

Princess Online



Originally featured on our Internet website, these are our best "stories of the month" and "letters of the month" for the fantasy fulfillment of adult pantywaist sissies. Stories often include spanking, feminization, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

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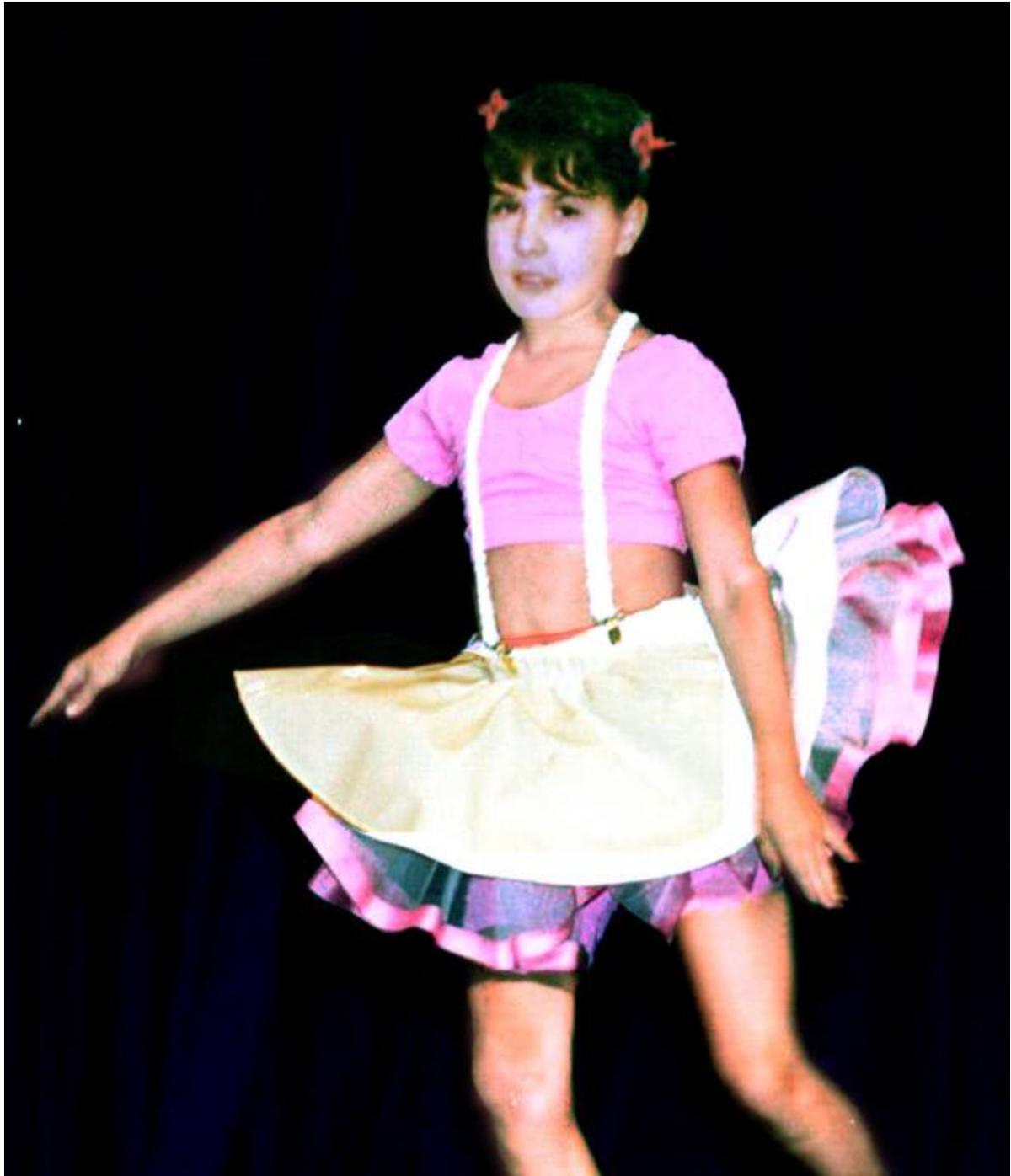
In the news



Go to close-up of all







Who is this boy in a bikini?

Patrick Patec talks about himself and why he did it

By Cloris Kalewski

This interview with Patrick "Pat" Patec took place immediately following the North Beach annual bikini contest. Patec appeared wearing a stylish and flashy white satin skirt with purple petticoats, suspenders and a tank top.

Why did you want to be in the contest? "Why not? I like to dress in girls' clothes and I think I look cute in a bikini even though my body isn't shaped like a girl's."

Why would you want to dress in girl's clothes? "I love the styles and colors and silky fabrics, lace and ribbons and things. Silky panties are wonderful to wear."

Do you have panties on right now? "Of course! I wear them all the time, even to school. Wanna see?" he asked as he pulled the red waist elastic of his pink panties out of the waistband of his satin skirt. Not satisfied with that, he pulled up the side of his skirt to show this reporter that his pink panties were adorned with pretty flowers.

How long have you been wearing girls' clothes? "My whole life. As far back as I can remember I dressed up in my mother's and sister's clothes."

Didn't your parents try to stop you? "A lot of times. My mom would get after me, but my sister thought it was fun. She helped me a lot, like she'd give me her panties to wear under my boys' clothes because I liked them so much. It was our secret and a lot of fun. When we were alone together she'd always be reaching down into my pants to see which pair of her panties I had on."

Did your parents ever catch you in panties and dressing up?



"Oh, god, yeah, all the time."

And what would they do when they caught you?

"Mom would make me take the panties off and give them to her, but usually within an hour or two Cissy, my sister, would secretly give me another pair to put on. My dad didn't like it all. When I was real little, he used to spank me when I got caught. Spank me right on my lacy panties. It really hurt. He made me cry. He'd tell Mom to make me stop it. He'd try to do father-son type things with me, you know, like fishing and playing football and stuff like that, but I hated it, and he knew it. I think he gave up on me a long time ago. For years now, he doesn't say anything to me about wearing dresses and all the other things. They won't let me grow my hair out even though a lot of boys have long hair these days. Mom says Dad doesn't want me looking like a girl any more than I already do. I embarrass him. He thinks I'll get tired of dressing up and want to be a boy someday, but I'm telling you that will never happen. I wear makeup now, even a little blusher, lipstick and eye shadow to school, whatever I can get away with."

Don't the kids at school tease you? "Oh, yeah, a lot. They call me faggot, sissy, girlie-girlie, panty boy and all kinds of names like that, but I'm used to it. The kids at school are kind of like my parents; they've gotten used to me. Most of them don't bother me much anymore."

You said the kids call you "faggot." Are you gay? "I don't know. I don't think so because I like girls. I like them so much I want to be like them. But everybody tells me that if I like to wear girls' things and act like I'm a girl that I'm queer. But I don't feel that way. My mother took me to a doctor. He explained to me things and told me about fetishists and transvestites. Maybe I'm one of them because I don't like boys. I don't like anything at all about boys. They're always sweaty and dirty. Most of them are pigs, but they act so immature in school. I really can't see what girls see in boys."

Do you think you'll grow up and marry a woman some day? "Oh, yes! I have a lot of girlfriends. I could be happy forever after with any one of them. My problem is that I couldn't possibly choose just one of them. I love them all! We do fun things together, girls things, of course, you know like watching romantic movies, roller skating, dancing, fixing each other's hair, talking clothes and stuff like that."

So you go on dates with girls? "Well, not in the typical sense because Mom says I can't date, you know, one-on-one with a girl, until I'm sixteen. But I'm always doing all those things with a whole group of girls at once. A few times I've kissed them and hugged them and stuff like that. Wow! I can't wait to date!" ♦

15-year-old Oak Hills' boy competes in bikini contest

Boy's participation brings in record-breaking contributions

Last Monday afternoon, North Beach residents and visitors were amazed to see a 15-year-old boy compete in the 14th Annual Memorial Day Bikini Contest. Organizers of the event decided to allow Patrick Patec to participate in the 14- to 17-year-old division rather than face a threatened lawsuit.

The boy's gender wasn't discovered until rehearsals were held just two days before the event. The show's official registration form doesn't have a space to indicate one's sex so when the boy filled out the form using just his nickname "Pat," contest officials thought he was a female. However, the show operators learned of his gender that Friday before when Patrick showed up wearing a dress. He told pageant officials that he was a boy and requested a separate dressing room.

An official, who declined to be named, stated that when they first saw Patrick, he did make a convincing looking girl in the dress despite his short hair, and they were

More photos and an interview with Patrick on pages 15

shocked when he told them that he wasn't a girl. However, when he did put on his girls' two-piece bikini, it was obvious that he was a boy. Without any breast or hip development his gender was obvious, especially since the bikini was extremely brief and revealed a well-packed lower half with a rather uncommon bulge.

Since the contest is sponsored by and benefits local charities, organizers were not interested in fighting a law suit since that could have cost them thousands of dollars and defeated the entire purpose of the event. Consequently, the board of directors decided to let the boy participate. A decision that was aided by the fact that the boy did not want to make a sham of the affair but legitimately wanted to compete. As the boy himself stated, "I think I look pretty in a bikini, and I want to try and compete. Just because I don't have these (he said as he pointed to his flat chest), shouldn't matter. I still think I'm still pretty!"

No effort was made to disguise Patrick's gender from the judges, other contestants or the audience. As the start of the event approached word of mouth spread. Instead of spoiling the event, young Patec's participation helped to make it an unprecedented success.

The Board of Director's Secretary, Marla



Patrick Patec stunned the Memorial Day crowd as he posed in his itzy-bitzy teeny-weenie bikini.

Barnhart, said, "such a large crowd tuned out for the event that the 2,600-seat Breaker's Auditorium was nearly filled to capacity, and the money collected from pledges, sponsors and ticket sales topped \$46,400, more than twice last year's record-setting proceeds." No mention was made of Patec's participation.

However, after the event, there was no shortage of people willing to comment on the matter.

"What's this world coming to?" commented

See "Bikini" page 14

"Bikini" from page 5

a fifty-something woman in a business suit. "Breaking down the barriers between the sexes has gone too far. Are we going to let men in the women's rest rooms next?"

One mother, accompanied by her 8-year-old son and seven-year-old daughter, said, "If that boy wants to put on a bikini and compete with the girls, so what? He's not harming anyone. My little Dickie here used to love to prance around in sister's panties and dresses!" With that admission, the boy blushed deeply and tugged on his mother's skirts to get her to leave.

The unidentified fore mentioned official did state that the boy in the bikini "was responsible for the huge success of the show." He further stated with a laugh that maybe next year, they should open to show to any and all men and boys who would want to participate.

By the way, Patec did not win the contest. Heather McGlaughin came in first. Carol Lindsay second and Mimi Attello third. In fact, Patec didn't even make the final cut, but he did take away the "Miss Congeniality" trophy (voted on by his fellow contestants) so it appears that they overwhelmingly supported his participation as well and enjoyed his company.*





July 1999 Letters of the Month
Part 1

Old Time Solutions
Still Work!

This series of letters was passed onto us by a loyal fan of our publications. If our readers like them, we have been assured that there are more. These are letters from a woman to her aunt. She is seeking help

in taming her ill-mannered son.

September 23, 1989

Dear Aunt Maria,

I'm not sure if I should be bothering you my problems, but here goes. I know you have experience raising boys, and I don't know where else to turn. You probably know some of this already, but let me bring you up-to-date since it's been several years since we've seen each other. Presently, I'm thirty-eight years old and attempting to raise my seven-year-old son on my own. I've been divorced for over two years now. I'm a dentist and enjoy my work very much. I think that is mainly why my husband and I could not make it through our marriage. He couldn't handle the fact that I made more money than he made.

Trying to raise my son on my own has become more and more time consuming and difficult for me of late. I don't mean to say I don't love him or want to spend the time needed to bring him up properly. I believe I spend more quality time with him than other working mothers I know spend with their children. But ever since my divorce, I've noticed that his opinion of females has suffered. This is especially true since he started back to school this fall. He has been developing an increasingly negative attitude toward girls, in fact toward all females, girls and women alike. He's fine with me, but he doesn't show any respect for any other females. For example, both his school and his baby-sitter told me he's always bullying the girls and making fun of them. Just a few weeks ago, he made fun of the neighbor girl when she fell down on her skates. He told her that boys can skate better than girls skate and do everything better than girls. He also laughed at the girl when her underwear was exposed in the fall. I guess they were all frilly and lacy because he teased her that they looked liked baby pants and asked her if she was still a baby.

Just two weeks ago we returned from a visit to Austria. It was wonderful to go there and visit with aunts, uncles and cousins that I've heard about over the years but had never met. Well, an interesting thing happened during our stay. July 18th was St. Calmensk Day and they had a festival. I'm sure you know the story about St. Calmensk, who in 1618 saved hundreds of boys in the southern sector of Prague from certain death at the hands of the advancing Protestant army by disguising them as girls. Well, they still celebrate that event by having a parade in which all the boys under 16 dress up in traditional girls' clothes.

Well, as much as Steven abhors everything to do with girls, he wasn't able to argue his way out of not participating in the parade with his young cousins since every boy in the area was expected to turn out. I've enclosed a nice picture of him in the parade. He's the boy on the far

right. At the time, I know he hated dressing up in the costume, but he didn't seem too bothered by it all since all the other boys had to do it too. However, once the parade was over, he wanted to immediately get out of the clothes but was distressed to learn that all the boys were expected to stay dressed for the remainder of the day.

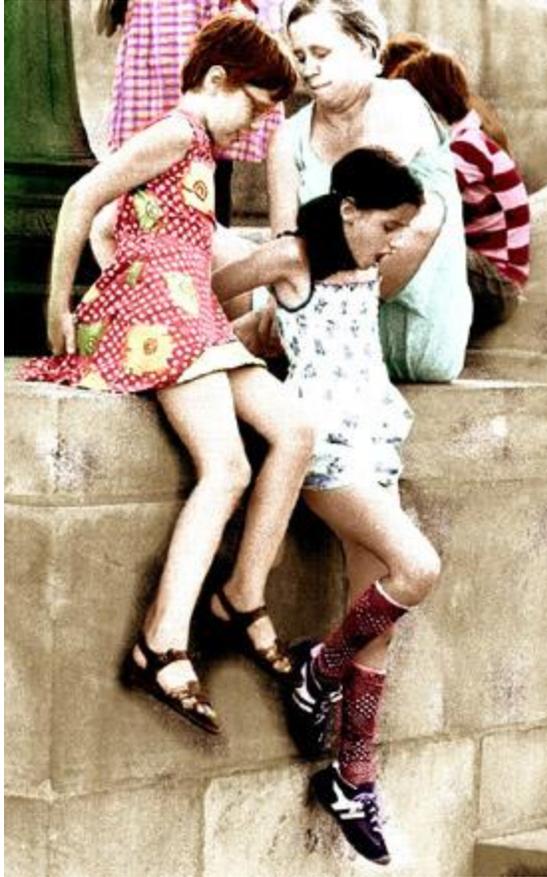
He was genuinely embarrassed. Every two minutes he was asking me if he could change back into his regular clothes. Of course, I refused to let him do so, especially since I was enjoying his discomfort. I thought the whole experience just might help his attitude toward girls. And it certainly did, at least for that day. I had never before seen him so subdued. He deferred to me in everything and was very meek in his associations with everyone else. I could tell that it was getting to him because he was really blushing a lot that day. Even though I had made up his face with some heavily rouged cheeks and bright lipstick, the makeup didn't hide his blushes.

Since we've been home from our trip, I can't get that experience out of my mind. Since he acted so subdued and was so contrite while he was dressed like a girl, I wondered if putting him in girls' clothes once in a while would help to permanently change his attitude toward females. Perhaps it would be a good punishment for whenever he got into one of his nasty streaks or for times when he won't mind the baby-sitter. That's why I'm writing. Mom had often told me that one of your boys liked to dress up in his little sister's things so I thought you'd be a good person to ask for advice on this matter. I'd also like to know how your boy turned out and what effect girls' clothes had on him.

Your loving niece,
Ruth

P.S. You can keep the copy of the enclosed photo. I had an extra copy made.

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July 1999 Letters of the Month

Part 2

Old Time Solutions Still Work!

September 29, 1989

Dear Ruth,

It was a genuine surprise to hear from you since it has been so many years, but it is a delight just the same and I welcome your correspondence. It's been almost five years since your mother's funeral, the last time we were together. I still miss my kid sister severely and think of her often.

It's an interesting situation that you have described to me. It's too bad that your boy has such a low regard for females. You honor me by asking for my advice and I'll try to be of help. You probably did strike a bit of luck in contacting me. I know exactly what you are going through. My problem with Sam was not unlike your own. You see, you had some of your information wrong. In no way did Sam like dressing as a girl. It was a training method that I adopted after years of him being increasingly brutal toward his younger sister.

As time went on, he tried to make it look like he enjoyed being dressed up because if he didn't, I'd give him additional punishment. His attitude probably gave your mother the idea that he liked it, but believe me, he hated every second of it. But the result was very good. After a bout in dresses (and pretty lingerie I might add), he was a changed boy. The salutary benefits would last anywhere from a few days up to two or three weeks. I think that's the longest he ever went without having a relapse. The look on his face when I'd go to his dresser drawer in the morning and pick out a pair of lace panties for him to put on was something I'll always remember. When I did that, he knew he was in trouble and had to spend some time in his girlie clothes.

Depending upon the offense and how he acted while doing his penance determined how long I'd keep him in those clothes. Punishment times ranged anywhere from three days (that was about the minimum it took to change his behavior for a significant amount of time) to a week or more. Of course, he could attend school in his regular clothes, but under them he had to wear girls' underwear (frilly panties and a lace-edge vest), and he had to change into all girls' clothes the moment he got home from school.

So how more can I help you? Yes, I do recommend it as a punishment, especially for boys who don't respect girls. I've enclosed a picture of Sam during one of his punishment periods. I always thought he looked adorable in girls' things even with his short hair. In fact his short hair was a plus. I purposely kept it very short, and I recommend you do the same if you put your boy in dresses. I kept Sam's hair short even when boys starting wearing it quite long in the 1970s because around people who didn't know him, with his short hair, he couldn't pretend to be a girl. It was funny when he tried to act femininely to fool people so they wouldn't recognize him as a boy and tease him unmercifully.

The picture was taken at the zoo when he was about ten years old. I know that because he had just gotten his glasses. He shown there with his little sister, Sarah. She would have been nine at the time. In the background you can see your grandma. I know you didn't get to know her well before she passed on, but she was a wonderful salt-of-the-earth type of woman. She loved having Sam in dresses, and she didn't tolerate any slacking off on his part!

Oh, yes, you asked how he turned out. I have to say he turned out quite well. He hasn't married but is living with a girl; in fact, he's living with three girls. They share a luxury apartment, him and three professional girls, one's a secretary, one's a paralegal, and the other one has her own business running a day-care centers in an office building near their apartment.

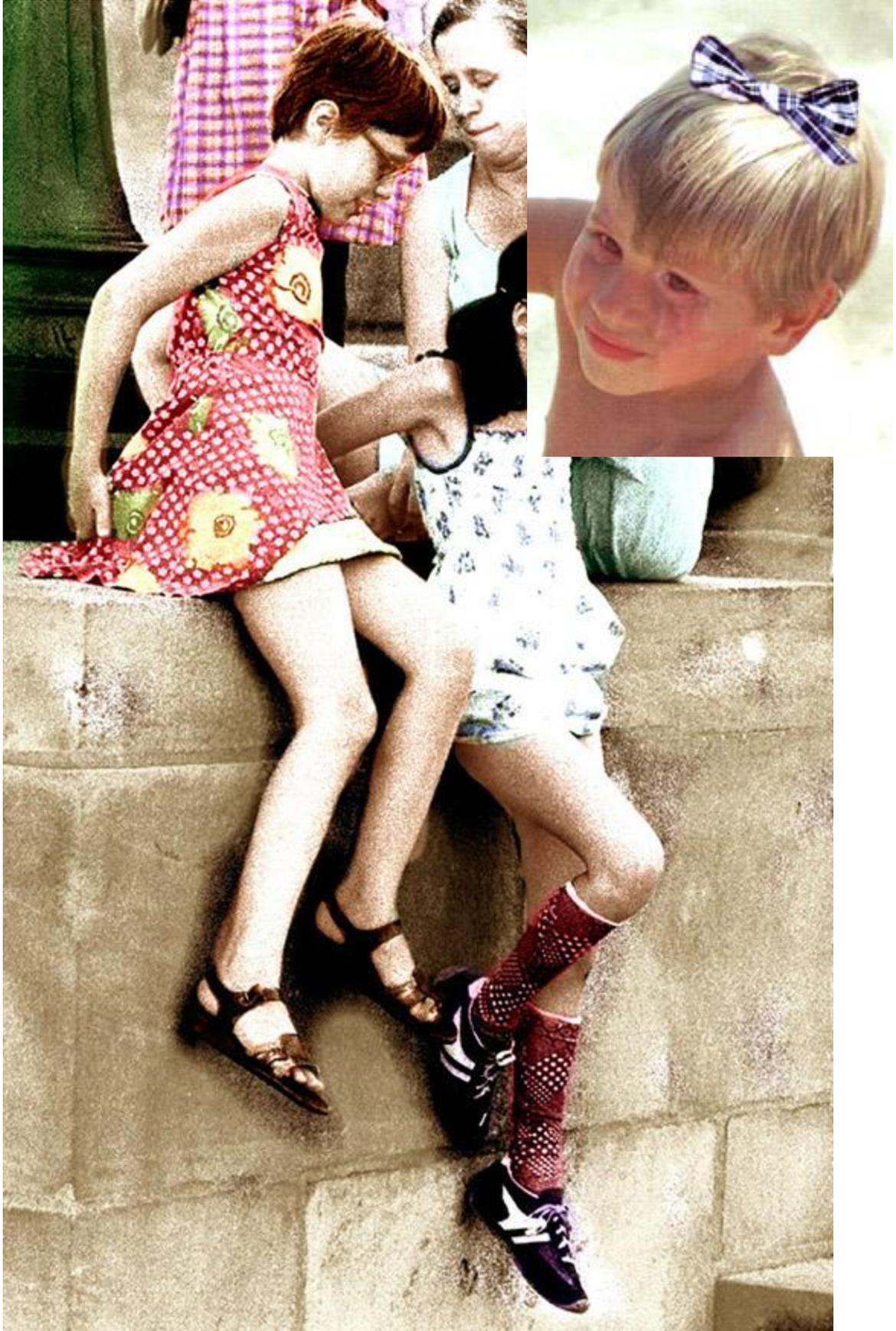
The girls know all about Sam's upbringing. He was dating the secretary when she suspected something was different about him and got him to open up about it. That changed her attitude toward him. She was no longer interested in him as a boyfriend but still liked him a lot. He was out of work at the time so she proposed that he become their maid once she discovered his proficiency at doing household tasks. And it's worked out very well.

Together, the girls pay him a modest sum, give him free room and board and even pass on a lot of their clothes onto him. For Sam, it's probably not the ideal setup since, he truly loves Carmen (the secretary) and wants to be her boyfriend not their maid, but he has resigned himself to that position. It was either that or the end of their relationship. If we continue on with this correspondence, I'll see if I can get the girls to give me a picture of him in his maid's outfit that I can send to you. He really looks cute in the getup they keep him in.

So as you can tell, I do have plenty of experience in using girls' clothes to keep a boy in line and to teach him respect for females (put him in awe of all females is probably closer to it!). Do let me know how I can help.

Your concerned aunt,
Maria

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July 1999 Letters of the Month

Part 3

Old Time Solutions Still Work!

October 12, 1989

Dear Aunt Maria,

I was not only happy to get your letter, I was delighted that you have had so much experience in doing the kinds of things that I am starting to do to Steven. Any doubts I had about trying girls' clothes on him as a disciplinary approach I set aside once I read your letter. I was anxious to get started because Steven was getting worse by the day. Even before I got your letter, I tried to talk with him a little bit about girls' clothes and things and what he thought of them. Those conversations only reinforced my opinion that he holds girls in very low esteem. He almost choked when I told him that I thought he'd look cute in a fancy party dress. He didn't even think it was funny.

When I reminded him about the St. Calmensk parade, he almost broke out into tears and was ready to promise me anything if I didn't tell any of our friends or neighbors about it. That proved to me just how much he does disrespect females. For a few frilly bits of clothing to strike such fear in him let me know that I had struck upon one thing that might give me the control over him that I'll need to turn him around.

For a while there I did have a fear that Steven might turn into a sissy or even a homosexual if I forced him into girls' things, but I did some research, and the experts say that if he's going to be a homosexual, he is probably already preset to become that. Such a sexual preference they say is set before a boy is four or five years old.

And as far as becoming a sissy, the only male I personally know that I'd call a sissy is my hairdresser, and he's about the sweetest and most caring man that I know. Yes, I know most hairdressers are queer, but I don't think he is because he is married and he and his wife seem to be very happy. He's quite feminine in his ways. I suppose that's because he is around females all day long. So, I said to myself, if that's a sissy, I'd much prefer my Steven to be like him than to be a nasty, wife beating, beer drinking, crude jerk of a male, and believe me, that's what I think he's headed for if I don't do something major to change the way he's going.

Also with his increasing age I have started to notice another new and disturbing trait in him. I know about puberty in a child, and Steven is probably just beginning to feel the first signs of it or is shortly going to be experiencing the same. I've become more concerned lately because of notes being sent to me by his teacher. Last year, Steven was a very good student, no troubles at school, good comments made by his teacher etc. Here of late, his teacher has stated that Steven has not been concentrating on his lessons and has become somewhat difficult to handle at times. This all came as a surprise to me. I attempted to get some answers from him, but received nothing more than "I don't know" or "No, it wasn't me."

This has happened already in the first three weeks of the present school year. What has become annoying to me (and I realize it is somewhat normal for a boy of Steven's age) and more than a little embarrassing is when I have friends at the house. You see, he has this thing about touching himself on his privates. I see more and more of this. When he does it, it's like he's off in another

world not aware that he is even doing it at times. I was wondering if this might be a cause of his schoolwork to suffer. I am not good at talking to him on issues relating to things like this.

I did talk to my own doctor about this, and her reply was that in most boys they go through stages and concentration can and is lost during these periods of time. She said in a small boy, his sexual awaking is just coming to the surface, an awareness of the good feelings he gets while touching himself on his privates. I asked her for a way to correct this since he was embarrassing me in front of my friends and neighbors, and I really thought this sort of preoccupation was a cause for his declining grades in school.

She suggested trying the usual types of punishments and corrective measures, like lectures, taking away his privileges, etc. to make him more aware of his actions if they have become so second nature that they are almost unconscious touching at this point. I told her I had tried a lot of those things with not much success. Then when I showed her your letter and asked her what was her opinion about making him wear girls' clothes as a punishment and as a way to make him more aware of his actions. I told her that I was convinced that he would be less likely to touch himself through those silky clothes. Well, I thought she'd split a side laughing. Her professional decorum went right out the door with that. She excused herself and begged my forgiveness, but after a discussion of the matter, she did think it merited trying and just might do some good. She did mention that she had heard of such disciplinary measures used on boys in olden days but thought no one did anything like that anymore.

Since she had no convincing argument "why not" to do it, she told me she'd have no objection if I wanted to give it a try. She even said that she'd like to be kept posted on any progress I made. She says she knows a lot of mothers with similar problem boys who could benefit if it worked.

That settled it. I went right out and bought Steven some girls' panties and lacy vests to start with. I figured I'd start small and go from there. Was that the right decision? Or should I have bought him a dress, shoes and the whole outfit and started right out with the whole works? Also I decided to start small because getting him into a complete outfit I know would be a real struggle. Besides that, he'd probably rip and tear them if I forced them on him or at least he'd probably rip them up the moment I let up on him. So I started with the lingerie. When we were in Prague, he didn't wear lingerie (except a full slip to billow out the skirt) so I thought the vest and panties would be enough of a start to shake him up.

Well, I've started on a program for him and this is what I'm doing. (I'm flying a little blind because I'm making his training up as I go along.) I realized that the opposite of nasty masculine attitudes and ways of doing things are feminine values and ways of doing things, and the ways I want him to adopt in some fashion or another. Therefore, I decided to introduce him to a more feminine environment so in subtle ways I could give him instructions on feminine clothing.

For one, I did this by changing baby-sitters. The sitter I had been using is a sweet woman but she takes care of two other boys and I figured that they might be the source of some of Steven's bad attitudes. The sitter I changed to was recommended by my doctor (Dr. Mundinger is her name in case you wanted to know). This sitter takes care of three girls and was not interested in taking care of a boy simply because she said they do tend to be uncouth and destructive; however, for the sake of Dr. Mundinger, she agreed to take in Steven to see how it goes.

My idea was that the influence of gentle play times, that is a switch to female playmates, would rub off on Steven. Another thing I did was to immediately open up my bedroom as an instruction area, where all talks, disciplinary sessions and play times with mother are conducted.

While I have never made a practice of hiding my body from him while he was growing up, we did fall into the traditional pattern where he did his dressing and personal things in private and so

did I. I decided that should change. He needed to observe me, learn about how a female dresses and conducts herself. I am accomplishing this by making a point of having him in my room whenever I am dressing or undressing and tending to my little beauty regimens. My plan is to captivate his interest in feminine things so perhaps he'll be curious enough to want to try (either secretly on his own or by asking my permission) all kinds of female things like fingernail polish, face creams, pretty clothes and even makeup. I might be getting ahead of myself here. That seems to be a stretch at this point, but I can dream!

My thoughts are that in time a good bit of what he observes and learns about being feminine will fill his mind with sweet, passive thoughts and therefore help to control the randy boy aspects of his nature. I'm sure that his wearing of panties will be a form of punishment that will also benefit me in my plan to control his nasty urges. I'd like to know your opinion.

So let me bring you up-to-date. I didn't even start with the panties. I got a checkered satin ribbon out of my bureau and playfully tied it in his hair one night. Once he realized what I did, he went bonkers. He started yelling and screaming and yanking on it to pull it out. I slapped him across the face. I had never done that before. I just reacted at the moment, and it seemed to be the thing to do. Steven stopped cold and stared at me. It really got his attention. When I told him to leave the bow in place because I liked how he looked with it in his hair, he spat at me. I was shocked!

Steven is still small enough for me to handle physically, even though he can be quite a handful at times. But I was so enraged that I had him stripped of his pants and underwear and over my lap for several dozens spansks with my hand. I lost track, but he was crying. Only after I finished my barrage of spansks did I realize how much my hand hurt so I could imagine his butt was really on fire. That's when I pulled out the panties, the flowered ones. I pulled them on him and sent him to stand in the corner. He stood there crying, all the while looking down at the panties, touching them and trying to figure out through his tear-filled eyes what he was wearing.

After I thought I had him spend enough time in the corner, I let him come to me for a hug. He immediately started pulling off the panties, thinking his punishment was over with. When I told him to keep them on and that he was going to sleep in them that night, he got teary eyed all over again and pleaded with me to take them off. He kept saying that they weren't his underwear, and he wondered what they were. I think he knew what they were but didn't want to admit to himself that they were girls' panties. So I told him.

"Steven, you've been very naughty tonight," I told him. "I wanted to put a nice satin bow in your hair to make you look pretty but you spat at me. I will not have you acting that way ever again. I want you to know that anytime you go against me, there will be more punishment to follow. And I'll keep increasing your punishment until you act like a perfect gentleman, not a hooligan."

He was getting very nervous and antsy and kept tugging on the waist elastic of the panties like he wanted to get out of them.

"Since you wrecked the bow in your hair, you're going to have to wear these panties from now until tomorrow morning. Yes, they are girls' panties, but they're very pretty and I think you look very cute in them. Now for your punishment, you can pretend to be my little girl for the night. The silky panties will help you do that."

He started to complain, but I wouldn't let him get a word out. I picked up my hairbrush and told him that if he didn't mind me, that his next spanking would be with the back of my hairbrush.

Crying both from the spanking and the humiliation that I imagined he was feeling, he decided

not to protest. But I wanted to rub it in a little more.

"These are really nice girls' panties. Aren't they?" I said as I pulled him toward me and started to lightly run my hands over the nylon covering his skinny boyish little hips.

He looked up at me knowing that I wanted an answer.

"Well, aren't they nice panties?"

Realizing that he was overpowered, he nodded his head "yes."

"Oh, but I want you to tell me. Tell me about the panties, and thank me for buying them for you."

"Yes, Mother," he grumbled.

"Oh, you can do better than that. I want you to say, These are very nice girls' panties, Mommy. Thank you very much."

His tears were flowing. I could tell he was confused and frustrated, but he let the words meekly come out.

"These are nice, I mean, very nice gr-girls' pan-ties, Mother. Thanks you."

"Now that wasn't so difficult. Was it?" I teased.

He needed no help from a spanking; he was crying uncontrollably.

I took the opportunity to explain to him some of my new rules. He had to do what I said; otherwise it would be a bow in his hair in front of other people. If he made a scene, I'd make him wear panties again. It would be our secret, but if he didn't want people to know, he'd have to be careful around them. I also told him that the next time he did something bad or wrong that I'd make him wear an even prettier pair of panties. That's when I pulled out the pink panties with the lace and bows on them. He blinked away his tears and stared at them in horror. I could tell I was getting to him. I also told him that if he continued to be bad that I'd get him some nice girlie dresses to wear too. That made his eyes go wide like they were going to pop right out of his head.

That's where I'm at right now. That was four nights ago. I'm waiting for him to screw up again. Then I'll take it further. Am I going in the correct direction with this? I'm open to any form of guidance/instructions you might be able to suggest for Steven. Thank you for your time and patience.

Yours truly, your niece,
Ruth

P.S. I was able to get a pic of him with the bow in his hair, even though he was protesting all the way. Sorry about his tear-stained face, but I think it goes to show you the absolute terror he experienced over the bow. If you look closely, you can even see how red his cheek is from when I slapped him on the face. Don't worry about returning the pic since I had several copies made. I figured they'd be good for blackmail!

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July 1999 Letters of the Month
Part 4

Old Time Solutions
Still Work!

October 30, 1989

Dear Ruth,

I was fascinated by your letter, which I anxiously awaited ever since I wrote to you. I'm sorry that I haven't answered sooner, but I was involved with our annual church bizarre over this past weekend.

The bow in your boy's hair - that's brilliant! I wish I had thought of that with my boys. It's so simple, yet so profound, and I'm sure very crushing to a boy's errant attitudes. What you're doing has brought back all my old memories with Sam. I applaud what you are doing and wish I could be there to participate. Everything you are doing so far sounds right to me.

Your early experiences somewhat parallel what I went through with Sam. I did start him out on a full outfit of girls' clothes, but you are right, he was a handful those first few times. I had to get his brothers and father to help me. I

couldn't have done it alone since he went absolutely wild when he realized what I was going to do to him. So, especially since you are a single mother, your approach with the bows then vests and panties is probably a wise one.

With all you've told me about Steven, I'm amazed that you could get him into them at all! I bet that change with the baby-sitter is making a difference too. In my experience with boys, I agree with you, they learn most of their bad attitudes from each other; boys learn from older brothers and fathers, then pass it onto other boys.

Disrespect for women is a male tradition that all females need to recognize and fight against. I was always saddened by the fact that I had to have two boys before I had Steven to realize how this male conspiracy against women worked and how it gets handed down from generation to generation. My two older sons turned out OK, if you measure them by the fact that, unlike many of their friends, they've stayed out of prison and at least have steady (but not very good) jobs. I commend you for trying what you are doing with your son before it's too late. In my opinion, you do have to start very young with a boy on a feminizing program, start before his gonads kick in!

I'm not sure what advice I can give at this time. You seem to be doing everything right.

Also tell me about Steven's association with women. Does he show proper respect for them? Is he improving now that you have started this program?

Your loving aunt,
Maria

P.S. I dug out another photo for you. This one is when Sam was about eight years old, pretty close to how old your Steven is now. I thought you'd enjoy seeing how he looked then. I started a little earlier in his training than you are starting. I think Sam was between five and six, just before he started school. By the time this photograph was taken, he was already quite comfortable in girls' clothes. He rarely smiled when dressed up, but threatening him with some punishment was all it usually took to make him smile when his picture was being taken.

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July 1999 Letters of the Month

Part 5

Old Time Solutions Still Work!

November 8, 1989

Dear Aunt Maria,

Forgive me for not replying sooner. It seems like every hour of the day there is something that I must get done. Sometimes I feel that I should ease up on my practice. Taking Steven in hand, keeping up the house and a full-time career is trying to say the least.

I know I read something a few years ago about using girls' clothes on a boy for punishment, although I cannot recall when or where I saw it. I know it was in a woman's magazine. I wish I could remember where I read it. I'm sure I could use any advice that they had to offer. If I recall they presented it as a more gentle form of punishment/controlling experience than most other forms of discipline, but dismissed it as probably an being unacceptable option in most families because the males in the family would probably not permit it. Is that correct?

I do recall they termed it "petticoat punishment" and said it was a very old practice almost totally forgotten these days. (I almost totally forgot about that article until I started thinking back in association with current events.)

Is it correct for me to assume that such training takes the male child into the world of femininity and harnesses his boyish behavior for a goodly period of time? To smooth the rough edges of his boyish spirit? That's what I hope it will do for Steven. Does this form of education/guidance training have a high rate of success in your judgment? Do you know of other women who tried it beside yourself?

I feel Steven is approaching that time when little boys of his age begin to experience the first inclines of a sexual nature, more a mixture of feelings, not knowing how to deal with each. His touching of his privates, not being able to sit still for any length of time, sometimes a total lack of concentration, all point to the first signs of puberty. It's just my own opinion after what I've read in some psychological journals on how boys develop.

You asked about Steven's associations with women. Love, respect, and comfort level I would imagine you mean. I can say that Steven is aware of my love for him. He shows that in the ways he tries to please me. He seems to enjoy spending time with me, even if he seems to have a great fear of most anything feminine. I have always tried to teach him to respect women and to play gentle with little girls, but as I've said, these lessons seem to be falling to the wayside and therefore I have this need to get him back on track.

I have tried to raise him to respect what women can do. As his mother, he sees that I am respected in my profession. He has had a number of opportunities to observe me at my office attending to patients. He has been present at dinners in which I have been awarded various sorts of recognition for my work, and on numerous occasions, he has heard others (both male and female) praise me for my work. On an almost daily basis, Steven comes in contacts with some of my friends (both male and female). He always used to be on his best behavior with these adults and always tended to be polite and respectful for a child of his age. Therefore, his recent decline in good behavior toward all females has mystified me.

Dr. Munding suggested that the girls' clothing punishment might not be enough and that I should experiment with other forms of punishment to back it up, to let him know that even more dire consequences await him if he doesn't cooperate. That's why I used spanking with him that first night I put a bow in his hair then the panties. By now, I think I've tried everything: time outs, lectures, going without dinner, being sent to his darkened room as well as physical punishments like face slapping and spankings. Some things worked well at times then other times I didn't get it to accomplish what I wanted. Face slapping and spankings worked the best.

I know a lot of boys can put up with a lot of physical punishment, but Steven really hates it, and he tears up quickly. Threats of physical punishment definitely get his attention and get him to do what I want him to do most of the time. The face slapping I like because it's quick and gets results, but when it comes to a spanking, I'm probably not cut out for it. I don't think I can deliver a sound and meaningful spanking.

I tend to begin all right, but as it continues, my own feelings get in the way. I spank him over my lap for the most part, usually in my bedroom. I've been making Steven spend a lot of time there with me, either playing while I'm dressing in the mornings, or at night before his bedtime while I read him a story or we just have mother/son conversations about his day at school etc. When it comes to spankings, I heard that ritual with such a punishment increases its effectiveness so I make it into a production, stripping off my clothes down to bra and panties - I explain to him that's so I don't ruin my good clothes.

And I personally take down his clothes. When I unbuckle his belt and let his trousers fall, I make a big production of seeing him in his panties, like I'm seeing them for the first time or something. I always engage him in conversation at such times because I know it embarrasses him to have me see him in his panties and even more so for us to talk openly about them. Sessions usually go like this:

"Oh, Steven, those are pretty panties you are wearing today."

"Thank you, Mommy."

I make him say "thank you" whenever I compliment him, and I have also forbidden him from calling me "mother", "mom" or "ma." I only allow him to call me "momma" or "mommy."

"Did you pick these panties out all by yourself this morning?" I ask.

"Yes, Mommy."

By this time he's already on the verge of tears, but I keep it up.

"Why did you pick out the yellow panties to wear?"

"Uh, I . . . I don't know, Mommy."

"Did you pick them out because they're so pretty?"

"Ah, uh, yes. Yes, Mommy."

"Did you pick them out because they're so girlish with all that lace and ruffles?"

"Oh, Mommy, please . . ."

Smack! I hit him across the face with a spirited blow.

"You didn't answer me, boy!"

"Yes. Yes, Mommy."

"Yes, Mommy, what?" I scream at him. "Now are you going to tell me why you picked out these pretty panties or do I have to slap you across the face again so you remember?"

Tears are usually rolling down his cheeks at this point even though he isn't audibly crying. He knows how I expect him to answer, and he usually does it accordingly.

"Mommy, I picked out these panties because they're pretty like real little girls wear."

"That's better. Now, aren't you a lucky boy to wear such pretty panties?"

"Yes, Mommy, I'm a very lucky boy to wear lace panties just like pretty little girls wear."

In this regard I have trained him well already, and he knows exactly what I want him to say.

Then I put him over my lap. I did try that suggestion you had about wearing a garter belt and nylons. I dug some out of a box in the attic from my days in high school before the pantyhose craze. I've put on a few pounds since then, but they still fit! Anyway, I know that garters look a lot sexier than pantyhose, and more than that, I like that they rub against his legs (and god knows where else) and irritate him while I spank him. That's another thing, I've come to believe that it is very important for him to see me in a sexual way. That might help him develop his heterosexual interests. I feel that if I take charge of him sexually, I'll be able to channel him in the right direction as his body goes through puberty.

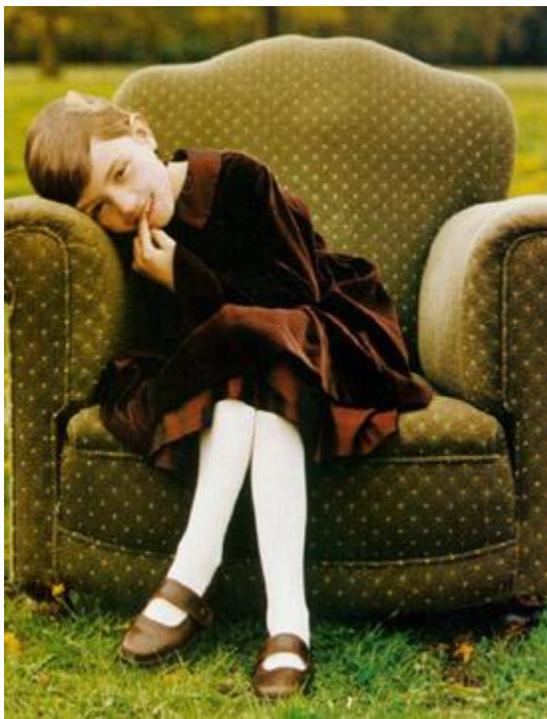
But it's at this point in my punishment sessions that I feel least effective. I think I have a good build up and humiliations are working, but when I spank him, I almost feel sorry for him, and I don't spank him as hard as I know I should. Sure, he ends up crying, but I think it's more from the embarrassment than from the pain of the spanking even though he is quick to tears.

As of a week and a half ago, I've upped the ante with the girls' clothes. Believe it or not, I got him into his first dress! I got him an adorable little frock that I saw in a store window while I was out for lunch. When I saw it, I just knew that I had to have it, and I knew he'd look lovely in it.

He got a spanking that night because he hit his baby-sitter when she saw that he was wearing a pair of bubblegum pink panties under his clothes. I had told him up to that time that it was his business to keep his panties a secret from people if he was so embarrassed by them, but he started going back into his old ways and was trying to roughhouse it with the girls when he fell down. Well, the sitter and the girls saw the pink nylon panties sticking out of the back of his trousers.

Of course, they all teased him about it. He got so angry that he hit the sitter. She called me immediately, and when I came to pick him up, I made him apologize to her. I also made him drop his pants and show them the panties he was wearing, and even made him pluck up the lacy edges and offer them a chance to feel the soft material. Of course, they didn't have to be asked twice. They touched his panties all over. He tried to hold back the tears but he couldn't take their touching and continued teasing, especially when I announced that he'd get a spanking on his pretty panties for being so bad when I got him ready for bed that night.

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July 1999 Letters of the Month

Part 6

**Old Time Solutions
Still Work!**

November 8, 1989
Letter to Aunt Maria
(continued)

But I don't want just a life of me being a disciplinarian (like I said I don't think I'm that good at it anyway!) and him being an obedient, feminized boy. Ultimately, I want to have a great relationship with him, a relationship in which he respects and loves me more than he fears me. Right now, I've got his attention, and he's being pretty good because he fears me, but especially when he gets older and stronger physically, I want him to love me and be obedient and not turn on me some day like a rabid dog and possibly really hurt me in a fit of anger.

So the fear thing I have working right now but I want to get him into a deep loving relationship with me as soon as possible. This is where I see sex coming in. If I can gain control of his sex drive as it develops, I think I'll be able to mold him into what I want him to be. This is where I can use your advice. The male mind, I'm learning more about everyday, but I'm dealing with a child's mind, and from what I've read, his entire way of thinking will change quickly once his testicles drop. (That's another thing, the doctor says his testis are still up in his body and if they don't fall soon, she'd recommend a little procedure to get them to come down).

Because of my own work, being away during the daytime, I make a point of trying to spend all the time I can with him. I show him I love him by doing things that he wants to do (that I approve of). For example, we go to movies, take rides in the car, visit some of my own friends homes (who have civil children whom he can play with), go shopping etc.

Despite his tendency to be rambunctious and wild at times (I must happily report that such unacceptable behavior is becoming rare), Steven is becoming a shy little boy. I'm sure I have the lacy vests and pretty panties to thank for that! He tends to take time in making friends, being more or less satisfied it seems just spending his time playing by himself or being with me. Of course, I am more than grateful that he does this. I have a great fear of what is happening in our world these days and feel the need to keep a close watch over him at all times.

Rightly or wrongly, I am taking steps for Steven to become thoroughly comfortable with my panties as well as his own, which I believe will give me a natural link into his sexuality. I think it's important to my overall scheme of things. I told you about the times he spends with me while I dress, and how I have him wearing panties (every day now!). I have never thought it wrong for a mother to feel unnatural about exposing certain aspects of her body or to attempt to give the impression that there is something dirty about one's body. I do not walk around naked in front of him, but he has seen me in panties, bra, slips and every other sort of dress and undress. I believe he has a strong natural curiosity about them (my panties) now that he wears panties. So I have him with me while sorting the wash, allowing him to fold my lingerie and put it away in my dresser. I let him know that he is helping me. He is good about it and seems to enjoy being around me and my clothing.

Concerning my ex-husband. We have had no contact with him ever since the divorce. By not seeing his son, I think he's trying to avoid paying child support. I don't mind. I make enough to support him, and if my ex stays away because of that, I figure I'm getting off cheap. Besides, it gives me something over him if he ever shows up on our doorstep, finds out about how I'm feminizing Steven and tries to make a stink.

I do want to attempt to stop some of the things Steven seems to be fixated with. Some of my questions would be as follows: What style of panties have you found to be best for training a seven-year-old boy? I started with nylon. Of my first two pairs for him, the one was a rather plain pair in white with little pink and green roses on them, and the other was a pink pair with some lace on the sides and cute little bows by the leg elastics. At first I kept his panties in my dresser drawer, and he had to come into my room and ask me for a pair of panties whenever he earned panty punishment. After I got him more pairs, and I started making him wear them every

day, he'd have to come into my room every morning and ask for a fresh pair. But now that I have built up his panty wardrobe (he has sixteen pairs already!), I keep them in his own dresser drawer. I make him pick out a pair and put them on every morning then come into my bedroom wearing only the panties so I can approve his selection.

Other problems I have: I sometimes have problems pretending to be strict with him. It doesn't come easy for me because I do have an endless love for him. It's my love for him that makes me want to feminize him so that he'll end up being a credit to the world and someone I can be very proud of. I think I'm making a lot of progress, especially since I have found that often just a certain look from me can get him to do what I want him to do. (Not all the time.)

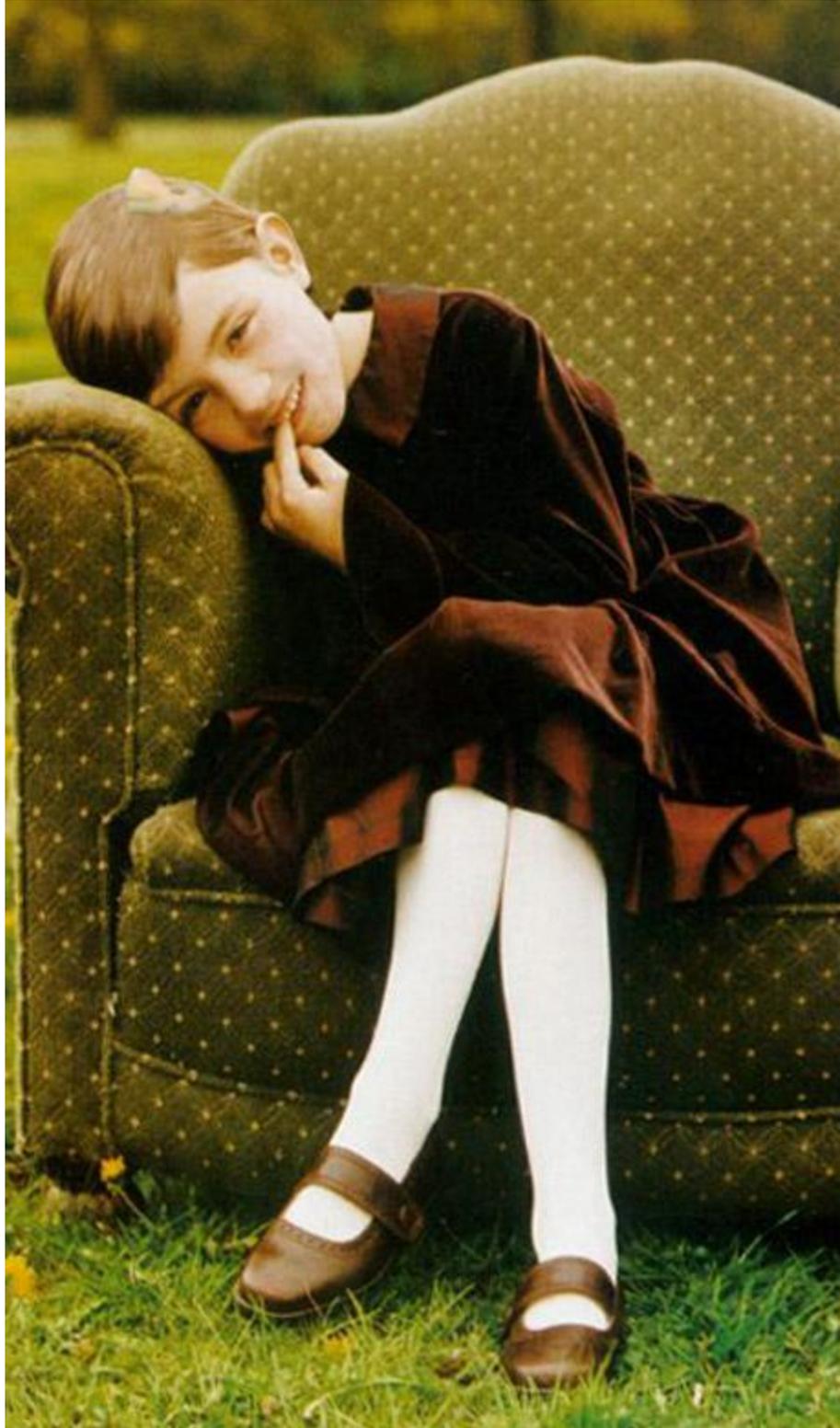
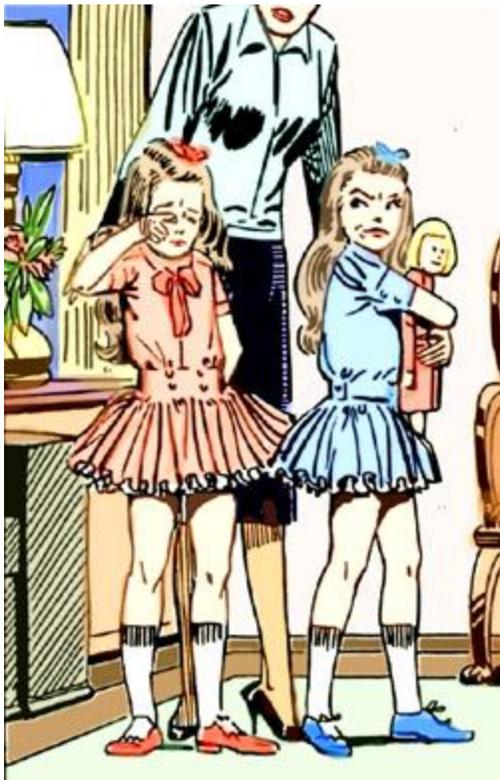
What can I expect from Steven next? What is the next step! How can I judge his reactions, and how should I react to them. Should he be rewarded for being a good boy at times, and in what form are these rewards to take? Concerning his erections and touching himself, should I discourage him from having them while wearing panties, make gentle fun of his reactions, just ignore them or punish him? Lastly, how will I be able to tell if he is really benefiting from his petticoat training beyond simple obedience? What is the usual length of time for a complete turnaround?

I'd love to talk with you on the phone about all this, and I hope you'd like to talk to me about it too, but I thought I should write to you first and let you know what is going on and where Steven is at in his training. I'll give you some time to think about these things, then perhaps in a week or so, I can call you and you can help me with some of the answers. Or perhaps I'll call you sooner if I run into a roadblock. I realize that I'm leaning on you for a lot of your time, asking you these endless questions, but I do feel you are concerned and want to help me do what is best for Steven to prevent him from growing up to be a louse and a loser. I hope you stay with me on this. I feel I'll need your help for some time. I know everything won't go according to how I hope it will go, and I know I'll need your ongoing advice. Can I count on you to be there for me?

Your very loving niece,
Ruth

P.S. I've enclosed two more pics. The first one is the little flowered dress I first bought for him on my lunch break. Of course, I captured him while he was crying and protesting every inch of the way, but I don't tolerate such behavior anymore. The other pic is of him in a lovely velvet dress that I picked up for him at a secondhand store. I used your tactic, of "smile for the picture or you'll get a spanking," and I at least got some semblance of a smile out of him.

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Stantoons Letter "B-1"

Dear Artist:

In this letter, I am revealing my innermost secrets to you. I hope to arouse your sympathy because I know others must certainly have had a life similar to my own. Throughout my life and even to this day, I have suffered at the hands of my cruel sister, who degrades me, forces me to wear feminine apparel and dominates me in the most humiliating ways. It is my deepest wish that you would accept this letter as an inspiration for illustrations that many others will find solace from their tortured minds.

For me, as far back as I can remember, I was dominated by my twin sister, Irma. (My name is Eddie.) My mother was frugal and did not want to buy boys' clothes for me and girls' clothes for my sister since we grew out of them so fast so she simply bought girls' clothes for both of us. Then, with both of us wearing them, we got a lot of wear out of the clothes before we outgrew them. I never could figure out why Mother didn't buy boys' clothes if she felt that way. It's much easier for a girl to wear boys' clothes than the other way around. Besides, boys' clothes are generally more durable than girls' clothes. Well, I gave up on trying to figure out my mother's way of thinking a long time ago. And the girls' clothes Mother did buy were all very frilly and soft. She rarely bought us anything that could pass for boys' clothes.

Mother further confused me by declaring that as long as I was wearing girls' clothes I should also act like a girl, play girls' games with my sister and learn girlish pursuits. So from the start, Mother treated me like I was a girl until I went to school. Even then, I had to come right home and change into my girlie clothes. The boys at school let me know that being a sissy and liking anything that girls liked was taboo, so I did my best to keep the feminine side of my life a secret from them. When I discovered that sissy boys were scorned, I was astonished, and when I eventually learned the facts of life, I was totally confounded. By then, I really liked being a girl and found it impossible to change.

I had no friends in school. After school each day, I'd rush home to play with Irma. We'd usually play with dolls or we'd play house doing sewing, housework, and (when I got older) knitting. As time went on, it became natural for me to love wearing girls' panties, silk stockings, patent leather high heels, fancy slippers, lacy garter belts, even perfume and cosmetics, and I wanted to wear them as much as possible.

Irma, on the other hand, was different. When we were very young, we played nicely together even though she usually took charge. But as time went on, she developed a superior attitude and started to boss me around. For example, when we'd play house, she'd force me to play the part of the mother, the daughter or the baby girl while she would play the part of the father. It's only natural for youngsters to divide authority amongst themselves; however between us, I was always the submissive female and she was always the bossy male. Being bitchy and bossy came natural to her.

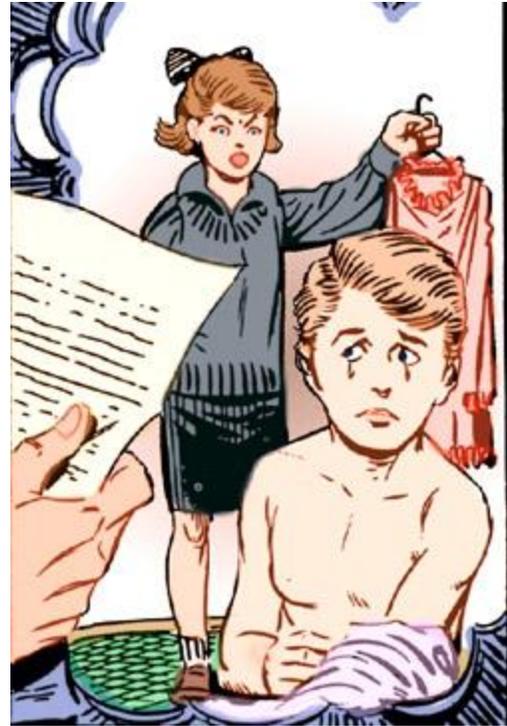
For example, when we'd play house, if I didn't serve her meals on time, she would force me over her lap, pull down my panties and give me a painful spanking on my bare bottom. To say this was humiliating would be putting it mildly. But I will confess to you, dear artist, that it satisfied a strange inner emotion. I never fought back. Somehow, it felt natural for her to do that and for me to be on the receiving end.

I grew to like being the obsequious half of the game. Subconsciously, perhaps, I enjoyed being relieved of mannish obligations like trying to be strong, firm and aggressive. I knew I was not qualified to be like that. As for Irma, she relished playing the dominant role. It fit her nature and eventually she was no longer playacting. She blossomed into a true dominant, and it was apparent in everything she did. And as we continued to mature, she carried it much further.

The years I had spent in feminine clothes spoiled me. I loved them. I could easily be humiliated while wearing them, but I couldn't hide the fact that I loved the soft materials and pretty frills. A femininely brainwashed boy can never get over that!

Irma knew I loved my pretty clothes, and she loved to taunt me because I had to (quite naturally) limit myself to wearing them in the house. When we went out in public, Irma often wore frilly clothes just to torment me. She hated ultra feminine dresses and lacy lingerie but loved to wear them to tease me. Walking down the street, she'd do a slow twirl to show off her dress for me. In the car, she'd pull up her skirt and make me stare at her nylon stocking tops, lacy slips and silky panties. In a store, she'd find a quiet corner then lift up her skirt and show me her fancy panties. She'd make me touch them and tell her how much I adored them and wanted to wear them.

However, most of the time, she assumed the dominant role and wore masculine-styled clothes. In high school, she



started to hang out with a motorcycle gang at the corner tavern. She wasn't anywhere near old enough to drink alcohol, but she was very mature and passed with ease. She developed a fetish for leather and started wearing a leather motorcycle jacket and fancy leather boots with skyscraper heels. She even had a pair of form-fitting leather jodhpurs. To make it more embarrassing, she would force me to act as her personal maid!

"If you want to dress like a girl," was her harsh decree, "then you have to act like one."

At such times, she'd remove her slinky dress and stand before me in her black satin panties and her favorite black leather bustier, the bra cups well-filled with her ample young breasts and the glittering garter clasps stretched tightly to secure her silky hosiery. She'd wear black, satin-like leather gloves that traveled all the way up her arms and hugged them like a second skin.

Irma had lovely brown hair, worn in thick waves. My hair was a lighter color of brown, but I couldn't wear it too long because I had to go out in public. That made me jealous, and Irma would often tease me about my short hair, as she would run a big comb through her lush tresses, which fell like a waterfall over her ivory white shoulders.

In addition to polishing her shoes and boots, setting out her clothes each day and cleaning up after her at every turn, Irma made me help her dress. Woe to me if my fingernails snagged her hosiery. If I made a run in her stockings, she would flail me with a heavy leather belt until I would scream and plead mercy. She enjoyed wearing a cruel corset that pulled in her midsection to a severe hourglass figure. When she wanted to wear it, I had to struggle with all my might to pull the laces tight then she'd measure her waist and if it wasn't less than 22 inches, she'd use that as an excuse to beat me. In her sky-high heels, she'd make me kneel before her to adjust her hosiery so that the seams were perfectly straight before

helping her on with her boots and giving them a final buffing.

Dear artist, maybe now you can understand my humble nature. I am sure there are many other males who have endured similar treatment at the cruel hands of a dominant sister. I hope that your drawings and my little story will help them cope by letting them know that they are not alone.

Here I was, a twin brother, raised as a girl, forced to be feminine until it was so much a part of me that I would have it no other way. Presently, I am completely dependent upon Irma because when our parents died, they left everything in her name. The will clearly stated that I was allowed to stay on in the house as long as I was totally subservient to her. She was given total control over all financial dealings, and to this day, I have to ask her for every dime that I need. The house, the car, everything is solely in her name.

If I decided to move out and live on my own, I would not be entitled to inherit anything. So I cannot just get up and flee. I am, and probably always will be, her slave since I can't get a job and live on my own because I don't have much of



an education. That's because Mother had forced me to quit high school in my junior year to become my sister's full-time maid.

That's when she had started wearing a lot of leather and hanging out with that motorcycle gang. All those leather clothes she started wearing had all kinds of straps and buckles, zippers and buttons, and they needed a lot of care to keep them in good shape. Naturally, it fell upon me to keep all her clothes in perfect condition. She, along with most of the others in that gang, carried a riding crop, which they used on anyone who got in their way. Needless to say, I was constantly getting a beating from my sister or one of the other gang members.

Thanks goodness, she no longer goes around with that gang of hoodlums, but the damage to me was done long ago. Now, I live in her wake and pray daily that I perform for her well enough to be allowed to keep on living with her as her bootlick, maid, playtoy to abuse and, yes, I am even her toilet slave.

Sincerely,
Miss Eddie

The End of Princess Online #6

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