

Princess Online

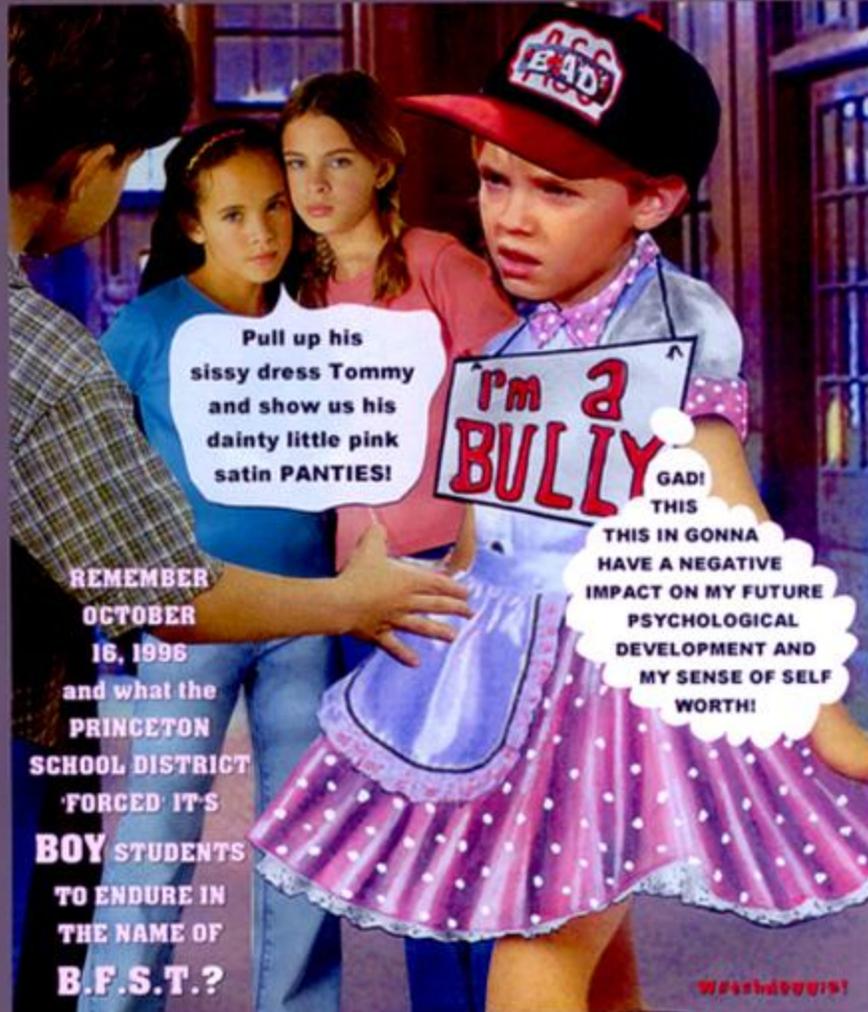


Originally featured on our Internet website, these are our best letters, stories, articles and other items of interest for the fantasy fulfillment of adult pantywaist sissies. Stories range for "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

OUR "VALUES" PROTECT SCHOOL BULLIES
from being "PUNISHED" in this manner at school, but...



...our "VALUES" have no problem allowing schools to 'force' boys to cross-dress and submit to being cruelly teased and humiliated as part of

"BOYS FEMININE SENSITIVITY TRAINING EXERCISES"

and "GENDER ROLE REVERSAL DAYS"!

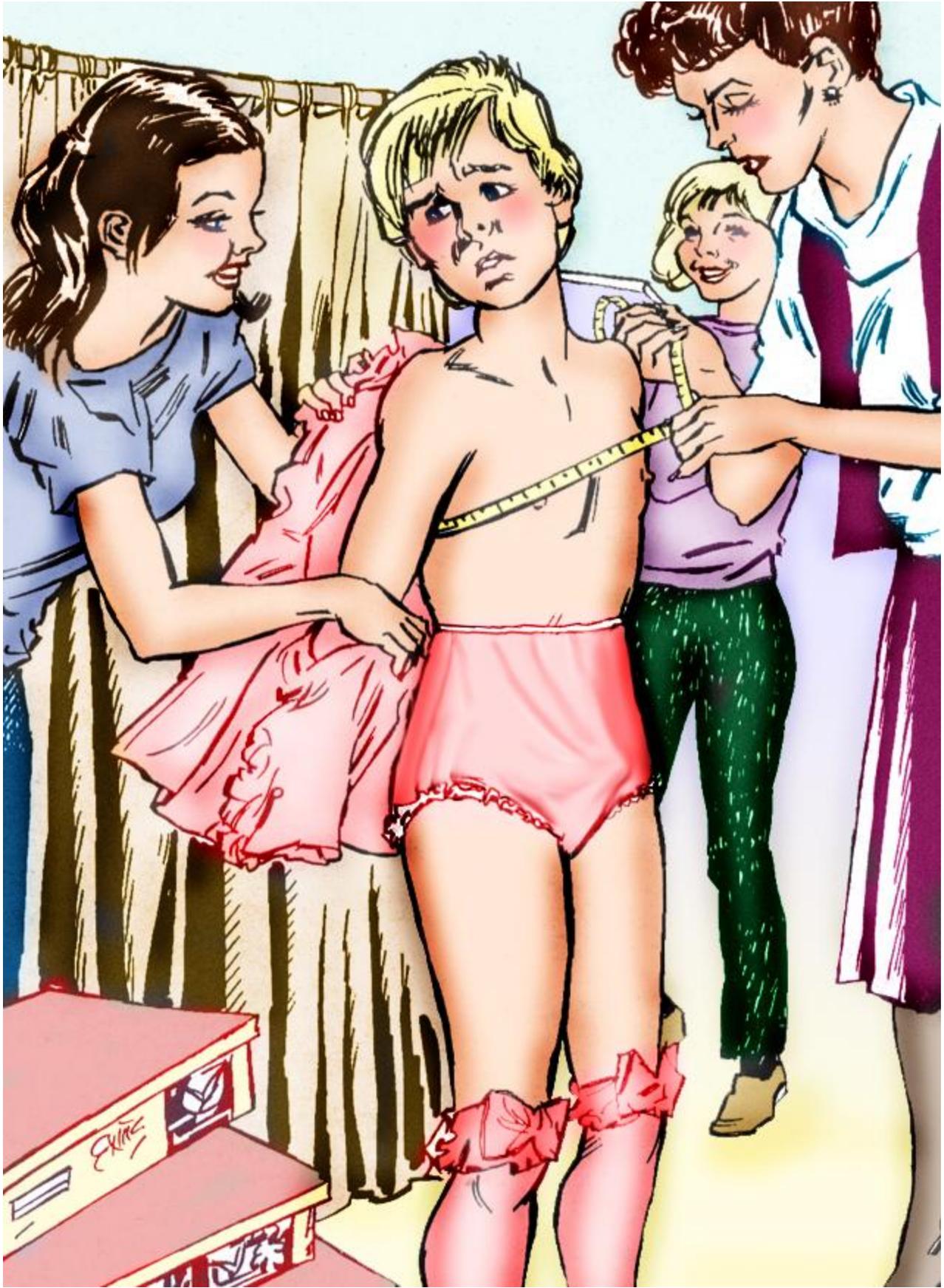
Watchdoggie!

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 and the girls 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 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. Radical groups bent upon destroying the male world circulate propaganda to their followers. Watchdoggie! monitors these groups, who are working to destroy present-day society! 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 above. By abreacting in this way, he relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while dressed in his punishment dress and panties.

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Carole Jean

Each month, Carole Jean, a good friend and popular author of forced crossdressing stories, gives us permission to Princessize a drawing from her many publications. By "Princessize," we mean that we colorize and sometimes artistically alter the drawing. At times we only make a few minor changes, and at other times, we make a lot of changes -- all designed to reflect our (and we hope our loyal followers') interests.

The Princessized drawing shown here comes from volume 1 of "Schooled with Girls," which is about a boy who is forced to attend a girls' school. In this scene, Peter is in a girls' clothing shop and being undressed and measured for his first bra.

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 other page of her stories.

Carole Jean has published books both under the name Carole Jean and under the name "Bill."

The Carole Jean books include: "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."

The Bill books include: "Bill's Humiliation in Panties", "Henry's Vacation in Panties", "Darwin's Womanhood", "Jeff's Humiliation", and two of our favorites: "Beautified Bullies" and "Schooled with Girls." You can purchase all her books directly from her website:

<http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

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Foreign TV Show

Unidentified stills from a foreign TV show. please let us know if you know the name of the program or how we can get a copy of the show.

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04/26/01

Dear Princess Lacey,

This is my story of how I got to be Erica when my real name is Eric and I am a boy. It is about how I started wearing girls' clothes and learning to be a girl. We are a Norwegian-Swedish family. It is the Scandinavian custom to name children after loved ones from the past. I was named for my older sister who died before I was born. She was our parents' first born and the first grandchild. She was big sister to my brothers, Gunnar (now 21) and Karl (now 19), who loved her dearly and had a hard time getting over her death.

Gram spends about half of her time at the old family home in Mallets Bay, a nice little town right off Lake Champlain. It is as beautiful there as can be. Gram has arthritis and can't take the cold, so she bought a winter home in Florida. We celebrate her birthday on the middle day of the 3-day 4th of July holiday. This gives everybody a day for travel before her party and another day for travel afterwards. My big brothers are at U/VT summer session. They belong to ROTC and have to hurry back for that. Everybody tries to make gram's birthday. We are a small family and she is the oldest one. Her real birthday is on July 8th.

At the time, my cousin Betty was 12, Hans and Ingrid and I were 10, and Astrid was 9 1/2. I have a bunch more cousins, but they are younger than we are. Mallets Bay is a sheltered cove safe for sailing our little boats. The boats are bright colors with sails the same color. You can sit in gram's back yard and tell who is out sailing and where at a glance. These are fiber-glass replicas of the boats our parents sailed when they were our age.

My cousin Hans is a great one for playing pranks, and Betty is his favorite target. She is the oldest of us. She likes to put on airs and be bossy. Hans got this really neat idea for a prank. We flipped a coin and I won. He had to stand watch while I snuck into the girls' bedroom and slit the elastic around the waist of Betty's fancy panties with a razor blade. I made the cut right under the label where it wouldn't show. Their moms had set out their summer dresses and their underwear on their beds, all ready for them to change into just before dinner. You couldn't mistake Betty's things. She had the only real bra on her pile of underwear.

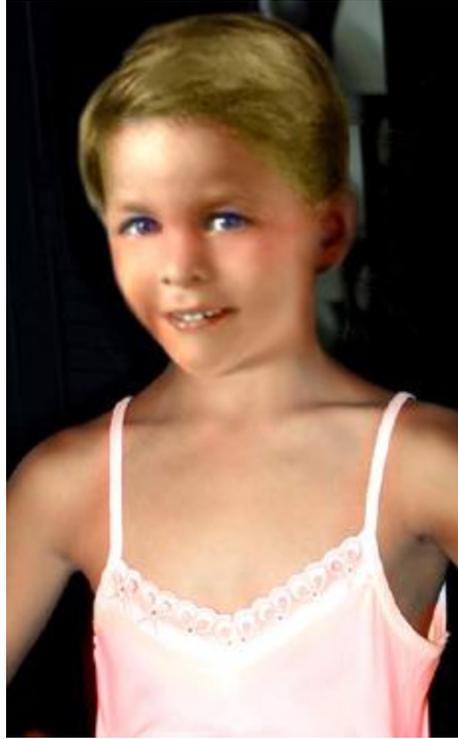
We all dressed up a half hour before dinner time and sat on the porch waiting. The girls were wearing pretty sundresses and Hans and I wore our new tennis whites. Hans got the girls to play Simon says by letting them be Simon ahead of us. When it was his turn to be Simon, he said, "Simon says, Walk like a duck." When it was my turn, I said, "Simon says, Do 5 deep knee bends." We expected the elastic to break then, but it didn't. Hans gave me a funny look as though I had chickened out, which I hadn't.

We were seated at the big picnic table waiting for the ladies to bring out the feast. No President of the United States ever had a 4th of July picnic better than ours. Here came Betty with her nose in the air, acting like she was all grown up and carrying a big platter of potato salad. That's when the elastic let go and her panties dropped down around her knees. Betty let out a shriek that would wake the dead, and my mom quick grabbed the platter. I laughed my fool head off and most everybody joined in. Hans quickly turned his head so nobody would notice him so much and made as though he hadn't seen it, much less planned the whole prank. When I do something naughty, my face turns red as can be. I have no control over it. It just happens. The ladies were not laughing. They were looking at me and they knew it was no accident.

Our moms all nodded to gram and she nodded, "Yes". Aunty took Betty by one hand and me by the other and walked us back to the house. Betty had to put on another dress and change her underthings to go with her dress. Aunty made me strip and put on what Betty had worn. She fastened the elastic in the panties with a safety pin. Betty is bigger than I am. Her clothes hung on me like a sack. Aunty put a ribbon in my hair. I wouldn't even look at myself in the mirror.

I dreaded the walk back to the table with everybody looking at me and smirking. Hans couldn't resist turning it all back on me. He said I should apologize to Betty, which I quickly did, hoping it would quiet everybody down. I gave him a good kick under the table to let him know we would settle this later, but he knew neither of us would squeal on the other. Gram has these old fashioned sayings like, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." I was getting a taste of my own medicine and there was nothing I could do but sit there and take it!

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Betty was having the time of her life, and all the ladies were smiling encouragement to her. "You look so pretty, dear, but shouldn't you have a nice girls' name to go with your pretty new dress?" With my hair all made over with a yellow ribbon in it, I looked like the picture of my sister hanging on the wall in gram's living room. It was no surprise they all named me "Erica" on the spot. My brothers didn't say anything. All they did was stare at me. Astrid said, "Oh, Erica dear, did you know Betty has a pretty dress just like yours?" Aunty Hannah whispered for me to pull down my dress so's Hans couldn't see my panties. I got all red when she said that, too. Ingrid asked, "Are you and Astrid going to be sisters?" Hans let me have another zinger, "Is aunty going to let you keep your pretty dress?" That brightened the faces of the ladies, but somehow I knew I wasn't going to like what was behind their smiles.

Right after dinner I bolted to the house to change my clothes, but Betty's mom was quicker. "No, dear, we have decided you will stay a girl for the rest of the day. Now, go out and help the other girls clean up, and see if you can behave like a proper young lady." I had to help them carry the dirty dishes and utensils back to the kitchen for the ladies to wash. We never used paper plates for gram's party. We bundled all the napkins up in the table clothes and carried them back to the washing machine. We had to pick up all around the picnic table. Then we went back to the kitchen to dry all the dishes and things. To make matters worse, Betty was boss. Aunty Ann said, "Look, Erica, Hans is waving to you! All the men and boys are going out for a sail. I'm surprised you didn't want to go with them."

Then my mom explained this was an old-fashioned Scandinavian way to punish a boy who picked on the girls in his family. I had never heard of such a thing before. If it had happened to my big brothers, they would surely have warned me. I wondered, had my dad or his brothers been punished this way. Maybe that was why he had not put a stop to it. It was the longest day of my life. The only good thing was that none of my buddies from school would see me like this. I didn't want to sit at the supper table that night, but mom told me it would be disrespectful not to. Hans gave me another big smile, "Erica, dear, we missed you out sailing. I guess you didn't want to risk selling your pretty dress." I owed him one for that.

Aunty had put my rollaway bed in the girls' room. Somebody had put a set of pink nylon Baby Dolls under my pillow where I had put my pajamas. Betty said, "Darling, we couldn't make you sleep in the boys' bedroom, could we?" I was glad I didn't have to let my brothers or my dad see me in that dainty nightie. If Hans had seen me, I would never hear the end of it. These Baby Dolls were obviously not Betty's, perhaps Astrid's because we were the same age and size. They seemed to fit just right. It was a whole different feeling from Betty's sack of a dress. I snuck a peek in the mirror. I didn't look so bad as a girl. Any boy would have to feel his soft and smooth body through a couple of layers of nylon to understand my feelings. There was no way I was going to get out of this without help from my mom and dad.

In the morning the girls dressed in cute print sundresses and woven leather sandals for the trip home. Mom had stayed up late the night before to wash and iron Betty's clothes. Mom had to borrow another outfit from Astrid, and I had to wear her little red panties and pink nylon old-fashioned dress and girls sandals. With my mom dressing me and talking to me all through it, it didn't seem like punishment. She was telling me how pretty I looked and how much it meant to everybody to have Erica back for a time. She adjusted everything just right, but I was surprised when she put pink lipstick on me. Girls my age only get to wear lipstick for very special occasions. She fixed my hair like the other girls. When I looked in the mirror, I could see a pretty girl looking back.

There was no teasing around the breakfast table. Somebody had told them to stop. Hans was as quiet as a mouse. Talk around the table wasn't about me. The ladies talked about my parents' anniversary cruise. The men talked with my brothers about the ROTC business. I watched my table manners and kept out of it. My parents are both schoolteachers, so they had the whole summer off. We always stayed through gram's real birthday, so she wouldn't feel all alone.

When my cousins left to go home, there was the usual hugging and kissing, but this time I got to be kissed by my brothers and my uncles. That was a weird feeling for any 10 year old boy, no matter what he was wearing.



The plan was for me to stay with gram while my parents were off on their cruise. It was for their 25th wedding anniversary which is an important one. All of us cousins would be back for the first 2 weeks in August. My Aunt Hannah and Uncle Alvin live in Rutland which is only 75 miles south on Rte. 7. They would drive up weekends to help gram. All of us older cousins would look after the younger ones. I couldn't wait to get another crack at Hans.

The afternoon they all left for home, mom said we ought to do something for Astrid. Dad drove us to the big mall in Burlington. Mom walked us through the department store to the girls' department. By the time I had tried on four or five dresses, a pretty skirt, some tops and all, I knew all these clothes were not for Astrid! Mom and dad and gram must have planned this all the night before. What boy would expect a surprise like that from his mom and dad?

They wouldn't buy anything unless we all agreed it looked good on me. It was even more exciting for me to pick out lingerie (underwear) with all the pretty colors and designs and everything coming in packs or sets to match bra, panties and slip. You have to feel nylon or silk or that satin to truly appreciate it. That was why mom had dressed me so carefully. She didn't want the saleslady to discover I was really a boy. The more I tried things on, the more everybody convinced me I was pretty. How could this be happening to me?

I had accepted being Erica in my mind, but I was still Eric in every other way. I didn't really know how to walk like a girl and twirl my skirts and hold my hands. Mom bought me a pocket book to hold, because I was so nervous at first. I couldn't learn all I had to learn in a weekend, nobody could. Right away mom and gram started coaching me. I could tell even my dad was enjoying me as a girl. I had to concentrate on taking smaller steps and not swinging my arms and body around so much. I watched all the girls at the mall like I watched my cousins, but you can't copy everybody at once. Whenever my parents could see I was fretting, they would give me a little hug or a kiss and a kind word. I was happy to make it back to gram's house without anybody making fun of me. Mom said I was too pretty to be taken for being a boy.

Gram couldn't wait to see all the pretty clothes mom and dad had bought. She cleaned off a rod in the closet and cleaned out a bureau in the girls' room, right next to hers. She showed me how to fold everything and how to hook all the hangers in the same direction when hanging up my pretty dresses. With nobody to tease me, I enjoyed being the center of attention and all that affection. Gram said Erica was the best birthday present anybody could have given her.

She was very happy to have company, and so was I. We did everything together from making the beds, to fixing our meals, and sewing on her fancy electronic sewing machine. I like anything mechanical, but I knew better than to try to take that apart. She let me try all the attachments and we sewed a tablecloth and napkins for her bridge club. We had lots of time for girl talk. It was a 4 week modelling class with gram as my teacher. You have to learn all about fashion. ~~No matter how old or how young, all females talk about fashions.~~

I got to meet other boys and girls my age and that was fun. Gram laughed, but then she gave me the talk about sex and how to get rid of a boy who is getting fresh. By the time my cousin returned, I wanted to show them how feminine I had become. Gram said not to worry so much, I would be fine and she would take care of Hans and his pranks. We all had a great reunion and when mom and dad joined us, they had pretty presents for everybody. I hated to see the summer end and everybody leave again. Gram said it was time for me to see a psychiatrist, who is a lady who is both a medical doctor (MD) and a psychology doctor (PhD) who she knew years ago when they were at college in Boston. She knows all about boys who like being girls.

Well, that's a good place to end my story. I only wanted to tell how a 10 year old boy can be trapped into wearing female clothes and then find out he likes it. I have been living the past two winters and summers with gram. I have started taking hormone therapy. By this time next year, I will have the same female development that Astrid has this year.

Every young boy should have a prankster cousin like Hans to get him into trouble!

Sincerely,

Erica



Wedding Dress

At this wedding reception, after the bride changed out of her dress and prepared to leave on her honeymoon, some of the young girls persuaded the bride's little brother to get fixed up in the wedding dress, complete with makeup and lingerie. And here's the results! It looks like he's having a great time!

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Dear Princess

As the third child of an apron-stringing mother and the brother of two older sisters I was their pet, to be dressed and tressed as they saw fit. My father left home shortly after I was born, never to be heard from again. This left me at the mercy of my guardians. I was dressed in girls clothes and curls until I was five years old at which time I was then put into jeans, coveralls and ruffled blouses, my hair was then kept in a center part all the way back and the two sections of hair were braided and hung down the back. My underwear was lace-edged panties of satin. Mother had to work to support the 4 of us and satin underwear was costly. At the age of seven years I found out that I had to go to school. I was told that school rules didn't permit boys to wear hair in great length let alone in braids, so I suffered my first trauma, my lovely braids were snipped off and my hair was then waved and pompadored for school. Boys also didn't wear frills or blouses either, trauma #2 being dressed in plain shirts, long pants. However, after school my braids were pinned back on and shirt and pants to be replaced with blouse and short pants. My wavey and pompadored hair was kept as long as possible during school years. I wore dresses and a slip over my panties for special occasions like a private parade in front of some neighbors. As I entered my teen years my guardians stopped their insistance in my being a sissy, it was left up to me to continue. They knew I wouldn't stop being a sissy, I had been conditioned. At age 13 years I entered junior high school where stripping in gym classes were required, also at that time I was now wearing pettipants edged in deep lace to elementary school where it wasn't necessary to strip. I decided that it would be for me to wear my lacy underwear at home than be caught by other boys in lace. Though I wore my hair in school regulation length, it was waved and pompadored by my mother since I lost my braids.

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Once Tommy started in school, his braids were cut off and his hair was given a curly perm. Even in boy's clothes, he looked like a girl.



Many people in the neighborhood knew Tommy was a boy and they'd stare at him and make fun of him, especially when he was outside while wearing his dresses, but his mother was always there to protect him.



Posing for pictures in various pretty outfits was a regular event in Tommy's life while growing up with his dominating mother.

I often didn't go outside and remained inside wearing only my lacy petti-pants and ruffled panties. I wore curls long or short, since mother figured curls for girls and for boys, sissy types that is.

This scenario went on until I graduated from high school. Right after I left school, my sisters left the nest to live their own lives, leaving me alone with mother. By the time I reached my 18th year my sisters had become dis-interested in my being a sissy and left it to mother to carry on my effeminization. Living alone with mother was pleasant, I could come and go as I pleased, she gave me a comfortable spending allowance, wear any type of clothes I wanted, and wink at girls. However, my hair was her domain, she decided on the length, and style. My job was only to wear it, according to her every whim, never to criticize her decision. To encourage me to continue liking my sissiness, mother bought me fauntleroy type blouses to go with my tresses. So it came down to braids and blouses and pettipants, this scenario continued on until my mother passed away a few years ago. In memory to my mother I wear my hair up in dutch braids wherever I go whether it be shopping or at work.

Mothers favorite sissy

Tom P.

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Roughneck to Sissyboy

While growing up, I was small for my age, and I made up for it by bullying the smaller children in our area. My quick temper got me into a good many jams even with older kids, and I ended up with a collection of cuts and bruises and broken teeth to show for it. But I didn't care. In fact, I was proud of my battle scars. I was frequently given a "talking to" and sometimes my allowance was cut off, but those were the usual extent of my punishments handed out by my unmarried

aunt, who raised me after my parents both died. Aunt Celeste was wealthy, narrow-minded, and cold - typical attributes of many parents living in our snobbish little town on the far eastern tip of Long Island. She devoted her time to church work and left me to my own devices from an early age.

Everything changed for me at the beginning of summer of the year I turned twelve.

A very aristocratic family with four daughters had recently moved in next door to us. The oldest girls were Sarah and Sadie, 23 and 24 years old respectively. Their younger sisters were eight-year-old twins, Chrissy and Missy, two of the most girlish girls you ever could see, always outfitted in heavily frilled old-fashioned dresses with ribbons and lace and all that frilly stuff. Even though they were four years younger than me, I often played with them because their mother and my aunt had developed an immediate friendship after they moved in, and while the two women visited and did things together, I frequently ended up being with and the twins and we were generally set to playing games to pass the time. I didn't mind playing with sissy little girls too much because I could boss them around and get them to do pretty much whatever I wanted them to do. Besides most of the other kids in the area would have nothing to do with me.

One day we were all at their house, and the twins and I were playing Mates - a card game, and we got into an argument over a point. They wouldn't give into me, and I got very angry. I struck both of them several times, bloodying Chrissy's nose and bruising Missy's cheek. Missy fell on the ground, her legs akimbo and her dress and petticoat fully bunched up to her waist. I feasted my eyes on her lingerie, which was fussy with lace and ribbons. Never having seen underwear quite like that I laughed and teased her about her sissy little slips and panties with all those frills. But she didn't close her legs or try to pull down her dress. She just lay there motionless. I didn't know she had been knocked unconscious. I thought she was just pretending. I hovered over her, touched her between her legs. She was wearing a frilled pantywaist with pink garter straps extending down her legs to her white stockings (this was in the days before pantyhose). I gave one of the garters a good, loud snap. She moaned and started to wake up. I continued calling her names, tickling her cunny and making fun of her childish pink and white underwear. The moment she was fully awake, she screamed at me and fought me off as she tried to pull her dress down. I kept on taunting her about being a weak little girl and making fun of her lingerie fringed with lace ruffles.

Moments later, I felt hands grabbing my arms and neck and pulling on my hair from behind. Chrissy had ran off and got my aunt, their mother and the twins older sisters. All of them had seen me making fun of Missy and touching her between her legs. In an instant, I was hustled to the ground; Aunt Celeste held me down while the girls and their mother looked after their sister. Missy had a cut that they thought could permanently scar her face, plus Chrissy felt sickly, so they decided to take the twins to the hospital. By beating up a girl I had crossed a line with my aunt. To her the sanctity of girlhood was not to be abused by bullying boys. I had never seen her so thoroughly enraged. They all agreed that I had to be severely punished.

A NEW HOME AND A SILKEN GOWN

Sarah and Sadie were terrific tennis players, and those athletic young women had little trouble hurrying me off to a guest bedroom. For girls, they were very strong, but I had no fear of them. I brazenly felt I could take any punishment they could dish out. But some of my bravado left me quickly as they overpowered me and completely undressed me. I had never felt so vulnerable and humiliated. They pulled a pink silk nightgown over my head and warned me not to remove it. It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and they put me into bed and told me to stay there while they took the twins to the hospital. My aunt stayed to watch over me.

Some two hours later the two older sisters came into the bedroom. Sarah had a new razors strop in her hand. I was stretched across the lap of the other oldest sister, my nightgown was lifted, and I was given an unmerciful flogging. I heard giggles and cheering and soon realized that the window had been opened and at least a dozen girls were assembled outside to watch me, the neighborhood bully, being beaten and humiliated in a girlish nightgown.

Sarah expertly wielded that razor strop and soon broke my determination not to make an outcry. I pleaded for them to stop and cried like a sissy baby girl, but they showed me no mercy. Sarah kept beating me until I was totally bruised and bloodied, my bared buttocks and legs covered with deep welts. Each lick of the strop burned. Satisfied that my reputation in the neighborhood would be forever trashed, they told the giggling girls to tell everyone what they had seen and then closed the window and left me to deal with my wounds. I pulled down the shameful nightgown to cover my nakedness and crawled back into bed. The touch of the nightgown as well as every movement I made was painful. I cried both from the pain and the humiliation.

At about nightfall I was awakened by Sadie and given bread and milk. She spoke only when I asked what more they were planning to do to me. She told me to get plenty of rest to repair my wounds because I would need my strength to handle the rest of my punishment.

The following morning they brought me a light breakfast, and as I devoured the biscuits and juice, the girls took my boys' clothing and carted them off in a box. When I asked what they were doing, I was told I wouldn't need such clothes for a long time. Furthermore, I was to remain in their house instead of returning to live with my aunt. I wanted to protest, but after my strapping of the previous day, I dared not be disobedient.

Missy had spent the night in the hospital and after they brought her home, my aunt, the four sisters and their mother came into the bedroom and told me to remove my gown. I did so without hesitating; being naked before them was now less embarrassing than watching their grinning faces as they stared at me in that ridiculous nightgown, but to my dismay I saw them unwrapping a bundle of girls' clothing and placing the various articles in an orderly manner on the bed. The terrible truth dawned on me: I was to be dressed like a girl.

A gaudy concoction of thoroughly feminine accouterments was displayed for my view - long white silk stockings, wide elastic garters covered with silk and trimmed in lace. Next to it was a flimsy girls' undershirt of fine silk with pink and yellow ribbon streamers and bows that had been added for further adornment, and next to it a god-awful pair of fancy panties with elastic at the waist and legs that were trimmed with deep lace and the same sissy pink and yellow silk

ribbons and bows at the sides. On the floor were shiny white patent leather shoes with white satin bows, and hanging from a hanger in Sadie's hand was a white chiffon and lace dress with puffed sleeves and a lacy collar, all decorated with more streamers of pink and yellow ribbon. Then I saw the worst feature of the dress: Embroidered across the front was the word "Sissyboy!" I cried when I saw that and pleaded with them not to dress me in those clothes. My tears only intensified the mean looks of the older sisters and caused the twins to laugh at me and call me a sissy for beating up on little girls.

I pleaded not to be made to wear those clothes, but I was slapped severely across the face for begging. Aunt Celeste told me that I was to keep quiet and that my days of acrimony and bullying helpless girls and kids littler than myself had come to an end. My punishment was going to fit my crime. I tried to storm my way out of that room, but was tackled and repeatedly slapped across the face until my cheeks were on fire, and I promised to cooperate.

After the stockings with their elaborate garters were put on me, I was made to stand before the wall mirror and watch my reflection to witness every step of them dressing me in those shameful clothes. Missy won the pleasure of putting the fancy panties on me. Holding them up to my face, she looked over the dainty waist elastic with her blackened eye and abrasions on her face. The lower half of her face was hidden behind the panties, but her bright, gleaming told me that she was grinning like the devil, delighting in her task of pantying the bullyboy. After wallowing in the moment, she stooped down and held the beribboned panties open by my feet. With those menacing, strong females surrounding me, there was nothing I could do but step into the panties. From her low position, Missy gleefully stared up at my glowing red face to watch my humbled expression and my dangling, limp penis as she gently eased the frilled panties up my quivering legs. She took a long time pulling up those panties. Her face was so close to my penis that I could feel her every breath wafting across my boyhood until she covered it with the humiliating veil of panty lace and frills. Not satisfied with simply pulling the panties up into position, she took a long time adjusting the waistband and leg elastics, making sure that the lace and ribbons were properly positioned. My aunt commanded me to stand with my legs apart so the panties could be properly positioned on me. I did, and with one hand inside the panties and the other outside, Missy kept repositioning my penis and balls trying to put them in a position that satisfied her aesthetic sense. There was deep humiliation at every turn. Her intimate handling caused my cock to inflate much to the giggles and comments of the women. But that little girl was no novice when it came to handling a boy's private parts; she handled my penis and balls with girlish gentleness and great expertise. Her intimate handling of my boyhood caused my penis to expand and stand out in the panties. She pretended to be upset that she couldn't get my erection to stay down neatly tucked between my legs.

"Oh, dear, that's a problem girls don't have!" her mother said.

"My, oh my, such insolence! Pinch the cock head to make it go away," my aunt suggested.

Missy pinched my penis gently.

"Oh, no! Let me show you. Like this," Sarah said as she stepped forward, grabbed the tip of my penis through the silken panties and violently pinched me with her sharp fingernails.

“Y-e-o-w!” I screamed as I fell backward on the bed.

They all just laughed and teased me more as they eased a long white satin slip over my head. I twitched and shivered as I felt it creepily slide into position. The dress followed. It was the most sissified creation you could ever imagine. The next humiliation: they sat me down and applied a little bit of makeup to my face.

“She will be prettier when her hair grows out.”

When I heard that, I looked at them in shock. They were planning on keeping me dressed like a girl! But my aunt uttered the comment that knocked me for a loop when she announced, “If she can’t keep that ugly thing down, we might have a doctor remove it. It so spoils the lines of her pretty panties.”

I was then informed that from that point onward I would be referred to as ‘Bessie’ and always addressed with feminine pronouns. Furthermore, they had decided to keep me as their lackey and dressed like a girl for a minimum of one year.

Again I was ordered to the mirror. I was horrified. I looked like a girl! A girl with short hair and a couple of broken teeth, but a girl nonetheless! Sadie shook me to and fro to make the dress flip up and then made me twirl around to expose my frills and nyloned legs.

Aunt Celeste remarked, “She has pretty legs.”

I was led out to the backyard. Sounds indicated people were out there. It was a much larger group than the day before, and now many boys and a number of mothers were in the group too. From the moment they all saw me, they crowded around me, touched me and my clothes and made cutting remarks to shame me.

“What a cute girl.”

“Look at our pretty sissy.”

“I can’t imagine she was ever a nasty little boy.”

“Are you sure it’s a boy? We better have a look to make sure.”

That last remark scared me. I looked to my tormentors for help, but their only response to my plight was to show me the strop. The girls laughed and talked about my dress, silk-stockinged legs, and everything I was wearing. They made me walk up and down like a model. One of the girls grabbed me and pulled my skirt and slip up to show everyone the frilly panties I had on.

As the girls screamed in delight, I fought desperately to hold my skirt down, but Sadie told me to stop resisting and let the girl pull up my skirt. If I didn't she was going to pull up my skirt anyway and give me another flogging like they had the day before. I had to give in and let the

girl pull my dress all the way up and expose my shameful underwear. I turned my face away in shame, but Missy slapped my still burning sore buttocks and forced me to face the girls with my dress still held high.

While begging for my dress to be lowered I received a few more slaps and then was ordered to get on my knees before Missy and publicly apologize to her. I thought my punishment might be lighter if I sounded sincere, so I put honest effort into my apology. Next I was ordered to apologize for my misconduct to the entire group and was informed that I would thereupon hear the pronouncement of my sentence.

I trembled while waiting to hear. Then Missy spoke.

“For one year you will dress like a girl and be called by the name Bessie. You must say, “Please, ma’am,” whenever you wish to speak and must ask permission for every single thing you want to do, and that includes everything even going to the bathroom. Someone will always accompany you when you use the toilet and take a bath because you are never allowed to handle your penis. You will do girls’ tasks: sewing, cleaning, ironing, washing, sweeping, and housework in general. You will hang out the wash and bring it in. Each day you will have a special play time and any of the children in the neighborhood you have offended since arriving here are invited to your play time and they can use you in any way they want.”

Sadie continued, “You will cooperate fully; otherwise, the children will report you to Sarah or Sadie. They will determine a suitable punishment and carry it out. You will not be permitted to speak in your own defense. Any child’s word against you will be the sole factor in determining your guilt. In short, cooperate in every way, no matter how humiliating or painful, or face an even greater punishment. And punishment will be a big part of your daily life. At 3 o’clock each afternoon you will receive some form of punishment, regardless of whether or not you have done anything to earn a punishment. Various types of equipment for giving you punishment will be hung in your room, so you will see them at all times and be reminded of the consequences of not acting like the perfect cooperative little miss. One day, you will be strapped, another day you will receive the light switch, and then there would be the paddle, the hairbrush and any other implement we decide to add to the collection. A record of your work and deportment will be kept, and when unfavorable reports reach certain levels, you will be taken to the shed and severely birched or flogged. Extra punishment is in order at all times. Each month, on the anniversary of your offense, you will be punished in Chrissy and Missy’s presence as well as in the presence of their girl friends. The twins will name the punishment and the instrument of torture, and they will do the honors. You will take part in all girls’ activities and must not dare to act tomboyish. You must attend the girls’ Sunday school class and girls’ classes in school. The Sunday school teacher knows about your case and as does the school principal. They are anxious to have you and look forward to having you serve as an example of what happens to boys who are abusive to girls. At the end of a year you will appear before a jury of your aunt and the twins and their mother, and they will decide if you have been sufficiently punished.”

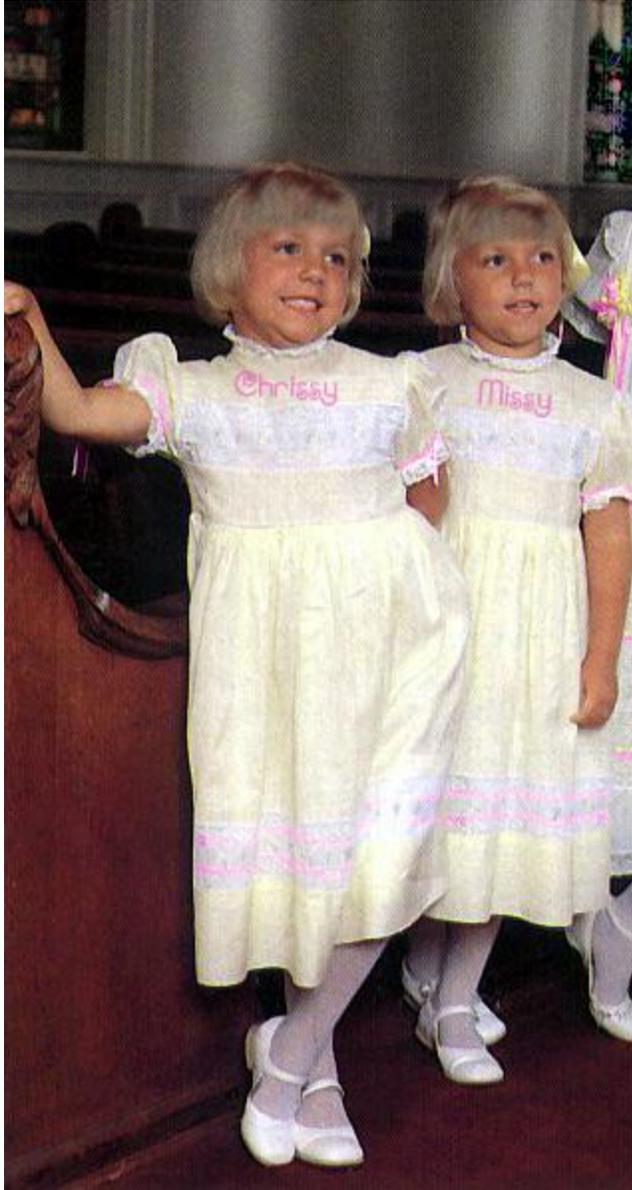
A short while later, Chrissy and Missy appeared wearing dresses very similar to one I was wearing. I was made to pose with them for pictures. It took a lot of effort to smile for those photos, but my aunt was waiting with the strap if I didn't smile. I finally was able to force a smile

that was sufficient to satisfy them. Then, I was bent over the same bench Missy was sitting on when I had knocked her to the ground. My skirts and slippers were pulled up, my panties pulled down, so I was completely exposed. The girls applauded. They were then asked if they were ready to see me get a sound birching. Their answers were unanimous and cruel. After the birching I was dragged back to the bed and a carrot was inserted up my bum. I left to rest and recover from my punishment with the warning not to remove the carrot. A couple of hours later, my aunt and the twins came in and woke me up. Aunt Celeste took the carrot out of my raped asshole, and when I told them I had to go to the bathroom, they took me in hand; both of the twins helped me pull up my dress, undo my lingerie and pull down my panties. They informed me that normally, I would be expected to sit like a girl to do pee, but on that occasion, the girls took pleasure in having me stand before the commode, so both of them could take turns holding my penis while I urinated. I was so embarrassed that I almost was not able to let myself go, but finally my urgent need to be relieved won out and I was able to let go.

The girls thought it was a great bit of fun to hold my cock and direct the flow. They laughed a lot while doing it and told me they would do it often since I was no longer allowed to touch my penis in any way. Their inexperience in handling a peeing penis was obvious and quite a bit of my pee went astray. When I was finished my aunt directed me to kneel down and lick up all those errant streams of piss much to the delight of the giggling twin girls. We all went down to lunch. While they dined on chicken soup and cheese sandwiches, they told me I was on a diet and a special meal had been prepared for me. I was astounded to see on my plate that carrot that had spent a couple of hours up my ass, now neatly sliced and accompanied with a glass of what I assumed was lemonade, which was presented to me as a special treat created for me by the twins. The drink was sweetened, but there was no mistaking. It was piss! Now I knew this was going to be a long and arduous year. And it was. Plus my time in dresses and my humiliations were continued for three more years until I was given the option of leaving the house permanently never to come back. I left and went to the big city, but ever since I found myself remembering most events of those years with fondness and with an intense desire to relive it all again.

The above story and the two other stories that follow were originally published in 1947, and over the decades some of them have been republished or serialized in TV periodicals. But there's no porn like old porn, and these stories are a good example, so we updated them, gave them new life and present them here for your enjoyment.

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Roughneck to Sissyboy

(continued)

ANOTHER INITIATION

In a house next to the one where I was staying there lived a 19-year-old girl and her 14-year-old cousin, Mabel, a girl friendly with the sisters who had me in charge. One day she asked if I might help her with some cleaning. The women who had me in charge believed that this would be good

training for me. And so I went over to help this girl who was alone a great deal because her cousin was a nurse and was often away from home.

The girl dressed me in a little maid's outfit that she concocted from a black mini skirt, a white ruffled blouse and a frilly apron. She told me that she was always sorry for me when I had to take the terrible punishment on the first Saturday of each month. She said, however, that I needed severe punishment for my own good. She wanted to know how it felt to wear girls' clothing and I explained that I got used to it, but still hated it.

She prepared a wonderful lunch and when this was over she explained that whenever I helped her she could give me my daily punishment. I pleaded with her to let me off, but she said a good, sound, old-fashioned spanking was essential to correct my ways. I pleaded with her not to make it too old-fashioned - by old-fashioned was meant spanking of the bare skin and I dreaded such a spanking by a pretty girl.

This girl commanded me to walk ahead of her to her bedroom. On the way up the stairs, she enjoyed shamelessly reaching under my skirt to repeatedly pinch my silken pantied bottom. When we were there she rolled up her sleeve and made me sit on her lap at the edge of the bed. I obeyed, puzzled. She wore a perfume, which was wonderful to me. She held me close and pressed my head tightly against her breast and patted my face and told me she was doing it for my own good. I cannot explain my feelings. I sensed her beauty, her perfume, and her gentleness. I went limp all over. After a few pats she told me to lie across her lap. I obeyed and she gently lifted my dress, slipped my lace trimmed panties down, held me tightly with her left hand as she began spanking me with the bare palm of her right hand. For the first 10 spansks or so I felt humiliated and blushed deeply. An old-fashioned spanking is not really painful, but the feeling that one is nude (or partly so) and the sound of the palm, serve as punishment. Now, after a few blows of the bare palm against my skin a sensual feeling came over me. I did not try to squirm or work my way off her lap. Instead, I held my self in the best spanking position possible. Frankly, I cooperated fully with pretty Mabel.

When the spanking was over, she pulled my panties up and cradled me in her lap. She stroked my head and drew me close against her. As she slid her hand under my dress and slips and stroked my penis through my silk panties, she asked if I had ever had any 'experience' with girls. I knew what she meant by the word experience. I told her that the little girl playmates I had to endure day after day would often fondle my penis; some of them also enjoyed sticking things up my bum. On several occasions I had lost control and shot forth my semen, on such occasions the three sisters severely punished me. Usual punishment was to make me lick up my own cum and be gagged with my cum-soaked panties while receiving a spanking.

Under Mable's tutelage I learned all about 'normal' sex between males and females, if you can call it normal for us to have sex while I was dressed in a makeshift maid's uniform. Our sexual relations we kept secret from the three sisters as well as everyone else. I even began to enjoy Mable's gentle spankings, knowing full well what would follow.

My relations with Mabel and my work for her one day each week lasted during my year of punishment. I was then 16, and the jury of girls voted to release me from my punishment. I had

an opportunity to move to a western city and live with another relative, and I gladly welcomed the change, since my reputation as a male was forever destroyed in that town. But much to my amazement, I found I missed my punishments and secretly began acquiring girls' clothes and wearing them. Just lingerie at first, and eventually a complete wardrobe. I did meet one girl who loved to have me massage her feet. And I got up the never to tell her that I loved to masturbate into silky panties. Since she didn't want to have sex until she was married, we pleased each other -- me rubbing her feet (she could climax just from me doing that!) and she played with me in my panties until I thoroughly soiled them!

My aunt is now dead. I know nothing of the whereabouts of any of those others involved in my early forced crossdressing, but I have not lost the desire to wear feminine apparel. At 34, I have my own apartment, and hold a highly technical position. I have been employed for years by the same firm. I wear my female wardrobe each night at home upon returning from the office, and I wear a bra without any stuffing), lace panties, a garter belt and nylons under my clothes everyday all day long.

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I am a Model

When I was very young, Doctors have said my being stout is a glandular condition of little moment. That is true now, but that wasn't the case while I was growing up. My entire family is on the slim side, and they all teased me about my size for as long as I can remember. My earliest memories also include a desire to be dressed as a girl.

We were a large family and lived in the backwoods in the mountains of Tennessee. People came around so rarely that we hardly knew what other humans looked like. I was quite fat when I was very young, and my entire family is on the slim side, so they teased me about being fat even though the hillbilly doctor that visited us about once a year said my weight was due to a glandular condition.

We kids (three older brothers, two older sisters, and one younger sister) were well acclimated to the weather. We went around in little clothing even in the harshest weather. Most of the year, we just wore our underwear, especially in the morning and at night, but as the temperature went up during the day, we'd shed the underwear too and go nude until sundown. We boys wore long johns or union suits. My sisters wore pretty vests and panties, big panties made of rayon or silk. Mom had Pop get them when he went into town, and he made a



point of picking out the fancy stuff. I think he got a kick out of buying those things and seeing the girls running around in heavily frilled, gaudy lingerie. But even the prettiest vests and panties, the girls loved to decorate further with more lace and ribbons. I liked looking at, and secretly touching, those silky pretty panties and vests. When I was five, I asked my Ma and Pop if I could wear vests and panties like my sisters. They put me in some peach panties and a matching vest loaded with pink and green ribbons and long streams of lace, then took me out in front of all my brothers and sisters. They all laughed at me and called me a girl, and teasingly treated me like a little girl that day. I was used to their teasing for being fat, so what they did and said to me didn't matter. I loved wearing the vest and panties.

On most nights, each of my brothers would get into bed with one of my sisters (even my little sister), and sometimes my brothers would go to bed with each other and my sisters would go to bed with other. Even Pop sometimes came in and got into bed with one of my sisters. I didn't know what they did together and I did feel left out because no one ever wanted to get into bed with me, the 'fatty.' I thought they just liked to sleep alongside each other. But that night, with me dressed in vest and panties, my second oldest brother, Jake, got into bed with me. I was very happy, and he made me feel good because he rubbed my body all over through the silky lingerie. He took my breath away when he started to caress my panties between my legs. It made me feel dizzy, but oh so wonderful. I cried a little when he took my panties down in back and forced his penis into my bottom, but I held back making noise from the pain because I didn't want to displease him and was so happy he had chosen to sleep with me that night. Then I recalled seeing Pop and my brothers sometimes poking their cocks into my other brothers and sisters, sticking them from behind. Now I knew what they were doing. Eventually I learned that it was OK for Pop and my brothers to sodomize my sisters or each other, but sticking their cock into my sisters' pussies ended as soon as each girl started to have her periods. But the girls were long used to having cocks in their cunts by that age so Pop had carved them all cocks made out of hardwood that they kept well greased. Pop said he didn't want any more kids to feed. He said that if they got pregnant, he'd take them to the city and leave them there.

The morning after wearing the vest and panties all day, Pop woke me up in the morning and told me to get out of those things and never to wear them again. He quoted something from the Bible about males not supposed to wear the garments of females. Living alone like we did, Pop was our self-appointed minister too. He used Bible readings for our periodic prayer services, and he quoted from the good book whenever he wanted to reinforce one of his dictates. He had been brought up by a fire-and-brimstone wielding Baptist minister, so he knew the Bible well, but over the years he interpreted the Bible in his own way, and only adhered to passages that validated his own beliefs. Boys wearing girls' clothes was evil, he said, and if I continued to want to do that, I would be even more evil than I already was. But all that incestuous sex we engaged in and other weird stuff was fine with him, and he often quoted some of his made-up Bible passages to back up his dictates. Only after I got older and moved to the city, did I realize that Pop was making up a lot of those things he claimed to were from the Bible.

So it looked like I'd never be able to dress in my sisters' clothes again. I longed to wear dresses, slips and panties, and secretly fondled them whenever I could without anyone else seeing me. Then a few months later, one cool morning in early spring, I accidentally tore a dress my oldest sister, Jude, was wearing. We had been gathering some greens for lunch and I stepped on the

hem of her dress while she was bending over. When she stood up, the dress tore right up the middle. Pop refused to hear me when I told him it was an accident. He told my mother that since I was fatter and darker skinned than everyone else in the family, I wasn't his son, and my mother must have let some black man (he used the "n" word), fur trapper or mountain hobo fuck her when he wasn't around. Pop said I was evil and told my mother never to let me wear pants again. Pop whipped me and made me put on the torn dress. He said that since I was evil and always would be, I should be kept in dresses to show that I was evil.

Like I indicated before, he had crazy ideas of what was right and wrong. To further punish me, he gathered my brothers and sisters together outside and stood me on a big rock before them. He pulled a pair of pink panties up my legs until they were gathered just beneath my penis and testicles and made me hold up the dress around my waist. Then he made the motions of cutting off my sexual organs and throwing them away, and said I didn't deserve to grow up to be a man. He pulled the panties up real tight to flatten out my little cock and balls and then declared me an ugly, stupid, sissy girl. My brothers and sisters laughed, and for years after that, they all kept calling me a girl and treating me like the lowliest girl in the world. At home I wore torn dresses and worn-out panties and never allowed to go naked even when it was real hot and everyone else was naked. I was never allowed to wear any boys' clothes, but Ma did take some pity on me. She let me wear newer and prettier clothes when Pop wasn't around because she knew I loved them and longed to be pretty. She told me I wasn't a bastard and tried to make up for Pop's abuse of me by doing little things, but he had her well trained and she feared and kowtowed to him like we kids did. One other thing happened as I entered puberty, I had a growth spell, and within a short time I went from short and fat to tall and much thinner. But those years of being fat did leave me with some excess fat deposits in my breasts. I actually thought I was growing breasts like my older sisters.

Pop hunted, trapped, fished, and supervised us kids growing fruits and vegetables. He'd handle a hide he had skinned from an animal as gently as though it was the most precious thing on earth. He always killed animals with mercy. But he didn't hesitate to take a spot of skin from any of us kids who happened to get in his way. The sight of us seemed, at times, to displease him. When he got angry at me, he'd just keep reiterating that 'evil' stuff, whenever he got angry with one of my brothers or sisters, he'd say, "Damn you, you wouldn't be around to pester me -- except for that crazy little fracas I had with your ma." For years I didn't know what he meant. Then I learned that their first child was born three months after they were married. Mother was just naturally fecund. She had all of us kids one after the other.

I don't think the place where we lived was on any map. From time to time, Pop went away for a week at a time to trade his furs for money and our supplies. When I was 12, Pop was down with pneumonia, and he trusted my 15-year-old brother to take hides, musk, and other stuff to trade in the city. My brother gave me some of his clothes to wear and took me along with him. It was the first time I was out of hand-me-down dresses and panties for about seven years.

All around us were high cliffs. Rain fell in the basin and formed a lake. We were connected to the outside world just through a slim split in the cliffs; and just a narrow river at the base drained our lake into the outside. When Bud and I went through that passage and I saw miles of beautiful blue lake water ahead of us, I thought the whole world must be made of water.

What I saw on that trip with my brother drove me almost crazy during the months to follow, especially the gorgeous clothes I saw women wearing. Bud knew his way around; Pop had taken him to the city many times. He trusted Bud. He called Bud a man. We saw a burlesque show.

That burlesque stayed in my mind. In Bud's too -- only different. On the way home Bud talked about the pretty dames. It took us two days to row upstream to get back home. We went ashore each night to sleep. The night after we started back home, he opened some of the packages we had gotten in trade. He took out a short cotton dress, a fancy red slip and some purple panties. He had me put them on, and then he had me bend over so he could take down the panties and fuck me from behind. I was used to getting butt fucked by then. I didn't like it too much in one regard because my brothers were always so rough with me when they did it, and their cum would drain out of my ass for the longest time and that was uncomfortable, but on the other hand, I liked it that night because Bud was gentle with me, said sweet things to me and treated me like a girl. The next day, he had a satisfied look on his face and didn't want to talk about the burlesque dames any more. He told me not to tell the others about pretending to be a girl for him or he'd hurt me. (All my brothers could fuck each other and our sisters, but when they butt fucked me, they did it in secret and made me keep it secret because I was the 'evil' one.) Bud said he did it just because he needed a woman, and my big ass looked like a woman's big bottom to him. He even scolded me when I told him I didn't mind it because he was so gentle with me and let me wear such new and pretty dress and panties instead of the usual worn-out clothes I got from my sisters. He told me to forget it ever happened.

Ma had gone through school until the seventh grade. Pop had just started high school before his dad died and he had to go to work. Ma and Pop moved to the backwoods soon after they got married. I think Pop was hiding from something or somebody, but to this day, I don't know what or who. So my folks were well educated, at least for that time and place, and they schooled us at home, each day after we did our chores. You had to learn your daily lessons or you wouldn't eat that night!

During my teen years, Pop grew a little kinder toward me. One day he asked me what was wrong. I couldn't believe he didn't know what was wrong. My fear and anger toward him had grown intense over the years. I told him that I wasn't anything, neither man nor woman. "Remember, you cut off my sexual organs?" I said.

Pop struck me, backhanded full across the cheek. "Get that damned silly idea out of your head," he said.

That blow was so forceful it made me dizzy. I was angry. At fifteen I was almost as big and strong as he was. I said, "If you do that again, I'll hurt you. I'll crush life completely out of you. You did cut off my sexual organs. You did it in front of the whole family, and you have hurt me every day of my life ever since."

Pop looked at me. "You must be demented," he said.

After that, at every opportunity, I let Pop know how he had hurt me. One day he passed near me

and I felt he had given me a sullen look. I sprang at him and had my hands at his throat before he could do more than give a startled jump. While I closed my hands on his throat, just allowing him breathing spells, I told him why I had been so sullen. And I explained that I did not intend to hurt him badly -- just intended for him to listen to me, and that from then on he must know that I was a man and that I must be respected as such. He made a solemn promise.

From that time on, Pop and I were poison to each other. The truth is that we were afraid of each other. I told him that I would leave there some day and Pop agreed the sooner the better. He sent me to town with Bud and as we were leaving he called to me that this was my chance. He said that if I ever wanted to go, I should go when I got down to town. While we were in the city, Bud gave me some money.

"You keep this," he said.

Not long after Bud went to a rest room in a pool hall. I waited and waited. Then I looked. Evidently Bud had gone out the back way. Hurriedly I went to the place where we kept our boat. The man who kept it said Bud had gone. I turned back into the city. I was very fortunate to find a job working for a woman in a dry goods store. My hair was long and I looked very girly by then. She thought I was a girl. She laughed when I told her I was a boy. She put me to work doing stock, but soon came to me and told me she made dresses, and a lot of them were for larger women who had to have dresses custom made. She talked me into being a dress form for her to fit the dresses, and that led her into using me as a model for some of her creations. The heavy-set women she catered to were often well-off widows and older ladies, and they had money to spend, and they loved coming to a store when they could watch a boy model dresses for them. It's ironic that the little boy who was always called ugly, fat and evil is now a much admired and sought-after model! Enclosed is a photo of me taken soon after I arrived in the city. I'm wearing one of my sister's second-hand dresses.

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Transvestism and Castration

My mother was a beautiful Cuban woman who married a wealthy American man from Florida. He died when I was four. I don't remember much about him except he always smoked big, strong-smelling cigars and my mother and I were always tagging along with him and mixing with other ladies and a few other children on yachts and in fancy homes while the men played high-stakes games of poker. I don't remember much more about my mother, but I do remember how she was always sunning herself around the pool or on deck, constantly changing clothes, going to beauty salons and making herself look beautiful. I was an accident, but I did feel they loved me, even if they had a severely limited capacity to love. Why she did what she did to me I'll never know.

When I was five, Mother and I went to Havana to live. Like many Cuban mothers, she took a great interest in my penis. She washed it daily and made me stand before her once a week for a close-up inspection. She'd pull back the foreskin and clean it thoroughly with a small cloth. She'd massage it and make it hard. She said it was a small penis and she wanted to help me make it grow bigger so all the girls would like it. When she got together with other women, they frequently talked about penises belonging to their husbands, sons and lovers. Mother would bemoan the fact that I had a small penis and would usually take my pants down and show them how it was developing. She let dozens of women and girls examine my penis over the years. She did this whenever it pleased her. It didn't make any difference if we were at a home of one of her friends, having lunch in an outdoor café or anywhere else. Like I said, Cuban women are like that. No one thought it was unusual. Many of the other women would have their sons take down their pants too and they'd compare our penises. Of course the sisters of these boys were often around and took great interest in looking on, and many times the women encouraged their daughters to touch, examine and pull on our penises, as we boys stood before them like guinea pigs for their sex education. In these little comparisons, I usually had the smallest penis, and everyone chided me about it. Mother said she was going to start buying me dresses and lace panties and make me into a girl if my penis didn't start growing soon. She always said that with a laugh to the other women and girls, but there was bitterness in her voice and I know she was upset at me for having an ugly, little penis.

Mother told me I was going to start to school and that I needed to have my tonsils out. Children in Cuba had to have their tonsils out or were not allowed to go to school. Or, such is what I was told. Mother said I'd be asleep and it wouldn't hurt in the least. She said I would be circumcised at the same time. That suited me. I had admired little boys who had been circumcised. My uncircumcised organ was ugly and made me ashamed.

Well, not only was I circumcised -- I was castrated! I didn't understand. When I saw the scar and missed the seeds, I did not say anything to my mother. I was proud that I had been circumcised.

When I was nine, an older boy made a bunch of us boys show each other our penises. He saw I was castrated, spat on me told the other little boys not to play with me because I had my balls cut off and would never grow up to be a man. When I told my mother, she told me that the boys were loco, and that I was getting to old to display myself like that to other people.

Not long after that, my mother said she had given up on me ever having a decent size penis, and she took me shopping for girls' clothes. I didn't understand, but did as my mother told the giggling sales ladies about my small penis and girlish ways, they outfitted me in panties, slips, dresses and girls' shoes. I went home from the store in a little blue summer dress with lacy panties ticking my penis and thighs beneath that dress. The wind circled around under the dress and made my silky slip and panties further excite me. The next day, mother took me to a nunnery. She told the Mother Superior that I would never be a man and had me pull up my dress and lower my panties so the nun could look at me. The abbess held my penis in her hands and thoroughly examined it as well as the scar where my testicles had been. My mother said the only thing left to do was to raise me as a girl. The Mother superior frowned a lot and complained that I wasn't normal, but my mother gave her a lot of money and all the new clothes she had bought for me. She gave me a kiss and said everything was going to be OK and I would love being a girl. I didn't want to be a girl, but since I had a small penis and no balls, everyone told me I could never be a man, so what else could I be but a girl? I cried, but sensed I had no choice in the matter. As my mother walked out the door, the Mother Superior told her that her wishes would be carried out.

I was then told that I would never see my mother again, and that the church was now my mother. Somehow it didn't seem to matter. Perhaps it did and I just don't remember. The attached picture was taken shortly after I was left at the convent. The fancy dress is one that my mother had gotten for me. You can actually see my white panties right through the thin material!!!

After a while, a little girl in the convent learned that I was different from them. Soon, all of them wanted to see my organ. I didn't mind. They didn't hide themselves from me, and for the first time I saw what girls were like between their legs. They accepted me as a girl in all ways except I had a penis, a little one similar to the bigger ones that boys have. I didn't pay much attention to their sex organs, but they all liked to look at and play with mine. It felt so good when they touched me that I let them do it all the time. I especially liked it when my penis got hard when they rubbed it through my panties, which were always very silky.

Today, I still dress full-time as a woman. Sex for me is still the same. I have several women friends who enjoy masturbating me in my panties (even though I can't release any semen since I don't have any testicles, I can still have lovely body-shattering orgasms), and in turn I pleasure them with my tongue, plus I can fuck them all night long and maintain a decent erection, even if my penis is decidedly small.

Maybe you think I'm not a transvestite. Maybe I'm not. Maybe I'm a lesbian. Maybe not. I was born to be a man, but my mother eliminated that possibility. I don't know how to be anything but a woman, as much as I can be one. I will always want to know what it would be like and feel like to be completely either a man or a woman.

*All of this month's featured stories were originally published in TRANSVESTITES TELL THEIR STORIES
"CONFESSIONS OF PERSONS WHO PREFER TO DRESS LIKE THE OPPOSITE SEX." By D O Cauldwell, MD.
Uranus Books, 1947.*

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