

Princess Online

Featured Stories and Letters from the Princess Productions Website



Adults Only

No. 1

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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

*A Message
from
Princess Lacey*

*Welcome to
Princess Productions
on the Internet*

Dear Sissies,

In 1981, we started Princess Productions as a part-time business; we did it more for fun than for profit. Now it's 1999, and while I continue to work full-time in my career, Sissyboy Jimmie left his regular job in 1998 and now dedicates all his time to Princess Productions.

This has given Jimmie the opportunity to do things the way we always wanted to do them and that includes developing our business on the Internet. After many months of work, we opened our website in December of 1998.

Being online has been a lot of work but also a lot of fun, and more than ever, we are reaching out to sissy boys the world over and finding fabulous new friends and customers. We have



always had some international business, but with the Internet, our international as well as national business has grown dramatically. It's very rewarding to be in touch with likeminded people from distant lands on a daily basis.

Most months on our website, we present both a "Letter of the Month" and a "Story of the Month." Now we have assembled these features into this hard copy publication for those who had missed these items when they were available and those who do not have access to the Internet.

Love,

Princess Lacey

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By viewing this page, I agree to the disclaimer in full.

Welcome, sissies!

Now that you're in your pretty panties and holding onto something good, I'm sure you'll enjoy your visit. Remember that throughout my site, you can click on many of the pictures for a close-up view and print out items of interest. OK, boys, start clicking and stroking!

A Visit to Our Website

For those of you who don't have a computer, and therefore can't contact us on the Internet, we're showing you what you'd see if you could access our website.*

At our site we have hundreds of different "web pages" (the term for each item you can view on your computer's monitor). Here we show you two of them. The item above is an approximation of our original homepage.**

Each of the items listed in the center of this page can be "clicked on" by viewers and it will take them to that location. This was our original homepage. Just recently we have completely revised and improved it.

The item on the lower half of this page is one of our web pages with (what we hope is) helpful information. It also serves as a lead-in to some of our other web pages with additional information.

* A web page, website or simply a "site" is a location on the Internet that anyone with a computer and access and view on their own computer screen. The "web" is short for "world wide web," a huge worldwide network of computers connected together and hosting millions of sites on every imaginable subject.

** A homepage is so named because it's the first thing that appears on your screen when you go to a specific location on the web. It also is a central location that leads to all other items available at that web location.

Princess Lacey Explains It to You

Where did we come from? Is there a God? And if there is a God, why did She create us?

Everyone is searching for answers to such questions, but even after many of us think we have found some of the answers, it's not long before we are on the search again for more meaning in our lives and more satisfying answers.

In addition to those questions, sissy boys have many questions of their own: Why am I attracted to feminine clothes? Why can't I find someone to love my fetish and me too? Why can't people accept me for what I am? Why can't I wear whatever I want whenever and wherever I want? Why am I labeled a freak, an embarrassment or

Princess Lacey Explains It to You!

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This page is a part of the Red Light Magazine website.



**A peek at
our new
website!**

a pervert? Why am I treated like an outcast?

I don't claim to have all the answers. I don't even claim to have many the answers, but when it comes to sissy boys, I do believe I have some of the answers. I say that because I have spent my entire life knowing, loving and enjoying sissy boys. See my brief (pun intended) autobiography for details.

One thing I do know for sure, as a sissyboy, any answers you embrace or life decisions you make must satisfactorily address your sissy needs. Failure to do so will spell disaster. The classic mistake a sissy makes is getting married without ever telling his future wife about his sissy needs. This is completely unfair to the woman, and it will make it very difficult for such a marriage to succeed. If you are a sissyboy, you are one through and through, and you will never change! Ever! So plan your life accordingly!

The purpose of this feature of my website is to make a sissy boy, like you, feel good about yourself. I'll give you advice on a variety of topics that are important to you. Here I'll also give you general information about Princess Productions and about myself as well as answer the most commonly asked questions that you, my sissyboy readers, e-mail to me. You can count on me to always talk to you from my heart. Click on the following entries for information and advice:

The Purpose of Princess Productions

Your Love Life

Telling Others about Your Sissyness

E-mail me today! I'd love to read about you and hear your comments about these and related topics.

Princess Lacey



LETTER OF THE MONTH - DECEMBER 1998

Lifelong Sissy

Dear Princess,

I would love to meet you sometime. You're my ideal type of woman because you take control of guys without forfeiting your femininity. For me, the worn-out stereotype of a dominatrix as a leather-clad, whip-swinging bitch is way off. Why can't more dominant women be like you — sweet and frilly, smiling and fresh, yet supremely powerful!

To me, lingerie is mankind's greatest invention. Women are so lucky to be able to wear it all the time along with all their other pretty clothes. Even though I'm a man, I love wearing women's clothes too. To an uninitiated male a lingerie lover cannot adequately describe or explain the thrill he experiences when wearing panties, slips, nighties and all the other bits of heaven women get to wear. Thrills that make life worth living.

I was married to a wonderful woman for over fifteen years. We were from the same neighborhood and had a lot in common. She even knew I sometimes wore girls' clothes while growing up. One time she confided in me she thought I made a very cute little girl. During high school we dated, and I thought she understood my need to dress up. But after we got married, she was surprised that my need for feminine clothes was a lasting obsession. To give her credit, she did try to go along with my fetish, but I knew she hated it every minute. Eventually, we went our separate ways.

Panties, in particular, have always held a great fascination for me. I don't know how early it started. Rita, my sister, is a year younger than I am. She was very cute, and I was always jealous of all the attention she got. As far back as I can remember, I'd take a pair of her panties out of the wash bin or from her dresser

drawer and put them on. I thought they made me look cute too. I wanted my Mom to think I was pretty so I'd show her, but she'd either laugh at me or scold me. Most often, she'd chide me and say, "Pretty panties are not for boys! If you don't stop wearing them, you'll grow up to be a sissy!"

Rita would get mad and want me to take her panties off. Still, Mom would usually let me wear them for a while, sometimes even until bedtime. Then, right in front of my bitchy little sister, she'd strip the panties off me and make me carry them to the laundry basket. My Dad never witnessed any of these early episodes since he worked long hours, and when he wasn't working, he was at the Lions, Elks or one of his many other clubs. Mom always threatened to expose me to my father dressed up and, for some reason, that scared me.

Mom's teasing, threats, and shaming me eventually led me to stealing Rita's panties and secretly trying them on in my closet. One day sis caught me in the closet with her panties on and she ran out screaming. Moments later, she came back with Mom in tow.

"Mom, buy Willie some of his own panties so he won't take mine anymore."

"Good idea!" Mom said with a sneer and a laugh, "Get dressed you naughty little sissy! We're going shopping!"

With my mind in a whirl, I ran off to my room. I didn't know if I was supposed to keep the panties on or take them off so I simply put my clothes on over the panties. I could hardly believe it. Of course, the idea of having panties of my own should have thrilled me, but Mom was obviously fed up with me and very angry. That was frightening, and I became even more scared as I thought

about Mom buying me panties from a strange saleslady. I was sure she would laugh and shame me just like my mother and sister did to me.

Once we were at the store, Mom made no effort to disguise our mission from the clerks. She openly discussed styles and colors with them and forced me to pick out several pairs of panties from the stacks of them on display. And just like the classic scenario in transvestite fiction, my mother held some of the panties up to my waist to check for size. Rita laughed out loud. The salesladies got a big kick out of it too. After we had picked out a half dozen pairs of panties in a rainbow of pastel colors, Mom made me carry them up to the checkout counter. The cashier looked down her nose at me over her low slung glasses as she packaged up the panties. I know she had been watching me ever since we came into the store. As we left, she couldn't hold back her laughter as she told Mom to bring me back the following week because they were having a sale on party dresses.

As soon as we got home, Mom yanked off my clothes. She did an "oh, god!" when she saw I still had the panties on from before. She pulled them off me then had me try on each of the new pairs of panties, and with my sister's encouragement, Mom made me strut around and show them off like a model. By then I was crying, but that only seemed to stoke the fires of their rage.

Mom told Rita to go to her room and get her pink and white party dress. The comment the cashier made in the store must have given her the idea. While Rita was doing that, Mom got out one of my felt tip coloring pens, a big red one. She used it to write the words 'sissy boy' across the back of a pink pair of my new

panties. After they got me into the dress and sissyboy panties, they laughed so hard I thought they would never stop. Sis even brought along one of her big pink hair bows. Just as Mom was pinning the bow in my hair, we heard Dad's car pull up in the driveway. Dad never came home early! I thought I was really going to be in for it. Dad always teased me about being a 'sissy.' He would cruelly tease me and say I couldn't be his son. Any son of his would be a real boy! I was preparing myself for the worst when all of a sudden, Mom rushed me up to my room, stripped the dress and panties off me and told me not to say anything to my dad about what had happened that day!

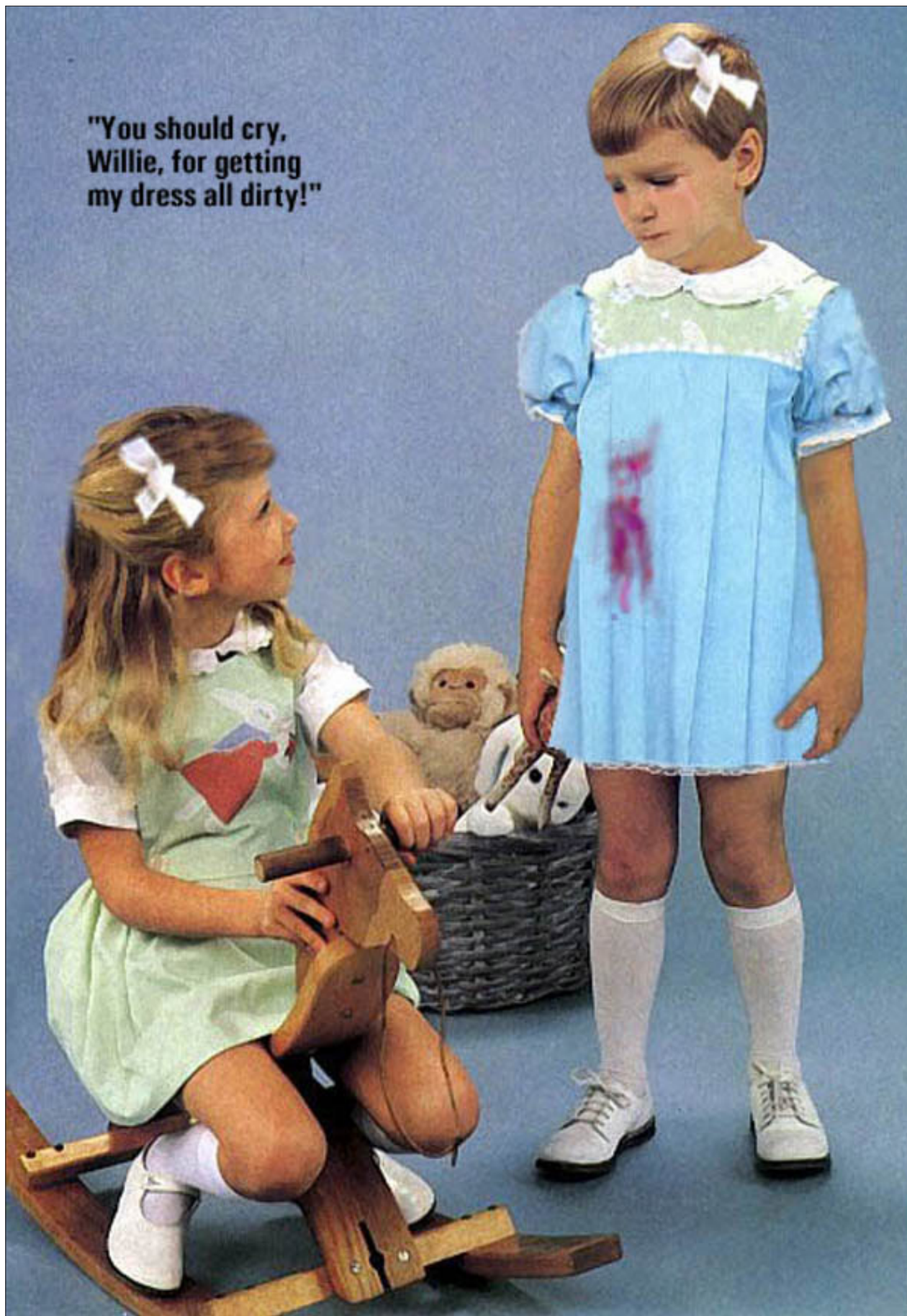
I was really confused, and I never did fully understand what it was all about. I guess Mom figured Dad couldn't handle seeing me dressed like a girl.

Early the next morning, Mom came into my room and made me put on a pair of the panties, pale green ones with little flowers all over them. Day after day, she'd wake me up. I'd open my eyes to see her holding up a fresh pair of silky panties for me to put on. Rita was always right behind her giggling and pointing her finger at me. Throughout the day, whenever Dad wasn't around, she and Rita kept up my humiliation by continually teasing me about 'my' new panties. Then, about a week later, Mom came into my room bright and early as usual and made me take off the pair of panties I had worn to bed. She took them along with all the other pairs of



"Keep that dress up, Willie! We all want to see your sissyboy panties."

**"You should cry,
Willie, for getting
my dress all dirty!"**



panties out of my drawer told me to never wear them again. Otherwise, she was going to send me to school in a dress, and the kids would surely make fun of me.

I cried because I was so confused. What was the big deal? Why couldn't I wear panties? All I could do was wonder what she had done with those panties. The next day, I saw them all stacked up in Rita's dresser drawer. At every opportunity, I started stealing and wearing the panties once again, but I became extremely secretive. There were many close calls and I think Mom had a pretty good idea that I was wearing them once in a while, but she didn't say anything about it.

My earliest recollection of having someone outside our family find out about me wearing my sister's panties was at age five in kindergarten. I was wearing my usual shorts and T-shirt and sitting on the floor with two of the other kids, Robbie and Bunny. We were drawing pictures on a big poster that was going to be hung up on the wall. I was completely engrossed in doing my coloring until I felt something on my thigh. It was Bunny trying to reach her hand up the leg of my shorts.

"Hold still, Willie," she giggled. "I wanna see your panties. They're pretty ones just like mine. Are you a girl?"

"No! I'm a boy!" I said defensively as I noticed Robbie staring intently at Bunny digging around under my shorts.

I tried to escape her probing fingers, but she gave me a mean look and told me to hold still. I felt funny because I knew I wasn't supposed to be wearing panties. Even kids at that age are very aware that boys aren't supposed to wear girls' things. I wondered what was going to happen next.

"See! These are girls'," she said definitively as she showed the wide-eyed Robbie the white lace on the yellow panties I was wearing.

He just sat there with a silly, icky expression on his face. After some urging from Bunny, Robbie also reached out and touched the lace. He moaned something about "girls' stuff" and looked at me like I was poison.

"Naughty! Naughty! Naughty!" Bunny chastised me with an air of superiority as she waved her finger at me. "Boys aren't supposed to wear panties!"

Then, just as quickly as it had begun, it ended. We all turned back to working on our pictures. Once we were finished, we looked at each other's little masterpieces.

I was surprised when Bunny explained what she had drawn. She giggled as she told us it was a picture of her and me, and I was only dressed in lacy yellow panties. When our teacher came over to see what we had done, Bunny explained to her that it was a picture of me wearing yellow panties, but I think it went right over Miss Terry's head. She just let out a hearty laugh and said, "Oh, that's so-o-o cute," before going on to look at the other kids' pictures.

The poster was hung on the wall, and it stayed there for weeks. It was still hanging there the night my mother went to school for a parent/teacher meeting. Afterwards, Mom said my teacher had shown her all around our room. She even mentioned seeing our drawing on the wall. I cringed because I was sure she had recognized me in Bunny's drawing. I next expected her to say something about it, but she didn't. Of course, Bunny's

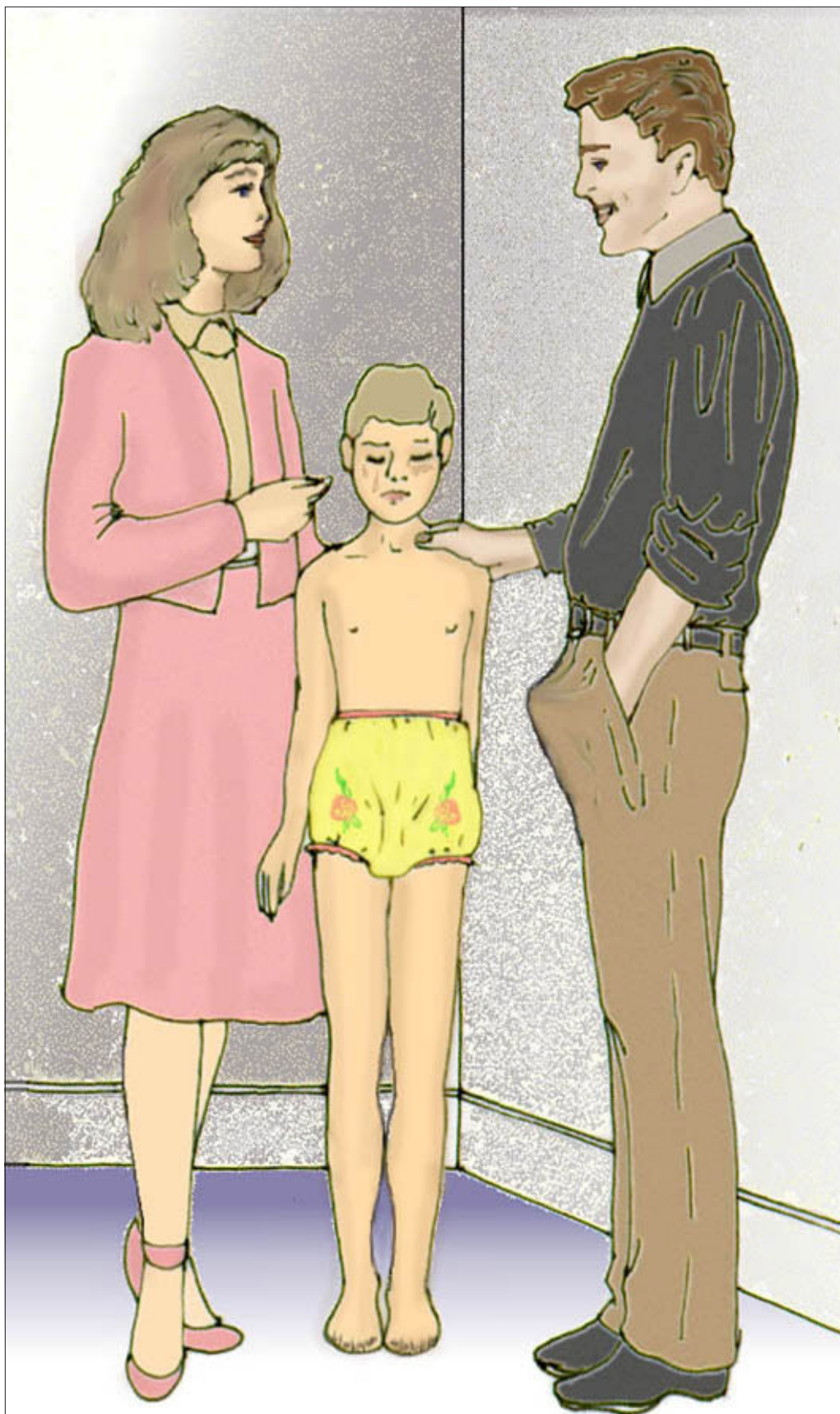
picture was just a child's simple drawing and not recognizable as any particular person. However, I knew the picture was of me, and I thought everyone else could easily recognize it as me too -- and in panties. But I guess no one did.

Bunny continued to tease me about wearing panties. Even though her teasing and nasty comments embarrassed me, I continued to wear the panties anytime I could sneak out of the house in them without being caught by my mother. I don't know how, but my teacher also discovered I sometimes wore panties. Bunny had probably told her. She used to blab to her about everything. Miss Terry didn't say anything to me, but she smiled a lot whenever she talked to me. She also seemed to take a great interest in tucking my T-shirt into my shorts whenever it would get pulled out of the waistband. I was always very nervous when she did that. Her ridiculing grin would make me blush. I'm sure it was all just an excuse so she could peek down my shorts to see if I had panties on that day, and if I did, it gave her a chance to playfully touch them. On such occasions, she'd whisper in my ear, "Oh, today, I see you're wearing very pretty underwear — for a boy!"

Carol Ann was Bunny's best friend. She loved to push me into a corner and ask me what color panties I had on that day. I'd tell her so she'd stop pestering me, but usually she wasn't satisfied with just asking. She'd pull open the stretchy waistband of my shorts to see for herself. Carol Ann and Bunny told all the kids in our class about me. They were always whispering, laughing and pointing at me, especially whenever Miss Terry wasn't watching us too closely.

Every morning we had a snack period. We'd usually get orange juice and some bread and butter with jelly. Everything became more than I could bear one day when Miss Terry momentarily stepped out of our classroom during our snack period because Carol Ann took the opportunity to get some of the boys to overpower me and another boy. They shoved us together and made the boy kiss me, telling him I was a girl. I broke away, grabbed a piece of bread with grape jelly on it and threw it at Carol Ann. Of course when our teacher came back into the room, Carol Ann was crying and had a big stain on the front of her dress.

Miss Terry rushed Carol Ann to the rest room to wash out the stain. A few minutes later, she came back carrying the dress with Carol Ann now wearing one of the coverall smocks we used for finger painting. Miss Terry wanted to know what had happened. She didn't believe what I had to say because everyone else was against me. For punishment, she made me put on the stained dress. She spared me the indignity of stripping off my pants and shirt in front of the class. Instead, she helped me change behind a little partition in the back of the room where she kept her supplies. Of course, I had my panties on that day, a pale blue pair with white waist elastic and a white satin bow on each side. She laughed right in my face when she saw those panties. Everyone heard her, and I'm sure they knew what she was laughing about. A minute later, she led me back out in front of the class wearing the stained dress. The shrieks, squeals of laughter and taunting I had to endure made me cry like I had never cried before. I had to stay in



"Explain to your dad why you're wearing my panties!"

that dress for the rest of the day. At lunchtime, all the kids really got into teasing me and pulling up the dress to see my panties. I never wanted to go to school again after that day. I think Mom heard about what had happened because she let me stay home from school the next day when I pretended to be sick.

If Mom had caught me once, she caught me a hundred times wearing my sister's panties, but she was inconsistent in how she reacted. Sometimes she'd yell at me, sometimes she'd laugh, and at other times, she'd barely say a thing.

Mom usually let me undress myself to get ready for my bath, but on one occasion, we were in a rush to get cleaned up and go out so she took charge of my undressing. I was reluctant to let her take off my clothes because I was wearing a pretty yellow pair of panties with pink, blue and green flowers on the sides. I suppose what put her over the top was the fact that they were her panties! They were a too big on me, but I had recently discovered the thrill of wearing my mom's panties because I loved swimming around in her silky, loose-fitting briefs. That day, I watched her carefully out of the corner of my eye as she tugged my pants down. She paused for a long moment and stared. Then, she rested her hands on my hips through the silken panties and fingered the soft fabric.

"Where in hell did you get these panties?" she yelled, spitting out the words as she plucked at the stretchy nylon.

I thought that was a dumb question to ask. I'm sure she knew where I had gotten them. But she often said dumb things like that when she caught me.

"From the wash basket," I answered.

"Those are mine, you rotten little panty thief. That's it! I've had enough of this! These are a brand new pair!"

Mom could make me cry with just a look or a certain sound in her voice, but there were no subtleties this time. She was shouting at me. I was pouring out the tears. Worst than that, Dad was home at the time so she called him in to see me standing there in the panties. Mom had never done that before. Dad shook his head and called me a 'faggot.' I had never heard that word before.

"You know better than to steal something that doesn't belong to you. Besides, boys don't wear girls' panties," he said in his booming voice. "Your Mom told me about you wearing your sister's clothes, but god, I didn't believe it. You couldn't be serious about wanting to be like a girl. When are you going to stop this nonsense, be a boy and grow up?"

I didn't know what to say. I could only shrug my shoulders and mumble "I don't know" through my crying.

"Look at the lace and flowers!" he screamed. Boys who wear panties are sissies! Is that what you want to be — a sissy!"

All the while he was talking to me, in a seemingly unconscious motion, Mom was sliding her hands all over the smooth nylon covering my butt and hips. Dad's words made me feel more and more ashamed. But Mom's cool hands rubbing me through those silky panties felt wonderful even though I didn't appreciate it at the time.

All of a sudden, Dad shocked me. He reached out with his big, rough hands and pinched the end of my penis right though the silky nylon.

"What in the hell is this!" he screamed. "If you have a peepee, you don't wear lace panties. Don't you know anything about boys and girls?"

As Dad continued belittling me, Mom yanked on the waistband of the panties. I thought she was going to pull them down, but she surprised me by pulling the panties up instead. She ran her fingers under the edge of the waist elastic all the way around, straightening out the lace then tugging them up as high as they would go, ultimately pulling out the elastic waistband with both hands and letting it go with a loud snap.

Being a soft little sissy, it hurt! I cringed, bent over in pain from the sharp sting and cried some more. I'm sure she was frustrated with me and meant to hurt me like that. Then she made me step back and make a slow turn so they both could look at me and taunt me with their laughter. As I did a swishy little turnaround, Dad sneered and let out an intimidating laugh then pulled me to him and forcefully put his face right up to mine.

"Do you know what a faggot is?" he asked holding me in a tight embrace.

I'm sure the expression on my face told him I had no idea what he was talking about.

"Well, go ask your little friends at school — that is if you have any friends. They'll tell you what a faggot is. And when

they tell you, pay close attention because that's what you're going to grow up to be if you keep on wearing panties!"

He pushed me back and pinched my penis again. I cried and begged him not to hurt me. They both just laughed.

"On second thought," Mom said, "this penis of yours isn't very big. It barely makes a bump in my panties. Maybe it's not such a big deal after all if you wear panties."

"God damn, sissy!" Dad hissed.

I had no idea what was going on at the time, but Dad had a huge bump pushing out the front of his trousers. Of course, now I know he had a massive hard-on! I do remember Mom teasing him about it.

"What's getting you all excited, big boy?" she taunted him.

He became flustered and started tripping over his words.

"Oh, ah, well, it those panties of yours that he's wearing dear. It reminds me of you, ... you and being together and ..."

"Sure it does," she teased. "I bet you're getting all excited about seeing your little boy looking so cute and pretty."

"No. No, way! You know I'm not like that."

They started arguing. Mom quickly stripped the soft panties down and off and had me get into the bathtub. They went out the door. Their yelling at each other got louder and louder. They seemed to be arguing a lot during that time.

By the time I was finished with my bath, Mom was involved with something else so she called out to me to dry myself, go to my room and get dressed.

With all the things she and Dad had said about me wearing the panties, I wasn't quite sure if now it was OK for me to wear them. So when I got dressed, I assumed it would be OK to put her panties on again. I kept thinking about what Mom always said about boys who wear panties. She said they are sissies. So I suppose that meant I was a sissy. I hated having her angry at me, and now that Dad was mad at me too, I was confused. I didn't have to ask the kids at school what a sissy was. Every school kid knows. Yet to me, I didn't see what all the fuss was about. 'Sissy!' It was just a word, and being called a sissy was a small price to pay if I could then wear girls' panties!

In the days that followed, I continued to steal and wear panties at every opportunity. Since Mom had made a big point of being angry with me for taking her panties I limited myself to taking Rita's panties. Actually, I almost exclusively took those panties that Mom had originally bought to embarrass me. I liked them the best because they were fancier than most of the panties Rita owned.

Throughout these remembrances, it must sound like I was wearing panties every day, all day and all night long too. Of course, if I had my choice, I would have had it that way, but in actuality, I wore my regular boy's underwear most of the time, probably seventy-five percent of the time, especially to school. Midway through second grade, I stopped wearing panties to school because everyone hated me for it. Soon all the kids forgot about it and found other kids to pick on. I even developed a few friends. But back to how often I wore panties.

Some days I didn't wear them at all because there was a high risk of being caught. Other days, I'd change back and

forth just to avoid certain situations in which I thought it was likely I'd be get caught. I became very secretive because I hated it when I did get caught. Mom and sis could really make me feel very bad. The lectures, teasing and snide remarks were no fun. The strange thing about it, Mom always acted surprised when she'd catch me, like it was the first time or something. I guess she always thought that I had finally done it for the last time. Then she'd catch me again, and she'd be in shock all over again.

Especially around the house, I continued to steal Rita's panties and wear them at every opportunity. We were all under a lot of strain at the time because Mom and Dad were getting divorced. It was probably for the best because their relationship had soured to the point that they were fighting every minute of the day and night. After Dad moved out it became fairly peaceful around our house.

After the divorce, we were all surprised because Dad got remarried right away. Sis and I got to know Gretchen, his new wife. She was an athletic Nordic type, a powerful-looking, pretty woman from Germany. Sis and I got to accept and enjoy her; she was very hospitable and fun to be around. Many weekends we did stay with them. It wasn't long before Dad announced that he and Gretchen were moving to Arizona. Sis and I were going to miss them. This was a big change from when Dad lived at home. He was always a stranger to me since he didn't spend much time at home. As a follow-up detail man for an architectural firm, he worked long hours and regularly traveled to do on-site work.

When they moved, Dad

"Naughty, naughty, naughty!" Gretchen screamed in her heavy German accent, "Vy are you vearing vomen's panties! You, sissy!"



promised to have us stay with them during our summer vacation. Sis and I were looking forward to that. Just a couple of weeks before school was out, Mom caught me again. Now, for the first time, she gave me an adult-type lecture instead of giving me a mild spanking and berating me like a little child. She told me I was growing up now and she expected me to stop my childish games, which was her euphemism for my wearing panties. She reminded me I was going to spend most of the summer with Dad and Gretchen, stressing I couldn't wear panties while I was staying with them.

Once summer arrived, I was put on a plane to Dad's place, but Rita went to camp. After three weeks, she was going to join us for the rest of the summer.

I really liked it at Dad's house because I had a big room all to myself, fully stocked with a radio, TV, games, posters—the works! The only problem was that without Rita there, I wouldn't have any panties to wear. Gretchen was a big woman, and even though I liked the silkiness of a big pair of panties, her panties were just too big for me. I knew that for a fact because I had already tried them on several times during our weekend stays. Besides, her panties were rather plain, even compared to my mother's panties.

Since I knew I wouldn't be able to stand being without panties for so long, I decided to hide some of Rita's panties in my suitcase before I left. As I took four of my favorite panties out of her lingerie drawer, I noticed all of her pretty nighties. Convinced she wouldn't miss them, I took a lacy pink babydoll with matching high-waisted sissy panties too.

I believed I could get away with wearing the babydolls at Dad's place because when we had stayed with him before, they made a practice of saying good night to us in the living room then sending us up to our bedrooms to put ourselves to bed. Knowing that, combined with the fact I was almost always the first one to wake up in the morning, I was sure it would be safe. Nevertheless, Dad discovered my secret wardrobe soon after I arrived.

On my second night there, I was up in my room and about to change out of my regular pajamas and into the babydolls, which I had laid out on the bed. Dad walked into my room without knocking. I was standing there in just my T-shirt and a pair of lilac-colored silk and lace panties.

Gretchen was there too, staring at me with big cutesy eyes. I wanted to run and hide. I wanted to make excuses, but no words came to lips. Dad surprised me. Smiling broadly, he walked over to me and gave me a big hug. I broke down into tears as he told me how much he loved me. All the while he kept running his hands down my backside and over my lacy panties. I looked over his shoulder. Gretchen was leaning up against the doorway. She was always so fresh and sweet looking and dressed elegantly but very simply. That night she wore a conservative plum-colored knit skirt and a soft yellow sweater. But she was chewing gum and leering at me with one of the most sinister grins I had ever seen. She started laughing, and I began crying, muffling my sounds by grinding my face into Dad's manly chest.

"Oh, Willie, Willie, Willie! What am I going to do with

you?" Dad said.

I was getting very nervous because his hands were still massaging my butt through the nylon panties. His hands were coarse and very warm. They scratched and burned as he touched me. They were hot! His rough hands repeatedly snagged on the delicate nylon of my panties.

"These are very nice panties," he said.

He was making fun of me.

"They're so soft and silky. Are these your panties or are they your sister's?"

I could feel his thinly disguised rage. He wasn't fooling me. I sensed his hate. Why was he doing this? Why didn't he just spank me? Yell at me? Even beat me? I just wanted him to do whatever he was going to do and get it over with.

"So whose panties are these?"

Gretchen put her hands up to her face, which was fire engine red because she was laughing so hard but trying to hold it back.

"I guess they must be YOUR PANTIES," Dad said. "Your mother did tell me some time ago that she bought you some panties to teach you a lesson or something. But then she said you agreed not to wear panties anymore. So what's going on here? Do I now have a full-fledged sissy for a son or what?"

I wanted to defend my boyhood in front of my father and his new wife. At that very moment, I hated those panties. They were so embarrassing. I didn't even want to be in the same room with them.

"I'm sorry, Dad! I . . . I . . . please," I cried even harder.

"No, no, no! It's okay, my little pretty boy. Willie, we don't mind if you like to wear girlie panties," he said as he turned a bit and let me see him wink at Gretchen.

She came closer. Her laughing eyes sharply focused on my pantied body.

"Vell, vell, such pret-ty pan-ties. Ville is a lucky boy!"

Her thick accent made her words pound like thunder in my tender ears. I lurched as I felt her cold fingers join Dad's rough hands roaming across my silky butt. Together they kept touching and tickling me through my lacy panties.

Dad explained that Mom had called him while I was on the plane. She told him about the missing panties and babydoll nightie. She had challenged him to do something about my problem of stealing and wearing Rita's clothes.

"I saw them in your suitcase just after you got here," he told me, "but I wanted to see you in them for myself, and that's why I now walked in on you."

Then I realized Dad probably knew everything about my panty stealing and wearing habits. Over the years, I had assumed Mom didn't really tell him much about it, but now I realized he knew a lot. Just the same, he made me tell him the whole story from the beginning.

Gretchen made no bones about it; she seemed delighted to have a little sissyboy in such a compromising position. Her laughing had changed into an enthusiastic grin. She asked me if I would like to put on a dress in the morning and go out and play with the neighborhood girls. I turned bright red in embarrassment at that suggestion, even though, deep down in my heart, such a thought thrilled me.

"Without this little bump, you'd be a sweet girlie," she teased as she swept her smooth fingers directly over my panty-covered penis and balls.

I was so afraid and confused. I pleaded with them, telling them I wanted to be a boy and never wanted to wear girls' things again. I started pulling the panties off. I didn't care if they'd see me naked, even Gretchen. Anything was better than standing there, wearing those sissy panties and having them make fun of me.

"Stop that this instant!" Dad yelled. There was anger and hate in his voice. But, just like years before, I noticed a swelling in his trousers. By that age I knew what was making that big bump.

"Leave those panties on," he demanded. "Since you're the one who put them on, you're going to keep them on. You must love them. You're no boy of mine."

Then with a hearty laugh, he added, "But if you try real hard, maybe you can be my daughter. I'd like another daughter. Gretchen would like to have a nice little girl around, too. Wouldn't you, dear?"

"O-o-o-o, yes, my dahling. Ve vill make him girlie."

"But I don't want to be a girl!"

"No more girlie things?" she laughed. "Maybe you want to try on my things. You want women's panties and big girl clothes?"

"No. No! I want to be a boy! Please, Dad, please!"

But Dad had other ideas. He still hadn't taken his hands off my panty bottom. Neither had Gretchen. By this time, their constant touching was making me numb. I refused to admit it felt good to have them rub the silky nylon panties into my body. I didn't want the panties to feel good. I wanted to hate the panties!

Dad took my T-shirt off and then nodded to Gretchen. She picked up the babydoll top and slipped it over my head. I tried to resist but Dad demanded I hold still as she adjusted it over my shoulders and smoothed the silky top down my chest. But I kept resisting, and as I tried to push myself away from him, my hand pressed right against his hot, throbbing hard-on tenting up his trousers. I reacted like I had touched a burning coal, struggling even more to get out of his grip. Then we all heard the nightie rip down

the side.

"Hey, look what you did! Is that how you take care of your pretty clothes?"

"Dear," he motioned to Gretchen, "get that hairbrush over there and give him a spanking so he learns to behave and take care of his sister's clothes."

"You going to spanky, Villie?"

My dad answered, "No, I better not. I'm so angry; I might really hurt the little fairy. You better do it."

Gretchen sat on the edge of the bed and Dad helped her pull me over her lap. In my heightened state of sensitivity, her closeness was maddening. Her perfume filled my every breath. Her fingers on my body, pulling up the nightie top and adjusting the panties to ride high on my back made my head swirl. Her preliminary smoothing of the panties across the full expanse of my bottom made me twitch and squirm.

I don't know how hard Dad would have spanked me, but I don't think it could have been any harder than her spanking.

Swat!

"Hit our little sissy harder than that," Dad told her.

Swat!

And with just the second stroke I was in tears as much from the pain as from the humiliation.

Swat!

"Stop your screaming, son. We have to teach you a lesson. God knows your mother doesn't seem to be able to do it."

Swat!

"You want to cry, Villie?" Gretchen asked. "I will make you cry. Next time we do this in women's panties, you sissy!"

Swat! Swat!

It went on and on. I hadn't been spanked since Dad had left home. The pain was unbelievable. When it was over, I lay on my stomach and cried myself to sleep, my burning ass cheeks still cupped in the silky purple panties. Just thinking about the frilly leg openings on my panties made the lace burn along the edges where they stretched around my well-spanked thighs.

In the morning, they stripped me of the panties and babydoll nightie and made me solemnly promise never to put on anything belonging to girls again. I quickly agreed. Spurred on by my father's

threats of being permanently dressed as a girl and humiliated in front of their friends and neighbors, I acted like a perfect gentleman for the balance of the summer. Dad was proudly convinced he had cured me of my perverted desire to wear girls' clothes. I even heard him brag about it to Mom over the phone.

Did I ever wear girls' clothes again after that?

Yes.

Just two days after all that humiliation and the horrible spanking, I couldn't stop myself from stealing a pair of Gretchen's panties from the laundry basket. They were nice new panties, pretty pale yellow with lacy triangles on each hip. They were much fancier than what she had worn before. Did she buy these in honor of me, knowing I had a preference for fancy panties?

I didn't care what the reason. They were really nice, crisp and new and very silky. I rubbed them all over my body with abandon. It was supremely exciting to think about her catching me with them on. They were too big for me, but I pulled them on anyway. I exploded with the pleasure of a dry cum in her panties as I played with myself and pictured her wicked grin. In my mind I could see her leering at me, calling me names and making fun of me for being hopelessly hooked on 'women's panties.' God, I loved it when she'd taunt me with her manhood-killing, sweet laughter and tease me in her heavy European accent.

"Hey, sissy! What you doing? You wearing women's panties again? My panties! So you want to wear to wear women's pan-ties, huh? Sissy! Sissy! Sissy! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h! Ugh!

Dear Princess, just like my mother, Rita, Bunny, Carol Ann and Gretchen, women like you own me!

Love,
Willie C., Arkansas

LETTER OF THE MONTH - JANUARY 1999

From the Wife of a Pantywaist

INTRODUCTION

Dear Princess,

My wife, Annette, wrote the enclosed letter 25 years ago. It is 100% true. You can reprint it, but please change the names. At the time, she was having a hard time dealing with me and my fetish for women's clothing. We lived in the Midwest, and she wrote this 14-page letter to her older sister, Mary Beth, who was married to Charles and living in Florida.

While I was growing up, I frequently dressed in my sister's clothes. Our family album has many pictures of me in dresses and other girls' things. Unknown to me at the time, my wife had made copies of four of those photos and included them in the letter. I suppose she was trying to show her sister that my dressing up problem was very deep rooted.

It is an extremely private letter that was meant for her sister's eyes only. I was never supposed to see it! No living person except Mary Beth (and possibly her husband) was ever supposed to see it! Even at the end of the letter, my wife begs her sister to destroy it after she reads it.

So what did my sister-in-law do? She kept the photos and letter. And where did she keep them? In her lingerie drawer! And guess what happened two months later when my wife and I went to Florida to visit Mary Beth and her husband?

Well, like any good panty fetishist, I had to check out my sister-in-law's lingerie at the very chance when I was alone in the house. Everyone knows a woman's lingerie drawer is a favorite hiding place so I suspected my sister-in-law was trying to hide something when I saw this envelope tucked under her bras and panties. My curiosity was peaked, so

I opened the envelope. Imagine my surprise when I discovered it contained some of my childhood crossdressing pictures and a letter from my wife about my fetish and our marital problems!

In the letter, my wife poured out her heart to her sister and pleaded for help. Even though I had suspected my wife of cheating on me for some time, I had convinced myself I was just imagining things. But after reading this letter, written in my wife's own handwriting, in which she admitted to numerous infidelities, I was forced to face the facts. Still I was even more amazed to discover my wife so fiercely hated my fetish.

Someone like me, who has very special sexual and lifestyle needs, has to carefully plan major, life-changing things like getting married. I thought I had done everything right. While we were dating I had told her about my fetish for women's clothes. She was not only understanding; she accepted my fetish, even seemed to enjoy it. She bought me panties for my birthday and we went shopping together for my panties and nighties. I married her, confident I had found the woman who was able to accept me as I am. Both before and well after we were married, she enthusiastically participated in my panty fetish-style of lovemaking! But during the six years of our marriage, she grew to despise my obsession. And I was blind to her change of heart. I obviously had been in denial for some time. I had refused to acknowledge she was disgusted with me and my panties and continually hoped she would change and go back to how she was when we started, when she seemed to enjoy my panty games. Reading this letter made me realize I was driving her to the point of divorce. I can't describe

how badly I felt at that moment, all my years of careful planning had been for naught!

I won't keep you in suspense; all of this was more than our marriage could endure. Within a few months we separated and got divorced.

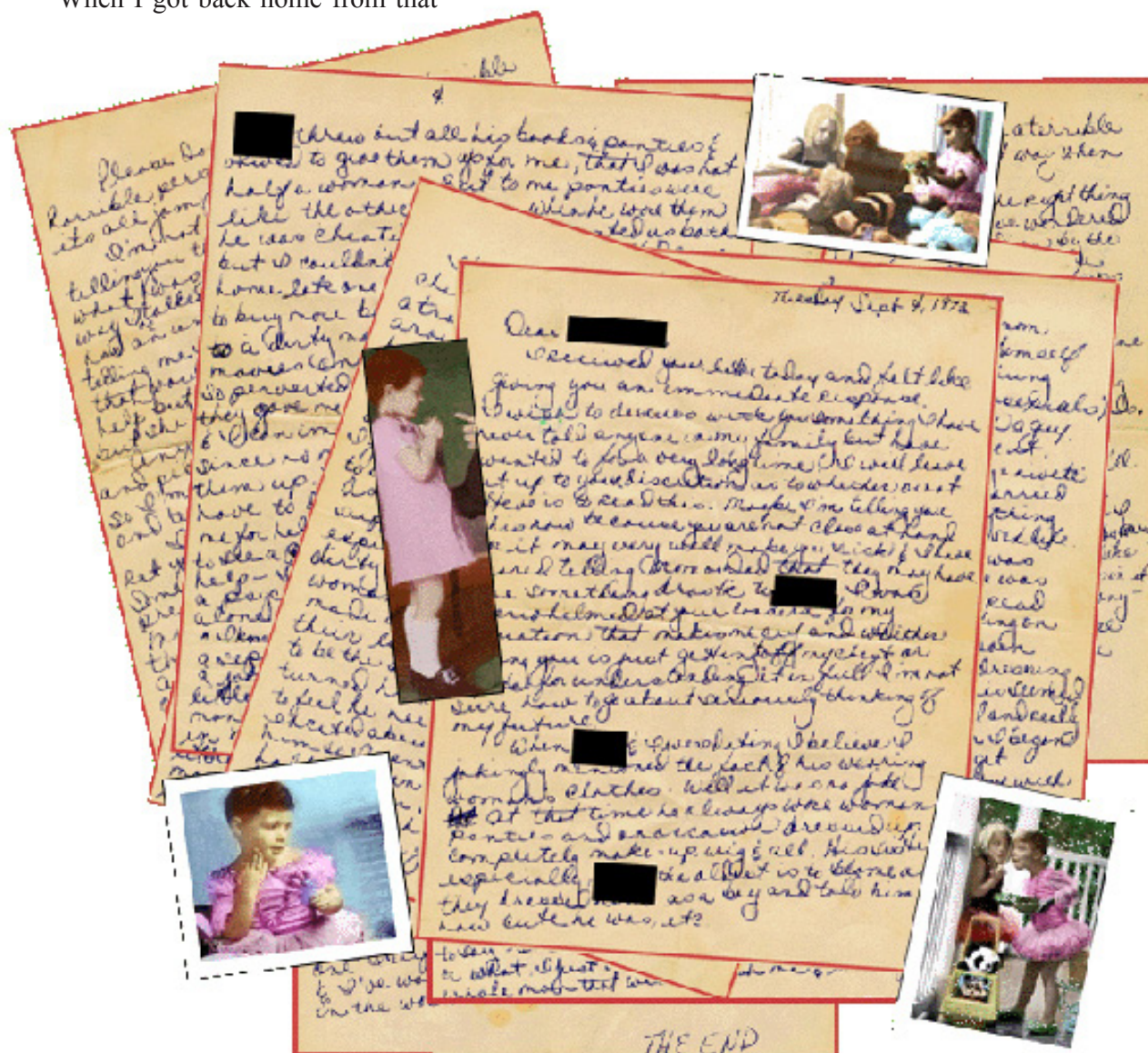
Still, I believe, this letter is a remarkable document. It's an unvarnished account of what it is like for a woman to put up with a transvestite husband whom she has grown to hate. It's a highly personal missive with a deep, revealing look at the inner secrets of our relationship. It is, of course, completely from my wife's point of view and gives great insight into her mind at that moment in time. She was obviously very unhappy and unsatisfied with me. She didn't want a pantywaist for a husband.

When I got back home from that

fateful Florida trip, I threw the letter into a box of junk, where it remained stored away for over twenty years. Only recently did I rediscover it and reread it. I didn't appreciate it at the time, and I know my ex didn't intend it to be that way, but in making her case by giving a graphic, detailed account of how disgusting my panty fetish was (to her), she wrote an extremely arousing letter!

To this day, she does not know I have this letter. I swear this is the first time I have ever shared this letter with anyone or even told anyone about it!

Now onto the letter!



posed to do whatever he said. He was experienced – I knew nothing. I read dirty books to him about men putting on women's clothes and being spanked and even made up stories about mothers dressing their little boys up etc.

Of course you know how Aunt Gail and Uncle Alvin have always dressed up cousin Mikie since he was a baby so he could play with his sisters. Well, when I would tell Jim all those stories about



you can see he's enjoying himself. (That's his older sister, June, with blonde hair in two of those pics.) He liked the attention, and getting all dolled up became fun for him, not a punishment. He says June used to make a big deal about his penis. She'd push it down between his legs real hard and pull up his panties real tight to make him look like a girl down there. She'd make him cross his legs and keep his penis hidden. Whenever he did move around or uncross his legs and his penis would poke up in his little girl panties, June would pinch it real hard right through the nylon and get mad at him. She often spanked him too. For a spanking, she'd hit him over his panties and pretend he was a naughty girl. At times, she'd hit his penis in his panties and tell him to "make it go away." He'd just cry and try his best to hide his penis between his legs. When I asked Jim if his mother knew what June was doing to him, he said she did. In fact, she encouraged June to make him into a sweet little girl because boys were always getting into trouble. When Jim complained to his mother that he couldn't hide his penis very well between his legs, she came up with the idea of pulling his penis all the way back between his legs then putting him in about a half dozen pairs of tight panties all at once to smooth it all down. Jim said it was always very hot wearing all those pairs of nylon panties but it did smooth him out completely so that he looked like a girl.

Well, I'm sure you know how things from childhood stick. When he first told me that story, I really felt sorry for him. I thought he had been devastated by it all, but now I realize that he looks back at all that as being very exciting. It's all very confusing to me. To this day, Jim likes to wear multiple pairs of panties all at once. Now, he considers himself a transvestite and that is why he hung around with drag queens (homosexuals) when he was in show business. But he never wanted to go to bed with a guy, or so he says he tried it but didn't like it. As much as I can't understand my naiveté at the time when we dated or got married, I just didn't know that had anything to do with his being a man or our sex life. As an obedient wife, I figured I was sup-

The Letter

Tuesday, September 4, 1973

Dear Mary Beth,

I received your letter today and felt like giving you an immediate response. I wish to discuss with you something I have never told anyone in my family but have wanted to for a long time. I'll leave it up to your discretion as to whether or not Charles [Mary Beth's husband] is to read this. Maybe I'm telling you this now because you are not close at hand for it may very well make you sick, and I have feared telling Mom or Dad that they may have done something drastic to Jim. I was overwhelmed at your concern for my situation and that makes me cry. Whether telling you is just getting it off my chest or a plea for understanding it in full, I'm not sure how to go about seriously thinking of my future.

When Jim and I were dating, I believe I jokingly mentioned the fact of his wearing women's clothes. Well it was no joke. At that time he always wore women's panties and on occasion dressed up completely makeup, wig and all. His sisters, especially June, the oldest, are to blame as they dressed him up as a boy and told him how cute he was etc.

He said it all started when he was just a toddler. When he was bad, his mother dressed him up like his sisters so he'd stop being loud and rough and be nice like they were. I've enclosed some pictures from Jim's family album just to show you that this is a true story and that I'm not making this up. (Don't ever let him know I sent you copies of these pictures or that you know anything about this sordid side of his life.)

In the first picture, he's about four years old. He's being punished. You can even see his mother's forefinger waving the naughty-naughty sign at him. Anyway, after being punished like that, his sisters liked to dress him up and started putting him into dresses and lingerie even when he wasn't bad. In the next photo, it's Halloween of that same year. He's dressed as a ballerina and posing with a neighbor girl who was dressed as Superman! In the other pictures, he's a little older about five or six. In them,

Mikie, he'd swoon. I'm sure you remember how Auntie was dressing him up all the time. They still do, and he's nine or ten years old now. I know you haven't seen him in a couple of years, but the kid is a real sissy these days. Whenever we get together for birthdays, holidays etc. and they come over, Mikie still always goes upstairs with Carly, Melinda and Little Sis and they help him get dressed up. And every time, I swear he's in a new outfit. How do they have the money to keep buying him things? I swear he has more girls' clothes than I do. The first time Jim saw Mikie prancing around in a party dress, I thought his eyes would pop out! Of course, we're all used to it, and nobody makes a big deal about it. But Jim couldn't help himself from gawking at cousin Mikie all night long. Several times I caught Jim staring intently at Mikie's legs; he was peeking up the kid's skirt every time he moved around and exposed his pink panties! I guess I should have known then. After all, that's strange, but I was so enamored of Jim, I didn't think anything of it.

Anyway, remember that time Mom gave Mikie that package of day-of-the-week panties at his party for graduating kindergarten? Well, that's Jim's favorite story, especially the part about him modeling each pair of the panties for us? I'll never forget how Aunt Gail had him step into one pair after another to show them off. And remember a little later that night when Mikie made another appearance wearing all seven pairs of panties at once, then thought he was being funny by doing a little strip show taking off each pair until the end when he pulled down the last pair of panties to moon us all? Mom told me it was Uncle Alvin who had put him up to that. I hate to say something like this about my own uncle, but Alvin is weird now that I think about it. I think he gets some kind of kinky thrill out of seeing Mikie in panties and dresses and things. When are they going to straighten that kid out?

Well, those kinds of stories seemed to be the only thing that gave Jim a thrill and really turned him on. After nearly a year, I began to feel he needed panties and stories to get excited about me and I was still in love with him so I went along

but began to feel like half a woman and that me alone was not enough for him. I could never bring myself to tell Jim my inner anguish. Also he always wore a frilly nightgown to bed with his panties, and that's how we'd have sex. We'd both keep on our panties and nighties and he'd pull himself out of the leg opening of his panties and put it into me through the leg opening on my panties. Hell, he'd act like a five-year-old at these sex times.

I was beginning to lose love for him and wished I could bring myself out of this impossible situation. After we came back from Europe, a man at my office (who I figured was a friend) expressed himself openly. I was shocked but starved for his particular attention. I need not go into that affair, but it was awful. I was pregnant. I wanted a real man. I almost broke up his marriage (which was his second and his wife had a baby three months prior to me having little Jimmy). The cheating on Jim drove me to hate him more and more. I went to Doleo (the lawyer) about a divorce and told him all about Jim. He said, "Yeah, but if you knew before you married him ..."

Jim wouldn't recognize the word divorce. I was really up a tree. Jim and I discussed it through many crying sessions. I told him my contempt for those panties. (He never wore anything after that besides panties.) He was the least to say shocked, as he never realized I couldn't stand it. He told me he got up the nerve to see a psychiatrist on his own when he was in high school, who said guys like him who like to dress up in girls' things find it almost impossible to stop. The psychiatrist told him to just find an understanding girl, and he thought he had found that in me! He even dressed up like a woman for his army physical, which is the real reason he has a 4-F classification.

Jim threw out all his panties and books and vowed to give them up for me, that I was not half a woman. But he couldn't stay away from them. To me, his panties were the other woman. When he wore them he was cheating on me. He wanted us both, but I couldn't stand the thought.

He'd come home late at night and I knew he had been downtown to buy more dirty books and panties, put them on and

go to a dirty movie. (I refused to go to those movies anymore cuz I hate them. He'd read in his dirty books about movies that were out that had a lot of women in lingerie in them and when those movies came to town, he'd take me and have me play with his penis in his panties while he watched the women undress. They were so perverted and it was too close to home that they gave me the creeps.) He threw his panties and books out again, and I can imagine the torment he went through since no matter how he tried he couldn't give them up. They were like dope to him. He'd have to discuss the subject often with me, asking me to help, and I didn't know how. I begged him to see a psychiatrist, but he felt it wouldn't help. I needed a psychiatrist. We went to a marriage counselor/psychologist, and in one session I had alone with the doctor, he didn't back me up because "I knew it when I married him."

I suggested a separation, but Jim wouldn't hear of it.

I got a job as a waitress working nights, that way I would see as little of Jim as possible. I met another man who expressed a great deal of interest in me and I quote, "I've been waiting for you for thirteen years." He was 46. I told him that was just a line, but he was so nice to me and I was attracted to him. The other man drove me crazy (the first one). He wanted to divorce his wife, and he pressed me to divorce Jim. It was bad timing, and he was getting on my nerves. One night I said goodbye to him just like that. He was very mean to me, and to this day, I don't know if he ever did divorce his wife or go back to her. Meanwhile, I saw Carl, the 46-year-old man, whenever I worked at the restaurant as he worked there also.

On those nights I worked and Jim was home alone babysitting little Jimmy, I know Jim was dressing up in his panties, reading his dirty books, and God knows what else. Thank goodness I was always busy at work. If we did have a slow night, it was torture because I'd sit around thinking about Jim dancing around like a swishy queer dressed in lace panties and taking care of little Jimmy, feeding him a bottle, getting him ready for bed etc.

Whenever I came home, he always



seemed to be just coming out of the bathroom. I know he'd run in there to put some clothes on whenever he heard me pull into the driveway. I'd go in there and find some of my panties in the hamper all sticky with his come. I'd make me sick. When I found them, I couldn't even wash them. I'd just throw them out and buy some new ones. And I always bought the full-cut brief type, lacy ones, like the kind Mom wears. I had to buy that kind because that's what Jim loved and he'd be suspicious if I bought anything else.

I've always worn briefs so it was no big deal, but women are wearing the bikini kind of panties these days. I never did like them because they always gave me the feeling like they were falling down, but I started to want to get some bikini panties because when I made it with guys I wanted to be sexy, and some guys don't think briefs are sexy, and they joke about them when I wear them.

One time Carl said, "Are those your grandmother's panties? You need to get yourself some sexy new panties!" Also I wanted to get some bikinis simply because Jim doesn't like them.

Eventually, I did buy some bikini panties, but I kept most of them in my locker at work and hid the rest in the

spare bedroom at home. One time I had on a pretty white pair with some lace and red hearts. Carl and I had taken off work early and went to his place. He f— the daylight out of me and I loved the feeling of his stuff inside me. I squeezed my legs together to keep it in me as long as possible, pulled up the bikinis up into my crack real tight and went home to Jim. I was really feeling great and in love that night and I didn't give a shit about Jim. So when I got home, Jim was just getting ready for bed. I deliberately stripped down to my bra and bikinis right in front of him and got into bed. He had to have seen that I was wearing bikinis not to mention the big wet spot in the crotch. I'm sure he could even smell it. It really smelled strong, and I loved it!

In bed I curled up with my back to Jim. I reached behind myself and I could feel the big wet come spot between my legs that by then had leaked out halfway up my butt. I got that stuff all over my fingers and brought them up to my nose. I loved breathing in the manly smell.

Jim was trying to nuzzle up against me from behind. He was quietly talking, trying to say something. I could feel his penis pressing against my ass. I reached behind me and touched his hips. He had

his frilly panties on. God what a faggot!

He seemed to cry a little, and he moaned something like "I'm sorry." I grabbed his cock hard through his panties, twisted it and pinched it a bit. He groaned. His cock throbbed. I reached through the legband of his panties, pulled his cock out and inserted it between my legs from behind. I hoped his cock could feel the wet sticky mess between my legs. Just to make sure he got the message. I took my hand with all that come on it and reached behind me. He had his head just behind my shoulder from behind. I shoved my come fingers right up to his mouth and nose.

He kept saying, "I'm sorry. I love you," and stuff like that. While he was babbling on and on, I twisted around and shoved my sticky fingers right in his mouth and told to him to suck them. That damned asshole! His cock was getting soft between my legs! He reached down and put it back inside his panties, and instantly it was hard again and in full erection!

He was half crying as he begged me, "Honey would you touch me? And pinch my penis like my sister used to do?"

Jim still being hung up on his sister irks the hell out of me. I got nasty then. I reached back, snapped the elastic on his panties.

"What are these?" I yelled at him.

"I'm sorry, honey," was all he could say. He was really horny. He was panting like crazy.

"You tell me you're not queer, but with you in those panties all the time, I got to think so." I was holding his cock in the panties as I talked to him.

"How do you think these panties make me feel? I want a man not a pansy. You can't even stay hard for me when your cock is outside those panties. How are you ever going to have sex with me again? Well, I'll tell you. We're never going to have sex again. You can't keep it hard enough to have sex. More than that, I can't stand the thought of you putting it in me. You disgust me."

You'll never guess what the son of a bitch asked me then.

"Can I come in my panties?" he asked like a neglected three-year-old.

I was driven to be uncharacteristically

bold. I rolled over and laughed right in his face when he said that.

"Sure, you lousy little pantywaist, jack yourself off until you go crazy for all I care. By the way, aren't you going to ask me about the panties I'm wearing? You don't like this kind of panties, do you?"

"Could you change your panties and let me touch you and rub you while I play with myself?" he asked.

That candy ass husband of mine didn't even ask why I was wearing the bikinis, were I had gotten them from, and he didn't notice, or at least didn't mention, the huge smelly, sticky come stain in the crotch! Well, I jumped up from the bed and turned on the lights. I modeled the bikinis for him, dancing around like a harlot.

I even said, "Oh, wow, these panties are really all sticky. I guess my boyfriend was pretty sloppy tonight!"

With that I stripped them off and threw them at Jim. By then he was sitting up. They bounced off his chest and fell to his lap still covered with the blankets. I don't know what had gotten into me, but I stood right in front of him in the bright light and ran my fingers up myself. I was really wet. I rolled my fingers around a bit then picked up my panties and used them to wipe off my fingers. I had a few drinks at Carl's house, and I was still pretty high.

I went to my dresser drawer and made a big production out of finding a fresh pair of panties, a pair of the big briefs that Jim likes. I held up pair after pair in front of him and asked his opinion. I'd hold them up to my waist and dance around a bit. I knew I was driving him crazy. We always had sex in the dark so this was new and very bold of me. He kept reaching under the blanket to adjust his penis in the panties that I knew he had on under there.

I finally put on a pink pair. I know he likes pink the best. These were very frilly panties (about the only kind of briefs I own) with lace on the sides and two bows. They looked like something a five-year-old would wear. Anyway, I just stood there in front of him and got close to the bed, just inches away from him.

"Sure you can play with yourself in your panties," I said, "but do it in the light, and since you can see me in my panties, I want to see you in your queer little panties. I want you to do it while I watch."



"But, honey, put out the lights, come to bed ..."

"Pull down those blankets right now!" I demanded. "I want to see what you do in your panties!"

He must have been very humiliated because I had never seen him so red in the face. But he did pull down the covers far enough so I could see the white panties he had on. They had a high waist, of course, with several rows of yellow lace across the bottom and around the legs. They were like tennis panties. The bulge in the front disgusted me, and there were some spots on the front. He probably had been leaking his stuff into them

all night long. He was so embarrassed, but I insisted that he touch himself. He couldn't keep his eyes off my panties, but he didn't have the courage to look me in the eye for a second. Tears were coming down his face.

"Is this what you like, panty boy?" I taunted him all the while he was working his penis.

"Is this what you want me to do for you every night? Dance around in my panties for you while you sit there in your own sissy panties and play with yourself?"

"Just what in the hell do you think this does for me? Huh, sissy?"

On and on I went like that. After he shot his stuff, I watched it flood his pant-



One Halloween, Jim dressed up as a ballerina and the neighbor girl as Superman!

ies. He fell back in bed pouting. I turned out the lights, got in bed then whispered in his ear, "I think you're a disgusting pantywaist asshole. Don't get any of your queer-ass juice near me. Go to the bathroom, clean yourself up and put on a clean pair of your faggot panties. You know I hate those panties, but it really doesn't make much difference anymore. You might as well keep wearing them, you're certainly no man who could ever satisfy me."

He went to the bathroom and took off the panties. He came back into bed crying and apologizing, saying that in the morning he was taking all his panties and books to the dump yard and throwing them away. In the morning, he was scurrying around with a couple of boxes. He didn't say anything, and neither did I. I supposed he had those things in the boxes. I suppose he threw them away. But I really didn't care at that point.

Meanwhile, I saw Carl whenever I

worked. He was an ex-con on parole. He had killed a man and just got out of jail after ten years. His term was 63 years. You'd never believe it of him. He was kind and gentle and, I thought, pretty wise. He said he wanted to help me cuz he could tell I had problems.

The agreement was when either one got tired of the other just say goodbye, no promises, no involvement. He was so great to talk to. I suppose I admired him because he thought I was smart, poised and very classy. He set me up high where as Jim thought I was dumb and couldn't make a half way decent decision. It was only because I could never outtalk Jim. I was no match for his bullshit. On that night I told you about, after the drinks at Carl's place, I was a little tipsy and that made me very demanding in the bedroom with Jim as I described above. It was so wonderful. I hated Jim and everything he did that night, but I loved how I took control even if he did act like a baby. He

did do what I said. I kept laughing in his face, and he was so embarrassed, but I liked something about it. At the same time it was all so weird. I hated it too.

One of my major problems is that I fell in love with this man (Carl). He had six kids and the oldest was older than me and had two grandchildren older than little Jimmy. But he wasn't like an old foggy, more like Gary Cooper in that movie when he fell in love with his daughter's roommate. Carl was transferred to the Park Ridge club, and he got me transferred there too. As time went on and as love is blind, he grew tired of me. I wanted him more and more and alienated myself to Jim even more. I felt one year with Carl would be better than having to spend twenty with Jim. Carl grew less attentive breaking my heart by the day, and I grew more mixed up and insane. Finally, he picked up another waitress and carried on right in front of my eyes. I worked two more days crying constantly. I swear I almost had a nervous breakdown as I told the boss I would never come back. When he called me recently (not Carl but my old boss), I wasn't sure if Carl was still there, but I assured myself I was well over him. I can't be sure though, and it turned me into such a mess. When I think back at how dumb all men are alike, I'll try my darndest never to let that happen again. I can't say that it will never happen again because I'm starved and weak and blind. Next time though, I'll play it like a chess player. Look three moves ahead.

Anyway, after quitting, and I don't mean to sound like I was promiscuous cuz three men including Jim doesn't exactly qualify me, I hope. My mind had finally been put at ease. I can think straight and never have to worry that Jim may catch me. I'm sure he'd use it to take little Jimmy away from me. Even now though, when I've cleaned the garage and look what's in a box, I find dirty books and panties. Sometimes at night, he stays up all night, and I'm almost sure, all though maybe I'm imagining, he waits for me to go to bed and fall asleep so he can "rendezvous with the other woman."

It grinds away at my stomach, and the couple of nights when he does get into bed with panties on, he says, "I'm

sorry, just ignore them." But then when he thinks I'm asleep, he likes to rub his penis inside his panties up against my ass in my panties. That is why it makes me sick to touch him. We haven't had sex in two months, and when we do, he just can't seem to get a hard-on. I see the future will be too much for him to have to hide and he'll just leave or turn into a latent homo or something. I just know something's got to give. Last night he had them on again and he practically turned into a sibling idiot. He talks like a little kid who just stole a cookie. I can't describe it, but when I find things I can't bring myself to tell him. I don't know what to say. Should I get mad and throw him out or what? I just don't know. I only know I want a whole man who will cherish me and love me properly.

To me, Jim can never be whole in my eyes. Besides, I don't think he knows how to love. He doesn't have it in him, the way I think it should be anyway. He's strange, Mary Beth, I think you know that. Something most definitely is missing. I can't tell if it's my lack of love for him or if he's doing something wrong.

This letter sounds like one Ann Landers must get. Obviously I can't write five and one half years in a couple of

pages or even a million pages, but I've tried to write this autobiography of my relationship with Jim in a way you can understand what I'm going through. I feel good that this is finally out in the open for you are the only one who now knows the whole story. Let's keep it that way. Mom doesn't know of the other men, but I'm sure she has figured it out. You know how many times I've tried to leave Jim. There has to be a solution. There has to be a lot of girls that dig Jim the way he is so I figure I'm the one who is making life miserable for the both of us, but I can't help it. Oh, it's not as bad as it used to be since I close my eyes now. I couldn't hurt Jim either. Most of my arguments have been for other reasons, but there is one heavy, heavy that hangs over my head.

Please don't think I've been a horrible person. It sounds that way when it's all jam-packed together. I'm not sure I did the right thing by telling you this, but you may have wondered what was so awful about Jim by the way I talked before. I suppose everyone has an underlying story though. As Mom keeps telling me she has stories about Dad that would make your hair curl. I can't help but think they must be worse than mine, but she hasn't

spilled the beans.

Anyway, I spent all this time writing and picking my mind for old painful details so I'm mailing it to you, but do me a favor and tear it up. Okay?

I could go on justifying myself, but I'll let you think about all this for now. Sometimes I'm scared to death since I prefer the simple life. Maybe I want you to feel sorry for me, but like they say, I've made my bed so I have to sleep in it. Now, all these things that I thought I should never tell anyone don't seem so secret any more, and I wanted to tell you more than anyone in the world.

Love,
Annette
THE END

