

Princess Online

The
New

No. 1

December 2015

Pictures, and Stories from the
Princess Productions Website

The
Panty Thief
Special Issue



Adults Only

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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

A Message from Princess Lacey

*This is the first issue
of our NEW Princess Online*

Dear Sissies,

Our original Princess Online series continues to be one of our most popular publications. We published issue #1 in February 1999 and ended with issue #100 in June of 2007, and only ended the series to concentrate on other things for a while.

Now we are beginning a "New Princess Online" series that's similar in format to the old and continues the trend we used in our last few issues of the old, in which we focus on just one area of sissy boy erotica: And in this issue #1 we feature "The Panty Thief."

One thing we always tried to promote is the fun and excitement sissy boys and panty lovers have and should have without guilt and without the rest of the world trying to tell us how we should live our lives. People who don't know the sexual highs we achieve on a daily basis, have no idea what they're missing. We should be telling them how to live life!

People who call us perverts are so sadly misinformed, and so what if we do have a few "unnatural" urges. If you could take a survey, I'd be willing to bet, that amongst our numbers, we have very few rapists, drunkards, wife abusers and other lowlifes, percentagewise almost nonexistent compared to the general population. And why do I feel like that?



Because we know how to pleasure ourselves and we don't have to commit crimes (except maybe panty stealing!) because we aren't happy. The vast majority of crossdressers are upstanding citizens, and many are exceedingly successful in business and have fabulous family relationships. The current transgender movement is a wonderful success and liberating to a lot of our sissy guys with that little girl inside them that demands some attention and is only happy when we spoil her bit, so make sure you treat the little girl side of you with a lot of love and devotion. She is surely the real you more than most any other thing about you.

So we hope you enjoy the New Princess Online. And please do send us your contributions, your favorite stories, pictures and other material related to crossdressing, lingerie fetishism and the sissy lifestyle. You are the source of our best material so do share with us and your sissy sisters.

Love,
Princess Lacey

The New Princess Online #1 December 2015 is published by Princess Productions, PO Box 1184, Des Plaines, Illinois 60017-1184. Contributions are welcome, but the publisher does not assume responsibility for the loss of any materials and does not guarantee the return of any materials. Any letters and other items sent to Princess Productions are considered intended for publication. With the exception of news items, all real names will be changed and identities will be kept confidential. Copyright © 2015 Princess Productions. All rights reserved. The words accompanying photographs are not meant to describe the actual conduct of the pictured subjects. Any similarity to real persons is purely coincidental. With the exception of original news items, most of the photographs contained herein have been artistically altered either by computer or in other ways to simulate certain activities as well as to conceal the identity of any real persons. Many photographs have been supplied to us from readers and not known to be under copyright protection. If any copyright holder can prove that is not the case, they should notify Princess Productions and those photos will be deleted. Neither Princess Productions nor anyone connected with Princess Productions advocates violent or abusive behavior of any kind. While story lines may suggest such behavior, these are just fantasies meant to enlighten and entertain adults who would never wish those fantasies to become reality. This is a fantasy publication meant to comfort an oppressed minority of individuals created by society, and then rejected by that same society. Transvestites, panty fetishists and submissive males are scorned in most families and cultures. This publication is designed to soothe the souls of these often frustrated and lonely individuals by exploring situations similar to their own upbringing, personal experiences and fantasies and intended to make such individuals feel that their fantasies are just as legitimate as anyone else's as well as be an aid to masturbation, a safe alternative to risky sex practices. Printed in the USA.

Spanked in Panties: The Only Way to Treat a Panty Thief

Mothers in our area envied my mom because I was the sweetest and nicest boy around and had perfect manners. Other boys scorned me and wouldn't play with me, so I played with the girls. The girls and their moms were the only decent people around. Thankfully, they welcomed me amongst them. I didn't care that I was tagged as a sissy. But I did have one fault: I was a panty thief. And while playing with my little girlfriends, I took every opportunity to steal panties from them.

Mother and I lived in a well-maintained big brick house in a lower middle class neighborhood in South Philly -- it was the nicest house for a mile around. It had been my great grandfather's house and mom couldn't bear to leave since it was her childhood home.

I got way with my panty thievery for a long time. Mom knew but never said anything about it. Being an only child, I could do no wrong. She turned a blind eye to my fetish. A few times, she found my stash of purloined panties and would just wash and dry them and put them back where she had found them.

One Friday a big football game was scheduled. Of course, I had no interest in sports, so I went to my friend Cindy's house after school. Her brother Brad was a jerk and a bully. I generally stayed far away from him. He was on the football team, so I knew he'd be gone soon after I got there. Cindy asked me what I wanted to do, and I told her I'd like to play Gateway a board game. She agreed and said, she's get it. I told her I knew where they kept it in the basement, and being the perfect gentleman, I insisted on getting it. Of course, I also knew her mom usually had freshly washed laundry strung up on clotheslines down there and it was a good hunting ground for great panties.

I casually walked downstairs and, yes, I was in luck. The hardest part (besides my penis) was trying to decide which pair of panties to take. I finally picked a beautiful bright yellow pair of silky panties with flowers embroidered on the. As I took them off the line, I turned. Brad was standing there staring at me.



"Now look at the sissy. So you like my sister's panties, huh? I should call her down here to see this." I begged, "Oh, no, please, no. I'm sorry, I'll put them back. I ... I ..." He grabbed my arm. "Now, I'll tell you what you're going to do. You're going to take off your clothes and put them on. Do it, or I'll call Cindy down here right now." Yes, I was crying. I was a sissy and especially in his presence with his painful grip on my arm, I felt so powerless. "Please, no ..." I started, but he shut me right up with an astoundingly hard slap across my cheek! I didn't argue; I flew out of my clothes and put the yellow panties on. "Damn, boy you look just like a girl. Get on your knees and tell me you're a girl. I was crying loudly; I couldn't help it. I hoped no one upstairs could hear me. "I'm a girl," I moaned. "I knew it," he said laughing. Through my tears I saw Brad pull down his pants and underwear. For a sissy like me, his cock looked gigantic. "Suck it, girl," he demanded. "Please don't tell ... I've never ..." And when I didn't put his cock in my mouth fast enough, he sissy slapped me on both of my cheeks so fast I never saw it coming. To save myself any more pain, I slurped it right into my mouth.

I had no idea what I was doing, but he knew; he grabbed my head and forced me up and down on his meat. "Suck, girly boy! Do a good job and maybe I won't tell anyone. Hey! Watch the teeth, pansy. If I feel your faggot teeth touch my cock, I'll knock every tooth out of your mouth and then make you suck me off right."

I had never thought about sucking a guy's dick. When I played with the girls sometimes they would joke about blowjobs and wonder what it was like for the boy and what it would be like for them to do it. I'd listen and blush but never comment. Now, I knew all about it. I came back to reality as Brad finished off by pulling out and spraying the last couple of jets of his sperm onto my face. Then he said, "Pretty good, you sneaky little panty thief. Oh, yeah, I've thought about it. I'm going to tell everyone anyway." I screamed and pleaded, but my crying and yelling only brought Cindy and her mother downstairs to see what was going on. They saw me and were shocked. They didn't even let me dress; they just used my ears like handles and frog marched me down the block to my house in just Cindy's super soft panties. When my mother saw me, she was enraged. She prided herself in being the most prim and proper lady in the area and even though it was certainly no shock for her to see me wearing girls' panties, the shame of me

stealing from a neighbor and the humiliation she felt made her go into an act. She pretended like she had no idea I would do something so disgraceful and wasted no time in grabbing her ruler and beating on my pantied butt in front of Cindy and her mother. It was the first spanking of my life and it was extremely painful. She made me admit what I had done. Thank goodness my free flowing tears had washed Brad's cum off my face but the taste of him I couldn't get out of my mouth. I was a panty wearing cocksucking faggot now.

Mother kept beating me until I confessed my sins and ended up showing them my panty stash. Mom pretended like she had no idea I had been stealing panties from my little girlfriends. She apologized to Cindy and her mom, "I'm so sorry. This is so shameful. I need to think of a way to severely punish him. Trevor, how could you do this to me?" Cindy spoke up, "Why don't you make him give all those panties back to girls he stole them from." My mother thought that was an excellent idea, and over that weekend, she took me house to house to return the pilfered panties. Some of the girls and parents laughed, some screamed at me, some called me faggy sissy names. Most of the girls didn't want their panties back; they told me to keep them. However, one girl did take them back; she wanted souvenirs to show her friends. A pair of her panties eventually ended up on the school bulletin board! My life effectively ended that day. I now had no friends male or female and everyone bullied me. My mother made him wear panties 24/7 and insisted I tuck my shirttails into my panties so they would stick out above the top of my trousers so everyone could see and remind them of my sissified status! After two agonizing days back in school, my mother let me stay home. She put our house up for sale and a month later we moved to a much nicer neighborhood. Once we relocated, mother changed; she let me be the sissy I am, and apologized (somewhat) for how she had been treating me but she explained that for as long as we lived in our old house, she had to keep up her image and let people know that she was punishing me for my "evil ways;" otherwise, she would have been ostracized in that horrid neighborhood loaded with low class know nothings, lovers of religion and guns that conservative Republican politicians lead around like bulls with a ring in their nose. That was where we came from. My life changed in a thousand different and better ways once we moved. Mother let me embrace my sissiness and I haven't looked back since. ♦

HEALTH

LIFESTYLE

HEADLINES

Special Issue: The Panty Thief



TORNADOFAMILYVALUES.COM



Lingerie museum looted before grand opening! Suspected inside job in theft of retro lingerie

Lost Hills, CO: A day before the grand opening of the new Museum of Lingerie, it was robbed of over 200 pairs of rare old-fashioned panties. Since the museum had not yet officially opened, some suspect it was an inside job. But Paddy Bottoms, the museum owner, disagrees. She's an addiction counselor and knowledgeable in sex perversions. She stated, "All the museum employees are female; the thief is surely a hardened male with a panty fetish since all the panties stolen are pink, frilly and of a similar size. It wasn't an inside job, but a hand job!"

Panty raid record holder has a problem!

A nerdy college guy with a record number of panties from a weekend panty raid got told by his mother to get all those smelly panties out of her house. Any ideas where he can put them?



Slippery Slope, IA: Guy with extreme panty fetish trained his cat to steal used panties for him, but the cat developed a potent fetish for the feminine aromas on smelly dirty panties and wouldn't let his owner get near his panty stash!



Panty thief caught on security video at a laundromat claims he was just seeing if the sock he lost was still in the dryer the lady was using. When asked why he then took her panties, he said he wanted to give them to his girlfriend and he was too shy to buy them. Then it was found he has never had a girlfriend.

Survey: Why do guys steal panties?
To feel close to a female - 4% Have an uncontrollable urge - 6%
Too shy to buy panties - 21% Get a thrill from stealing them - 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Females think guys who steal their panties are creeps but are secretly delighted that some guy considers them sexy
After a dog taught to steal panties, he began knocking over women and ripping the panties right off of them!
Is it radical environmentalists who want us to stop using electric clothes dryers? Or panty thieves who miss outdoor clotheslines?
NRA member caught stealing panties says he just needed something soft to polish his gun.
Wanting to up sales, panty wholesaler caught on Facebook secretly urging guys to steal panties.



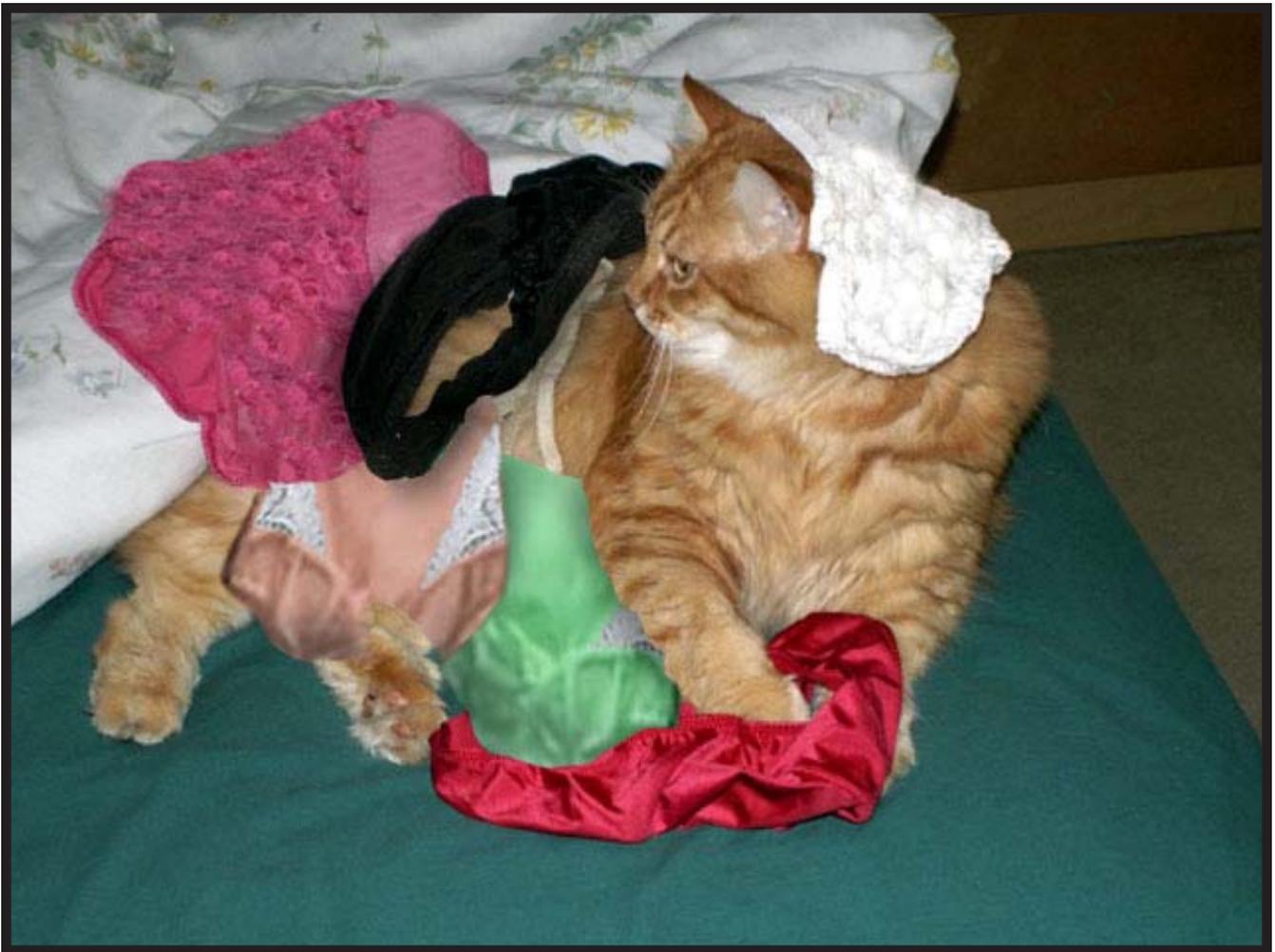
*Photos from the
Pantywaist
Weekly.*

Posted by tornadofamilyvalues on November 28, 2012
<http://tornadofamilyvalues.com/2012/11/28/panty-raider/>



PANTY RAIDER!

Chris Tornado: Thanks to Tammy's big mouth, Mammy finally discovered the spoils of this weekend's panty raid. She threw a shit fit and is making me take down the tent and get rid of the undies immediately. I had plans to start a panty trade online! (Skidmarks double the value!) Does anyone have a place I can store them temporarily? ♦



*Photo above from the
Pantywaist Weekly.*



Ever wonder why a lot of Panty Fetishists have cats for pets? Because cats love the female body odors on used panties and are easily addicted to the smell and easy to train to steal panties for their panty loving owners!



Do you recognize this panty thief caught on video at the laundromat? Is it you?

Picture from The Pantywaist Weekly

Worse than a Panty Thief!

The nicest pair of panties I had ever stolen, I kept as a souvenir hanging from the rearview mirror of my vintage Mustang convertible. One day I had the top down with it parked in my driveway, and I was surprised when I came out and found the above note in place of those prized panties! And people think we panty thieves are weird! ♦

Found Stealing from Grandpa's Old Treasure Chest

Danny always wondered what his grandpa kept in the ornate locked box on the top of his dresser. The boy thought it looked like an old treasure chest so he was anxious to know what was inside. And one day when he found it unlocked he reached in to find the biggest pair of lady's panties he had ever seen! Just then his grandma come walking into the bedroom and told him he was in big trouble for stealing her good panties, he complained that he hadn't stolen them, but she told him she was going to buy him panties of his own since he seemed to like them so much. ♦





Peter's Undoing: College Panty Raid

Growing up in a house with a sexy mother and three gorgeous sisters, I developed a fascination with feminine things at an early age that manifested itself in clandestine trips into their bedrooms to touch, smell and luxuriate in their soft, frilly garments. I became obsessed with their used panties with their intensity of feminine body odors and liberally sprayed-on perfumes. While living at home, I had an abundant supply and frequent opportunities to indulge in my very unmanly hobby.

But upon going off to Penn State University, my ready supply of fragrant panties was suddenly cut off. My father pushed me to join his old fraternity, Phi Kappa Tau. As a pledge, I was delighted to learn that all the pledges were required to steal used panties from the freshman girls' dorm. That was a real surprise from this Catholic fraternity; however, the planned panty raid led to my downfall.

Over the years, my love of lingerie went from a casual interest to an all-encompassing fetish. Then, in high school, I crossed the final frontier: I put on a pair of those luscious panties -- something I had thought about doing for more than a year before but swore I would

never do. After all, I was a macho guy and real guys don't do such faggy things. I had never succumbed to the temptation, but on one unforgettable night, just after my parents came home after celebrating their anniversary with a long evening out dining and dancing, it happened. I knew well my mom's routine on such nights: she'd undress and toss her things into the bathroom clothes hamper before taking a shower and then changing into fresh panties and a nightgown before hurrying off to bed with my father.

With my heart racing, I lay awake waiting for that moment when everything went quiet in the house and I knew everyone was asleep before sneaking into the bathroom to raid the dirty clothes hamper, and there I found a brand new pair of my mother's panties, freshly soiled with her night of happiness and anticipation. My mom liked to buy herself new lingerie for any and every special occasion, so I had rightly guessed that I would find something new and wonderful.

These beautiful panties were just too much for me to hold back; I trembled just touching them even though I had handled beautiful panties hundreds of time before. Never before had I given in to the temptation to try them on. And I don't know what was so different on this

night, but I did it. I hurried to step into them and pull them up my long, skinny teen boy legs. I did it like a crazed veteran sissy pervert, like a panty-wearing wanker who had been doing it his entire life -- it was my first time actually wearing a pair of panties, but in the deepest part of my brain, I knew I had thought about wearing panties before, thought about it maybe a thousand times before. Usually in my panty love sessions, I'd just rub pairs of silky panties over my body and penis and hold an especially dirty pair of panties to my nose and mouth to savor the female secretions left behind by my loving mother or one of my exciting sisters. I prized those little bits of female essences and thought of them as their little presents just for me!

But, now, on this night, instantly, I was transformed, no longer simply a panty sniffer and a panty wanker; now, I was a panty wearer like some pansy or fag boy the kids at school joked about. Whose fault was it? I couldn't admit guilt. It was those damn panties. They were too soft and silky, too pretty and fancy, too exciting and feminine. Yes! The panties made me wear them! And then they gave me a thrill a million times better than anything I had ever felt before!

But just moments after exploding into those slinky panties with the biggest load of cum imaginable -- and for just a very few moments -- I hated those panties. I hated myself for giving into them. How could I do such a thing? I hurried to strip off those wicked panties; I so hated them that I wanted to stomp on them, tear them up, burn them ... but just seconds later my misplaced rage vanished with my body still quaking in the afterglow of the best ejaculation I had ever had. I forgave the panties, the beautiful panties; I knew I had to own this; I did it! I had wanted to do it, probably had wanted to do it for a very long time!

Why was it so damn good! The first thing I did was stop blaming the panties; nobody or nothing forced me to do it. I hated to admit it, but I alone had willingly put them on and wholeheartedly loved the intense pleasure they had given me. The mind-blowing experience was too much for my young mind; tears pooled in my eyes! Holy shit! I was about to cry like a silly little schoolgirl.

Looking down at those panties I was now holding in front of me; they were dripping with my slime -- such pretty panties. NO, I couldn't destroy them. They were

brand new. My mother surely bought them just for this anniversary night out. Yes, she had dozens of pairs of beautiful panties, but I knew I couldn't throw them out or destroy them. She would definitely miss them. And now that my heart had turned back to being my true self, I could never destroy any pair of panties, much less a stunningly fabulous pair of panties that had seduced me into full sissyhood.

I did question my own sanity. Why had I done such a perverted faggy thing? I'm a boy -- all boy -- actually, a young man. At school the guys all showered together; we'd never admit it, but we all looked at each other in the buff. We were very aware of each other's male equipment. I'm not bragging, but by far, I had the biggest cock of all the boys -- a good eight inches -- for a teen boy that's quite remarkable. The boys would only obliquely comment about such things. Timmy Baskin was definitely the smallest. His nickname was "Tiny Tim" -- no one had to explain why we called him that. Occasionally, one of the boys would make a reference to me, calling me "Big Peter" or "Big Boy."

And since I had the biggest dick in my class, how could I be a sissy? Surely if anyone would be a be a sissy, it would be Tiny Tim, who suffered from jokes like, "Hey, Tiny, put your panties on and cover that thing up." No! Tim didn't wear girls' panties; he wore boxers like all the rest of us guys.

But now I was just standing there feeling so weird after unloading my big cock into my mother's fancy anniversary panties! And they were super great panties -- no doubt about it -- I could almost forgive myself for falling victim to them. They had taken me to a sexual high of heavenly proportions. What had made me do such a macho-killing thing? I didn't know anything about psychology, but I did know all about panties -- at least I thought I did until this powerful sissy-style orgasm fucked with my mind. These panties were something very special: Lilly white satin panties with a wide ruffle of ticklish pink lace around the legs and up and down the sides. Staring at them still warm from my body with my smelly cum now cold to the touch, I wallowed in the moment: I was enslaved by the panties -- they shouldn't make panties so exciting to teenage boys -- but thank God they did! At first sight of those panties, I didn't hesitate to think about it; I was in such a mad rush to step into them and yank them up my legs

that I had almost fallen over. Up they went and in my urgency to feel their silkiness engulf my whole body I tugged them up as high as they would go. They were big on me; they were my mom's, made for her womanly hips. But I kept pulling them up all around because it felt so good to jam pack my body into them. I alternated between rubbing my hands on the sides and all over the silkiness covering my ass. Wow! The lace itched and tickled -- the lace on brand new panties is so wonderfully itchy and ticklish.

My penis would not be denied. I seized it with both hands, stroking the pulsating length from the base of my nylon covered balls to the super sensitized tip. I pulled on my pantied cock so hard I thought I might rip it right off my body, but I didn't care. A penis in panties; my penis in panties, my penis in my mommy's panties, WOW, mommy's panties, I love you. I jerked and rubbed myself sliding one hand around to tickle my silky ass and then dipping down between my legs to massage the panty nylon into my tightening balls while my other hand kept tugging on my dick like a maniac. I erupted like the cork flying across the room from a bottle of Champagne followed by my spurting cum that just kept spewing my love into those elegant panties.

Since I had the biggest cock in class, I should be the manliest, right? And a boy like Timmy should be the sissy who jacks off into panties!

I was now exhausted; my mind torn up. It was all too much to comprehend. I had just wanked myself silly like a crazed pervert and erupted with all of my love for panties into the slinky, stretchy nylon. I now knew I wasn't a normal boy!

Yes, I had masturbated into panties many times before, but without wearing them! I did it daily or even two or three times in any given day. But at all those times, I used the panties to rub over my body, used them to inhale their sweet female aroma and then finally use them to stoke my big fat dick -- but until today, I had never worn them. Why did I do it now? I had no answer for that. In fact, it hurt my head searching for an answer. I just wanted to go to bed and see if I'd wake up in the morning and feel like the boy I used to feel like before this night. I did wash out the panties; I am a past master at doing panty clean up since I always used panties to catch my sticky boy juice. So, I washed them and hung

them in the back of my closet to dry. In the morning, I'd slip them into the dirty laundry and get away with my secret panty fetish one more time.

I'll tell you what's a miracle: I had been panty wanking for over five years at this point and I had never been caught! I was clever and a real manipulator, skills I had to develop after several close calls. I can't count the number of times I almost got caught. I was so lucky. It gave me a sense of power; I was fearless, secure in the knowledge I could always wiggle out of any incriminating situation.

After graduating high school, I went off to college and I had secreted four pairs of silky pairs of panties to take with me, one from each of the lovely females in my family. But soon those four pairs of panties became so tattered and stained from my daily panty play that they were losing their appeal. I desperately wanted a new supply of panties.

But then Lucky Peter (as I liked to call myself) really got lucky. I was pledging to my dad's old fraternity and the task assigned to the pledge class was to steal 15 pairs of used panties from the freshmen girls' dorm. I welcomed it as a great opportunity to replenish my supply. On the target day, I was the most enthusiastic in our pledge group to do the deed, and as dusk approached, we hid in the hedges waiting for an opportunity to sneak into the girls' dorm. From our position, I could see several rows of clotheslines loaded with fresh laundry, the perfect cover for us to sneak in close to a side door to the building. The other boys were hesitant, but I ran ahead as quickly as I could and then walked through the rows of laundry that led right up to a side entrance.

After passing by two rows of towels and sheets, I spotted lingerie and a long line of panties teasingly fluttering about with every little breeze. I had to stop and touch and admire them, but I reminded myself of the mission: the stolen panties had to be "used." I promised himself, I'd try to come back this way and grab a few of these spectacular panties for my own personal stash.

I waited and waited; finally, two girls came running out of the side door, and I was able to avoid being seen by them yet quick enough to get to the door before it

completely closed, ease it open, duck inside and look around. I couldn't believe my luck: The side door entered directly into the laundry room and right there on a table ready to be washed was the mother-lode, a laundry basket full of lingerie! It was so simple. All I had to do was snatch all the panties out of the basket and make a mad dash back out the door.

But unknown to me at the time, I hadn't heard my buddies call after me when I ran toward the dorm. They had yelled to warn me that we had been spotted. The last thing I could remember was feeling a sharp pain at the base of my skull before passing out.

When I woke up, I strained my eyes to adjust to the darkness. I barely make out shadowy shapes all around me and then became quite alarmed to discover I was bound spread-eagle on a bed in a room I didn't recognize. As I regained my senses, I heard the loud, unsettling din of a bunch of giggling girls. My stomach felt queasy and then knotted up in terror as I realized I was in a horrible predicament.

"Welcome to the freshman girls' dorm, Peter," a voice called out. My mind raced as I wondered how they knew my name. Suddenly the lights came on and I saw I was surrounded by at least a dozen laughing, cooing and screeching girls. A girl identified herself as Sandra, the RA for the girls' floor. She seemed to be in charge and was obviously enjoying my embarrassing situation. In her left hand she held my wallet. "As you can see, Peter, you're in no position to argue with us. How do you like your outfit?"

I had somewhat adjusted to the bright light and looked down to see I had on a colorful T-shirt of some sort, actually a girls' crop top with writing on it. I tried to make out what it said but couldn't quite read it looking down at the letters upside down. "Peter, I guess you're trying to read it. Well, I'll tell you. It says, 'PANTIES' in bold, bright pink letters. We had several of these made up just in case you stupid pledges tried a panty raid. It really looks cute on you. Perfect for a panty loving boy like you, don't you think?"

I didn't answer. I barely even heard her because I was in awe as my eyes were staring downward past the T-shirt. I could see -- I took a big gulp -- I could see they had put a pair of white satin panties on me with some

pink trim. "OH, please, not panties! Please, take them off!" I begged. "I'm a boy. I can't wear ..."

Sandra put her face up to mine, smiled broadly and said, "Of course, you can, Peter. You can wear panties; all sissy panty boys love wearing panties. Don't they feel nice and silky?" she asked as she rubbed her hands over the sides of the soft, slinky panties. Her face was close enough to mine for her to kiss me if she had so wanted. "Silky panties feel so good," she purred as she continued to rub her hands up, down and all around the panties and with each stroke getting closer and closer to my penis. What upset me even more was my penis because it was flat against my stomach and firming up inside those shameful panties. No girl had ever seen my erection. It was humbling, and my dick wouldn't go down. I twisted and jerked to her touch. Yes, I loved wearing panties -- in secret -- not with anyone looking at me -- not with girls laughing at me -- it was a scene right out of one of my most frightening nightmares.

She thrust her fingertips under each side of the panty's waistband and slid them around as she tugged upward on the snug elastic from front to back and back again to the front as she hoisted the panties up high all around me, ending by pulling the snappy elastic way out from my body and then letting it snap back with a loud crack against my queasy tummy. "Ummmph!" I groaned. She did it again. "Ouch! That hurts," I complained, but instead of stopping, she went to the leg elastics and snapped them against my virgin hips, repeatedly she plucked at the elastics and pinged them against my tender inner thighs. "Ow! Ow! Ow! Please, ... ow! Please, stop." When she finally did stop, she put her hands on my nylon panty covered cock and balls and tormented me with her cold fingers lightly running up and down and all around as I squirmed and gasped for air, tears leaking out of my eyes.

"Peter, when we stripped you naked and saw your penis ... well, we were expecting a little baby dick -- most panty boys have baby dicks, but boy oh boy, you have a big one." As she talked, she continued to lightly play with my cock, balls and butt through the panties. But now it wasn't just her hands but more hands. The stinging snaps of my panty elastics began again. The never ending touching of every part of my pantied loins let me know that hers weren't the only hands ravishing me. The other girls had all gathered close and they were



ving to get their feels of me, obviously eager to play with a sissy boy with a big cock in frilly girly panties - later this night, these girls would be filling the pages of their diaries and writing their friends back home describing the incredible details of humbling a sorry little panty raider -- me! To each other and everyone else they'd talk to in the days and months to come, they'd find it impossible not to speak about humbling a naughty little panty thief.

All the handing, did excite me. I struggled not to cum; that would be even more embarrassing, but the delicate little girl fingers were abusing me in panties, shaming my maleness -- I was sure I wouldn't have any masculinity left after this night -- how could I ever be a real boy again if I ever had been a real boy? And now a shamed, humbled, poor excuse of a male, maybe no longer a male at all, but exposed as a pantywaist, a sissy; sissies aren't males -- they're a disgrace to masculinity.

I didn't want to do it, but I had to let go; I caved in and blasted my cum to the screeching cheers of the girls; it was surely a first for most of these little girls -- I knew I had just been placed in the top ten of their all-time best nights to remember -- not just for a week or two but for the rest of their entire lives! I pumped out my jism to their cheers, catcalls, chants and high pitched giggles.

Horrified screams and yucky exclamations followed as my gooey slime coated their tiny fingers. Unsure what to do with the disgusting boy juice on their hands, Sandra directed them to wipe their hands on my burning hot blushing face and shove their wet fingers into my mouth to make me suck them clean. Forced to endure this further humiliation, I was now crying out loud.

"Oh, look at Peter, our poor, sissy panty boy. Such a pantywaist! He's all upset. Aw-w-w-w, it'll be OK. All of us will make you feel better. We'll let you go if you just tell us the names of all your friends who were part of your panty raiding band but chickened out." I said nothing, realizing that if I ratted on my pledge brothers, not only would I not get into the frat, I'd be universally hated by all of them. I shrugged my shoulders defiantly. "Hmmm" Sandra smirked "I figured you would be obstinate." Then, without saying a word, she nodded to the other girls who again gathered around and many of them took out cameras, aimed them at me and were

ready to take pictures. I shouted, "No! Please, no pictures. OK I'll tell you! I'll tell you!"

"I thought you'd see it's best to cooperate. So now tell us, and you, Denise, you write down the names."

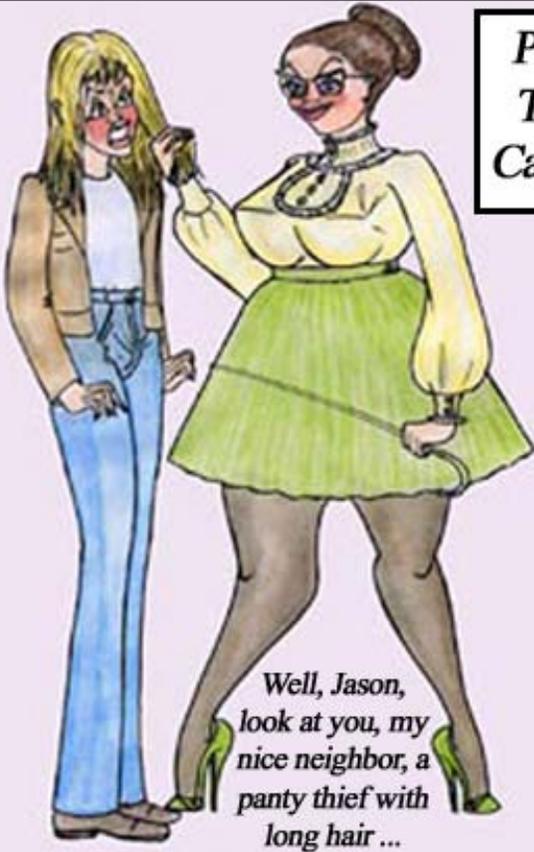
Guiltily I confessed the names. I knew Bob and Frank would never forgive me, and without a doubt, the others would make life difficult for me as long as I was on this campus, but what else could I do? Relieved that this horror-filled night would soon be over, I asked if now I could be let go, but as several of the girls began snickering, Sandra nodded to the girls and again they took out their cameras. I protested, "NOOOOO! I thought we had a deal!"

"You thought wrong," Sandra interrupted. "Chelsea, you can come in close, now." A girl came forward from the back of the room carrying a camcorder with the tiny red "on" light glowing! My heart sank knowing it had all been videotaped. Sandra just laughed said, "OK girls, go ahead and take your pictures." As the flashes of light went off, one after the other, over and over again, I cried openly and with abandon as I was being immortalized in silly, silky, sissy slime-soaked nylon panties and captured on film with glistening bits of my cum evident on my face! Those pictures would surely be posted on the Internet and placed in prized positions in these girls' college scrapbooks to provide them and their friends with years of girl power entertainment.

They did let me go, however, they forced me keep on the panties; they told me they belonged to me now, so my panty raid wasn't a total loss.

After my capture, the girls had cut all my clothes off of me so I had nothing to wear but the panties and the crop top with the word PANTIES spelled out across the front. They did offer me a big bouffant dancewear petticoat to wear back to my dorm. I accepted only because the cancan petticoat would at least be better than being seen in cum-saturated panties. I ran out the door to their laughter that wouldn't stop ringing in my ears. I was dead meat. All I could do was call my parents and ask them if I could immediately come home and transfer to a new college. But to my shocked surprise, my parents said 'no' since they had prepaid my entire first year in advance, couldn't get a refund and couldn't afford for me to go somewhere else. ♦

Panty Thief Caught!



Well, Jason, look at you, my nice neighbor, a panty thief with long hair ...



... well, I think you want to be a girl ... I can help with that!

Oh. no! Ms. Wills, I don't want ... please, don't turn me into a girl!



Petticoat punishment and a good caning over the panties you stole from me ... that convinced you, didn't it?



Oh, yes, Ms. Wills. I really, really want to be your frilly sissy little girl.



Vicky's Not So Secret

Just try walking into Victoria's Secret and stealing some panties in response to this promotion: It would be an honest mistake, wouldn't it? After all, you never pay for panties you take in a panty raid, right? ♦

Thank you

Note left on the bulletin board in my condo building.

Upon returning to the laundry room, I discovered that 10 pairs of underwear disappeared from the 2 dryers containing my newly clean and freshly tumbled clothes. As there were no witnesses to explain what happened, I can only assume that one of two events took place.

(1) Disgruntled and mistreated, my underwear decided it was time to run away from home. If this was the case, I'm sorry. I didn't realize that you were so upset. I miss you and the way you always kept me warm and safe. You made me feel comfortable in your soft, panty embrace. I tried to be fair, changing my underwear everyday so that each of you could feel wanted. Perhaps it wasn't enough. I have asked the two panties that remained behind why you all left, but neither of them is saying a word. I'm willing to go to counseling and try to work this out. I left your drawer just the way you like it. Please come home.

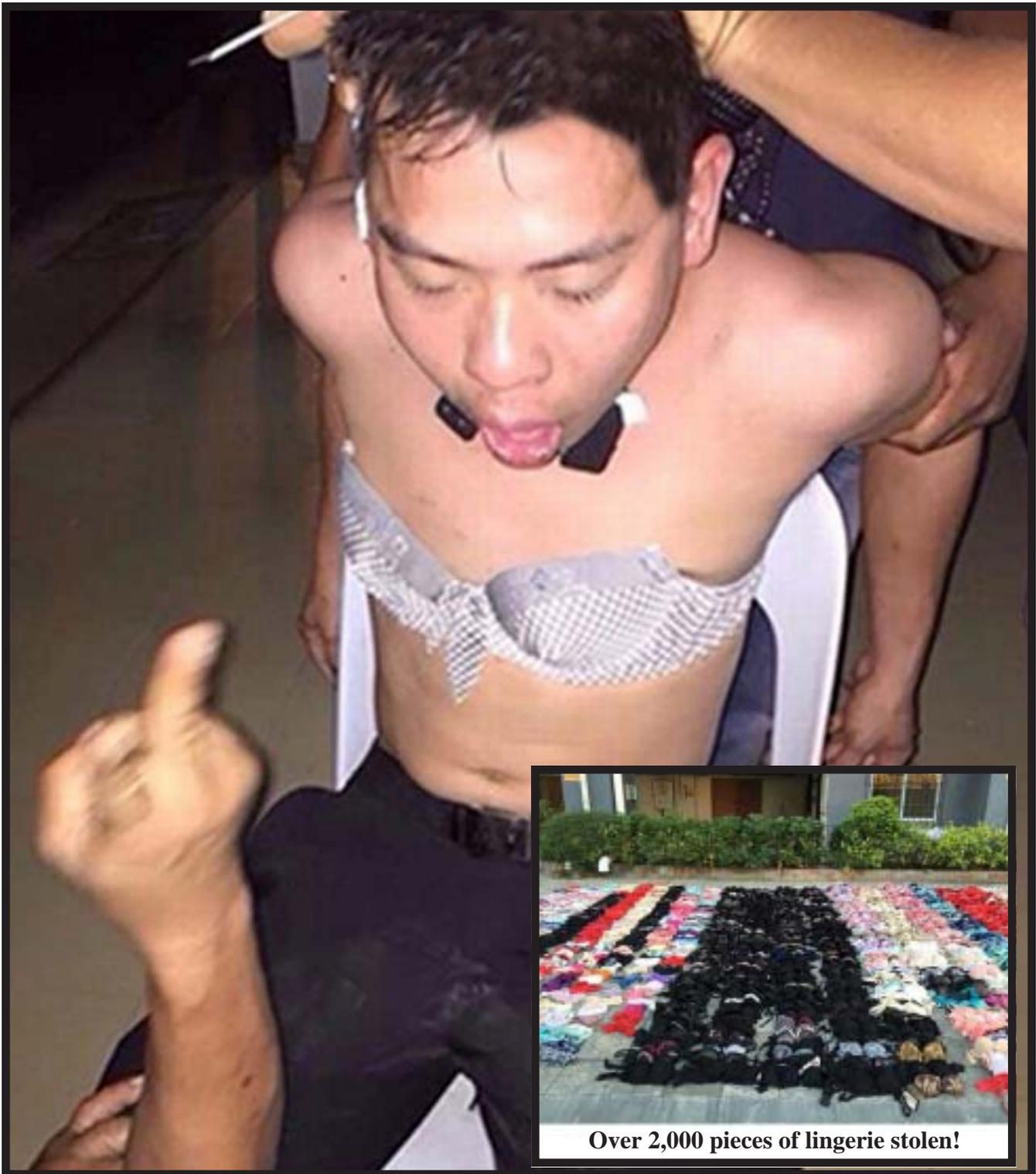
(2) Someone with a severe panty fetish casually walked into the empty room and couldn't resist stealing my clean, warm, dry and unattended underwear. If this was indeed what happened, I know what you're doing with them and I don't want them back. Keep them and enjoy them. They are my Christmas gift to you. Just don't feel bad, your thievery has afforded me the opportunity to buy new and prettier panties much like the ones you didn't get to steal because I never put those in the dryer. I thank you and my future gentleman callers thank you.



Women in Chinese Lingerie Store Shame Panty Thief

Beijing: Until he was caught, this lingerie thief worked as the security guard in a large, upscale lingerie store. He was a dedicated employee, very knowledgeable about bras and panties and had no compunction about handling the delicate items of women's lingerie. His female employer was impressed with his desire to learn all about the business so he could "better protect against theft."



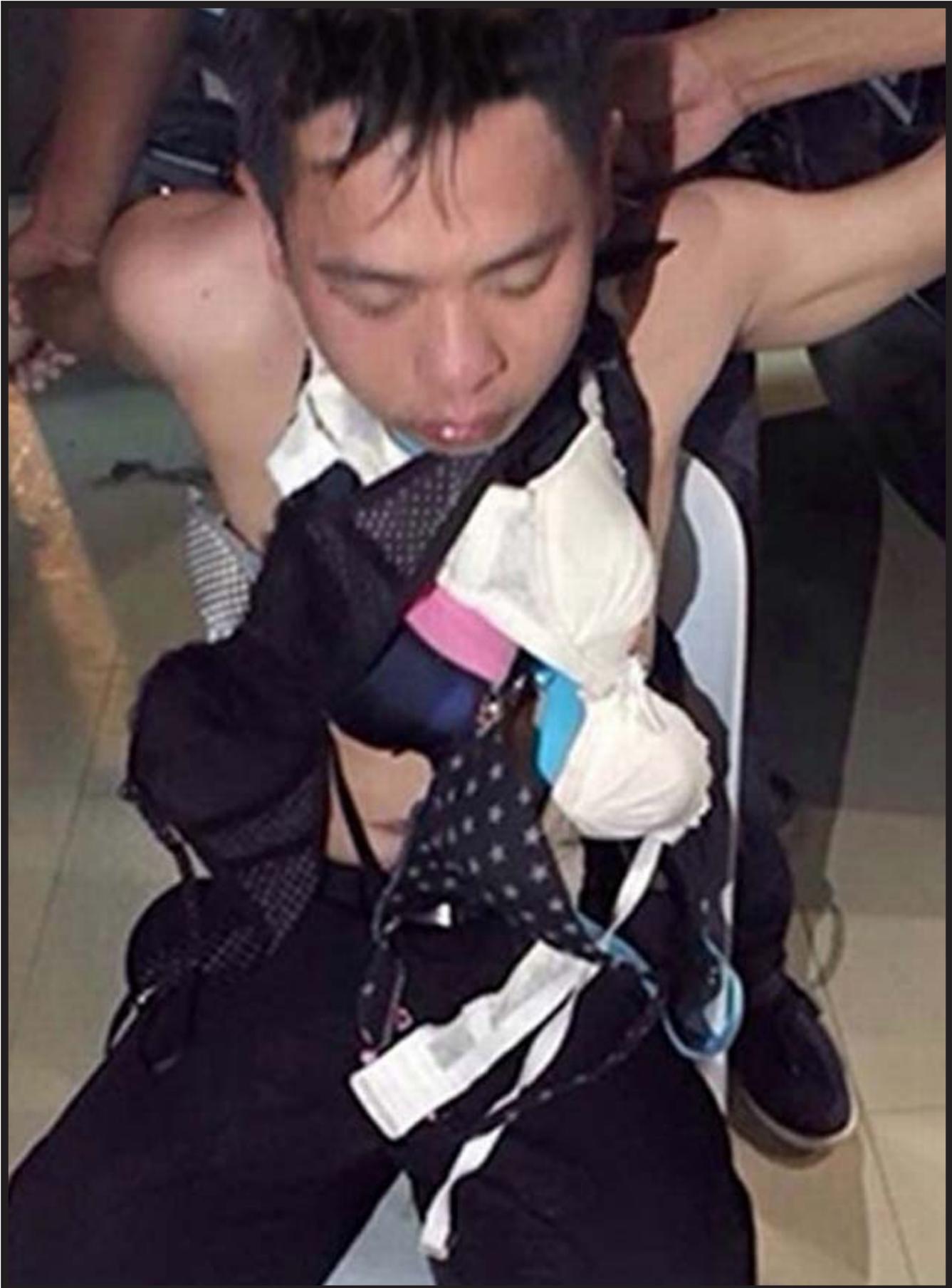


Over 2,000 pieces of lingerie stolen!

Since he had access to all parts of the store, he'd steal items, bundle them up and then throw them out the window of the men's room to a dumpster outside, and later retrieve them from the dumpster after he left work. However, he also stole a lot of the lingerie at the apartment building where he lived. His secret only exposed after an emergency exit ceiling where he had

been storing his hoard collapsed, state media reported. The man, surnamed Tang and in his 30s, admitted to having mental problems since he was young and that he had always been obsessed with women's lingerie.

Police in the city of Yulin said they found more than 2,000 bras and pairs of panties in the roof where he had





stuffed his collection. Women in the building where Tang lived had complained that their lingerie would mysteriously vanish. Tang used a master key to the apartments to sneak in and steal when residents were not there.

He was exposed one day when the amount of stolen lingerie he had stowed away was so heavy it broke through the ceiling tiles and fell through. Residents easily figured out who was responsible since Tang was the only one with access to that area. The owner of the lingerie store identified much of the lingerie coming

from her store. She and the outraged women from the apartment complex punished him by beating a confession out of him and then dressing him in his stolen lingerie and making him stand in the middle of the sales floor of the store for all to see.

With him standing there in bra and panties and a big pair of panties over his head, he was a great attraction. Word quickly got out and women and girls flocked to the store to see the humbled panty thief and jeer at him, slap and hit him, spank his pantied butt, snap his panty elastics and pinch his penis through his panties. ♦