

# Princess Online

Featured Stories and  
Letters from the  
Princess Productions  
Website

No.  
23

*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

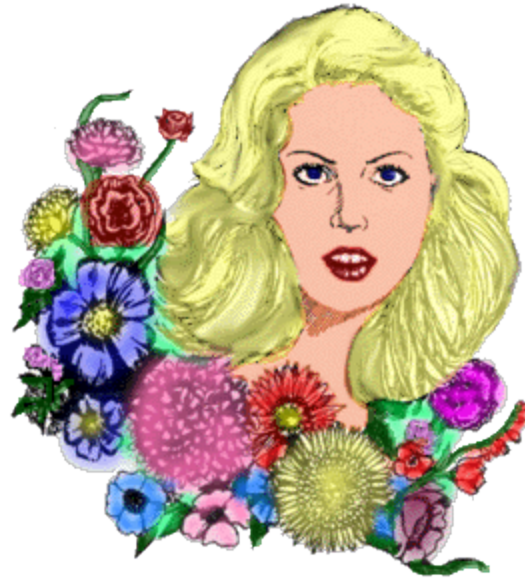
**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**

## *A Message from Princess Lacey*

### **The Golden Age of TV Stories**

Dear Sissies,

Transvestism dates back to the beginning of human existence. Greek mythology, the Bible and other ancient stories occasionally contain scenes in which a character appears in the clothing of the opposite sex, and ever since, crossdressing has been a staple of storytelling. However, its use is usually as a comic bit or a means of disguise, as opposed to a sexual proclivity.



Stories with transvestism as their central theme and intended to be sexually stimulating have a more recent history. Such stories first attained significant distribution during the underground publishing revolution of the late 1800s. They tended to be professionally written, book-length works of fiction, and the most common theme was that of a hapless boy dominated, forced to dress as a girl and then humiliated and sexually abused. Those stories sustained several generations, and with new (and generally lesser) writers and advances in cheap publishing techniques, grew into the paperback industry that continues to this day.

Throughout those same years, publications (usually in a letters to the editor section or some similar forum) carried on discussions of thinly veiled sexual issues like corseting, spanking and crossdressing. The continuum hit high points with *London Life* in the 1930s and *Justice Weekly* in the 1940s. The next step came with publications more limited in scope and more sexually overt, such as *Fads & Fancies* and John Willie's *Bizarre*. Simultaneously a revolution in privately produced and circulated stories was taking place. Nan Gilbert and a host of nameless authors wrote (generally very erotic) stories for their own entertainment and traded them with like-minded individuals. Many of those stories were eventually published by Satellite, Candor, Bizarre Book Co., Nutrix and others who produced small booklets entirely dedicated to crossdressing stories.

The barrage of adult book stores that appeared in the 1960s opened the door to wide circulation of stories completely dedicated to crossdressing written by crossdressers, like Chevalier and Abbe de Choisy, and they were closely followed by Lee's *Mardi Gras*, *Neptune*, and *Empathy*, to name only a few.

Today, with the proliferation of the Internet, personal computers, copiers and printers, crossdressing stories have abounded. Most of the old stories as well as staggering numbers of

both professionally and privately written new stories are being produced and circulated like never before. Today certainly is the Golden Era of crossdressing literature.

Love,

*Princess Lacey*

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## Features of the Month

### March & April 2001

**Note: If you are considering telling someone special about your transgender interests, you might consider using some of the following items in a lighthearted way to bring up the subject and, depending upon his or her reaction, help you decide whether or not to reveal your innermost secrets.**

**Item #1**

**Item #2**

**Item #3**

**Crossdressing in the Movies Website** has information about Bill's New Frock, a book about a twelve-year-old schoolboy who becomes a girl for a day to show sexist children and teachers that boys can be as good as girls. We understand that this illustrated book is delightful, and we are trying to find a copy. In England, it was made into a cartoon and then into a television show starring live actors. These photos are from that show (1997, 30 min.). I don't believe either the cartoon or the TV show has ever been shown in the U.S., probably because many of the British references wouldn't be easily understood by American audiences. The book is by the British children's author Anne Fine, who also wrote "Alias Madame Doubtfire," that was made into a movie starring Robin Williams, who crossdresses as a nanny in order to visit his children.

**Item #4**

**Refugee Boy in a Dress** - The February 2001 issue of Reader's Digest (page 91) published this photo of World War II Jewish refugees upon their arrival at Fort Ontario. They are tagged and holding their immigration papers. The fort was an old army barracks in upstate New York where refugees stayed for the duration of the war. The caption doesn't identify those pictured, but it's obviously a woman and her two children. The older child definitely looks like a boy with his short haircut. It was common practice during the war to put boys in dresses because of an acute shortage of boys' clothing since charity clothing drives yielded far more dresses than trousers. Also in Europe, Jewish boys were often kept in dresses so they would not be discovered as a Jew, since at that time, only Jewish boys were circumcised.



Consequently the Nazis could immediately tell whether or not a boy was a Jew by making him take down his pants. So to escape detection, many boys wore dresses and pretended to be girls. Another indication that it could well be a boy in this photo is the fact that he is holding a boy doll, dressed in a cowboy outfit. We have colorized the photo here for your enjoyment.

**Item #5**

**Item #6**

**Item #7**

**Girly-Boy Children's Book** - Currently available at, or orderable from, your local bookstore is a children's novel in the Marvin Redpost series entitled, "Is He a Girl?" by Louis Sacher. The story is about a boy who repeatedly dreams about and fears he is turning into a girl. He agonizes over the good and bad things about being a girl as he works his way through his fears. Here we have reproduced the cover illustration as well as colorized two drawings from the story.

**Item #8**

**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 monitored and contained. The way to save humanity from itself is to prevent or 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 them 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 clothes shock them out of their selfish, destructive thinking and make them receptive to learning how to act properly. Lessons that, the leaders of this movement insist, will serve the boys throughout their lifetime.

Well, Watchdoggie! is keeping an eye on this growing phenomenon and cataloging his reports. He became an ardent activist because he himself underwent a most traumatic petticoat punishment episode while he was attending a Catholic grade school during the 1950s. He can still vividly recall every aspect of the punishment that was a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. The attached picture is a collage of images that illustrate what Watchdoggie! experienced while undergoing petticoat punishment at the hands of the nuns while he was in the fifth grade at a Catholic school.

**Item #9**

**Carole Jean**, 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. All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits and girlsí 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 #1 of "Beautified Bullies," Carole Jean's newest publication. In this scene, Nick has just been coerced into wearing dresses, but he's still acting like a boy as it shows him in this drawing with his skirts up and panties down, standing to use the toilet like a boy.

In addition to "Beautified Bullies," Carole Jean has published many booklets under the name "Bill," and they include "Bill's Humiliation in Panties," "Henry's Vacation in Panties," "Darwin's Womanhood," "Jeff's Humiliation," and one of our favorites, "Schooled with Girls." Bill now authors books under the name "Carole Jean," and you can purchase all her books directly from her website:

<http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com>

**Item #10**

**Auction Site** - A fun set of pictures from an old online auction site. The woman is selling some of her daughter's outgrown dresses and she has her two young sons model the dresses for the auction. We tried to enhance the pictures a bit for clarity since the originals were very small and somewhat blurry.

**Item #11**

**Masquerade!** We have a lot of 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. This picture came to us from a reader whose neighbors' children often put on backyard plays. In the photo two boys in wigs and dresses act out a scene from one of their homemade productions.

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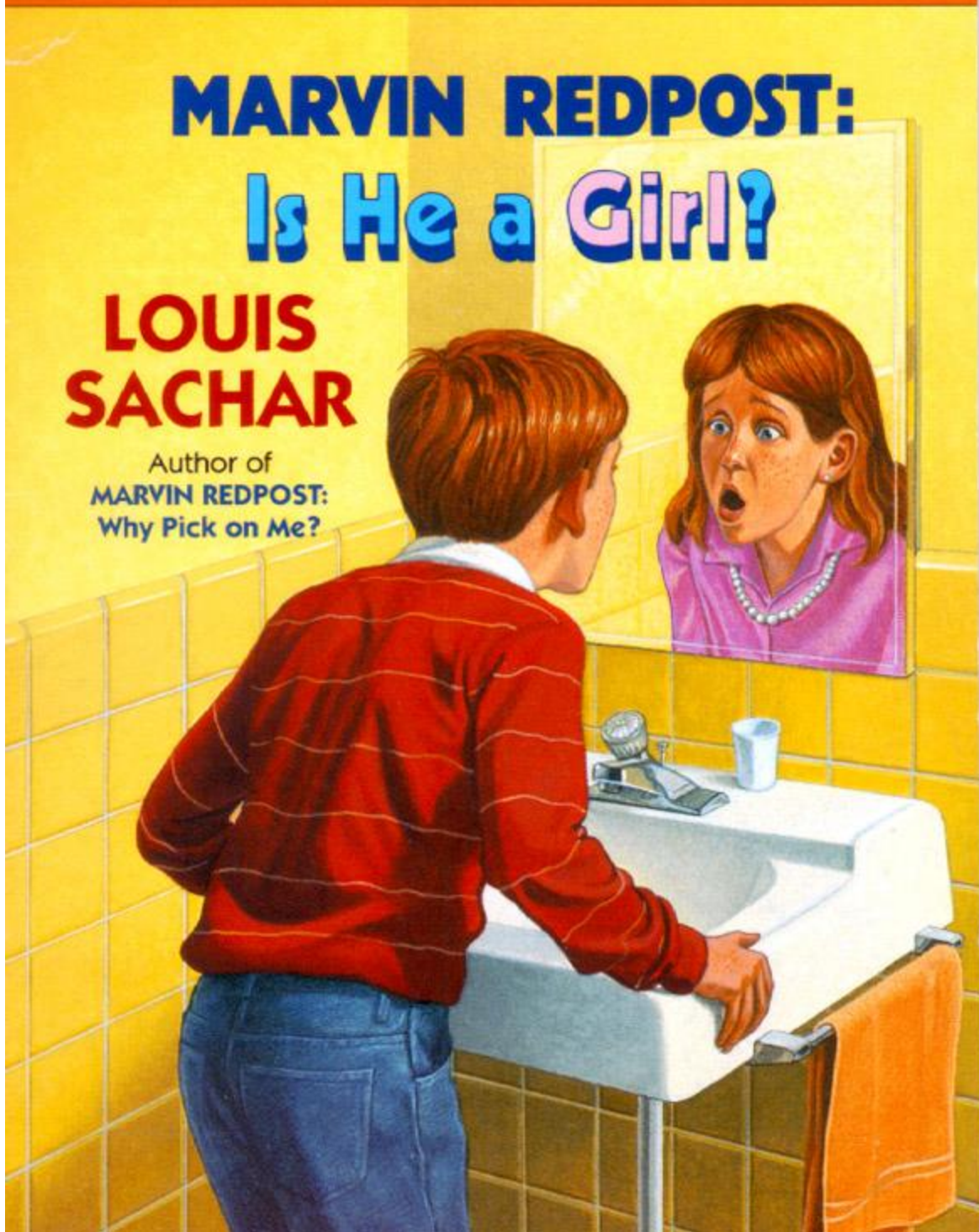
Random House 0-679-81948-7

## A FIRST STEPPING STONE BOOK

# MARVIN REDPOST: Is He a Girl?

**LOUIS  
SACHAR**

Author of  
**MARVIN REDPOST:**  
**Why Pick on Me?**















Watchdogge! '01





Auction: Clothing: Miscellaneous:

## Children

### 4 Girls' Dresses -- Sizes 6 and 7! Matching Bloomer Panties! Very cute!

Item #2397492923

No minimum bid.

**Bidding is closed for this item.**

Current bid	<b>\$24.00</b>	First bid	\$4.00
Quantity	<b>1</b>	# of bids	<b>6</b>
Time left	<b>Auction has ended.</b>	Location	<b>Michigan</b>
Started	08/03/97 11:10:12 PDT		
Ends	08/06/97 11:10:12 PDT		
Seller	<a href="#">molly eistates</a>		
High bidder	<a href="#">gr89eaps</a>		

Seller assumes all responsibility for listing this item. You should contact the seller to resolve any questions before bidding. Currency is U.S. dollars (US\$) unless otherwise noted.

### ***Item Description***

These 4 dresses are in very nice clean condition with no stains, holes and still have plenty of wear for nice occasions in them. I know the pictures are a bit blurry but I had to use my sons as models to show you the dresses and one shot each is all I got! The dresses belonged to their older sister, and with a lot of arm twisting and a little bribery, I was able to get the boys to model these beautiful old dresses for this auction! Sorry the pictures are not very clear. The blue floral dresses are sizes 6 and 7 respectively. The white dress with the lacy brushed bloomer panties is a size 6. The red floral print dress with the lacy, billowy white satin bloomer panties is a size 7. Good luck bidding!

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On 08/03/97, seller added these photos:



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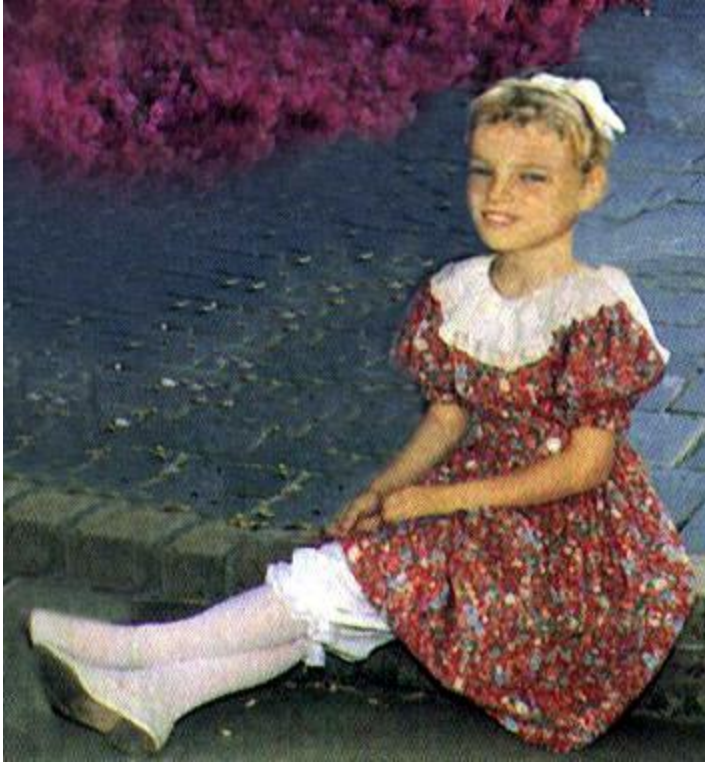
## Bidding

Bidding is closed for this item.

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Thanks for using **My Auction** a division of *LogonAuction*







### **March 2001 Letters of the Month**

#### **Letter #1**

#### **Show Me Your Bow, Boy!**

Dear Princess,

My girlfriend, Denise, has gotten me to wear satiny panties every day. She says it's her way of showing me that she's the boss. I should mention that I was not totally unwilling to wear panties; I've loved girls' clothes my entire life. I just never had the nerve to try them on. And I might mention that my girlfriend is bisexual, but she goes more for girls than for guys. We got together in an unusual way. She has a big house and I was renting a room from her. One day, I was out in the garage when she pulled in with a couple of her friends. They were in a pretty loud and happy mood, and out of the blue, she told me I looked more like a girl than a guy and that I would look cute in a dress. That comment really made me blush. She knew she had struck a cord with me. She and her girlfriends started teasing me. They made me admit that I had always thought that girls were superior to guys and were so lucky to wear such pretty clothes.

Well, they wouldn't let me go until I consented to let them dress me up. Half an hour later they had me in a full-skirted light blue dress with a thin top and underneath a slip, bra and panties all in white and blue. They squeezed my feet into some low-heeled shoes and tried to take me out for a walk around the block, but I drew the line there. The three of them together were definitely stronger than me so they could have forced me if they really wanted. Instead, they settled for taking pictures of me all dressed up.

Before that time, I had a pretty good idea she was a lesbian because I saw a lot of girls always visiting her, and a lot of those girls were very butch looking. So as I paraded around before them in the dress and heels, I was a little surprised when she told me that she wanted to go out on a date with me. I was in no position to say no, fearing she wouldn't give me my clothes back; she just had that forceful way about her. Besides, she had taken those pictures. Then I realized that had been a stupid thing to let her do. She could make my life miserable with those pictures. Anyway the damage had been done.

Two days later, we went to a movie together and then ended up sitting in an all-night diner for hours, sipping coffee and talking our hearts out. She told me she was a schoolteacher and that her parents were dead and all kinds of things about herself. Then she came right out and told me that she was bisexual. I had never known anyone like that so I was most interested.

Since she had told me secrets about herself, I felt obligated to tell her about myself. I started to get more and more personal, and I admitted to her that I always had a difficult time as a male because I was kind of small for a guy and I had a small penis, something that the boys always teased me about back in school when we had to take showers together after gym class. I also told her how much I loved my little sister and even told her that many times I had fantasized about being a girl, so her and her friends dressing me up had been pretty thrilling.

Later that night we made love, or it was more like she made love to me. She loved my small penis and told me I should be proud of it because, even though it wasn't very big, it was big enough to please a woman, and besides that, it stayed hard and firm a long time without shooting off prematurely, a problem she said she had with a few guys before. But I think she was bullshitting me a bit because she got a lot more excited when I gave her oral sex than when I fucked her.



Well, we hit it off really good after that, and I didn't have any problem when she said she'd like to have a three-way with one of her friends. I know that's just about every guy's dream, and we do it frequently these days, but when we do it, she's the center of attention, not me. I'll admit that I had fantasies of a three-way long before I met her, but when it did happen, it was much different than what I thought it would be like. Still it's great sex!

Anyway, to the present day, she has pretty well taken charge of me, not like mistress and slave, but she pretty much tells me what to do from what clothes to wear to where we're going when we go out and what we watch on television. But I kind of like it that way. It's nice not being in charge of the relationship, and with her doing it, it's more like I'm the girl! So, like I said, she has me wearing panties every day now, all smooth satin panties, and she has me sew a little bow on the front of each pair of panties up by the waistband, because anytime she wants to make the point that she's in charge, she simply says, "Show me the bow on your panties, sissy!"

Of course, I show her. But we evolved to the point that she made me show my bow to her friends, then even to strangers. She especially likes to expose my bow-decorated panty waistband to waitresses in restaurants, and then she usually tries to put the make on the waitress! We met some pretty interesting women doing that. I can tell you, most waitresses have seen it all, and the majority of them get a big kick out of it, and more than a few are very receptive to Denise's advances! Well, that's all for now. I've enclosed a picture of me showing off the bow on my panties!

One Pretty Happy Girl-Guy,  
Martin  
Noblesville, PA

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## **March 2001 Letters of the Month**

### **Letter #2**

### **Spanked into Sissyhood**

Dear Princess,

I've had an attraction to spanking ever since I was in high school. When I was very small, my dad and mom spanked me a lot and I hated it! Then for some reason as I got older, the idea of getting a spanking became very erotic to me.

I'd get my girlfriends to give me a spanking whenever we were going to have sex, but most of them only gave me love taps, thinking it was just a fun little sex game, and when I was finally able to convince them that I wanted a real heavy duty spanking, it scared most of them off.

I was twenty-eight years old when I met Charlene, who became my wife. I really liked her from the start, but I fell in love with her when I asked her to spank me and she took off her dress belt and whipped the shit out of me!

She explained that spanking was standard fare in her family and when she got older, she was put in charge of her little brothers and got to spank them whenever she decided they needed it, and a spanking in their house was a serious matter, done with pants and underpants down. And whether the boys were spanked by hand, belt or paddle, it was always severe and made them stay good for quite a spell before they got out of line again.

One thing they practiced in their house was petticoat punishment. She came up with the idea when her brothers would make fun of her for being a girl. They even teased her that she couldn't spank real hard. Well, that was the wrong thing to do to someone like my wife. She got those boys all fixed up in some girls' clothes she got from her girlfriend. Then she beat the living tar out of those boys. They never teased her about her ability to discipline them again after that, but a new wrinkle had been added, and she dressed them up like girls for a spanking frequently after that.

Thus when she started to spank me on a regular basis, she insisted upon using petticoat punishment on me too. Well, I didn't like the idea of wearing girls' clothes. To me that really was a punishment, but I went along with her. If that's what I had to do to keep her happy and get myself a proper spanking, I was willing. She has been spanking me that way now for almost forty years! It still embarrasses the hell out of me to be forced to stand in the corner with my flimsy dress pinned up around my waist and my lacy pink panties stretched around my thighs with my well-beaten bottom on full display. I have to stand there even when our friends and our grand kids come over. My six-year-old granddaughter thinks it's so funny to see me that way. Her laughter never fails to ring in my ears for days after she's gone back home.

Joe B.  
Appleton, Wisconsin

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## **March 2001 Letters of the Month**

### **Letter #3**

#### **At the Right Place, At the Right Time**

Dear Princess,

I'm a lifelong panty fetishist. Of course, I'm wearing a darling pair of lace-trimmed pink briefs right now.

However, the reason for writing is to send you the enclosed picture. I was in Japan last month,



and while standing on a windy street corner, I was in the right place at the tight time. A bunch of schoolgirls were waiting for a bus, and the wind was playing havoc with their skirts. I loved it! I got my camera out and was lucky enough to get a great picture just as the wind blew one girl's skirt sky-high. I think you'll agree with me that the girl was wearing a superb pair of pink panties with lace around the legs. Wow!

Enjoy,  
Dan the Panty Man  
Oswego, NY

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## March 2001 Letters of the Month

### Letter #4

#### A Maid Man

Dear Princess,

My wife loves me in part because I am so feminine. She calls me "sissy" in front of our friends and tells most everyone we meet that I'm her best girlfriend! I get embarrassed, but she tells me she knows deep down I like it, and she thinks it's fun to tease me like that out in public. A lot of people don't say anything or try not to react when she says stuff like that, and I wonder what they are thinking. Of course, a lot of people do react, and that's just what my wife wants! We've had all kinds of reactions, from laughter to horrified looks, and a few people have made various comments or asked questions.

One woman, a casual acquaintance, said she thought that was a weird way for a woman to refer to her husband, but my wife said, "That may be so, but I'd rather have a sissy under my thumb than a husband who spends every waking hour down at the gin mill and coming home stumbling drunk." My wife was referring to that woman's husband because the whole neighborhood knew that's what he did every night.

My scariest experience happened when she got fed up with me having the guys over on Sundays to watch football on our big screen TV. It was Halloween weekend and at halftime she made me go up stairs and dress up like a maid then come down and serve them beer and snacks. Since they knew we were going to a costume party that night, they all took it in stride, but that didn't stop them from teasing me throughout the rest of the game. They genuinely enjoyed bossing me around, making me get them refills on their drinks and snacks. They even made me bend over so they could see the lace-frilled panties I had on. Also they couldn't resist feeling my foam rubber titties. After that, the guys still came over every weekend, but my wife kept calling me "girlie" in





front of them and threatening to put me back in my maid's outfit to clean things up if we made a big mess.

The guys thought it was funny and purposely made a mess. A few times I thought my wife would follow through with her threat. Even as the guys were leaving, she'd send me upstairs tell me to put on my maid's outfit on for cleanup duty. After a few weekends, I could tell the guys were getting uncomfortable with the maid-duty teasing, and by the end of football season I was relieved that I didn't have to appear in front of them like that again. Then the following year, they started going over to another guy's house with a big screen TV, and they didn't invite me to join them. My wife said I should be thankful that they dropped me. After all, she said football was such a stupid, destructive game, and I should be above stuff like that since I was a dyed-in-the-silk sissy.

My wife and I have a six-year-old son, and I think that's an ideal age to start feminizing him. I've been consumed with the idea of feminizing a boy of about that age ever since my mother and sister feminized me when I was in the first grade. I wanted to write and tell you about our son, but that will have to wait until my next letter, I'm running out of time today. My wife is a very feminine woman, and pretty much dislikes everything masculine, so I think she'll be all for feminizing our little Pauly. I'm sure it wouldn't be a surprise to her because I've brought it up from time to time in a hypothetical way. So if she'll allow it, next time I write, maybe I'll have good news about how well our son is progressing into the world of femininity.

Love, Sissyboy Sarah  
Oklahoma City

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March 2001 Letters of the Month

## Letter #5

### Feminized by Father

(This follows the previous letter from Sissyboy Sarah)

Dear Princess,

Well, I'm back again. When I approached my wife, Rosa, about feminizing our son, she was all for it! She did make some demands. She said she wouldn't force him into it but would encourage him to wear girls' clothes and do girl-type things. Next, she said she wanted me to be in charge of his feminization, and if we really wanted to make it 'take' and turn him into a pantywaist for life (like me), we needed to make it a traumatic experience for him.

Rosa is very smart and has a degree in psychology. She knew I wanted to permanently feminize our boy not just play some sort of game. That way, he'd grow up to be sweet and obedient! So she developed a plan in which I'd pretend that it was a deep dark secret between Pauly (our son) and me. If he were willing, I'd get him to dress up "in secret" when she wasn't home. She knew children and the "secret" part was just the type of mysterious and "naughty" circumstance that would hardwire his mind for feminization. Then, as things progressed, she would come home early one day, "discover" him dressed up in his girls' clothes, and become very angry with him. That could easily be made into a traumatic situation that would humiliate him and mentally castrate him if it was handled just right. Just to reinforce everything, we'd handle him like my older sister treated me when I first started dressing. Initially, it was all her idea and I went along with her, but when I wasn't sure that I wanted to do it any more, she used to forced me to dress up. Then when our mother discovered me in a dress and lingerie, my sister said I had done it all on my own. My mother decided to make dressing up a punishment, even taking me outside so the kids that lived around our house could see me.

So the two of us went out and bought a pretty little pink cotton sundress, lacy pink panties, pink ruffled ankle socks and pink girls' tennis shoes from a discount store. The next day, my wife announced that she was going out shopping for the day, and as soon as I was alone with my son, I sat him on my lap and we watched some cartoons together. Then I started in on him.

"Pauly," I asked, "do you know that when you were about to be born your mother and I were hoping for a little girl?"

He looked at me kind of funny.

"Of course, we're so happy we have you, a big strong boy, but I thought you'd find it funny that we were expecting a girl."

He now turned back to the television and avoided looking at me.

"Did you ever think what it would be like to be a girl?"



He shook his head 'no,' but keep looking at the TV.

"Would you like to find out what you'd look like if you were a girl?"

He turned to look at me with a blush on his cheeks and shrugged his shoulders.

"I can make you up to look like a pretty little girl then you'll always know what you'd be like if you had been a girl."

He was blushing some more and shaking his head in a noncommittal way. I couldn't tell if he was nodding yes or no.

"Come along with me to the bedroom, I have something to show you."

I took his hand and he followed me without resistance. When I opened the closet door in our bedroom and took out a big box, his eyes widened, and when I opened it and took out the cute little sundress his eyes got even wider.

"Would you like to try it on?"

He nodded 'yes.'

Before he might change his mind, I was pulling off his T-shirt, shoes, socks and jeans. When I took off his underwear he stood naked and unembarrassed with the innocence of a six year old. But I set the dress down on the bed.

"Before you put on the dress, you have to put these on," I said as I took the pink panties out of the box.

I was shaking as I held them open for him to step into. I slowly pulled them up his legs, letting him relish in their slinkiness as I slid them over his skinny little thighs. When I had them all the way up, I pulled them up tight and high all around his waist so he'd get the full sensation of their soft, tantalizing feeling. Just to make sure that he appreciated their elegant texture, I rubbed my hands over his hips and butt, smoothing out the material. He shivered a bit, and to me that was a good sign that they were making a lasting impression on him. Then he giggled a bit.

"They tickle, Daddy!"

"Oh, I'm sure they do because they're so soft. Aren't little girls lucky that they get to wear tickly panties like this all the time?"

He started to nod 'yes,' but then giggled some more and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, you look so pretty in pink panties, son. You're going to make a very pretty little girl."

He blushed at that and put his hands on the panties and rubbed his hips through them as he wallowed in their softness. He was now tickling himself and he was laughing heartily.

I let him have fun touching himself in the panties; I could tell that he really liked them. When he stopped to catch his breath, I told him to put his arms up, and when he did, I slid the dress over his head. I could tell he really loved those panties because he immediately put his hands under the dress and went right back to fingering himself in the pink panties as I sat him on the bed and put little pink ankle socks and sissy flowered tenny shoes on him.

"Where did you get these girls' clothes, Daddy? Whose clothes are they?"

I thought those were pretty smart and perceptive questions for a child his age.

"I'll tell you a secret. These are your clothes!" I let that sink in for a moment, and then I said, "I bought these clothes just for you."

"But why, Daddy? I'm not a girl!" he said giggling.

"I know that son, but I knew you'd enjoy putting on these pretty clothes. You do like them, don't you?"

He blushed some more but did nod his head 'yes.'

To me that was an important psychological point, getting him to admit that he liked them.

"A lot of little boys like to secretly dress up and pretend to be little girls at times."

I was now introducing the 'secret' and 'naughty' aspects of what he was doing.

"Really, Daddy?"

"Sure, a lot of boys do. But boys know that they're not supposed to act like girls and do girls things so they only do it in secret when nobody can see them. Not even their mommies and daddies."

"But you are seeing me."

"Oh, but I understand these kind of things, Pauly. I know how much fun it can be, and I wanted to let you know that it's OK with me if you want to dress up and pretend to be a little girl at times."

"Did you ever dress up like a little girl when you were a little boy?"

Once again, I marveled at his perception. I paused for a moment, but meekly nodded 'yes' to his question.

"I have a big sister, you know, Aunt Molly; she's my sister. Well, when we were little she liked to dress me up and we'd play girls' games together."

"Games?"

"Yes, games like playing house, playing doctor, coloring in her coloring books and playing with her dolls."

"But I don't like to do those things. Those are girls' things."

"But how do you know if you never tried them?"

"Boys would laugh at me."

"You mean the boys you play with? Well, they won't know if you don't tell them. You can keep it a secret from them."

"I don't know. I don't have any dolls or girls' toys though. So I don't know."

"Should I get you a dolly?"

"Oh, I don't know, Daddy."

"You do like the dress and panties and all those pretty clothes you have on, don't you?"

He hung his head down and after a pause nodded lightly.

"Well, maybe next time we play like this, I'll have some more girls' things for you. Would you like that?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Come, on, I think you'd like that, right?"

He shook his head 'yes.'

That was another milestone, to get him to want to do more.

Then he said, "Daddy, is this naughty?"

"Do you mean, is dressing up naughty?"

He shook his head 'yes.'



"Well, some people would think it was naughty, but we're not going to tell them about it are we? Sometimes it's fun to be just a little bit naughty. You can have fun being a little girl with me and I won't tell anybody about it. OK?"

He nodded in agreement, but I could tell his little mind was running full force. I took him back downstairs and we watched some more cartoons to get him in a happier mood. I had him sit on my lap again, and I couldn't resist repeatedly putting my hand up under his skirt and tickling him in his silky panties, making him squirm in my arms. I even 'accidentally' brushed my fingers over his tight little penis and balls within the silky panties to let him know how good girls' panties felt down there.

I put him down on the floor to watch television on his own while I went and got the camera. I wanted Roza to share in the enjoyment of seeing him in his first dress and panties. I kept going back and tickling him some more to get him carefree and laughing, and then I snapped a couple of pictures. In one I caught him with his hand up under his skirts tickling himself through his panties and laughing wildly. Then all of a sudden he realized the consequence of me taking pictures. He started to cry.

"Daddy, people will see those pictures and laugh at me!"

I immediately assured him that no one would ever see those pictures but him and me. He was clearly upset, now knowing that he liked pretending to be a girl even though it was naughty to do. I was finally able to quiet him down. His question was another important point. It let me know that he knew other people would think it was funny or bad that he had worn girls' clothes. Then he asked me:

"What will Mommy say about me dressing up?"

I couldn't have worded this part any better if I had scripted it myself.

"Pauly, we need to keep this a secret. We can't tell Mommy. She wouldn't understand. She wants you just to be a boy. Even though before you were born, she wanted a girl. Now that you're here, she only wants you to be a boy. She would be very mad at me if she found out that I bought you girls' clothes. And she would probably spank you and be very angry with you for being such a naughty boy. She'd probably tell your friends and your teachers at school that you like to wear dresses and panties, and they would make fun of you. So we have to keep it a secret."

"Can we throw out the clothes so Mommy doesn't find them?" he said now genuinely scared as he tried to pull the dress off.

I stopped him and smoothed the dress back down. "Oh, don't worry, Pauly. You can keep on the dress for a while longer. Mommy's not going to be home for a long time yet. And we don't have to throw them out. I'll just hide them real good. You don't want me to throw out these pretty clothes, do you?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I know you love to wear them. So I'll keep them hidden away where Mommy can't find them, and the next time Mommy is out shopping, you can dress up in them again and play like a girl. OK?"

He slowly nodded his head 'yes,' but I could tell he was uncomfortable. I sat him down to watch some more cartoons, but I could tell his mind was elsewhere. I knew he was deep in confusion, a mixture of exciting and scary emotions, racing around in his head. Soon after, I told him we should have him take off his girlie clothes until the next time Mommy was out shopping. After I got Paully changed back into his jeans and T-shirt, I had him help me fold up the clothes, put them in a bag and hide them in the garage in a tool chest I emptied out. Then I left him to watch TV again and went into the kitchen to call Rosa and tell her that everything had gone perfectly and that she could come home.

Well, that was three days ago, and last night my wife picked up the photos I had taken to the drug store to be developed. She couldn't get over how cute Paully looked. She was genuinely disappointed that she couldn't have been there for his first day in girls' clothes. At dinner tonight, Roza announced that she was going out shopping for the afternoon on Saturday. After dinner I told Paully that on Saturday we could play dress up games again, and he smiled and shook his head positively. I've enclosed the pic of Paully in his little sundress, and I'll write again to let you know how Paully is progressing.

Love, Sissyboy Sarah  
Oklahoma City

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## **March 2001 Letters of the Month**

### **Letter #6**

#### **I Made My Son a Cocksucker**

Dear Princess,

Years ago, I discovered my son playing with my lingerie. I was furious. He said he was just curious, but I let him know how offended I was, and how I felt violated. I made him wear a pair of my panties for a week after that. He had to wear them under his boys' clothes. After the third day, he came to me and asked for a clean pair because the ones he was wearing were dirty and beginning to chafe him. I laughed in his face and took him to my room.



"Good ahead and pick a pair of my panties out. You know where I keep them." And I laughed at him some more. I made him take a bath before putting on the clean panties, and told him to report to me every day for a clean pair. Which he did. I began pulling surprise inspections, opening his pants to peek at his panties and to make sure he still had them on. I'd do these inspections anywhere and any time of the day, even in front of my longtime boyfriend, Frank.

When the week was up I felt like he hadn't been punished enough. So I put him in one of my ruffled blouses and a skirt along with the panties, and then put an apron on him and made him clean house. That became a weekly ritual. As he grew older, I realized that he never had any girlfriends. He said he felt very inadequate around women and girls, so rather than have him go his whole life without a sex life, I took him under my wing and had him start serving me when I had my boyfriend over.

It didn't take long for me to get to the point that I had in mind from almost the beginning, him on his knees orally servicing my boyfriend. Frank and I taught him how to suck cock like a champion. He's been doing it now for over a year. He still cries when I make him put on his apron and kneel before Frank. He knows what to do very well now. Frank has a nice big penis that fills my boy's mouth, and Frank can shoot a good load. My sissy son usually can't swallow it all fast enough, so half of it usually dribbles out of his mouth and down the front of his frilly pinafore apron. Hope you like the pic!

A Strong Southern Belle  
Mary Lou,  
Alabama

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April 2001

Letter #7

### My Fat Cousin



"Fatty, fatty two-by-four" and "piggy, piggy, piggy" were my two favorite ways of teasing my big, fat cousin Barbara. She was a farm girl, stronger than most boys I knew. Even though she was a year younger than me, she could easily beat me up since I was just a little guy. I was a mama's boy to tell you the truth, but I could run like a jackrabbit, so I never tired of calling her fatty names and then running away from her when she got mad and chased after me.

One summer day, my mom dropped me off at my cousin Barbara's house to stay with her for the day because my mom and her parents were going to a farm auction. My aunt and uncle said Marsha, a neighbor lady, would be by to fix us lunch and look in on us from time to time to make sure that we were OK. Also, my uncle had given Barbara and me a list of chores to do to keep us busy and out of trouble.

I was there with her alone only a short time when I gave in to my need to tease her about being fat, but I had no idea she was planning revenge and ready for me. We were eating toast and jelly while shucking peas and I looked up at her. She seemed bigger than ever.

"You're getting fatter, piggy," I taunted, feeling I was at a safe distance on the opposite side of the kitchen table. But she shocked me by quickly standing up and shoving the entire table against me, pushing me in my chair right up against the wall. In the process my grape jelly covered toast got shoved up against my chest and fell down my front. I tried to unpin myself but was unable to shove the table back.

"You're weak as a little girl!"

"I'm not a sissy girl, you are! Let me out of here!"

"Do you wanna bet? Huh, sissy?"

"Let me out! Let me out!"

"Are you going to mind me if I let you out?"

Totally exasperated, with a nod, I agreed.

She pulled out the table just far enough to let me slide out. She gave me a wet rag and had me wipe the jelly off my shirt and pants. Then she took me by the hand and led me upstairs to her room.

"We have a lot of chores to do. You can't stay in those dirty clothes, get them off, I have some things you can wear."

When I turned and tried to leave, she grabbed my arm and twisted it up behind my back.

"Stop it! Let me go!"

She just laughed because she could handle me so easily. She shoved me onto her bed beside a small pile of clothes and she said, "Now, get you stuff off and put these on."

"No way! I'm not wearing those!" I screamed as I looked at the thin, pink cotton dress and white lace-trimmed nylon panties and reddened up with embarrassment. I threw them off the bed and tried to run off, but she shoved me back down on the bed and pulled the belt out of her jeans. Looking back on it, I realized that she had this planned out all along.

"Tell me when you change your mind, little girl," she said as she started beating me with that hard leather belt. She hit me across my thighs then flipped me over and started whipping my butt.

I screamed and she laughed. I had never been spanked in my life. I couldn't stand it. I sobbed and cried out, "Stop, please stop, I'll do it! I'll do it!"

She stopped strapping me, then immediately yanked off my T-shirt and pulled down my pants and underpants. I cowered to cover my nakedness, but she hit my hands with the belt and told me to stop acting like I was hiding something and help her off with my clothes. When I pulled my hands back, she just stopped for a moment and stared at my penis. She touched it with her fingertips and began smirking and giggling.

"My beagle, Casey, has a bigger one than that! Hurry up! Put your dress and panties on, little girl. They're going to suit you just fine. Now we'll see who's a sissy girl."

Sniffing and doing my best not to cry, she watched as I reached for the white nylon panties and pulled them up my legs. I wasn't sure about how to put on the dress so she had to help me with that. It must have been one of her older dresses because even though it was plenty wide around the waist, it was short, only coming half way down my thighs. I hung my head in shame. She turned me around to button up the little dress in back and tie the sash around the waist string into a bow. Never having worn a dress before I was totally aware of its full open bottom. I felt so vulnerable. I felt any movement or the slightest breeze could open up that dress and expose the silly panties I was wearing underneath.

Barbara sensed my lack of composure. She lifted the dress in back and smacked me hard on my pantied bottom saying, "Get out to the barn. Hurry up! We've got work to do."

I hurried out of the house before her. She still held her doubled-over belt and lashed out at me to speed me along. It would have been nice to run away somewhere, but there was nowhere to go,

especially dressed like that. Just in case I got any ideas like that, she had locked her bedroom door so I couldn't get back in to get my clothes.

Outside in the cool spring breeze it was very unnerving to walk along with the dress flitting about my thighs. Instinctively I held my hands to my sides to prevent the skirt of the dress from flying up. I was thoroughly unabashed to find myself outside in broad daylight in a thin little dress, which served as a meager covering to an even more embarrassing pair of frilly little panties. Barbara stayed close behind me. She continued to laugh and periodically swipe my burning pantied ass with a flick of her belt and a, "Hurry up, little girl."

After filling the horse pails with oats and shoveling the shit out of their stalls, I was dirty and thoroughly ashamed. I couldn't stop crying and couldn't look at her. She did little work. Instead she just reigned over me with that belt and made sure I kept moving. I had never been humiliated like this. It was devastating. I sobbed as she pushed me back up the lane to the house. I thought I would get to go in and change, but she took me to the far side of the house and made me get on my hands and knees and weed the garden.

"Please let me change," I begged, but she just smacked my bottom hard with her belt and made me keep on weeding.

"That's a girl! Don't you dare stop until I tell you," she commanded as she sat in a chair in the shade and watched over me, crawling through the big garden, sweating and crying and getting really dirty, and irritated by flies and bees. I hated it. I got so hot I became dizzy and Barbara kept hollering at me to hurry up and stop complaining.

Finally, I felt her hand smack me on my bottom as she said, "Get your sorry ass up! Hurry!" She pulled me up by my arm and pushed me along before her. I was dirty, crying and near passing out from the heat. She kept pushing me forward and I stumbled along with my head down crying as she giggled and smacked my sore pantied rear. "Stand right there, girl!"

I stood there crying with my head down, waiting for her to tell me what to do next. Then I heard Marsha, the neighbor lady say, "What in the world?"

I realized immediately that she was reacting to how I was dressed; an immense wave of shame ran through me I heard Barbara answer.

"He asked for it. I'm teaching the city boy a lesson."

"Are you getting even with him for all his teasing?"

"Oh, yeah, that and some! Why don't you watch while I clean him up before lunch?"

"Well, get on with it. From the way he looks, it would take all day to clean him up."

They were both laughing, and I was sobbing with shame.



"Oh, I can clean him up real quick, just watch" Marsha said.

She untied the sash of my dress, unbuttoned the back and pulled the dress down over my shoulders. "Take your dress off, little girl."

I felt sick. I couldn't take it off. That would leave me standing there before Marsha in nothing but the white nylon lace-trimmed panties.

"Hurry up, girlie boy," Barbara said laughing, but I hugged the dress to me and looked up and saw Marsha grinning at me.

"Get your dress off, NOW, sissy."

"No, please Barbara, let me go inside and clean up."

But when she doubled up her belt and started walking toward me, I began to cry harder and I sobbed, "Don't, please don't. Please don't hit me any more!" I quickly shoved the dress down and stepped out of it and stood before them in nothing but silky white lace panties.

Marsha whistled like a truck driver. "Pretty panties, for a boy! Do all city boys wear lacy panties like that?" she teased.

Barbara made me pickup the nearby garden hose, turn it on and hand it to her. She smacked me on my pantied butt with the belt and told me to stand still. She turned the hose on me. "Keep turning around for me, little girl, so I can get you from all sides. Use your hands to help wash off the dirt. Rub your hands good on your nice little panties, too. How did you ever get your pretty panties so dirty?" They both laughed hard at that comment.

I turned and washed with my hands as she sprayed me all over. She finally had me turn off the water and then made me stand before them in nothing but my wet translucent panties.

"Now stand here in the sun and let your panties dry while we get lunch ready. Don't move from this spot or I'll beat the shit out of you with my belt."

Sensing that I might run away, Barbara got a length of clothesline and tied my hands behind my back and tied the other end of the rope to the birdbath. And that's how I was standing, in wet, white lacy panties in the middle of the front lawn of the house as I heard a car approaching down the long driveway. My mother and aunt and uncle had come back from the farm auction early.

When they got out of the car and saw me, they had no regard for my feelings. They all knew how I had teased Barbara for so many years; they congratulated her on giving me my comeuppance. My aunt and mother got together and put me in some dry clothes, more of my cousin's icky girls' clothes, a blouse and skirt even ankle socks and dress shoes, took pictures of me and made me stay dressed that way for the rest of the day. Mom decided to stay over that night, and in keeping up the punishment, I was given a faggot pink and purple nylon nightie to wear to bed. Uncle

Charlie even kissed me goodnight full on the lips and made me lift up the nightgown and show him the pink satin panties my aunt had given me to wear that night.

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**May 2001**

**Letter #8**

**Getting My Nephew in Trouble!**

Dear Princess,

I'm a confirmed panty masturbator, and in that role I never miss a chance to promote my beliefs! I have to tell you about last year's Labor Day parade here in Davenport. They had a bagpipe band and I went along with my sister, her ten-year-old son, Duncan, and his friend, Glen.

When we saw the guys in kilts coming down the street, I started joking with Duncan and Glen about what they were wearing under the kilts. The boys had no idea, so I explained to them that since they were wearing kilts, which were skirts, they were wearing lacy panties under the kilts just like women and girls.

They both looked at me kind of funny, Glen said he didn't believe me. Duncan couldn't make up his mind. So when the bagpipe band went up on a little grandstand, I told the boys it was their chance to get a peek up those kilts and see for themselves. Well, this had all taken place while my sister was off talking with some other ladies. She came back just in time to see the two boys crawling around the edge of the bandstand trying to see for themselves what those guys wore under their kilts. My sister got mad as hell and dragged both of the boys out of there and reprimanded them all the way home.

Now, my sister knows all about my sexual proclivities because while we were growing up, she was always catching me stealing her panties, wearing them and shooting off my juice in them. She rightly figured I had put the boys up to this, and probably for my benefit, she took the opportunity to threaten the boys. She told them she was going to put Duncan in a skirt and panties since he was so curious about them, and then she was going to invite all the kids in the neighborhood over and let them peek up his skirt at his lacy little panties. She also said she was going to call Glen's mother and tell her what the boys were doing and recommend that she punish Glen in the same way. All the time she was saying these things, she kept glaring at me and giving me knowing little smirks.

Well, sorry to say, she didn't do it to them, but she sure had them begging on bended knee not to punish them that way. After she let the boys off the hook, they went off to play quietly in Duncan's bedroom. Then my sister came up to me and said, "I should get a pair of my lacy panties and make you wear them for putting the boys up to that!" Then she added, "But I don't think that would be much of a punishment!"

Pantyboy Promoter,  
Leland

**The End of Princess Online #23**



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