

Princess Online

Featured Stories from the
Princess Productions Website



No. 7

Adults Only

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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

A Message from Princess Lacey

The Power of Your Fetish

Dear Sissies,

A fetish is an object with magical powers. A sexual fetish can be most anything, but the most common fetishes are articles of clothing (panties, shoes, etc.) body parts (hair, feet, etc.) and fantasy scenarios (rape, S&M, infantilism, etc.). No matter how much you love your wife or job or anything else, if you had to, you can live without them for a week or two, but try going without your fetish sex for a week or two. Periodically, your sexual fetish demands attention; it certainly does have power over you!

So give in and enjoy it because your fetish is going to be with you for the rest of your life. A guy with a strong fetish is very lucky! Few things in this world can come close to providing so much pressure-relieving pleasure and contentment.

To a man with a fetish, his fetish is his life! That fetish needs nurturing. It takes time, planning and preparation. It is the number one item on most any man's secret daily agenda. Oh, yes, that man might have a wife and family, great career and a leading position in the community, but the most important thing in his life is his fetish, even if he's not willing to admit it to anyone — including himself. Children grow up, couples get divorced, a job eventually ends, family and friends go by the wayside or die off, but a fetish will still be there. It even improves with age! Any man, who says it isn't so, is lying to you and himself!

Ask anyone what he wants out of life, and usually he'll jokingly tell you he wants to be young, good-looking, famous, healthy and rich! But I can tell you those things cannot make you as happy as your fetish. We all get older and less attractive with age. Fame, good health and money can easily come and go, but a fetish is a constant that doesn't diminish with time.



If you look at it as a gift (and a fetish is a gift from Our Creator!), it really fits that old saying "the gift that keeps on giving," because a fetish never fails to thrill and please its slave. A guy can be down and out, but the pleasure he can obtain from his fetish will be as strong as ever!

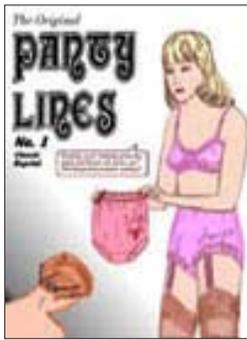
Now to be a fetishist and young, rich, famous, healthy and good looking is better than being a fetishist and not having those things, but the difference is so small that all those treasures pale by comparison!

If you are good to your fetish — in other words you're not constantly fighting it and purging yourself of your sins — your fetish will be very good to you. Relax and enjoy it!

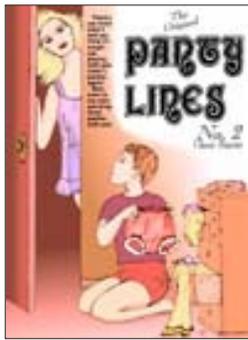
Love,

Princess Lacey

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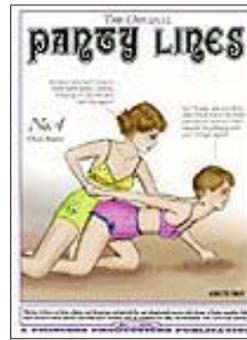
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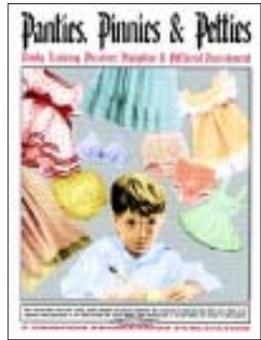
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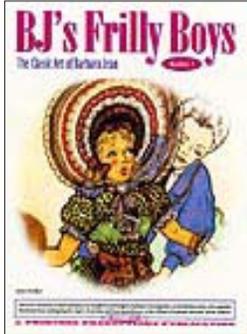
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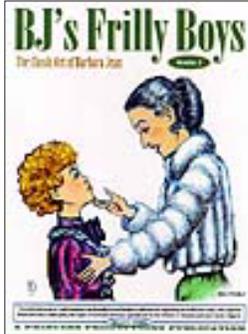
Panty Lines #4



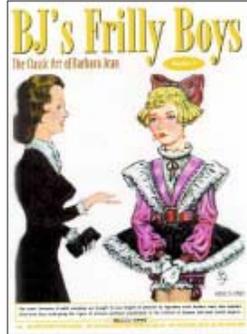
Panties, Pinnies & Petties #1



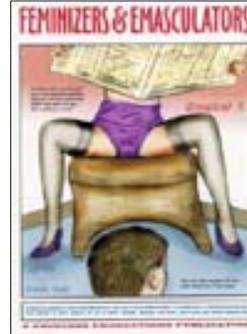
BJ's Frilly Boys #1



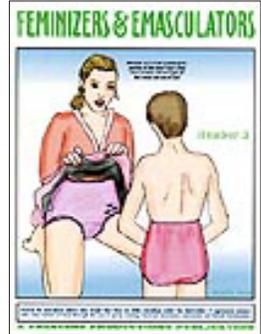
BJ's Frilly Boys #2



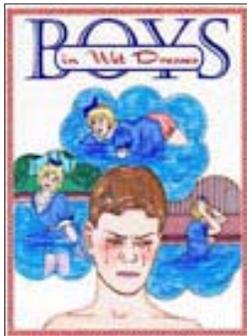
BJ's Frilly Boys #3



Feminizers & Emasculators #2



Feminizers & Emasculators #1



Boys in Wet Dresses #1

A Visit to Our Website

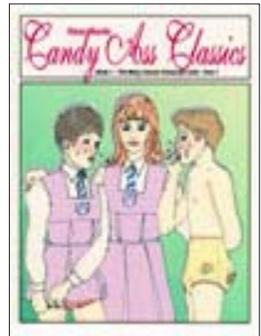
If you don't have a computer, and therefore can't visit us on the Internet, on this page, we show you some of the things you would see if you could access us online.

The Gallery of Cover Art

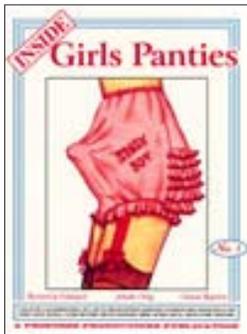
At our website, we have hundreds of different "web pages" where we feature photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and general information. Many of these items are available free.

One of these "pages" is our "Gallery of Cover Art," which is simply a collection of thumbnail-size pictures of the cover art from our over 35 different publications. And on this printed page we have displayed some of those cover illustrations.

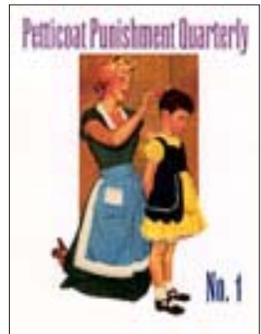
The Gallery of Cover Art is a free feature of our website; however, we offer a purchase option for anyone who would like full-page-size versions of the pictures to download to their computer and print out on their own computer printer. These 'online' cover art pictures are identical to the cover art on the 'hard copy' publications that we sell by mail-order.



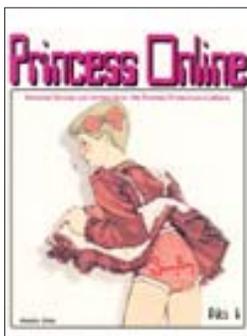
Candy Ass Classics #1



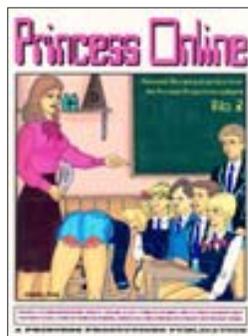
Inside Girl's Panties #1



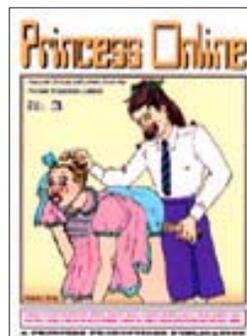
Petticoat Punishment Quarterly #1



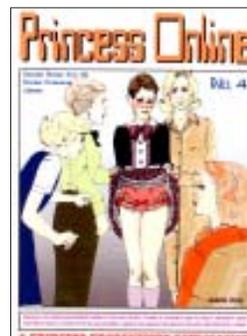
Princess Online #1



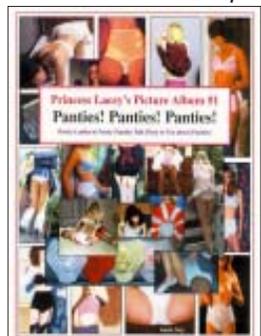
Princess Online #2



Princess Online #3



Princess Online #4



Picture Album #1

STORIES
OF
THE
MONTH
FROM
AUGUST
&
SEPTEMBER
1999

DRESSING THE PART



MARC F. HENNING/The Daily Times

Nathan Pace, 13, center, cheers at a girls powder-puff football game Thursday in Farmington, N.M. Pace joined about a dozen other boys in donning cheerleader outfits and cheering for the girls.

Item #1 (above) is a newspaper clipping showing three boys as cheerleaders for a powder puff football game in which the players are all girls. Especially the one boy in front, jumping up with great enthusiasm, seems to be wholeheartedly into the action!

Item #2 (right) is also a picture from a local newspaper, a close-up shot of a girl's hand applying lipstick to a boy's mouth. The boy, a member of a church choir presenting a Christmas show, wasn't dressed in girls' clothes but a very femininely styled unisex outfit worn by both the boys and the girls in the choir. The newspaper only published this close-up view of the boy's face; however, the reader who supplied us with this picture said that every member of the choir wore a flowing, ankle-length white satin robe with a chiffon overlay, gold trim and ruffles around the neck and sleeves. We would have loved to have a picture of the boy's entire outfit, but we appreciate whatever we can get! By the way, take note of the boy's expression. He looks supremely embarrassed. He might even have endured a motherly spanking to force him to put up with this humiliation!

Item #3 (next page) is a 1998 Associated Press article about a boy who attended a school in Georgia dressed as a girl until he was forced to quit. The pictured boy is a young beauty. One of the most

interesting things in the article is the reference to how many of the boys at the school wore girls' clothes and bows in their hair as a form of protest when this girlish boy was being forced to quit the school.



Feminine Boy Shakes Up Small School

CARROLLTON, Ga. (AP) - Patrick Nelson had heard there was a cross-dressing boy enrolled at his high school. But darned if he could figure out just who it was.

"I looked for him the first couple weeks. The honest truth - I didn't even know," Patrick said.

One day, he was talking about the mystery to a friend, who smiled and pointed to the pretty blonde at the desk next to his.

"I said, 'No way, that's too weird!'" Patrick recalled. "Then I thought about it, and I said, 'So what's so weird about that?'"

But while Patrick and his friends were willing to accept Matthew "Alex" McLendon's feminine appearance and mannerisms, others in this rural, conservative western Georgia community of about 20,000 weren't.

And so 15-year-old Alex withdrew from school under pressure, leaving supporters of the popular, easygoing student wondering what threat they had supposedly been protected from.

"Alex wasn't causing any problems. She got along well with everybody," said classmate and friend Meghan Denkers. "She wasn't trying to change anybody to be like her or anything."

After a heated meeting of the board of the small, private Georgian Country Day School on Oct. 6, Alex was "invited

to withdraw" or face expulsion. Alex, who had enrolled in September after attending public school, was cited for wearing a tongue ring, but had been called before school authorities earlier about his female dress, makeup and hairstyle.

Most of Alex's classmates - including some of the boys - wore bows in their hair in protest until ordered to remove them by the principal. Some indignantly quoted their school handbook, which urges acceptance of "diversity in opinion, culture, ideas, behavioral characteristics, attributes or challenges."

"Alex represents something that's way beyond the experience and the comfort zone of the very conservative people we live with," said Lori Lipoma, Meghan's mother and a drama teacher at the school. "I really think we all lost something very precious that night."

School officials would not discuss the case.

"We make no comments on students," said Rex Camp, chairman of the board of the school, where tuition is more than \$5,000 a year for the 50 or so high school students. Kindergarten and elementary students are in a separate building, but one parent of a 6-year-old expressed concern at the board meeting about Alex's effect on younger children.

"I believe in sexual standards in society, and I want my child in a school that holds the same sexual ethics that I do,"

said Craig Neal.

Alex, who speaks in a soft, feminine voice, began cross-dressing two years ago and considers himself "95 percent girl."

Larry Harmon, a Dade County, Fla., psychologist who counsels patients on sexual identity, said such feelings appear to fit a rare condition called gender-identity disorder. He said it doesn't necessarily imply homosexuality, and it's difficult to know how many youngsters have it and why.

"I'm not homosexual," Alex said. "I just look like a girl and I dress like a girl. It wasn't anything flamboyant, not sequins or anything. But because I'm a guy ..."

He enrolled in night school but quit in less than a week because he didn't feel the courses offered would help his education goals. He hopes to pursue a career in fashion merchandising and modeling.

Alex said Thursday he's looking into the possibility of homeschooling.

"I do wish I was still at the Georgian School," he said.

At the Georgian Country Day School - where Alex said he enrolled to get a better education - he struck up a friendship with Meghan and was soon invited to spend nights over at her house. The first couple of times, Meghan's mother popped in on them unannounced just in case.

"They'd be sitting there doing hair, or painting nails, and I said to myself, 'This is a girl,'" Ms. Lipoma said.

A few weeks into the school year, he and his father were summoned to a meeting with school officials. They said that parents had complained, and that he had to dress like a boy, Alex recalled. He refused and was sent home. A special board meeting followed.

Under the law, a public school would have had to show that Alex was disrupting education or undermining safety. A private school has more leeway.

Alex's mother died when he was young. He said that his cross-dressing initially caused a rift with his father, but that the older man stood with him in the dispute with the board. Mack McLendon declined an interview.

"School is supposed to be preparing you for life," Alex said. "Parents are trying to protect their kids by covering their eyes. It's going to be a real shock for some of these parents when their kids get out into the real world."



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Item #4 is a page out of a 1996 Christmas catalog (above) from a well-known mail-order company. It shows a mother and her little boy in matching outfits, dressed for holiday entertaining. The little boy in the picture wears a smock that's nothing less than a dress.

Notice in the accompanying copy (enlarged below) that the outfit is not described as a dress and that it is available in women's sizes, girls' sizes and child's sizes. The key word here is "child's size" (not little girls' size).

Between the wording and picture, the implication here is that this smock dress is suitable for both little boys and little girls. Also take note that the boy is wearing girls' one-strap shoes and white pantyhose.

Note: Boys appearing in advertisements modeling girls' clothing is nothing new. It's especially popular in Europe, and we have a number of such illustrations that we'll publish in future issues.

B BUFFALO CHECKS
 Graphic black-and-white buffalo plaid and gingham-checked flannel is cut in an empire waist with a shirred skirt for a comfortable, flattering fit. Woman's jumper has a full multicolored button front and two button-on patch pockets of cotton jersey in adult sizes S(6-8), M(10-12), L(14-16) and XL(18-20). Child's and girl's jumpers are all-cotton flannel with patch pockets of polar fleece covered with multicolored buttons. Available in child's sizes S(4), M(5-6) and L(6X-7) and in girl's sizes S(7-8), M(10-12) and L(14). All are machine washable and made in U.S.A.

Many Buttons Jumper-Woman's #50767.....\$99.00
 Many Buttons Jumper-Girl's #50550.....\$55.00
 Many Buttons Jumper-Child's #50549.....\$55.00



Items #5 #6 & #7 are Marilyn Monroe panty pics. Although these photos have nothing directly to do with crossdressing and our usual focus on stories, we present them here for two reasons: most every crossdresser has a special place in his heart for Marilyn, an archetype of femininity, and because Marilyn gave the world the greatest of all upskirt shots when she posed for her famous "Seven Year Itch" promotional photos.

Though known for NOT wearing underwear, Marilyn did on that occasion. She wore a classic pair of lace-trimmed, white nylon briefs. Several of the most well-known pictures from this famed photo shoot reveal only a little of those glamorous panties. However, the best picture made of Marilyn that night was by Bernard of Hollywood. We present it here (Item #7, next page) for your enjoyment. In Bernard's photograph, you can see Marilyn's glorious lacy briefs all the way up to her waist.

We are focusing on Marilyn at this time because during a recent trip to New York, all over Manhattan we saw (black and white) posters featuring that great photo by Bernard, including

a ten-story tall reproduction on the outside wall of New York's great Metropolitan Museum of Art (MOMA). The picture is the main promotional piece for a MOMA exhibition that examines the impact of photography on fame. The show features many all-time great photographs as well as Bernard's picture.

And in conjunction with the exhibition, the museum gift shop is selling a book of Bernard's photographs. Bernard was one of the best and most well-known Hollywood cheesecake photographers. In addition to other pinup photos, the book contains many other rarely seen pictures of Marilyn. We include two of them here (Items # 5 and 6, above). One is an additional picture from "The Seven Year Itch" promotional series, and the other is lovely picture of a young Marilyn in a pink babydoll nightie. Under the nightie can be seen her matching full-cut, brief-style panties.

(NOTE: This feature was timely when it we first published it, but this special MOMA exhibition, entitled "Fame After Photography," ended on October 5, 1999.)



LETTER OF THE MONTH - AUGUST 1999

Brief Autobiographies

Introduction

Dear Princess,

It has to be a record of some sort, but in addition to me, my father and my grandfather were crossdressers. As opposed to the classic scenario of a mother, sister or aunt starting me off on dresses and panties, it was my father who forcefully initiated me into crossdressing! In addition to that, my grandfather had a huge panty fetish! Only recently and long after my grandfather's death, did I discover his private stash of TV pictures, stories and lingerie!

My grandfather was a writer. Mostly he wrote articles for the liquor industry, but he always said he was going to write a great novel or biography. Even though I don't remember a lot about him, I can relate to him and understand him on many levels, especially since I am a writer too. I write articles and do editorial work for a major health and fitness magazine.

My grandfather has been dead for over ten years, but I only recently learned of his secret sex life. Being a writer, my grandmother asked me to clean out a huge stack of boxes containing many of my grandfather's writings and personal papers. I got a big surprise when in one of those boxes I found an unfinished manuscript of his entitled, "A Brief Autobiography."

Naturally, I interpreted the title to mean it was a digest of my grandfather's life. But as I started to read it, I quickly realized the word 'brief' in the title referred to brief-style panties; he was wild about them! Since I'm a transvestite, I was both awestruck and strangely pleased at this discovery. During the time I knew him, I had no idea he had such an intensely consuming interest, but after reading his story, that's the only way to describe it.

My grandfather had many pictures of lovely gals -- all with one thing in common: They all were wearing pretty brief-style panties.



Digging a little further through his boxes, I unearthed a couple dozen transvestite books from the 1950s through the 1970s and his collection of girly pictures. All the pictures had been torn from magazines of young ladies wearing his favorite style of panties. And I found his panties! Eight pairs of frilly, brief-style panties! Along with this story, I've included a few of the pictures from his collection for your enjoyment. The pictures are all quite dated but still very erotic to a classic panty fetishist. Believe me, finding your grandfather's jackoff stash is very eerie, even when it's so closely aligned with your own sexual interests that you can completely

understand it! It's like walking in on your parents making love. You know it takes place, but you just don't want to think of your parents in that way. Well, in many ways that's how I felt when I read my grandfather's story. It made me uneasy to discover he was so preoccupied with his fetish, but at the same time, I couldn't stop reading it and learning about his innermost secrets. The girly pictures were understandable. The TV stories convinced me he was probably a transvestite or at least a panty fetishist, but I was completely unnerved when I realized that many of the panties were obviously stained with his dried-on cum. Now that's a shocker: to find your grandfather's fetish cum stains!

I'm sure grandpa did not intend to publish his "A Brief Autobiography." It was probably just a way of unburdening his pent-up desires. Parts of it were finished, complete with word-for-word dialogue and insightful details. These entries were probably accurate descriptions of various happenings in his life from his point of view. His writing was skilled, polished and passionate. But other parts of his story were just random notes or little blurbs describing specific incidents which excited him. A few segments were fantasies, but he introduced them as such. This highly personal journal he worked on right up until his death, which happened quite unexpectedly of a stroke at age fifty-one in 1981. The character in his story he named "Arnold." However, knowing what I know about him, it is obvious this was his own story.

The second part of what I have to relate to you is about my father and how he turned me into a transvestite. My dad wasn't gay. He may have been bisexual, but I don't think so. He too had a fetish for panties. Talk about a coincidence between him and my grandfather; however, they didn't like each other very much, and as you will read in my grandfather's autobiography, he had suspected that both my father and I had a fetish closely related to his own. Now I wonder if my father had any idea about my grandfather's interests. Whatever they might have known about each other, I believe they kept it to themselves, which is a shame and a mystery to me because they could have used it as a bridge to some type of a friendship. After all, as you will see, both of them were rejected, lonely men, especially when it came to sex!

When my parents got divorced, it put a tremendous strain on our family. I was just four years old at the time. Over the next two years, I was often in the center of their struggles during a long custody battle. My father was losing his influence over me, and he knew it. My mother didn't use the money he gave her for me, like he wanted. She sent me to public school instead of Catholic school like he wanted. And she was constantly putting him down to me and brainwashing me into disliking anything that he liked. To counteract all that, he tried to cajole, coerce and win me



My grandfather in a wig and his aunt's clothes playing dress-up.

over in every conceivable way, from buying me endless gifts to taking me to kids' movies and doing everything and anything that I wanted to do when we spent time together. Then one day he aggressively started fostering my interest in crossdressing. I believe he did it for at least two reasons: one, he wanted to get back at my mother for shunning him for his crossdressing interests. Two, he wanted to win me over to his side and be sympathetic and understanding of his crossdressing needs.

I didn't know it at the time, but my mother was divorcing my dad because he had a panty fetish and he was a crossdresser. Strangely enough, he was working as a female impersonator when he and my mother first met. Most drag queens are gay, but my father always had girlfriends so I think he was straight. So my mom knew about his drag act from the moment they met, but over the years, she decided she didn't like it and began to think of him as being something less of a man. Of course, he wouldn't quit wearing panties all the time or quit doing his drag show so Mom got the divorce. I became a crossdresser because on several occasions my father enticed or coerced me into dressing up in little girls' clothes.

My mother wanted to destroy every bit of influence my father had over me, but in that one most important area -- my wearing girls' clothes, she had no control and he succeeded completely. In fact, she had no idea he was turning me on to panties and dresses until it was too late and I was thoroughly hooked! I didn't see my father for almost ten years. Just last year he reestablished contact with me, and we've had some very interesting get-togethers as we've discussed the past. I've learned a lot about him since then and many of the things I thought I'd never know. So between finding my grandfather's papers, his panties and other things and coming in contact with my father again, I was moved to put this all down on paper for posterity, if for no other reason.

Since my grandfather's story was the major impetus for this series, I'm using his title, only making it plural for our combined three stories. The first scene I'm relating happened at my grandmother's 49th birthday party in 1979. Wanting it to be a faithful retelling of the incident, I am presenting it almost word for word from my grandfather's writings. I had been there at the time and remember a lot about it. Even though I was only eight years old at the time, I was already a crossdresser and a panty fetishist, and the way my grandparents acted toward one another that day made a lasting impression on me. This incident is also typical of entries in my grandfather's journal.

Part 1 - Grandpa's Fetish

(Excerpted from my grandpa's "A Brief Autobiography")

"Oh, my god! Look what Daddy bought Mommy!" my wife said as she pulled aside the tissue paper and looked in the box. She laughed loudly as she reached inside and pulled out a pair of panties and held them up for everyone to see. They were the pink briefs that I had bought for her, beautiful panties with bows and cream-colored lace on each side.

With a shrill of laughter she said, "I might be thirty-nine again this year, but panties like these went out ten years ago!

Vincent, you're oh so sw-e-e-e-et, but you know I don't wear panties like these!

"And look! There's two more pair! Oh, blue ones! And, yellow ones," she practically shouted as she was waving them all in the air on display. "And they're from Saks! Oh, look at the c-u-u-u-t-e little bows! Oh, how darling!

"But why do always buy me panties like these? It's the 70s! Most ladies don't wear panties like these any more. Maybe I'll give `em to Mimi."

Our four daughters, Michelle, Claudette, Adrienne and Carla, just smiled, looked at each other and shook their heads. Over the years, they had witnessed a similar scene several times before because I loved the old-fashioned brief-style panties and



In his collection, my grandfather had a lot of photos of the great Bettie Page, modeling brief-style panties.

deeply wanted my wife to wear them for me. I was so desperate that I repeatedly subjected myself to my wife's verbal abuse hoping that for once she would accept my gift panties and wear them.

But Carmen, my wife, didn't get it. I couldn't get her to understand how much it would excite me if she wore them. Or maybe she did understand and despised me enough to pretend she didn't understand. She loved to make a fool of me in these situations. Almost every Christmas and on her birthday, I bought her pretty panties, convinced she'd finally get the idea and start to wear them for me.

Mimi, her mother, was getting old and her brain cells were drying up, but she'd light up when my wife suggested giving the panties to her. Sometimes Carmen would hand her the panties then and there. On those occasions, Mimi would oo and ah as she inspected the lace and frills and run her hands over the silky fabric. Her eyes would light up and she'd giggle like a schoolgirl as she'd announce to everybody how she couldn't wait to get home and try on her new panties.

Why couldn't my wife be more like her mother!

But every time I bought Carmen panties for a gift, she'd do the same thing, laugh and make fun of me in front of everybody present. They'd all laugh, and I'd cringe and glow with embarrassment. I was definitely humiliated, but I also was turned on in a weird sort of way when she did that. If she wouldn't wear the panties I bought her, just the sight of her holding them up with a wicked grin on her face was wildly exciting to me. That image of her would stick in my mind for months and be fodder for my solitary sex sessions.

Part 2 Grandma Doesn't Understand

Vince Jr., our teenage son, blushed. Our sons-in-law, Mike and Tim, looked on in awe. They had seen this scenario a few times before, but it was obvious they still weren't used to it or able to figure out what really was going on.

My wife thinks of herself as a thoroughly modern woman, and since bikini panties are the popular style, it's the only style of panties she wears. From the skin out, she always dresses in the height of fashion and would never wear anything that isn't 'in.' And I should know, since she spent a significant part of our income on clothes — all from the finest stores.

I always remember how my wife looked in pretty full-fashioned briefs from

the time we were dating to well into our marriage. Then everything changed when mini skirts became the rage in the late sixties, and almost overnight, pantyhose and tights became popular because under these new short skirts girls couldn't keep hidden their garter belt straps and the tops of their nylons. Bikini panties had been available since the late 1950s, but most self-respecting women regarded them as risqué and wouldn't have been caught dead wearing them. But that changed as skimpy mini skirts, hot pants (very short shorts) and low-cut hip-hugging jeans were becoming popular. Under those items of clothing, briefs could be seen so girls naturally changed over to bikinis.

Still to this day, my wife has a spectacular body. I fondly remember all those years she looked so sexy in big fancy briefs that came way up on her waist and far down on her hips. I love briefs



From my grandfather's secret hiding place: a cum-filled pair of his frilly white panties!

because they trace the natural lines of the female body emphasizing her tiny waist, full hips and curvaceous butt. And brief-style panties are big enough to have a lot of fabric to stretch over a woman's body, the nylon twists and ripples and accents her curves in a most exciting way. And when the panties have added adornments like lace, ruffles, ribbons and bows, they are all that much more feminine and interesting since those bits of fluff add beauty, style and their own emphasis.

So, you can figure out in a second that I have a fetish for briefs, but my wife never got the message! And yes, I'll admit I have always had a few pairs of lovely panty briefs secreted away that I use for masturbation. I put them on and thrill myself as I play with them and penis in them! For the past ten years (ever since briefs went out of style in this house and my wife stopped wearing them), panty wanking is the only sex I have – or want.

I used to love being intimate with my wife while she wore pretty briefs. I even got her to keep them on while we made love and I'd just pull aside the leg elastic and fuck her like that. As we screwed ourselves silly, regardless of whether she or I was top, I'd put both my hands around her silken hips and knead her nyloned butt as I pumped away. We used to love sex, and we have five kids to prove it! But that all changed just after we had our last child and my wife started to wear bikinis in the late sixties.

Ever since, I became a fanatic panty masturbator and she became nasty toward me. Instead of realizing how important to our sex life it was for her to wear those panties for my fetish needs, she'd look at me weird or laugh at me when I tried to explain it to her. She didn't want to hear it! So for the past ten years, we haven't had sex together. I jackoff. And I found a vibrator in her lingerie drawer so I suppose she's masturbating too. There have been a few close calls in which she almost caught me. I'm sure she realizes I'm doing something like that. A couple of times, I think she discovered my stash of panties and books. I keep them all very carefully packed away so I know when they've been disturbed, but she has never said anything to be about them.

My transvestite books have stories and show pictures of boys and men in

female clothes. I find them very exciting. And even though I'm in my mid forties, like a high schooler, I still find the lingerie sections of the Wards and Sears catalogs very exciting. In those catalogs they still sell pretty, fancy briefs, and I can easily shoot my cum just studying those lovely models in their pretty panties.

After my wife switched to bikini panties, she got our two oldest daughters to switch to them too when each of them started high school. Michelle, the oldest, loved them and loved to wear panties 'just like Mom's.'

Claudette, a year younger, didn't like them at first. I know because I overheard comments she made to my wife about how they always felt like they were falling

down. But between peer pressure (since she admitted to my wife that all her girlfriends were wearing bikinis) and the influence of my wife, Claudette eventually began wearing bikinis all the time too. Then suddenly when she was a senior in high school, she started to wear briefs again! I'll tell you more about that later.

Adrienne, our next oldest daughter, is twelve. My wife has already started her on bikini panties! Carla, our youngest daughter, is ten, and she still wears briefs. My wife buys her the prettiest panties, all very lacy and little-girl like. God! I wish she'd buy herself some like that!

At home, Carla's favorite outfit is just a blouse and panties. She loves to take off her slacks or skirt as soon as she gets



*From the early 1930s
a pre-school picture
of my grandfather in
his typical summertime
outfit: a big pair of his
sister's frilly panties!*

home. And I love looking at her! Having four daughters, who spent their childhood in fancy, silky brief panties, was a real treat for a panty fetishist like me. I could look at them and appreciate their girlish beauty and the way their saucy little panties danced on their hips as they moved about without crossing that not-to-be-crossed border. Yes, it was (and still is) sexual to me, but I didn't want sex with my daughters. I'd never cross that line. I have no interest in that, but I have always been turned on by seeing their cute little bodies in silky, pretty panties. I consider it a privilege of parenthood, just like a woman can handle, wash and even playfully toy with her little boy's penis, a father gets to see his daughters in every stage of dress and undress and gets to kiss and hug them very intimately. I believe, 95% of parents enjoy these little pleasures without consciously admitting even to themselves how sexually stimulating they are, and most of them never cross that line into forbidden territory.

I think I've always been a panty fetishist; my earliest memories involve panties. While growing up in the 1930s, my mother dressed me in my sister's clothes until I went to school. She has plenty of pictures of me in girls' clothes. She even has one of me going out the front door of our house, wearing nothing but a big pair of frilly pink bloomer panties. That was my standard outfit on hot summer days. She also had me keep my hair rather long and curled. Dressing boys like that wasn't unusual in those days. Still, most people who saw me thought I was a girl. Then when I started school, I was taken shopping for boys' clothes. I didn't mind. My mother had explained it was time for me to be a boy; I went along with what she said. After a while I did long to wear panties again. I remember they felt so silky and good to wear. Even at that early age, my penis appreciated their sexy touch. Whenever I saw a pair of my sister's panties, I'd get all funny feeling inside.

Soon after that I started sneaking them out of her dresser drawer or out of the laundry to wear whenever I could get away with it. Once I started school, except for those secret panty wearing sessions, there were only a couple times I completely dressed up in girls' clothes.

One time was when I was eight and

visiting my Aunt Rose. My cousins were playing dress-up games in the attic. They took charge of me and made me wear a blonde wig and some of their mother's old clothes, which were too big on me. They got it on film, and the photo in our family album haunted me for years! I was curious at the time, so I didn't fight them when they wanted to do it, and I admit it was fun, but I also found it embarrassing to be seen in those clothes.

Part 3 Panties for Vince Jr. & the Dog!

Being a father with a big family has afforded me numerous occasions that, much to my delight, involve panties. For example, we have a beagle dog by the name of Cleo. Each year when she goes through mating season, she has her period and bleeds a little. During those times, my wife gets an old pair of our little daughter's fancy brief-style panties, cuts a hole in the rear for the dog's tail and puts them on Cleo! The dog runs around the house like that much to any visitors' surprise. Our children's friends always get a big laugh out of that, and when we take Cleo for a walk in the neighborhood, we never fail to get a lot of interesting looks and comments.

And our son! All of this panty action hasn't been lost on him. One time when he was eight years old, his big sister Claudette got a packaged set of 'Days of the Week' panties in assorted colors for her birthday.

When Vince saw those panties, he made everybody laugh when he said aloud, "Mommy, can I have some panties like those too!"

I was stunned. It was surrealistic. I wondered if I was hearing things. I admired his spunk in being able to come right out and say that. His sisters laughed uncontrollably.

"Here, take them!" Claudette said as she handed them to him. "I've got tons of panties. You can have these!"

Vince, now looking a bit sheepish but also very joyous, took the panties and set them next to his plate. He's the family prankster so I think most of us thought he was just joking around, but those panties stayed there on the table throughout

dinner. His mother and the girls couldn't resist looking at the panties periodically, looking at each other and giggling or making a comment.

"Those are nice panties, Vince, but what will the other boys say when they see you wearing them?" my wife asked.

Vince just shrugged his shoulders and blushed, and jokingly did a prissy, faggy wave of his hand. I loved my son's valor and ability to roll with the comments.

"I have some panties that are fancier than those. Do you want me to give you some of them?" Carla his little sister asked.

"But your panties wouldn't be big enough for him. If you want to wear panties, Vincie baby," Michelle teased, "you can come shopping with Jennifer and me. We'd love to help you buy yourself a whole bunch of cute panties."

"Oh, you wouldn't tell Jennifer, would you?" Vince mumbled in fear. He was strongly attracted to Jennifer, Michelle's best friend.

"Sure, why not?" Michelle came back. "She'd love to know that my little brother is a sissy who wears pretty panties just like she does."

I couldn't believe this whole conversation. Afterward, Vince took the panties with him up to his room. He stayed up there alone for the longest time. He was blushing furiously when he finally did reappear. I guessed he had a pair of those new panties on at that time, but I don't know for sure.

More than our daughters, the biggest surprise was my wife. She seemed to be perfectly accepting toward our son wanting to wear panties. Why couldn't she do that for me? If she could accept our son wearing panties, why couldn't she at least just wear panties like that for me! I couldn't understand how a woman could be so accepting of her son but so rejecting of her husband in the exact same situation.

So now, years later, is my son a crossdresser? I don't think so. That incident with the birthday gift panties was probably a onetime thing, something between him being curious and acting funny. Shortly after that incident, I looked through his dresser drawers and I found the package of panties. It was torn open, but all the panties were still folded up new and obviously untouched inside the plastic wrapper except for one pair, which he

probably did try on at least one time. That pair my wife had probably washed and ironed because they were neatly folded and sitting beside the package. Periodically, I checked them after that, and they stayed that way for months. Then one day, they disappeared from his dresser. I found them all in Claudette's lingerie drawer. My wife had obviously given them back to her.

Over the years, my daughters did get Vince to dress up occasionally for their games. It seems to be a thing with sisters and brothers, especially if the girls are older than the boy. And if there are several girls and just one boy, it seems to be even more common. Anyway, the girls dressed him up a couple of times just horsing around, playing inside on rainy days. Vince usually wasn't too cooperative during these periods of semi-forced crossdressing games, but he was outnumbered and overpowered and found it best to go along with his very persuasive sisters. But as I said, I don't think it stuck with him. I haven't found any indication that he has any continued interest in crossdressing, but I'm not so sure about my son-in-law and my grandson!

Part 4 Claudette Returns to Wearing Briefs

When my daughter, Claudette, was a senior in high school, I noticed that she started to wear brief-style panties again! I'll never forget how I discovered it. She was sitting backwards on a dining room chair, bending forward and talking with Michelle. She was wearing just a bra top so her back was otherwise bare and four or five inches of her panties were peeking out above the back of her blue jeans. I thought for a moment that perhaps it was a half-slip, knowing that her bikini panties wouldn't ride up that high on her back. Then I realized that she was wearing jeans so she certainly wouldn't be wearing a half-slip. I have to admit that with my sex-starved panty craving, I immediately got a hard-on. I had to leave the room. Was wearing those panties a fluke? A onetime thing? Or was she now wearing briefs like she did before she went into high school?

At the first opportunity alone, I went

into Claudette's room. I was dumbfounded to find in her dresser drawer a neat stack of the loveliest brief-style panties—pinks, greens, yellows, pale blues, and all very fancy with lace and frills! They were very new looking. She still had her bikini panties in there too, but they were pushed to the back. It was obvious she was now wearing the brief-style panties I love. I didn't know what had brought this change in her, but I was delighted, a tiny vindication of my desire to get my wife to wear briefs. Would her wearing briefs possibly rub off on my wife, and she'd

start wearing them too? That was probably too much to hope for.

As time went on, I found myself hungering after my daughter. I'd follow her around and gawk at her with regularity, especially if there was any chance of getting a peek at her panties. If she was sitting with her skirt rucked up or bending over I risked making a fool of myself as I tried to peek up her skirt or stare down her waistband. On Sunday mornings in our family, I always make breakfast, and the family comes down to eat just wearing their nightclothes. My daughters all wore



Claudette, my mother, and my grandfather's second oldest daughter, drove him crazy with her peeking panties!

babydoll pajama tops usually with just some of their regular panties on underneath.

Well, Claudette started showing up at those Sunday morning breakfasts in her top and new briefs. I made many screw-ups with the food on those occasions because I found it difficult to concentrate on cooking and serving!

Part 5 - Grandpa's Downfall

From reading my grandfather's writings, it is clear that he developed an obsession with seeing his daughter Claudette (my mother) in her panties. He began to spy on her every chance he got. One day when I was ten years old, they caught him hiding in the bathroom closet to spy on her using the toilet when we were staying with my grandparents for a visit. He was ostracized from the family and my grandmother filed for divorce, but the divorce never went through because he unexpectedly died of a stroke three months later.

As I continued to read my grandfather's story, he related why Claudette had gone back to wearing briefs. When she was a senior I high school, she started dating a fellow at that time who would become her husband and my father, and just like grandpa, he loved brief-style panties too and got her to wear them! His name was Tim and he worked as a female impersonator! It was through a friend of a friend that they met, and my mother never told my grandparents what Tim did for a living. That's a shame, because my grandfather would have been astounded!

Part 6 - My Introduction

My earliest crossdressing memories go back to when I was four years old. My parents had been separated for a couple of months and I was staying over at my father's house for the first time. He was living with a very pretty girl named Sandy, but she wasn't home at the time.

"Halloween is coming up pretty soon," my dad said. "What are you going to dress up like?"

"Spidy," I replied referring to Spiderman, my favorite superhero cartoon character.

"Oh, that's nice! Would you like to try on some costumes here to see what you'd look like?"

"Can I be Spidy?" I asked anxiously.

"No, son. I don't have a Spidy costume, but we can look through the closets. I'm sure we'll find all kinds of interesting things to try on."

"OK," I agreed.

Moments later we were digging through the closet in his spare bedroom. He started pulling out fancy dresses, lingerie and other girls' things.

"Here," he said holding up a little girls' pink chiffon party dress. "Why don't you try this on?"

"It's a dress, Daddy," I laughed.

"Sure, it's a dress, and you'd look really cute in it, just like a pretty little girl."

"I'm a boy, Daddy."

"Sure, I know that. But for Halloween, you can pretend to be

anything. You can be a little girl on Halloween if you want."

I was laughing nervously. The dress did look pretty, but I had never even thought about wearing girls' clothes.

"Do I have to, Daddy?"

"Oh, no, Timmy, you don't have to put it on, but wouldn't you like to put it on then look in the mirror and see what you'd look like if you were born a girl?"

"People will laugh at me."

"No, they won't. Nobody's here. Nobody will laugh at you. I know you would make a very pretty little girl."

"Yeah?"

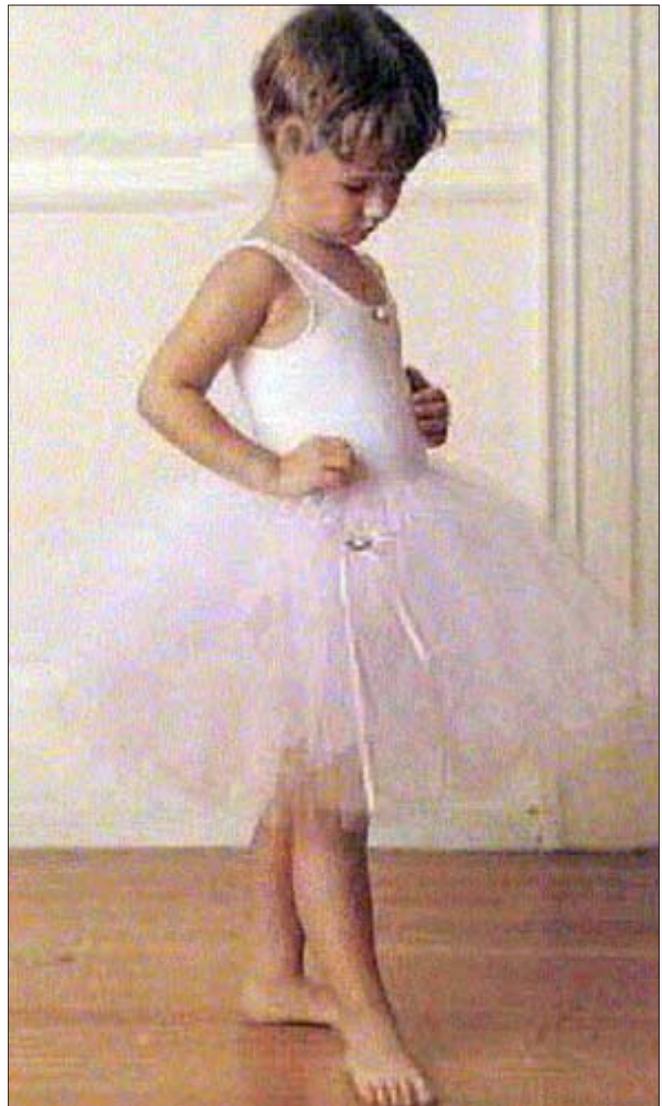
"Definitely! You know your Auntie Adrienne says all the time that you are too pretty to be a boy!"

"Adrienne? I love Auntie Adrienne."

"I know you do. She's your favorite auntie. Let's see if she's right. I think you'll be very pretty. OK?"

"Ah ... OK, Daddy."

It took him only a few moments to unbutton and unzip my clothes and strip me completely. I was at the age when I wasn't embarrassed at being seen naked. The next thing I knew, dad had opened a dresser drawer and was taking out something white,



fluffy and lacy. It was a slip. Besides telling me to put my arms up, he didn't say anything as he slipped it over my head and pulled it down over me. It was so silky and slippery that it tickled.

"This is a slip," he said. "We have to put it on first to make the dress look nice on you."

Then he pulled the dress over my head, zipped it up and tied the bow in back. It was a strange feeling because it fastened up the back. I felt like a prisoner in it, but it did feel good next to my skin.

He dug around in the drawer again and came back out with a pair of yellow panties. I had no idea what they were until he opened them up and showed me how pretty they were with the little white chiffon ruffle around the leg openings and the bright yellow satin bows on each side. He held them open before me and I instinctively stepped into them.

"These are panties, Timmy," he said excitedly. "Girls get to wear them all the time. They are so lucky because they feel so good. Don't they feel good going up your legs?"

He said that as he slowly dragged the panties upward, taking his time, making sure I felt their loving caress on my ankles, calves, thighs and hips. When they were all the way up, my dress and slippers were bunched up around my waist like I was in a cloud. It was a ticklish, delicious feeling, but unnerving. I sensed his nervousness too, and combined with all the weird sensations I was feeling from those strange, dainty clothes, it made me apprehensive.

"Daddy, I'm not a girl." I said nearly in tears from the barrage of strange sensations I was feeling.

"I know you're not a girl, Timmy," dad said, "but you look like one right now, a very pretty girl."

"I do?"

"Oh, yes, sweetie, you do! Your Auntie Adrienne would love you a whole bunch if you were a little girl."

"I love Auntie Adrienne."

"And now you're a girl just like your Auntie Adrienne!"

I think dad could tell I was getting a bit nervous. He smiled and said it was time to change back into my clothes.

Part 7 Petticoat Punishment

The following week while I was again visiting my father, he got me to dress up again when he said, "Hey, Timmy, remember last week and how you dressed up and all the fun we had?"

"Uh . . . uh-huh."

"Do you want to do it again? I have a very pretty dress for you to wear."

"And the other stuff too?" I asked.

"Oh, sure! Even prettier stuff!"

"OK."

Just as soon as he put me into a big white bouffant petticoat, he picked up a camera he must have had all ready and took a picture of me! In horror, I started to cry, knowing people would see the picture, but dad assured me no one would get to see it but us.

This time the dress was pale yellow and the panties were pink. As he was dressing me up, I asked, "Whose clothes are these, Daddy?"

"These clothes belong to Sandy [his girlfriend]."

The clothes fitted me perfectly. I should have realized they were too little for Sandy, but I didn't question my father's answer.

Everything went pretty much the same, but I stayed in the dress and other things for a longer period this time, probably an hour or more. At one point, he stood me in front of a full-length mirror and had me hold up the dress and slippers so together we could closely examine the panties I was wearing. Then he had me play panty peek-a-boo with myself in the mirror. He made me laugh as we did that. I was still nervous about it all, but it was strangely fun. I saw a flash of light and realized he had taken another picture of me dressed like that. I screamed and cried; however, he calmed me down, saying no one would ever see the picture except him and me. He had me sleep in a girl's babydoll top with my panties that night. He also got a picture of me holding a big teddy bear and wearing that nightie.

Over the next year or so things went along the same lines, sometimes dad dressed me up and sometimes not, but Sandy was never around when we did it. Then one day it changed.

"How about if we dress you up like a big girl today?" dad asked me.

Not knowing exactly what he meant, I agreed. He pulled out a woman's purple dress that was made of a slinky fabric, and it had a long slit up the side. I wasn't impressed too much with the dress. It wasn't pretty like the little girl party dresses were.

"Can I wear the other one, the fancy one, Daddy?" I asked.

"The other one?"

"Like last time, Daddy?"

"Oh, you mean the party dress. Well, here, let me fix you up with this dress for a change. When we get finished, you'll like it a lot."

I wasn't so sure, but went along with him. But before he put the dress on me, he put a little training bra around my chest. I had seen my mother and aunts in their bras so I knew girls wore them even if I didn't understand what they were for. The bra felt strange and I complained that it was too tight.

"Oh, but you really look like a big girl now!" dad said cheerfully as he loosened the straps and adjusted the flat, hollow cups on my chest.

He added a white half-slip that went down past my knees. Then the dress, which was not quite long enough to cover the edge of the slip. Next he advanced toward me with a delicate pair of white satin panties with pink and blue lace crisscrossing the front. When I slipped into these, they seemed to be even more silky feeling and ticklish than the panties I had worn before. I thought we were done, but then he brought out a pair of nylons and had me sit still on the edge of the bed as he rolled them up then unrolled them as he pulled them up my legs. He had me hold the top of each nylon up as he pulled up my skirt and slip and pulled down my panties to form a band around my hips. He put a strange contraption around my waist. I couldn't see much over my bunched up skirts to see what he was doing.

"What's that for, Daddy?"

"It's a garter belt, Timmy," big girls and women wear them to hold up their stockings. See, look here," he said as he crushed down my balled up skirts so I could see him slip the straps of the garter belt down through my panties and then

clip two straps on each side to my stocking tops. As I continued to look down, he pulled up the white satin panties. I swooned with delight. He kept pulling upward on the panties until they were really pulled up tight, and then still holding onto the waistband, he shifted the waistband back and forth so the silky material slid over my hips. My little penis and balls were pulled up tight in the crotch and it tickled me there as he kept jerking the panties around to increase their feeling against me.

"Doesn't that feel good?" he asked.

I nodded in agreement.

"Between your legs. Don't the panties feel good between your legs? Put your hands down there between your legs and feel all around all that silkiness.

"There now, isn't that nice. Doesn't that feel good for you to touch between

your legs? That's where boys are special. Panties make boys feel good between their legs. Put one of your hands behind you. That's it. Put it on your behind, feel your behind through the panties.

"Isn't that great!"

I remember it so well. It did feel good. But I still wasn't over how it all felt so strange; I sensed it was a forbidden thing that boys shouldn't be doing.

Then I heard the door open. I looked up in fear and immediately crouched down into a ball and tried to hide behind my father who was kneeling in front of me. I began crying because Sandy was standing there watching us.

"Who's that cute little girl?" she asked.

I was desperately hiding behind dad and whispering to him that I wanted to take of the clothes and be left alone.

"Oh, this is my new little daughter!"

my dad announced as he pulled away from me and stood aside so I was exposed to Sandy's view.

"Well, your daughter is a naughty little girl because she's wearing my clothes without asking my permission."

I was crying, but Sandy didn't let up.

"Well, well, well! This isn't a little girl at all. It's little Timmy!" she said as she started laughing and pointing her finger at me. "Naughty, naughty, naughty!" she screamed. "What a naughty boy you are for putting on girls' clothes! I should tell your mother!"

I was really crying now and pleading with her not to tell my mother.

Now as I look back, I realize they surely had this all planned so I wouldn't tell my mother on my own about the things dad was doing to me. Dad certainly would have gotten into trouble if I did. Dad and Sandy were very clever. The next week when I visited, dad didn't dress me up, but over the next year or so he did dress me up occasionally. However, most of all they were telling me things that confused me and fucked with my mind.

Part 8 - Brainwashing

"Timmy," my dad said to me one day in front of Sandy, "I know how much you love to put on your girlie clothes, but we don't have time today because we're going to the movies."

"Your dad told me how much you like to wear pretty panties and dresses," Sandy said. "He said you told him the panties really feel good between your legs."

I wanted to complain and tell them it wasn't my idea, but I had to admit the clothes did feel good, but I couldn't tell them that. They kept talking about it, and I got to the point that I wanted to dress up again. They had carefully perverted my thinking, and they knew they had me. So after a long time not dressing up, dad finally asked me if I'd like to put on a dress and panties; I lowered my gaze and nodded "yes" to him. Then I added with a whisper, "But just with you Daddy. I don't want Sandy to see me."

"But Timmy," he answered. "Sandy's here now. She doesn't have anywhere to go. It's OK with Sandy if you want to dress up in your girlie clothes. She'll even help



you.” Dad was kneeling in front of me as he talked to me. He hugged me and assured me that it would be OK.

“You want to put on your dress and panties, don’t you?”

With tears on the edges of my eyes I nodded "yes" and let him lead me into the spare bedroom. I looked away as dad stripped me of my clothes. I wasn't embarrassed to be naked, but I was embarrassed to be seen by Sandy in girls' clothes. She sat down in a chair by the doorway and stared intently as dad dressed me up, commenting all along.

“Oh, Timmy, you're going to love the dress your Daddy has for you today. It's Easter and all little girls get fancy new dresses and lingerie for Easter! He bought a great new outfit just for you!”

With that I looked up as dad opened a plastic garment bag. Inside was a beautiful bright silvery white party dress with puffed sleeves and satin ribbons and bows. He also had a slip and panties to match with the same ribbons and bows.

After they dressed me up, Sandy made

me lie on the bed and pose for pictures in the new dress. Tears were rolling down my cheek, but she took the pictures anyway, threatening to show my mother all the pictures they had taken of me in girls' clothes if I didn't be still and let her take the photos.

After that she took me to the living room and had me sit on her lap while we watched television. The whole time I sat there, Sandy had her hand up my dress stroking me through the satiny panties. I had absolutely no interest in watching the television, my mind was afloat a million miles away. I think I could have stayed in her lap like that for the rest of my life. She fidgeted with the waist and leg elastics, kept straightening out the bows and smoothing out the ribbons. She slowly caressed my pantied bottom and gently stroked my pantied penis. When she first touched my balls through the nylon panties, I cringed and had to take a deep breath. No one had ever touched me there before, and she knew how to touch a boy's balls. Eventually she eased up on her

petting. I became so contented that I actually fell asleep in her arms.

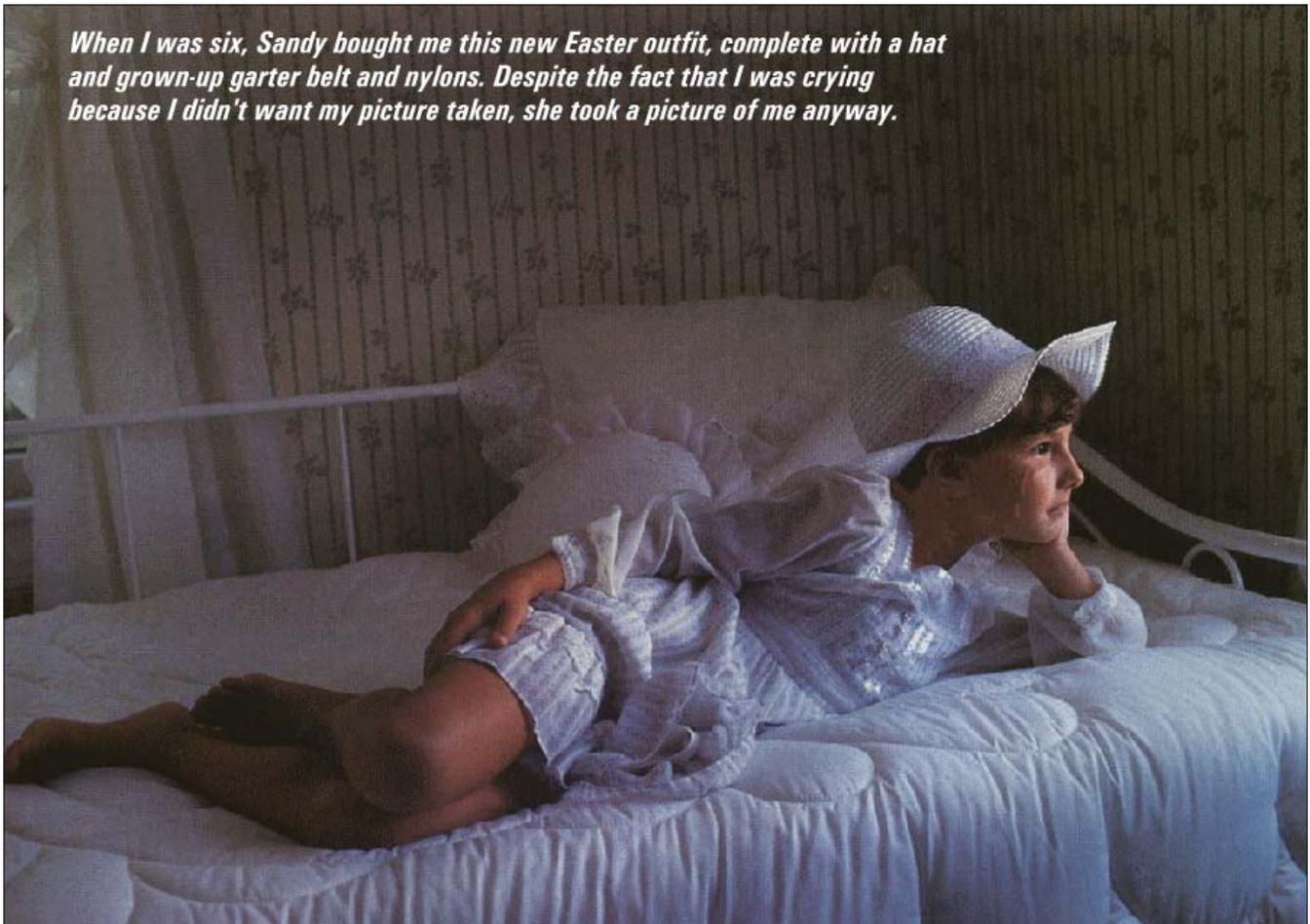
I woke up hours later in the bed in the spare bedroom wearing nothing but the pretty panties and a frilly pink nightie, which fit me perfectly. When I woke up I didn't know what to do. I was too embarrassed to walk out in the living room and let them know I was awake so I simply crept up to the door and peeked my head around the corner.

Sandy saw me first and came rushing over to me. Before I could turn and run back into the bedroom, she was picking me up and taking me out into the brightly lit living room. She sat me between the two of them on the couch to watch some more TV while dinner was cooking. Both Sandy and my dad petted me through my nightie and panties until I was delirious with wonderful silky sensations crawling all over my body.

After dinner they had me change back into my boys' clothes and took me home.

In the weeks that followed, dad didn't dress me up and we didn't talk about it. I

When I was six, Sandy bought me this new Easter outfit, complete with a hat and grown-up garter belt and nylons. Despite the fact that I was crying because I didn't want my picture taken, she took a picture of me anyway.



thought that maybe the two of them dressing me up had ended. But when I stayed over with them, I stayed in the spare bedroom. The dresses I had worn before were all hanging in that closet, and all the lingerie I had worn was in the dresser drawers. Eventually, my curiosity got the best of me. I closed the door to the bedroom one night and tried on the various clothes. I remember how wonderful it was to put all those lovely things on again, even if I couldn't button up the dresses in back and manage putting on the baby-sized bra and garter belt.

After I had tried on a few of the things, dad came walking into the bedroom without knocking. He acted surprised and angry! I was stunned!

"What in the hell are you doing, Timmy? I thought you were a big boy now. Big boys don't wear girls' clothes!" He called out, "Sandy, come in here and take a look at our little sissy boy!"

I tried to pull the clothes off before Sandy got there because dad was calling her in to make fun of me.

"Oh, god! Timmy, are you still interested in being a little girl! Naughty boy!" she said.

"Sandy," dad said, "I think we better punish him for this!"

"I agree. Let's make him wear those clothes for the rest of the day and tomorrow too."

"Right! And let's make him wear a girls' nightie and panties to bed!"

"It'll serve him right!"

"And let's take him home to his mother like that tomorrow so she can see what a sissy he is!"

I cried and screamed at that. I pleaded with them not to tell my mother, not to make me go home in the dress and panties. After I pleaded and begged for the longest time, dad relented.

"Well, if you're a perfect little girl from now until it's time to go home, we'll let you change back into your boys' clothes and not tell your mother about this!"

Well, I was completely willing to do anything for them. They took my defeat and turned it into a girlie training lesson! Sandy had me model a dozen different outfits for my father. She kept after me to swing my hips, lisp when I talked and hold up my skirts and slips like a cancan dancer. Then they made me kneel before them with my skirts up and had me play with my penis through my panties for what seemed like hours. Occasionally, either Sandy or my father would lean over and touch my penis to see how hard it was. They'd get mad at me if it wasn't hard enough for them. They also took the opportunity to stroke my pantied balls and even stick their fingers up my butt hole.

I was thoroughly worn out that night and slept deeply in a silken nightie and white satin panties. In the morning, after confessing to them I loved girls' clothes and wanted to be a real girl, they let me change back into my boys' clothes and took me home. On the way home, I cried. They told me if I wanted to dress up in girls' clothes again that my auntie Adrienne would probably be willing to help me.

Part 9 Momma's Girly Boy

When I got home Mom could tell that I was upset. She kept after me until I told her about all the things that had happened at dad's place over the past two years. She called dad and threatened a lawsuit. Then next thing I knew, dad and Sandy skipped town.

After that, I regularly liked to dress up in girlie clothes at home. My mother tried to discourage me from doing it, but always let me do it if I insisted. I've enclosed a photo of me with my mother. If you look closely, you can see I'm wearing lipstick, rouge, eye makeup, a girl's ring and earrings. I'm even wearing a little training bra under my T-shirt. You can see the pink bra strap peeking out through the wide neck opening! My mother had divorced my father because of his crossdressing and here I was playing in girls' clothes every chance I got. After all I had been though, I guess my mother had accepted it in me. Why couldn't she have accepted in dad and we would have stayed together as a family!

Like I said, just about a year ago, my dad came back into my life. When I tried to talk to him about all those things and dressing me up, he acted like he didn't know what I was talking about. That's one of the reasons I had to write this story. I had to tell someone about all these odd, strange and unusual events that shaped my life!

