

Princess Online

Featured Stories and Letters from the
Princess Productions Website

No.
27

*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

Another boy forced to cross-dress files suit

The Long Island Monitor

June 25, 1995

NEW YORK - Another Brooklyn schoolboy who was forced to wear a girl's wig, lingerie and a dress for disrupting his sixth grade class filed a \$30 million dollar lawsuit against his former teacher and the Resurrection Baptist Church. Culbert Nathanson, now 17, said in a statement that it was the most embarrassing day of his life.

This follows on the suit recently filed by Caleb Guerrier against the Excelsior Seventh Day Adventist School and his teacher Pauline Williamson, who sentenced Guerrier to a similar punishment and then laughed and humiliated him in front of his classmates and encouraged them to tease and embarrass the boy too.

In a number of religious and private schools, this form of punishment, to tame misbehaving boys, has been gaining popularity in recent years. Nathanson said some of the teachers in his school also used "the box" like in the Guerrier case. In "the box" where dresses, slips, lingerie, wigs, even teen brassieres and lacy panties along with other items of girls' clothing in various sizes, clothing used to humiliate boys that got out of line.

On April 10, 1990, Nathanson and three other boys who were making a commotion in class were told to dress themselves in clothes from the box. One of the boys willing did so, and when he returned to the room in a cute, simple cotton dress, his wig on crooked and his pink satin slip showing, the class teased him with derisive comments, catcalls and humiliating whistles.

When it was time for the other three boys to similarly debase themselves, each of them,

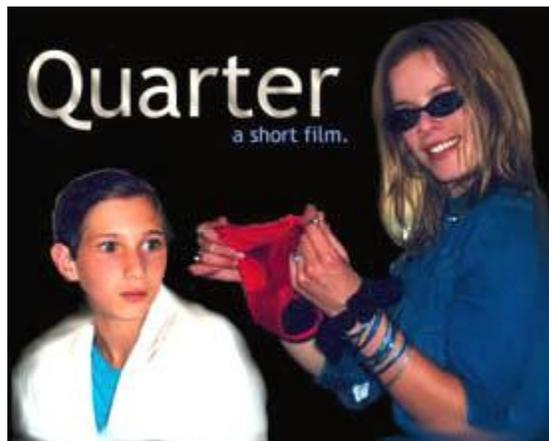


Nathanson (in front) and the three other boys were punished in dresses and made to sing and dance

including Nathanson, refused. The teacher, Miss Annabeth Lee, then recruited four of the biggest boys in class to hold them down and stripped them naked in front of the entire class then made them put on a bra, lacy half-slips, childish frilly panties, ankle socks, dance slippers, and a wig. Lee herself applied comic-style makeup to their faces, adding lipstick and eye shadow, beauty marks, mascara and big freckles.

Once fully dressed, the boys were threatened with being sent home in those clothes unless they did a little impromptu song and dance routine to the tune of "I Enjoy Being a Girl" that the teacher had ready for punishment sessions on a tape recorder.





"Quarter" short independent film

While surfing the web a couple of months ago, we heard of a film (we thought) was named "Boy. Woman. Panties." The title alone made us curious, and last month we asked our

online readers for help in locating it. A couple of our faithful visitors traced it down and we were able to see it. As it turns out, the actual name of the mini movie is "Quarter," and the "Boy. Woman. Panties" name was a slogan promoting the film.

We did not save a copy, and the original web site no longer has it available for viewing , so we are looking for a copy for our files. If you have downloaded and saved it, we'd love to have a copy for our files.

This 10 minute streaming video is about a young boy who is not having any luck with the girls in his school so he sets his sights on a sexy young woman who does her laundry every Sunday morning at the Laundromat owned by his grandfather. The film shows the boy watching her while she loads up the washer. He blushes when she holds up a pair of her panties (red thongs). After she goes outside while her clothes are drying, the boy opens her dryer and inspects the panties. The woman comes back inside and picks up her laundry. After she leaves, the boy discovers her panties that she "accidentally" left behind in the dryer. While thongs aren't our favorite style of panties, it is a cute movie and well worth watching.

You can go to this website and [click on the "Quarter" photo](#) for more information on the film: [Raven Artists](#)

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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, a.k.a. Juan Puyal.

This month we feature a drawing from volume #2 of "Schooled with Girls." In this scene, Peter is shown attending his sewing class. He and two of the girls have to show the class the dresses that they had made form themselves.

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/>

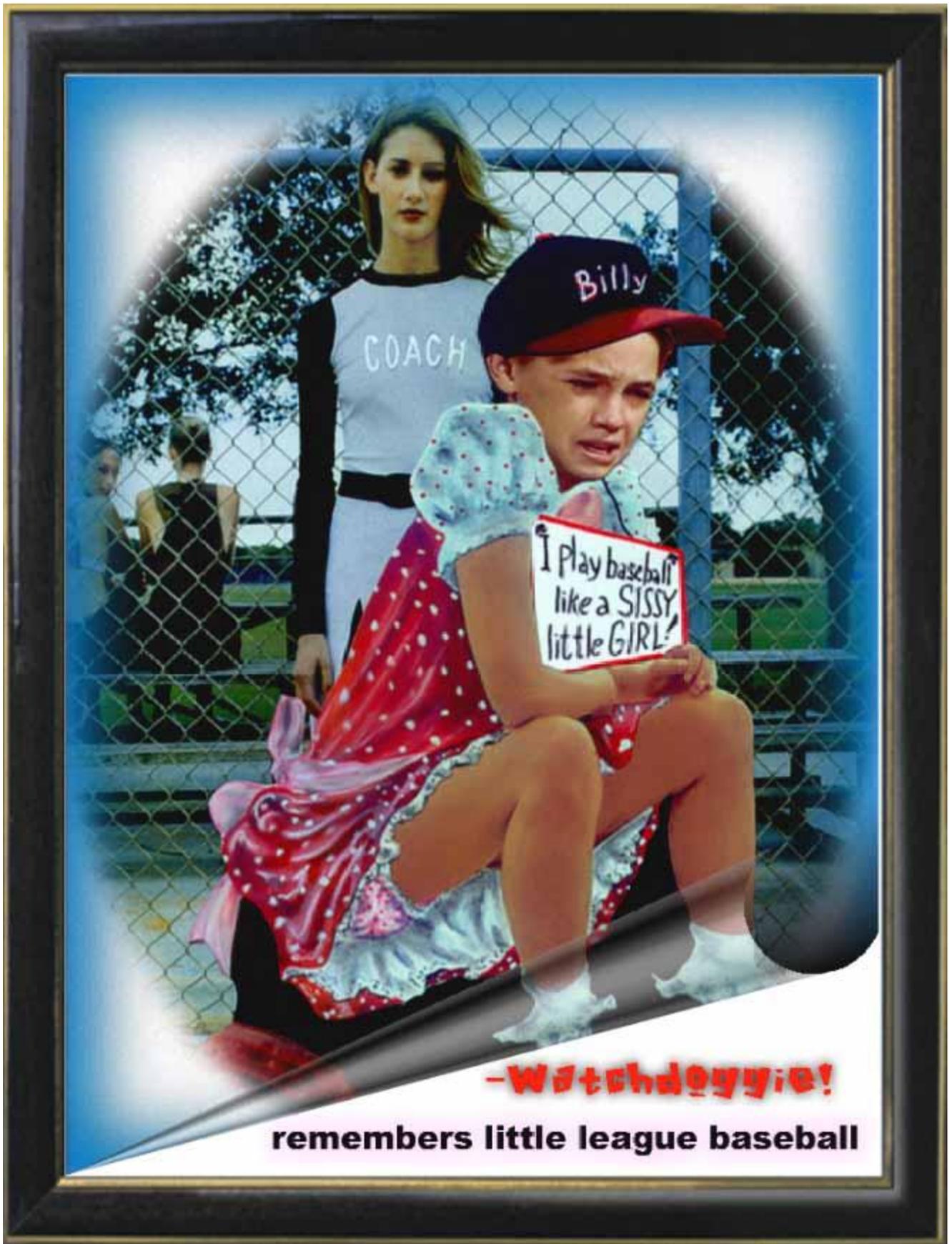
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Masquerade

For Halloween, this mother made a beautiful princess dress for her daughter. The woman's son wanted to be a pirate, so this resourceful mother took the harem girl costume she made the year before for her daughter and converted into a pirate costume for her son. The only problem: the pants were so sheer that the boy couldn't wear his normal underwear. Instead, his mother put him into a pair of his sister's silky red panties. This tough little boy got teased a lot that night at the party because his girlie panties were clearly on view beneath his thin harem girl pants.

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-Watchdoggyie!

remembers little league baseball

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.

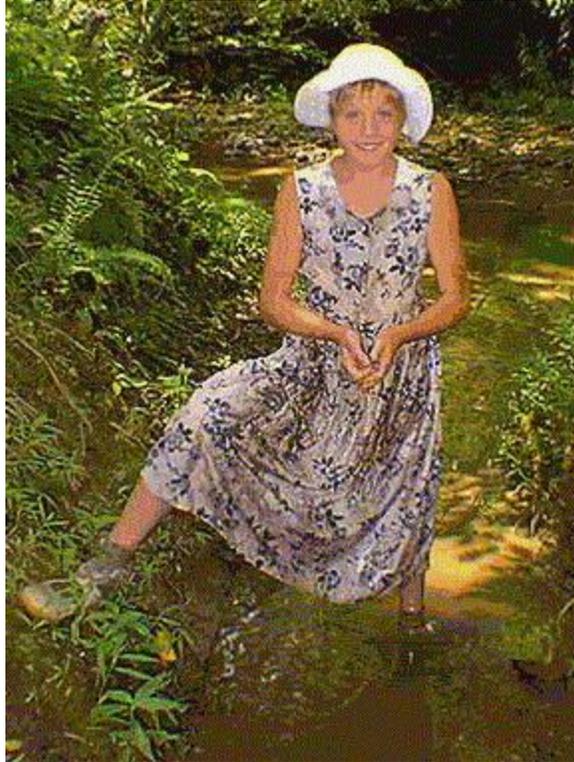
These radical groups advocate making grassroots changes right in their own communities, schools, churches and homes. They see the problem at its worst in young boys approaching or in the early stages of puberty, many of whom have difficulty controlling their actions because they cannot handle the hormones 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.

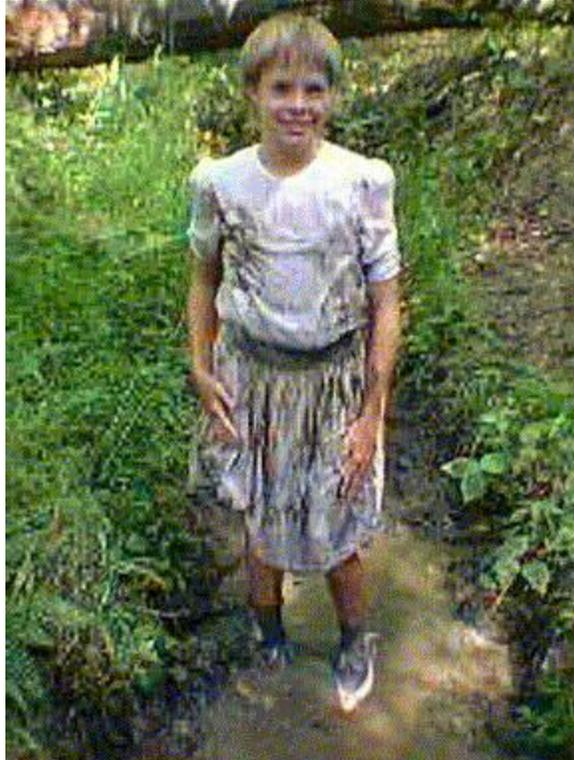
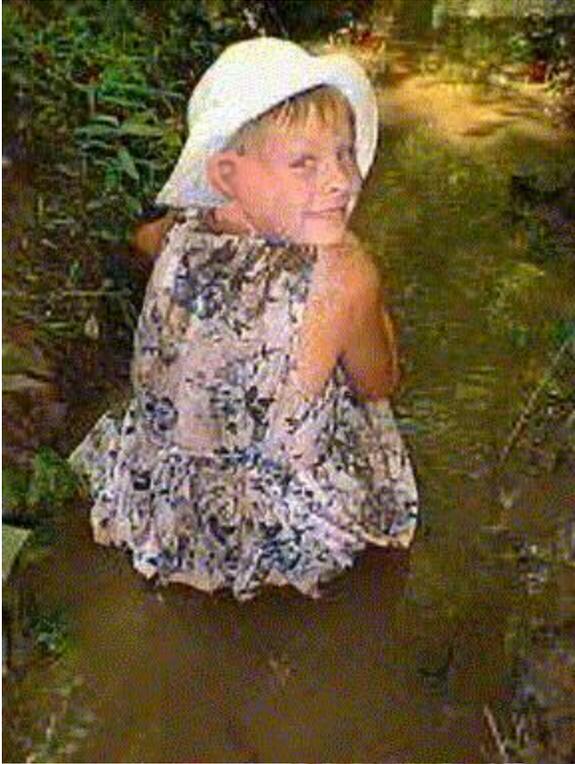
Therefore, males who can't conduct themselves in a proper manner are forced into fancy dresses and frilly lingerie. Such clothing shocks them out of their selfish, destructive thinking and makes them receptive to learning how to act properly. Lessons that, the leaders of this movement insist, will serve the boys throughout their lifetime.

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns while he was attending fifth grade in a Catholic elementary school during the 1950s. He can still vividly recall 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.

And during one of the most traumatic episodes while undergoing petticoat punishment, he was forced to show up for his Little League baseball game in his girlie clothes. The boys quickly labeled him a sissy and made him wear a sign stating that he played baseball like a girl! The above picture illustrates this painful memory.

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Petticoat Punishment Can Be Fun?

Dear Princess,

I know petticoat punishment is supposed to be punishment, but my kid brother doesn't take it so seriously! Especially during the summer months, he gets sentenced to a lot of time in my old party dresses and lingerie, and he makes a game of it! We live in a big wooded area in West Virginia, surrounded by a number of religious crazies who prize their privacy. They all have fences around their property and signs all over the place warning that trespassers will get shot!

Well, a 'no trespassing' sign to a curious boy with nothing but time on his hands is like a flame to a moth; he can't resist hopping those fences and snooping around. Mom's afraid he's going to get shot, so she came up with the idea of putting him in my old clothes, figuring that way he'd be too embarrassed to go off of our grounds and take a chance on being seen bird-dogging in dress. And Mom added the works, my old slips, panties and even some of my high-heeled shoes. The first time Mom gussied up Jordan that way, she warned him he'd get a heavy dose of the belt if he took them off. Other than that, he could go outside and do what he pleased just as long as he stayed away from any of the neighbors.

Jordan complained he couldn't play in those clothes, thinking Mom would punish him if he got my clothes dirty. When he asked her what would happen if he got the clothes dirty, Mom said she didn't care. They were all old clothes. Once Jordan knew that, he went out and got into his usual horseplay. He loves to play down by the creek and get himself pretty dirty. So now he goes out each day in my frilly old things and plays in the mud! I guess he's determined to have fun no matter what!

Jo Ellen,
West Virginia

NOTE: Due to the poor quality of the above photos, larger views are not available.

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Marty the Clown

My sister has endometriosis and doctors told her that she'd probably never have children. So when Zona finally did get pregnant, she desperately wanted a daughter, and she was positive it was going to be a girl, but when she got a son instead and was told she'd probably never be able to have another child, she raised him as if he were a girl in pretty dresses and things. She called him Marty, a name that could be either male or female. Since he was a premature birth and very small and frail for his age, Zona defended raising him as a girl. And when Zona got pregnant again, she had her daughter, Meta, but she didn't stop putting Marty in dresses. Only when it came time for him to go to



school, did she realize that she had to let him grow up and be a boy, and she started putting him boys' clothes.

Of course, because of how he had been raised, he was a failure as a boy, unable to compete with other boys his age. He ended up preferring to stay at home and play with his little sister, who by that time was already bigger than him even though she was a year and a half younger. She was a naturally dominant girl, and she set the rules. If he wanted to play with her, he had to play her games and mind her in every respect. He acquiesced, and she quickly demoted him to slave status, making him clean her room and do all the household chores that they used to share.

Meta remembered when he was being brought up as a girl, and she missed her brother-girl. She teased him about it because she knew he loved those days and all the pretty clothes. But instead of letting him dress up like a girl, she made him wear humiliating costumes; two of her favorites were to dress him up like a puppy dog or a clown. She was so in control of him that he couldn't even go to the bathroom without her permission. Most of the time when he did have to go, she would tell him "no," and make him suffer until she decided the time was right. Often she waited too long and he'd pee his panties.

That was one girlish garment that Meta did have him wear: frilly little baby-style rhumba panties. She'd tease him about wearing them, saying that everyone knew he wore them because the heavy rows of lace would puff out his trousers. When they had visitors, she'd bring out pairs of his panties to show them and point out how they made his pants bulge. Those people usually thought it was a joke and would laugh, but poor Marty would cry in shame; all he could think was that they believed her and were laughing at him. The clown outfits were bad enough, but when people weren't around and he needed to go the bathroom, sometimes she'd take a pair of those ruffled panties, put them over her hand and tease his penis through the silk and lace. She'd laugh at him but keep pinching and jerking on his cockie until he soiled himself, and then she'd berate him for not being able to control himself. Throughout all this, their mother didn't interfere. She thought it was good training for her daughter to be in control of her son and she thought it was good that Marty learn to be submissive instead of domineering like most other disgusting little boys.

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SCHOOLBOY IN GIRL'S CLOTHES

A mother who longed for a daughter gave birth to a boy. She was so disappointed that she decided: "Until he is seven I will keep him looking like the girl I wanted."

And her son, now aged four, goes to school dressed as a girl. He wears his hair long and dresses in summer frocks.

Sometimes, as little Mehrdad Khonsari trips through the streets to nursery school in Kensington, London people say: "What a lovely girl. What beautiful golden hair."



His Mother wanted a daughter

For they do not realise that Mehrdad, youngest son of a former Minister of Labour in Persia, is a boy.

His mother, Mrs Assefe Khonsari, has two other sons, Sivoush, aged 17, and Homayoun, aged 12. They are being educated in Britain and she is now visiting London to see them.

She said at her house in Trebovir Road, Earls Court, London: "After my first son was born I hoped for a daughter. When I had two more sons I was so disappointed that I decided to dress them as girls until they were seven."

Homayoun, the boy now 12, was the first to wear long hair and girl's clothes. That was in Persia.

Mrs Khonsari said: "Dressing him in



girl's clothes did not affect his outlook and he did not develop any girlish characteristics. I feel sure it will not harm his younger brother, Mehrdad."

But the teachers at the nursery school find Mehrdad's clothes confusing. One said: "We are always speaking of Mehrdad as 'she' or 'her' - and the pupils just can't get used to him.

But Mehrdad has no girlish ways at all. He is a real boy through and through.

He hates wearing an apron to keep his clothes tidy when he's painting.

(Daily Mirror - August 9th 1954)

He's No Angel!

[Click here for enlarged, colored pictures.](#)

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Soft Boys and Bitchy Bastards

LM 112: Soft boys and bitchy bastards
8/2/01 12:27 pm GMT

Soft boys and bitchy bastards ...when all Jennie Bristow wants is a bit of passion

I will never forget the day I saw my first 'real man'. I was about 12 years old and impressionable; he was 40-odd, sweaty, noisy, passionate and not very tall. It did me no favours at school



Which one wears the panties? Answer: Probably all three of them! As this photo proves, you can barely tell some of today's boys from girls. The boys have adopted girlish attitudes and actions, from bleaching their hair, painting their fingernails, wearing lipstick, and even wearing panties. Will they be wearing bras next? By the way, the two on the left are boys!

when I proclaimed myself Bruce Springsteen's biggest fan, but so what? Now I know that it didn't have to be Springsteen - Madonna in concert probably would have inspired me just as much, with that noise, that passion and that arrogance.

Contrast it to the low-key concerts by Morrissey and the Beautiful South that I went to with my friends; skinny soulful men and women whispering into their mikes, almost apologising for being there. As I sat in the audience, bored and depressed, I realised that my own pop era had passed me by. The nineties, with its skinny-chested blokes in cardigans and its waif-like women with problems, were here to stay and so, unfortunately, was I.

'Sensitivity' is what the nineties has been all about, and if you haven't got it you will not sell many records or make many films. The aggression that was once the basic ingredient of good rock music became the angst-ridden keening of Nirvana and later, the cynical low-key bitching of Pulp and Blur. When dealing with the press, pop personalities go into sensitivity overdrive by recounting as many of their own life tragedies as they can remember. Ex-Neighbours star Natalie Imbruglia is on the way up, shocking many with her ability to be beautiful and sing, yet the pop-packagers promoting her know that talent and beauty is less of a marketing strategy than her much vaunted 'insecurity'.

As the Guardian's Sam Wollaston pointed out in an interview on 15 May, when Nat says she is depressed 'all the time', by depressed she surely means 'a bit down'. Even my old heroes and heroines are not safe from the endless thirst for proven sensitivity: I read a horrible article in the Independent by Suzanne Moore on Madonna and her newfound vulnerability. Is nothing sacred? And these are only the women, and this is only pop. All you need to know about men in pop is the rise and rise of Boyzone, the ultimate girly boy-band, when the only 'men' of the music world exist in the ironic, self-conscious, infantile cod masculinity of Oasis. In their quest to become acceptable, throughout society men are aping women and women are aping more 'feminine' women: 'feminine' meaning vulnerable and emotional.

Young men and women, growing into a world of enforced girliness, are the clearest examples of the new values in action: and if you don't believe me, just go to a university. When I started my degree course at Sussex University in 1993, I remember feeling kind of stunned. You look around your fellow freshers and you simply cannot tell the difference between the lads and the girls. Skinny, clean, shy and generally vegetarian, they all go to the pub together to chat about their personal problems and none of them wants to walk home alone. In seminars about women's writing or feminist theory, the men are by far the most vehement critics of their own sex; in seminars about anything else they try to talk about women's writing and feminist theory. Women's studies courses, where girls go to talk about their feelings and emotions, are ever popular and now, apparently, there are men's studies courses in American universities where boys can do the same thing.

Sussex is, admittedly, painfully right-on and hippyish, but go to Bath or Birmingham or Bristol and it's no different. Mixed-sex halls of residence might as well not be, because students are a) androgynous and b) not having much sex. And that's another thing. When your friend, who happens to be under 21, gorgeous, intelligent and generally brilliant, tells you that her problem is that she always fancies bastards, what picture comes into your mind of the said bastard? A

macho hunk, maybe, or a cold and haughty Adonis. Certainly not the same person that your friend is talking about: the nineties bastard.

The nineties bastard treats you badly...but does it by behaving like a girl. The nineties bastard goes out with you for a fortnight before running off because he is too mixed up at the moment, he needs to sort his feelings out, he doesn't want to get too committed. The nineties bastard goes out on a date (you buy the drinks), then refuses to sleep with you because he doesn't want to get too committed. The nineties bastard bitches about you to his friends - who are generally girls. And so it goes on. That sly, manipulative prick-teasing that used to be the prerogative of women has now been adopted by new, 'nice' men who have had all their macho bastardness educated out of them.

The problem I have with this adoration of girly girls and wannabes is that I've done it all before. As a teenage girl with a diary and friends with diaries, I spent seven years getting emotional, obsessing on my own problems and everybody else's, blowing the most minor inconvenience or humiliation out of all proportion. It took all of a week at university and six months reading the papers for me to realise that this sad, petty, narrow world of the teenage girl had been a blueprint for the society I grew into. If Springsteen was my own symbol of thinking big, acting tough and taking on the world with confidence and passion, the world in which everybody loves Bridget Jones's Diary and where pop stars get credibility through their angst represents the opposite: thinking small, behaving like a wimp and letting all your problems overwhelm you. In this sense, it really is a little girl's world.

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Mom Wanted a Daughter



When I was born, my parents lived in Tennessee. They were plain, hard-working, country folks of Irish-German stock. I was their only child. My mother had little schooling and a gruff manner, but she was a determined woman who usually got what she wanted because, for what she lacked in book learning and finesse, she made up for in her ability to handle people. She was smart in a cunning sort of way.

I loved my mother and thought she was beautiful, but as I grew older, I realized that in comparison to other women, physically, she wasn't very attractive. In contrast, I was a very pretty baby. Mother had always wanted a girl, and from the time I was born, since I was much too pretty to be a boy (as she always said), she let my soft auburn hair grow long and dressed me in frills like I was her daughter instead of her son.

Periodically, my father made her get my hair cut, but even when it was rather short, my short mass of natural curls made me look very girlish. By dressing me in

the cutest little girl clothes, my mother probably was living vicariously through me because she had never looked that good when she was a little girl.

My father was a traveling Justice of the Peace. He didn't like my mother dressing me like a girl, but he had little to say about it because my mother was in total control of everything that went on in our house. But it did result in alienating me from my father almost from the start. Over the years, he seemed to spend more and more time away from home. And when he was home, he was always very nice to me. He would tell me how pretty I looked in my little dresses. He always played a guessing game with me as he tried to guess the color of panties I was wearing on that day.

He loved to draw out the game by naming all kinds of strange color combinations. He'd ask me for hints, and when I wouldn't tell him, he'd tickle my legs and try to get me to squirm around and accidentally expose my panties. Whenever he gave up or finally guessed the color, I'd have to raise my skirts and petticoats and show him what color they were. He'd always insist upon looking at them very closely, and he never missed an opportunity to grab ahold of my rubbery little penis and ask me what I was hiding in my panties.

I thought my father really liked me and showed it by playing this little game, but years later, I realized that he was just teasing me and mocking the way my mother dressed me.

One of my earliest memories is being in kindergarten in a private school in 1958. Everyone knew I was a boy, and I knew I was different from most other boys because I dressed in pretty clothes. Mother said that her brother was brought up in smocks and dresses just after the turn of the century. It was quite common for boys to be dressed much like their sisters in those days, and she insisted that it didn't harm him any. She maintained that there was a long tradition of boys being kept in dresses and frilly clothes.

In the mid-1800s, most clothing was divided into men's, women's and children's, and the children's fashions were almost identical for both sexes. Moreover, those clothes were frilly and distinctly feminine by today's standards. Mothers even delighted in sewing lace, ribbons and other frills onto their children's underwear, even if those children were boys. Often, lace-trimmed bloomers or short-legged panties could be seen peeking out from beneath the leg openings of a boy's shorts.

In our own neighborhood, everyone knew I was a boy even though I always wore dresses, smocks and girlish shorts, but at kindergarten, many of the other children had never seen a boy dressed like I was dressed. Soon after I started school, some of the boys gathered around me when I went to the washroom. They held me down while some of the others lifted up my dress to see my petticoats and panties.

That day they pulled down my white rayon panties to see if I really was a boy. They even touched my penis and nuts and inspected them closely while they called me a "girl with rod" and made fun of me. This went on for several days as word got out and all the boys wanted to have a firsthand look and feel too. A few of the boys jokingly tried to kiss me and massage my flat little titties through my dress and camisole and ask me if I was going to grow breasts.

After one of the teachers caught some of the boys holding me down and exposing me, I was taken to the school principal and my mother was called. The principal told my mother that at home she could dress me however she saw fit, but asked her if she could dress me in clothes more like the other boys when she sent me to school.

Mother ignored what the principal said. Instead, she took me out of that school and enrolled me in a private school for girls. There, she instructed me to pretend I was a girl and not to let others know what I looked like between my legs. As a reward, mom let me sleep with her like when I was a little baby.

She showed me how she used to make me go to sleep by rubbing my penis through my petticoats and panties or silky nightgown every night. She knew I loved her gentle stroking. It gave me a such a warm feeling inside and exciting goose bumps all over.

I remember one time when I was in the third grade when my mother had some of her women friends over for her bridge club. One woman, Mrs. Wyatt, had brought along her beautiful daughter, Jane. Another woman, Mrs. Brettonso, had brought her daughter too. Her name was Leslie, and she was rather bossy. Jane was eight years old at the time, a year younger than me, and Leslie was twelve. Mother told me to take Jane and Leslie up to my room for games while they played cards.

After we played for a while, I had to use the potty. Even though mother had always trained me to be a perfect little lady and sit down when using the toilet, many times I did stand up to pee, especially if I was in a hurry. It was so quick and easy to just pull up my dress and petticoats and pull my penis out of the leg opening of my panties. This was one of those times because I wanted to get back to the Old Maid card game I was playing with the girls.

Well, as I was peeing, Leslie came into the bathroom. She was surprised that I was standing up to go. When I was finished, she didn't say anything. She just pulled up my dress and took down my panties to look at my penis, she said her mother had told her I was a boy even though I dressed like a girl, and she wanted to see for herself.

She called Jane to come into the bathroom with us and showed her too. Leslie pulled open her own panties to show me what she looked like between her legs. She had little Jane do the same. Leslie fingered Jane's pussy lips and my penis at the same time to show us how good it felt. Then Leslie made me lay down on the floor and told me she was going to make me feel real good. She started to tickle my penis through my rayon panties and encouraged Jane to do it too. Then, she pulled down my panties far enough to free my hardening little cock, which she then sucked into her mouth. It made me feel all dizzy and giddy, warm, moist and tingly just like when mother touched me there, but even better.

After playing with each other until exhaustion, the three of us kept lying on the floor, teasing each other through our silky clothes while we talked. Leslie asked why I was dressed like a girl. I told her that my mother said I was soft and sweet like a girl and not like a grubby, rough boy. Besides, mother wanted me to pretend to be a girl so I could go to my nice girls' school, which I really loved.

That night, when mother started her usual routine of playing with my penis and panties, I asked her to suck on my dickie. She was shocked and wanted to know where I had learned about such naughty things. I told her about the games I had played with the girls. Mother did suck my penis that night, but she had me repay her by licking her between her legs for a long time. It was really strange, but I liked doing it because I so loved my mother.

When mother's bridge club rotated around to the other women's houses, I usually stayed with one of our neighbors. But the following week, I went along with mother to her card party. Leslie and Jane were there too. My mother had told all the other mothers what we kids had done at the last club meeting. A full discussion ensued and as punishment we had to give the women a demonstration of the little sex games he had played. However, this time, little Jane had to suck on my dickie too. It was so wonderful to look down at her, my dress and petticoats pushed out of the way and her small mouth encircling my penis which had been pulled out of the legband of my lacy white panties. I went wild with pleasure as I felt the warm air from her heavy breathing flutter over my pantied hips. Her little baby hands kneaded my little balls through those thrilling, soft panties. I let out a scream when she gently started to use her teeth on me. She stopped as soon as I yelled, but her little bites had increased the sensitivity of my little cockie, which pulsed wildly up and down and back and forth in her mouth, making her giggle uncontrollably. Waves of pleasure spasms surged through my body even though I was too young to shoot any boy cum.

When Jane got off me, my penis was still thrusting. All the women laughed and then laughed even louder when mother shoved my penis back inside my panties but made me keep my skirts and petticoats held high for them to see my raging hard penis flop around inside the stretchy satin as it fought hard to push the panties way out in front. The women couldn't resist touching my hot little throbbing dickie right through the panties. They made laughing little comments as they called me names like "pansy" and "sissy" while they passed me from one woman to the next to be fondled and teased. I got scared when one of them told my mother to have Dr. Solcheski cut off my penis and balls so I could completely be a girl. One of the other women objected because I had such a beautiful long penis. They got out a tape measure. It was six inches long. They all told me that was huge for a nine-year-old boy.

In fact, one of the women commented that my penis was longer than their husbands', and it would be a shame to cut it off. Some of the women joked about letting me fuck them to see if it felt bigger inside them than their husband's cock. I didn't really know much about how babies were made and how adults had sex so I didn't really understand what they were talking about.

Mom said "no" to having my penis amputated and "no" to letting them have me fuck them, saying she didn't want me to know about such things. She did tell them that I was good at licking her, just like her girlfriend used to do when she was a little schoolgirl. She proceeded to show them what she meant by having me go down on her. After Mother had orgasmed from my licking, the other women wanted to have it done to them too. Mother was at a weak point, still wallowing in her explosive orgasms. She gave her permission.

In an instant, Mrs. Wyatt had pulled up her skirts and pulled me under her. She had already removed her pink panties. They were beribboned and very silky. She held them in her hand and rubbed them all over my head and face as she ground her hips into me.

The other two women couldn't wait. One of them seized Leslie and the other one seized Jane. They forced the girls to go down on them while I was gnawing away at Mrs. Wyatt. I don't think the girls had ever done anything like that before because the women had to shout out instructions to them and threaten them with a spanking if they didn't use their tongues properly. For nearly four years after that the women kept up those weekly bridge parties. Of course, bridge was no longer played. They were just sex parties. As the years went by, my cock started to give out a few drops of moisture. Then, at one of these parties just after I had turned twelve, a few of these drops actually shot up into the air. My mother was stunned. She realized that now I could produce babies and they would have to be careful.

The next weekly meeting was special. They dressed me like a little bride in a white, little-girl party dress belonging to Jane. It was too short on me and my white satin panties could be seen at the top of very my long legs every time I moved. All the women took turns ravishing me. They touched me through my panties, sucked on me, had me suck on them, and did all the other things which by then had become a weekly occurrence, but they were careful that I stayed excited without going into orgasm.

Finally, I was stripped down to nothing but my brand new pair of lavender satin panties with pink ribbons all round the lacy hems. They stood me on a stool in the middle of the room, and Mother proceeded to reach into my panties, grab my cock and jack me off into those gaily colored, frilly panties while Leslie and Jane held my arms and gave me support. As I got ready to shoot my come, mother maintained her tight grip around my dick, and with her other hand, she stripped down my panties with one quick yank. As she continued to pump on me, gobs of my hot boy cum shot up like a spurting fountain. The women cheered and reached up in the air and fought with each other as they reached out and caught flying blobs of my sticky juice. My legs gave way from the strong surges of pleasure that shot through my body. The girls caught me in their arms. The women laughed and rushed up to me to rub their cum-coated hands in my face as mother baptized me. It was my coming-of-age, she said, when I went from being a sissyboy to being a sissyman.

Shortly after that, my mother died of pneumonia. The sex games came to an immediate halt, and for the longest time I was completely lost. I also became quite confused because my father had insisted that I start to wear boy's clothes and go to a regular public school. On top of all that, my hormones were surging in my body and I started to develop my secondary sex characteristics. I was a very effeminate boy. The other boys took advantage of me and made me suck their cocks even though I was interested only in women and girls. After years of being shunned by my father and abused by other boys, my father gave me a little money at sixteen and threw me out of the house. He disowned me and thought it was too late to make anything acceptable out of me.

I went to Jane's house. She lived alone with her mother. I explained the hell I had gone through during the years they hadn't seen me. Jane had grown up and was about to leave school and be married. (Kids often got married quite young in those days.) Fortunately for me, they welcomed

me into their home, but I did have to give them all the money (\$200) that my father had given me, and I had to agree to be like a maid for them. I didn't mind. They made me so happy. Almost immediately, they got out some of Jane's clothes and let me dress in them. I was disappointed that Jane was in love with a man, but I soon found out that wouldn't stop us from having out little sex games like we did years before.

I remained a companion to Jane's mother until last year when she died. During that time, we shared the bed together and she introduced me to sexual intercourse. On rare occasions, Jane came to visit, and she didn't hesitate to join in our old games. I never was allowed to have intercourse with Jane because we were afraid that she might get pregnant, but I didn't have to worry about having children with her mother because she explained that she couldn't have children. She revealed a family secret then and told me that Jane had been adopted as a baby. After Jane's mother died, Jane allowed me to continue living in the house.

I believe I have had an extremely enjoyable, if distinctly unconventional life. Over the years, I developed a talent for styling hair. Presently, I am finishing up at beauty school and have good prospects for getting a job upon graduation so I can support myself. And, oh yes, I still do get to see Jane several times a year!

Walter (Miss May) W.

Unpublished letter sent to Neptune 8/12/82.

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Spanking a

Teenage Son

Dear Editor:

As a 34-year-old divorcee and mother of a teenage boy, age fourteen, I have been interested in your recent letters about mothers spanking their sons. Like most boys, my son doesn't always behave as I would like him to, and on those occasions I do not hesitate to use corporal punishment as a means to discipline him. I guess my philosophy of punishment and spanking techniques would best be described as a combination of DM's (Mar. '79), who favors total humiliation by embarrassing her boys before visitors and even strangers and that of the anonymous writer (May '79) that makes her sons wear spanking uniforms consisting of beribboned panties and beginner bras.

I strongly believe a boy needs to be thoroughly embarrassed while he is being punished. Therefore I welcome any opportunity to humiliate him. My son is terribly embarrassed to have to expose his bare penis in my presence, and in front of anyone outside our family, his pain is even more excruciating. To allow him to wear any clothing except a punishment outfit would, in my opinion, greatly reduce the degree of his embarrassment and humiliation. Also with my son, the excitement and nervousness associated with his embarrassment causes him to get a very firm and uncontrollable erection. When this occurs, he is even further humiliated, so such a condition is not looked upon unfavorably by me. Nothing is as embarrassing for a boy than to be forced to appear in the presence of his mother, her friends and neighbors (or even total strangers) with his penis standing up in full erection.

While some of your writers seem to need to tie down their sons for punishment, I believe that if a boy has been properly trained and conditioned to accept corporal punishment and has become accustomed to it, there is no need to tie him up or place any restraints on him at all. I normally do not bind my son in any way and he never offers any physical resistance. He knows very well that to resist or test my authority will result in longer, more severe punishment.

I think that spanking teenage boys effectively requires something more than a hand spanking. That's fine for younger boys, say up to five or six years of age, but I believe older boys need more forceful and meaningful spankings. I use a small paddle from my sorority days. It stings the buttocks much more sharply than just my bare hand. I am convinced that intense spanking of teenage boys is essential to produce well-mannered boys and my paddle is ideally suited for this purpose. I can assure you its use commands the attention and respect of my son.

Traditionally, corporal punishment is thought of as the infliction of pain to the buttocks; however, I have found that the application of pain need not be restricted to that area exclusively to be effective. I have refined a method of punishing my son, which goes beyond simple paddling and is quite effective. When this method of punishment is employed, I paint the head of his penis with a heavy coat of fingernail polish. Sounds innocent enough but there is instant



acute pain as the polish dries, followed by a gradual lessening of pain until finally just moderate discomfort. As soon as the polish is dry, I make him put on a pair of real sissy-style ruffled panties, always pink and always very lacy. Then I hand spank his penis through the silky panties. He hates that! One time I painted his balls too, and then panty spanked his balls; that left him howling!

By the way, it's a real thrill when my boy wears out a pair of his punishment panties and has to go to the store to buy another pair. I go with him but make him ask the saleslady for help. Of course he has to tell her what size and why he is buying them. Most of the salesladies make him turn totally red in the face. Such women are usually experienced with sissy type boys and rarely pass up the opportunity to thoroughly embarrass them. They love to do things like hold the panties up to the boy's waist to check for size, and they like to further humiliate such boys by making them feel the fabric's silkiness. They never stop teasing them until they have forced the boys to pick out their own frilly panties from the endless parade of different types and styles.

But back to the punishment. After I make my boy put on the panties, I follow up with a cute training bra. Of course, no falsies. Just a flat bra over his boyish chest--it looks so funny that way. Then it's back into his regular clothes. I make him wear the panties for hours before the spanking. The silky panties tickling his loins give him plenty of time to think about the spanking coming up.

At times, if we're going out to one of our friends' houses, I do put a dress on him. I have some special dresses made of sheer nylon fabric (in pink of course) that are practically see-through so my boy's bra and panties show. I don't give him a wig or anything that will disguise him as a real girl--that would defeat my purpose. I want him as humiliated as possible. I want people to know that he is a boy undergoing punishment. And, believe me, it does work!

In fact, my son is so afraid of this treatment that generally the mere threat of giving him a "paint job and panties" is sufficient to bring him to immediately correct any misbehavior. Therefore, I rarely find it necessary to employ this method, but when I do, it is very effective. Its use has made a positive impression on my son and, I'm convinced, has significantly influenced the improvement of his overall behavior.

In many respects, I think the single parent situation lends itself to more effective corporal punishment. Without the presence of another parent or adult, children have no one to go to for appeal, thus they quickly learn their mother's word is final, and that she has total authority. It's comforting to know that I can practice without interference the type of punishments that I believe will give me the results that I want. And for my son, my methods have been beneficial to his education. He regularly brings home a sterling report card.

I am always receptive to new and alternative ways to punish boys and invite your readers' comments or criticisms of my punishment methods as well as any further suggestions or ideas they may have for disciplining teenage boys.

L. R., Ohio

From Mr. (magazine), September 1979

Responses to an Article About a Boy Who Wears Dresses

The following are E-mail responses to an article published in 1998 about a boy who wears dresses with his parents' consent, but many of their friends and relatives are extremely upset about it and think he shouldn't be allowed to indulge in girls' things. (See Princess Online #26 for a copy of the original article.)

03/22/1999

As a child, I used to play with two little boys in my neighborhood. They were brothers. They had more Barbies than I did, and enjoyed dress-up games, especially putting on pretty dresses. When they changed clothes, I could see that they wore lacy panties just like mine. We didn't make any big deal about it, because they both had been taught by their mother to be so feminine in the first place. Years later, my mother told me she had asked the boys' mother if she was worried about their feminine behavior, and asked her if she thought her sons would turn out gay.

Hmmm... I guess it depends if you ascribe to the theory that homosexuality is either genetic or a learned behavior. Mom said the woman was highly offended by the question and simply said her boys liked to play gentle not rough and tumble like other boys. There was no question about it. She loved them dearly and spoiled them, giving them whatever they wanted. One of them grew up to be homosexual, the other straight, and both of them are the sweetest and nicest guys you could ever meet, so it just goes to show you.

Name withheld

03/22/1999

If you look at 'normalcy' as a bell curve, your son's behavior falls outside the standard shared by the majority of little boys, but his behavior is normal. Other men, your gay friend for instance, grew up like this. I know I did. I had a yearning for girls' things and hid those desires from my family, but when my mother caught me, she got me a little wardrobe of pretty girls' clothes of my own. He was so wonderful about it all. I think you will create more problems for yourself and your son if you don't recognize the fact that he may be gay. Based only on my own experience, he may grow out of this behavior, and be less public about being different. But I only did that when I came to terms with my sexuality. Peace,

Jerry

03/22/1999

My son used to have a preference for sports and rough games, and he was just too obnoxious and nasty for words. Then on Halloween I dressed him and his older sister in angel outfits, made up of leotards and old nylon nightgowns that I dyed in bright colors and decorated with sequins and satin ribbons. He loved the outfit, and at night he didn't want to take it off, so I let him sleep in it. The next day he wanted to keep it on too. And one thing I noticed right off, my former nasty little boy was the sweetest little thing as the whole time he was wearing these clothes. I decided to really give him a taste of silky clothes, I got a pair of his sister's softest and fanciest nylon panties and showed him how good of silky panties felt on his little bod. He fell in love with those panties immediately and became very interested in girls' things, deserting his boy playmates overnight. Now he plays with his sister or the little girls in the neighborhood who are closer to him in age, and he is so sweet to me and the girls. They love to dress him up in their pretty party dresses when they play, I caught the girls reaching into his panties and touching his penis. They made him squirm, but I didn't say anything, I know that's how little kids learn about sex.



The girls have taken charge of him, and he loves it! They've trained him to wait on them when they have their tea parties. He looks adorable in a little lace apron they have. If he's especially good they sometimes reward him by playing kissing games. Kids will be kids!

When shopping for clothes and toys he used to want boys' things, but no more. Now he wants pretty dresses, lacy panties, dolls and girls' toys. He does get quite embarrassed trying on dresses in front of smiling sales ladies because they usually tease him, ask him if he has a boyfriend, ask him if he wears panties to school, and things like that. (The answer to both those questions is 'yes!') However, with the boyfriend, it's unrequited love. The boy used to be his best friend, who now doesn't want anything to do with him since he started playing with the girls. But things may be changing on that front. Brian, his little friend, came over to our house last week. I got his mother to bring him over after I explained to her all about my little Tina (Tommy). I'm sure more out of curiosity than anything else she came over. I could tell she was pretty shocked to see my son acting like a prissy little girl in front of them. Both she and her son couldn't believe it when he took them to his room and he showed him all his pretty dresses and lingerie.

The longer they stayed, the more nervous Brian was getting. I think he feared his mother would get the idea to do something like that to him. He kept asking his mother if they could go. He tried not to talk to my little Tina or even look at her. When his mother asked him what he thought about Tommy now acting and looking like a girl, he said he didn't like it.

His mother and I talked for a long time. I could tell she had no intention of doing anything like that to Brian, but it was obvious that she was totally fascinated by it too. As we talked, we left the two boys sitting in our playroom, and we looked in on them from time to time. They did start to talk to each other. Over the two and a half hours they were there, Brian adjusted to the situation and a few times we even saw him enjoying himself as the boys played "Concentration" and "Old Maid." Tina is very good at games, but she let Brian win. When I brought them down a couple of Tina's baby dolls to play with, Brian looked at them like they were a deadly disease, but he did play a little with the dolls when Tina gave him a boy doll and let him pretend to be the father. The ice was broken, but Brian looked relieved to go home.

I don't know whether my son will grow up to be gay or not. Who knows? One thing I do know is that my husband and I will continue to provide him with unconditional love no matter what his sexuality, and I hope he loves us just the same.

Michelle



03/30/1999

My youngest brother, now 29, used to dress up as a girl when we were kids. He wanted to be called "Wonder Woman." He liked to wear wigs and sunglasses and was somewhat effeminate. He went to a 1950s day at our local amusement park where you got a discount if you came in costume. He went in a poodle skirt costume I had and he looked so-o-o-o cute! He is the only gay in our family, but we all love him dearly. However, I think we all knew from the start that this was where he was headed. Just as I didn't choose to be a heterosexual, he did not choose to be gay. Some things are predetermined from the moment we are born, and sexual preference is definitely one of them. I'm glad to know that this mother has said she will love her child unconditionally regardless of his sexual life-style. He'll need her love; the world can be a cruel place for effeminate boys.

05/26/1999

A Psychologist gave a seminar at my church a month ago and talked about this subject. He said that parents should discourage their boys from wearing girls' clothes and never buy your boy a girl toy and vice versa. I can understand the boy "borrowing" his sisters' toys but to go out and buy him his own girls' clothes and even Beauty and the Beast jewelry, that's a bit too much.

Damaris G.

05/26/1999

It surprises me that we, as parents, are so hung up on boys playing with "boy toys" and girls with "girl toys". As a mother of boy/girl twins, I encourage my children to examine dress-up clothes, jewelry, train sets, and soccer balls. My 3-yr-old son enjoys playing dress-up & having his toenails painted. So what? His sister likes his race cars & sports equipment. Why do so many people apply a double standard here? As long as our children are happy & don't hurt anyone, why are we worried? Many children grow up with a woman (be it Mom or a child-care provider) as their primary caregiver. Isn't it only logical that they would want to emulate the behavior they see so often? Will my children grow up to be homosexual? Who knows? I just hope they will be able to stand up for themselves against peer pressure and grow up to be happy adults who will question society's stereotypes.

Barbara

05/26/1999

Sometimes I think we need to just sit back and let things happen at their own pace. You say your son is only 3, I know a few little boys who at that age did the exact same thing. As a matter of fact my best friend's son was like that. He always wanted to dress up and have long hair, things like that. Now he is 5, and the only things that now catch his attention are trucks, wrestling and swords. I think it happens with kids at that age because they spend so much time with us (mothers) that at that particular moment that's all they know, the feminine things. I think your son will grow out of that phase like most little boys. I also think that the older generation is so set in thinking a certain way that anything they see that doesn't seem "natural" to them they begin to freak out. Trying to force "boy toys" on him won't help. He's going to like what he likes and that's the bottom line. Not to be rude but I think you should tell your mom and mother-in-law to back off, you don't need them putting pressure on you and your son. I really don't think you should worry.

Kelly

05/26/1999

I agree that there is nothing wrong with a boy playing with "girl" toys, if there is such a thing. However, I do not agree that this mother should buy her son jewelry, girls' clothes and let him wear lipstick. I have a daughter and willingly let her play with GI Joe and other "masculine" toys, but I won't go out and buy a jock strap to play soccer in. Toys should not be gender specific, but there has to be a line drawn somewhere.

Ginny

05/26/1999



I think your son is just seeing what it is like to be like a girl. I think he will grow out of this stage. I wouldn't worry about it. Remember he is just a child. My son liked dressing up and playing with girls. I'll admit at the time (he was in preschool), I was a bit concerned, but his teacher and a neighbor told me I'd only make it worse if I made a big deal about it. So I let him have his girly fun. He dressed up for almost two years. Then he started first grade, and I don't know if it was peer pressure or what, but all of a sudden, he just stopped.

Then in the fifth grade, they were having a turnabout day, you know where all the boys come to school as girls, and the girls as boys. Well, he wanted to go all out, so we borrowed some nice clothes from one of his cousins. I got him some panties -- some lovely white satin ones with pink hearts on them -- because I didn't think it was right for him to wear his cousin's underwear, even though she had offered.

Well, he had a great time that day, and was so comfortable in those clothes. I guess his preschool days dressing up gave him a lot of practice! He even wore some medium length heels and walked in them like he was born to wear them! At school, he was a big hit (see attached photo), and that night he thanked me for helping him. We gave back his cousin's clothes, but not knowing what else to do with the panties, I simply put them in his underwear drawer, and every once in a while he wore them. I never saw him, but when they were dirty, he'd put them in the laundry. I'd wash them and then put him back in his dresser. I made a few joking comments about the panties from time to time, but we never really talked about them. It was just a little fun thing between the two of us!

Heather Murray

05/26/1999

Thank you, thank you, thank you. As the mother of a nearly-four-year-old girl, I have spent those same four years doing everything in my power to teach gender equality to my daughter. Her favorite saying is, "Girls can do anything boys can do except pee standing up." So maybe my hysterical approach to feminism is paying off after all. Now, with an infant son, I want to be just as thorough with him, teaching him the same lessons about girls, boys, men and women. But it has occurred to me that we need to be just as diligent on both sides of the issue: we must teach that boys can be sensitive while we teach that girls can be strong. Why is one more important than the other? And why do strong females seem progressive while sensitive males seem gay? Several four-year-old boys in my daughter's preschool prefer to play with the dress-up clothes and jewelry, which, I admit, makes one do a double take. But we need to be careful not to have a double standard on this issue. And why does everyone make such a big fuss if a boy wears girls' lace panties? They're just underwear. When I was a kid, my mom put my lace panties on my brother whenever he didn't have any clean underwear to put on, and she put his on me when I didn't have any clean things. Neither one of us minded or made anything out of it. At least I didn't, and my brother is all man, I don't think it made any difference or had any adverse effect on him.

Gail

The End of Princess Online #27

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