

# Princess Online

Featured Stories and Letters from the  
Princess Productions Website

No. 3



*Adults Only*

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*

*You're Never Too Old to Start on a  
Computer, and Everyone is Smart  
Enough to Use One!*

Dear Sissies,

Expanding our business to the Internet has let us reach out to sissy boys all around the world. If you don't have a computer and access to the Internet, I encourage you to do so. Some people say they are not smart enough to use computers or too old to start learning something new. Other people secretly fear computers, thinking they are much too complex and difficult to operate.

Believe me, all those arguments are completely without merit. If you don't think you're smart enough to use a computer, just look at the people around you who are using them. I'm sure you know you are smarter than many people you know who use computers at home and work. Toddlers use them, senior citizens use them, and even physically and mentally handicapped people use them!

You're never too old to learn how to use a computer. A writer I know wrote stories for more than forty years on an old clunker typewriter. He feared learning a computer, and it took several years of prodding to get him to buy one. Now he uses his computer every day and turns out more (and better) stories than ever before. Admittedly, he wants to kick himself every time he thinks about all those years he went without one!

Forget your fears that computers are difficult to operate. Yes, you can take all kinds of time to learn complex programs, but most of the things most people do on a computer, they learned within a few days of using one! Believe me, once you get a computer, you will start doing things with it the day you take it out of the box!

What do you need to get started? A computer, keyboard, monitor, printer and surge protector. Stores generally sell complete packages with everything you'll need for way under \$1,000. Shop at a large computer store. Most have competitive prices, a large selection, knowledgeable help, and friendly credit terms. If you want to access the Internet (there are thousands of FREE pictures, stories, informational sites, etc. for crossdressers), you'll also have to sign up for an online service like America Online, Comcast or Microsoft Internet Explorer. Computer stores are now giving huge discounts if you sign up for one of these services from one to three years.

Contact us if we can help you in any way to get onto the Information Superhighway!

Love,

*Princess Lacey*



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## Answers to Some of Your Most FAQ (Frequently Asked Questions)

### "Are you really a woman? And why are you called Princess?"

Yes, I really am a woman.

My name is Linda Lacey. "Princess" is a nickname I've had ever since I was a very young girl. I was brought up in a typical upper-middle class suburban home during the 1950s and 60s. My mother spent a lot of money keeping me outfitted in the prettiest clothes. At all times, I wore fancy, frilly, top-quality dresses and lacy lingerie. I never wore slacks -- not even for playing outside. All decked out in my pretty clothes, I was taught to be a quiet, nice little girl who sat on her satin pillow and stayed out of everyone's way. (I really did have a satin pillow!) I must have looked like a little doll sitting on a shelf. When I was a toddler, my favorite uncle started calling me "princess," and it stuck!

### "Why are panties so important to you?"

I have always adored my beautiful clothes, but I especially loved my silky lace panties. As a child, the type of panties I usually wore were the rumba style with rows and rows of lacy ruffles running across the backside. My mother knew I love my rumba panties so she kept me well supplied. I had a drawer full of them.

Throughout my childhood, there weren't any other children my age in our neighborhood, so most of my time I spent sitting on my satin pillow with my billowing skirts spread out around me, left alone to quietly play with my dolls and tea set, listen to records and the radio or watch television. I wasn't allowed to run, jump, make any noise or get myself dirty.

Many times, I would get bored without anyone to play with so I'd sing to myself or fantasize to pass the time. During such lonely moments, I loved to sneak my hands up under my skirts and finger the delicate lace and bows on my panties. As I toyed with the sleek fabric and sissy decorations, I'd talk to my panties, talk to them and tell them how pretty they were and how soft and silky they felt against my skin. My fascination with my lingerie led me to the typically childish stunt of pulling up my dress to show off my panties.

Among my relatives and neighbors, I was famous for pulling up my dress. Without compunction, I loved to dance around and pull it up to proudly show off my pretty panties to everyone and anyone. And when I pulled my dress up, I didn't just flip it up, I'd place my hands on each side of me, grab handfuls of my skirts and slips and haul them right up over my head. My cousins and the kids who saw me do this usually snickered. My aunts, uncles and neighbors would usually oo and ah and tell me how pretty I was and compliment me on my pretty panties.

But invariably, some prim and proper killjoy would scold me and say something like "Nice little girls keep their dresses down!" But I didn't care. I'd just laugh and pull my dress up even higher as everyone else laughed and whistled. In fact, I had developed such a reputation with my relatives that even today some of them still love to tell stories about how I loved to show off my panties.

Just last month I saw my Aunt Mabel, whom I hadn't seen in years, and while we were visiting, she laughed as she asked me if I remembered the 'jingle-bell' panties she had given me for my birthday when I turned five. I told her I remembered them very well.

She had given me three pairs of rumba panties in white nylon, and each pair was decorated with a different color of lace and ribbons. One pair was decorated in blue, one in yellow, and one in pink. However, in addition to the frills, each pair of panties had several tiny little bells sewn on the lace, and these little bells would jingle and ring with my every movement. I used to love it when people would look around as they tried to discover what was making the jingle bell sound. Then, I'd laugh, proudly pull up my dress and point to the tiny bells on my little girl panties.

From the time I was out of diapers, I wore rumba panties, and I only stopped wearing them at age fifteen because I could no longer squeeze into girls' size thirteen panties, the largest size of rumba panties then available. Currently, panties are more important to me than ever before because in addition to the continuing love I have for my sexy panties, I love sweet sissyboys in panties too. The bulge sissyboys get in their panties excites me as well as tells me that they love wearing them too!

### A Visit to Our Website

For those of you who don't have a computer, and therefore can't contact us on the Internet, we're showing you on this page some of the information you would see if you could access our website.

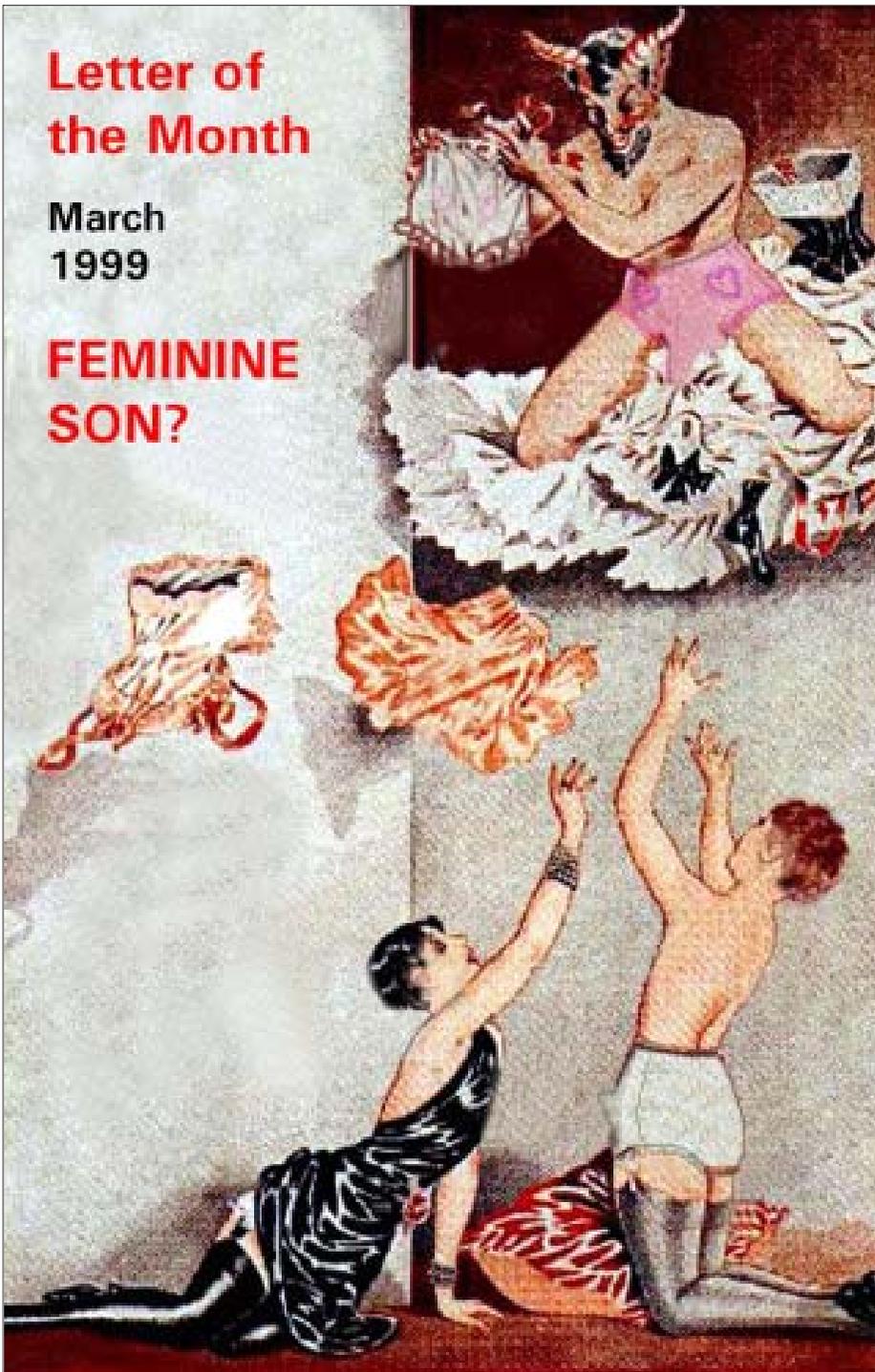
At our site, we have hundreds of different "web pages" with photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and general information. Here we show you three of the pages from our site with advice and information.



## Letter of the Month

March  
1999

## FEMININE SON?



# Parenting Practices BBS: Feminine Son?

In the early years of computers and prior to Twitter, blogs and other social media, bulletin boards (BBS) were a popular means of freely exchanging information on an endless variety of subjects. In the next few pages we take a trip to yesterday as we explore one BBS that was organized for parents to help one another solve child-rearing problems. And of particular interest is a letter posted on a bulletin board in January 1994 by a divorced man horrified to discover that his son liked to wear girls' clothes. That letter brought a wide variety of reactions.

For your enjoyment, we are republishing the letter here along with more than a dozen of the best and most interesting responses out of the hundreds that followed the initial posting. (For improved readability, we did correct typos and grammatical errors and spell out abbreviations as well as change the names of the posters to protect their identity.)

The letter and the reactions to it are a fascinating look into the human condition that may excite you, make you laugh or cry, but what makes them especially intriguing is that this is a discussion about crossdressing and feminization by average people in a usually very staid and somber forum.

### PARENTING PRACTICES BBS 1994

01/28/94 5:50 PM

TO: ALL

FROM: JOHN (BRIAN'S FATHER)

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

Even though I have come to loathe my ex-wife, Claudia, because of our very messy (and expensive) divorce, she has always been a great mother to our two children (Brian 6 and Cindy 5). Brian loves toy trains so recently my girlfriend and I took him to see the huge electric train display at the Museum of Science & Industry here in Chicago. Like most kids, Brian wasn't

there more than five minutes when he announced he had to go to the bathroom. I took him to the men's room. Of course, like most public rest rooms, the place was a pigsty. I cleaned the stall up thoroughly as Brian squirmed and begged me to hurry. As soon as I finished, I helped him unfasten his clothes so he could use the toilet. As I pulled down his trousers, I got a royal shock as he was wearing a pair of girls' panties! They were girls' things all right and not just plain ones. They were bright pink panties like the kind little girls wear with lace all across the bottom. Brian hurriedly pushed the panties down and got on the pot. Momentarily, I just stood there dumbfounded, trying to figure out what was going on.

Then I probably reacted a little too strongly when I pointed at the pink lace and asked him, "What in the hell are these!"

"My panties, Daddy," he innocently answered. I told him they couldn't be his because they were girls' things. I told him they belonged to his sister, and he shouldn't be wearing them. But he insisted they were his. He said his mommy had bought them for him. I started shooting off more questions, but then I realized I was getting loud and we were in a busy public rest room. I wondered if the other men had overheard us, or worse yet, I wondered if they could see the panties dangling around his ankles with his shorts since the stall doors only came within about a foot of the floor. I pulled his shorts up a bit to cover the offending pink panties, told him to hurry up and said I'd wait for him outside. As I came out of the stall, some of the other men in the rest room were joking about something and laughing very loud, I was probably being paranoid, but I was sure they were laughing at my son and me.

Finally, Brian was finished. I couldn't get out of there fast enough to meet up with my girlfriend outside. I tried to explain to her what had happened, but she laughed it off and told me to forget about it. I'm no prude. I consider myself very open and accepting of almost anything, but this really upset me. Finally, I had to call my ex. I needed an immediate explanation.

When I called, I had difficulty hearing her because it was so noisy around the pay phone, and I had to talk about it to her in a loud voice. I tried to be discreet, but I think some people around me figured out what I was talking about.

My ex tried to laugh the whole thing off too!

When I demanded an explanation, she told me she had gotten some fancy underwear for Cindy as a Christmas present and as a reward for staying dry at night because she had been having some bed wetting incidents. When Brian saw Cindy wearing them, he asked my ex if he could have some too. She told me she laughed at him and told him "no" that "panties are just for girls."

She said Brian cried, but she thought it was just a temporary whim and he would get over it.

The next thing she knew, Brian was stealing Cindy's new panties and wearing them every chance he got. When he kept insisting he wanted some of his own, she told him people would laugh at him and call him a sissy and other bad names. When Brian told her he didn't care, she said she couldn't come up with any other arguments. She didn't think it was any big deal but still thought he was a boy and he would be best off wearing boys' things.

I asked her why she didn't call me so I could have a talk with him, but she called me a jerk and said I had no patience or understanding in situations like that. That's the kind of thing that gets me angry at her. I think I could have done some good here. But she had her own idea how to handle it.

With his birthday only a couple days away, she tried another tactic. For his birthday gift, she asked him if he would rather have some panties or a new electric train set. She said Brian really surprised her when he emphatically said he wanted the panties, and that was why she gave up trying to persuade him otherwise and took him shopping.

In the store, she said she tried to give him a taste of the consequences of his decision by making it obvious to the saleslady that her son wanted the panties for himself to wear. Claudia said the haughty, middle-aged saleswoman seemed a little shocked at first then laughed right out loud at him and asked him



if he was going to a costume party or something. She even told him that if he wore them he might turn into a girl. But the lady's condescending questions and humiliating comments didn't seem to embarrass Brian in the least. So Claudia let him pick out three pairs of panties. He picked out the fanciest and laciest ones they had. As soon as she paid for them, he wanted to put them on, but she told him to wait until they got home.

That was a few weeks ago. He's still wearing them. He wears them everyday, even to school. I fear that if the other boys find out, they'll make fun of him, beat him up and things like that.

When I dropped Brian off that day, I really got into it with my ex, especially after she admitted they had dressed Brian up like a girl once when they were in a bridal shop preparing for her sister's wedding. My daughter, Cindy, was to be the flower girl and Brian was to be the ring bearer. Well, it seems somebody got the bright idea to dress Brian up in a flower girl outfit for fun. I guess they put him in the shoes and underwear and everything. My ex said Brian laughed a lot and had a great time pretending to be a girl.

I disagreed with her. I told her she was really



bridal shop [posted here]. Also, judging from the huge response we have already received, a number of you have had similar experiences and a few of you have mentioned you have pics too. If you have photos and want to share them with others on this board, send them to me.

02/01/94 10:31 AM

FROM: VICKI W.

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

John,

No matter what you or your ex-wife might say or do, it is going to boil down to peer pressure. Once a few of the other kids in your little boy's class (He is in 1st grade, right?) see his panties and make a comment or two, he will stop wearing them on his own. What parents say matters less than what a kid's peers say. I am speaking from experience. When my son, Lawrence, was about that same age, he liked to wear bright red fingernail polish. His uncle tried to embarrass him out of it by putting a bow in his hair and laughing at him, but he still wanted the nail polish. He just didn't wear it when his uncle was around. My husband tried to talk him out of wearing it, but finally gave up after one final effort in which he made our son put on a dress and play with his sister for punishment. He wanted to show him how ridiculous he looked. But that only made Lawrence withdraw almost completely from his father.

Going to a birthday party with kids his own age that he didn't know is finally what cured him. When they saw the polish on his nails, they called him a "sissy" and swished around like prissy girls to tease him. He never wanted to wear polish again after that. Don't worry; it too shall pass.

02/02/94 4:35 PM

FROM: J.G.A.

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

At his age, I doubt if wanting to wear girls' panties is indicative of much. However, the response he receives and his reaction to it will hold some weight in his perception of himself. It is probably important to address your son directly about this issue and some of your concerns so he knows you disapprove of the panties and not of him.

02/03/94 3:26 PM

TO: DINA A. (BBS BOARD LEADER)

FROM: STEVE S.

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

Seriously, is that posting from John a joke? Those pictures are spooky.

02/03/94 11:57 PM

TO: STEVE S.

FROM: DINA A. (BBS BOARD LEADER)

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

I don't think it's a joke. I've been in

screwing him up, and I'd battle for custody of him if she didn't stop this nonsense. But she claimed it was just a big joke and no harm was done. She says his wearing the panties is just a phase he's going through and not to worry because he'll grow out of it. My girlfriend thoroughly agrees; besides she says he isn't hurting anyone, and it isn't a big deal even if he doesn't grow out of wanting to wear them! She thinks I'm so upset because I take it personally and feel it's a threat to his my own masculinity as well as his.

Why is everybody but me so nonchalant about it? It's really upsetting!

Am I wrong? Am I overreacting? Is there anyone out there who knows of other boys who wore girls' clothes like that and how it affected them? I want to know what this might lead to. Should I take him to a psychologist or something? Next, is he going to want to wear dresses and other girls' things? What did other boys in this kind of situation grow up to be? I mean did they turn out to be gay or one of those transvestites or something like that? Any advice is appreciated.

01/31/94 6:56 PM

TO: ALL

FROM: DINA A. (BBS BOARD LEADER)

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

John sent me two pictures of his son from that incident at the



Lawrence (left) with Mary

contact with John, and believe me he is quite sincere and is very upset over this whole thing. I agree it's difficult to comprehend, and that's why when he told me about the photos he took from his ex-wife, I told him to send them in. I'm trying to imagine a man in his position. It has to be a powerful blow to his masculinity. We're here to help and we've heard of stranger things than that so we should give him the benefit of the doubt and answer with all due respect. It certainly is an interesting issue, though. Isn't it?

02/04/94 1:10 PM

FROM: GAYLE C.

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

John: What are you getting all worked up about? I think you're homophobic. Your son's just a kid; let him be a kid. Kids do crazy things. Why do we always have to subject them to adult judgments, and why do you slide right down the slippery slope and automatically think that if he wears girls' panties, he's likely to turn out to be gay?

And if he does turn out gay, so what? He can be gay and still be a wonderful person and have a great life. If he's going to be gay, do you think you can stop it? Studies show that by the time a boy is your son's age, whether or not he's gay has most likely already been determined.

There's a boy by the name of Jeffrey who lives down the street from me who plays dress-up with the

neighborhood girls practically every day. The kid wears fancy dresses, jewelry and makeup: the works. And he has no compunction about lifting up his skirts to show you the pretty lingerie he has on underneath! He's the sweetest kid you'd ever want to meet. Why should adults come down on this kid when he's just having some innocent fun? Maybe I live in an enlightened neighborhood, but everyone around here loves this kid regardless of what he's wearing, and they don't give him any grief or make him feel bad.

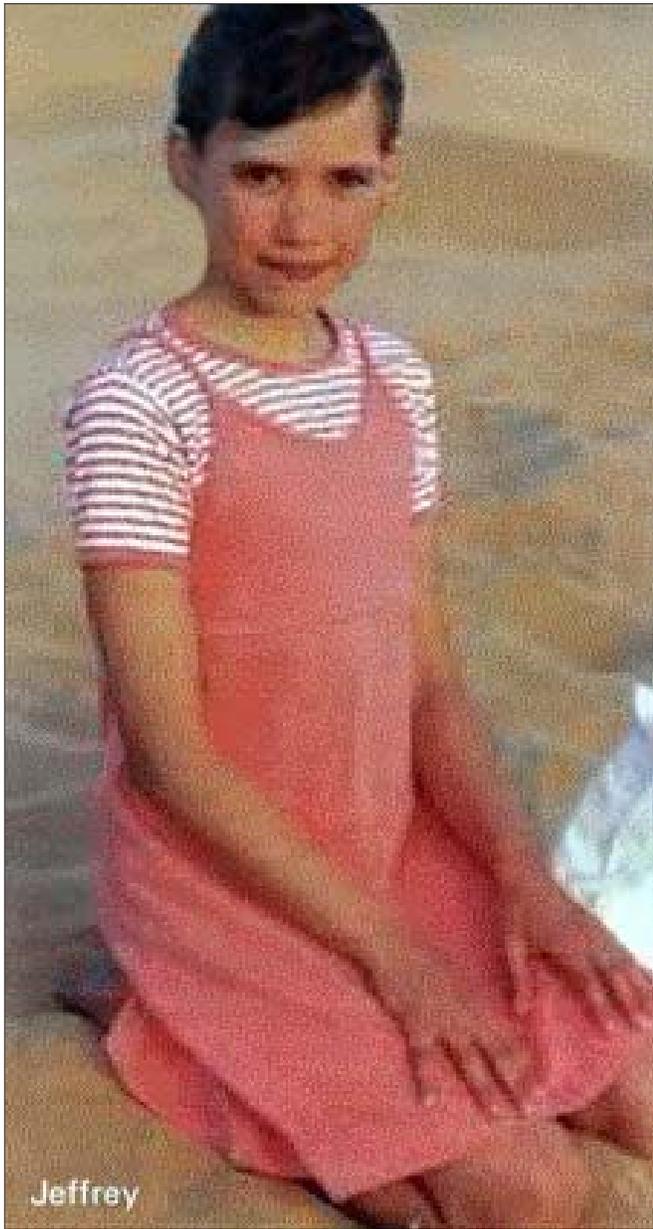
Just two weeks ago, I let him and the girls pick out what they wanted from some of my old clothes before I boxed them up and sent them to Salvation Army. John, give your son some unconditional love. That's what he needs. He certainly doesn't need anyone yelling at him with words like "What in the hell are these!" - especially in a public rest room. You should be ashamed of yourself. Why don't you put on some panties yourself? It may give you insight into what your son likes about wearing them. You just might like it!

02/13/94 3:37 AM

FROM: JOANNE Q.

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

Why don't you just march into his bedroom, take those panties away and tell your ex-wife if she buys him any more, you'll go to court and get custody! If the next time you see him he's wearing them, why not get him a little girls' party dress somewhere and make him wear it too. Then take him some place where people will



tease him. This would be especially effective if he has short hair and looks especially boyish. Once when I was a kid, my mother put my bother in my old First Communion dress and took his photo. Clifford cried for days because she kept threatening to show his friends the picture. For years, she could get him to do anything just by starting to dig around in her wallet for that picture.

02/14/94 11:58 AM

FROM: ELAINE B.

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

I don't think your son is a sissy; he just likes pretty things and I am sure he will get over it. Try not to overreact and be angry with him or he might become even more interested in panties, thinking they are something "naughty." He'll get tired of them eventually. Maybe try switching to fancy Spiderman undies or Ninja Turtles. I don't care who you are, silky lingerie feels better than cotton and right now he doesn't know any of the other connotations. I know

you're upset about it now, but when your son is a big bruiser of a guy playing college football, you'll both remember his preference for pretty little panties and laugh.

02/16/94 10:12 PM

FROM: SHELLEY A.

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

You've gotten some good advice so far. One other thought: if it's the feel of the fabric he enjoys, as someone else suggested, you might be able to interest him in silk or nylon boys' briefs. I've seen those in little boy sizes. My 5-year-old, Arnold, is really into some stuff that could traditionally be called "girl" stuff (necklaces, lipstick, fingernail polish, etc.), but I try not to worry too much or make a big deal about it. He'll outgrow it. I think! Good luck!

02/19/94 3:36 AM

FROM: MARTHA VAN D.

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

I know a lot of you folks on this BBS are against spanking, but here's a perfect situation where it will work. I'd paddle his pantied butt until it was as pink as his panties, and then I'd make him stand in the corner with just the panties on. Next I'd call in the neighbor kids and let them all see him. Believe me, that boy will never want to wear girls' panties again!

02/25/94 5:30 PM

FROM: CAROLYN B.

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

I can't believe that posting from "Martha." Is she living in the dark ages? Spanking a kid can really physically injure him. However, I do like the idea of humiliating him in front of the neighborhood kids. That would probably do the trick!

02/27/94 1:36 AM

FROM: JACK J.

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

Hey John, You think you have problems? I had the most wonderful son for many years. He was everything a father could wish for, the only problem: at times he liked to dress up in his sister's clothes. My wife and daughter were always willing to help him. For him, Halloween was the biggest day of the year. He liked it better than Christmas because my wife and daughter spent days getting everything ready to fix him up. He loved all the attention. Your boy just likes silken panties. My boy liked not just fancy panties but everything else girls wear. He even kept his hair long so he could wear a girl's hairstyle. I put up with that crap until he was 8 years old. Then I put my foot down big time and demanded he stop all that sissy stuff. That turned him against me. Now, he still hates my guts and has been an asshole to me ever since! I hope you handle it better than I did. By the way, my son isn't gay. He is married and has a kid on the way. However, my wife thinks he still dresses up at times with his wife.

02/27/94 1:39 AM

FROM: ANNA C.

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

Clifford



I wouldn't be so worried about him being gay at such an early age. I would also explain to him that girls wear different undies than boys. He should be taught there is different clothing for each sex, but don't make a big deal out of it. I would take him shopping and show him the difference then you may be able to interest him in some of the cute character undies for little boys.

02/27/94 2:24 AM

FROM: DIANE V.

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

I have two boys close in age (Jonathan 11 and Bill 10), and they can be quite a handful. I'm trying to make them into refined little gentlemen, but it hasn't been easy. I wish the worst problem I ever had with them was that they wanted to wear lace panties. I would have let them have panties in a New York minute!

As a matter of fact, both my boys do wear pretty little girls' panties from time to time but not because they want to! For many years now, I've been able to borrow some suitable girls' clothes from my sister-in-law because she has four girls. I use these clothes to punish the boys whenever they act up. They get quite embarrassed and, believe me, those clothes are like magic. They settle the boys right down!

I'm using a pen name so I feel safe telling you more about the

things I do to keep them in line. After my husband died, the boys were just impossible. I had started taking birth control pills, thinking that if I could have somewhat of a sex life, I'd be able to relax and enjoy life a bit. I tried to date some men, but the boys were so bad no one would baby-sit for me.

They were destructive, and physically, they were getting much too strong for me to handle, so one day I just started slipping my birth control pills into their food. Of course, they're all female hormones, so I thought that would quiet the boys down and make them less boisterous and abusive. I also hoped the pills would take away some of the boys' strength so I would be more able to handle them physically if I had to.

Well, I ended up going to three different doctors to get enough pills to get those boys under my thumb. Finally, I think I got the dosage right. Now the boys are still very boyish but every day falling further behind other boys their age in masculine development. They lack coordination and strength for sports, whereas they used to be very athletic. They don't roughhouse anymore. Since they can't keep up with the other boys, their former friends don't come around much anymore. They're not what anyone would call feminine but I have been able to channel their interests into more productive things like helping around the house and doing their schoolwork. And they don't fight me much anymore about clothes and things like that.

I threw out all their T-shirts and jeans and have them wearing nice clothes like little suits and neat shorts outfits. When they do act up, I don't hesitate to put them into one their cousins' hand-me-down dresses with all the pretty lingerie underneath. For hygienic purposes, I don't use secondhand panties, but prefer to buy panties for them myself. Whenever the boys do need panties, I make them go with me because I enjoy making them squirm in front of salesladies. Generally, the young girls giggle, and the old ones scowl. So your wife isn't the only mother out there buying panties for her son! I posted a picture of the boys (Jonathan in one of his nice boys' outfits and Bill undergoing attitude adjustment in a pretty dress) with the board leader and available for download. To any mother out there who wants to have a sweet, loving son, I thoroughly recommend you put your boy in girls' clothes whenever he doesn't act like a gentleman.

If they are particularly recalcitrant and don't want to wear pretty girly panties like John's boy, slipping them some female hormones can help to make them much more amenable. You have to be careful with the hormones though. My two boys are starting to sprout the earliest beginnings of little breasts. It's really confusing for them. Talk about a boy being helpless and subdued!

I told them that it sometimes happens to boys their age and they had nothing to worry about. I'm quite large breasted so I blamed it on myself and tell them boys who have large-busted mothers often inherit a lot of flesh on their chest, but that it would go away as they got older. You should have seen the look of horror on their faces when I told them they could make their breasts a lot less noticeable by squeezing them down with a

training bra. They were a wreck when I took them to the store to buy bras. At home I made them put them on right away, but I have to admit that once they were out of the room, I couldn't hold back a hearty laugh. I'm closely monitoring them though. A little breast development is fun, but I don't think it would be a good idea to have a ten and eleven-year-old boys with breasts bigger than their C-cup, seventeen-year-old sister!

02/27/94 10:40 PM

FROM: PHIL & TONI

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

If the kid wants to wear girls' panties, tell him he can only wear them if he wears dresses, girls' shoes and all the other things girls wear, but he has to wear them everywhere, even to school and out to play! If that doesn't do it, tell him about sex change operations. Show him a big sharp knife and tell him how they castrate little boys and cut off their penises to make them into girls! That will do it!

02/27/94 11:42 PM

FROM: DALE B.

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

Hi John: If I were you, I would take this seriously. Not because your son might be on the road to homosexuality, but because I think crossdressing a child is child abuse. I think your son deserves an explanation as to why it is wrong for him to wear girls' clothes. It's not your fault, and tell him it isn't his fault. Look at this as a developmental issue and not a sexuality issue. Your son will need your support and understanding to work this out. I'M SURE YOU WILL FIND THE RIGHT WAY. JUST THINK AS A LITTLE BOY DOES. GOOD LUCK!

03/02/94 10:02 AM

FROM: CHARLES DAVID V.

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

I think Dale B. is screwy. Crossdressing a boy is child abuse? I'll bet you most mothers have done a bit of crossdressing with their sons at one time or another. Many of them like to keep their little boys' hair long. In public places sometimes you see them absentmindedly fussing with it and twirling locks of it into little curls. If you take the time to study some little boys closely, you'll be surprised how often you see them wearing hand-me-down clothes from older sisters. Hundreds of times I've seen little boys wearing shirts (actually blouses) that button on the wrong side, pink or lavender elastic-waist shorts (without a fly), little strap shoes, winter coats and other items that are obviously girls' things. And those are the things these mothers can easily get away with out in public. It makes you wonder if those same mothers make their boys dress in even frillier and more sissified things when at home.

I'm sure many of those mothers do. Maybe



they wanted another girl child. Maybe they just like to make their boys look as cute as possible. Maybe they really are too poor to buy the boy some new clothes. And what about Halloween? Every year, I see boys dressed as girls for trick-or-treating. Whatever the reason, if you just look around, you'll see that this kind of thing goes on all the time. So Dale B. wants to lock up your wife and mothers like I mentioned above for child abuse? He should take a walk in the park someday or go to a beach or amusement park and look around. If he just pays close attention to what some of those little boys are wearing, he'll realize mothers do their little boys up in girls' things all the time.

And what does Dale B. mean by "think as a little boy does?"

That's just it. John obviously is incapable of thinking how his son thinks. If he could, there would be no issue here.

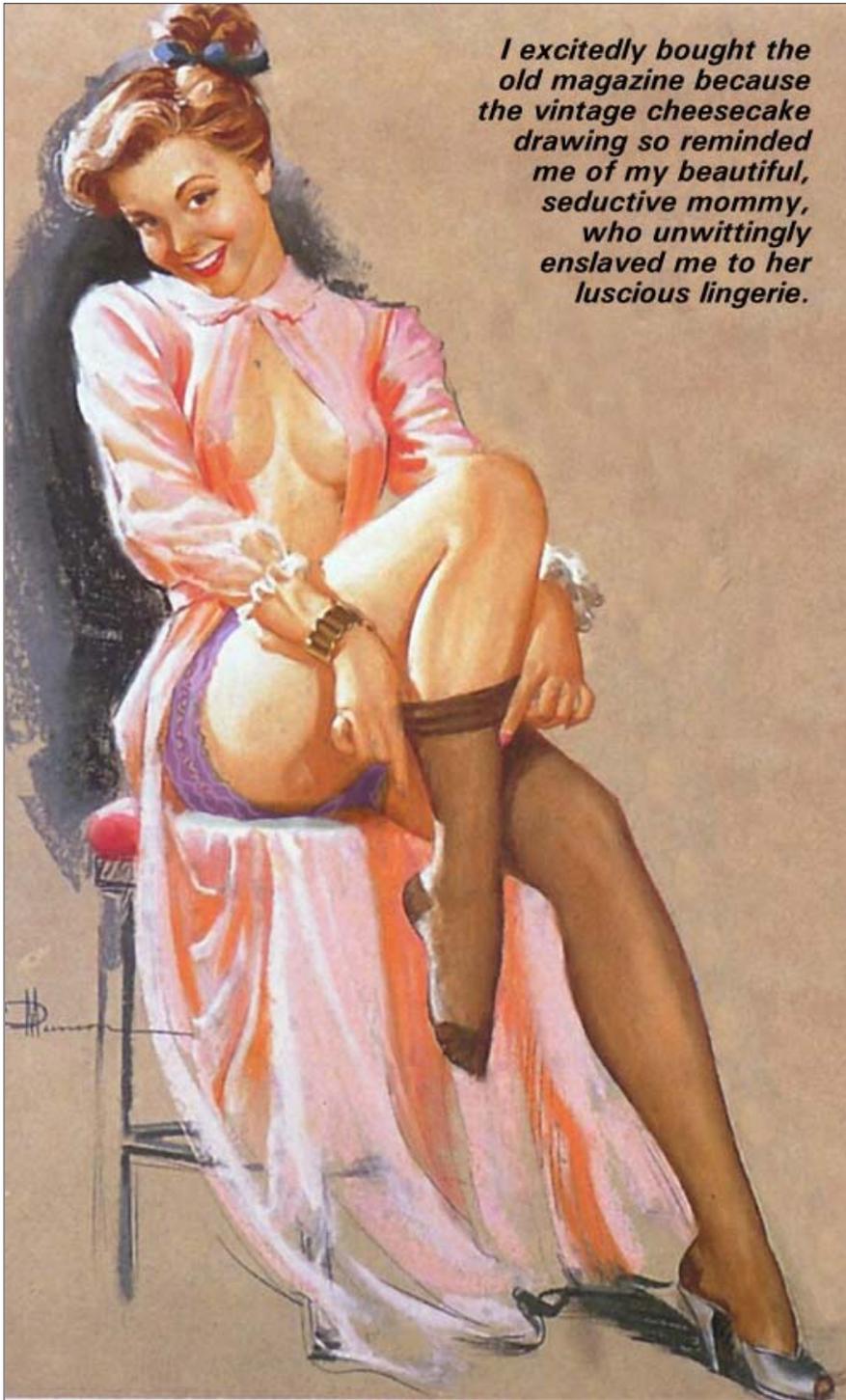
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TO: ALL

FROM: DINA A. (BBS BOARD LEADER)

SUBJECT: FEMININE SON?

I can't believe what came out of the woodwork on this one! It's all getting too weird for me. Say your good-byes, everyone. I'll be closing down this board at the end of next week. ♦



*I excitedly bought the old magazine because the vintage cheesecake drawing so reminded me of my beautiful, seductive mommy, who unwittingly enslaved me to her luscious lingerie.*

Dear Princess Lacey:

Although I'm an avid crossdresser and spend a great deal of time on my outer clothes, my pretty panties are the most important part of any outfit I wear. Even when I go jogging four times a week, I wear my panties. Through the slit on each side of my little running shorts, people can see the pastel-colored nylon and lace trim. And a lot of lace and panty can be seen because I wear nothing but full-cut briefs, which come way down on my thighs below the edge of my shorts. People get an especially good look when I have to run in place for a minute or so while waiting for a traffic light to change. I've had a number of strange looks, but no one yet has made a comment, at least not to my face. There is one woman who often runs at the same time of day I run. She likes to come up alongside me whenever she sees me. I know she has noticed, but she only smiles and winks at me.

I own no regular men's underwear. I have worn nothing but pretty girls' panties since I was twelve years old. Although I'm sure my mommy didn't intentionally set out to make me into a fetishist, she is the one who developed my interest in lingerie. During my formative years, her standard mode of dress around the house was a chiffon robe worn over provocative slips, bras and panties. She only put a dress on if we had company or if she was going out. Once I was thoroughly hooked on her clothes, she was the first person to see me in panties. She was also the one who (inadvertently) introduced me to the connection between discipline and dressing in girls' clothes.

Recently, while in one of those nostalgia shops that sells all kinds of collectibles, I bought an old men's magazine because as I thumbed through it, I found a 1950's cheesecake picture that perfectly reminded me of my mommy. The way the woman in the drawing sat preening in sexy, old-fashioned lingerie and smiling with a devilish "I know what you're looking at" grin perfectly reminded me of my early years with my mommy in her thin, see-through robe and pretty lingerie. In those days, I tagged around with her morning, noon and night. She didn't even shoo me away when she went to the bathroom or got dressed. That was when women still wore nylons and garter belts, and my mommy was forever opening her robe or lifting her slip to adjust her garters. Even as a young boy, it was obvious to me my mommy loved her lingerie and hosiery. I loved her, she loved her clothes, and therefore, it was only natural I should love her clothes too. She was always looking at herself in the mirror and commenting aloud on what she

LETTER OF THE MONTH - MAY 1999

## Mommy Seductress



was wearing. Repeatedly, she'd touch herself through her slip and panties. She must have liked the feel of them because she was always running her hands over her body through the multiple layers of silky material. Her self-petting was usually accompanied by little purring or cooing sounds as she swooned with delight. How could anyone resist years of being so exposed to someone so preoccupied? I was sold! I agreed with her that the clothes she wore were pretty and did feel wonderful to touch.

I don't even remember the first time I secretly experimented with my mommy's lingerie. I know I was very young. Numerous times I tried to put her silky things on, but they were much too big for me. I also feared being ridiculed because I knew they were so important to her and not for me. Still at sporadic moments here and there, I'd clandestinely try on a pair of her fancy panties in the bathroom and pray to Jesus that I would grow up and be big enough for them to fit me. Since that didn't happen fast enough for me, I took notice of my sister's panties, which were also very nice. Katie is two years younger than I am, but I could squeeze into her panties and thrill to how they felt against my body. At other times, I'd sneak into my mommy's or my sister's bedroom, put a scarf around my head or hold one of their dresses up against myself to look in the mirror and see what I'd look like as a girl. I didn't want to be a girl; I was just curious.

My father was a much sought-after shipwright, who worked in Holland during those years, so he was only home a couple of weeks every three or four months. Hence, I had a weak connection with my

father. Even when he was home, I avoided him. He was a stranger to me. However, he did send us gifts from Europe for birthdays and holidays. He knew Mommy loved her lingerie so he sent her beautiful things from all over Europe. One time when I was twelve years old, he sent Katie for her birthday two new babydoll nighties with matching panties, one set in pink the other in pale yellow. From the moment I saw them I desperately wanted to try them on. One day I snuck the yellow babydolls out of her dresser and hid them in my room until bedtime. Then after Mommy put me to bed, I quietly got up and changed into them. They were so exciting to wear. I lay on my bed and wallowed in the pleasure of what it felt like to wear something so wonderful to sleep in every night. Chills went up and down my spine as I seemed to spend hours running my hands over the soft fabric and cuddling up with myself under the sheets. I finally fell asleep, but since I had been awake for so long the night before, I overslept in the morning. So when I didn't wake up at my usual time, Mommy came into my room and nudged me. I was slow to get up so she pulled back the blankets.

"Just what in the hell are you doing in that nightie!" she screamed as she let her anger get the best of her.

I woke up with a start, very embarrassed that I had been caught.

"You're ruining your sister's good nightgown! How dare you!" she screamed as she ran out of my room.

Still in a daze and not completely awake, I scrambled to get back under the covers and hide myself. I could hear her voice trailing off as she went down the

hallway. Then her voice once again got louder as she came back towards my room. I was peeking over the edge of my blanket as she entered. In her hand was dad's old leather belt. With a powerful yank, she pulled the covers completely off me. She hit me on the thighs with the belt. It stung horribly.

"Turn over! Get up on your hands and knees! Get ready for a whipping!"

I did as she said. As I got into position, the babydoll top slid up far enough that she could see that I was wearing the matching lace panties.

"You miserable little brat! You have Katie's panties on too!" she yelled as she started beating my silken butt.

I began crying almost immediately because she was really hurting me. I pleaded with her to stop and told her I was sorry, but she didn't stop until she was exhausted and I was black and blue from the belt.

Ever since, I have been enamored of being whipped in my panties. Today, every time I bend over to receive the belt, it brings back the embarrassment, terror and excitement I felt that first time as my mommy pulled back the sheets and I was exposed to her view. I constantly hunger to relive every moment of the dread I felt when she left the room to retrieve the leather belt. I'm still consumed with the incredible mix of sensations I experienced, ranging from the stinging pain and exciting warmth of her belt to the mental anguish of having your own mother belittle and emasculate you. Strange as it sounds, from the very moment she stopped pelting my panty-covered bottom, I was left wanting more.

After that beating, Mommy must have realized she had gotten carried away and fretted about hitting me too hard. She dropped the belt and hugged me. After a long silence during which we both cried, we talked. She made me admit I was a sissy and wanted to wear panties every day and a girls' nightgown every night. She shook her head and sneered at me but seemed to accept it. Perhaps she sensed some responsibility for my interest in pretty clothes. She made me tell her how panties made me feel, and how I loved the silkiness against my skin. She made me admit that, for as long as I could remember, I had wanted to wear them. With that information, she abruptly got us both dressed and took me shopping. I blushed as she bought me several pairs of pretty pastel-colored panties as well a pink babydoll. That night she made me model my new panties and the babydoll for Katie, who laughed at me but hugged me and told me how pretty I looked. When Mommy



told her I had stolen her babydolls the night before, I was surprised my sister wasn't even angry at me. But they also took the opportunity to tease me.

"If he's going to dress like that, we can't very well call him Johnny," mommy said. "I think I'm going to start calling him 'Marie!'"

"But I like Janie," Katie said. "I wanna call him Janie, OK, mommy?"

"OK, we can give him two names. You can call him Janie and I'll call him Marie -- or better yet, Janie Marie together!"

From that day onward, I wore panties every day and nighties every night.

For the longest time afterwards, my sister giggled and her eyes lit up with glee every time she looked at me. We lived in a highly religious community in the Midwest. The most prominent thing in our town was the local theological college so I was aware how a boy wearing girls' clothes would be frowned upon. My sister must have been similarly aware; however, the next day we were playing out in the backyard, when Barbara, the fourteen-year-old girl who lived next door, came over. My sister came right out and told her about me wearing panties and nighties! For the first time, I felt a different type of embarrassment, a sense of shame from having someone outside of my family learn about my unnatural urge to wear

things supposedly only for girls. Moreover, Barbara was the daughter of a professor at the religious college so she was especially intimidating.

"Are you a sissy?" Barbara laughingly asked.

My sister wildly bobbed her head up and down as an answer since she was giggling too much to say anything.

"Are you wearing panties right now?" Barbara asked as she looked down at my hips with wide-open eyes. "Are you a fairy?" she also girl wanted to know.

I screwed up my face because I didn't know what she meant by that.

"A queer? A naughty boy who wants to kiss boys like a girl?" she explained.

My sister told her that I did indeed have panties on at that moment. As the center of attention, I was quickly becoming uncomfortable. But Barbara was two years older and much stronger than me, so when I tried to get up, she pushed me back down and stuck her hand down into my pants. Her fingers came back out with a bit of the pink nylon panties I was wearing.

She laughed so hard she turned red. Then she said, "You're a queer boy!"

She shocked me as she held me down and opened my fly to get a better look. But she didn't just look. She touched the lace decoration on the panties, even plucked at them a bit and felt how silky they were. I was especially embarrassed because I knew she could clearly see the outline of my little cock through the thin nylon. I knew girls didn't have a cock so I became very self-conscious. I don't know why, but I started to get a boner. That made both of them laugh really loud. Coming from a staunch religious family didn't stop Barbara from touching my growing cock. She gingerly grabbed it and then rolled it around inside the panties. She was amazed at how it felt in her hands. At her invitation, my sister started touching by cock too. Together, they repeatedly rubbed their hands over it, and it responded by throbbing against their fingers. It did feel good in a way, but it also hurt because they were



inexperienced and too rough with me. They finally let me go when I started to fight to get away from them. The intimate exposure terrorized my mind. It was all very confusing, but I did know I loved my panties more than ever.

Since my mommy and sister always walked around the house in their lingerie, mommy insisted I start going around the house in just my lingerie too. But my problem with that soon became quite apparent. I was constantly getting an erection in my panties. They'd look at me and then each other and make sly little comments about "the little man in my panties." That made me blush, and when they'd keep up the teasing, I'd even cry.

After a few days, Mommy said it was obscene for me to go around with a boner in my panties so she decided I should put on a dress while in the house. She and Katie went into their closets and found things that fit me, but they didn't stop with just skirts and dresses. They found plenty of shoes, stockings, slippers, camisoles and other things that fit me too.

I had to take all those clothes to my room and push my boys' clothes out of the way to make room for them. Mommy put Katie in charge of my dressing. Katie had full control over what I was to wear each day inside the house. Each evening, she'd set out what I was to wear the next day. Katie approached it like a grand dress-up game. And in addition to the clothes, she loved to put my mommy's makeup and jewelry on me too. Many times she got carried away and had me overdressed in fancy dresses, too much jewelry and clapping around in an old pair of my mommy's high heels. Mom would just laugh and say, "It's good for you, Janie

Marie," using the double name that Mommy had decreed was my official moniker whenever I was in dresses.

But some of the skirts and dresses didn't do a good job of hiding my erections so Mommy started talking about cutting my dick off! That scared me. Mommy and sis knew I hated talk like that so they'd talk about cutting off my penis and balls whenever they thought I was disrespectful toward them. And since Barbara knew about my girlish clothes, Katie often invited her over to our house to play with us while I was in my dresses. Barbara did keep it secret as far as I know, but she was forever teasing me about my clothes, especially my panties.

But something else was nagging at me. Something was missing. I knew exactly what it was, but I was afraid to tell my mommy, fearful she might think badly of me. I tried on several occasions to find the words but couldn't. Finally, after several weeks of worrying I decided to tell her. What I didn't realize was that I had picked a poor time to express my needs. My Mommy had just filed for divorce because my dad was having an affair. They eventually got divorced over it.

The night I chose to talk to my mommy, my sister was in bed and Mommy and I were sitting on my bed watching television. I was dressed in my pink babydoll nightie. I sheepishly asked her if she remembered the morning she first caught me in Katie's nightgown. She nodded. Haltingly, I attempted to describe to her how painful but also how exciting it was to be whipped while wearing those clothes.

"What in the hell am I raising here?" she said screwing up her face and spitting the words at me. "Are you some kind of a

pervert?"

After a moment's hesitation she screamed at me, "So you like to like to be whipped in your pretty little panties! Well I can take care of that!"

In an instant she was up and then returned moments later swinging the strap.

"What in the hell has gotten into you? Well, I'll beat it out of you. I guess that first whipping wasn't hard enough. You ended up liking it! Well, my little pantywaist, you're not going to like this whipping!"

By now she had me up on my hands and knees with the belt doubled over and flying in the air.

Crack! She started to hit me.

"I thought I had hit you too hard last time, but now you want more? Whipping is not a game, you little sissy. It's punishment, and in this house, you're going to know when you are whipped. It's going to be good, and it's going to be hard!"

After dozens of whacks across my pantied ass, she shifted moods again. She seemed to think she was hitting me too hard and felt remorse. She stopped the beating and started to hug me and run her hands over my burning hot silken butt as she apologized for hitting me too hard. She asked me how it felt. When I admitted it hurt terribly but still felt good, she flipped again and went back to whipping me with increased force. After about ten minutes, she stopped to rest her arm, massage me through my panties and then peeked down inside them to check the damage, which she described to me.

She closely monitored my flaming ass cheeks, keeping an eye on the redness, swelling and welts. After about fifteen more minutes of strapping me, she stopped and rubbed my panty bottom soothingly to ease the soreness and then led me upstairs. I hobbled along in great pain to the bathroom where she stood me on a chair in front of the big mirror so I could see the redness and welts through the light-pink panties I was wearing. At that same time my mommy first noticed the precum wetness leaking out of my little cock in the front of my panties. She smiled knowingly. Then the import of it dawned on her and her expression changed to one of great concern, but she didn't say anything at that moment.

Mommy continued to administer my panty whippings, sometimes as often as twice a week. It was both unsettling and exciting to me because I never knew if she was beating me because she was disgusted with my behavior or because she knew I wanted to be beaten. We never talked about it on that level. I think neither one of us wanted to really analyze all the strange





feelings and emotions involved. I think she enjoyed the entire process including rubbing my swollen bottom when it was over, but I was never sure because at other times, she would really get angry with me and lose control of her temper. At those times, I hated the severe beatings, but I never wanted to give up the pleasure associated with the attention I received.

The sensation of her fingers gently massaging my ass through my little nylon

panties was unbelievably exciting, soothing and sexual. As time went on I continued to wet the front of my panties with precum during my whippings, but I never shot my load while she was disciplining me. I don't remember exactly when it started, but we slid into a pattern in which Mommy began massaging the front of my panties as well as the back. At first she just gently rubbed my little cock through the nylon, commenting on the

wetness and asking me if it felt good. When I admitted it did, she'd berate me and call me a sissy, a pansy or other such names.

One night while I was completely undressed with the exception of a pair of blue briefs decorated with white lace on the sides, she asked me if I had ever shot cum in my panties. I told her (truthfully) it had only happened at night after I was asleep and usually after getting a spanking. That seemed to please her. With a teasing and haughty sneer, she asked me if I would like her to help me cum in my pretty little panties. When I shamefully admitted I did, she laughed at me and then most unexpectedly slapped me hard across the face.

"You little pervert! God damned pantywaist sissy! How did I ever get such of a pansy for a son?"

Her running commentary was nonstop as she instructed me to lie on the bed and slightly spread my legs. She then demanded I tell her about all of the things I enjoyed: my panties, our whipping sessions, and anything else that made my panties wet. Speaking softly, I began to talk about my panties and how much I enjoyed wearing them. After a while she interrupted me.

"Now tell me about the future. Will you always want to wear girls' panties? Will you always like it when I talk about your cock and your panties? Are you going to let other boys know you wear panties? Are you ready to suck cock? That surely will happen once other boys find out you wear panties."

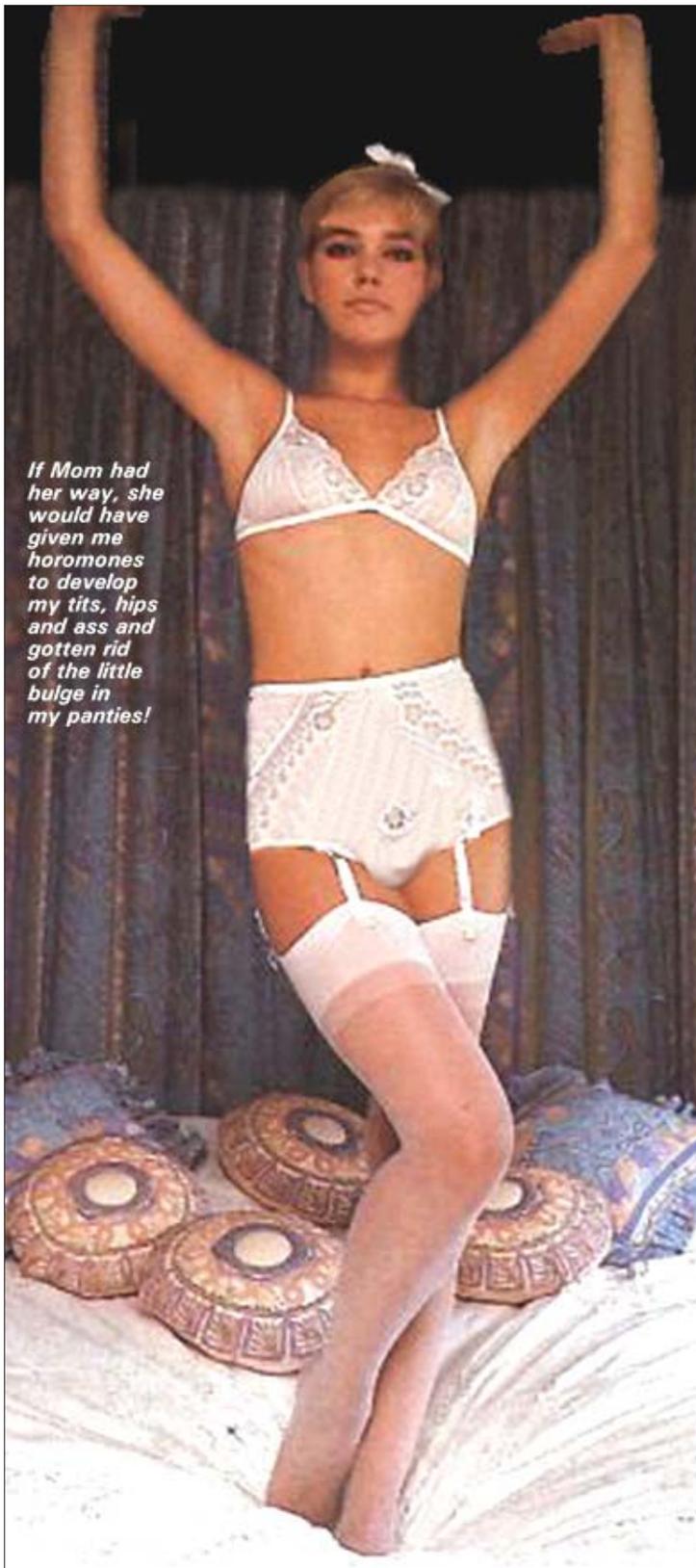
She was gently massaging my pantied cock as she kept up this running dialogue. Some of the questions I answered with a grunt or a horrified moan. Those teasing, taunting questions would bring me down, but then she'd stroke me some more and I'd be right back to the peak of excitement.

She demanded I describe the feeling in my penis.

"It feels wonderful," I moaned. "And I think it's making me bigger."

"Yes, you little faggot, you are getting bigger for Mommy. I'm going to rub faster now so you can feel what it's like to have your mommy make you juice up your pretty panties."

This little episode took place just after Mommy had started divorce proceedings. She was really pissed and her erratic behavior toward me was more confusing than ever. On any one day she'd beat the hell out of me with the belt then lovingly jack me off in my panties as she told me my frequent erections proved I loved my panties and beatings. Then she'd be as sweet to me as candy for several days but look at me like I was crazy if I indicated in



*If Mom had her way, she would have given me hormones to develop my tits, hips and ass and gotten rid of the little bulge in my panties!*

the slightest way I had a penis in need of attention.

On other days she'd skip the beating but would be very sexual, and at times, repeatedly masturbate me in my panties. She'd milk me of my juices three, four, five times in a day like she was trying to drain my balls dry. She'd say my repeated erections were disgusting and talk again

about cutting off my penis and balls. On the days following, she was just as liable to conduct frequent panty inspections to make sure there were no signs I had been masturbating. Even if she imagined there were cum spots in my panties, I'd be up for a severe beating.

Barbara, the neighbor girl, became a frequent visitor to our house ever since Katie told her about me wearing girls' clothes. Despite the differences in our ages, she loved playing with Katie and me; however, I didn't care for her company. Especially for a divinity professor's daughter, Barbara was very precocious sexually. She'd play with my penis like she owned it. Mommy did nothing to stop her. Instead, Mommy would joke with us and call Barbara my girlfriend. What Barbara liked to do best was to make me bend over and shove things up my butt hole. She'd use pencils, sticks, carrots, anything and everything. Whatever she selected on a particular day, she'd coat it with Vaseline, tell me to bend over, pull my panty elastic aside and shove it in and out of my ass. Katie would roll over with laughter. Mom would laugh too. She'd warn Barbara to be careful and not hurt me, but many times she'd tear me up inside and I'd start to bleed. I'd go running to Mommy. She'd pull my panties aside stick her finger in my asshole. Even if she took it out and there was blood on it, she'd announce everything was OK.

"Stop complaining," she'd say. "Besides, it does you good to know what a girl has to go through when a guy fucks her. So you let Barbara fuck you in the ass anytime she wants!" With that she'd take her shit-and-blood-stained finger and shove it in my mouth. I quickly learned not to complain about being raped in the ass.

My needs and whether or not I wanted to cum at any particular time was unimportant to my mommy. However, whenever she was in the mood for me to "wet my panties" as she called it, these little occasions always ended up being confessionals. They would usually start with a whipping. Then while I lay on my bed in my pretty little panties, she encouraged me to tell her my fantasies. In turn, while rubbing my pantied cock, she'd tell me how wonderful it felt to get a good fuck in her cunt then tease me because I only had a cunt in my butt. She'd also tell me how much she enjoyed taking her time and slowly sucking a guy's cock. She had just started going out with guys again now that her divorce was final, and she was always happy to talk about her sexual escapades just after a hot date. As I matured, I enjoyed these intimate times with Mommy. I'd hold back from cumming to extend these sessions and luxuriate in the feel of her hand on the nylon and lace.

Whenever it was inevitable I was about to climax, Mommy made sure the room was fully lit, and she would bend down and closely watch the front of my panties as my little cock would spit out its semen under the sexy material. After I completely wet myself, she'd continue to massage the front of my panties, spreading the wetness around for a few minutes until my hardness subsided. She always finished by bringing her sticky fingers up to my lips and forcing me to lick them clean.

At about this time, she decided I would be better off if I became a real girl. She did everything to feminize me. I didn't want to be a girl. When she proposed I go to a doctor to talk about a sex change and hormones to develop my breasts, I tearfully refused. I wanted my mommy to love me as a boy, and I was terrified of having my penis hacked off. As way of a compromise I acted and dressed

as girlishly as possible for my mommy's sake. That seemed to capacitate her. I still went to school in boys' clothes but my plucked eyebrows, well-manicured fingernails, dyed hair and feminine actions got me labeled a faggot and a weirdo and made for a lot of unpleasantness. But those are other stories!

Many people would consider the relationship I had with my mommy and my sister very inappropriate, but for a pantywaist sissy it was a perfect upbringing. After all, whom do I have to blame? I started it all in the first place by dressing in my sister's babydolls and panties. My mommy did provide for my

needs and protected me as much as she could from an unkind world until I was old enough and wise enough to deal with issues on my own. For a teenager, finding a sex partner is hard enough, but for a sissy who wears panties (even if he is forced to wear them), sexual opportunities are almost nonexistent. Mommy let me feel good in panties because she thought I wanted to wear them even if I told her I didn't at times. She just thought I was too embarrassed to admit it. She teased me a lot, but she let me wear the silky, ruffled, sissy items I loved. Mommy made me realize early on that I had an attraction to both sexes so she taught me the techniques

she used when she sucked cock! I had my first sexual encounter with a boy at a party mommy threw. He thought I was a girl. I was able to satisfy him with mommy looking on! Later, feeling very embarrassed, mommy made me tell her how much I loved sucking that boy's cock.

Today I love my panties and my life as a sissy. Although it has been years since my mommy gave me a panty whipping, I frequently find myself dressed in ruffled panties and short nighties, bending over at the waist to expose my lacy derriere to a dominant woman (or sometimes a dominant man). It can never be exactly the way it was with my mommy, but exposing

my pretty panties and submissive desires to an understanding person who enjoys humiliating sissies is the joy of my life.

Hugs and kisses,  
Janie Marie

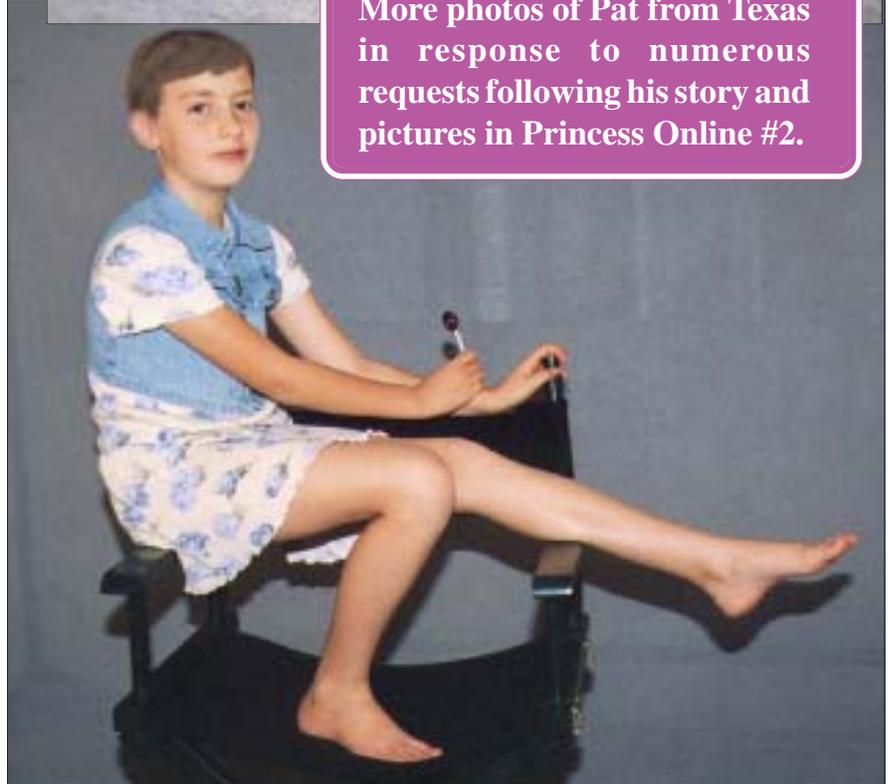


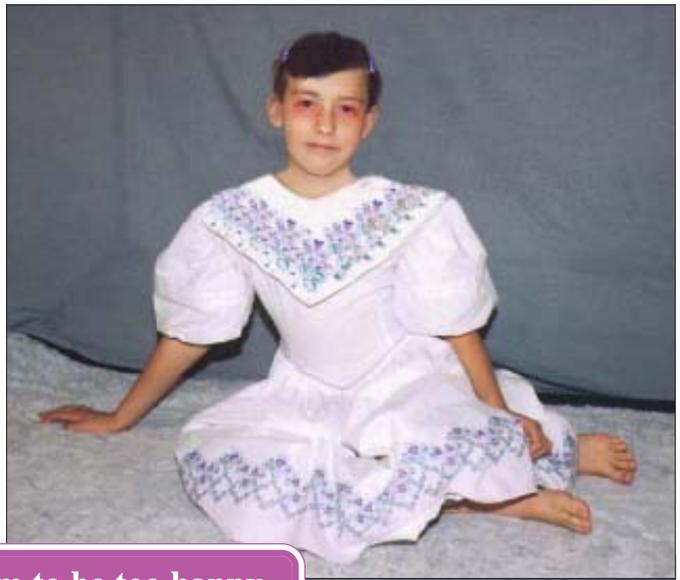
**A special treat:  
On the next  
three pages,  
more great  
pictures of  
pretty little  
Pat from  
Texas.**



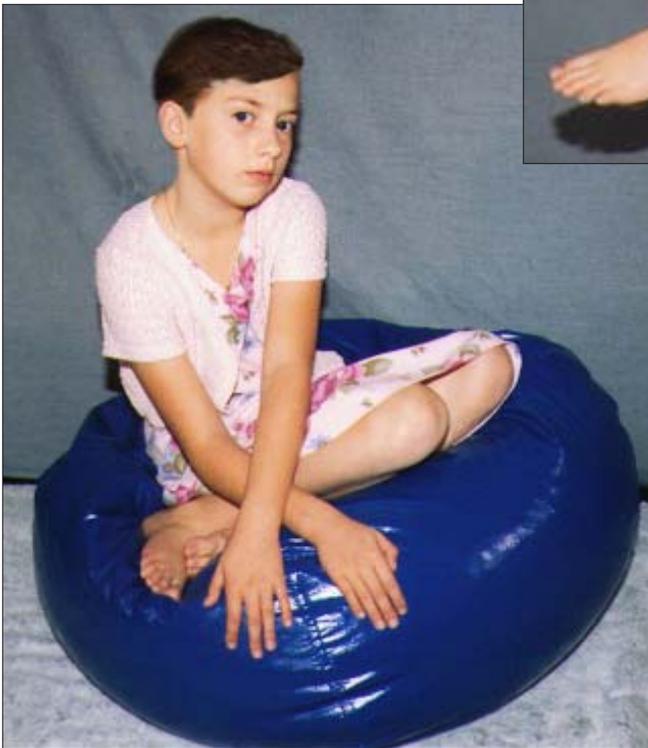
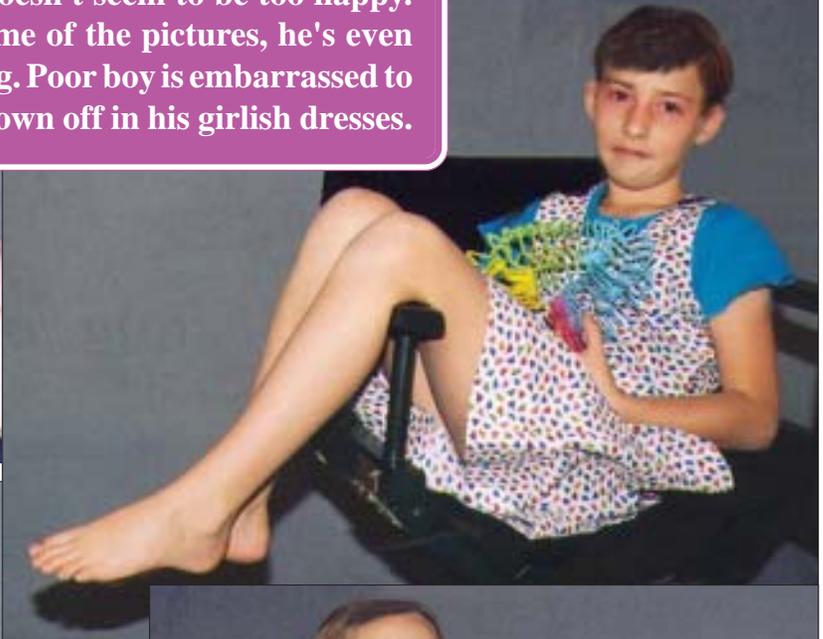
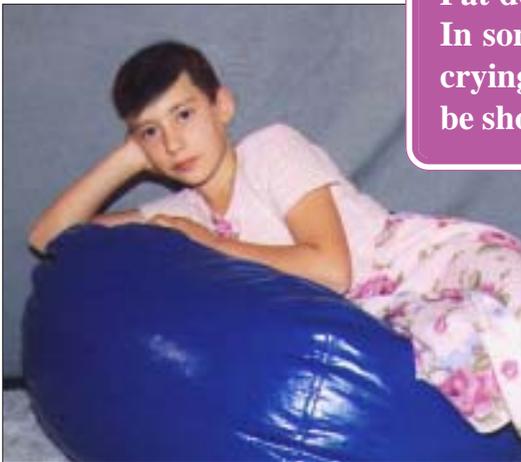


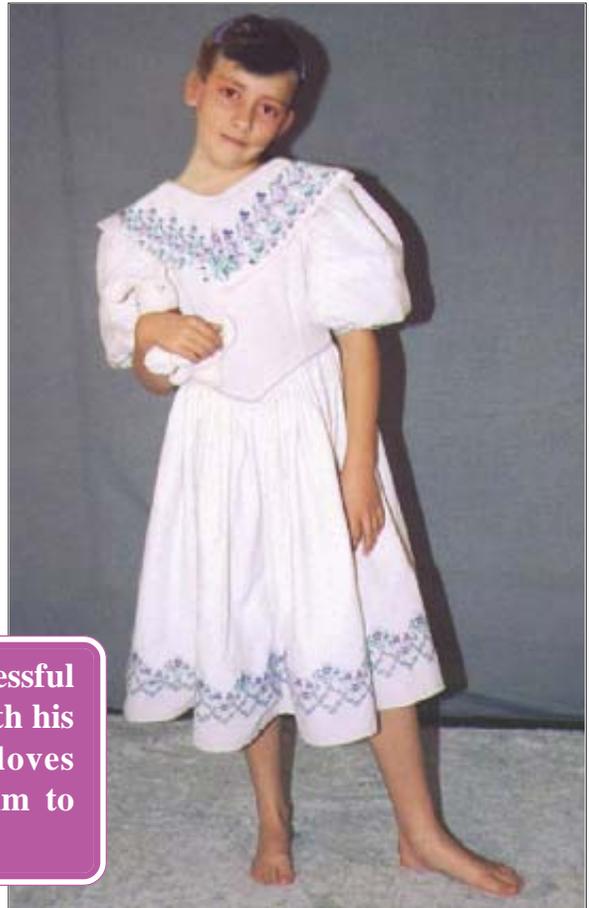
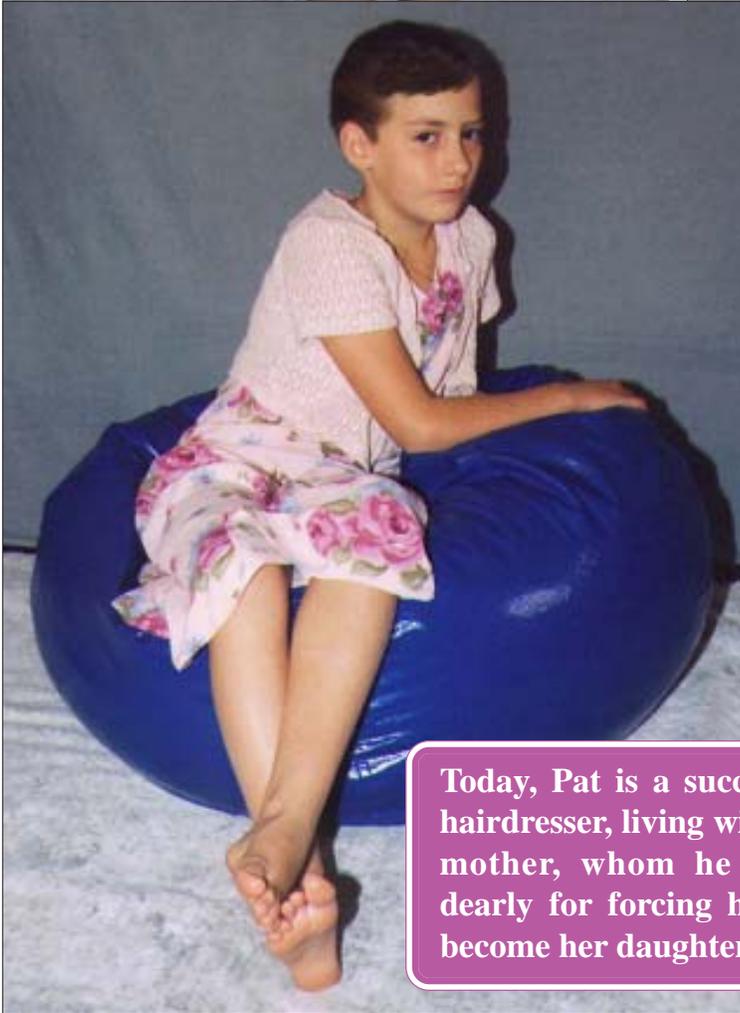
More photos of Pat from Texas in response to numerous requests following his story and pictures in Princess Online #2.





Pat doesn't seem to be too happy. In some of the pictures, he's even crying. Poor boy is embarrassed to be shown off in his girlish dresses.





Today, Pat is a successful hairdresser, living with his mother, whom he loves dearly for forcing him to become her daughter.