

# Princess Online

No. 28

Featured Stories and Letters from the  
Princess Productions Website



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.

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## Masquerade

For Halloween, this boy's mother made him a blonde bombshell movie star wannabe. She dressed him in a feather boa, an old pair of her white pumps, a fur-trimmed hat, a long blonde wig and a full makeup job. And since all of her dresses were too big for him, she shortened one of her full-length white slips with a wide band of lace around the hem to serve as a sexy miniskirt dress.

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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." Every crossdresser has feared and fantasized about being caught, and this excerpt captures those fears. In this scene, Peter has just transferred from his girls' school to an all-boys' school; however, his stepmother has not yet had the opportunity to get him proper boys' underwear, and while changing in the locker room, the boys at his new school catch Peter wearing a pair of his pink panties under his boys' clothes.

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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**-Watchdoggie!**

## Petticoat Punishment Collage Poster from 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. The above collage is therapy for dear old Watchdoggie!, a way for him to exorcise those emotions that still haunt him. After almost 50 years, the rigors of petticoat punishment still haunt him! The laughing nuns and teasing kids, the sign around his neck and the ultra frilly dress and panties are enough to make a grown man cry!

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### Pantied, Spanked and Humiliated Part 1

My spankings, though they were totally embarrassing, were always carried out in the privacy of our home without any witnesses except my mother, father and sister. The day that changed I'll always remember.

The Handcocks were our neighbors and were



over at our house for a cookout. When it started to get dark, we all went into the house. We weren't in the house ten minutes when I spilled my cherry Coke in the living room. The worst part is that I spilled it on the new carpeting that was less than a month old.

Mom ran to get towels to sop it up, but the pale gray carpet was stained.

“Go upstairs right now and put your punishment panties on!” Dad shouted as he grabbed me by the collar.

From the time I was a preschooler, it was always panties for me for a spanking. I was put into a pair of my sister's panties because I was a pants wetter, and I wore daytime diapers until I was five years old. In our house, my sister and I got a spanking over our underwear for modesty's sake, but since it didn't make sense to spank me over my diapers, Mom would always borrow some of my sister's panties and make me wear them. Then when I graduated to regular boys' briefs, the panties were still used for spankings since my parents noticed that my underwear was much thicker than my sister's panties.

At first they were just plain white panties, and none of us made any big deal out of the fact that they were girls' underwear; they just served the purpose. But then that changed too. My sister is a year older than I am and a real girly girl, and her panties went from plain white to very fancy when she asked Mommy to buy her panties like that when she was five years old.

The first time Mom put me into a pair of those frilly new panties, Mommy says she had to laugh at me because I just stared at them on my hips and kept touching the silk and lace with my little fingers. She said I screwed up my face and moaned, “O-o-o-o, no, Mommy!”

I was at that age when I began to notice the difference between boys and girls and learned from my peers that it was shameful to put on girls' clothes, and the lacy panties were very girlish.

“Please don't make me wear these!” I pleaded, but since I was being punished Mommy realized the value of the added humiliation.

“Well, if you don't want to wear girly panties, you'll just have to be a good boy!”

Over the next couple of years, I did my best to be good, but I found myself in panties and over my father or mother's lap with regularity. After a spanking, I had to stand in the corner for a time with my paddled and pantied bottom on display, but no one ever saw me except family. That was bad enough. After the spanking, Mommy would take the panties off me and let me return to my regular clothes. Panties were the only girls' clothes I ever had to wear. But even just the panties became increasingly embarrassing as I got older and realized the humiliation involved in wearing something that sissy.

But that all changed the night the Handcocks were there. I had hoped that they didn't hear or understand what Dad meant when he told me to get into my punishment panties. (Ever since I was six, a supply of my sister's lace and silky panties were kept in my night table drawer for use

in spankings, and my Mother didn't put me in them anymore. I had to dress myself in them and go downstairs for a spanking.

I hoped that my spanking would come after the Handcocks left. Since I knew I was expected back downstairs, I put my corduroy trousers back on over the panties before returning to the living room. When I got back to the party, Dad grabbed me by the arm.

“Did you put your punishment panties on?” he yelled very loud at me.

There was no mistaking. I'm sure everyone heard him say it this time.

I nodded “yes” and I'm sure my face was the color of ripe strawberries.

Dad started to open my belt and pants as he reprimanded me for putting my trousers back on over the panties.

“No, Daddy, please! Not now, Daddy. Don't let them see!”

“Don't let them see what, you clumsy little boy? Didn't I tell you to be careful with that Coke of yours? Don't let them see what? Don't let the Handcocks see your pretty panties?”

I was crying already, shaking my head, pleading with him not to expose me in my panties.

Daddy laughed at me, “Well, I think they'll enjoy seeing you in your little girl panties. Maybe next time you'll be more careful.”

“Please, no! Please, no, Daddy! Don't let them see my panties!”

Daddy's hand slap across my face shut me up. I felt my trousers falling down around my ankles. Daddy lifted up my legs and roughly pulled them off over my feet. He yanked up my shirt and made me hold it up high. Then he gleefully looked at me in the panties, pulled them up snug, rubbed his hands all over them and smoothed them out over my butt.

I could hear the Handcocks making noises in reaction to my exposed panties, and my mother was talking to them rapidly explaining how I got my spankings. My nasty big sister was putting in her two cents every chance she got and she repeatedly told them that those were her panties that I was wearing.

We were a very strongly religious family, and that's one reason for the panties during a spanking. Modesty was important to my parents. No one in our family ever went around the house without clothes on. The most exposure that ever happened was when my sister and I saw each other in lacy panties for a spanking. (Yes, my sister did get spanked, but I got spanked about ten times as often as she did.)

Daddy had no patience for me and he threw me over his lap and lambasted the hell out of my pantied butt. After about fifty smacks, he dragged me over to the corner and made me stand

there, commanding me to keep up my shirt so my panties would stay on full view since I was so embarrassed to be seen in them.

As I stood there, they all started talking about spanking in general and my spanking session in particular. The Handcocks were very religious too. They said that the church they belonged to encouraged parents to spank their children. That night they had brought along their little boy, who was two years younger than me. Throughout this whole session, he barely said a word, but I'm sure he didn't miss a thing.

The Handcocks told how they spanked him with a paddle that was actually a wooden fan that looked like a Ping-Pong paddle. I couldn't see him, but I'm sure he was squirming while they were talking about he got punished.

The conversation got around to the panties. Mrs. Hancock assumed that I had to wear panties all the time until Dad told her that I just had to wear them for spankings for modesty sake. But Mr. Hancock pointed out how I was crying even before the spanking started because I was so embarrassed to be wearing my sister's panties in front of them.

I think that made Dad and Mom think about it and realize that the humiliation factor was a good way to increase my punishment. Mrs. Hancock said she had read about punishing boys by making them wear complete outfits of fancy girls' clothes to embarrass them into walking the straight and narrow. To test the theory, she asked her little boy, Ole, if he would like to wear some pretty girls' clothes.

I could hear the kid moaning not to do that to him. He was ready to cry!

His mother asked him if putting him in girls' clothes for punishment would make him behave better in the future. All I could hear was the kid pleading with her not do anything like that. When she asked him what it would be like if she forced him into girls' clothes and then made him go out in front of his friends, the kid started crying loudly -- and they hadn't even laid a hand on him!

Ole's reaction made both sets of parents fully appreciate the tremendous potential of petticoat punishment. My mom and dad decided they wanted to try putting me in even more items of my sister's clothing for punishment, and so Daddy called me over to him.

"From now on, Tammy--" he said with a chuckle. I winced at his use of the feminine form of my name, Tommy. "From now on, whenever you are to get a spanking, you will wear a complete outfit of girls' clothes that Samantha will choose for you. In addition to your nice panties, you'll wear a dress, a slip--"

"N-o-o-o, pl--" I started, but was cut short as Daddy slapped me across the face to get my attention.

"Please Daddy, no dresses--!"

"Just listen, little girl, you're getting close to another spanking!"

"Yes, Daddy," I sobbed.

"From now on, Samantha will dress you up for your spankings, and you will do and wear whatever she says. And starting right now, if you don't obey her, she has my permission to give you a spanking too. Understand?"

"Yes, Daddy."

I understood only too well! I looked at Samantha and saw the look of joy on her face. My life was going to be sheer hell from then on.

"If she tells us that you have been a naughty girl and refused to let her spank you, you will not only get a good spanking from her but from your mother or me too.

"We are all anxious to see how well this will work, so take off all your clothes except your panties. Right here and right now! Then go with Samantha up to her room and let her get you all dressed up."

Dad hurriedly helped finish undressing me. Mommy fetched a washcloth and washed my tear-stained face, and Samantha said she was going on up to her room to get some things sorted out for me.

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## Pantied, Spanked and Humiliated Part 2

Once I got upstairs, I then had to submit to the humiliation of having my big sister dress me as a girl! She made me change into her best pair of pink nylon panties. As she pulled them up my legs, the lavish lace-trimmed edges tickled my legs. Ruffled ankle socks and a long pink slip followed. She slipped shiny black Maryjane shoes on me and then came toward me with her best pink party dress. I shuttered as she slid it over my head and adjusted it about me. She did up the buttons in back and tied the sash into a floppy bow cascading over my smacked bottom. The petticoat was a lot longer than the dress and peeked out brazenly. I knew it wasn't supposed to be like that, but I had no courage to say anything. I dreaded that any resistance would bring me only further pain and humiliation.

"Come here, Tammy," she giggled. "Let me do your hair."

She parted it down the middle and put two pink ribbon bows in it.

"There, you look really pretty now.

"Yes, Tammy, you are a very pretty little girl, and I want you to remember that from now on, that is what you are: a sweet little girl. And you had better behave accordingly, Mommy and Daddy will let you dress like a boy so you can go to school and go out and play, but you must remember that from now on, you're really a little girl inside, a girl and my little sister.

"Now let's go downstairs and show everyone how nice and pretty you look."

Mommy and Daddy cheered when they saw me. Mr. And Mrs. Handcock laughed at me and teased little Ole, asking him if he wanted to put on a dress and panties too and play dolls with Samantha and me.

From my eyes, tears flowed unendingly. My parents and the Handcocks were immediately sold on the value of petticoat punishment. When I didn't stop crying, Daddy said he'd make me stay like that and take me out the next day to show me off to the delinquent little boys that I liked to play with. That made me stifle my crying after a great degree of effort.

From that moment on my life became one of sheer torment. The whole petticoat punishment thing became a vicious circle. The more I was punished, the more I rebelled, and the more I rebelled the more I found myself in dresses as well as panties for my spankings. My girlie punishments got extended from hours to days. Many times that summer I spent a week or more in my sister's clothes. Twice I did something that merited special punishment, and in those instances I had to endure the shame of having to walk through the streets dressed like a sissy girl. The worst part was being shown off to boys that had once been my friends. They took great delight in taunting me, calling me names and saying things like:

"Who's the pretty little fairy?"

"Show us your panties, sissy boy!"

"I bet you sit down to pee, now. Don't you Tammy boy!"

"Let me know when your mother lets you start dating. I would love to be alone with a girl like you!"

Samantha considered my humiliation complete once the boys managed to reduce me to tears. And then at dinner that night, I'd relive the terror, as she'd describe our outing in detail to Mommy and Daddy. She had another little thing that she did to thoroughly shame me. She thought it great fun to make me play with her girlfriends and her after school, making me change clothes in front of them right down to my panties. Sometimes they simply made me change from one pair of panties into another as they made me put on a panty fashion show for them, and when

they ran out of panties from my drawer and my sister's wardrobe, the girls would each take off their panties and make me prance around in them as they teased me mercilessly. Samantha conveniently ignored the standard modesty rule in our family as she made me take off the panties in front of all of them and stand there nude until she gave me the next pair of panties to put on. And I had to do as she directed and I couldn't complain to Mommy and Daddy because the moment I resisted or threatened to do that, it was over Samantha's lap for a spanking. That was usually followed by another spanking from Mommy or Daddy when one of them would get home.

On weekends Samantha would dress me in one of her light, everyday dresses instead of her gay party dresses or her school uniforms. On Saturdays, so dressed, I would have to go shopping with her and Mommy. This was another torment for me as Mommy always seemed to meet a lot of her friends while we were out and they would make a fuss over what a pretty little girl I had become, cooing over my dress and even examining my slips and panties while their own children stood there watching in awe along with my smirking sister.

On Sundays we often went to the park to play on the swings and teeter-totters, and at other times we went visiting friends and relatives. Mommy always dressed me up in the prettiest dresses for visiting, all lace, frills and ruffles. The sort of thing little girls of six or seven wear to parties! These were the only girls' clothes I had of my own. Mommy bought them for me just for these occasions. Typically all the girls' clothes I wore belonged to Samantha because that way Samantha got to have a huge wardrobe, and besides, Mommy and Daddy knew it gave my sister great pleasure to tell everybody that I was her bad boy brother under petticoat punishment and that the clothes I was wearing were hers. But the little girl party dresses were all mine! They were all so short, barely covering my panties, and they were excessively flimsy and girlish. Samantha wouldn't have been caught dead wearing such fussy and frilly little dresses like that. Of course, the fact that they were my dresses was always pointed out to any of the people we were visiting or entertaining.

Some of the people we saw had children of their own, and if they were girls, I had to play sweetly with them and take orders from them even if they were much younger than I was. But it was worse if they had boys because they would really tease me, and they never tired of flipping up my dress to see my lacy panties. And if I complained to Mommy or Daddy that the boys were trying to see my panties, my parents would make me stand right there and pull my dress and slip up to my chin and let the boys have a good look at my panties. They even let the boys come up close and touch the silky material and finger the lace and bows. A lot of the boys took that opportunity to "accidentally" touch my firm little penis in my panties and pretend to wonder what it was. When they'd ask me what the bump in my panties was, my parents would make me explain to them that it was my boy penis but I was a sissy girl boy now.

Occasionally these boys, like most boys, got carried away and did some really bad things to me. The only satisfaction I got at those times was seeing those boys being punished and spanked by their parents, and many times they were threatened with being put into girls' clothes too. At those times I usually tried my hardest to get these boys to tease me some more, hoping that they too would be put into panties and dresses, but Mommy caught onto what I was doing and would

warn the boys that I was trying to lure them into trouble. At those times, I usually ended up getting another spanking for being an evil influence and tempting the boys to be bad.

A really bad time for me was when Samantha discovered that I had a crush on Tilly, the girl next door. Samantha made friends with her and told her that I was in love with her and all about how I had to spend most of my time in girls' punishment clothes. Tilly told her that the whole neighborhood was talking about me that summer and she had heard some of the stories.

Samantha invited Tilly over to see me for herself. Tilly laughed her head off and told me right to my face that she had no interest in becoming the girlfriend of a boy that dressed up in girls' clothes. I pleaded with her and told her that I didn't want to do it but had to as part of my ongoing punishment. She just laughed in my face and called me a "pansy" and "flaky boy."

The girls took me up to Samantha's room and soon were undressing and dressing me up in all of my sister's clothes. When Tilly proposed that we go next door and I try on all of her clothes, I bolted and ran to Mommy. Mommy put me over her lap and spanked me right in front of my little girlfriend. Then she sent me over to Tilly's house where I was introduced to her father and mother. They said they had heard about me and seen me in the neighborhood once when my sister had taken me out to be teased in my girls' clothes. They laughed at me and told me I looked like a clown because the girls had put too much makeup on me that day. I just cried some more, and they berated me for being such a poor excuse of a boy. When I protested and told them that I wanted their daughter to be my girlfriends, they asked, "Like in 'boyfriend and girlfriend?'"

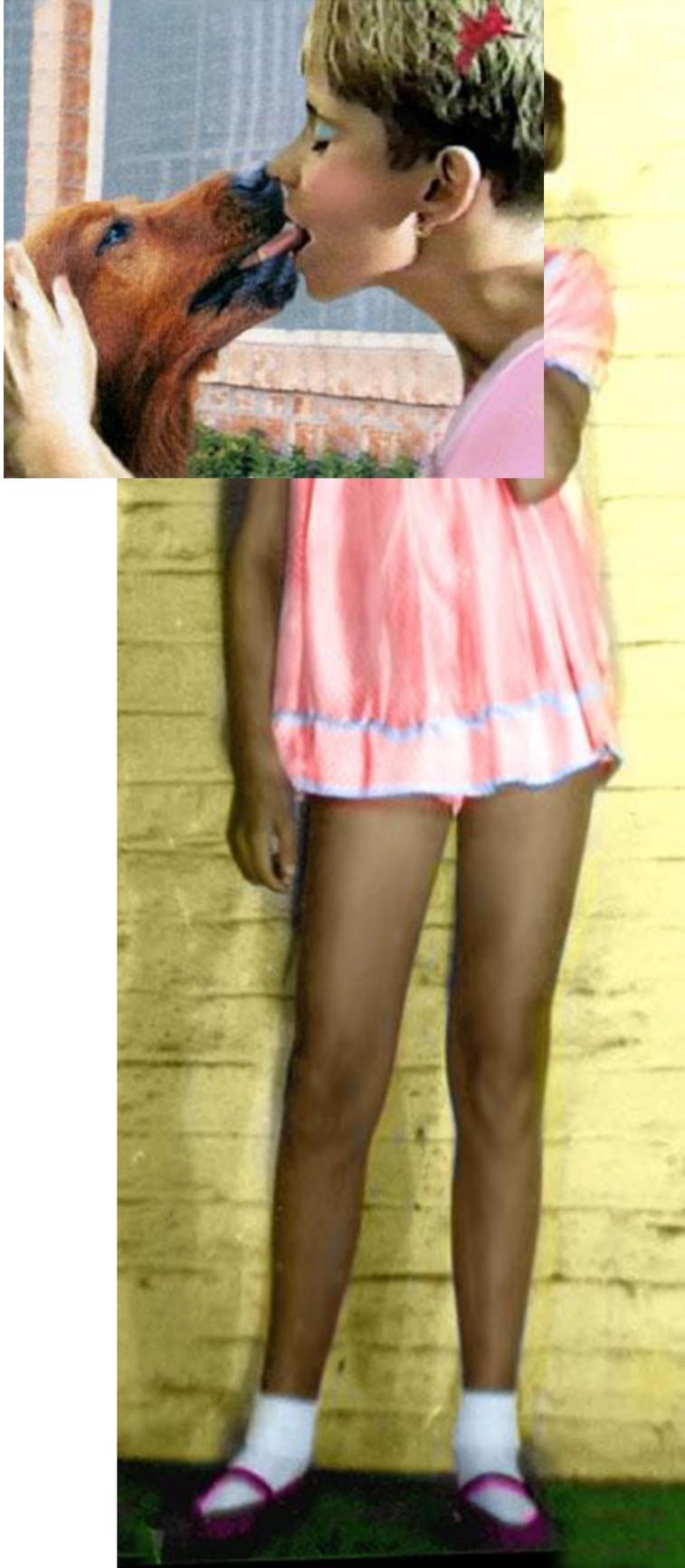
When I said, "yes," they started laughing a lot more. After we went into Tilly's room to play with her clothes, I could hear them laughing for about another ten minutes. I was so upset that I didn't want to model Tilly's clothes. That got Samantha to put me over her knee for another spanking. It hurt because I had been spanked a lot already that day. Her slaps on my sore bottom made me wail like a really big sissy. My cries brought Tilly's parents to her room to find out what was going on. When they saw me, they opened up with an especially fierce rendition of their patented, screeching laughter!

After the holidays, I went back to school. To my great relief I was allowed to go dressed as a boy. But even then I had to wear girls' lace panties and silk vests. It didn't take long for everyone at school to find out what I was wearing. Samantha made sure of that. Frequently I was forced to lower my shorts on the playground so that everyone could get a good look at my panties. I did very poorly in school because I was being harassed so much and beaten up almost daily. Daddy called me a sissy for not defending myself, but I couldn't get him to understand that I couldn't fight off gangs of kids at a time. My sister pointed out that some of the kids that beat me up were girls, and they did it because I badmouthed them when they teased me. Daddy got furiously mad when he found out that even girls could beat me up. And Mommy regularly gave me spankings because I was always coming home with bad marks on my report card.

At home, things continued much as they were before the holidays, and so as well as being teased, tormented and humiliated at school, I got the same treatment at home from Samantha and her friends. That's what my life was like growing up. I don't recommend the same for any other boy.

Tommy  
Oklahoma City

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Sissy Dog Training

Dear Princess,

I read with great interest the letter you had from the eunuch. I love women and appreciate their superiority. When my mother died Elizabeth Stoller, a close friend of hers, took me in and quickly turned me into her slut slave. That was nine years ago and I am still her loving lackey to this day. From the start, she had me wear her old clothes around the house, first as an economy measure, and then, as she said, because it pleased her. I didn't mind too much because the clothes were kind of sexy and nice feeling, but I did fear anyone else seeing me like that. It was even embarrassing when she stared at me and smiled with a naughty look on her face. I had no desire to be a girl, but I did it to make her happy. Soon I was wearing not just her dresses and lingerie, but her jewelry, nail polish and makeup!

She was very open about sex and taught me all about it, but she never permitted me to have intercourse with her, although she eventually trained me to regularly use my mouth on her toes, cunt, and asshole after she takes a shit.

For my first sex lessons, she had me perform with her dog, Missie. I learned how to french kiss by kissing the dog, sucking her tongue into my mouth and sticking my tongue into her mouth. Elizabeth laughed a lot while she coached me. Of course, she didn't stop there. She soon had me eating the dog's pussy too. When she did that, she had to put adhesive tape around Missie's paws so she wouldn't scratch the hell out of me because the dog would go crazy with excitement when I ate her. My doggie cunt lapping sessions became a frequent entertainment at Elizabeth's parties. She hangs around with a crowd of total degenerates.

She never has allowed me to masturbate. She's in charge of my orgasms, which she induces with a vibrator or by her hand, and always administers through the frilly, silky panties that I have to wear 24/7. My Mistress is an emergency room surgical nurse and knows the male body well. She's an expert at milking me of my jism. The only problem: she only milks me about once a month, depending upon her mood and how good I've been. The rest of the time I spend a lot of days in agony, especially because she and her female guests usually walk around the house in just their skimpy little bits of lingerie.

One day she had me well tied down while she playfully tortured my nipples and genitals. She loves my suffering. I began to get an erection.

She saw it and said, "Would you like to fuck?"

I was shocked because she never uses four-letter words and because she had made it clear we would never have intercourse.

I said eagerly, "Oh, yes, yes, Mistress! Please, Mistress, I'd love it!"

"The only thing males think about," she said, "is fucking. You're like all the rest, you're too anxious, too consumed with the thought. Well, I'm going to help you with that. Tonight, I'm going to cut off your balls."

One time before, she had threatened to castrate me, blindfolded me and used a piece of ice on my balls as she pretended to cut me, but it was all a joke, and I didn't know it was a joke until the following morning. Just the same, it had scared the hell out of me. I had spent the night tied to the bed with big bandages around my nuts thinking I had my balls cut off.

Ever since that time she kept talking about it, saying things like I didn't need my balls to eat her pussy and everyone knows eunuchs make the best slaves.

I hoped that this threat would pass, but I have many reasons not to doubt her when she "gets into one of her moods," and so when she threatened to castrate me again, I begged her to let me keep my disgusting big balls. (And they are big, probably bigger than 90% of males because she has teased me for so many years, kept me hard and aching since I'm usually denied cumming. "Blue balls" could have been my middle name.)

Then one night, she had a good bit of brandy, and she laughed and told me that just thinking about my balls in a jar was making her feel sexy. She climbed on top of me and lowered her purple-panty-covered vulva to my mouth. I put my tongue to work as usual. After her second orgasm, she gently pissed in my mouth through the panties and I did a good job of catching almost all of it.

She took off her panties and had me suck on them while she took a break and had some more brandy. Then she put on some soft, shiny white satin panties with nice lace on the sides, blindfolded me and tied me down to the bed even tighter. Sitting on my face with her pussy on my mouth, she used her hands slowly and skillfully to give me a marvelous orgasm in my pink panties.

She asked if I enjoyed it.

"Yes, Mistress, thank you, beautiful Mistress, it was wonderful."

She said she was glad because it was the last one I would ever have.

Before I could react, she stuffed the purple panties back into my mouth and put some tape over my mouth to hold them in. Now I could not see, move or speak. She took a scissors and cut my panties off. Soon, I felt a burning sensation in my genitals as she swabbed them with alcohol. Next, I felt a stinging sensation as if a knife were cutting around my scrotum. She told me there was less blood than she expected. I thought I could feel blood running down my crotch. I was screaming muffled protests into my panty gag. It felt just like the time she did it with the piece of ice and I hoped that's what she was doing again.

I felt a tug and a sharp pain. With a cry of triumph, she said my testicles were out, and she was putting them in a jar of formaldehyde so that I could look at them often and see what gets males into so much trouble. She sponged off the area. I felt the needle pricks in between my legs as she described how she was sewing it up and then bandaging over it. She took off my blindfold but kept me gagged. One leg at a time, she untied my legs, which were in pain and half numb from the lack of circulation with the tight bondage. She threaded a new pair of white satin panties up

my legs, panties with lace frills that perfectly matched the ones she was wearing. Then she reached under the leg opening of my panties and inserted a catheter into my limp penis, and then retied my legs (but not as tightly as before) and left me like that for the night.

The bondage was still painful, but I was more concerned about my balls: they were gone! I swear this time she had done it! I couldn't believe it. I couldn't sleep. I hated the idea. Would my voice change? Would I develop breasts? Would there ever again be any kind of sexual pleasure? I was a basket case.

In the morning, She woke me and showed me two small round peach-colored objects in a jar of cloudy liquid. I didn't want to look. The pain between my legs let me know that this time it was not a joke!

I was in shock. I can't remember all my reactions. Elizabeth owns me, and taking away of my masculinity underscored her ownership, but to be gelded left me confused, angry and afraid, afraid of what I would become. But the anger I felt vanished when she removed my gag and kissed me tenderly several times.

"Ken, you've made me very happy. I love you."

How could I be angry after that?

I have been a eunuch now for seven years. Most people would not understand this, but it is the best thing that ever happened to me. There is a peaceful calm in my life I never experienced before. Mistress says I am a much better slave. I can't say my sex urges are gone, but they are diminished so they no longer distract me. My voice has not changed. There may be a slight enlargement of my breasts, but not much. My penis appears smaller, possibly because it has been flaccid for so long. Most of my scrotum was removed. I can still achieve an erection. It's like when I was a kid before my balls filled with cum. I get hard and can masturbate (which I'm allowed to do any time I want now), but of course nothing comes out, just pleasant rolling surges pass over my body. In that respect, I suppose my orgasms are similar to what women experience. That's a very sexy and soothing thought.

I am very fortunate that Elizabeth still enjoys oral sex and wants my mouth between her legs every day. She tastes more delicious than ever. I enjoy the subtle, satisfying pleasure as she plays with my nipples and my penis. At times, she sucks my cock, something she never did before. Before it would have been for my pleasure, but now it is for hers. She says even if it is useless, it is a cute little thing dangling there all by itself. This is not really sex, but more like a gentle, sensual caress. We have found unprecedented serenity.

Until after it happened, I was appalled at the thought of castration, but I should have known that my Mistress always know best. She knew I would be much happier without balls than with them, and she was right. She says she is happier too. Isn't happiness the bottom line?

Slave Kimmy (formerly Ken)

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## New Kid in the Neighborhood

I'm gay. I never did much in the way of crossdressing except to wear panties, which I do every day. However, my "girlfriend" is a boy, who was brought up under petticoat punishment.

When I first moved into the neighborhood, I looked around for boys to play with. For some reason there were plenty of girls around, but there weren't many that I could find close to me in age. There was one group of young thugs that hung around the park. They were one and two years younger than me. I tried to start up with them, but they were a bunch of jerks.

Then one day I saw a boy in the grocery store with his mother. He looked like a nice kid and just about my same age. "Hi! My name is Johnny," I said.



He acknowledged my self-introduction, but he spoke so softly I could hardly hear him.

"Michael is a bit shy," his mother said as he looked up at me and blushed.

The second time we met was at the playground where he was seated on a swing. A few of those tough boys had surrounded him and were starting to rough him up.

I stepped up to them and told them to stop bothering him in a firm voice so they knew I was serious. They looked at me, shrugged their shoulders and walked away.

"You OK kid?" I asked.

Michael nodded and forced a smile, but tears were rimming his eyes. He was very pretty for a boy. In fact, he reminded me of one my girl cousins. As we talked for a while, my penis in my shorts got hard and tingled. I really liked him, but when I tried to ask him about hanging around together, he was very hesitant. I told him we should meet there in the park on the following day, but he said that we was going to stop coming to the park because those boys were picking on him more and more. I walked him home, but he didn't want to get together again no matter how often I asked. When we got there, Michael's mother was outside, and she invited me in to have some lemonade with them.

In front of his mother, I asked again about playing together some time, but he was still so hesitant. His mother encouraged him to play with me some time but didn't push the issue. She

explained Michael was going through a bad period still trying to get over her divorce from his father. I noticed some pictures on the wall of Michael and a girl about his same age, a girl that looked just like him. Mrs. Logan saw me looking at the pictures and explained that Michael had a twin sister and she was currently staying with her ex-husband. for as much as they did look alike, there was one big difference: While in most of those pictures the boy was smiling, the girl had obviously been crying, tears could be clearly seen glistening on her cheeks.

I didn't see Michael at the park or anywhere in the neighborhood for over a week, and so I went over to his house one day. I rang the doorbell and knocked, but no one answered. I went around the back to see if he was in the backyard.

When I opened the gate, I saw a little girl sitting on an old-fashioned two-seat swing, suspended from the branch of an old oak tree. She was holding a baby doll and crying as she rocked back and forth. She wore a fancy pink dress and had a large bow clipped on the back of her head. I didn't like girls, but I had to admit that she looked very pretty. I was amazed as to how much she looked like Michael.

"Hi!" I said. "Is Michael around?"

The girl looked up in surprise, dried her eyes and stammered, "No . . . no, he isn't."

"My name's Johnny. You must be Michael's twin sister.

"Y . . . yes," she said with a quiver in her voice. "I 'm Mi . . . Michelle."

"Nice to meet you. You sure look a lot like your brother."

She blushed. Somehow I felt that it was Michael!

"Mind if I wait for your brother?" I asked as I sat beside her on the big swing.

"He isn't going to be here today. He's away at camp for the rest of the summer."

"Oh," I said. "You don't mind if I hang around, do you?"

"No. I guess not," she replied.

Just then Michael's mother appeared at the back door. She was surprised to see me, but immediately she asked if I would like to stay for lunch. I told her "OK."

Michelle looked at her mother and appeared very nervous.

I was sure Michelle was really Michael; even twins couldn't be that much alike! And since she had been crying, she looked exactly like her "brother" looked when he cried that day in the park, which now made me think of those pictures of this girl crying that I had seen in their house. I had to find out for sure.

"It's so lovely outside that I think we should have lunch in the garden," suggested to Mrs. Logan, all the while grinning brightly. She had Michelle set the picnic table for two, served us lunch and let us alone.

Michelle did not say much while we were eating but seemed uneasy when I looked into her eyes, which were such a vibrant shade of blue. Her lashes had been darkened and curled upward, and she had on light pink lipstick.

"You're very pretty," I said, and watched as she blushed.

"I, uh, never had lunch with a boy . . . like this before," said Michelle.

"And I've never had lunch with a girl like you," I replied. "You and Michael look so much alike."

After lunch we took a walk around the garden then returned to the porch swing. I could not get over how really girlish she or he was and what a pretty dress she or he was wearing. Most of the girls I knew would be wearing shorts or cutoffs on such a warm, sunny day.

"Would you like to go to the park," I asked. "We could go to playground and go on the swings and everything."

"No, I don't think so," she replied.

But Mrs. Logan was on the back porch and must have overheard us because she said, "Of course, you may go to the park, dear. It's such a lovely day to just hang around here."

Michelle reluctantly agreed.

I held her hand as we walked through the park. I felt it was the polite thing to do. When we saw the guys who had roughed up Michael approach, I felt her hand tighten.

"Don't worry about those creeps," I said. "I know how to handle them. You'll be safe with me."

The guys made some catcalls and whistled, mostly teasing me for holding hands with an icky girl, but they kept on going.

As we sat on the swings and talked, I came right out and asked, "You're Michael, aren't you?"

Fear came over her face. She was about to cry.

"How, how did you know?"

When I met you, I really liked you and I just had this feeling. Twins run in my family, so I'm used to seeing them. And even with the most identical of twins, there are ways to tell them apart. But since you were boy and girl twins, I knew you couldn't be identical twins because identical

twins have to both be the same sex, and in those picture you were more identical than any twins I had ever seen. It made me wonder. Then when I saw you today. I knew it had to be you.

“Oh, please, don’t tell anybody. Mommy always says she’s going to let all the boys in the neighborhood see me like this and tell them I’m a boy if I don’t do everything she tells me.

“But why do you dress up like this in these dumb girls’ clothes?”

“My mother makes me dress like this. Even when I was very little she had girls’ clothes for me that she’d buy. Despite my father’s objections, she’d dress me in them when I’d play too rough and break something or when I went against her in any way. I love my father and want to be with him, but Mom got custody of me in the divorce, even though my dad told the judge how she dresses me like a girl for punishment. The judge was a woman, so she didn’t think it was any big deal. The judge talked to me, and under threats from Mom, I told the judge that I liked dressing up in girls’ clothes and it wasn’t a punishment. I so miss my daddy, but he is so upset over the divorce that he moved to California to get away from it all. He got tired of seeing me in girls’ clothes every time he came over to pick me up for the day. He highly disapproved but couldn’t do anything about it. And Mom kept me in dresses and panties more and more. Now, I wear them almost all the time when I’m not in school. Mom says I’m bad, all boys are bad and she won’t have me ending up being like my father, whom she always calls an asshole.

“You even wear panties underneath?” I asked. I hadn’t thought anything about what he was wearing under that dress until he said it. Now the thought excited me strangely.

“Yeah, I wear panties, real fancy girls’ panties and everything else girls wear,” Michael replied.

“You know what? I don’t like girls, but I sure like you. In fact, I think I like you as Michelle even more than I like you as Michael.”

Not know what to say next, we both started swinging on the swings. For some strange reason her underclothes really made me curious. As she swung back and forth, I could see he was wearing ruffled petticoats. At one point I jumped off the swing. Michael then did the same, and when he did, his dress and slippers got pulled way up and I could see the pink lace-trimmed panties he had on!

I was so fascinated by Michael/Michelle, and I wanted to be her friend. I walked her back home and said goodbye. I had to get home for dinner, but I really didn't want to leave. I found myself saying, "Can I come back tomorrow?"

Michael nodded “yes” and his mother right behind him, saying, "Sure, Michelle would love to see you again. I can tell you’re a very nice boy, and my little girl doesn’t have many friends, so please do come around again tomorrow." Then she had “Michelle” kiss me on the cheek.

That made me blush like the dickens as I ran out of there and down the steps. It made me really feel strange to have a boy kiss me, even if he was dressed like a girl and the kiss was just on the cheek.

When I got home my mother asked where I had been all day.

"Well, there's this new girl, Michelle, and we went to the playground and stuff."

"Oh my! My little boy now has a girlfriend!"

I nodded. "Well, yeah, . . . I guess so."

"Why don't you bring her around for lunch one day? I'd love to meet her."

I told Mom that would be nice.

As I lay in bed that night, I thought about Michelle and how pretty she looked. Sure, I knew she was really a boy, but that didn't matter. In fact, it made it even more exciting. I kept thinking about her pretty petticoats and panties, wondering what how they felt for him to wear them. My thingy got real stiff and I jerked off until I finally "got the feeling" and drifted off into a sound sleep.

I was up early the next morning, still thinking about Michelle and her pretty clothes. After breakfast I showered and dressed then headed to her house. I couldn't wait to see her. I knocked at the front door and Mrs. Logan answered.

"Michelle is in the playroom," she said. "I think she's expecting you."

As I entered the room, Michelle was just placing her baby doll in a crib. She smiled. "I'm glad you came," she said. Then she whispered, "I wish I didn't have to wear these stupid girls' clothes and play with you like other boys."

"I told him that I didn't mind, and let him know I even liked him looking pretty like a girl."

He made himself smile, but he looked like he was ready to cry. For some strange reason, I took him in my arms and hugged him, like my mom hugs me twenty times a day.

Michael was wearing a pretty white dress with flowers on it. His hair was decorated with some little bows. I could not keep my hands off him as I continued to hug him through those layers of silky clothes. I found myself wondering what kind of panties he was wearing. I had inspected my mom's panty drawer on numerous occasions but never had the desire to wear them. Still I found it exciting to look at their panties and to rub my hands over their silkiness. Now with Michael wearing silky and lacy panties like that I found myself really wanting to see and feel them on him.

"Would you like to play cards?" he asked.

"Sure. Why not?"

"We can play Go Fish."

As we sat on the floor and played, I saw up his dress a lot of times, his slip was white, silky and had a lot of lace on the bottom. Several times I got to see his panties. They were pink panties again, but lacy in a different way from the day before. My excitement got the better of me and I grabbed him at one point and started kissing him on the lips. He resisted but I was much stronger and I held him down, continued to kiss him and put my hand up his dress to feel his panties. I found his cock in his panties too. It was pretty big for a kid our age. I held it though the panties and pulled on it like I pull on my own penis while I'm in bed at night.

Michael struggled to get free, but I didn't let him up until I heard Mrs. Logan behind us screaming.

"Just what in the hell are you boys doing!"

I let go of him and spun around. She was angry but sneering with a weird look on her face.

"So you discovered Michael is really Michael. Is this how you treat all your little girlfriends? Or do you just molest your little boyfriends. You must be a queer boy if you like to kiss and fondle other little boys."

I protested that I didn't know Michelle was a boy.

"Don't lie to me! I saw what you were doing to him. You're not dumb enough to think little girls have a penis. You're a faggot."

I must have looked at her quizzically when she said the word faggot because she explained to me what it meant.

"But you being queer is fine with me. I'm going to make Michael into a faggot too if I possibly can. As a matter of fact, you can help me!"

I tried to get up and get out of there. I didn't know where things were heading but I didn't like what she was saying and planning.

"Get back down on the floor!" she commanded. "If you try to leave, I'll call your mother and tell her what I caught you doing with my son, then I'll call the police and have you arrested."

I was truly frightened. I knew what I had been doing was probably wrong even while I was doing it, but I was so curious and so fascinated by Michael in panties. I had no idea she was bluffing me. Now I know that she would have been in even more trouble than me since she was doing all kinds of strange things to her son that I didn't find out about until much later, but I was just a young kid, and she easily scared me into doing what she wanted me to do.

The next thing I knew, she had gotten a camera out of the dresser drawer, and she told Michael to pull up his dress and silky slips high around his waist and told me to pull aside the leg of his panties and pull out his wiener and balls.

With hands shaking, I did it.

“Now bend over and start sucking on his cock!” she commanded.

I looked up at her with tears in my eyes. She was pointing the camera at me.

“Now get your mouth over his cock and start sucking so I can take some nice pictures of you. I need to have insurance that you’re not going to tell people about my little girl-boy. We have to keep it a secret.

“Oh, Mrs. Logan, I’ll keep it a secret. I will! I will! I really will!”

“Shut up and start sucking. I can’t trust you. I learned the hard way that you can’t trust men and boys. If you don’t have something on them, they’ll fuck you over time after time. Start sucking cock, or I’ll start calling our mother and the cops.”

I leaned over and picked up his limp penis with my lips and sucked it into my mouth. The camera was flashing in the background.

“Now pull back on his cock, all the way back, just hold the tip in your lips so I can get a good picture of it coming out of his panties and into your mouth.

“Good. Hold it while I take a couple of pictures.”

Flash! Flash!

Now release his penis, stick your tongue out real far and start licking it up and down.”

I did that too. I was crying and I could hear Michael crying. And Michael’s cock started to get very hard. It stood up all by itself and poked me in the face. I could hear his mother laughing.

“Oh, that’s great, boys! I guess my little boy is a faggot after all! Always telling me how much he wants to play sports and get dirty and play rough like other boys. What bullshit! He tells me he loves his father so much and wants to be with him. Now I know what kind of love he has for his father. He wants his daddy to suck his cock. You know you dad is a faggot, don’t you? Why do you think I divorced him? All he wanted to do was hang around with his beer buddies and play football and other stupid things with them. Even if he couldn’t admit it to himself, I can tell you he’s a fag. He certainly was no good as a husband. We only had sex three times since we were married. Very time it took him forever to shoot his dirty spunk into me. It was so much work for me to literally jerk him off into me. He always kept his eyes closed and didn’t say anything as I masturbated him to get him hard enough to enter me. I bet you he was dreaming about having some guy jerk him off instead of me, probably that queer-ass motherfucker, Clark. Your dad spent more time with that son-of-a-bitch than he spent with me.

“I gotta show him these pictures, you with a hard on, in a dress, getting sucked off by your new boyfriend. Your dad will probably cream in his jeans when he sees it!”

She made me go back to sucking on his penis. She directed me and told me what to do, how to move my lips up and down on him, how to tantalize him with my tongue. At the moment, I hated doing it, mostly I think because she was there and forcing me to do it. After that I did realize that I liked sucking on cock, at least sucking on Michael's cock.

Mrs. Logan had her own darkroom since photography was her hobby. So she made us a bite to eat to keep us busy while she developed the pictures. While Michael and I were alone, I thought about running out of there, possibly even running away because I thought my life was about to come to an end, but I couldn't. Maybe she would keep it all a secret and I would just have to be careful.

While we ate the cold cut sandwiches she had made, Michael saw me looking up at those "twin" pictures on the wall. He explained that his mother made those pictures using a double exposure. It was too complicated for me to understand because I had no idea how photography worked, but what he said seemed to make sense.

I began to relax a bit about the whole situation. It felt so good that I got a stiffer. It was really hard and pushed against my pants fiercely.

Mrs. Logan finally came back. She was carrying a couple of pictures.

"Here's a couple of the best ones," she said. "But be careful with them because they're still wet."

She giggled when she saw the little bulge in my pants and told me I was really a naughty little queer boy. She startled me when she lifted her dress, grabbed my face and rubbed it right into her big silky beige panties. They had white lace across the leg openings and were perfumed with a flowery scent. As she pushed my face closer and closer to where her legs came together, I could smell her womanly aroma. I remembered it smelled something like my mother's panties smelled before she washed them. When she let go of me, I wiped her wetness from my face and turned to get a good look at the pictures she had developed.

There, in the bright light of day, were two perfectly posed pictures of me sucking her petticoat punished son's hard cock. I cried. She hugged me in a very motherly fashion and comforted me, telling me it was OK, she'd keep my secret. She wouldn't show anybody the pictures and tell people I was queer unless I tried to cause her some trouble or expose Michael as a crossdressed boy.

Johnny G.  
Hawaii

Adapted from a letter by Jonathan Bebe

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## 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. Follow-up comments were also posted in Princess Online #27.)*

05/26/1999

I recently read an article in "Parents" about a woman's son and his crossdressing habit. She felt she had to curb his interest and wondered "is my son gay?" At the time the advice given to her by the pediatrician really made me angry, and it wasn't until reading this article that it made me think of it. He told her that her son's behavior was "normal" but that if this obsession continued she might think about seeking psychiatric help for her son to avoid problems later. I assume he meant avoid homosexuality, which is absurd. I don't know how people still have such hang ups about someone being gay. People are simply born that way, and upon asking any person who is gay, he or she will usually tell of a "feeling" they simply had from very early childhood. Yes, boys can play dress up and play with dolls and not be gay, but that doesn't mean they are not either, maybe he or she is simply meant for a different path. If her son does turn out to be gay, wouldn't it just go to prove that it isn't a choice? I have one son and another on the way. No matter what their preferences turn out to be, I will love them unconditionally, because that is what being a parent is, not pushing some sort of gender-oriented world of toys and games, etc., I laugh at people who think it is a choice the person made. Don't you think if they really could choose, they would choose something easier? I think about how I would feel if it were the opposite prejudice attitude. What if I was told being a lesbian was normal, and my need to love a man was wrong? I would feel totally repulsed and against it, because naturally I would feel attracted to men. That is how they feel about being with someone of the opposite sex. It would just feel wrong to them. If you want to be a good parent, get over it, and take whatever blessings are sent to you, and every child is a blessing, no matter what his preferences are!!

Diana

05/26/1999

My 3-year-old son too likes to wear dresses. He also carries around a Barbie. Both of these habits seem to serve as security blankets for him. He actually gave up the Barbie a couple of weeks ago and now hauls around a Barney video. Before Barbie it was a set of keys that he always had to have. As for the dress, he has one of his older sister's castoffs. If he remembers or is feeling a little insecure, he asks for his "indoor dress



and the nice panties." My opinion is that boys are not genetically programmed to hate pink -- it's a cultural thing. Lots of young children like pretty things, regardless of whether they are male or female. I am not worried about my son. He is well adjusted, loving and the light of my life (actually one of two lights of my life). I am very proud of him and would not trade any of his quirky behaviors for anything. I'm blessed to have him.

Mary Ruth

05/26/1999

I have walked in this woman's shoes and it can be very trying. My son is a gifted child with a very high IQ. He enjoys playing by himself, helps me around the house, respects adults and loves animals. Yet people always have something to say about how he is a bit different. He loves dressing up in his older sister's clothes, and many nights when I check on him after bedtime, I find he is wearing one of his sister's nylon nightgowns or a pair of her lace panties, and usually both! And as he is there sleeping like a little angel in his nightie and panties, he always had his hand cupping his genitals through the silky nylon. He often massages himself as he sleeps. I've seen him do it many times, but what's the big deal? I'm not going to disturb him during something that obviously gives him pleasure and doesn't hurt anyone else. Playing like that by himself, talking to himself (he even mumbles things to himself in his sleep about his pretty girls' clothes and moans, surely a sign as to how much he likes them), he really enjoys his own company. He loves his older sister and sometimes she plays dress-up with him, but he usually likes to dress up and play all by himself, probably because his sister laughs at him and teases him when he plays with himself in front of her. I told her just to ignore it, but I think her friends have told her that it's bad for little boys to touch themselves like that -- surely my husband or I have never told her anything like that. I believe children have to find out who they are before they join the rest of the crowd. If they are happy and healthy, why would we want to change that by telling them what they are supposed to be? I know life will not be easy for these wonderful people but believe that they will overcome all odds because of being the terrific people they are. I respect this family for being so honest and hope that they will never be so embarrassed that they lose sight of the great person their son is and will be. Best wishes to them and him!

Penny

06/17/1999

As the mother of a three-year-old son and a daughter on the way, I've tried hard not to teach sexual stereotypes to my son. Tyler loves every sport with a passion that irritates me. (I can't catch or throw a ball with any finesse, and I hate watching sports on TV.) He boxes and wrestles with Daddy with an intensity that frightens me. He also frequently asks to wear lipstick, not necessarily because he's a future homosexual, but because I wear lipstick and his father and I both use Chapstick. Tyler, at three years old, doesn't differentiate between the two. He just knows it all comes in a tube. He loves to wear my high heels as well as his dad's tennis shoes. He has a basketball, a soccer ball, a hockey set, a football, a train set, and half a dozen dolls that he

rocks and feeds. What's wrong with nurturing the gentle side of a boy? When I'm on my death bed will I lay there thinking, I never should have let him wear lipstick? Or will I enjoy memories of him rocking his "Betty baby doll" to sleep and gently patting my stomach and talking to his baby sister.

Cyndi Whitmore

06/18/1999



When my two sons were preschoolers, my daughter use to love dressing them up in her outgrown clothes and playing dolls and other girls games with them. She had always wanted a little sister, and since she didn't have one, she made the boys fill in as mock sisters, whether they wanted to or not! She was a very willful girl. This behavior continued on throughout their grade school years. The boys never did like being pretend girls, but they were powerless in the presence of their domineering sister, who had them well trained from the start. Both boys turned out fine. Their sister has told their wives how she used to dress them up. She even gets out old picture albums that show them in all kinds of humiliatingly girlish outfits. That still embarrasses them, and my daughter loves to make them squirm. They're not gay, but they may well be transvestites, since the wives are always teasing them

about letting them having some girlie time if they're nice. The wives seem ever thankful of the training the boys received at the hand of their sister!

Chere

07/20/1999

This isn't the 1950s! Gee. The kid is experimenting; he's just checking out the world. I don't think this is anything to get excited about. Maybe he'll grow up and be a famous dress designer. Maybe he'll be a truck driver. Maybe he'll be president.

Clark

08/12/1999

I'm lesbian, never played with "boy" toys and am very feminine, long hair and all. I always loved to dress up and be girlie, have long nails, put on make up, etc. I also grew up without a mother,

raised by my very strict and masculine father, and I did not learn this behavior from anyone. I also liked girls since I was little but suppressed it for years, marrying a man, divorcing and finally being true to myself. I believe who we are is predestined, and whether our families support us or not doesn't make a difference except in our happiness. I saw a show the other day that was both sad and interesting. One mom was crying thinking of the agony she put her son through when he was 4 and wanted to play with "feminine" stuff, and she forced him into karate classes and sports. He would just cry and suffer. He did turn out gay, and thankfully, she learned to love him anyway. They showed other parents who couldn't accept their children being gay and would do anything to "change" them.

O.W.

08/16/1999

Great article!!!! I sent the link to many friends and family members. Since we are a lesbian couple expecting a baby boy in November, gender issues like this one are often discussed. For instance, as one of two-moms, I made a conscious effort to not paint any pink in my son's nursery. How silly is that when I would not have fretted for a moment about painting blue in a daughter's nursery! It was also reassuring to read a positive and insightful article on gender stereotyping from a woman in a more heterosexual family setting.

One of Max's 2 Moms

09/29/1999

Good grief! Such a fuss about behavior that seems perfectly acceptable to me. It seems like most of the respondents to this essay are forgetting the major point - why is it OK for girls to play with boys' things, yet boys can't play with girls' things? There's no difference between a girl playing football and a boy playing Pocahontas. And there's no reason to think the boy playing Pocahontas is going to be gay. That's just ridiculous. The fact that it was even brought up astounds me. Do little girls who play football end up lesbians? Do little girls who play ballet never end up being lesbians? Is there something intrinsic about dresses or lipstick that makes them "girl-territory" besides our own stupid, arbitrary associations? And if he does end up gay, well, I wouldn't be any more surprised if a football-playing little boy turned out to be gay. Wow - I really wasn't aware of how stereotypical Americans \*still\* are. So much for progress, eh? For the parents - I commend you on your ability to raise above all the ignorant comments you hear around you. This little guy couldn't have more supportive parents :-)

Gabbie

09/29/1999

I had to laugh when I read this story because it could have been me writing it. My oldest son loves to "dress up" in girl clothes, and his favorite playmates are girls. I went to school the other day to eat lunch with him and there he was sitting happily at the lunch table surrounded by all girls! This highly upsets my husband who is big, strong, and macho. I think he'll outgrow it. If he doesn't --- oh well.

Angie



10/01/1999

I read with interest your article. Having been thoroughly educated on cross-gender issues, I feel my input may be somewhat useful. I applaud you and your husband's understanding of this situation. A little boy I knew who was a little less overt in his femininity grew out of it by the time he was 5 or 6. He had two understanding parents who didn't stifle his feminine side. However, I do know of an individual who was a crossdresser ever since he was very young and was raised by foster parents who told him this was unacceptable behavior. After repeatedly catching him dressing up in his sister's clothes, the mother dressed him up completely in the girl's school outfit, since those were the clothes the boy seemed to be most attracted to, and then the husband took the boy down to the park and forced him to play with the other kids, who of course teased and humiliated him until the boy was in tears. The outcome: A retired marine who elected to become a woman at the age of 46. Continue supporting your son and don't make a big deal out of it. Hopefully, he'll outgrow it. If not, be prepared to continue offering your love and support to a daughter instead of a son. I know this sounds impossible right now, but it is an issue you may be faced with in the future, and I encourage you to read up on transsexualism. It is not a dysfunction nor psychiatric disorder. It is when a boy is born with more female hormones than male. He cannot help it, and it is a physical condition, and nothing else. If you never want to see your son commit suicide, continue to support him, and I know you will, at whatever cost. My heart goes out to you, and I wish you the very best of luck.

Deborah

*The End of Princess Online #28*

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