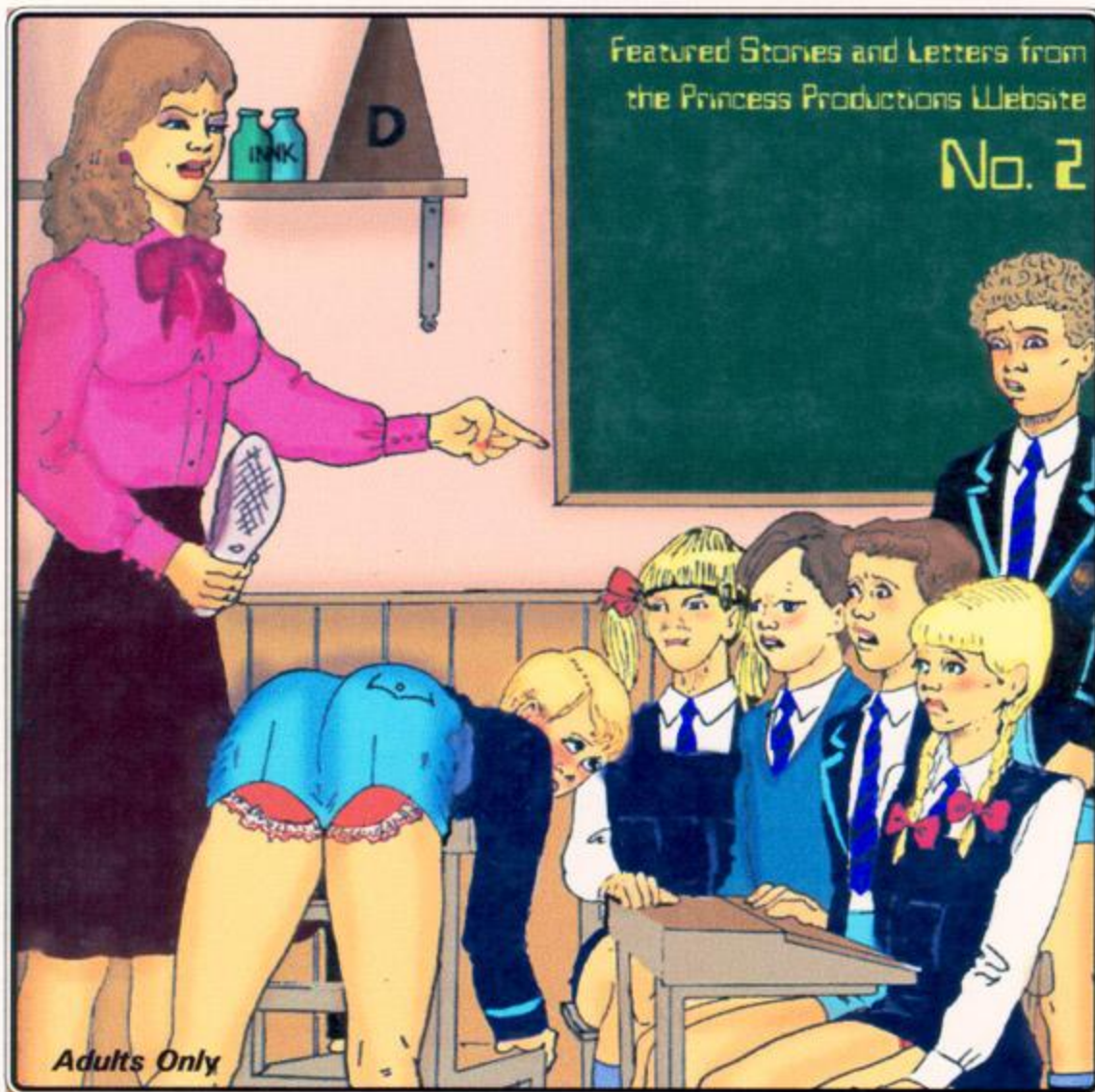


Princess Online



ORIGINALLY FEATURED ON OUR INTERNET WEBSITE, THESE ARE THE BEST "STORIES OF THE MONTH" AND "LETTERS OF THE MONTH" ABOUT PANTYWAIST SISSIES. STORIES OFTEN INCLUDE SPANKING, FEMINIZATION, HUMILIATION AND BOTH STRAIGHT AND FORCED GAY THEMES.

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

Princess Online #2

Letter of the Month February 1999

Brought Up in a Beauty Shop

INTRODUCTION

March 26, 1989

Dear Princess Lacey,

Hi, I'm Cissy Pat. While I was growing up, my mother owned a beauty shop, and since she didn't want to have a baby-sitter take care of me, I spent all my time in the shop around women and girls. Mom kept my hair girlishly long. She loved to style it and make me look pretty, but except for a few playful occasions, she didn't dress me in girls' clothes. However, she did supply me with silky girls' panties for underwear because she knew I liked to wear them.

Perhaps my most embarrassing moment happened while I was in school. My teachers and all the other kids saw my pink panties when I was bent over for a spanking. Even though I had always loved my pretty panties, I was so humiliated from the teasing I got that I asked my mother to buy me boys' underwear.

I told her I thought it is was stupid for me to wear girls' panties because I was a boy and boy were better than girls. That comment made her so angry that she cut off my long hair and dressed me in a slip, skirt and sweater for punishment. That was the one time mother used girls clothes on me as a punishment. Then she took pictures to record my embarrassment. Those photos along with other pictures from my family album are enclosed.

Sincerely,
Pat

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Princess Online #2

Letter of the Month February 1999

Brought Up in a Beauty Shop - Part 1

April 9, 1989

Dear Princess Lacey,

I was so happy to receive your letter today! Your publication is just marvelous and I am very honored to think I may be a contributor with a story about my sissy life-style. Except for the one photo enclosed, which shows a bit of my panties peeking out, I don't have any photos of myself in panties, even though I have always worn them. Mother even had "Prissy," my nickname, embroidered on a couple of pair as a special gift when I graduated from beauty school.

My earliest memories of my sissy feelings and of wearing panties are when I was about seven years old. Since my mother owned a beauty shop and we lived alone, she would have me come to the shop after school rather than going home to an empty house. She was very protective and enjoyed enhancing my already girlish features and mannerisms. She made me spend all my spare time, even Saturdays, with her at the shop when most of the boys my age were out playing football or some other male pastime. I can remember all the ladies at the beauty shop telling me that I was too pretty to be a boy and mother would always chime in to say that I was a sissy (like it was something to be proud of!) and that I was going to be even prettier later on.

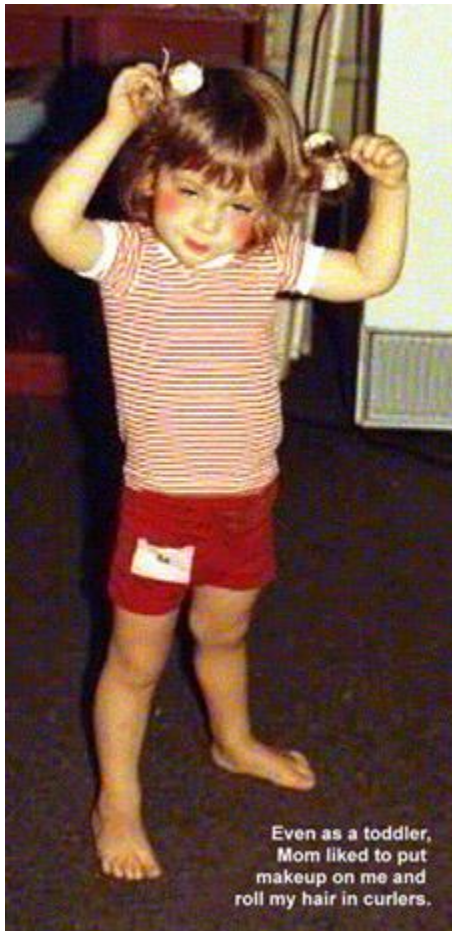
Mother always kept my hair curled with the most feminine cut she could get away with and still have me pass as a boy. People who did not know me thought I was a girl in boys' clothing, and that pleased mother to no end.

I was continually teased at school and everyone called me "sissy Pat." I had no friends. I accepted the fact that I was a sissy and a pantywaist. Since my mannerisms were naturally feminine, I couldn't even pretend to be anything but a pansy. I even walked with a swish.

I don't remember when Mom started to feminize me. She says she started in on me while I was still an infant. Being a beautician, she never tired of brushing my baby hair and coaxing it into little finger curls around my face. I've enclosed a picture that Mom took of me when I was a toddler. She had put lipstick and rouge on me and had my longish hair in curls.

When I was two, Mom made it bad for me while she was trying to toilet train me. She really hated the stinky diapers and tried every inducement to get me out of them. What made me happy was to sleep with her. She did that so she could constantly check my diapers so she could stop me if I started to pee and rush me into the bathroom to teach me to use the toilet. We slept together with her hand in my diaper.

In recent years, she admitted to me that she quickly advanced to holding my little penis cupped in her hand so she would wake up immediately if I started to urinate. Then she'd pinch my penis to get me to stop and haul me into the bathroom. Mom said I was always afraid of Dad. She said, I'd shy away from him and tremble if he just looked at me with his mean stare. Mom says he criticized her for always playing with my hair and treating me like a girl. He never called me by name. Instead, he'd call me "sissy" or "nancy boy," his two favorite terms for me. At the time, I'm sure I didn't know what they meant, but Mom said I knew enough to realize he was showing his disgust toward both of us.



Princess Online #2

Letter of the Month February 1999

Brought Up in a Beauty Shop - Part 2

My dad really got angry during my toilet training with me in their bed every night because she'd tell him "no sex." Eventually, Dad couldn't handle it anymore and got the hell out of there. My first pair of panties was soon to follow.

With Dad gone, I must have been greatly relieved because Mom said I became toilet trained soon after. Without Dad around to discourage her from sissifying me, she let my hair grow quite long. She was always fussing with it, putting it into various styles and even setting it with curlers at night. She started with just a couple of ribbons to train a few little pixie curls around my face. Soon after that she advanced to using small pliable curlers on me. They were new on the market and being promoted for little girls since they were available in very small sizes and were fairly comfortable to wear at night. When I complained that the curlers were still uncomfortable she gave me my first permanent so I could go without the curlers at night. Mom probably didn't realize just how much she was feminizing me. But that soon

became apparent.

Since I was remaining dry most of the time, Mom announced that I was a "big boy" and it was time to get me some regular underwear. She took me to Carol Cane's, one of the best children's stores in Houston back in the 60s and 70s. I'll never forget the story about that shopping trip because, even though I was too young to remember what happened first hand, it's one of Mom's favorite stories, and I've heard her tell it to people hundreds of times. This is how Mom tells it:

Once inside the store, Mom told one of the salesladies that she need underwear for me because I was graduating out of diapers. The lady asked if she wanted some intermediate training panties or regular underwear. Mom said "grown-up underwear."

With my flock of curls, the woman must have assumed I was a little girl even though I was dressed in my typical outfit of boys' shorts and a T-shirt. She stepped over to a bin about five feet away, pulled out a pair of baby blue panties and announced that they were having a sale on little girls' rhumba panties.

Mom broke out into laughter as the woman held up the panties and flipped them over, putting one hand inside the waistband and spreading the panties out over her opened fingers. With her other hand, she kept fluffing up the multiple rows of white lace and pointing out the pretty little

bow.

"Aren't these just adorable?" she cooed. "Such fine lace, and satiny bows, all so nice and very silky, quite special for a big girl to wear."

When Mom started to laugh uncontrollably, the clerk slowed her sales pitch and got a screwed up expression on her face, probably wondering why Mom was reacting that way.

Mom was in a droll mood. She wasn't going to let this opportunity for fun get away!

She said she picked me up in her arms and brought me close to the saleslady so I could see the panties. The woman smiled and pushed the soft little panties into my hands and went right back into her pitch. However, this time, gearing it more to my ears, the ears of a three-year-old.

"O-o-o-o-o! Nice and silky panties, huh sweetie?" she said as she urged me to hold them."

Mom says I touched the panties and seemed to enjoy the soft feel of the nylon as I let them squiggle through my fingers.

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Princess Online #2

Letter of the Month February 1999

Brought Up in a Beauty Shop - Part 3

"Wouldn't you like to wear these pretty big girl panties instead of stinky old diapers?"

Mom said I got a long look on my face almost like I was ready to cry and told the lady, "I'm a big boy now! I don't have stinky diapers!" The saleswoman screwed up her face and was apparently trying to digest what I had just said.

Thoroughly enjoying the moment, Mom broke out in wild laughter.

The woman blurted out, "Oh, madam, I'm sorry! So sorry! I had no idea. I mean with the curly hair, and so sweet, and . . . "

Interrupting her apology, Mom said, "So what's the big deal?" as she pulled the panties completely out of the clerk's hands and put them into mine.

"Do you want pretty panties like these, Patrick dear?" Mom asked stressing my christened boys' name, something she only did when she wanted to emphasize the fact that I was a boy. And she did it here to rub my boyhood into this woman's face.

I must have immediately loved the silky fabric because Mom said I hugged them close to me, started to suck my thumb and cuddled up to her in her arms. That was answer enough for her.

"These will be fine," Mom said firmly to the astounded saleslady. "You said these were on sale. So how much are they?"

"Ah-ah . . . well, yes, they're . . . ma'am, but, ah, are you sure you want, I mean these are for girls, and . . . "

"Of course, I want them. See," she said pointing to me, "he loves them. I don't care if they're supposed to be for girls, monkeys or Eskimos. He likes em so I'm going to buy him some. Now, what's the price?"

"Uh, well, sure, if you want . . . They're, uh, regularly \$1.99, and now, \$1.79 a pair or three pair for \$4.95."

"Fine, I'll take two more pair. Let's see . . . some yellow ones, . . . and, oh yes, a pink pair! Do you think this is the right size?"

Mom put me down and had me stand so I could be measured for size. The saleswoman was totally embarrassed. Flushing bright red, she measured the panties up against my little body as Mom urged me to stand still for the fitting.

That's the God's honest truth of how I first got into panties, and I've worn them everyday of my life since. Eventually my doctor, the neighbors and all the kids I went to school with knew I wore girls' panties. Even the milkman and the mailman found out! Mom didn't see a reason to keep it a secret from anyone. It made for a lot of interesting moments while growing up, and even some very frightening moments as I got older since many of the older boys couldn't handle it.

Anyway, back to when I was very young. I wore panties, but I never really wore very much in the way of other girls' clothes. You'd think it would have been a natural jump, but Mom didn't pretend that I was a girl or anything like that. It's just that I started wearing panties because Mom thought that's what I wanted at the time, she saw no harm in it. We got into a habit pattern, and I've simply worn them ever since.

I know Mom loved the idea of me wearing panties. It was a big joke to her and a slam against masculinity. Moreover, it appealed to her naturally combative nature. She loved to verbally spar, even fight, with anyone and everyone. And when she was in one of her moods, she could get an argument started with a total stranger in no time at all by simply letting my lacy panties peek out a bit from the bottom edge of my shorts.

For some people, the moment they discovered that I was a boy and wore girls' panties it goaded them into confronting my mother. But Mom relished a good fight. She was ready for them, and she delighted in annihilated them with her cavalier attitude and quick, vicious tongue.

She'd say things like, "So the kid wears girls' panties! What's big fucking deal? He's my kid, and I'll raise him like I please!"

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Princess Online #2

Letter of the Month February 1999

Brought Up in a Beauty Shop - Part 5

After hours of being dressed, made-up, fussed over, and photographed for posterity, the two women took us out. We ended up with quite a haul of candy because Mrs. Forneau and my mother were having so much fun and they kept us out for hours stopping at the homes of every relative, friend and neighbor for blocks around.

Everywhere we stopped Mom made it a point of telling the people that we were not two girls as we appeared but two boys. People reacted in a variety of ways from shock to laughter, even though most of them thought it was a big laugh. One man (George's uncle) was outraged. He called us sissies for allowing the women to dress us up like silly little girls. It didn't bother me too much, but George started crying. Mom of course chewed the guy out up and down.

At one of our neighbor's houses, the woman who answered the door insisted upon calling her whole family to the door to see us. Her daughter, Rebecca, was a bratty ten-year-old. Unexpectedly, she reached out and pinched my titties right through my dress. Then she did the same to George as she laughed at us and told us she just wanted to see if we were growing titties. I slapped at her to make her stop, but George went into another fit of crying.

Maybe our mothers were having fun, but George and I were growing weary. When we stopped at the neighbor's house where Mom had borrowed the clothes I was wearing, we were invited inside, and I had to model the outfit for Barbie, the little girl who owned the clothes. The girl wanted to see everything including the slip and tights all the way up under my skirt.

Mom snapped her fingers at me and told me to pull up my dress. After I pulled it up, she made me pull it up even higher until everyone could see my bare tummy above the tights. Barbie asked Mom why she didn't borrow any of her panties for me to wear. Mom of course informed her that I wore girls' panties all the time!

I was used to Mom exposing my panties to even complete strangers. I generally didn't get embarrassed in such situations with Mom there to defend me. But here I was the center of attention with my skirts up to my chin and with Mom pulling down the tights to show everyone the pretty pair of purple rhumba panties I had on that day. For some reason the close scrutiny made me uncomfortable, especially when Barbie knelt down in front of me and insisted on closely examining the lace and frills on my panties.

I made a move to cover myself up, but Mom shouted, "Keep that skirt, boy."

Barbie wasn't bashful at all. She grabbed my penis in the panties and said, "What's this? I don't have one of these in my panties?" She thought that was hilarious and literally rolled on the floor in laughter.

I thought I was destined to have her tease me for the rest of my life after that, but actually, it ended up being a good thing because through it all we became good friends and often played together. We are friends to this day.

But then there was a time when I was eleven, almost twelve years old. I was going through a period when I was feeling very insecure. We had just moved because Mom was doing pretty well and she was able to afford a bigger shop. One added advantage, this new shop had a house attached. The problem arose because we now lived in a new district, and I had to attend a new school. After years of attending my old school, everyone knew I was a sissy. Most of the kids simply accepted me for what I was or at least just ignored me, but no one knew me at this new school. Worst of all, even though this was the late 1970s, corporal punishment, especially spanking, was still a big thing and fully sanctioned in many Texas school districts. And this was one of them! I had never been spanked in my life so I had no idea what I was getting into.

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Princess Online #2

Letter of the Month February 1999

Brought Up in a Beauty Shop - Part 6

Just days into being at my new school, I was caught talking. Actually, I was just fending off some of the jerks that had been teasing me all morning. For punishment, my teacher made me bend over the back of a chair for a paddling with an old gym sneaker.

Wouldn't you know that I'd be wearing an especially lacy pair of pink panties that day? And they cupped my ass cheeks like I was auditioning to be a Shirley Temple stand-in. Even though I got to keep my shorts up for the spanking, my teacher and all the kids saw the lacy hems of my pink panties sticking out from underneath the edge of my shorts. Her paddling really hurt, but I was crying from all the teasing that I was getting from my classmates long before Miss Cullerton even started hitting me. Within minutes of class being over that day, everyone in school knew about the sissy boy in the sixth grade who wore girls' pink panties. I cried as I ran all the way home with the catcalls, screams and laughter ringing in my ears.

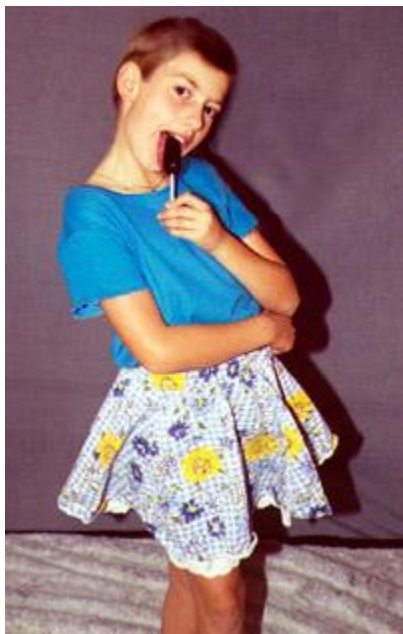
I realized I was getting too old to have my mother fight my battles for me, but I was too weak and too much of a sissy to fight back on my own. Being at a new school I had seen as an opportunity to make some friends. I wanted them to like me, but now that they had seen my panties I was sure they'd shun me. Wearing girls' panties made me different from other boys, and if I wanted to have them for my friends I knew that would have to change. So when I got home from school that day, I asked my mother to buy me some boys' underwear. I told her I didn't want the kids to make fun of me anymore. I told her I thought it was stupid and embarrassing to wear panties anymore, and from the things I heard the boys say, I told her boys were better than girls.

Mom was a confirmed man hater so those words sent her into a rage. She asked me what she was supposed to do with the drawers full of fancy panties she had bought for me over the years. She started talking down men and telling me that she wasn't going to let me become an "asshole" like my father. She led me into the shop where I started crying even harder as she took an electric razor to my hair and quickly cut it very short in front of the stunned operators and customers. While working in the shop, all the operators change from their outer clothes to smocks. From Gloria, one of the young operators who wasn't much bigger than me, she borrowed a sweater, skirt and lacy half-slip. She dressed me in them and told me that was how she was going to take me shopping to buy boys' underwear. That made me cry all the more and made me feel so guilty. She was great at doing that. I soon apologized and begged her forgiveness. She relented then explained that she'd go with me to school in the morning and defend me against my teacher, the other kids, the school and anyone else, if necessary.

Other than for Halloween, that was the first time I was dressed fully in a girl's outfit, and there I was with my hair shorter than I had ever worn it in my life! Crazy as it sounds, we both ended up laughing because we thought I looked so funny. Mom insisted on taking a bunch of pictures of me in that state and I've enclosed a couple of them here. She gave me one of those long chocolate suckers to gnaw on. It was all very innocent on Mom's part (I think), but now looking back at those pictures that sucker is very phallic looking! Was Mom trying to tell me something?

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Princess Online #2

Letter of the Month February 1999

Brought Up in a Beauty Shop - Part 7

I always wore satin pajamas. Even though Mom always said they were for boys, I knew they were from the girls' section of the store. They didn't have any lace or obvious signs that they were for girls, but I did know that they buttoned on the girls' side. I had known that for some time, but I never had made a fuss. Besides, they did feel nice to sleep in, especially since I also slept in my panties, and the silky nylon of my panties rubbing up against the satin pajamas was something that I thoroughly enjoyed because I was regularly getting erections in those days. My silky clothes were driving me crazy. Looking

back on it, I realized that I was having some minor experiences with wet dreams. I would wake up in the morning and my panties would be sticking to my penis and pajamas. I didn't know what was going on. It only confused me and I thought I was pissing in my panties at night and feeling very ashamed about it all. Well, while waiting to drift off to sleep, for some reason, I again started having second thoughts. Cautiously, I asked Mom if she could at least buy me boys' pajamas.

She didn't say a word. She just got up, went out and returned a few minutes later with one of her pink nightgowns. It was a double-layered nylon, waltz-length nightie with a pale pink chiffon overlay, a lot of lace, bows and ribbons, all very frilly and thoroughly feminine.

Without saying a word she stripped off my satin pajamas and slipped the pink nightie over my head. She rubbed my body through it and hugged me. I got a huge erection. Unknown to me Mom had been aware of the stains in my panties and pajamas. She knew more about what was going on with my body than I did.

Then she slid into bed beside me and held me in a close embrace. We momentarily lay together motionless. She squeezed me tight. I tensed up. Something told me something strange was going on. I remained completely motionless, all of me that is except my hardened prick. It throbbed within my panties, standing up straight against my belly, yearning to be touched, snuggled and caressed within the layers of nylon and lace. Mom relaxed her grip on me and slid her right hand between us. I tensed up and started with a panting breath the moment she firmly gripped my cock through all that feminine lusciousness.

Then she came on strong!

"Patty, admit it! You're a sissy. You belong in panties. You'll always wear panties. You're a natural born pansy. I won't let you grow up to be a thankless bastard. Besides, you're probably well on your way to being a faggot. Well, my little fem boy that's just fine with me. If I have anything to say about it, you'll be sucking cocks and hustling rich homos to support me after I retire. I'm getting you ready to have you pay me back for all I've done for you!

"I don't care what you want. If I tell you you're going to wear panties, you're going to wear panties! In fact, if I tell you to wear a bra, a dress or even a goddamn ring in your nose, you'll do

it! Now tell me!

"Tell me that you'll wear panties for the rest of your life."

I didn't really understand a lot of what she was saying. I had been quite sheltered and I didn't quite know what she meant about sucking cock, hustling and things like that.

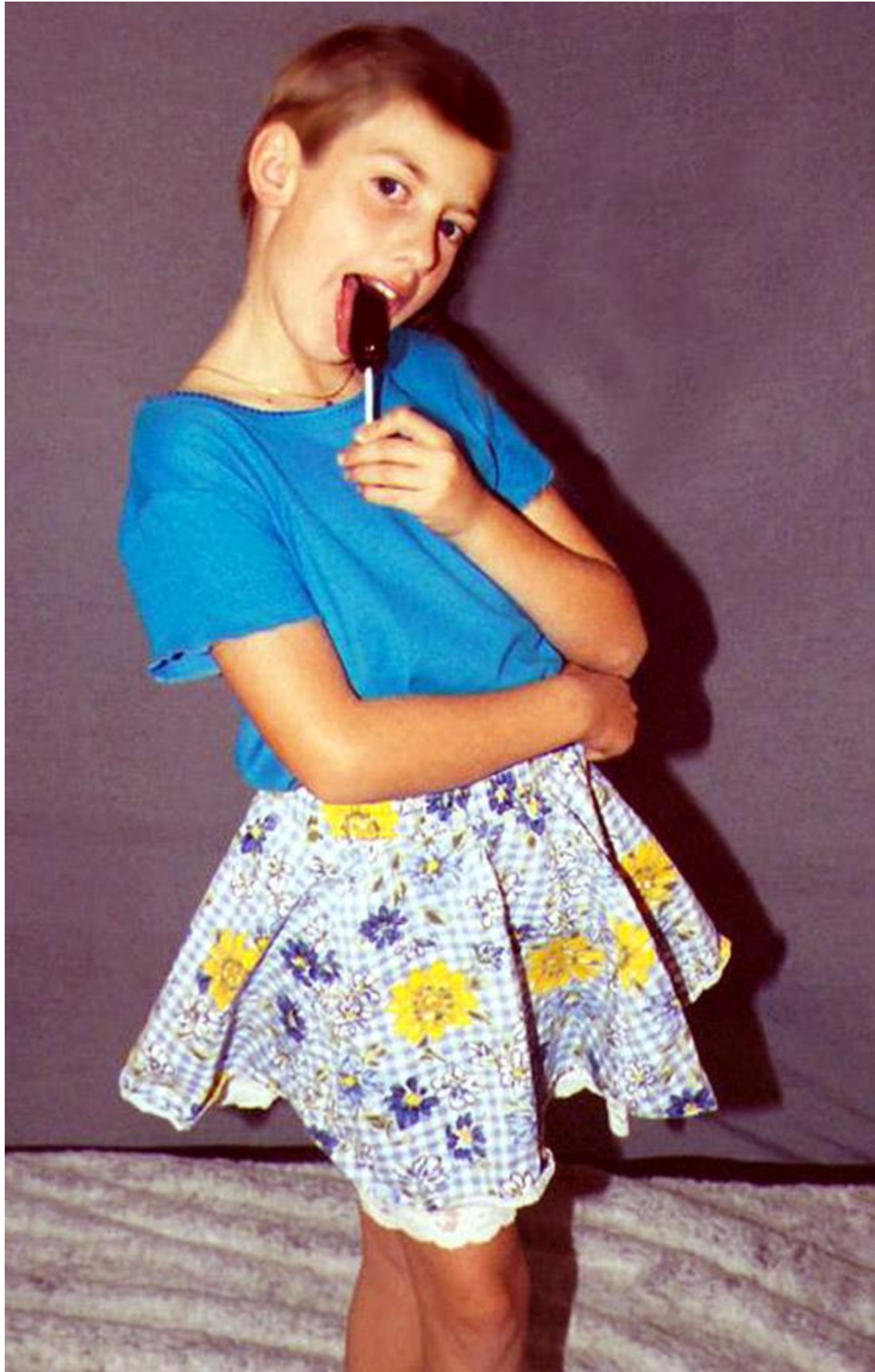
"Now tell me, sissy! I want to hear it!"

"I'll do whatever you want, Mom.

"O-o-o-o-o, I moaned as she increased her rhythm stroking my throbbing erection through her soft nightie and my silken panties.

"O-o-o-o-o-oh! Mom!"

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Princess Online #2

Letter of the Month February 1999

Brought Up in a Beauty Shop - Part 8

My concentration on my pleasure was interrupted when she put my hand in between her legs and told me to rub her there. My consciousness of what I was doing touching her there drove me wild-one half of my mind was lost in carnal bliss and the other half of my mind was consumed with concentrating on and trying to analyze what my fingers were exploring. Mom showed me how to cup her mons as she explained how she hated men but loved being fucked by a big cock. She laughed as she explained all about sex to me in excited, panting words as I rubbed up and down on her pussy. She pulled me on top of her, yanked up the pink nightie and pulled aside the crotch of my panties. Grasping the bare flesh of my cock she plunged it into her hot, sticky pussy hole.

"Fuck me, baby. You want to be a big, big man! Well, then fuck me, baby! Fuck me, now! Come on, sissy boy. If you want me to buy you big boy underwear let's see if you can earn your right to wear it! Fill me up with your sissy spunk, faggot boy. Show me what you got inside that skinny, pimple dick of yours!"

Well, my penis, I realized later was not all that small for a boy my age. I was very, very hard and I was fucking my mother. I was naive, but I knew pretty well what we were doing at that moment. I knew I was a motherfucker! As I shot my cum the word "motherfucker" flew around in my mind. I screamed in pain as I exploded as much from the idea of it all as from the intensity of my orgasm.

Mom had not planned things to go that way. She later admitted that she wanted to come into my bedroom, put me in the nightie and make fun of me for being a sissy. In doing that, she fully expected my penis to deflate and go away. However, when confronted with my burgeoning erection, she pushed all reason aside and was unable to stop herself from impaling herself upon it. Furthermore, she didn't expect me to react in such a traditional masculine way. She underestimated my manhood. She thought I was too much of a sissy to be any good in bed with a woman. She also admitted to being sex-starved. She was defenseless once she was overcome by the throws of wantonness.

Of course, I loved my mother, and she loved me, but what we were doing at that precise moment was not making love. It was the culmination of our long and wild dance through life, the confused sex and gender roles, the dominatrix and the submissive, our most unusual mother-son/mother-daughter relationship. Our pent-up need for release governed the moment. We never had a chance to think or react, or to defuse the situation.

Then silence, all quiet except for gasps for breath straining to replenish our air supply. Mom and I both cried, just a gentle girlish cry for both of us as we kept hugging one another and waited for our breathing and pulse to slow down, waiting for our minds to make sense of what we had done. We both deferred thinking about it except in our dreams. We fell asleep in each other's arms. An hour or so later Mom woke up. As she gently straightened out my nightie and rubbed her hand over my silk-encased body, I woke up too. We lay there quietly, sleeping on and off in each other's embrace for the rest of the night. In the morning, she got up first then urged

me to get up and get ready for school.

We went to school that day holding hands. I didn't give a damn about the kids or school or anything, but of course, Mom wasn't deterred. She was ready for a fight. But after a conference with my teacher and the principal, she left. They had urged her to dress me in regular boy's underwear, but she absolutely refused to listen to them. Instead she challenged them. They came out of that meeting believing that it was their job to protect me while in school regardless of how I was dressed or how I acted! Mom had won again. And that was the last we heard from the staff at that school about me wearing panties.

That day after school, Mom came to pick me up. The kids were laughing, pointing and making wise cracks about me, but I just ignored them as I got into Mom's car and we drove off.

Mom started to talk about the night before. To talk about it in broad daylight made me squirm and blush. But she didn't talk so much about what we did except to say that it was something beautiful even if

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Princess Online #2

Letter of the Month February 1999

Brought Up in a Beauty Shop - Part 9

preachers would condemn us to hell and the neighbors would faint in shock.

Mom did get me to admit that I loved wearing her nightgown. Once I admitted it, she turned off the road and went right straight to the new Dayton's store in the shopping center by our house. Mom took me in and bought me three nighties. One was a yellow waltz-length gown with little butterflies embroidered on the frilly collar. Another one was a floor-length style made of a heavy white satin with ecru scallops and ribbons around the edges. And the third was a complete circle, full-cut, baby doll with a ruffled top and fluffy, big, baby-like, ruffled panties. The baby dolls were all in pink with red rosebuds and white satin trim running down the front. Mom said I could try the three basic styles of nighties and decide for myself which type I'd like to wear all the time. Then we buy a whole drawer full to keep me happy.

That next night, she took me into her bedroom. Neither one of us seemed to harbor much guilt about what had happened the night before. I got into my baby dolls. They were a dreamy creation like the PJs I had seen my cute little girl cousin wear whenever we visited my aunt and uncle. It made me feel so utterly girlish, yet my dick got instantly hard and my head started to spin from the excitement.

Within minutes of getting under the sheets, Mom and I were engaged in a full silken nightie/panty mother/son fuck. After my first cum of the night, she showed me how to do sixty-nine. That also put me in the position of sucking my own cum out of my mother's tight, long-unused pussy. We flipped over so I was on the bottom and she was on top. That caused my entire load to drain out of her cunt and into my mouth. She asked me if I liked the taste of cum, I told her it was okay. How was I to know that the taste would stay with me and I would get to the point where I loved the taste and wonder what other boys' cum tasted like? I was growing up very fast and soon to find out. But during that year, I didn't even know the names of half of the things we were doing together in bed.

At the same time, I seemed to be getting into more and more trouble at school. The boys my age now seemed to be growing horns as their hormones turned them from being a nuisance into being a direct descendant of Satan himself. Their homophobic reaction to me was going from teasing and joking to beating me up and even threatening to kill me. Their limited sexual knowledge led them to believe that I was a faggot for wearing panties. They never let up on me.

Mom knew I had it rough. Even she found it next to impossible tangling with some of these thugs. They were getting too old. It did no good to go to their parents because they didn't mind their parents anyway.

But Mother was doing pretty well with her shop so to spare me from the teasing, humiliation and being beaten up, she took me out of school and employed a private tutor. The tutor would come to the beauty shop in the mornings to help me with my studies. As I grew older and from being in the shop all the time, my appearance became more and more feminine and my personality even more submissive. Yes, I did continue to sleep with my mother. For us, having sex was the highlight of our day.

Mom more actively pursued my feminization, buying me increasingly sissified and girlish clothes, shaping my eyebrows and letting my nails grow and lacquering them. People who didn't know me often looked back at me two or three times. Many of them openly stared. I know they were trying to figure out if I was a boy or a girl. But Mom had no doubts about my masculinity. Almost daily, I proved my ability to perform like a man. She was delighted with the boy-girl sex toy she was turning me into-regardless of my feminine body and mannerisms I regularly mounted her like an overheated stallion.

In the shop, Mother's regular customers watched my gradual change over the years. To them it

was almost a game. When they came into for their regular appointment, they'd anxiously search me out to see what Mother had done to advance my feminization since they were last in the shop.

My toenails I started to paint. Mom got me some open-toed sandals for them to peek out. My hair seemed to get longer very quickly that year. It got so I could wear it in many different styles, and Mother enjoyed trying all of them on me. In turn, I enjoyed her fussing over my hair. The ultimate sissy feeling for me is to swish around the beauty shop with my hair up in rollers, with a pretty hair net that has pink bows in it tied around my head while my pretty pink panties show through my women's white nylon coverall jumpsuit.

At fourteen, mother made me the shampoo boy. When customers came into the shop, I'd help them take off their dress and get into their smock before removing any pins from their hair, brushing it and giving them a shampoo. My first real job! I enjoyed it so much because I was getting experience and feeling like a totally subservient sissy.

I just loved working in the beauty shop with all the ladies who called me 'pretty boy.' But once I left the shop my feelings of security were gone, and I always stayed close to Mother so she could protect me from all the bullies who liked to pick on me.

Partly in an effort to make me less conspicuous when I was out and about town, Mother stopped dressing me in my head-turning sissy boy and little girl clothes and let me graduate to full feminine splendor: smart teen dresses, sheer fashion tights, long nails with bright nail polish and modestly high-heeled shoes. Of course still hidden underneath were my eternally frilly babyish panties. The picture on this page will give you some idea. And that's all my own hair! Wearing it long is a chore to keep neat and clean, but I love washing and styling it, and Mom never seems to tire of putting it up in curlers, coloring it and helping with my daily a-to-z beauty and hair care routine.

But even dressed in a more conservative adult fashion and with Mother by my side there were times when some of those bratty boys would call me names and tell me that my mouth would be a perfect fit for their dicks. They would laugh and tease me and tell me that for ten bucks they'd let me suck them off and drink their cum. Even though I did all kinds of sex things with Mom nightly, I was still quite naive and did not know much about homosexuality or how boys could do things to one another. I thought it was pretty much just playground talk not something that really happened that much.

Such talk scared me to the point that I would start shaking and tears would roll down my cheeks. Mother would take me in her arms and console me, telling me she would take me home, put me in fresh panties and a nightie and cuddle up with me to make me feel better.

Eventually, Mother did talk a lot with me about sex. She told me about gay boys, lesbians and other strange things. When I admitted that for a long time after tasting my own cum from her pussy lips I wondered what another boy's cum tasted like, she just smiled, held me close and told me she'd help me find out if I really wanted to know. Well, when I cried into her bosom and admitted that I really did want to know, she fixed me up with the son of one of her customers who was gay and going to beauty school. She said that if I liked him and liked having sex with him, she might offer him a job in her shop after he graduated and let him move in with us. Of course, she added I would still have to keep her happy sexually, but she'd help me experiment with a gay life-style if I wanted.

Well, I did and it worked out great, but that is another story and I've taken enough of your time. Besides, this is my day off from the shop, and I have a lot of housework to do, plus I need to wash out my panties as well as my mothers from last night. Do you know of any stories about sissy hairdressers like myself? If so please let me know. So long for now,

Your submissive sissy hairdresser,

Pat

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Princess Online #2
Story of the Month - February

Renoir's Girly Boys

In this famous painting, which one is the boy?

At a recent Renoir exhibition in Chicago, a number of the paintings featured boys dressed as girls. Most of these pictures were painted during the last half of the 1800s, during that time and well into this century, it was common practice to dress children of both sexes in girlish clothes and that included everything from hair ribbons and petticoat-puffed-up fancy dresses to patent leather Maryjanes and heavily frilled lingerie.

Such lucky boys!

When I attended the exhibition, the attendees were putting on a show. It was a rare treat to watch them as they discovered that the cutie who was the center of their attention that they were staring at in the painting was actually a girlishly little boy. Their reactions ranged from shock and disgust to giggles and outright laughter.

To read about my visit and the people's reactions as well as a few other beautiful girly-boy paintings by this great Impressionist Master, click on the picture!

(Answer: The boy is in the middle!)

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Princess Online #2
Story of the Month - February 1



Story of the Month - February 1999

Renoir's Girly Boys - Part 1

[Click on photos for a closer view.]

Since I have a great interest in crossdressing, I looked forward to attending the current [November 1997] exhibition entitled, *Renoir's Portraits - Impressions of an Age*, at the fabulous Art Institute of Chicago because Pierre August Renoir had painted numerous pictures of boys dressed in girls' clothes. While the paintings were fabulous, for me, the real show turned out to be the people attending the exhibit and their reactions to seeing these 'girly boy' pictures.

Renoir, one of the greatest French Impressionists, lived from 1841 to 1919, and his girly boy paintings were not seen as anything unusual during his own time because it was the custom for all small children to wear what we today would call 'girls' clothes. Even though it was a common practice, judging from the way most people at the exhibition reacted to seeing these boys dressed like girls, most people today know little about this old-fashioned custom.

Just to watch people's actions and facial expressions at the very moment they discovered the true sex of these sweetly dressed little boys was worth the price of admission. And most of them did react in some fashion. Volumes could be written about how they acted and the things they said. It was a great insight into our own culture as these people learned about a common but almost forgotten custom of a bygone era.

Having anticipated that the exhibit might be fertile ground for people watching (and eavesdropping), I had prepared myself with a pocket tape recorder and a note pad. After a meticulous tour of the entire exhibit, I stationed myself near Renoir's most impressive girly boy painting "Madame Georges Charpentier and Her Children" (shown on this page). Acknowledged to be one of Renoir's finest works, it's a huge family portrait, about five feet high and seven feet wide. At the exhibition, it occupied a commanding central location, and happily for me, nearby was a bench from which I could clandestinely make my

observations.

Georges Charpentier was among Renoir's leading financial supporters. In turn, Renoir painted a number of pictures of and for the Charpentier family. In 1878 he finished this masterpiece of Georges' wife, Marguerite, and her two children. Her son, Paul, is seated next to her and wearing an outfit that exactly matches that worn by his older sister, Georgette, sitting in the lower left side of the picture. The boy has a painfully sweet smile on his face, while the girl is nonchalantly staring off into the distance with a serene, confident expression. This little princess is sitting on the family dog, a patient Newfoundland. The dog seems to be one of the girl's loyal subjects. I can imagine this little minx fully in control of her younger brother that she has fully trained to obey her every command. Undoubtedly, she fully participated in dressing up the boy from putting him into his lacy lingerie to fluffing up his dress and petticoats. She probably treated him like a dog too, sitting on him and doing God knows what else to him!

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Story of the Month -
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Renoir's Girly Boys - Part 2

Like most of the

other girly boy portraits in the exhibition, a small sign posted next to the Charpentier painting not only revealed that the girlish child was a boy, it also tried to explain why the boy was wearing girls' clothes. In part, it stated that Madame Charpentier's "son, Paul, [is] dressed identically to his sister, which was customary for children in upper-middle class households in 19th century France." Even if the sign was an attempt to comfort those perplexed or distraught at such information, I knew that sign and similar signs posted near the other sissy boy paintings would raise some

eyebrows.

I switched on
my tape
recorder and
waited for the
show to begin. I
didn't have long
to wait.

With most
people it was
easy to decipher
the very
moment they
realized that the
sweet little girl
they were
looking at was
actually a boy.
Whether they
made this
discovery by
reading the sign
or their show
brochure or by
listening to a
live tour guide
or the self-
guided audio
tour, most of
them couldn't
hold back a
reaction.

Most flashed a
big grin, some
laughed aloud, a
few evidenced
shock, and one
or two screwed
up their face in
utter disgust.

These
unrehearsed
reactions were
surely a peek
into the soul of
those
individuals. As I
watched these
people, it
wasn't difficult
to picture how a
particular
individual
would react
upon
discovering his
or her own son
dressed in his
sister's clothes.
I'm happy to
report that the
majority of
people did not
seem troubled
by what they
saw. Most of
them handled
the assault on
masculinity with
ease; an
amused smile
was the norm.
Yet in some
cases, the
smiles and
joking
comments
seemed to
betray a
nervous
reaction to an
uncomfortable

situation.

Attendees
making the
discovery and
keeping it to
themselves
were one thing,
only a smile,
giggle or
surprised
expression gave
me a clue as to
what they might
have been
thinking.

However, I
found most
interesting the
people who
chose to say
something to
their
companions
because it was a
rare
opportunity to
hear everyday
people give
unsolicited
comments on
crossdressing.

Those
comments were
very
enlightening. I
was surprised
by the large the
number of
people, who
upon seeing the
girly boy

pictures,
recalled some
specific
personal
memories
involving boys
wearing girls'
clothes. From
my strategic
position sitting
on the nearby
bench watching
and listening,
writing notes
and recording
overheard
conversations, I
compiled an
amazing log.
After a while I
made the
rounds to the
other girly boy
paintings and
witnessed
similar
reactions.

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Story of the Month - February 1999

Renoir's Girly Boys - Part 3

As I watched and listened to people looking at Renoir's girly boy pictures, here are some of the things I overheard:

A conservatively dressed man in his mid fifties talking out loud to himself:

"Oh, my god. That's weird!"

A gum-chewing teenage boy to the perky girl he was with:

"Are you kidding me? Did you get a load of that?"

"Yeah, so what?" the girl replied.

One woman in a business suit talking to another:

"That's strange. Isn't it? But you know, with that long hair and all, he's too pretty to be a boy, anyway!"

A twenty-something woman, laughing and poking her boyfriend/husband in the ribs:

"I'll bet you the sister did that to him . . . used him like a dress-up doll."

"Did your sister ever do that to you?"

"Are you . . . are you joking?" he said nervously.

"Well, did she?"

"Uh . . . oh, I mean, gosh no!" obviously feeling very uncomfortable.

A slight, mature looking teenage girl to an elderly, grandmother-type woman:

"Do you think the boy dressed like that all the time? Or just for the picture?"

"In my day many mothers kept their little boys in dresses."



"No way! But it looks like he even has makeup on. And look, he's wearing lacy slips. Do you think he's wearing panties and everything."

"Well, of course my dear."

Late twenties secretary-type career woman to a thirty something man in a conservative business suit:

"I wonder what you would have looked like dressed up like that when you were little."

"I'd rather not think about it."

Fortyish, well-bred woman making a statement out loud for her friends and everyone else to hear:

"I bet that little boy acted real nice and stayed out of trouble."

Fifty-something businessman talking to his young model-like trophy wife:

"Just look at that kid. Now, I've seen it all."

"Oh, Charlie! I think he looks adorable. Did you ex ever dress Tommy up like that?"

"Never! Well, I mean I wasn't home a lot. God only knows what she did. But no! No . . . well, there was a time . . . no, never mind. Let's move on."

College-age girl to another:

"Mary Jo, didn't your brother used to prance around in your dresses?"

"He still does."

One schoolmarm-type talking to another:

"I wonder what the kid's father thought of him in dresses."

Teenage girl to a young boy:

"Hey, do you remember when Mom dressed you up as a girl?"

"Sh-h-h-h! Kelly, that was just for Halloween."

"What's wrong?"

"Somebody will hear."

"Hear what? No body knows you here."

"But Curt and the other kids still tease me about it."

"Sensitive, aren't we!"

Mid thirties mother talking to her daughter and pushing a stroller:

"I wonder what Tommy would look like in a dress?"

"M-o-o-m! Are you serious?"

"Just a thought."

"It would be so funny."

"I don't know. I think he'd make a very cute little girl."

Girl doubles over in laughter.

One particularly interesting exchange between a woman, her daughter and her daughter's girlfriend:

"Chrissie, did you read the sign?" said the girlfriend.

"Yeah! Oh god! I think it's awful that they dressed him like that!" said the daughter.

"But the sign says everybody did that in those days. I think it's neat!"

"Boys in dresses, Rita, you got to be kidding. It's sick. It had to turn that kid into a sissy for sure!"

Rita admitted, *"My mom says my dad was dressed like that until he went to school. It didn't hurt him any."*

Chrissie's mother interrupted, *"You might not believe this, girls, but one of my uncles was dressed like a girl until he was twelve years old!"*

"Twelve years old! No kidding?"

"His mother, my grandmother, took him to Marshall Fields four times a year, had him fully outfitted him in the best dresses, lingerie, the works. . . even had him in little brassieres at ten, practically unheard of for girls back then in the fifties. His mother slept with him every night too!"

"Mom! You don't have to spill all the family secrets to Rita five minutes after meeting her!"

"Well, it's true."

"Mother!"

"It is true. You don't have to be ashamed of your family."

"But Mom, can we change the subject?"

"Why?" the mother asked. Then she continued, "But to answer your question, Rita: No. That didn't mess him up. I don't think. What screwed him up was his crazy mother. I mean, he did turn out gay and he was an alcoholic, but I don't blame that on him being dressed like a girl for all those years. The dresses were nothing compared to the other things she -- and that whole damn family -- did to him. Besides he eventually got off the alcohol and turned out to be a wonderful man. He's my favorite uncle! In fact, my favorite relative."

"Are we finished, Mom?"

"Rita, you have to forgive my Mom. She tends to tell everybody everything!"

"And you?" Mom said as she looked at Rita and continued undaunted.

"Did your father get 'messed up' for being raised like a girl?"

"Well, er . . . well, no. I love my Dad. He's okay. In fact, he's the greatest!"

"Well, I rest my case!"

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Story of the Month - February 1999

Renoir's Girly Boys - Part 4

What a grand study of people this turned out to be!

The foregoing unedited comments were from a fairly sophisticated crowd of onlookers in the heart of downtown Chicago. I had to wonder to myself what kind of reactions I would have observed had this same exhibit been held in a small Bible belt town. I'd really pay to see that!

Later, reflecting upon the whole experience, I wondered what it would be like for a secret transvestite, attending this event with family or friends, to hear their comments. It certainly would be a unique opportunity for that man to see how his friends or family reacted to transvestism. Who knows? An accepting and understanding reaction to the girly boys might motivate the secret TV to reveal himself to them? Then again, he might



discover that they are quite turned off by it, and that might make him think twice about telling them about his inner needs.

If you have the opportunity to see this exhibition or any show featuring some of these outstanding paintings, I certainly recommend attending. And go at a busy time so you can study people's reactions to the boys in girls' clothes. If attending such an exhibit is not possible, at least get a book containing a comprehensive selection of Renoir's works from your local library, and you'll be able to see all these lovely pictures in full detail. An even better idea would be to buy a book on Renoir (there are probably over a hundred different books on the market devoted exclusively to Renoir) and leave the book on your coffee table for your friends and relatives to see. As they page through the book, you can watch for yourself their reactions to the boys in girls' clothes!

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