

# Princess Online

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Featured Pictures,  
and Stories from  
the Princess  
Productions  
Website

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Special Issue:  
Boys in Dresses



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

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# Carole Jean

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

This month's drawing, by the extremely talented artist Juan Sole, is from an upcoming Carole Jean book showing a sissy boy forced to dress like a little girl -- here he is pulling up his pink panties in public!

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 collects and creates pictures of boys undergoing petticoat punishment, pictures that illustrate what happened to him, and one of his pictures we present here of a boy being punished in a dress and forced to learn how to act like a little girl. And as you can see in the photo, he has to learn to modestly keep his legs together while he's sitting! Abreacting by collecting and presenting such pictures, Watchdoggie! relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while being forced to wear a dress and lingerie and having the other school kids laugh at and ridicule him.

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**Masquerade**

Under the guise of needing to put on an apron to protect his clothes while helping out with cooking and serving the food at a family outing, this mother has fun putting a wrap-around dress on her son. She gets him into a dress for the first time by simply calling it an apron!

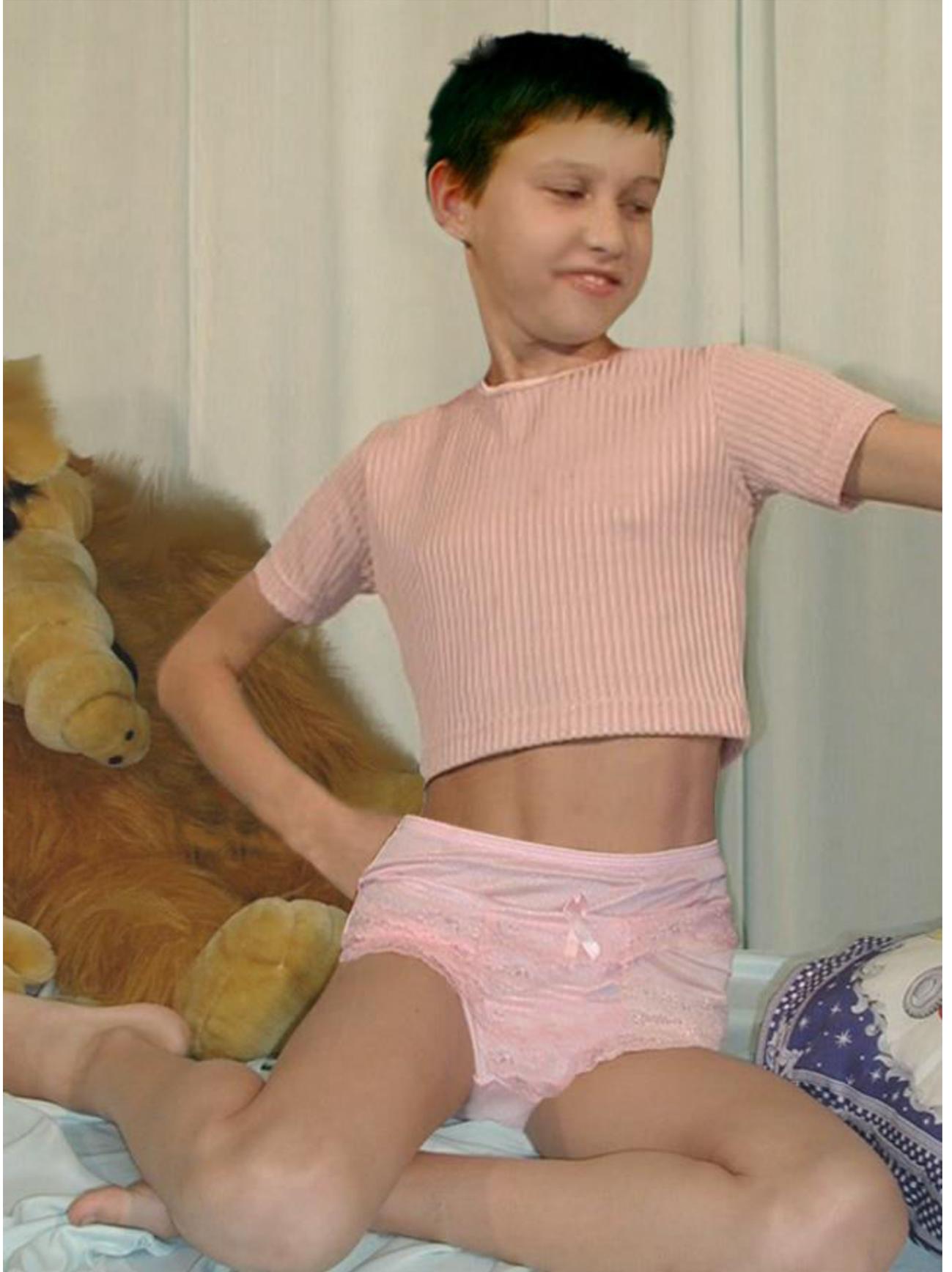
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## Classic Art

When this sissy boy got his best friend to put on a dress for the first time, they couldn't control their emotions!

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## Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Ted

This month, we present the picture of thirteen-year-old Ted, another one of Ma Kelly's boys. While Ma Kelly never used dresses for punishment on any of her boys, she did a few times let boys put on dresses for dress-up games and costume parties. However, Ted is an interesting case because he loved the tops and panties that were standard wear at Ma's daycare center, and he often begged her to let him wear the panties home. Sometimes this openly gay boy wore dresses in public, and a few times, he showed up at Ma Kelly's place in a dress! And several years later, Ted announced to the world he was a transsexual scheduled to have the sex change operation upon turning eighteen.

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

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

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

The babysitting service was going along fine. Ma took in boys after school and watched over them until their parents got off work and came to pick them up. Then one day one of the boys got himself all dirty playing in the mud; she made him take a shower and washed his clothes. She didn't have any clothes for him to wear while his things were being washed and dried. That is until she remembered the boxes full of panties and tops left over from the store, so she dressed him in a pink top and pink rhumba panties. (That boy was Donald Tierski. His picture is printed in our Princess Online #50 since he was pictured on our March 2003 website.)

Realizing that boys are built a little differently than girls, she had Donald put the rhumba panties

on backward to afford him a little more room in front. He didn't like the idea of dressing in those clothes, but when she explained she had nothing else for him to wear, he blushingly agreed. Like most of the boys she took care of, Donald was a farm boy used to minding his parents and adults, so he put on the top and pink panties with barely a tear in his eyes.

Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics, and they didn't quiet down until Ma Kelly gave them her famous evil look and severely bawled them out. Donald was normally a very active and destructive child. He'd break just about everything he touched. But after being put into the panties, he became quite withdrawn, gentle and docile. Ma was amazed at the transformation. Despite being told not to tease Donald, the other boys couldn't resist the temptation, and whenever Ma Kelly wasn't around, they made Donald miserable with their finger pointing, laughter and name-calling.

After finding Donald crying because of all the teasing, Ma made all the boys take off their clothes and put on a set of the pink tops and silky rhumba panties too. She reasoned that they wouldn't make fun of Donald if all of them were dressed just like him. It worked! Not only that, all the boys became very quiet and sweet. They stopped fighting with each other, only talked in whispers and sat quietly on the floor watching television with her as she watched her soap operas and game shows.

Once Donald's clothes were dry, Ma didn't let him change back into them until his mother showed up to pick him up. When the parents saw Donald and all the other boys in pink tops and panties, they were puzzled, but Ma explained to them what had happened and the parents understood, and when Ma told them how the girls' clothes made all the boys so much more manageable, they withheld their skepticism and agreed it made sense. Then Ma got their okay to use girls' clothes on each boy anytime they were needed. All the parents had known and loved Ma for years and didn't question how she wanted to treat the boys, especially since she got them all to be such sweet little kids within such a short period of time.

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

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

into most any other kind of trouble. As other parents heard about Ma's success, she was soon taking care of a houseful of sweet little panty boys!

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

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## Sissy of the Month

Picture from the 1970s: This boy's father has no problem with his son being a sissy and wearing a dress!

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*The full story of...*



### **The Humiliation of My First Dress**

*Click on photos for a larger view.*

“What? You're crazy! Go to Hell!” I said with a red face to Tammy, my new stepsister.

“Bobby, but you're a sissy and you're going to wear my dress and panties and do everything else I say,” she said as she giggled and tossed a pair of her pink nylon panties onto my bed. “Now, get my panties on and come down into the living room so I can put one of my dresses on you and make you look real pretty.

“Do it, or I'll tell everyone at school you wear a dress and play with dolls,” she said laughing as she walked out of my room.

It was Saturday and my mom was at the mall shopping and my stepdad was playing golf. I was home alone with my stepsister. I never did like her, but now I was having more trouble with Tammy than ever. She was becoming a real pest, especially since she started playing with Tracy, the new girl who had moved in across the street – a very pretty eleven year old. She gave me chills just to look at her.

My stepsister was a tomboy, and I was a skinny little twelve year old and pretty much the opposite, a momma's boy, actually. My mom fussed over me a lot and was always buying me clothes more suitable for a little boy, like very short elastic-waist pull-on shorts and T-shirts with little kids' designs on them. I already got picked on a lot by other boys, so there was no way I could have Tammy telling everyone at school I wore her dresses and played dolls with her, but also there was no way I was going to let my little sister make me wear her dress and panties either.

I got off my bed, grabbed the frilly pink nylon panties and went to the living room where Tammy was sitting in her dad's big easy chair. I tossed the panties onto her lap and said, “I'm telling your dad when he gets home!”

Tammy just giggled and said, “Go ahead; tell my daddy. He thinks you're a sissy, anyway. He told me so. And he said you're gonna grow up to be a fag – if you're not one already!”

“No way he said that!”

“Just ask him when he gets home later this afternoon. But before that, Tracy is coming over later; I'll tell her first. She can tell some of the kids at school, and I can tell some of the others. By Tuesday or Wednesday everyone at school will know you wear panties and dresses and play with dolls.”

My face got beet red, and I said, “Your dad will whip you good for telling lies!”

“Oh, yeah? Well that won't be anything compared to what the boys at school will do to you. I bet they'd make you into a real sissy, make you do the things faggy boys do.” She kept swiveling back and forth in her dad's big chair giggling and waving the pink nylon panties in the air and then said, “Telling everybody you wear a dress and play with dolls is no lie, is it? And I know you'll put on my dress and panties because I was looking through your mom's photo album, and she showed me a picture of you in a cute little party dress holding a baby doll.”

“Uh, gosh! You saw that stupid picture? My mom showed you that? That was just a dumb Halloween costume!”

“Maybe so, but it's all the evidence I need to give you the reputation of being the biggest sissy in school – a sissy boy who wears dresses and panties and plays with dolls!”

My face burned with embarrassment and she jiggled the frilly pink nylon panties in front of my face and said, “Last chance, Bobby. Ask me real nice — or else!”

I looked down at the floor and said, “Please, Tammy, com'n please! I'll do something else for you, please?”

She giggled and said, “You'll do what I say, now! And what I want you to do is **BEG ME TO WEAR MY DRESS AND PANTIES! LAST CHANCE SISSYBOY!** Hurry up before Tracy gets here. Maybe I won't make you wear my dress in front of her if you do it without a fuss. Hurry, time is running out.”

I felt tears rolling down my cheeks. In barely more than a mumble, I said, “Please, Tammy, let me wear your panties.”

She bent forward holding her stomach as she laughed and tossed the panties at me. They landed by my feet.

“Hurry up; go to the bathroom and get them on and then come back here right away so I can put this dress on you. Hurry!”

I scooped up the frilly pink nylon panties and ran sobbing from the room as her laughter followed me.

In the bathroom, I couldn't believe it as I was actually stepping into my little stepsister's silky pink nylon panties — and I was doing it without even a fight! I felt so humiliated as I drew the lace-trimmed panties up my slender legs and settled them around my waist. I quickly pulled my trousers back on and sat on the toilet seat for a moment with my head in my hands. I couldn't let Tammy tell everyone I dressed up like a girl and played dollies. I couldn't let her show anybody that stupid picture. It was a just a Halloween costume, and I knew I looked like a real sissy fruit wearing it. I didn't have a choice. I felt so ashamed and humiliated. Then I heard her calling to me.

“Hey, sissy, get back out here! And you better be wearing my panties, panty boy!”

Thoroughly humbled, I got up, and with tears of shame running down my blemish-free preteen face, I walked with my head down and then stood before my giggling little stepsister.

“Just looking at your face tells me you did put my panties on under your pants, right, Bobby Ann?” She croaked with laughter.

Weak, I fell to my knees and begged, "Please, Tammy, don't tell anyone. And, please, don't make me wear your dress."

She giggled and squirmed in the chair and asked, "Are you going to be a good little pantywaist sissyboy, Bobby Ann?"

"Yes! "I cried out. "But, please, don't call me that."

She giggled wildly but then became quiet and somewhat serious as she asked, "Will you obey me from now on, sissy stepbrother? Do everything I tell you to do, no matter what? Otherwise everyone will find out you're a little sissy!" She then surprised me as she slapped my face.

"Understand me, fag boy?"

I grabbed my cheek and sobbed, "Yes, just don't tell anyone. Please, don't tell anyone! And don't show anybody that picture!"

She was giggling up a storm again, rolling from side to side in that big easy chair. I just hung my head and sobbed.

"Well, I better make sure you'll always do what I say."

I looked up and saw her holding up a pink flowered sundress.

"N-NO-O-O! N-NO-O-O-O, not that Tammy! N-N-NO-O-O, PL-L-L-EASE-E-E-E!" I sobbed, but she just laughed, pulled the dress over my head and pushed my arms through the short sleeves. She then buttoned up the back of the dress and made me take off my trousers before she had me look at myself in the hallway mirror. That skimpy dress was short on her, so on me, it didn't even cover the stupid lace-trimmed pink panties.

She went mad with laughter, "Oh, my, look at the pretty little girl, and a naughty little girl she is. Just look at how she's flashing her panties for everyone to see! Now, you'll mind me little girl and play nice like a good little girl or I'll leave you in your nice little dress for your mommy to see," she said as she smacked my pantied bottom up under the short flowered dress.

I cried out, "O-OW-W-W!"

She laughed and pulled me down to the floor where he had setup her dolls and a bunch of doll clothes and doll accessories.

"All right, little girl, start playing with your dollies."

I knew she was testing me to see how far she could push me, and I was passing every test. As fresh tears of emasculation rolled down my cheeks, I picked up the doll and began to change its dress. She kept me playing dollies for about twenty minutes and then had me get up and spanked me. I was taller than her but skinny, and since she outweighed me, she had no problem putting

me over her lap in the little sundress and spanking me on the lace-trimmed panties. I kicked my legs, pleading for mercy.

“Please, stop! Pleas-s-se! It's not fair. I did everything you wanted. I played real nice with your dolls,” I sobbed as my little stepsister spanked my pantied bottom soundly.

“I ought to keep you in your little dress so Tracy can see my pretty sissy brother,” she said laughing as she spanked me.

I begged her, “No, please, O-O-OW-W-W! Please, don't!”

She just laughed harder and spanked harder and then commanded, “Tell me you like wearing a dress -- say it!”

I bawled out the awful words, “I like wearing a dress. Oh, Tammy, please don't tell anyone I said I like wearing a dress!”

She pushed me off her lap and told me to put her doll and the doll clothes neatly back in the box. As I packed them away, she left the room and soon came back. She said, “Smile, sissy.”

I turned to face her and a bright flash greeted me as she started snapping pictures with her camera. I protested and screamed and begged her, “No, oh, please, no! Don't take my picture!”

She giggled as she kept flashing away. I tried to get up and take the camera from her, but especially with me in a humbling dress and panties, I was no match for her and she tripped me and sent me tumbling. Then she made me pose for pictures, and since she had already taken a lot of pictures, I had no choice -- either pose for her or those pictures would be all over at school.



When she decided she had enough photos, she commanded, “Go clean my room, pantywaist. You're doing very well, so when you hear Tracy arriving, you can take off the dress and put on your trousers – but leave on my panties under your trousers or you'll be in big trouble! I'll be checking on you. Do a good job or I'll let Tracy see you in my dress, got it?”

Crying, as her laughter followed me, I jumped up as fast as I could, got the duster and vacuum cleaner and ran off to her room.

That's how it began, one moment I was a fairly normal twelve-year-old boy and the next I was a pantywaist sissy completely submissive to my kid stepsister. Later that day her new friend from across the street came over. Tracy was a cute eleven year old. I'd get excited just looking at her,

and being near her sent me into rapture. Just before she arrived, Tammy came to her room and checked on my cleaning. I think she was surprised I was doing such a good job. She complimented me, and then went to her panty drawer, opened it and took a few moments to look at all her panties neatly stacked inside.

“I’m checking my panty drawer. Good for you everything is in order. If I ever catch you in my panty drawer, I’ll tell your mom and my dad.” Then she unbuttoned the back of the dress and told me to change into my trousers before Tracy arrived.

I begged her again not to tell Tracy or anyone else. She just told me to keep on her panties and obey her in every way.

Moments after Tracy got there, Tammy called me to the living room where they were watching a TV show.

“Get us some Cokes and chips, Bobby,” she ordered.

They both giggled and my face went crimson as I hurried to do it. After I returned with their drinks and potato chips and served them, they giggled and my little sister said, “Thank you, Bobby, now go out back and play on the swing set so we can see you out the back window until we need you again.”

I ran out of the room with tears of shame in my eyes. I could hear them giggling and shrieking. Surely Tammy had told her how she had me under her thumb; I just prayed she hadn’t told her about me wearing her panties under my trousers. I was so ashamed. I went outside and sat on the swing of my little sisters’ swing set and cried. I hated being humiliated by my kid stepsister. I wished my mom had never remarried after my dad died. I wished I had never let Tammy make me put on her panties.

Finally, Tammy called me back inside. As I stood before her and Tracy, I turned bright red as my little sister demanded, “OK, Bobby, fix us some jelly sandwiches and get us some more pop.” They laughed as I picked up their glasses and hurried to do it.

‘Please, don’t tell her, please,’ I whispered to myself as I got their drinks and sandwiches and then brought them out to them.

Tracy said, “Oh, Tammy, you’re so lucky. I wish I had somebody to wait on me. He’s just like a servant.”

“No, he’s more like a maid,” Tammy said. And that ignited both girls into a thundering round of laughter. Once they quieted down, she said, “Bobby likes to wait on me. Don’t you, Bobby?”

I reddened and nodded ‘yes.’

For a while, Tammy had me sit on the floor. My jeans were rather cut low and her high waisted pink panties were way up on my waist, and I knew my short T-shirt didn’t hide those panties

from peeking out above the top of my jeans in back. Thank goodness, Tammy had be facing her and Tracy with my back away them, but just to tease me, Tammy did come over by me twice and run her hand across the panties sticking out above my jeans in back, and once she even snapped my panty waist elastic. At the crack of the elastic, Tracy looked at us and asked what that noise was. Tammy and I pretended like we hadn't heard anything.

Tammy then directed me, "Go to my room and finish cleaning. Stay there until I call you!"

I turned red with humiliation and ran to her room as their girlish giggles echoed after me. I fell on her bed and sobbed. I kept whispering to myself, "Oh, please, Tammy, please don't tell Tracy; please, please, please, don't tell anyone!" I squirmed on the bed, reacting to wearing my little stepsister's slippery, silky nylon panties under my trousers and cried like the little pantywaist my stepsister was turning me into.

I finally quit crying, finished cleaning her room and then lay on her bed in misery with my teary face pressed into her pillow, and when Tammy finally came in, she giggled and said, "She's gone. I didn't tell Tracy you wear my panties. Are you happy?"

My face reddened, and I said, "No!"

She smirked and said, "Oh, well, then I'll call her up right now and tell her all about you wearing my dresses and panties."

As she started to turn; I cried out, "No! Don't! Please, don't!"

She turned back to me with a grin and said, "Tell me you're happy and thank me for letting you wear my dress and panties."

I just wanted her to leave me alone; I wanted the humiliation to end, but I knew I had to do as she asked. I moaned, "I'm happy, and thank you for letting me wear your dress and panties."

She cackled with laughter and grinned down at me. "Let's make sure you know your place, sissy. Get up! Hurry up!"

I got off the bed and she demanded, "Get your pants down! Right now! Show me you're still wearing my pink panties or I'm going to make that call to Tracy."

I had no choice. As quickly as I could, I unsnapped my jeans, yanked the zipper down and dropped them down to my knees to expose her silky, pink, nylon, lace-trimmed panties. She howled again and with a quick snap, twisted my arm up my back and sent me falling face forward on my bed. She laughed as she said, "I'm going to warm your panties up with my dad's belt, panty boy!"

"Oh, no-o-o-o!" I cried out as I tried to get up, but she twisted my arm some more and I screamed and stayed down on the bed.

She smacked my butt in the panties with the belt. She must have brought it in with her, but I hadn't even noticed it. It hurt! She hit me three more times in quick succession. I yelped and begged her not to hit me anymore.

“Shut up, pantywaist, and lie still, or I'll tell your friends and my daddy and everyone will know – even your mommy!”

She brought the belt down on my panty clad bottom time and again. I squealed in pain and squirmed on the bed as she whipped my pink pantied bottom.

“O-O-O-O-OW-W-W-W-W! O-O-O-OW! P-PLLE-EASE, S-STOP!” I screamed as my tears washed down my face. She was giving me a good whipping; it really hurt, and I couldn't get up. I kicked my feet like a little kid and pleaded with her to stop.

She momentarily stopped and asked me, “What are you, Bobby? Tell your little sister what you are. Tell me!”

“O-O-O-OW-W-W-W-W!” I knew what she wanted to hear, and I said it. “I'm a pantywaist, O-OW-W-W-W! I'm A SIS-S-S-SY! Stop PL-L-LEASE I'm a Sissy PANTYWAIST!”

She did stop, and as I lay there whimpering like a beaten dog, she leaned down over me and whispered in my ear, “You'll mind me in everything, pink panties and all, won't you, sissy boy?”

I whimpered, “Yes.”

As her little hand snapped the elastic waistband of her panties I was wearing, she giggled. “You're not a boy anymore, Bobby; you're a pantywaist, my little sissy pussy boy panty slave.” Then she left me lying on her bed wearing her panties over my red hot sore bottom, and I knew I would never be the same.

After that day my life became pure Hell. Tammy made me wear her panties almost everyday. I cleaned her room and did her chores and she called me sissyboy and pantywaist, but never in front of anyone, even Tracy. I waited on her and her and Tracy when she was over, and although they laughed at me and made fun of me, my panty slave life stayed a secret and nothing got said at school by either of the girls. My butt was almost always sore. Tammy never belted me around Tracy, my mom or her dad, but she used the belt on me almost daily. Sometimes, if I did a particularly good job of humbling myself on my knees before her with my pants down exposing her silky panties and begged her to be nice to me, she would spare me a whipping.

“Please, oh, please! Don't, Tammy! Please, don't use the belt!” I begged like that one day and she laughed and said, “OK, sissy. I'll let you off easy, today.” Then she sat on the bed and made me lie over her lap as she howled with laughter and gave my pink pantied bottom a spanking with her bare hand. But even that hurt a lot. I kicked my feet and sobbed like a five year old and begged her stop. Sometimes my mom or stepdad noticed I had been crying but they always believed whatever excuses Tammy made up. A couple of times and in front of my mom, my stepdad called me a sissy, when he noticed I had been crying.

Late that afternoon my mom came home from shopping. I was then in my room reading and trying not to think about how Tammy had pantied me and spanked me that day.

“Hey, kids, come see what I bought,” mom called out.

I reluctantly went to the living room where she was sitting on the couch with several packages beside her. Tammy was in her dad's chair and grinning.

Mom picked a package and said, “Look here, Tammy. I found those panties you wanted – the ones embroidered with the days of the week. See, inside the lacy heart on the hips. But, honey, you're really very mature for your age; aren't these panties a bit childish for a big girl like you? Honey, are you sure you want them. They even have a ribbon bow and lace around the legs – really girlie. I thought you liked more grownup fashions.”

She grabbed the package of panties and grinned as she studied them. Tammy giggled, “Oh, goodie, mommy, they're perfect!”

It hated it whenever she'd call my mom ‘mommy' or ‘mom.'

Mom looked at me. “Hey, hon, have you been crying again?”

I blushed deeply, and before I could answer Tammy giggled and said, “Yes, he fell off the swing and hurt his bottom!”

“Oh, baby, maybe, I should have a look at it. Are you OK?”



With the fear of mom taking down my jeans and seeing the panties I had on, I reddened more and stuttered, “Uh, well, no, it's — I'm fine, mom. It just hurt for a little while, honest.”

“Well, as long as you're sure you're OK,” she said with a smile. Then she picked up another bag and said, “And look here, Tammy, I got that plaid miniskirt you were looking at the other day too! I'm surprised you wanted it with this girlie-girlie big row of lace around the hem. And it came with these thigh-high white stockings with the ribbon bow tops. Are you serious that girls these days are really wearing miniskirts and stockings like these? They would have been absolutely scandalous in my day. Oh, well, anything for fashion, I guess!”

Tammy grabbed the lace-trimmed plaid miniskirt and held it up saying, “Oh, mom, it's perfect. Just perfect!” She turned toward me holding up the miniskirt and stockings and asked me, “Isn't it a lovely outfit, Bobby!”

I blushed.

Mom said, "It's a little short, Tammy. You'll have to be careful when you wear it so you don't show your panties off."

Tammy giggled and said, "Oh, I won't, mom." Then she looked directly in my eyes and said, "No, I won't be showing off my panties." She winked at me, and I then realized she had been planning to make a sissy out of me for a while and that skimpy skirt, the white stockings and those new panties were for me! I wanted to scream, "N-N-O-O-O!" but I just looked away.

My mom then said, "Oh, here, Bobby, this one is for you, sugar," as she opened a large paper sack.

Tammy giggled and I reddened and she held up a blue velvet jacket saying, "It has shorts to match and a nice white top; isn't it darling, sugar?"

"I, uh, well, I guess," I stammered.

Tammy said, "Maybe he'd rather have my new miniskirt?"

Angrily, I said, "No, I wouldn't!"

Mom said, "All right, you two, simmer down. Bobby, go try it on for me. I want you to wear it to church on Sundays."

As she held it out to me, Tammy held out her new miniskirt and said, "Sure you wouldn't rather have a pretty skirt?"

I grabbed the little boys' suit and ran up to my room as mom told Tammy to stop pestering me.

I set the suit on my bed and turned to shut the door, Tammy was right behind me.

"When you try on the suit, don't you dare take off my panties, or I'll tell everyone."

I shut the door. I didn't want to put the clothes on. I wanted to disappear; I wished my mom had never remarried and, most of all, I wished I didn't have a stepsister.

"Hurry up, Bobby Ann," I heard Tammy say through the door as I began to undress. The shirt was white and had a big rounded collar with a little ruffle edging as did the cuffs. The velvet shorts were really short and had really wide legs and buttoned up the side with suspender-like straps that crossed in back, went over my shoulders and buttoned to two big white buttons in front on the elastic waistband. The matching velvet Eton-style jacket fit me nicely, but one look in my mirror and I realized this was the most sissified, ridiculous thing I had ever seen. What was my mom thinking when she bought it? I wasn't going to wear this to church or anywhere else. In the mirror I looked like a big five year old dressed up for a party or something. The wide

pant legs were so short I tried to pull them down but the shoulder straps kept tightly pulling them up again.

Then my door opened and Tammy with a crazed smile on her face said, “Come along, sissy, and be nice or the kids at school will find out you have to wear lacy panties and get spanked by your little stepsister.”

She took my wrist and pulled me along to the living room.

As I approached, mom cried out, “Oh, my, aren't you a doll, Bobby? You look so precious! Turn around for mommy, honey.”

I obeyed.

Tammy was grinning at me. She said, “Aw, mom, can't he wear one of my dresses and panties, instead?”

My face had to have turned scarlet with fear.

“Of course not, Tammy. Now stop it. Little boys don't wear dresses and panties like girls.” And then she looked at me and asked, “Do they, Bobby?”

I nodded ‘no’ and said, “I don't like this suit. The shorts are too short and wide open. I won't wear it -- ever!”

Mom said, “Now, Bobby, you look beautiful in this outfit, honey. You'll get used to it, sugar.”

“No, I won't! Look! The shorts button up the side and these straps are too tight,” I said pulling at them. With my fingertips under the edge of the shorts, I felt the lace on my panties. I had no idea the panties were so close to being exposed and tugged down on the legs of the shorts to keep my panties hidden.

“Oh, nonsense. Stop complaining and fussing or I'll take your shorts down and spank you. Your dad (as my mom called my stepdad) told me I should start spanking you. He says you talk back to me too much. And like him, I too want a polite little boy for a son. Maybe I'll get back to spanking you like I used to do.

I blushed heavily at the thought of my mom taking down my shorts and seeing me wearing Tammy's pink panties, but she awoke me from my momentary mental drift when she grabbed my shoulder and said, “Now go change and hang your lovely Sunday school suit up for church tomorrow, Sweetie.”

Later that night when my stepdad came home from working late at his ticket brokerage office, I tried to talk to him. I thought I could talk to him one guy to another. I didn't believe Tammy that he had said those queer things about me. I went into the old bedroom he uses for his home office. He was doing some paper work at his desk. I waited until he noticed me.”

“Bobby, what's on your mind?” he asked.

“Well, uh, it's just that I, uh, well, you see, mom bought me a Sunday outfit and it's really bad, really sissy like ...”

“He interrupted me saying, “Bobby, when all of us started living together, I told you that if you have a problem with your mom, you have to settle it with her. I'm not getting between you two. You'll do whatever and wear whatever your mother wants, and I'll back her up 100%. Now, obey her or I'll take your pants down and use my belt on you right now, understand me?”

The next day was Sunday and I dreaded putting on that sissy suit for going to church, but I did. But then, surprise of surprises, my stepdad saw me in that suit, and I guess it was even too much for him. He had a private talk with mom, and the next thing I knew she told me to take it off because she was going to take it back to the store. That was a big victory for me.

But my day-to-day life was horrible. Tammy made me wear her new panties with the days of the week embroidered on the hips. They were terribly emasculating and I sobbed mightily as I'd lie over her lap each day in the panties for my daily spanking.

“Please, stop, please!” I'd beg as she'd laugh and spank me and then push me off her lap and onto the floor where she'd have me stare at her while giving me long and generous views up her short skirts. She knew it made me nervous looking up her skirt, crying from her spankings and feeling hopeless about my situation. And that's how it went whenever we were home alone and I was supposed to be 'baby-sitting' her when in actuality she was dominating me like a Hollywood madam with me standing before her humiliated and suffering, sniffing and in fancy panties with pain in my pantied butt as she'd make me feel like a worthless little sissy boy.

*From "Little Sister's Panties 1 & 2, 2004, by Bobbie.*

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HEALTH

LIFESTYLE

HEADLINES



*Mother says putting her son in dresses and panties made him love her more and actually saved his life: It got him out of going off to the Vietnam War!*



*Why does a boy spin around and flare up his skirt the first time he puts on a dress? Because he wants to show off his panties, of course!*



At Tiny Tots Gay Ball two boys had arrived wearing identical dresses; instead of fighting they lifted their dresses, compared panties and then argued over who was wearing the prettiest panties

## *Ignored by girls he started wearing dress and now has lots of girlfriends He wanted to act gay but now loves his dress*

Queens, NY: Randy Long was at the age when he was becoming interested in girls; however, they had no interest in him.

Desperate to find a solution, he was impressed with how the girls loved to hang around gay boys, so he decided to start wearing dresses and panties and acting like he was gay too, and within days, girls were flocking around him, asking him about hairstyles and fashions. Of course, they wanted to see his panties, and when he showed them, they were perfectly willing to show him their panties too!

Now Randy has a lot of girlfriends but he realized he really loves wearing dresses and lacy panties, and now all the boys ignore him -- except for the gay



Survey: As a boy, in what situation did you wear a dress  
School Play - 4% Petticoat Punishment - 5%  
Dress-up Play - 22% Secretly on Your Own - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

*Minister standing in front of a stature of Jesus robe said, "Men who wear dresses are going to be angry, economically minded mother made her son wear the dresses his sister outraged Transie killed on expressway trying to buy up designer dresses after truck turns on Panty flashing TV can't figure out why we still buy those ugly "Hanes Her Way" panties Schoolboy sent home for wearing a dress came back with T-shirt "I'm Wearing Girls' Panties"*

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