

# Princess Productions Sampler #1



Adults Only

Princess Sampler is a glimpse into some of our publications to give you a peek of the kinds of things in each of these issues and if you like what you see and read, then go to our order form and order any or all of these select publications. There's something for everyone!

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

# Princess Productions Sampler #1

A sample from our publication ...

## Inside Girls' Panties #12

*A Real Bitch Trains Her Family*

Welcome to my show Helga's World; I'm Helga Nixon. I have made quite a few female friends over the years who are into dominating guys as much as I am.

One of them is Veronica from Newcastle who, I predict at some point in the future, will become better known than that brewer's Brown Ale. She is a married brunette in her thirties with a sensational figure and slender legs who looks terrific in the high heels that she wears to walk all over her cuckolded husband and teen son. It's a shame she isn't lesbian, as I'd love to get into her panties; nonetheless we do get on famously.

Panty boy Robert with that cute little erection in his panties is her second husband. She learned how disgusting men can be with her first husband and that got her to change her views regarding males. With two children from her first husband, she wanted a man with a good job and one she could control. Eventually, she found Robert.



I relish going over for dinner. Robert is always impeccably dressed in a lovely blouse with a cute skirt, and underneath, it rustles with a mass of frilled petticoats. What a sight! He is so embarrassed when he answers the door. Of course, I always inspect him, and he has to stand before his wife, daughter and son as I sort through his petticoats and then his panties to make sure he is suitably

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hard but without any unauthorized leaks in his lacy panties. His family calls him 'Roberta' while he's in skirts. He's been so treated for almost two years already but he still blushes beet red as I go about toying with him. Whenever I visit, just to tease him, I always wear my sexiest, most revealing dresses to turn him on as I sit provocatively, giving him peeks up my skirt. If he's caught staring at my legs, he gets demerits and will be thoroughly spanked after dinner. I know he keeps gazing at me over dinner when he thinks his wife or I'm not looking (he doesn't dare meet my eyes). It must be torture for him to know he might attract a woman if he were dressed as a man; instead, he's a petticoated, a toy for females.

Veronica's first husband ill-treated her and walked out on her years ago, leaving her with a small daughter and baby son. The experience changed her attitude toward males. From then on, for her, females come first, especially in her home. In the divorce, she held out for everything she could get and did quite well.

She teases Robert mercilessly, especially if she sees him staring at me. She loves to demonstrate her power over him in front of others and another female like me when she sits on his face in a special chair they have as we gossip, barely acknowledging he's even there – except for those delightful breaks when Veronica can't hold back and goes over the orgasm cliff, shutters, gasps and moans contentedly – then it's back to talking with me as her husband begins building her up again to another climax.

I tease him too and shriek excitingly when Veronica spansks him. I bring him presents of fully ruffled and beribboned panties and his wife makes him try them on in front of me. He's a man who knows how superior women are! And she's a woman who has proven her superiority! Ladies, Veronica is a prime example of a marriage of the future perhaps? Why not?

Her daughter Cynthia was brought up believing all females are superior to all males. She's a proper little madam, very slim and sexy. The boys all chase after her, yet she's already learned to dominate them and get most whatever she wants from them. She has learned from her mother, and from the way her brother Georgie has been raised. He's been petticoated since he came out of diapers – even the diapers he was kept in were always the princess-style diapers in pink. He went into those soon after her ex-husband left. He makes a cute girl – or he would if his mother ever let him grow his hair long. She has him well trained to eat her pussy, something her first husband never would do. Without complaint, the pink pantied boy also eats his sister's cunt daily – for as long and as often as she wants.

**To read the rest of this story,  
plus the other great stories in this issue, order  
*"Inside Girls' Panties #12"***

**A sample from our publication ...**

## **The Pantywaist Reader #4**

*A Panty Pervert  
Finds a Special Family*

Even though I graduated as an electrical engineer and held a string of good paying jobs, I finally admitted to myself I'm an uppity black asshole and can't tolerate working for someone else, so I dumped that career and opened a home cleaning business – a maid service – something that gives me many opportunities to get my nuts off as I exploit my workers and even my customers because as you'll find out as you read this, I'm a degenerate on many levels.

I hire illegal immigrants, mostly Mexicans and Poles and pay them as little as I can get away with -- and that isn't much. They are hard workers, don't complain and look the other way and keep their mouths shut to my shenanigans. I speak Spanish (my second major in college) and Polish (my dad was from Harlem but met and married my mom who was fresh from Poland just after WWII), and I like to hire those who speak very little or no English. I advertise for workers in their ethnic newspapers and have a never ending supply to choose from. When I interview them I pretend I don't know how to speak their language very well as I talk to them about cleaning houses. I hand them a stack of clothes and tell them to put on the panties and suck my cock. Those who are offended I settle down by pretending it was a mix-up in the language. But those who do (both males and females) strip down, put on the panties and suck my cock, I hire. Of course I secretly videotape the whole thing and use that video to get them to do anything and everything I want forever after. So I can understand why many people would call me a perverted asshole, maybe even a slave master – I can live with that!

But even more than having a steady supply of cheap, reliable good workers, I love to dominate entire white families and my house cleaning business opens up such opportunities. I size up prospects whenever I go to someone's home to make a proposal after they call and inquire about

our cleaning service, and if I think there's a chance I could have my way with a particular family, I offer them our services at an unbelievably low price, explaining to them I'm training workers, but assure them I will be on the job to make sure they do everything right. In actuality, I'm on the job to get a peek into this family's personal life and size them up for my perverse needs.

I thoroughly train my workers (after I show them the videotape of them wearing just panties and sucking my cock) to look for things as they clean – revealing photos, a wife's sexy lingerie, family financial problems, a husband's smut collection, and clues that a wife or husband may be unfaithful, kids that are sexually curious (what kid isn't!), etc.

Now that you know my MO, let me tell you about the slutty Alton family, one of the best setups I ever had. From the moment I gave them my pitch, I knew they would be ideal. Sally, the wife looked like she needed a good fuck and couldn't keep her eyes off my bulging crotch. Dan was a tax accountant, a meek, prissy nerd who jumped whenever I addressed him with my booming voice or ruckus laughter. I paid them regular visits with my weekly cleaning crew and got to know them pretty well, just as I was doing on the evening that was the turning point in our relationship. After they had dinner and my crew finished up and left, I asked if I could have a talk with them, to which they agreed.

The Alton family, Dan, his gorgeous thirty-one year old blonde wife, Sally, and kids were a dream come true for a single forty-six year old pervert like me. Those luscious kids, Brent, a fair haired guy with the cutest ass and biggest blue eyes I had ever seen, and Cindy, a doll of a gal, a stunning replica of her mother, with long pale blonde hair and flashing blue eyes. Her ass was just as cute as her older brother's, if not more so. I didn't know how the boy got the freckled face, bright red hair and dark brown eyes that he had, but I guessed Sally had been knocked up by someone other than her husband Dan because he has black hair and light blue eyes — he doesn't look like Dan in the least.

The four members of the Alton family are about as submissive and obedient as anyone could hope for, an ideal situation for me because, on occasion, I like to get a little rough with those I engage in sex, especially with cute guys and little sweetheart gals that was what I was going to do as soon as I finished the glass of Scotch Sally had brought me. I gulped down the last of my drink, then

stood up and started to take off my clothes. Sally asked what I was doing, and I told her to shut the fuck up as I handed all four of them photos of her sucking my cock from one of my previous visits. Dan told the kids not to look at the pictures and to go to their rooms, but I told the them to stay and told their wimpy daddy to shut up as I handed him and his wife Polaroid pics of their son sucking his daddy's cock that my competent cleaning crew had discovered.

He shut up. And just as I suspected, Sally wasn't surprised when she looked at the pics. Dan and Sally were seated on the sofa and watched intently as I continued to undress. Brent and Cindy were also watching, looking at me nervously from their seats where I had ordered them to sit before I began to undress.

**To read the rest of this long story, plus other great stories in this issue, order**  
*"The Pantywaist Reader #4"*

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**A sample from our publication ...**

## **Trained to Panties #1**

*Chapter 1: Changes to My Life*

“Mom, I don't think I'm going to like it here. This room is half the size of my old room. No place for all my stuff!”  
“Oh, Todd, it's not that small, but if you need more room, put all your old sporting equipment in the girls' bedroom. They have two huge walkin closets; I'm sure they won't mind.” I wanted to complain some more, but Mom held her hand up to quiet me. “Now, Todd, you're going to love it here; the backyard is three times the size of our old backyard and you and Bobby will have a lot of fun endlessly exploring the woods outback.”

My kid sister, Merry (like 'Merry Christmas' because she was born on Christmas), was OK for a girl but got on my nerves a lot. Mom said Merry loved me to death and idolized me, but I always thought of her as an intruder. I was king of the heap until she came along. Even though I was just a toddler when she was born, Mom said everything changed for me the day she brought her home from the hospital. I've been angry with her ever since.



"Here, put this picture someplace where his parents will find it and they'll think it's his and think he's a sissy."

But, now, with my mom recently remarrying, Merry had changed. I guess she finally grew tired of me spurning her over all these years, and now she latched onto Deena, our new stepsister. I didn't like Deena from the moment I first saw her, much too bossy for a girl. Merry now follows her around like she's glued to her. That was fine by me. I just wanted both of them to stay out of my way.

I guess Deena wasn't too happy about all of us living together either. She did have a very large bedroom but now had to share it with Merry. Deena is an only child who had always wanted a little sister, but I know she wishes Merry was a little closer to her in age. Deena made it obvious that I was an intruder in 'her' house and said I was like most boys and acted 'too big for my britches.'

### *Chapter 2: Incriminating Evidence*

Not only was Deena unhappy with me living there, later I found out she was upset with all my stuff jammed into her second closet. She complained about me to Lizzy and Mary Ellen, her two older girlfriends who lived in the next block. To keep me at bay, the girls told her and Merry to get me into trouble at every opportunity so I was always on the defensive. Merry giggled at the idea of getting me, her big brother, in trouble. Deena's two girlfriends assured

her that they would come up with a way to knock me off my perch and keep me down. Her friend Lizzy said, "Ya gotta get him under your thumb. Get something on him to hold over his head."

Lizzy said, "You said his mom put all his sports stuff in your closet because he doesn't use them very much. If he doesn't play sports much; maybe he's a sissy." Deena laughed at that, but then said, "Oh, he's no sissy; just a little jerk." Mary Ellen's eyes lit up. "Maybe that's the solution. If your parents think he's a sissy, it will shame him and make it easy for you to boss him around."

My stepsister then asked, "Gees, how do I do that?" Lizzy thought for a moment and then picked up a girls' teen magazine. She thumbed through it until she found an ad showing a girl in bra and panties. She pointing to the photo as she said, "Here, put this picture someplace where his parents will find it and they'll think it's his, and they'll start thinking he might be a sissy." She then tore that page out of the magazine and gave it to Deena. Mary Ellen added, "And flash him your panties a lot. You know boys like to look up our skirts. Well, wear dresses a lot and make it so he can see your panties a lot. Pretend like it's an accident or that you don't even notice, and try to make it so your parents catch him peeking at you."



That afternoon, Deena's dad picked her up from her friends' house, and when they got home, I was outside by the car, and as she got out, she had her legs spread wide open. I couldn't help it. I stared, but I didn't think she even realized she was showing me her panties.

Then the next day, I came home from playing and my mom said, "Todd, come here." "What, Mom?" "What's this doing in your underwear drawer?" Mom was holding up that advertisement of a girl in her bra and panties. "Son, I was putting away your clean underwear and I found this in your dresser." "It's not mine, Mom. I swear. I don't know where it came from. It probably belongs to my dumb sister or something. It ain't mine!"

"Todd, don't call your sister 'dumb.' I don't know why you want a picture like this. I know you're getting to that age when boys get interested in such things, but it's not healthy for you to be interested in girls underwear."

That night on my way to bed, I walked past the girls' room; their door was open and I saw them running around in just their training bras and panties. They screeched and I ran to my room.

Then I heard them trying to hold back their laughter as Mom called from the kitchen, "What's going on in there?" I wondered, 'What's all this shit about girls' underwear all of a sudden? Is this what it was going to be like living with my new stepsister?

*How far will these girls go to get Todd into trouble and terrorize him so they can completely control him and make a pliable panty-wearing sissy out of him?*

**To read the rest of this long story, plus other great stories in this issue, order**  
*"Trained to Panties #1"*



A sample from our publication ...

## **Princess Online #86** *Sissy of the Month*

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

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

Charlene ran into the house, got her sister, Theresa, and showed her what they had found. The two immediately

suspected Bobby, their older brother, might be the one who had stolen their things. They got him to come out of his room and down to the pool area, sat him in a patio chair and then dumped the box full of bras and panties on the snack table in front of him.

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

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

Confronted with all the evidence, Bobby admitted he had taken them. Of course, all the girls screamed! All of us

had heard about dirty old men who steal bras and panties and slime them with their cum, but Charlene's own brother being a pervert like that blew our minds!

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

**The above is just one of the fascinating stories in this booklet, to read the other great items in this issue, order**  
*"Princess Online #86"*

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**A sample from our publication ...**

## **Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #1** *A Pinafore for Willie*

In 1958 during summer vacation from my second year in college, I worked as the nanny for an eight-year-old boy, named Willard, the son of Jenny and Matthew Johnstone, successful farmers in Wellsboro County. During the summer, Mr. Johnstone, a quiet man, spent most of his time in the fields with his hired hands. Mrs. Johnstone was well educated and heavily involved in charity projects. She also made quite a bit of extra income writing children's stories. Even though she was a talented children's writer, she was not an especially good mother. She lacked patience and understanding. Since the boy was too young to work in the fields, they had hired me to watch over him while they were both working. Willard had just gotten out of school for the summer and was looking forward to playing outside everyday. The day I arrived at the farm, I first caught sight of Willard as his mother was scolding him for getting so dirty. The boy was made to take a bath before being allowed to come in to meet me.

My duties included overseeing Willie from the time he got up in the morning until he went to bed. I was to be his companion and playmate since there weren't any other children living nearby. Willard was at a clumsy stage of development. He was always dropping things, running into furniture, and making a mess wherever he went. Add to this his penchant for getting himself dirty the moment he walked outdoors, and it was almost understandable why his mother didn't know what to do with him. She hoped I'd be able to teach him how to keep himself clean as well as keep him away from her when she wanted to do her writing. Moreover, she wanted him to be a gentle, well-mannered boy who'd develop into a well-bred gentleman.

"It just won't do for me to have a dirty, ill-mannered, disgusting little boy constantly at my elbow," was her constant refrain. Even though she saw him as a social liability, little Willie was just a typical boy. I liked him from the start; he was shy and timid, especially around his strong-willed parents. I tried to explain to him the importance of keeping himself neat and clean. Willie tried his best. He liked me, and he wanted to please me as well as his stern mother, but luck wasn't on his side. Little Willie just kept getting dirty and messing things up.



One day while we were all seated at the table, Mrs. Johnstone noticed Willard had tracked dirt on her clean carpet and screamed at him. The poor kid jumped when she yelled and accidentally knocked a bowl of gravy over onto both his mother and himself. While Mrs. Johnstone berated him, she made him take his dirty shoes off on the spot. Then, she stripped him of his gravy-stained trousers and led him to the bathroom to clean him up. She knew spanking him didn't do much good so she just bawled him out and told me to take him up to bed.

Later that evening, she asked me about Willie. She wasn't seeing a lot of progress and wondered what else could be done. She admitted she wished she had a daughter instead of a son because little girls keep themselves nice and clean. Moreover, she added, girls are graceful and help around the house. I agreed with her that girls are a lot less trouble than boys and then jokingly suggested that if we dressed him like a little girl, maybe he'd improve.

The next morning, Mrs. Johnstone called me into her study and told me she thought my suggestion was an excellent idea. I asked, "What suggestion?" "The suggestion you made last night about dressing Willard like a little girl. I think a dose of girliness will do him some good." I told her I had been only joking, but she waved me off as she explained she had already spent most of the morning on the phone with Gilson's, her favorite department store, and she had ordered everything that would be needed. A delivery truck was scheduled to arrive that afternoon with her purchases. She explained she was going to keep him dressed as a girl until his behavior improved and he developed some manners.

I was dumbfounded that she had so quickly turned my joke of an idea into action. I asked her what she wanted me to do with Willie, but she didn't take the time to explain beyond saying, "I want you to teach him how to act like a perfect little lady!" She told me to have Willard take a bath after dinner and then have him report to her bedroom wearing nothing but his bathrobe.

When I asked her how Mr. Johnstone felt about her plan, she said at first he objected but then decided not to overrule her in the raising of their son. In fact, Mr. Johnstone would be on hand if needed to subdue Willie while he was introduced to his new clothes. That whole day my mind was in a whirl. Then immediately after dinner, I saw to it that Willie was well scrubbed and in his bathrobe before taking him to his parent's bedroom.

Laid out on their bed were stacks of girls' clothing. I bit my lip and let out a moan as Mrs. Johnstone sat on the bed next to all those clothes. Mr. Johnstone entered, closed the door and stood guard by it. Everyone was quiet for a long moment, and then Mrs. Johnstone broke the silence.

"Willie come on over here and look at all these nice new clothes." As he approached her, he obviously noticed all of the clothes on the bed were for girls because he screwed up his face with a confused expression. "Willie, sweetie, aren't these clothes pretty?" his mother asked. "Look at this nice white dress, this silky little slip and all these really sweet lacy panties. Come on, take a close look and tell me what you think. Here, touch these soft panties and see how nice they are. Don't you think they're pretty?" Willard was obviously very confused. He looked back and forth at his mother and me like he was trying to make sense of what was going on. He looked at his father standing by the door, but his father just looked away and kept puffing on his cigarette. Finally, in a little whisper of a voice, the boy asked, "Ma, what are all these things? Whose clothes are these?" Little Willard's face turned white when his mother looked him straight in the eye and said, "Why, all these clothes are yours, dear."

"But these are for girls, Ma. I don't want girls' stuff. Willard was visibly shaken. "Dad, this is a mistake. Isn't it?" he asked, but his dad seemed to be embarrassed too, and just shrugged his shoulders.

"Here, Willie step into your nice new panties," his mother said as she held out a fancy pair of pale green rayon panties with little nursery rhyme characters printed on the front of them. The cute panties also had a flounce of white lace above the leg openings. Willie backed away from her and stepped right into my arms. He turned and tried to run away, but his mother told me to hold him and told her husband to watch the door. She approached, bent down and held the green panties open for him, but he squirmed around and kicked out with his legs instead of cooperating. His father went into action. He gave Willie a hard slap across the face then told him to mind his mother.

Shamefaced and with tears in his eyes, Willie let her insert his one foot and then the other into the panties. He sniffled a bit as she pulled them up his thighs then opened his bathrobe and pulled them all the way up. She finished by snapping the tight elastic against his tummy. Within a few minutes, his mother had him stripped of his bathrobe and dressed in a beautiful full-length white satin slip with a rustling lacy hem. Over this went a lemon-yellow play

dress and a flowered linen pinafore. Yellow anklets and red patent leather shoes were put on his feet. His hair was short; still she put a yellow ribbon barrette in it.

Little Willie cried as his mother explained to him that since he was such an ill-mannered, clumsy, and unkempt little boy, he was being converted into a little girl until he learned how to keep himself clean and well-behaved. Then Mrs. Johnstone turned him over to me and told him that I was to teach him all he had to know about being a sweet little girl.

**The above is just one of the fascinating stories in this booklet, to read the other great items in this issue, order**

*“Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #1”*

**A sample from our publication ...**

## **The Demale Society Training Manual #31**

*Stories & Pics Added 10/19/05*

*Much to her wimpy slave boyfriend's horror and over his objections, Carol trains him and his younger brothers*

At 5' 11", I am pretty tall for a woman. I tower over most of the guys I know, especially when I wear my spike heels. A lot of girls who are tall like I am wish they were shorter because many guys won't date a girl taller than they are, but I love it! Height DOES make a difference in many female-male relationships, and I use my height to advantage over guys.

My current boyfriend – panty slave would be more like it – is just 5' 8", so I tower over him, and even more so in my heels, which I wear most of the time. When I'm out and around, a lot of guys stare at me, but I'm always ready with my quick tongue to make them feel even smaller than they are! To me, men and boys are playthings. But am I just a big, tall bitch? Or am I like most girls and like to submit to a guy and get fucked? Yes, I can be a bitch, and yes, I LOVE fucking, but when I do it, it's more like the guy submits to me than the other way around. And one more thing, I never get fucked by Curt,

my wimpy boyfriend. I keep him around to give me money, do my housework and, in general, be my playtoy.

I had fun last weekend. Generally on the weekends, Curt stays over and we play – or at least I play with him as he does my dishes, laundry, cleaning, etc. I even have him entertain my friends at times. But last weekend, he asked if he could come over and bring his two little brothers because their mom was going out of town for the weekend, and the boys were more than he could handle. He begged me not to pull any of my dominance stuff on them, but to just act like a “normal” girlfriend – whatever he meant by that! I told him I'd be as sweet as pumpkin pie and give them no clue of our current mistress-panty slave relationship – unless they got totally out of line. He said he'd have a good talk with them and make sure that didn't happen. But shit hit the fan the moment the two boys walked in.

“Wow, you are one GIANT woman!” the smart ass Justin said as Curt introduced him to me. Timmy, the older boy, was laughing too, and he mumbled something like, “What a big bitch!”

Curt immediately intervened. “Boys, remember what I told you. Be nice to Carol. She's letting us stay at her great place for the weekend. Remember, you promised!”

I can have a short fuse with insolent little boys, and I could feel my anger swelling up inside me. “Curt, I





thought you said they were well-behaved boys. Are they always so rude and foulmouthed?" Curt tried to smooth things over, but my motor was running. Both boys are small for their age, so I'm sure I did look like a giant of a girl to them, but like I said, I'm used to men and boys staring at me and making snide remarks; however, this one time, I decided to ignore what they had said.

But what I couldn't ignore was the way both boys were staring at me. Yes, my slinky miniskirt was short, and standing there they weren't much taller than my crotch. And both of the little pricks were purposely slouching down a bit, probably trying to get a peek under my skirt! I looked down and saw what was capturing their attention, a bit of the lace trim on my white satin half-slip was



sticking out well below the hem of my black miniskirt. "Oh, my god, these boys are perverts already," I thought to myself. I do enjoy having men and boys unable to take their eyes off me. So I liked their stares; I didn't try to adjust my half-slip. I just let them look. I was burning up with desire to tease Curt and make a fool of him in front of his kid brothers. It wasn't going to take much to get me to show them what a real woman was like!

"Well, I don't mind sharing my place with you, but there is a little bit of a problem." I explained to the boys, "Every weekend, your big brother generally does my laundry..."

"Curt does your laundry?" Justin said laughing. I passed over his disrespect in interrupting me. "Yes, he does, but last weekend you had that family reunion of yours or some dumb thing, and he couldn't come over here, so my laundry didn't get done, and now I'm all out of clean clothes except what I have on. And I wore these on a date last night. I only kept them on to meet you, but now that I've met you and you seem like nice (!) little boys, I don't think you'll mind if I take off these clothes and just keep my lingerie on until your brother has the laundry done. You wouldn't mind, would you, boys?" With their mouths wide open, both boys were a picture. Curt immediately said, he'd hurry and get the laundry done if I could just hold off just a little longer. First Timmy and then Justin said with gasping breath, "No! We don't mind!" Curt wanted to protest, but I put my hand up to let him know to shut up. "Well," I said, "I'll compromise. I'll leave on my half-slip in addition to my bra and panties. That way I'll still be decent, right?"

I was thinking, "Now, it's time to tease you, you little jerks," as I took off my blouse. I pretended to have a little trouble unbuttoning it down the back, so I asked the boys to help me and I swear it took them a full five minutes to undo my buttons with their trembling little hands.

Once it was completely unbuttoned, I slipped the blouse off. "Look at you, Timmy;" I said, "you're shaking. Are you OK?" He nodded 'yes.' I assumed he didn't have a voice to answer me.

Little Justin was a sorry sight too, especially when I reached for the side zipper on my miniskirt. Slowly, I unzipped it but not all the way, so I had to wiggle out of it. First one side and then the other; I struggled



to pull my tight skirt down over my big hips, covered with my white satin half-slip. Finally it slid all the way down and fell to the floor. Both boys gasped as they lowered their eyes to stare unblinking at my big nylon half-slip. It was a little transparent, and I know they were looking at the pink glow and the outline of the panties I had on underneath the slip. For the longest moment, I just stood there in the middle of the room, dressed in my 6" heels, nylon stockings, half-slip and big, old-fashioned pink brassiere with circle-stitched cone-shaped cups.

The bra is a throwback to the 1950s, and I'm sure the boys had never seen a bra like it. Perhaps they never had seen a woman in her bra, at least not one in person and only a couple of feet away from their sex-crazed little boy eyes. In my bones I could feel it: I was making them into lingerie fetishists at **THAT VERY MOMENT**. I could feel it in my pussy too. MY pussy was drooling, not just from the recent fuck I had that morning with one of my neighbors, but also from the fresh juices being spawned just by looking at the googly eyes of these no longer not-so-innocent little boys. It's a kind of power that turns me on like no other! And bingo! Both boys were sprouting little bulges in their shorts!

I looked over at Curt. He was shaking his head, and he was almost in tears. He's a computer nerd and makes good bucks on his job, and I know his kid brothers look up to him, but in my presence, Curt's a pathetic wimp. He seems so insignificant, standing there like a humbled and embarrassed little-boy standing in front of his mother

after he has done something wrong. I don't think Curt's submissiveness was missed on the boys. "You promised," he mumbled to the boys. I told him to "shut up" and get working on the laundry or I'd be wearing just my lingerie for the entire weekend. He immediately sped off to collect my dirty clothes and do the laundry.

I've never had kids, but with these boys, I felt like what I thought a mother would feel like as she looked down on her boys while she displayed all her charms in sexy, dick-pulling lingerie. "So my little baby boys like to look at Mommy's pretty lingerie, don't they?" I said as I put my hands on my hips and spread my big thighs

so far apart that I almost split my half-slip, making it hug my body even tighter and causing it to be even more transparent as it clung tightly to my hips. My slip caressed me and slid teasingly over my big, old-fashioned nylon panties as I slowly walked up to them. I could tell the swishing, silky sound of nylon sliding against nylon excited them. "At least they aren't queer," I said to myself almost loud enough for them to hear. "But I can easily change that," I said with a laugh. First one step, then another and another, as I paraded before them, and then turned and let them look at me from every angle at close range. My panties and nylons slid sensuously against my half-slip. Panties touching slip, nylon caressing nylon. Their tiny bodies trembled as they looked up at me towering high above them.

"Lie down on the floor boys." They almost fell all over each other as they rushed to comply. "Good. Now look up and see more of what you want to see." I walked right over each of them, pausing as I did, so they could get a good look at my panties covering my wet pussy. In turn, I crouched down over each of them, right over their faces, surely close enough so they could get a good whiff of my wet panty crotch. "Take a deep breath, Timmy. That's it. Nice, huh? Now you know what a woman smells like."

"And now it's your turn, Justin. Can you smell my panties, huh? You are lucky boys. Most boys never get to smell a woman's panties – at least while she's wearing them, but I have to tell you that once you smell a woman's panties, believe me, you will be hooked on that aroma for the rest

of your life!” Just then Curt came walking down the hallway with another load of laundry to be washed. He gasped and just about dropped the basket when he saw me doing panty training on his kid brothers, but I just looked up at him and gave him a “don’t interfere” look, and he hurried on his way.

I leaned down and looked at my captured prey, “So little Justin, thinks I’m a GIANT lady, huh? And you think that’s funny.” I looked down on this puny excuse of a boy. My god, he looked so pitiful and weak. “My slip is so tight and thin against my powerful hips that you can easily see my giant pink nylon panties right through the silky material, can’t you? And when I stoop down over you like this, you can see up my slip. You can see everything. My long black stockings go all the way up my thighs to my garter belt. You can see it too. You’re so

little compared to me that your head is tiny compared to my big panties. I bet I could open my pussy lips and swallow your head right up inside me!”

He’s crying now. “Oh, please, no! I wouldn’t like that!”

“How do you know? Maybe you would like it. You sure seem to like looking at my big panties covering my pussy. My pussy is only inches from your face, and it’s all wet and gooey and your head could slip right in!”

**The above is just one of the fascinating stories in this booklet, to read the other great items in this issue, order**

***“Demale Society Training Manual #31”***

### **A sample from our publications ...**

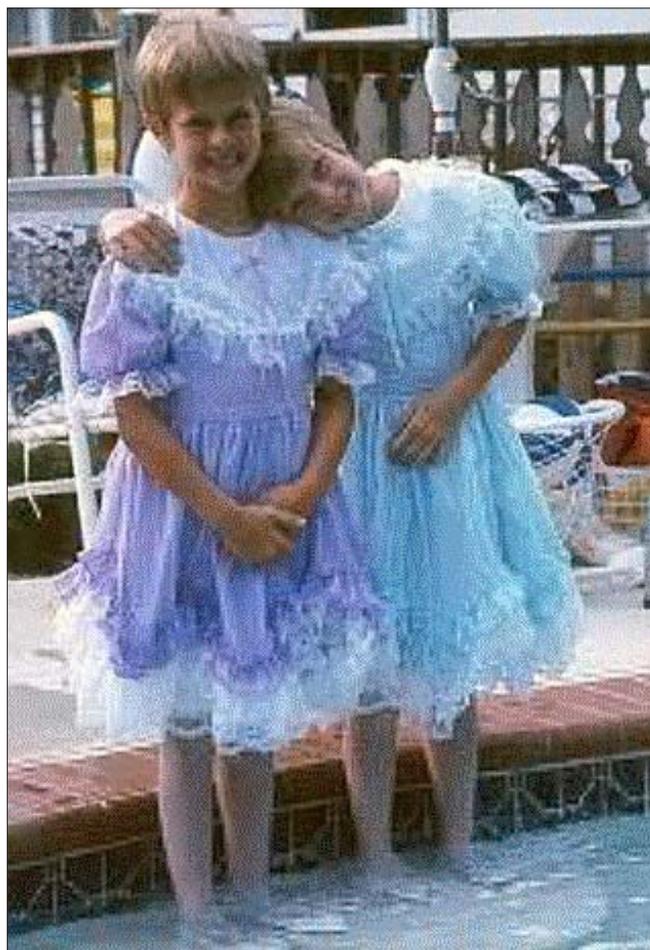
#### **Boys in Wet Dresses #1 & #2**

*Summary of the original story that appeared in Boys in Wet Dresses #1 plus the photos here are from Boys in Wet Dresses #2*

The story takes place in a typical small town in America, and whoever thinks really weird things only happen in big cities will think again after reading Elsie Mae’s story about her discovery that some pervert had stolen her kid’s panties and jacked off into them! But unknown to the deviant panty thief, Jo Lynn, Elsie Mae’s child, was not a little girl but a little boy she was raising as a girl!

Elsie Mae had an ongoing lesbian relationship with her next door neighbor Laura Ericson, the mother of two boys. Both of the women had little use for men, a point of view exacerbated when the week before Elsie had found a pair of little Jo Lynn’s panties in the trash obviously with a fresh gob of man cum. Despite both of the women being man-haters as a result of bad marriages, they did take in the three Leason boys when their parents died in a car crash. The Leason family had just moved into the area.

Having the boys live with her and Jo Lynn worked out well, especially since Todd, the oldest Leason boy, helped



babysit little Jo Lynn while Elsie was at work. But Elsie Mae came home early one day and discovered Todd with her son in the backyard, and he had Jo Lynn fully dressed in a party dress and fancy rhumba panties and wading in their backyard kiddie pool. The water made the kid’s



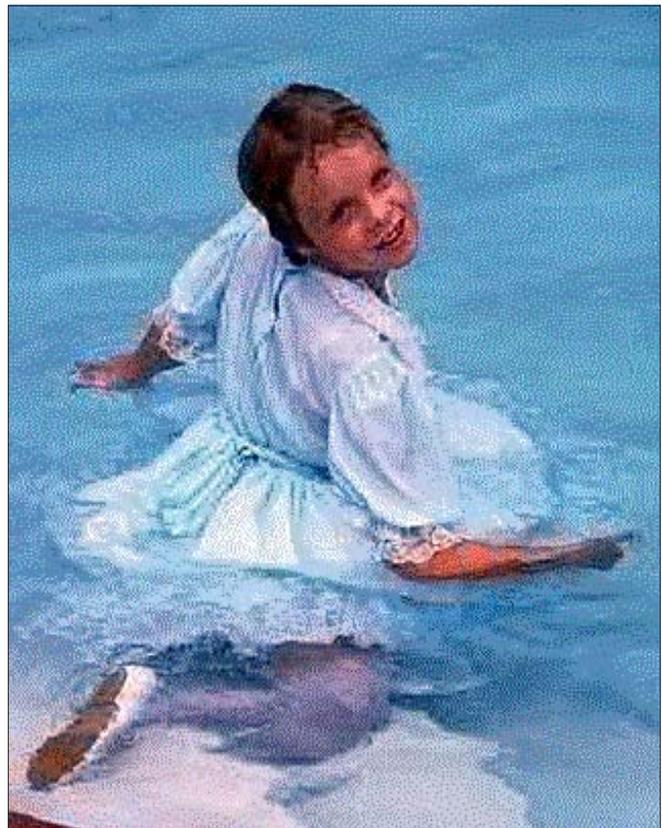
chiffon party dress almost transparent, and Todd was taking pictures! Elsie guessed it had been Todd who had stolen her child's panties and spurted into them and she made him admit it. She had her finger on the telephone dial ready to call the police, but she paused and gave him a moment to explain himself as he insisted that he did not harm her child in any way as he begged to be forgiven. She did pause and gave him a chance to explain because she knew the cops probably wouldn't do anything anyway, but she also gave pause because Todd and his two brothers were to receive a \$2 million insurance death benefit from their parents' car accident, and she thought she might be able to get her revenge on Todd by scaring him into signing over some of that money to her for what he had done to Jo Lynn.

As Todd talks, he tells her how he developed an unusual fetish years before when he was in grade school and saw the little girl living next door get her new party dress dirty, and as a humiliating punishment, her parents made her jump into their backyard pool fully dressed and wash out the dirt. That incident played upon young Todd's mind, and over the years he developed a driving passion to once again see a cute little girl get soaking wet in her pretty party clothes. He added that before he and his brothers had moved in with her, he had been driven to steal little

Jo Lynn's purple party panties and jack off in them because the kid looked so much like the little girl he had originally seen being punished by being forced to go swimming in her party dress. Elsie was appalled by what he was saying, but the biggest shock was not her shock, but the shock Todd felt when she told him Jo Lynn was a little boy and not a little girl. The whole town knew that about her boy, but the Leason boys were new to town and obviously didn't know!

She didn't feel sorry for Todd even after she realized he was probably telling the truth. He had no right to use her sissy boy son as an object of his messed-up sexual desires, so she planned to get her own justice by fucking up Todd's already perverted mind and draining all his insurance money right through his penis.

She called him a pervert as she showed him the purple panties he had dirtied up. She kept up her threats to call the police until he promised her anything. She told him that she'd need money to take care of Jo Lynn, to make sure he grew up right and not troubled by whatever Todd had been doing to him. He agreed, but Elsie needed a guarantee that he'd do it; the insurance money was being held up while the accident investigation was going on and that could take weeks, so she needed to have complete control over Todd until then, and she was going to do it



by using his own "girls in wet dresses" fetish: She was going to turn it into a "boys in wet dresses" fetish!

Her plan included manipulating him sexually and lying to him, claiming she could help him get over his weird sexual perversion. But in reality she was going to make him into a panty boy faggot by jacking him off in silky panties -- that she then told him he would now have to wear as a token of his promise to do everything she told him to do. She schemed to get her friend Laura's two sons and other neighborhood boys to make a game of dressing up in pretty girls' clothes that she got from secondhand stores and then have swimming parties. And then she hid Todd in the garage near the pool and she masturbated him into his panties as she made him watch the boys frolic in the pool in their wet dresses.

She told him she would get him to the point where he could look at them without getting excited and then she'd get girls in dresses to get wet and then she'd also cure him of seeing girls get soaking wet. Of course, her plan all along was to get him so excited and so associated with seeing boys in wet dresses that she would totally pervert his fetish and make him a miserable mess; after all, he'd never be able to find boys on his own willing to put on dresses and go swimming for him, and therefore, he would forever be dependent on Elsie Mae. And eventually, she'd get boys in dresses to masturbate him and make him into a totally weird and screwed up homosexual.

At first, Todd was upset with himself that he had shot his cum over seeing a boy, not a girl, in a wet dress, but Elsie Mae assured him it was all part of curing him, and had already made plans to have more boys show up in dresses and go swimming in their backyard pool to continue his training. And so it became a regular event, as she begged, borrowed and stole to get more neighbor boys into pretty dresses and have them swim in the pool as she perverted Todd's mind and brought him more under her control.

Elsie and Laura got dozens of boys to dress up and get wet for them, and some of those pictures we include here. We have a lot more of these photos and will be publishing them in future volumes of this series.

**To see the pictures and the complete story,  
be sure to order**

***"Boys in Wet Dresses #1"***

**And more pictures are from**

***"Boys in Wet Dresses #2 through #5"***

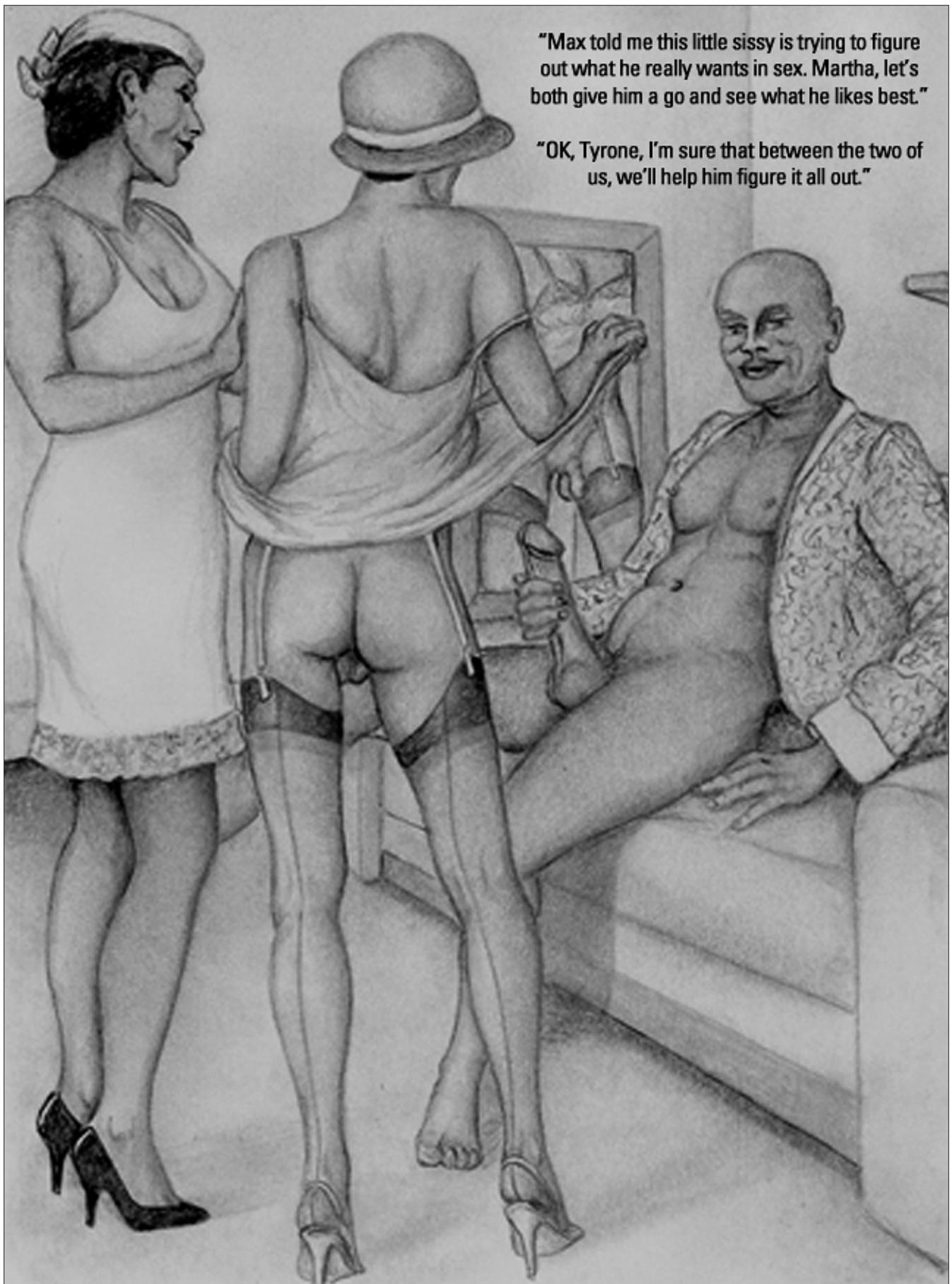
**A sample from our publication ...**

## **House of Debauchery #1**

*George Discovers He's a  
Crossdressing Sissy and a Pervert*

George is very sexually unsatisfied, so his friend takes him to "The House" a fancy whore house dedicated to every sexual extreme where he becomes obsessed with all kinds of sex and discovers the crossdressing multi-sexual pervert hidden inside him anxious to be released.





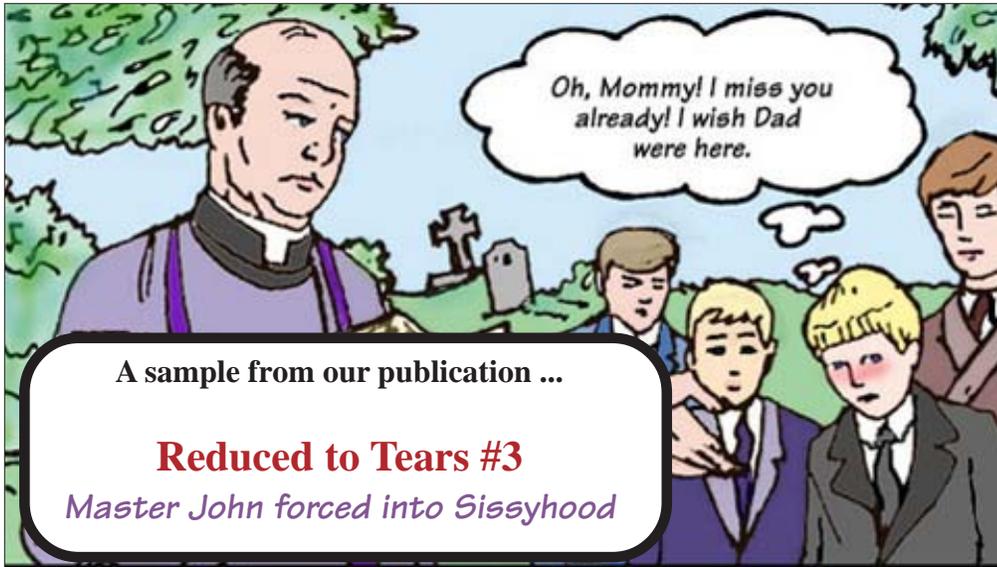
"Max told me this little sissy is trying to figure out what he really wants in sex. Martha, let's both give him a go and see what he likes best."

"OK, Tyrone, I'm sure that between the two of us, we'll help him figure it all out."

"Tyrone, I can see you really liked his tight virgin ass. As they say: The proof is in the pudding!"



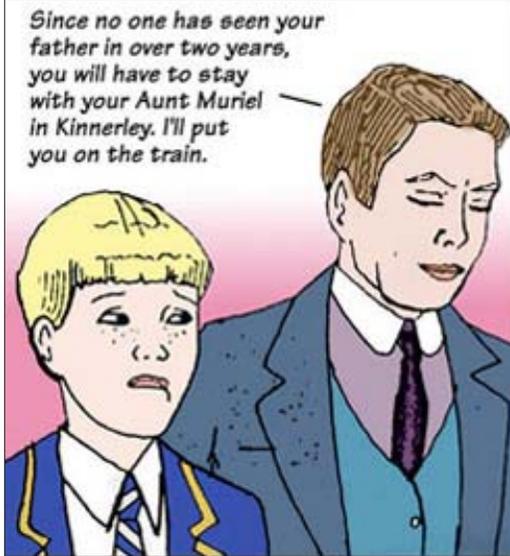
This and the preceding drawings are just a sample of the lovely artwork and tantalizing story about sexually frustrated George, to see and read the entire story, order *"The House of Debauchery #1"*



A sample from our publication ...

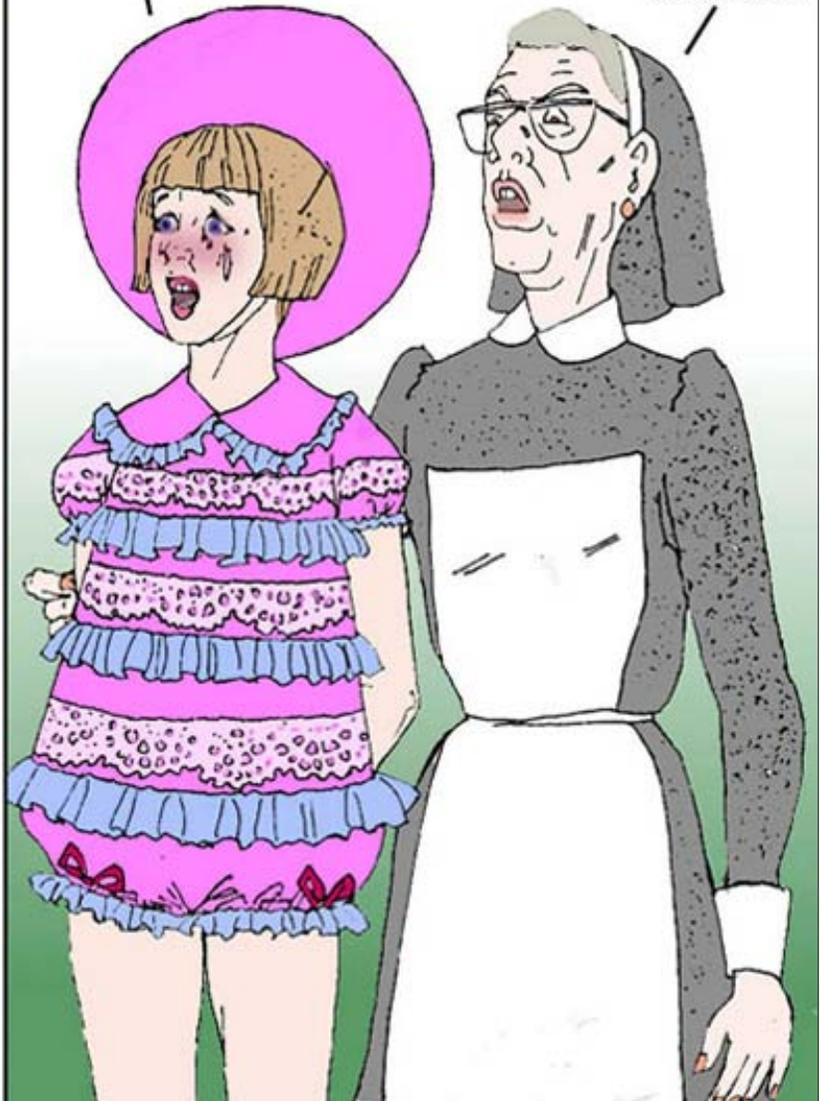
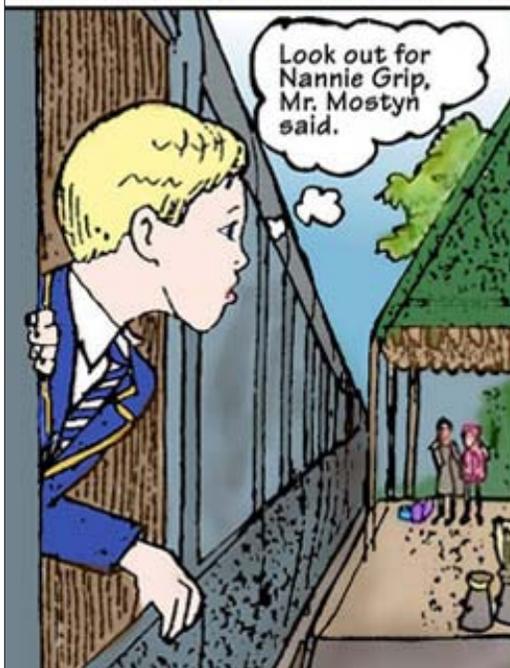
### Reduced to Tears #3

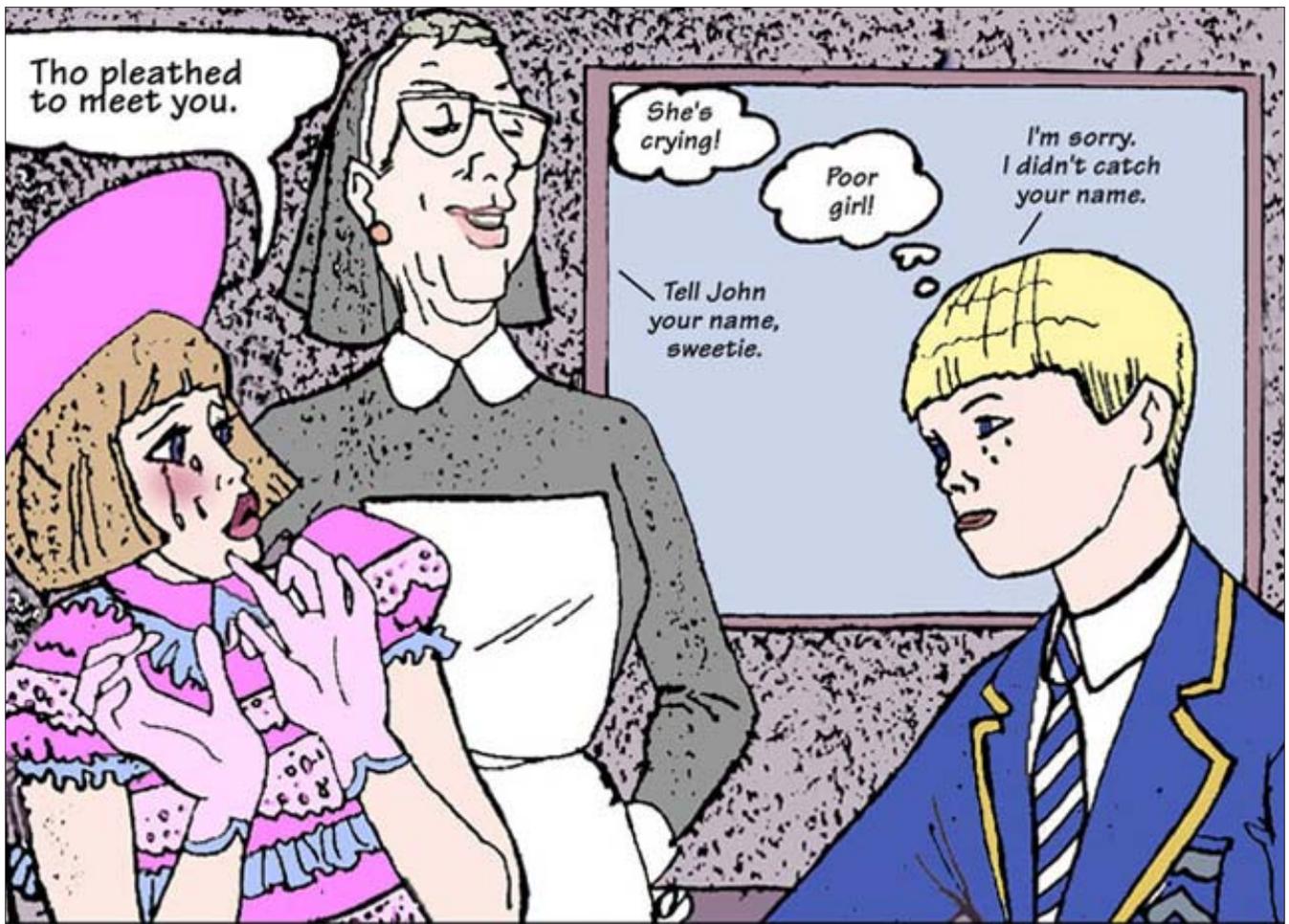
*Master John forced into Sissyhood*



Bye, bye, Nannie Grip. Thank you for having me.

There you are, Master John. Your aunt is expecting you. I just have to put this child on the train.





Tho pleated to meet you.

She's crying!

Poor girl!

I'm sorry. I didn't catch your name.

Tell John your name, sweetie.



My name is THIMON!



That was a BOY! What a cissy! Wow! You wouldn't catch me going around like that! 'Thimon,' he said. I suppose he meant his name was 'Simon!'

Come along, Master John. at once!

