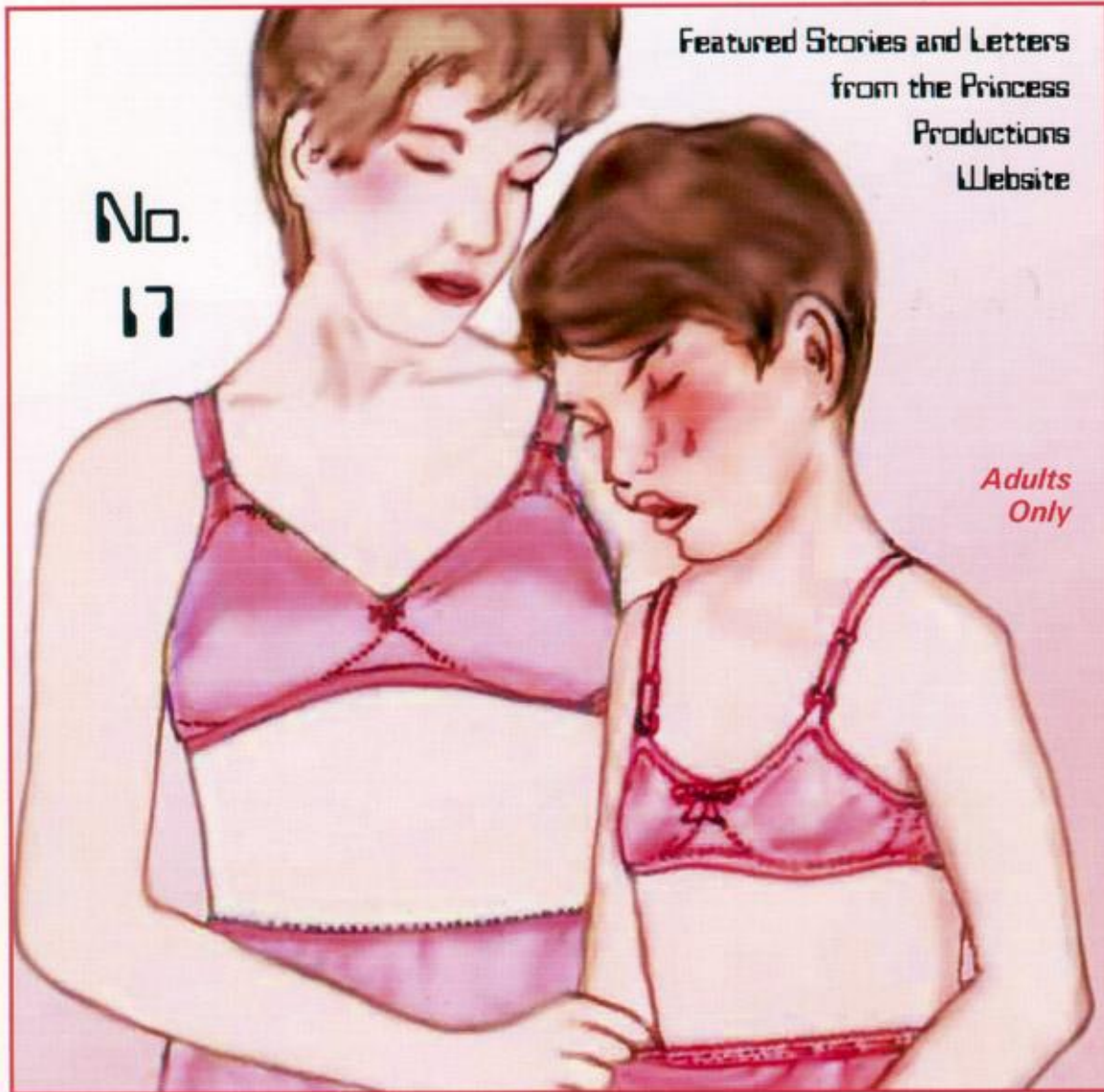


Princess Online



No.
17

Featured Stories and Letters
from the Princess
Productions
Website

*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

Stories of the Month

August & September 2000

Note: If you are considering telling someone about your interest in crossdressing, the following items could be used in a lighthearted way to bring up the subject and, depending upon their reaction, help you decide whether or not to tell them.

Item #1 **Having a Rough Time of It:** "I don't care if everybody laughs at you. In fact, I hope they do! It's just what you deserve for making life so miserable for the maid that she up and quit on me. Now you go out there and serve the ladies their tea and do a good job of it, or I'll turn up your little pink skirt and spank you on your frilly panties right in front of everybody!"

Item #2 **Old Petticoat Punishment Pic:** This picture, from 1869, is one of the oldest known photographs of a boy undergoing petticoat punishment. It was originally published in the "TV Clip Sheet" during the mid 1960s.

Item #3 **Carole Jean:** "Nick & Mike" is the latest series of booklets from this popular new author. This drawing appears in an early part of the story. Nick and Mike have to stay with a stern old neighbor lady while their mother is recuperating from an illness, and the woman has coerced Nick into dressing in girls' clothes ostensibly to help out his older brother. Here Nick is shown on the verge of tears and wearing a frilly slip as the old lady gives him a girlish hairstyle.

Carole Jean has published many booklets under the name "Bill," and they include "Henry's Vacation in Panties," "Darwin's Womanhood," "Bill's Humiliation in Panties," "Jeff's Humiliation," and, one of our favorites, "Schooled with Girls." You can purchase these books directly from Carole Jean's fabulous new website dedicated to petticoat punishment art located at: <http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com>

Item #4 **Watchdoggie!** Many right-wingers believe males are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be monitored and contained, and the time to start controlling males is when they are approaching or in the early stages of puberty, and petticoat punishment is the way to do it. The way to cure them, they maintain, is to fight their aggressive and nasty behavior with a good dose of petticoat discipline.

Therefore, males who can't conduct themselves properly are forced into fancy dresses and frilly lingerie. Such clothes shock them out of their selfish, destructive mindset and make them receptive to learning how to act properly. Well, Watchdoggie suffered

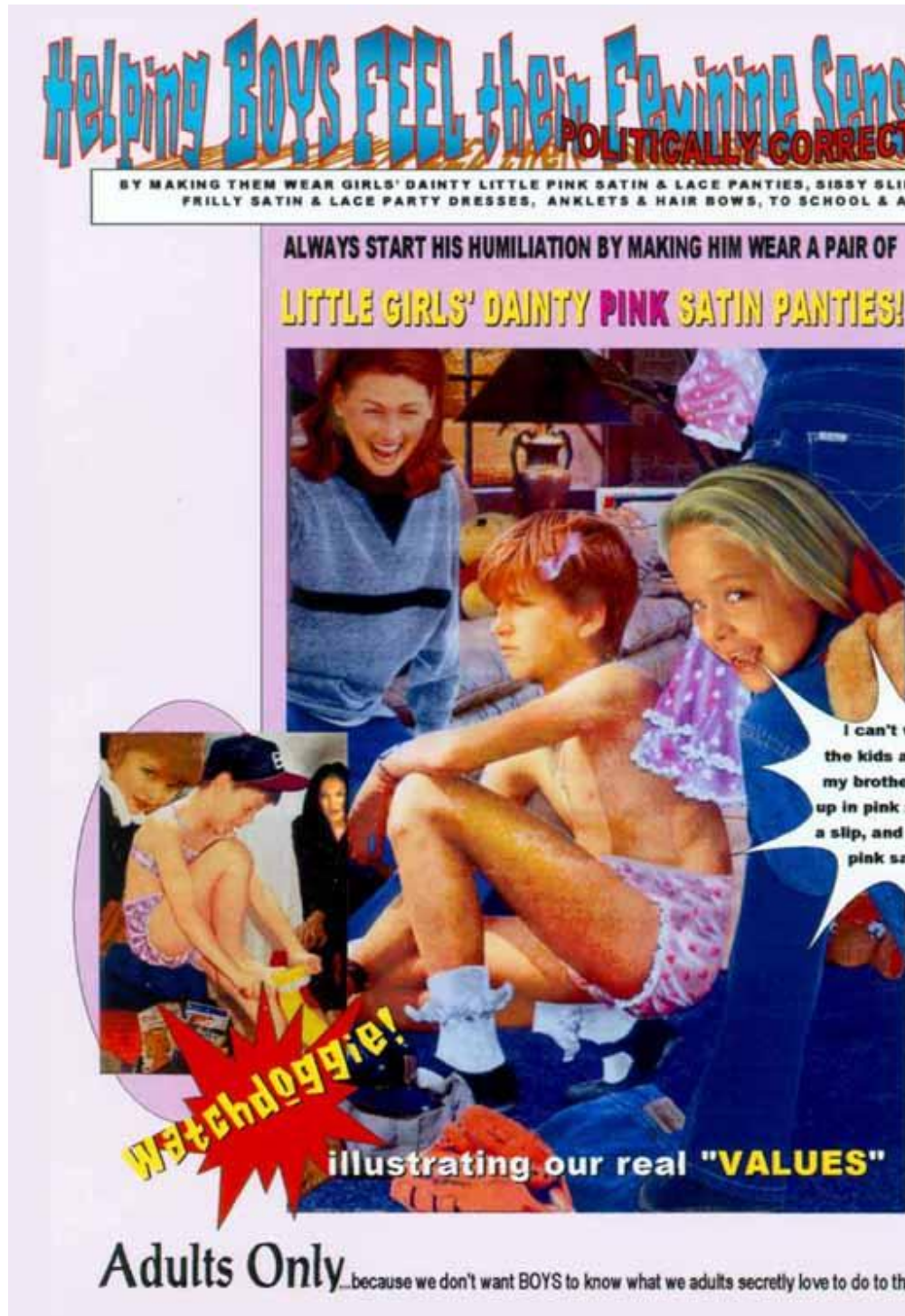
such treatment at an early age, and now he monitors this growing phenomenon and catalogs his reports. Here is one of his (proposed) magazine covers extolling his views and alerting the world to what is going on all around us!

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September 2000 Letter of the Month

(A continuation of the August 2000 Letter of the Month)

My Children's Legacy

Summary of Part 1: Elizabeth Forsyth, a widowed Scottish mother, chronicles the upbringing of her daughter, Patricia, and her son, Paul. Dougal Lamont, her late husband's cousin and a very wealthy eccentric, is quite taken with her children, and he exerts a heavy influence on her to treat them like little children instead of allowing them to act their proper age. He takes a special interest in Paul and encourages his mother to subject him to the wearing of kilts and increasingly sissified and girlish clothes. The children are well disciplined and frequently endure spankings and other humiliating childish punishments. Elizabeth is determined to obliterate her son's boyishness and prevent him from ever elevating himself to full manhood.

Last month's feature ended with the children being prepared to meet their Uncle Dougal at the train station upon his arrival for his annual visit from his home in South Africa. It also was the first time Paul has been dressed in a girls' skirt and blouse combination, and his mother did not lie to him and tell him that the skirt was a boy's kilt. It was also the first time that Paul had been outfitted in a full-length, white silk slip and deluxe panties, loaded with lace and frills. Prior to this he had only been required to wear plain rayon panties, the kind that matched his kilt uniform at the girls' school he and a few other boys are been allowed to attend. As this part of the story continues, Paul is in the final stages of being fully dressed.

Elizabeth Forsyth continues her narrative.

Chapter 8

Slipping Away on the Train

Paul had complained that the yellow panties were most embarrassing to wear and protested that they could even be seen through the white silk slip. But I told him to stop his complaining. And once his blouse and skirt were in place and I had threatened him with the tawse, he silenced himself.

On this special occasion, I touched his lips up with a bit of lipstick and rubbed in a dab of the lipstick on each of his cheeks to give him a little color. There was nothing I could do with Paul's hair. It had been shorn far too short for school and was just beginning to grow out again, but I must admit, I liked him looking like a boy dressed in girls' clothes. And in those days, that was not altogether unusual, since periodically one would see a boy dressed in clothes passed on from a sister or outfitted in boys' clothes that were somewhat effeminate. The subject came up periodically, and everyone in my circle of friends knew of at least one boy who had undergone such treatment at the hands of old-fashioned-thinking parents. But I never heard the term 'petticoat punishment' until I heard it from Dougal. The women I talked to about it used various terms. Once I heard it referred to as "petticoating," once again as "refinement training," and on another occasion as "dress discipline."

Patricia didn't especially appreciate her costume either, since it so similar to her sissified brother's outfit, but I thought it was good for her ego. Of course, I intended that she would advance in growing up at a faster rate than her brother, but occasionally it did her good to be

downgraded to make her realize that she was still but a child. Paul looked ashamed, I told him to brighten up, or he would be spending time over my knee with his panties down for a strapping!

The children now ready, I had them sit demurely on chairs in my room and watch me as I toileted myself and got dressed. That way I was sure that they would not get into some mischief and get themselves dirty. I wanted them immaculate for meeting their Uncle at the railway station.

Then we started out, giving ourselves plenty of time. It was a little cloudy and I wondered if it was going to rain soon, but at the moment it was a lovely day, warm and sunny, and the children walking on each side of me looked ever so charming; I was proud of them. In training a boy, the little things are of great importance. The little things drive home the message and remind him of his status in the household. For example, it is customary and courteous for a boy or any male to walk down the street on the outside toward the pavement. That position of protection shows he is the male. But I purposely did two things as we walked to the station. I took hold of Paul's gloved hand, but not of Patricia's, and I made him walk on the inside, while Patricia walked on the Outside. These are just little things, but any intelligent boy understands the significance, and Paul was an intelligent boy. The message being that in my eyes, he is but a little boy, to be treated as such, nay, to be treated as a little girl in all respects!

I had forgotten to mention that I had gotten them blue tams with red pompons and ribbons down the back. They were not exactly balmoral bonnets such as Scotsmen wear with their highland outfits, but a childish edition of such, and, of course, I always insisted upon them having white gloves. It's a shame that women and children no longer wear gloves for dress-up occasions. In fact, it was considered old-fashioned even at that time. But I think gloves are a defining touch that adds elegance to any costume. And a boy in girls' pristine white gloves learns about cleanliness and neatness since he is required to keep them tight and completely without blemish.

It was remarkable that I had gone as far as I had with Paul, for this was the first time I had taken him out in such fabulously frilly little girl lingerie worn under girls' outer clothes, and I doubt I would have ever done so if it weren't for the influence of Dougal Lamont. Over the years, Dougal never insisted upon anything. He only made roundabout suggestions, but any halfway intelligent person who got to know him, knew that taking his suggestions like commands was the smart thing to do. By so doing, he rewarded one with his special brand of generosity. And by this time, I had finally gotten a pretty good idea of what he liked the children to wear. Besides, I too wanted to use their clothing to help keep them sweet and obedient.

We had to take our local train two stops to the main station, where Uncle Dougal would be disembarking his train. As we entered the train, it began to rain lightly. Such weather always affected Paul the most, putting him in a melancholy mood. That plus the skirt and blouse made him most disagreeable. I let him know that he was adding up punishments.

Since he had protested so much about how his yellow panties could be seen through the fabric of his slip, I decided to give him something to think about! As we entered the carriage, I winked to Patricia to let her know that I was acting as I pretended the carriage was filthy then insisted that the children remove their skirts and blouses on the spot to prevent them from getting soiled before sitting down. I could tell Paul was ever so glad that the train was not crowded, and we did not have to share the carriage with anyone else, so he obediently stripped off his outer clothes without any signs of resistance. But once down to his silk slip, we could see the glow of his yellow panties beneath his slip and became quite self-conscious about them once again. It was only midway through the afternoon, but I could tell he was already physically and emotionally

drained from all the feminizing that I had subjected him to that day. Patricia let the dear boy rest his head on her lap as we sped along. I was able to get a nice picture of the two of them sitting quietly in just their silky white slips, even if Paul had a fearful expression on his tear-stained face.

Much to Paul's horror, when we made the first stop, an elderly man with a big mustache, hobbling along on a cane, entered our carriage with a little girl of about eight with pigtails and a rag doll stuffed under her arm. Paul cringed. He was beside himself, sitting there in his silky white slip. He whispered to me to let him have his clothes back. He even promised he would remain standing for the rest of the trip if I'd give them to him. I told him not to be foolish and had him sit back down.

The old man grumbled, "Good, god, woman, why are your children traveling in their underwear?"

I explained about the dirty carriage. He looked around a bit, looked back at me, then shrugged his shoulders and shook his head as if he didn't agree with me.

Pointing in Paul's direction, he said, "That's a boy, huh?"

I nodded that he was correct.

That caused the little girl to burst into laughter. Then she whispered something in the old man's ear.

"My little Melony wants to know, 'Has he been bad or is he just a sissy?'"

I told them that Paul was a sweet child and always wore nice clothes, but today he was specially dressed up to meet our favorite uncle. I don't know what they made of that, but the little girl couldn't stop giggling and staring all the way to our destination. I know she noticed his panties shining through his slip because on several occasions I overheard the word 'panties' in her whispering to the old man. As we neared our station, she was completely captivated as she watched me get Paul dressed in his skirt and blouse. All my fussing over him just left the old man shaking his head. The little girl screeched and laughed and kept whispering things in his ear.

We arrived at the main station, and as the old man got out of the carriage ahead of us, he looked at Paul and said, "You're too old to be wearing girls' clothes. You should start dressing and acting like a boy!"

I told the old geezer to mind his own business.

The little girl turned around, stuck out her tongue at us and kept saying, "Sissy! Sissy! Sissy!"

As if that wasn't enough to intensify Paul's sour mood, a laughable incident happened on the platform while we were waiting for Dougal's train to arrive from Glasgow. A group of three young girls noticed Paul and kept pointing in his direction and giggling. As a French man went by, he whispered "pouf" and "damn sissy" in a heavy accent loud enough for us to hear.

Feeling the pressure of being outside in girls' clothes, Paul unthinkingly sat down on one of the benches, perhaps attempting to be less conspicuous. Before I could react and tell Paul not to sit on the dirty old bench still wet from the recent rain, Patricia, much to the surprise to people standing near us, cried out in a loud voice, "Paul, get up at once! Your skirt is up in back, and you're dirtying your new petticoat and panties!"

Paul blushed wildly. His face was a picture of pure mortification. Having his sister draw attention to him that way upset him thoroughly. He immediately jumped up, and with a well-practiced motion, tugged down his skirt and smoothed it out to hide his petticoat as he ran to my side and tried to shield himself from view behind my skirts.

I reached down and pulled him in front of me, scolded him for not having sense in the matter and quickly pulled up the back of his skirt and petticoat and gave him a solid swat on his lacy

yellow-pantied rear end.

He had long been on the verge of tears and now openly began to cry. With the exposure of his exquisite lingerie, I heard people around us shriek and laugh. I demanded that he stop crying; otherwise, he would streak his makeup, and then I would have to give him a thorough hiding! Then I straightened down his slip and skirt and acted like nothing unusual had happened!

Such scenes are good for a little boy in training to endure.

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September 2000 Letter of the Month

Chapter 9

He's a Sweetheart

At last the train arrived with all the excitement caused by a train pulling into a station: the behemoth letting off steam, the porters bustling to open carriage doors, the baggage men pushing their carts to the luggage vans, etc. Uncle Dougal Lamont stepped out of a first class carriage onto the platform. He was in his early fifties, slightly graying hair, but immaculately dressed in a white suit. I waved to him and got his attention. When he caught sight of the children, his eyes lit up in delight. I instantly knew that I had done the right thing in the way I had dressed them.

Stopping only momentarily to commandeer a porter to hand over his luggage checks, Dougal then hurried to where we were standing. He gave me a peck of a kiss on the cheek and a hearty hug. The children he covered with kisses like he was their long lost father. In the process, he kept running his hands over their bodies! Patricia was a little surprised, but Paul was devastated having a man kissing and hugging him like that, especially in public.

Dougal raved on about the children's delightful costumes, saying that all children, especially boys, should be so brought up. He insisted that so doing would quickly curtail the rowdiness and disrespect so common in young boys. I'm sure Paul wondered why the efficacy of his clothing discipline had to be so openly discussed in a crowded public place. But most people were rushing to and fro and probably paid little attention to what we were saying. Still, the intimate talk embarrassed Paul, and I'm sure that's really what Dougal wanted to accomplish anyway.

Instead of the local train, we took a taxi all the way back to our home, and once we entered the house, Dougal welcomed the children once again, having them gather close to him for a mutual hug. In the process, he slipped a hand under each of their skirts and boldly massaged their little behinds through their silken slips and panties. Both of the children squirmed at his touch. Patricia giggled with delight. Paul groaned and looked to me for help.

Then he made the children step back and model their clothes for him, having them lift first their skirts to show their petticoats and then their petticoats to show off their panties. The look in Dougal's eyes let me know that he was fabulously delighted with their outfits and quick responsiveness to his commands. Leading up to Dougal's visit, Paul spent time in my bedroom, stretched over my ottoman for three long and painful sessions with the tawse. In the end, he agreed to do whatever Dougal wanted him to do.

When Dougal complimented me on their alacrity in following his orders, I told him that, especially with Paul, it had taken some use of the tawse to get them to that point. With that, I had both of the children, turn around and lower their lacy panties to show Dougal their paddled rears. Patricia had gotten a light paddling that morning because she had sassed the maid, so her cheeks showed only the lightest shade of blushing pale pink. Paul, on the other hand, had a well-bruised posterior from the beatings he had earned in the week leading up to this day. The skin had been broken in numerous places and was nicely healing, but the full evidence of his punishments was obvious. Dougal couldn't resist touching the sores. Paul sobbed lightly (as much from shame as from any pain he still felt in his bottom) as Dougal massaged his ass checks. Dougal made a show of pulling Paul's panties back into position. He rubbed the fabric over the war-torn area and straightened out the lacy edges encircling the legs.

"Exquisite panties for a boy to wear. Isn't that right, Master Paul?" Dougal asked with laughter in his eyes.

Paul didn't know what to do or say. Finally, knowing that he'd add to his punishments if he

didn't answer, he said, "Yes. Uh, yes, sir!"

"'Yes, sir?' is that all I get? Now, properly answer my question and tell me how nice it is to wear pretty girls' panties."

"Yeah, . . . yes, sir! I'm so pleased, . . . I'm so lucky for a boy because my mother let me wear such nice girls' pan—pant-ties!" he choked out.

"That's more like it, boy! Why should only girls have all the fun of wearing such pretty panties? Right, old chap?"

As Paul squeaked out another "yes, sir" and wondered what else was expected of him, Dougal gave him a firm hug, then held him securely as he hoisted the boy's skirt even higher. Dougal held him close and continued to finger the silken panties, smoothing out the fabric over his bruised posterior. When he ran a finger slowly up the divide of my son's bum, Paul's backbone went rigid. Dougal forced a fold of the silky panties deep into the crack for a good rub around my boy's rosebud as he whispered in his ear.

"You're going to be a good sissy boy during my visit. Aren't you? Otherwise, I'm sure your mother will punish this bum of yours a lot more."

Fearing another paddling, Paul nodded in agreement.

It was already time for dinner. It had been a long day, and we were all quite hungry. Patricia and Paul exhibited their best manners during the repast, and I was proud of them. Not long after dinner it was nearing eight o'clock, the children's bedtime. Dougal wanted to see them put to bed, and so he sat grinning but without making comment as I undressed both of them down to their frilly panties in their bedroom and helped them with their nightly ablutions. (The maid usually tended to them, but I did it on this night for Dougal's benefit.) I positioned their chamber pots in the center of the floor before Dougal so he could watch them closely as they lowered each other's panties and did their toilet duties.

I put Patricia in her nightdress and Paul in his pajamas, silk pajamas with a little lace about the collar and cuffs, which I thought Dougal would enjoy. Then Dougal gave them long, lingering kisses on the lips and rubbed his hands over their bodies, which seemed to be the way he liked hugging and kissing them. I believe Dougal opened his mouth and started to force his tongue into Paul's mouth as he kissed him, because Paul pulled his head back in the middle of the kiss, started spitting and groaned a "yuk!" I guessed what was happening and gave Paul a swat across his bottom as I commanded that he kiss his uncle properly. The boy yielded to Dougal's kiss. Dougal took advantage of the cowered boy and fully explored the boy's mouth with his tongue. I could see Dougal massaging the boy's penis through his pajamas too. Paul's eyes were on fire with all these new and strange sensations.

"It's a very small prick you have here, my boy," Dougal said with a big laugh as he continued to hold it pinched between his finger and thumb, "but it does get quite hard. We'll have to see if we can make it get any bigger than that, huh, old chap? Otherwise," he chortled loudly, "we might have to cut it off and make you into a girl!"

Paul was squirming from being held like that, his eyes wide with shock and fear at Dougal's comment, but Dougal laughing said he was just joking with him. Still Paul appeared very nervous. He was ever so glad when Dougal's hug and ministrations ended, and his sister tucked him into bed before putting herself to bed.

In the morning, Dougal asked if he could see the children in their kilts. I explained to him that the only kilts I had for them at the present time were their school kilts, girls' kilts since they both went to a girls' school, and the kilts were a red plaid, not the blue Lamont tartan. Nevertheless, he requested to see them so attired. I also added my "sweet heart" T-shirt to Paul's kilt outfit for

an especially cute effect. When Paul complained that it was summertime and he shouldn't have to wear his school kilt, I turned up his skirt and gave him a couple of swats on his pantied rear, then made him wear one of Patricia's white half slips under his kilt. Paul never had to wear a slip with his kilt before, it was something I just thought up at the moment, but I told him if kept acting up, I'd permanently add a half-slip to his school uniform upon his return for the fall session. Dougal was quite pleased when he saw the children so presented to him, and was quick to discover that Paul had his sister's lacy slip on under his kilt (see photo); however, Dougal insisted that he be allowed to purchase for each of them a proper Lamont tartan kilt costume for special occasions.

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September 2000 Letter of the Month

Chapter 10

My Kingdom for a Horse!

Later that day, Dougal took us all to his old-time kilt supplier and fully outfitted the children (himself and me too) in formal Lamont tartan kilt costumes. When Paul was stripped of his girls' school kilt and everyone could see that he was wearing a half-slip and panties, the old tailor asked if Paul was worthy of wearing a traditional kilt, which in Scotland was considered a very manly garment. Dougal seemed displeased with the forthrightness of the old man, but then told him to make both a boy's and a girl's kilt out for Paul. I'm sure the tailor had never had such a request before, but he kept his mouth shut and wrote out the instructions, probably very happy to have made such a major sale of his top-of-the-line kilt costumes that day.

Then Dougal took us over to Tulloch House, his castle at Coupar-Angus, and showed us around the estate, reminding us that this would probably all be ours soon. The castle was being maintained only by a caretaker and a stable boy, but it was a magnificent place, and I could tell that it wouldn't take too much effort to return it to its former glory. Paul loved the estate, especially since it was far away in the country and not like our home in the village with nosey neighbors all around us, who teased him at every turn. He also loved Dougal's horse stables and immediately fell in love with a pony that seemed to take a fancy to him too. I took a snap of the two together.

Upon our arrival back home, I took Paul aside and reminded him to do whatever Dougal wanted him to do, however embarrassing, because if Dougal was pleased with him, he would give him not only the pony he fancied so much, but give him, his sister and me the entire estate we had visited that day! I could tell Paul had some misgivings, but with the promise of the pony, he agreed to try his best to please Uncle Dougal.

Dougal stayed a week this time, and I certainly learned a lot about the fine art of petticoat discipline. For example, just after we had put the children to bed, Dougal and I adjourned to the library, and while he enjoyed sampling whiskies from my departed husband's private stock, I listened to him on the subject of raising children. I realized that I had only been playing at it and really was not properly training them fully or properly. Especially Paul needed a lot more discipline. As an example, Dougal referred to the beatings that were necessary to get Paul into his skirt, blouse and lingerie in readiness for his visit. Dougal explained that spankings and physical punishments were definitely part of any training program to break a boy and make him into a sweet little child, but they needed to be administered for the slightest misdeed: a nasty look, a bad word, a temper tantrum, even a failure not to smile at all times!

Such major things as how a boy was dressed and handled on a daily basis should not be met with the slightest degree of resistance on his part. So no matter what I wanted him to wear, there should have been no argument, not even a crossed look from him. My word should have been law. Even the tiniest hint of disobedience should warrant punishing the boy immediately and thoroughly. By punishment for every small look or action, one avoids most major confrontations.

Dougal also said physical punishments like spankings should be done on a regular basis, perhaps every week at the same time. These spankings should be so severe that they make using the tawse during the following week almost completely unnecessary. Weekly spankings, he assured me, are excellent reminders to the child, lest he even think about going astray. Such treatment makes them meek and extremely docile.

That is what I wanted. I confided in Dougal that I would take full advantage of his knowledge to keep Paul under my control and have him as my darling son for as long as possible.

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The old hand-painted photograph of Dougal Lament and his little sister.

September 2000 Letter of the Month

Chapter 11

Dougal's Upbringing

"Let me tell you a secret, Elizabeth," he said. "I was completely dedicated to my mother until her dying day. There is not a day that goes by that I do not miss her and long to see, touch and talk to her. I never married because I could never find a woman who could take her place. And I'm sure that's exactly what my mother wanted. She may have disciplined me severely in my youth, but she knew what she was doing. She didn't want her only son to fall for every girl that came along and leave her to her old age. She feminized me so girls would laugh at me, not take me seriously as a male, and she trained me to become her lifelong companion and to respond with alacrity to her every wish.

"She kept me under very strict petticoat discipline until I was twenty-one. Even when I was in my late teens and a mother can no longer get away with taking a boy outside in girls' clothes, she kept me in a kilt and sissified my outfits so an observant passerby could tell I was well under maternal control. Indoors, she kept me in girls' frocks constantly and brought me up almost as a girl. The use of corporal discipline and down grading of age, that is pain and shame, did their share to keep me as my mother's darling. She did a thorough job of it, and she always treated me well below my real chronological age.

"I have not time to give you the entire story of my early life, Elizabeth, but, in short, mother kept me as a real toddler girl until I was six or seven years old. I was put early to bed, dressed in little girl clothes, bathed, pottied, and heavily fondled even when I was beyond these services by my nurse. Then from about seven till I reached my early teens, I was treated and dressed like a girl of about seven or eight, but still with an early bedtime and with much intimate fondling. Through my teens I was treated and dressed as a girl of about ten years old who was kept very juvenilely dressed, still with an early bedtime, and to remind me that I was still a little child kept in heavily frilled nightdresses and in the daytime short baby frocks! Mother used the natural event of the onslaught of puberty and my night emissions as an excuse to nightly masturbate me into my panties, so that I would not have sexual dreams and fantasize about anyone or anything except her. She'd pump me dry of my boyish juices then tell me that it was poison in my body that had to be regularly drained or I would become ill and die! But she never let me do it to myself. A few times I did do it, and she caught me. The beatings she gave me for that were among the worst beatings I had ever received. The last time she did that, she made me lick up and swallow my own semen. And since I was long convinced that it was poison, I cried and pleaded with her not to make me do it, but she made me do it anyway. For days afterward, I was sick, purely psychological I'm sure, since I thought I was going to die, and she let me think that way! Finally, she said I was very lucky not to have died, but she'd make me lap up my own juices every night after she drained me if she ever caught me doing it to myself again! Needless to say, I did not masturbate myself again until long after my mother passed away!

"As I grew older, sixteen and onwards, she could get away with me going out in my kilt with many touches of girlishness about them. My girlish underwear would generally not show under my kilt, but it made me be very careful how I walked, sat or reached up for anything. Mother thought this was very good for my deportment.

"Now I want to show you how you can improve your control over your children, especially

Paul. It is important to always stress Patricia's superiority to Paul, but she must be thoroughly trained to mind you too. In many ways her training is even more complicated because you have to help her develop her superior attitude over males without letting her get to the point where she would challenge your authority over her.

"The biggest problem with Paul is soon to come as he follows the trace of boys about twelve or thirteen. You risk losing control of him in a year or two when he is at that rebellious age. Now is the time to not only use more dress control but also firmer house rules and more stringent discipline routines and daily rituals. If you want to go the whole way in control of Paul, you can follow the things my mother did to me so that he is brought up correctly to be a comfort to you. If you are so willing, and it appears that you so are, I will leave you and your children my castle and full legacy. But I want you to enjoy the fruits of my wealth now. In return, I want to enjoy the details of how you dress and control your children, and in appreciation, I am willing to transfer my estate to you within six month's time if you continue to please me with the children as you already have done for such a long time.

"If I weren't so attached to my home in South Africa, I would immediately return here to live with you and the children, if you would so have me, but I have set myself up there so handsomely with a steady supply of young mothers in need of petticoat disciplining their boys that I cannot think of leaving. And with many of these boys, I'm heavily involved in research, administering to them female hormones. I find it utterly fascinating how I can overcome a boy's natural hormones and completely feminize him body and mind. My dear, you haven't lived until you've seen a six- or seven-year-old boy with femininely rounded hips, a full bottom and a thimble-size penis poking up in his silky panties, and above, a fully developed set of girlish breasts with large, rock-hard nipples bursting out of a thin satin training brassiere!

"But back to our situation. Since you are my only blood relative and have gone along with my wishes for so many years already, to leave you and your children my estate and adequate financial resources is the least I can do for you. Still, I will make my yearly visits to see how you and the children are getting on, and, of course, would be most delighted if you would let me sojourn in my old room in the castle, which I'd like you to keep as it is. That's how it was in my youth, and it brings back so many wonderful memories whenever I'm in there. With your approval, I shall have my lawyer complete the details and forward the necessary papers onto you. Within six months you could be the owner of Tulloch House, with enough money for servants and everything you will need for as long as you live."

Returning to the subject of the children, he said he was thrilled the way they had been dressed with their dainty undies periodically showing beneath their skirts. He would have liked Paul's hair longer, but he understood how regulations at school put a limit on that. He asked why I would deck Paul out like his sister in lacy petticoats and panties, but would stop at other obvious items.

I asked me what he had in mind, and he said, well first of all, at dinner, I had let the children use table napkins, as if they were grown up! You can't dress Paul in little girls' lingerie one moment and let him use a table napkin as if he were grown up the next. He told me they should both be wearing pinafores for mealtimes, and Paul should be made to wear them at all times in the house.

"It is a great indignity for a boy to wear a girl's pinafore, and he should never be without one, regardless if he was in a kilt or one of his sissified shorts outfits. If you graduate him to frocks and full girls' wearing apparel at home, the pinny would even be a nice addition to that. Patricia can leave her pinny off after meals, but require Paul to still wear his. That will emphasize the

standing they both have in your eyes!"

I realized that suggestion was very clever indeed. I could see how it would downgrade Paul and give him a constant unpleasant reminder that he was much lesser in status than his sister and still but a child and had to be treated as such!

Dougal, who was well versed in such matters, asked if I had a dressmaker, and when I said I did, he said we ought to take the children to her to be measured for pinafores, and have her make about half a dozen, as if for the both of the children, but really for Paul, as Patricia would only be wearing them for a short time. Dougal emphasized that he meant really children's pinafores, not just skimpy aprons. He said that they should be made in white silk, with epaulettes coming well out over the shoulders. The pinny need not be too long, as then it does not look neat, but it should fasten down the back with buttons or tapes, so that Paul was reminded of his dependence upon others since he had to be tied into his pinafores like he had no be fastened into his liberty bodices and bodice kilts.

That increases the helplessness of a boy, he explained, since he would be required to ask for help in putting on his pinny. He suggested adding a wide edging of lace to the epaulettes and a good deep lace frill all round the hem of the pinafore with a wide deep yoke in the front, which should be ornamented with pink rose buds, animal appliqués or embroidered with his pet name. The garments, he said, could have a high neck with narrow pie frill collar.

Dougal warned me that I might have trouble making the children wear such pretty pinafores at first, especially Paul, so I should be ready with the tawse for the short term. Thereafter, the weekly discipline will take its toll and such changes to their wardrobe will rarely be met with any resistance. If Paul had a tantrum or purposely soiled his pinafore, retribution should be swift and severe. The cooperation of Patricia, he assured me, would easily be gained by letting her in on the secret: that she would only have to wear a pinafore for a few weeks at mealtimes to help guide Paul into wearing his pinny, then all the pinnies would be passed on to Paul.

Furthermore, Dougal said, "Patricia could be given elevated status by being the one to fasten Paul into his pinafore. At the beginning of each day, Paul should be made to politely ask his sister to pick out a 'pretty, girlie pinny for me to wear today' and then stand perfectly still while she took her time fitting it on him, securing it up the back, all the while gently teasing him. These little touches are good humiliating discipline for a boy. And Paul should not be allowed to discard his pinny if visitors should happen to call. He should be made to appear dressed in his pinafore so that all can see that he was a well-disciplined little child!"

Dougal then went to his luggage and brought forth a an old picture of himself in a black velvet dress, and told me how he hated that dress but wore it to please his mother. (I've enclosed the picture, but it is a very old black and white photo that at one point had been hand painted to add color.)

Dougal and I talked late into the night. Everything he had to say was so fascinating. I was especially intrigued by his hormone research in South Africa. He did give me a starter prescription for hormones for Paul, although I was by no means convinced I should go to such extremes. Dougal understood and told me to keep them in case I changed my mind. He said when Paul enters into those rebellious teenage years; I might have a change of heart.

Dougal went on to compliment me on having the children so thoroughly involved in one another's daily routine. He appreciated the benefits of having the children sleeping together and seeing each other being dressed and undressed, bathed and toileted on their adorable toddler-style potties.

But he thought that it would be even better if Paul had a much earlier bedtime to make him

more fully realize his childish state, his undressing and toileting done before Patricia and with her help, but he would no longer see her bedtime preparations. But the biggest change that he insisted was most important was that of nightwear. Dougal expressed surprise that Patricia was in a frilly nightgown and Paul was in pajamas, even if they were girls' pajamas and had a bit of lace on them. Paul, he said emphatically, should also be wearing a nightgown; in fact, it would be best if Paul's nightgown were frillier and more childish than his sister's! He stressed that it was no use dressing the boy girlishly during the day and then letting him revert to pajamas for nightwear!

He did recommend that Patricia graduate to silk pajamas to further distinguish herself as superior to Paul in his babyish nightgowns. Dougal told me that boys in reformatories had to wear nightgowns with ribbons and lace like that of little girls after their clothes were locked up at night. Clearly the wearing of nightgowns was to make breaking out more difficult, but he surmised that they also acted as a constant reminder to the boys that they were being treated just as juvenily as possible!

Dougal told me how his mother and sister humiliated him daily, humiliation that he so dreaded at the time but now thinks of as a lovely sight. Every night, he had to stand meekly before his mother and sister dressed in his frilly nightgown and confess all his little faults of the day: how he had failed to act girlishly on occasion, how he had stained his panties by not wiping himself thoroughly, how he may have accidentally touched himself down at his crotch, or how he had forgotten himself and ran in the house, used a bad word, taken a sweet without permission, and any number of other naughty little crimes common to children.

If it was determined that any of his faults merited a spanking, it was administered immediately following his confession. Dougal squirmed as he recalled the spanking ritual. Once over his mother's lap, his kid sister would pull up her own nightie and stand close to him with her pantied loins only inches from his face. He was made to watch as she spread her legs slightly and thoroughly fingered her quim through the panties to gather a swathe of her girlish juices on the silky panties that disappeared between her legs. Then she'd sexily wiggle her hips as she slowly eased down her panties. As they came down, the panty crotch remained stuffed in her pussy lips and with a gentle tug, plopped out with a glistening coating of whatever lines the insides of a little girl's cunt. She'd step out of them and then hold the smelly, sticky, still-warm panties up to Dougal's nose and mouth and use them to wipe away the tears as his mother wailed away on his bottom.

The steady steam of whisky helped Dougal open up to me with such amazing stories. I wondered if he had ever revealed so much about himself to anyone else before. Through it all, he had blushed repeatedly, laughed, cried, and at times seemed to be talking to an apparition of his dear mother.

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The old hand-painted photograph of Dougal Lamont and



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Chapter 12

Tennis with a Twist

The next day, after sleeping in quite late, Dougal was back to his usual cheerful and enthusiastic self. He asked if we played tennis. After I told him we did, he asked if there were tennis courts nearby we could use. I told him that a neighborhood friend had a court that we could use most anytime. He asked if I could make arrangements for us to play in the afternoon, and then asked my permission if it were all right for him to buy us all some proper togs to wear on the courts. I agreed and gave him our measurements. He disappeared for a time then returned with some boxes, explaining they were new tennis outfits. It was laughable when Paul opened his box. His mouth dropped open, for the box contained a dainty white silk tennis dress with a diminutive pleated skirt. The frock was sleeveless and perfectly matched the outfit he had given to Patricia. Tiny white satin panties with frills of pink lace across the bottom completed each outfit.

Mary usually dressed the children, but there was no need today, as Dougal offered to help. Patricia surprised us, for upon seeing the very abbreviated costumes, she became indignant and embarrassed, especially since Dougal was once again going to see her stripped down to nothing before helping her put it on. But that was just a little flare up that did not amount to anything. I could hardly deny Dougal the pleasure of dressing the children after he had been so kind as to buy them the new outfits.

So far during Dougal's visit Paul had been fairly obedient, but this girlish outfit was too much for him, and for the first time, he let out with a strong protest. He flatly refused to wear such a thing. Used to women's company and a little frightened of men, Paul must have been very moved by daring to refuse his uncle. All of a sudden the pony no longer meant too much to him! To save a confrontation between my son and Dougal, I intervened and told Paul he would wear what he was told to wear or else he would find himself over my knees again facing the floor!

Dougal, however, had his own ways. He must have realized how frightened Paul was at that moment, so Dougal departed from his own code of treating a boy like a girl at all times, he said, "Look here, old chap! Your mother assures me that the court where we will be playing is quite private and no one will see you."

By now Dougal had Paul stand near where he was sitting, and then he commanded him to pull his skirt up in front and to stand perfectly still. With both hands, Dougal boldly reached under my son's skirt and openly teased his little penis and balls within the confines of the pink panties I had him in that day.

Patricia and I looked on with full interest. Paul immediately began heavy breathing, and tears welled up in his eyes, but he did not pull away. Patricia had a difficult time holding back her giggles, but a scornful look from me stifled her.

With each long, full stroke of his pantied penis, Paul wobbled his head back and forth, his knees began to sag and he let out with snuffles and little crying groans.

"We'll have a lot of fun playing tennis. You're a girlie boy so what are you so afraid of? Now, let's get you dressed in this nice outfit. You'll find it fun to pretend to be a pretty little girl on the tennis court. The outfits they wear are the most darling little things. Besides, you'll never develop into a big strong man, so it's good training for a boy like you.

"I see you enjoy having me touch you up. Well, when we come back, we'll play some more games with this hard little penis of yours! It's much too small for a boy your age. The other boys in school must laugh at you when they see it. I think it needs some regular exercise."

The masturbating strokes were most effective in quieting Paul down. Dougal then guided Paul over to Patricia and me, and we put him into the tennis dress and panties, while he was still in a trance from the pud pulling massage Dougal had so expertly given him.

Paul was dressed exactly the same as his sister. The garments, which he thought quite ignominious, the tiny skirt and ruffled panties, fitted him like a glove and held his miniature privates between his legs. The flourish of ruffles on his rhumba panties gave a girlish fullness to his ultra-thin hips and helped to hide his boy parts, making it appear that he had a front as smooth as any little girl. In the sleeveless frock, he showed a lot of smooth hairless skin, his arms being hairless thus far, and the diminutive tiny skirt of his tennis frock revealed his long, slim, hairless legs topped by his tiny white and pink silk panties. The two of them looked absolutely charming. Paul was long used to kilts, sissy clothes and even skirts on occasion, but this was Paul's first experience in such an abbreviated girlish frock. But it was not to be his last!

Dougal had hired a car, and I know the children were pleased that they did not have to walk through the streets so dressed, Patricia mainly because she was ashamed of the shortness of her tennis frock, and Paul because he was ashamed to be in public wearing a girls' frock of any sort. I am sure he was also very conscious of his frilly panties, which were exposed with his every step. He was surely reminded of them at every move, as the wide bands of lace had to tickle his legs unmercifully.

Dougal gave us a very pleasant outing, motoring us to tennis. Our foursome consisted of Dougal and Patricia versus Paul and me. Paul, usually good at sports and other boyish pursuits, seemed to be completely hampered by his girlish outfit. He seemed to find it impossible to concentrate on his game. Dougal and Patricia won handily.

Then Dougal took us to afternoon tea in the little town of Scone (known for those tasty little biscuits served at tea—how apropos!). Before going to tea, Paul cried and asked if he could be spared the indignity of being in public. His short hair, he contended, would let everyone know he was a boy in a dress and make people laugh at him. I solved the problem by taking off my neck scarf and tying it around his head to cover his short hair. He still was terribly frightened of everyone we encountered, even though I believe everyone took him for a girl. He was even too scared to even enjoy the sweets that came with our tea and that he usually so dearly loved.

Altogether Dougal's visit was a great success. Even a very subdued Paul, seemed to become quite fond of his 'Uncle' Dougal, and he couldn't stop talking about "Abby" the pony at Dougal's estate. Dougal was great company and entertained the children at great lengths. His sexual exploits and bold demands upon the children were actually a minor part of his visit, but I do find it necessary to mention them here since they were so important in the children's development and the overall scheme of things.

Paul would have been less enthused if he had known how Dougal had given me ideas on how to revise his upbringing plus the backbone and means to keep him well subjugated.

After three long and serious talks with Dougal, we agreed that what we were planning was best for the children. They would be affluent in time. There would be little pressure put upon them from the outside world. And looking at Dougal, I had to agree that strict petticoat discipline had not hurt him. The children could be taught at home in order to further intensify their upbringing, and within six months Dougal's will (or perhaps call it an agreement) would be fully in effect, and we could move to Tulloch House. Then it would be worthwhile to engage a governess, plus all the servants I would need to do a really bang-up job on Paul!

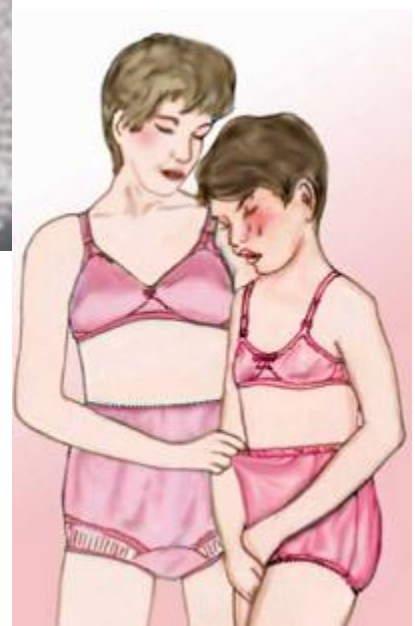
On my part, I agreed to apply full dress discipline to Paul and by various means bring him to realize his inferior position in the household. He would remain as a little child until he was

twenty-one, when he would get his share of the legacy. However, I told Dougal that it would have to be a gradual affair. I would not subject Paul to full petticoat discipline all at once, and that was why I had suggested setting the effective date six months away. I pledged to send Dougal photos of the children or of Paul alone as I put into effect the various stages of dress discipline. So Dougal's pleasant visit ended and he went back to South Africa, and we continued the even tenor of our ways, only it was no longer even for Paul, as he became subject to more and more petticoating.

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Chapter 13

Paul's First Bra

As I decided to introduce Paul gradually to full petticoating, like the skirt and blouse and the tennis outfit, I knew each new garment and costume would be a shock. The shock would surely lessen with each new indignity he would be subjected to, as one can get used to anything.

I started with nightgowns, as Patricia had a number of very pretty ones given to her as gifts, and Paul was growing out of his pajamas anyway. He made such a fuss that he received two more punishments he hadn't bargained on, a thorough tawsing and a new indignity: I outfitted him in a nice little pink training brassiere!

That upset him to no end, so for the first time I took out my old school cane. An even dozen whacks of the cane had him hobbling in pain and ready to do anything I told him. It was into the little brassiere and a matching pair of pink panties for the occasion. I further warned him that if he continued to act like a crybaby, I'd make him take a walk in the park in broad daylight wearing only his thin lacy nightgown with his new bra and panties plainly visible underneath!

I also followed Dougal's suggestion and had him come downstairs in his silken nightie to stand before Patricia and me to review the day and confess to us any sins he had committed. Paul dreaded doing that since I followed the way Dougal had been treated and administered punishment on the spot if any of Paul's sins warranted it. Then I would have both of them kneel at my feet to say their prayers like little children.

Most always I was in my own nightwear at these times. I preferred diaphanous gowns with tailored satin panties worn underneath. The gown hid nothing. Depending upon my mood, my brassiere or bare breasts and full-cut panties were clearly visible. With them kneeling before me, their upturned faces were near the level of my panty crotch. I'm sure they could plainly see every bit of the lace edging and the little appliqués on my panties. I'm sure they were also close enough to breathe in my womanly aromas. This was my own idea. A steady diet of those pungent odors mixed with my trademark perfume, I felt, was one more way to assert my womanliness and key my position as their lord and master. Following their prayers, instead of a kiss goodnight on my cheeks, I'd have them kiss the crotch of my panties.

I'm not especially enthusiastic about religion, so having them say prayers was merely a perfunctory tip of the hat to the routine most little children follow in preparation for bed. Sardonicly, I purposely perverted the moment.

After the standard prayers, I'd have Paul remain kneeling to recite additional prayers, making him admit that he was naughty on a daily basis and needed more guidance. I had to hold back my laughter as I redirected his bedtime prayers from the traditional "I thank God for this and that" to a prayer to me and my panties!

Here's a little sample of the panty prayers I had him saying on a nightly basis.

"Mommy, I love your pretty panties, please be nice to me. I will do my best to do everything you expect of me. Mommy, as much as possible, I want to be like you when I grow up. I want to have titties and pretty hair like yours. I've been real good today, may I sleep with your panties over my face tonight?"



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Chapter 14

Is It a Kilt or a Skirt?

Another school year was approaching, and it was time to get the children outfitted in their new kilt uniforms. The school changes the tartan each year in an attempt to mollify the local clans. This year, it was the Dinsmore tartan. I sent Dougal a photo of the children in their new school kilt uniforms. There were two styles available, one a tailored look (that Patricia selected for herself) and the other a fuller skirt (that I chose for Paul). Neither was designed as elaborately as traditional kilts with all the pleats, belts, buckles, etc.; both were just basic skirts simply made from the selected tartan fabric.

Dougal wrote how pleased he was with the photos of the children in their new kilt uniforms, and assured me that I had done well to select the narrow skirt for Patricia and the fuller skirt for Paul.

"One more bit of evidence to show that he was beneath his sister," he wrote.

He commented how much the children had grown in just the few months since he had visited. I hadn't realized as much, but he was right. With winter coming, they would both need new clothes if they had outgrown a lot of their current things, so one afternoon, I had them model most everything in their wardrobes as we sorted out the things that no longer fit or were no longer serviceable.

Some of Paul's shorts and girls' skirts (that I had long told him were kilts) still fit him fine, but they were now ever so short. A lot of them looked more babyish and sissified than ever, with his long naked legs and the edge of his frilly panties peeking out beneath the hems. Of course, I saved all those costumes and put them in a special section of his wardrobe to use as punishment outfits.

The tennis outfit Dougal had given him and a few of his more girlish skirts and blouses frilly outfits absolutely terrorized Paul. I must admit I had been slack at having Paul wear some of those fancy clothes, mostly because he had been so good over the summer, and I was want to find misdeeds that I could use as a basis for punishing him. I had instituted the weekly spankings that Dougal had suggested and these did a good job of keeping Paul on the straight and narrow.

The spankings plus the threat of being put into his most sissified clothes were doing the trick. He'd do most anything rather than be put into those clothes. And he knew that once so outfitted, I did not allow him back into his regular clothes even if we had visitors. What he feared most was Patricia inviting over her girlfriends during such times. They ever so loved teasing him to death, making him dance for them, and doing close-up inspections of his panties. And I know when they were alone in their bedroom with him that they took turns masturbating him and did other things like sticking objects up his anus. But I didn't intervene. Young girls have to learn about boys sometime!

I had so many plans for Paul, which included Patricia too, for once I set my mind to a thing, I usually went at it wholeheartedly. Besides, since there was so much riding on it, I persuaded myself that what I was doing was best for the children. It is so easy to rationalize!

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Chapter 15

Stepping Further into Femininity

Though my husband was Scottish, I am of Irish ancestry (O'Leary is my maiden name), and I've long been a member of the local International Society here, a club for foreign nationals with a Scottish husband or wife. It was Dougal's idea that I should explore my heritage more by getting

Paul to take step-dancing lessons, one of the things he loved best about Irish boys.

He said it was an opportunity to accomplish two things at once: One, it would increase his kilt time (much to Dougal's delight, even though Irish kilts are much plainer than Scottish kilts). And two, requiring him to wear lace panties underneath would create innumerable occasions to humiliate him in front of others. In step dancing, the legs are a whirlwind of activity, clacking out the rhythm. That makes a boy's kilt fly high and exposes whatever he wears underneath.

Actually, Paul did quite well, and I believe he came to enjoy participating in the dance classes. He even took part in amateur competitions. Of course, it didn't take long for all the members of his club to discover he wore panties. I think he got used to their teasing. But when putting on demonstrations or engaged in competitions, where outsiders saw him, he was ever so careful not to expose his panties, but due to the nature of that form of dancing, it was nearly impossible for him to keep his panties hidden. A good measure of laughter, whistles and howling followed his every performance. And many times, groups of giggling little girls chased him around the grounds to corner him and force him to let them see his lacy panties! I loved it! See the enclosed snap, plus the close-up peek at his panties under his high-flying kilt.



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September 2000 Letter of the Month

Chapter 16

Confirming His Girlhood

When Patricia made her confirmation, I took her out to get a particularly fussy and frilly dress for the occasion. It so happens that was the day that we had a photographer to the house to take our yearly memory book pictures. It was a lovely sunny day, so we had the pictures taken in the backyard. And after those photos were taken, Patricia suggested that Paul put on her new confirmation dress and pose for a snap or two. I loved the idea. Paul had never worn any girl's dress that was so overtly frilly. It was a bit large on him, but I jokingly told him not to worry, for when Patricia grew out of it and he grew a little more, he could have it for dress-up occasions.



To say that Paul was crushed, embarrassed and humiliated was putting it lightly, and I had to

give him time to get used to the frock to compose himself before I had the photographer take pictures. He looked so sweet, even if his feet were too large for the matching shoes, so I just made him stand on a blanket in the backyard for the pics. Another cause of a tantrum was having the male photographer seeing him so dressed, and he knew any lack of cooperation was grounds for storing up punishment for himself. It was really quite amusing. Patricia giggled as she arranged him in position with the photographer saying quite seriously, "Come Master Paul, stand straight like a proper girl, . . . fluff your dress out a bit over there, . . . turn a bit so I can see the bow in your hair, etc."

Dougal loved the confirmation dress picture as well as some step dancing competition photos I had sent along. In a long letter that I received in reply, he laid out many ideas that could be tried out on Paul, including how Patricia could be used to help bring him more fully into an inferior position in the household. He told me to try out some of these ideas and any others I thought of myself. He even said that suggestions from Patricia would be helpful, since girls like to lord it over their brothers! But I shall let the letter speak for itself, for it was full of ideas, many of which I did put into effect.

Dear Elizabeth:

What a thrill and a joy to receive the annual portrait of the children, but I must admit I loved the snap of Paul in Patricia's confirmation dress most of all. With the forlorn expression on his face, he reminded me of my own petticoated days, always shameful and embarrassed, and yet I now think of as so delightful. You have brought Paul so far in such a short time; I am sure it is into your capable hands I want to put Tulloch House and my excess money.

In the photo you sent, Paul looks such a perfect example of a boy under strict dress discipline that it would seem superfluous to give you any more of my ideas or tips, but nevertheless, I am using the rest of this letter to do just that, and you can use any that strike you as fitting and which would help to further dominate the boy.

Remember, to really control a boy, you must control every aspect of him. He must come under your complete control in every respect. He is yours to dress and use and to make as girlish as you want. This includes his mind. You must get him thinking girlishly. His body is yours to do with what you want, mould by use of corsets, make completely hairless, control in every way by deportment and dancing lessons, etc. But remember, you do NOT control a boy's body unless you also control his masculinity. He must be taught that his appendages are on his body not for his own pleasure, but for the pleasure of his owner! He should never be allowed to touch himself and certainly not get away with being naughty by taking pleasure in himself.

He should be taught that age has nothing to do with the way you dress him or the way he must act, even when he has to appear in front of your guests with the unselfconsciousness of a little child. Now with this general philosophy of petticoat discipline in mind, there are many shaming, embarrassing and humiliating things you can have a boy do which will soon convince him he is not grown up but still your little child, your little girl even!

Take, for instance, the boy's name. There are many ways of dealing with this. Paul could be changed to Pauline. To emphasize he is but a boy in girls' clothes he could be called 'Miss Paul' or 'Master Pauline.' But I would like a new name for him altogether, perhaps a little girl name like 'Pansy,' and whether the Miss or Master is used would not matter. In the case of Patricia, she could be called by the little girl title 'Patsy,' if she was being disciplined. Patsy and Pansy are names that sound nice together. Don't you agree? But when Patsy is in charge of her brother and his superior, he should address her as 'Miss Patricia.'

Speaking of names, the children should call you 'Mama' or the childish term 'Mummy,' whatever you prefer. If you get a governess or use Mary to help you with Pansy, dressing him, teaching him lessons, taking him for walks, etc., he should learn to call her by the delightfully childish term of 'Nanny.'

Patsy can be a powerful weapon to bring Pansy, as I think of him, to heel. You are lucky to have a girl and boy child in that order and close in age. She should be gradually given more and more control of him, perhaps getting her more involved in dressing and undressing him, putting him in his nightgown and bringing him down to you for his nightly inspection and prayers, etc., with her in tailored pajamas, while he had to wear his babyishly frilled nightgown.

All these things would be most galling to the boy, and reinforce the conviction that he was but the little child of the family! The boy would especially realize how low he has sunk in the estimation of the family, if his sister were given spanking privileges over him! To be turned over the knees of his own sister, practically his own age, with his dress turned up and his panties pulled down for a spanking with the tawse or the back of a wooden hairbrush would be the ultimate humiliation. Equally shameful would be to let Patricia tend to his toilet, helping him use the potty, as he would continue to use that childish utensil, but naturally, Patricia should be allowed to graduate to the bathroom.

There are many other touches that can be a constant source of embarrassment and a reminder to Pansy that he is the baby of the family. His bedtime should be at a suitably childish hour, while Patricia's should be made later and later as time goes on. He should have a punishment chart on which he pastes black stars that would add up to a spanking or other punishment. He should be made to learn house rules and be able to recite them at suitable times, perhaps before guests.

Examples of such rules: He must never be in any room with the door shut. He must rise and curtsy for all adults and girls. He must never interrupt a conversation. He must stop speaking when someone else starts. It is easy to think up suitable rules, and Patricia and you will have a lot of fun coming up with them. Even Pansy should be made to take part in thinking of suitable rules for himself. There should be special shame days, anniversaries of important dates marking his progress down the road to full sissydrom. Dates for him to look forward to and know that no matter how good he is, that he will be thoroughly humiliated on those days. Again, great ingenuity can be exercised thinking up embarrassing situations for him.

You should fully embarrass him every time you take him to your dressmaker's shop. Make him stand in the aisle to be measured in just his fine little panties and one of those new training brassieres you've secured for him. If you have him on hormones, make him stand there with his hair cut short and without his brassiere so his budding breasts can be seen. And take him to the shop when it is likely to be its busiest. You can also use childish punishments for him like standing in the corner, sitting on a tall stool so his feet cannot touch the floor, or making him dance around the room with his fingers pinching out the fabric of his blouse over his nipples so it looks like he is pretending he has big breasts. As he stands there, you can require him to say, 'Won't I look ever so pretty when I have titties like you, mummy?'

Sometimes as extra punishment, a piece of rough cocoa matting could be placed on a high stool, and he be made to sit on it after a spanking, wearing only thin panties or with his panties at half-mast, stretched between his knees. Since his feet cannot touch the floor, the full weight of his body will press on the rough surface, and he should remain so seated for at least an hour! It goes without saying that adolescent accidents should be treated as childish accidents and would require that he be reduced further in age. His pinafore is a sign of childhood by itself, but it is

good discipline to pin a baby's dummy to his pinny, and when he talks out of turn to make him use it!

In subsequent letters I will have more advice, but I would like to add here that I hope you will put the boy into gym tunics, these have a particularly crushing effect upon a young boy. Also get him increasingly fancy frocks. As you learned with the tennis outfit I got for him and Patricia's confirmation dress, such frilly dresses achieve wonderful results. And when you do things of that nature, I would like to receive photos of him so dressed. Do keep me informed how you are progressing with his training as it is very important to me. In my next letter I shall tell you of a special boutique for petticoated and feminized boys right in the heart of Glasgow. I will make arrangements by post for you to have a great outing there with the children. It will do Pansy (since I came up with that name, I can't stop using it for our dear Paul!) good to see such a place! Let me know if you like the name Pansy and will use it, otherwise I had better stop using it, and use whatever you decide.

Regards, Dougal

It had been a long and most interesting letter and there was a lot of food for thought. It seemed to me that once I was committed to fully petticoating Paul, I might as well keep at it and attack the problem with vigor; no half measures, as Dougal had said! Besides we had a lot to gain from the whole venture, and I am sure that Paul will thank me in the days to come. Dougal himself had undergone severe and intensive petticoat discipline and it did not seem to have hurt him. Nay, he ventured forth into a foreign land and made an immense fortune!

I continued to write Dougal and send him many photos of the children, especially Paul, whom I should now refer to here as 'Pansy,' since both Patricia and I agreed with Dougal that it was a charming and fitting name for the boy.

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