

# Princess Online

Featured Stories from the  
Princess Productions Website

No. 5



*Adults Only*

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

Since 1981

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**

# *A Message from Princess Lacey*

## *Setting What You Want*



Dear Sissies,

Ask people what they want, and they will most likely tell you they want to be healthy, young, thin, good-looking, and rich. But those are clichés; what do they really want?

For men it's their fetish. I assert that all men have a sexual fetish, and they want their fetish needs met more than any other single thing in this world. They may be attracted to an article of clothing, a portion of the female (or male) body or even a carefully orchestrated sexual scenario. Smart men open the doors to their fetish and use it to make themselves exquisitely happy. Wise men learn important lessons from their fetish. It's a perfect model of how to approach life! Less fortunate guys, like those who fight their fetish or are asking for trouble.

Human beings are goal oriented, but once a person attains a goal, he gets bored with it. For example, a few months after marrying the perfect woman, a guy starts bickering with her, or a few months after starting his dream job, he starts to become bored unless his sights are set on higher goals. Therefore, it's important to set goals high enough so they will never be completely attainable. Or goals must be constantly redefined to keep them fresh and desirable.

That's the beautiful thing about a fetish: it's like a goal that is completely unobtainable, it constantly reshapes itself in subtle ways to keep you interested -- intensely interested! To learn the modus operandi of a perfect goal, look to your fetish. You can never recreate that original incident that set off a spark and created that fetish in you; therefore, you will never completely attain your fetish goal no matter how much you try—and that is good! Even if you could recreate that special moment, it would never be the same. Besides, since that time your fetish has probably developed on many different levels. For example, you may have a lifelong fetish for panties, but your fetish fantasies today are probably markedly different than what got you going in your high school days! And when you do get close to satiating your appetite for your fetish, it quickly evolves in a new direction and sets the bar up another notch. So approach what you want in life like it's your fetish, and you'll set meaningful goals and understand the drive needed to attain those goals.

Pursue anything half as much as you pursue your fetish and you'll get it—and I mean anything!

Love,

*Princess Lacey*

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## Princess Productions Survey

Tell us what you did and didn't like about our publications and website. We'll take your interests into consideration as we prepare new material for both the web and print.

Photos  Love  Like  Dislike  
Drawings  Love  Like  Dislike

Stories - Fiction  Love  Like  Dislike  
Stories - True Life  Love  Like  Dislike  
Long Stories  Want more  Want less  
Short Stories  Want more  Want less  
Letters  Want more  Want less  
Articles  Want more  Want less

**Sexual Content** (check one choice only in each grouping)

Prefer forced sex  
 Prefer consensual sex  
 Like both forced and consensual sex  
 Prefer no sexual content

Want more sex  
 Want less sex

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 Like gay sex only when forced  
 Like all of above

Use this space to tell us what you most want to see and read about in our publications:

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Do you want us to notify you by e-mail or regular mail when we have something new to offer?  E-mail  Snail mail

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Thank you,

*Princess Lacey*

## A Visit to Our Website

If you don't have a computer and therefore can't visit us on the Internet, on this page, we show you some of the things you would see if you could access us online.

At our site, we have hundreds of different 'web pages' with photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and general information. And many of them are available for free.

The survey to the left is one way we get feedback from our readers, and the cute little fellow below we currently use as the first image you see when you access our website: <http://www.redlightnet.com/princess>



Hey, sissyboy, don't just stand there! Lift up your skirt and show me the panties you're wearing today!

## LETTER OF THE MONTH - APRIL 1999

# My Pantywaist Step-Brother

### He'll Do Anything for Panties

Columbus, Ohio 11-7-94

Dear Princess Lacey,

I'm a junior at Ohio State, majoring in economics, paying my way though college by working as a housekeeper at a nearby Holiday Inn. While cleaning one of my rooms, I found a copy of your "Panty Lines" (#9) that one of our guests had left behind. I have to admit I was fascinated by your stories about boys in girls' clothes. And I'm writing to you because I thought you'd enjoy hearing about my stepbrother because he's about the biggest sissy who ever lived.

What I have to tell you took place about ten years ago while our town (I'm from a small town in Montana) was celebrating their centennial. My mother died when I was just a baby, and when I was nine, my dad married his secretary, Lucy Mae. She was OK, but she had a son from a previous marriage, and even though he was three years my senior, I could beat him up from the day we met! He was such a wimp! He cowered around his mother like he was glued to her apron strings. Dad didn't have any respect for him. He just ignored him and felt he had to put up with Gregory as part of the deal of getting married to Lucy Mae.

In 1985 I was eleven and Gregory was fourteen, and it was our town's centennial. My dad was on the City Board of Governors, and to mark the occasion, they had planned ten days of carnivals, fireworks and all kinds of special events. One event was a Grand Ball held in the old armory, and to get in, everyone had to come in costume like 100 years ago. (Dad stayed in costume throughout the celebration, as did the other members of the board. He even had grown a big bushy mustache and long sideburns for the celebration.)

Well, at the ball, Dad came dressed in a pinstripe suit, waistcoat and an ascot with a diamond stickpin. Lucy Mae was in a floor-length calico dress with a plunging neckline and a bustle in back. I had to wear a very plain, stupid-looking Victorian dress with high button shoes. But Gregory took the cake!

His mom had persuaded him to dress up in a blue velvet Little Lord Fauntleroy suit complete with pink ruffled shirt, little patent leather one-strap shoes and a long Goldilocks wig. Well, unknown to my father and me at the time, she had also supplied Gregory with some rosette-embroidered, ruffled silk panties to wear underneath his little shorts. But I guess the little panties were too much for the poor kid because he was sporting a hard-on all night long! Since he had a small prick to begin with, it went unnoticed by most people for the longest time. Then one of my girlfriends whispered in my ear to look at Gregory's crotch.

Well, for a couple of giddy eleven-year-old girls, the sight of a boy's erection is one of the funniest sights in the world. Lucy Mae and Dad wondered what we were laughing about. They kept pestering us to tell them what was so funny, but we were much too embarrassed to tell them. Even though Gregory tried to mask his condition by keeping his hands in front of himself, a few other people also had noticed his hard dick. Eventually, one man came up to Dad and told him that some of the women were offended at the sight the sight of Gregory's erection and thought we should take him home.

My dad, a poster boy for the religious right, was horrified. He took their suggestion and marched all of us right on out of there.

Once we were home, Dad got on Gregory for not being able to control himself. Lucy Mae just kept hugging her boy and saying that it wasn't the kid's fault. It was just one of those things that happens to growing boys.

Well, Dad obviously had enough of Gregory's sissy ways; he was going to whip some sense into him.

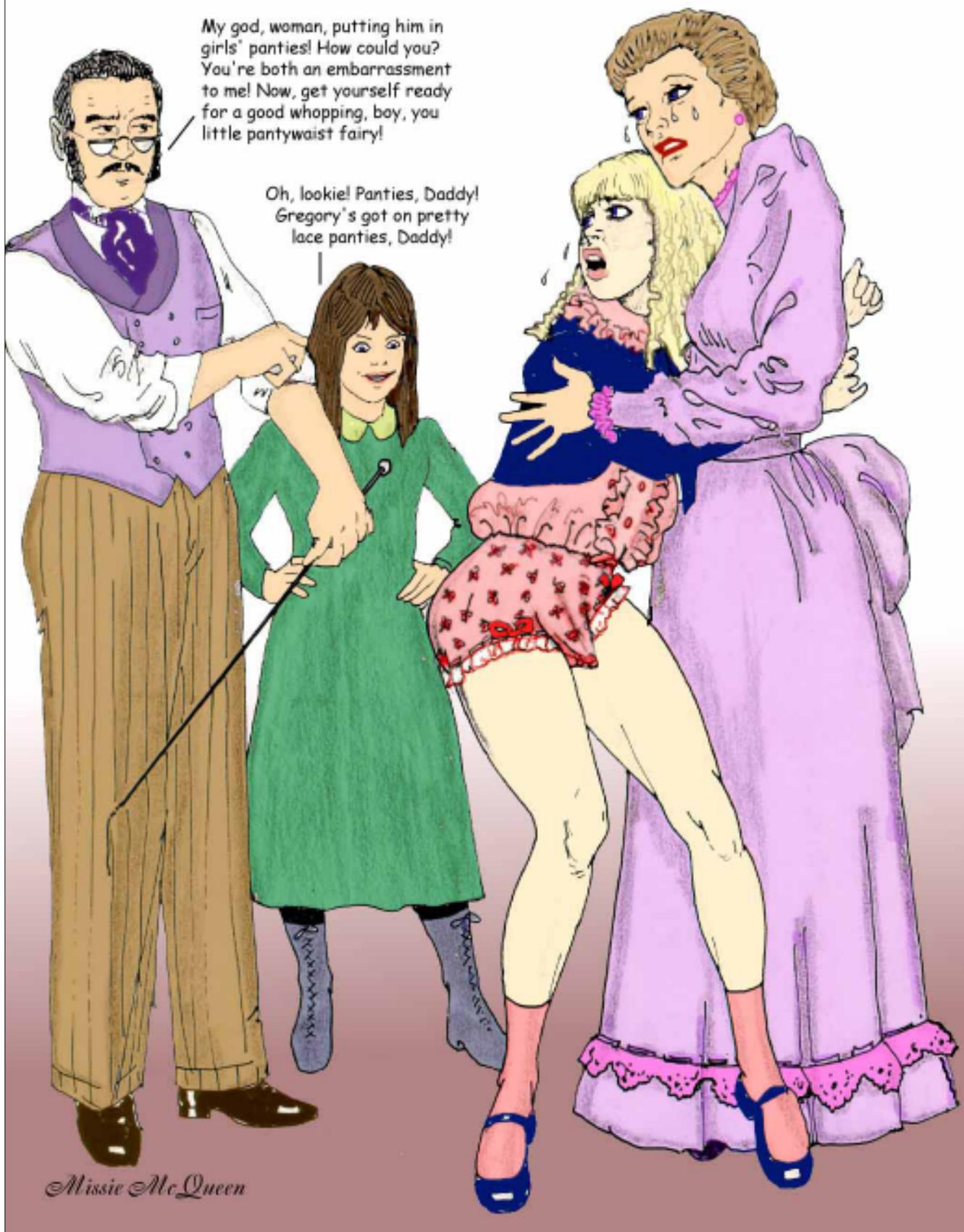
Dad had a little horsewhip, part of his centennial costume because he had to ride a horse in the parade. Well, he got out that whip and told Gregory to prepare to have those dirty thoughts beaten right out of him. He was going to be taught a little self-control. Dad made Lucy Mae help her son take off his shorts. When Gregory's fancy, pink silk panties came into view, Dad hit the ceiling. He berated Lucy Mae for dressing him that way and Gregory for allowing himself to be dressed in something so humiliating. In his bumbling, crying voice, Gregory explained it was the panties that had tickled his peter and made it stay hard.

To Dad that was like throwing gasoline on the fire. To him, any normal boy would not get sexually excited while wearing such a sissy garment. The fact that Gregory got an erection while wearing girls' panties just proved to my Dad that the kid was a total sissy. Lucy Mae cried and held her son while Dad walloped him with the horsewhip. They just stood there crying and hugging each other as Dad beat the hell out of that kid's ass.

When it was over, I saw that Gregory's penis had shriveled up and that he had a big wet spot on the front of his panties. I laughed because I thought he had wet himself like a baby. But I also remember smelling a very strange new odor in the air. Of course, he had cum in the panties. I didn't know much about such things at the time, but Dad and Lucy Mae knew what had happened. She whisked him into the bathroom to clean him up. Dad went into a rage, praised the Lord and didn't stop screaming at Gregory and Lucy Mae for days.

Dad and Lucy Mae got divorced not long after that, but I'll never forget that incredible night!

Joan D.



My god, woman, putting him in girls' panties! How could you? You're both an embarrassment to me! Now, get yourself ready for a good whipping, boy, you little pantywaist fairy!

Oh, lookie! Panties, Daddy! Gregory's got on pretty lace panties, Daddy!

*Missie McQueen*

## LETTER OF THE MONTH - JUNE 1999

# Overcumming the Gender Gap

### Chapter 1

Dear Princess,

While growing up in the 60s and 70s, our family blended in with the other so-called normal families in our quiet suburban neighborhood. Some of the kids I ran around with had whining, demanding or abusive mothers, but our mom ruled with charm and grace. She could win most anyone over with her sweetness. Like all kids, my siblings and I weren't perfect, and occasionally mom did have to get the strap out and tan our hides if she needed to get through to us when nothing else worked. But overall, we loved her so much that we went out of our way to please her. On those rare occasions when we were up for a licking, mom could spank with the best of them, but she much preferred punishment using humiliation. That's where dressing my brother and me in girls' clothes came in.

In addition to me, there are four kids in our family. Cathie is the oldest. Jennifer is next and two years younger. Then there is me. My name is Tim, and I'm a year younger than Jennifer. After me is my brother, Bobbie, is two years younger than I am, and our little sister, Tina, the baby of the family, who is a year younger than Bobbie. Mom trained my sisters to be just like her. She gave them authority over both my brother and me. My sisters were even given a lot of power over dad!

At first it wasn't a punishment when Bobbie and I dressed up in girls' clothes. It was just a game. Especially on rainy days, it was a game that we played with our sisters. Cathie and Jennifer loved to dress us up, and since Bobbie and I idolized our mother and looked up to our big sisters, it was fun to pretend to be girls like them. We didn't think there was anything wrong with it.

Then one day Charlie, a little friend of

mine who lived in the next block, came over to play. Since it was raining out, we had to play inside and the girls suggested we play dress-up. Charlie went along with it until he saw me getting ready to put on a white satin slip, embroidered panties and my sister's old First Communion dress. When the girls took out a dress and things for him to put on, he panicked, called Bobbie and me sissies and ran right out of the house even though it was pouring down rain. Within a few days, all the kids in the neighborhood knew about Bobbie and me dressing up. They all shamed us and started calling us names like sissy and nancy-boy. After that all of the boys and even a lot of the girls shunned us. Many days we'd come home crying because the kids wouldn't play with us. They'd tell us to go home, put on our dresses and play with the girls.

That was the first time we learned there was something was wrong with boys dressing up like girls. The next time our sisters wanted to play dress-up, Bobbie and I refused, and the more we said "no," the more the girls pressured us to play. Mom and dad overheard us complaining and asked the girls what was going on.

"Mother, they don't want to put on our old school uniforms so we can play pretend school."

"Please, Mommy, no!" Bobbie and I both begged.

Dad said we shouldn't be forced to put on girls' clothes, and that we should hang around with the boys in our neighborhood and do boys' things.

That was one of the few times we had ever heard dad disagree with mom. My dad owned a small construction company near our home in Columbus, Ohio. Doing that kind of work, you'd think he would have been a macho asshole, but on the contrary, he was quite meek and deferred to mom in everything! If there was ever



After Bobbie and I had to put on our sisters' old school uniforms, Cathie took us out in the backyard for a picture.

any doubt as to who was in charge in our house, this was a character-defining moment. I'll always remember the icy stare mom gave dad after he said that. She simply told him to be quiet and leave the room. He took the newspaper he was reading and went down to the basement. (His favorite refuge.)

After talking with us about the problem, mom got to the bottom of the story and then said, "Charlie and those other boys were very nasty and mean to you. It's a privilege to wear pretty dresses and silky lingerie. Those boys are probably just jealous because they don't have any pretty things to wear. Now, go ahead and do like your sisters tell you. Get into those school uniforms and let them have fun with you."

Bobbie and I kept on complaining and telling her we didn't want to because we would be sissies if we did, but she just laughed at us.

"But you're already sissies!" she said. "And I'm sure you don't want to be like those dirty, smelly, ugly boys anyway!"

Our further protests were met with Mother's increasing pressure. With tears in our eyes we gave in. Once our sisters had us in their old uniforms, blazers, loafers and, of course, appropriate lingerie, Cathie marched us out into the backyard to take a picture with her new Barbie camera. Being dressed up was one thing, but being outside where one of the neighbors might see us was scary and an even worse fate was capturing this moment on film; I think you can understand why we were distraught.

## Chapter 2

While we learned how bad it was to be considered a sissy by the other kids, mom learned something that day too. She learned that we were now frightfully embarrassed to wear our sisters' clothes. It didn't take long for mom to turn our dressing-up game into a punishment.

Realizing that we were now embarrassed to dress in girls' clothes and do girlish things, she started using petticoat punishment to capitalize on those fears. She'd put bows in our hair or have us change out of our underwear and into

frilly pink "punishment panties" that had magically appeared in our dresser drawers. Soon after she was making us dress up completely in our sisters' castoff clothes. A funny thing about it, whenever Bobbie or I was undergoing petticoat punishment, we were as bad to one another as the girls were. We'd tease and torment whoever was being punished. Since dad didn't like us in girls' clothes and doing a lot of girls' things, mom didn't punish us like that in front of dad.

When just dressing us up in girlish things wasn't getting results fast enough for mom, she'd threaten to make us go to school or outside in front of our friends. Or threaten to show us off to dad. For Bobbie or me that was unbearable since we were still feeling the effects of being labeled the neighborhood sissies and were trying desperately to live it down and become little men. With those kinds of threats, mom could get us to do anything. She never did make us go outside in front of our friends in our punishment clothes. I think she realized how traumatic it would have been for us, but she was very clever at creating situations in which we were dressed in girls' clothes and out in public in front of people.

At first it was on Halloween. That year and every year after that, Bobbie and I were dressed as girls for trick-or-treating. And a photographic record was kept of our Halloween costumes over the years. But mom did have a sinister streak and at times, she liked to terrorize us. We rarely gave her any problems because if we did, her mind would begin working overtime looking for an opportunity to publicly shame us in our girlie clothes.

For example, when Cathie and Jennifer were in Girl Scouts, I was a Boy Scout, Bobbie was a Cub Scout, and Tina was a Brownie. The Girl Scouts had planned a fashion show as a fundraiser. However, when ticket sales were miserably slow, mom suggested to the scoutmistress that the Boy Scouts and Cub Scouts should join in and the boys should model the various girls' fashions. A couple of days and many phone calls later, it was done. Not only did Bobbie and I have to do it, but all the scouts in our troops were cowed into doing it!

Mom was right, word of mouth about the crossdressed boys sent ticket sales

soaring, and they made plenty of money to split amongst the troops. The night of the event, you never saw such a sorry group of boys in your life with almost all of them complaining and resisting as their mothers and sisters turned them into cute little girls. Not long after that both Bobbie and I quit the scouts; all the other boys blamed us for their humiliation.

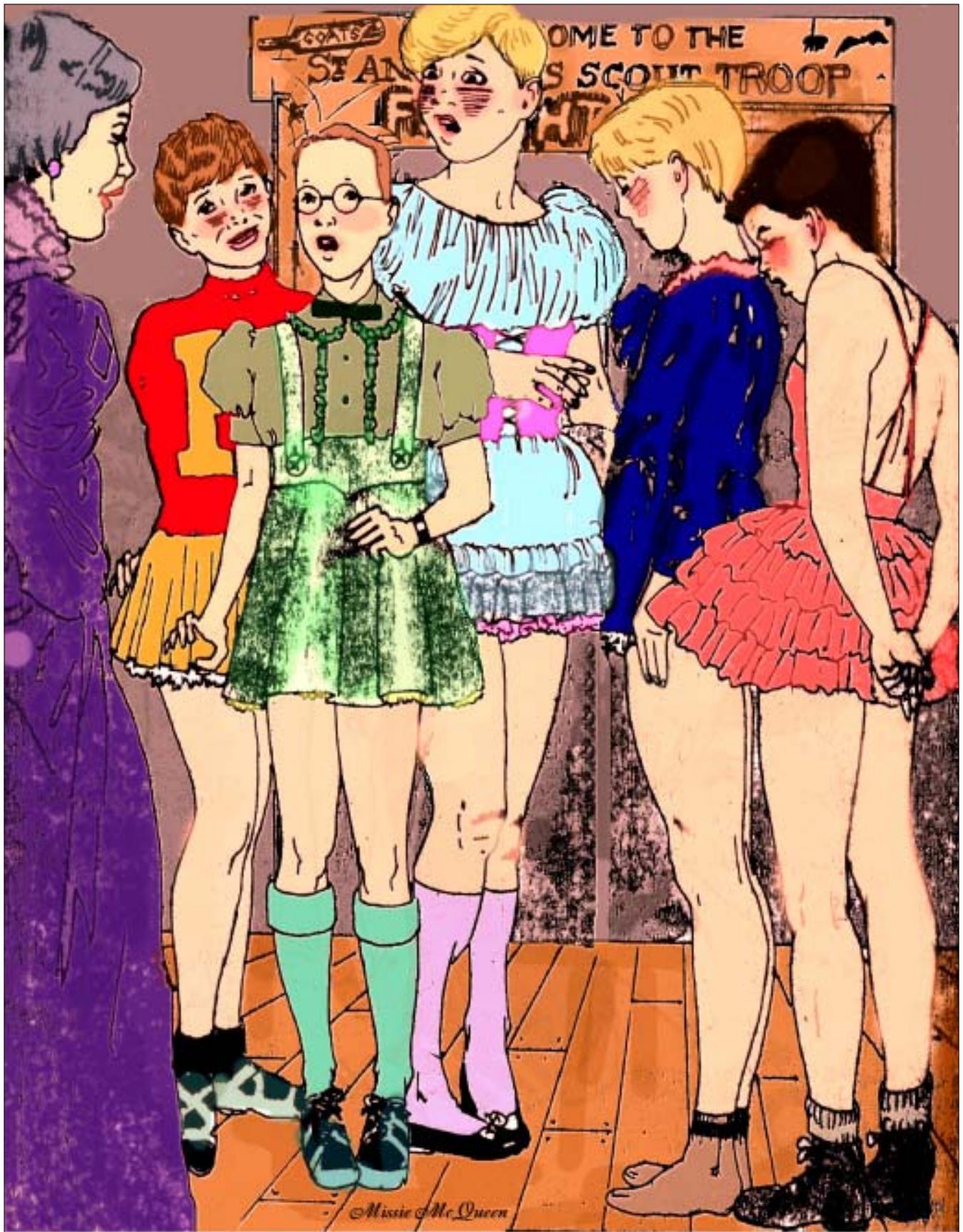
## Chapter 3

Like a lot of other boys, we wore our hair in the popular Beatles-style. In those days, it was an androgynous style and many people didn't know if we were boys or girls. Mom liked it that way. We took dancing lessons so whenever we had a recital, she'd make sure our costumes were as girlish as possible, and she was always pushing our dance teacher to put us in girls' costumes for comedy numbers and turnabout routines.

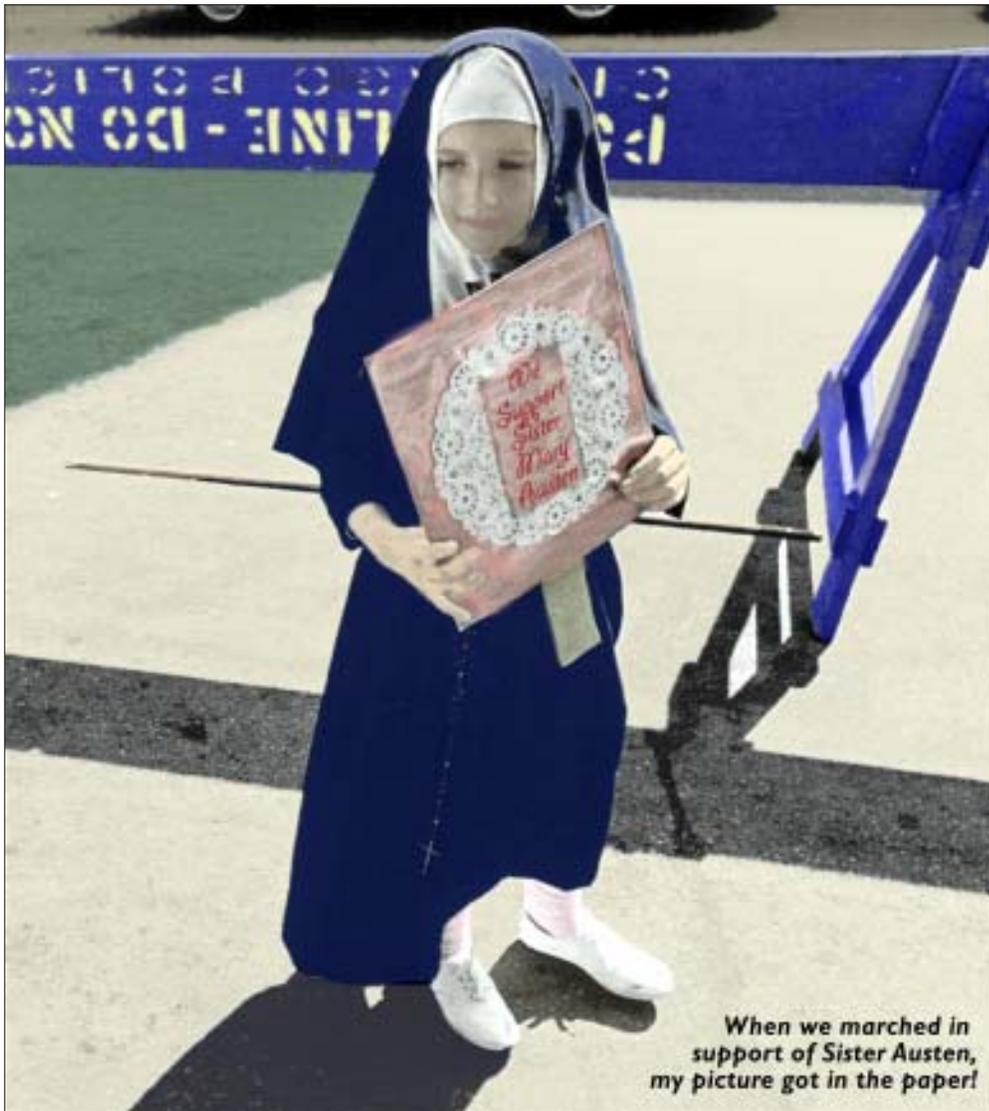
Mom's creativeness didn't stop there. On one of the most memorable occasions, she dressed me up in a miniature nun's habit and Bobbie as a naughty boy with a paddle in his hand. She made us join a march in front of the courthouse to support a nun from one of the Catholic schools who was on trial for spanking one of her kids with a ruler. My picture even ended up in the newspaper! In my disguise, I was thankful no one in our neighborhood recognized me in the picture.

At school, we were pretty good students (for the sake of our rear end and threats of petticoating, we had to be!). As far as our neighbors were concerned, I'm sure we appeared quite normal. The rumors about us being sissies eventually subsided. Surely they had no idea that in our house, the females ruled. Occasionally, even in public, my brother and I were bullied by our sisters or punished by mom, but they never did it in such a way as to really expose the family secret. Just the same, they did enjoy toying with us and threatening us with exposure.

Dad was totally enthralled with mom and did whatever she wanted him to do. Dad's control was limited to overseeing my brother and me as long as whatever he wanted didn't conflict with anything any of the females of the house wanted. Bobbie



It was one sorry looking bunch of boys the night of the Girl Scout's fashion show.



When we marched in support of Sister Austen, my picture got in the paper!

and I knew our family was different. We watched how families acted on television. We saw what went on in our friends' homes, but we didn't mind that mom and the girls had the last word on things. We were brought up that way, so I guess we just got used to it.

In fact, in most ways, I was convinced that we were better off than many other families. Most of my friend's parents either had been divorced or were constantly fighting. A lot of them didn't seem to be very happy. But in our house, happiness abounded. Our friends and neighbors were always remarking about how well we got along as a family.

To many people, the description 'female-dominated household' conjures up images of a hellish prison for males run by crazed females clad in leather and high heels, swinging whips and chains. On the

contrary, our home simmered with love and normalcy. Mom was as warm as an old-fashioned comforter and as sweet as homemade rock candy. Her dominance tended to be gentle and coercing, a very feminine way of taking charge. Her sharp talons were never extended more than they had to be.

Of course, whether at home or in public, the ruling hierarchy prevailed. Sometimes it was difficult to give into my sisters in front of my friends, and sometimes dad came across as a henpecked husband, but that was a small price to pay for peace in the family. Mom didn't want Bobbie and me to be just a couple of idiot slave boys whose only purpose in life was doing her bidding. She wanted us to grow up to be well educated, happy and successful. She wanted us to be like our dad who was a successful

businessman (he was also an early computer whiz), yet submissive to her wishes.

My brother and I were rewarded for doing as we were told (anything from a piece of candy to things like getting to stay up late or getting our choice of which TV show to watch). And the girls were not allowed to do anything that could really physically harm us, and they were not allowed to humiliate us in public without mom's permission.

## Chapter 4

Most of the time, things went along smoothly, but when mom wanted to do one thing and dad wanted to do something else, mom got her way unless dad could respectfully and meekly persuade her differently. Mom grew up that way. Her mother controlled had her father and brother, and from the start, mom planned for us kids to grow up the same way. What was it like? For example, whenever my older sister wanted to play house and I wanted to watch cartoons, I

was expected to give in. As we got older, I was expected to give in to the females in our family without complaining. At times, my big sister Cathie could be a real bitch, but for the most part, she didn't take undo advantage of her power.

Our younger sister, Tina, was the real holy terror in the family. When our older sisters got tired of playing dress-up, Tina took charge and made us get pretty for her. By that time, we hated being made to put on party dresses and sit around with her pretending to drink tea, but mom made it clear that there wasn't much we could do about it.

And it seemed like the older we got, the clothes she made us put on became frillier and more juvenile. We knew it was very unmanly to wear such things, but we did as we were told. Mom knew we were

embarrassed about dressing up and she didn't let Tina do it to us when dad or anyone else was around.

Then, one day, dad came home early from work and saw us all decked out like little fairy princesses in fancy party dresses, billowing petticoats and flouncy pinafores. Bobbie and I were embarrassed, and he got angry at us for being dressed up like little girls.

"I thought this dressing-up crap ended years ago!" he yelled.

We tried to run away but he grabbed us and made us stand at attention with our dresses pulled up to our chin as he undid his belt then started beating us on our

lace-trimmed satin panties. (I can still remember the panties we were wearing like it was yesterday! Bobbie's panties were bright robin's egg blue with pink and white bits of lace and ribbons. My panties were a pale shade of yellow with shiny darker yellow bows with a wide row of cream-colored lace around each leg opening.)

When dad heard us through our tears that it was Tina who had made us dress up, he grabbed her and yelled at her as he pulled her over his lap.

With tears still flowing down our cheeks and dripping onto our girlish dresses, Bobbie and I watched in awe as

he began beating on Tina's little bottom with his belt and demanding that she never again do something so humiliating to his two sons. Tina was in such shock and fear that she started to wet her little flowered panties.

Because of all the noise, mom came running downstairs. When she saw what was happening, she screamed at dad to stop. He stopped immediately. Then she demanded that he 'heel' just like a dog. Immediately, he knelt down by her feet. She gave him a hard kick in the side and told him to hand her his belt. As he gave it to her, he pleaded not to do anything in front of the children, but she just kicked him again and made him lie flat on the floor. As soon as he did, mom started beating him all over with his own belt. Dad grunted and groaned each time he was hit. Tears came to his eyes.

Still pouting from being spanked, little Tina grinned and taunted dad as mom hit him. After the beating, dad must have been very sore because he just stayed on the floor moaning and writhing in pain. As mom continued to lecture him, she consoled Tina and announced that from that moment on, Tina would have total control over her father as well as us boys. And if he ever hit her again, for any reason whatsoever, he would be thrown out of the house and she would divorce him. Mom made dad roll over on his back. We could see he had been crying. Huge tears clung to his face. Mom cuddled Tina and rubbed her panty bottom to ease the pain, she noticed Tina had been so afraid that she had pissed little bit in her panties.

Hurriedly, mom pulled Tina's little yellow sundress up high around her waist, fully exposing her puffy white panties decorated with tiny pink and blue flowers. As she tugged those silky panties up high over her blistering butt, Tina squirmed from the pain. All of us were shocked when mom told Tina to stand over her Daddy's face and then sit right down on it in her pissy panties.

As she squatted down, Tina whimpered because her little bottom was so sore. At mom's bidding, she gingerly squirmed around and rubbed her wet panties into Dad's nose and mouth. Through her tears she was laughing at dad as she looked at him between her dripping wet legs.

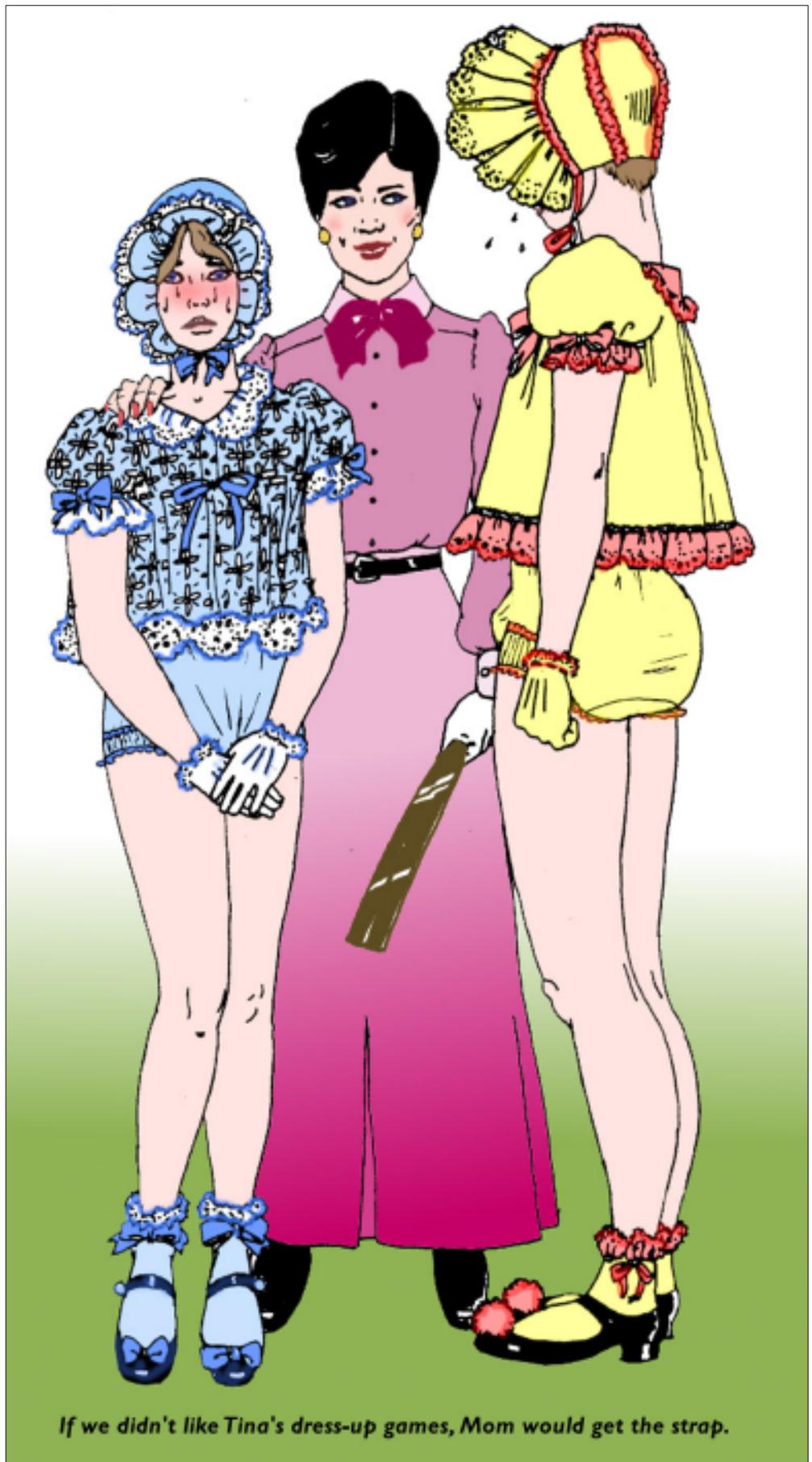


With three sisters, there was no shortage of girls' clothes for our dress-up games.

Bobbie and I just stared. We couldn't believe our eyes. One thing's for sure, after that day, we thought twice about even hesitating to follow orders from any of the females in our family.

Mom made dad clean up the mess on the floor, get washed up and change into fresh clothes. Bobbie and I had been instructed to stay in our lingerie and dresses. Mom washed our tear-stained faces then went upstairs to help Tina change into fresh clothes before going to the kitchen to finish getting dinner ready.

While dinner was cooking, mom called us all into the living room. With dad sitting on our big overstuffed wingback chair, she had Bobbie and me sit on his lap with our skirts and slips pulled up around our waists. With our sisters grinning and loving every minute of it, we had to sit that way and watch television. Mom kept going back and forth from the kitchen, checking on us as she prepared dinner. Once dinner was about ready to be served, mom had Bobbie and me stand up. She made dad closely examine our lingerie and compliment us on how pretty we looked in our girlie clothes. She made him inspect the fabric, lace trim and elastic bands of our panties and pet our hips and bottom through the silky nylon. She made him say that he wanted us to wear girls' panties all the time. That scared Bobbie and me. It was one thing to wear such clothes in the house, but outside at school and in front of our friends? Even if the panties couldn't be seen under our regular clothes, just the thought of wearing them outside the house made my head ache. I hoped she was just teasing us



to punish dad. I was sure she wouldn't do such a thing.

Mom told dad that she liked us in girlie clothes and would make a point of dressing us in them frequently. If he didn't like it, he could leave! As a final gesture of submission to her will, she made him rub his right hand over my penis and balls through my panties and his left hand over Bob's penis and balls through his panties.

I don't know about Bobbie, but his rubbing made me crazy. I'll never forget how it felt that night to have my dad massage my penis like that, all the while fresh tears were rolling down his cheeks. It was weird! Nor will I forget Tina's laughter. She thought it was hilarious. I didn't understand my feelings for many years, but I'm convinced that night made both my brother and me into panty fetishists for life.

## Chapter 5

Mom, especially with Tina's urging, kept her promise. Bobbie and I were put into pretty dresses, lingerie and other girls' clothes frequently after that. Now instead of doing it when dad wasn't home, most of the time mom made a point of having Tina dress us up when he was home. Dad never said a word about it.

My sisters Cathie and Jennifer hadn't been home the night dad found us dressed up. They had gone to a Girl Scout sleep over right after school. However, they loved the idea of regularly having my brother and me in girlie clothes. Also they were delighted when they realized that the confrontation with dad had truly solidified the power of the women over the men in the house. It had been bad enough getting into girls' clothes when we were little, but as we got older the humiliation of dressing in girls' things became more and more unbearable, especially when our dad didn't protect us from this humiliation.

Whenever Tina wanted to dress us up, she would make selections from our storage wardrobes and the boxes of old clothes stacked up in the TV room. She'd mix and match outfits and set everything out neatly on hangers and tables. Bobbie and I would be ordered to drop whatever

we were doing and join her. If we happened to be playing outside, Tina would come and get us and tell us to come home because she needed someone to play with. The kids in our neighborhood often wondered aloud why we would stop playing with them and go home with Tina the instant she asked us. Of course, Bobbie and I weren't about to tell them.

Once we arrived home, we'd find out what Tina wanted us to do. Many times she just wanted us to play normal games with her, so we never knew what we were in for. But on those occasions when she wanted us to be her living dolls to dress and pamper, we could tell the minute that we walked in the door.

Mom would flash us a weird smile and tell us to take a shower before going up to the TV room. On these occasions, mom usually had her strap ready to use on us at any sign of resistance. We'd usually shower together, dreading the sound of the bathroom door opening. That's because Tina would walk right in on us and bring us training bras and panties to put on once we were finished showering.

By then, Bobbie and I had our own collection of lingerie that mom had bought for us from our allowance money. No hand-me-downs when it came to lingerie! Mom said it wasn't healthy for us to wear the same panties that our sisters wore. Thank goodness, mom never made good on her threat to make us wear panties all the time, but she did keep us supplied with stacks of dainty lingerie for us to wear for punishment and for whenever Tina wanted to play dress up. And as punishment, she did make us wear panties under our regular clothes at times when we went out, even at times when we went to school. Those were very scary times!

## Chapter 6

Generally we'd play dress-up games on Saturday afternoons when there would be plenty of time to get us made-up, have our hair styled and changed into an endless combination of clothes. Mom and dad often went out on Saturday nights, leaving us in the care of a babysitter. Most of those sitters were teenagers barely older than I was, and since our dress-up games

often extended into the evening hours, it was most embarrassing for us boys to be seen by our young sitters while we were dressed in our frills. Thank goodness mom was nice enough to hire sitters from outside our area so they wouldn't spread rumors about us in the neighborhood.

Whenever dad knew we were in for one of those dress-up sessions, he'd just give us a sad look and say something about being good and minding the females. He always followed that up with a promise to take us out real soon for some kind of boy stuff, like fishing or train watching, like he was trying to counteract the girlie things we were being subjected to. Then he'd just sigh and go down to the basement to read the paper or work on his computer.

On 'girlie nights' as we came to call them, Tina would fetch us from the bathroom after we had gotten dressed in our snappy teen bras and dinky sissy ass panties. She'd make Bobbie and me go ahead of her swishing our pantied asses as we walked.

Once we arrived in the TV room, mom, Cathie and Jennifer were often there waiting to help out and to join in the fun. If we hadn't wiggled our asses to her satisfaction, Tina would tell mom, who would promptly bend us over, skin down our panties and shove a tampon up our butt hole to remind us to wiggle. After a while this changed. She'd make Bobbie put the tampon in me, and then make me put the tampon in him. I found it really weird pulling up my brother's thin panties and adjusting them around his waist and legs to the girls' satisfaction. Then we'd look around to see at least a dozen dresses on a rack waiting for us to try on. An assortment of lace panties, padded bras, slips, nylons, purses, hats and girlish shoes were always nearby so they could coordinate our lingerie and accessories with the various outfits. Sometimes they were having so much fun just having us try on all the lingerie that we never got to the dresses and it ended up being a lingerie for boys' fashion show.

Bobbie and I especially hated to model panties because we'd have to change right in front of mom and our sisters. Our modesty was of no importance to them. It was doubly embarrassing if Bobbie or I sprouted a boner. Cathie and Jennifer

were well tutored by mom in the physical differences between boys and girls, and they knew a lot about such things. On the other hand, Bobbie and I were never allowed to see our sisters without their clothes on so we knew very little about how girls looked and how their bodies worked.



## Chapter 7

On one occasion when I was at an age particularly sensitive about having my sisters see me naked, Cathie asked mom about boys' penises and how they worked. She also wanted to know why boys were so concerned about the size of their penises. At the time, Bobbie and I were standing just in our flimsy panties waiting for the girls to start dressing us up. But when Cathie asked the question, I became very self-conscious because all of them had their eyes on my crotch.

I tried to discreetly cover myself with my hands, but mom snapped her fingers and told me "Hands at your sides, Missie!"

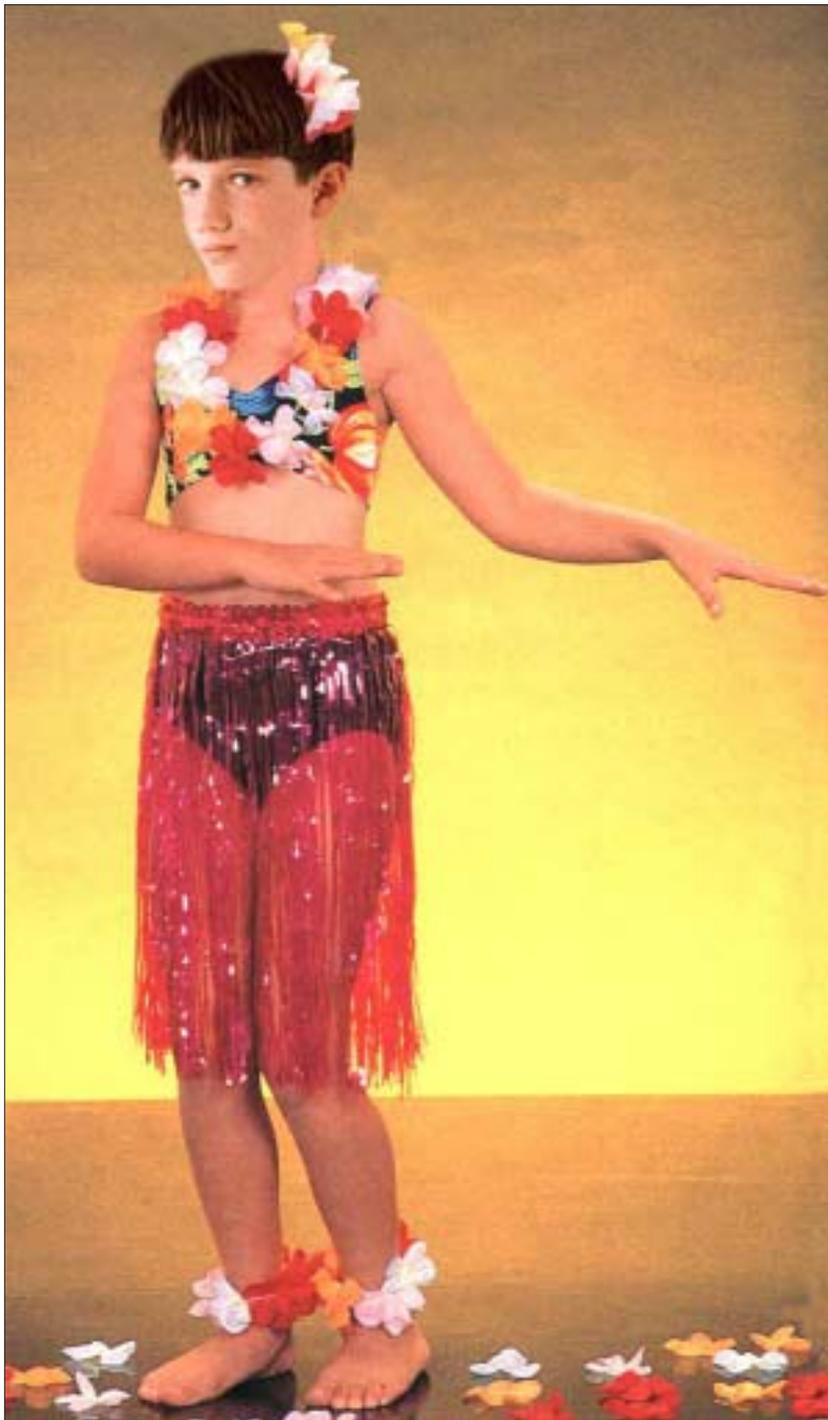
Bobbie stood there shivering and complaining about being cold. He asked mom if he could put on one of the pretty dresses. She told him just to be still for a moment.

Mom made Bobbie and me stand close together as she explained to the girls that each boy's penis was slightly different in size and shape, just like a girl's breasts are slightly different in size and shape from other girls' breasts. Mom made Bobbie and me hold hands as she poked around our crotches then pulled down the front of our silken panties and neatly nestled them beneath our cock and balls.

Being older, my penis was much larger than Bobbie's. Mom had us stand real close together so she could hold our penises almost side by side. She invited the girls to get up close so they could compare and contrast our male equipment. My brother and I felt like a display in a museum. Underneath the bright ceiling light, with our sisters' faces so close to our genitalia that we could feel the air they exhaled, mom lectured to them about penises as she twisted, pushed and pulled on our developing bits of manhood.

I really became embarrassed when mom explained 'wet dreams' to our sisters, and I groaned when Cathie asked what made a boy's penis get hard. Mom explained boys could get an erection from either mental stimulation or manual stimulation. She asked mom more questions and finally asked if she could see us get a hard penis. I almost died.

In response, mom directed both of us to take our penis in hand and stroke it to make it hard. As soon as we were both erect, mom let the girls touch them and pull on them. Then she had the girls get a ruler to measure us. It was so humiliating to be so handled and measured.



Fortunately there weren't many questions after that and we went on with the dressing-up game.

Dad and mom were going out for the night, so when dad went to get the babysitter, we were allowed to change into our nightgowns. Bobbie and I had worn our sister's hand-me-down nightgowns our whole life so we were used to them. We wore them even during all those years when dad didn't know about us playing dress-up games with the girls. Mom had always just explained to him that it was a good way to save a little money, and he didn't object. Still the sight of us boys in girls' nighties never failed to make our baby-sitters giggle.

For the rest of that evening, our sisters called Bobbie and me by our

penis length and not by our names! Bobbie was 2 1/2, and I was 4! The sitter wondered what the numbers meant and laughed at us when Cathie finally told her! From time to time after that, we were periodically measured before starting our weekly dress-up games.

## Chapter 8

There are hundreds of other situations that I could relate, but I'll save them for some other time. Today, I am married, and Diane and I have twins. While we were dating, mom let her in on the family secret a little at a time. My wife was so enthralled by it all that she quickly became a believer in the way my mother brought us up.

Diane graduated with a degree in psychology and teaching and has been a big help to me in my business as an educational consultant. She has some novel ideas about raising children and is putting her theories into practice on our two boys. We are raising one as a girl and the other one as a girl-boy! She retired from teaching when they were born and has completely handled their education ever since.

With home schooling and complete control over their environment, she has been able to raise them in a world of our own design. For example, she has taught them that there are four sexes: girls with a pussy for having babies, girls with a penis to help them make those babies, girl-boys with a penis that is a plaything for girls, and boys whose job it is to serve girls. Of course, she explained that boys have penises too, but they need to be punished if they ever try to use them to make babies.

We have explained to them that Annie is a girl with a penis and that our other twin, Andy, is a girl-boy. Annie, who spends all her time in beautiful dresses, has lovely long hair and a girlish complexion from the hormone creams and pills we have given her in small amounts ever since she was born. Andy, who is usually dressed in sissified versions of boys' clothes, is often put into a dress for punishment. It's punishment for him because we tell him he looks like a boy in a dress and make fun of him.

Our boys have led a very sheltered life, shielded from the evils of the world we live in, and they know little other than what my wife has taught them. The day she caught them touching each other's penis in the shower, she told them about masturbation and all those old wives tales about it, like it will make hair

grow on the palms of their hands and that masturbation will drive them insane. So you can understand that they are very naive about sex and frightened out of their wits about touching themselves and each other.

The degree of my wife's control over them is amazing, and the wild things she teaches the boys would astound most people, but she explains that she is simply exercising her right as a parent with the time and means to mold them into whatever she wants them to be. Whenever we take the boys out, we do our best to continue the control over their surroundings. We have made friends with restaurant managers and other business owners

(like the children's clothing store where we shop) to ensure that they are not polluted by the negative influences of the outside world.

Still some things do happen that are beyond our control. For example, things really got crazy last week when the twins were getting out of our car on a shopping expedition as a group of rowdy boys passed by and called them "cocksuckers." Diane was enraged that such vile youngsters can walk the streets, but she didn't let onto the twins that anything was amiss. When they asked her what a "cocksucker" was, she said she'd explain it when they all got home.

Just before dinner, she had them both kneeling at the foot of my lounge chair dressed only in their 'faggot pink panties.' That's what she told the boys to call their special pink ruffled panties, and she further taught them that 'faggot' means a boy doing things like a girl. When I came home from the office and saw them, I asked what was going on. Diane had me sit in my chair then invented this crazy story that they were old enough to learn about cocksucking.

She explained that girls with a penis and boy-girls produce a special juice inside their balls that is a healthy tonic, especially useful for preventing colds. The next thing I knew she had me open my pants and pull down my panties. She coaxed me to an erection then had each of our boys suck on my cock for several minutes. I'm not gay, but it had been several days since I had sex, and my cock got huge while they sucked on it. I tried my best not to let it happen, but it did. I'm not especially big in the penis department, but I had gotten as big as I had ever gotten that day and they had a difficult time putting all of my cock in their little lipsticked mouths.

When I told Diane that we had better stop because I was about to cum, she told me I shouldn't hold back but give our boys some of my cold medicine. She had the boys back off a bit then took my penis in her hand and masturbated me right into their open mouths. She called us all queers as I started to spurt strands of pearly jism all over their faces. They vied with one another to catch my sticky juice. The crazy little bastards lapped it up like it was honey! Diane said she couldn't wait to surprise their faggot grandfather (my father) with their newly acquired talent! When the boys asked her what a 'queer' was, she told them a queer is a healthy boy with his belly full of boy cum that is loaded with a lot of nutritious vitamins and minerals.

I enjoy reading your letters and articles about female-dominated households and look forward to future issues.

Tim  
New Haven



**Annie and Andy**