

Princess Online

Featured
Stories
and Letters
from the
Princess
Productions
Website

*Adults
Only*



No. 12

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

Stories of the Month

February 2000

Note: One of our readers suggested that items like the following can be used in a lighthearted way to bring up the subject of crossdressing with someone if you are considering sharing your secret with them and would "like to test the water."

Click on the item numbers to see this month's featured images.

Item #1

Funky Winkerbean Cartoon with our kind of twist!

Item #2

A Boy's Skirt! An ad from December 1999 issue of *The Face*, an avant-garde British publication, shows current designer fashions for boys, including a boy's skirt designed by Elvis Jesus.

Item #3

European Television Series: Still photographs of Filemon Schöffner, who played Jan-Willem in an eleven-part television series, entitled *Madelief*, broadcast in the Netherlands. A little Dutch girl, *Madelief*, is the title character. The show is about her and her friends Roos and Jan-Willem. A loyal reader sent us these pictures, which show Filemon both as a boy and dressed up in girls' clothes. He only appeared in the first year of the series, 1994.

Item #4

Boys modeling girls' clothes in this foreign catalog: One of our regular website visitors sent us these four pages from a 1970's German catalog. He said this clothing store often uses little boys as well as girls to model clothes for young children, including skirts, dresses and other feminine fashions! Note the one boy model is shown wearing both boys and girls' clothes.

After this feature appeared on our website, we received the following letter:

Dear Princess:

Your photos of the boys in girls' clothes in the German catalogue brought back memories for me. As a child I lived near New York City. At about six months old, I started modeling baby clothes.

Then as a toddler, I began modeling both boys and girls' clothes because my mother discovered it was a way I could earn more money. My aunt was a hairdresser and did my hair according to whatever I was to model. When it got too long it was cut, and I

wore hairpieces when modeling girls' clothes. The photographer I posed for was the one to suggest to my mother that I model girls' clothes as well as boys.' He said boys photographed better than girls in skirts and dresses because they were more active and young boys' arms and legs tended to be more attractively shaped.

I did this modeling from just after World War II until 1952, when I started school. Then my peers got to me. They found out I modeled girls' clothes and began to call me a sissy. At Christmas time, I made the mistake of bringing to school a photo of me sitting on Santa's lap after a photo shoot in a department store. I happened to be wearing a green velveteen dress with a huge white lace collar, several fluffy petticoats and lace-trimmed bloomer panties that extended down below the edge of my petticoats. The kids were vicious in their teasing, and I became so upset that I refused to do any more modeling. After that, I did model girls' clothes one more time. I was called in and my mother forced me to do it. I had to fill in for an eight-year-old girl who was supposed to model a multitiered chiffon dress for a department store layout. The girl had refused because she said it made her look like a little baby.

When I did model dresses, mother always made sure I was outfitted completely, all the way down to the proper frilly lingerie. I never had to model lacy panties (even though I wore them under the dresses), but I did model various slips and petticoats. The only thing I hated to model was girls' bathing suits because I had to wear a pair of tight rubber panties under the suits so that nothing showed between my legs. And the rubber panties quickly became hot, sticky and uncomfortable.

While I was modeling, I know that other boys were modeling girls' clothes too, so your spread on the German catalog with the boys' in girls' clothes I'm sure is authentic.

Remembering the Thrills of Frills
Sylvester



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January 2000 Letters of the Month

True Experiences Part 1

Subj: slips & panties

Date: 9/2/99 5:43:57 PM Central Daylight Time

From: Richard
To: LACEYPPP@AOL.COM

Hi Princess,

My stepmom was cool. She was always walking around the house in a full slip or a bra and half-slip. My dad didn't mind. At least he never made a comment about it. I don't think either of them realized how it would ultimately affect me. After a constant diet of that, I think it was only natural that I developed an interest in her lingerie. Her panties were always hidden, but I could see them pretty well through her slips, which were often somewhat sheer. She had the prettiest panties. Her panties captivated me. I could see them on the clothesline or when she was ironing them, but I wanted a better look. And when I decided to examine the contents of her panty drawer, she caught me.

"Richard! What are you doing?" she calmly asked.

She didn't seem angry, but the tone of her voice let me know that I was doing something that I shouldn't have been doing. "Ju-just looking, Mom," was all I could answer.

"Do you like what you see in there, little boy?" she asked stressing the "little boy" part, something she never called me.

Feeling her overbearing presence, I didn't answer, only dropped my head down and started to slowly push the drawer closed. But she walked over to where I was standing, put her hand over mine and pulled the drawer open again.

"Now let's see what we have here," she chirped. "Oh, my! Panties! Isn't that nice! And they are pretty panties, aren't they little boy?"

My face must have been crimson with embarrassment. She took my hand off the knob but continued to hold it. She took my other hand with her other hand then plunged both my hands into the silky depths of that drawer.

"O-o-o-o! Panties feel nice, don't they? All silky and slippery! All tickly and smooth!"

Tears were slowly filling up my eyes. I wanted to look away, but the electricity emanating from her panty drawer lit me up like a roman candle. There was nowhere to look except into the soft, pastel colors piled up in that drawer. She let go of my hands, reached into the drawer and pulled out a lavender pair of satiny panties, really pretty ones with white lace on the sides.

"These panties are nice, aren't they little boy?" She was still stressing the "little boy," making me feel very uncomfortable because I was a boy invading a woman's private domain. When I didn't answer, she rubbed the panties against my cheek. A few of my tears worked loose of my blinking eyes and were absorbed by the panties.

"You're crying? Big boys don't cry? But then again, big boys don't play with ladies panties either! Maybe you're not a real boy after all. Maybe you're one of those gentle boys, who likes to wear girls' panties?"

The shock of that statement made me overcome my fear of looking into her eyes. I looked up to her and pleaded, "Oh, no, Mom! I don't want to. I was just, just looking . . ."

"Now, now! You can't fool me, boy! But don't worry. I'll help you. Mommy is here to take care of her sweet little boy."

With that she started to undo my trousers. She pulled them down and stripped me of my under shorts. We were still standing right in front of her dresser. She pulled out her vanity bench, sat down on it then made me stand in front of her. She still had those lavender panties in her hand. When she bent over and held them open for me, I automatically stepped into them unsure of what was going to happen next. The panties did feel incredibly good going up my legs. They were quite big on me and when she tugged them up high around my waist it was like bathing in a sea of silkiness.

"There you go my sweet little boy. How do you like wearing my pretty purple panties?"

I couldn't find words to say anything.

"Oh, I understand! I can tell you love them! Boys like you love silky women's panties, and not just to look at. You love to wear panties too!"

In an instant, she had my shirt and T-shirt pulled off. Just as quickly she opened another drawer, took out a fluffy white silk slip and pulled it over my head. From the moment it enveloped me, I was amazed at the thrilling sensations cascading through my body as that silky slip slid back and forth over my silky panties. Wow! I clearly remember looking up into the mirror on her vanity and seeing how pretty the panties looked through the full slip she had made me put on. At that very instant she was giggling at me and calling me a "sissy," but I could barely hear her. I was lost in the folds of that slip and those panties. I didn't care what she called me or what she did to me. Her lingerie felt so good on my body that I didn't care about anything else. I know my face was glowing red with embarrassment, but inside I was on such a high that the embarrassment did nothing to quell my inner joy.

I was awakened from my reverie when I felt her pulling me over her lap. With a swift motion, she had the slip up and was spanking me on the lavender panties.

"I can understand that you like my pretty clothes. Most men don't have the nerve to admit such things. But you're a wimpy little boy, the kind of boy who can't help himself. Go ahead enjoy prancing around in my slip and panties. I think you look pretty, so cute . . . for a boy! But that's right, you're not a real boy at all. People call boys like you sissies, pantywaists, wimps, and faggots. I love you, sweetie, but I have to give you this little spanking for being naughty and getting into my things without my permission."

She spanked me, not real hard, but hard enough for me to get the message. She hit me with her hand about twenty-five or thirty times, and the accumulated blows started to really sting. I reacted by squirming all over her lap. That just increased the silky sensations of my slip and panties rubbing against her slip and panties. Up until that moment I hadn't even thought about my penis, but it was hard then. I knew it was hard because it kept banging into her thighs, getting squashed, pinched and pulled between us. She pulled me off her lap and made me stand before her, tilting my chin up so I'd look her in the eyes. I was crying, and I felt very naughty and very unmanly. I thought she was going to bawl me out, but instead she gently kissed me on the lips and hugged me. She felt my hard penis thrusting up against her leg. She undid our embrace and looked downward. My penis was pushing out the front of the slip. With her right hand she reached under the slip and began touching me.

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January 2000 Letters of the Month

True Experiences

Subj: slips & panties (Part 1 continued)

She cupped her hand entirely over my little penis and balls and massaged them gently. With her other hand, she lovingly stroked my butt through the two luxuriously soft layers of slip and panties. It was the most wonderful feeling I had ever felt in my life. I twisted and groaned and wallowed in her tantalizing touch, periodically feeling surges of pure sexual energy explode within me.

Looking more alive than I had ever seen her, she looked at me with a mixture of love, lust and laughter. I was totally hers, and she knew it.

"Now, go to your room, Richard. Lie on your bed and think about me and my pretty things. Tease your little peepee and keep it hard as long as you can."

As I walked away from her on rubbery legs with my throbbing penis leading the way, I heard her laughingly say, "Keep my slip and panties as long as you want, girly-boy, but you better not let your father catch you wearing them!"

After that, we were sex crazed. She made a game of having me lift up her skirt or dress to peek at her slip. She'd let me feel her panties through her slip. If I had been especially sweet and loving to her, she'd reward me by lifting her slip and letting me play with her panties. She taught me how to examine her panties, pointing out every little detail about them, and she then taught me how to do things that made her feel good in her panties.

By the time I was old enough to start shooting my boy juice, I had already been having little cums in my panties for years, surges of intense pleasure that made me shutter then washed over me like a calming ocean wave. As she stroked me through these surges, I'd groan in ecstasy, and she'd tease me about being a sissy. When my juice finally did come in, I was shooting my hot cum all over her silky panties on a daily basis. I couldn't do schoolwork, go to sleep at night, or do anything if I was horny. And Mom knew it! She loved to tease me and make me wait for her to tend to me. She absolutely prohibited me from touching myself. She only let me do that when she was too tired and had me stand in front of her and do it for her entertainment. Countless times she had me tease her to orgasm, she usually followed that up by either beating me off or having me jack myself off for her entertainment.

What's amazing is that Dad never caught on to what we were doing. There was one close call when I was fourteen, Dad walked in on me wearing one of my stepmom's full white slips with

mint green panties underneath. I screamed when I saw him unexpectedly and ran to my room. Mom came out to see what was going on. She saw Dad there and quickly made up a story about me trying on an outfit for Halloween, which was just about a month away. He bought it, simply shook his head and sat down to read the newspaper like usual. That did make Mom and me a lot more careful. After that, we were always prepared with a story of some sort in case he did catch me again, but we never had another close call.

So after Mom made up that story about trying on a Halloween costume, she told me that, she thought for Dad's sake, it would be wise for us to follow up on it, have me dress up as a girl and go to a real Halloween party. To me it had always been exclusively lingerie that excited me. Other female clothes were nice, but the lingerie is where it was at for me. Other than an occasional drifting off into fantasy, I had never even thought about dressing completely as a girl. But Mom loved the idea. She decided that I should go as a French maid. She is pretty handy with a sewing machine, so by adapting a few things she had in her closet, she had a maid's outfit for me in no time. To this day, the picture she took of me that night is one of the few pics I have of myself all dressed in girls' clothes.

Whenever Dad was home and I was in desperate need of a cum, Mom and I would have to make it a quickie. She showed me how to almost instantly bring myself to orgasm with a soiled pair of her panties. It felt so good to let myself go in her pretty panties, and she knew it. To this day, I can recall a lifetime of her coming in to my room, wearing just a slip with panties on underneath so I could feel them. In her hand, she'd be carrying another pair of her panties. If it had to be a quickie, she'd turn all the lights on in my room, pull down my blankets, drape the panties over my penis and command me to masturbate while she sat on the edge of the bed and watched. When we had more time, she liked to do it. She'd slip her hand under the covers and put her panties around my penis. Ever so slowly she'd slide her panties up and down my rod, as she'd say things like how she loves to see me in her lingerie. That would get me to the brink in no time. She liked to laugh at me as I shot my hot load of cum into her silky panties. To this day she still buys me slips and panties for Christmas and my birthday, and she has never tired of watching me cum all over them. What a stepmom!

My Dad was a workaholic, and Mom admitted that they rarely had sex. He was always too tired. Dad also had little time for me, so we almost never did any of the traditional father-son things. Consequently, my stepmom owned me, and I didn't mind one bit! With my overactive sex drive, she always made sure I had a pair of her silky nylon panties to put on along with a full slip or a half-slip. She'd lay them out on my bed for when I came home from school. At other times, when she knew I was in need of cumming, she'd tell me to go to her bedroom, and there she'd have something laid out for me. She'd usually follow me in then hold her panties out so I could step into them. After slowly bringing them up my legs and into place, she'd help me in to a pretty slip. It felt so good to wear her slips and her panties. I would get so turned on that my slip would stick way out. Of course, she always helped me with that.

When I was fifteen, I was staying with my uncle Gary and aunt Barb (my stepmom's sister) while my stepmom was in the hospital for minor surgery. I thought I was going to be alone for a while, so I went into my aunt's bedroom and started going through her drawers. When I got to

her lingerie, I remember pausing to hold up a pair of white nylon panties. They were so feminine with delicate lace on the sides.

"They're pretty, aren't they?" I heard my aunt Barb say as she stood watching me play with her panties. "Do you like the way my panties feel?"

I only nodded, too embarrassed to say anything.

"I can see that you really like them. Have you ever put on a pair of ladies' panties?"

I was shocked when she asked me that. I didn't say anything, but I was blushing so much that she had guessed the answer.

"Here," she said as she turned her back to me, "help me with this zipper."

As I slowly slid the zipper down, her dress opened and I could see the lace and silky fabric of her black full slip. A moment later, her dress was on the floor. She was beautiful standing there in the shiny, black satin. I could see the indentations her panties made through her snug-fitting slip, but I couldn't see what color they were. My question was quickly answered as she hoisted her slip over her head. Her bra and panties were blush pink. I'm sure my face was an even brighter color of red. About this time I was feeling very nervous because I had a pair of my mom's pink panties on under my jeans.

"I'm going to let you put on a pair of my prettiest panties," she said. "Look through my drawer and find something you like."

Not knowing what else to do, I picked out a delicate pink pair of panties.

"OK, Richard, put them on."

I started to head for the bathroom, but she stopped me and told me to change right there in front of her. I hemmed and hawed but knew I had no choice but to do just that. When I did take down my pants and she saw my mom's pink panties draped around my hips, she tried to hold back her laughter. She knew she was embarrassing me so she came over and gave me a big hug, whispered sweetly to me and lovingly rubbed my bottom through my panties.

"Well, well, I see you are a panty boy! These pretty pink panties are a little big on you, do they belong to your mom?"

I nodded.

"Does she know that you like to wear her panties?"

I nodded.

"Well, isn't that sweet. I better give her a call."

I begged her not to, but the next thing I knew, she was on the phone with Mom. They had a long talk. From my end I heard my aunt describe everything that had happened. Auntie put me on the phone. Mom simply asked me if everything happened as my aunt had described it. I admitted it had. Aunt Barb took back the phone, and after nearly an hour more on the phone with a lot of talking, giggling comments, feigned surprises and outright laughter. All during their conversation, my aunt had made me sit directly across from her in just my stepmom's pink panties. My cock stayed hard all that time.

After she finally hung up, she came over to me and shocked me by giving me a hard slap on the face.

"That is to warn you to pay attention to me. You're going to do everything I say and like it! Over a year ago, your mom told me you liked to play in her lingerie. I'm just thrilled that I had a chance to see this all for myself. She told me about dressing you up as a maid for Halloween too. She showed me the cute picture of you like that. Now, after catching you myself, I know all about you, panty boy!"

Next she turned her back to me and rubbed her silky butt against my penis within my panties. She pulled away and did a slow spin to show me how she looked all around in her bra and panties. Moments later, she had me take off my stepmom's panties I had on and put on the pink panties I had chosen out of her dresser drawer. She had me also put on one of her satiny white slips. Next, I was in her bed pleasuring her like I did Mom, and she was slowly masturbating me. When I was ready to shoot and begged her to let me cum, she quickly pulled up my slip, pulled my penis out of the legband of my panties and gave me a blowjob! I had been quite sheltered so I had never even heard of such a thing in my life. But I was an instant convert; it was an amazing experience!

After a long rest, she had me model all of her silky slips and panties for her. She was bigger than me, but since she liked her lingerie snug, they fit me pretty well. I tried some of her dresses and things, but they were too big, so she ended up digging out some of her old clothes from the basement for me. Her high school uniform fit me very well, and I liked how girlish I looked in it. By then, I was hard again. This time, she let me fuck her! She lay on the bottom; I got on top then she took my penis out of the leg hole of my panties and fed it into her pussy through the leg hole of the sky blue panties she was wearing. Throughout our wild gyrations, she kept stroking my body through the double silkiness my slip and panties. Amazing experience number two for that day! For years, I had been totally in love with my stepmom, now I was now totally in love with my aunt Barb too!

My aunt lived some forty miles away from us, so we didn't get to see her very often, especially since unlike my Dad, her husband was home almost all the time. But she and my mom would come up with all kinds of excuses to periodically get together with me. The three of us would have lingerie orgies and nonstop sex. Sorry to say, that my aunt unexpectedly passed away three years ago. Up until that time, Mom never would let me fuck her, saying it wasn't right, but with my aunt gone, she felt it was her duty to take over that part of my sex life. Wow, it has been and still is a wonderful life.

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January 2000 Letters of the Month

True Experiences Part 2

Subj: My story
Date: 9/9/99 3:04:53 PM Central Daylight Time
From: Jimmy

Dear Princess:

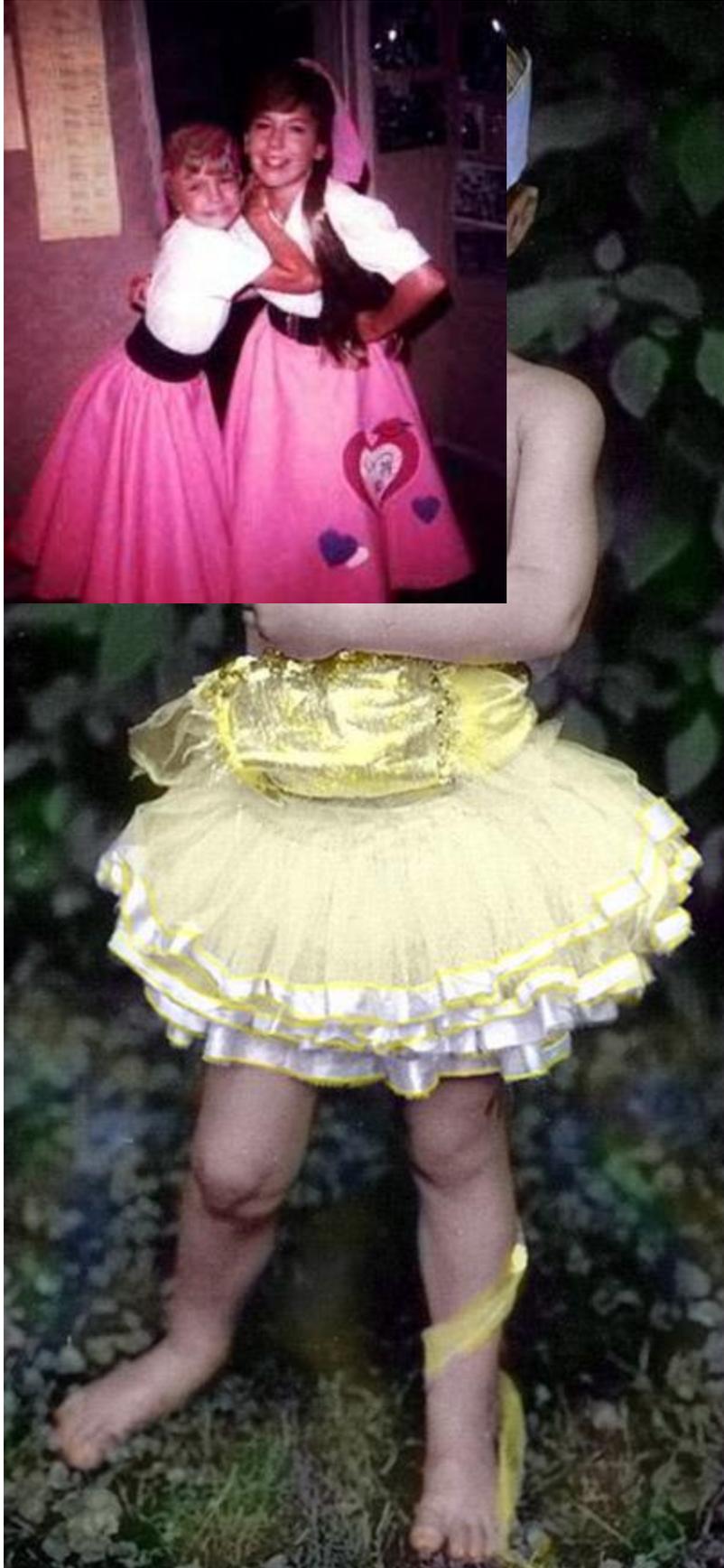
My first recollection of any crossdressing was when I was seven years old. I was playing at a neighbor girl's house, and when I refused to let her dress me up in some of her clothes, I started hitting her. Her two older sisters came into the room, held me down and gave me a hard spanking for hitting a girl. When they discovered that I was fighting because I didn't want to be dressed in the girl's clothes, they totally overpowered me and forced me into lemon yellow panties and a dance outfit with a lot of starchy petticoats.

When they let me up, I started to tear off the costume but stopped when they threatened me with another spanking. I remained uncooperative so the girls made a paper hat for me, wrote on the front of it "Naughty Jimmy" and made me pose for a picture in girls' clothes. I remember a very strange feeling welling up inside me while wearing those clothes. They finally tired of their game and let me change back into my own clothes. I then ran home as fast as I could to get away from them. In hindsight, I think this was the first that I had any kind of sexual feelings, and I think it scared the heck out of me, especially because it was centered on wearing girls' clothes. Boys aren't supposed to like girl clothes, are they? My young mind was totally blown by it. It took me years to deal with the demon inside me that told me those silken clothes felt good to wear.

Next thing I knew, I was obsessed with girls' clothes. In adolescence, I used to sneak into my mother's bedroom when she and my father were gone and try on her silky underthings: panties, slips, garter belts and stockings. I even grew so bold as to experiment with her makeup. On more than one occasion, she caught me when they came home early. She'd freak out, thinking I was gay. Thank God my father never caught me, as he was a macho Navy man, who would have beaten the crap out of me. Needless to say, my parents were less than understanding, but this was in the sixties and most people were not very enlightened back then.

The damage to my manhood had been done; I had opened Pandora's box and would never forget the incredible feeling I got when wearing Mom's clothes. At times in my life I have tried to suppress these feelings for the sake of society's expectations but those feelings just keep coming back. I have finally resolved the conflict within myself to the point where I can't deny it any more. I am a sissy and at times I wish I had been born a girl just so I could have worn all the pretty things girls get to wear. Currently, my sexual needs revolve around being dominated by a strong woman who will "force" me to dress as a woman and be totally subservient to her. I love the thought of becoming a male maid, housekeeper and sexual slave, chastised and teased unmercifully by my mistress. Bye for now.

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January 2000 Letters of the Month

True Experiences Part 3

Subj: Scottie is found out!
Date: 9/10/99 2:54:12 PM Central Daylight Time
From: Scottie
To: laceyppp@aol.com

Dear Princess:

I've always adored Laura, my big sister, and seeing her in all her pretty frilly clothes as a youngster made me jealous of her "special" relationship with our mother. Out of curiosity, I began trying on sis's clothes whenever I could get away with it. Eventually, Mom caught me, and I was very embarrassed. I remember the confrontation after she found me in my sister's pale blue babydoll pajama top and pink silk panties. I also had on some lipstick and mascara. With tears in her eyes, she asked, "Why are you dressed in your sister's clothes?"

Immediately, I ran and hid in my room. She appeared confused and didn't do anything but cry, wondering aloud about what was happening to her son. The next day, she said to me that I was "too young to get sexually excited, and if you ever do something like that again, I'll tell your sister what you were doing with her good clothes." Since Mom knew I really looked up to Laura, she figured that would scare me. So besides making me feel guilty and like a freak, I dreaded having my sister find out. Mother never directly punished me for doing it, but just her tears and all the bad things she made me feel were enough, I guess. Then an occasion came up that she used as a sort of punishment.

My mother was on a landmark preservation committee to restore an old rock-N-roll recording studio, and they had a fundraiser costume party and everyone was supposed to come in a 1950s costume. My sister had no knowledge of me dressing up, so it was a shock to me when she suggested that she and I should go to the party dressed up like sisters in poodle skirts, bobby socks and cancan petticoats.

As much as I was intrigued with the idea, I objected to save face. I was sure Mom wouldn't go for it, knowing how she felt about me dressing up after catching me, but Mom surprised me. She simply looked in my eye and told me to do it! I guess she felt differently about it when she was in charge! Most likely she told me to do it because she saw how red-faced I had gotten at the suggestion, I think Mom knew it would be embarrassing for me to wear a girl's costume both in front of my beloved sister and out in public. I know how her mind works; she probably saw this as a good way to teach me a lesson!

But I continued to protest as I attempted to hold onto my masculine image in front of my sister. Then sis knocked me for a loop when she said, "Come on, you know you want to do it. After all, you've been playing around in my clothes for years!"

I was devastated. My sister had known all along! I'm enclosing a picture of sis and me in our 50s costumes. It's not very good since Mom took it with a cheap camera. Nevertheless, it's a treasured photo for me of that occasion, even if the expression on my face makes me look like a scared puppy! And oh yes, just in case you were wondering. I wore the works that night, from perfume to pink satin panties! My sister picked out everything I wore that night, and both she and my mom helped me get dressed from the panties on out!

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February 2000 Letters of the Month

True Experiences

Part 1

Subj: My Intro into Panties

Date: 8/27/99 11:56:57 AM Central Daylight Time

From: Sandy

Dear Mrs. Lacey,

My first experience wearing panties was at age sixteen. My parents went abroad for the summer, and I stayed home because I had to go to summer school. Silvia, a stunning thirty-seven-year-old divorced woman, was one of our neighbors. One day she asked me if I wanted to make some extra money working on her yard. I worked all day, and when I went to clean up, I used her bathroom, which had a laundry basket with several pairs of her panties. I was so enamored of her that I decided to take a pair, thinking she wouldn't miss them.

A few days later, she called me over to help her with her pool. She then confronted me about the panties and told me that she would tell my parents about what I did, unless I did what she told me. I was totally embarrassed and cried, as I told her I'd do anything she asked. She made me confess that I had jacked off in the panties I had stolen from her. She laughed at me and made me strip off everything right in front of her then gave me a pair of her dirty yellow panties from the hamper to put on.

Silvia continued to laugh at me as she put an apron on me and made me do the dishes and things around the house, like getting her a Coke and giving her a backrub. She also teased me about my "little sissy dick" as she called it. I was shocked when she told me she wanted to see how I did it when I had spunked up her panties. After again threatening to expose me to my parents, I gave in. She made me stand in front of her and masturbate through the panties for her entertainment. I did it with tears in my eyes. After I shot off in the panties, she scolded me and took me over her lap for a good spanking with her bedroom slipper. Over the three weeks that my folks were away, she continued to make me wear her dirty panties but added a lot of her other clothes including mini dresses and high-heeled shoes. Our sessions always ended the same: I jacked off as she ridiculed me then followed that up by giving me a spanking.

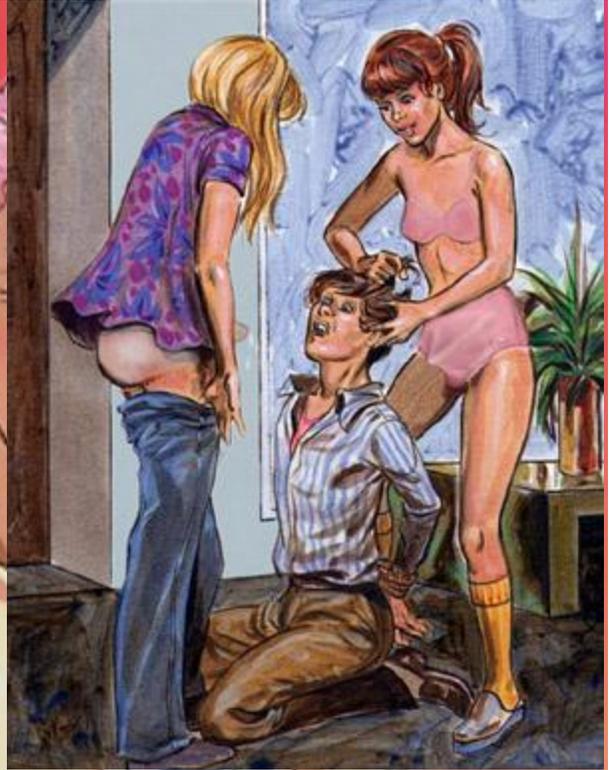
After my parents got home, she regularly had me come to her house under the guise of helping her with something, but once in the door, she make me into her little sissyboy. This relationship continued on and off for two years. Whenever she wasn't heavily involved with some guy, she'd have me regularly come over to her house and use me for "a few laughs" as she'd say. At Halloween, she took me out to a bar (even though I wasn't old enough to drink) and showed me off to her friends. She had dressed me like a slutty girl on the make and made me pretend to go after some of her male friends. They went along with the joke, danced with me and one guy even cornered me in our booth, kissed me and felt me up until he feigned surprise when he discovered my penis in my panties. Of course, he had to hold up my skirt and show everyone else. They all had a good laugh at my expense.

This and many similar experiences went on until Silvia moved away. To this day, I still thoroughly enjoy wearing lingerie, and although I have no homo interests, I am fascinated with the idea of being dominated by a woman with a strap-on and being made to wear slutty women's

clothes while being raped by her. I have not done so as yet, but I know it's only a matter of time until I give into these desires.

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You're such a sissyboy! Have you been playing with your cock again in those nice new panties?



February 2000 Letters of the Month

True Experiences Part 2

Subj: The Little Girl Inside Me
Date: 7/25/99 1:22:06 PM Central Daylight Time
From: Chrissy

Dear Princess Lacey,

I have been a naughty sissy-boy for as long as I can remember. My obsession with panties and spanking took complete hold of me the day I spied on six-year-old Mary Alice Hagen, a neighbor girl, getting spanked on her silky flowered panties. I stared as her mommy pulled up her dress like she was opening a present. With a real loud "o-o-o-o!" she acted like she was surprised to see her little girl's pretty panties. She pulled the panties up tight, plucked at the silky nylon and snapped at the legbands to check the fit and make her daughter squirm before she gave her a very hard spanking. With every swat, those sleek panties rippled over that cute upturned bottom. When it was over, her mommy cupped her little panty seat, massaged the silky nylon and continued to scold her for being naughty.

I'll never forget that entire scene and the feeling surging throughout my body. I was completely shaken as I trembled from head to toe. Forget the fact that this little girl just gotten a painful and humiliating spanking: From that very moment, I wanted to be in her place! I have no idea why the idea seized me, why I instantly wanted to be her, wearing that fancy dress, complete with high-waisted pink panties, and having my mommy thoroughly warm my pantied butt with her hand or hairbrush, but that's what I wanted!

Whenever I visited Mary Alice's house after that, I was always trying to get her into trouble just so her mommy would catch us and I could see her get another spanking, and quite a few times it worked! Sometimes I was obviously guilty too and she threatened me, but she never spanked me. Instead, she'd call my house, and then I had to deal with my mother. My mom's favorite punishment was a lecture and being sent to my room.

But I was so obsessed with wearing a dress and having my mommy lift it up and make a big fuss over my little panties, that one time I stole some of Mary Alice's clothes, took them home, got dressed up in them and let my mother catch me like that. Mom laughed at me and scolded me, then marched me over to Mary Alice's house and showed me off to her and her mother, who suggested that I get a spanking. My mother complied but only gave me a light spanking on the pink panties I was wearing while all of them laughed their heads off. Since I didn't have any of my clothes to change into, I had to go back home that way, where Mom made me change. She took the clothes back to Mary Alice. All of them joked with me about it for a long time after that. I wanted Mary Alice as a girlfriend, but she never forgot that incident and made it clear that we were only friends. She wanted a real man!

I was very confused and thought I must be gay so I started hanging around gay guys, trying to figure out what I wanted. When some of them found out that I liked to wear camisoles and panties under my boys' clothes, they introduced me to a couple of young drag queens. They were hookers and hung around with a pretty rough crowd. Still, they fascinated me and I wondered if I'd end up like that.

One night soon after I met them, they were drinking and started teasing me when they discovered that I was a virgin with both guys and girls. I thought they wanted to play some kind of game, but they tied me up, raped me up the ass and made me suck their dicks. I was crying the whole time. They kept on drinking and eventually rolled off me and fell asleep. I got out of there as fast as I could.

At that point I was probably more confused than ever, but one thing I did learn about myself, I wasn't gay. I hated that whole experience. I stopped wearing lingerie under my clothes and tried to be manly, dating girls and hanging with regular guys, but just the sight of a pair of panties in a newspaper ad or a girl showing a bit of her slip was enough to drive me wild. I went back to wearing lingerie with a passion. I had several chances to have sex with a girl, but I knew I wasn't interested unless I could have my panties too!

That's when I started my search to find a girl that would have me and let me have my lingerie fetish too. I had some pretty interesting experiences with girls, regardless of what I told them, most thought I was crazy or gay when I told them what I liked. However, a number of girls did think it was cute or fun, and I finally did have "lingerie sex" with some of them. Then I knew what I wanted. Still, it took me over three years to find a girl, who not only loved and understood me, but who actively promoted my lingerie habit. We're still together after seven years of marriage, and I'm more in love with her now than ever.

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February 2000 Letters of the Month

True Experiences

Part 3

Subj: My Daffy, Doting Cousin
Date: 9/01/99 2:33:11 PM Central Daylight
Time

From: James C.

Dear Princess:

I'm a panty fetishist and always delighted to discover others who share my leanings. I'm always on the lookout for males in panties and feminine clothes, and I've come across a number of interesting sights. Often, such discovery happens in the most unusual places and at the most

unexpected times. One such occasion happened to me about a year and a half ago when I attend the funeral of my uncle Art. He and his wife were my favorite relatives, so it was a sad occasion. The funeral was in the town where they have lived since my uncle's retirement, a town near Philadelphia, about a thousand miles away from where I live.

One of the few nice things about a sad occasion like this is that you get to see relatives that you hadn't seen in years, especially for a family like ours, which is spread out across the country. After the funeral, we all gathered at my aunt's beautifully decorated, sprawling home. In her spacious living room, all eighteen of us had plenty of room to sit or stand and visit with one another. In this upper class, elegant family, most of my relatives had done well in the business or professional world or married well. The whispered conversations were pleasant and dignified in accordance with the occasion.

My cousin John (son of my uncle who died) is a psychology professor at a college in New Mexico. He was there with Mandy, his wife, who is a renowned corporate lawyer, and their three children Tessie, who was five, and six-year-old twin boys, John Jr., whom they call "JJ" and Joe. For all of John's sophisticated upbringing and many outstanding academic achievements, he's a ridiculous, sickeningly sweet, doting father, especially when it comes to his daughter. He's in his second marriage, in his late fifties and burdened with a severe heart condition, all things that probably make him appreciate life and his children to the fullest. But the guy is absolutely bonkers over his children, and his daughter in particular. To him, she's the greatest thing that has ever happened to him. He's constantly doing things for her and with her, and he never stops buying things for her and talking about her. He spends thousands of dollars on her clothes. It seems like he's constantly taking her shopping for toys and new clothes.

His preoccupation with his daughter has gotten to be a joke in the family. Even in his myopic little world, he must be aware of how we talk about him. Still he carries on ad nauseam about his little Tessie.

Tessie, JJ and Joe were the only children at the funeral. Afterward at the house and as the evening wore on, they got restless, obviously bored and tired. My cousin, John, announced it was bedtime and since they were spending the night at the house, he took them off to get ready for bed.

About thirty minutes later, he came back into the living room, got everyone's attention and made an announcement.

"After I gave the kids a bath, Tessie couldn't make up her mind which new pair of panties to put on, the panties with the bears on them or the panties with the pussycats on them. She wanted to let you all know that she picked the panties with the little pussies because one of the pussycats looked sad, and she said, "He's sad because Grandpa Art died."

As he was saying this, little Tessie marched out into the center of the room, pulling up her silky peach colored nightie as she walked. Then she stood there and held the nightie high over her head, exposing her lower half from her chest on down. She did several slow complete turns on her tiptoes so everyone could see the full expanse of her pink nylon panties, decorated with three

little kittens on the front. The panties were a little big on her and shiny, crisp and new. Often little toddler girls love to prance around with their skirts pulled up, but at five years of age, Tessie was a bit old for such babyish displays. Obviously inherited from her clueless father, this highly sheltered child had no idea that, in most circles, the way she was showing off her underwear was most inappropriate. Without compunction, she innocently danced around like a star performer waiting for the applause.

I always enjoy the sight of a pair of panties, anytime, anywhere, but this was almost surreal, especially given the situation. You've heard the expression "you could have heard a pin drop," well this certainly was one of those situations. Here was a room full of doctors, lawyers, non-nonsense businesswomen, college kids and a few aging relatives. Everyone stared. Most of them I don't think knew how they should react, so they didn't do or say anything. Some looked a bit nervous or looked away and tried to return to their conversations, but many mouths were hanging open and time was definitely standing still.

Then, as if that wasn't enough, my daffy cousin John, added. "I think it was so nice of you, Tessie, to remember your grandpa like that. Why don't you go around and let everyone get a good look at the sad little pussy on your panties!"

At that, I saw a number of people exchange amazed looks with each other. At any moment, I expected someone to laugh out loud, scream or faint. But instead, this well groomed and coiffed crowd retained their dignified air and tried not to react.

I'm sure everyone was focused upon John and Tessie. I'm sure most of them did not notice JJ and Joe standing in the background behind their father. The boys were in nightgowns too. No, not frilly ones like their sister, but their nighties were made of a silky satin like material. They were devoid of any lace or frills but did have a satin ribbon trim around the collar and short sleeves, JJ's in pink and Joe's in pale blue. Now, I know girls' nightgowns when I see them, and what they were wearing were not bought in the boys' department. Surely due to their attire, the boys seemed to be a bit self-conscious. Throughout the evening, they had been dancing around and making a bold display of themselves, but now they were quite subdued and content to stand back in the shadows. But John soon brought that to an end.

"OK, Tessie, JJ and Joe. Where are JJ and Joe?"

"Oh, there you are," he said as he pulled them out from the back of the room. "OK, kids go say goodnight to everyone. Boys, go with your sister as she goes around and shows everybody the special panties she wore for grandpa Art."

JJ and Joe looked like they were on the verge of tears. I'm sure they were aware of the sissified nature of their silky nighties. But they instantly obeyed their father. With one hand, Tessie motioned for them to join her, while she kept her nightie bunched up around her waist with the other hand. Then they made the rounds and exchanged a few words with almost every person in the room as they said their goodnights.

As the duo approached one person after another, it was fascinating to see elegantly dressed and bejeweled women with gawking, dumb expressions on their faces and big, powerful men, nervous and tongue tied, especially when Tessie insisted upon giving them a close-up view of the kitten print on her panties as she'd say, "See my sad little pussy." The little minx also coaxed hugs and kisses out of almost everyone there. And, of course, when they came around to me, I put one arm around each of them for a hug. That afforded me the opportunity to innocently slide my hand over each boy's nightgowned butt. They were pretty sleek and slippery. Could each of them been wearing equally silky panties under their nightgown? I know their loony father wanted nothing but the best for them, so he probably bought them silk underwear. But were they girls' panties or just boy's silk underwear?

I complimented Tessie on her choice of panties, and then asked in an offhand way, "Do JJ and Joe have on special panties too?"

Tessie quickly answered, "No, they don't have any animal panties. They're just wearing regular panties, but they are real pretty blue."

The moment she said that, I looked down at the boys' hips and could see a gentle glow of pale blue shining through the satiny nighties. I didn't have the courage to pursue this line of discussion, but I was desperate to know if they were wearing panties-girls' panties! So as the kids continued their rounds, I excused myself and went to the upstairs bathroom. Actually, I took a detour and went into the guest bedroom that they were sharing. I discovered that all the clothes for three kids were in one hanging bag and one large suitcase. In the suitcase, I saw their underwear. It was well stocked with frilly little panties-obviously Tessie's. Then there were quite a few pairs of slightly larger panties-plain panties, without any lace or frills, but expensive, soft, silk-satin girls' panties just the same! These must have belonged to the twin boys! They had pairs in pale blue, white, cream and pale yellow! Just for the hell of it, I stole a pair of the blue ones for a memento of the occasion!

When I got back to the living room, the kids had donned long pairs of ladies evening gloves and were acting out a scene as they recited a little poem for everyone's entertainment. I'm sorry I missed all that, but I had a nice little souvenir pair of panties in my pocket!

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February 2000 Letters of the Month

True Experiences

Part 4

Subj: The Red Dress

Date: 6/5/99 2:25:05 PM Central Daylight Time

From: Jill

Dear Princess Lacey,

Just a quick note to enclose with these pictures I'm attaching. A few years ago when I was in my senior year at school, I was all excited about our upcoming prom. When I picked out a beautiful red satin formal for the occasion, Mom went along with me even though it was an off-the-shoulder model with a plunging neckline. The night of the prom, Sheldon, my kid brother thought he was being funny when he pretended to accidentally bump into me and at the same time tried to stick some itching powder down the front of my dress. He was a prankster and had tried a similar stunt before, so Mom and I quickly figured out what he was up to. Immediately, I held still so it wouldn't go all down my dress. Luckily he only got some on my bra before I stopped him. Mom pulled him off me and I ran and got some Scotch tape to pull off the itching powder (with a practical joker for a brother, I had learned how to do things like take off itching powder!) After I changed into a fresh bra and got back into my dress, I was off to the prom, no harm done. As I left, Mom promised we would deal with Sheldon the following day.

The next day was Sunday, and after church, Mom put some itching powder in a pair of my white lace panties and made Sheldon put them on. Then she had him get into a short half-slip before putting him into my prom dress. He was twitching around, but trying his best not to let the powder get to him, but he really balked when the two of us pulled him out into the backyard. She gave him a blanket so he'd be able to sit down on something without spoiling the dress. She warned him that if he dirtied the dress, she'd make him wear it to school the next day along with the itching powder filled panties! She made him stay out there for over an hour. I added to his shame by calling up some of my girlfriends and neighbors to come round to see him. When he saw my friends peeking over the fence at him, he started to cry, but he had nowhere to hide, so he had to endure their jibes. We took a lot of pictures. I hope you enjoy them!

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February 2000 Letters of the Month

True Experiences

Part 5

Subj: How I Got Started

Date: 7/20/99 6:18:42 AM Central Daylight Time

From: Sally

Hi,

I can remember back in the early 1950s, when I was five, going through my mother's underwear drawer and getting a strange warm glow when I handled her lacy things. I don't know what had prompted me to do that, but it was a nice feeling. Maybe I had always had an interest in girls' things.

As I was growing up, I remember one Christmas-time picture of me in our family album. It was a picture of me when I was three years old, and I was dressed in a complete cowgirl outfit, not just the fringed jacket, guns and boots, but the pinafore dress too! I did recall how much I loved that outfit but it had been so long ago that I remembered little else about it. When I was about ten, I sheepishly asked my mother about the picture one day. She told me that at that age, I was completely fascinated with Barbie, my four-year-old cousin. Barbie had a cowgirl outfit, so I wanted one too. Mom tried to explain to me that she was a girl and I was a boy, and she offered to buy me a cowboy outfit, but I wanted one with a skirt like my cousin.

I didn't give up on my demand, and at Christmas time, I told every dime store Santa Claus that we ran into that I wanted a cowgirl outfit. They, of course, tried to correct me, but I made sure they knew what I wanted. Consequently, on Christmas, Mom got me a cowgirl outfit. The moment I unwrapped it, I had to have Mom put it on me, while my aunts, uncles and cousins sat around laughing at me.

During high school, I had an opportunity to try on a lacy blouse my girlfriend had. It was silky, pink and had a round collar. Immediately, I got that same wonderful feeling that I had gotten as a little boy when I touched my mother's lingerie: a feeling I had never forgotten. I knew it was not acceptable for a guy to be wearing girls' things. I think that was part of the thrill. I didn't do any further dressing until I met my second wife, who was bi. She had no problem with me wearing a garter belt and nylons. She even prompted me to do it when I told her how I enjoyed women's silky garments. That first time I wore nylons was a thrill. I was hooked! They felt so good. Soon after, with my wife's encouragement, I began to wear nylon panties. I was too big to wear hers, so she bought some for me as a present. Boy was I surprised to see she had gotten them for me! Just the idea of her buying them for me was wild! From the instant I put them on, I loved the way my cock felt as I ran my hand over it through the silky panties. On our "special evenings," we'd both put on our panties, garter belts and nylons and make wonderful love all night long. Our nylon-covered legs rubbing against each other were an amazing sensation. She really got off on seeing me wear panties and loved to stare at how the nylon covered my erect cock. We were married for ten years and split up friends.

Back on the dating scene, I'd dress up in panties and a garter belt and nylons and go out on dates with various girls. I tried to steer the conversation around to how they felt about men in women's clothes, but I had a long string of bad luck: none of them expressed an interest in men that were sissies. Consequently, I had no interest in them. Then I meet my present wife and immediately fell head over heels for her. I tried on several occasions to bring up the subject via x-rated tapes that showed crossdressing (I think this is a wonderful way to see how a woman reacts to a man dressing up), but sadly, she had no interest to see men in lingerie. Generally that would have been the end of a relationship for me, but with her, I was so taken by her other outstanding qualities, that I still loved her and decided to try to put aside my fetish. Things went OK for a while, but my desire for panties and nylons haunted me, and I longed to not only wear them but to experience wearing them with her.

Then one night while we were still dating, she wore a very pretty pair of high-waisted nylon panties to bed. They must have been new because they felt very silky and I hadn't recalled ever seeing them before. They were pale yellow and had a lacy white rosette on each hip. We kissed and hugged for the longest time. I stripped down naked, and she remained in just the silky panties. I was touching them a lot, cupping her bottom in them and teasing her in front through the soft panties.

Then, out of the blue, she asked, "I think you like my new panties. Why don't you try them on?"

I thought I was hearing things, but realized it was really happening as she peeled them off herself and had me step into them. The panties gave me an astounding range of exotic and erotic sensations. I'm sure she could feel me trembling. The elastics pulled and teased as they were

raked over my thighs. The soft nylon held my hips and butt in a warm embrace since they were still warm from being close to her body, but the crotch was slightly damp with her juices and those juices had immediately turned cold and were a mini shock to my tight balls the instant they touched them. With a big grin on her face, she aggressively fondled my super hard cock through the front of those sissy panties.

"You're not one of those guy's that likes to wear women's clothes are you?" she asked with a laugh.

"No," I sheepishly answered as I disappointed myself by passing up this royal opportunity. For some unknown reason, I thought it best that I bury my thing for women's clothes at least at that time.

We did get married and things were going great, except I still had my longing to dress up. We loved being with each other, and we were, and still are, best friends. Soon after, Victoria's Secret came out with a line of lingerie called "Second Skin Satin. She bought a couple of sets, and boy, did I like feeling her up in those! I might also mention I had always liked the feel of satin. As a child my favorite thing was my blanket with the satin edge, the satin had a very calming effect. I loved the way it felt so slick and smooth. Well, back to my wife: I had a hard time keeping my hands off her, a hard nipple through satin is just heaven for me. For her, it got to be a bit of a pain, me wanting to paw her all the time. Christmas was coming and she asked me what I wanted for Christmas. I still can't figure why I did, but I asked her for some of those satin panties that Victoria's Secret was selling, they were plain satin, no lace. She shrugged her shoulders and seemed to take it as a joke.

Low and behold, for Christmas she got me a half dozen pairs of those satin panties. I couldn't wait to try them on. They were great! After that, I asked if she could get me some plain satin PJs of the same material. To my surprise, she did. I was in 7th heaven.

The following Halloween, I suggested we go out to a costume party. I wanted to go out as a nurse. She said OK. I was able to order a wig, the uniform, and some four-inch white pumps. Then, the day before the party, she had a change of heart, but she said I could go out. And I did. I went to a club where I knew other TV's hung out and had the time of my life, got home at about 4 am. My wife figured it was something that I needed to get out of my system. She was upset when she found out what a good time I had and that I wanted to do it again. Like so many other relationships this crossdressing was now having a negative effect.

She suggested I seek professional help, which I did and the outcome was: do what was good for the marriage. I was hoping for some understanding, but didn't get any. Thus Sally (my fem half) went into hiding. I dressed when I could. Surprisingly, me wearing panties all the time was not a problem with my wife. Her only comment was that I had more panties than she did. Things were in the don't ask, don't tell syndrome for quite a while, and then she found some of the women's clothes I had hidden away and came to the reality that this was not going to go away! She also knew she wasn't without fault. She wasn't perfect also. She knew I loved women's clothes and that wasn't going to change, just like her habits that I wasn't crazy about. But we truly loved one

another and we were still best friends. To her, women's clothes are my toys; she tries to understand my needs and only asks that I try to fulfill them when she's not around.

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