

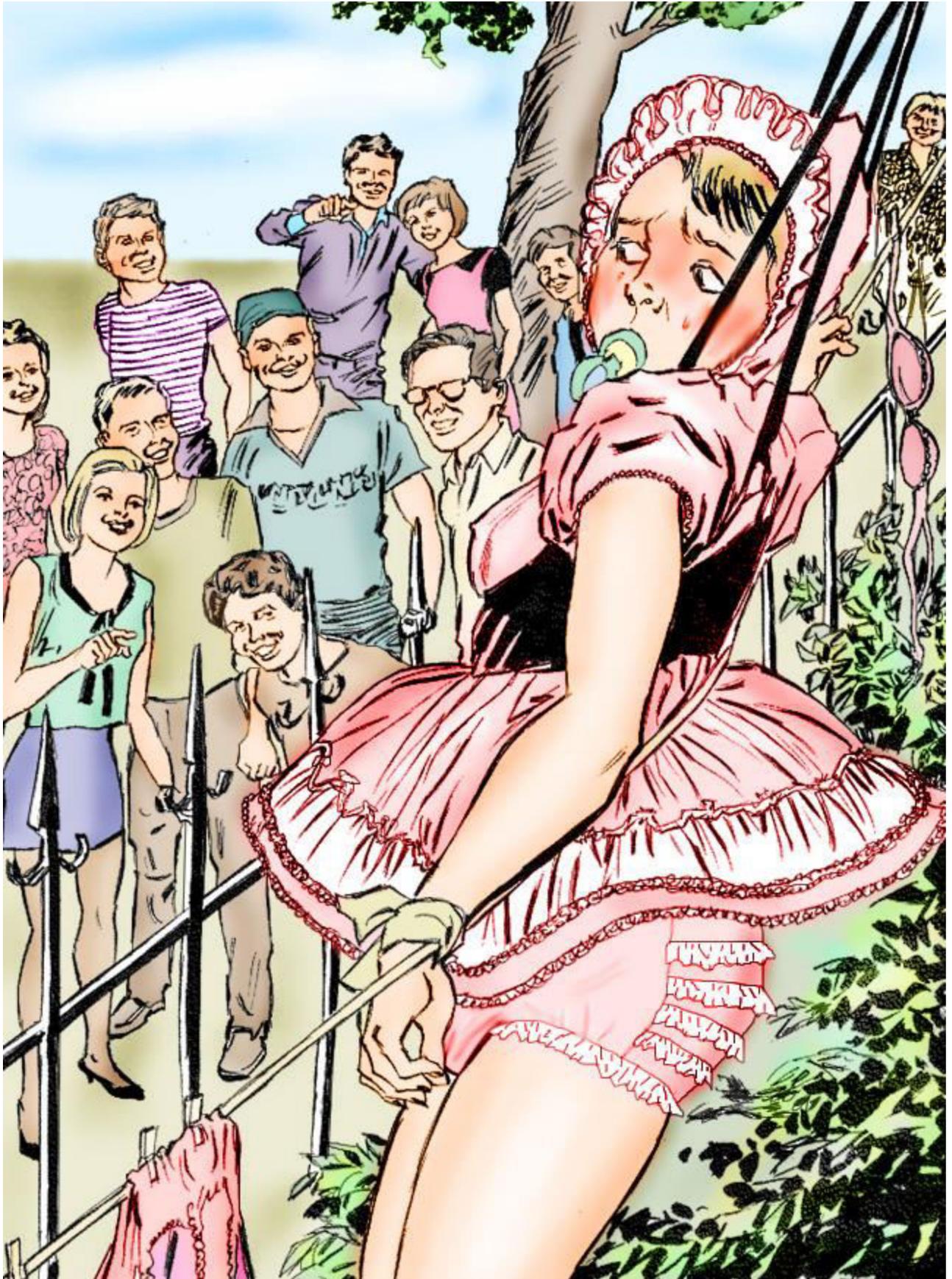
Princess Online



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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



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 and then humiliating him in front of their family, 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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Helping BOYS FEEL their Feminine Sensitivities!

POLITICALLY CORRECT

BY MAKING THEM WEAR GIRLS' DAINTY LITTLE PINK SATIN & LACE PANTIES, SISSY SLIPS, AND SHORT, FRILLY SATIN & LACE PARTY DRESSES, ANKLETS & HAIR BOWS, TO SCHOOL & AT HOME!

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**PINK SATIN PANTIES...
THE ULTIMATE
HUMILIATION**

Hanes
"Her way"
DAINTY LITTLE
satin
PANTIES
are
N.O.W.
"HIS WAY"
dainty little
SATIN
PANTIES
tool

**NEITHER OUR
"VALUES" OR
CHILD ABUSE LAWS
PROTECT
YOUNG BOYS
FROM BEING FORCED
BY THEIR PARENTS
TO WEAR THE SILKIEST,
DAINTIEST, GIRLS'
PINK SATIN & LACE
TRIMMED
PANTIES
EITHER AS A
PUNISHMENT,
OR JUST BECAUSE
MOM WANTS HER
SON TO WEAR GIRLS'
"PANTIES" INSTEAD OF
BOYS' UNDERPANTS!**



Watchdoggy!



No. 2

All new stories
about young
BOYS
humiliated in
little girls'
clothing
by
adults

Adults Only...because we don't want BOYS to know what we adults secretly love to do to them.

REAL OLD-FASHIONED PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT STORIES ABOUT BOTH THE FAMOUS AND NOT-SO-FAMOUS FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF ADULTS WHO LOVE TO SEE YOUNG BOYS FORCED TO WEAR GIRLS PANTIES SLIPS & DRESSES.

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 grass-roots 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

For a modern woman there is nothing like coming home to her maid husband slaving in the kitchen fixing her drinks and dinner as he frequently bends over and gives her teasing peeks up his short skirt at his frilly rhumba panties.

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Classic Art

A classic anime drawing we Princessized for your pleasure.
Nice rhumba panties boy!

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Ma Kelly's Panty Boys: Christopher

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

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

So she 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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Boys in Dresses?

"There's a little boy in my child care home who loves to play dress up. Last week he was wearing a pink satin blouse and red skirt when his father came to pick him up. The father was quite upset to see his son wearing girls' clothes, especially when he took the skirt off and the boy was wearing a pair of lemon yellow lace panties with ruffles all over that one of the girls gave him from her supply bag. Is it OK for a boy to play in a dress?"
— *Concerned care giver*

Young children learn about the world around them with pretend play as they imitate people and things they see all the time. Boys see their mothers, sisters, and other women wearing dresses. It's normal for boys to want to try wearing a dress to see what it's like. You may see girls doing the same thing by wearing a boy's jacket or necktie.

Some children like to wear dress-up clothes every day. The rustle of walking in a skirt, the colors in a necktie, the challenge of walking in heels, the snug feel of a tutu make, even the ticklish silkiness of lacy girls' panties on a boy is fun for a child trying new things.

It's normal
for young boys to
wear dresses as
they play.

Often children like to try the things they see adults doing. It doesn't make any difference to a child if those things are usually done by males or females. Children learn about everyday activities by pretending to cook, hold and feed babies, wash dishes and clothes, go to the store, go to work, etc.

No Sissies

If you care for a mixed-age group of children, watch to make sure older children don't make fun of boys who like to wear dresses or play with dolls. Remind them that comedy characters on television sometimes dress in female clothes and many daddies care for babies. Older boys may actually want to dress up and play with dolls, but think they are "too cool" to do it. Help them think about a way they can join the play, such as being an aunt or uncle, or they may like to make a snack and serve it as part of the pretend play.



Normal Play

Some adults, especially fathers, fear their sons may grow up to be homosexuals if they wear dresses or play with dolls. Research shows that such boys are no more likely to become homosexuals than any other boys. There is no definitive research as to the cause of homosexuality, but most experts agree that homosexuals are born with a genetic predisposition.

Think of this as children learning about their world through play. Tell nervous parents that this pretend play is a normal way for children to explore the world.

Children learn about
the world through
pretend play.

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Sissy of the Month

Advice columnist knows how to handle sissy boys!

Click on the article for a close-up of the photo.

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Panty Thief Busted Up, Then Busted

Oklahoma man nabs serial panty thief in "string operation"

AUGUST 10--Meet Brent Baylor. The Oklahoma man was busted and busted up last Friday by an aggrieved husband and wife team whose home had been broken into on five consecutive nights. And why was the 20-year-old Enid man allegedly coming back to their place night after night after night after night after night? He was there for wife Maria's bras and panties. According to an affidavit filed in Garfield County District Court, husband Carlos set a trap for Taylor that would have made MacGyver proud. Using only a coffee cup attached to a string that was attached to a bra that fell off a shelf and broke and alerted Carlos that someone was struggling to get the bra off the string. He nabbed Baylor and then beat the intruder silly with a wooden leg taken off his baby's crib. Baylor, now facing up to 20 years in prison for felony burglary, was treated at a local hospital. While getting bandaged up, Baylor admitted to cops he kept the bras and panties in a dresser by his bed. At his home, the cops found his lingerie stash--weighing in at an astonishing 55 pounds. They also found photos of Baylor dressed in female clothes, his favorite outfits usually included heavily frilled panties with ruffles like little girls wear, the type of panties Marie liked to wear and obviously the reason why Baylor couldn't resist going back repeatedly to steal her panties! Somehow we think we've heard this story before.



Part of the stash of panties Baylor kept at his home.



A Baylor photo of himself dressed in female clothes.

Click on the photos for a larger view.

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John's Curiosity Gets Him in Trouble!

John had just arrived at his aunt's house where he was to spend his Easter vacation from boarding school while his parents were away visiting a sickly great aunt in Oregon. It had been three years since he had seen his Aunt Muriel and his two cousins Sally and Helen. During that visit, his curiosity about girls got him into trouble. Repeatedly, he had been caught trying to look up the girls' skirts or peek at them while they were dressing. As punishment, his aunt had forced him to put on a slip and panties, a training bra and a dress as punishment, much to the amusement of her two daughters who laughed at teased him about it throughout his stay. John was greatly embarrassed, and did his best to suppress the memory of that visit.

But, Aunt Muriel remembered. She especially remembered that his little prick was always erect within the silky panties she had made him wear. He obviously had liked them! And now she wondered if he was still up to his old tricks and had the same attraction to pretty panties. She smiled to herself as she remembered his last visit as she escorted him to Sally's room. She explained that Sally was letting him use her room, and she was going to sleep with her sister Helen in her room. "I'll leave you to unpack, now; you can put push aside her clothes and put your things in her closet and in Sally's lowboy dresser." Then she left him to put his things away.

John took his shirts and trousers and hung up. He could barely squeeze them in the closet that was packed full of frilly and very feminine skirts, blouses and party dresses. The dresser drawers were also filled to the brim and he had a hard time pushing aside all the lingerie in those drawers to get his things in. The neat stacks of silky slips, bras, garter belts, nylons, and panties quickly got to him. As he pushed them aside to make room for his clothes, he had to touch those lacy and silky wisps of femininity so gaily displayed in a rainbow of pastel colors. Immediately, he became acutely aware of the feel of the girlish garments. He felt his cock becoming stiff! He had to pause. The eleven-year-old was on the doorstep of puberty and had a quickly developing interest in girls, and now he was puzzled by the intense reaction he was having to simply touching and looking at a pair of girls' panties. With one hand he held a pair of white satin panties and fingered their silkiness as he used his other hand to make himself more comfortable by readjusting his penis within his tight confines of his school uniform shorts and underwear.

"Having a good time?"

It was Sally at the door.

"It looks like you like feel of my panties? Would you like to put on a pair?"

John blushed. "Oh, uh, no! NO! I--I was just trying to find some room for my things," he stammered as he dropped the panties back into the drawer.

Sally approached him, shut the panty drawer and opened another one that contained sweaters. "Here, use this one. We don't want to get our undies mixed up, now do we?"

That evening during dinner, Sally shamed him by telling his aunt and cousin how she had found him admiring a pair of her new white satin panties. Then she and Helen deliberately added to his

embarrassment by trying to engage him in a conversation about girls' lingerie. His aunt joined in the fun.

"John, which word do you prefer for girls' underpants? Panties, or perhaps scanties? Or frillies? Or knickers as they call them in England?"

"Do you have a girlfriend? I'll bet you do. What color panties do you like your girlfriend to wear? Nice pretty little pink ones or sexy black ones? Aren't girls lucky to be able to wear beautiful panties?"

"Do you like to watch the cancan, John? All those chorus girls pulling up their dresses and showing off their ruffled panties! Do you know I have one of those cancan slips and a big skirt? I could do a cancan dance. Or do you prefer to sneak a glimpse of girls' panties when their skirts are blown up by the wind? I remember when you were here last time? You were always trying to peek up our dresses."

As the conversation became more provocative, John became increasingly nervous, and at the mention of that last shameful visit, his aunt noticed how uncomfortable he was getting. He was relieved when she announced she and her daughters had to rush out to a party. She said just women and girls would be at the party, so he couldn't come along. She asked if he would be OK alone, and he assured her he would. She gave him the phone number of where they would be at in case he needed anything, and then they left.

Peace at last! There was nothing much on the television. John's thoughts wandered. He remembered the sexy feel of Sally's panties when he had opened her drawer that afternoon. He fought with his conscience. Boys shouldn't be interested in girls' underwear! Well, he was just curious, and he finally decided it wouldn't do any harm to explore his cousin's lingerie again.

Heart pounding, he went upstairs to the bedroom and opened the top drawer. On the top was that pair of white satin panties and on the stack right next to it was a pair of silky pale pink nylon panties. When he picked up the pink panties and unfolded them he was surprised at the abundance of lace and frills on the panties. He felt and looked at the small pink bow at the front of the waist elastic, the wide rows of pink lace around the leg openings, and the row after row of heavy lace draped across the backside of the incredibly feminine panties. He examined them, taking in every minute detail. He looked at the double satin gusset, the silky strip that covered Sally's pussy. Had some lucky boy ever had a feel of her through that silky crotch? His curiosity was on a rampage. Suddenly, he held them by the waist elastic, held them in front of himself and turned to look at himself in the mirror. What would he look like in them? What would they feel like? Boys didn't wear girls' panties, so it would be very naughty if he slipped them on. Trembling, he got undressed. As soon as he was completely naked, he stood in front of the mirror holding the silky pink rhumba panties. They seemed to be challenging him. "Wear me! Put me on, little boy!"

His cock was now fully erect, begging him to be covered in those luscious panties. He had to put them on! With trembling fingers he held them down by his feet and stepped into them. He pulled them up, and no sooner had he eased them over his throbbing cock when a wonderful sensation

swept over him. Overwhelmed him! Waves of concentrated pleasure! Ecstasy as he grabbed his aching penis and held it tightly as he had his first true orgasm, his cum spurting through his throbbing cock and into the panties.

When it was all over, panic! He had to clean up the panties and get them dry and put back in the drawer before his aunt and cousins got back. He worked feverishly, wiping up his jism with a wet cloth and then to dry them, waving the panties around in the air like a flag, a sissyboy flag! Once he was confident he had cleaned them satisfactorily, he put them back in the drawer.

However, the panties dried with a stiff, crusty residue across the front, and the next day, when Sally opened her drawer, she knew they had been disturbed because she had left them folded in a precise manner and they were now in disarray. Moreover, when she picked them up, she immediately noticed the front of the panties were stretched out and coated with a thin starchiness. Immediately, she sought out her sister and confided in her.

"You know, I think John put my panties on last night. Not only that, but I think he jacked off into them!"

"Really!" said Helen, "Well, I tell you what. Why don't we set a trap for him tonight? We'll pretend we're going out, but we'll creep back and see if we can catch him at it."

"It's a warm night, so let's leave the drapes and window open a bit, so we can peek in from outside, and let's bring mom's Polaroid so we can take pictures of him. Then we can have some fun!"

That evening, after their mother had left for one of her social club meetings, the two girls told John they were going out and wouldn't be home until late. They asked if he would be OK in the house alone, and he assured them he would.

As soon as they were gone, John began struggling with his conscience. What he had done the night before was so exciting, but so naughty and so demeaning for a little boy trying desperately to go up to be a man. But he was no match for his perverse desires and found himself drawn to his cousin's panty drawer once again. He noticed that the pink rhumba panties were still there, but what he didn't know is that his cousin had taken out and freshly laundered them before returning them to the drawer

This time, he picked out a pair of sheer high-waisted panties in a delicate pink nylon. He knew he had to put them on, and without giving it a second thought he was swiftly stripping himself naked. This time, he was going to control himself. Even so, his cock was fully erect as he stepped into the panties. Slowly, he pulled them up over his knees, up over his thighs, and then up and over his anxious cock and balls. The thin pink nylon tickled and caressed his now aching cock, which bulged like a gun ready to shoot!

Suddenly, from outside the window, there was a flash of light, but he was so carried away in panty playing pleasure that he barely took notice. Perhaps it was lightning. He couldn't care less. But just as he stroked himself to orgasm and spilled his spunk into the delightful panties, there

was another flash! He whirled round but saw nothing. If it was lightening, why wasn't there any thunder? But he was barely in a state of mind to think logically. He really didn't care. The intensity of his orgasm had left him depleted, his legs so weak they were barely able to hold him up. He sat down on the bed. As his breathing slowed and he regained his strength, he looked up and saw Sally and Helen standing at the door. Another flash!

"Well, well, what have we here? It looks as if our cousin is a sissyboy. He likes wearing my pink panties!" Sally said.

"And it looks like he likes jacking off into them too, like a naughty little pervert."

In total shock, John was petrified and had tears running down his cheeks.

"Let's dress him in some more of my clothes, and take some more pictures," Sally said.

"Oh-h-h-h, please, no! I-I'm sorry. I don't want to..."

"Of course, you do!" Helen said, "After all, you wouldn't want us to send these photos to your friends at your school, would you?"

"Oh, no! NO! Please, no!"

"Well, then, let's get you dressed up and have some girlie fun."

Then Sally told him, let's go to the bathroom so you can take off those sticky pink panties, and we'll show you how to properly wash out a pair of panties, and not leave them in a sorry state like you did last night with my purple rhumba panties, you naughty little panty wanker."

She knew! John realized she knew what he had done to her panties. Now the tears were really flowing from his eyes.



The girls led the defeated boy down the hallway to the bathroom, where they showed him how to gently suds and rinse out the panties he had so recently defiled with the wanton spurting of his boy juice. They made him hang the wet panties on the drying rack and then led him naked back into the bedroom.

“Now put your hands on your head, Helen and I want to take a good look at your puny little boy parts.”

His tears just kept coming; the ignominy of the close-up physical examination of his naked cock and balls by two giggling little girls was too much for him to bear. He pleaded, “Please, let me put my clothes back on? I promise not to play with your things anymore.”

“Of course, will let you get dressed, but you'll get dressed in our clothes, not your old clothes. You're not a boy. You're a sissy, so it's girls' clothes for you,” Helen said as she flourished a photo in the front of him. “You'll wear girls' clothes for us and do whatever we want you to do or will tell your aunt what you have done and the pictures we took will go to your school buddies.”

“I think we should send some to his mom and dad too for when they get back from their trip. I'm sure they would enjoy seeing him and finding out that their little boy is a panty wanker.”

Through his tears, John looked at the picture. His face was clearly shown, and the thin pink panties he had on were soaked with his sperm making the panties so transparent that his penis was clearly visible. He was trapped, and he knew it; it made him weep even more. He couldn't tell his aunt what he had done and make his cousins stop doing humiliating things to him. He couldn't run away. He couldn't do anything except do whatever the girls wanted because they surely would send those pictures to his school and to his parents. All he could do was stand there and watch them as they danced around singing and giggling as they picked out clothes they were going to dress him in: training bras, lace panties, slinky slips, nylon stockings, a cancan petticoat, several party dresses, a pink rock and roll skirt, and a thin white nylon blouse.

“First, we'll start with your favorite,” Sally said. “We'll start with that lovely pair of my pink rhumba panties you dirtied last night. Go to my drawer, you know which one, open it, take out the panties and put them on. You should be quite expert at doing that by now, ya little fairy sissy. Hurry up! Go do it! We won't put up with any dawdling.”

John called up every bit of strength he had as he waddled over to the dresser. He opened the top drawer. He knew he would find those panties there. Sure enough, the pink rhumba panties were right on top screaming at him to pick them up and put them on, screaming at him that he was a caught sissy boy, and now the slave of his two wicked little cousins. He gingerly picked them up, quite nervous with his smirking cousins intently watching his every move.

“That's it. Now put my panties on,” Sally said. “Notice how nice and clean the panties are? I washed them out today after I discovered you had slimed them with your smelly jism. Put them on and thank me for washing them out for you.”

Through his shame and tears, he did put them on, and much to his embarrassment, he thanked her for washing them clean for him. "Please let me put on some other clothes. Can I have my short and pants. I'm cold standing here like this," he said.

"Sure, we'll give you some clothes, but not boys' clothes. Here put this leopard print top on. It will look cute with your pink rhumba panties sticking out," Helen said as she helped him slip it over his head.

"But, please, I need some pants or something to cover up down below."

"Really?" Sally teased. "Well, I thought you loved these panties so much that you'd just want to wear them and not cover them up with anything else."



“Oh, please...”

“Well, OK, but first, we've got to get some pictures of you in these delicious pink rhumba panties. Here, sit down on my lowboy dresser; that will look nice.”

After they had him wipe the tears from his eyes, Helen took more than a dozen pictures of him sitting and lying down across the dresser.

Then Sally commanded, “Now, put your hands on your head, sissyboy. We've never seen a boy in girls' panties before tonight and we're curious. We want to take a good look at how my panties

fit around a boy's penis and balls. Besides we have to put some more lingerie on you before we put a skirt on you. Hands up and out of the way. Right now!"

John had no choice, blushing bright red as the girls stared at his bulging panties. He had to stand still as they poked around, watching how he reacted when they snapped the elastics, tickled him through the lace and pinched and pulled on his rhumba panty cover dickie.

Sally then slipped a pink garter belt round his waist and tucked the garter straps into his panties.

Helen slipped a nylon stocking over his left foot. She grinned as she rolled the stocking up to the top of his thigh. "Now, where has that garter gone to?" she said, girlishly pretending like it was a little mystery. She slipped her fingers under the lace and elastic leg of the panties and groped around. Making a game of looking for the garter strap, she grabbed first his balls and then his cock. John gasped and thought he'd dump another load of cum into those exquisite pink panties. Finally, she found the garter, pulled it out from underneath the panty leg and attached it to the stocking top. She repeated the same teasing, agonizing and highly erotic search and find mission to locate the other garter in back – after making him shutter as she took the opportunity to run her finger the length of the crack between his ass cheeks.

"Let me do the other one," giggled Sally. John could only look in the mirror helplessly as Sally's eager fingers invaded his panties from the other side and had a good feel of his dick, balls and ass crack before bringing out the garters for the other stocking, which she proceeded to roll up his right leg.

Then, Helen slipped his feet into a pair of high-heeled satin shoes. John struggled to keep his balance. He became aware of a new sensation. His pelvis was thrust forward making his cock bulge even more obscenely in the pink nylon panties. He could feel the tension in the garters as they tugged on the stockings.

They decided he needed titties to look like a proper girl, so off came the leopard print top, and a giggling and mocking Sally was fitting a pink brassiere round his chest, and filling out the cups with panties.

"There. Nice titties for our sissyboy!"

"Well, I think the titties are a nice addition, but he looks too grown-up with nylons on, let's put him in knee socks instead; what do you think? It will look nice with the poodle skirt," Sally said.

Helen agreed, and the two of them went through the humiliating process of undoing the stockings from the garter clips and then unnecessarily playing around a lot with their hands delving deep into his pink rhumba panties to extricate the garter belt.

John was squirming, moaning and complaining all the way.

They put white knee socks on him. Next, he had to step into a pink cancan petticoat that matched his rhumba panties and put on a fairly plain but very thin and stretchy white satin top. The fabric

was so thin that his panty-filled pink brassiere could be seen with a pink glow right through it. Finally, they had him step into a full circle 1950s' style silk skirt with the classic black poodle dog sewn across the front. They stuffed the cancan petticoat into the skirt all the way around, giving the girls a lot of opportunities to touch his ass, dickie and balls through his fancy panties. With the skirt finally in place and the big bouffant petticoat smoothed out beneath the skirt, Sally fastened a belt around his waist. The girls stood back to admire their handiwork.

"Doesn't our sissy look sweet? Let's take some more photos."

They had him sit on the bed and pose as girlishly as possible as Helen began to take more pictures.

"Since he's wearing a cancan petticoat, I think we ought to have some cancan shots. Lift your skirt and petticoat up John, do a sexy cancan dance for us and show off your darling panties!"

John did as he was told, holding the skirts up and awkwardly strutting around like a classic cancan dancer. He looked in the mirror. The frilly petticoat framed the pink panties, creating a focus for the throbbing bulge of his nylon-covered cock. He had sometimes fantasized about what it would be like for a boy to be forced to do the cancan in front of girls, but he had never dreamed it would be him showing off his panties like this!

"Right. Now for the handstand!" said Helen.

John was helpless. He could not ignore her order. Dejectedly and obediently, he knelt down in front of Helen, and swung his legs up. Helen grabbed his ankles. His skirts cascaded in a froth of lace round his head and shoulders.

"OK, Sally, have a good feel of his cock in his panties. It's swelling up, so we know he's enjoying this no matter how much he complains!"

Sally needed no second invitation. Eagerly, she began to feel the bulge in his pink panties. She ran her fingers up and down his pulsating nylon-covered cock, laughing as she made it jerk in its pink panty home. She savored the feel of his hard cock through the soft material of the silky panties. She loved the way the silky nylon rippled as she played with the little stem of rubbery hardness inside the panties. She wondered what he was feeling.

John was feeling totally humiliated, totally vulnerable, but very excited too. Waves of pleasure swept through him as Sally's fingers teased him mercilessly. His cock throbbed for release.

"Wank him off! Finish him!" Helen said to her sister.

Sally bunched a handful of the silky nylon panties around John's cock and began to slither it up and down its whole length. Slowly at first and then faster and faster, and then slow again. Helen looked down and taunted John.

"Come on, sissy. Cum in your pretty panties. Let's see your cock wetting these lovely pink panties of yours!"

In the excitement he could no longer hold himself upside down with the ball of poodle skirt and cancan petticoats hanging teasingly down around him. He fell to the floor, and cried, but Sally didn't let up. Helen held him still, and Sally jumped on his legs, got her hands up under his skirt and slips and began wanking him once again through a silken tube of panty fabric nestled around his twitching cock. She held his cock between the index finger and thumb of her left hand, and squeezed. She knew that would stop him from spurting because she wanted to get him all worked up to near climax a second time. With his pantied cock firmly in one hand, she ran the index finger of her other hand with its long red fingernail up and down the sensitive underside of his cock, and then she slipped her hand between his thighs and began to caress his pantied balls as if he were a girl.

"Come on, girlie! Imagine I'm feeling your cunt through your panties. Cum for Sally!"

John at last surrendered. His cock pulsated, and she didn't stop him this time. He spurted his funny smelling snot into his pretty panties. The girls cheered as gobs of the juice shot through and then bubbled right through the thin panties. Eventually, it stopped, and the girls released him. He rolled over in a heap on the floor. Helen leaped up on his chest, pinning him on his back and straddling his neck and shoulders. She lifted up her skirt revealing her powder blue nylon panties.

"Now it's time for you to give us pleasure," she said. "Kiss me and lick me through my panties!"

She eased her body forward so that her nylon panty crotch was directly over John's mouth. She then dropped her skirt over his head. John was now in a perfumed tent of femininity. He was aware of soft thighs gripping the sides of his head. She towered above him; the thin strip of Helen's powder blue nylon panty crotch completely covered his nose and mouth. He tentatively kissed her pussy lips through the panty crotch, and then felt her hands lifting his head, shoving herself harder onto his face. She directed him, and in response, he worshiped her through her panties, kissing passionately, and licking up her bittersweet juices, now saturating the silky material. Helen put her full weight onto his mouth, and began to slowly rock. Moaning, she climaxed again and again.

"It's my turn now," shouted Sally, and as her sister dismounted the prostrate boy, Sally eagerly took her place before he could barely gasp for a decent breath. She knelt over John's face, her white pleated skirt held high, her white nylon panties filling his gaze, as he looked up helplessly between her girlish thighs to the moist rectangle of her panty crotch. Slowly her nylon-covered panty came closer and closer to his mouth. She told him what she wanted him to do, and he did. He parted his lips and sucked the slippery material into his mouth. As he licked and sucked, Sally squirmed on his face, triumphantly mocking her victim.

"That's right, sissyboy, suck my panties. Lick me! Taste me!"

Meanwhile, Helen had recovered, and as Sally looked down at the boy between her thighs, she had an idea.

"Helen, get a towel that I can tuck under his head."

Helen did so, and then Sally positioned herself exactly how she wanted to be over John's mouth, and controlling herself as much as she could, she began to piss into her panties and it instantly penetrated her panties and shot directly into his mouth.

John could do nothing as the acrid liquid saturated the panty fabric and flowed quickly into his mouth. She insisted that he swallow it, and he did. Helen looked closely at his throat, and saw his Adam's apple moving.

"Oh, Sally! He's drinking your piss! Now he's really our panty slave!"

She fondled and rubbed John's cock through his cum-soaked pink rhumba panties, toying with her victim. His humiliation was complete. He gave up and went with the pleasure of being masturbated by his pretty girl cousin, and as he drank Sally's piss, he came a second time in the sissified pink rhumba panties. He was now a sex plaything who belonged to these two girls who could do whatever they wished with him.

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The Pantywaist Weekly
All the news you need to be panty wasted

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Published only when we fi
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dressing up and jerki

HEALTH LIFESTYLE HEADLINES



New scientific discovery: To get a much needed lift anytime during the day, just grab a hold of your panties, yank them up as high and as hard as you can--yes, wedge 'em up really tight into your ass crack--and you'll feel like a whole new person--especially you guys!



French maids angry at crossdressers perverting the classic maids' outfit and they want their lacy rhumba panties back!

Team's new cheerleader outfits cause women's groups to protest **Underneath the uproar: Lacy slips and frilly pa**

Pudpuller, Ontario: The Thunder Bay minor league football team's cheerleaders are causing a stir with their new outfits and angering a bevy of women's groups.

Styled like erotic versions of a classic French maid's outfit, the costumes feature a low-cut mini dress, and extending below the hem of the very short dress are a lacy white satin slip and frilly pink rhumba panties that match the young girls' pink pompoms. A white, lacy little apron completes the costume surely meant to arouse hardened fans.



Mona Moore, director of Women Against Pornography says the costumes demean females since it casts them in a subservient role. We say that We'll gladly be a sissy ma any one of these girls any

Survey: Your highest number of panty jerks in one day
Once - 3% Twice - 5% Three times - 9%
Four times - 14% Five or more times - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS



Superhero Panty Man is spreading the news that panty perverts are in fact good boys, and he wants all of them to cum out of the closet and not to fear letting people know they love, wear and jack-off daily in their pretty, lacy, silky, sissy-girl panties!

Iraq was better off under Saddam; now religious leaders banning sale of fancy lingerie
To some degree or another every man has a fetish, and panties are the leading fetish
Little girls love fancy rhumba panties, and are often the first bit of lingerie a boy notices
The sissies at the NSA listening to our phone calls want free phone sex when girls talk about their panties
Pat Robertson says God told him that panty are not lost but just holding onto the wrong

