

# Princess Online



Adults  
Only

No.  
16

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*

## *Becoming a Pretty Woman*

Dear Sissies,

If you get to know many crossdressers in and out of drag, you'll soon realize that a good-looking guy does not necessarily make a good-looking woman. You can see a cute guy, dress him up like a girl and he turns out looking like one of Cinderella's ugly stepsisters. Conversely, some very plain-looking and even ugly guys make beautiful females. From my experience, just as many ugly guys as good-looking guys make good-looking females.

Yes, beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but I would guess that anyone who takes the time to notice would agree with me. Do a survey yourself, even if you don't know many crossdressers and have to limit your research to movie actors who have appeared in crossdressing roles (outside of actors who purposely make themselves up to look funny or ugly).

The old saying "clothes make the man" applies even more so to women. Yet, smart clothing choices aren't enough for a man to successfully achieve a female disguise. It usually takes a great makeup job and a convincing manner of speaking and acting. And the true key is careful attention to detail and a determination to perfect the female role. Most any guy, ugly or good-looking, can be made into a very attractive woman, regardless of age, size or most any other physical characteristic. Even the shabbiest looking guy can often be turned into a stunning example of womanhood.

However, many crossdressers are convinced that they would make an ugly woman, and so they don't dress up completely or never venture out fully dressed. Maybe they have put on a lot of weight, have very hairy or muscular bodies, or have just gotten older. These guys may be missing a lot of fun!

If you're such a guy, why not give it a go? Save up your money and get a complete professional makeover: makeup, clothes, shoes, wig -- the works! You'll probably be amazed at the results. Then have a professional photographer preserve the blessed event. I can practically guarantee you that it will be a rewarding experience, and you'll be forever thankful that you did it. And do it now! You're not getting any younger!

Love,

*Princess Lacey*



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## STORIES OF THE MONTH JULY & AUGUST 2000

Items like the following can be used in a light-hearted way to bring up the subject of crossdressing with someone that you are considering sharing your secret to see their reaction and "test the water."

### Stories of the Month

**Ann Landers (below)** - The popular advice-giver does a nice job on this writer. She tells the woman to mind her own business when she complains that one of the little boys in her daughter's preschool has long hair and likes to wear fancy dresses and play with dolls. ♦

**Carole Jean (page 4)** - This drawing is from her three-volume set "Petticoat Punishment Illustrated: "Schooled with Girls." The story is about Peter, a boy who has to attend a girls' school, wear the girls' standard uniform and participate in all activities just like the girls. He resists being feminized but gets himself into more and more trouble and embarrassing situations.

This drawing is from volume 1 of the story. Peter has just changed into pink tights and leotards to begin dance lessons with the girls in the beginning ballet class. ♦

**Carole Jean (page 5)** - "Nick & Mike" is Carole Jean's latest series of booklets. This drawing is from an early part of the story. The boys have to stay with a stern old neighbor lady while their mother is recuperating from an illness.

In this picture, the woman has talked Nick into going with her while she shops for little girls' dresses. She explains she needs dresses for someone about his size, so she persuades Nick to stand before her in the girls' dress shop while she holds dresses up to check the size. Of course, Nick is not too happy about doing it, and he's not aware that she is buying the dresses for him to wear! ♦

**Dear Ann Landers:** My daughter attends a preschool for children between the ages of 3 and 5. One of the little boys in her class has beautiful, curly hair and wears it long. He also wears ruffled and frilly dresses and stockings with designs on them. He plays with dolls and other "girl" toys. This is very confusing to the other children. They can't figure out whether this child is a boy or a girl.

One of the other parents says it's probably easier for the boy's parents to let him wear his sister's clothes than argue with him every day. This child's parents are very accepting of his behavior, and don't seem to think there is anything wrong with it. In my opinion, they need to have their heads examined.

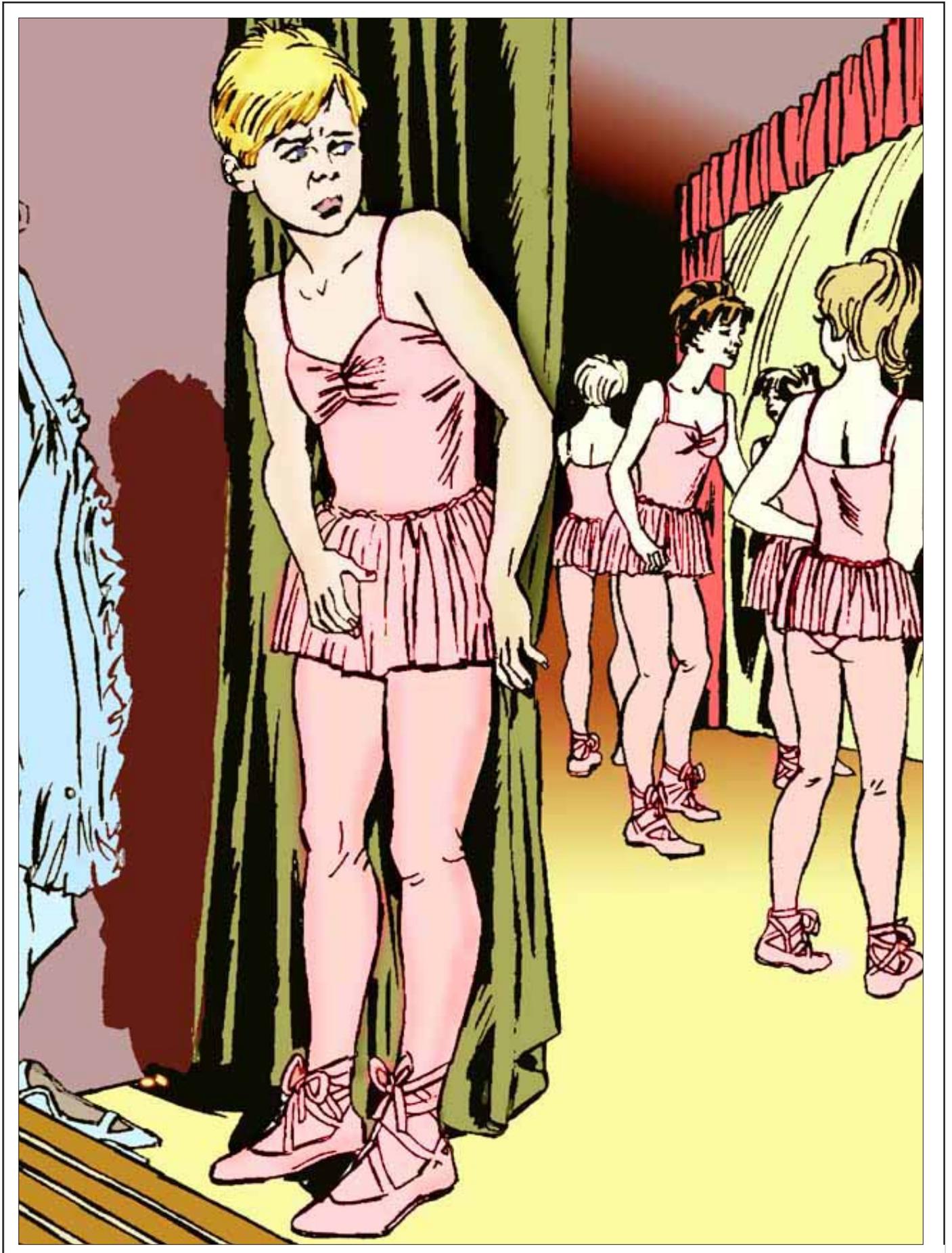
Ann, do you think this is OK, or will it hurt the boy in the long run? Shouldn't those parents be dressing him in gender-appropriate clothing? I'd appreciate your thoughts on this. — **No Name, No City**

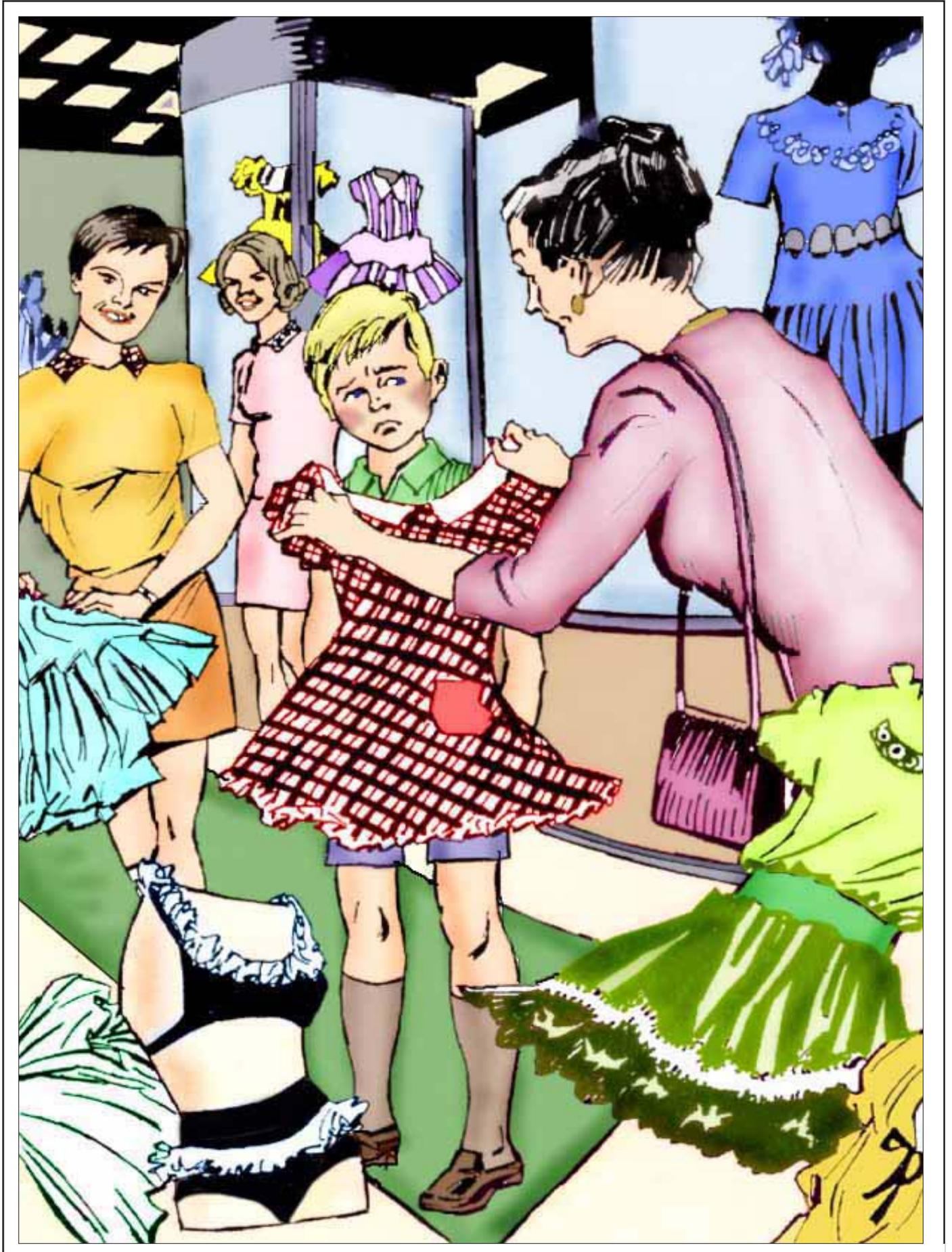
**Dear No Name:** Wearing girls' clothing and playing with dolls will not make the boy gay. We now know that homosexuality is a matter of genetics. In other words, they are born that way. Most experts believe children should be permitted to have a say in what they wear. When the boy is older, he may be uncomfortable wearing "frilly" clothing and rebel. **Meanwhile, MYOB.**

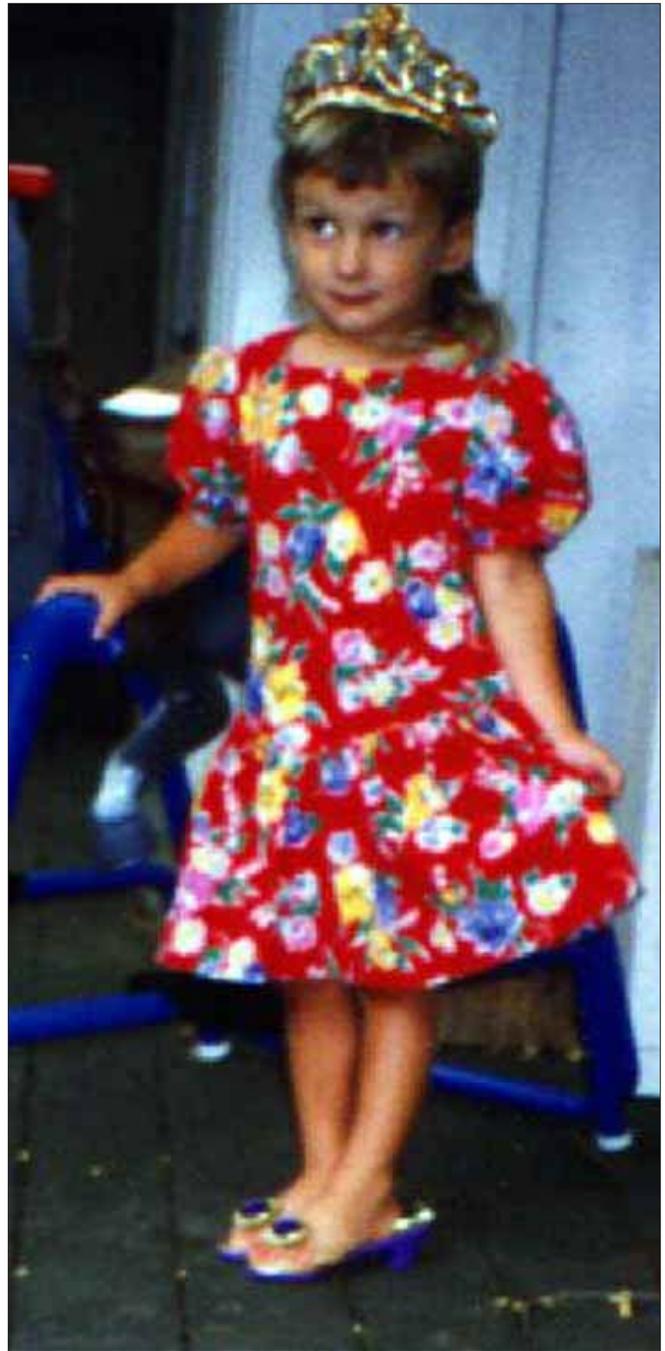
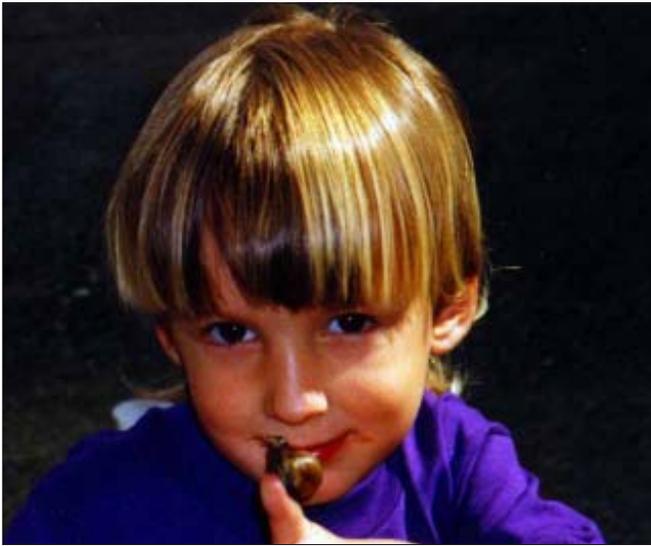


DAILY NEWS

Wednesday, June 7, 2000







**David (above)** - A California dentist and her husband have a family website with a page highlighting the life of their five-year-old son, David. The photo on the upper left is David as he usually appears.

Some boys are lucky to have understanding parents that can handle it when they want to have girlie dress-up days! In the photo on the left, David is in a casual dress climbing on some rocks. And in the picture above right, he is wearing a flowered dress, little girls' slippers and a tiara. On the website, the photo caption reads: "... he's in touch with his feminine side..." You'll notice the boy's hair is very long and curly in the back. ♦

## Accepting a son's preferences

By Mary Kellary



My younger son adores wearing girls' panties and dressing up in long frilly dresses.

**Q**—I need some advice and possibly some reassurance.

I am a single mother of boys, almost 6 and almost 5, and have lived apart from their father for almost three years. He sees them regularly and is very active and interested in their welfare.

My older son, although very sensitive, is "all boy." He seems to be adjusting fairly well, loves other kids, school, his cousins, playing, riding his bike, etc.

My younger son seems more shy and anxious (he bites his fingernails). He likes to ride bikes and engages in "typical" boy games, but he is never happier than when he is playing with his female cousins, which he does frequently, or with the daughters of my friends, and all of his friends at preschool are girls.

He adores playing with Barbies and dressing up in long frilly dresses. I even bought him frilly panties he wanted, much to his father's dismay, mistakenly thinking that the novelty of girls' panties would wear off if he owned some himself.

At what age should I be concerned about this type of behavior? What can I do to help whatever is causing it?

**A**—In almost every letter on this subject, and there have been many, the child in question is usually a boy about 4. This is a watershed year. Some boys, more shy and gentle than the others, feel threatened by the

### Bringing up parents

shenanigans of their buddies.

It's important that he gets from you what all children need most: acceptance. Your child has the right and the need to follow his own style, but you can make it easier for him, and for you and his dad, too.

A little boy who loves Barbie probably will like G.I. Joe or a special teddy bear, too.

You can diversify the dress-ups too. Add a vest, a cane, a homemade Superman cape, a top hat made of construction paper.

If he's still interested in dress-ups in a year or two, perhaps you can find a children's theater when he can play a bit part.

You also want to give him plenty of chances to work out on playground equipment so he will feel challenged and safe. His derring-do will get his body ready for gymnastics and acrobatics at 5 and karate at 6. These controlled disciplines will make any child feel strong and competent.

Most of all, your son needs a little extra time with you and some reassurance, for nail biting is a sign of tension and worry. Tell him that he is safe and that you and his dad will always be there for him, for children get anxious about the darnedest things.

Winslow News Heard 2/14/92

**Advice Column (above):** Mother seeks advice about her young son who loves to dress up and play dolls with his little girl cousins. ♦

**Watchdoggie! (next page)** It's a conspiracy! Many rightwingers tout 'family values' yet do many antifamily things as they try to assert influence over their little corner of the world. For example, many radicals believe that males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be monitored and contained. The way to save humanity from itself is to prevent or stop those hormones from destroying young men. They also believe that their work must start within their own homes, schools, churches and communities.

They see the problem at its worst in young boys and assert that many boys, especially those approaching or in the early stages of puberty, have a great deal of difficulty controlling themselves

because they cannot properly cope with the hormones surging throughout their bodies. And if such boys aren't dealt with promptly, they risk becoming abusive, disgusting and worthless members of society. The way to cure them, they maintain, is to fight their aggressive and nasty behavior with a good dose of petticoat discipline.

Therefore, males who can't conduct themselves in what they define as proper behavior are forced into fancy dresses and frilly lingerie. Such clothes shock them out of their selfish, destructive mindset and make them receptive to learning how to act properly. Lessons that, the leaders of this movement insist, will serve the boys throughout their lifetime. Well, Watchdoggie is here keeping an eye on this growing phenomenon and cataloging his reports. Here is one of his posters extolling his views and alerting the world to what is going on all around us! ♦

The National Organization of Women's guide to helping  
**TODAY'S** **School BOYS**  
**"FEEL" THEIR FEMININE SENSITIVITIES**

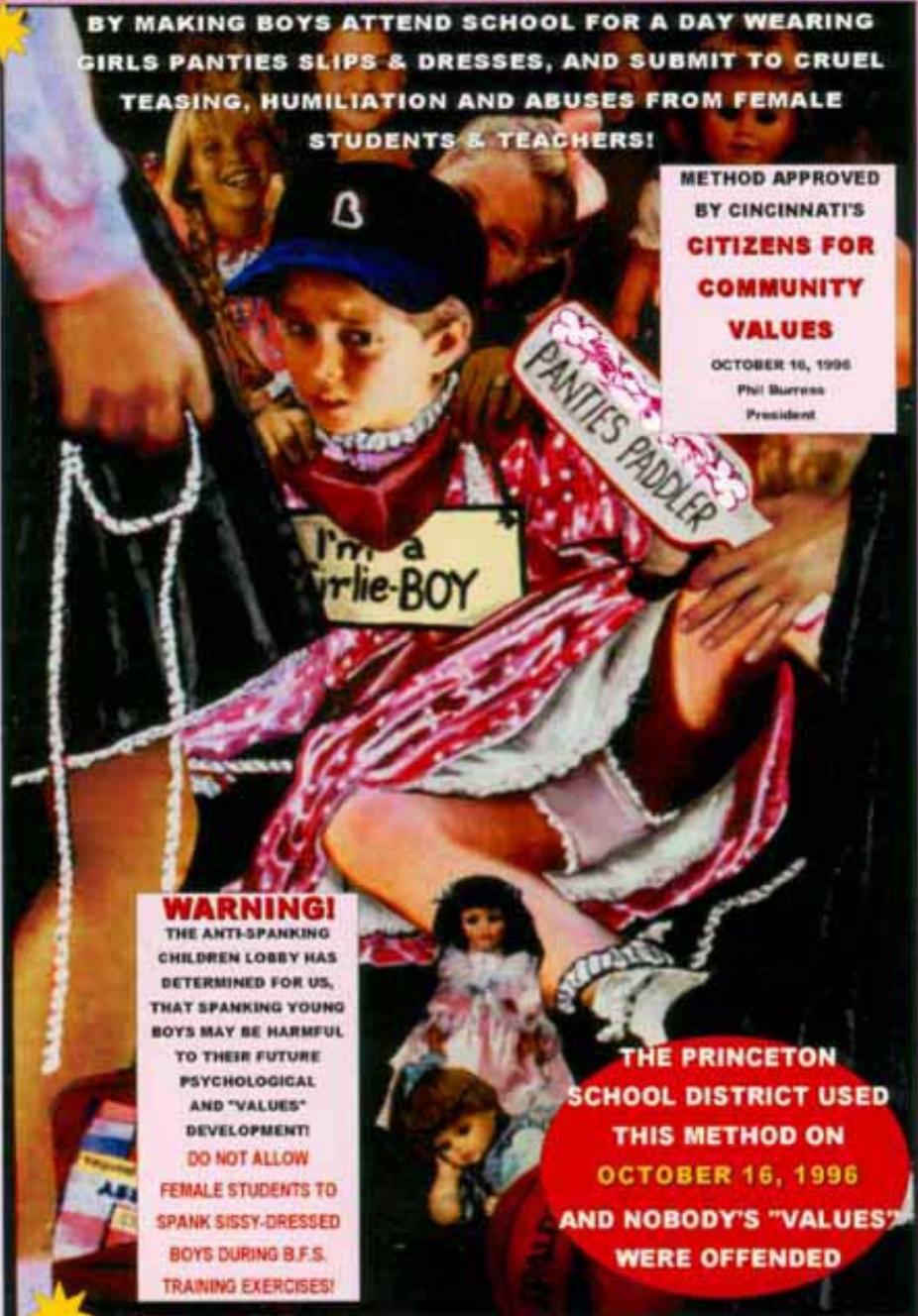
Recognizing the demands of feminists that today's young **BOYS** grow up sensitive to the feelings of women, it's now important to our Community's **VALUES** that we establish a **REQUIRED** in school curriculum to address this mandate.

TO ACCOMPLISH OUR GOAL, WE HAVE PREPARED THIS MANUAL WHICH SETS TESTED GUIDELINES TO ASSIST TEACHERS AND PARENTS IN THE EFFECTIVE USE OF FEMININE GENDER EXCLUSIVE CLOTHING TO **HELP MALE STUDENTS FEEL THEIR FEMININE SENSITIVITIES.**

SPECIFICALLY BY MAKING THEM WEAR GIRLS SILKY LITTLE PANTIES, SLIPS AND DRESSES TO REQUIRED FEMININE SENSITIVITY CLASSES, AND FORCE THEM TO SUBMIT TO CRUEL TEASING AND ABUSES FROM FEMALE STUDENTS, TEACHERS, AND OTHERS, BECAUSE THEY'RE **SISSY-DRESSED!**

BY MAKING BOYS ATTEND SCHOOL FOR A DAY WEARING GIRLS PANTIES SLIPS & DRESSES, AND SUBMIT TO CRUEL TEASING, HUMILIATION AND ABUSES FROM FEMALE STUDENTS & TEACHERS!

METHOD APPROVED BY CINCINNATI'S **CITIZENS FOR COMMUNITY VALUES**  
 OCTOBER 16, 1996  
 Phil Burress  
 President

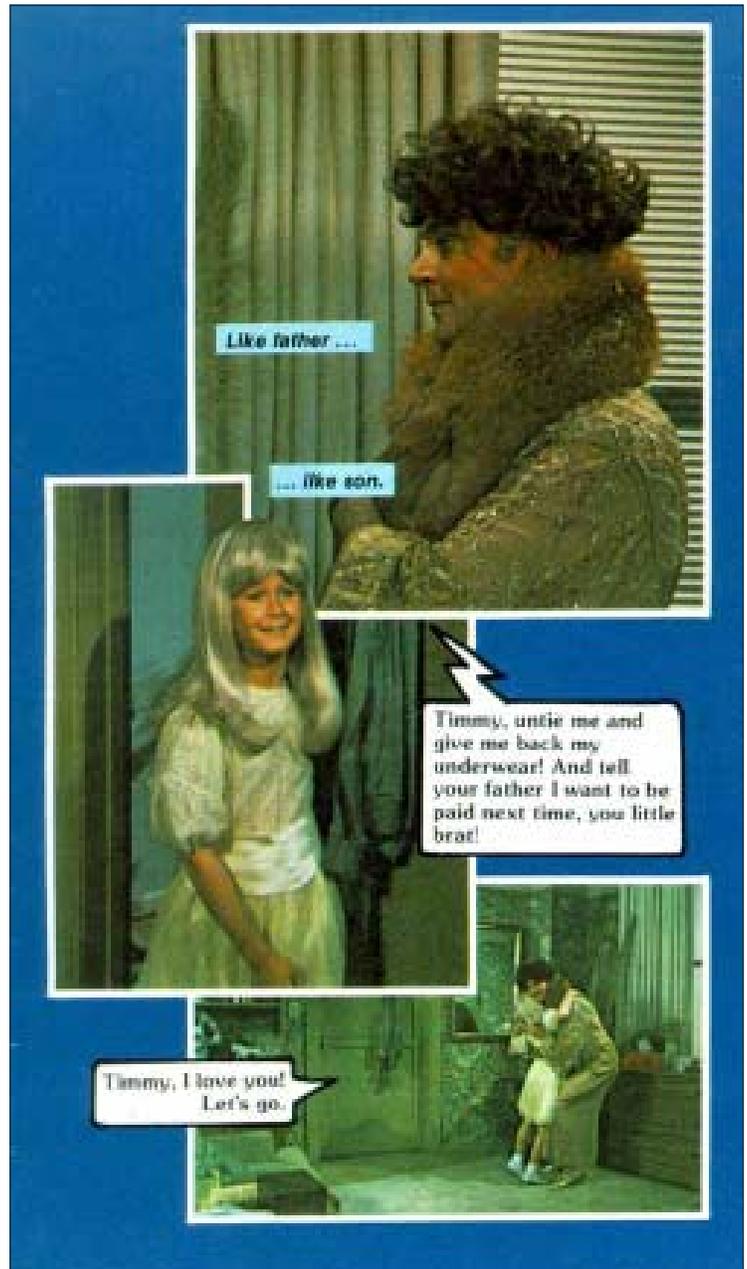


**WARNING!**  
 THE ANTI-SPANKING CHILDREN LOBBY HAS DETERMINED FOR US, THAT SPANKING YOUNG BOYS MAY BE HARMFUL TO THEIR FUTURE PSYCHOLOGICAL AND "VALUES" DEVELOPMENT!  
**DO NOT ALLOW FEMALE STUDENTS TO SPANK SISSY-DRESSED BOYS DURING B.F.S. TRAINING EXERCISES!**

**THE PRINCETON SCHOOL DISTRICT USED THIS METHOD ON OCTOBER 16, 1996 AND NOBODY'S "VALUES" WERE OFFENDED**

Photo: Princeton School District girls humiliating and abusing a sissy-dressed **BOY** on October 16, 1996 during a school mandated **Boys Feminine Sensitivity Training** exercise?

**Watchdoggie!** satirically illustrating "VALUES" determined by powerful lobbies



Like father ...

... like son.

Timmy, untie me and give me back my underwear! And tell your father I want to be paid next time, you little brat!

Timmy, I love you! Let's go.

**A Fun Video to Rent:** *Americathon 1998* stars Harvey Korman, Fred Willard, and John Ritter. In one of the subplots, Korman is the multitalented Mr. Rushmore, who performs in drag with his son, Timmy (played by Damon Raskin), in a futuristic sitcom. In the episode shown, Timmy is entering his teenage years; however, his father thinks he still needs a babysitter. Part of the dialogue goes:

*Korman:* What's going on in there? (He says toward a closed door as he's applying his makeup.)

*Babysitter:* Your son's tying me up again.

*Korman:* Timmy, how many times do I have to tell you? Don't tie up your babysitter. I have to pay extra for that.

*Timmy:* Dad, I don't want a babysitter. All the guys make fun of me. I'm

the only guy on the squad who has a babysitter.

*Korman:* Don't grow up too fast, Timmy. The next thing, you'll want your own bike.

(A short while later, Timmy comes out from behind the closed door in a frilly white dress and long wig. The babysitter is screaming from behind the door.)

*Babysitter:* Timmy, untie me and give me back my underwear! And tell your father I want to be paid next time, you little brat!

(Crossdressed father and son hug.)

*Korman:* Timmy, I love you! Let's go.

A picture book of this film was also published. "Fotonovels: Americathon 1998" can be ordered through bookstores. We found it available from a major bookstore for \$14.95, but we also found it available on the Internet for as low as \$7.50 plus shipping. We thank one of our regular visitors for supplying us with information about this item. ♦



**Masquerade!** We have many photos of boys wearing girls' or sissy clothes from costume parties, fancy dress balls, Halloween contests, turnabout parties, etc.

To the left is a picture of brother and sister catalog models, who were being photographed in coordinating outfits. However, for fun, they decided to trade clothes as you can see here!

Above is a five-year-old boy in a spring pageant put on by his religious school. Angel costumes are a popular way for moms to get their little boys into fancy dresses, so for at least a short time, they can pretend to have the girl they always wanted. As part of such costumes, most mothers don't miss the opportunity to add makeup, slips and lacy panties! ♦

## FEATURES OF THE MONTH - AUGUST 2000

### My Children's Legacy

**Eagleton Boggs Estate  
Lady Elizabeth Wells Forsyth  
Plymouth, Massachusetts  
June 14, 1998**

Dear Princess,

Having brought up my son in the feminine way has been very rewarding. At first I was just teaching him to be a sweet loving person, then I learned about 'petticoat discipline' by a dear relative (who also gave me the means to practice it fully), and I have never regretted what I did. Moreover, I have become an advocate of raising boys in a genteel way and have made an avocation of researching historical data on the subject. Raising boys in a sissified or girlish fashion has been going on for centuries. Here are some interesting examples quoted from the works of major authors:

“In Hungary during the 1860s, Count Sarolta had three children, two boys and a girl, who were all dressed in the clothes of the opposite sex until the age of fifteen.” (G. H. White.)

“In the town in which I grew up, the boys and girls of one large family were all dressed alike in girls' clothes, all very frilly and fancy, and their hair kept in braids until they reached puberty. The quaintly dressed family went unmolested. I asked the reason for dressing boys in such girlish attire and was told it was the mother's peculiarity.” (H. P. Chanter)

“At the turn of the century, in a family of three children, the girl of thirteen and her two younger brothers always wore girls' clothing. All three children wore their hair long. Reversing this procedure, another mother with two boys, ten and eight, and a daughter, seven, dressed the girl in suits to match her brothers; however, the suits were made of velvet of the Little Lord Fauntleroy type and very girlish, from the lacy collars to the silken panties, and all three wore their hair in long sausage curls.” (D. O. Cauldwell)

“Another brother and sister, thirteen and fourteen respectively, were dressed in 'twin' fashion. Both wore their hair in a short 'boyish' bob, but were always dressed in matching shoes, dresses, pinafores and girlish lingerie.” (D. O. Cauldwell)

“Two boys in New Zealand were dressed as little girls with their hair in ringlets until they were eight years old. When the time arrived to put them into boys' clothes, they were given a party at which they were dressed in short, heavily ruffled pale blue organdy frocks, reaching far above the knees, taffeta petticoats that rustled and white stockings with blue ribbon garters that could easily be seen under their full skirts. The garters perfectly matched their blue hair bows and satin sashes.” (D. O. Cauldwell)

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On the previous page is one of the most famous old-time photos of a boy being subjected to petticoat domination. The boy, twelve-year-old Dougal Lamont, was my husband's cousin. He was raised in the 1930s in Scotland. His mother had longed to have a daughter, and after Dougal was born, she feared she would have no more children, so she raised him as a girl until he reached school age, dressing him in the most girlish fashions and keeping his hair long and beautifully coifed. Even though it was an old-fashioned practice at that time, it wasn't that unusual to keep little boys in petticoats and dresses.

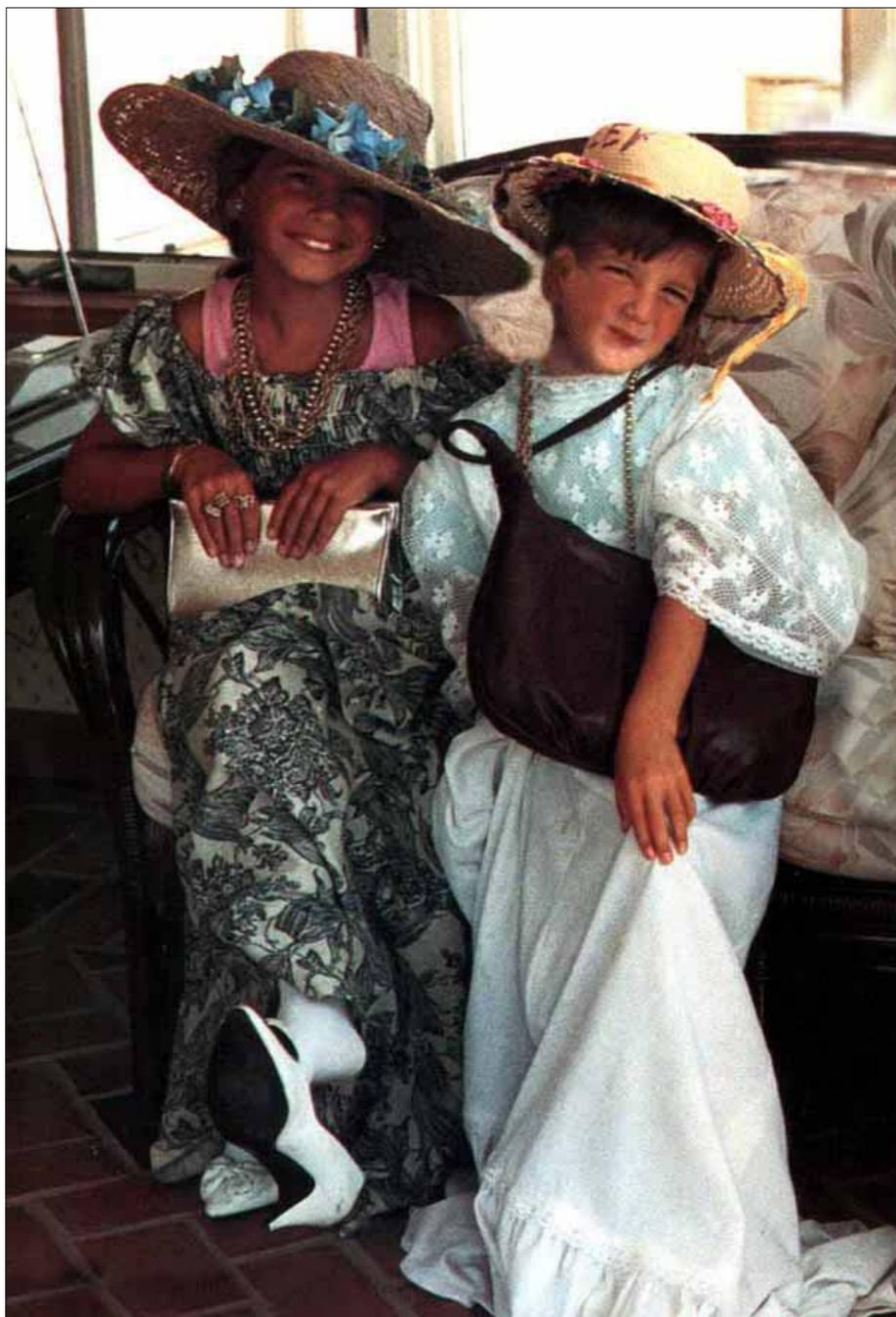
For attending school, he had his lovely locks shorn and was given boys' clothes to wear, but at home she kept him in girls' clothes including lace-trimmed underwear because she wanted to keep him docile and dedicated to her. With his short hair, the boy's appearance was quite strange to the staff on the estate. Behind the Lady's back the servants teased and laughed at the boy and made him quite unhappy, but his complaints about their behavior toward him were ignored by his mother, since she felt such teasing was helpful in keeping her boy subordinate to her will.

Then Lady Lamont had a second child, and much to her delight it was a girl, but rather than shift her desires to her new daughter and let Dougal shed his girlish outfits, she insisted upon keeping him in his girls' clothes while on the estate, so that he would be a companion to his baby sister since they lived in a somewhat remote area and no girl children lived nearby.

Lady Lamont treated him on a level with his baby sister instead of dealing with him in a manner appropriate to his age. While such treatment crushed Dougal's spirits, Abigail, the little girl, quickly grew to become a very willful little terror, who bossed around her big brother and kept him under her thumb throughout his years at home and until he finally went off to university. In the above photo, Dougal is with Abigail, both in a childish pose eating suckers and nicely turned out in girlish attire.

Following such an upbringing, the boy never married, but he had always been quite close to his cousin, Douglas Forsyth (my late husband), and after Forsyth married me and we had children, Dougal was reminded of his own childhood and became quite attached to them, attached to the point of naming them as his heirs as well as providing for their welfare while growing up.

The following story is about the atypical relationship that evolved between my children and my husband's effeminate cousin Uncle Dougal. It's a true tale about being brought up under petticoat rule and how that upbringing was part of the legacy Dougal passed on to my children.



## Chapter 1

### My Sweet Little Patricia and Paul

I now live in the States and love it here, yet I get ill when I look around at today's young people and see all the crime they commit because they have been brought up without proper regard for life or property. In recent decades, parents have tried to be buddies to their children and not parents. Wanting to be loved by their offspring, they have given them most everything and demanded little in return or have neglected them and let them run wild because they didn't know how to be parents, didn't love their children enough to discipline them, or were too busy to properly care for them, .

By today's standards you may be shocked how I brought up my children barely thirty years ago. Some would say I abused them, molested them and let others use them in an unnatural way without compunction, and by today's definitions that would probably be right! Yet my daughter has grown up to be a powerful stateswoman (she works in the British consulate in Boston and that is why I live here instead of our native Scotland) and my son is now one of the world's leading physicists. Both are parents to lovely children, who I might add are being brought up not unlike how I had raised them.

In the mid 1960s, we lived in the ancient royal burgh of Scone in Perthshire, Scotland, because Douglas, my husband, was an officer in the First Battalion Royal Highlanders, the famous Black Watch, stationed nearby at Perth. While Patricia was four and Paul was three, he died accidentally during a training exercise, and I was left to bring them up on the limited pension dispensed to a Major's widow. Fortunately, I also had some means of my own, but even with that addition, it fell short from what would have been ideal.

The Forsyth name is a sept of the Lamont Clan. Dougal Lamont, my husband's cousin and close boyhood friend, lived not far away in a small castle at Coupar-Angus. Not being married, he rarely stayed in the castle. Instead, he preferred venturing around the world. Ultimately he settled in South Africa. However, he was always a great admirer of my children and remained in close touch with me regardless of where his travels took him. He frequently sent substantial checks to the children, which I put in their earnings accounts. Dougal manifested a few peculiarities, which I always passed over as idiosyncrasies, until later and all fell into place. For one, from the time the children were born, he was always asking about how I dressed them and how I disciplined them. He said how children were dressed and disciplined completely shaped their present as well as future, and if I wanted them to be polite and mindful, I should dress and treat them in 'the old-fashioned way.' Dougal's concern

about the dress of my children echoed my own feelings. As a widow, I did not want them to grow up too soon, and so I kept them more childishly dressed for their age than was then customary, and I encouraged them toward quiet, gentle ways of play. Instead of rough-and-tumble sports, I let them play with my makeup and gave them my old party clothes to play dress-up games.

I've enclosed a picture showing Patricia on the left, when she was four, and Paul, when he was three, during one of those games. [See photo previous page.] Paul has a sour expression on his face as I tried to encourage him to pose like a prissy little girl. Instead, it looks like he's in pain! But that wasn't the case. He was just acting silly at the time, because he truly loved dressing up and acting sweetly.

I sent a copy of that photo to Uncle Dougal, and he responded by return post endorsing the way I was raising the two. He began to write more and more frequently and enclosed more and more money. All he asked in return was details about how I was raising them, stressing the fact that he wanted to know in great detail about how they were dressed and disciplined. It was a simple request, and so I wrote many voluminous missives to him that he admitted he thoroughly enjoyed reading.

## Chapter 2

### Kilts and Skirts

Beyond the occasional dress-up games, Dougal encouraged me to constantly improve their outfits, making them ever more childish and even distinctly sissified. His ideas about dressing them sweetly appealed to me, and so I was always looking for ways to dress them nicely, often in markedly similar outfits, without going overboard and making them too conspicuous, making the boy too girlish or the girl too tomboyish.

At Dougal's suggestion, I outfitted them regularly in kilt outfits of the Lamont tartan, but not wanting to spend the ghastly sums the shops were asking for boys' kilts, I bought girls' bodice kilts instead, which were available for about a quarter of the price. I even supplemented these with simple skirts from the girls' department, which closely resembled a kilt and were even more reasonably priced. I have a picture enclosed of the children in matching outfits, blue cotton skirts worn with beautiful sweaters that were handmade by a lady friend who was quite expert at knitting. Despite their genteel upbringing, they were very active children and these outfits were quite durable and long lasting.



## Chapter 3

### Paul Shows Signs of Resistance

Every year or two Dougal holidayed in Scotland from South Africa, and as I was getting the children ready for one of those visits, I had a feeling that this particular visit would be crucial. It would only be the second time we had seen him since my husband's funeral, and I wanted him to fall in love with the children, since I wanted him to continue with the

generosity he had already shown. But since the children were growing up, I feared he might not find them as cute and appealing as when they were when they were toddlers. Therefore, I decided that the children must be on their best behavior, and that they had to be dressed to meet with his approval.

Patricia was five and Paul was four at the time. This was the era of the British rock 'n' roll band the Beatles, and I loved the opportunity to let Paul's hair grow nice and full. I purchased lovely little outfits for them, for Patricia, a classic blue velvet dress with a handmade white lace collar, and for Paul, a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit also in blue velvet. It too had a frilly white collar that closely matched his sister's.

Even though he had been wearing girls' kilts and skirts (which I told him were boys' kilts), he displayed some resistance while being dressed in the velvet suit with the fancy collar. For the first time, he complained I was dressing him in something 'girlie and sissy,' as he called it. I told him the truth. It was an outfit, made for little boys, not for little girls. He had always been quite sheltered, and I supervised his friends closely, so I wondered where he had gotten such a bad idea. When he told me from watching a show on television, I quickly realized I had not been monitoring their television time as closely as I should. That I changed immediately.

When I told him to stop making a fuss or I'd put a bow in his hair for acting like a crybaby girl, he completely broke down and cried. I love my dear son, but I was outraged that he could be so fearful of a feminine little accessory like a hair bow! I realized I needed to do some retraining of Paul if I wanted him to appeal to Dougal as well as be the sweet little boy I desired him to be.

Dougal's visit was a short one, since he had some urgent business to attend to in London before returning home. However, it turned out to be all-important because he was

thoroughly pleased with the children and made me a generous offer in regard to them.

As he explained, he had no children of his own and admitted that he looked upon Patricia and Paul like the children he never had. Also, he had no one in the world to benefit from his wealth, and so he was willing to leave his fortune to my children under certain conditions, namely, that I should keep both of them well-disciplined and dressed in a genteel manner until they attained twenty-one years of age. It was a strange request, but I decided to accept, since the inheritance to be received would be substantial, assuring that my children's needs as well as my own needs, both present and future, would be completely underwritten. For me, having the children adapt to a way of life more typical to the Victorian or Edwardian era was not an unwelcome idea.

In addition, Uncle Dougal set me up with a very generous allowance that commenced immediately. As I progressed

with their training and dress discipline (a term he used), I was to take photographs of the children and forward them to him. If he was pleased with my reports and what he saw in the photographs, he'd reopen his castle at Coupar-Angus and have me move in with the children, since he no longer spent much time there. Also I would be in position to oversee the staff and servants and insure the proper upkeep of the property since, ultimately, the children would inherit the estate in its entirety anyway.

## Chapter 4

### Dougal and How His Mother Raised Him

Dougal didn't leave me totally blind as to what he wanted. During his short visit, he explained how he had been brought up in a most refined and elegant atmosphere. He admitted his

mother mollicoddled and spoiled him but was quick to use the tawse or cane for the slightest misdeed. He blushed as he told me, that especially during his earliest years, his clothing was completely girlish, his hair was kept long and femininely styled and his demeanor was quite sissified. While he didn't direct me to go that far with my children, especially Paul, he did criticize the way boys were being brought up in the current generation and was appalled at how they were allowed to dress and act.

I was determined to please Dougal, and I saw nothing wrong in what he proposed, especially since I agreed wholeheartedly with most everything he said. As he departed, he gave them each a full embrace and long lingering kisses directly on the lips. Under the guise of ascertaining that they were healthy and strong, he was very affectionate as he embraced them. Patricia seemed to enjoy the attention, but Paul was a



little stupefied, not knowing quite what to make of it since no one, especially a man, had ever handled him so intimately.

Out of earshot of the children, one recommendation Dougal did make to me momentarily set me back a bit. He said I should keep Paul dressed in silk vests and panties under his

clothes at all times, just like his older sister. Dougal said lacy girls' lingerie had a most beneficial effect upon young boys. I admit I snickered a bit at his suggestion but told him that it did make sense. After thinking about it for a moment, I was convinced that silky lingerie would help to keep most any boy sweet and gentle. Still, I had reservations about getting

Paul into girls' vests and panties, seeing how he was beginning to show his disdain for girlish things. I had to figure out how I could get him to that point without too much trouble.

So I progressed with the children's training as I gradually changed their wardrobes to items that were more 'stylish' (for lack of a better word), dressing them fancier than most other children. I did not spare the strap or tawse to keep them most obedient to me. Although I loved them dearly, both of them complained about the childishness nature of their clothes, but a periodic sound spanking made them stop complaining and adhere to my wishes.

Furthermore, I closely supervised all their activities. They were not allowed to go out alone, even to go to and from the private school they attended, which was only a short, two-minute stroll down the back road from our home. It was a girls' school, which took little boys to seven or eight, that is, until they were ready for a boys' preparatory school. However, even after that age, I persuaded the Headmistress to allow Paul to stay on, so that he could receive his primary schooling along with his older sister. My maid, Mary, who acted as their nursemaid at times, used to take them to school and then bring them home. They thought it was a great indignity at their age, but it did prevent them from getting into mischief.

I chose their companions and parties and play dates were held at either my place or at their friends' homes. Being carefully brought up under close supervision caused them to become very close to each other and innocent of the many evil ways most children learn far too early. Any naughtiness they learned from their schoolmates was punished at once and knocked out of them. They were polite, obedient, lovely children and a great delight to me.

## Chapter 5

### The School Uniform

Initially, the cause for many of their punishments was their grumbling about not being able to dress as untidily as the other children when out of their school uniforms. By the way, their school uniform at





St. Mary's (their new school) was a blue plaid tie and kilt (similar to our clan's tartan) with a pale blue blouse and a purple sweater to be worn over the blouse in cooler weather. The kilt was a bodice kilt and the blouse was elasticized around the waist to be sure to cover the cotton bodice. Accessories included pale blue rayon school panties and long white stockings, securely held taut with a white garter belt. Over

everything was a blue blazer with purple piping. The lapel featured St. Mary's yellow crest. Additional items were a blue pullover seater, a purple tam and a blue mackintosh cape with attached hood, elasticized to keep it close to the face when worn during inclement weather.

Like the other little boys at St. Mary's, Paul wasn't required to wear the school panties issued to girls but could wear regular boy's underwear. Additionally the boys could wear a 'liberty waist,' since they were required to wear the same long white stockings as the girls. The liberty waist was an old-fashioned garment for sure, but it was a unisex garment when it was popular up until the 1940s. By using the liberty waist, the boys could securely hold up their stockings without having to wear a garter belt, which was, of course, distinctly a girls' undergarment, but I opted for Paul to wear one anyway.

While the boys were allowed to wear trews or shorts under their kilts, I thought Paul should wear the same type garter belt and pale blue panties the girls wore under their kilts. After all, the panties were quite plain, made of a silky rayon material, but not adorned with lace or frills that would make them appear especially girlish. And it was the perfect opportunity to introduce Paul to wearing girls' panties like his uncle had so strongly recommended.

Up until this time, I had hesitated about the panties because I knew Paul would have a fit – and he did rebel when he found out I was going to make him wear them, but I finally got him to concede by explaining to him that they were worn underneath and no one would see them. I also made Patricia promise to keep his girlish panties a secret. Paul still resisted but three sessions with the strap and he was ready to be pantied and sent off to school.

One thing I didn't count on was that the other little boys liked to pull up each other's kilts to see what they were wearing underneath. Well, on Paul's

first day at school, he was subjected to this nasty treatment, and soon after, the whole school knew he wore a garter belt and silky panties just like the girls.

He came home crying that day, but I wasn't going to let up. I told him the damage had already been done. Now everyone knew what he wore and they would get used to it and stop teasing him in short time. I also had learned that two other boys at the school were also discovered wearing panties, so Paul was not alone. He was a picture of depression and despair that day, but I gave him no choice in the matter. Furthermore, to give him a bit of comfort, I reminded him that the headmistress announced that any boy caught teasing any other boy for wearing panties would have to attend school wearing specially designed ruffled panties under a specially shortened kilt.

After I wrote Dougal about that entire incident, he responded immediately with a lengthy telegram congratulating me on getting Paul pantied. He requested a picture of Paul in his panties, which I was finally able to get after a long session with the strap. Paul was very shamefaced, his cheeks bright red and tear-drenched for the photo. Upon receiving the picture, Dougal sent another telegram, waxing sentimental and full of praise for my treatment of Paul, saying how much it reminded him of his own upbringing when he got to that age and wanted to roughhouse like other boys instead of being pantied and petticoated.

## Chapter 6

### Girls' Clothes for Daily Wear

I kept up the pressure at home. I was dressing Paul in increasingly girlish clothes, even though I did not put him into frocks of any sort. Outside of kilts and skirt-like kilts, I had him wearing shorts and combinations, all of which

were purchased in the girls' department, usually pink and usually trimmed with appliquéés, rickrack, lace, frills, bows or other girlish ornamentation.

He hated having his picture taken in such clothes, fearing outsiders would see those pictures and tease him. By that time, he knew fully well what was considered proper clothing for a boy his age and what was considered girlish or sissified, and he knew I bought his clothes in the girls' department and at stores catering to little girls. The enclosed photo shows him crying and trying to shield his face as the photo was being snapped. This pink flowered shorts and top combination was always one of my favorite outfits for him.

As the children grew older, I kept Dougal well informed of their progress, and he showed his gratitude by being quite generous with his financial support of our little family.

## Chapter 7

### Dressing Up for Uncle's Visit

The following summer, in preparing for their uncle's periodic visit, I was determined to please Dougal with how they were dressed. I took them shopping at McHale's, the leading children's clothier at that time. It was to be the first time I put Paul into a skirt that was unmistakably a girls' skirt. In the dressing room, I could see the fear in Paul's face as I had him try on various skirts. Paul knew they were nothing less than girls' skirts. I made no attempt to convince him they were boys' kilts. I wanted him to feel the full impact of knowingly wearing girls' outer clothing.

For underwear, I could have had the children wear their pale blue school panties, as they would match well with the skirts I had selected and Paul was used to wearing them, but I had an idea that their uncle would like to see them both dressed just a little more elegantly. He would want them, I felt, to be dressed daintily and rather juvenily. Therefore, I decided to fluff out their skirts a bit with frilly white petticoats and, under those, soft, babyish, lace-trimmed panties. Having made up my mind, I ordered the lingerie like I was simply ordering them for Patricia, not indicating to Paul they were for him too. Paul didn't realize I was purchasing the lingerie in two different sizes and he surely supposed both sets of the delicate undies were for his sister. By then he was used to accompanying his sister and me on such shopping trips. He was somewhat used to the humiliation a boy feels standing beside his mother and sister while they cheerfully talk about and shopped for lingerie.

As we started for home, Patricia, who did not mind the frothy

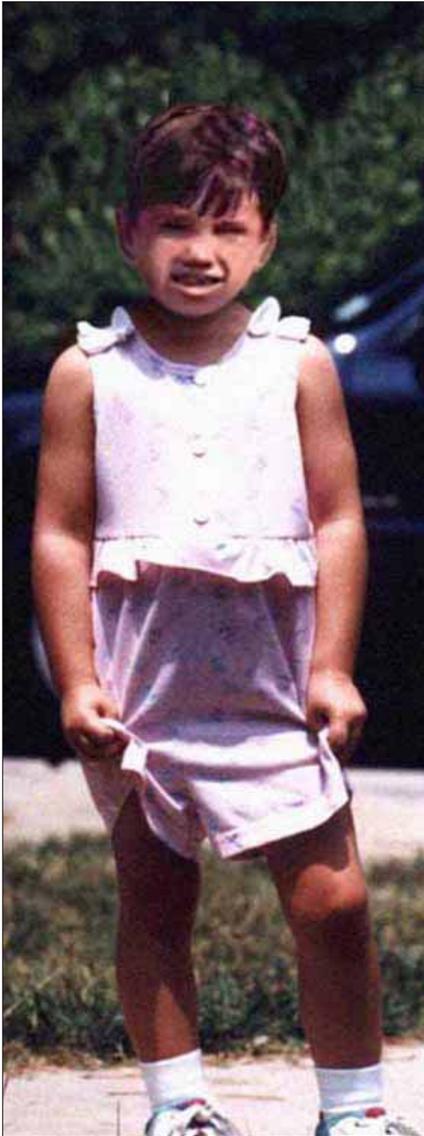


lingerie even if they were quite childish looking, asked why I had bought her two sets of such fancy petticoats and panties. When I explained I wanted to dress both of them exactly the same because I thought that Dougal would appreciate seeing them both in dainty lingerie, Paul jumped up in protest. I suppose you might say it was the bit of lace that broke the pansy's back.

Patricia and Paul were very docile children, but I had never witnessed such an uproar as Paul had put forth upon hearing my idea. He nearly screamed that he wouldn't wear fancy panties and a petticoat like a sissy. I tried to explain how in the long run it would be to his benefit, indeed both would

benefit, if they were daintily dressed for their uncle Dougal, because he might be willing to further increase his generosity toward them, but Paul was not swayed. He acted like an absolute heathen over the matter. In the end, I lost my temper and told him he would wear exactly what I wanted him to wear, and if he did not watch out, he would be sentenced to wearing fancy party frocks and heavily frilled girls' lingerie at all times.

He kept protesting so I had to give him a sound thrashing and then thrash him several times over the next three days until he accepted gracefully my idea as to how he would be dressed for his uncle's visit. I had to give Patricia a whipping as well, as she continually



teased Paul, making it harder for him to accept the fact that he was to wear such dainty little girls' clothes. I thought it was strange at the time that she did not grumble herself at having to wear such babyish lingerie, which was really far too juvenile for a Miss of her age.

The day of Dougal's arrival came, and it took Mary, the maid, and me most of the morning to get the children ready to go to the station to meet their uncle. Mary was still a teenager herself, just seventeen, and neither of the children was too happy at being attended to by her, especially Paul.

She gave them specially scented baths and did not trust them to bathe themselves for this special occasion. As I have said, I had always treated the children as much younger than their chronological age, much like four or five year olds. For instance, the children had their cots in the same bedroom, were helped to dress before each other, performed their natural functions on the potty before each other, and were bathed together, all with the natural un-self-consciousness of little children. But Patricia took special notice when Mary took extra precautions to pull back Paul's foreskin and thoroughly scrub clean all around the groove beneath the knob of his hard little penis. He squirmed delightfully as his sister gleefully looked on.

After a brisk rubbing with a rough terry towel, they were both liberally sprinkled with lilac-scented powder. Standing naked and completely subdued, they looked and smelled ever so sweet.

Their clothes had been laid out on their cots. Mary took Patricia in hand to dress and I took Paul. He looked with consternation at the clothes before him. I could see a tear in his eye and sensed he wanted to protest, so with a wave of my hand I drew his attention to my father's strap lying next to his outfit. Still, I knew these girlish underclothes terrified him. Even though he was quite used to his distinctly plain but girlish

school panties, there was no denying the lingerie before him was meant only to be worn by girls, and the most sissified of girls to boot.

The first garment I put on him was the girls' pure white silk undervest, then the panties, both were embroidered with sweet little flowers and had pink ribbons threaded through the delicate eyelet lace that trimmed the edges and the leg openings, the satin ribbon was highlighted with dainty little bows here and there.

Instead of his garter belt, I next put a liberty bodice on him to hold up his stockings. In the olden days, panties did not have elastic waists and were buttoned to the waist, hence the term "pantywaist," and that is what I repeatedly called it whenever I dressed him, just to rub it in that he was in a most childish and sissified garment, even if liberty bodices were originally worn by most all boys. Pantywaists are difficult to find, but a couple of the best stores (like McHale's) still did stock them as some mothers obviously still wanted to raise their children in the old-fashioned style.

I knew Dougal would appreciate such lingerie and accessories. And since I had selected for Paul the type of liberty bodice that buttoned up the back, it surely made him feel like a helpless child and very girlish. On this occasion, in addition to the long stockings, which made their legs look sleek and feminine, the children would also be wearing lacy little ankle socks over the stockings.

Paul was now becoming quite irritable. I needed to help him adjust to his new lingerie. I needed to show him they were a joy to wear, so I simply started to manipulate his penis through the fabric of his fine panties. The added luxurious feel of the silky panties on his penis (already highly sensitized by the scrubbing Mary had given him in the bath) had Paul in raptures almost instantly. Yet, the poor, confused boy cried gently all the while. Mary paused

in her dressing of Patricia, as both of them looked on with rapt attention. His expression of trepidation changed to one of horror, since it had been a long time since either Mary or I had handled him so intimately. But he did not back away or resist my touching. Soon he was swooning with desire, squirming and finding it difficult to remain standing. I let him collapse into my arms as I hugged him and teasingly told him he would soon so love his sissy panties that he'd beg me to let him wear them everyday, even to school to show his friends!

You may be horrified that I could do such a thing to my own son, but in the olden days it was standard practice for nursemaids, nannies, mothers and even sometimes sisters to masturbate a boy to calm him down and make him more amenable. When he was an infant and a toddler, whenever there was a problem, I had a regular routine. First, I'd give him my breast to suckle, which he thoroughly enjoyed. I didn't terminate his breast feeding until age five. In fact, he stopped asking for it even though I knew he still enjoyed it. But he wanted to stop because Patricia would tease him and call him a baby whenever he suckled. But as a baby, if feeding at my breast didn't calm him, his nanny or I would masturbate him and talk sweetly to him. We did this quite regularly. And if that didn't work, we gave him a diluted mixture of spiced wine to bring him down from a crying spell. Yes, we'd actually get my little boy a bit drunk to put him asleep! I mention those things here, because those were all standard ways of treating babies in the olden days, remedies that date back centuries, if not millenniums.

So as I masturbated Paul, he became bleary eyed and started groaning, being quite beside himself. He was still too young to erupt with those nasty juices boys make, so I didn't have to worry about him soiling his dainty new panties. But he did go through a rewarding series of spasms that left him totally depleted and limp as a rag in my loving arms.

Patricia laughed at his weakened state. She wanted to touch his pantied penis since she thought it was funny how it throbbed and bobbed up and down within the panties. Of course, I let her touch him up. A girl is never too young to learn that sort of thing about boys. Every girl should know how to handle boys in such a manner. At first she was a little rough. Paul moaned and tried to push her hand away, but I slapped him, then took Patricia's hands in mine and showed her various ways of touching up a sissy boy's penis and testicles within a pair of panties. As she stroked him from the outside, I held open wide the waistband so she could look down inside and see how his naked penis reacted to her ministrations within the silky folds of the panties.

Paul was getting close to that age when he would be spurting his seed, but I knew he wasn't there quite yet. What a thrill if his balls fully blossomed during his uncle's stay! I guess he was still too young, and so it wasn't to be, but it was nice to think about the possibility of it happening.

When he had recovered enough to give me his full attention, I instructed him further. For such fine panties, I told him, he would have to pull them completely down to take care of his toilet duties and not simply pull his hose out from beneath the legband as I know he sometimes did while wearing his schoolgirl panties, (which by then had become his full-time underwear). No boy likes panties without a fly-front opening, but sitting down to pee was a truly girlish act no boy would do without threat of punishment. So I made sure to keep my strap in full view as I instructed Paul how he was to conduct himself while wearing such wonderfully frilly and fine lingerie. An added feature for me, these panties were exceptionally stretchy and could be whisked down in an instant if he needed to be strapped for any naughtiness!

**To Be Continued.**

