

# Princess Online



No.  
98

Featured Stories and  
Letters from the  
Princess Productions  
Website

Adults  
Only

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

Since 1981

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**





# Carole Jean

Each month, Carole Jean, a good friend and popular author of forced crossdressing stories, gives us permission to Princessize a drawing from one of 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.

This month's picture is from Carole Jean's newest book, "Norm - Schooled to Be Girls!" The drawing is by Juan Sole, Norm (dressed in pink) is forced to take part in the ballet class with feminized boys at the special school where boys are made to wear dresses and trained to act like girls in every way!

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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# 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 creates petticoat punishment pictures like the one above, illustrating an incident that happened in Cincinnati, Ohio, schools in which boys were forced to dress as girls to help them develop feminine sensitivity! By abreacting in this way, Watchdoggie! 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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**Boys have a girls night out!** Billy Flasci, Stewart Belson and Al "Slick" Mayfield will be a featured act at the Madison Middle School annual talent show.

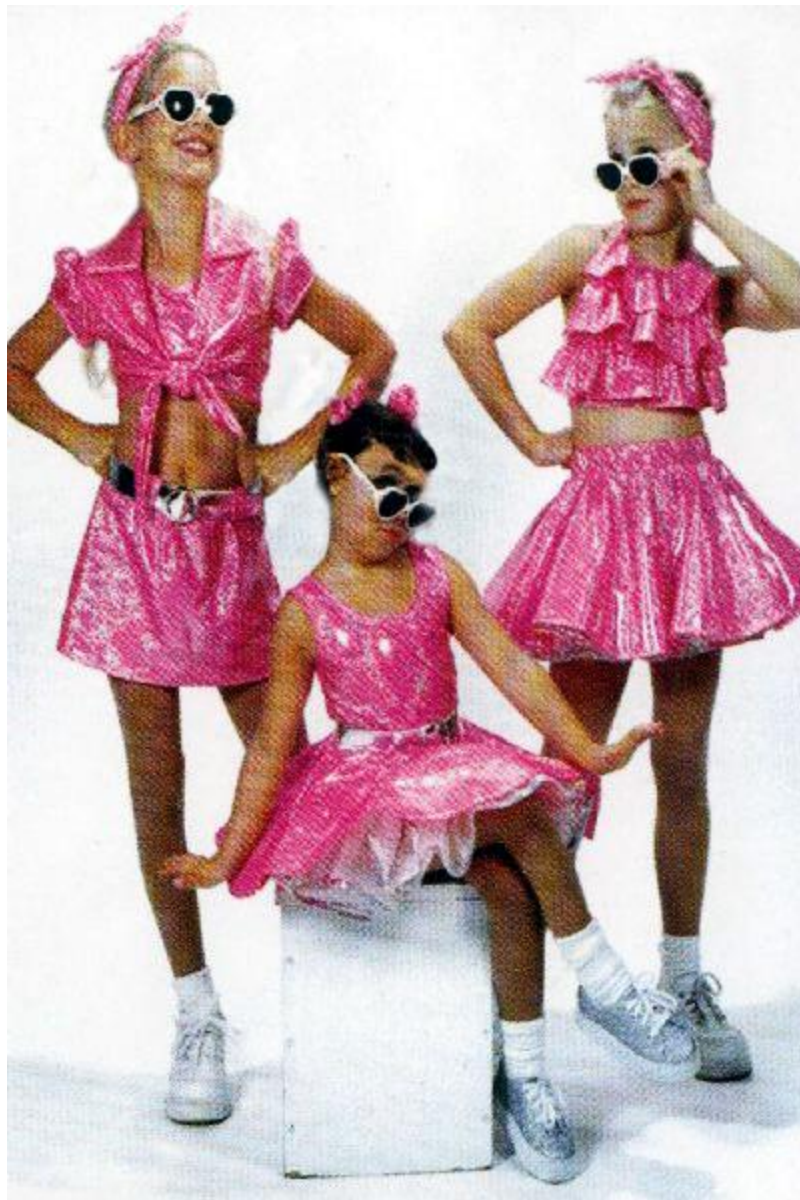
## Masquerade

As this newspaper clipping shows, school talent shows often bring out the feminine side of boys!

Click on the image for a closer view.

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## Lovely Old Pic

While going through some old files, we came across this old picture, we have no idea what's the story behind it, but we thought you'd enjoy it anyway

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## Gotipua Boy-Girl Dancers from India













Gotipua dancers practise moves before their appearance at the Festival of World Cultures in Dun Laoghaire last Friday night

# Teen queens make flying visit to festival

HELEN MURRAY

A DANCE troupe of cross-dressing Indian boys was one of the star attractions at this week-end's Festival of World Cultures in Dublin. Their visit to the Dun Laoghaire event was only the second time in the 600-year history of the Gotipua tradition that the troupe had performed the ancient dance ritual outside of India.

Originating in Odissi province, eastern India in the 1400s, the Gotipua Dance is performed by boys aged nine to 14. Though traditionally a dance form practised by both boys and girls, girls were forbidden from performing in public due to certain cultural restrictions on females. And while society has since moved on, the Gotipuan tradition prevails and only young males dressed as girls can perform the dance.

The highlight of the show was the 'Bandha Nrutya', a particularly acrobatic sequence where the dancers - complete with flipstick, anklets and top-knots, and decked out in rouge and jewels - leapt about the stage defying the



Dancers: Kallish Chandra (LEFT) and Chitprasen Swain JIM BERKELEY

laws of gravity, twisting and contorting their bodies into intricate poses as though they had spines of elastic as opposed to flesh and bone.

This particular style of dancing is so strenuous that the boys chosen to take part begin training at the tender age of seven or eight years. Most of the boys performing at the Pavilion Theatre on Friday night were 14 years old, the age-limit for the Gotipua dance before they become too old to convince the audience they are female.

This was only the second time the Gotipua dance troupe had performed outside of its native India, having previously taken to the stage in Paris in 1993. The group originates from the Chandanpur district near Puri, on the east coast of India, where their dance coach, Guru Maguni Das, has been teaching the ancient choreography for nearly 50 years.

A few hiccups befell the dance troupe before it flew into Ireland on Friday morning, one of these being a shortage of musicians. A

representative of the group contacted Shorey Manohar, president of the India Club in Dublin, to ask him if he could arrange for some Indian musicians to accompany their performance.

"Unfortunately we are a small community and we don't have any amateur musicians so hopefully they will have found some elsewhere," said Manohar.

In the end, it was a whirlwind visit. Just hours after performing their show on Friday night, they left for home yesterday morning. In between rehearsals, the seven young dancers had been catching up on their shut-eye.

"There was no time for the culture shock which no doubt they would have had if they were given the opportunity to walk around Dun Laoghaire," said festival spokeswoman Trish Brennan. "The whole aim of the festival is to celebrate different cultures and what they can bring to ours. I mean, it might be strange to watch cross-dressing boys flip about the stage but it provides an important insight into a cultural tradition of repressing women."



Click on these links for more pictures and information about Gotipua Boy-Girl dancers:

<http://www.travel.indiamart.com/orissa/dances/odissi.html>

<http://www.wisc.edu/southasia/films/given.html>

<http://www.hinduonnet.com/folio/fo9812/98120320.htm>

[http://webonautics.com/ethnicindia/dances/folk\\_dances4.html](http://webonautics.com/ethnicindia/dances/folk_dances4.html)

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## Some People Think Little Boys in Dresses are OK!

From: "Parents Who Think"

Debates/Anything Goes! / Re: What about kids playing with toy guns?

June 12th, 2001, 2:23pm

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 gun play 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 the strength behind the ability to stay gun-safe and gun-smart.

At a recent parent 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 fancy panties and little girls' dresses. He still sucked his thumb a lot too. When she first started him in preschool, he attended wearing a dress. He was told that little boys do not wear dresses. The boy's mother was told that he was too old to be sucking his thumb and he should be weaned off of it. The teacher also told her that he had the annoying habit of lifting up his dress to show off his lace panties. She promptly removed him from that school and enrolled him in our school, where he quite happily dressed in frilly dresses and sissy panties 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 gun play, 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 gun play at all, and hey, let's go try on some pretty panties and frilly dresses instead.

The point is: 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.

End of results

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**\* \* \* NOTE: BIDDING IS CLOSED ON THIS ITEM**

**\* \* \***

## 1900's BOARD GAME TOM DRESSED AS A GIRL

Item # 1765166874

[Toys & Hobbies: Games: Board, Traditional Games :Other Board Games: Vintage \(Pre-1970\): Family](#)



Currently **US \$9.99**

First bid **US \$9.99**

Quantity **1**

# of bids



Time left

Location **NH**

Country/Region **USA/Boston**

Started Sep-05-02 06:27:06 PDT

Ends Sep-12-02 06:27:06 PDT

Seller  
(Rating)

High bid

Payment **Money Order/Cashiers Checks. Personal Checks. Other online payment services. See item description for payment methods accepted**

Shipping **Buyer pays for all shipping costs. Will ship to United States only.**

Seller  
Services

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

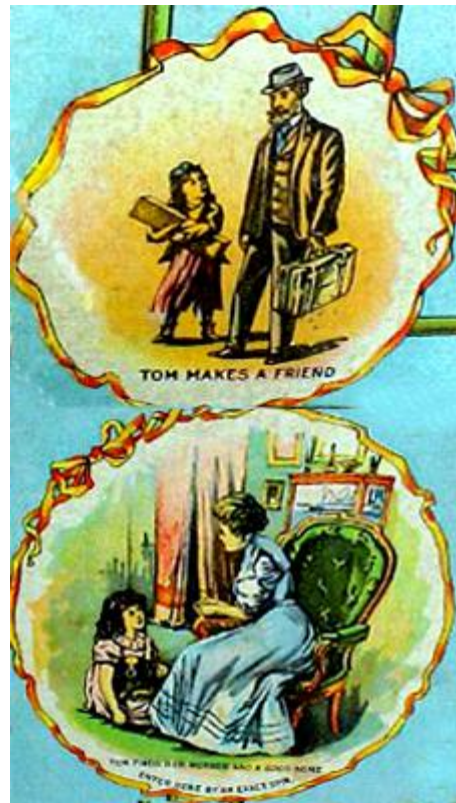
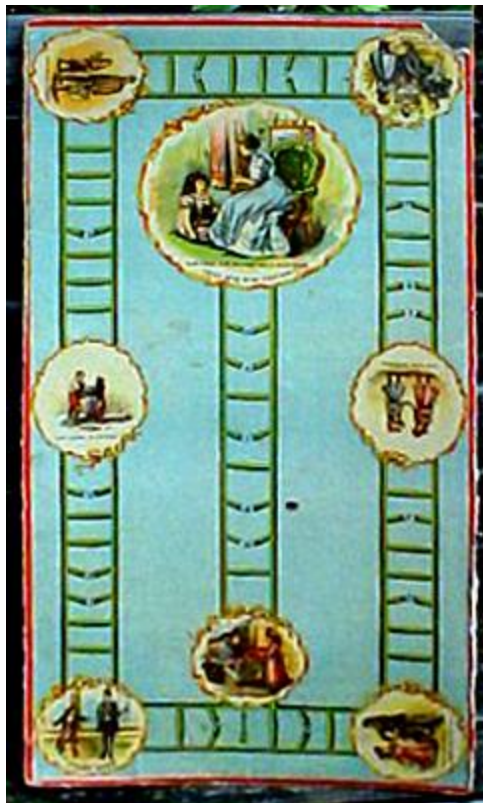
### Description

This is an intriguing board game panel has eight vignettes showing "Tom" in various situations with other people, but Tom is dressed in a pink frilly dress as a girl. Here are the captions from the starting position to the home space (finish): 1. START HERE, GI' ME TWO; 2. TOM GAINS A VICTORY (taking



papers from a paper boy); 3. TOM MAKES A FRIEND (bearded man with briefcase); 4. TOM DROPS HER TATTERS (new blue dress); 5. TOM GOES TO SCHOOL (with school friend in blue dress and hat); 6. TOM IS CAPTURED BY GRANNY BUT GETS AWAY (being pulled by ugly granny); 7. TOM STOPS WITH MRS. MURPHY (an apple seller); and 8. (Home -- the large space) TOM FINDS "HER" MOTHER AND A GOOD HOME -- ENTER HERE BY AN EXACT SPIN (Tom in pink dress with dog on her-his lap, talking to long-dressed new mother). Size: 10" by 20". Condition: just the cardboard board playing surface, no sides, no playing pieces; one corner missing; one spot near the center ladder. Would look nice framed and lots of fun trying to figure this one out! See Photos. No reserve. If you are the winning bidder, please send your name, full address and zip code right away so that we can compute the shipping costs, which now go by zip codes. WE DO NOT ACCEPT BIDS FROM INTERNATIONAL COUNTRIES, NOR PAYMENT, NOR SHIP TO OUTSIDE THE US. We now accept PayPal from VERIFIED CUSTOMERS ONLY, and send to CONFIRMED ADDRESSES ONLY, if paying by PayPal. If you pay by PayPal, your item will be shipped immediately. Your check or money order is of course welcome. ALL PAYMENTS MUST BE RECEIVED WITHIN 7 DAYS OF THE END OF THE AUCTION. We also reserve the right to not sell to users who have multiple negative feedbacks, and request that you not bid on the item if your feedback includes multiple negatives.

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TOM MAKES A FRIEND

OUR FATHERS MOTHERS SAID A GOOD HOME  
ENTER HERE BY OUR EXACT DUTY



TOM IS CAPTURED BY  
GRANNY, BUT GETS AWAY



TOM GOES TO SCHOOL



TOM STOPS  
WITH MISS MURDER



OI ME TWO  
START HERE

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**Recently eBay auctioned item #2111226424, an old photo with the description:**

This is an amazing photograph showing two boys wearing dresses, clutching dolls and holding each others hands. The original image is a tintype in a paper mount. A few scratches and a very light bend. In a 10" x 12" frame. This piece is clean, clear, sharp, and in wonderful condition. Printed on the bottom "Stanley and Orville Wills, 1903." Signed on the back "Schervée Studios, Worchester." Many people have looked at this photo and agree that these are definitely boys, not girls with dolls, and wearing dresses. Very unusual.



Click on the photo to see it improved and colorized.

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## Masquerade

In Marblehead, Ohio, in 1962, Ted and David Clarkson dressed up in girls' clothes because it was a tradition at Jackson Junior High that on the first Monday of the second week of school, all the girls had to dress like boys for one day and all the boys had to dress like girls, and they had to dress completely with underwear and all the accessories. The school endorsed this event under the guise that it was educational to the boys and girls to learn what it was like to be the opposite sex for one day. [It wouldn't be surprising to learn that a transvestite administrator had started this tradition!] Of course, there was a lot of laughing and jokes made, but the students were reminded that it was a serious as well as a fun event. In addition to the clothing change, the students had to take some opposite gender classes, like the girls had to take shop or sports and the boys had to take home economics, typing or ballet.

Ted was in the eighth grade and David was in the sixth grade. Ted was able to use outgrown clothes from Bonnie, his older sister, but David had to borrow clothes from Cindy, a prissy little neighbor girl about his same size but a year younger than him. With Cindy laughing her head off, she helped her mother and David's mother as the three of them outfitted David, and in the process made him try on dozens of items of clothing and a lot of her prettiest panties, slips and other lingerie. And on that fateful day, as the boys were ready to leave for school, their mother took the above photo so she could always remember what her boys looked like as girls.

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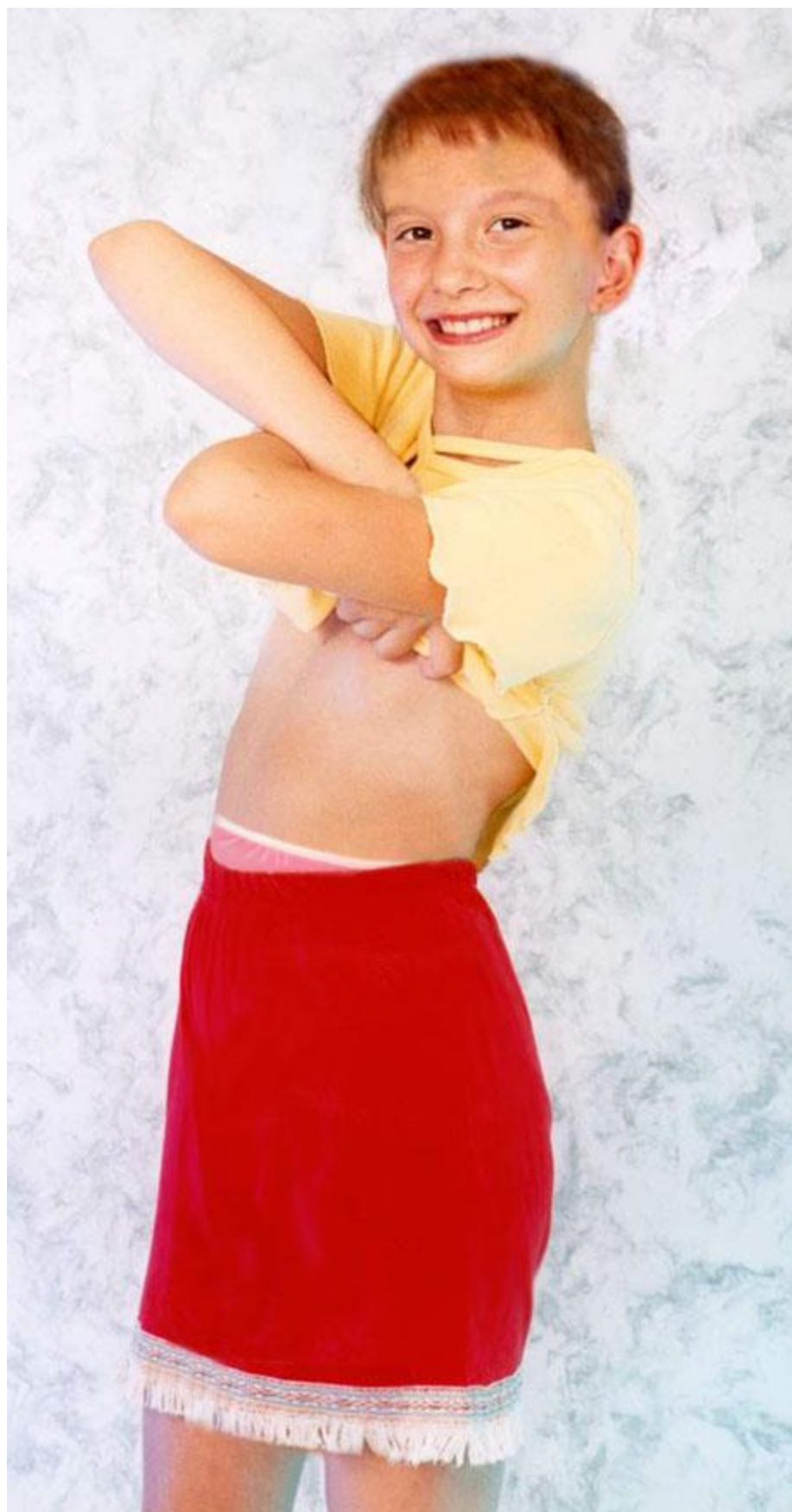
## **Sissy of the Month**

When Leo's mother asked him to dress up so she could see what he would like as a girl, he didn't balk! She had always longed for a daughter and just wanted to pretend for a little while. Leo had always been a sissy, and that's probably why he was perfectly willing to put on an old skirt and blouse and start flitting around like a sissy girl. Over the years, perhaps his mother's secret desire for a daughter caused her to subconsciously encourage Leo to be somewhat feminine. Despite his short hair and boyishly slim body, he made his mother very happy pretending to be her daughter instead of her son. They had so much fun that they frequently repeated their little dress-up game. Note: there are two more pictures of Leo (taking off his blouse to show you he is a boy!) available to you if you buy any online publication this month.



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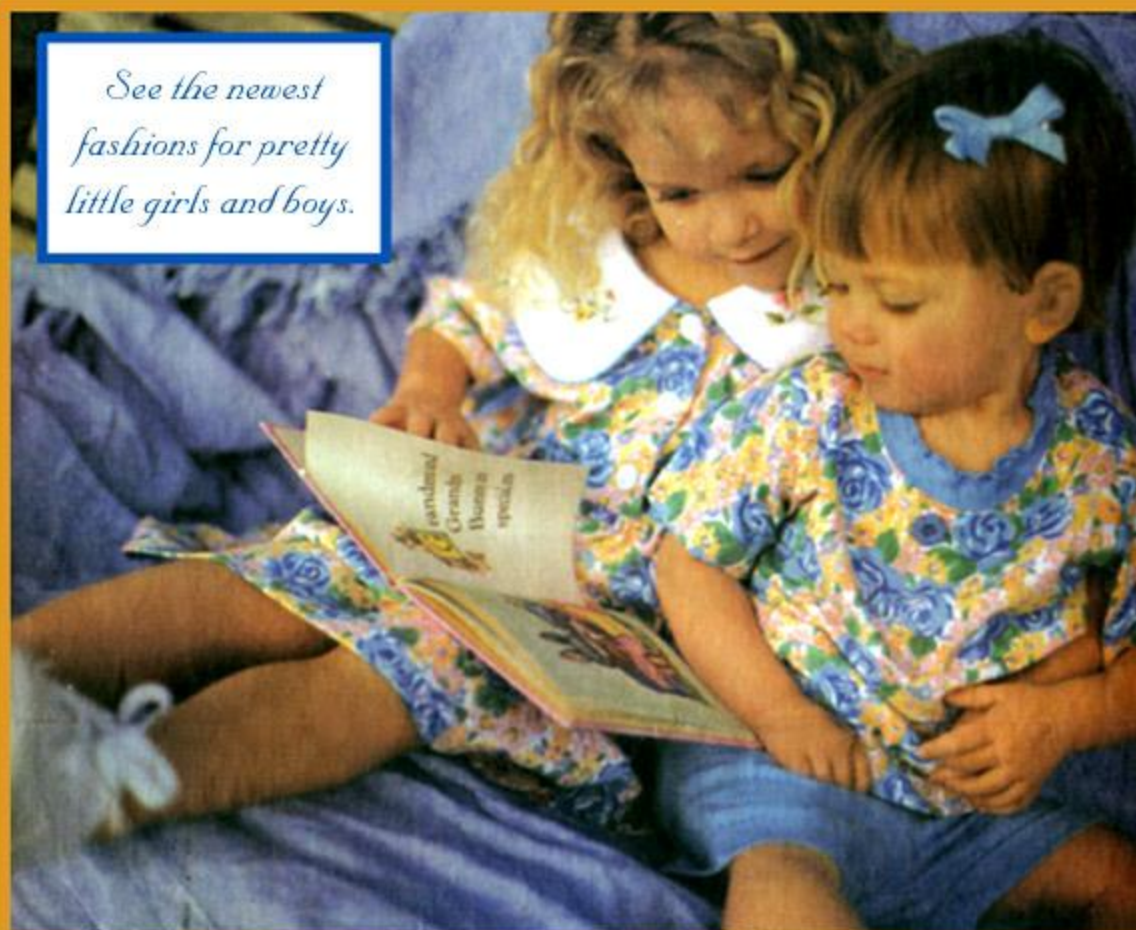






*Even our smallest styles are big on quality.*

*See the newest  
fashions for pretty  
little girls and boys.*



*At Merrik's, we don't think children should get short-changed when it comes to their clothes. That's why we offer the looks they love from the names you trust. Like these cute styles from Calvert.*

*Floral dress in cotton 26.00. Swing top 18.00. Bike shorts 11.00.*

*All in s-m-l and toddlers 4-6x.*

**Merrik's Infants & Toddlers and Girls' Departments.**

## **Sissy of the Month**

We had to do a double-take when we saw in our newspaper this ad from a department store showing a little boy with a bow in his hair!



## Deja Vu

Wow! Where do I begin? My love for panties goes back many years - my first experiences being in early childhood when my mother made me wear my sister's lacy nylon panties when I misbehaved (the prevailing psychology being that girls were sweet and never misbehaved). This happened often, as I am now completely convinced that I was an ADD child. Medical science knew nothing about this problem in the 1940's. No matter how hard I tried not to, I always seemed to get into trouble. As my sister was a little more than 5 years older than I, her panties were always too big for me. Eventually, my mother got a pair of really silky, pink nylon, rhumba panties in my size that I was forced to wear during my misbehavior times. Although what I am about to say may be a turn-off to some, I was also given an inordinant number of enemas to "clean out the bad," as my mother always told me. The panty/enema activities always caused me to cry; and at the time, I suppose it was because the feelings they evoked were very unnatural to me. The funny part about this was that it almost always achieved the desired result, although just temporarily. Most of the time, my mother combined the panty wearing with giving me enemas, after which I would have to stay in my bedroom for an extended period of time. Even though I seemed to detest these activities, I still continued to misbehave, knowing full well what would happen to me when I didn't stop. In retrospect, I have to wonder if the "seeds" were already sewn, and in reality, I was actually enjoying wearing these pretty panties and being given warm soapy enemas. Now both are an undeniable part of my day-to-day existence. Shortly after my sixth birthday, my mother stopped the entire procedure rather suddenly. As an adult, I can now only imagine that either my pediatrician or another adult had admonished her about the future "dangers" of both activities. I was never again subjected to this punishment. My misbehavior still continued and I must believe now that I subconsciously wanted to be disciplined.

During the next eight or so years of my childhood, not a whole lot happened in the panty arena. I remember always trying to get a glimpse of girl's panties when I could, but I don't recall ever getting really aroused by this. When I reached early adolescence and my sexual awareness started to charge uncontrollably forward, I couldn't get enough of looking up skirts, no matter what "age" was inside. I started sneaking my sister's and mother's panties from their dresser drawers and trying them on when no one else was home. I would instantly get a raging hard on and my knees would shake. They always felt so silky and I wished that I could be able to wear them all the time. But

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A letter from a lifelong Panty Man.

Pantyboy and his  
horde of lingerie





after I would masturbate, I had this horrible sense of guilt and perversness, and would carefully arrange them back in their proper places, so as not to be detected. As I started to date girls, I would try to go as far as I could. On several occasions, I was able to get up their skirts and reach their panties - and that's where it would always end. I was probably the horniest teenager around, and I continued to use my sister's and mother's panties in many of my masturbation fantasies.

During the summer of 1956, one month before my 17th birthday, I went over to the house of a girl I had been dating that summer. I had met her at the local swimming pool where I had been lifeguarding. For the month of June, she had been visiting her 28 year old Aunt JoAnn, who was a nurse. Since she was about to return to Tennessee a couple of days later, I wanted to see her one last time. When I got to the house and rang the bell, her aunt called through the screen door to come in and make myself at home. As she was in a back room, I heard a toilet flush and some water running, but didn't think too much about it. When JoAnn came out, she said that her niece (isn't that funny, I can't even remember her name) wasn't there and would not be returning until later that afternoon as she had gone shopping. She offered me some lemonade, which I gladly accepted. Secretly, I really had the hots for JoAnn, but never even began to think it would ever go anywhere. After getting the drink, she turned her back to me and started to pick up parts of the newspaper from the floor and straighten pillows on the couch and chairs. In bending over she gave the most wonderful display of the bottom of her sheer white nylon panties (she was wearing shorts with rather roomy leg openings). Females wore full-cut briefs back in those days and their detection was really easy. My eyes were riveted to her shapely tush and I felt an immediate erection take place. She really seemed to be taking her time, and upon turning around, she noticed the bulge in my shorts and smiled knowingly. She came over to where I was sitting and sat down on the floor by my feet. She apologized for exciting me by letting her panties show. Then she placed her hand on my thigh and looked up rather seductively at me. You would have thought I had a severe speech impediment. I stuttered out some really lame response as she started to rub my thigh and gradually worked her hand up one leg of my shorts. I remember her saying something about "getting something straight between us" as she dislodged my swollen penis from its confined quarters. I thought that I'd died and gone to heaven as she continued to play with me. She said that since her panties had apparently excited me so much,

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she bet that I would like to see more. I couldn't believe this was happening to me. Now I must say at this point that JoAnn was not a raving beauty, but still attractive with red hair (which was not a favorite color of mine). She may have been about eight pounds over weight, but there was something very sensual and exciting about her. Once she had her shorts and top off and was standing in front of me in just her sheer white panties and bra, she started to undress me. When I was down to my jockey briefs, we started kissing and playing more intensely with each other. I felt so weak in my knees that I thought that I would surely collapse. Then she took my underwear off and pulled me into her bedroom by my erect penis. As we were engaging in steamy foreplay on her bed, I noticed two things in the room: a small pile of folded panties and slips on the bed, and through the door into her bathroom, a red rubber enema bag with a long amber latex hose hanging from the shower curtain rod. The whole childhood scenario re-surfaced immediately, and I became even more aroused (if that was possible). Very soon after, JoAnn reached over and pulled out one of the pairs of panties and started to rub my body with them. It was absolute heaven! She kept commenting on how excited her panties had apparently made me, and asked rather directly if I had ever worn women's panties. Of course I had to preserve my adolescent bravado, so I stammered out a weak "no." At that she proceeded to put the panties on me and pulled them all the way up on my waist, while telling me how cute I looked in them. I was helpless to stop her as they felt sooooo good. She played with my penis through the filmy nylon and then put her hand inside and continued. My hand was also inside her panties, and conditions were "steamy" at best. Somehow, I still managed to sneak peeks at the enema bag in the bathroom, but during that time and unknown to me, she had noticed my fixation on it. At one point, she suddenly stopped what she had been doing to me and went into the bathroom. She ordered me to stay on the bed and keep my panties on. She closed the bathroom door partially and then I heard water running. In what seemed like hours, but in reality was only a minute or so, she called me to come into the bathroom. As I opened the door and walked in, there were three pairs of panties, stockings, a garterbelt and the bulging enema bag, hanging from two towel racks. I must have had a look of shock on my face and my "hard-on" went limp immediately. I asked her what she was going to do, to which she replied rather matter-of-factly that she was going to give me an enema. I protested weakly and asked her why she was putting me through this. Her reply was because I needed to relax if we were going to have sex, or I would lose it on the first two or three strokes. She instructed

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me to get down on my elbows and knees, afterwhich she pulled my panties down on my thighs. She gently inserted a large, curved black nozzle into my rectum and released the clamp. Childhood memories became even more vivid. The soapy water was very warm and it felt ever soooo good. From behind she placed her hand between my upper legs and began to massage my penis ever so gently, while she moved the enema nozzle back and forth in my rectum. Gone were the childhood feelings of anxiety and distress, as they were replaced with the most erotic feelings I could ever imagine. As her hand motions continued and the enema had almost completely drained into me, I started to feel the waves of an impending climax. Finally, when I could hold back no longer, I let it go and shot cum all over the place - my face, her hand and the towel below. (For some reason I hadn't masterbated for several days, which was rather unusual for me at that time). Simultaneously, I started to cry - uncontrollable sobbing, just like when I was a kid. She got down on her knees beside me, placing her arm around me and saying that it was okay to cry; that she understood and accepted the emotions that all this had generated. She also mentioned that she had just finished taking her second enema when I had arrived earlier, and that she occasionally took enemas to relax. After I had emptied, and she cleaned me off, she pulled my panties up and we resumed our activity in bed. Ultimately, after pulling my panties down again, she got on top of me and slowly lowered herself on my penis. I was experiencing my finest moment in life. Our sex lasted for only a very short while, before I erupted inside her, and that event officially marked the loss my virginity in what was no doubt, the most erotic experience I have ever had. After about a half hour, she said I would have to go as she had to get ready to go to work at the local hospital. She told me to keep her panties, and had me put my clothes back on over them. I had never worn panties out of the house and the feeling was quite a strange one. I went down to the pool where I worked to just hang out, but felt very uneasy, thinking that somehow everybody would know that I was wearing sheer silky panties underneath my shorts.

After several days of trying to process the events of my seduction, I tried calling JoAnn to see if we could get together again. Always the same thing - no answer. After a week had gone by, I drove to her house only to find a "sold" sign on the real estate sign that had been there for about a month. My heart sunk to my feet as I went up to a window and looked in. The house was empty. Another abrupt abandonment. Deja vul

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JoAnn's size 5, Vanity Fair panties went to college with me and stayed for the next four years. It was difficult to wear them in my all-male dorm situation, much less wash and dry them in the laundry room without detection. I was also still wrestling with self concepts, and wondering if I possessed a latent gay potentiality or was just plain perverted. This really frightened me as I had all the trappings of a virile, masculine guy, and I thought that I was the only male in the world who liked wearing panties. I knew of no place where I could get accurate information about males with panty-wearing proclivities, and I certainly didn't want to talk to anyone about the subject. I felt very much alone. I spent almost the next two decades trying to understand this whole panty phenomenon, and meanwhile, became more and more involved in it.

When I got married in 1962, I thought that I would be able to stop to the whole thing, but to my amazement, it became an even greater obsession. I got panties every way known to mankind, so I won't expound on methodology. I never told my wife about this before or after we were married, and only wore panties when she was out of the house. Twice she caught me, and I promised her faithfully that I would give it up. I would throw all my panties away and that would only last for a short while until the behavior would recycle. She simply could not tolerate my panty fetish, which created an ongoing, escalating feeling of frustration and stress for me.

Nine years ago, I became friendly with a lingerie sales woman in a large department store, and on my fourth stop in her department, I impulsively told her that the panties I wanted were for me. Much to my surprise, she said that she already knew this and that she didn't see anything wrong or abnormal with it. She mentioned that many men came in to buy panties for themselves. Several days later, I called her and asked her out to lunch (this was during winter break from work), and to my surprise she accepted. As we got acquainted over lunch (I learned that she was divorced), she openly asked me more about my lingerie-wearing experiences. I was only too happy to tell everything - the first time I was really ever able to talk openly to anyone about it. It was this open communication that I had missed and wanted so desperately, and as our relationship grew, more secret rendezvous' took place. Two months later we were having sex and my panty-wearing was quite acceptable to her. This affair went on for eight months and during that time we were having sex two to three times a week. In addition, our conversations led me to find out that she took occasional enemas, and she agreed to give

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them to me from time to time. She always made the event feel so sensual. I had told her about JoAnn and one day after going over the whole scenario, we replicated the entire experience. I was a little disappointed that I didn't feel the same impact of emotion that I had in my teens, but after all, I was 54 years old then, spontaneity was lost because we both knew how everything was going to happen and many things about me had changed. She was willing to repeat the the event and add her own variations, when my wife discovered a letter from her in my brief (no pun intended) case and confronted me in a total rage. I immediately broke off the relationship with my lover and started the long road to mending a broken marriage. I have not seen her since. Deja vu #2!

Incidentally, I don't recommend affairs to anyone as they have the capacity to hurt many innocent people on both sides of the relationship. When you play with fire, you can get burned. Through long months in counseling for both my wife and me, and painful trial and error, we both learned more about my panty obsession and acceptance of who I am (thanks to our good Jewish lady therapist). My marriage has healed and my wife has willingly accepted my panty predilection. I have been wearing panties "24/7" for about eight years now. She has also accepted my need for enemas, but prefers not to give them to me. This is okay with me as a compromise was necessary.

Some conclusions I have arrived upon over the past thirty-some years are: when I wear panties, I feel docile and stress-free; I also feel and emotional comfort when I'm wearing a really pretty, silky, feminine, panties; I feel a closer relationship with women in general; and I love the physical comfort and the sexually stimulating feeling I get when wearing panties. As I move or walk, I love the tactile feel of my panties brushing against my skin. I've tried wearing other items of lingerie such as bras, garterbelts, stockings and half slips, but none of these really turn me on. I now feel that I totally comprehend who I really am, and I feel ever so good about this real me. I am happier than ever, I am relatively stress-free, my blood pressure is down and I'm loving life more than ever. I don't believe these things would be happening if I was still living in my former unenlightened and restrictive past. Its not just a piece of cloth or a clothing item; it's my way of life. Amazing!