

# Princess Online

Featured Stories and Letters from the  
Princess Productions Website

No. 32



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 1991

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**



## Masquerade

One of our readers sent us this pic. He stated: "No, my mother didn't raise me as a girl. In fact except for this one episode, she never did anything to feminize me. This one time was in the Spring of 1964 when I was two years old. Mom had always wanted a daughter, and she was feeling down because she sensed that she'd never have any more children and, so she went downtown and bought a little sundress with matching bloomers in my size and put me in them. She took pictures, which she never showed to anyone. Years later, when I was a teenager, she caught me trying on her clothes. That led to a long discussion, which ended up being a confessional for both of us. She blamed herself for my crossdressing and told me about this one time. I told her I was sure that was not the reason for my transvestism. I said that to comfort her because she was being pretty hard on herself. In truth, I had no idea how her dressing me up at two did or did not affect me, but I couldn't see how it could have since I had absolutely no memory of her doing it."

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# Holiday Gift Guide

Silky little dainties sure  
to brighten every  
young lads  
Christmas

IT'S ALL INSIDE

## JCPenny

HAS WHAT BOYS REALLY  
WANT FOR CHRISTMAS



'Gifts for BOYS  
endorsed  
by  
**N.O.W.**



Gift SPECIAL: Girly Panties for Boys  
Pkg. of 3 ON SALE for only \$9.99

TAKE OFF AN ADDITIONAL 25%  
on all his favorites...

- \*Satin & lace panties
- \*Sissy, silky nylon slips
- \*Pretty satin & lace nighties
- \*Filly little satin & lace party dresses
- \*Lace trimmed anklets

He'll be so excited when he opens his gift and finds pretty pink silky panties!

## Watchdoggie!

It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout 'family values' and left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: errant 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 contained and constantly monitored. The way to save humanity from itself is to stop those hormones from ruining our men and boys, who in turn are ruining our world.

These radical groups advocate making grassroots changes right in their own communities, schools, churches and homes. They see the problem at its worst in young boys approaching or in the early stages of puberty, many of whom have difficulty controlling their actions because they cannot handle the hormones surging throughout their bodies. And if such boys aren't kept in check, they risk becoming abusive, disgusting and worthless members of society. The way to cure them, these radical groups maintain, is to subdue them with a good dose of panty and petticoat discipline. Therefore, males who can't conduct themselves in a proper manner are forced into fancy dresses and frilly lingerie. Such clothing shocks them out of their selfish, destructive thinking and makes them receptive to learning how to act properly. Lessons that, the leaders of this movement insist, will serve the boys throughout their lifetime.

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns and the girls in his fifth grade Catholic school during the 1950s. He still vividly recalls every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet that experience also taught him that our society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys. Radical groups bent upon destroying the male world circulate propaganda to their followers. Watchdoggie! monitors these groups and his mock JC Penney catalog above is a protracted materialization of the horrors he suffered at the hands of feminizing girls and nuns. He wages an ongoing battle to bring attention to these clandestine groups, who are working to destroy present-day society! After almost 50 years, Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the pain and anguish he suffered undergoing petticoat punishment. As a form of therapy, he makes pictures like the one above to help alleviate the pain and horror he suffered. Just in time for Christmas!

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## Carole Jean

Carole Jean, a good friend and popular author of forced crossdressing stories, has given us permission to colorize and publish each month a select drawing from one her various publications. All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits and girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. Every other page of Carole Jean's booklets is illustrated with a beautiful drawing by the famous Spanish artist Juan Sole, aka Juan Puyal.

This month we feature a drawing from "Schooled with Girls." Despite having to wear the standard girls' uniform at the girls' school he is forced to attend, Peter has been allowed to still wear his male underwear, but now he has been coerced into wearing pink panties instead of his boys' shorts, and the girls at the school have just discovered it.

In addition to "Schooled with Girls," Carole Jean has published books both under her own name and under the name "Bill." Those books include "Bill's Humiliation in Panties"; "Henry's Vacation in Panties"; "Darwin's Womanhood"; "Jeff's Humiliation"; and her most recent, "Beautified Bullies." You can purchase all her books directly from her website:

<http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

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**Feminize Osama bin Laden! Here's how he would look as a female!**

## **Terrorists are the Ultimate Sissies!**

### **Let's Teach Them to How to Be Gay and Enjoy Life**

Like every decent human being on this planet, I will long remember and be horrified by the insignificant men filled with hate and stupid ideas who cowardly destroyed New York City's World Trade Center on September 11, 2001. Any decent person must wonder how anyone could do something like that to innocent people. The answer is simple: Terrorists are sissies!

A sissy is defined as an effeminate male. Being a sissy in that sense of the word is not a bad thing. In fact the more we learn about them, the more we realize they tend to be good, honest, hard-working, peace-loving, dependable, intelligent and contributing members of society. Sissies

are everywhere, and millions of men are sissies in their heart but hide it to the outside world, which has misunderstood them and been unfairly hostile toward them for too long.

But a secondary definition of the word sissy is anyone who is afraid of something. And terrorists are afraid of most everything we consider good, and in that sense, indeed they are sissies!

Terrorists know little about the greatness of the world. They come from backward peoples who have no value for human life. In their minds, they have suffered monumental injustices and the rest of the world is to blame. They hate not just America and the Western World but everyone and every thing they cannot control, and since they have control over so little, they become very desperate. It's easy to twist the mind of a desperate man. Just listen to the stupidity of some of their beliefs. Osama bin Laden's followers are taught that if they die fighting their "Holy War," they will go directly to heaven and 72 virgins will be waiting to serve them! Can you imagine the surprise a suicide bombers gets when he strolls up to The Pearly Gates? Now that's almost worth dying to see!

Terrorists hate most everything good and worthwhile in this world. And HATE is always based on FEAR.

So what do terrorists fear? They fear: Capitalism (because they can't compete), Change (because it risks losing control), Technology (because of the freedom it brings), Freedom (because their power is based on oppression), Democracy (because they would never be elected to office by their own people), Human Rights (because that entails being selfless and having regard for those different from yourself), Other Religions (because their extremist religion would immediately become very unpopular), Education (because intelligent people laugh at their ideas and question their leadership), and Uncensored Information (because informed people would quickly overthrow them). Terrorist fear a hell of a lot of things. But what do they fear most? Women!

The proof: Just look at how they treat their women. In regard to women, terrorists are the embodiment of that old saying "Can't live with 'em; can't live without 'em! If they could procreate without women, they would probably outlaw women! Do you know that in many terrorist-controlled areas that whenever a woman appears in public, she has to be completely covered from head to toe without even an inch of flesh showing? No wonder the men in that country are so frustrated and fucked up! They probably get a hard-on over a nice AK47. Well, maybe not, but I wouldn't want to be a good-looking sheep in a place like that. In some such places, just owning a television set is punishable by death! And indulging in dozens of other simple pleasures and exercising many basic human rights are similarly punishable. Teaching a girl to read earns the teacher a death sentence! Oh, how they fear and hate their women!

And since they hate women so much, why the heavenly reward of 72 virgins for their Holy War heroes at death? And why 72? Why not a thousand? And since most guys fall asleep after they shoot their wad just once, andy more than one has to be a waste!

I'll tell you who can defeat the terrorists: Their women. Since they so hate women, women are the key to defeating them.

If they want to die, let's not give them what they want – let's NOT kill them. Instead, let's capture

them and teach them how wonderful it is to be a woman in the Western world. Let's feminize them – turn them into transsexuals – cut off their (I'm sure tiny) genitals. The ultimate sissies deserve the ultimate makeover: tattooed-on makeup. Let's turn loose on them gay hairdressers and designers, force them to read women's magazines (and rigorously test them on their knowledge), and put high heels on them and make them shop until they really do drop!

You say that would be cruel and unusual punishment! I say how fitting. Besides, hatred of women is a classic character trait of homophobic males. In their hearts they probably are gay anyway but can't muster the courage to follow their convictions. So I say, since they're probably already on the edge of being gay, let's do them a favor and push them over the edge. We'll be doing Allah's work by helping them find themselves and by turning them into worthwhile human beings. And if all that comes to pass, I'm going into the depilatory business.

Sincerely,

Princess Lacey

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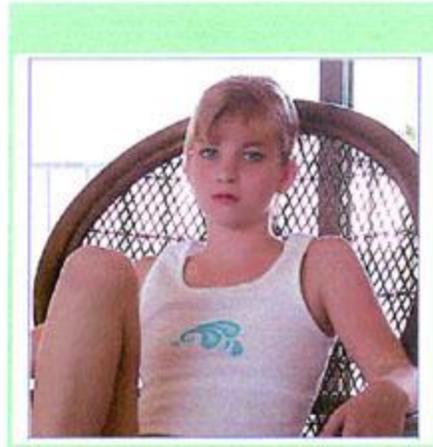
## Old Movie

In this still photo from an old movie, we wonder how these two girls got this boy to wear the lacy pink apron!

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## Basics

Yahoo! ID:  
Real Name: **Danny**  
Location: **In my room**  
Age: **13**  
Marital Status: **No Answer**  
Gender: **Male**  
Occupation: **Duh**



 Offline [Send me a message](#)

## More About Me

**Hobbies:** I'm 13 and a boy. My girlfriend just asked to fix me up like her, with makeup and stuff. We went shopping together and I liked it alot. Maybe there are others like me out there?

**Latest News:** Might be transgender

## Teenage TG Boy

The above is an actual profile of a transgendered boy posted to a teenage website in the fall of 1991.

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Many boys like to wear lipstick, jewelry, lingerie and dresses.  
When they grow up, to whom can they turn for support?

## How to Bring Your Kids Up Gay: The War on Effeminate Boys

By Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick

In the summer of 1989 the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services released a study entitled "Report of the Secretary's Task Force on Youth Suicide." Written in response to the apparently burgeoning epidemic of suicides and suicide attempts by children

and adolescents in the United States, the 110-page report contained a section analyzing the situation of gay and lesbian youth. It concluded that, because gay youth face a hostile and condemning environment, verbal and physical abuse, and rejection and isolation from families and peers,” young gays and lesbians are two to three times more likely than other young people to attempt and to commit suicide. The report recommends, modestly enough, an “end [to] discrimination against youths on the basis of such characteristics as sexual orientation.”

On 13 October 1989, Dr. Louis W. Sullivan, secretary of the Department of Health and Human Services, repudiated this section of the report—impugning not its accuracy, but it seems, its very existence. In a written statement Sullivan said, “the views expressed in the paper entitled ‘Gay Male and Lesbian Youth Suicide’ do not in any way represent my personal beliefs or the policy of this Department. I am strongly committed to advancing traditional family values . . . . In my opinion, the views expressed in the paper run contrary to that aim.”<sup>1</sup>

It’s always open season on gay kids. But where, in all this, are psychoanalysis and psychiatry? Where are the “helping professions”? In this discussion of institutions, I mean to ask, not about Freud and the possibly spacious affordances of the mother-texts, but about psychoanalysis and psychiatry as they are functioning in the United States today.<sup>2</sup> I am especially interested in revisionist psychoanalysis, including ego psychology, and in developments following on the American Psychiatric Association’s much-publicized 1973 decision to drop the pathologizing diagnosis of homosexuality from its next Diagnostic and Statistical Manual (DSM-III). What is likely to be the fate of children brought under the influence of psychoanalysis and psychiatry today, post-DSM-III, on account of parents’ or teachers’ anxieties about their sexuality?

The monographic literature on the subject is, to begin with, as far as I can tell exclusively about boys. A representative example of this revisionist, ego-based psychoanalytic theory would be Richard C. Friedman’s *Male Homosexuality: A Contemporary Psychoanalytic Perspective*, published by Yale University Press in 1988.<sup>3</sup> (A sort of companion volume, though by a non-psychoanalyst psychiatrist, is Richard Green’s *The ‘Sissy Boy Syndrome’ and the Development of Homosexuality* [1987], also from Yale.)<sup>4</sup> Friedman’s book, which lavishly acknowledges his wife and children, is strongly marked by his sympathetic involvement with the 1973 depathologizing movement. It contains several visibly admiring histories of gay men, many of them encountered in non-therapeutic contexts. These include “Luke, a forty-five-year-old career army officer and a lifelong exclusively homosexual man” (RF, p. 152); and Tim, who was “burly, strong, and could work side by side with anyone at the most strenuous jobs”: “gregarious and likeable,” “an excellent athlete,” Tim was “captain of [his high school] wrestling team and editor of the school newspaper” (pp. 206 - 7). Bob, another “well-integrated individual,” “had regular sexual activity with a few different partners but never cruised or visited gay bars or baths. He did not belong to a gay organization. As an adult, Bob had a stable, productive work history. He had loyal, caring, durable friendships with both men and women” (pp. 92—93). Friedman also, by way of comparison, gives an example of a heterosexual male with what he considers a highly integrated personality, who happens to be a combat jet pilot: “Fit and trim, in his late twenties, he had the quietly commanding style of an effective decision maker” (p. 86).<sup>5</sup>

Is a pattern emerging? Revisionist analysts seem prepared to like some gay men, but the healthy homosexual is one who (a) is already grown up, and (b) acts masculine. In fact, Friedman

correlates, in so many words, adult gay male effeminacy with “global character pathology” and what he calls “the lower part of the psycho-structural spectrum” (p. 93). In the obligatory paragraphs of his book concerning “the question of when behavioral deviation from a defined norm should be considered psychopathology,” Friedman makes explicit that, while “clinical concepts are often somewhat imprecise and admittedly fail to do justice to the rich variability of human behavior,” a certain baseline concept of pathology will be maintained in his study, and that baseline will be drawn in a very particular place.

“The distinction between nonconformists and people with psychopathology is usually clear enough during childhood. Extremely and chronically effeminate boys, for example, should be understood as falling into the latter category” (pp. 32—33).

“For example,” “extremely and chronically effeminate boys”—this is the abject that haunts revisionist psychoanalysis. The same DSM-III that, published in 1980, was the first that did not contain an entry for “homosexuality,” was also the first that did contain a new diagnosis, numbered (for insurance purposes) 302.60: “Gender Identity Disorder of Childhood.” Nominally gender-neutral, this diagnosis is actually highly differential between boys and girls: a girl gets this pathologizing label only in the rare case of asserting that she actually is anatomically male (e.g., “that she has, or will grow, a penis”); while a boy can be treated for Gender Identity Disorder of Childhood if he merely asserts “that it would be better not to have a penis”—or alternatively, if he displays a “preoccupation with female stereotypical activities as manifested by a preference for either crossdressing or simulating female attire, or by a compelling desire to participate in the games and pastimes of girls.”<sup>6</sup> While the decision to remove “homosexuality” from DSM-III was a highly polemicized and public one, accomplished only under intense pressure from gay activists outside the profession, the addition to DSM-III of “Gender Identity Disorder of Childhood” appears to have attracted no outside attention at all—nor even to have been perceived as part of the same conceptual shift.<sup>7</sup>

Indeed, the gay movement has never been quick to attend to issues concerning effeminate boys. There is a discreditable reason for this in the marginal or stigmatized position to which even adult men who are effeminate have often been relegated in the movement.<sup>8</sup> A more understandable reason than effeminophobia, however, is the conceptual need of the gay movement to interrupt a long tradition of viewing gender and sexuality as continuous and collapsible categories—a tradition of assuming that anyone, male or female, who desires a man must by definition be feminine; and that anyone, male or female, who desires a woman must by the same token be masculine. That one woman, as a woman, might desire another; that one man, as a man, might desire another: the indispensable need to make these powerful, subversive assertions has seemed, perhaps, to require a relative de-emphasis of the links between gay adults and gender-nonconforming children. To begin to theorize gender and sexuality as distinct though intimately entangled axes of analysis has been, indeed, a great advance of recent lesbian and gay thought. There is a danger, however, that advance may leave the effeminate boy once more in the position of the haunting abject—this time the haunting abject of gay thought itself. This is an especially horrifying possibility if—as many studies launched from many different theoretical and political positions have suggested—for any given adult gay man, wherever he may be at present on a scale of self-perceived or socially ascribed masculinity (ranging from extremely masculine to extremely feminine), the likelihood is disproportionately high that he will have a

childhood history of self-perceived effeminacy, femininity, or non-masculinity.<sup>9</sup> In this case the eclipse of the effeminate boy from adult gay discourse would represent more than a damaging theoretical gap; it would represent a node of annihilating homophobic, gynophobic, and pedophobic hatred internalized and made central to gay-affirmative analysis. The effeminate boy would come to function as the discrediting open secret of many politicized adult gay men.

One of the most interesting aspects—and by interesting I mean cautionary—of the new psychoanalytic developments is that they are based on precisely the theoretical move of distinguishing gender from sexuality. This is how it happens that the depathologization of an atypical sexual object-choice can be yoked to the new pathologization of an atypical gender identification. Integrating the gender-constructivist research of, for example, John Money and Robert Stoller, research that many have taken (though perhaps wrongly) as having potential for feminist uses, this work posits the very early consolidation of something called Core Gender Identity—one’s basal sense of being male or female—as a separate stage prior to, even conceivably independent of, any crystallization of sexual fantasy) or sexual object choice. Gender Identity Disorder of Childhood is seen as a pathology involving the Core Gender Identity (failure to develop a CG consistent with one’s biological sex); sexual object-choice, on the other hand, is unbundled from this Core Gender Identity through a reasonably space-making series of two-phase narrative moves. Under the pressure ironically, of having to show how gay adults whom he considers well integrated personalities do sometimes evolve from children seen as the very definition of psychopathology, Friedman unpacks several developmental steps that have often otherwise been seen as rigidly unitary.<sup>10</sup>

One serious problem with this way of distinguishing between gender and sexuality is that, while denaturalizing sexual object-choice, it radically renaturalizes gender. All ego psychology is prone, in the first place, to structuring developmental narrative around a none-too-dialectical trope of progressive consolidation of self. To place a very early core-gender determinant (however little biologized it may be) at the center of that process of consolidation seems to mean, essentially, that for a non-transsexual person with a penis, nothing can ever be assimilated to the self through this process of consolidation unless it can be assimilated as masculinity. For even the most feminine-self-identified boys, Friedman uses the phrases “sense of masculine self-regard” (RF, p. 245), “masculine competency” (p. 20), and “self-evaluation as appropriately masculine” (p. 244) as synonyms for any self-esteem and, ultimately, for any self. As he describes the interactive process that leads to any ego consolidation in a boy: Boys measure themselves in relation to others whom they estimate to be similar. [For Friedman, this means only men and other boys.] Similarity of self-assessment depends on consensual validation. The others must agree that the boy is and will remain similar to them. The boy must also view both groups of males (peers and older men) as appropriate for idealization. Not only must he be like them in some ways, he must want to be like them in others. They in turn must want him to be like them. Unconsciously, they must have the capacity to identify with him. This naturally occurring [!] fit between the male social world and the boy’s inner object world is the juvenile phase-specific counterpoint to the pre-oedipal child’s relationship with the mother. (p. 237) The reason effeminate boys turn out gay, according to this account, is reason that other men don’t validate them as masculine. There is a persistent, wistful fantasy in this book: “One cannot help but wonder how these [pre-homosexual boys] would have developed if the males they idealized had a more flexible and abstract sense of masculine competency” (p. 20). For Friedman, the

increasing flexibility in what kinds of attributes or activities can be processed as masculine, with increasing maturity, seems fully to account for the fact that so many “gender-disturbed” (effeminate) little boys manage to grow up into “healthy” (masculine) men, albeit after the phase where their sexuality has differentiated as gay.

Or rather, it almost fully accounts for it. There is a residue of mystery, resurfacing at several points in the book, about why most gay men turn out so resilient—about how they even survive—given the profound initial deficit of “masculine self-regard” characteristic of many proto-gay childhoods, and the late and relatively superficial remediation of it that comes with increasing maturity. Given that “the virulence and chronicity of [social] stress [against it] puts homosexuality in a unique position in the human behavioral repertoire,” how to account for “the fact that severe, persistent morbidity does not occur more frequently” among gay adolescents (RF, p. 205)? Friedman essentially throws up his hands at these moments. “A number of possible explanations arise, but one seems particularly likely to me: namely, that homosexuality is associated with some psychological mechanism, not understood or even studied to date, that protects the individual from diverse psychiatric disorders” (p. 236). It “might include mechanisms influencing ego resiliency, growth potential, and the capacity to form intimate relationships” (p. 205). And “it is possible that, for reasons that have not yet been well described, [gender-disturbed boys’] mechanisms for coping with anguish and adversity are unusually effective” (p. 201).

These are huge blank spaces to be left in what purports to be a developmental account of proto-gay children. But given that ego-syntonic consolidation for a boy can come only in the form of masculinity, given that masculinity can be conferred only by men (p. 20), and given that femininity, in a person with a penis, can represent nothing but deficit and disorder, the one explanation that could never be broached is that these mysterious skills of survival, filiation, and resistance could derive from a secure identification with the resource richness of a mother. Mothers, indeed, have nothing to contribute to this process of masculine validation, and women are reduced in the light of its urgency to a null set: any involvement in it by a woman is over involvement, any protectiveness is over protectiveness, and, for instance, mothers “proud of their sons’ nonviolent qualities” are manifesting unmistakable “family pathology” (p. 193). For both Friedman and Green, then, the first, imperative developmental task of a male child or his parents and caretakers is to get a properly male Core Gender Identity in place as a basis for further and perhaps more flexible explorations of what it may be to be masculine—i.e., for a male person, to be human. Friedman is rather equivocal about whether this masculine CGI necessarily entails any particular content, or whether it is an almost purely formal, pre-conditional differentiation that, once firmly in place, can cover an almost infinite range of behaviors and attitudes. He certainly does not see a necessary connection between masculinity and any scapegoating of male homosexuality; since ego psychology treats the development of male heterosexuality as non-problematical after adolescence, as not involving the suppression of any homosexual or bisexual possibility (pp. 263—67), and therefore as completely unimplicated with homosexual panic (p. 178), it seems merely an unfortunate, perhaps rectifiable misunderstanding that for a proto-gay child to identify “masculinity” might involve his identification with his own erasure.

The renaturalization and enforcement of gender assignment is not the worst news about the new psychiatry of gay acceptance, however. The worst is that it not only fails to offer, but seems

conceptually incapable of offering, even the slightest resistance to the wish endemic in the culture surrounding and supporting it: the wish that gay people not exist. There are many people in the worlds we inhabit, and these psychiatrists are unmistakably among them, who have a strong interest in the dignified treatment of any gay people who may happen already to exist. But the number of persons or institutions by whom the existence of gay people is treated as a precious desideratum, a needed condition of life, is small. The presiding asymmetry of value assignment between hetero and homo goes unchallenged everywhere: advice on how to help your kids turn out gay, not to mention your students, your parishioners, your therapy clients, or your military subordinates, is less ubiquitous than you might think. On the other hand, the scope of institutions whose programmatic undertaking is to prevent the development of gay people is unimaginably large. There is no major institutionalized discourse that offers a firm resistance to that undertaking: in the United States, at any rate, most sites of the state, the military, education, law, penal institutions, the church, medicine, and mass culture enforce it all but unquestioningly, and with little hesitation at even the recourse to invasive violence.

These books, and the associated therapeutic strategies and institutions, are not about invasive violence. What they are about is a train of squalid lies. The overarching lie is the lie that they are predicated on anything but the therapists' disavowed desire for a non-gay outcome. Friedman, for instance, speculates wistfully that—with proper therapeutic intervention—the sexual orientation of one gay man whom he describes as quite healthy might conceivably (not have been changed but) “have shifted on its own” (Friedman's italics): a speculation, he artlessly remarks, “not value-laden with regard to sexual orientation” (p. 212). Green's book, composed largely of interview transcripts, is a tissue of his lies to children about their parents' motives for bringing them in. (It was “not to prevent you from becoming homosexual,” he tells one young man who had been subjected to behavior modification, “it was because you were unhappy” (RG, p. 318); but later on the very same page, he unselfconsciously confirms to his trusted reader that “parents of sons who entered therapy were . . . worried that the cross-gender behavior portended problems with later sexuality.”) He encourages predominantly gay young men to “reassure” their parents that they are “bisexual” (“Tell him just enough so he feels better” [RG, p. 207]) and to consider favorably the option of marrying and keeping their wives in the dark about their sexual activities (p. 205). He lies to himself and to us in encouraging patients to lie to him. In a series of interviews with Kyle, for instance, the boy subjected to behavioral therapy, Green reports him as saying that he is unusually withdrawn—“I suppose I've been overly sensitive when guys look at me or something ever since I can remember, you know, after my mom told me why I have to go to UCLA because they were afraid I'd turn into a homosexual” (p. 307); as saying that homosexuality “is pretty bad, and I don't think they should be around to influence children . . . I don't think they should be hurt by society or anything like that—especially in New York. You have them who are into leather and stuff like that. I mean, I think that is really sick, and I think that maybe they should be put away” (p. 307); as saying that he wants to commit violence on men who look at him (p. 307); and as saying that if he had a child like himself, he “would take him where he would be helped” (p. 317). The very image of serene self-acceptance?

Green's summary:

Opponents of therapy have argued that intervention underscores the child's “deviance,” renders him ashamed of whom he is, and makes him suppress his “true self.” Data on psychological tests

do not support this contention; nor does the content of clinical interviews. The boys look back favorably on treatment. They would endorse such intervention if he were the father of a “feminine” boy. Their reason is to reduce childhood conflict and social stigma. Therapy with these boys appeared to accomplish this. (p. 319) Consistent with this, Green is obscenely eager to convince parents that their hatred and rage at their effeminate sons is really only a desire to protect them from peer-group cruelty—even when the parents name their own feelings as hatred and rage (pp. 391—92). Even when fully one-quarter of parents of gay sons are so interested in protecting them from social cruelty that, when the boys fail to change, their parents kick them out on the street! Green is withering about mothers who display any tolerance of their sons’ cross-gender behavior (pp. 373—75). In fact, his bottom-line identifications as a clinician actually seem to lie with the enforcing peer group: he refers approvingly at one point to “therapy, be it formal (delivered by paid professionals) or informal (delivered by the peer group and the larger society via teasing and sex-role standards)” (p. 388). Referring blandly on one page to “psychological intervention directed at increasing [effeminate boys’] comfort with being male” (p. 259), Green says much more candidly on the next page, “the rights of parents to oversee the development of children is [sic] a long-established principle. Who is to dictate that parents may not try to raise their children in a manner that maximizes the possibility of a heterosexual outcome?” (p. 260). Who indeed—if the members of this profession can’t stop seeing the prevention of gay people as an ethical use of their skills?

Even outside the mental health professions and within more authentically gay-affirmative discourses, the theoretical space for supporting gay development is, as I’ve pointed out in the introduction to *Epistemology of the Closet*, narrow. Constructivist arguments have tended to keep hands off the experience of gay and proto-gay kids. For gay and gay-loving people, even though the space of cultural malleability is the only conceivable theater for our effective politics, every step of this constructivist nature/culture argument holds danger: the danger of the difficulty of intervening in the seemingly natural trajectory from identifying a place of cultural malleability, to inventing an ethical or therapeutic mandate for cultural manipulation, to the overarching, hygienic Western fantasy of a world without any more homosexuals in it. That’s one set of dangers, and it is as against them, as I’ve argued, that essentialist and biologizing understandings of sexual identity accrue a certain gravity. The resistance that seems to be offered by conceptualizing an unalterably homosexual body, to the social-engineering momentum apparently built into every one of the human sciences of the West, can reassure profoundly. At the same time, however, in the postmodern era it is becoming increasingly problematical to assume that grounding an identity in biology or “essential nature” is a stable way of insulating it from societal interference. If anything, the gestalt of assumptions that under-girds nature/nurture debates may be in process of direct reversal. Increasingly it is the conjecture that a particular trait is genetically or biologically based, not that it is “only cultural,” that seems to trigger an estrus of manipulative fantasy in the technological institutions of the culture. A relative depressiveness about the efficacy of social-engineering techniques, a high mania about biological control: the Cartesian bipolar psychosis that always underlay the nature/nurture debates has switched its polar assignments without surrendering a bit of its hold over the collective life. And in this unstable context, the dependence on a specified homosexual body to offer resistance to any gay-eradicating momentum is tremblingly vulnerable. AIDS, though it is used to proffer every single day to the news-consuming public the crystallized vision of a world after the homosexual, could never by itself bring about such a world. What whets these fantasies more dangerously, because

more blandly, is the presentation, often in ostensibly or authentically gay-affirmative contexts, of biologically based “explanations” for deviant behavior that are absolutely invariably couched in terms of “excess,” “deficiency,” or “imbalance” —whether in the hormones, in the genetic material, or, as is currently fashionable, in the fetal endocrine environment. If I had ever, in any medium, seen any researcher or popularizer refer even once to any supposed gay-producing circumstance as the proper hormone balance, or the conducive endocrine environment, for gay generation, I would be less chilled by the breezes of all this technological confidence. As things are, a medicalized dream of the prevention of gay bodies seems to be the less visible, far more respectable underside of the AIDS—fueled public dream of their extirpation.

In this unstable balance of assumptions between nature and culture, at any rate, under the overarching, relatively unchallenged aegis of a culture’s desire that gay people not be, there is no unthreatened, unthreatening theoretical home for a concept of gay and lesbian origins. What the books I have been discussing, and the institutions to which they are attached, demonstrate is that the wish for the dignified treatment of already-gay people is necessarily destined to turn into either trivializing apologetics or, much worse, a silkily camouflaged complicity in oppression—in the absence of a strong, explicit, erotically invested affirmation of some people’s felt desire or need that there be gay people in the immediate world.

“How to Bring Your Kids Up Gay” was written in 1989 for a Modern Language Association panel, Jack Cameron pointed me in the direction of the texts discussed here, and Cindy Patton fortified my resistance to them.

Notes:

1. This information comes from reports in the *New York Native*, 23 September 1989, pp. 9 - 10; 13 November 1989, p. I4; 27 November 1989, p.7.
2. A particularly illuminating overview of psychoanalytic approaches to male homosexuality is available in Kenneth Lewes, *The Psychoanalytic Theory of Male Homosexuality* (New York: Penguin/NAI/Meridian, 1989).
3. Richard C. Friedman, *Male Homosexuality: A Contemporary Psychoanalytic Perspective* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1988). Citations will appear in parentheses in the text with RF.
4. Richard Green, *The ‘Sissy Boy Syndrome’ and the Development of Homosexuality* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1987). Citations will appear in the text with RG.
5. It is worth noting that the gay men Friedman admires always have completely discretionary control over everyone else’s knowledge of their sexuality; no sense that others, may have their own intuitions that they are gay; no sense of physical effeminacy; no visible participation in gay (physical, cultural, sartorial) semiotics or community. For many contemporary gay people, such an existence would be impossible; for a great many, it would seem starvingly impoverished in terms of culture, community, and meaning.
6. *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* 3d ed. (Washington, D.C.: American Psychiatric Assn, 1980). pp. 265—66.
7. The exception to this generalization is Lawrence Mass, whose *Dialogues of the Sexual Revolution*, vol. I, *Homosexuality and Sexuality* (New York: Harrington Park Press, 1990) collects a decade’s worth of interviews with psychiatrists and sex researchers~~ originally

conducted for and published in the gay press. In these often-illuminating interviews, a number of Mass's questions are asked under the premise that "American psychiatry is simply engaged in a long, subtle process of reconceptualizing homosexuality as a mental illness with another name—the 'gender identity disorder of childhood'" (p. 214).

8. That relegation may be diminishing as, in many places, "queer" politics come to overlap and/or compete with "gay" politics. Part of what I understand to be the exciting charge of the very word "queer" is that it embraces, instead of repudiating, what have for many of us been formative childhood experiences of difference and stigmatization.

9. For descriptions of this literature, see Friedman, *Male Homosexuality*, pp. 33—48; and Green, "The Sissy Boy Syndrome," pp. 370—90. The most credible studies from the gay-affirmative standpoint are A. P. Bell, M. S. Weinberg, and S. K. Hammersmith *Sexual Preference: Its Development in Men and Women* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1981), which concludes: "Childhood Gender Nonconformity turned out to be more strongly connected to adult homosexuality than was any other variable in the study" (p. 80).

10. Priding himself on his interdisciplinarity, moreover, he is much taken with recent neuroendocrinological work suggesting that prenatal stress on the mother may affect structuration of the fetal brain in such a way that hormonal cues to the child as late as adolescence may be processed differentially. His treatment of these data as data is neither very responsible (e.g. problematical results that point only to "hypothetical differences" in one chapter (p. 24) had been silently upgraded to positive "knowledge" two chapters later (p. 51)) nor very impartial (for instance, the conditions hypothesized as conducing to gay development are invariably referred to as inadequate androgenization (p. 14), deficit (p. 15), etc.) But his infatuation with this model does have two useful effects. First, it seems to generate by direct analogy this further series of two-phase narratives about psychic development, narratives that discriminate between the circumstances under which a particular psychic structure is organized and those under which it is activated, that may turn out to enable some new sinuosities for other, more gay-embracing and pluralist projects of developmental narration. (This analogical process is made explicit on pp. 241—45.) And second, it goes a long way toward detotalizing, demystifying, and narrativizing in a recognizable way any reader's sense of the threat (the promise?) presented by a supposed neurobiological vision of the already-gay male body. This article first appeared in *Social Text* 29 (1991): 18 - 27, ©1991 by Social Text.

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Many boys like to wear lipstick, jewelry, lingerie and dresses.  
When they grow up, to whom can they turn for support?

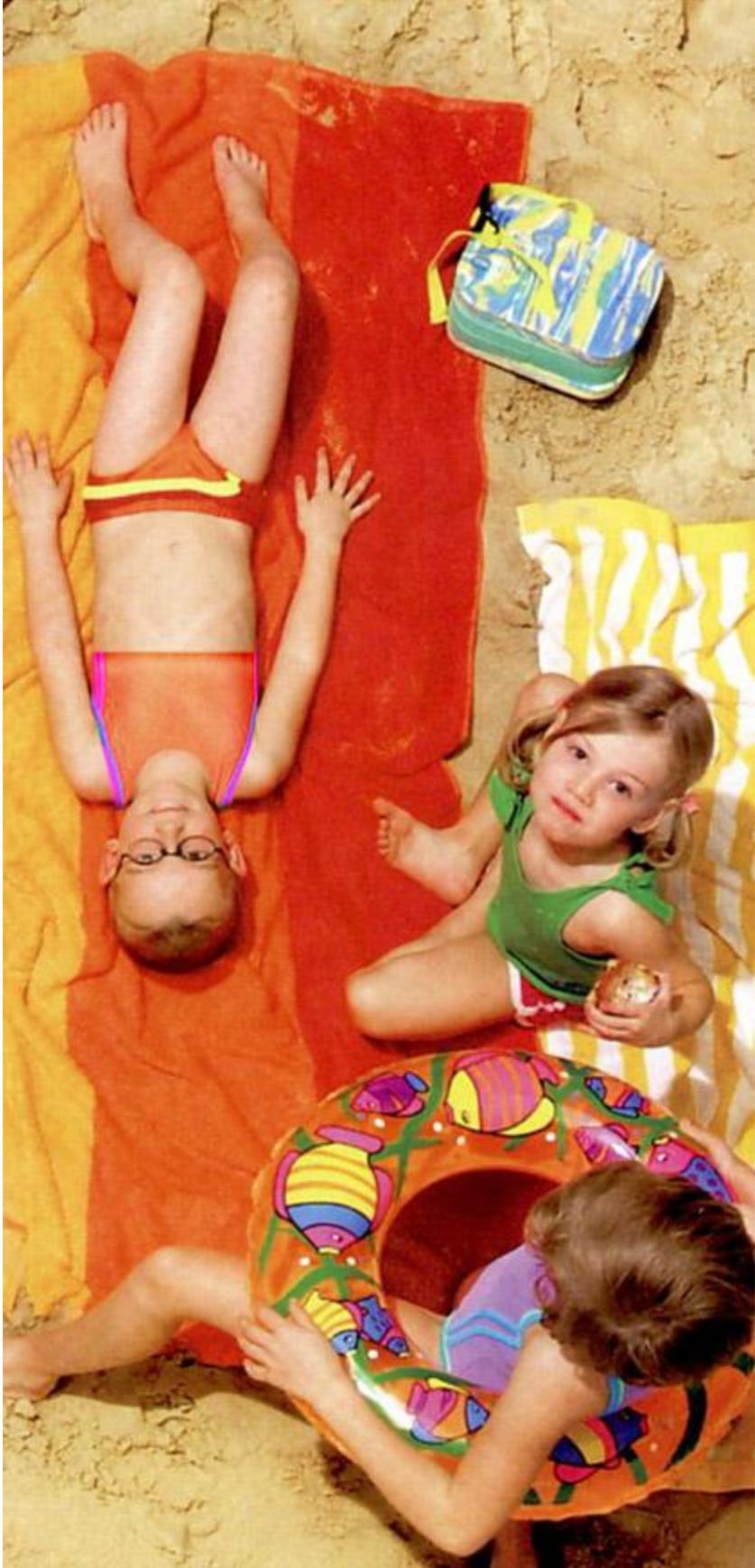


## Boys in Girls' Bathing Suits

These photos are from an Australian fashion magazine. To draw attention to their swimsuits, this clothier used boys as well as girls to model their new line of girls' bathing suits.

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# New Mother

## Part 1



Julia was supermodel beautiful. Her blonde, Nordic hair, and her blonde, Nordic too. I suppose that's why I domineering she was right from my vision was how much I passed away two years earlier. I that emptiness in our house, but become obvious to me until She was a mean woman who riches.

Dad owned a small electronics several large corporations were because of the copyrights he little about my dad's business

She had met Dad at a cocktail party, and he had a little too much to drink that night. Julia overheard him say he was on the verge of becoming a millionaire with the soon-to-be sale of his business. Four months later, Dad and Julia were married. Dad had been on the verge of a windfall, but it was slow in arriving, something about true ownership had to be proved regarding one of the most important patents being sought by his potential buyers.

In the meantime, Julia was becoming increasingly impatient waiting for Dad's money to come in. She had an expensive life-style and was used to spending a lot of money on herself. The moment her former husband had gone bankrupt, she divorced him, and then latched onto Dad barely skipping a beat. Dad paid himself a good salary, but to Julia it was small change compared to what he was used to, and so most of Dad's money went to supporting her need for expensive clothes and beauty treatments.

Julia took care of the money Dad brought home. She spent most of it on herself. Very little was left for Dad and me. She started cutting corners everywhere just to have more money for herself. Dad didn't protest because he was still completely gaga over her and blamed himself for the delay in being able to sell his company. Julia got to be a real bitch and a penny pincher.

We had a Great Dane. Sam was old and had arthritis. She pressured Dad into having him put to sleep, saying it would put the dog out of his misery, but I know she did it just to save the money we spent on the vet, his medicine and the couple of pounds of beef we fed him every day. Even though Dad and I loved the great cleaning lady that had been with us for almost five years, Julia fired her and got me to do a lot of the washing and cleaning around the house. And she was constantly pushing me to do more. I began to feel more like a servant than a stepson, well, even less than a servant because I wasn't even getting paid anything for doing all that work. She had even cut my allowance down to \$5 a week, 10% of what I was used to getting. And Dad backed

My dad was crazy about presence mesmerized me didn't notice how the start. Also obscuring missed my mom, who had her true nature didn't after she married my dad. saw my dad as a ticket to

assembly company, and vying to buy him out held. At the time I knew dealings, but Julia knew.

her up, telling me that it was just temporary, and once he sold the company, and everything would be fine again.

Increasingly, I felt unloved. Dad tried to make the best of it and added that it was good for me to help out and learn how to do things around the house. With each new duty thrust upon me, I felt more and more put upon. Many of the jobs were humiliating, like picking up Julia's dirty clothes wherever she had dropped them and cleaning the toilets. We had a major row when she insisted that I wear the cleaning lady's old apron (a white one with ruffles around the edges) while I did the dishes and cleaned the house. Dad told me it was a good idea to wear the apron "to protect my clothes." I became more and more under her control. So did Dad. She had him doing things like polishing her shoes and hand washing her pantyhose. God only knows what she had him doing when I wasn't around. I felt sorry for my dad. He was a proud man, but the more she walked all over him and the more she mistreated him, the more he acted like a spineless dork and the more I was losing respect for him.

The longer it took to for Dad to sell the company, the more Julia took out her frustration on me. One morning she walked in on me while I was getting dressed and noticed the tattered Jockey shorts I had on. I complained that she had refused to buy me new underwear the two times before that I had asked. She had dismissed me with the "we can't afford that right now" answer that I was hearing more and more. Now, she looked in my drawer and saw that all my underwear was in sad shape. Well, she just scooped them all up, threw them in my wastebasket and then hauled me off to the mall.

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## New Mother

### Part 2

After finally arriving in the boys' underwear section, a pert, giggly salesgirl came up to us, and my step mom told her I needed new underpants. I didn't know my size so I had to stand there like an idiot while the two women sized up my loins to try and figure out what would fit me.

"Maybe a medium in the Jockeys," the girl said. "We can try a pair on him over the underwear he is wearing to see if they fit OK."

They shoved me into one of the booths standing in a row between the boys and girls' underwear departments, and I blushed again as they had me strip down to my underwear for the fitting. Completely embarrassed, I held my head down and put my hands in front of myself while they stared at me and commented about my raggedly old shorts.

"He does need new underwear, doesn't he?" the girl commented. "Sorry, ma'am, but his underpants are so stained and dirty I don't think I should even let him try on these new Jockeys over them. If you don't mind paying for this one pair, ma'am, he could take off his old ones and then try them on."

“That will be OK,” Julia said without consulting me.

Tears of embarrassment filled my eyes as I was directed to step out of my old underwear, but I hesitated; I didn’t want to do it in front of them.

Julia asked, “I hope they are well-made and will last. You know how rough a nine-year-old boy is on clothes. He goes through them like crazy. Oh, by the way, how much are those Jockeys?”

“They’re on sale, ma’am – 3 for \$10.50.”

“Oh, that’s way too expensive? Don’t you have anything cheaper?”

“No, ma’am. That’s the best buy we have right now. And they are well-made and hold up well to wear and tear.”

“But I just saw some panties in the girls’ department that are 3 for \$4.95. That’s less than half as much. They were that ‘Little Miss’ brand. I used to wear them when I was young. Talk about wear. I remember they seemed to last forever.”

“Yes, ma’am, they do have a reputation for holding up. Most girls outgrow them before they wear them out.” The salesgirl grinned and said, “Too bad he's a boy.”

I blushed redder, and then my step mom said, “Yes it is, but I won't pay extra for less; get a plain pair of the those panties in a girls’ size ten. That should be about the right size. I’ll buy them so he can try them on. Let's see how well they fit him.”

The salesclerk smiled bigger and said, “Yes ma’am,” as she walked out of the cubicle, leaving the door wide open.

I turned crimson in my near nakedness, and despite my lack of clothes I was so frightened that I tried to run out of there, but Julia caught me by my hand and stopped me.

“I thought I told you to take off your underpants? Now do it and hurry up.”

I opened my mouth to protest, but my step mom put her finger to her lips in the shush sign and said, “Don't argue, or mommy will spank. You don't want to be punished right here in front of the cute little salesgirl, do you, Bobby?”

I couldn't believe it. Would she really spank me in the store, in front of the pretty salesgirl?

I screamed, “No way! No, you can't make me wear girls’ underwear! I'm a boy! I’m going to tell Dad on you!”

My stepmother smacked me on the cheek with a fierce blow that let me know she wasn’t joking with me. Since marrying my dad, she had already spanked me three times. Even though she was a paradigm of femininity, she was so much bigger and stronger than me that she could

overpower me and spank me with ease. At that moment, I had no doubt that she would bare my butt and spank me in front of the salesgirl.

I started to cry as she grabbed my face in her hand and put her face right up to mine.

"You don't tell me what you are or aren't going to do, Bobby! I tell you what to do, and you do it. Now, take off those horrid underpants."

She sat down on the booth's single unpadded wooden bench, and once I dropped my underpants, she pulled me onto her lap like a five year old to wait until the pretty salesgirl came back. Totally naked and cringing, I was pouting and nervous. I lurched upward and tried to get off my step mom's lap as the girl reentered the changing room; but Julia pulled me back down.

From the moment I had first seen the salesgirl, I noticed she had a certain glint in her eyes, a teasing gaze that made me cower. She had a big toothy grin, like she was ready to bite me. Now she was standing before Julia and me holding up a pair of white panties. Tears clouded my vision, but I still could see that they were shiny and made of a silky material. There was no doubt as to girlishness of the underwear she was holding for us to see.

"Are these the panties you want for him, ma'am?"

I squirmed on my step mom's lap, but she just pulled me closer to her and hugged me tightly from behind until I settled down. "Those are fine; put them on him, please."

I didn't have to directly look at the salesgirl to know she was grinning wickedly at me. Just a quick sidelong glance was enough. And as bad as I had imagined her stare and grin would be, it was even worse when I took that quick little glimpse at her. Her grin impaled me like a knife, but I was sure a knife would be less painful.

When she took hold of my foot, I kicked at her and tried to make her get away from me, but my step mom smacked my bare leg and said, "Stop it! Stop kicking or I'll spank you raw and make you wear these panties home without your pants!"

Immediately, I stopped kicking and let the salesgirl put the white nylon Little Miss panties on me. As they went up my legs, I noticed they had a thin frill of lace around the leg openings. With her strength, Julia had no problem momentarily hoisting me up off her lap so the salesgirl could pull the panties all the way up and over my hips. With Julia holding me up like that, my naked penis and balls were practically in the salesgirl's face; it was supremely embarrassing. But then to see my boy parts being swallowed up in the crisp new nylon panties crushed the fight right out of my soul. Here I was on my step mom's lap wearing little girls' nylon panties like the world's biggest sissy.

Red faced and with huge tears rolling down my cheeks, I was forced to stand before them so they could examine the fit of the panties. After making me endure the humiliation of having both of them dig their fingers under the elastics to smooth out the nylon and repeatedly reposition my penis and balls to their satisfaction, my stepmother finally said, "They fit him fine." The

salesclerk agreed, and then Julia said, "Throw his old underwear in the trash. He can keep these on and wear them home. Give me five more pair to make an even half dozen."

Hearing her words shocked me and made me angry, and the determination to fight what she was doing to me rushed back. I pulled at the panties, trying frantically to get them off, all the while screaming that I wouldn't wear them. Julia shut me up by slapping me dizzy with a hard blow across both my cheeks.

"You'll wear whatever I tell you to wear, and like it! Now, if you don't settle down immediately, I'll buy you panties in pretty colors with a lot of pretty lace on them!"

I ignored her warning and started crying and yelling back at her again. She responded by repeatedly slapping my face so hard that my cheeks burned like I had been hit with a hot iron. That shut me up.

The salesgirl helped me put my shorts on me over the panties. I stepped into my shoes, and then they pushed me out of the changing room, and there I stood wearing my new panties under my shorts, my head down in shame and tears rolling down my cheeks and dripping to the floor. I was sick to my stomach. I didn't dare look up or at anyone in the store. I was sure everyone knew I was some kind of freaky boy wearing sissy girls' panties.

I tried to ignore what was going on around me. It was just too embarrassing, but I couldn't close my ears as the salesgirl laughed and joked and told Julia in a loud voice about women who brought boys in with them and she knew they were buying girls' clothes for those boys.

Then the girl told Julia that they were running an additional special, and if she bought a full dozen pairs, I would get a free pair of their ultra frilly 'Sunday Best' brand of panties. As she said that, she pointed to a mannequin wearing a pair of those deluxe panties. They were bright yellow with white lace across the rear end. They looked like baby panties to me as I stared at them in fear. Surely even mean old Julia wouldn't buy something like that for me to wear.

The salesgirl said, "Do you want them all in white like the ones he's wearing? For just a dollar more, we also offer that same brand of panties in a deluxe style. They're 3 for \$5.95 in assorted colors.

"Oh, really? Deluxe panties, huh? That's just a few cents more for each pair. Well, I was going to make them all the plain white ones, but with how he's been acting, I think we'll have all of them in colors." Julia wasn't a giggly type, but she did giggle as she said, "Now, every time he looks down at himself and sees them, they'll remind him that when I tell him to do something, I mean it. And by deluxe panties, that means they have lace and appliqués on them. Right?"

"Yes, ma'am, here I'll show you," she said laughing heartily as she led us over to the display of panties on sale. They didn't have as much lace on them as those god-awful 'Sunday Best' panties, but still, they were disgusting even too look at. They varied in style from pair to pair, but all were in prissy pastel colors and had bands of lace and other frills on them.

I was stunned as Julia fingered through the stacks of panties and said, “These are nice. They’ll do fine. We’ll take them.”

I cringed. The expression on my face was one of absolute terror, but my feelings meant nothing to these two emasculating bitches as they chirped and gossiped while shamelessly picking out for me an assortment of the embarrassingly girlish panties. In my heart, I swore to myself that no one would ever be able to get me to wear them, but the humiliation of the moment didn’t stop there.

“These are a great buy, ma’am,” the salesgirl said with a lilt to her voice that went right through me. “Do you want to stick with the half dozen, or go for the dozen and get the free pair of Sunday Best panties too?”

“Oh, I’ll definitely take advantage of your special. I was debating between getting a half and a full dozen pairs anyway.”

The clerk clucked, screwed up her face trying to hold back a furious laugh and asked, “And what color would you like for his free pair of the Sunday Best?”

“Oh, they’re all so pretty, but I think the pink ones with white ruffles are the cutest. Give him those.”

Julia gave the girl her charge card and as we watched her ring everything up and bag my new panties, the overbearing horror of the whole situation was getting to me more and more. I began to cry harder.

Julia yanked on my arm so hard I thought she’d rip it off and said, "Stop it, Bobby! Stop it, or I'll make you walk home without your shorts. I'll let everyone see that you're a sissy little boy who wears girls' panties!"

I bit my lip to keep from falling to the floor sobbing. The salesgirl came back, held out the bag for me to take and said, "Here we go. Don’t be sad little boy. You might be embarrassed, but a lot of boys like you love to wear girls’ panties. They are ever so nice. I’m sure you get to love them too.”

I refused to take the bag. I was ready to spit in her face, but if I did something like that my stepmother would surely make good on her threat, strip me down to my panties and do god knows what other humiliating things to me. I turned away from them in disgust. I didn’t know what I was going to do, but I wasn’t going to be some sissy wearing girls’ panties; that was for sure. My Dad would back me up on this one. He wouldn’t let Julia humiliate me like this.

As Julia took the bag of panties and we started to leave, she twisted her dagger in me a bit more as she said to the salesgirl, “I agree with you. I’m sure he’s going to love wearing pretty panties. Most boys don’t get treated this good. I’m sure it won’t take him long to learn to love them. I’m sure he’ll end up loving his Sunday Best panties the most, and he’ll soon be begging me to bring him back for a full selection of them in every color.”

I stood there stunned, salty tears running down my face, over my lips and into my gaping mouth.

As we walked out the door, she told me, "I've been neglecting you and your need for new clothes. I'm bringing you back here to get some other nice things when you aren't bawling. I think we can afford a few things out of your dad's next paycheck."

At home, I stood by my bed crying while she took the tags off my new panties and put them in my underwear drawer. She finished and then flicked my chin up with her long finger and looked me in the eyes. "If you fuss or complain about wearing your new panties, you'll get a good spanking on your little pantied butt, and you'll still have to wear them. You aren't the first little boy to be put in panties, so get over it! You're really lucky I'm understanding enough to buy you such nice panties for underwear."

I sat on my bed and cried nonstop as I waited for my dad to come home. When she walked by my room, she heard me cursing at her under my breath.

She walked up to me, put her hands on her hips and said, "I warned you, Bobby!"

The next thing I knew she had pulled me up off the bed and yanked down my pants. With a tight grip around my upper arm, she held me up on my tiptoes and battered my pantied butt with smack after smack. I screamed and my tears flowed without end. I danced around trying to wiggle out of her grip and avoid the stinging blows from her paddling hand, but she was too strong for me to fight off. She smacked my bottom over and over.

I begged her to stop, "Please, Mommy, please, stop!" I sobbed. She always wanted me to call her 'mommy' instead of Julia or 'stepmother,' but I never did – until now. I think I would have said anything to her to make her stop hitting me.

She stopped!

I didn't protest when she said my white panties were all messed up and wrinkled and I would have to change into another pair. She made me go to my dresser drawer, pick out a pair and put them on myself. I took the pair on top. They were pink. God was it humiliating. And it was even worse because someone wasn't forcing the panties up my legs; I was now putting the panties on myself.

She let me put my shorts back on to cover the humiliating panties, but then she made me go to the corner. She stuck my face in the corner saying, "You stay right there until I tell you different, you little pantywaist!"

I had heard that word before and never knew exactly what it meant, but now I felt I not only knew what it meant, I knew it referred to someone like me, a wimp of a boy pantied and standing in a corner like a sissy, crying his eyes out.

It seemed like forever that I stood with my face plastered into that corner. I finally was able to

slow my sobbing. Occasionally, in a whimpering voice I begged, "Please, take them off! Mommy, please!"

Julia was in the next room, but if she heard me, she didn't respond. Then I realized an increasing need to use the bathroom. I began to squirm and squeeze my legs together to keep from wetting myself. Finally I called out, "Please, mommy! Please, I need to use the bathroom!" But I got no answer. It got worse and worse. I squirmed and cried but remained in the corner, fearing even greater punishment if I moved away from there without her permission. I really had to pee badly, I had to go or I was going to wet my pants. In desperation, I yelled, "Please, mommy! Please, may I go to the bathroom or I'll pee my pants!"

Then I heard my stepmother say, "You better not wet your panties," as she walked up behind me. She reached around me, undid my pants and yanked them down around my ankles and said, "Hurry to the potty, and don't dribble in your new panties. And sit down when you do your peepee; I'm sick and tired of having your dribbles all around the toilet."

I immediately turned and started for the bathroom, hobbling with my pants down around my ankles and pinching my pee-filled penis through my panties to keep from wetting them -- and there stood my dad looking at me! In my embarrassment, my face had to have turned the deepest shade of red and purple possible as I ran past him, my lacy panties showing. I got to the bathroom, yanked my new panties down, quickly sat on the toilet and cried profusely as I relieved myself.

When I was finished, I pulled up my panties and pants and went to find my dad. He was in the living room with my step mom. With tears in my eyes, I started to tell him what she had done. "Dad--" was all I got out before his voice boomed out.

"You just hush up, little boy. Julia told me all about how she caught you trying on your mother's old underwear out of that trunk in the attic..."

"But, Dad..." I managed to get out before he cut me off again.

"Frankly, I'm ashamed of you. I didn't know you were that kind of boy. Now, I understand losing your mom and getting a new mom has been hard on you, but that's the way it is. Your new mother is punishing you for what you did. I sure hope it cures you. I don't want a pervert for a son. You will be obedient to Julia, or you will regret it. The sooner you decide to mind her, the better off you'll be."

"But..."

"No buts, Bobby! You'll do as you are told. She said your mother's panties were too big for you, so she bought you those panties so you could wear them every day to teach you a lesson. And you'll learn that lesson. Julia raised her two younger brothers practically single-handedly, so she's experienced in handling boys. You'll do whatever your new mommy tells you to, and I don't want to hear one word out of you to the contrary."

I was devastated. With my head hung low, I turned to run from the room, but Dad grabbed me and Julia stripped me of my clothes, all except the pink satin panties, so she could show Dad what I looked like wearing them. I kept trying to run away to my room, but they finally stopped me by putting me in Sam's old dog cage in the backyard, still wearing nothing but the pink panties. I cried and cried. My stepmother had put me in panties and my dad was backing her up all the way. It was so unfair. She was lying to him, but I couldn't even get him to listen to me. A month later, Dad sold his company. As soon as the money came in, Julia divorced him and took him for a huge chunk of it. We never saw her again, but to this day I still wear women's panties. It was a punishment that now I find strangely thrilling. In fact, I can't perform sexually without wearing a pair of panties, even though they still make me feel like a naughty little boy, innocently accused and without any way to fight off my lying accuser.

### The end of Princess Online #32

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