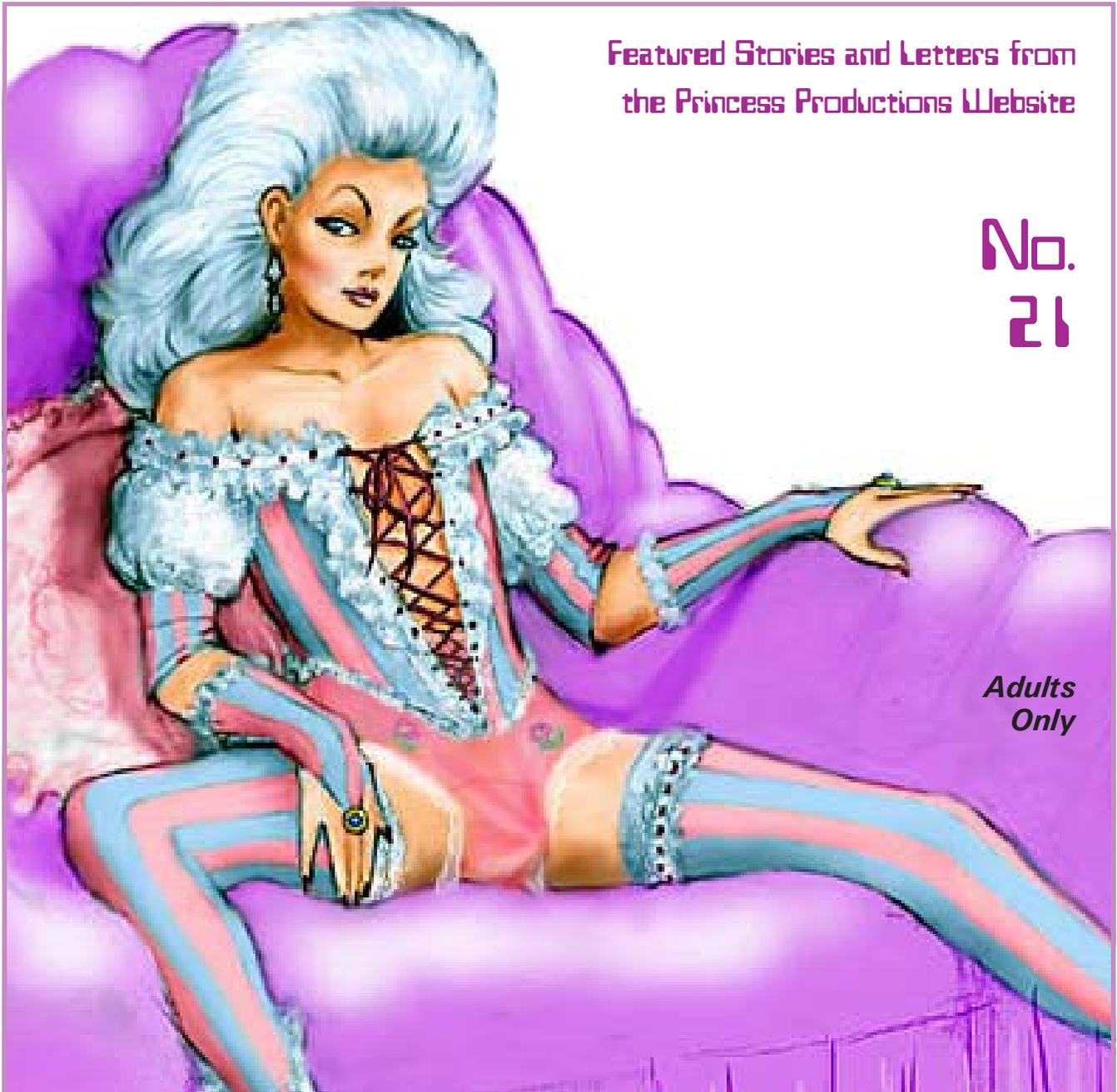


Princess Online

Featured Stories and Letters from
the Princess Productions Website

No.
21

*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

Epiphany or Something Slower?

Dear Sissies,

Many men who love to dress in female clothes say they were hooked the first time they tried them on. In hindsight, it may seem like it was a single incident, and in some instances it probably was, but for most others, the evolution was probably much slower. To go from first thinking about dressing up to reveling in it can take a long time.

Any single life-changing event is usually the result of many years of development, ideas set in motion and circumstances that come together in a unique and often inexplicable fashion. The most important part of the equation is what the individual brings to the situation. Any two people in the exact same situation will probably act and react differently. An individual's ideas and attitudes cause him to react in his own special way. Two boys cast to play females in a school play can have very different reactions; one may never again have the urge to put on female clothes while the other may start raiding his sister's closet the next day and continue dressing in female clothes for the rest of his life.

Being brought up like a girl, being forced to wear girls' clothes for punishment and taking a female part in a play are incidents in which a boy may have had little control over his introduction to female clothes. And many such boys probably gave little thought to crossdressing until it actually happened. But boys, who come to crossdressing on their own, do it to fulfill some inner need. The initial spark may be the clothes themselves, they are pretty or they feel good to touch, such curiosity can easily lead the boy to wonder how those clothes would feel to wear or make him wonder what he would look like if he were a girl and wore such clothes.

Those may be the reasons the boy consciously presents to himself, but the real attraction may be much deeper. Maybe the boy envies girls, and he wants to be like his sister or his mother. Maybe the boy simply hates being a boy and all that



is expected of him as a boy and sees being a girl (at least dressing and acting like one) as an escape from the role society is forcing upon him. But wanting to do something and actually getting to the point of doing it can take a long time, especially with something like crossdressing, which 'normal' people often consider weird, shameful and even sinful. It can take years for a boy to develop the wherewithal to admit even to himself that he wants to do it, more years to actually do it, and even more years to truly revel in his unique proclivity.

Rome wasn't built in a day and neither was your attraction to female clothes. Thinking about your past and why you dress in female clothes is important to knowing yourself. The reasons why you first started experimenting with female clothes are probably very different from why you continue to dress up to this day. The more you understand yourself and your true motivations behind crossdressing, the better are your chances of having a happy life.

Love,

Princess Lacey

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FEATURES OF THE MONTH JANUARY 2001

If you are considering telling someone about your crossdressing, the following items could be used in a lighthearted way to bring up the subject and, depending upon his or her reaction, help you decide whether or not to tell them.

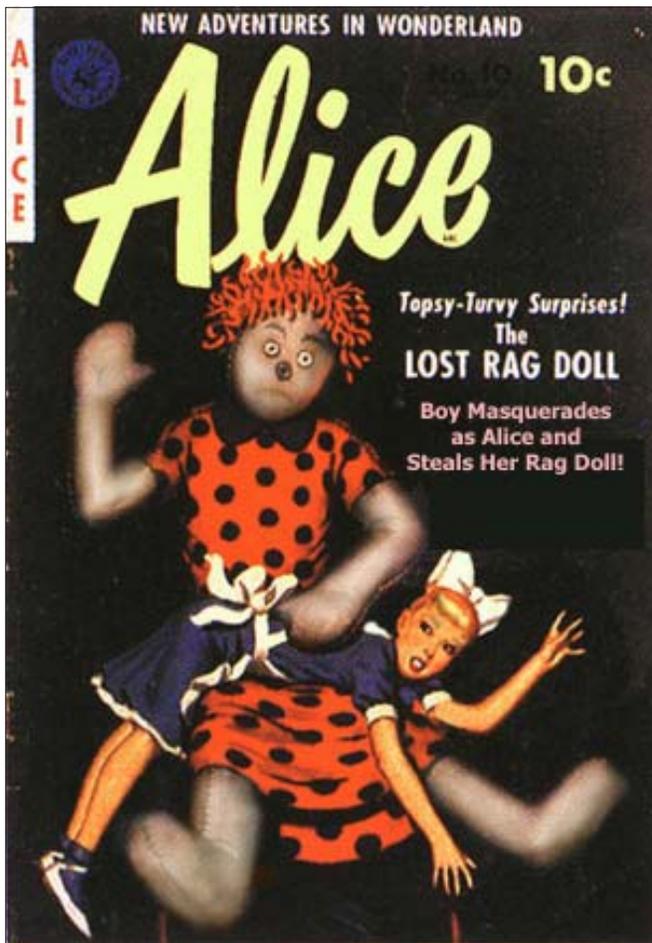
Masturbating Petticoat Boy (below left) Three images from an animated German website showing a guy jacking off in his pretty lingerie. The GIF video shows the guy shooting copious amount of cum high into the air as he masturbates himself silly! *

From a Children's Book (below right) is this single illustration sent to us by one of our readers. We don't know the name of the book or anything about the story, but it looks like a fairy tale of some sort with all the men and boys dressed in short little tunics

-- or are they dresses? And the boy bowing to the girl on the throne appears to be wearing pink lace panties! *

Alice (next page) - From another children's book published in the 1930s or earlier, this book is a parody of the original Alice in Wonderland with a boy crossdressed as Alice being spanked by a big rag doll. (We only have the cover page and would love to find the entire book. However, since it is so old, finding it may be next to impossible.) *





Watchdoggie! (Page 5) continues to keep an eye on the radicals who believe petticoat punishment is the answer to the world's problems. He became an ardent activist out to expose the horrors of such treatment because he himself underwent a most traumatic petticoat punishment session while he was attending a Catholic grade school during the 1950s. He can still vividly recall every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. His obsession even extended to his Christmas card shown here! *

Carole Jean (page 6), a popular new author of forced crossdressing stories, has given us permission to colorize and publish each month a select drawing from one her various publications. 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.

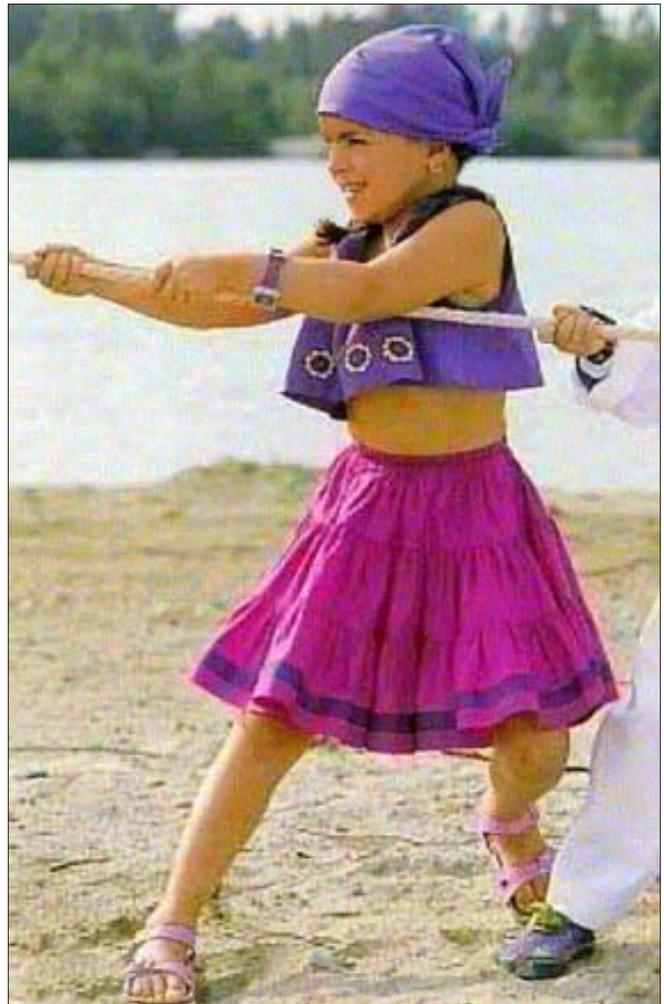
This month we feature a drawing from volume #1 of *Beautiful Bullies*. In this scene, Nick has just been coerced into wearing dresses, and here he stands as the wicked old Miss Baldwin shows him a selection of girlish outfits and teaches him about the various types, styles and intricacies of girls' clothing.

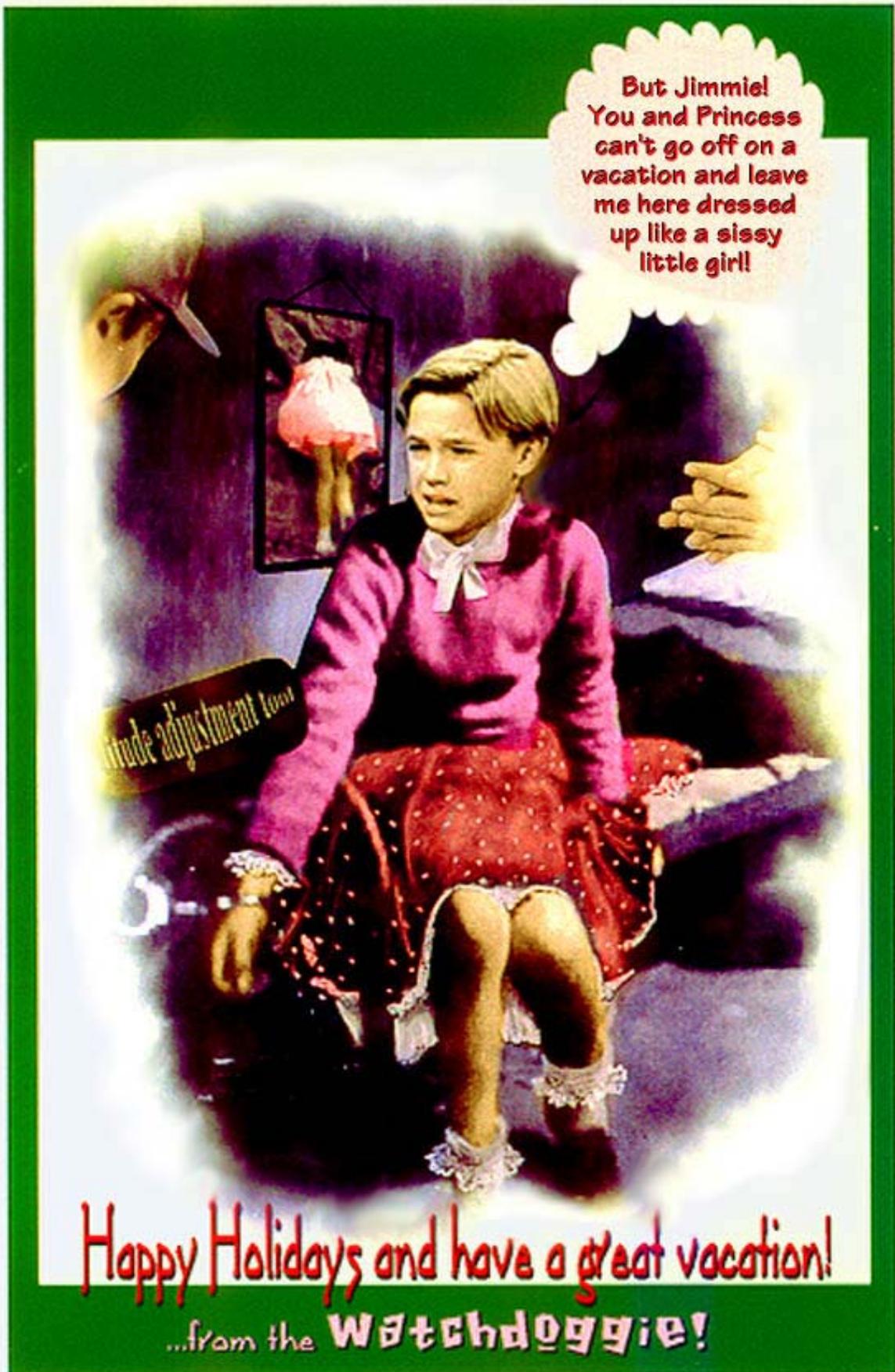
Carole Jean has published many booklets under the name "Bill,"

and they include "Henry's Vacation in Panties," "Darwin's Womanhood," "Bill's Humiliation in Panties," "Jeff's Humiliation," and one of our favorites, "Schooled with Girls." You can purchase these books directly from Carole Jean through her fabulous new website dedicated to petticoat punishment art at: <http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com> *

Teencharm Bras for Boys! (Page 7) Parody of a popular ad for training bras!

Masquerade! (Below) We have many photos of boys wearing girls' or sissy clothes from costume parties, fancy dress balls, Halloween contests, turnabout parties, etc. and we regularly post some of them here. Last summer the Wilkersons held a family reunion in Colon, Michigan. Everyone was told to attend in costume. One of the Wilkersons' grandsons, Dirk Bilson, came as a pirate. His mother had talked him into donning a bandana, midriff blouse, skirt, an earring and sandals (all borrowed from his sister). She insisted that even the skirt recreated an authentic pirate costume. I wonder if she made him wear some of his sister's panties too. After all, we all know pirates wore pretty panties -- right? *







New from Teencharm...

...for the boy who wants to wear a bra, too!



YES!
We have a
huge selection of
Pantywaist Boys'
Panties

*A Boy's First
Training Bra*

Pantywaist Boys'
Panties and
Teencharm Bras
for Boys in all popular
sizes and styles

The Teencharm Training Bra for Boys is designed just like his sister's, so he'll stop stealing hers! Available in sizes 24AAA to 34AAA, it beautifully supports and shapes his developing breasts during hormone treatments, helping him traverse that critical period from being a naughty little boy to being your loving sissyboy. Also available: Our own exclusively designed Pantywaist Panties (with extra room in just the right places and lots of lace just like all little boys love!) and our newly designed Sweetboy Preteen Training Bras in sizes 14AAA to 22AAA, since even your littlest boy is never too young to begin his mental preparation for girlhood.

LETTER OF THE MONTH - JANUARY 2001

Once A Sissy, Always a Sissy

Dear Princess,

I'm twenty years old, but I've been a sissy ever since I was a small child. While growing up, the boys in my neighborhood never wanted to play with me, so I played with the girls. At first, the girls accepted me as a sissy boy and let me play with them, but as time passed, some of them became bossy and made me fetch and carry for them.

My mother knew the boys didn't want me around, so she was happy that at least I had found some playmates and wouldn't bother her too much. I'm sure it didn't surprise her that I ended up hanging around with girls. For one thing, I did like fingernail polish, and my mother regularly put bright red polish on my little nails. I went around like that all the time. It was probably one of the reasons the boys spurned me. Sometimes people would laugh when they saw my painted fingernails, but most people took it in stride; they'd simply smile knowingly and go on with whatever they had been doing.

I told my mother that I loved playing with the girls but complained that they always got their way and we only did the things they wanted. My mother ignored my plight and told me I was lucky to at least have some kids who would play with me.

One girl, Linda, whom I would marry after we grew up, was meaner than all the others. She really liked bossing me around because I was a boy. Any toy I wanted to play with, she'd always take away from me just to show me and everyone else that she was boss over me. Then she'd usually give me a broken doll to play with, and I'd play with it like she said because I knew if I didn't mind her, she wouldn't let me play with her little gang of girls anymore.

Often when we'd play house, I'd be assigned the baby or little girl role and Linda would play the daddy. I don't remember us really dressing up very much when we played. It was all make-believe; however, at times they did tie a bow in my hair or put a scarf on my head, and one time they put some lipstick on me since I was supposed to be a girl. When my mother saw the lipstick, she laughed at me and told Linda that I had always been a sissy and the lipstick looked good on me and matched my nail polish. My father would just belch and turn his attention back to the television to watch his sports. He had given up on me long before that. Then one day, Merle was having a birthday party and her mother invited all the girls in our group but not me. When I cried, Merle explained it was just for girls because otherwise her mother would have to include her two older brothers, and they would wreck everything.

Linda asked me if I'd like to dress up like a girl to go to the party. I know she saw it as an opportunity to fuck with my brain and further take charge of me by demoting me to the status of a girl, but I didn't mind. In fact, I liked the idea because I wanted to do everything the girls did, even dress like them if possible. Merle said she'd have to ask her mother if it would be OK, so the group of us went to Merle's house to ask her.

Her mother giggled so hard tears came to her eyes, but she said it would be OK. She did add that she wanted to be fair and if Merle's brothers also wanted to dress up like girls, she'd have to let them come to the party too. Merle thought about it but then said her brothers would never agree to that, so it was OK.

Her mother called the boys into the room and asked them. When they heard I was going to dress up, and they'd have to dress up in girls' clothes too to come to the party, they started laughing hysterically and making fun of me. They thought it was all a joke, but when their mother let them know she was serious, each of them lost all color in his face and ran away like she had told him she was going to cut off his penis.

The day of the party, I took the birthday present for Merle my mother had bought for her and went over to Linda's house. She dressed me up in one of her good party dresses. It was purple and made of lace and chiffon. Before putting on the dress, she made me undress completely in front of her.

"Get everything off," she said. "You can't wear your crappy boxer shorts under a dress!"

Once I stripped them off, I stood completely naked in front of her. She took hold of my penis and pushed it around a bit. I think she was trying to see if it would stay down and out of sight between my legs, but it kept bounding back up.

"Here, put on these panties," she commanded as she held out a pair of ruffled purple panties for me to step into.

Once they were up, she went back to pushing and pulling on my penis as she tried to get it to be as unnoticeable as possible in the panties, but her ministrations made it get hard and stick up like pencil in the panties. In desperation, she slapped it a few times. It hurt and I was close to crying, but she was half laughing and half disgusted that it wouldn't go down. She tried pinching it too, but that only hurt a lot more and made it even harder. As she abused my penis, she did it with zeal in her eyes that let me know she was really enjoying hurting the boy parts on my body.

"You'll have to keep your dress and slip down. We don't want everyone to see your boy stuff sticking up in your panties!"

Next she dropped a big ruffled set of petticoats over my head and slid them into position. They stuck way out even after she covered them up with the dress. I'll always remember those petticoats because they made such a loud wishy-whooshy noise every time I moved and they constantly scratched and tickled my

thighs. Linda even gave me white gloves to wear. But none of her shoes fit me so I still had to wear the heavy lumberjack shoe boots my mother always bought for me.

As Linda and I approached Merle's house, we saw her two brothers on the front porch with a gang of boys. They went crazy when they saw me, calling me all kinds of names and pulling up my dress and laughing even harder when they saw the purple panties. That moment made me feel bad about being in girls' clothes. When I started to cry, Linda fended off the boys and protected me. She was ready to fight the whole lot of them, but they just shook their heads and said they wouldn't fight with a dumb girl.

As I came into the house, Merle's mother was there with a camera. She took my picture. I look gloomy with my tear-stained face, but everybody thought I looked cute carrying my big present in my purple dress, white gloves and muckraker boots. The petticoats stuck out all around, so everyone kept telling me my slip was showing. And when I sat down, I was used to sitting with my legs apart, so all afternoon, everyone kept telling me to keep my legs together like a proper little girl because they could see my purple panties, and girls weren't supposed to show the world their lacy under panties.

I finally settled down and enjoyed myself at the party. In the company of the girls, I was fine, but going home meant putting up with more harassment from the boys, who were still outside. Linda had persuaded me to go to my house instead of back to her place to change into my own clothes because I lived a lot closer. We ran with the boys chasing us all the way.

Linda wasn't sure how my mother would take to the idea of me being in a dress and didn't want to take any of the blame for it, so when my mother saw us, she told my mother it was all my idea and I had pleaded with her to wear a pretty dress and lacy panties like the other girls at the party. She also told her how the boys had been nasty to me.

My mother's eyes went wild as she looked me over. I had never seen her so obviously interested in me and the clothes I was wearing! She lifted up the skirt to look at my purple panties with white ribbon edging. Then she laughed and said, "Good for you, Linda. I know my little Jimmy is a sissy; I guess I should have known he'd love dressing up in girls' clothes."

After that, Linda would often dress me up when we played, but she'd always let me change back into my regular clothes to go home, so I could avoid being teased and beaten up by the boys. Linda also started spanking me with regularity. Most of the time, while we were playing house, I was the little girl. She'd pull me over her lap and announce I deserved a spanking for one reason or another, and then she'd pull up my skirt and spank me on my silky panties. Sometimes, she'd take my panties down for my spanking, and often she'd have the other girls spank me too.

When we were in junior high, Linda started flirting with boys. I had always considered her my girlfriend, but she made it clear we were good friends but she was also interested in real boys. I didn't argue with her. Always fearing I'd lose her, I didn't complain, but I did feel bad when she talked with boys, held

hands with them and did stuff like that. When we were alone, she used me to learn about boys. She'd open my trousers or pull down my panties and investigate my boy parts. I was her doll to play with as she pleased. Many times, she'd put her face right up to my cock and balls and pull and twist them to examine them from every angle. She liked shoving things up my asshole too. She'd put everything she could think of up me, from her fingers to a cucumber and from a carrot to the top of a greased coke bottle. But most of all she loved stroking my penis and watching it grow hard. A few times she even experimented sucking on it. The first time in my life I shot my semen she was sucking on me. It really surprised both of us. She held my jism in her mouth then came up to me and spit it in my face. She then used her fingers to open my lips and make me taste it because she was angry mad at me for doing it in her mouth. To pay me back, she made me



lie on the floor so she could slide down her panties, put her pussy lips to my mouth and piss all over my face.

A couple years later, she got a part time job at a women's clothing store owned by the mother of one of her friends. She'd have me come into the store all the time and do her stock work for her, while she sat back and relaxed or waited on customers. When she took care of a woman, she'd have me running and getting various things for the women to try on. Some of the regular women customers got to know me. They knew I was a sissy and didn't seem to mind having me in the fitting room with them as they tried on various outfits.

By that time I was wearing a lacy camisole and silky panties all the time under my regular clothes, (with my mother's full permission! Mom even bought them for me.) Linda thought it was a lot of fun to show some of those women customers what I wore underneath my regular pants and shirt. If she snapped her fingers and pointed to my trousers, I knew she wanted me to open them wide enough so the women could see the panties I was wearing that day. Many of the women loved it and would persuade me to take my pants down all the way so they could see the panties all around. If I had a hard-on at the time, most of the women laughed and a few of them even asked Linda if it was OK if they could touch it. Of course, Linda always gave her permission.

But despite the embarrassment, those were fun times, I had long ago gotten used to such treatment by Linda and her giggling friends. Then she became attracted to Hans, a new delivery boy at the shop. He had a car and everyday after school that she worked, Linda got him to pick us up and take us to the store and then take us home at night.

During those rides, I'd have to quietly sit in the back seat with my feet pressed together and my hands folded in my lap, as she'd sit in the front seat, talking and flirting with Hans. I wasn't even permitted to speak in their presence. Linda coozied up to him more and more. Eventually, they did some kissing every time we got into the car and then again just before we got out. One day after weeks of such treatment, she even had him come into my house when they were dropping me off. She had arranged with my mother for us to catch a TV show at my place, since my dad and her dad were together at their place watching some stupid game together.

Well, as we sat there watching TV, she was making out with Hans right in front of my mother and me. Tears were in my eyes, and I struggled to hold them back. I think my mother was a bit surprised too because I had always bragged to my mother that Linda and I were girlfriend and boyfriend.

"Do you want to use one of the bedrooms?" my mother joked with them.

They laughed and I was completely embarrassed.

Mother eventually said she was tired and went to bed. Then Linda complained she was warm so she took off her skirt and blouse and told me to take off my trousers and shirt and put on her skirt and blouse!

I was terribly embarrassed to take off my outer clothes in front

of Hans because I had never appeared like that before another guy, but as usual, I did what Linda told me to do. When Hans saw me in my lingerie (pale yellow with rosettes that night), he looked disdainfully at me and chuckled. I got the feeling he wasn't too surprised to see me in lingerie, so I suspected Linda had already told him about me wearing camisoles and panties.

Then Hans turned his attention to Linda and gave her a long, passionate kiss as I put on her blouse and skirt. It was a mini skirt and barely covered my silky panties with the white lace trim. When they ended the kiss, they made me stand in the corner with my skirt held up as they continued to sit and watch television and make out. Periodically, I was ordered to get drinks or snacks for them. I had no idea what time that game would end, and I feared my father coming home and finding me like that, but what else could I do? I continued to stand quietly at attention in the corner with my skirt up and my yellow lace panties showing. When the TV show was over, Linda shocked me with her next suggestion.

"How would you like a blowjob?" she asked Hans.

I was stunned that she offered to do that for him, especially right in front of me. Then when Hans enthusiastically accepted, I got an even bigger shock.

"Jimmy, get over here and get down on your knees!"

In a trance, I found myself walking toward them and getting down on the floor before him. I had never done such a thing, but I was too afraid to disobey. She unzipped his pants and took out his meat. It was big, especially compared to my cock. Linda lovingly stroked it up even bigger and harder, and then put a hand on the back of my neck and forced my face up to his penis.

"Lick it!" she commanded.

"Now!" she yelled. "And lick it all up and down like it's the best lollipop you ever tasted in your life!"

I did what she told me to do.

"Suck it now, sissy! Slow and easy!" she directed me and then went back to necking with him on the couch above me. I kept on doing it, going up and down like I liked to do with a Popsicle, until Linda kicked me away and pulled him on top of her. All I could do was remain kneeling and watching as she fucked him until he shot his load inside her.

After they separated and had a brief rest, Linda told me to come closer. She made me deep throat his still half-hard penis to clean it off, then she hovered over me and squeezed his spend out of her pussy and into my obediently open, waiting mouth. She didn't smoke, but Hans did, and as I cleaned them up, they shared a cigarette.

Afterwards, as a reward for being a "good little cuntlapping and cocksucking girl," Linda set me on her lap and stroked my penis through my silky panties. She had brought me to climax that way many times before, whenever she felt a bit sorry for me because she knew my juices were building up to an intolerable level, but she had never done it in front of anyone else before. And having her do that to me in front of another boy made me feel especially embarrassed. All the while, Hans had a grin on his face as big as a circus clown. His disdain for me was obvious.

As she jacked me off, she added to my humiliation by saying, "See, sissyboy, now you know how a real guy makes love to a girl. Too bad you'll never be able to do it like that.

"Come on now. You're nothing but a little sissy pantywaist, so squirt your sticky little juice into your pretty panties. Let's do it, now! Show Hans how big of a pantywaist you really are.

"Shoot! Shoot your cum, sissy! Shoot it, now!"

I did as she commanded, blushing furiously as Hans laughed at me being pumped dry into my silky panties.

Well, after that night, you can probably well enough imagine what my life was like, and then last year, Linda asked me to marry her. I was afraid but when my mother heard about it, she was totally in favor of the marriage.

She told me, "Jimmy, you're a sissy and you're never going to change. Linda's family has money and you'll have a good life together. Marry her. You'll be good for her. You've done her bidding your whole life, so this is only natural.

So it was set. I married Linda and her domination over me increased to new levels. Now, Linda sets all the rules in our household, one of them being that I am to be dressed in ultra feminine panties and dresses at all times. She enjoys humiliating me by making me wait on her and her friends, both male and female, whenever they visit. Many of them delight in telling me what a cute little wife I am. I must submit without protest to any indignity Linda decrees, or she turns me over her knee and spansks me in front of whoever is present.

Dominated in Panties

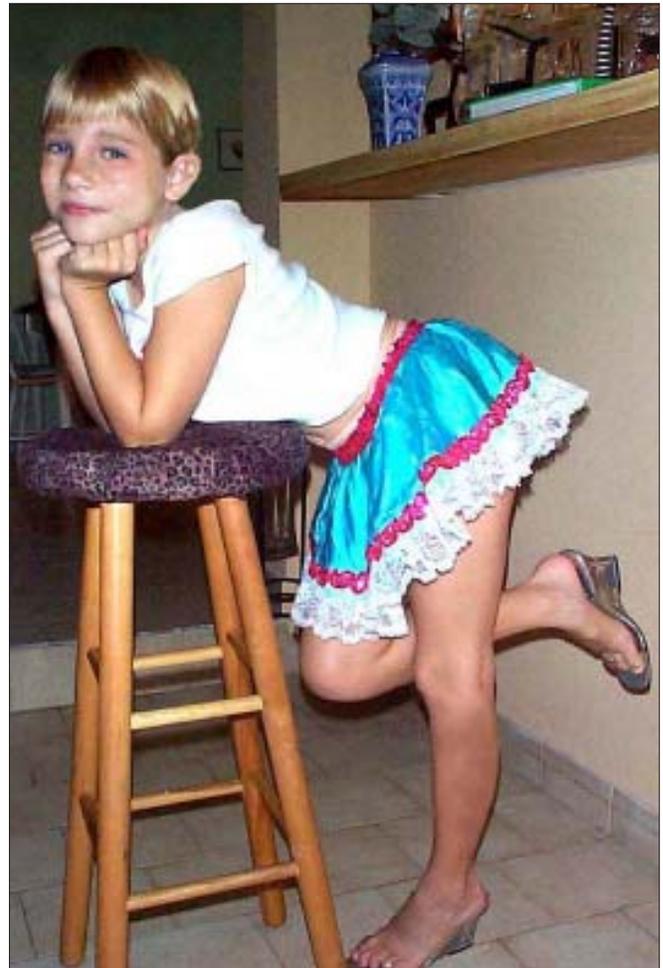
Cleveland, Ohio

Femininely Trained By Mother

My mother started me on the road to being a truly gentle man not with petticoat punishment but with a simple request for me to dress up as a girl at times. She stressed it was for my benefit to know what it feels like to be a girl, so when I grew up I'd understand girls and how they like to be treated.

My father was a drunk and completely inconsiderate of anyone else, especially females. Mom didn't want me to turn out like him, so one day, she simply told me she was going to take me shopping for some dresses and other girls' clothes that I could periodically wear for her around the house.

I didn't know what to make of her idea. I had no interest in being a girl or even pretending to be a girl, but Mom was a convincing talker and she talked me into it. Mom liked to sew a lot too, so she made girls' clothes for me to wear, and she liked to take pictures of me in those outfits. I've enclosed one of those pics. I'm crying – as usual during picture-taking time — because I so feared some of my friends would somehow see those pictures. This pic shows me wearing a little satin skirt with sequins and lace. If you look carefully above the waistband, you can see my



bare stomach and the waistband of the pink and white panties I had on at the time! I love my mother dearly, but she put me through some scary times as a kid. Still, she did teach me a lot about females, and I do love them and respect them probably more than any other man alive!

Art

Augusta, Maine

Katie's Kid

"What the fuck are you lookin' at?" Katie said to a matronly woman staring at her as she held a dress up to her son to see if it would fit him.

"He's four years old. He wants a dress; so the fuck what?"

The silver-haired old lady was obviously shocked to hear such language and to be spoken to in such a manner. She put up her nose, turned and walked off into the crowd of Christmas shoppers as Katie slipped the dress over her son's head.

It was 1964, the Beatles had arrived and things were changing. Katie was quickly becoming a flower child, even before they

were called that and even though she still maintained the clean-cut look of the 1950s with her hair in a traditional pageboy and her shirtwaist dresses puffed out with tiers of rustling petticoats. She was a lonely young mother, pissed off at society because her husband was in the army and on his way to Vietnam. Her young son was a blessing but also cramped her lifestyle. She missed her girlfriends and all the partying they used to do in high school. Once she had gotten pregnant and had to get married, she was a marked woman, and her friends pulled away from her. But she was changing in other ways. She was among the first to grow up in front of a television set, and she paid attention to what was going on in the world and was becoming interested in the civil right movement and women's liberation. Her son was the first to feel the outgrowth of her concern and frustration. When he expressed a desire to wear girls' clothes, she had no reason not to grant his wish. She was already pissed off enough and liberated enough to go along with it. There was nothing wrong with being a girl, she reasoned, so if he wanted to be like a girl, what was the big deal?

"Go over to the mirror, honey; see how you like it," Katie said to Ely as the boy skipped happily over to a tri-fold mirror to admire his reflection from every angle.

The little boy in the puffy rhumba panties caused a few shoppers to stare and giggle, especially since Ely still wore his hair short and neatly combed in perfect little-boy fashion with a neat part on the side. The red dress was all puffed up with starched white petticoats and decorated with a pinafore overlay and girlish flounces. Ely swished his hips around to make the dress flit and bounce around his body. Every time he reversed direction the big skirt would float up to reveal the lacy foam of his white cancan petticoat and rhumba panties beneath.

Katie was my good friend and neighbor. I too was a young mother, but my daughter was in school that day. Katie and I had gone shopping together, only to go our separate ways once we hit the shopping center. She had told me to meet her and Ely in the little girls' department of Madigan's at three o'clock. It was three o'clock and here I was watching this whole scene. After having had several hours of conversation with her about her opinions and what was happening in the world, I was beginning to understand what she was trying to do and be, but letting her preschool son run around in dresses made me wonder if she was going a bit too far, if not a bit crazy.

Thoroughly puzzled seeing Ely model that dress, I wanted to say something, wanted to ask her if she thought what she was doing was right, but after seeing Katie spurn that raisin-faced old lady, I decided not to say a thing. She bought the dress and an armful of girlish accessories. Ely didn't want to take off the dress, so she let him wear it home. I'm sure I had a perplexed look on my face, but she didn't acknowledge it and obviously didn't feel a need to explain to me why she was buying a couple of dresses and the other girlish things for her little boy.

After that, I saw Ely wearing a dress a lot, all of them very frilly and so out of place on a little boy. Ely could wrestle and tumble with all the other boys, but then the next time you'd see him, he'd be in one of his dresses and acting overly girlish with exaggerated

feminine mannerisms. Everyone in the neighborhood didn't seem too bothered by it. Sometimes they'd joke about him or gently tease him to his face, but such comments he'd shrug off and sashay his way down the street.

Every few days I either joined Katie for coffee in their kitchen or sit with her out in their backyard for some tea. One time when Lyle, Katie's husband, came home on leave, I thought everything would change. I was sure Katie wouldn't have the boy wearing dresses in front of his father! But I was wrong! Ely continued to wear his panties and dresses. I thought Lyle was as whacked out as she was. I remember the first time I saw Lyle with his son in a dress. Ely was curled up on his father's lap and sucking his thumb as they watched television together.

Lyle sat there as if it was the most normal thing in the world. On the surface, I had guessed he was a mismatch for Katie, since he appeared to be a very conservative, rough-and-ready guy and she was feminine and bubbly and turning wilder by the day, but I came to realize that underneath he was a perfect match for her. He too had a mindset typical of that time and place. The fact that his little boy liked to prance around the house in Shirley Temple dresses like a first class sissy didn't seem to faze him in the least. If anyone said something to him about it, he'd give them a stare and an answer to the effect that "he's a little kid playing around – what's the big deal?"

I thought it would change when Ely started school and it did, but not right away. The first few days he went to school wearing one of his fancy dresses. Then he started showing up regularly in 'normal' boys' clothes, even though they were often combined with a frilly blouse or a pair of his girlish Mary Janes and ankle socks. Katie did make a point of dressing him in trousers but the rest of his outfit she put together by simply grabbing whatever was on top of the clean laundry pile. Clothes designated as male or female meant little to her. Then one day I realized everything had drastically changed.

Ely, wearing a typical boys' outfit of jeans and a T-shirt, came home from school dirty and his clothes were torn. When Katie asked him what had happened, he just turned and ran up to his room. A short while later Katie got a phone call. The mother of one of the boys on our block said Ely had beaten up her son and gave him a big bruise on his face. After she hung up, Katie made Ely come downstairs and tell her what had happened. Then she decided to teach him a lesson.

"Go get one of your dresses – one of the pink ones – and some slips and panties and everything else and come back down here immediately!"

Audibly crying, Ely ran off toward his room. I wondered what was going on. As usual, I said little since I never knew exactly what Katie was thinking. I had learned from experience that whenever Katie was in one of her moods, I should just shut up because she had a way of responding to me that put me down and made me feel stupid whenever I did question something she did. She had a way of explaining herself like her approach was the only logical way to look at something.

Sulking and dragging his feet, Ely came back with a huge pink



and blue flowered dress over his arm. Katie took the dress and the other items and told him to start undressing. The boy needed no prompting. He began to open his jeans and pull off his T-shirt. In keeping with Katie going headlong into the 1960's lifestyle, no one in her family had any compunction about nudity, so little Ely stripped himself completely naked within moments and stood before us unashamed.

But he did have glistening droplets of tears rimming his eyes. He was red-faced and becoming increasingly embarrassed. I knew he wasn't embarrassed about his nudity. On the hottest days, that whole family often walked around without any clothes on. They weren't nudists per se, that's just how they did things, a good example of how conventional ways of doing things meant very little to them.

But Ely was distinctly embarrassed at that moment, and his face was getting redder by the minute. I knew those teardrops were going to overflow and streak down his cheeks at any moment.

"Please, Mommy, don't make me like a girl again!" he pleaded.

Did I hear him right? After years of being more like a girl than a boy, he now didn't want to put on the dress? Instantly, I realized that putting on those clothes is what was embarrassing him. My presence, I was sure, was adding to his humiliation. What had changed? What was going on here? As I wondered, I watched as Katie took a pair of pink panties by the white waistband and give them a snap, shake them out and hold them up before her son.

"O-o-o-oo! Pretty panties for my little Ely today!" she said in a cheery little voice.

Ely sniffled but dutifully lifted one leg as she spread open the waistband and scooped them over his waiting foot, toes pointing downward. He switched legs and the second foot followed a similar path down through the other panty leg hole. Katie eased the panties up his legs. She didn't seem to be in any rush to get them to where they were going. At mid thigh she stopped pulling them up, let them snap against his thighs and told him to pull them up the rest of the way himself. He had to stretch open the panties and wiggle his hips to bring them up, a process that made his dinky little penis flop around a bit and stand up inside the silky panty material confirming his boyhood.

"Mommy, please," he pleaded, "please, don't make me like a sissy. I'm a boy, mommy. I'm a boy!"

That did it for me. He was acting like I had never seen him act before. As Katie put him in a full slip, ankle socks, shiny pink patent leather sandals and his pink-and-blue show-stopping dress, I wondered why everything had changed. Katie did recognize my puzzled expression and explained.

"Ely, here, thinks he's too good to wear girls' clothes anymore. Some of the big boys at school taught him it's bad for a boy to wear girls' clothes and do girls' things. They told him girls are stupid, weak and not as good as boys. That's why he doesn't like his girls' clothes anymore.

"I keep telling him those boys are all wrong. That kind of thinking went out years ago, but peer pressure is very difficult

to counter. So now, whenever Ely starts acting like one of those nasty, pigheaded boys, I make him go back to his girls' clothes for punishment time.

Once she finished tying the sash in the back of Ely's dress into a big bow and she fluffed out his full skirt to make it hang right, she told him, "OK, it's corner time!"

With his head slung down between his shoulders and the full-skirted dress bobbing about with his every step, Ely shuffle stepped his way to the far corner of the room. After he was there for the better part of an hour, Lyle (now out of the Army) came home from work.

"Well, I see we have Ely the girly-boy back again!" he shouted gleefully, like he was genuinely happy to see his son so dressed. "Come over here and let me see you!"

Ely turned. He must have been gently crying for some time because tears coated his face, and the shiny wetness magnified the blotchy ruddiness of his cheeks. The boy peeked in my direction, probably to see if I was still there, then stood in front of his father and pulled up his dress and full slip until they were up over his head. Behind the veil of draped white nylon and tiers of lace I could hear Ely audibly crying, tremors shook his little hands and that made the upturned skirt and lustrous slips shake in waves like he was making them dance to the beat of some humbled-boy melody, those flowered panties were on full display all the way up to a wide swathe of his tummy flesh, which pulsed in and out to the breathy and moaning noises he was making with his little gasps and evenly paced crying moans. I should have expected what came next, but I didn't.

Lyle pulled Ely close to him, and then he started touching the little bump in his son's panties as he investigated the contents of those silk and sissy panties. "Well, I see you're still a boy down here," he said, "but not a very big boy. Maybe we better keep you in girls' panties and dresses all the time and make you into a girl, since your mother tells me you're not being a very good boy. I bet if you were a girl, you'd be a lot nicer."

Lyle just kept rubbing the boy's penis throughout this little lecture! I couldn't believe it, and then I remembered whom I was dealing with. This family regarded such things a public nudity and sex acts as perfectly natural. So what if a man wanted to checkout his son's penis! These people never stopped amazing me! Finally, Lyle let his son drop down his skirts. Then he took him into the den, put on some classical music station, sat the boy on his lap and together they sat there practically motionless listening. Ely was once again sucking his thumb. I did notice Lyle with his hands up underneath Ely's dress and slips and I saw him rhythmically moving his hands about the kids' loins. I'm sure he was slowly masturbating the boy as they both sat back with eyes closed and the music flowing over and through them.

I'm sure you can tell that there's a lot more to tell about this family. People so unusual are a story a minute, but this is enough for now.

Jill R.

San Diego

Slipping Through Life

Dear Princess,

Susan is my sister-in-law, and a few weeks ago I went over to her house for our weekly bridge club and had the surprise of my life when I walked in and saw her sixteen-year-old son, Benny, preparing hors d'oeuvres and wearing a full-length white satin slip and dance slippers. The slip was slightly transparent, and through it I could see something pink. Guessing he was wearing pink underwear, I smirked, and before long I found out that he had on some really fancy pink panties.

I stared at him in amazement. Thoroughly embarrassed, he kept his eyes lowered. His cheeks were streaked with tears and glowed red with embarrassment. I also noticed he was wearing a light touch of mascara and lipstick.

Benny had always been shy and nervous around people, not much of a boy if you know what I mean. Anyway, before I could say a word, Susan took me by the arm and explained. "I got fed up with him acting like a sissy and a pervert, lolling around like a wimp and a good-for-nothing, so I decided he should dress like a girl and put him to work until he decides he wants to be a decent young man and make something of himself."

"Are you going to keep him like that until the others arrive?" I asked, referring to the other members of our card party.

She assured me she was.

"But being seen like that by the others will certainly embarrass him," I said.

"Good!" she replied emphatically. "Maybe that will get him to straighten out. He's not into sports, and he doesn't have any friends. All he wants to do is lie around in his bedroom and masturbate. I've caught him doing it so many times that I just decided enough was enough, especially since he's been shooting his filth into my slips and panties. That really iced me!

"So as long as he doesn't want to be a respectable human being, he can be my little daughter from now on. Besides, I can use a girl around here to help with the housework."

Soon the other women began to arrive, and each of them was introduced to Susan's new daughter. With a minimum of balking, Benny greeted them with a curtsy like his mother had taught him. Susan had tipped the women off what to expect at the previous the meeting, but I wasn't at that meeting and had to have another lady sit in for me because I was out of town.

The women were fascinated by his transformation and asked Susan all about it. She had a glorious time explaining the threats, blackmailing, spankings and other measures she used on him to get him to this point. With a snap of her fingers, she made Benny hold his arms up, twirl and mince around the room so all the women could see what a pretty pantywaist boy he was.

It took us a while to stop teasing Benny and settle down so could get into our card game. And while we played, Susan made him

sit demurely in the corner and color pictures in a little girls' coloring book. After we had finished playing cards, we adjourned to the patio for refreshments. Susan dragged Benny outside with us and gave him a babydoll to play with as he sat at our feet. Naturally, he was the topic of conversation. All of us vented our disgust at him after Susan made him tearfully confess aloud to us that he was a chronic masturbator.

"You should be ashamed of yourself!"

"You're a disgrace to your mother! She's a proper churchgoing lady. Imagine the scandal you'd cause her if that got out?"

"Don't you have any self-respect? Touching yourself like a heathen! Disgusting!"

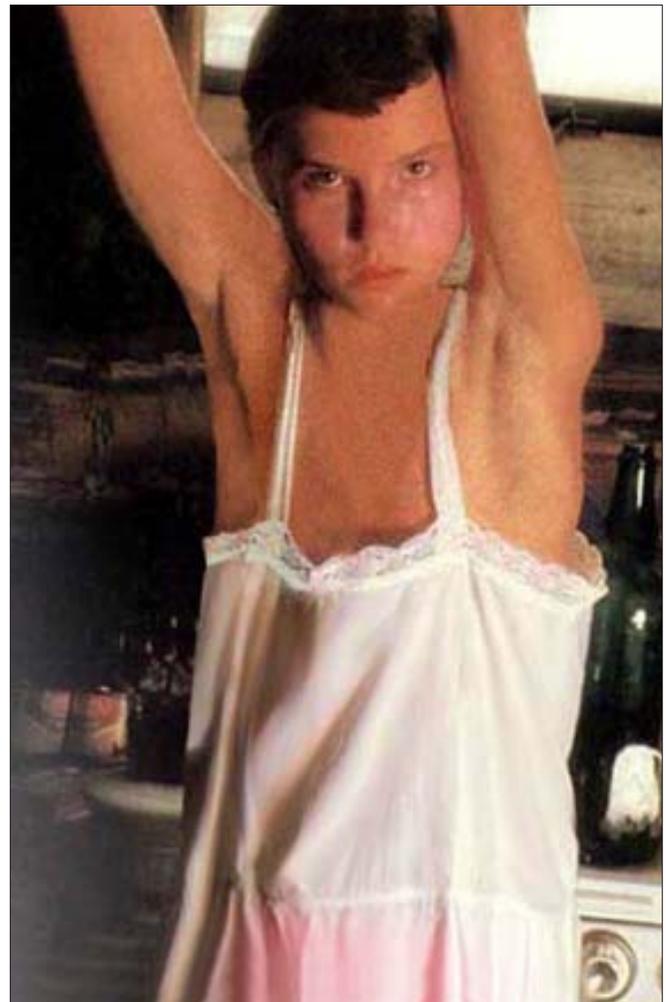
"Susan, have you told Reverend Julia about this?"

"Oh, yes! In fact, she's the one who suggested I dress him in slips and panties since he uses them for his evil deed!"

Everyone expressed her full approval for what Susan was doing and cheered her on. She asked us for suggestions to further Benny's training. All of us came up with ideas.

"Have him take ballet lessons with a little girls' beginner class."

"Make him into your personal maid. Get him one of those cute little maids' outfits with stockings and a lot of slips."



“Let the little twelve-year-old girls in down the block baby-sit him when you’re out.”

Benny’s eyes remained teared up throughout the taunting and teasing, but he burst out into a full bout of crying from all the ridicule when one of the women said, “Let him get screwed by a boy so he really learns what it feels like to be a girl!”

We all howled with laughter at that, but Susan quieted us down to point out the bulge that had suddenly appeared in the front of his slip. That brought on a lot of wide-eyed looks and a few unladylike snorts mixed with nervous giggles.

Susan showed her disapproval with Benny and pretended to be embarrassed at such an unfeminine and disrespectful display. She explained that Benny hadn’t been a girl for very long, so he still had an occasional problem with his boyishness stretching out his panties. Then she announced that she had taken control of his hormone buildups so he wouldn’t be tempted to masturbate in secret like a dirty, naughty little boy. And as she led Benny out of the room, she said she’d show us how she dealt with his disgusting little problem if we cared to follow her and watch. None of us were going to miss this, so we followed her into the den with great eagerness.

We watched as she made Benny pull up his white satin slip and give us all a close-up view of his little penis encased in his frilly pink silk panties. His penis was tiny for a boy his age, but it did tent up his panties in a very funny way. “Watch closely, ladies,” she said. “It won’t take long to drain this baby boy’s little balls.”

He was crying but no one was looking at his scarlet-red face; besides, no one cared. Any shame he was feeling, he had brought upon himself.

Susan began rubbing his soft, lacy panties all over with her fingers. We women grabbed seats in nearby chairs and watched in amazement as she sheathed his penis within the silky folds of the smooth pink nylon and pumped him rapidly until several jets of semen erupted right through his panties. The smell of boy cum filled the room. Susan’s hand was coated with the sticky liquid. She thrust her hand into his face.

“Lick it up! she commanded.

Sobbing loudly and looking totally degraded before the laughing women surrounding him, he licked his mother’s fingers. When he was finished, she motioned for him to say something.

“Thank you for making me a girl,” he managed to say between his crying and sniffles.

She had him well trained already. The women were gloating over the demonstration they had just witnessed and talked about it until it was well past the time they usually broke up their card party. As they were getting on their coats, I heard a number of them heatedly discussing the possibility of taking similar measures with their own wayward sons.

Mrs. Lange
San Diego, CA

Getting Up the Nerve

Hello Princess,

As far back as I can remember, even before I was six or seven years old, I always wanted to wear my mothers’ panties and stockings. Just touching them would make me happy, but I never had the opportunity to wear female clothes until I was sixteen.

I remember it perfectly. On my 16th birthday, I took my gift money and got up the nerve to purchase my first pair of nylon panties, a garter belt and a pair of very sheer stockings. That night I wore them for the first time in my bedroom and reached an orgasm just by looking at myself in the mirror. Jacking off in my new panties and nylons became nearly a daily ritual, and soon after, my mom caught me dressed and pulling on myself with abandon through my panties.

At first she screamed at me and accused me of being gay and a sissy, but when I burst into tears she hugged me and tried to console me. I told her how much I loved girls’ clothes and how I longed to wear them. She told me that even though she did not understand the craving I had, she would not mention it to my father as long as I never wore panties and nylons again. Of course, I was back to wearing panties and nylons within two days; I was just more careful about not being caught.

At eighteen I left home and moved into my own apartment where I could dress up daily. I met a girl. We became lovers. She always wore the sexiest panties and stockings. My interest in them was so evident that one day she asked me if I would like to try them on. I said ‘no,’ trying to be macho and at the same time fearing that maybe she was just testing me.

However she insisted until I let her pull down my jeans and shorts and take off my socks before stretching me out on the bed. I was in a daze as she slipped out of her nylon stockings and panties and slipped them over my legs. I was totally turned on, and she liked it. For the rest of that day I wore her clothes and it felt wonderful. I showed her my modest collection of lingerie, and she made me model every single pair of my panties for her. The following day she took me to the mall and bought me several pairs of panties and some stockings and trashed all my remaining male underwear.

When she asked if I wanted to dress completely as a girl, I admitted that I did. We went back to the mall and began purchasing a full girlie wardrobe for me. In Penny’s I was able to try on one of the skirts in the changing room. We did this by making out to the sales assistant that my girlfriend was going to try on the skirt and I was to accompany her to the stall to see how I liked it on her. As soon as we got inside the booth, I was the one putting on the skirt.

I knew my girlfriend had a gay brother, and that was what made her so accepting. She really loved him. While they were growing up, the two of them always talked ‘girl’ talk, and many times she dressed him up in her clothes for fun. Her whole family didn’t mind him dressing up at all! How wonderful it must be to have



Show Mom Your Bra, Boy!

Dearest Princess,

When I was a kid, my big sister often had to look after me because our mom worked. Sis liked to go to the movies, but I was bored with the movies she and her boyfriend liked to see, so I was always making trouble and bothering them throughout the show. Well, when I was fourteen years old, mom knew all the problems I caused my sister, so she gave her full power to discipline me in any way that would make me mind. So when my sister and her boyfriend wanted to go to a movie that they had long wanted to see, I told them I didn't want to see that movie but another one. Well, my sister knew I was going to be a problem, so she and her boyfriend took me to her bedroom and made me dress in some of the clothes she had outgrown. I was mortified and

such an accepting family while growing up.

She said I looked great in girls' clothes, but she did have a mischievous streak in her and she loved to tease me, do things like call me 'sissy' with people nearby, and while shopping, she'd say things loud enough for other people to hear her talk about girls' clothes she was buying for me. She quickly decided to train me fully as a girl; "sissy training" she called it. I felt wonderful. She kept me interested and constantly excited, often slipping her hand inside my panties and masturbating me any time and any place she decided it was time to juice me. Sometimes she did it to me several times a day.

At home, she trained me to wait on her, cook our food, clean the house, wash our clothes and do all the household chores, just like a personal maid would do. She taught me how to walk, sit, and act like a girl and demanded I pee sitting down. The next step she engineered was training me to be "taken" like a girl. She put me in makeup, dressed me and helped me the first time she had a bisexual man take me. That experience convinced me in my heart of hearts that I was a total sissy, a feeling that makes me so happy. She now completely supervises my life and regularly has me service her friends, both males and females. I love it, and I love her!

With kind regards

A Boy named Sue



cried as they put me in a blouse and skirt. Underneath I had to wear a padded white bra and pink panties.

Their punishment did work. I was shocked into silence. On the way to the movie, they held my hands and made me walk between them so I wouldn't run away. I was sure everyone we passed knew I was a boy in girls' clothes, but no one seemed to notice except a couple of grade school girls who were laughing as we stood in line to get tickets. I was happy to escape from them into the darkness of the theater. My sister made me sit in front of them throughout the movie so they could keep an eye on me, but I was in no mood to act up. I sat without making a noise.

When we got home, sis made me stay dressed that way until mom got home from work. She got a huge laugh out of my shameful outfit. Sis even made me strip open my blouse and show mom my padded brassiere. Mom couldn't stop laughing, but she also noticed how quiet and subdued I was, instead of being my usual loud and rambunctious self. Mom declared right there that it was a great way to make me conform, so it became a frequent method of controlling me.

Sis was really into humiliating me and made me do more and more embarrassing things. She'd make me dress up and dance for her friends, make me run to the store with fingernail polish on, put lipstick on me and bows in my hair and make me answer the door that way. One time she even had some guy they knew take me on a double date with them. She fixed me up in a ridiculously frilly little girls' party dress. The guy insisted on holding my hand, kissing me and even fondling me through my panties, then acting surprised that I had such a big, hard clitoris. Such humiliations I was subjected to until my sister finally left for college. I have a lot of stories to tell, so I'll write again, but one thing remains: as much as I used to hate being dressed in girls' clothes, now I love it!

Love, Nadia
Calgary, Edmonton

Grandpa Let Me Be Me

Dear Princess,

I'm a very shy person. I was introduced to panties by accident while spending a weekend at my grandfather's house when I was eight years old. I slept in my deceased grandmother's room on those weekends; One day, while in the bedroom, I got nosy and started poking around the dresser drawers. I came across these beautiful silk panties. I had a strong urge to put them on and once I did, I was hooked forever! I even slept in them.

My grandfather knew I was sneaking around in there and trying things on. He told me he knew and he said I could get myself all dressed up in those things anytime I wanted to. He didn't mind, besides, he said the clothes weren't doing anyone any good, so I might as well have some fun with them. I guess you can see why I loved my grandfather so much. In closets and trunks grandma

had packed away so many old-fashioned dresses and fine pieces of lingerie. Grandpa and I had a lot of fun together with him helping me get into all those clothes, buttoning me up in dresses and putting a bit of makeup on me. I didn't have a wig, so I covered my hair with my baseball cap on backwards, just like the current fad among boys. Grandpa took many pictures of me in those old-time clothes. Now, I'm glad I have those pictures, but at the time, I was always worried someone might find those pictures and ridicule me.

As I got older, I tried out my mom's selection of clothes and discovered many exciting items, especially her great panties and lingerie. Once on my own, I started collecting my own drawer full of panties and building a wardrobe of girls' clothes. I just couldn't get enough. Finally the day came when I totally dressed en femme, makeup and all. It was a fabulous feeling. You women really have it made and it makes me jealous. I admit the clothes look better on you than most males but I don't think most females truly appreciate what they have as far as beautiful, soft, silky, frilly attire. I finally got up the nerve some years ago and went out fully dressed.

Silky Sissy
Washington, DC



Smoking Changed My Life

Dear Princess,

When I was in the seventh grade, I thought it was cool to smoke, so I was sneaking cigarettes with my buddies every chance I got. Mom kept catching us in the garage. She couldn't handle me and didn't know what to do with me, so she shipped me off to my aunt's for the summer.

I wasn't at Aunt Sally's house for more than a couple of hours before I was out in her garage smoking up a storm. She smelled it on my breath and threatened me with all kinds of doom if I didn't stop, but I ignored her warnings. Then, a few days later, I almost burned the garage down when I threw a lit cigarette down and tried to stamp it out when I heard her coming. She came in the door just as I noticed the smell of smoke getting stronger. We both turned and saw that some papers had caught fire, and we had to scramble to douse the flames.

She grabbed me by the ear and hauled me up into the house. In her bedroom, she quickly pulled off her dress, saying something about not wanting to mess it up. She had on a pretty white bra and beige half slip with a wide trim of white lace around the bottom. She wasted no time in opening my pants and pulling them down with my underwear before stretching me across her lap. She began laying a rapid series of good hard smacks on my butt. Periodically she paused to watch my virgin ass bloom an ever-deepening red, and then she attacked me anew with more firm, hard smacks. She complained that her hand was giving out, so she picked up a hairbrush and continued to beat the hell out of my backside.

She spanked me for what seemed like forever. The nerves in my bottom were shattered, and the pain built up to an incredible level. As I bounced and squirmed in a frenzy to dispel the pain, my cheeks opened and closed like a fish out of water. Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! It went on and on as her hand descended and brought down a horrible force for me to bear!

My bottom was numb, but I still felt the most intense pain of my life along with utter humiliation.

But the strangest part: As I squirmed and bounced around on her silky lap, my cock kept rubbing across her sexy half slip, thrilling sexual sensations began racing throughout my groin. My bucking up and down across her thighs was in rhythm to her spansks across my inflamed bottom. Moments later, I let loose with a guttural cry, and I ejaculated all over her teasingly soft slip. The moment she realized what had happened, she stopped spanking me and began rubbing my tortured buttocks in her hands. "There now!" she murmured like some loving mother coaxing a child on the potty. "Let it all come out!"

I was still breathing heavily and my body involuntarily continued to spasm with tremors racing up and down my whole being. As the feelings subsided, she soothed me and gently caressed me.

Shocked at what I had done on her pretty slip, I sheepishly raised myself up and avoided looking at the pool of cum in her lap. But she let out a modest laugh and was forgiving. "My, my, my! Look what we have here!" she said teasingly pointing to the goeey mess. Ruefully, she stared at it for a long moment and then stood up and gingerly tugged the slip down and off.

"You will have to clean your mess off of this," she said, handing it to me. I was awe struck looking at her in her bra and beige panties that matched the half-slip with some pretty white lace rosettes on each hip. She looked so beautiful. She felt my eyes on her and posed provocatively.

She made me lick my semen off the slip. I didn't want to do it, but she insisted, saying it was fitting punishment for ruining her good slip and for almost burning down the garage. I felt terrible about all of that, so I couldn't refuse her. My jism on her slip was now cold and awful and salty tasting. I just avoided looking at her as I lapped it up, but I knew she was looking at me, and I knew she was grinning at me too!

She made me take off all my clothes and turn around so she could get a good look at my burning red butt and my naked cock, which was still half hard and shiny with a glistening coating of my sperm. "You don't seem to have much control over this beastly little dick of yours, boy! I think I'm going to have to take it in hand and give it a little training!"

At that moment, I didn't know if she meant literally to 'take it in hand' but that's all my brain heard, and my dickie immediately started to build up another full erection. She followed her words with action. I cringed as she took my cock in her hand and examined it closely. She pulled back the foreskin and thumbed my soft red knob, which made me buckle up in discomfort. With her other hand, she cupped my balls and stroked them so aggressively that a lump filled my throat.

"I might as well make use of this," she said with a grin as she took the soiled beige half-slip still dangling from my fingers and used it to wipe off my sticky wet cock.

As she continued to stroke me with the slip, she stopped for a moment to light up a cigarette. As she smoked it, she blew the smoke in my direction to taunt me. "Maybe I can kill a couple of birds with one stone. I was about to hire a housekeeper because I can't handle all the work of maintaining this place, especially with you here and especially if that penis of yours is going to be dirtying up everything in sight. And you could do with learning a thing or two about domestic service, so I think I'll hire you for the job. Of course, I won't pay you anything. It will probably take you quite a while just to learn how to be good enough to earn your keep! So what do you have to say, you nasty little boy?"

"Oh, Aunt Sally, I'm sorry for everything... whatever you say."

"Good! I think you should wear clothing appropriate to your new status," she said as she pulled a simple cotton dress out of a box and handed it to me.

"Put this on, along with that half-slip. You dirtied it up, so it's yours now. I'm sure I have some panties for you in here too.

These things,” she continued, “are left over from my last live-in housekeeper. She was small, so her stuff should fit you fine.”

A moment later, she was standing before me with a frilly pair of white panties. “Well, let’s get on with it! Step into these panties. They’re nice ones. See the fine blue lace and the little bows? Since you shot off all over my slip, I know you’re that kind of boy that likes silky ladies’ panties. I’m sure you’ll love the feel of them sliding over your naughty little cock all day long.”

In a dreamlike state, I stepped into the dainty panties. It was all very weird.

“By the way, I don’t mind if you smoke. But you can only smoke while wearing a dress here in the house and when I’m with you. That’s so we don’t take a chance on you burning the place down. You can’t smoke outside where somebody will see you or people will have my ass for letting you do it.

“I started smoking at about your age, so I understand. Besides, if I allow you to smoke, maybe it will be less appealing and you won’t want to do it so much. I always thought that was half the reason I took up the habit because my mother was so against it, and I think I did it just to spite her.

“Now let’s get you dressed and see what you look like!”

The panties and dress fitted me very well. Her half-slip was a little long, so she scooped up my dress and showed me how to roll up the slip so it wouldn’t stick out so much. But she said she liked seeing the lacy hem of the slip showing beneath my dress, so if it hung out, it didn’t bother her.

She stood back and admired me.

“Very nice, indeed!” she laughed. “You make a pretty girl — better not let any men see you!”

There were no shoes to fit me, so she said we’d go shopping for shoes and other things for me the next day. The thought of going out in public and buying girls’ things for me scared the hell out me!

My first lessons involved cooking, and I got my next spanking that very evening after I let our dinner burn. She made a ritual out of it. Barefoot and in my flimsy dress, she sent me out the backdoor and into the woods behind the house to find a suitable switch. I came back with a three foot hazel rod, straight and smooth. She put me over the edge of the dining room table, whisked up my dress and slip and tightly pulled my panties over my bottom. She didn’t take my panties down for my caning, in fact she never did, but the pain of six well laid on strokes was almost unbearable and I squealed loudly.

Afterward, she pulled my panties down to inspect the six blue-red stripes across my bum. She seemed very pleased. I soon discovered that for me, her main interest was spanking. She really loved giving me a good hiding, and she used the slightest excuse to find

wrong with whatever I was doing so she could fetch her paddle, a switch or her hairbrush and give it to me.

She was not very keen on cock, even though she enjoyed watching me masturbate, particularly when I’d make a fool of myself and jack off while playing with myself in my silky panties. That aroused her, and she’d finger herself as I rubbed wildly on my penis all bound up in pretty nylon panties. But she most loved to masturbate with me standing in a corner with my panties still covering my cock in front but stretched below my ass cheeks in back and my red-hot butt on display before her.

I no longer smoke, but I do wank myself daily like a silly little priss in my pretty silky panties. Recently, I heard a report on the radio that said smoking affects the hormones and has a tendency to feminize the male body. Maybe I shouldn’t have given it up!

Yours,

Ron Hyde-Smith

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