

Princess Online

No. 92

Special Issue:
Boys in Cancan
Petticoats

October 2006
Featured Pictures,
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 partywaist sissies. Items range from "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

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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 boy under feminine training by dominant females who love dressing boys in girls' clothes, including the most feminine of petticoats, bras, panties and other lingerie, and then humiliating them in front of their families, friends and even total strangers.

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 bra, dress and panties and then having the nuns and other school kids laugh at and ridicule him.

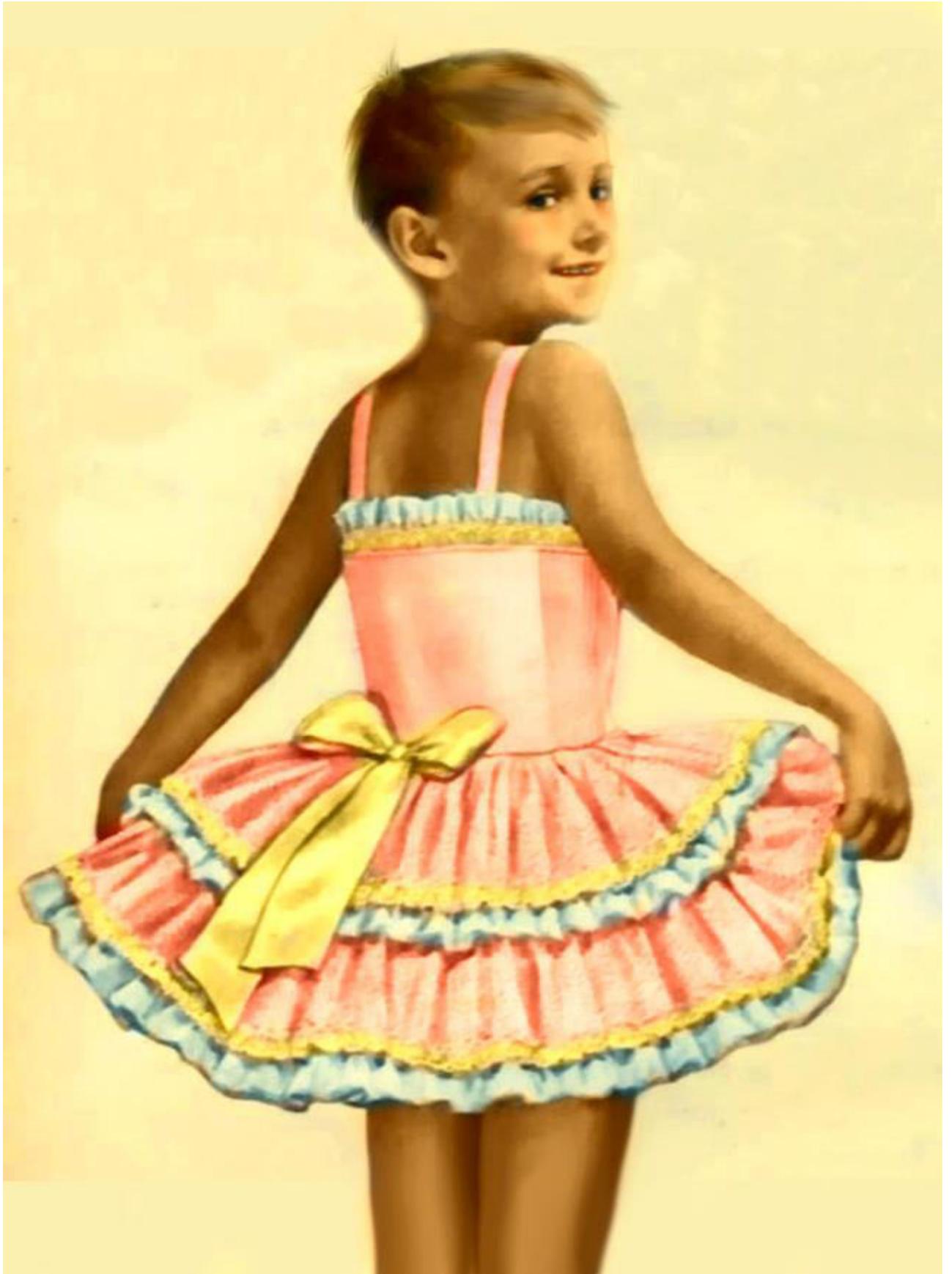
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Masquerade

During the late 1950s and through the 1960s the annual "Artists and Models Ball" in New York City drew an odd, strange and unusual crowd of the avant-garde including drag queens, gays, lesbians, models, artists, and wild and weirdo wannabes of all sorts. Here's a picture from 1965 of a boy dressed as a girl from the waist down in silk stockings, garter belt, panties and a frothy big bouffant petticoat. And he's wearing nothing above the waist to show everyone that he is a boy, but if that isn't enough, tattooed across his chest are the words "Sissy Slave Boy."

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Classic Art

The artwork is a Princessized adaptation of a drawing from a 1950s store catalog.

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Angelo

This month, we present the picture of twelve-year-old Angelo, another one of the few Ma Kelly boys who got out of line and needed to be taken down a notch. So on Halloween, Ma added a

frilly little crinoline to his usual panty outfit much to the amusement of the other boys who teased him about the slip even though they were all wearing pink rhumba panties too! Angelo tried to show them that he could take the teasing, but eventually it was too much for him and he begged them to stop!

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

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

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

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

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

Of course, when the other boys saw him, they went into hysterics, and they didn't quiet down until Ma Kelly gave them her famous evil look and severely bawled them out. Donald was

normally a very active and destructive child. He'd break just about everything he touched. But after being put into the panties, he became quite withdrawn, gentle and docile. Ma was amazed at the transformation. Despite being told not to tease Donald, the other boys couldn't resist the temptation, and whenever Ma Kelly wasn't around, they made Donald miserable with their finger pointing, laughter and name-calling.

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

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

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

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

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

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Sissy of the Month: Petticoated by His Babysitter

Throughout my years in grade school I had a babysitter stay with me after school until my mom came home from her job in a downtown insurance office. When I was twelve and starting the seventh grade, mom hired a new babysitter, Jean, a teenage girl not much older than I was. From the very first day, she let me know she didn't like little boys so she was going to treat me like a little girl since girls were so much nicer than boys. I told her she was crazy and went to my room. But she followed me and told me she was going to train me to do her chores. As part of her pay, she was supposed to do the dishes, make the beds, and pick up, but she told me I would be doing these things and not tell my mother. I told her she was “off her rocker,” but Jean sat on my bed next to me and got real close. I went out of my mind when she began touching me through my pants and kept rubbing me there till I was firmly erect.

Jean was a very pretty girlie girl and dressed in the lovely feminine dresses of the early 1960s with big full skirts puffed up with tiers and tiers of cancan petticoats that were pushed way up exposing several inches of her abundant pink and white petticoats. I didn't resist as she unzipped my pants to get at my penis. She was so close to me that her big petties with their rows of nylon netting halfway surrounded the two of us and the scratchy lace edges tickled my penis. As she kept rubbing me, I think she noticed the effect her petticoats were having on me, and with a big laugh, grabbed a handful of the lace and nylon and smashed it up against my cock – and I shot my little load of cum!

I was going crazy! I had no idea what had happened! My mind was in a terrorized drug-like state. Jean laughed and then put on a big frown and scolded me for shooting my snot on her expensive petticoat. Then she said I'd have to do her chores or she'd tell my mother how I had soiled her crinolines. I was confused and scared to death, so filled with shame, I hastily but shyly agreed. As I did her work, she went to the bathroom and then sat down on the couch and read some teen magazines. Periodically, she checked to see how well I was doing. I noticed her full skirt wasn't puffed out with her big petticoat anymore, and I was sure I had ruined it and that made me feel very bad. I had to go to the bathroom, and when I did, I saw she had washed out the petticoat and it was pinned to a coat hanger over the bathtub and dripping water as it dried. The sight of the petticoat so excited me that I couldn't take a piss! I couldn't resist reaching up and touching the petticoat. Instantly, my cock got real hard again and felt like it was going to shoot off again. Just to show you how ignorant I was of sexual things in those days, I thought it was piss I was shooting out of my cock when she had jacked me off. And now I felt like I had to pee again in that strange way.

She came bursting into the bathroom wondering why I was taking so much time in there, and she saw me reaching up and touching her petti. She laughed at me and called me a sissy. I had my pants and underwear around my ankles, so I could barely walk much less run away from her. I stayed turned away from her to hide my boner that I had cupped in my one hand. She came up from behind me, put her arms around me and grabbed my hard cock. She then masturbated my cock. She told me to reach up and touch her white petticoat with the pink trim as she wanked me.

I shot another load and I saw my creamy white stuff splatter up against the pale blue ceramic tile wall.

The next thing I knew, she had her hand on the back of my neck and shoved my face up against my cum on the wall and made me lick it up. I was crying like crazy and begging her to let me go. She finally did. For the two hours remaining, she kept me busy with the chores she was supposed to be doing as part of her pay. She made me promise to do not only her chores but everything she told me to do under threat of telling my mother what a little sissy pervert I was. AND I KNEW SHE WAS RIGHT! I had no idea why her petticoat so excited me – but it did!

When she left that day, she didn't take her petticoat with her! She told my mom she had spilled some pop on it and washed it out and she'd leave it there and get it the next day. In a moment alone with me before she left, she told me not to touch her petticoat or she'd punish me in a new way the next day. She said she hung up her petti in a special way and she'd know if I had even just touched it!

That evening, I went into the bathroom about a hundred times and just stared at the lovely big crinoline hanging over the tub. My mom asked me if I was feeling OK because she noticed all the time I was spending in the bathroom. I told her I was having a little trouble going to the bathroom but immediately realized it was the wrong thing to say because mom then went with me to the bathroom and brought out her enema kit! To make matters worse, mom took Jean's petticoat off the hanger, saying it was dry and then set it on a shelf in the bathroom closet! I just about shrieked when she did that because Jean would surely blame me for touching her petti, and then she'd 'punish me in a new way' as she had told me.

The enema sure cleaned me out. Plus it made me lightheaded and feeling sick even though I had felt fine before! I kept going back into the bathroom, telling my mom that I thought I had a little more enema in me that I wanted to get out, but in reality I went in to play with Jean's petticoat. Since I was already destined to inherit Jean's punishment because my mom had moved the petticoat, I realized I had nothing to lose so I repeatedly got the petticoat out and inspected every stitch and seam of it. My cock got super hard when I rubbed my hands over the soft nylon tiers and chills went up and down my spine when my fingers traced the scratchy starched lace and nylon netting. I danced around with it, eventually holding it up to my waist to see what I would look like wearing it, and that night after my mom went to bed, I was still wide awake thinking about the petticoat, so I quietly snuck out to the bathroom, took off my pajamas and stepped into the petticoat. It was too big for me and hung down way over my knees. I had to hold it up to keep it from falling down, but the silky white nylon top part of the cancan petti rubbed against my hard little cock and drove me insane – and then I shot off again right into the top nylon part! Horror of horrors! I couldn't wash it out and hang it up because my mom would see it in the morning, so all I could do was wipe off my sperm before putting it back on the shelf and hoped no one would notice. I was in a new and exciting type of euphoria, but I knew I had been really naughty and felt doomed!

The next day when I got home from school, Jean was standing in the doorway with her hands on her hips and a scowl on her face. “So, sissy, did you enjoy yourself shooting you smelly snot into my nice new petticoat?”

I was crying before I even got in the door. I apologized, but she just told me to be quiet as she opened a huge paper bag and took out a stack of little girls' clothes. She told me they were her little sister's clothes and close to my size, and her 'new punishment' for me was to dress me up every day and make me be a little girl for her as I did her chores!

Before putting on the petticoat the night before, I had never even thought about putting on girls' clothes, and now, I was going to be dressed like a girl every day after school! That really scared me, but the weird thing about it is that I looked over at the clothes she had taken from the paper bag and saw a big white bouffant petticoat. I wanted to wear it! Of course, I couldn't admit that to her; I could barely admit it to myself! All I could think of was the shame of being in girls' clothes in front of Jean for her to make fun of me. I dreaded my mother finding out. I begged her not to let my mother see me in girls' clothes. Jean said she wouldn't tell her or let her see me in girls' clothes but threatened to expose me to my mother if I didn't do every single thing she wanted me to do without complaint!

I hastily agreed. I couldn't bear even imagining the humiliation that would follow. This was the 1960s and boys my age wanted nothing to do with girls, and to dress or act like a girl was a fate worse than death!

All these thoughts bounced around in my frightened little mind as she took me to the bathroom and undressed me. My dickie stuck out; she slapped it hard, and that really hurt and made it go down a little bit. She had pink bow-covered white nylon panties and made me step into them. They were silky nylon like the top part of the slip that I had shot off into the night before. I had to wiggle my hips in reaction to being enveloped in the nylon panties. She pulled them up high on my waist and laughed at me for not being able to stand still. My cock stuck out in the front of the panties and I couldn't do anything about it. She slapped it hard a couple of times to get it to go down, and her slaps excited me as much as hurt me. Finally she gave up and then put that little girls' white cancan petticoat on me, the top part of it was made out of silky nylon too, and when it went over me and got settle around my waist, the double silkiness of the nylon slip and panties was an even greater thrill than either one of them alone – if that were even possible!

But the next day, my mom told me she had hired a new babysitter for me. I was stunned! Maybe my mom suspected something was going on between Jean and me. I don't know, but I never saw Jean again. One thing I do know, Jean had turned me into a lifelong crossdressing sissy in love with panties and big cancan petticoats!

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A Tale of Real Petticoat Punishment

From the time he arrived at St. John's Academy, he was a prankster, but his latest offense — leading a panty raid on Eastmore, the nearby girls' school, had gotten him thrown out of school. Most people would consider a panty raid a harmless bit of coming-of-age bravado, but the headmistress of Eastmore was ready to press charges because these rich girls wore bras and panties that often cost more than \$50 apiece, so to save themselves from the resulting scandal, the headmaster of St. John's expelled Michael.

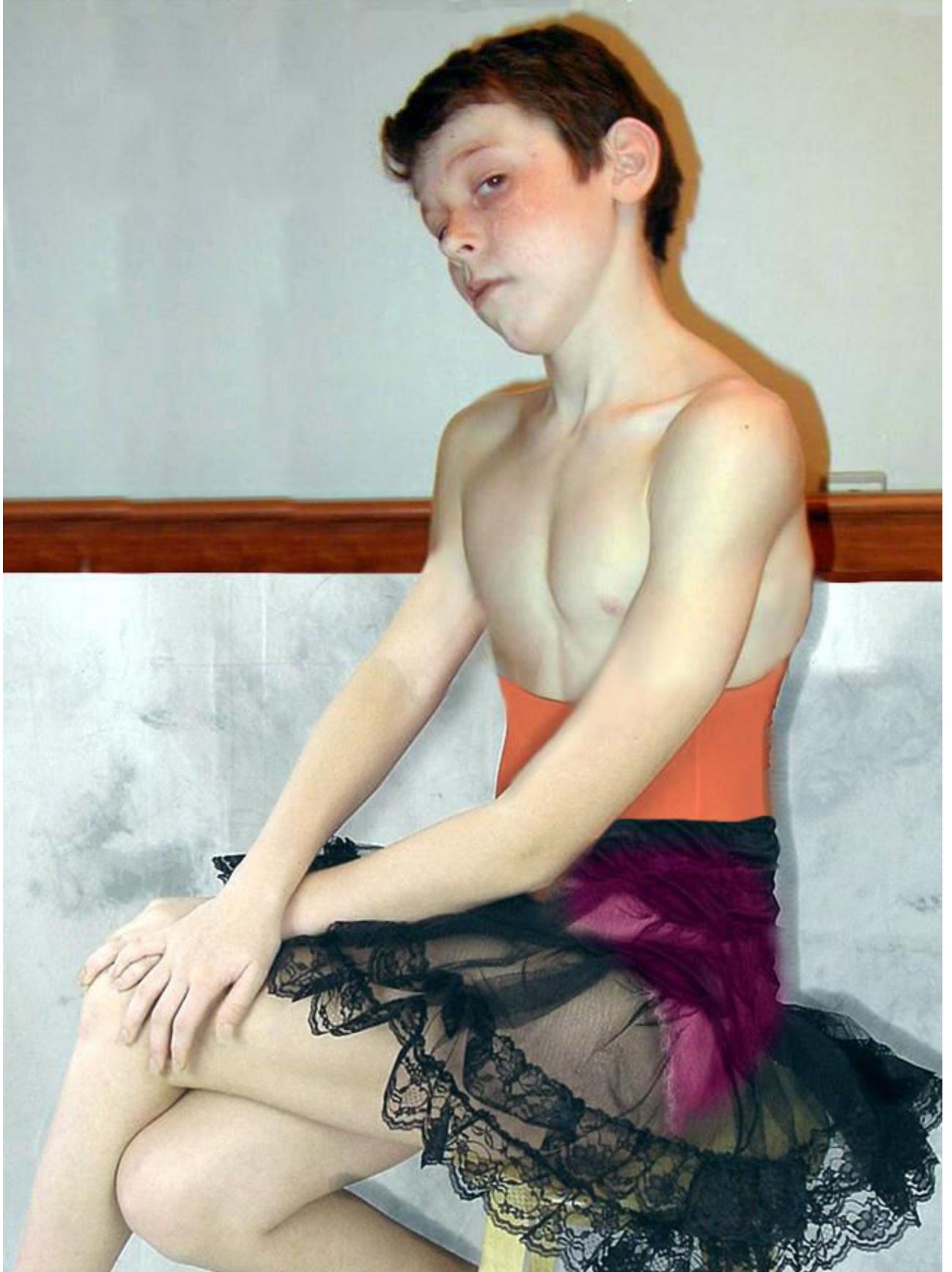
His mother was leaving on a month long vacation, so she didn't know what to do with him until she thought of her sister, Diane, a nonsense woman surely able to handle her errant son. Diane was also a certified teacher so she would be able to continue Michael's education until a new school could be located that would accept him.

With one phone call it was set, and ten days later Michael found himself on Aunt Diane's doorstep.

The door was opened by his aunt. She had a young girl by her side in a flaring, full-length petticoat. Michael thought the girl looked like a boy because she had real short blonde hair like a boys' butch haircut. Cowering in his aunt's shadow, the girl seemed shy and nervous. He thought that was probably because she was standing there in just her white satin underwear. She appeared ill at ease, starting first to curtsy to him but then gingerly offering to shake his hand.

He looked at the weird-looking little girl a bit perplexed not only because she looked like a boy but also because he knew his aunt didn't have any children. Aunt Diane noticed his consternation and introduced him to the girl so embarrassingly dressed in only her slip. Beth was her name and she was a neighbor girl his aunt thought would be a nice little playmate for him while he was there.

Michael wondered what his aunt had been thinking. Why would he ever want to play with a girl who was several years younger than he was and who looked like a boy?



Daine showed her nephew to his room. He was stunned to see it was done in sissy pastels with a four-poster canopied bed and decorated in lace and ruffles. He complained that it was a girls' room and he didn't want to sleep in it.

Aunt Diane told him she knew about his trouble at St. John's and said with his mother's full permission, she was going to work to change his behavior and having to stay in this room was part of her program to change his ways.

Wondering how staying in a girls' bedroom had anything to do with how he acted, he still complained, and in response, his aunt explained — much to his horror — that she planned on dressing and treating him like a girl to rid him of his macho ways. She said she was going to turn him into a sweet, polite and productive child, and if it took turning him into a sissy or even a compete girl to do it, she would do it.

“I'm curious about this panty raid you conducted at Eastmore,” Aunt Diane said. “Do you find it fascinating to go through a girl's lingerie? Why in the world would you want to do something like that?”

He stood there in silence.

“Well, it did give me an idea. Since you are so interested in girls' lingerie maybe we can use that interest to reform you into something a lot nicer.

“I wonder what your opinion is of Beth. Do you think she's pretty? Would you like to go through her lingerie? Maybe even steal some of her pretty bras and slips and panties? Maybe even wear them yourself while you play with your disgusting little penis in her lacy nylon panties?”

Michael hung his head, unable to say anything.

“You see, I invited Beth to stay with us for a while because she used to be a naughty little boy just like you....”

Michael's head shot up and he stared at Beth, who was now cowering even more beside his aunt, as if Beth was embarrassed to be revealed as a boy under that pretty slip.

“My neighbor was having a lot of problems with Barney until she found out about petticoat punishment — that's what they call it when a boy is forced to wear girls' clothes and act like a girl for punishment.

“It worked beautifully as you can see. Even with her short hair, you thought he was a girl, and I'm going to make you equally pretty and feminine.”

Diane turned to Beth, “You heard me tell him of his fate, but I don't think he really understands. Oh, well, he will soon enough. We'll start his training right after lunch.”

Michael clenched his fists and appeared ready to fight, but since he hadn't eaten anything that day, he was happy to hear it was lunchtime and relaxed his stance.

Along side his plate was a small glass of sherry, and his aunt told him it was OK to imbibe and drink a toast on this occasion as a welcome to her house — and his new life.

The sherry had been drugged and he fell into a deep sleep only minutes after drinking it. After almost three hours, he awoke to find himself woozy and naked and sliding around on the heavy pink satin sheets on his new bed. He leaped from the bed to search for his clothes, but they were gone. As footsteps approached, all he could do was grab the pink chiffon robe over the end of the bed and wrapped it around himself like a towel as his door opened. It was Diane; she entered, followed by Beth.

“My clothes are gone,” he said helplessly.

“So instead of wrapping that nice robe around yourself and twisting it all out of shape, why don't you put on?”

“NO!” he spat out. “Where are my own clothes?”

“We took them. So tell me, doesn't the robe feels nice?”

“No, I feel like a fool. It's a girls' robe!”

“Well, I told you that while you are here I am going to dress and treat you like a girl. And girls' clothes are what you WILL wear! Perhaps you may grow to like them, perhaps you won't. Either way, it's of no consequence to me. What is of interest to me is that in time, you will become as adorable and sweet as our little boy Beth here.”

“Come now. Do as I tell you. Put the robe on properly.”

He closed his eyes tightly and the accumulated tears trickled down his cheeks. He felt small and submissive. From her tight grip on his arm, he could tell she was a strong woman. He let her pull the robe free from his grip. She unwrapped it from around his body and then slipped it over his shoulders and said, “Come along, Michael.”

He stood motionless and then passively yielded. He knew he couldn't escape. He didn't know the surrounding city. He had no money. He had no boys' clothes. He had no choice.

She led him to a perfumed bath, told him to wash himself and then pointing to a little pile of clothes on the vanity, she said, “Once you have dried yourself off, there is a pair of nice panties. Put them on. If you are cold, put the robe back on. But be absolutely certain you are wearing those panties. Come into my bedroom when you're finished.”

He felt very alone and depressed. Yet he knew he had to do it. He had to bide his time and figure out how to escape.

After his bath, he approached the nylon panties with a lot of trepidation, and on the verge of tears, he picked them up and pantied himself. While pulling the satiny light blue panties up his legs, he told himself they were just underwear – no big deal. He wanted to ignore them on his body, but the soft silky fabric, the crisp lace and the snappy elastics wouldn't let him forget he had panties on – girls' panties – frilly, silky girls' panties that no normal boy would be caught dead wearing! He put on the slinky chiffon robe. It was sheer and the panties surely could be seen right through it, but at that moment the robe was all he had to hide his shameful pantied condition. As he tried not to think about wearing girls' panties and a sheer pink robe that thoroughly emasculated him. He hugged the robe tightly around himself as his aunt and Beth reentered the bathroom.

They were happy to see he had complied. Beth giggled and said, “My, how cute you look in panties. Blue for boys!”

Back in his bedroom, he watched as they opened the top dresser drawer to show him it was filled with neat stacks of soft nylon panties. More pairs of an amazing profusion of colorful girls' panties than he had ever seen even at a store!

“Go ahead, you little panty pervert,” his aunt said. “Pick up a big handful of your new panties. ... Do it now!”

Michael obeyed and reached into the pastel mounds of dainty, girlish lingerie and grabbed a handful of the sexy nylon panties, as he remembering the panty raid at Eastmore that had gotten him expelled. A ruefulness hit him again as he looked at a pair of dainty yellow flowered briefs, the legbands trimmed in eyelet lace. A half dozen other pairs spilled over his hands including a peach panty in soft satin with lace side vents and a pair of ridiculously frivolous red and white striped high-waisted panties with bows.

Auntie Diane said, “Michael, and take off that robe. Let me see the lacy blue panties you have on.”

He stood blushing and trembling as he opened his robe to expose the silky panties with their delicate lace trim.

“Oh, how nice! You can barely see your boy parts under those rows of lace, but I do think it would be better for you to wear pink panties. Beth was right, ‘Blue is for boys!’” And you're not going to be anything like a boy for a while.”

Little boy Beth was ready with a delicate pair of bright pink panties with delicate white lace around the legs and a big red rose embroidered on each hip. But first, they put him into a shocking pink waist-cinching corset and tightly laced it up in back. The pussy pink panties followed, and then Beth held open at his feet a black chiffon bouffant petticoat.

He could see it was soft and flowing, like a short black skirt of delicate tiers of nylon and lace with a ruffled hem and an elastic waist like the waistband on his pink panties.

“This, young man,” his aunt said, “is a petticoat. You heard me mention petticoat punishment this afternoon, and this is the garment that turns bad little boys into good little girls. Few items of lingerie are more girlish and juvenile, and it gives me great delight to see Beth put you into it.

He was more chagrined, and Beth's little girl giggles just drove him down into an even deeper pit of shame. He followed Auntie Diane's command to step into it, and his eyes met the gleeful twinkle in Beth's eyes as she looked up at him and pulled the elastic waistband of the petticoat up and settled it in place around his hips, making a rustling sound as it settled into tiers of a frilly circumference around his midsection of flounced crinolines.

Diane summoned him over to the long mirror and forced him to look at himself as she made him repeatedly swirl his petticoat skirts back and forth until they bucked up high enough to expose a lot of his panties.

It was scary for him to see himself in a corset, panties and a billowing petticoat. Has any boy ever been so thoroughly humbled? He couldn't imagine any boy putting up with such treatment. So why was he letting them do this to him? He needed to lash out at them and then escape. He needed to show himself to be a boy not a damn sick little sissy!

The anger in his eyes tipped off his aunt. She held a black belt in karate, so when he put up a fist and tried to punch her, he found himself flying through the air and coming to a hard landing on the floor. Following that, she hauled him over her lap, pushed up his cascading petticoats and gave him the spanking of his life. With a combination of bare hand spanks and smacks with a sorority paddle, more than fifty blows struck his pantied bottom. He screamed and tried to evade her but she was much too strong for him. With his silk pantied butt in flames and tears washing down his face, he gave up. He had nowhere to go, and no way of escaping.

Aunt Diane threatened to spank him some more unless he agreed to completely cooperate with her and totally submit to being petticoated in order to reform him, as his aunt said, “For your own good!”

While sprawled out on the floor where his aunt had dumped him and rubbing his hot pantied behind, he looked at himself in the long mirror and saw a crying, defeated little girl looking back at him. He really did look like a god damned girl. He had never felt lower in his life.

“Now that you know this is a petticoat, my dear boy, and you now understand its power to demale you, you will wear one every minute while you are in this house. I ascribe to the theory that petticoat punishment works wonders on naughty little boys, so your body will always be enclosed in the secret feminizing power of pretty petticoats.”

Next Beth handed his aunt a lacy little training bra. Michael knew it was a bra, and as she slid it up his arms and snapped it closed in back. How humiliating! He had no breasts, so it was doubly shameful to be forced into a bra.

“And this, of course, is a brassiere ... a training bra to be precise, for a young girl with no breast development but it mentally prepares her for her titties that soon will start growing. As part of

your training, you will also wear a bra at all times, even at night until I say otherwise. If at any time you are caught without the proper attire – panties, bra, petticoats and corset, you will be dealt with severely, and I mean it. You will be in these clothes regardless of whatever else you have on over them. Do you understand?”

His aunt looked at his bloodshot eyes and said, “I want you to be a good girl while you are here, otherwise I'll have no choice but to make you take medicine that will cause you to grow breasts. So unless you want to have a set of titties as big as your mother's, I warn you to do everything we tell you to do. Step out of line, and you'll soon find yourself with a nice pair of tits! And if you ever try to run away, we will catch you and send you to a physician I know who will gladly remove your balls and little dickie and make you into a girl for life! Then your panties would fit nicely on you!

“You can't do that!” he complained. “My mom would never let you do anything like that to me.”

“Oh, no?” Auntie Diane said with a sneer. “Here's a copy of a note your mother signed giving me full permission to do just that. You've been so much trouble for her that she is willing to do anything to bring you into line. Why do you think she's on vacation? Because of all the worry you have caused her, your mother is weak and sickly. She could easily have another mental breakdown. I'm not going to let that happen. Besides, she met Beth and admitted she would much prefer to have a sweet little boy-girl than a nasty naughty little boy! So that is what you are going to be!”

Michael couldn't believe his mother was that desperate. He knew he had been giving her a lot of problems of late, but ... but ... but, now, he just didn't know what to think. At least until he could think up some kind of solution, he knew he was destined to try his best to be a nice little boy-girl for his demented Aunt Diane, who then further shocked the boy as she held his head firmly and had little boy Beth give him a deep french kiss. It was the first sexual kiss he has ever gotten from anyone, male or female. But it was his first panty penis kiss too because while Beth raped his mouth with her tongue, she pulled up the boy's petticoat and used her stiff penis straining at her own panties to brush up against and kiss Michael's penis in his panties.

Story and characters based on #08064-O “Seasons of Change” by Joel Lawrence.

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HEALTH



Boy taking ballet lessons wants to be a prima ballerina because the girls get pretty clothes and the good parts



Judges at a square dance competition disqualified one team because they had a boy substitute for a sick girl, but they still let them dance their routine

LIFESTYLE



Coach has novel way of training his young boxers how to fight: They have to be able to win while wearing petticoats & panties!



Boy dons his mom's wig and sunglasses but her cancan petticoat he loves so much is way too big for him

HEADLINES

What ever you call them: Bouffants, Cancan Crinolines, Twirlers, Whirlers or Circle Slip -- They're back in style for girls AND boys!



Cure for impotenc Hardly, OK: After thirty years of impotency, Willy B. Able i cured. He credits the return to popularity of cancan petticoat that tranport him back to 196 and his secret forays into his mom and sister's lingerie!

Petticoat taunting Dream City, OR: At the tria of a man caught attacking a woman at a square dancing competition, local women show up wearing dancing outfits to taunt the man who has a cancan petticoat fetish!

Survey: What does a bouffant petticoat do for you?
Reminds me of the 60s - 2% Makes my day - 9%
Gets me instantly hard - 20% All of the above - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Cancan fetishist trying to steal over a thousand dollars worth of petticoats almost slips away
The downfall of many guys cums when they see bouffant petticoat peeking out from under a skirt
An ordinary girl in a skirt with peeking petticoat snares more guys than a dozen beauties in pair
Many guys with no interest in dancing cum from miles around to see square dancing competition
Is it still petticoat punishment when we dress bad boy in girls' clothes but not in a petticoat

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