

Princess Online

Featured Stories and Letters from
the Princess Productions Website



*Adults
Only*

**No.
14**

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 Story of Bill



Dear Sissies,

The drawing on the cover of this issue is a detail from artwork supplied to us by Bill. Like many crossdressers, he has led a typical life with a career, wife and family while he struggled to keep Carol Jean, his female self, in the background. For years, he assuaged his feminine side by reading crossdressing stories and collecting transvestite art. But he wanted more, and Carol Jean wanted to be a bigger part of his life.

No, Bill didn't toss away family and career and live full-time as a woman, partying every night, like a lot of TV's dream of doing. He began to channel his desires into writing his own stories and commissioning artists to illustrate them. But buying custom-made art quickly became a very expensive hobby. Fortunately for Bill, he could afford it.

But Bill also had the desire to share his work with other crossdressers, to publish his stories and art and hope others would find his efforts to their liking. And by selling his work, he'd be able to recoup some of the huge amounts of money he had paid out for original artwork, but he had no illusions that he'd be able to recoup all of his investment, and that was not of great importance to him. Sharing his work and knowing that others were enjoying it as much as he did was reward enough.

Crossdressers are enthusiastic collectors and avid readers of transvestite literature, but it is a niche market, and Bill is a realist, he knew from the outset that for a book to be profitable for a publisher, creative costs had to be contained within an established and very limited budget. Most publishers spend nothing at all for stories because so many crossdressers like to write stories and freely give them to publishers since they are more interested in seeing their stories in print than getting paid for them. While there is always a bumper crop of TV stories to be had, there is always a dearth of good TV artwork because publishers spend very little or nothing at all for stories and don't think they have to pay very much, if anything at all, for art. Instead of paying for something fresh and new, they'd rather rehash old drawings a hundred times over. Most publishers are locked into a mindset of what they think the market will bear and are dead against making a capital outlay that may not return that investment many times over. And that has been the case for years, and people who like good crossdressing fiction and fine art are the losers. I believe many people will pay more for a product if the quality is there, and Bill's booklets are a good example since they sell for a bit more than other publications of similar size. But still, if their price really reflected the investment plus a proper profit margin, they'd probably have to be priced at twice their current price. The high cost of creating his stories has not slowed Bill down from producing new booklets. In fact, he currently has thousands of dollars worth of finished art waiting to be made ready for publication. His only bottleneck is the time-consuming work of editing and polishing the accompanying stories and then putting everything in ready-to-print layouts.

So if you like good crossdressing fiction and exceptional sissyboy art, Bill's books are his gift to you, and he should be heartily praised for his contribution to transvestite literature. So if you like his work, let him know. He has his own website, appropriately addressed: <http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com>. You can contact him there, or through his publisher, Sandy Thomas. In our next issue: Carol Jean has her day.

Love,

Princess Lacey

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Come down, mother.
 Come and see.
 See the funny little mother.
 See the funny little baby.
 Dick is the funny little mother.
 Puff is the funny little baby.



From a 1950s Grade School Primer (Above)
 A cute little episode of Dick and Jane from an old-time, children's basic reading book. ♦

Carole Jean This drawing (see picture on page 4) from Carole Jean 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. In this picture, Peter first discovers that he even has to use the girls' rest room! ♦

Drag Queen Grew Up in Girl's Clothes (Top two photos on page 5) Phyllis Lane, a famous drag queen during the 1950s, was treated and dressed like a girl until he started school in the 1930s. The first photo shows Phyllis as an eight-year-old schoolboy posing with a picture of his girlish self at six years of age, wearing girls' shorts and a brief top. His hair is also quite long and curled. The next photo is a close-up of him as a girl. He grew up to become a beautician as

STORIES OF THE MONTH MAY & JUNE 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."

Dressing 6-year-old son as girl formula for trouble

Dear Ann Landers: This letter will sound bizarre, and I'm sure most of your readers will think it was made up by a student at Yale. Every word is true, so help me. I am praying that you will print it because my wife refuses to listen to me, and I need some help with this problem. She respects you, Ann.

"Susan" and I have been married for seven years. We have a 6-year-old son and cannot have any more children. She was hoping for a girl and was deeply disappointed when "Jack" was born. Susan has treated our son like a girl from the day he came home from the hospital. She dresses him in frilly pinafores and puts ribbons in his hair. My family thought Susan was nutty at first and told her so. She threatened to keep them from seeing "Jackie" if they continued to be critical, so they caved in and now they even buy him tea sets and dolls.

When Jackie started kindergarten last year, he was registered as a girl. No one at school knows he's a boy. He wears dresses with fancy underwear and plays with dolls. He seems quite comfortable as a girl and loves to go shopping with his mom. I've told Susan that she is ruining Jackie for life, but she says several famous men in history were raised as girls, citing Ernest Hemingway (one of her heroes) as a prime example. Is this true, Ann?

My wife insists that I shouldn't worry because she's going to turn



him into a male when he reaches puberty and he will be as manly as Hemingway. I get a sick feeling when I see her teaching him to sit like a lady and apply lipstick. This child should be playing with boys and learning how to be a boy.

Do you believe that what my wife is doing will cause a problem to our son later in life? She insists not, but I need some help.

— Mr. T.B., Santa Ana, Calif.

Dear T.B.: First, a bit of history: It is true that Ernest Hemingway's mother dressed him in girls clothes. Actually, she attempted to create the impression that he and his older sister were twins.

Although Hemingway was regarded as one of the foremost writers of his time, his personal life was a mess. His mother was a bizarre woman, and he despised her. His father, a physician, whom he also loathed, was an angry, bitter man, trapped in a nightmarish marriage. He committed suicide, as did Ernest, his sister, Ursula, and his brother, Leicester.

Your wife is in desperate need of counseling and your son needs plenty of help, too, especially if his ditzy mother insists on bollixing up his sexual identity. I urge you to enlist the cooperation of the child's pediatrician, his teachers — anyone who will help you rescue that unfortunate boy from this sick situation.





well as drag artist and wore lingerie daily whenever he wore his male clothes. These pictures appeared in "Letters From Female Impersonators #5, published by Mutrix in 1961. To quote Phyllis directly from the accompanying article:

"My desire to wear feminine clothing began many years ago. However, in the very early years of my life, the desire for me to be feminine were not my own. My mother did everything to further me in those early years towards a budding effeminacy. Although I cannot recall a good many things that happened during those years, I can remember having long blonde curls, wearing dresses and frilly underthings and playing with girls.

"Of course, when I became old enough to attend the small country school where we lived, I was dressed like the other boys. However, mother always seemed to lean my outfits towards the Lord Fauntleroy type of attire. With the personality I had developed, I was quickly tabbed the "sissy" of my class by my classmates, which led during those school days, to much abuse and teasing from the kids. ♦

Masquerade! This is a picture (photo on the left) of an eleven-year-old girl and her twelve-year-old brother at a Halloween costume contest. The name of their combined costume is "Why I Won't Cut My Hair!" As you can see, the girl has extremely long hair, and she says everyone is always telling her she should get it cut. So to show everyone how dumb she'd look with short hair, she dressed her

(Masquerade! Continued on page 7)

Helping BOYS FEEL their Fawining Sensitivities!

POLITICALLY CORRECT

BY MAKING THEM WEAR GIRLS' DAINTY LITTLE PINK SATIN & LACE PANTIES, SISSY SLIPS, AND SHORT, FRILLY SATIN & LACE PARTY DRESSES, ANKLETS & HAIR BOWS, TO SCHOOL & AT HOME!



IN THIS ISSUE:

NOT ALL THE BOYS IN THE SCHOOL WERE UNHAPPY ABOUT WEARING PANTIES SLIPS & DRESSES ALL DAY ON OCTOBER 16, 1996!

No. 5

All new stories about young **BOYS** humiliated in little girls' clothing by adults

illustrating our real "VALUES"

Adults Only...because we don't want BOYS to know what we adults secretly love to do to them.



Halloween night (l to r) Dale, Mark, Kenny, Kelly holding Matthew, and Carole.

Mom Shows Her Sons Dresses are Nothing to Fear

Dear Editor,

I'm a lesbian mother of two boys, Mark, 13, and Dale, 10. My best friend, Kelly, is also a lesbian and also has two boys, Kenny, 3, and Matthew, 6 months. Kelly got divorced shortly after Matthew was born, when her husband discovered that we had been having a relationship over the last four years, dating back to when they moved into our neighborhood.

I'm fortunate to live in an area that's accepting of my life-style. When I got divorced nearly eight years ago, my custody fight for the children was in all the newspapers because I was a lesbian, so it didn't take long for most of the people living

around us to find out.

Initially, I had feared that I'd have to move because a lot of the publicity was pretty negative, but I was amazed with the amount of support I received. There was

See **Boys In Dresses** page 62

Boys In Dresses, continued from page 6

one bad incident. A local television minister made all kinds of accusations against me and kept saying that I wasn't fit to raise my boys. He said I'd soon be forcing my sons to wear dresses and makeup and try to turn them into homosexuals.

That really angered me! But it actually ended up being quite positive. The peak of all this happened just before Halloween, and some of my neighbors wanted to show everyone they supported me, so they got together and dressed all their boys up in feminine makeup, fancy dresses and other girlish clothes for trick-or-treat costumes and paraded them around the neighborhood by the minister's church. That now has become an annual event! Everyone, even most of the boys, have a lot of fun, and, I believe, we are breaking down barriers to stuffy old ideas.

The photo I've enclosed is of us getting ready for this past Halloween. Mark, my oldest, tried to dash away, not wanting to have his picture taken in his flowered housedress. Little Matthew was too young for the festivities, but he'll be old enough next year. For Kenny's costume, Kelly bought him some pink thumba panties with lots of lace then fashioned a little skirt out of a sequined belt and some scarves. However, Dale took the cake! He wore a princess outfit with a tiara and a lot of play jewelry.

He loves dressing up and often dresses up around the house, not just for Halloween. He's got a little feminine wardrobe all his own, mostly consisting of hand-me-downs from neighbor girls and sweet little costumes I buy him from time to time. He insists on wearing girls' panties every day instead of boys' underwear, so I keep him supplied with the laiciest and prettiest ones we can find. When we go panty shopping, he's not embarrassed in the least to pick them out for himself and even asks the saleslady if they have any fancier ones available. The way he's going at it, he may become a transvestite, but so what! It's better than being some ignorant chauvinistic, beer-swilling excuse of a man. Besides, I think it's a great compliment to women when males want to dress like them and imitate them. After all, most of the men I've known are no one to imitate!

Carole MacGibbons
Columbus

(Masquerade! Continued from page 5)

brother in a Polynesian-style costume that matched the outfit she had on--the only difference: his very short hair. The boy seems a little self-conscious in his outfit, but his little sister appears to be quite happy! ♦

Watchdoggie! (Illustration on page 6) It's a conspiracy! Many rightwingers tout 'family values' yet do things that are very antifamily as they attempt to assert influence over their little corner of the world. For example, they 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 harnessed. Those hormones are destroying our males, who create havoc in the world if they are not trained to control themselves. They also believe their work must start within their own homes, schools and communities.

The problem at its worst in young boys, especially those 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 to shock them out of their selfish, destructive mindset and teach them how to act properly.

Well, Watchdoggie is here keeping an eye on this growing phenomenon and cataloging his reports. Here is one of his poster/flyers detailing a 1996 event that happened in a school district in Ohio. ♦



A recent photo of the Gebbhart children: Gerald, Gina, Greg and George.

Another Mom Puts Her Boys In Dresses

Dear Editor,

I would like to add my voice to "Mom Shows Her Sons Dresses are Nothing to Fear" in your last issue. I too am a lesbian mom with one daughter; Gina, 11 and my oldest; and three sons, George, 8; Gerald, 7; and Greg, who will be 6 next month. My boys too are quite used to wearing dresses.

As a member of our local chapter of the Victorian Living Circle, I knew

there was a large demand for authentic costumes from that era and had been making such costumes as a hobby for years. After my divorce, I got up the courage to turn my costume-making into a full-time business so I could earn a living and still spend as much time as possible with my kids.

I specialize in making children's fancy dresses, and my three sons, as well as my daughter, come in very handy when I need to do a fitting. The boys have been doing this for about the past four years. At first it was no big deal, but when one of the

neighbor boys came over one day and saw Georgia and Gerry (my feminine nicknames for them) wearing dresses while I was pinning up the hems, he made fun of them and couldn't stop laughing and pointing. The next thing we knew, it was all over the neighborhood about them wearing dresses, and my boys were ostracized by the kids around here. Just for helping me out and wearing a dress! I wondered, have we made any progress in this world?

But on the other hand, it wasn't so bad,

See **Lesbian Mom** page 64

Lesbian Mom, continued from page 6

since they avoided mixing with the other kids and getting teased. However, after that, the boys were reluctant to put on dresses. That made me mad! Shortly after that I was talking with some friends in our club and they told me that in Victorian times, mothers used to dress their little boys as girls as punishment whenever they became too boisterous. Those Victorians: You have to hand it to them; they were on the ball! In a lot of instances, they had a lot better ways of handling things than we do!

Well, since the boys then began to resist me whenever I needed to have a dress fitted, I realized the effectiveness of making them wear a dress as punishment. They are basically good kids, and the boys did come around once I explained to them that I needed their help with the fittings because that's how I made a living and paid the bills. But they dreaded being seen in a dress by outsiders, so we kept it as a family thing when no one else was around.

But their fears got me to thinking, and I soon realized that I could get them to mind me if I threatened to make one of the boys wear a dress. Even the other two boys would mercilessly tease their brother so outfitted. If one of the boys was particularly recalcitrant in minding me, I would threaten to send them outside or take them with me to the mall while they were in a dress. That threat would get them to do anything for me!

These days, my boys are fairly complacent wearing dresses about the house, and they do so every Sunday for the day (because I think they look nice) and several times during the week (as punishment for any cross word or sign of defiance). Being exposed in dresses in front of others is their greatest fear and what prompts them to be sweet and docile children.

And by the way, I don't stop just with the dresses. They wear a complete outfit including lace gloves, satin slippers, hair ribbons, puffy little petticoats, the most darling lacy little bloomer panties of pure silk, and miniature silk stockings (that I get from Mexico) that are tightly gartered to a proper Victorian-style panty-waist.

I've enclosed a picture. The boys are really a happy group, in or out of dresses, I know they don't look especially happy in this photo with their forced smiles, but sometimes tears come to their eyes and they get that way at picture-taking time because they fear that somehow someone will see them.

Alice Gebbhart
Kingston



Letters of the month - May & June 2000

My Mistress' Smothering Panty Love

2/14/00

Dear Princess,

I am a male sub who has been in the scene for almost three years, and this past year almost exclusively as a sissy slut. A glorious Hispanic mistress in Houston has taken great delight in forcing me to be her faggot slave white boy, servicing her Hispanic friends. My whole life I guess I was just a typical male sub, but now my eyes have been opened (& made up!). I am straight so I hate giving a guy oral sex, especially a disgusting, laughing Hispanic male, who enjoys being superior to a wimpy white guy like me while calling me every derogatory English and Spanish word in the book!

However, being forced to perform oral sex by my Mistress, while all dressed and made up as a slut, is something that is strangely attractive to me. I can't explain it. I don't know where those feelings come from in me. I love my mistress so much that I want to please her in any way possible, and if that means making a fool of myself and being a cum receptacle for her "real" boyfriends, I'll do it.

I live about three hundred miles away from my mistress/girlfriend and can only see her on weekends. When I asked her to send me a picture of herself that I can carry with me, she sent me a close-up photo of her pantied ass, just like it looks as she descends down upon my face for a good smother. Not only that, but she insists that I tell people about her and our relationship and told me to show everybody I know her picture and tell them all about us. I have to report to her each weekend on who I told and what their reactions were.

Thanks for Listening to Me,
Bryan

My Sissy Life — Then & Now

3/11/00

Dear Princess Lacey,

I found your website while surfing the net and was enchanted



by the fact that you like sissyboys, like myself. Thank you for inviting me to share with you my secret about dressing in girls' clothes, panties and heels. It's so un-macho, you know, and society is so down on it. I've had to keep this secret buried deep inside my whole life. It's wonderful to be able to express my secret desires with another human being (especially a woman!) and not be ashamed or feel like something is wrong with me.

My first experience wearing panties came about as a result of being a latchkey kid, having too much unsupervised time on my hands. I was a horny teenager. I used to sneakily raid my stepfather's hard-core porno collection. One day I got bored with my usual masturbation routine and wondered what I could do for a great thrill. I have no idea what made me do it, but I suddenly got the urge to investigate sister's panty drawer, which I did. I picked out a dainty pair of very sheer, yellow panties and took them back to my room. My dick was very hard with anticipation, even though I had no idea what exactly I was going to do with those panties.

After taking off all my clothes, I began stroked my aching erection with the silky soft fabric. I smelled the crotch of them, but they were freshly laundered and didn't have much of her smell in them. Playfully, I pulled them over my head like I was really getting into them, or her, or something! But they had felt so good on my cock that I wanted to experience more of that. I thought for a moment about trying them on, but hesitated because I knew it was a very sissy thing to do. But the urge overcame my natural masculine resistance. I put them on and

loved it! They cupped my ass and balls and wrapped around my penis like a sexy coating. My balls overflowed in a big way! I found myself in the bathroom feverishly trying to wash my juice out of those panties, thinking that I had ruined them and fearful that sis would miss them or someone, somehow would find out what I had done. Just hours before I never could have imagined any kind of situation in which I would be washing out a pair of girls' panties, much less consider jacking off in them! Wow! What an experience!

I was very nervous that night and all the next day. I was sure someone would find out, especially since Mom, Dad and sis came home before the panties were dry and I could put them back. But no one said anything. The next day my cock was hot for panties again, like it had a mind of its own. It had tasted panties and wanted more, regardless of the risk and regardless of what I thought in my head.

The moment I had the house to myself, I was back in my sister's bedroom going through her panty drawer. I carefully inspected every pair she had, and she had a lot of them, probably about thirty-five to forty pairs. I tried on about half of them and modeled them before her full-length mirror, being very careful to fold them back up and put them back in her drawer exactly like she had kept them. It was maddening putting off cumming. I wanted to prolong the experience, so I just teasingly stroked myself just a little bit now and then to keep my rock-hard erection totally entertained.

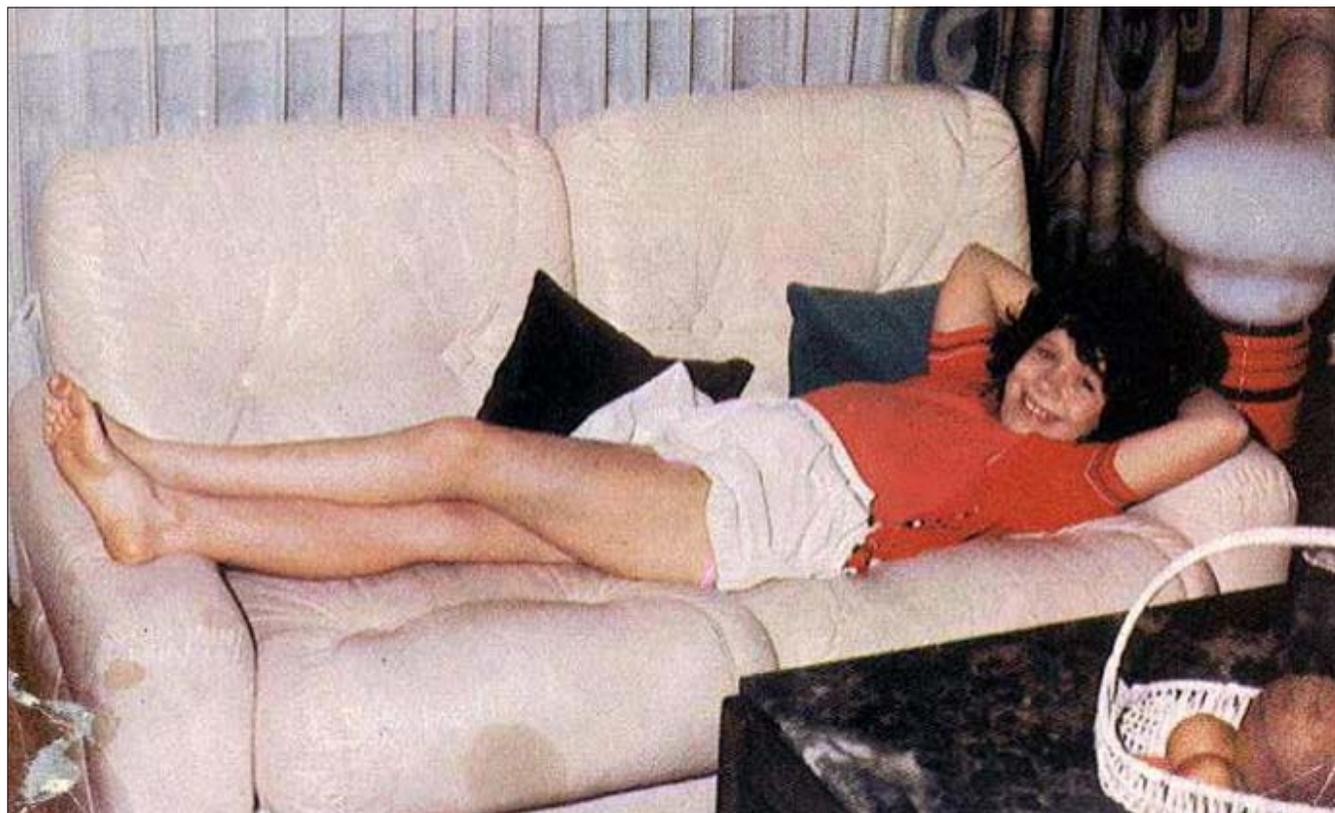
I felt I dare not take another pair, so when I knew I could hold back no longer, I took the yellow panties I had used the first time and shot off in them. The cum was so strong and so overpowering that I just fell back on her bed and wallowed in the amazing

spasms surging throughout my body. At that moment, I whispered the word "sissy" to myself. I knew I was one for doing something like that. After settling down, I did feel guilty as hell, but I also felt very fulfilled in a most unusual and delightful way.

Not long after that my sister got a new batch of panties, I figured it was a good time to steal some more from her in addition to the yellow ones. I was careful not to take any of her new ones, but over a two-week period I did steal two pairs from her dresser drawer and one pair from the dirty laundry basket. The dirty panties were a new experience for me. Her pussy aroma smelled great. Still to this day, a few good whiffs of her pussy-perfumed panties can send me into orbit. Soon I had a nice little stash of panties. I took one pair and cut a hole in the crotch for my cock to stick out. Then I'd wear a second pair so I'd trap my cock between the two layers of panties. These days, I add a slip or a babydoll top, but the double pair of panties is still my favorite jackoff outfit.

Eventually I progressed to investigating my mother's underwear drawer. Her assortment of lingerie was sexier than my sister's, and I quickly became intimately familiar with all of it. My favorite was a pair of silky black lace panties, which fit me perfectly. I would pick out a matching bra and put it on as well, stuffing more panties into the cups to form breasts. Then I would put on a pair of her nylons, the kind that stay up without garters and a pair of her high-heels, which fit perfectly as well.

Soon I was enjoying this most delicious, taboo ritual several times a week. Sometimes, I would put on her lipstick and earrings as well. Also at times, I used her old-style red rubber douche bag to give myself a nice enema before dressing up. Occasionally I would lay in the tub with my legs on the wall so



my penis was over my head and I would pee in my face and mouth forcing myself to drink it, or I would masturbate in that position and shoot my cum into my face.

Onetime I was in a rush cleaning up after masturbating and left the cum-soaked panties on the floor next to Mom's bed. Just after dinner that night, Mother casually asked me if I knew how they had gotten there. I was mortified, of course, and denied ever seeing them before, even though I knew I was acting guilty as hell! Thank goodness, Mother didn't pursue it, but she did flash me a sly smile, which I interpreted to mean "I know what you did, you little sissy!"

Once I donned my favorite pair of her purple lace panties and wore them under my jeans. I rode the bus across town with them on and felt sure everyone knew I was wearing them. I was able to get into our local adult movie theater (one advantage of being quite tall for my age). In the darkened theater, it wasn't long before I got excited and couldn't resist opening my jeans and rubbing my panty-covered cock. After I ejaculated a huge quantity of cum into my panties, I noticed an ugly looking old guy leaning over the seat next to me, watching my every move! I was never so embarrassed! I had been so wrapped up in beating off that I had no idea he was there. When he whispered, "Pretty panties, kid!" I struggled to pull my jeans back up around me and halfway ran out of the theater, all the while that mess soaking right through my jeans. I did my best to pull my shirt over the large wet spot and make my way home.

One time the urge to dress up and masturbate was so strong that I took one too many chances. My mother had bought about a dozen pairs of panties that day while we were shopping. I was with her right in the lingerie department of the May Company store as she took her time picking them out, while I stood practically by her side. It was a thrilling and maddening experience for me.

That night, I was horny as hell from the experience. I had my stash of panties in my room, but I wanted a pair of her new panties; they had looked so shiny and bright and new when she was buying them. So I waited until she was asleep and snuck into her room to get a pair. She had gotten a dozen because they were on sale, so I was sure she wouldn't miss one pair. Besides, by then I had become expert at washing out and ironing panties good as new, so I was confident that I could replace them later unnoticed.

I quietly snuck into her room and moved very slowly about not to disturb her. It took me about ten minutes, ten agonizing minutes to ease open her drawer and pick out a pair of the panties in the glow of a dim nightlight. I had to pause every few moments and listen to her breathing to make sure that she was still asleep. I exited as quickly and quietly as I could. In my own room, I had just taken off all of my clothes and had pulled the luscious pink panties into place when she burst into the room to catch me standing there with my cock fully erect and wildly forcing out the front of her pretty new panties.

I thought I would die right then. She was very angry with me for pawing about in her room and waking her up as well as stealing her panties and putting them on.

"What in the hell are you doing? Those are my brand new panties! You're disgusting!"

I was speechless. My erection faded. I tried to take off the panties, but she told me to stand still while she was talking to me. Embarrassed beyond belief, I stood there with my head hanging.

She finished scolding me then told me to stay the hell out of her room and went back to bed. The next day, she asked me if I would like to talk to her about it. I told her I had just done it that one time, saying that I had gotten the idea after reading a letter in Penthouse Forum. I don't think she bought it but it got me off the hook. After that, I was much more careful. My mom probably guessed that I still did stuff like that, but I never got caught again red-handed.

That was all many years ago. I'm married now, and my wife doesn't mind we wearing panties, and when she's too tired to play my panty games, she encourages me to jackoff to relieve the pressure. At such times, she even strips off the panties she's wearing right in front of me and playfully rubs them all over my face before giving them to me and sending me to the bedroom to have a good wank.

One of the biggest surprises of my life came about six months ago when I came home from work to find Mikie, our ten-year-old son, stretched out on the living room couch dressed in some of my wife's clothes. He had on a blouse, miniskirt and her wig. Underneath, I could see he had on her purple slip and panties too! I did a double take, wondering what was going on. My wife came into the room and laughed it all off, saying that his boyfriend down the street occasionally dresses up in his sister's clothes for fun and half the neighborhood knew about it, and no one seemed bothered by it. I was taken aback, but she saw my confusion and urged me to relax. She insisted that the boys had just been playing around all afternoon dressing up in some of her clothes. And after his friend went home, she persuaded Mikie to stay dressed so I could see him!

Well, the kid was smiling away as happy as can be! He's always been a quiet, introspective type of kid, but dressed up that way, he was more energetic and animated than I had ever seen him. I knew he was having a lot of fun. But this was all very confusing for me. I just smiled back at him and acknowledged his outfit as being "cute." My wife took pictures "for posterity" she said.

Frankly, I didn't know what to say or think about it. I had never dressed up in anything except lingerie, never once dressing up completely like a woman. Immediately, I wondered if my son was gay or if his friend was gay and trying to lure him into that lifestyle. Only after I thought about it for a while and talked it over extensively with my wife did I realize that I was way off base. I was thinking like some macho father who abhorred anything feminine in his son. I've grown to accept it, and I know whatever my son is —gay, straight or anything in between — he's that way from very early in his life or born that way. He, both my wife and I are sure, knows nothing about my lingerie fetish, so I'm sure it has nothing to do with that. However, through it all, I believe I am a better father for it because I did adjust and not fly off the handle, but I'm still amazed at my own reaction. Even I would have thought that I would have been more open-minded about something like that. But I did give pause and have to think about it! Life is amazing, isn't it?

Well Princess Lacey that's my beginning and a peek into my

current life. I've had many other adventures along the way, but those are long stories too, perhaps, some other time I'll write to you about them. Except for my wife, I've never been able to talk with anyone about these things. I feel like I have been to confession. Thanks for letting me share some of my life with you.

Sincerely,
Sandy

Panty Princess

2/18/00

Dear Princess,

I'm so glad to have found your site because I know I belong with sissyboys like you love. With one exception, my girlie status has always been very private. From the time my great-aunt Grace discovered my secret, she started taking advantage of me. She threatens to tell my mother and little sister all about me if I don't mind her completely. I couldn't face my mother if she knew. My Dad was a war hero, a POW and much respected in our community. He passed away six years ago, but Mom still drives around our big old Caddy with the POW specially issued license plates. She constantly lets me know that I'm supposed to live up to my father's image and "be a man!"

Aunt Grace thinks I'm a worthless piece of crap because she hates my mother and knows I like feminine things, especially pretty clothes and lingerie. She has a group of three other women, whom she has known all her life since they went to school together in the 1940s. They get together every Sunday afternoon and have me entertain them. My mother thinks I go over there to cut the grass and help her with the housework. This has been going on for years.

I started crossdressing when I was twelve years old. Our school had a springtime costume party every year, and the year I was in the seventh grade, I got dressed as a harem girl. It was an impromptu costume that my mother and sister

had thrown together because I had procrastinated and not done anything about a costume until the event. It didn't bother me to go dressed that way. I had a good attitude about it and thought it would be a lot of fun. And it was! In fact, too much fun!

I wore a blue chiffon skirt, my sister's red pullover along with a black feather boa. My sister had a synthetic play wig in shocking bright blue that I wore. The skirt was so sheer that I had to wear a pair of her purple panties under it instead of my regular underwear, which could be seen.

Well, afterward, I was astounded how much I enjoyed dressing up in those clothes. When I undressed and returned all the clothes to my sister, she laughingly told me to keep the panties, saying that I might have occasion to use them sometime again and because she'd never want to wear them after I had stretched them all out of shape.

I put the panties in my drawer, but I couldn't stop thinking about them. Within a few weeks I was a confirmed panty fetishist and have been ever since. I'm very careful around my mother and sister because I couldn't stand it if they knew I liked



something so unmanly and something that would have been so disgraceful to my father. However, I wasn't so careful with my great-aunt.

I did used to help her around her house on a lot of weekends to earn spending money and because she was getting up in years and can't do a lot of things. One day, while I was cleaning up the basement for her, I came across a huge storage box with her old clothes in it. I was entranced, beautiful old-fashioned lingerie, loaded with lace and ribbons. I knew my aunt was busy upstairs so I stripped on the spot and tried on some of those great clothes. After a while, I turned around and was blown away to see my aunt patiently standing there and gleefully watching me.

She laughed at me and berated me for being a sissy. I begged her not to tell my mother and sister. That's when she made me promise to come over to her house every Sunday afternoon to be a sissy maid for her and her three best friends, and I've been doing it ever since. She pays me each week, so I have money to show for it to my mother, but Mom has no idea what I have to do for that money!

Aunt Grace, Miss Tilly, Mrs. Kelson and Mrs. Braunmeyer call me "sissy," "panty princess" or "Roberta," the feminized version of my real name. After all these years, they still get greatly excited as they dress me slowly, one piece at a time, all the while laughing and giggling at me like schoolgirls. Once I'm dressed, I have to model the clothes and strike dainty, feminine poses for them. At first, it was all somewhat innocent. I even thought it was fun because I loved the pretty clothes even if I found it embarrassing to be paraded before them, but my aunt was determined to terrorize my little mind, she had a score to settle with my mother. So over the years, she increased the humiliation I suffered at their hands.

One of the first things they did to me like that was to institute a weekly panty inspection. They still do it! The moment I arrive, I have to change into a skirt and stand perfectly still on a high stool as they gather around me. I have to hold up the skirt and show them the panties I have been wearing that day under my trousers. Four pairs of hands touch, smooth out and tease every inch of my panties. They take great pains to adjust my quickly erecting penis into a dozen different positions within the panties. They pull the panties up between my ass cheeks, yank them as high as they can around my waist, and then neatly level out the leg elastics around each thigh. Back and forth they do this until I'm squirming around and insane with a need to cum. Many times I'm near tears because all that touching and handling keeps me so close to cumming, but I try my best to resist letting loose until they say it's OK, because if I shoot off unexpectedly, they make me eat it!

Finally, after hours of doing everything from serving tea to them to cleaning up (which they love because it always entails a lot of bending over in my short maid's miniskirt), they let me cum. Usually that means shoving a plastic dick up my ass, then pulling my panties back up and using one hand to grind the big dildo around through my panties, while I jack myself off with my other hand through the front of my panties. The moment I spurt and my juice splashes through my panties, they applaud. The whole afternoon they had been sitting around teasing their

pussies and each other's pussies. By that time they're all randy as hell. After I cum I have to go around to each and every one of them and eat seventy and eighty-year-old pussy pie until all those old bags are cumming, losing control and peeing all over my face.

One of those ladies has a friend that owns a dress shop. They take me there once every few months to buy me clothes and lingerie. Thank goodness that the shop is closed on Sundays, and the owner opens up just for us. It would be unbearable if anyone could walk in off the street and catch me in that shop trying on all kinds of girls' clothes.

Aunt Grace owns a video camera and has photographed me dozens of times. When she dies, she has a will that will have the tapes destroyed without anyone ever seeing them. However, she has a new copy of her will all made up giving them to my mother, and she says she will sign that will and make it effective if I ever resist entertaining her and her friends or ever try to tell anyone what they do to me.

My aunt likes to play games too. Many times my mother comes over to pick me up, and my aunt loves to make me wait until the last minute to change back into my regular clothes. She really gets off on threatening to invite my mother down early one Sunday for a "surprise" and expose me to her as "Roberta, the panty princess."

Shocked and humiliated, I know my straightlaced mother would try to leave, but my crazy old aunt and her friends would grab her and hold her down while I would have the privilege of undressing her until she'd be standing in front of the ladies naked. I don't think my mother has ever let anyone see her naked, even my father! She'd be so humiliated and embarrassed! I would then dress her up in matching lingerie just like me, and we'd pose and model for the ladies, while they all laugh and giggle at us. The ladies would then make me fuck her and my aunt would catch it all on videotape.

Knowing my mother, she would so fear anyone seeing that tape that she would do anything those ladies wanted her to do. Even if it showed her being forced to do it and raped, my mother wouldn't be able to live with herself if anyone saw her in such a position.

You wonder how things got this way? You see, my aunt hates my mother because she blames her for my father's death. He had been a physical wreck ever since he was a POW and one night in the midst of winter, my mom forgot to pick him up after he went to a meeting of the VFW. He tried to walk home but got caught in the brutal cold, and with his already weakened condition, he fell down and froze to death! It was all very sad, but he was the favorite nephew of my great-aunt. That's why she threatens to do things to my mother and loves to use me in ways that would kill my mother if she ever found out!

Robert
Alaska

Mommy Let Me Be a Girl -- For a While!

8/14/99

Dear Princess,

I never had a daddy. He died before I was born. When I was four years old, I loved to play with my three best friends, all girls. Mrs. H., one of my little friend's mommies, told me that I shouldn't be with the girls playing with dolls, that I was a boy and I should be playing games with the boys. But I knew how the boys played, always beating each other up and being mean to everybody, and I didn't want to play like that. I wanted to play paper dolls and house, so I went back to playing with my girlfriends and told them what Mrs. H. had told me. Then I announced that I was a girl too because I liked the things girls liked and didn't like the things that boys did.

My friend Carey said, "But you're not a girl. You're not like us!"

The only differences I saw were the clothes they wore and that girls had long hair. Except for those things, they couldn't convince me that I wasn't a girl too. I went home and cried and tried to figure out how I too could become a girl. I begged my mommy to make me into a girl. She knew that all my friends were girls. Maybe she saw it coming. She told me that I wasn't a girl, but that if I really wanted to see what it was like to look like a girl, she'd show me. Of course, I was nodding in agreement before she had even finished the sentence.

The next day, while I played at Carey's house, my mother went downtown shopping. Carey's mom teased me and reminded me that I should be playing with the boys. I told her that my mommy was going to make me into a girl so I could always play with the girls. She laughed and shook her head. My little friends giggled and wanted to know more. I told them my mommy was going to dress me like a girl so I could be one too!

Carey insisted just dressing me like a girl wouldn't make me into one, but I fought with her and insisted that it would, especially after my mommy would let my hair grow real long. Her mother heard us fighting and tried to stop us, but then told me, "No, Timmy, putting you in girls' clothes won't make you into a girl; it'll just make you into a sissy boy. I cried and cried until my mommy came to get me.

When we got home, she showed me every-

thing on her makeup table and how it was used. She put lipstick and blush on me, even some eye shadow and eyeliner, although she explained that makeup was for big girls, and little girls only got to wear it when playing dress up. I was tingling with delight, but I actually started shaking in glee as she opened the box she had gotten downtown and pulled out some panties, a slip and a pretty sundress.

As she dressed me, I told her that Carey said I couldn't be a girl.

Mommy told me, "Don't worry about them! You're a little girl to me!"

I told her that Carey's mommy said I would be a sissy if I wore girls' clothes. Sometimes some of the mean boys had called me a 'sissy,' but I'd ignored them. I really didn't know what the word meant, so I asked my mommy. She told me that a sissy was a boy that liked pretty things like girls and didn't want to play ball games and fight like boys do. With that explanation, I knew I was a sissy and I prided myself in the fact that I was one. Forever after, it didn't bother me whenever anyone called me that.

Mommy explained that a lot of other people didn't like or understand a boy who was a sissy, so she cautioned me to keep my dressing up a secret and only do it at home. And that's how it went for years. She kept me stocked with a nice little wardrobe, plus she was an excellent seamstress and she made a lot of nice dresses for me. My only regret, I couldn't grow my hair long even when many of the other boys in our neighborhood had long hair, because the church we belonged to was very conservative and the minister would have given my mommy a hard time about it. Still, I did wear it as long as I could, and when I dressed up, mommy would comb it all forward and make it as girlish as she



could. I've enclosed a picture to show you how I looked. In it, mommy was making me a dress. My aunt Cissy took the picture. She was very close to my mommy and one of only two people who knew she dressed me up at home. Eventually, mommy did buy me a wig, but it was too hot to wear most of the year because we live in a warm climate, and mommy tried to save money by keeping the air-conditioning on low. All was fine until I turned ten, that's when my beloved mommy turned on me. She told me I couldn't wear girls' clothes anymore, because I loved them too much and it wasn't healthy for me. I cried when she insisted that I had to start learning how to be a man. UGH!

From the moment she decided that, she wouldn't let me wear pretty clothes any more and started encouraging me to do boy things like playing sports at school. She especially made me spend time with Daniel, her special boyfriend of about three years. He was the other person who knew how my mommy always let me dress up at home, but he never interfered. He was very masculine and had a lot of hair on his body. When mommy wanted me to be like other boys, she had him teach me about baseball and basketball and tried to get me to play sports, but I was just SO-O-O bad. He tried to encourage me and not to give up, but I did give up before I even started because I sucked at sports. In sports, the only thing that interested me in the least was wishing I could be a cheerleader. Still, I preferred to be home cooking with mommy or something like that. I always preferred ANYTHING girly to sports or things that boys did.

One day, Daniel and I were in the backyard alone and he was trying to explain to me about baseball as we watched a game on our little portable TV. Somehow he discovered that I was wearing a pair of my mother's white panties under my pants. He asked me about them. I just shrugged my shoulders and told him I liked how they felt. He said he wanted to try something and told me to go into the garage with him. Once we were inside the garage, he told me to lower my trousers.

When I did he said, "Oh, those are nice panties. Very pretty! Very lacy!

"Does your mother know you're wearing her good panties?"

I shook my head, 'No.'

"I bet they feel real good. Don't they?" he asked as he slid his hands over my hips and bottom and rubbed them inside the panties.

I nodded in agreement and sighed with pleasure.

The next thing I knew, he was cupping my balls through the panties and stroking my penis up and down. It felt so-o-o-o good the way he did it. At times over the years, the girls had poked around with my penis, but this felt so much better, maybe because he was a man and knew how to do it, or maybe I was so excited because he was a man and not a girl! To this day, I'm not sure.

Just then we heard Mommy's voice as she came into the garage looking for us. Daniel struggled to help me pull up my pants, but Mommy figured out what had been going on. And when she saw me in her panties, she started screaming at both of us. He tried to explain that he was just trying to figure out if I was a queer or not. But Mommy was crying and beating on him as he ran out the door. That was the last time I saw Daniel. I never knew what happened to him.

Mommy had a couple of other men friends she dated regularly after that, and she got them to do things with me to get me interested in masculine things, like taking me to baseball games, to car shows and to the airport to see airplanes land. However, she never left me alone with any of them! How I hated boy things! (How I missed Daniel and the great way he made me feel in those silky panties!) All I remember doing was crying. I know I frustrated these guys, who really meant well. They just had no clue that I was really a little girl inside.

At that age, Carey no longer lived by us, but I remained best friends with Jill and Michelle. So when I could no longer dress up at home, I confided in them my need to wear girls' clothes. Without hesitation, they hugged me and petted me as I cried in their arms. We were at Jill's house at the time and in her room. She jumped right up and put together a complete outfit for me of some of her best and prettiest clothes. Immediately, the two girls really became my best friends, and we started spending more time than ever together, and whenever possible, I dressed up in their clothes.

Surprisingly, in my mother's quest to masculinize me, she didn't make a big deal about me spending so much time with the girls. I think she felt she was pressuring me enough. Besides, we all had been friends almost since I could walk. Mommy knew I had been sad getting over all my girly-girl things, so she was delighted when I returned to being my old happy self. Of course, she would have objected if she knew why I was so happy once again!

On Halloween that year, I told my mommy that I wanted to dress up like a pirate. She said OK and made me an outfit. Then I went over to Jill's house and changed into an extra princess costume that she had. Her mother knew about me dressing up with the girls so didn't think anything about it, and I was sure she wouldn't say anything to my mommy because my mommy was a strict Baptist and practically didn't even talk with anyone not of her same religion. Mrs. K (Jill's mommy) took us all downtown and we marched in the Halloween parade. She even took a picture of us that I still have. The funny thing about the picture: I was squirming around because I had to go to the bathroom, and I didn't want to go into any of the men's rooms in my princess outfit afraid that boys might beat me up, so the picture that's enclosed is a bit funny. Yes, I finally made it back to their place without wetting myself!

When I played with the girls, the fact that I was a boy probably helped to make me good at things like jump rope and hopscotch, but I was also more creative than the girls when it came to putting together outfits on either our dolls or ourselves! I started liking boys too. It was so strange. I liked them, but I hated being one! But I told my girlfriends that I hated boys. They liked that I was a traitor to other boys, and they would make me say how yucky boys were and how girls were SO-O-O much better. And I really believed it, so I had no problem saying it.

About that same time, I began wearing panties almost every day. It was Michelle's idea after I let them know that I sometimes wore a pair of my mommy's panties under my clothes. They were too big for me, and I was always pulling them up, but I didn't mind! Michelle said wearing panties every day would make me feel like a girl underneath, and I agreed! She said she'd

keep me supplied with clean panties, and when I returned the dirty ones, she'd give me more clean ones. The girls did keep me well supplied and kept it a secret from everyone else! They'd sneak my dirty ones in with their wash. I don't think their mommies even knew! At home, I'd just rumple up a pair of my boys' underpants each day, put them on the floor, stamp on them in my dirty shoes and rub them into the carpet a bit then throw them into the laundry hamper so my mommy wouldn't be suspicious.

The girls enjoyed having me as a friend because it gave them a chance to learn a lot about boys. I was like an ongoing science project for them. They loved to look down into my panties at my penis, and they loved to yank on it, pinch it and play with it until it got hard and pushed up the front of my panties. They never got over giggling at that. Most of the time they treated me just like another girl, but at times they still looked at me as a boy. For example, when we played house, I still had to be the daddy most



of the time, even though I wore a dress. But sometimes when I behaved, we could have two or three mommies in the house.

My favorite panties were silky white briefs with lace trim. These were Michelle's panties. She had a lot of pairs of them. They were shiny, satin-like and each pair had lace trim of different colors down the sides and around the leg openings. Around when we all turned eleven, the girls started wearing training bras. Of course, they let me wear them too! I couldn't wear them often because of living in a warm climate. I always wore thin shirts and the bras could be seen through them, but in the cooler months, I would wear a sweater or sweatshirt a lot and get to wear bras a lot of the time then.

Michelle and Jill gradually let some of their other friends in on our secret of me dressing up. They'd usually invite one of the girls over and pretend to talk me into dressing up to see how the girls reacted. If the girl liked it, they usually let them know that I did it all the time. If the girl didn't like it, they'd drop the idea, and usually thereafter drop them as a friend too!

One girl, named Rhonda, they sort of misjudged. She really laughed the first time she saw me dressed. She lifted up my dress and pinched my cock and twisted my balls in my panties real hard until I cried, saying she wanted to see if I really was a boy. Then she called me a "faggot." I knew what that word meant. I knew in my heart that she was probably right because I was forever having crushes on various boys, but the way she said it really hurt. Jill and Michelle came to my rescue and told her to leave because she was being so mean to me.

Of the girls we took into our confidence, I know that most of them liked it. But when they giggled and made smart little remarks, I was never sure if they were laughing because they thought I looked cute or because I looked silly, and I was always too afraid to ask. One of the girls in my school told her boyfriend about me dressing up with the girls. He told some of the guys and I got teased about that for a while, but it did die out.

When I was thirteen, I got badly beaten up by a gang of tough ten and eleven-year-old boys! I was bigger than them, but there were five of them, and they easily overpowered me. They took me into the bushes at the park and made me take my clothes off. When they saw the yellow panties I was wearing they went whooping and hollering to beat the band, like they had struck gold or something! They wouldn't let me alone until I had sucked on each boy's cock! Thank goodness (or not!) that they really didn't know what they were doing and were too young to cum yet, but I was totally embarrassed by it. As much as I like boys, I didn't like being overpowered and humiliated like that. I can understand why rape is so terrorizing for a woman. My mommy was TOTALLY into trying to make me a boy but finally realized how femme I had become despite her efforts. She really hated it and knew that boys called me sissy and faggot and other bad names. One girl after church one day told my mother right in front of me that I liked to dress up like a girl and it was a sin and God would punish me! My mother ignored the comment until we got into the car, but I was able to explain that it had happened a long time ago. Of course, Mommy knew how she had helped me dress up for years, so I think she meant that far back and dropped the issue. A few times, Mom did notice some makeup on me after I had been playing with the girls and

couldn't get it all off good enough. I'd just tell her that the girls like to make me up like a clown or an Indian for our fun and games. I think she bought it. Several times, my mommy did find some girls' clothes in my room — usually dirty panties before I had gotten a chance to return them to the girls to be washed. A couple of times I lied my way out of it. My mommy didn't want to believe that I was still into girly things, so she was always ready to believe most any excuse I had.

Once after she found some pink panties in my dresser, I told her that I had tried them on remembering how nice it was years ago when she let me dress up. I told her that hoping she might reconsider and let me dress up in the house again, but she told me those were childish games and I had to now grow up. I so much wanted that relationship with my mommy to happen again, so I really did want her to catch me from time to time, hoping that she would realize what I really did want and change her mind, but she never did change her mind once she had made it up.

Luv,
Cissy
Sarasota, Florida

Humiliated in My Sister's Clothes for Wetting My Pants

2/20/00

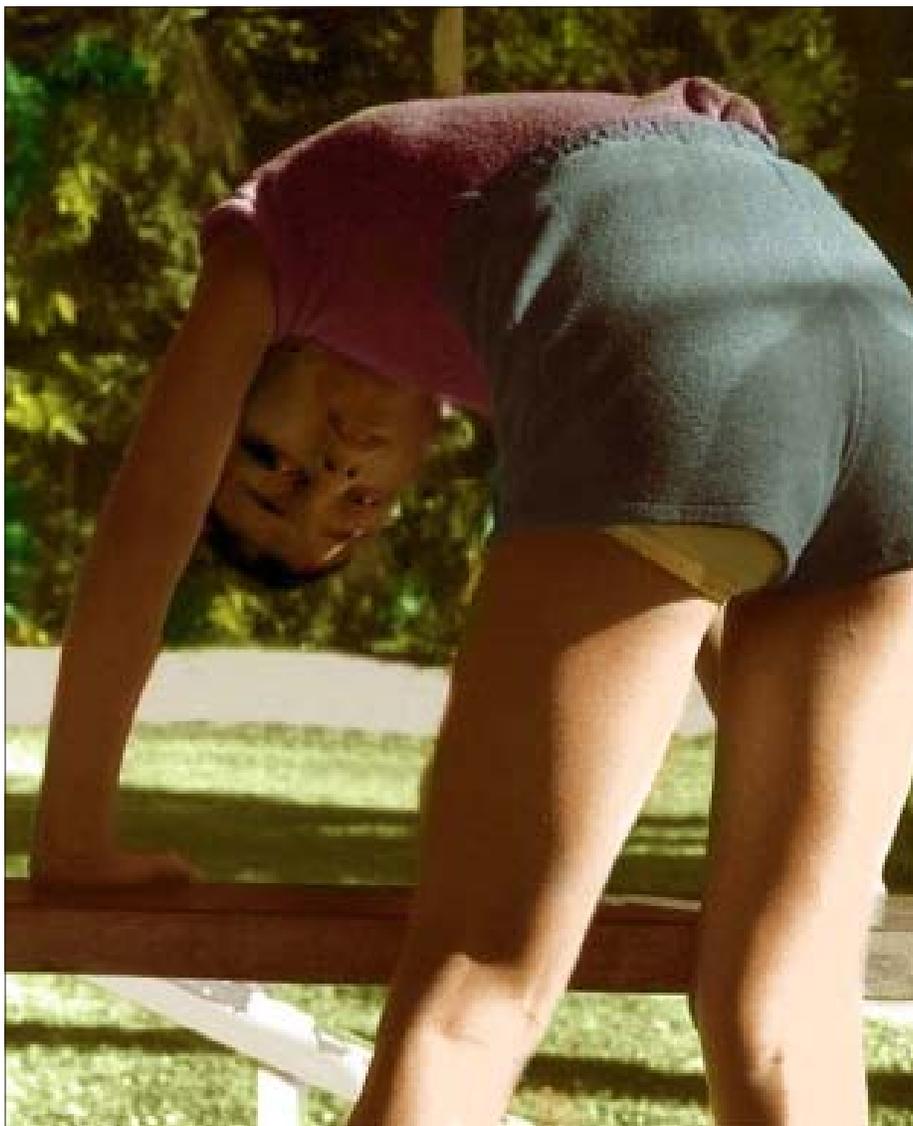
Dear Princess,

While I never had to wear a dress as a kid, I was thoroughly humiliated because I was a pants wetter.

Both of my parents died when I was in the first grade, and Lisa, my older sister, and I had to go live our uncle Melvin. It was a very distressing time for me. I had always been a pants wetter even though I had pretty much grown out of it by then. But I had an accident one day in school and my uncle had to come to school with some dry clothes for me. He was really angry because he had to take off work so he brought me a pair of my sister's pink panties and a pair of her pink pull-on shorts just to be mean.

Miss Kuntz, my teacher, was kind of wide-eyed when she saw the clothes but dressed me in them anyway. The kids teased me about wetting my pants, but they didn't seem to notice that the shorts were girls'. Thank goodness they couldn't see that I had on pink panties underneath.

When I got home that day, my sister asked me why I was



wearing a pair of her old shorts. My uncle told her what I had done and then just kept taunting and teasing me. When I got up to go to the bathroom, he kept pulling on me and wouldn't let me go. Then he started tickling me all over, even between my legs. I couldn't hold it back any longer and I pissed in my pants and panties, all over his hand and on the kitchen floor. I cried in shame as my uncle really let me have it then. He wiped his wet hand all over my face and called me a "baby sissy."

He stripped me naked from the waist down right in front of my sister. She giggled like the dickens and kept pointing her finger at me when she saw that I had her pink panties on underneath. My uncle told her to get me another pair of her old shorts and a dry pair of panties. She came back with some more shorts and a white pair of silky panties with some pink flowers on each side. I was still crying while he dressed me in them. Lisa asked him why I had to wear her panties and not my own underwear.

He explained to her that I was a sissy pants wetter and sissies wear girls' panties. The shorts fit me fine because they were some of my sister's old ones, but the only panties she had were

the ones she wore everyday and they were a bit big on me. When my uncle noticed that, he told me he'd get some panties for me in my size.

The next day, he took me shopping. With my sister giggling up a storm, he told the nasty old crow of a saleslady that I needed some panties. When she snidely suggested that uncle take me to the boys' department for underwear, he told her, "No, he needs to have some girlie panties, pretty lacy ones, because he's a pants-wetting sissy, and he's not grownup enough to wear boys' underwear!"

Totally humiliated, I had to stand there while the three of them searched through rows of frilly panties until they had picked out a whole stack of them for me.

After that, my fate was set. My uncle teased me about it everyday and often prohibited me from using the bathroom until I could hold it no more and have to wet myself. He loved it! He'd laugh and get my sister to tease me too. Eventually, I was a constant pants wetter. Surprisingly, my uncle never made me wear diapers or rubber pants. I think he liked to see me piss myself right through my clothes. He did make me wear all my sister's old clothes almost exclusively, but he never made me wear skirts or dresses. My sister didn't have many of those anyway because she almost always wore shorts or slacks. And I had to wear them after she outgrew them along with her blouses, tops and socks, which were either ankle length or knee-high. Thank goodness that they weren't lacy on top or anything like that. I did have boys' shoes always to wear. And my hair was always kept short like they wear in the army because my uncle was a 'weekend warrior' and liked it that way. So no one ever mistook me for a girl.

But there was something that my uncle did like to do that was completely embarrassing. He used to like to make me bend over after I wet my pants so he could take a picture of me. One of those pics is attached. I was about nine years old at the time. You can clearly see the piss stain on my shorts and even my wet yellow panties peeking out from underneath! All of this finally ended

when I was ten years old and our uncle Melvin died. We then got shipped off to stay with some cousins. That wasn't too bad, but I was a helpless sissy by then and that's another story all together.

Still Suffering,
Nancy Boy
Denver

Back to School Days: Like a Naughty Little Girl!

2/24/00

Dear Princess,

I'm a very young man that got married fresh out of school. Robin, my wife, who is six years older than me, suffered being spanked by her father right up until she got out of school. I think that's part of the reason why she became so dominant and angry with men. I loved her dearly so I didn't resist when she wanted to be in charge. Her dominance over me began almost from the moment we started dating.

Whenever she acted up in school during her years growing up, the teacher would call her father and tell him what she had done. Then she usually got a spanking upon returning home from school. She, of course, would still have her school uniform on, so she got to associate the whole ritual with being in that uniform and over her father's knee, getting spanked with his hand, a paddle or his belt.

After we dated for a while, she made up a schoolgirl uniform for me and talked me into wearing it while she gave me a spanking every time I committed some infraction of her rules. Soon after we got married, she told me that I was lousy in the bedroom and she wanted to date other guys for sex. She claimed that she still loved me and didn't want a divorce, so her

(Continued on page 20)





The Evolution of a 1950's TV

2/21/00

Dear Princess,

I thought you'd enjoy this.

What was it like to be a teenage transvestite in the 1950s? Lonely, for one poor lad!

Except for a few underground fetish publications, some privately circulated manuscripts and an occasional letter about crossdressing in "Sexology" or some other adult publication, there wasn't much TV literature, and TV organizations and support groups were practically nonexistent. Crossdressers were considered "deviants" and most people thought they were gay.

Here are six old photographs of "Sandy Mae," a transvestite from the mid 1950s. In the first picture, he's sixteen years old. He doesn't even have a wig, only a headscarf to cover his short boys' haircut as he enjoys himself dressed in his sister's clothes. The next two pictures (one sitting in the chair and the other standing, wearing the same sheath dress -- see next page) were taken a little later. He proudly wears a short wig of artificial hair made from nylon, a horrible wig by today's standards, but he was absolutely delighted with it at the time.

He continued to develop as a crossdresser and is shown in the next two photos in the same ratty old wig but his wardrobe and makeup have improved. The last picture was taken a few years later when Sandy Mae was twenty-one years old and after he joined a troupe of drag queens. They advanced his appearance by suppling him with flashy clothes, a nice wig and a full makeover.

Copies of these photos appeared in issues #3 and #4 of the 1961 publication "The Art of Female Impersonation." An interview accompanied the photos, in which Sandy Mae stated, "When I first started to cross dress, I was so extremely bashful to enter women's apparel shops that my knees would shake. I feared that I would begin to stutter as I asked the salesgirls to see the frilly panties, silk stockings and brassieres, even though I would tell them that they were for my sister, who was about the same size as I was."

Oldie Devotee,
Malcolm





(Continued from page 18) dating was just for social reasons and to satisfy her need for sex. Her dating became more and more frequent and she even started bringing home some of her boyfriends. I noticed that they were all big, tall men and all of them were much older than her. In fact, the men she picked to go out with all resembled her father!

These men enjoyed the situation because they got to have sex with a beautiful young woman with no strings attached! After she'd introduce me to her dates, she'd tease me about being a wuss and get the men to tease me too. It wasn't long before I was serving drinks to them in the bedroom and answering any of their needs. Once when I complained that I was nothing more than a maid to them, she made me go and change into my schoolgirl uniform, complete with lacy full-cut nylon panties, and appear before them for a spanking.

Robin was in hysterics that night, loving every minute of it, as I was over her boyfriend's lap. When it was over, he took out his big, hard dick and waved it at me, telling me it was what my wife wanted. Robin so loved dominating me like that, and the two of them were soon prying my lips apart and forcing me to suck on his wiener. Once he got thoroughly aroused, he put my wife on the floor and fucked her right in front of me. They made sure I stayed right there and watched every moaning and swooning orgasm. Afterward, I had to lick them both clean and thank them for letting me be a part of their lovemaking.

Robin quickly realized that she loved totally debasing me like that and things have gone on like that ever since. She also realized that she liked watching me getting spanked even more than doing it herself, so that soon became the routine: Before I was serving them sexually, I would first dress in my schoolgirl uniform and get a hard spanking from her laughing, teasing old man lover!

Spanks a Lot,
Joan (Johnnie)
New Hampshire