

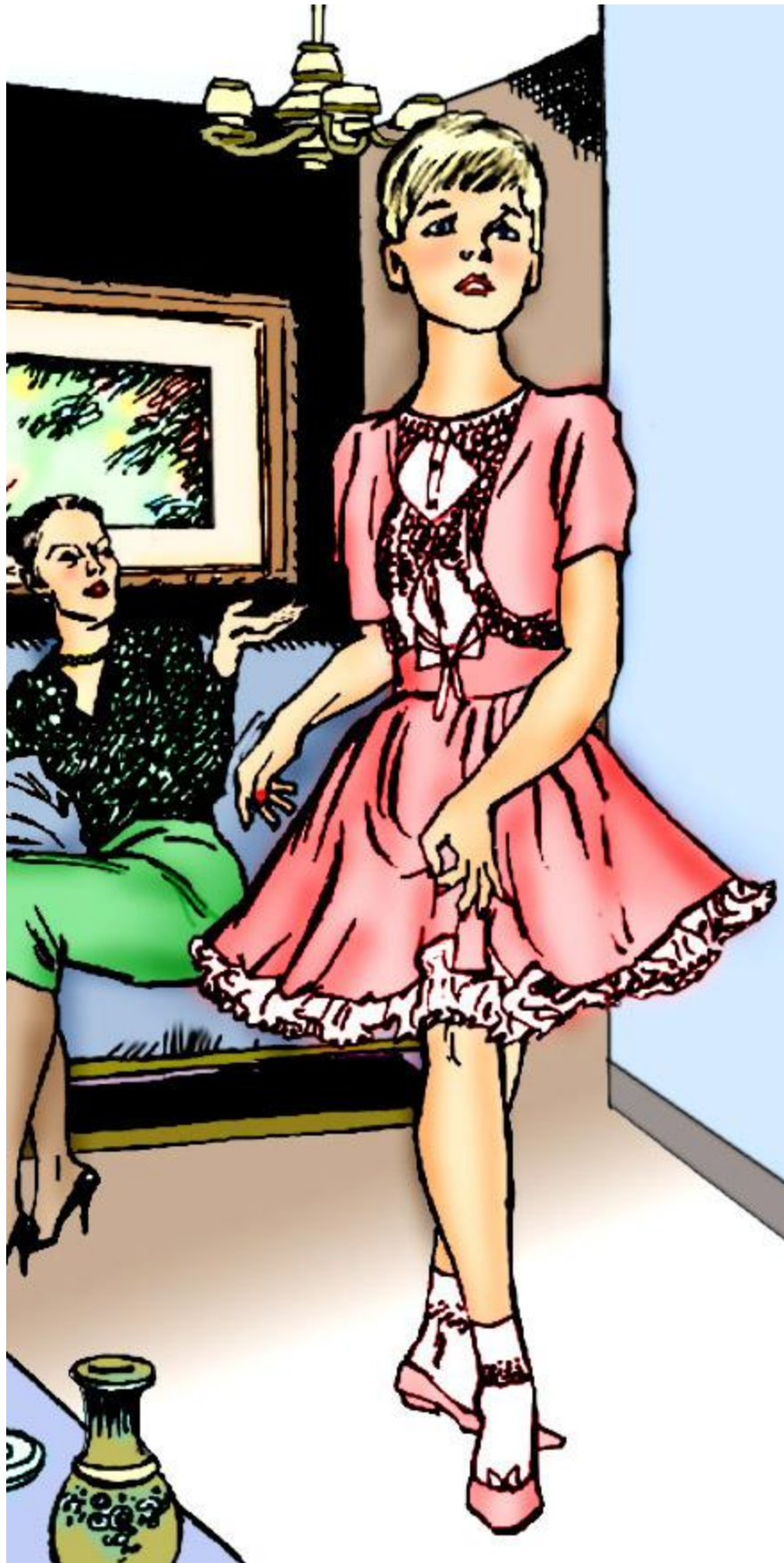
# Princess Online



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**



## Carole Jean

Carole Jean, a good friend and popular author of crossdressing stories, has given us permission to make variations to, colorize and publish select drawings from her various publications -- what we call "Princessizing" the drawing. Sometimes we only make a few minor changes, and other times, we make a lot of changes -- all designed to reflect our (and we hope your) interests.

The drawing shown here comes from volume 2 of "Beautified Bullies," which is about two brothers who get coerced into dresses by a witchy old neighbor lady who is taking care of them. Nick, the younger brother, has been tricked into dressing in girls' clothes and has discovered it is horribly embarrassing to be exposed as a boy in girls' clothes, so he is taking lessons on how to act like a proper prissy little girl to prevent from being found out.

Carole Jean has just released five new booklets: "Bound to Be a Maid"; "Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang"; "Crave X -- A Wife's Revenge"; "The Sarah School"; and "The Male Maid Book of ABC's" that pictures the life of men serving as maids -- A is for Adorable, B is for Brassiere, C is for Curtsey, etc., each page has a man-maid picture.

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. The most distinctive feature of Carole Jean's books is the abundance of artwork. She has an exceptionally talented artist illustrate almost every page of her stories.

In addition to "Beautified Bullies" and the new books mentioned above, Carole Jean has produced books under both her own name and under the name "Bill." 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." You can purchase all her books directly from her website: <http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

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**CHRISTIANS** for the restoration of...



**painful and 'HUMILIATING' punishments!**

Sponsored by the CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST THE MERCIFUL - Hamesville, Tennessee

## 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 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. Males who can't conduct themselves properly should be forced into fancy dresses and frilly lingerie to shock 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 in his fifth grade Catholic school during the 1950s. He still vividly recalls every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet that experience also taught him society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males: That is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys. After almost 50 years, Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the pain and anguish he suffered undergoing petticoat punishment. As therapy, he makes collages like the petticoat punishment poster on this page.

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**Parental Advice Bulletin Board.**  
**This topic started by**  
**CottageKeeper**

**Toy Guns: Curiosity Doesn't Kill**  
**By Elizabeth Crane**

Does playing with toy guns mean our children will automatically have an interest in real guns? Writer Elizabeth Crane doesn't think so. Find out why she



thinks forbidding our children to play with toy guns does more harm than good.

## **Allowing our kids to explore**

I hate guns. I do. But I've fired a gun, and I know that if I had to, I could fire one again. I am not afraid of guns, but I am afraid of what guns in the hands of ignorant thrill-seekers can do. That is why I am firmly in favor of toy gunplay for preschool-age children. I believe that you can bring guns down from their status as something illicit and desirable and turn them into just another thing from which children can learn.

Children should be free to experiment. Obviously, I am not saying that kids should be issued Colt revolvers and told to find out what happens when they pull the trigger. What I am saying is that by banning guns and gunplay from preschool, we are squashing a natural impulse toward exploration. Kids are curious. They want to know why they are not allowed to have guns: this is the perfect opportunity to let them in on the idea that guns kill people.

If you forbid something, it becomes that much more attractive. You can't expect children to understand that gunplay is "bad" -- they merely learn that it is something interesting that they are not allowed to do, so they do it when you're not around and get that sweet illicit thrill of having fun and being disobedient without really hurting anything. You create guilt. I do not believe that gunplay in children creates violent adults. I have never read a study that claims anything close. If anything, I would wager that kids who work out their feelings about guns and power as children are healthier adolescents.

Some kids really need to feed on their own power, which to my mind is where gunplay comes from. Kids figure out what the leaders and followers do, and work out what fair play means to them. It's quite a lengthy process -- in my experience it lasts years -- and pointing things at each other (sticks, Duplo blocks, anything) is part of the learning. They need to know that if they say, "Bang, you're dead" to their friend, their friend is not actually dead. They need to know that if they hit their friend, their friend will be hurt (in more ways than one). They need to know (from you) that real guns kill people on purpose as well as by accident.

Demystifying guns is part of our job as parents. Without their mystique, guns are just tools that mankind has used for good as well as ill. Allowing gunplay is not a license to kill, it is a teaching tool that, when handled sensitively and intelligently, can give your child the reasoning and strength behind the ability to stay gun safe and smart.

At a recent parents' meeting, it was proposed that our co-op nursery school ban all gunplay. We sat there at our meeting and shifted uncomfortably. We talked a little about how our school operates well without a lot of burdensome rules. Then one mother got up and spoke.

She has a boy who, when he was preschool age, loved to dress in little girls' dresses. When she started him in a different preschool, he was told that little boys do not wear dresses. She promptly removed him from that school and enrolled him in our school, where he quite happily dressed in frilly dresses and no one batted an eye. He's now 10 and doing fine, thank you very much. His younger brother, however, is now in our preschool, and he seems to have been born

with his hand in the shape of a gun. This kid shoots at anything, and he always has. His mother is no more in favor of her son actually shooting people than anybody would be, but she doesn't see the point in trying to squash who he is to satisfy a societal fear about gunplay, any more than she felt it necessary to make her dress-loving son wear pants in order to satisfy some grown-up idea of gender. Her gun-loving boy needs a safe environment to experiment with appropriate behaviors, and he will eventually learn that most adults don't like guns pointed at them, and that some children don't like gunplay at all, and hey, let's go try on some frilly dresses instead.

The point is that children need to be free to be who they are and to learn to express that in ways that are socially acceptable. It is unreasonable to expect a 4-year-old to mask his true self, and if that true self involves issues of power and dominance then that should be worked with, not covered up. The blanket rule against gunplay was voted down.

I still won't buy toy guns, but my boys know about guns, and they at least seem properly respectful of the idea that guns are dangerous. I will continue to give them the information they need to make intelligent choices about guns when they are confronted with the real thing, and I will continue to work with and learn from the power play in my preschool and in my home.

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## Early 1900s Petticoat Punishment Photo

A woman with her son in a frilly petticoat and stockings gartered to a pantywaist.

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**Women's  
Educational  
Media**

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**It's Elementary**  
Talking About  
Gay Issues  
In School

**It's Elementary (1996, USA)**  
**Director: Chasnoff, Debra**  
**Producer: Cohen, Helen**

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**IT'S ELEMENTARY**  
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Created by Academy Award-winning director Debra Chasnoff and producer Helen S. Cohen, IT'S ELEMENTARY: Talking About Gay Issues In School, is a highly acclaimed film shot in first through eighth grade classrooms across the United States. The film, intended for an adult audience, is a window into what really happens when educators address gay issues with their students in age-appropriate ways.

With surprisingly funny and moving footage, IT'S ELEMENTARY demystifies what it means to talk with kids about gay people. The film makes a compelling argument that anti-gay prejudice and violence can be prevented if children have an opportunity to have these discussions when they're young. The San Francisco Examiner wrote, "[IT'S ELEMENTARY] could become one of the most important films ever devoted to lesbian and gay issues."

Released in 1996, IT'S ELEMENTARY has won numerous awards for excellence, been acquired by nearly 2000 educational institutions, and has received widespread acclaim from educators, policy makers, parents and religious leaders. Not surprisingly, IT'S ELEMENTARY has also been relentlessly condemned by the religious right.

Since its release, the producers have run a remarkably successful grassroots distribution campaign, intended to make IT'S ELEMENTARY



accessible to every conceivable type of institution working with children today. Through this effort, the film has had an unprecedented impact, creating a tidal wave of activism and public dialogue about dealing with lesbian and gay issues in schools.

IT'S ELEMENTARY received its national broadcast premiere on public television around the country in June 1999.

**Video copies are available for educational, community or home use. Click [here](#) to order a copy of IT'S ELEMENTARY.**

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## PopcornQ Movies



### It's Elementary (1996, USA)

**Director: Chasnoff, Debra**

**Producer: Cohen, Helen**

It has to start somewhere -- that is, educating children about lesbian and gay civil rights. Debra Chasnoff, who won the Academy Award in 1991 for *Deadly Deception* (the expose of General Electric's nuclear activity) and who was the first lesbian to come out at the Academy Awards,

has completed a controversial new film along with producer Helen Cohen called *It's Elementary: Talking About Gay Issues in School*.

Given the political climate today, this is perhaps the hottest issue besides abortion rights to inflame opposing points of view. *It's Elementary* opens on the Senate floor with Republican Sen. Robert Smith (NH) vehemently pushing for the withholding of federal funding from school districts that "promote" homosexuality. He blusters about keeping "this trash" out of the classrooms.

The purpose of a film like *It's Elementary* is not just to needle the right wing. *It's Elementary* answers the question as to why education about gay people is necessary for children and for the promotion of respect and tolerance in the country overall. As Chasnoff says in the opening narration: "Most adults probably don't see why schools should teach young children about gay people, and they can't imagine how teachers could possibly present this subject matter in an age-appropriate way. We made this film to explore what does happen when experienced teachers talk about lesbians and gay men with their students."

Chasnoff and her crew visited six elementary and middle schools across the country to film the teaching process in action. It took years to find the locations where the school principals, teachers, parents and children would all agree to let cameras be present. There are precious few schools where anti-bias education, inclusive of lesbian and gay issues, is taught at all. What's most interesting about *It's Elementary*, besides the politics behind it, is the actual filming of children as they interact with the teacher about their own feelings, thoughts and fears about what it means to be gay.

What Chasnoff and Cohen found through watching and listening to children speak, was that by the third grade almost all the children had already been exposed to information about gays.

It's not that surprising that parents are not necessarily the primary providers of fundamental attitudes about lesbians and gays for their children. Most of the children picked up their attitudes from TV, movies, and older kids using hostile epithets like fag and dyke. Chasnoff displays a montage of recent talk show clips from Oprah, Rikki Lake, Geraldo, Donahue -- all sensationalizing and "othering" the gay subject. The talk show clips move to movie clips (all rated PG) that most kids have seen. And so it appears that anti-bias and "respect" education is more of an undoing of prejudicial attitudes than it is a promotion of some sort of "homosexual agenda."

But there are thornier issues that are more difficult to clarify for parents who truly believe that homosexuality is a sin, and that anything pro-homo is a form of recruiting and of leading their children into a deviant life-style. There's also a fear among parents that when teachers are talking about gays and lesbians they're talking about sex, and that elementary school children are too young for that. These questions are addressed in the film, along with workable solutions. But it does take lots of work.

A first grade teacher in Cambridge, Mass., tells it like this: "The most challenging part has been that my culture taught me that to be gay or lesbian was wrong. It was tabooed. And I brought it



with me because I don't stop being Puerto Rican when I enter the building. So I had to work really hard on that. I think I'm a better teacher now because I know that in the classroom I have to be here for all my students. I have to affirm who they are. And for my children who are children of gay or lesbian families, I need to create an environment in which they feel comfortable."

As we know, a third of all teen suicides are among queer teens. Deprogramming homophobia within the schools might help. It might help to encourage tolerance and discourage anti-gay violence if children were exposed at an early age to the notion of live and let live (i.e. respect). So, as the Christian Right uses the teaching of lesbian/gay issues in school as a wedge to take over school boards around the country, a film such as *It's Elementary* is a crucial antidote to the hate mongering. What's more, it shows how the issues can and have been taught in a nonthreatening way.

--Randy Turoff

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## Boys Became Girls for '34 School Play

By Russ Arwine, Tukwila, Washington

THE TEACHERS at Daniel Bagley Grade School in Seattle, Washington decided that the 1934 spring open house needed something different to get the parents to attend.

They hit upon the idea of a play, but not an ordinary one.

"Russell, how would you like to be the *mother* in the play?" one teacher asked me. In those days, a question like that from a teacher was taken as a direct order.

Several other seventh- and eighth-grade boys were recruited to perform *Mrs. Sniggles and Her Daughters*. The catch? We all wore dresses. In the photo, I'm the one standing.

I took home the 20 pages of script that had my lines. The other boys were rounded up to play my "daughters", but none of us asked how we had been chosen for this dubious honor.

Our pals at school didn't tease us, which we thought was nice of them. Later, we learned the teachers had told the other boys that if they were caught roasting us, *they* would be added to the cast as more daughters, simply for decorative purposes.

As I introduced my daughters during the performance, each of them had a few lines to say. Some recited a poem, while others told of their lives as daughters in the Sniggles family.

The play turned out to be a great hit, and our parents were surprised at how pretty we looked in girls' clothing, although I'd have to say the fathers were more aghast than surprised.

When I was in high school, I was asked to play Mrs. Sniggles again with a different group of "daughters". The second time was easier and I really enjoyed the part.

1934 School Play - Boys as Girls

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Princess Publications  
P.O.Box 34-6106  
Chicago, IL 60634-6106

02-22-02

Dear Ms Lacey,

My youngest sister will be graduating college and getting married this coming June. It is planned to be an elegant, but not extravagant church wedding with a limited guest list of college friends and family. It will be held at her college town, a comfortable day's drive North. The flower girl was to be a cousin of the groom, but the events of September 11th saw her family transferred to London. Neither mother nor child will be able to attend.

My hairdresser is a talented young gay crossdresser and makes no secret of it, while having the good manners not to flaunt it. On Halloween he appears at the salon crossdressed and the day is always booked solid for him. He insists the added tips more than pay for his clothes. He keeps a number of gay/TG publications on his literature rack and it is evident that mothers and grandmothers are reading them. I came across your issue #20 and this eye-catching illustration.

What a darling little boy and what an adorable little dress! Who could object to seeing youngsters as cute as he wearing lovely dresses like this? I immediately thought of my 4½ year old son, Louis, as a delightful little flower-girl substitute. I took him shopping down at the big Dadeland Mall and had a ball outfitting him in a couple of outfits similar to the illustration. Try as I did, I was unable to find a dress this lovely.

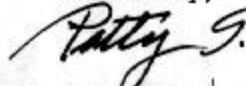
A single parent mom, I had no hesitancy in crossdressing him that very weekend to show "Louise" off to my mother-in-law. Grammy was in complete agreement that the flower girl should be a member of the family. I plan on spending long weekends and the Spring Break (Easter vacation) with Grammy. Grammy can't wait to take her new little granddaughter shopping!

I anticipated negative reactions from shoppers and salesladies when outfitting Louis as my daughter. I soon learned not to be so concerned over his traditional boys' short haircut. If anything, Louise is the more adorable for being so obviously a boy. There was only a bit of initial surprise and wonderment, and not a bit of animosity. Can it be the public is ready to see a return to those olden days when little boys were dressed and raised as girls until they started 1st grade at the age of 6 or so? Louis's short haircut encourages many a mom to stop and inquire. I give them a color photocopy of your illustration and the encouragement to just go ahead and do it.

Louise has been coached in appropriate little girl manners and deportment and is responding beautifully. He is always given the choice between boy's clothes and girl's clothes. Each positive choice reinforces her gender identity as my new daughter. The groom's family is delighted to have Louise a part of the bridal party. I am letting his hair grow out, but have no intentions of making him into a little girl. Who knows what the future will bring?

Some mothers congratulate me for having the guts to just go ahead and do it! Gays have become accepted by society, only because they have defied convention and come out. Mothers and grandmothers need only follow their convictions to win acceptance. The younger you start, the easier it will be to feminize your young son. What are you waiting for?

Sincerely,



Letter



Enclosed with the above letter was the two photos below. The one on the left is a copy of a Christmas card from 2000 that we reproduced in Princess Online #20 and is referred to in the letter. The photo on right is of the woman's son in all his crossdressed glory!



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## Gynaecomastia (Male Breasts)

Gynaecomastia is a Greek term meaning "female-like breasts." One in three men under 40 and almost half of men over 50 have this condition to some degree. The breasts are true breast tissue, not excess fat or flab, so it can't be reduced with exercise. The build up of breast tissue usually begins at puberty when the balance of hormones favors the female sex hormone estrogen.

Most teenagers with this condition only have it temporarily. Once their hormones settle down, they return to normal. For adults, the condition can last a lifetime. Causes can be side effects of hypertension and heart disease drugs as well as liver disease or a rare genetic disease (affecting one in five hundred men), called Klinefelter's Disorder in which a man has significant gynaecomastia in puberty, is infertile (zero sperm count) and has a genetic abnormality, an extra X chromosome.

For that majority, corrective surgery is the best option. Unlike radical breast reduction in women, this is more like liposuction, with only one small and inconspicuous incision. The surgery is carried out under local anesthetic and takes about ninety minutes. General recovery time is about 6 weeks. About two thousand male breast reductions are done in Australia in a year.

Gynaecomastia can be more than just a cosmetic problem. It can be a sign of a tumor on the testes or the adrenal glands and liver problems. Any male who is unusually ample in the breast department should see their GP and have it checked out. For more information see your doctor.

From: The Medical Factsheet



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# Women's News



## Dear Abby:

### My Husband Has a Load On His Chest

By ABIGAIL VAN BUREN

**DEAR ABBY:** I'm sure you get a lot of letters from kooks, and this one will probably go into that pile, but believe me, this inquiry is sincere.

Mr. husband is a large man and noticeably overweight. He is particularly flabby in the region of his chest. To get to the point, Abby, he could use a brassiere!

Is there a place where they sell brassieres for men? I am not going to mention this to him until I can find one. He is aware of his problem, Abby. He's not an unreasonable man and I think if I brought one home he might wear it. Please don't use my name or town as my husband is the mayor.

MRS. BLANK

**DEAR MRS. BLANK:** Sorry, but I'm blue in the face from looking in the yellow pages, and I can't find a shop which sells ladies' lingerie for gentlemen. Buy a large brassiere in a women's shop, and if "His Honor" doesn't have a "fit," alter it to fit him.



**Dear Abby**

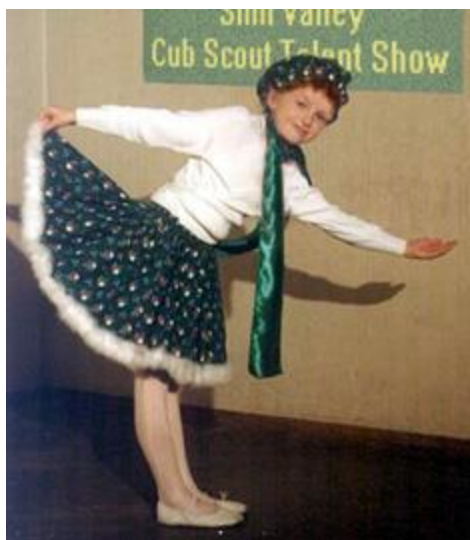
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**Masquerade**

Toby Skachowski dressed up like a schoolgirl for Halloween, and everyone loved it!

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## My First Time

### Part 1

I was eight the first time I was dressed in girls' clothes. My mother fixed me up in my sister's things, and I did a song and dance routine lip-synching "I Feel Pretty" for my Cub Scout talent show. I got razzed quite a bit by the other boys, but some of them couldn't take their eyes off me, and I know they envied me. A couple of them tried to talk to me when other people weren't around. They timidly asked me about the clothes and were very interested in the slip and panties I was wearing underneath.

Since then, hardly a week has passed without me donning some item of female clothing. Being the only boy between two sisters, I had a large supply of pretty clothes to play with. But right from the beginning, I preferred clothing belonging to my sister Carla, who is younger than me by two years. Her clothes were more girlish than my older sister's things. My favorite item was a pair of peach panties with generous white frills at the back, lace trim around the leg openings and two bows at the top of the front panel. Some of her clothes were a bit tight, but I was not very big, and most of them fit me reasonably well. I am in my late thirties now and it is still little girls' outfits and the most ridiculously feminine clothes that excite me most.

From when I was twelve until I left home at nineteen, I regularly secreted clothes out of my mother and sisters' rooms, and after I went to bed, I'd masturbate wearing them. On numerous occasions, I came very close to being found out, or so I thought. I never have discussed it with my mother or my sisters, but in retrospect, I don't see how they couldn't have known. I'm sure I wasn't all that good at covering my tracks. If, as I suspect, they were aware of my crossdressing, I'm grateful for their tolerance and understanding.

I was fourteen before my sex life was expanded to include someone else. For all my intimate knowledge about girls (having two sisters), I never had a girlfriend and my efforts at attracting girls were disappointing. Even with the crafty curiosity and raging hormones typical for boys my age, the best I was able to do was a few clumsy kisses and failed attempts to touch a girl's breasts. My lack of ability to make it with a girl did not go unnoticed in my rough working class neighborhood and at the coed school I attended. And my small size and delicate features led some of the kids to call me a sissy and a faggot.

One day during that time I met Kevin in the lunchroom at school. He noticed me carrying my tray and looking for a place to sit. He slid over and invited me to join him at his table. I obliged. (I was hopelessly compliant when younger). Compared to me, he was a year older and much taller with long blonde hair that hung down below his collar; it was still the fashion then. (Mine was thick, wavy, and dark brown). After introducing himself and making a few generic comments about school, he said, "You know, you look a lot like a girl."

I was used to being called a sissy and being teased about my looks, so I sighed and braced myself, thinking he was going to give me a hard time. I was about to get up and leave, but he let me know that he didn't mean anything bad by saying that. He insisted that he was simply making a comment. He explained that he thought I was very good looking, so good looking that I'd make a pretty girl, and he didn't mean to upset me. He kept on talking. I relaxed and thought he was an OK guy. Kevin wanted to know if I had a girlfriend, what my hobbies were, where I lived and so on. Our conversation was cut short by the school bell, but it was the start of our friendship, which developed quickly over the next few weeks. I was glad to have a strong guy like him for a friend. He'd be great to have around whenever any of the other boys started picking on me and beating me up, something that happened to me from time to time.

I wondered what he saw in me. I had little to offer him, but I did appreciate his friendship, so I did anything I could think of to please him, like trying to make him laugh, running and getting things for him or volunteering to find things out for him. For some strange reason, he loved to talk about me. On one such occasion, desperate to entertain him by telling him something funny about myself, I casually mentioned that I sometimes liked to dress up in my sisters' clothes. The moment the words came out of my mouth, I regretted saying it. What was I thinking, telling him something so secret about myself? A solemn silence followed. Immediately I feared the consequences. Was he going to reach out and hit me? Would he laugh at me, disown me as a friend and then tell people about me? Tell the whole school about me? Let everyone know that I really was a sissy?

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## My First Time

### Part 2

"I think you would make a very pretty girl," Kevin said in a nice way. I knew he wasn't teasing me.

I couldn't believe he said that. But I was still scared. Maybe he was just saying that to be nice, and after that day I'd never see him again. I tried to backtrack.

"I don't do it very often. Only for a joke, a bit of fun."

He was not put off that easily.

"What do you wear? Panties and everything?"

"Just once, just for fun," I said. I was squirming.





“Does your sister know?”

My older sister, Julie, was a year ahead of Kevin and considered to be a local beauty. I said nothing, which he correctly interpreted to mean that she didn't know. Oh dear! I had given him unbelievable leverage over me. Despite my discomfort at having revealed my deepest secret, we continued to talk. Amazingly, I became excited. His knowing about me excited me to no end. He didn't get mad at me. He didn't laugh at me. In fact, he seemed to be nicer to me than ever. He promised me that he wouldn't tell anyone else about my secret, but he did insist he wanted to see me dressed up, and he hinted that he might not keep quiet if I didn't dress up for him. He said he was just curious. He wanted to see what I'd look like, and that I should do it, and we'd have a good laugh together.

I told him the best time to do it would be after school on the following Wednesday because both my sisters had cheerleading practice and my mom never bothered me when I was in my room with a friend. He agreed that it was a good time for him too. Instantly, I felt myself go weak with trepidation and anticipation.

After school that Wednesday we met and then raced to my house so we could have a good two hours before anyone was liable to disturb us. Hurrying past my mom, we said hello and then raced upstairs. She had met Kevin before and liked him. She was glad I had a nice guy like him for a friend. Once in my room, he sat on the bed while I collected things from my sisters' rooms. I had been planning what I was going to wear for the better part of a week, so it didn't take me long to get what I wanted. Back in my room, I put everything on my bed and looked at Kevin. We both surveyed the dress and pastel pile of delicate lingerie. His face was as flushed as mine.

“Go on then,” he said.

“Don't look,” I asked.

He agreed and turned away. I stripped, and then quickly slipped on the panties, fearing he'd turn around and see me before I was ready. One part of me was sure he was going to laugh at me or make me feel bad. But another part of me was more excited than I had ever been in my life. The panties were white with small yellow flowers, very sleek and silky with a little bit of lace around the leg elastics. My penis stiffened instantly. The panties belonged to my older sister and they were too loose fitting to hold my erection down. I felt like the panties were being stretched out a mile. I panicked.

“Don't look, yet!” I begged.

I hurriedly slipped on the lace-tiered, full petticoat, relieved that it disguised my fully loaded panties. I put on a garter belt, fed the straps through my panties and carefully pulled on a pair of my sister's best nylons, which I hurriedly snapped onto the garter tabs. The bra I had picked out was a lacy pale yellow and white combo, a good match with the panties. I had brought along a couple of extra pairs of panties and I used them to fill out the bra cups. Kevin, good to his word, was not peeking.

Instead of a regular dress, I had selected was one of my older sister's dark blue school uniforms. First I put on a white blouse, and then stepped into the uniform. I was struggling to do up the zipper in back, when I noticed Kevin looking at me and grinning.

"It's hard to zip up," I said.

"Here, let me help," he offered.

I turned around. He zipped me up and then tied the sash into a bow in back.

"You look great," he said.

I felt foolish, but continued by putting on a pair of my older sisters' stylish black school shoes with two-inch heels. Trying to ignore Kevin's stares, I hurriedly brushed my hair forward, attempting to make it a bit more girlish, but it was just too short and I only succeeded in making it stick up all over. I knew I looked pretty goofy. I tried my hand with a bit of makeup, some blue eye shadow (for the first time) and peach lipstick.

With my knees slightly bent and my hands holding the sides of the uniform skirt, I bobbed in a mock curtsy.

"There!" I said.

Kevin laughed. It wasn't quite the reaction I had hoped for. He must have seen my crestfallen look.

"No, no! You look great. Sorry about the laugh. You look great, really. If I didn't know, I'd never guess you weren't a real girl."

I blushed and tried to hide my shame and get out of the spotlight by sitting down on the bed next to him. He pulled out a book he had brought along with him. It was a sex book filled with pictures of women, some were naked and some were in lingerie. There were pictures of men and women having sex together too. We looked at the book together. My cock twitched and stood up hard. I could see a big bulge in Kevin's pants too. He told me I looked better than all of the girls in that book. He encouraged me to get up, twirl around and give him a good look at my outfit.

I didn't need much encouragement. Blushing but feeling great and getting comfortable dressed like that in front of him, I jumped up from the bed and spun around for him like the teasing little minx of a girl I dreamed of being. In the process, my skirt flared out. I knew he caught a glimpse of my petticoat. I saw his eyes widen. I felt delicious but still a little uneasy about being so bold. To ward off the tension, I clowning around. I pursed my lips and made exaggerated feminine gestures as I posed and strutted and modeled myself for him.

He was smiling, but he wasn't laughing. Finally, he asked, "Jim, are you wearing the panties?"

I knew that I was because he had seen them on the bed before I had started getting dressed. My mouth was dry.

I barely managed to whisper, “Yes,” as I nodded my head.

“Jim, show me your panties,” he asked.

His words shot through me, and my erect penis stiffened even more. How could I show him my panties, stretched out in front to such a ridiculous angle? Not knowing what else to do, I turned around, gathered up my uniform skirt in back and slowly raised it and my slips to reveal my panty-covered bottom.

“Come on. Let me see your panties properly . . . from the front and get closer. Let me see them close up,” he insisted.

Sure that my erection would be good for a laugh, I turned toward him, and lifted my skirt and slip as high as they would go. I looked straight ahead. I didn't want to see his mocking or nasty grin. After only a few seconds that seemed like a lifetime, I dropped my skirt and announced, “The show's over!”

I looked at Kevin for the first time since showing him my panties. His face was red with an embarrassed smile. It wasn't a threatening or taunting look. He had a big erection in his pants, and he was shifting awkwardly, pulling on the crotch of his jeans and trying to get comfortable.

“Jim, have you ever kissed a guy?”

I blushed, shook my head “no” and sat down on the bed. He surprised me when he bent forward and gave me a gentle peck on the lips. Then another, firmer this time! Then a kiss like he'd kiss a girl! Everything was moving very fast. I loved the sensations racing through me. It was exciting to be treated like a girl; I slid into the mood and fantasized that I really was a girl. I broke loose of the dream as I felt his hand on my thigh. Thrilling shock waves went through me as I felt his fingers inching up my legs and sliding into the lacy frills under my dress. When he gently pushed me back, I yielded. The next thing I knew he was on top of me. His cock was hard in his pants, and I could feel it pressing up against me. He had raised my skirt out of the way and worked himself between my legs. I moaned “no” as he fumbling with his belt and undid his pants. This was too fast. I had never thought about doing something like this with a guy. He kept kissing me. I liked that, but where was this all going to end? I closed my eyes. I opened them when I felt him climbing up higher on me. He ended up sitting on my shoulders, his naked hard cock inches from my mouth. I tried to protest, but instead of words coming out of my mouth, his cock went in! I was stunned. I had a guy's hard cock in my mouth! He kept moving back and forth. I knew what he wanted, but I didn't want it this way! He rolled over on his back. His dick came out of my mouth. I thought that was going to be the end of it; we'd just stop there, and we'd forget about what we had been doing. But he overpowered me, disregarded my protests, pulled me on top of him, took my head in his hands and guided my mouth back over his penis. He fucked my mouth by forcing my head up and down and bucking his hips. His seven-inch long penis was much more than my unimpressive cock. Just the size of it and his strength next to my puny maleness

made me feel submissive, even girlish. I was dressed up in my sister's school uniform giving him a blowjob. I barely had time to really think about it when Kevin let out a groan. He began humping me so fast and hard that his cock came out of my mouth and started spraying spurts of his cum everywhere. I felt his warm juice strike my lips and cheeks. I reached up only to have my hands become covered with his sticky mess. And to my horror, I saw pearly white strands of jism had splattered all across the front of Julie's uniform. I panicked. I was thrust back into reality. I don't think either one of us had intended things to go this far. I used a handful of tissues to clean off the dress. Fear took over, and I quickly stripped off my sister's clothes. I was upset and feared discovery. Within minutes, and with hardly any words exchanged, Kevin was on his way, and I was in the bathroom sponging clean Julie's dress. Well I had done it for real. My little girl alter ego had turned me into a cocksucker. I feared Kevin was going to turn on me and expose me to the world. I thought my sister would discover her soiled uniform, and my mom would hate me for being a queer.

My world changed that afternoon, and I didn't even get to come! But as the hours passed I relaxed and thought better of everything. Kevin had raped me, but he also made me feel like a real girl. My emotions were running amok. What had I done? What was I? All I could think of was the disaster that was surely going to follow. Mom saw that I had been crying and wanted to know what I was upset about, but I couldn't talk to her. Kevin called me. I was so nervous and scared that I didn't even want to take the phone. "Here it goes," I said to myself. "Here's the start of the end of my life." I weakly greeted him, fearing the worst, but he began speaking to me in a very nice, chummy way. I was relieved. I almost cried when he told me he had a great time and wanted to know if we could do it again on the following Wednesday. My heart thumped. My mind went into a whirl. Delighted that he wasn't planning to kill me or expose my crossdressing to the world, I sighed in relief. Not know what to say, I simply said I'd like to have him come over again on the following Wednesday. And he made it clear that he wanted to see me dressed up again, so we could have more good times like boyfriend and girlfriend!

That night, I wore one of my little sister, Alice's, old baby doll nighties to bed and masturbated repeatedly into the matching panties. Within weeks, I completely lost my virginity; Kevin took me from behind. We stopped seeing each other shortly afterwards, but that didn't matter; I had learned a lot about myself, and I was no longer afraid of being what I am. I was happy to be a hopeless sissy, and I knew there were other people out there somewhere who would appreciate me for what I was destined to be.

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Conrad: Panty Wasting a Pantywaist

"Conrad! Just what do you think you're doing!" Martha shouted at the top of her voice.

Martha knew exactly what he was doing. He was playing with himself as he peeked through a hole in the wall of his closet. Martha had discovered the hole while Conrad, her nephew who was now living with her and her family, was at school. The hole went from his closet to the bathroom he shared with Angel, her ten-year-old daughter, and Encil, her sixteen-year-old son. At that very moment Angel was in the bathroom changing out of her school clothes.

At the sound of his aunt's voice, the boy jumped from his crouching position and fell over himself since his pants and underwear were twisted down around his ankles.

"So you like to look at little girls changing their clothes! You, pervert!" Martha screamed as she scowled at him sprawled out on the floor, already in tears and begging for forgiveness. As he struggled to pull his pants up, Martha was attacking him with a wispy bamboo rod, her favorite discipline tool.

"How dare you, you (hit, hit), you ungrateful, nasty (hit, hit, hit) . . . filthy boy!"

Martha's outrage overflowed into a torrent of insults and increasingly stinging blows. Her words got stronger. Her beating became more vicious.

"I take you in (hit), and this (hit) is the thanks I get (hit, hit). What kind of perverted (hit) little (hit) bastard (hit, hit) did my pig sister bring into the world (hit, hit, hit)?"

Martha noticed something bright pink in Conrad's hand. Something he was scrambling to hide. It looked like a piece of cloth. When she had surprised him in his hiding place, she saw that he had been rubbing himself with it while he was peeking at her daughter. There was some white lace on the shiny pink fabric he was clutching to his groin. She didn't have to look any closer. She knew it was a pair of Angel's best party panties.

Martha had discovered the hole the day before, so she was not surprised to find Conrad playing with himself as he peeked through it. She had even delayed Angel from changing her clothes until Conrad got home that day, just to see if Conrad would be tempted to peek. It worked and now she had caught him.

But this unexpected addition--the panties--she wasn't ready for that. It was an addition that totally disgusted her. Martha loved men, especially muscular, robust he-men. A man or boy rubbing himself off through a pair of little girl's panties was something that totally appalled her. And the thought of it drove her to hit Conrad harder and harder, her mind traveled through time and space as she tried to assimilate the sight before her. She didn't even start coming back to her senses until she had hit him so hard that the bamboo stick broke, but that didn't stop her. She chocked up on the broken stick and began hitting him some more. The stick broke again. Then she stopped.

Conrad was a half-naked excuse of a human being, crying, crouching in fear of his life, covered in tears, sweat, and bright red welts and bruises. Martha had no room in her life for a man or a

boy, who wasn't 100% male, an excuse of a male, who was a weakling, who was effeminate, who was a coward or sissy--those types of males Martha thought were the scourge of humanity.

Now here was Conrad, bawling and cowering at her feet, caught jacking off into a pair of lace panties he had obviously stolen from her precious, prissy daughter. Martha was livid. She grabbed the boy by his ear and hauled him out of the closet, dragging him out onto the bedroom floor. When she saw him trying to stash the panties between some boxes, she kicked him in the side and told him to hold them up for her to see. They were her daughter's panties all right -- now, crumpled and dirtied with his disgusting stains. She wondered how many times he had peeked through that hole and hand fucked himself with those panties. In anger, she began kicking him; one strike of the toe of her high-heeled boot penetrated deep into his curled up body and struck full force his drooling pink penis. When he flipped over in pain, she delivered her final vicious kick to his tight little balls sticking out between his legs just below his ass cheeks.

He screamed in terror.

"Angel! Angel, baby!" Martha called out down the hallway. A moment later, the door to the bathroom opened a crack and Angel peeked out.

"Yes, Mommy. What is it?"

"Hurry up and finish changing your clothes, honey. Then come here right away."

"I'm just about finished, Mommy. I'll be right out."

The door closed, then all too quickly for Conrad, the door opened again. He could hear the dainty little clicking of her hard-heeled shoes. Most girls came home from school and changed into jeans and a T-shirt. Not little Angel. She always changed into clothes that were better than her school clothes: flouncy dresses, lace-trimmed ankle socks, shiny Maryjanes. She loved being a girl and dressed to her girlish best at all times.

It was bad enough being beaten and cowering at the feet of his Aunt Martha, but even more, Conrad dreaded being seen by his baby doll little cousin. When the sound of her footsteps stopped, he knew she was in the room standing next to her mother and staring down at him. If he had any doubts, they didn't last long.

"Oh, Mommy, Mommy! Why's Conrad . . ."

"Baby, your nasty little cousin has been very, very naughty. Remember, how I told you that some bad boys like to touch their thingies and get themselves all excited?"

"Uh-huh, Mommy."

"Well, baby, that's what your bad, bad little cousin here has been doing.

"And look over there . . . in his closet. See that on the wall . . . that hole?"



"Yes, Mommy."

"Well, why don't you go over to that hole and look into it and tell me what you see."

Conrad never looked up, but with his side vision he could see Angel's bouncy little frilled white dress, pink ankle socks and white patent leather Maryjane-shod feet as she waltzed over him and into the closet.

"Mommy! If I squint my one eye, I see in the bathroom . . . over by the sink and toilet. . . . Oh, Mommy! Was Conrad looking in the hole when I was going potty?" the little girl asked, her voice cracking and on the brink of tears.

"I'm afraid so, sweetie. It seems like we have a real problem boy on our hands, a boy who likes to peek at little girls changing their clothes and going to the bathroom."

Angel was moaning and lightly crying. "Conrad, you bad, bad boy. Naughty, bad, . . . naughty, naughty, naughty!" she kept shouting as she jumped on him and started to hit him all over.

"Mommy! Mommy! He's got my pretty party panties! My pink ones. Mommy, did Conrad steal my panties!"

"Yes, dear. He's been very bad."

"But, Mommy! Now they're all dirty. Look at them!"

"I know, honey. We'll have to buy you some new ones. He's been so very bad. He used your panties in a very bad way."

"What did he do to my panties, Mommy? They're all dirty, Mommy!"

"There, there, honey!" Martha said as she tried to calm her little girl.

"Yes, he is a very bad boy, and he did ruin your panties. He rubbed them all over his dirty little boy thingy. But don't you worry; we're going to punish him for being so naughty. But let's wait until your father and your brother get home. I'm sure they'll help us punish him for what he's been doing!"

Conrad was crying now from total embarrassment, his naughty habits fully exposed to this innocent little girl. Martha didn't allow him to clean himself up. She didn't even allow him to pull up his pants and underwear. Instead, she made him hobble along as she and Angel guided him downstairs and into the living room. Martha still had the broken-off butt of the stick in her hand, and she used it repeatedly to strike at the boy's tender genitals and backside. Once downstairs, Martha made him sit down on the living room couch with his clothes still bound around his ankles. She took the little pair of pink party panties, opened them up and held them up for inspection. With the panties only inches from their faces, Martha and Angel inspected every

moist little spot along with the collection of dried stains. Conrad felt like they had their noses right into his crotch and his every dirty little secret was on display for their teasing and insulting comments. Angel kept berating Conrad for ruining her panties. Martha took great delight in explaining to her daughter just how Conrad got those spots and stains on the panties. It was obvious that Angel didn't totally understand. She had heard about some of the things her mother was trying to explain to her, but it was still all very mysterious. She knew peepee came out of boys' penises but what was this dirty cream that her mother kept talking about?

Martha unbuttoned the boy's shirt and pulled it to his sides to stay open. Then she had Conrad sit back as she ceremoniously took the dirty pink panties and draped them over his beaten cock. The command to "stay still and remain that way until your uncle and cousin come home" made tears roll down his cheeks.

Angel laughed. She thought it was funny to see her little panties covering his naughty little boy parts. The portentous, pressure-building realization Conrad felt, sitting almost completely naked--save for some dinky girlie panties covering his genitals, made him sweat and groan. He knew he was in for one of the most horrific experiences of his young life.

What Conrad didn't know is that his uncle and cousin Encil had set him up. Soon after he arrived to live with them, his uncle and Encil thought Conrad was a spoiled brat. Encil especially hated him because he had to share his room with this intruder. His uncle disliked him because it meant another mouth to feed and the kid was bringing decadent, big city ideas into their peaceful little home. Uncle Albert and Encil decided to cut the boy down to size, make him out to be a good-for-nothing and a pervert by using Martha's hatred for weakling, sissy males to destroy him.

Uncle Albert and Encil declared him persona non grata and conspired to make Conrad's life miserable. Just after the boy arrived, Uncle Albert drilled several holes in the bathroom wall to install a new towel rack in the bathroom for Conrad's towels. However, after he installed the rack, on purpose, he left one hole used. He pointed it out to Conrad and explained that he had made a mistake and put it in the wrong place, and worse than that, he hadn't been paying attention and had accidentally drilled all the way through to his closet.

"I better fix this hole, right away," Uncle Albert said; "I bet you could see into the bathroom from that hole in your closet."

But he never did repair the wall, and he purposely neglected to tell his wife and daughter about the hole. Uncle Albert and Encil took bets to see how long it would be before Martha caught the boy peeking at her or Angel. They knew that smart-ass city boy wouldn't be able to resist the temptation.

To bolster their position, the two did other things to lay the groundwork for getting Conrad into trouble, including planting some dirty books in the closet with Conrad's football gear and putting a pair of Angel's pink panties into Conrad's dresser drawer, like they had been put there by mistake. As it turned out, the panties were a stroke of genius; Conrad couldn't resist using them as a masturbation aid. And then to be caught in the act! That part of this whole situation would be a great surprise to Uncle Albert and Encil when they got home. How did it all end up? Conrad

was forced to wear Angel's panties every day. He was moved out of Encil's bedroom to sleep each night on an old Army cot in the basement. And Aunt Martha bought a stock of bamboo canes that she used on his miserable pantied ass almost every day. From the time he was thirteen until he was sixteen and thrown out of his uncle's house, poor Conrad probably set a record for the length of time not sitting down, something he hated to do with his constantly blistered and pantied butt always on fire.

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## Wrestled into Fetishism

Keegan Marsh developed a fetish for panties in a most unusual way. He was four years younger than his sister, Ashley, and he objected to her always bossing him around. Under the influence of his male chauvinistic father, Keegan thought that since he was a boy, he didn't have to obey his older sister in any way. That led to constant fighting between the two. Their parents were no help to him. They thought the kids should work out their differences between themselves.

Ashley took charge of Keegan and forced him to do whatever she wanted, and when he objected, she'd wrestle him to the ground and pin him until he gave in to her. For years, these battles were almost a daily occurrence, and when Ashley sensed she'd have to wrestle her brother to get what she wanted, she'd quickly change into a leotard so she wouldn't mess up her good clothes while fighting with him. The only thing strange about that, Ashley wore full-cut panties, and her high-cut leotard always exposed a large portion of those panties. It didn't bother her to have her underpants on display like that.

But eventually it did bother Keegan. His sisters' panties really stuck way out of her leotard. It was impossible for him not to notice them. And she always wore colorful nylon panties, usually with lace and ribbons and frills on them. He had a lot to look at -- and touch -- as they would wrestle. Over time, Keegan became obsessed with her panties. Just as he began to appreciate the fact that he was getting older and stronger and one day he would be able to beat his sister at her own game, he became increasingly interested in her panties. Being beaten by his sister so he'd give into her bossiness became less worrisome to him. Of course, he never admitted that to her, and he even found himself purposely antagonizing her to get her to find an excuse to wrestle him.

The most important bridge was crossed when Keegan began to steal his sister's panties out of the laundry and from the lingerie drawer in her tallboy. By then he was so obsessed with panties that he didn't even think twice about trying them on. After that, he wore them under his own clothes as much as he could. The day his sister wrestled him to the ground and discovered he was wearing a pair of pink panties under his pants was a turning point for everyone in the family. Ashley laughed uproariously at him and told him he'd forever do whatever she wanted or she'd expose him as a panty-wearing sissyboy to everyone. Keegan's father threw up his hands and would have nothing to do with the boy. Keegan's mother thought it was great to have a sissy son after putting up with her husband's macho bullshit for so many years. And Keegan resigned himself to the fact that he was a hopeless sissy.

At first that greatly depressed him, but then he realized that it was what he really wanted. The added benefit of being exposed before his family: His mother and sister took him shopping for his own drawer full of panties, and he got to wear them 24/7. It was an end to the wrestling, but he admitted to his sister how he had got hooked on panties, so around the house, she began wearing her leotard with her panties showing almost at all times in the house. And she would playfully wrestle with Keegan just for old times sake -- but she had gotten him some leotards to wear too, so when they wrestled, everybody could see his pretty, frilly panties too!

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