

# Princess Online

Featured  
Stories  
and Letters  
from the  
Princess  
Productions  
Website

No. 13



*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*

### *Sexual Orientation: What Difference Does It Make?*

Dear Sissies,

People describe themselves as straight, gay, bisexual or asexual (no interest in sex). But that is their sexual orientation, meaning their preferred form of sexual activity, or more accurately -- what they want you to think is their preferred form of sexual activity.

But labels are limiting and misleading, and many people lie about their sexual orientation, anyway -- the gay son who hides it from his parents; the asexual business man with the trophy wife; the woman who throws herself at men but who has no interest in sex, just a man's money, etc. And a large number of people have had experiences outside of what they want you to believe is their sexual orientation. Many flamboyant gay men have been married to a woman, and a lot of them have children! Many so-called straight men have had homosexual experiences in the army, prison or in their early teens. Likewise many straight females have experimented with other females while at summer camp or in college.

So just because someone describes himself as sexually oriented in one direction, that may not be the full truth. I believe it shouldn't really matter what you are, and I can only speculate about people who need to broadcast their sexual orientation: Are they sexually confused? Have a need to constantly reassure themselves who and what they are sexually? Or need to underscore their sexuality to let others know that they belong in that particular group for social, business or religious reasons?

The biggest problem with forcing oneself into a neat little cubicle is that it separates people and goes against achieving happiness and self-fulfillment. A homogeneous society based on tolerance, cooperation and genuine empathy for people both like and unlike themselves should be the goal. Labels of any sort tend to be destructive in that regard. So we should do our best to play down everyone's sexual orientation as well as play down the other differences that separate people. We need to start with ourselves, do our best not to shove our sexual orientation down other people's throat and let others know we don't care about anyone else's sexual orientation. Unless you are interested in developing a sexual relationship with a person, why should you care?

What's more important is for you to know yourself fully and admit to yourself what you are. Ideally that should match what you want to be, but



if you consider yourself 'straight' but have had homosexual experiences in the past, admit to yourself that you have had those experiences, they are part of you, nothing can change that, and go on with your life. Don't bemoan the fact that you made some 'big mistake' in your past or committed some 'grievous sin.' Such negative attitudes hold you back. If you're no longer interested in sex with women, fine! If you find yourself hungering to have sex with a man but play act at having sex with your wife, get hold of yourself sexuality and start leading the life you really want to lead. If you are confused and you don't know what you really want, then experiment and find out! The overall lesson here is: be honest with yourself and follow your sexual dreams as much as any other dreams you have. Try to be what you want to be sexually within what is acceptable in our society. Try to get your partner to work with you to more fully enjoy your sexuality -- or find a new partner!

Love,

*Princess Lacey*

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## STORIES OF THE MONTH FEBRUARY, MARCH & APRIL 2000

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

**The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn** Elijah Wood (left middle) plays Huck in this excellent 1993 movie version. He makes quite a cute girl when he dresses up (upper left) to disguise himself for a trip into town. Currently available from your local video store. ♦



**The Improper Bostonians** This 1998 book, compiled by "The History Project," highlights the lives of famous gay and lesbian Bostonians from "the Puritans to Playland." One story is that of Silvia Sidney, "Boston's most (in)famous drag queen." The photograph (lower left) shows Silvia at age five with the quote, "My mother used to dress me up like a little girl with long curls. I thought I was a girl. In pretty little outfits, not dresses. I didn't know there was a difference between a girl and a boy." ♦



**Not Very Happy with in a Dress!** Many mothers, aunts, sisters and even baby-sitters think it's cute to put their little boy into a dress at least once to see what he would look like if he had been born a girl. And at such times, usually the old camera comes out to preserve the moment. Much to the delight of the female in charge and to the chagrin of the hapless little boy, the embarrassing photo has a tendency to periodically resurface throughout the boy's life! Even boys as young as two and three have a sense of male and female and have already been programmed by society that it is demeaning for a boy to put on girls' clothes. As you can see in this picture (right), this little boy is not too happy about being put into a dress. ♦

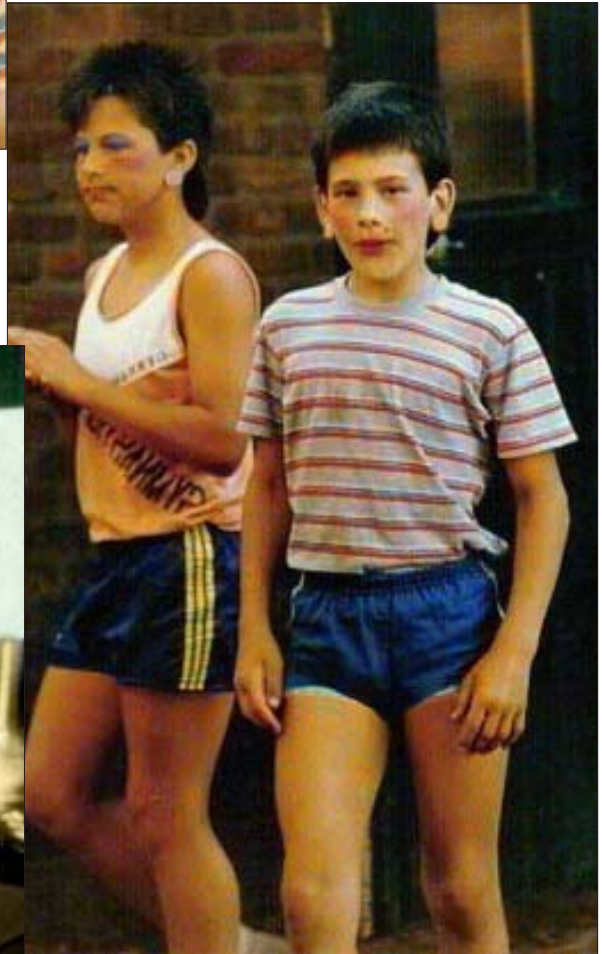






**Summer Camp!** Anyone who has been to summer camp as a kid, knows how the camp directors can come up with the craziest things to do to keep everyone busy and having a good time. At this camp, the boys got a chance to experiment with women's makeup and other feminine accessories (pictured left and below). Notice a bit of one boy's lace panties peeking out from beneath his shorts! ♦

**Matching Outfits!** What do you do when your bitchy older sister tells you to go with her to a costume party at one of her girlfriend's houses with the two of you dressed in matching outfits? Well, you go, of course! (Pictured below.) ♦

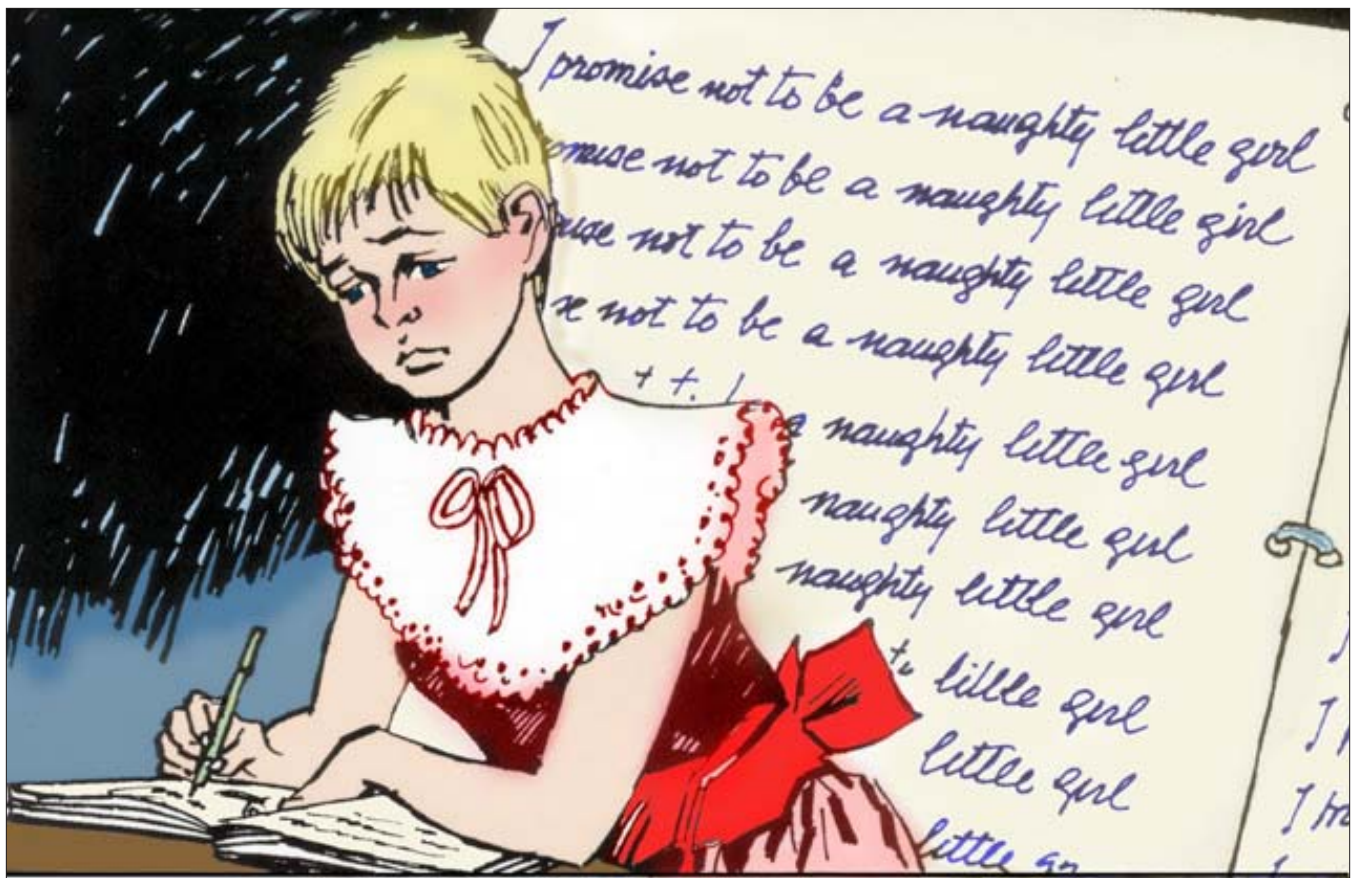


**Carole Jean**, a.k.a. "Bill," is a popular new TV author. Her published works include "Henry's Vacation in Panties," "Darwin's Womanhood," "Bill's Humiliations in Panties," "Schooled With Girls," and "Jeff's Humiliation." Besides a fascinating story, each book she produces contains 50% drawings!

Her stories always focus on humiliation, the exquisite embarrassment a guy feels when he is forced to wear girls' clothes. Carole Jean's latest story is "Beautified Bullies," and we think it is her best to date. It's about a strict woman taking charge of two young brothers while their parents are on an extended vacation. The boys undergo petticoat punishment and are subjected to a great deal of ridicule.

As in her other books, Carole Jean has contracted with the famous Spanish artist Juan Sole, and he created over a hundred high quality line drawings to illustrate this story. Carole Jean has given us permission to use some of her drawings as a treat for our readers and to whet your appetite in anticipation of this delightful series. Her website is [www.petticoatpunishmentart.com](http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com). ♦







# Helping BOYS FEEL their Feminine 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!

MAY 9, 1955

**Billy**  
sissy-dressed  
and humiliated  
by a NUN

OUR  
CHILD ABUSE LAWS  
DON'T PROTECT  
OUR  
CHILDREN  
FROM ALL THE  
WAYS  
OUR  
"VALUES"  
LEGALLY ALLOW US  
TO HUMILIATE,  
HURT, USE AND  
ABUSE  
THEM, ESPECIALLY IF  
THEIR "ABUSE" SERVES  
THE DEMANDS OF  
A POWERFUL  
POLITICAL  
LOBBY!



**Watchdoggie!**

illustrating our real "VALUES"

**Adults Only**

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

**No. 1**

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

**Watchdoggie!** It's a conspiracy! Many rightwingers tout `family values' yet do things that are very antifamily as they try to assert their influence. For example, many ultraconservative believe that males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be monitored and

contained. The way to save humanity from itself is to prevent or stop those hormones from destroying our young men. They also believe that their work must start within their own homes, churches and communities.

(Continued on next two pages.)



Helping parents to raise FEMININE sensitive BOYS...

# Petticoat Punishment

...just like in the 1950's

Forcing young BOYS to wear dainty little pink satin & lace PANTIES, sissy silk SLIPS, and frilly little satin & lace party-DRESSES  
HELPS THEM TO FEEL THEIR FEMININE SENSITIVITIES!

**DATELINE** Cincinnati  
Ohio, October 16, 1996:

A local public school district strongly "encouraged" its **BOY** students (with some boys being parentally forced) to attend school for an entire day, wearing girls' dainty little satin and lace **PANTIES**, sissy silk slips and frilly little satin and lace **PARTY-DRESSES**, as an "exercise" created **"TO HELP THEM FEEL THEIR FEMININE SENSITIVITIES"**!

And believe it or not, **NOBODY'S "VALUES"** were offended; and no one publicly objected to this somewhat **KINKY** school encouraged cross-dressing "exercise"!



Photo: Girls cruelly teasing and dragging a humiliated, degraded, **UNWILLING sissy-dressed girlie-BOY** to school! Anyone want to wager a guess about which ah, "sensitivities" this boy is really **FEELING**?

During the 1950's many a young LAD found himself being stripped naked and forced to wear girls' **SISSY PANTIES** etc. as a **HUMILIATING PUNISHMENT**!

In the 1950's there existed no crueler way to hurt and embarrass a boy then by making him cross dress and experience the embarrassment, and the forbidden "sensitivities" caused boys by wearing silky little panties dainty slips and dresses.

So then, **Watchdoggie!** wonders if IT'S NOW OK FOR **BOYS** TO BE **SEXUALLY STIMULATED** and aroused by wearing their sister's or girl friends' **sexy satin and lace "PANTIES"** if they're wearing them only for the stated purpose of helping them to **FEEL their "FEMININE" SENSITIVITIES?**

It appears that the 1950's **PETTICOAT DISCIPLINE** is still very much alive!

The Princeton School District's...

## Boys Feminine Sensitivity Training Exercise

**OCTOBER 16, 1996**

**Cincinnati, Ohio**

( This school encouraged "exercise" was witnessed by (then) Governor Voinovich and reported by WKRC-TV News and not even the Governor, nor this community's "VALUES" were offended by it! )

Cover Art: A photo collage for Watchdoggie's proposed publication, detailing a 1996 petticoat punishment event in Ohio.





Sister Mary Ellen discusses secretarial skills with Jonathan Michelek (10).

## Boys in dresses! St. Mark's Turnabout Day teaches students the evils of stereotyping

**Focus on Our Schools: Special to the Reporter by Helen Ellen Lee**

(Hartford) Everyone has wondered what it would be like to experience life as the opposite sex. Every girl has wondered what it's like to be a guy: a rock star, football hero or rodeo cowboy.

Boys are much more reluctant to admit to ever wanting to experience life as a girl. But how could they not — for at least a fleeting moment here and there — wonder what it would be like to be a homecoming queen, fashion model or famous actress. It is only natural to wonder what it's like "on the other side."

4th grade students at St. Mark's Elementary School in Hartford recently had the opportunity to get a taste of life from such a perspective. For one whole day, all the boys had to come to school

dressed as girls and all the girls had to come dressed as boys. On "Turnabout Day," their teacher, Sister Mary Ellen, then guided them through exercises to discover what it is like as a member of the opposite sex. Her real goal was to teach the children about the injustice of prejudging people based upon stereotypical notions.

During the morning session, the boys (dressed as girls) got to go first in line, have doors opened for them and have their books carried for them. The girls (dressed as boys) had to open these doors, defer to them in line and carry those books. The kids even had to use the restrooms appropriate to their new roles! Sister Mary Ellen gave demonstra-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8 "SCHOOLS")

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

### "SCHOOLS"

tions of life as a female, examining life as a secretary, housewife, nun, teacher and telephone operator.

The boys (as girls) were expected to be prissy and sugary sweet, primp before mirrors, giggle incessantly and gossip about the boy-girls. The girls (as boys) were encouraged to be slovenly, tease the girl-boys, and be loud and macho. Sister had Father Kahlin give them demonstrations of life as a male, examining life as a business man, husband, priest, school principal and construction worker.

The children were urged to adopt not the ideal characteristics of each sex but the less desirable traits, generally regarded as offensive by the opposite sex, the stereotypes—over simplified generalizations people make about other people based simply upon preconceived notions—in this instance males versus females. Sister Mary Ellen was teaching her students that stereotypes are not accurate, rob people of their individuality, encourage prejudice and prevent people from working together and getting along.

Then during the afternoon session, the children participated in an open discussion of their experiences as the opposite sex and wrote a paper from the point of view of their new sex role, detailing how people incorrectly assumed things about them based strictly upon appearances. During a final hour of discussion, the lessons learned were projected to other areas such as race, religion, nationality and economic status.

Prior to Turnabout Day, many of the boys were apprehensive about appearing before their fellow students in a dress or a skirt and threatened to play sick or "ditch" class that day. However, a stern warning was issued that students could only be excused for illness with a verifiable doctor's note. Without it, the missing student would receive a failing grade for the entire week's work.

Moreover, the boys were required to wear a complete outfit, including the proper lingerie underneath. And to get the boys in a proper frame of mind and make sure that they had complied with the rules, the first order of the day was for Sister Mary Ellen to personally conduct an inspection. Each boy not only had to lift up his skirt and show her his slip and panties, he had to tell her what it felt like to wear such lingerie in place of his normal underwear. (PTE).

(Watchdoggie! Continued from previous page.)

They see the problem at its worst in young boys. They assert that many boys, especially those approaching or in the early stages of puberty, have a great deal of difficulty controlling themselves because they cannot 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 dose of petticoat discipline.

Therefore, any male who can't conduct himself in what they define as proper behavior is forced into fancy dresses and frilly lingerie to shock them out of their selfish, destructive mindset and make them receptive to learning how to act properly. Well, Watchdoggie is here keeping an eye on this growing phenomenon and cataloging his reports. One day he hopes to produce a publication focusing on exposing these abuses. The cover art on the previous page is a mock-up of the cover from an issue of this proposed publication. ♦



**Masquerade!** We have thousands of photos of boys wearing girlish or sissified outfits from costume parties, fancy dress balls, Halloween, turnabout parties, etc. and we'll regularly post some of those pictures here. Since it's the Easter season, we're presenting this picture from the 1999 Springfield Easter parade (right). This young lad doesn't appear to be too happy about parading down the avenue in one of the frilliest dresses we've ever seen! ♦

**Lucky Boy in a Girls' School** Wang "Sonny" Yu was exceptionally intelligent but also extremely small for his age and couldn't compete physically with other boys. His father was Chinese and his mother American and an English language teacher at a private

girls' school in Taiwan. Mrs. Yu convinced her son to attend the school where she taught to be free from the teasing and torment he was subjected to at his public school. Sunny agreed, especially since all the girls were so nice to him; but, for him, special accommodations were not made, and he had to do everything the girls did, including wearing the girls' standard issue school uniform! ♦





## TIPS ON VELVET SUITS FOR BOYS

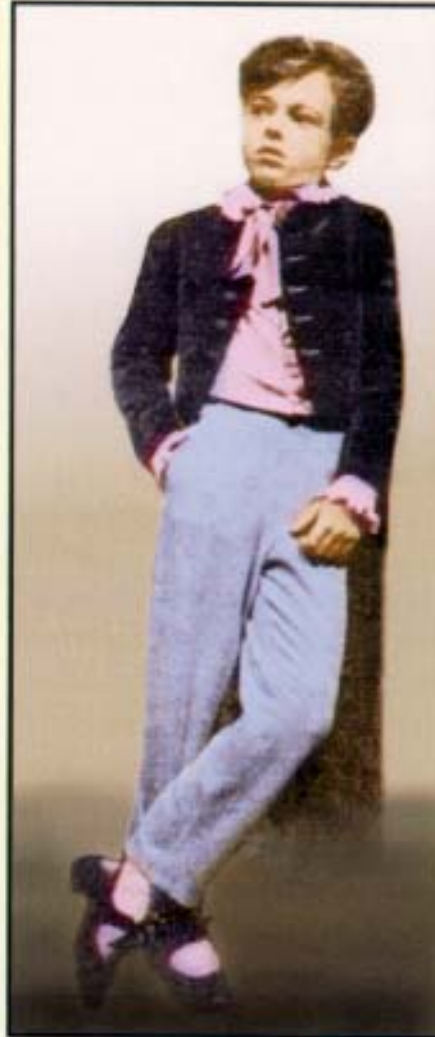
Dear Editor of the Times:

Mothers who need to dress their sons in Little Lord Fauntleroy suits in velvet with lace and ruffles should take their charges to the West End multiple store, Lester Marks, Ltd., for a nice selection.

I recently had occasion to outfit my two boys as pages for my niece's wedding. After seeing them clothed in pale blue velvet with frilly white blouses and smart patent leather slippers tied off with satin ribbons, they did indeed look like little gentlemen. I had followed a friend's suggestion, and instead of the ruffled shirts intended to be worn, I substituted frilled blouses from the young girls' section at Marks. These were much cheaper and very smart.

However, the light weight velvet trousers did not hang satisfactorily with the boys' BVDs underneath. I solved it by having the boys wear rayon panties donated by their big sister. There was a row at first since the boys insisted it was 'sissy,' but their father touching them up a bit with his belt got them to put on the panties in short order. Since my daughter had only gaily colored panties, Edward, my 11-year-old, ended up wearing bright flower print panties, and Calvin, who just turned 10, had to do with a pale yellow pair with lace appliques on the sides.

The panties did stop their trousers from clinging and bunching up, but throughout the wedding the boys were totally shamefaced. I, for one, was pleased to see them so quiet and subdued for a change. I don't know why they acted that way. After all, no one could see what they wore underneath. I got a lot of compliments on their appearance. I did admit to a group of my women friends in atten-



dance that I had put the boys in rayon panties to improve the appearance of their costume. The women got a good laugh out of that. They wanted to know all about it so I told them all but made them promise not to let the boys know what I had told them.

They made me bring the boys around to their table, and they took delight in asking the blushing boys about their pretty outfits, without divulging what they knew. Since some of my friends had indulged themselves in several Manhattans, I was afraid they'd let it slip, but thank the dear Lord that they didn't.

However, the women did persuade the boys to take off their jackets and sit on their laps. They passed the boys around like rag dolls, holding and squeezing them, even ticking them

as they engaged them in cheerful talk. But I saw them winking and nodding at one another, as they took advantage of the boys, getting little peeks and feels around their trouser tops. Their whoops and giggles let me know that their searching was successful. Even from a distance, with the boys' shirts rucked up, I could see flashes of the thin little waistbands and bits of their pastel colored panties.

The women were bad enough, but I do appeal to parents not to send their boys to school in such suits. I tried that, but their mates showed their disapproval in no uncertain way!

"Proud Mother" from Dundee





**Carole Jean** The picture above is from "Beautified Bullies," and shows the protagonists, Nick and Mike, just after arriving at their new school where they've been forced to put on sissified school uniforms just like the girls and girly-boys already in attendance. ♦

**Tyler Kyte** is the new co-host for the "Popular Mechanics for Kids" television show. He is shown here (lower left) as a boy and (lower right) as a girl in a curly wig and fancy dress as he appeared in episode #7 of the 3rd season of the show (1999-2000). That episode is entitled, "Fright." ♦



## LETTERS OF THE MONTH - MARCH 2000

### True Experiences #1

**Subj: Mom and sis in charge!**

**Date: 10/13/99**

**11:34:32 AM Central Standard Time**

**From: Kyle**

Dear Princess Lacey:

I grew up in foster homes. The one I was in from the time I was three until eight was run by a woman who made no bones about the fact that she didn't like little boys! She had three girls that she was taking care of too, but I was the only boy. They never bought clothes for me. I was just there so the woman could get the check for me every month from the State. Everything I wore was a hand-me-down from the girls. They usually picked out things that could reasonably pass for boys' clothes, but their panties and vests were always lace-trimmed and unmistakable as girls' clothes.

A few times, my foster mother and the girls dressed me up completely in their clothes. I didn't enjoy it, but I had learned long ago not to go against anything they wanted. They really didn't care about me. They dressed me up for their own entertainment, and the way they did it with their teasing and bitchiness, made it into a terror-maddening experience for me. I was a boytoy for them to tease and torment. They loved to humiliate me.

When I was in the second grade, our school did a Christmas pageant, and all of us had to appear in old-fashioned costumes. My three female superiors thought it would be fun to humiliate me in public so they made a special costume for me. Over my usually frilly panties, they put me in a gingham dress with a white apron and long, billowy bloomers, which stuck out way below the dress. The kids at school really made fun of me. Over the next few days, I was beaten up and harassed. I thought I'd never live it down. My stepmother realized all the problems that costume caused, so she broke down and bought me some boys' underwear to wear to school and never again tried to embarrass me in front of my schoolmates.



After I left that family, I missed them and their strange ways. I discovered the Sears catalog, and one of my favorite things to do was to look at the ads for girls' clothes, especially fancy panties, and dream about going back to live with that family. Even to this day, whenever I even hear the word panties, I get so excited I start shaking.

As I got older, from time to time, I had feelings of being gay. Once I was with another sissy panty guy and we masturbated together. I love nylon panties, but I also love women, not men. But the prospects of a girlfriend for me are dim since there aren't many women who want a masturbating pansy for a boyfriend.



## True Experiences #2

**Subj: Re: Your wonderful publications!**  
**Date: 10/31/99**  
**10:33:42 AM Central Standard Time**  
**From: Lori**

Dear Princess Lacey:

Thank you for writing me back, and I'm glad you enjoyed my e-mail. I must tell you again how much I love your "Panty Lines" publications. When I found your website for the first time, I was so thrilled that I almost broke down and cried!

The very first panty memory that I have is when I was in kindergarten in 1960 and we were living in Spain. (My Dad was in the Navy and he was stationed there.) I watched in embarrassed fascination as the teacher paddled a little girl in my class. We were all jumping and running around, and I guess that's what made the teacher angry. Anyway, she grabbed one little girl who was right in front of me and pulled her dress up in back and spanked her about six times with a Ping Pong paddle. I'll never forget the sight of her bottom in a silky pair flower print panties. The swats were loud, and they must have really hurt her, because she completely went to pieces, crying and kicking her little legs.

"Ouch is right, young lady!" I remember the teacher yelling. "I'll make your panties nice and warm."

I felt very sorry for the girl, but at the same time, for some strange reason, I wanted to become that little girl, who was unwillingly showing the whole class her spanked panties! It seemed to me that the MOST embarrassing thing in the world would be to have everyone looking at your underwear, especially if they were sissy looking flowered panties -- and it was even worse to have everyone see you getting a spanking right on those panties. (God, I just LOVE saying the word "panties!") The whole idea frightened, humiliated, embarrassed, and thrilled me to my toes!

Afterwards, whenever I thought of myself like that, my little peepee would get so hard it actually hurt. I thought about being dressed up like a little girl and getting my little panties warmed by my angry mommy! I actually set it up on numerous occasions for my mother to catch me wearing panties, hoping she'd give me a spanking. But she'd just cry and tell me to "grow up!"

I know she thought she was helping me, but on several occasions, she embarrassed me about wearing panties by telling other people right in front of me while I had to sit and listen. She did this with my bitchy aunt Arlene, who sneered at me and asked if I was queer. She also told our family doctor while I was in for



a checkup. He took it all very seriously and told my mom I was just going through a phase. (Yeah, a phase that now has lasted well over twenty years!)

And worst of all, she took me to our minister and told him. He got down on his knees and prayed for me and then asked me all kinds of very intimate questions. He even wanted me to describe the panties I liked to wear and everything I liked about them. I could swear that my talking about my panties and what I did in them turned him on! When I didn't admit to jacking off (self-abuse he called it) in the panties, he kept pressing me until I did admit it. My mom was shocked and very upset at that. She told us it was time to leave. She must have been convinced that I was incurable because she did the strangest thing when we got home. She gave me all her panties and told me to do whatever I had to do with them! She was going out and buying herself all new panties, and she made me promise never to touch them because she didn't want to wear anything with my filth in them. But like all true panty fetishists, I couldn't keep my hands off them. I think she always suspected I was messing with her lingerie, but she never caught me! In the enclosed picture (sorry for the quality of the pic—it's from an old Polaroid camera), I'm ready for a spanking and wearing an actual pair of my mother's panties. I'm a small guy, and her panties still are a bit big on me!

I would love to find someone to fully share my life in panties. I am married, and my wife knows completely about my panty life,

but she refuses to play the Mommy role. Sharing my panty life with a woman remains the MOST erotic need in the whole universe to me and what I want most. Unfortunately, I have only met with one such lady on one very special night. She fulfilled my dream by consenting to be my Mommy for the evening. That was years ago, and remains the highlight of my sex life. Now THAT is enough to make me want to cry!

My current sex life consists of me jacking off in my panties. I love to be caught masturbating by my wife. She now has caught me so many times that I am no longer allowed to sleep in her bedroom because she only allows real men in there. To fulfill her needs, she goes out on the weekends and brings guys home with her. She leaves her bedroom door open so I can peek in and listen and masturbate in my panties while I secretly watch them from the darkened hallway.

Thank you very much, Princess Lacey, for letting this "little girl" carry on so. I probably need a spanking for rambling on this long, but sometimes I can't help it, I just become carried away.

### True Experiences #3

**Subj: Re: Sissy Boy**

**Date: 10/11/99**

**8:08:06 AM Central Daylight Time**

**From: Brad**

Hi,

My mother left when I was five, and dad soon remarried. I really liked my stepmother, Martha, and stepsister, Sue. I'd usually play with her, and we'd play with her dolls and her dollhouse. I guess I had always been a sissy because I never liked my dad and his strong masculine side, preferring instead feminine ways and softer things.

I was turned onto panties because of my stepmother. When I was six, I remember helping her with the laundry. I saw some underwear I had never seen before; they were striking black with pink lace and bows, and very soft. I was fascinated by how pretty, fancy, smooth and silky they were. But it wasn't until I saw them on my stepmom that I understood them more. To myself, I called them wiggly underwear, because of the way they wiggled when she walked around.

She and my stepsister always wore nylon panties, and as we got closer as a family, they became more relaxed around me and



would often walk around half dressed or in just their panties. Soon, I so admired their panties that I quickly came to hate my boring white cotton Fruit of the Looms.

I wanted a closer look at those panties, so one day I snuck into my stepmom's room and went through her panty drawer; all those pretty nylon panties were too much for a little guy like me. I took a pair of blue ones out of the drawer and rubbed them against my cheek. My little penis got very hard when I did that,



but I didn't know why. Something motivated me to open my pants and rub them on my stiff dick. I was hooked even deeper. I hurriedly tore off my clothes and couldn't stand the wait as I struggled to put them on. They were much too big for me, so I had to hold them up, but I was in heaven.

Next I went into Sue's bedroom. Her panties were very fancy and almost small enough for me. She had some with oodles of lace all across the bottom. God! How I loved them! That night and just about every night thereafter, I would sneak a pair to my bedroom, put them on and rub my penis and bottom all night long. I was too young to cum, but I wasn't too young to masturbate, and I immediately became a habitual wanker.

Daily, I would anxiously wait moments here and there when everyone was busy, because I'd go to my room and walk around rubbing myself with nothing on but a pair of silky panties. One day, my stepmom came into my bedroom and I didn't hear her. She stood and watched as I pulled on my penis through a bright yellow pair of my stepsister's panties. When I did notice her, she struck fear in my heart. I knew I was doing something wrong. I started to cry even though she didn't do anything except continue to stand there and watch me. I tried to bury my face in the pillow and hide, but she came over to me, comforted me and pulled me up on her lap. She hugged me and told me it was OK but warned me about wearing panties when my dad was in the house because he would get very angry if he knew. The next thing I knew she was stroking my penis and rubbing my balls in those sissy yellow panties. I experienced several little tension-relieving surges, which made me swoon. Then she helped me off with the panties because my father was going to be home shortly. She told me we'd talk about it in the morning.

When I woke up the next day, there was a brand new pair of white lacy panties with two little red bows on them sitting on a chair by my bed. I knew my dad was already gone and at work, so I put them on before putting my boy's pants and shirt on over them and went downstairs.

My stepmom, my stepsister, and Mrs. Millburg, a neighbor, were in the kitchen having breakfast. I was a little nervous, wearing the panties, hoping I had done the right thing. At first everything was normal. Then my stepmom told me to stand next to her because my shirt wasn't properly tucked into my pants. As she pulled me close to her, opened my pants and tucked in my shirt she pretended to act surprised when she saw the white nylon panties. After the way she had treated me the day before, I was amazed when she made a scowl on her face, pulled my pants wide open then snapped the waist elastic real hard against my naked stomach. "My, my, my! What do we have here? Sue's pretty panties on my little boy?"

Mrs. Millburg perked up, snapped her head around in my direction and stared at the shiny white nylon fabric and lace around my hips.

"Holy, shit, Martha!" she yelled out. "What's that boy of yours

doin' with panties on?" Then she laughed like the big clown at the fun house.

I made a move to run, but my stepmom had me firmly in her grip. Sue was laughing so hard that she started jumping around like she was going to pee in her pants. The three of them teased me and poked around at my body in those panties. They all took turns tickling my penis, balls and even put fingers down my ass crack. They teased me about wanting to be a little girl. Mrs. Millburg asked for a pair of scissors so she could snip my penis off and make me a girl. Sue ran and got some for her. They held me down and came at me with those scissors, I yelled and screamed and begged them not to hurt me. Only after I promised to do anything and everything they wanted forever after, did they let me up and put the scissors away.

The first thing they did was make me take off everything but the panties and stand in front of a full-length mirror to stare at myself while they talked about me and how things were going to be different from then on. They literally made me into their slave, complete with dog collar and all kinds of exotic and little girl clothes. I did everything for them from cleaning the house to eating their pussies. A couple times a week, I had to go over to Mrs. Millburg's house and do chores for her, and that included licking her huge smelly pussy, which seemed big enough to swallow me whole. I think she was a lesbian because her husband had left her years before and she never was with a man. She only had women friends, and she always did a lot of hugging and kissing with them. My stepmom wore Vanity Fair panties, and that is what I still wear today.

## True Experiences #4

**Subj: My story**

**Date: 11/12/99**

**1:56:35 PM Central Standard Time**

**From: Bruce**

Dear Miss Lacey,

I have just found your website and it has gotten me terribly excited. I have had a lifelong fascination with little boys undergoing the extreme humiliation of feminization and sissification. I was one of those little boys myself and since you are encouraging viewers to write to you, I'd like to tell you a little about myself.

When I was five, my friend, Kevin, and I were walking from his house to my house when we encountered a group of older kids who had some kind of a grudge against him. They took us into the bushes and made him take off all his clothes. There were two girls and three boys. One of the girls took a pair of pale green lacy panties out of her pocket and fondled my friend's penis with them. When his penis got hard they called him a girlie and a sissy. Then they made him put on the panties and put him over



## True Experiences #5

**Subj: Sissyboy in Panties**

**Date: 10/13/99**

**9:59:48 PM Central Daylight Time**

**From: BH**

Hi Princess,

Thanks for writing back; I'm sure you're very busy with all the other e-mails and your web page. I am sitting here in black nylon panties with white lace on the hips. They feel so good against my skin. I love to shop for my panties and often wonder what the women are thinking as they help me with my purchases. I love to browse lingerie departments and look at all the pretty panties, bras and slips. It is paradise; I could spend all day doing that.

What I remember most from my childhood is when I was seven years old, my mother told me she had been sick and that she was never going to be able to have any more children, just me. She confessed she had always wanted a daughter, but that was no longer possible. The next thing I knew she was opening a bag and taking out a brand new pair of frilly pink nylon panties. Still not understanding what was happening, I let her take off my clothes.

a stool as they all took turns spanking his bottom through the panties while the rest of them stood around smirking and giggling as he squirmed and cried.

As I stood there watching him being molested I had the most overwhelming feeling in the pit of my stomach and in my genitals. It was so powerful that after a few minutes I was panting and trembling and wondering what it would be like to have that done to me. I was actually disappointed when they left after finishing with him. Kevin had no desire for revenge. He only wanted to be spared the further humiliation of having anyone find out what they had done to him. Crying like a baby, he took off the panties and put his clothes back on, bawling and blubbing all the while as he begged me not to tell. For some strange reason, as we left, I picked up the panties and shoved them in my pocket, making sure Kevin didn't see me do it.

From that time on I had more or less constant sexual feelings and fantasies dealing with little boys in humiliating predicaments. I went to sleep every night thinking about scenarios of punishment involving exposure and shame with boys in panties. During playtime, I regularly engaged in sexual play and experimentation common among children. I got quite a reputation in the neighborhood; however, I always tried to insert the element of humiliation, and I was always trying to get boys to put on panties. Or I'd put them on myself and experience the dual sensations of humiliation and pleasure. And I often got my sister to play a game with me in which I was bad and she'd put me in a dress and panties and give me a good spanking.

"Are these my clothes, now?" I asked as she steadied me and had me step into the panties.

"Yes, my darling, aren't they pretty?"

I just shrugged my shoulders. My dad was sitting there watching the whole thing with a stupid expression on his face. The panties were silky and felt strange.

"I don't want these, Mommy! These are for girls!"

"Yes, they are girls' panties, but you're a very lucky boy because Daddy and I are going to let you wear them every day! And look what else I got for you."

With that she pulled a flouncy pink party dress out of the bag. I became even more confused when she pulled it over my head and buttoned it up. I kept protesting. The clothes felt so weird and tingly. I ran to my father.

"I told you it wouldn't work, Gertrude," he said as he hugged me in the dress. "Why don't you leave the kid alone?"

But my mother wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. She took me by the hand and told me she'd show me how much fun it was to wear dresses and panties. She showed me by massaging my body through the crinkly crisp new dress. Then she reached up under the dress and began rubbing my penis and testicles





through the silky nylon panties! She kept kissing me and cooing in my ear while she was doing that. It didn't take long; she made her point. I loved what she was doing to me!

After that she tended to me daily, dressing me and keeping me sexually aroused. At night I slept in a pretty satin nightie, and I slept in my parents bed between them! My folks were Bohemians from the old country and believed that mothers and fathers should personally teach their children about sex, so they thought nothing of toying with my private parts. My father even did it at my mom's request. She had him masturbate me in my panties whenever she was bored or too tired.

Mom loved to refer to me as her 'panty boy,' and she loved to model her panties and lingerie for Dad and me. Then she'd make me get up and model my panties for them. I love to see adult women running around in nylon briefs, reminds me of the good old days as a little boy. I have never stopped wearing pretty nylon panties. I have tried to stop wearing them on occasion, but I love them too much. I wish there was a woman in my life who understood my feelings; I would love to share this side of me with her.

## True Experiences #6

**Subj: Re: Message from a sissy panty boy**

**Date: 10/12/99**

**10:55:06 AM Central Daylight Time**

**From: Van**

Dear Princess,

I really like panties that are bigger than my normal size. Most of my panties (with the exception of vintage ones) are made by Vanity Fair. I take a size seven for an ordinary close fit, but all I buy are size eight and above. I have a few floral prints in size nine and ten that I love. I love the feeling of the slippery folds of soft fabric, but there's something else. It just feels so humiliating to wear big panties, as if I'm such a puny little wimp and my body swimming around in a pair of big ladies' panties symbolizes it, especially when a strong female forces me to wear them to make me feel small. Whatever it is, just looking at a pair of big briefs makes me weak in the knees.

The other thing is that I only love nylon briefs, the higher the waist and lower the leg the better. No bikinis, thongs, g-strings, hip-huggers, or hi-cuts for me. I guess it's because I grew up in the 1960s and that's what girls and women wore when I first started noticing panties. I agree with you; pantyhose are a great passion killer.

For me, one of the sexiest pictures I've ever seen is the one of you in your pretty white nylon briefs. Please don't be mad at me, but I've had many fantasies thinking of you punishing me for being a sissy, you in your briefs and me in mine. That's another thing. I'm really into spanking along with wearing oversized panties, but when I read that someone would receive one hundred swats as their mother or father spanked them, I find that hard to believe. Can someone really take that many spanks?

When I was a kid, maybe I was some kind of wimp or something, but when I was told I was going to get a spanking, I would start to beg, plead and cry before Mom ever laid a hand on me. A normal spanking would be from ten to twenty swats, maybe up to thirty if I really did something bad. Mom instilled in me my fetish for big ladies' panties because she always made me put on

a pair of her panties “for decency.” If we had guests, she’d put me in one of my sister’s dresses too because she could count on our guests to further tease and humiliate me. With few exceptions, spankings were given with her wooden sorority paddle or a big old-fashioned wooden hairbrush. I’d cry from the get-go, kicking, screaming and crying like a baby and continue crying long after.

A spanking was the way my mother would punish me for misbehaving and there was never any question that I was being punished. Yet as terrorizing as it was, it was strangely exciting too. Even when my mother gave my sister and the babysitter permission to spank me, I’d become all worked up once the order was given. I’d run (if I didn’t run, there would be extra spanks) to the laundry hamper to get a dirty pair of my mother’s panties and put them on, while whoever was going to spank me went to the utility room to get the paddle. At that crucial moment, it was not sexually arousing to me at all. All I could think of was wondering how I could get out of this spanking. I feared the pain. I’d start my usual begging and pleading not to be spanked, but it did little good. I guess I was a wimp.

As you can tell my mother was quite strict when it came to punishment, at least with me. My mother had a completely different view with girls. It seems a female no matter what their age was superior to me. Plus they had this special talent of learning a lesson without the need for a spanking. Whereas the best way for me to learn, since I was a mere boy, was to have my pantied bottom blistered with a paddle. That is why my sister never had to worry about getting a spanking. And the reason I received more than my share.

I’ll tell you about one such spanking which is strong in my memory:

My sister, a couple of her girl friends and I were playing a game on the living room floor. When I started to win, my sister and her friends ganged up on me and even cheated so I wouldn’t win. So before long I was arguing with them and my mother came out to see what all the fuss was about. We each explained to her what was going on, and she just told us all that we had better settle down and learn to play together. She left and we all stated to play again, and when I won again, one of my sister’s friends threw her play money at me instead of handing it to me. Soon, we were in a pushing match, then she slapped me, so I slapped her back, and she started to cry.

Well Mother heard all of the noise and came in to see what was happening. Again she got all of our stories and didn’t show a lot of emotion from anything she had heard, and spent most of the time with the girl who was crying, putting a cold towel to the red mark on her face where I had slapped her. She looked up at me and told me to get ready for a spanking.

I immediately started to cry as I ran as fast as I could to the bathroom. I took out a pair of my mother’s pink panties with little red and blue flowers printed on them, took off my own clothes and put on the panties.

When I got back to the living room, Mom was there with the paddle in her hand. The three girls had a good time laughing at me holding Mommy’s big panties up high around my waist so they wouldn’t fall down. Mom put a safety pin in the waistband of the panties to keep them from falling down. My sister was there ready with a pale blue cotton dress for me to put on. All three girls helped me into the dress, fussing with it as they pulled it over my head and adjusted it to fit me. Once I was in the dress, Mom spoke.

“Now, young man, about your behavior. I think you need a lesson on how we treat guests in this house.”

“But Mom she started it! She hit me first!” I said.





"Didn't I tell you all to behave?"

"Yes, but they didn't behave."

"Quiet!"

"Didn't I ask you to behave? Answer me!"

"Yes, but..."

"And you call hitting someone behaving?"

"No, but she hit me first and..."

"Come here" she commanded as she sat down on the couch.  
"Come here, or do you want extra?" she asked.

"No," I mumbled nervously as I walked over and started my usual pre-spanking begging.

"Please. They started it. She hit me first," I continued as I felt my mother slowly pulling up the skirt of the dress. I continued pleading as she pulled me over her knees.

"When I tell you to behave I expect you to listen!"

Answering in a very whimpering voice, I choked out, "But they didn't behave either."

"Quiet! I'm not talking about them and besides you're the one going around hitting."

"They started it!" I said, knowing that the most dreaded moment was upon me with my pantied ass high in the air.

I could feel her reaching for the paddle and soon the room was filled with the sound of that paddle bouncing off my butt and my wild cries and screams. I yelled and begged her to stop, promising to be good. Soon the spanking was too much for me, and I couldn't even talk through the flood of tears, which were now gushing down my face. In desperation, I tried to block the paddle from hitting my bottom, but Mother was good at holding me down and keeping my hands out of the way. When I did manage to get a hand behind me she would just smack it with the paddle until my hand couldn't take it anymore. She usually gave me extra swats for reaching back or trying to wiggle loose.

By the time she had finished I was screaming and crying like a two year old, and when she let me up, I ran around still screaming and crying at the top of my lungs holding and rubbing my bottom, trying to get it to stop stinging. The delicate panties hurt as they touched my flaming butt. Even with the waistband pinned, they didn't stay up all that well. I let them slide down. Mom repeatedly told me to pull them up. Even their gentle touch was agonizing pain. But I knew the pain from the paddle would last a long time after the spanking was over no matter what I did.

After several minutes of my war dance, Mother finally calmed me down and made me apologize to the girl. Mother never just let me say that I was sorry, I had to make up a good long apology, speak loudly and clearly and totally debase myself before them.

"I'm really sorry for hitting you. I promise never to hurt you again. I'm a bad boy and inferior to you and all girls and women. Thank you, Mommy, for letting me wear this pretty dress and these nice panties."

It was very hard to get out all those words so they could understand them through all of the tears and crying. Plus it always made me feel stupid and like a naughty baby boy, having to answer and apologize to someone about my own age. After they had just seen me get a paddling, it made me feel so small, as if they were all superior to me, and I was just a bad little pantywaist boy.

Then I had to wait there for her to except my apology.

"I accept your apology," she said, "except I want to see your spanked bottom."

I looked at Mom. She motioned for me to turn around and bend over. I felt the girl and my sisters lift my dress, and I let loose of my grip on the panties as I felt them being tugged down. The oo-oo-oo's and ahs made me feel so naughty. I winced in pain as their fingers explored my inflamed ass cheeks.

After the apology, I was made to go stand in the corner of the room with my dress up and holding the panties at my thighs. I was not allowed to move from that spot or rub my bottom for one hour. I knew better than to try because that would mean some extra swats.

It was hard to just stand there because the girls were laughing at me in the dress and panties and teasing me about my spanking and what a sissy I was, and my bottom was still stinging like crazy. I stood there whimpering and shifting from one foot to the other trying to forget about the pain. But it was too much for me, and at one point when I thought none of them were looking, I reached back and gave my bottom a little rub. One of the girls saw me and told my sister and she told my mother.

A few minutes later, my mother came in carrying her paddle and said, "What's this I hear? You've been rubbing your bottom!"

"No," I answered.

"No! Are you lying to me too?"

"No! I mean it hurts. I can't help it!" I screamed as I started to cry louder all over again.

"Come here," Mom said as I felt her grab my arm. "When I tell you to do something, you do it; understand? Answer me?"

"Yes," I moaned.

She lifted me up by my arm and gave me five hard swats right over the most painful area of my bottom. I dropped the panties and tried to run when she let go of me, but I tripped on the panties and ended up lying on the floor in a heap crying my eyes out.

That's just a sample of the pain and humiliation I suffered while growing up under the firm hand of a bunch of females. Strange thing about it all, to a degree it excited me as a kid to be the center of attention like that, but that pleasurable excitement vanished the moment Mom applied the paddle.

I admit that what I hated then, excites me now. There seems to be no logical explanation why such painful and humiliating experiences would be now pleasurable. Just the sight of my mother's paddle was enough to turn my legs to Jell-O. But now I find myself constantly searching for articles on humiliation and spanking, almost as if I'm trying to relive that time. Why would a person like me do this? Maybe you or someone on your staff might research this and explain it to me. I'm sure I'm not alone. I'm enclosing a photo of me wearing my sister's First Communion dress for Halloween, complete with a wig with big long pigtails and a bonnet. Mom even added some big red freckles to my cheeks to make me "look cute!"

## True Experiences #7

**Subj: Homecoming queen**

**Date: 10/2/99**

**11:47:22 AM Central Daylight Time**

**From: Alf**

Dearest Princess:

Did you read about the boy in Tampa, Florida, who wants to join the contest for homecoming queen? JaVonn Hicks, a 17-year-old senior at Tampa Bay VoTech has been dressing as a girl at school for the past two years. The student body has been supportive of him.

His principle, Sylvia Albritton, says, "He's a respectable student and he's very stylish in what he wears." Mark Mart, spokesman for Hillsborough County Public Schools said about the homecoming queen issue, "It's not a sexual orientation issue. It's about equity."

The 17-year-old student, who wears blue polish on perfectly manicured nails, has been allowed to attend school dressed as a girl since his sophomore year. His bedroom resembles that of any high school girl, with fashion magazines, lipstick, curling iron, and fingernail polish strewn about. He was diagnosed with gender-identity disorder but does not want a sex-change operation. He dresses as a girl because he is more comfortable that way. "I'm a very fashionable boy," he said and admitted that he is gay. "I'm happy the way I am. I don't know why I was born a boy or why this is happening to me. I just take the bitter with the sweet." Hicks's slinky black prom dress hangs in his closet, and he is still hoping school officials will change their minds.

Websites with articles on this case:

<http://www.histclo.interspeed.net/index2.html>

<http://familyeducation.com/article/0%2C1120%2C1-9809%2C00.html> ♦

