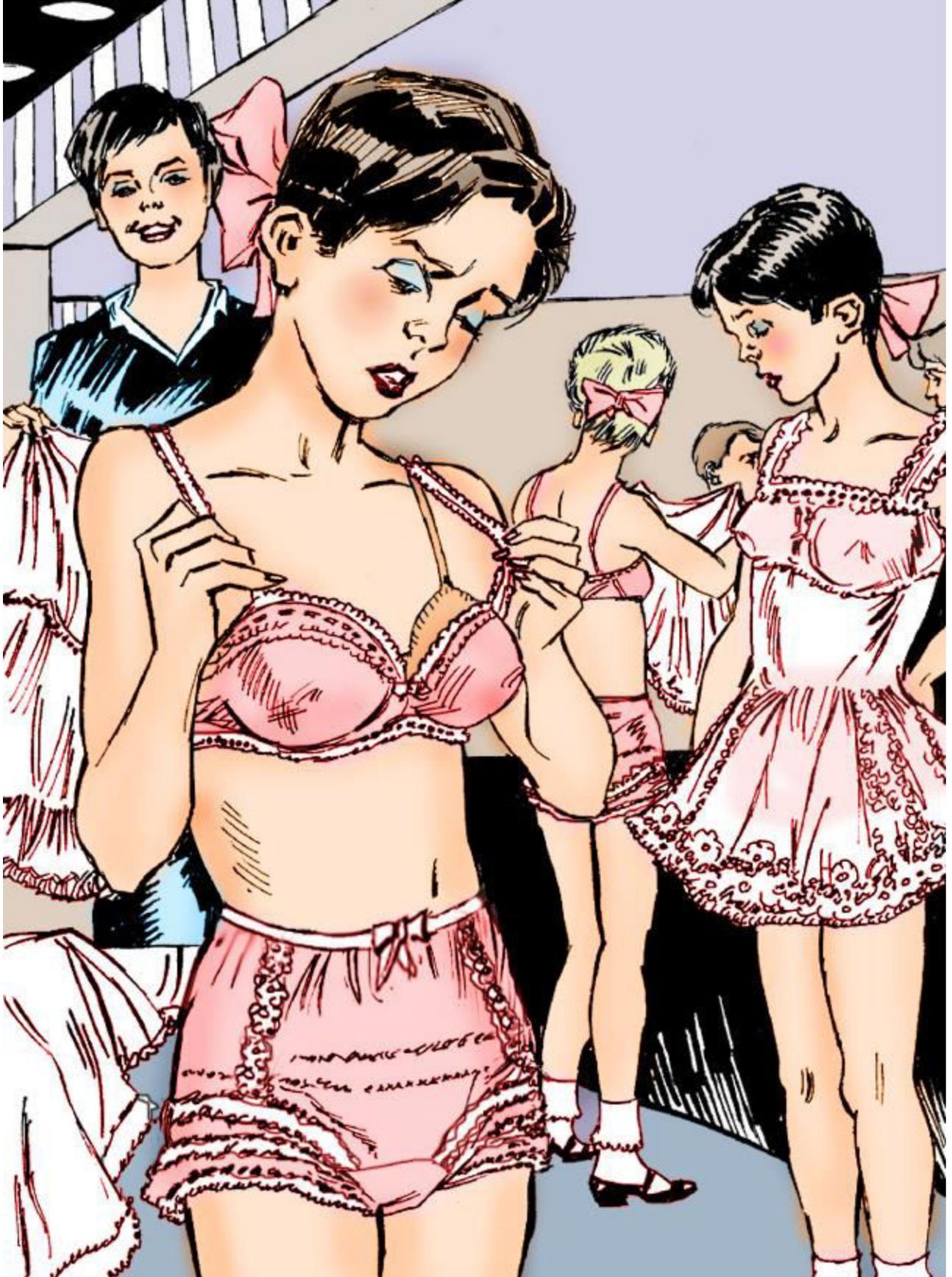


Adults Only

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

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Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by Juan Sole, is from one of Carole Jean's upcoming books and features a group of boys under feminine training at a school for boys being turned into girls and sissies. Here the boys are getting dressed for bed in their sheer white nighties that they wear over their bras and panties to maintain their feminine roles all night long!

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

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

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

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

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Watchdoggie!

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

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



properly. Lessons that, the leaders of this movement insist, will serve the boys throughout their lifetime.

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

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

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Masquerade

Some boys play football and baseball. Some boys read books and spend all day on their computers. But then there are some boys like Leon, pictured here, whose favorite thing to do is dress up their mother's clothes. And as you can see, Leon especially likes to wear his mother's big brassieres, filled out with handfuls of her dirty panties!

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Classic Art

We Princessized this anime drawing sent to us from one of our readers, showing a dominant girl panty a bit shocked to discover her schoolgirl friend is a boy and not a girl. Enjoy!

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Kurt

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

Ma Kelly was crazy. Nobody disputes that. Still everyone loved her and didn't question her ways. The sixty-six-year-old heavysset woman owned a dry goods store for over thirty years, and when she could no longer run it herself, she hired others to run the store for her, but she ended up firing them all because they didn't do things up to her standards.

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 started a baby-sitting service. It went well, but she quickly stopped taking 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 without them getting into some kind of trouble. But she did find her niche overseeing grade school boys after school, and since the school was only doors away from her home, it was an ideal setup. The boys were in the six- to twelve-year-old category, and she could control them with a minimum of supervision, leaving her time to watch her daily soap operas.

Then 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 it would take a long time for him to sell off that much merchandise. So not knowing what she was going to do with them, Ma Kelly deleted the tops and panties from the store's inventory and took them home with her prior to the sale.

Watching the boys after school was going along fine. She 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. (He's pictured in Princess Online #50.) Realizing that boys are built differently than girls, she had him put the rhumba panties on backwards 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 did what he was told with barely a tear in his eyes.

Donald was normally a very active and destructive child. He'd break just about everything he touched, but as soon as she put him into the panties, he became withdrawn and docile. Ma was amazed at his transformation. Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics and didn't quiet down until Ma Kelly gave them her famous evil look and bawled them out. Despite being told not to tease Donald, the other boys couldn't resist the temptation and made him cry. She reasoned that they wouldn't make fun of Donald if all of them were dressed just like him. So Ma made all the boys take off their clothes, and she had them all put on pink tops and silky pink rhumba panties too. It worked! Not only that, all the boys stopped their continuous

fighting with each other and became very quiet and sweet, talking only in whispers as they sat quietly on the floor and watched Ma's television soap operas with her.

Once Donald's clothes were dry, Ma didn't let him change back into them until his mother came 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 when Ma told Mrs. Tierski 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 they were needed. Ma had that same conversation with all the mothers or fathers as each of them came to pick up his or her 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, soon pink tops and sissy pink rhumba panties were the standard uniform for all the boys in her care. From the moment they walked in her door they had to change into their girlie clothes and weren't allowed out of them until someone came to pick them up. For most of the boys, it was very embarrassing to have their mother or, even worse, their father see them dressed in lacy pink panties. The parents loved the results, and most of them reported back to Ma that their boy's behavior had immediately improved from the day they were pantied. And many of the parents bolstered Ma's treatment by threatening to make their boys wear girls' clothes at home or out in public if they went back to their naughty and destructive ways.

Ma Kelly was practicing petticoat punishment even though she probably had never even heard 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, most of Ma Kelly's boys rarely started a fight or got into other kinds of trouble. As other parents heard about Ma's success, she was soon taking care of a houseful of sweet little panty boys!

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

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Y

Sissy of the Month

Recently, I was at my friend Charleneís house with a couple of other girls for a pool party. After we had gone swimming and were in the pool house to change our clothes, we found a stash of bras and panties. At first we thought it was just a box of old clothes, but Charlene noticed some of the lingerie was hers that had gone missing. She recognized some of the clothes in the box belonging to her sister too.

She also made the unpleasant discovery that a lot of the panties were heavily soiled, and along with the other girls, she was sure they had been soiled with male cum!

Charlene ran into the house, got her sister, Theresa, and showed her what they had found. The two immediately suspected Bobby, their older brother, might be the one who had stolen their things.

They got him to come out of his room and down to the pool area, sat him in a patio chair and then dumped the box full of bras and panties on the snack table in front of him.

He looked at the pile of lingerie without saying anything, and when Charlene and Theresa asked him if he had taken them, he denied it. Charlene told him she didn't believe him and was demanding to know the truth.

While they were arguing, Theresa slipped back into the main house, and a few minutes later came waltzing back to the pool house dangling one of Charlene's bras from her fingertips. Then everybody gasped and giggled when she announced she had found it in a box in Bobby's bedroom, and if they didn't believe her, she had left the box where he had it hidden away in his closet and all of them could go and see it for themselves.

Confronted with all the evidence, Bobby admitted he had taken them. Of course, all the girls screamed! All of us had heard about dirty old men who steal bras and panties and slime them with their cum, but Charlene's own brother being a pervert like that blew out minds!

Now, since he was cornered, he had to tell us all about it, or his sisters were going to tell their parents. Bobby finally admitted he actually wore those bras and panties while he had jerked off in them. Well, we didn't stop taunting him until he put on a bra and a pair of the panties and gave us a demonstration of how he got them all dirty with his cum!Y

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Click on photos for a larger view.





Petticoat Punishment for a Panty Wanker

It was the first really warm day of spring. Millie and her best friend are stretched out by her pool getting some sun.

"Do you think your brother is a good fuck?" Jennifer asks, as she watches Millie's brother come through the back gate and go into the house through the patio door.

Millie looks at her in disgust. "You gotta be kidding."

"No, I mean it. He's pretty cute."

"God, Jennifer, Timmy's not even fifteen yet," Millie says as flips over on her towel and undoes the top of her swimsuit. She can't believe her friend would even ask such a question.

"Millie, I didn't say I was going to fuck him; I was just wondering."

"He's a pig," she said, offering her assessment of her brother. "Besides he's a wimp and a jerk. All he does is masturbate to porn off the Internet. He's probably jerking off right now."

"Really!" Jennifer says as she looks toward the house and envisions what Timmy might be doing at this very moment. In her mind, she can see him sitting at his computer pulling his pud. "I'm gonna get something to drink and call Mike to see if he wants to come over. Do you want anything"?

Millie pulls a towel over her head, yawns sleepily and says, "No, I'm fine. I'm just going to take a little rest here. The warm sun feels great."

Jennifer quietly enters the house, walks down the hall to Timmy's room and listens. She hears nothing at first, and then, she hears him moaning. She smiles as she quietly turns the handle of his door and bursts into his room.

Timmy is lying on his bed naked, masturbating into a pair of pink and yellow flowered nylon panties.

"Oops! Sorry, Timmy, I thought this was the bathroom."

"Hey! Shit! Get out of here!"

"What are you doing?"

Timmy's face goes pale as he tries to cover himself quickly with a sheet.

"Nothing, I was just gonna take a nap."

Jennifer moves to the bed and pulls down the sheet. "What the fuck"! She screams, "Those are my panties!"

Timmy looks at her in panic.

"Where did you get those"!

"I...I...", is all he can say.

"Answer me you little shit; how did you get my panties?"

Timmy looks at her and is about to cry.

"You fucking little pervert, wait until I tell Millie!"

Jennifer turns around and tries to keep from laughing as she walks towards the door.

"Wait!" Timmy cries. He gets off the bed still trying to cover himself with the sheet. "Don't tell Millie, please!"

"I got them from sis's room after you changed to go swimming."

She turns back to him. "You stole my panties so you could wear them?"

"No . . . I don't wear them," he cries. "I . . . ," he stops not knowing how to continue.

"We'll, if you don't wear them what do you do with them?"

Timmy looks at the floor. "Nothing," he says softly.

"Nothing?" Jennifer repeats sarcastically.

"Well, maybe Millie knows why you stole my panties; let's find out."

"No!" Timmy whimpers, "Please don't tell her. She'll tell my dad and he'll kill me."

Jennifer stares at him coldly as he starts to cry.

"Please don't tell anyone, Jennifer; I'll do anything."

Jennifer smiles wickedly and walks over to him and pulls down the sheet.

Timmy stands naked before her, the panties still wrapped around his cock.

"You were masturbating with them, weren't you?"

Timmy silently nods his head.

Jennifer smiles. "Turn around, Timmy."

"What?" he asks sniffing.

I said, "Turn around. I want to look at you."

He slowly turns around. Jennifer looks him over.

"How tall are you, Timmy?"

He looks toward her a little confused. "I'm...5'7."

"And how much do you weigh?"

"130, I guess. Why?"

"And what's your waist size?"

Timmy looks at her not understanding. Jennifer grabs one of his nipples quickly, pinching it hard.

"What size jeans do you wear, shit head?"

Timmy whimpers in pain. "28, I wear a 28 -30."

Jennifer lets go. "OK, I won't tell anyone for now, but you have to do something for me."

He looks at her with tears in his eyes. Jennifer leans close to him and slowly removes the panties from around his penis.

"Put these panties on."

Timmy looks at her in disbelief.

"Now!"

Timmy quickly puts on the panties.

"Oh, they look lovely on you," Jennifer teases.

Timmy stands in front of her looking at the floor.

"Tell you what I'm gonna do, Jimbo; I gonna give you a break. All you have to do is come over to my house tomorrow after school. You can return my panties to me then . . . but I want you to be wearing them."

"You want me to wear them? Outside? UH, over to your place? Uh?"

Jennifer looks at him smiling.

"And my bra too. I had left it in your sister's room along with the panties when I changed into my bathing suit. I'll be back in a minute; I'll get it for you."

It only takes her a few seconds to get the bra and return. He blushes anew as she hands it too him.

"I'll expect you to wear it to school tomorrow as well as the panties."

"But I can't," he wails.

"You will, or I'll tell Millie and everyone at school you like to dress up like a little girl and jerk off like a pervert."

He looks at her horrified.

"I'll be watching you at school tomorrow, Jimbo, so you better wear them all day. I just might want to check you at any time, and I'll start telling everybody what a panty masturbator you are if you're not wearing them!"

Timmy is sitting in the lunchroom at school, eating by himself. He's dressed in a heavy oversized sweater with a shirt underneath it. Jennifer approaches.

"Hi Jimbo!" she says as she rubs her hand across his back, locates the bra strap under several layers of clothing and gives it a snap.

He jumps and turns to look at her in panic.

"That's one, now let me see the panties."

He looks around quickly.

"C'mon, I haven't got all day."

He pulls down the front of his pants, exposing the top of the pastel-colored flowered panties.

"That's a good boy. Now be at my house by four, and don't be late." She then leans over whispering in his ear. "I've got a little surprise for you."

"Please," he moans, "don't make me do this anymore."

"Timmy, I think you owe me this."

He looks at her desperately.

"See you at four," she says smiling as she casually walks away.

At four sharp, Timmy knocks on her door. Jennifer opens it; she has a glass of wine in her hand.

"Hi, Timmy, c'mon in."

He walks silently through the door and stands in the hall, obviously uncomfortable.

"Would you like some wine?"

"No," he mumbles.

"OK, c'mon downstairs."

He follows her silently down the stairs. She opens the door to the rec room.

"Ladies first," she teases and then laughs out loud.

He slowly walks in. There's an old convertible couch against the wall with a cover thrown over it. On the couch/bed are six pairs of nylon panties and six brassieres, all in assorted pastel colors with lace and embroidered decorations. There's also a garter belt, white lace-top nylon stockings, a skirt, a camisole and assorted other girls' clothes. Timmy looks at them nervously.

"OK, Timmy, let me see you in my bra and panties. Strip off."

He looks at her uncomfortably.

"Strip, let's go!"

He takes off his sweater and then his shirt. He's wearing the lacy blue bra. He starts struggling with it as he tries to remove it.

"Not yet, sweet boy," she shouts "Take off your pants next!"

He sighs and pulls off his shoes then his pants. He stands before her trembling in her flowered nylon panties. Jennifer walks slowly around him.

"My, my, my!" she laughs. "Pretty! Very pretty! You lucky boy! You look absolutely lovely ... and sexy! Wow!"

He stares at the floor. Jennifer sits in a chair against the opposite wall just staring at him, making him very uncomfortable.

"Can I take them off now?" he whines.

"First dance for me in your pretty bra and panties."

Timmy looks up in alarm as she pushes a button to turn on her stereo.

"C'mon Timmy, dance sexy for me."

He just stands there. Jennifer rises and walks quickly to him and slaps his face hard.

"I told you to dance, you stupid little pervert! I'm not fucking around. Now dance or I'll make you walk home like this and then I'll start calling everybody you know!"

He looks at her almost crying and then starts to move a little to the music.

"Oh, yeah, that's it, baby! Now rub your titties through your bra."

Gingerly and halfheartedly, he starts to rub the empty cups of the snug nylon teen bra he is wearing.

"I not kidding; do it right. Make it look like you're a girl getting all excited by playing with her tits!"

Timmy rubs harder and does his imitation of a stripper feeling herself up.

"That's the way, baby, just like that."

She goes back and sits in the chair and sips her wine.

"Keep on going," she calls out. "Pump your dick in the air!"

He keeps dancing around the room doing the bump and grind, and she hoots and hollers. Finally, after about five minutes, she shuts the music off.

"OK, that's enough."

She walks over to a bookcase and pulls out a small video camera. "I got the whole thing on tape."

Timmy looks at her in shock.

"I wonder what the kids will say when I pass this tape around school. I bet you you'll become real popular with the guys." Jennifer laughs wickedly.

Timmy runs at her grabbing for the tape, but she easily sidesteps him and knees him in the groin. He grabs his crotch and doubles over in pain, gasping for air. She pushed him over on his stomach, climbs on his back and twists and then pins his right arm up behind his back.

"You're such a weakling; even I can beat you up, fucking wimp!"

"Please," he cries, "let me go, please!"

Jennifer releases his arm and gets off him. She deposits the videotape in her desk drawer and locks it. She turns her back to him, hides the key and then turns back around to face him.

"You're in quite a spot, sissy, but I think we can cut a deal."

He wipes the tears from his eyes as Jennifer sits down on the bed and talks to him. "You know, it's not easy being a pretty sixteen-year-old girl. All the guys want me for are my tits, and when they get them they don't know what to do with them."

Timmy looks at the floor silently as Jennifer idly plays with his hair.

"And when I let them fuck me, they cum in about two minutes. That's not much fun for me."

"Of course, there are always other girls, and they're great because most of them really know how to eat pussy, but they get all mushy on you. Your sister was fun for awhile, but she's a little to conservative for me. She never would do the kinky stuff."

Timmy looks at her in disbelief.

Jennifer smirks, "We used to fuck each other all last summer. We did it about a hundred times in her room while you were right next door, probably jerking off to the Internet while wearing your sister's panties.

"I never wore . . ."

"Shut the fuck up, panty boy. Well, if you didn't, you should have. You look cute in my panties," she giggles as she gently plays with the lobe of his ear. "She still wants me, but I've got Bobby Bristol now."

"He's got a huge cock and he's actually learning how to use it! He makes me cum sometimes but never as much as I'd like." Jennifer sighs, "I could never get a big football stud like him to dress up like a little girl, and I think I'd like to fuck a boy all dressed up like a pretty little girl. That would really get my chimes chiming!" She turns his face to hers. "But I can get you to dress up for me, can't I, Timmy."

He looks at her speechless.

"Now here's the deal." "I'll keep the tape our little secret, and you and I'll have little sessions from time to time."

"What kind of . . .," he asks nervously.

She playfully adjusts his bra and speaks softly. "Oh, that will depend on my mood; there are so many things I want to try." Her eyes glisten; she licks her soft lips. "So many wonderful perverted, nasty things."

Timmy stares at her in shock.

"Here are the rules, Timmy: First, you will do what I say when I say it. I've already shown you I can kick your fourteen-year-old ass, and even if you do get the upper hand somehow, a few phone calls and you're dead meat. Understand?"

Timmy nods his head.

"Second. No masturbating. If I so much as suspect that you've been beating off, your punishment will be harsh and not the least bit sexy."

Timmy whimpers slightly biting his lip.

"And last, I'll expect you to contribute to our little games. You'll bring sex stories from the Internet for things we can try out." She grabs his face looking into his eyes. "And they better be really kinky and nasty stories, Jimbo, or I'll be forced to think up some games of my own that you might not like at all."

He looks at her almost crying. He's about to protest, but she puts her hand up to his lips and tells him to be quiet.

“I own you, Timmy, now strip.”

He slowly takes off the bra and panties. She takes his penis in her hand and leads him over to a straight backed chair.

"My mother will be home in about an hour, so we don't have a lot of time to have fun today, and in case she unexpectedly comes home early, you can grab your things and sneak out that door to the backyard. That's why I kind of set up the basement for our little games instead of going up to my room. So, like I said, we don't have too much time today but definitely enough time to have a nice start.”

She takes a short piece of rope from her desk and ties his hands behind his back. Then from the nightstand, she pulls out a pair of pale blue silk panties. She walks up to Timmy and holds them under his nose.

"Don't they smell good?"

He holds his breath and turns his face away. Jennifer grabs his nipple and squeezes. "I said smell them, jerk off!"

Timmy cries out and takes a long deep sniff.

"Nice, huh? Do you like them, Timmy?"

He nods quickly, thinking that's what she wants him to do.

“They are your sister's panties.”

He looks at the panties in horror, as Jennifer smiles evilly at him.

"From now on, whenever I have you come over, I want you to show up wearing a pair of your sister's panties and one of her bras. Plus, I want you to bring some makeup lipstick, eyeliner and perfume. You better buy those things because your sister or mother would surely miss them if you took theirs. You can get them at Klieg's Drug store over on Campbell. The lady who works there at nights, the big fat lady with blonde hair, go see her, she'll help you. A gay boy I know says she loves waiting on faggots and helping them with makeup and beauty products.

“Jennifer! Please, no! I'm not gay,”

“Just shut up and listen because you better remember all this I'm telling you and get it right or you'll have a line of guys at school forcing you to suck them off once I tell everybody you are a fag who likes to run around in girlie bras and panties – and don't forget I have the video to prove it!

“Now, where was I? Oh, yeah, the drug store. Like I said, see the fat blonde lady. She'll fix you up. She'll give you a makeover right there in the store if you want it . . . no, I guess you're not ready for that yet. Oh, well, maybe some day. And another thing, you better buy yourself a wig too while you're at it. You can be chicken shit and buy one over the Internet, but I'd like it better if you got one in person from a store. There's a nice little wig store that's never very busy over on 5th. The lady who runs the place does all the wigs for that drag club downtown, so she's used to fitting guys with wigs. Anyway, get a wig because I have some big plans for you, and you'll need a wig if we're going to do some of the things I have in mind.” She walks over and touches his face softly. "I'm going to make you look so-o-o sexy Timmy.”

He looks like he's close to crying again. She has him take off her bra and panties, and then kneels in front of him and wraps his sister's pale blue panties around his soft cock. He wishes it won't happen, but his cock springs to life within the panties.

"Are you ready to be masturbated in your sister's panties, Timmy?" She laughs, "If you cum in them, I'll make you suck them clean.

“Wow, you little cockette really likes your sister's panties. Are you sure you've never worn any of her panties before? Since they excite you so much, I guess you better put them on. Here take them.”

As he takes them and then steps into them and pulls them up, Jennifer unbuttons the front of her dress giving him a peek at her beautiful tits in a scalloped pink lace bra, and then she starts to masturbate him slowly within his sister's soft blue silk panties.

Then she stops, takes a cream colored camisole, a satin garter belt and white nylon stockings and helps him put them on too. She holds out a tiny little plaid miniskirt. He steps into it. She pulls it up around his waist and zips it closed.

Timmy squirms and moans and protests that he doesn't want to have to dress up like a girl, but she makes him hold up the miniskirt and then touches his cock poking up in his sister's panties. It's rock hard. Jennifer ignores his complaining and just laughs.

"That's a good boy," Jennifer mocks. "Now cum all over your sister's pretty lace panties for me."

He whines and tries not to cum, but Jennifer's expert fingers are too much for him to resist, and when she shoves her middle finger up his asshole, he spurts, flooding the front of the sleek pale blue panties. She shoves her cum-soaked fingers into his mouth and makes him suck on them.

"Cum tastes good, doesn't it? But I'm sure you've already tasted you cum, huh? Hmmm, you know... I think I'll call you Tina from now on. That's a nice name for a cum-eating boy,” she says and then notices his glistening eyes as little tears trickle down his cheeks.















HEALTH



Bra strap snapping 6th grade boy forced wear a bra to school

Lavender Hills, PA: Since he repeatedly harassed the girls by snapping their bra straps, Dale Hunter, a 6th grade boy at Cross Your Heart School, now has to wear a frilly little bra to school every day, and all the girls can snap his bra straps anytime they want!



LIFESTYLE



Lace on panties lowers girls' IQ

Cape Fear, NC: Study results from the Center for Educators And Teachers to Maximize Equality (E.A.T.M.E.) indicate that lace on panties lowers an average female's IQ by 13 points.

Tight and unnecessarily frilly clothing distract the female's attention while she should be focused on learning in school.

The ticklish sensation of the lace on panties is the classic example, but bras, girdles, pantyhose, garter belts and stockings were also cited as problematic.

Nothing was mentioned about what wearing lace panties does to boys!

Peter C. Moore, a billionaire lingerie fetishist, has maids who wear specially designed uniforms <<< as seen here!

HEADLINES

Clever pantywaist boy gets the tits wanted but his sister gets pregnant "The day you grow tits is the day you can wear bras and pants"

Big Peaks, ID: When Phil Topper's mom repeatedly caught him wearing his sister's clothes, she told him, "The day you grow tits is the day you can wear bras and pants!" Now, three years later, Phil, 15, has tits and gets to wear panties.

He accomplished that by taking his sister's birth control pills. Since they contain female hormones, he knew they would grow tits on him. So he simply replaced her birth control pills with similar looking candy pills from a kid's play doctor kit.



But he still jerked off in his sister's panties, and no one discovered what he had done until his sister accidentally got pregnant from wearing panties slimed with his sperm. Also, Phil now owns 38 "My Doctor" toy kits.

Survey: What do you like most about dirty panties?
Female aroma - 10% Front stains - 12% Rear stains - 12%
Putting my own stains into them - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Cheney says he wasn't drunk when he shot his friend hallucinated that the guy was wearing a bra and pants
Panty jerk strains neck watching two girls flaunt their lacy panties during a volley at a tennis match
Condi wears uptight plain panties while Hillary wears loose frilly panties; who'll get your vote?
Desperate to get transie vote, both candidates announce tight San Francisco Senate race to appear in California
Females of many strict Evangelical Christian churches are only allowed to wear the plainest of granny panties

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