

# Princess Online



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

Since 1981

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**

# *A Message from Princess Lacey*

## *Your Pecking Order*

Dear Sissies,

It's a simple thing to do: Establish a pecking order of the things and people most important to you.

What is most important to you in this world: Your children, wife, friends, career, hobby or religion?

Many guys shy away from such a question. They'd say you can't compare oranges and apples or say that all those people and things mentioned are important and you can't put them in any kind of order.

Many others would answer with a cliché like: God, family and country. But I wouldn't believe that for a moment. The world is a very selfish place and people are very selfish. People are rarely honest enough and bold enough to admit that they themselves are the most important thing in their life. To them, the world revolves around them. Even self-sacrificing, well-meaning, gregarious and truly good people are usually interested in themselves first. Most of them do good for what it does for themselves and how it makes them feel.

Now if you are honest enough to acknowledge that you are the most important person in your life, next is to decide what is most important to you. What makes you the happiest and most satisfied? Rather than play guessing games, I'll tell you that, for 9 out of 10 guys, your sex life is the most important thing to you beyond breathing, eating and sleeping. Thinking about, planning and doing things that will lead to your next sexual climax probably dominates your thoughts and actions and affects most everything you think about, say and do. And there's nothing wrong with that!

Yes, it is nice if a long the way -- in between cum shots -- you do some good in this world. We should all strive to leave the



world a better place than when we entered it, but in order to be a good world citizen, we have to be good to ourselves first and have a rich and satisfying sex life. If that means a sexually satisfying marriage, a solitary life of joyous masturbation or anything in between -- so be it!

If you clearly understand that you are the most important person in your world and sex is the most important thing to you, get on with finding sexual satisfaction without feeling guilty about it. To be nice enough to yourself to understand that much about yourself will help you be the best person you can be. So go out in the world (or stay in your room), get the best sex kicks you can and be as happy as you can be. Then, instead of feeling guilty about your preoccupation with sex, you'll be a very happy person and in a much better position to spread that happiness to those around you.

Enjoy yourself!

Love,  
*Princess Lacey*

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## A STORY OF THE MONTH FROM OCTOBER 1999



Above: The girls' restroom briefly entered by hall monitor Alex Greibe (inset).

# Hall Monitor Pushed Into Girls' Restroom

MILFORD, CT—In an incident that sent shockwaves through the halls of Milford East Elementary School, sixth-grade hall monitor Alex Greibe was brutally pushed into the girls' restroom Tuesday, midway through his normal third-period rounds.

"I was down by Mrs. Talcott's room, bending over to pick up a candy wrapper, when some guys snuck up behind me and shoved me right through the

bathroom door," said Greibe, 11. "There I was, trapped where no sixth-grade boy had ever been before."

Inside the girls' room, since nicknamed "the Greibe's room," were three female classmates—Janie Lewis and Patricia Henderson, standing by the sinks, and an unidentified party wearing white-and-black Avia tennis shoes, using the furthest stall.

— see HALL MONITOR page 12

### HALL MONITOR from page 1

"I was fixing my hair by the mirror when Alex Dweebie [Greibe] came flying right into the bathroom," Lewis told a table of horrified sixth-grade girls during lunch. "I was, like, 'Boys are not allowed in here, creepo. Get out now!'"

Lewis and Henderson, who screamed for the entire 21 seconds Greibe was in the bathroom, threw combs and lip gloss at the intruder before running into an empty stall together and locking it.

Greibe maintains he was doing his best to exit the restroom.

"I tried to get out, but I couldn't get the door open," said Greibe, who suspects that one of the assailants had the rubber toe of his tennis shoe lodged under the door. "There wasn't even a window I could have climbed out of."

The girls' screams, paired with Greibe's frantic pounding on the door, finally brought principal Inez Williams to the scene. The guilty parties, who most likely heard Williams' high heels clicking down the hall, were gone before she rounded the corner.

"I arrived just seconds too late to see who was responsible," Williams said. "And if Alex has any idea who they were, he's not talking. It's almost as if he would rather see the whole thing dropped than see them punished."

Although no information has surfaced regarding the identity of the assailants, other details of the incident began circulating at six-minute break.

"I guess Alex is admitting he's a girl," said Lance Peterson, 12, after news of the assault reached the upstairs hallway. "When I see him, I'm going to call him 'Mrs. Greibe.'"

The female students at Milford East were less calm about the event.

"It is absolutely gross that a boy would go in the girls' room," said Michelle Fetzer, 11. "Alex might as well just move to a different school now that this has happened."

— "Hall Monitor" continued on page 20

The above article appeared June 10, 1999, in "The Onion" (Volume 35 Issue #22), an avant-garde weekly newspaper, which describes itself as "America's Finest News Source."

## LETTERS OF THE MONTH - NOVEMBER 1999

### Message From a Sissy Panty Boy

9/27/99

Princess,

I'm married, straight, and a successful computer programmer. But I'm also a sissy in the closet. I've loved panties for as long as I can remember. One of the things I really like about your site is that it focuses on classic, full-cut briefs, the only kind of panty I like. I don't know why this is, probably because that's what women wore in the fifties when I was a child and first took notice of girls' panties.

I don't fully cross dress; I pretty much stick to panties. I wear slips and nighties on occasion, and they're fun, but they don't excite me like panties.

I have a large collection of briefs. They're all made of nylon or other synthetic fabrics (polyester, acetate, etc.). I prefer floral prints but also have many panties in white, pink, and other colors except for black. Again, it's kind of a mystery to me why this is, but I never cared for black. I like lace trim and other frilly accents on the panties.

Another mysterious thing is that I like my panties BIG. I'm not that big, I would wear a women's size 7 if I wanted a close fit, but at this point, my favorite panties are sizes 8 and above. I love Vanity Fair briefs because of their nice styling, fabrics and generous cut. I have some panties in size 10 and 11 that I find nothing short of thrilling. Right now, I'm wearing a pair of VF floral print briefs in size 10. Lately, I've bought quite a few pairs of nice old-fashioned styled briefs on eBay, some quite nice ones in large sizes with lace trim around the legs.

For me, panties are all wrapped up with the idea of exciting humiliation. I fantasize about being caught wearing or stealing panties, and being physically punished for it. Ideally, I'd love to be punished by a beautiful woman who's dressed in panties and bra while I am dressed only in frilly panties. The key is humiliation, not pain. I'm not really into pain, but to me the idea of being stripped and forced into panties (or stripped and revealed as a sissy panty boy) and then teased, taunted and humiliated is the most exciting thing I can imagine. I like to imagine the physical punishment that might go along with that scenario, but I think my fantasies are better left fantasies because the reality of some of the physical punishments I imagine would probably not be fun in reality. As I say, I'm not really into pain and physical abuse, but imagining a strong female administering a good beating to my pantied butt is very

exciting to me. One of my favorites scenes is to pretend that I'm a schoolboy and a big, strong girl in my class totally dominates me. She makes me wear her BIG flowered panties, and strips down my trousers and gives me a sound spanking whenever she feels like it, regardless of who's nearby and watching!

Now that you probably think I'm totally weird, I'll stop. But I hope this message adds a little to your understanding. I really enjoy your web site. I'm interested in some of the publications, but I'd like to see more in the way of sample images and text. I would very much like to hear your reactions to this email, but I'm sure you get a lot of email and if you're too busy to respond, I understand. Thanks for reading this, anyway.

Jonathan



## November 1999 Letters of the Month

### My Story in Panties

3/24/99

Dear Mistress Lacey,

Please first let me say how much I appreciate your site. You are direct and caring. That means a great deal to me. You seem to really know how I feel and how much I need to share with a woman who understands and even enjoys me. I am so happy that you are able to share with me even though you are involved in a happy relationship. My thanks goes to your boyfriend as well.

I'll never know for sure what caused me to love dressing up in lingerie, but the strongest influence was probably Aunt Sis, my mom's sister. When I was eight, I stayed with her while my parents went on a trip. She had a daughter, Shelby, who was four years younger than me. Her husband was quite wealthy and about twenty years older than her. He seemed to be working all the time and was rarely home.

My Aunt was and is very attractive and a superb dresser. While staying with them, I got the chance to see her in different stages of undress. I loved looking at her. Even at that age, it was sexually stimulating for me. Whenever it was time to bathe or get ready for bed, she was always around to hug me and help me. Sometimes, she would enter the bathroom while I was in the shower behind the frosted glass. I could see and hear her sit on the toilet to pee. I knew she could see me somewhat also. Soon, I looked for opportunities to see her, peeking through doors and taking a pee while she was in the bathroom. I felt like she knew what I was doing, especially when I started to examine her clothes left in the laundry hamper in the bathroom. I loved her sexy clothes, always lacy and sheer. I don't know what possessed me, but I started smelling the crotch of her panties whenever I was lucky enough to be alone with a pair.

On rainy days I had to stay inside and my little cousin, Shelby, was my only playmate. I liked her a lot, but spending time with her usually meant playing her little girl games like playing house or dress-up. I didn't mind, because when we played dress-up, we got to go to the attic and play with all of my aunt's old clothes. She had two huge wardrobe cases and many boxes full of lingerie and accessories. We usually dressed up in outlandish outfits and had a lot of fun laughing at ourselves. We'd clunk around in big high heels, put on a lot of jewelry and makeup, and stuff our big bras with oranges or grapefruits. I convinced myself that it was all in fun, but deep down I always got a wonderfully naughty and exciting sensation.

I had never seen a naked female other than my Aunt, but I couldn't imagine any other woman being more beautiful. Year after year, my parents would have me stay with my aunt while they vacationed. Whenever alone, I would find some of her lingerie, especially a pretty pair of perfumed panties, and rub them over my body. A few times I tried them on but was so afraid of being caught that I never left them on for long. Then when I was old enough to ejaculate, my desire to wear them while I spurted my cum made me overcome my fear of being found out. Whenever I left my aunt's place to return home, I always stole several pairs of panties to keep.

As I got older, I was getting too embarrassed to play dress-up with Shelby. She had progressed with the dress-up game, now, instead of funny outfits, we dressed in more sexy and glamorous clothes. Aunt Sis always gave me funny little smiles when she saw me dressed in her old clothes. I loved doing it and loved those crazy smiles of hers, but it was just so nerve wracking! I wanted to be a man around my aunt, not a sissy! One day one of the neighborhood boys was supposed to come around to play with me, and I didn't want him to see me in girls' clothes, so I told Shelby I didn't want to play dress up anymore. But she insisted that I play with her, and to convince me, she said, "I know you like to put on my mommy's panties and spy on her in the bathroom. You better play dress-up with me, or I'll tell mommy what you do!"

I was in shock. How she knew, I don't know how. I had always been so careful! So, of course, I gave into her. And when that boy came round to the house, she let him in and made me stay dressed in the nightgown and panties I was wearing. She asked him if he wanted to get dressed up too in girls' clothes or would he rather stay a boy and pretend to be my boyfriend and kiss me. I was shocked to the core. The boy just shook his head and ran out of the house as fast as he could. After that I was too embarrassed to even try to make friends in the neighborhood. I'd just stay with Shelby and play with her every day.

Aunt Sis had a maid (Mary), and one day I heard my aunt tell my mom that she thought the maid was taking her panties, but she could not catch her. It excited me to know she knew they were missing. I was a very shy guy in school at least when it came to dating girls. I dated but did not know how to get them to have sex. What I feared most was being scared that I would not do it right, and a girl would laugh at me. But I loved to masturbate in my aunt's panties, and that was all the sex I needed. When I stayed with her, I had a dozen different ways of hiding to watch her undress or pee sitting on the toilet.

For years even after I was fully grown, fantasies involving my aunt stayed with me. They never ceased to be my favorite form of sex, and I never stopped playing with her panties. When I was thirty-six, I broke up a seven year live-in relationship. It was a cold February night. My aunt had been living alone as my uncle had passed on, and my cousin was on her own. I had a drink or two and decided to drive the thirty miles to see her. It was dark, about nine PM when I arrived. Before knocking I saw a light on and looked in the window from the front porch. She was trying a new sundress. I went back to the door and rang the bell. When she opened the door, she was very surprised. It was more than unusual to see me there alone and without notice much less at this late hour.

Inviting me inside, we went to the den. I explained I had ended my relationship and just needed to talk. She obviously had been drinking also. As she sat across from me in a chair, I could see up her dress and see her shiny white panties. I was sure she was aware of what I was doing, and instead of twisting around in a direction away from my view, she continued sitting facing me with her long legs aimed directly toward me. Periodically, she parted her thighs a bit, and I could get a good view of her panty covered pussy lips pushing out against the nylon fabric. For a long moment when she got up to get me a drink, she gave me a

widespread, lingerie view up her short skirt.

When she brought me the drink, she accidentally (?) spilled it in my lap. She quickly got a cloth and mopped up the mess, but told me to go to the bathroom and take my pants off because they were soaked. While in the bathroom, she shouted out to me to wrap a towel around myself. Once I did, I couldn't resist taking a peek inside the hamper. There were three pairs of panties in there, and I couldn't stop myself from grabbing them up and inhaling her perfume and body odors. But the sight and aroma of her panties made my penis bulge up through the towel, and I was too embarrassed to exit the bathroom.

My Aunt then called out to me, "Take off your underwear too. They must be wet as well."

I was excited at the thought of being in the presence of my gorgeous aunt in only a towel. When I joined her again, she had another drink ready for me. I sat in the same chair, and she quickly said that she did not think I was very comfortable in that towel, and informed me she would get something for me to put on. I was speechless but curious. I was thinking she would get something of my deceased uncle, and feeling sad that I could not stay somewhat undressed in her company.

When she returned I was shocked and embarrassed and excited. I could only follow her direction and say nothing. She was holding a very sheer, floral housecoat, with lace and buttons in front. She held it out for me to slip my arms into, mentioning it might be more comfortable. Once it was around me, she said, "There, that must feel good," or something to that effect, and came around and started buttoning it. Then with just a couple of buttons in place, she whisked my towel away from beneath saying I would not need it now.

My cock was stiff and obviously showing underneath. My Aunt turned and went to the kitchen to fix herself another drink. She was pretty lit, at least more than me. I was so excited and confused.

She shocked me when she took a look at my cock peeking through the front of the housecoat and said, "My! My! You are going to need some panties with that housecoat."

My face turned a deep red and my heart raced. I was frozen and the same time felt so wonderful. She brushed past me and returned with a clean pair of lacy pink panties. Sitting in a kitchen chair, she instructed me to step into them as she held them out in front of her. I could do nothing but obey. I could not speak for feeling stupid as she slid them up and into place.

She looked up at me and said, "Davy, it's OK if you like to wear my panties. I have known for a long time."

Then she stood up and kissed me on the lips. We then had



a long discussion sitting in the den. She recanted to me how many times she had found my semen in her panties when she first became suspicious and how she knew I was spying on her. When she got up to check the dryer and my pants, I couldn't take the tension any more. I slid my hands over the panties started to stroke my cock. I wanted to shoot my cum so my cock would go down, but before I could, I saw her standing at the doorway spying on me. When she saw that I had noticed her there, she pulled up the hem of her short dress, showed me her bright white panties and said, "Go ahead, Davy. Shoot off for me! I want to see you do it. Shoot your stuff into my pretty panties! Do it for me!"

I had the best cum of my life that night. No, we did not evolve into some deep sexual relationship. In fact, we just talked for a long time after then she never mentioned it again! Soon after that, I did try to talk with her about it, but she simply said, "What's

done is done. What we did wasn't right, so let's not ever talk about it again!"

Thank you, Mistress Lacey for allowing me to share this with you. I have enjoyed reliving it again.

Respectfully and submissively,  
Dave

4/19/99

Hello Mistress Lacey,

My name is Dave and I wrote you awhile back. I just wanted to tell you after visiting your site, I have worked on accepting my sissy desires and feeling better about myself. Thank you for allowing me to see you in panties and stockings. You must be a very beautiful woman to match your warm heart. I have been wearing my panties every day lately, even when I go to work. I just felt the need to write something to you. Thanks for the right words on your site. I wish I could meet a woman like you to love and serve. You seem to be a very wise woman. In your role as a mistress, do you let sissy slaves visit you for private sessions?

Sissy in Key Largo,  
Dave

4/20/99

Dearest Dave,

Thanks for your compliments and information. If I can help you to feel good about your sissy needs, that makes me happy. I really enjoyed your letter describing your indoctrination into the world of panty-wearing sissies!

I don't consider myself a "mistress" since I'm in a permanent relationship and do not take on "slaves." Also the name "mistress" conjures up the image of a whip-swinging bitch, and that definitely does not describe me. I'm just an ordinary female who loves being a very feminine woman and who loves sissy boys. Always have and always will!

There are millions of women out there willing to participate in a fantasy life like you have. Love is the key. If you love a woman and she loves you, she'll do whatever she can to make you happy. And sissyboys are such great boyfriends and husbands! They spoil a girl rotten! Keep looking for that special lady. She's out there. You'll probably be happiest with a woman from your own community, your church, or some other group. Take some night school courses, and join a few clubs. Get active socially and you'll find a lot of women hungry for love. Treat them right and make them happy and they'll do likewise!

Love,  
Princess Lacey

5/6/99

Hello Princess,

Your encouraging words that there are women out there who love men in panties has been very beneficial to me. Just within

the last two weeks I met a wonderful woman, and after several nights of interesting sex, I revealed my desire to wear her panties. I took a big chance, and she really enjoyed me in them. We've had some great sex now. This morning, she left me in bed wearing her lacy, yellow panties and asked me to call her at work today. She is a bank branch manager. I went back to sleep then woke up later to find her matching bra. I smelled her scent on the bra then I put it on and phoned her. It seems she is very excited by this! Thank you, for your encouragement.

Sincerely,  
Dave

5/6/99

Dear Princess Lacey,

Thanks for such a wonderful bit of insight and advice. You wanted more details of how I met this special woman, and how our relationship progressed.

I met Donna, at my place of work. I had just been transferred to another store and promoted as manager from assistant. The checking account had not been properly switched from the previous manager to me. Donna is a bank branch manager and oversees my store's checking account. She came to the store one day with paperwork for me, and I found myself very attracted to her. I followed her outside, where we stopped and talked. She informed me she was widowed for three years after having been married for twenty.

The very first time we were together for a date, we went out to lunch at a nice place. Going back to work I kissed her good-bye. My heart was racing like a schoolboy. I have always pictured my Lady to be intelligent and in an authoritative position. Happily, Donna is both. A few days later, we talked on the phone and I invited her over to the house. From the moment she stepped in the door, we started kissing passionately. Within a few minutes, Donna was pinching my nipples as we still stood in the same spot in the doorway. I groaned as she did this, it excited me for her to be so direct and treat me this way. Later, we ended up in bed, and Donna continued to find pleasure in playing with my nipples, sucking them hard and even biting them. It was a good pain. She also seemed to take control, telling me to lie on my stomach so she could caress my bottom. We had sex on two more occasions, then last night, our fourth night together, she revealed to me that her fantasy has always been to wear a strap-on dildo and penetrate her man. That prompted me to tell her of my fantasy to wear a woman's bra and panties and to be submissive to her. She got right up, took off her pale yellow bra and panties and put them on me then rode me to two big orgasms. When she left this morning, I was still in her panties. I woke up later to see that she had left me her bra too.

When I called her at the bank today, she asked me if I was still wearing her panties and what I was doing with her bra. I told her I still had the panties on and had held her bra to my face for the longest time to smell her scent. Then I put it on and was wearing it as we talked. She giggled and said that made her very aroused. She said she couldn't wait to see me in them again.

Today, I'm going to buy her a strap-on and dildo. When she

was here last night, we looked through a marital aids catalog that I had, and she said she wanted the kind that is double ended to fit inside her while the other end penetrates me. She is very interested in learning about bondage and discipline. I'm also going to buy some other things that looked interesting in that catalog. She enjoys being in charge, and I enjoy being on the receiving end. I am hopeful that our relationship will grow and I can be her panty boy lover for a very long time. But for now, I am simply enjoying what seems to be my dream come true, but, I am very careful with my heart and want to do everything right. Princess Lacey, you are a wonderful person. Thank you for your interest and guidance. I truly fit the panty boy fetishist you describe so well.

Best Wishes,  
Dave

PS. You can ask me anything. I do hope my experience gives others hope as you gave me.

## Information Needed on Feminization

3/1/99  
Princess Lacey,

I'm not sure that I'm in the right place. I'm a thirty-six-year-old single mother, divorced for six years. I am a nutritionist and enjoy my work very much. My husband and I could not make it through our marriage: He was a dreamer. I was much more sensible and responsible. He also was uncomfortable with the fact that I made more money than he did.

I am doing my best to raise my eight-year-old son, Doug. All I ever wanted was to mold him into a thoughtful, sweet, loving and obedient child. Of late, raising him has become a chore because I believe he is displaying the first evidence that puberty is approaching.

Doug has always been a very good student, but lately, he has let his schooling go to the wayside. Another thing that upsets me is how he is constantly touching himself. I especially hate it when he does it in front of outsiders and doesn't even seem to realize that he is doing it. He's like in a dream world. Looking for the root of his problem, I talked to our family doctor. She told me he's becoming aware of the pleasurable feelings he gets while touching his penis. With his attention focused on this newfound pleasure, he has little time or patience to deal with schoolwork.

As for helping him to control himself and overcome this disgusting habit, she surprised me as she thought I might want to consider some old-fashioned disciplinary measures that are still widely but discreetly used to control little boys preoccupied with their penis. She used the terms "feminization, panty training and petticoat punishment" and explained that they are ways to go against the undesirable effects brought on by hormones in a developing boy.

A little bit of feminization, she maintained, was an ideal way

to counteract a boy's preoccupation with his genitals. Feminization can be from very light (teaching a boy about female things like a woman's beauty regimen) to intense (actually dressing him and treating him like a female). To start and to see if it might work in a particular case, she recommended increasing the femininity of his surroundings as much as possible, doing things like teaching him about feminine clothing; allowing him to play only safe, gentle games; and letting him only play with girls.

She told me that my bedroom is the ideal place for a lot of interaction with him, a place where we can have long talks, lots of cuddling, and quality time together. The more time he spends with me, the more he'll learn about how I dress and do things. If it goes well, he'll absorb positive images of me (and all females) and gain an understanding of the moral superiority most women have over most men because women are not ruled by their penis but by beauty, trust and love. It's a carefully but casually constructed course of instruction, designed to invade his thinking and result in affecting how he acts and thinks. (I'm now starting to sound like some of the books she gave me to read!) Anyway, a mother does these things as she goes about her normal routine, changes clothes, executes her beauty rituals and pampers herself.

She said some boys are brought into line with panty training, a very discreet way of harnessing their urges that does no harm to them except to quell their typically boyish nature, like excessive aggressiveness, haughty egotism, and disrespect for females. I understand that this form of punishment ("education" my doctor calls it) involves forcing the boy to wear girls' panties, either as a punishment or, in some cases, at all times. As he wears them under his clothes, he is the only one who knows they are there, but that is enough for him to be brought under their influence. Just the fear that somehow other people will find out that he is wearing frilly little panties is often enough in itself to totally change his psyche and behavior. Since I had never heard of such a thing before, I asked her where I could learn more about it. As I said, she recommended a number of books and directed me to several websites, including yours and suggested that I should email you to get more information. I took a quick look at your website. I'll revisit as soon as I have a little more time, but I see you do deal in matters as my doctor said. So that is why I am writing to you to ask if you would be willing to help me with my son.

What have I done so far? I've taken my doctor's advice and started Doug on the road to bring out his feminine side. I bought him some mildly feminine new clothes from the girls' department, including a pair of lavender slacks, a tailored white blouse that looks almost like a boy's shirt but has a thin edge of lace around the collar and cuffs, and a pale pink sweatshirt-like pullover with a broad embroidered collar.

When I showed him the new clothes, he told me, "They look like girls' things!"

I didn't say that they were or weren't. I just told him to put them on so he'd look nice for a change. He whined and cried a bit but I got him to put on the sweatshirt, blouse and slacks so I could take a picture. He started to balk when I added a flower behind his ear "to look cute in the photo," I told him. But he knew that I was serious so he didn't fight me. I had him stay dressed like that

for the rest of the night. I have to admit that he was quiet and sweet all evening long. That was two nights ago. I didn't make him wear the clothes last night, but I did put them away in a prominent place in his closet.

So that's where I am with this. Right now, I'm writing this at work as I had a cancellation. I'm going to send this off to you and then go back to reading one of the books my doctor recommended until my next patient comes in. With Doug, I think this just might work, and I'm ready to try more. I'm open to any advice, guidance and instruction you might offer me for Doug. Thank you for your time and patience.

Judith B.

3/3/99

Dear Judith,

Nice to hear from you, but I'm not sure how to advise you since I do not know you. I don't mean to doubt your story, but I've been around awhile, and I have a tendency to approach all such letters with caution. If your letter is genuine, forgive my doubt, but please understand my position. On such a delicate subject, it pays to be careful in this world.

What is important is that you remember that your son is a human being worthy of your love and understanding. If he's too much to handle, what we call "panty training" and "petticoat punishment" some people believe can be very effective in turning him around, but using it can be tricky and you are right to seek advice. However, I am not a doctor or psychologist, and since your doctor is knowledgeable in this area, all your decisions in this area should be discussed with her before you proceed.

I probably can't help you very much without a lot more information. Have you used panties or any more obvious girls' clothes (like a dress) on him yet? Have you tried all the usual punishments, like spanking, time outs, taking away privileges, etc.? If so, how has he reacted to you as a disciplinarian, and what effect have those punishments had on him? What would your ex-husband have to say about any of this? What is your son's view of women? Does he respect them? Fear them? Hate them?

Have you read much of the content on my website? It has some sexual content so don't go there if you would be offended. Are you familiar with Christian Home? If not, let me know and I'll send you their address. They give a lot of people advice on this subject. They are not online, just available by regular mail.

Please write to me more about your situation. I'll help in any way I can. Feel free to ask me any questions.

Princess Lacey

3/12/99

Dear Princess Lacey,

May I ask why you use "Princess Lacey?" Do you have another name you use, or do you prefer we continue using it in our correspondence? I did go to your web site, and now I don't know really what to think. Is it a business with you? Do you give advice on child behavior? Do you write books concerning what I am discussing? I understand your concern for Doug. I do love him. In fact, that's why I'm trying to mold him into a good person now while he is still young.

A number of years ago I think I read something about "petticoat training," but I think I took it as a joke at the time. Now, it is obvious that it is very real. Can I ask you your informed opinion? Does this form of education/guidance training, have a high rate of success in your judgment? Concerning Doug's nasty habit of touching himself, I have to start doing something now to make sure those juices that are starting to surge in his veins don't make him into a poor excuse of a human being.

Doug looks up to me and seems to enjoy spending time with me so I took my doctor's advice and have him spending a lot more



time in my bedroom with me. He does his homework there on my desk and watches television with me there. In the mornings I have him bring his clothes into my room, and we get dressed together. Over the years, he's periodically seen me in my lingerie. Now, maybe it's my imagination, but over the past two weeks that he's been spending a lot of time in my bedroom, he's been all eyes, especially when I go around in just my bra and panties. It's a delicious feeling to have my boy's admiring eyes stare at me.

I have always taught him to respect women. I employ a full-time nanny, Beatrice, to care for him when I'm not home. He prefers to call her a "babysitter." She has helped me develop his good traits, like politeness, good manners and honesty.

I have tried all the forms of punishment you mentioned. Some work at times, and then at other times the punishments seem to be practically meaningless. The spankings seemed to work for the most part, but I find it difficult to do. I usually spank him over my lap with a paddle or hairbrush. My hand just can't take it! And I can hit him much harder with the brush or paddle. Spankings used to take place in his bedroom, but now, I have them take place in my bedroom. The feminization has been working well, and I'm hopeful that I'll eventually train him enough so I don't have to be giving him spankings for the rest of his life!

Because of my work, which keeps me away from him for long periods of time, I try to spend all the time I can with him while I am home. As I stated, spankings usually get results. But I believe the most effective part of a spanking punishment is the embar-

rassment he experiences leading up to it as I make him kiss the paddle or brush and make him stand directly in front of me when he strips down his underpants. Afterwards he is quite humiliated to stand in the corner with his beet red butt on display. At such times, he is very subdued and docile. Tears come quickly, even before the actual spanking begins and long after it is over.

The pink sweatshirt, lavender slacks and white blouse I bought him two weeks ago, I have him wear for me around the house most nights. I give him extra loving in those clothes, and that has helped to break down his resistance to them. Other than that, the only time Doug experienced wearing female clothes was a year and a half ago for a big Halloween party held each year in our local community center. My neighbor's daughter wanted to go and had invited Doug to go to. The day of the event, Beatrice had taken Doug out Halloweening. He stayed out for a long time because he was so happy to be getting so much candy and treats. Of course, being a nutritionist, you can understand that I strictly limit the amount of sweets Doug can have, so he was in candy heaven that day.

Anyway, he had stayed out too long and ignored the call of nature. He had an accident and urinated all over himself before they could get home. He had one of those cheap dime store costumes, a cowboy outfit, and when he got home and we tried to wash and dry the outfit, it fell apart in pieces. I didn't know what to do. My neighbor suggested that he dress up in a fairy costume that her daughter had worn the year before. She was sure it could



be fixed up to fit Doug. When I told him about her suggestion, he didn't want any part of it. He even got testy with me, yelling things like, "No, I'm not going to be a stupid girl!" and "Don't, Mommy! Everybody will laugh at me!"

Once the idea was offered, I loved the idea. I always wondered what Doug would look like if he were a girl, and this was my opportunity. I finally talked him into wearing the dress, socks and shoes, by offering a few little bribes and telling him about all the candy and treats that were going to be at the party. He began to cry once I had him in the dress and then showed him the little ruffled panties that went under the dress. After I got him out of his shorts and into the panties, he was quite subdued. He came over to me and wrapped his arms around me, pouting and whining all the time. He was so afraid everyone was going to laugh at him. I thought him so sweet and cute with the dress and shoes on, his hair fixed just so. Just this once, I wanted him to be as feminine as possible. After all, it was just a party he was going to. I've heard lots of mothers have had an urge to see their little boys dressed as little girls, just to see how it would feel to have a daughter, if only for a few minutes. At the time his hair was rather long, with his cute old-fashioned bowl cut. I thought he looked adorable in his costume. I would have to conclude if full petticoat training is decided upon, it might have very good results for Doug if how sweet he acted that night is any indication.

Traditionally, he has been a normal little boy, who shuns anything of a feminine nature. To slide him further into a more feminine lifestyle, I took him shopping to an exclusive boutique for children and bought him some fancy clothes, including a royal blue velvet Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, a blouse-like shirt with a big lacy collar and cuffs and some ankle sock and cute little pink patent leather one-strap slippers, just like I used to wear as a little girl. He insisted these were girls' clothes, but stopped arguing with me when the shop owner showed him that they were all in her boys' department and made just for boys.

Other than my recent changes in his wardrobe and that Halloween party, I've never put Doug in girls' clothes, but I am on the verge of buying him some panties. The "panty training" thing really interests me. From what I know about my son, I think it would be good for him. If I don't have any walk-ins late this afternoon, I'm going to leave a bit early, swing by the mall on the way home and buy a few pairs of panties in his size. Gosh! I wonder what size he takes! Oh, well, I'm sure some curious store clerk will be more than willing to help me panty my boy!

I mentioned panties as a solution because I know Doug is very aware of them. I explained about the times he now spends with me while I dress. I have never thought it wrong for a mother to feel unnatural about exposing certain aspects of her body to her son. Nor do I give the impression that there is something dirty about one's body. I usually do not walk around naked in front of him, but he has now seen me in all forms of dress and undress, especially in just panties and a bra, my favorite outfit around the house. I wear them under a chiffon housecoat, which is almost transparent. Sometimes I go around in just one of my pretty slips and often include a garter belt and nylons. (No, I don't wear them to be sexy, even though they are. I wear them because they are much cooler than pantyhose while I'm at work. My office has a

southern exposure, and it's always so darn hot.) I believe Doug has developed an intense curiosity about panties.

Part of my program to increase my feminine influence over him includes having him help me with chores around the house like cooking and cleaning. Now, when either Beatrice or I do the laundry, I have him help sort the clothes to be washed. When they're finished, he helps to put them in the drier then helps fold everything when they're finished. We did it now several times over the past week or so. It 's so great! When we're folding my lingerie together, I've been teaching him how to handle and put away such delicate pieces of clothing. I gave him the feeling that he was really helping me. He blushed at times as we talked about and handled my lingerie. Since his penis sticks up in his pants during these times, I'm sure he's enjoying helping immensely with the laundry.

My ex-husband is not in the picture. And he wouldn't dare interfere with anything I do with Doug. He knows he has no rights because he deserted us and has never paid any alimony or child support. In getting Doug some panties, I do have a lot of questions. How do I begin his training: gradually or with a sudden start? Like I said, I've been getting him involved in my daily feminine routines, and I think things are going in the right direction. Right now, my plan is to buy the panties and to somehow coerce him into wearing them when I get home tonight. I wonder what style of panties is best, if I should start simple with cotton or go right to nylon? I think nylon because cotton panties are barely different from boys' briefs. And should I start with plain ones or go right for some lacy and heavily frilled ones? At this moment, I think I'll get a selection ranging from simple to fancy and see how I feel in my heart when I'm about to present them to him.

I wonder where is best to keep his panties, in his own underwear drawer or in with my lingerie? What frame of mind should I try to keep myself in: motherly, subdued, cheerful, sharp/strict? How should his training be broken down time wise? What do I do next? Once he is wearing panties on a regular basis, are there times I should allow him to go back to wearing his old underwear? Just this morning, I noticed he was sporting a very firm penis pushing out his underwear while I was having him help me hook up the back of my bra. That's why I want to move on this panty thing. I know the time is ripe.

I hope you will be willing to be here for me to ask advice as I continue with each stage of his training. Thank you, Princess, for listening to me. I hope a lot of good (for both Doug and me) will come of this. Please feel free to ask any questions, which will help you help me as I guide my boy through this process.

Judith B.

3/14/99

Dear Judith,

It's not easy to find the time to sit down and answer personal notes, but I do want to help you. Also, it's difficult to give you detailed advice since I don't personally know you or your son. I can give you general advice about such things as panty training and petticoat punishment, but you are best working with your

physician, especially since she is familiar with feminizing boys.

You asked me many questions (like those about my name, relationships, giving advice, etc.) that can be answered if you visit my website and spend a little time there. Yes, it is a business with me, but if you explore the various free areas, you will find answers to a lot of your questions. Everything about me there is 99% true. I only changed some details to protect others. You wanted to know if I am a man or a woman. I am a woman, but I work closely with my boyfriend, Sissyboy Jimmie, on the website. He is the workhorse. For example, I read your letter and we discuss it then he summarizes my ideas and reactions and writes back to you. He works Princess Productions full time doing most of the writing, filling orders, maintaining the website etc. with my input. But I am a full-time professional in the business world and have limited time outside of that work.

But all of the above information, including my (Princess') picture, our background information, my name (Linda), etc. is on our website. It's much easier for us if you read it all that there: <http://www.redlightnet.com/princess> and then contact us for further information.

It sounds like you are making great strides integrating Doug into the female world. You seem to be able to control him, even if it's been bumpy at times. And it sounds like you are doing it just in the nick of time. Regarding all your detailed questions about panty training, these things are not set in stone. You should follow your heart. Your intuition will be a pretty good guide. In most instances there is not a specific right or wrong way to do things. You love your son and he loves you. That is most important. It gives you the opportunity, power and ability to make your boy into a genteel person. And you should do this in a highly personalized way. Fit your methods to his and your temperaments and personalities. We'll try to help you as much as we can.

Princess Lacey & Sissyboy Jimmie

3/15/98

Dear Linda & Jimmie,

This is just a quick note because I'm between patients. I just wanted to tell you how it's going. I think I told you that I was going to buy Doug some panties, and I did! That was a trip! I had a young salesgirl helping me, and she just couldn't stop giggling once I told her what I wanted. She loved the idea, and we ended up talking for the longest time. She confided in me that she'd love to feminize her brothers. Apparently they are crude and highly disrespectful toward women.

While shopping, I did get carried away. After buying a half dozen pairs of assorted

little girls' nylon brief-style panties, I picked up some other things, including a dress and a full-length slip to go along with it. I kept the dress as simple as possible. There are no frills on the dress and only a faint edging of pink lace on the white slip.

When I got home, Doug played right into my hands. I had told him that I wanted him dressed in his Little Lord Fauntleroy suit when I got home. When I asked him why he wasn't wearing it, he vehemently objected and told me it was sissy and he wasn't going to put it on again. I told him to come to my room and prepare for a spanking. When he got there, I laid out on a side chair a pair of the panties, the slip and the dress. From the moment he saw them, I'm sure he feared the worst because he just stood there with his mouth open. I made him strip naked, then I had him stand in front of me and the chair draped with the girlish clothes for almost a half an hour as I berated him for his attitude.

All during that time, I never said a word about the clothes, but he knew they were for him. After his spanking with the



paddle, I still didn't say anything about the clothes, I simply dressed him in them and made him stand in front of my full-length mirror and look at his reflection for another half hour. After that I let him sit on the chair and watch television with me. I took a picture of him and it is attached. Of course, he's not very happy in it, and he needs to learn a lot about how to sit in a dress, but that will come with time. I've kept him in the panties since then, and the dress hangs on the back of his door in his room as a reminder. I told him he'd have to wear the dress every time he needs a spanking. And right before his tear-filled, blinking eyes, I gathered up all his underwear out of his tallboy drawer and put the panties in their place. No discussion; none was necessary. He knew that pretty panties are now his underwear.

And best news of all! He's been an angel ever since. My only problem: His erections! He seems to be having erections more often than ever. My doctor says it is probably just a result of the tactile sensations he gets in his penis from being in direct contact with the soft nylon. She says he should adjust to that, and in time, the erections will go away as he will get used to wearing girls' panties. Of course, he's not old enough to ejaculate yet, but she did tell me what to do. She says that this period of time in a boy's life is the ideal time for me to take control of his penis so that he will associate those pleasurable feelings with me.

I gently rub his penis through the panties with long, teas-

ingly soft strokes. I do this with one hand while I cup his panty-covered balls in my other hand. I do this slowly and firmly as I massage his genitals with the silkiness of his panties. I take my time even though he sometimes is shaking with anticipation. Once he goes over the edge and through a cycle of wrenching spasms, he relaxes in my arms and his erection goes away for at least a short bit of time. One other problem, he seems to be losing sleep. He's been tired a lot lately. I've been having him sleep with me so I can monitor his erections and take care of them when they occur, but these intimacies have robbed him of a lot of sleep and confused him a bit. I'm trying to calm him now and help him handle these changes in his life.

Judith B.

PS Oh, by the way, Beatrice loves him in panties. She says she can't wait until the next time he is naughty when she is there so she can see him get his spanking in the dress. My only regret is that I didn't buy him a frillier and more feminine dress and a lot fancier panties. But that's no problem; I plan on taking him shopping for such things tomorrow night. I'm going to get him some pretty nighties too!

PPS It's working! I never could have imagined it!

## LETTER OF THE MONTH - OCTOBER 1999

### Retired But Not Out of the Swing of Things

#### Chapter 1 Unliked and Unwanted

February 2, 1962

Dear Editor:

For three girls from the same family, I have always had little in common with my two younger sisters. For one, we are quite far apart in age. My sister, Lee, is twelve years my junior and my sister, Colleen, is four years younger than that. One night Colleen ran off with some guy traveling with a carnival. She called me the next day to explain that she couldn't stand how her life was going. She said she wanted a fresh start and needed to get away from Gary, her abusive ex-boyfriend, and their son, Todd, who was getting too much for her to handle.

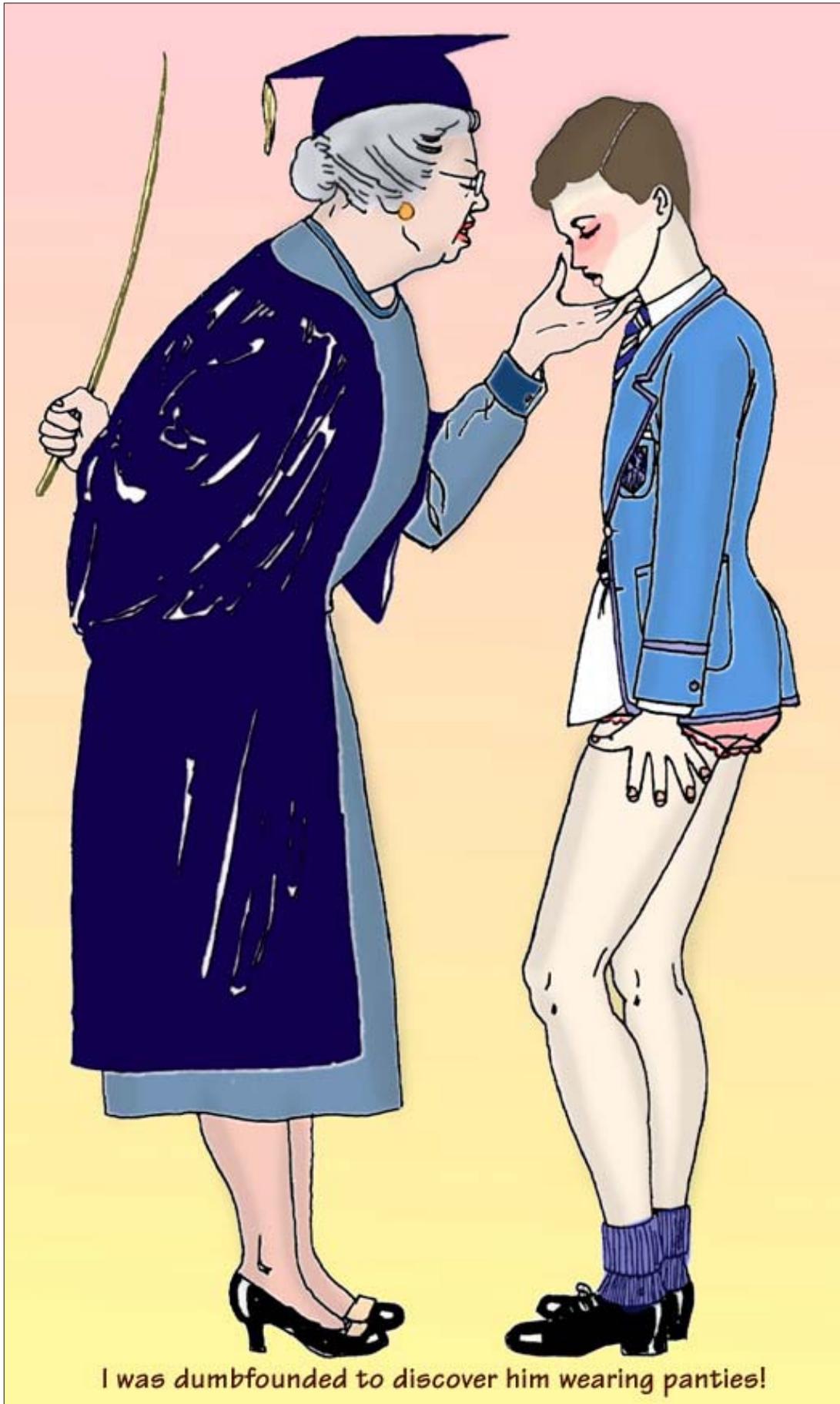
Over the years, Colleen had sung her songs of woe. She told me everything including the fact that Gary was gay, claiming it was one of the Seven Wonders of the World how they were ever able to have a child together in the first place. She said she loved her son but couldn't stand being around him because he was a big mistake, and every time she looked at him, she was reminded of that fact.

Following their divorce, the two had shuffled the kid between each other and the two families, and now that Todd was a teenager, Colleen felt her life was slipping away and needed to start over again. On her way out of town, Colleen had dropped Todd off to stay with his father. Except for her call to me, no one has seen her since, and that was over five years ago.

Then just last year, Gary died from a stupid accident at his work. He painted billboards, and one day he hadn't properly attached his safety belt, lost his footing and fell to his death. I say it was a stupid accident because if I had ever met anyone who fit the description of accident-prone, it was Gary. He shouldn't have been doing that kind of work in the first place.

By that time, I was Todd's only living relative so I felt it was my duty to take the kid in. I was freshly retired from teaching and looking forward to a quiet, easy life, living off my pension. I had second thoughts about taking in a fifteen-year-old. He was a wild thing, undisciplined and sassy. I wondered how I'd get him to toe the line. One thing was for sure; I was not going to have an undisciplined little monster spoiling my life.

Yet there was something about the kid that drew me to him. If I was fortunate enough to have him mind me, I knew he could be quite helpful around the house. Since I had never married or had children, I was totally inexperienced in handling a teenage boy, especially since all of my teaching had been at an all-girls prep school. It was an old-fashioned school, and I was an old-fashioned teacher. In fact, one of the reasons I finally took my



*I was dumbfounded to discover him wearing panties!*

retirement is because they had made it illegal in our state to use corporal punishment. In my view that was a mistake. I can tell you hundreds of stories about the girls in my care that had benefited from being spanked or caned.

On the third day after Todd had settled in with me, he made a snide remark then swore at me. As a natural reflex, I told him to lower his school shorts and get ready for a caning. After much hesitation, he did as I commanded. I was shocked to see him wearing a pair of girls' pink panties under his shorts. To say I was dumbfounded is to put it mildly. He started crying before I ever put the cane to him. At that moment, he was so weak and frail he reminded me more of a girl than a boy.

"What's the meaning of this?" I said as I hooked the tip of my cane under the leg elastic of his panties and let it fly loose with a snap.

"They're all I have to wear, Aunt Gertrude."

"What do you mean? Where is your boys' underwear?" I asked.

"Father always made me wear them. Auntie, would you please buy me some boys' underwear. I'd buy myself some, but I don't have any money."

"We'll see," I said.

I had been caught totally off guard and didn't know how to respond at the moment.

After dinner that night, I was able to get him to talk. He told me a lot about the life he had with his father. Immediately after his mother had left town, his father became angry once he realized that she had stuck him with the boy. In response, Gary made life miserable for Todd. Starting that very first night, he made him sleep in one of his mother's old nightgowns. He made him do that every night, telling him that he was as worthless as a girl so he was going to treat him like one. He bought Todd girls' clothes to wear at home and panties to wear at all times. He was trying to make the kid mad enough to run away, but Todd was afraid to live on his own so he clung to his father even though he humiliated him and mistreated him.

## Chapter 2 Life with Father

Todd's father, Gary, was definitely gay, and he thought so little of his boy that he let his gay friends molest him at will. As Todd told me about those things, I didn't have much sympathy for him because I still did not like him. To me he was a brat and a nuisance, a bump in the road of my life. But I did take notice that he was quite cute and would probably look good in girls' clothes. I asked him if he liked dressing in those things. He insisted that he hated it, but the next day I saw all kinds of girls' clothes packed in his bags, especially panties. He had told me the truth; that's all the kid had for underwear.

I was strangely attracted to the idea of dressing him up and making him into a little housemaid. If his father had done it to him, I figured the kid was well broken into it so I'd just continue his training! Besides, after twenty-two years of teaching at Kelsey-Gore, I missed disciplining my young charges. I had an idea. It

didn't take much effort to convert my old sewing room into a schoolroom. With the help of a couple of former students, Dawn and Carolyn, I assembled all the clothes I would need.

That first time I showed Todd the schoolroom setup and introduced him to those clothes, he was a sight to behold. Of course, he cried at first, but he went along with me once he knew I wasn't just pretending.

## Chapter 3 Home Schooling

Soon after that we evolved into a regular routine, and whenever Todd was due for punishment, I'd send him to the schoolroom to don his uniform and get himself into his desk. I'd usually invite Dawn and Carolyn to come around for those sessions. To get into the spirit of things, I'd don my teacher's robes and the girls would put on senior girl uniforms. Then we'd squeeze poor Todd into a little primary girl's uniform that was so short his panties would be on constant display.

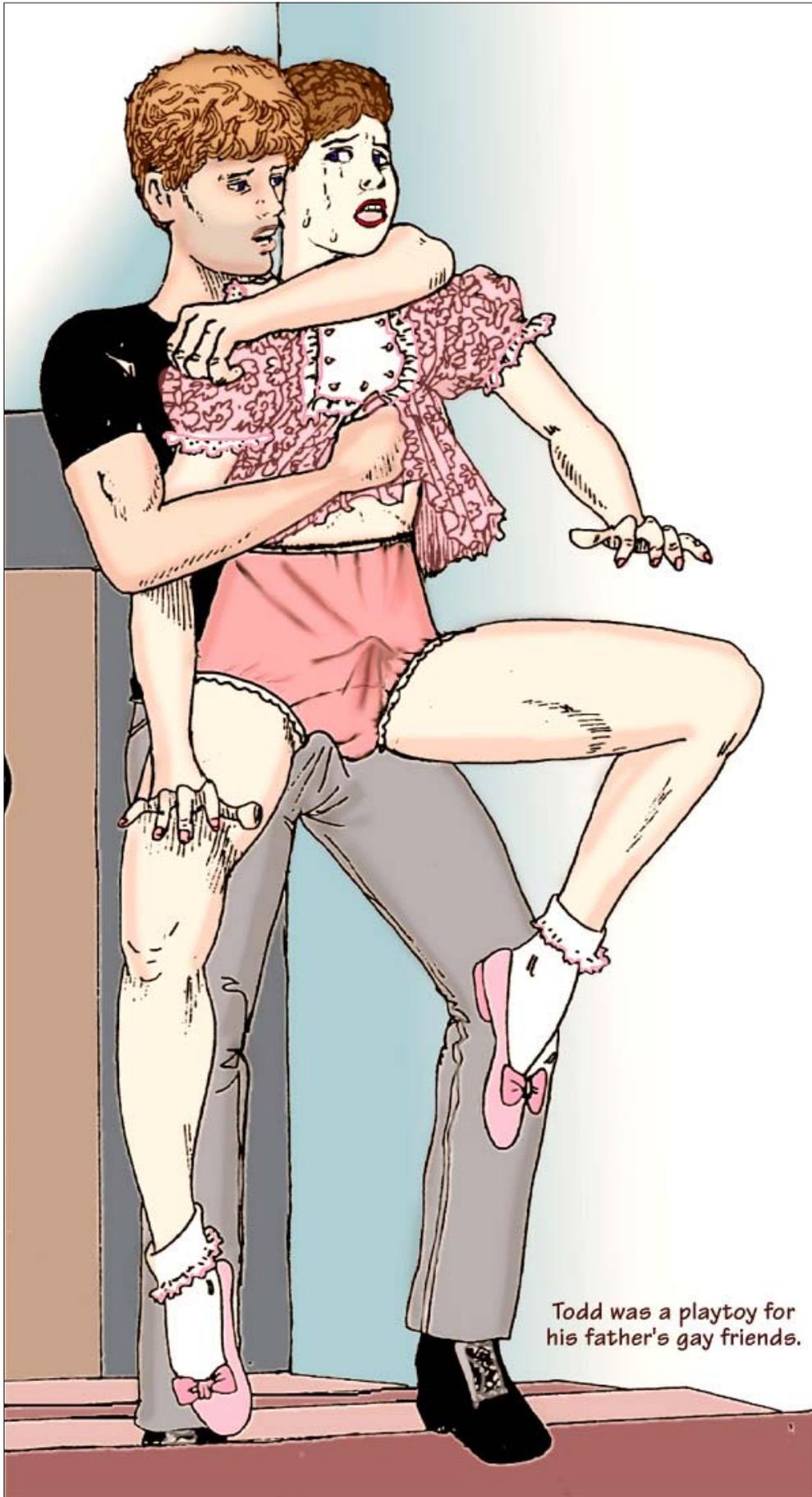
Then with the help of my whip, paddle and cane, we taught him to perfectly imitate a bashful, prim and proper schoolgirl just like my former charges. Now, whenever I come into the schoolroom, he springs to attention. The old memories come back and I glide naturally back into my role as a stern schoolmistress. Since I abhor males I don't even like to touch him so the only physical contact that we have is the palm of my hand across his pantied or bare bottom or the fingers of that same hand using his ear as a handle to steer him ignominiously across my desk for punishment.

His correction is the type any conscientious schoolmistress would employ to properly chastise a girl pupil. As I see it, punishment for serious offenses should be severe enough to be memorable for the remainder of the recipient's lifetime. For example, breaking a boy of a certain undesirable habit is an example of a very serious offense that calls for severe punishment.

My nephew is frequently punished during our 'school' sessions, but most of those offenses are for minor infractions of the rules so he rarely receives more than a mild spanking or two or three strokes with the cane. It is humiliating for him that a growing boy should be treated in the way that I have described, but I am a dominant person (I detest the description 'sadistic'), and always have been, even as a young girl. As such, I relish humiliating members of the male sex, whether by word or by deed. My nephew, on the other hand, is a submissive type, who has learned to accept his lot and the shame of being made to dress in the uniform of a little schoolgirl!

Boys should not be allowed to play with themselves. It's a repulsive and detestable habit. On one unfortunate and unhappy occasion, I discovered my nephew engaged in this disgusting act, just as he was emptying his juice into the silken confines of his frilled red panties. For that, I called in the girls to see his shamefully stained panties. They went into hysterics and taunted him mercilessly.

"Oh, dearie! Our sissy Todd spilled his seed!" Dawn said as



Todd was a playtoy for his father's gay friends.

she touched the wetness on the front of his panties.

"What a naughty boy!" Carolyn chimed in. "Did it feel good to shoot off in your girlie panties, sissy boy?"

"Your auntie is really angry at you for this!"

"Aren't you ashamed for soiling your pretty panties?"

"Only fag boys pump themselves off in silky girls' panties!"

As they teased him, I bent him across my desk and strapped him to the frame by his wrists and ankles (the only time, I may say, that I have ever placed him under such restraint). Then he was thrashed in the sense that I would interpret the word.

Angry beyond words, I went to work on him with a birch; it seemed to me to be the instrument most appropriate for such an occasion. He received, as I recollect, twenty well-laid-on strokes to the extent that by the time I had finished with him, his posterior was red raw and he was blubbering in pain like a terror-stricken baby. Such was the severity of the correction that he could not resume his seat at the end of the punishment. The next two weeks of regular evening 'school' had the further effect of significantly altering the situation because it was accompanied by enforced celibacy. He slept in the spare room for that fortnight with his wrists strapped to the bedposts. It was a salutary reminder of the consequence of any subsequent fall from grace.

I frequently chastise him, as you might a child at a boarding school or strict home. In Victorian times, the governess handled such tasks in the course of her duties. She would whip her charge with regularity, especially if it was a boy, and it was never regarded as injuring him. Rather it was seen as educating and correcting him so that his future behavior might be thereby improved. Whenever a boy of whatever age required strict disciplining, it was rightly believed that to 'spare the rod' would do him a grave disservice. I believe firmly in this Victorian attitude.

For decades after the Victorian and Edwardian periods ended, governesses clung to the Victorian model of doing things. That included teaching both her male and female charges about sex, and it was standard practice for the governess to awaken the sexual appetites of both the girls and boys in her care by periodically masturbating them. Petticoat punishment, in which boys were dressed in girls' clothes to embarrass them into being good enough to earn back their much-prized trousers was also a standard Victorian practice.

And many a governess loved to take special liberties with a petticoated boy, doing things like making him appear before his taunting sisters with his penis pulled out of the leg opening of his panties. One governess I knew loved to suck on her boy's penis within his panties and when he gave up his nasty cum, she held it in her mouth only to turn around and spit it back into his mouth. Of course, she'd make him swallow it then punish him some more for being so naughty to shoot his cum into her mouth in the first place. Invariably, she'd challenge him to act like a man. If he ever wanted to get his britches back, she said he'd have to be able to hold back from cumming while in his panties and petticoats! And all of this was perfectly okay under the guise of preparing a boy for life! I of course would never do such a thing with my nephew because I can't stand touching him. Besides, he's already all too familiar with his nasty little nubbin. I've only added this information to show you that what I do to him would

be considered moderate behavior by Victorian standards.

As to the shame my nephew feels being put into a schoolgirl's uniform: He has never lost his sense of embarrassment when the girls and I see him dressed that way. But it's supposed to be unpleasant for him. After all, it is punishment! Besides, it amuses me to see him dressed like a young girl. He now has been my well-disciplined little sissyboy for almost a year, and I have assembled for my nephew quite a nice girlish wardrobe. In terms of girls' school uniforms alone, he now has five complete outfits, one 'senior' rig out with pleated skirt and blouse, two of the 'primary' schoolgirl type, and two others of the 'junior' type based upon the gymslip. And one of these is specially designed as a 'punishment outfit.'

I devised it for him myself. Unlike the regular 32" long tunic, his punishment gym is a mere 24" in length. For a boy now barely 5 foot tall (I am, incidentally, taller than he is by five full inches and even more in my heels), the edge of his tunic skirt comes only to the tops of his thighs. His skirt does little to hide his shameful panties, which are not uniform code but of the frilliest and fanciest sort. These he wears at all times.

This particular gym tunic, which belonged to my younger sister, I was lucky enough to find packed away with some of her things. It's an old-fashioned pleated type. I imagine Colleen must have worn it when she was nine or ten years of age. In those days, serge material was still relatively easy to obtain, and it was a simple matter to adjust it to fit him. Thus, although almost as broad as it is long, it sits neatly on his shoulders, and he looks very much the junior schoolgirl as he stands to attention at his school desk.

With just the slightest movement, his lace and beribboned panties show below the hem of his mother's old tunic, and his black stockings secured with black suspender elastics are visible all the way up and around his thin thighs. Topped by his school boater and juvenile pigtail wig, I tell him that he looks like one of the nasty little tykes who attended St. Trinian's in those ever-popular Terry Thomas movies. From a functional point of view, this saucy uniform is also advantageous for those occasions when he is ordered to take down his panties and bend over for bare-bottom punishment. The ultra short mini tunic then rides up well clear of his exposed behind so that there is never any question of my having to shout at him to get his skirts up. The mere act of his bending over is enough to present me with the area where the punishment will be inflicted. Many times my pupil has had the tawse taken across his legs, and that fairly makes him hop. He is punished too on crossed hands, and he gets it there just as much as elsewhere. At times, I've even put itching powder into his stockings and panties! He's coming along nicely and has made great strides toward developing into a polite and courteous young man. His manners have improved beyond all recognition.

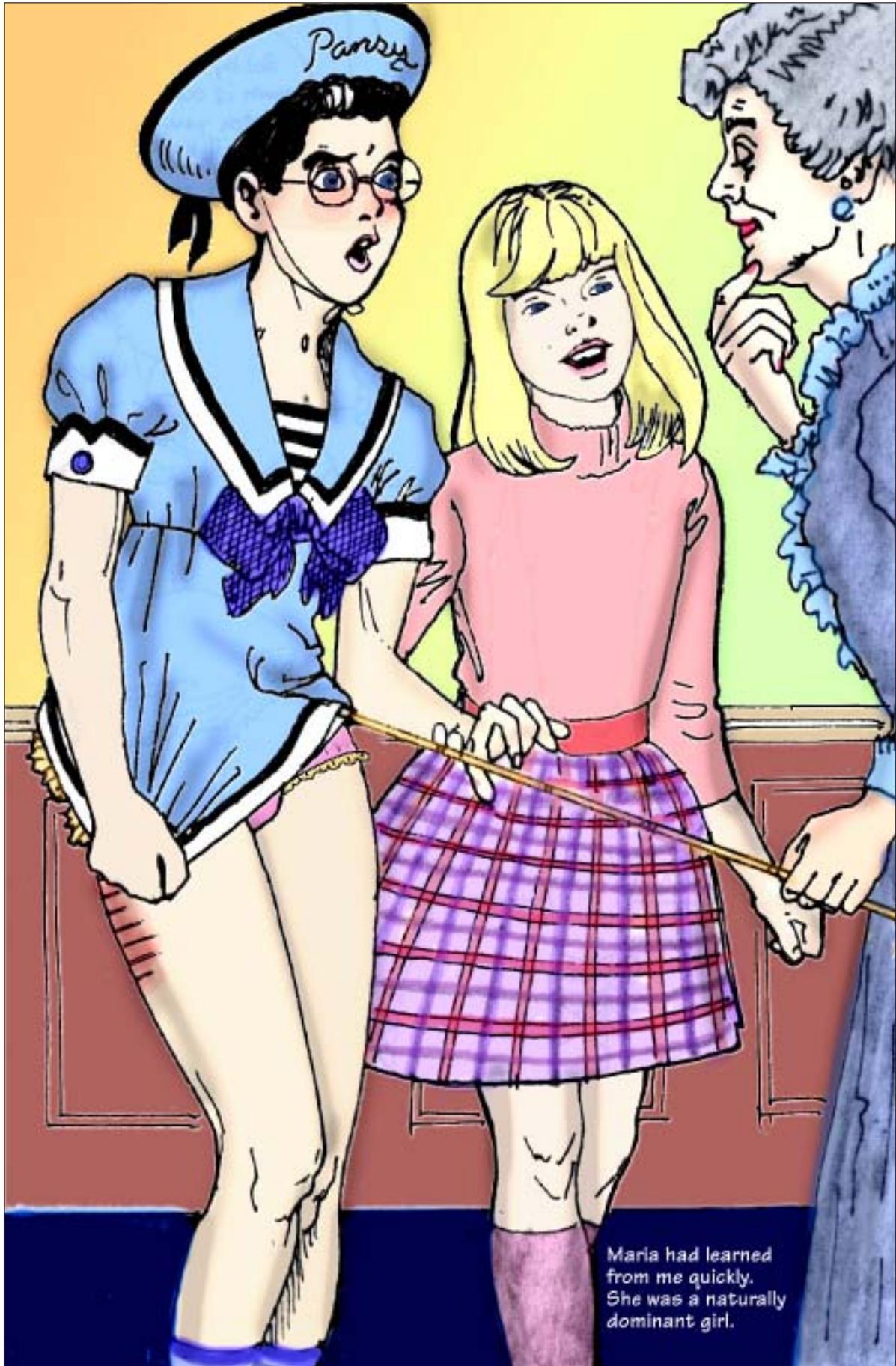
## Chapter 4

### My Niece is a Quick Learner

Ladies, believe me, wonders can be done with just six strokes of a good leather tawse or standard school cane. Just six, and I



Dawn and Caroline loved to taunt sissyboy Todd.



Maria had learned from me quickly. She was a naturally dominant girl.

have him squealing like a whipped cur and begging me to stop. By the time I get to the sixth stroke his attempts at manly silence are long since broken.

My sister, Lee, has a twelve-year-old daughter named Maria, whom I have been training to be strong and independent. She often joins us for our sessions with Todd, and she can have him groveling on his knees for mercy in less than one minute. She's a strong and willful girl.

Let me illustrate what I mean by telling you that she persuaded the parents of a fourteen-year-old boy to let her babysit him on a regular basis. The kid's parents worked different shifts and were almost always sleeping or working at their combination inn/restaurant, which was open around the clock. They needed help watching over the boy during the summer from school because he couldn't be trusted alone. (Actually their biggest problem: he was a habitual masturbator, and his strictly religious parents abhorred such behavior and couldn't trust him to be alone for even a minute. It wasn't that he couldn't take care of himself, they simply needed someone to watch the boy and make sure he didn't pull on his pud.)

At first, the parents were reluctant to allow her to do it because they had kept the boy in line with frequent spanking and since she's just a little slip of a girl, they didn't think she'd be able to handle him. The boy had been taught to be obedient, but he couldn't be trusted out of anyone's sight. Besides he was a smart aleck and often disrespectful. However, my niece convinced them to let her try to handle that big boy. Well, once their summer from school started, it only took her a couple of weeks to train the boy to instant obedience. He now responds with alacrity to single word commands. She accomplished it all in their own back garden with a short training lead in one hand and in the other an 18" long thick leather strap, which she herself slit for two thirds of its length into two very serviceable thongs. Throughout the neighborhood, her commands rang out, followed gradually by words of praise, but at the beginning by the crack of the strap on the boy's rump as he painfully learned to do as he was told.

I must admit that she took ideas from my training of Todd and what she had learned handling him. She had her charge in little girls' clothes in no time. And she did it with the parent's permission! She so cleverly explained the benefits of dress discipline to them that they agreed that it was a good idea! That girl is some salesperson! Even the boy's tough old goat of a father was thoroughly convinced that Maria was the answer to handle their errant son.

That girl still keeps that strap of hers on view for the boy's benefit, hanging on the back of the kitchen door. And on those occasions when she goes for it, the boy whines before she has even laid it across his rear. Indeed, the very utterance on her part of "I'm going to get my strap!" is enough to send him skulking and cowering into a corner. And

when she does fetch it followed by her order to "come to me," he doesn't resist but moves to her with speed and wiggles his hips as she has taught him as he pulls up his pretty dress and pulls down his frilly panties to prepare for his punishment. That is rather a digression, I fear, but I inserted it to support the view that even a determined young lady of tender years, as my niece undoubtedly is, can have little difficulty in making most any man or boy suffer.

When Todd is undergoing discipline, there is no question that it will help him be a better little boy. When I get tired of beating his butt, I often set him to do an essay in class with a title such as "The Joys of Wearing Panties" or "Why All Boys Should Wear Training Bras." He wears girls' clothes now full time at home and has been well trained to handle much of the cooking, laundry and housework. He indeed has been helpful. My retirement is that much more enjoyable with a mincing, little girly boy around to wait on my friends and me.

Gertrude G.

Plymouth, Massachusetts

## The End

*"Hall Monitor," continued from page 3*

Teachers and administration at Milford East are questioning what would prompt the cruel shoving incident. The most obvious answer is Greibe's position of power in the school.

Besides escorting the developmentally disabled students back and forth between the special-ed classroom and any mainstream classes they attend, as hall monitor it is Greibe's job to check passes, deliver summons to the office, keep an eye out for littering, and make sure the soda machine is not being used while third-period classes are in session.

There has been a marked increase in anti-Greibe violence at the school since he accepted the post in January, say Milford East janitorial staff sources. The last month alone has seen more than 10 incidents of tripping, notebook-swatting, gum-throwing, garbage-can-dumping and, last week, the theft of a hall-monitor belt from Greibe's locker.

In addition, Greibe's position of authority often places him in direct conflict with students, some of whom may later seek revenge.

Just last week, when Greibe ordered Eric Nakamura to present a hall pass, the sixth-grader continued down the hall holding up his middle finger as he walked away. After finding that his actions had been reported to Principal Williams, Nakamura approached Greibe in the multi-media center and told him he'd "be sorry."

"Alex is always walking around with stack of morning announcements like hot shit," said Nakamura, who was clear of suspicion after proving he was in the computer lab at the time Greibe was

assaulted. "He's not special. Anyone can be a dumb hall monitor if they're stupid enough to want to waste their study-hall time."

An unnamed sixth-grade source suggested that the shove could have been in response to Greibe ruining the curve on last week's social-studies exam, or simply due to the fact that he is "such a wuss in gym."

Whatever the cause, Milford East staff is taking measures to prevent hall-monitor abuse from occurring in the future. These include stricter library rules, shorter bathroom breaks and the elimination of the traditional oversized key-shaped wooden hall passes, which did not leave teachers with a written record of who has left the classroom.

Although many students dislike the new restrictions, girls who use the first-floor bathroom say they are relieved. Several have approached the school counselor demanding that Greibe be forced to "sign something promising that he won't come in and stare at us again."

Greibe maintains he "didn't do it on purpose," and stated that shock played a part in his inability to communicate that fact at the time.

"It was really weird in there," Greibe said. "Everything is facing the exact opposite way as the stuff in the boys' bathroom, but there's no urinals and, like, period machines on the wall."

"That's not all," he added. "It smelled nice in there, like flowers, and there's nothing written on the walls. And there weren't any paper towels on the floor. It was a whole different world." ☺