

Princess Online



No. 11

*Adults
Only*

Featured Stories
and Letters
from the Princess
Productions Website

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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

A Message from Princess Lacey

Understanding People Trying to Understand Your Fetish

Dear Sissies,

Many women are understanding when they discover their husband or son is attracted to wearing silky feminine panties. After all, these women have probably worn a lot of silk and nylon their entire lives; they know how soft and smooth and pleasant to wear such clothes are. And if they choose to think about it a bit deeper, they'll realize silky panties must feel great on a male's sensitive penis. That is why, after the initial shock of discovering their husband or son has a fetish for panties, many women assume that the attraction is the silky fabric, and to a degree, they are probably right. Such women usually react by offering to buy their husband or son male underwear made of silk or satin, since men's underwear made from such fabrics is readily available.

But usually a panty fetish is much more than that. A further complication arises when a woman realizes that the attraction is not just the silkiness of the fabric; it's the fact that it is a female garment. Some women can handle that males are attracted to females and that can translate into being attracted to their lingerie, their most intimate bits of clothing. Such women may offer to satisfy their husband or son's fetish by getting them simple, plain women's panties (that don't look too different from some men's underwear). But usually a panty fetish is much more than that.

Even women who accept the aforementioned aspects of a panty fetish can become confused when they realize their husband or son doesn't just want to wear panties, he wants to wear FRILLY panties, the fancier and lacier the better! Silkiness is one thing, and the nature of a garment so closely associated with a woman's sexuality is another thing, but frilly panties are more than just a female garment, they are decidedly, exclusively, and shout-down-the-house feminine.



Most women (think they) want their males to be manly; it may be a threat to their own femininity if their husband is in any way feminine. For their man to pamper himself with a bit of silk or nylon is one thing, but for their mate or offspring to adorn himself in something so outrageously feminine as frilly panties is giant leap into her world. A male's masculinity can reinforce his wife or mother's femininity. And often the more masculine the male, the more that feeling is affirmed.

Women may draw a lot of their self-confidence and poise from those around them, especially their immediate family. And any male member of her family that is the least bit feminine can undermine her sense of self worth as a female. If a man's happiness depends upon his wife, mother or other intimate friend understanding his fetish, it is important for that man to know at what level of understanding that person can handle. Then the man can accurately assess where he stands in her eyes and decide if pushing for a greater understanding of his fetish and feminine yearnings is the wise thing to do.

Good luck! Now for some fun! Turn the page and start reading about other little sissyboys just like you!

Love,

Princess Lacey

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STORIES OF THE MONTH FROM NOVEMBER 1999

MISSING BOY FROM MILTON



Name: Joseph ~~Joseph~~
 Description: Male,
 6 yrs old, 67 pds,
 medium blonde hair and brown eyes.
 Last seen: 7/3/89 playing near Main and
 Hanover. At that time he was
 undergoing punishment and was dressed
 as a girl with his hair curled as
 pictured above on the right.
 If you have any information, please call
~~(404) 566-7025~~



“Missing Boy” is a handout flyer/poster from 1989. The boy either ran away or was abducted while undergoing petticoat punishment! On the right, we took the photo and computer enhanced and colorized it. ♦

MARVIN





Allen Schaffer (left) plays Solange and Jonathan Goldman is Claire in Jean Genet's 'The Maids.'

Camp melodrama

Heartland Players put real spark into Jean Genet's 'The Maids'

By Lawrence Bommer

Theater review

'The Maids'

By Jean Genet; directed by Fred Anzevino; Heartland Players at 7500 N. Glenwood St.; at 8 p.m. Fridays and Saturdays, 7 p.m. Sundays; through Dec. 27. Running time: 1.30. Tickets: \$8. Phone 312-764-1227.

No woman is a heroine to her maid, not in "The Maids," Jean Genet's black comedy. The title characters are vengeful sisters who go beyond pretending to be their employer: They scheme to kill her.

Based on the notorious case of the Papin sisters (Quebequois servants who murdered their employer), "The Maids" presents Genet's sadomasochistic view of his twisted sisters.

Ironically, it's much less violent than the real story.

Genet depicts petulant Claire and bitter Solange as vaguely incestuous and transparently self-hating. In a nightly ritual of abasement they switch off playing Madame; the "ceremony" allows each to dress in Madame's best finery, paint her cheeks and revile the other as less than dirt.

About to be exposed for trying to frame their mistress' lover, the women decide to poison Madame's tea. For them it's just one more ritual.

Ironically, the real Madame is not the hateful harridan they conjure up; considerate and generous, she's more a mother figure than wealthy tyrant.

The sisters are more cruel to each other than Madame is to them.

Genet's sardonic point is that the maids need Madame. Hating her ("Her joy feeds on our shame") gives them purpose; they can't lose her. As it turns out, a different sacrifice is required.

Genet intended the roles to be taken by men, a wish that was ignored in the original 1947 production. It has been respected since in a recent Centre East production by Cesar's Forum and now in this flamboyant revival by the Heartland Players.

A combination drag show and camp melodrama, Fred Anzevino's staging features some incongruously muscular actors whose female impersonations seem all the more impressive; their grandiloquent gestures match Genet's florid dialogue flourish for flourish.

Fortunately, the play escapes unharmed, gorgeous to hear and fascinating to watch.

Lawrence Bommer is a freelance theater writer.

Chicago Tribune, November 5, 1992

Pretty in Pinko

All right, Hoover. Come out with your Hanes up.

It's not "Springtime for Hitler," but two Chicago actor-playwrights have managed to fashion a comedy about that legendary cross-dressing crimefighter, that neo-fascist Fearless Fosdick, J. Edgar Hoover.

The authors, Tim Fiori and Michael Vitali, admit their plot doesn't stray very far from the historical record, noting "the actual events surrounding Hoover and his cronies were much more imaginative than anything [we] could ever dream up."

Hence "G-Man! A Day in the Life of J. Edgar Hoover," which opens April 15 (tax day, get it?) at the Blue Rider Theater, 1822 S. Halsted St.,



J. Edgar Hoover

may cut uncomfortably close to the truth for some people, especially those spied upon by the red-baiting

FBI chief's minions in the 1960s (like my gentle doctor friend whose FBI file improbably accused him of having blown up a hot dog stand).

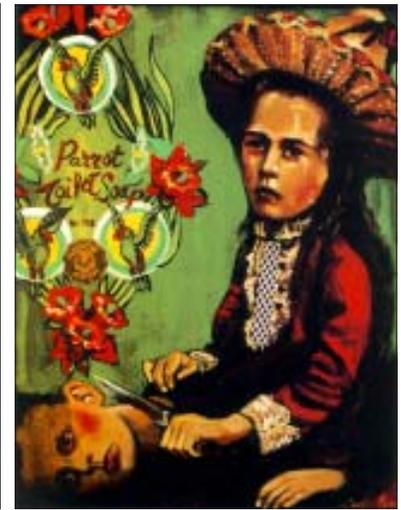
Anyway, the play follows Hoover "as he goes about the business of government," bugging politicians, frolicking with his male lover, harassing Martin Luther King and making pre-Watergate, pre-psychotic Washington the fun place we all remember. Max Bialystock would be proud.

Tribune Magazine, April 2, 1995

"**Brother of the Hensel Siamese Twins**" (photo below) is from a September 1998 Life magazine article about Abby and Britty Hensel, the famous eight-year-old conjoined twins. The story documents the twin girls doing fun things over their summer vacation from school. Included in the article is a picture of Dakota, their little six-year-old brother. He's clowning around by putting some of the twins' curlers in his hair. He's probably attempting to get a little bit of attention for himself! His pajamas are kind of girlish too with little pink lambs on them. I wonder what other of his sisters' hand-me-downs he wears!



STORIES FROM NOVEMBER & DECEMBER 1999 & JANUARY 2000



"**Night Bird Flying - The Art of Timothy Cummings**" is from the Sept/Oct 1999 issue of *Juxtapoz*, a pop culture magazine aimed at young people. Cummings is an artist with a wild fantasy life and a very dark underside. Many of his works of art are self-portraits, and he often pictures himself in feminine clothes. To read the whole story, buy a copy of *Juxtapoz*. It's carried by most places that stock a very large selection of avant-garde magazines (like Borders and Barnes & Noble).

"Cummings was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and raised in the comfort of a highly supportive family. From early on, Cummings' mother actively fostered his individuality and facilitated the realization of his fantasies, whether doing so entailed providing the young Cummings with supplies to support his burgeoning artistic habits, or allowing him to wear a dress and play with dolls instead of playing football."

In a detail from the first picture (above left), "Self-Portrait of the Artist as a Child Dreaming of Being Kidnapped" (1999), the young Cummings paints himself as an antique doll with severed hands and feet and wearing a Victorian lace dress. He says the image expresses his longing for complete freedom and hate for school and reality.

In the second painting (above), "Self-Portrait with Bird" (1997), the artist paints himself in female clothes, which announces the duality of his character. The outer self that people see and the inner self, known only to the individual himself, is a favorite theme of Cummings' works.

The third painting (above right) "Play Time" (1995) is another example of this duality as he shows himself being both the aggressor (though childishly innocent and thoroughly feminine) and the victim.

The fourth painting (left) "Powder" (1996) continues with the duality theme. Here "powder" probably refers to makeup as a symbol of how people disguise their true selves. ♦



Boy, 14, Is Still Bathed And Dressed by Mother

Dear Zazz: I am a 14-year-old boy, and my mother gives me a bath every night. My half sister, who is 15, bathes by herself in a private bathroom. But I have to take a bath in a bathtub we keep in the corner of our large kitchen.

Each night at 7, I must fill the tub with water, remove my clothes in my room, and return to the kitchen with nothing on. My mother then bathes me and washes my hair.

After I'm done, I step out and she dries me off. Then she dresses me in pajamas. My half sister often sits at the kitchen table doing her homework while this is going on.

Please print my letter and tell my mother to quit bathing me. WANTS HER TO STOP

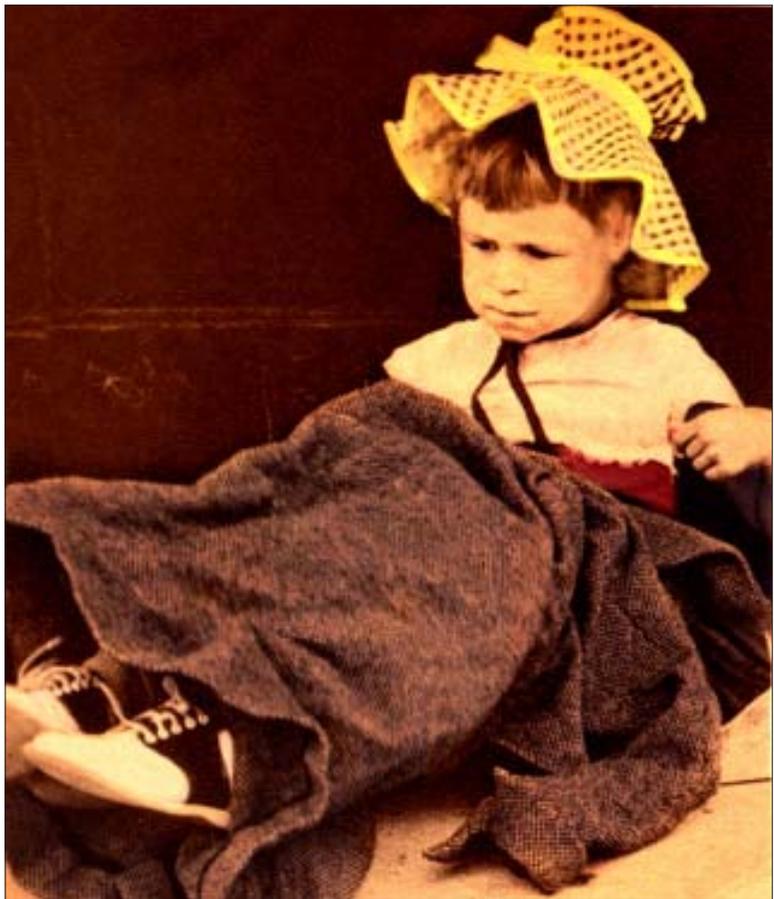
Dear Wants: At 14, you should be bathing yourself. You must tell your mother that her actions are inappropriate and harmful. If she refuses to recognize this, talk to another adult you trust—a school counselor, teacher or relative. They may be able to counsel your mother about this. And if they suspect that her parenting skills are deficient or she's being abusive, they can get help for her and maybe for you, too.

"Mt. Carmel Drama Club presents *Annie Get Your Gun*" (photo above right) In 1988, at the time of this production, Mt. Carmel was an all-boys prep school, and so boys performed all the female parts. A proud mother sent us this photo of her two petticoated and bewigged boys, who played two of the dancehall girls in the show.

"Caught Playing Dress-Up!" From our archives we present the photo at the lower right and the photos on the next page, which were originally published in the July 1966 *Photo Scene* magazine and took third place in their annual photo contest.

Most any father would probably get out his belt and start shooting off his mouth if he discovered his son in a dress, but photographer John Neilson shot off a roll of film instead when he came home and found his five-year-old son, Brent, playing with a box of old clothes destined for the Salvation Army.

The boy had on a frilly pink and purple dress, which had belonged to his older sister and a pair of her saddle shoes. He was struggling in and out of his mother's old winter coat and using a bright yellow, discarded lamp shade as a hat! ♦







Frank
Darla
dress
pretty
panties

Is Frank a good boy?
Oh, yes, he is very good now.
Now?
His mother makes him wear a dress for making fun of his little sister, Darla.
A real girlie dress?
Yes! Frank is a real pretty girl now. Every day his Mother sends him to school in a nice dress! And we all make him lift up his dress and show us his pretty panties!

"The McPherson Primer," published in 1936, was written to entice slacking students to develop their reading skills. Its revolutionary approach featured short stories that "are exceptionally hilarious, outlandishly absurd and otherwise astounding." The stories contained in the booklet deal with every imaginable subject, each obviously selected because of its comic or shock appeal. This is one of those little stories, and it describes a boy under petticoat punishment. By making the stories so outrageously wild, the authors assured teachers that children would be anxious to learn how to read so they could enjoy these amazing stories. Notice the list of four new vocabulary words posted to the side of the picture. ♦



Roseanne Barr Talks About Growing Up with Her Crossdressing Brother

Excerpt from an article by Helen Eisenbach from the June 7, 1992, issue of *QW*, a lesbian magazine.

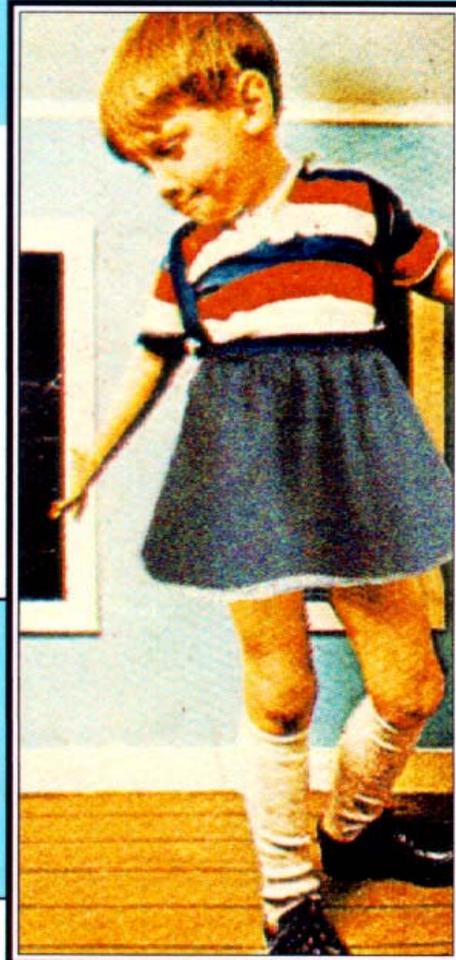
ROSEANNE: My brother, I always thought he was gay, though.
HELEN EISENBACH: When did you find out he was?
ROSEANNE: When he told me. You never know until they tell you. (Continued on page 20.)



During the early 1900s, Clare Briggs was a popular comic strip artist whose cartoons accurately illustrated the little incidents and experiences of childhood, such as this drawing of children playing "Post Office" in which a boy is about to be fooled into kissing another boy, who is disguised as a girl.

Indoor Games

With the rainy season here and Old Man Winter fast approaching, kids are spending a lot of time indoors. Since they can't run around and burn off steam and just watching more television isn't the answer, parents have to be especially creative to keep the little ones busy and out of mischief.



Fun things homebound kids can do:

- Dress-up Games Aren't Just for Girls!
- Make It with Homemade Modeling Clay
- Learn the String Game! Great for All Ages
- Healthy and Easy-to-Make Cookies
- 20 Fun Things to Do with Old Newspapers

Kevin Watson doesn't seem to be bothered by old stereotypes. He's having fun playing house dressed up in girls' clothes his mother bought for him at a secondhand store. His mother, Sylvia, gleefully adds, "He loves it, and I get to have the daughter I always wanted, even if it's only on rainy days!"

Dress-up Games Aren't Just for Girls!

Why should just girls have all the fun! If you still think it's just pink for girls and blue for boys, you're depriving your child of a well-rounded upbringing. Now that you've gotten your little boy to stop playing with toy guns and violent video games (we hope!), why not get him into dress-up games?

Playing with mom and sis's old clothes is a great way for boys to see what it's like to be a girl and learn valuable social and cultural skills. Traditionally, boys have been severely shortchanged in these areas. Dress-up games are a great way to make your boy into the sensitive son you've always wanted.

Also if you have daughters, they can dress up in Dad's old clothes and play traditional males and boss around the boys

(in girls' clothes). It's a great object lesson to show boys how horrible it is to be unfairly dominated and controlled.

Worried that dressing a boy in pink panties and party dresses will turn him gay? Experts agree that children's sexual orientation (straight or gay) is probably set by the time they are two years old, long before they have much of an idea of the significance of sexually appropriate clothing. Many also agree that positive experiences in which boys are playfully dressed as girls can be very beneficial to their development.

PS Don't forget the panties! Nothing will make your boy feel more like a real little sissy girl than a pretty, silky pair of lacy panties! The frillier, the better! (And bras for older boys!)



Should parents be worried if their sons likes to dress up and pretend to be a girl?

Feminine Boys

How we react to them: Doesn't it tell us that something is wrong with society?

Girly boys! Nearly everyone laughs when Saturday Night Live's Hans and Franz make fun of girly-boys. Well, not everyone laughs! A lot of men and boys are girlish in nature. Is that a bad thing? Isn't something screwed up in our society if we make fun of boys who are girlish? And put down males who do not have bulging muscles and disgusting habits, like bad hygiene and openly belching and farting?

What's wrong with being refined, kind, gentle, sweet, respectful, well groomed, sociable, caring, loving and sensitive? Qualities so often equated with being feminine. If something's wrong with those things, it's amazing that the world is still in one piece! Yet many

women as well as men are concerned when their sons display such characteristics. And they are horrified if their boys take things a bit further and play with dolls and makeup, dresses in girls' clothes or actually start pretending to be a girl.

Males (and most females) have been raised to equate anything feminine with weakness simply because pound for pound males tend to have greater physical strength. However, just when and how did the human race make the giant leap from there to the concept that all (mental, emotional and spiritual) qualities associated with females must therefore be weaker and of less import. In reality, of course, that isn't true, but men throughout history have assumed the stronger position and women have let him do it!

The problem: Because of their limited, unfair and ignorant attitudes, men are holding back the human race from being something much better than what it is. In reality, males fear women. They are so into themselves and believe so much of their own bullshit that they do not have the capacity to understand women, See *Feminine Boys*, page 38

Feminine Boys

Continued from page 18

and therefore, fear them.

Without question, females are morally superior to males. The biggest problem for women: Their superior qualities and temperament make them more willing to accept a secondary role rather than fight. And they tend to lack the motivation to change things. But the good females can bring to the world is much needed! They need to be motivated to take charge, especially in areas that males are totally incapable of handling well, (which is most everything that males are in charge of currently!). In so many way, females are superior to males. They are not only morally superior but selflessness, more humane and better communicators. Their empathic qualities have allowed men to take charge of most things, that's the biggest reason things are the way they are.

The subconscious inadequacy most males feel creates the need for them to feel superior. Conversely, females don't have the need to compete on every level like males and therefore accept what has turned out to be a second-class role. Females, even though they know they are often superior to males, allow males to take charge because that results in a peaceful coexistence between the sexes. But that is an outdated concept, and the new millennium is as good a time as any to reform the way the human race does most everything and let women take their rightful place (which is superior to males). Raising feminine boys is one way that will help pave the way to opening up a world of opportunity and advancement unimaginable under male dominance.

By staff writer, Evelyn Keys.



LETTER OF THE MONTH - NOVEMBER 1999

My First Time in Panties

3/4/99

Hello Princess,

As I told you before, I have finally come to admit to myself that I am a *SISSY*. My wife has helped me a great deal, but I knew a long time ago that I preferred silk and satin to cotton, and I have always been envious of girls because of all the wonderful items of clothing they get to wear. I tried on my first pair of soft, silky panties when I was ten years old and have been hooked ever since.

It happened while I was home sick from school and my parents both had to work. I don't know what motivated me, but somehow I found myself wandering through my mothers' dresser feeling all her silky lingerie and not understanding why I enjoyed touching them so much. Almost as if an outside force were in control of me, I found myself trying on her girdles, bras, panties, stockings, and everything else that my mom wore. I remember feeling like I was escaping into another person's identity. I imagined I was a girl and the feelings that I felt were the most exiting and strangest that I ever felt. I found that wearing girls' clothing, especially panties, was like opening the door to a new world, a world that I could escape to, and become the girl I felt was always part of me.

The first pair of panties (my favorites) I tried on was a pair of black satin brief-style panties with some lovely white lace trimming the edges. They were so comfortable that I couldn't resist wearing them two or three times a week. Shortly after I started doing that, mom caught me when she walked into the bathroom. I hadn't locked the door because I thought she was busy downstairs, and she didn't realize that I was in there. She hit the ceiling! I'll never forget her yelling and screaming.

"What are you doing with my panties? God almighty! I have a sissy for a son! Well, if you want to be a sissy, I'll help you!"

I started to take the panties off, but she cautioned me not to.

"Don't you move, young man! And keep those panties on! You wanted to wear them. You put them on, so keep them on. Keep them on until your father and sister get home. Let's see what they think of you turning into a sissy boy who likes to wear ladies' panties."

With that she left me standing crying and in great fear of what she was going to do to me. A few minutes later, she was hauling down a box from the attic. From inside, she sorted through some old dresses that belonged to my big sister when she was little. She found a floral print one that she liked and roughly pulled it over my head without saying

anything to me. Then with a comment that her panties were too big on me, she dug through the box and came up with a heavily frilled pair of white satin panties (that I later found out my sister had worn as part of her Confirmation outfit). She pulled the dress right up and helped me change into those slick, shiny panties that were still almost like new.

She made me stay dressed that way until Dee Dee, my sister, got home from high school. My sister laughed at me then looked at me with scorn and pleaded with Mom to keep it a secret, otherwise she would be ostracized if word got out to her friends that she had a bother who was a faggot. I wasn't gay, but in those days, any boy who wanted to wear panties was assumed to be gay. That whole gay issue was very confusing to me because I did like panties, but I also liked girls. I didn't want to have sex with boys. So I was very confused for years.

When my father came home, he got mad as hell. I was afraid he was going to hit me. I know he wanted to, but mom kept him in check. After dinner, he told mom he had to go out because he couldn't handle it. He told her to get me out of those clothes and figure out another way to punish me. After taking me out in the backyard for some pictures, mom made me get out of the dress and panties. She told me that I had to do all my sister's chores for the rest of the week. Sorry to report, she did not make me wear girls' clothes while I did those chores, but I did think that would have been great if she had. Well, dad had gone out to the local gin mill and got drunk. I was in bed when he got home, but



I could hear him carrying on and screaming in a drunken rage. He kept calling me a sissy and a homosexual and kept telling mom what a disappointment I was to him. I lay in bed that night with those words echoing in my head.

The terror or that situation did not deter me from wanting to wear panties. I just became highly secretive about it, and no one in my family ever caught me again. As I got older, I often faked being sick so I could spend the day at home trying on all of my mother and sister's clothes. I never knew what masturbation was until one day while dressed in pink panties and a bra, I got so excited that I came all over the panties.

For the longest time, I thought something was wrong with me until I found a health book and learned about masturbation. Life for me since that first time has been in many ways a journey down two parallel paths. Even before I had discovered my interest in lingerie, I had always wanted to be a girl, in the traditional sense (submissive housewife). I idolized my mother and sister my entire life. But knowing that I was a male and that my family expected me to act like a boy and a man, I tried to please them and act like a male in the traditional sense (dominant, breadwinner). That has led me to a life of always fighting my feminine desires and it made for

a lot of self-doubt and confusion.

My life now is better than I ever could have imagined. I am very lucky to have a wonderful wife who showed me great compassion and willingness to understand my special needs. At first she was very confused and didn't know what to think of me when I told her about my inner feminine desires, which needed to be expressed. After many long conversations (like you recommend, I kept the discussion light and cheery, not super serious with crying and despairing), she eventually accepted me fully and has allowed the girl (Pam) in me to exist alongside her husband (Mark). Last week, Gale, my wife, gave me three new pairs of beautiful satin panties. As she handed them to me, she told me she loves me and that she is lucky to have a husband who is also a very good wife!

Pam (Mark)

LETTER OF THE MONTH DECEMBER 1999

True Experiences - Part 1

Subj: Letter of the month

Date: 5/29/99

From: Tim

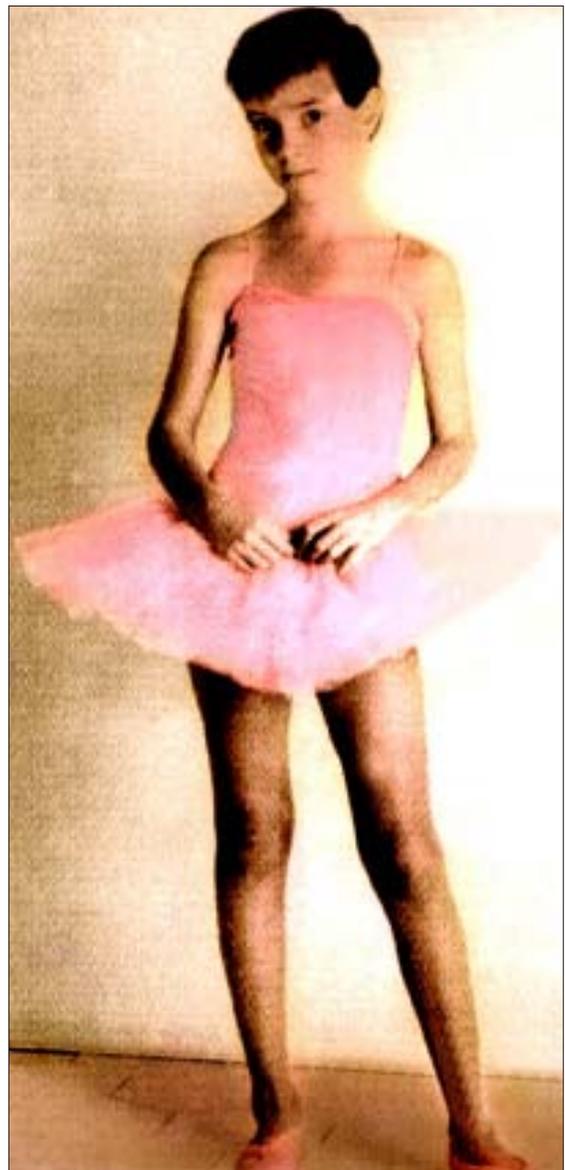
Hello,

I read your last letter of the month with great interest. Like the guy in that letter, I also go jogging almost every day, and I too enjoy wearing pretty panties. When I go running the lacy edges of my panties peek out the bottom of my running shorts. Unfortunately I have not noticed any response from people I pass, unlike your lucky letter writer.

In addition to silky panties, I get a thrill out of wearing a woman's bra. The feel of it constricting my body is too wonderful to explain. I own several brightly colored bras with very small cups. I don't pad them up, but I do have a little flesh there that I can pull together to form little mounds. In hopes of getting reactions from people, I now have started wearing one of my bras when I go running. I just wear a loose white T-shirt over my bra, so especially when I start sweating as I run, my bra can be seen since my T-shirt becomes almost transparent.

Because I run early in the morning or late in the evening, I don't pass many people. Despite that, I have heart-stopping moments when I pass someone going the same direction. It's a tremendous high to be so close to exposure. I feel so powerful yet so vulnerable. I can't make up my mind what I want more: to be discovered or to go undiscovered -- flirting with the chance of being exposed and humiliated turns me on unbelievably.

I've been a crossdresser ever since I was a young boy. The only



childhood picture I have of myself in girls' clothes is when I was eleven years old and went to a New Year's Eve costume party dressed up in my cousin's ballerina outfit. Two year later, I found those satin panties that went with that outfit packed away in my aunt's storage locker. I stole them, took them home and wore them until they fell apart from the repeated workouts I gave them! I had my first cum in those pink satin panties, and I probably came in them a hundred more times before they were nothing but a rag.

In my fantasies I'm discovered and humiliated by a beautiful woman. She verbally humiliates me, calls me a sissy and makes me tell her that I am a worthless girly boy in need of discipline. She makes me suck her dirty panties. After I do that, she makes me lick her asshole clean and then has me eat the dirt off the bottoms of her boots. I think I got into that fantasy because my cousin, Leah, kept reminding me about that time when I wore her ballerina outfit, and she would always tease me in a malicious way, threatening to tell my friends about it and demanding I do things for her so she wouldn't tell them. And she had that picture of me in the ballerina outfit, so I knew I couldn't deny it if she did decide to tell someone.

I was so crazy about her and her lingerie that I couldn't resist peeking up her skirt every chance I got. She knew it, and unless someone came into the room, she wouldn't bother to pull her skirt down whenever she caught me looking. In private moments alone, she repeatedly teased me and threatened to take off her panties and make me secretly keep them in my mouth while other people were in the room. She said if someone asked me a question and I'd have to talk or somehow they discovered her dirty panties in my mouth, it would be my problem to explain. Sorry to say that she never did it, but I think her threats had a more profound effect on me than if she really had done it!

True Experiences - Part 2

Subj: A boy's introduction to panties . . . a true account
Date: 5/27/99
From: Kent

Dear Princess Lacey,

Ever since I was a young child, girls and feminine things fascinated me. In part I was confused about my gender because people who didn't know me often mistook me for a girl. And that was probably due to my longish hair, which my mother kept unusually long for a boy in the pre-Beatles era of the early sixties. It wasn't long by today's standards, but boys in those days didn't usually wear their hair like mine. My bangs came down to my brow and the edges came a bit over my ears. Although I strangely derived pleasure from being referred to as "she, her or a little girl," I would get terribly embarrassed and blush -- just like a girl!

My earliest memory of expressing my desire to be a girl happened when I was five during a visit to our grandmother's. Every time we visited, Nana would put my older sisters' hair up into ponytails and tie them off with bows. Katie, the eldest, was

always first. Kimberly was second. And on that day, I stood in line waiting MY turn. But when Nana was finished with Kimberly, she asked me why I was waiting. When I whispered to her that I wanted my hair done up too, she laughed but pulled me up on her lap and started toying with my hair. My father noticed what was happening, and he loudly berated me.

"Kent, what are you doing? Do you wanna grow up to be a sissy! Boys don't get bows in their hair!

"Ma," he said to my grandmother, "did you put him up to this? Or was it Beth's idea?"

"Calm down, junior! No, I didn't put him up to it and neither did your wife. Kent did this on his own from all I can tell."

"Go outside and play. That's what little boys are supposed to do!" he half screamed at me.

I ran to the door with tears dripping down my cheeks.

"If you do something like that again, I'll put you in a dress! Then you'll see what it's like for a boy to be a sissy!" I could hear dad yelling at me as I ran outside.

After that, every time we went to Nana's I wanted to have my hair done, but dared not ask because my dad was there. Then one time we went to grandma's house and dad wasn't with us. I decided to take a chance and ask Nana if she'd do my hair too after she was finished with Kimberly's hair. My sisters started to giggle. My mom laughed too, but Nana simply pulled me up on her lap and started doing my hair.

"You know your father won't like it if he sees you with a bow in your hair, so we'll have to keep it a secret!"

Only minutes after pulling my hair together and fixing it with a wide pink bow, dad came walking in the door. I had been playing on the floor, and at the sound of his voice, I got up and ran out of the room. But I wasn't fast enough. He caught sight of me and began yelling. He yelled at my mother and grandmother as well as belittling me.

"Kimberly, get one of your dresses for this sissy brother of yours!" he screamed as he held me firmly in his grip.

Laughing aloud while pointing at me and saying, "Shame! Shame! Shame!" my two sisters ran out of the room and returned minutes later with a fancy pink party dress, covered with chiffon, lace, and satin ribbons. Dad sent me over to my mom and with a wave of his hand made it clear that he wanted her to put me in the dress. Mom took off my shirt and jeans then pulled the dress over my head, buttoned it up and tied the sash in a big bow. I had to wear the dress for the rest of the night. In the morning, mom and Nana came into my room and told me that dad wanted me to put on the dress again. So they put me in the dress, but this time they added all the accessories, a lace-trimmed T-shirt with a bow by the neck and matching pink panties. I'll always remember the two little bows on the front of those panties. It was cold in my room, so the slinky lingerie felt ever so silky against me. Next came the pink ribbon for my hair and some ankle socks. My sister's shoes were too big for me so I had to wear my own shoes. They were loafers so they didn't look too strange with that outfit.

It was a Sunday morning, and I was in absolute horror as dad then carted us off to church. The whole time I tried to hide behind my mother and two sisters, hoping no one would see me,

but whenever dad caught me lagging behind and hiding behind everybody else, he'd grab me by the ear and haul me out in front of our little crowd. As we approached the church, one man and his wife saw my father doing that and angrily told him that he shouldn't be so rough with a little girl. Well, dad straightened them out. Of course, he told the guy to mind his own business, and then added that I was not a girl at all but a naughty boy who was acting like a sissy! The man's eyes as well as his wife's went wide at that revelation. They promptly shut up and hurried on their way into the church.

Even though the ridicule and teasing I endured during those two days made me feel horrible, I loved being forced to wear the dress and was thoroughly enthralled with wearing panties. More than ever I wanted everyone to treat me like a girl, but I so feared my father, I could only dream about it and watch my sisters in awe. They were so lucky to be born girls!

Years later, when I was nine, Nana introduced me to my girl self one evening while I was staying with her for a few days. She called me into her room, sat me at her vanity and began brushing out my hair, which was quite long since long hair for boys was then in fashion. As she recalled how I used to always want my hair styled like my sisters, she swept my hair back into a ponytail and secured it with a darling pink bow. When I asked her what she was doing, she hushed me then added that my father was not there to ridicule me. She handed me a hand mirror and let me watch as she playfully batted my bouncy ponytail around. I feigned shock and displeasure. I asked her to stop trying to make me look like a girl, but Nana guessed my true feelings. Deep down I was absolutely delighted with my new hairdo. She announced that it was time for bed and started sorting through her dresser drawer. She came up with a pink babydoll nightie. When she held it against me to see how it would fit, I got a

sickening feeling in my stomach. I had spent years of trying to act like a boy, and I didn't want to be known as a sissy. She told me to get undressed. My blushing cheeks burned. I meekly refused her offer and turned for the door. But Nana grabbed my arm firmly and peeled off my shirt. She lowered the gauzy lace nightie over my trembling body and then unbuttoned and dropped my trousers. Reaching under the nightie, she tugged down my underpants then quickly held open sheer pink panties for me to step into. I was trembling, softly crying and whispering protests, but I couldn't stop myself from raising my foot and stepping into the panties. She slid them up my scrawny little boy legs and snapped them into place over my bare bottom. I stood there weeping, head bowed in shame, as she made a big fuss over me, telling me how cute I was as a little girl. I was extremely humiliated, yet I loved Nana looking at me while I was dressed in that nightie and panties. I just couldn't admit it to her. But I didn't have to. The tiny erection in my panties told her how I really felt. She massaged my penis until glorious spasms rushed over my body.

Even though I have a wonderful wife, who plays along with my dressing up, Nana remains the most amazing woman I have ever met. To this day, we still play girlie games together. My wife understands and doesn't mind. She's not a strongly sexual person with me (she's into masturbating herself to orgasm), so she doesn't mind that my oversexed grandmother takes care of me in that way. The two of them even joke about it when the three of us are alone. Those sessions often end up with me putting on a lingerie show for them before fucking Nana then going down on her to eat out my own cum. Of course, my wife watches, feeling herself up the whole time. After a little rest, they love to laugh at me while I stand in front of them and slowly masturbate myself to orgasm. They literally cheer when my spunk floods my



panties and oozes out through my fingers. My wife's latest kick is to call up her girlfriends while I'm jacking off and describe to them in detail what I'm doing. She fingers herself to many orgasms while she does that. Now, I fear her next step because she's hinting around that she'd like to bring one of her girlfriends over to see us all get it on in person! Some guys might think that I'm lucky to have a setup like this, and I am! But it's also scary because I'm not in control, and I don't know where all this is going to lead.

True Experiences - Part 3

Subj: personal experience

Date: 6/2/99

From: ROGER

Dear Princess,

When I was twelve years old, I was very shy (I still am) and I didn't have many friends, so I would come home from school and try to find things to do around the house. It was while snooping through my married sister's old bedroom that I found some of her clothes. I had wondered what it would be like to wear girls' clothes for a long time, so on that day I got up the nerve and put on her panties and a dress. Immediately, I loved the feeling of those wonderfully soft clothes; I was hooked.

After that, I'd rush home from school every day, dress myself as a girl and do my homework and any cleaning that I had to do, only changing back into my regular clothes before mom got home at 6:30. My parents had been divorced while I was still a baby, so to provide for us, mom worked a full time job plus she made custom clothes for people at home in her spare time. My crossdressing went on for about a month before mom came home early one day and caught me. I was wearing my sister's frilly yellow blouse, which fitted me like a short dress. Underneath, I had on pale yellow panties that peeked out below the edge of my makeshift dress. I loved to look at myself in the mirror as I practiced bending over in different ways to expose my panties.

Mom wasn't too angry. She said she knew what I had been doing because the woman next door to us had seen me through our window. She asked me why I liked to put on girls' clothes, but I just stood there and could not come up with a good answer.

She shocked me when she said, "Maybe a spanking will help you think about what you have been doing." I had never been spanked before; I was usually sent to my room. She took me by the hand, placed me over her knee, pushed the dress up and started to spank me, as she called me her little sissy boy. After about twenty pretty hard spanks, she let me up and I ran crying to my room, not because it hurt so much but because of the embarrassment and because she had called me a sissy. After about fifteen minutes, mom came to my room, and we had the best talk we have ever had. We talked about me dressing as a girl. She said that she always wanted another daughter, and she soon had me laughing and feeling comfortable with her. This was the start of the wonderful times that we still have together. Mom has a bit of a fetish herself! She always wanted a toddler little girl so



I play that role for her. Thanks goodness she doesn't want me to wear diapers, but she does insist that I wear ruffled rhumba panties for our playtime. And I love those kinds of panties dearly. In the attached picture, I wearing a pair of rhumba panties mom gave me for my birthday!

True Experiences - Part 4

Subj: Hello, great site

Date: 6/6/99

From: Tammy Sue

Dearest Princess Lacey,

I just received the publications that I ordered from you. I am soooooo EXCITED!!!! I loved your note and sincerely thank you for giving me permission to spurt into my soft femmy panties. I must confess to you, Princess Lacey, that when I play with my embarrassingly tiny sissy penis through my pretty panties, I do not spurt into the panties. Instead, I spurt into a real



pair of little girl rhumba panties. I have many pairs of them, many with all kinds of lace and pretty bows in many different colors.

I loved your story about when you were a little girl. After I read that, I wished I had been born a real girl, and that I could have been your friend so we could have played together. My mother wanted a girl, so just after I was born, she put me in a foster home. The people who took me in had always wanted a girl too! What are the odds of that happening! Anyway, they knew why my mother had given me up, so they always told me that I should have been born a girl.

They finally got their wish and became foster parents to a little girl. I envied her because by then I had been so brainwashed that I thought girls had it made: they were loved and wanted! One of the ways this was most apparent to me was the clothes this little girl got to wear. I only had a few clothes and they were all quite drab. But she had many pretty and frilly clothes, all in bright colors and silky materials. When no one was around I would put on her lacy panties and her big swirly petticoats. So desperately I wanted to be able to wear them to a party with lots of pretty little girls like she did. Many times I was caught wearing some of her clothes or my foster mother's silky nightgowns. Everybody would laugh and call me names, but they usually let me keep the clothes on. They could tell I was embarrassed when they teased me so they thought they were punishing me by making

fun of me. I don't know why people think guys who like girls' clothes are sick, but they do. It's too bad a guy can't get up in the morning, put on some pretty lingerie and a dress and go walking down the street, without pretending to be a woman, just dressed in those clothes because he likes how they look and feel. I wish there were more people like you who understood and would help sissified males like I am.

Being a little sissy boy, I have always fantasized about tasting and eating my own cum; however, I always chicken out after I spurt into the panties. If you told me to do it, I would. You are experienced with sissies like me and know what is best for them. And if you'd command me to spurt into my panties, then place my tongue in the cum, taste it; and lick it all up, I would have no choice but to do it.

True Experiences - Part 5

Subj: Greetings

Date: 7/5/99

From: "Rachel" (my online nick)

Hello Princess Lacey,

Found your site on a link, and it looks really cool. I'll be back soon for a nice long visit and will purchase some of your publications. I just wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed your stuff. It's a hot day, and I'm trying to stay cool in my sleek VS pink panties. I'm a 44-year-old gay man (with bi proclivities!) and have had a panty fetish since I was a kid and used to take my older sister's worn panties out of the hamper to smell them and try them on.

My father was in the appliance business and used to bring us these large empty refrigerator cardboard boxes to play with when we were kids. One of my fantasies was that my oldest sister and her girlfriends would strip me and tie me up in the box and humiliate me. The girls loved to play around and joke with me. I'd let them overpower me. It never came up to my fantasies, but quite a few times one of my sisters or one of their girlfriends would end up sitting on my chest with the other girls holding me down. Little girls often wore skirts in those days even for play clothes, and many times the silky panty crotch of one of those little girls was being shoved into my face. Of course, the girls didn't know exactly what they were doing (neither did I at the time!), but they knew it was naughty for me to see their panties when they sat on me. The other girls would challenge the girl sitting on my chest to scoot up and sit on my face. With a lot of giggling and screeching, the girl would usually comply. Dozens of times I had little girls' pantied pussies shoved up against my mouth. Stupid me, I would always hold my mouth shut and try to throw them off me!

Later as a young adult when I was living on my own, I sometimes took girls' panties from dryers at the Laundromat. That was pretty exciting because of the real risk of getting caught. Fortunately that never happened. Today I just buy my own. I was married once in my early 20s and used to wear my wife's panties while she was at work. I believe I secretly wanted her to come home early one day and catch me and turn me into her "sissy panty slave husband," but that was another unrealized fantasy. Lately I've been

buying my panties from VS online. I love their stuff. Another of my unfulfilled fantasies is to have some guy give me a lot of pampering from a full body massage to a facial and then bathe me and fix up my long hair. Then with a drink and a lot of smooching, he'd lovingly dress me as his teenage slut before taking me to bed and ravishing me. While I'm normally quite masculine in appearance, I always wear nothing but the prettiest

and fanciest lingerie under all my boys' clothes. I have to start getting ready for work now, so I'll email you again later. I'm attaching a cartoon that I saw that reminded me of my childhood hijinks. I was always pulling up my sisters' dresses to peek at their panties. They'd get mad at me and tell mom to buy me some of my own panties! Mom never did, but I loved my sisters for asking my mother what I didn't have the nerve to ask!



Hey! Get some panties of your own if you like them so much!

Just checking out your panties! Wow! They're pink!

True Experiences - Part 6

Subj: Sissy Beginnings

Date: 7/18/99

From: Peter

Dear Princess Lacey,

I'm from the New York City area. My mother, young aunt, and grandmother raised my sister me after my father left us when I was five. We lived in a small two-bedroom apartment, so there was little privacy. Yet, I had few opportunities to get an intimate peek at my female relatives because they were prudish, conservative and very careful about exposing themselves to the only male in the apartment.

For many years, I was surrounded by this culture of total femininity, and that atmosphere led me to develop many feminine ways and attitudes. To compound the situation, I was small for my age. For years, I was the smallest and skinniest one in all my class. Naturally, that led me to be the butt of jokes and was

tagged a "pantywaist" and a "sissy" almost from my first day in school. I spent the better part of my childhood worrying about my shortcomings and trying to live down my inadequacies.

I didn't have much luck dating in high school. The girls considered me "cute" and "nice." I was the best friend of some of the prettiest girls in school, but they weren't interested in me as a boyfriend. They treated me more like a girlfriend. Without hesitating, they'd confide in me, tell me all about their female problems and tell me about their dates with other guys. Since those days, I went onto an Ivy League college and am now successful in my professional life, but the putdowns and negative feelings I experienced throughout school persist to this day.

As a child, I was surrounded by females and their beautiful clothes, but my only real opportunity to experiment with them came whenever I could get away for a few minutes and lock myself in the bathroom to play with the contents of the old white wicker laundry hamper. The delicate bits of lingerie I'd find in the hamper were my favorite articles of clothing, and the prettiest ones belonged to my aunt. She was just two years older than I was, so her clothes were almost my size. And they were mostly satin and held a strong aroma of her body and perfume.

Just thinking about holding her panties to my nose is enough for me to perfectly recall every bit of the original excitement I'd feel at those times. I can transport myself back to that room and that time at will!

I'd relish the private moments I could spend with her clothes. If I could add a pair of my mother's high heels to the mix, it was all the better. I loved hearing the high heels clack as I walked across the gray linoleum floor, but I had to be careful and not make too much noise or someone outside the bathroom would wonder what I was doing to make all that noise. I never really wanted to be a girl, but I did love and respect them. My nascent fetish for feminine clothes remained that more than a transgender thing. All I know for sure is that I was a gentle and shy child, always willing to fully cooperate with women and girls, always trying to please my female teachers and my relatives at home. My sexual relief as a teenager became exclusively via masturbation, as it does to this day.

Eventually I married, but it was unsuccessful since we were sexually incompatible. She was not the sensuous and strict dom that I needed in my life, Princess. And I found myself impotent (literally) pretending to be a traditional male for her. Presently, we are in the process of dissolving our three-year marriage. When I left "our" bedroom for the last time, I spontaneously reached into her dresser drawer and stole a pair of her panties! Princess, I have never stolen a thing in my life - not before or since! It was done spontaneously and impulsively. I wore those panties for two days before feeling guilty, throwing them away and reluctantly going back to my jockeys. Then, within a week, I found myself in the lingerie section of a downtown department store, purchasing a pair of panties for myself. A few days later, I bought myself three more pairs. Then a



week later, I bought more! Within a month, I was wearing panties exclusively! They felt so sexy, so right, and so good on me. Then I got myself some stockings, a garter belt, some nighties and a negligee.

Over the years, before I got married, I had gotten myself several wonderful lingerie wardrobes, carefully assembled and then periodically purged! Now, I swear to myself that I will never give up my silken treasures again. Today, I dress myself in panties (size 5) garter belt, stockings, bra (36), and often a cami (for security!) each day beneath my regular clothes! I remain submissive to women through and through, Princess, and have dabbled in the search for my Mistress soul mate, but frankly, I have been too shy and/or fearful of ever finding her. So I continue to live through my fantasies, my soft lovely lingerie, and my masturbating homage to all females!

Please forgive me, Princess, for I have droned on and on. I wrote this in a single sitting, and to my surprise, I know I could have gone on forever with my confession. But that would be an ego trip. My purpose here, as a submissive sissy, is to inform you of the origins of the darkest and most important aspect on my being. I hope it is of some interest to you.

True Experiences - Part 7

Subj: Hi Princess Lacey

Date: 7/26/99

From: Cissy Boy

Hi:

I'm a complete sissy boy! And I LOVE your website.

When I was four, I learned one big difference between boys and girls: boys liked sports, beating each other up and things that are gross. Girls loved pretty things and playing nicely with other little girls, so I wanted to be a girl. I loved being with the girls, especially when they were dressed up in their prettiest clothes. Since I hung around girls all the time, my mommy became worried about me. Like most mothers, she was concerned because I wanted to jump rope and playhouse or help the girls dress up their dolls.

When we did play house, the girls usually gave me a male role even though I always begged to be the mommy. One of the girls, Evelyn, let me be the mommy whenever she was in charge because she wanted to be the daddy. One day when I was five, I begged my mommy to "make me a girl." I think she saw it coming. She seemed to understand and went out and bought lacy panties for me when she asked what I wanted her to do for me. I wanted dresses and girly shoes and even makeup too, but she persuaded me just to start with the panties. And starting that night, she let me wear to bed her VERY long nightgowns, which she tucked and pinned. I slept in her bed with her and hugged her as if I were a baby. We went on like that for five years, and then all of a sudden she told me it had to stop, and it was time for me to grow up and become a man. I HATED that, and she knew it.

I had remained close friends with Evelyn through all those years, and we were like best girlfriends. She even came to my

defense and pleaded with my mommy to let me dress like a girl because I was more a girl than a boy, but my mommy had made her mind up. When the annual Fourth of July parade came up, I begged my mommy to let me be in the parade and wear the little girls' red-white-and-blue jacket and skirt that I had worn the year before. Mommy had enough so she thought it was a good time to teach me a lesson. She let me be in the parade, but she painted my face with a ridiculous makeup job, stuck a cheap wig with long blonde pigtails on my head (to cover the butch haircut she had made me get), and put me in bright red stretch shorts instead of the skirt, which she hiked up so high that the lace on my hot pink panties was fully exposed beneath the leg openings of the shorts. I looked like a joke, a sissified boy, a walking cartoon. I knew I looked outrageous, but when I complained, mommy said it was that or nothing. Well, I decided to try to show her up; I went that way. Well, I was razed and humiliated at every turn. I ended up running home crying. Mom seemed satisfied that I had learned my lesson. She was confident that I'd give up all my girlish desires. The whole matter estranged me from my mommy. It was a lonely time for me.

When I was thirteen and supposed to start liking girls, I



purposely only kept them as friends. I did take an interest in boys, but they were so rough that they scared me. Like girls that were my age, I did dream about teenage boy movie stars. That same year, three boys from my class raped me, but I didn't mind! They tried to act tough like they were going to punish me for being a sissy, but once they had huddled me off to a deserted garage, they were actually quite nice to me. I knew then they liked other boys as much as I did, even though they weren't sissies like me. They all had hard penises, and I volunteered to suck each one of them off if they didn't hurt me. They complied, and it was all over much too fast for me!

That episode convinced me that I did want to be with boys sexually, as long as they were nice to me. I wanted to be a girl more than ever, so I tried to convince my mommy that I wanted one of those operations to change me into a girl. She really took it hard, but in therapy she began to accept that I was femme, and 2 years ago she agreed to let me have a mild prescription for hormones and said I could go out dressed, so long as I don't look "ridiculous." That experience as a sissyboy in that parade, I'll never forget. I am very serious about passing. It's very important to me to look like a young lady, even though I'm totally not a feminist or anything. Does that make sense?

I don't have a credit card of my own yet and don't really have a place to get your magazine, but it looks nice, full of boys just like me. I'm a bi, crossdressing boy, and I've just turned eighteen. I still live with my mommy, who HATES that I'm not a masculine boy. She can tolerate that I love boys as much as girls, but she just wishes I wasn't a swishy sissy who hated boys' clothes and doing boys' things. Mommy raised me by herself, and all the neighbors blame her for my being so feminine. I love your website a lot because it makes me think of the nice girls out there who understand boys like me. I've talked about having sex with boys, but I've had some wonderful sex with girls too. So I go "both ways" as they say. I do like my penis and the pleasure it gives me, but I do want to be a girl too, and at times, I think I'd be willing to give up my penis to be a complete female (as complete as I could be). But there's no rush to make this decision, my doctor says that it would be at least three more years before I could take that step, and that I might never get to that stage. So I have a lot to think about, and I've developed a pretty good support group to help me, including people like you. I appreciate your offer to help me with any information or in any other way you can.

Since I like girls and hope one will fall in love with me (I think my mommy would like that!), I really want to know how to find a girl who will love me as her sissy boy and not expect me to behave like a male -- just be her lover and her g/f and still respect her as the female of the house. I would love to tell you more about me if you want to know. ♦

(Roseanne Barr article continued from page 8.)

HELEN EISENBACH: How old were you?

ROSEANNE: I was in my 20s. I always suspected it because he was a very feminine boy - I say "feminine" in lieu of using the word "sensitive." So what if he wore lace panties fancier than either my sister or I wore. He had his nose broken six times by the time he was 9 years old, and that's the kind of oppression he lived under for being a feminine boy. It was a hideous thing and it goes on every goddamn day, every minute of every day, it's sickening.

HELEN EISENBACH: What did you say when he told you he was gay?

ROSEANNE: I said, "I always thought you were." He may not have always been gay, but he was always a drag queen. They don't necessarily follow, but...

HELEN EISENBACH: Sometimes it's a tip-off.

ROSEANNE: He used to like to wear my mom's clothes, his favorite thing was to put on fashion shows for the family when he was about 3 years old. He would put together some damn good-looking outfits out of my mom's closet.

HELEN EISENBACH: Better than your mother ever had.

ROSEANNE: Hell, yes. He always loved Halloween: He'd always dress like a girl, and then he'd get beaten up.

HELEN EISENBACH: What's not to love? Dress like a girl then get beaten up.

ROSEANNE: It's real sad. I used to think it was just Utah, but now I know the truth - the horrible truth.

HELEN EISENBACH: That it's the world.

ROSEANNE: Including the so-called progressive places.

HELEN EISENBACH: Like homo Hollywood.

ROSEANNE: I think for gay children it's hideous.

HELEN EISENBACH: How would you feel if one of your children told you he or she was gay?

ROSEANNE: Of course I've thought about that. It isn't like it hasn't happened in my family. My sister is a lesbian also.

HELEN EISENBACH: When did you find that out?

ROSEANNE: When she told me, a year after my brother told me. She was doing it for quite a long time, having relationships with women, but she didn't tell anyone in the family, because when my brother did come out, my father had a coronary - that's what rich Jews call "heart attacks."

HELEN EISENBACH: If I ever meet a rich Jew I'll remember that.

ROSEANNE: Not that we were rich. So he had a coronary when my brother came out, and my mom told my sister not to come out because he might have another heart attack. I don't think she legally ever came out to our parents - so isn't it kind of me to do it for her? I do that joke in my act about parents in denial of their lesbian daughters. One time, my sister and her lover -- who have been together since they were 12, they are in their 30s now -- were sitting on the couch, and my sister's lover had her head in my sister's lap, and my sister was stroking her hair, and my parents were sitting there asking them when either of them were ever going to be married, meaning to a man. So fucking stupid. I thought that was the funniest thing in the whole world and that's why I wrote that bit, "You know Evelyn, she's still driving that school bus, she's such an outdoorsy gal, and she never wears any makeup, she's just a natural beauty, she was recently elected the president of the k.d. lang fan club, I don't know why she's still single. Of course, that roommate of hers is pretty weird, like a lesbian or something." ♦