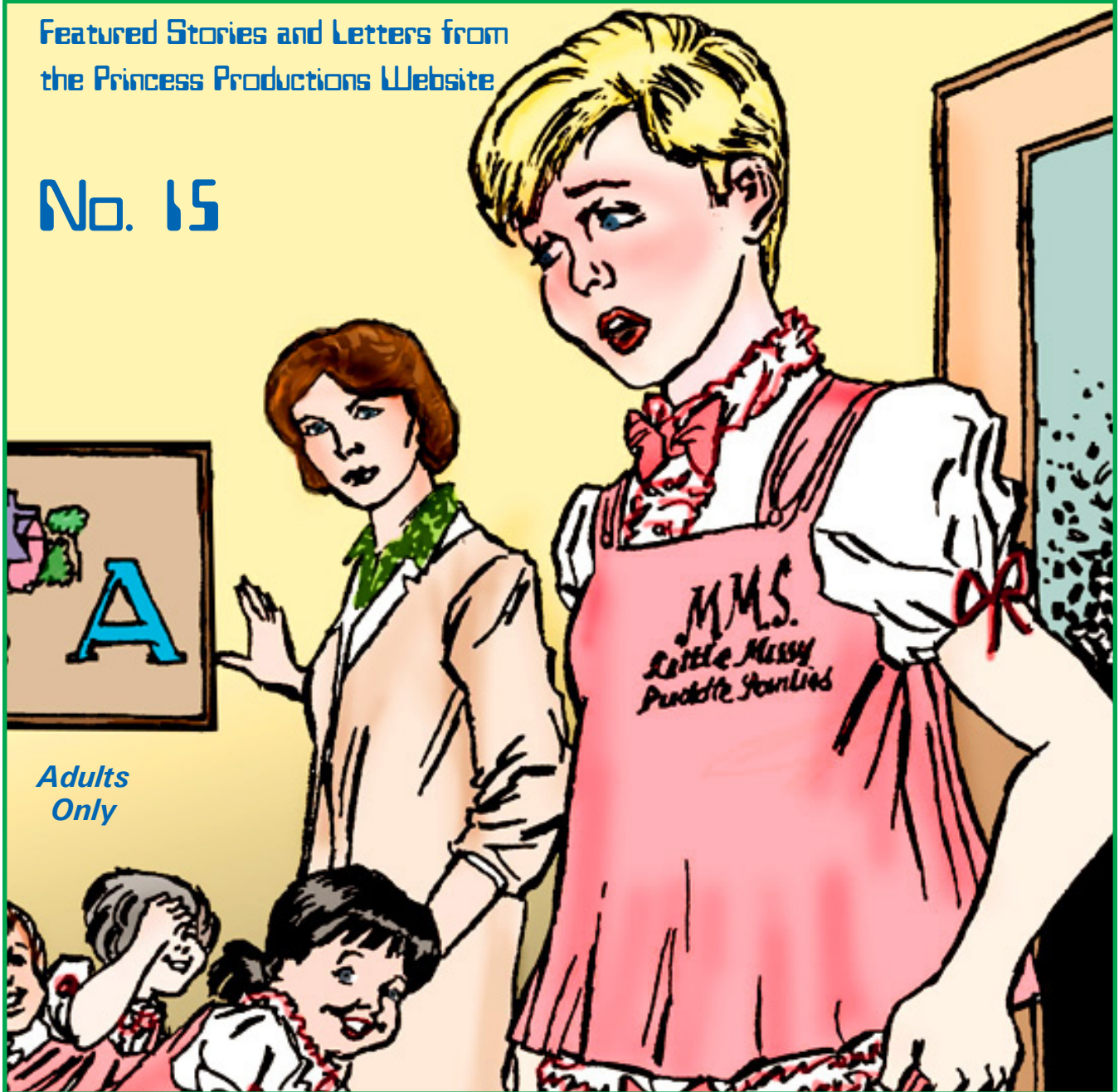


# Princess Online

Featured Stories and Letters from  
the Princess Productions Website

No. 15



Adults  
Only

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

Since 1981

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**

# *A Message from Princess Lacey*

## *Bill is Now Carole Jean*

Dear Sissies,

Like we did in last issue, we're happy to tell you about "Bill," as we feature on our cover another example of his art direction. Bill now goes by the name "Carole Jean" -- her fem side has taken over a bigger portion of his /her life since the he side of him has retired from his career and is now able to spend more time on his crossdressing interests, including writing stories and commissioning original artwork.

In most TV books, the artwork doesn't reflect the story line very well since it's often rehashed art from elsewhere and not original. Also a lot of TV art is of a very poor quality and, more often than not, used without the artist's permission. Carole Jean is not alone in being bored with mediocre crossdressing art, but she has done something about it, and in the process she has spent many thousands of dollars commissioning drawings to her exact specifications. Her results are a great contribution to TV art and literature.

If you love petticoat punishment art and are not familiar with Carole Jean, you are missing some of the best sissy boy illustrations currently being produced. As a premiere collector of petticoat punishment art, Carole Jean has a world class collection ranging from the oldest known examples of TV art through the golden era (Bilbrew, Stanton, Ward) and its still active masters BJ (Barbara Jean) and Curtus (aka Missie McQueen), both of whom are his close friends.



However, for most of his stories, Bill uses the very talented Spanish artist Juan Sole, who also goes by the name of Juan Puyal. His line drawings (our cover is an example) are extremely realistic, perfectly proportioned and always capture an entire scene instead of just a pretty picture of a sissyboy. Sandy Thomas publishes all of Carole Jean's work, and these booklets are unique in crossdressing fiction since almost every other page of these stories is illustrated with a first class drawing.

We highly recommend that you buy some of her books and visit her website at: <http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com>.

Love,

*Princess Lacey*

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## STORIES OF THE MONTH

### JUNE & JULY 2000

Items like the following can be used in a lighthearted way to bring up the subject of crossdressing with someone that you are considering sharing your secret to see their reaction before proceeding.

### Index for Stories of the Month

**Page 3 - Masquerade!** We have many photos of boys wearing girls' or sissy clothes from costume parties, fancy dress balls, Halloween contests, turnabout parties, etc. and we regularly post some of them here. The picture on the right is an eleven-year-old boy in an Easter pageant put on by his church. More than an angel costume, it was simply a girl's satin dress with gossamer wings attached! Of course, he had to wear satin slips and panties underneath since, as his mother explained, "They go with the outfit! Besides, they make the skirt hang right." Another (?) innocent and sacred little moment that began one more boy down the road to sissiness! ♦

**Page 4 - Carole Jean** This drawing is from her three-volume set "Petticoat Punishment Illustrated: "Schooled with Girls." The story is about Peter, a boy who has to attend a girls' school, wear the girls' standard uniform and participate in all activities just like the girls. He resists being feminized but gets himself into more and more trouble and embarrassing situations.

In this picture, Peter has just been rescued from being raped by a group of roughneck boys, but since his clothes were torn off him in the mêlée, he has to dress in the only thing available, a kindergartner's little girl uniform! ♦

**Pages 5&6 - Watchdoggie!** Watchdoggie! It's a conspiracy! Many rightwingers tout 'family values' yet do things that are very antifamily as they attempt to assert influence over their little corner of the world. For example, many radicals believe males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be monitored and contained. The way to save humanity from itself is to prevent or stop those hormones from destroying our young men. They also believe that their work must start within their own homes, schools, churches and communities.

They see the problem at its worst in young boys, especially those approaching or in the early stages of puberty. They have a great deal of difficulty controlling themselves because they cannot cope with the hormones surging throughout their bodies and risk becoming abusive, disgusting and worthless members of society.

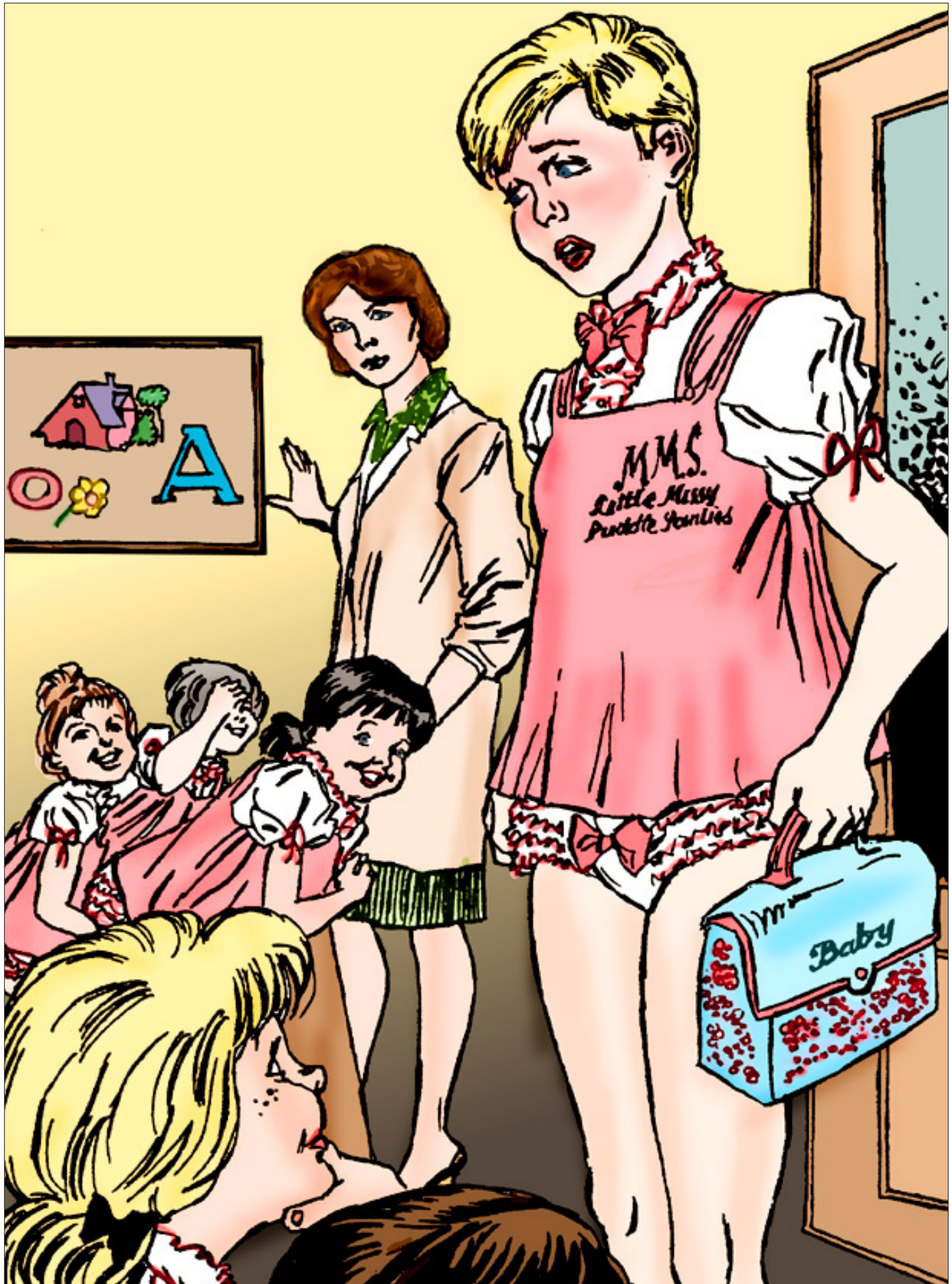


The way to cure them, they maintain, is to fight their aggressive and nasty behavior with a good dose of petticoat discipline.

Therefore, males who can't conduct themselves in what they define as proper behavior are forced into fancy dresses and frilly lingerie. Such clothes shock them out of their selfish, destructive mindset and make them receptive to learning how to act properly. Lessons that, the leaders of this movement insist, will serve the boys throughout their lifetime.

Well, Watchdoggie is here keeping an eye on this growing phenomenon and cataloging his reports. Here is one of his short stories detailing a 1955 punishment that haunts the victim to this day! ♦

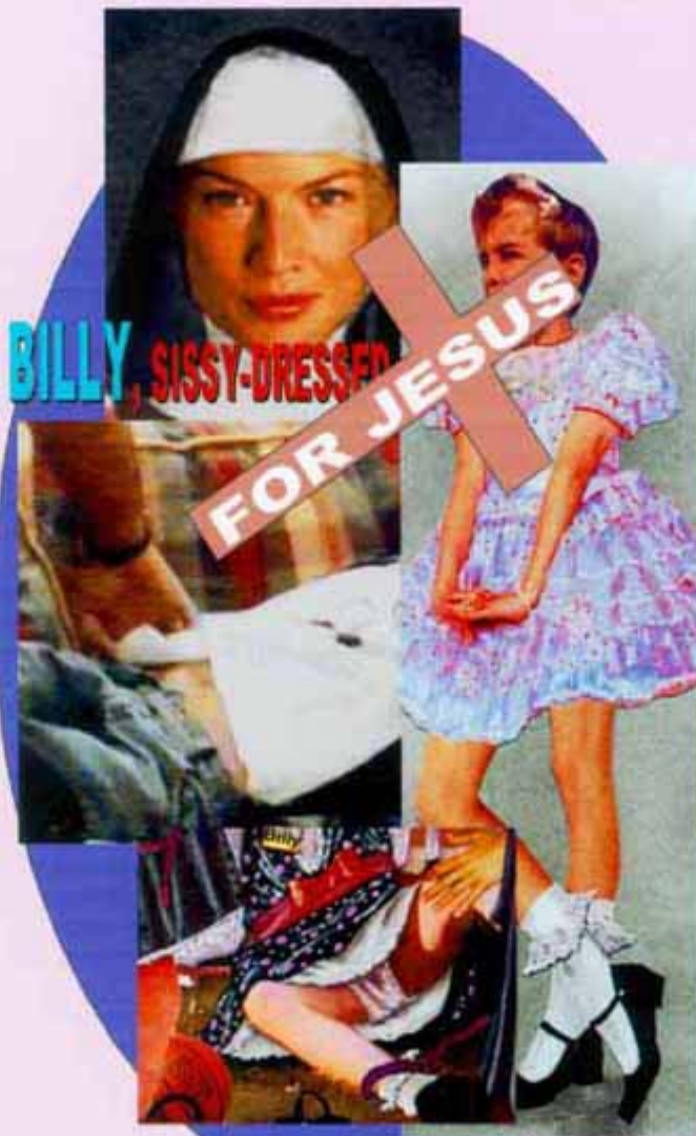
**Pages 7, 8 & 9 - The Landover Baptist Church!** Their list of rants makes fun of people with radical fears like homophobic individuals, who so hate sissy boys that they are doing everything they can to turn effeminate boys into little men! Here are two of their stories that will surely please you. This parodic website mirrors what some church groups fear is an all-out assault on their family values. ♦





**IN 1955 A CATHOLIC NUN DESTROYED AN 11 YEAR OLD BOY IN THE  
PRESENCE OF HIS PEERS, AND DAMNED HIM TO A LIFETIME OF  
HAUNTING NIGHTMARES, HUMILIATION AND GUILT, ALL**

## **IN THE NAME OF GOD!**



It was the 1950's, and to an eleven year old boy attending a Roman Catholic grade school, the Nuns, especially his school's principal held the absolute powerful of life or death over him, with the full and total support of his parents.

Comedians have long joked about the cruelty of the Nuns, be it true or false, but for some of us, no proof is needed as to the validity of cruel Nuns and the heartless abuses they inflicted most often on young boys, and most specifically on those young boys who dared to boast a superiority to girls by teasing or other actions.

My story begins on the morning of May 9, 1955, and as of this moment, it has not ended.

**REMEMBERING 5 DAYS IN MAY OF 1955**

**MY HUMILIATING EXPERIENCE IN GIRLS**

**SATIN PANTIES, SLIPS & DRESSES**

**INFLICTED BY A NUN ON A MISSION FOR GOD!**





It was Monday morning and I arrived on the playground with my best friend, still discussing our weekend adventures, and dreading the bell sure to ring any moment, calling us into school for another boring week.

Gad! I'd no more and got there, when Mary Beth came running to me, twirling around to show me the new dress she was wearing. And even though I liked Beth, I wasn't about to show it in front of Franky and the other guys who had gathered around, so like the little show off I was, I replied quite loudly to Beth, "Even I'd look prettier in that dress than you Mary Beth!"

Out of the corner of my eye I noticed the guys all backing away from me as I looked to them for a laugh. Beth yelled something at me, but at the same time Sister Mary Margaret, our Principal, had a death grip on my neck and was turning me around to face her. Gad! She was ugly and her breath stunk.

She slapped my face and dragged me through the playground, exclaiming that "we'd soon find out who looked prettier in a dress", or something to that effect.

Cutting to the chase, I found myself in her private office, being rather violently stripped by Sister, with help from the school Janitor, and in seconds, there I stood, naked as a jay bird, trying to cover my privates, while daring to protest that she was gonna be in major big trouble for taking my clothes off.

That little display of crude boyishness earned me a serious butt spanking on my naked rear end over Sister's knees.

Being the tough little guy I was, I shouted a rather bad name at Sister, and bolted from a top her knees to across the room, grabbing up my underpants as I ran.

I tried to quickly put them on but Sister yanked them out of my hands and slapped me hard across my face with them, shouting at me, "Sissy little girls don't wear boys' white cotton briefs young man! And little girls as pretty as you Billy, wear dainty little pink silk panties, sissy little satin and lace slips, and of course, short dainty little satin party dresses!"

Being thusly informed of exactly what pretty little girls wore, the Janitor grabbed me from behind, and despite my kicking, squirming, and serious pleading, Sister managed to slide a pair of the daintiest, silkiest pink satin panties up my naked legs, quickly followed by a short white satin, and I mean real satin slip, the feel of which almost caused me to ejaculate.

Oh God how I begged her not to make me wear that sissy satin dress, pleading that the slip and panties were enough. Yeah! Sure!

Standing there wearing not only pink panties, a slip and a dress, I was also forced to endure short little white anklets and Mary Jane shoes, and listen to the Nun sentence me to the rest of that week, wearing the same to school every day!

My humiliation and embarrassment was far from over as I was all to soon about discover.

**"SISSY LITTLE GIRLS AS PRETTY AS YOU BILLY...**

**WEAR DAINTY LITTLE PINK SILK PANTIES, SISSY SATIN AND LACE SLIPS,  
AND OF COURSE, ONLY SHORT, FRILLY, DAINTY SATIN PARTY DRESSES!"**



# LANDOVER BAPTIST CHURCH

|| The Largest, Most Powerful Assembly Of Worthwhile People To Ever Exist. Unsavory are NOT Welcome! ||

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E-MAIL

**LANDOVER  
REAL ESTATE**



**FINE CHRISTIAN  
HOMES UNDER  
\$ 2 MILLION!**



close to church



## A Godly Perspective On Local, National & World News!

# SISSY BOY CAUGHT PLAYING WITH DOLLS.

Other children describe young Geoffrey Barnes, 10, as a "scaredy-cat," a "pantywaist," a "nancy boy," a "sissy" and a "pansy." The child has no friends, for obvious reasons.

"His momma mollycoddled him at an early age; he was raised without a daddy." Church counselor, Butch Strongman observed, "He is still being milksopped by that woman to this day. It's a textbook example."

The mother, widow Barnes, refused to comment for this article and will be fined accordingly.

The child's 5th grade Sunday school teacher Emma Gatlin expressed concern when Geoffrey insisted on playing with dolls. "He sat there on the floor and held a tea party for the Barbies and Pilla Babies and even the Christmas Nativity figures. He talked in a high pitched voice and exhibited distinctively feminine behavior. It was disgusting." Mrs. Gatlin let the behavior continue for 10 minutes, and then she scolded Geoffrey by smacking him on his behind with a wooden ruler and warned him to stop acting that way. When he would not let up playing the devil's girlish role, she picked him up by the hair and brought him to the Sunday School Superintendent's office.

"I smacked that boy so hard, it dented my wedding ring," Superintendent Richards said. "Few things make my temper rise like a sissified boy. That child makes my skin crawl."

"I've seen this sort of nonsense too many times before, and each time it just breaks my heart," said Mrs. Betty Bowers, director of Christians Are Saving Homosexuals, an Ex-"Gay" Ministry (C.A.S.H.), which advertises a high rate of success. "I'll tell you what -- we can make these little pre-sodomites into good Christians through our patented Christian therapies. We'll get the devil out of that child, even if we have to beat it out of him."

To begin his C.A.S.H. treatment, Geoffrey will be asked to make a formal apology to the congregations at all 14 Church Services on Sunday morning. As punishment, he will be forced to wear pink bows in his hair and a large sandwich-board sign reading "I Am A Sissy." He will not be allowed to walk on church grounds; he will only be allowed to skip. If he is caught misbehaving again, his momma will be fined \$1,000.00 for each offense.

In accordance with Landover's Biblical school guidelines, Geoffrey's schoolmates will be commanded to continue to taunt, trip, slap and spit upon him to encourage him to see the error of his evil lifestyle choice. The child's image will also be placed around the schools, framed in mock "wanted" posters explaining in easy-to-understand terms why God hates sodomites. "We believe this will be a most effective deterrent," said Landover Psychologist Dr. Michael Tolliver. "The child will eventually come

to his senses. I'm sure of it."

Church officials issued a warning to all parents who believe that the Devil might be targeting their child for sissification. Young boys who engage in the following behaviors will be subject to de-sissification:

Hopscotch, doll playing, the wearing of wigs, the wearing of low socks, coordinated clothing or any pink or purple article of clothing, untrimmed fingernails, curious artistic or musical tendencies, a wild imagination, hair over the ears or collar or 'bowl cuts,' swaying or skipping, reading too much, insisting on keeping their bedroom door shut, a bouncing walk, lisping, crying or pouting, fear of heights, fear of swimming, fear of the dark, disinterest in sports, refusing to disrobe in the locker



**Above: The Sissy Boy stares out his bedroom window thinking dainty little fairy thoughts while normal children play outside.**





room or shower after gym class, asking too many questions about David & Jonathan, extending upward their little 'pinky' finger while picking up a cup, during a yawn or while eating or winking, whispering, giggling, or bowing, and being the last one picked for a team of any sort.

**To learn more about**, or to contribute to Mrs. Betty Bowers' C.A.S.H. Ministries, including C.A.S.H. Kids, please visit: Betty Bowers' C.A.S.H.

**For more Christian information** on the disgusting practices of sodomites and our biblical duty, go to one of the following Christian resources:

**LOOK! Homo Killers For Christ---** **If you don't get your child de-sissified, he could end up dead!** **Let our programs help before it is too late!**

"Society to Remove All Immoral Godless Homosexual Trash" (S.T.R.A.I.G.H.T.)

Fagwatch

Westboro Baptist Church

## PERVERTED TEACHER TURNS KINDERGARTEN INTO HOMOSEXUAL TRAINING CAMP!

48-year-old Rebecca Sunnybrook and her husband, Rhett, had been well-liked members of Landover for over 25 years. As members of the church choir and owners of permanent Landover seats (albeit, in the lower church level), Mrs. Sunnybrook and her husband were middle-income Freehold residents, living in the modest but clean Hosiah Heights subdivision. Now a widow, until last week, Mrs. Sunnybrook ran "God's Favorite Children's Kindergarten," the school she and her husband established in which the youngsters of Landover's most prominent and well-heeled families were taught. Her husband passed away five years ago at the age of 52 from colon cancer. "That should have alerted us that something was terribly wrong with that family," reported a distraught Pastor Ebenezer Smith. "When someone dies at such a young age from an old person's disease, it can only mean one thing – demons."

Demons, indeed. For what Landover discovered just last week about that woman was nothing short of shocking. After a full one-day investigation, the Ladies of Landover discovered that Mrs. Sunnybrook is, in reality, one of Satan's minions who had been polluting the minds of Landover's elite children for over two decades. "That perverted woman had been trying to corrupt our children right under our noses," noted Ladies of Landover (LOL) president, Sister Taffy Crockett. "She had been trying to turn our boys into disgusting fairies and our girls into feminazi lesbians!"

The controversy began when Brother Harry Hardwick, an honorary Landover pastor, demanded that the Ladies of Landover look into God's Favorite Children. "Over the years, I had one or two discipline problems with my children each year. I never knew why. Now I do. It was that woman," the understandably furious pastor noted. Brother Harry's suspicion arose just two weeks ago. "I came home from work and heard an unusual noise coming from one of my wife's walkin closets. After about 15 minutes of searching the room, I found my youngest son in a corner, crying. Needless to say, I whipped that boy until I knew he wouldn't be able to sit down for a week. The very idea of a Hardwick boy crying! I was about to whip his mother for allowing this to happen, but Heather told me she had strictly admonished all the boys to refrain from such feminine activity. My son later told me he was crying about a sad story that teacher had told the children that day. When I asked him whether his teacher knew he had cried about the story, he responded, "Yes, sir, she doesn't mind."

"Well, that was all I needed to hear," Brother Harry reported. "I immediately phoned my friend, Daniel Crockett, and asked him to order his wife and her organization to look into this matter." Crockett so instructed his wife, and several of the Ladies of Landover spent the day at the kindergarten the following Monday. What they discovered was mind-boggling. "You would think that woman would have the good sense not to practice her demonic rituals when she knows members of the LOL are watching," Sister Taffy noted. "But she was absolutely brazen and made no attempt to conceal her Satanic activities."

"What I saw nearly overcame my weak heart," stated Mrs. Judy O'Christian, co-president of the LOL. "For starters, they had coloring books that didn't have a single picture of baby Jesus! All of those books were secular, which we all know is just another word for Satanic." Landover News has obtained a copy of some of the coloring books. There were pictures of little midgets which the book said should be painted green and called leprechauns (which Landover's ladies knew are men infected by height-stifling demons that carry on the works of the devil in God-starved Ireland). In a deliberate attempt to thwart the teaching of Creationism and poke fun at the Bible, there were pictures of dinosaurs that the book said roamed the Earth millions of years ago (before God even created the Earth!).

But what shocked the ladies even more than the subliminal appeals to Satan was the fact that the widow Sunnybrook actually had boys coloring the pictures as well as girls. "It was disgusting!" reported sister Taffy. "That woman made no



attempt to distinguish between boys' activities and girls' activities. She had them all performing the same tasks. Is it any wonder several of our young people over the years have had sexual identity crises? They all stem from that devil's liberal teachings."

"We saw boys and girls running with each other and playing tag at recess," noted Mrs. O'Christian. "Why, in my day, boys and girls weren't even allowed in the same classroom. In that woman's school, they were doing everything together. It's a wonder she didn't have them wear each other's clothes. Perhaps that was next on her little homo agenda."

By Noon, the Ladies had tolerated all they could. While Mrs. O'Christian called the children's parents and instructed them to pick up their youngsters, sister Taffy took the widow Sunnybrook to the basement of the main church sanctuary where interrogations take place. Widow Sunnybrook all but admitted to attempting to disrupt the innate heterosexuality of the children and convince them to practice a pastime of homosexuality. Landover News obtained a copy of the transcript of sister Taffy's questioning. Landover News warns readers that reading the interview should be avoided by those with weak stomachs. Recognizing that her deviance had been discovered, the widow Sunnybrook wept throughout the interview. Just a few excerpts reveal the debauchery practiced by this woman on our precious young folks:

Sister Taffy: Did you or did you not tell the boys that it was OK for them to cry?

Sunnybrook: [Sobbing] I just wanted them to know that it's perfectly natural to show their emotions."

Sister Taffy: Blasphemy! They're boys, for goodness sake. Did you show the children movies that have no reference to God? We found a copy of "Dr. Doolittle" on your desk.

Sunnybrook: I just showed children's movies, and ...

Sister Taffy: A grown man talking to animals! You must know only someone truly possessed by the devil, himself, could talk to animals.

Sunnybrook: But it's just a fantasy movie, and I don't see ...

Sister Taffy: We also found a Harry Potter book on your desk. Aren't you aware of the Landover edict that all books by that demon were to be destroyed at the last church book burning?

Sunnybrook: I just read the children an innocent story from the book. It's really not ...

Sister Taffy: Did you have girls playing kickball with the boys!?

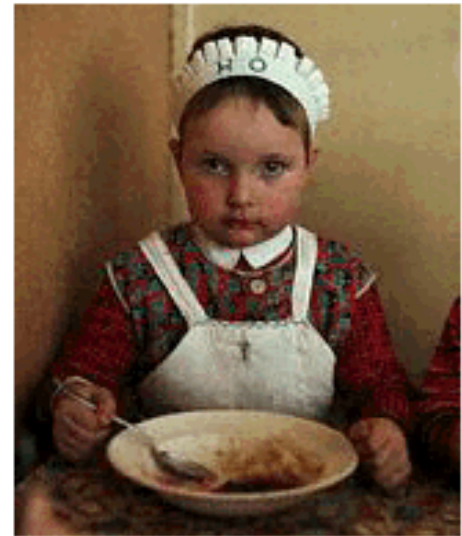
Sunnybrook: I just wanted to show the girls that there is nothing they can't accomplish, that they're just as good as boys, and ...

That was all sister Taffy needed to hear.

"We now know why the offspring of several of our most prominent members have turned out so perverted," reported Pastor Deacon Fred. "There's the Wilkins boy who ran off to Sin Francisco and became a hair dresser, the Miller twin girls who became tag team mud wrestlers, and the Cruise boy who went on to become a movie star. Their parents thought it was their fault. We now know it's the Sunnybrooks' fault."

Christian therapist, Mrs. Betty Bowers, was equally distraught. Mrs. Bowers runs the nation's most effective ex-gay ministry, Christians Are Saving Homosexuals. "I spend days, sometimes weeks, convincing people to give up the hobby of homosexuality. When more conventional therapies fail, I am sometimes forced to use electroshock and isolation, and on a few occasions, I have even been compelled to refer subjects to a neurosurgeon for a lobotomy. None of that would have to occur if women like this were stopped, and if those instructing our children were required to respect the completely separate identity of boys and girls and to recognize that each gender has its own place in society."

Widow Sunnybrook was expelled from the church last week. She vowed to remain in Freehold to "exonerate myself and restore my good name." However, purely coincidentally, as fate would have it, while shopping this past weekend, both the school and her house caught fire due to spontaneous combustion and both burned to the ground before Freehold firefighters arrived. The widow has now wisely decided to move on, probably to some predominantly Democratic county which accepts her homo teachings.



**Above: It's too late for little Benny. He has become an abomination called, "Sister Martha."**

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## LETTERS OF THE MONTH - JULY & OCTOBER 2000

### The Problem with Raymond

8/14/99

Dear Princess,

My grandparents on my mother's side had twelve kids, and each summer more than one hundred of their descendants get together for a family reunion/picnic. Last year I was generally bored with the whole affair and sat down behind a large stack of supplies in the food prep area for a little quiet and to relax in the shade. While a couple of women were getting hot dogs and hamburgers ready for the grill, I was reading a book. They were only a few feet away from me, but they must not have seen me scrunched down in the corner because they started carrying on a very personal conversation. I was about to ask them to 'keep it down,' when I heard the word 'panties'—my favorite word - - and began listening to what they were talking about. I quickly decided to keep quiet and keep myself hidden. As they went on, I immediately became fascinated with their conversation. I got out my pen and paper and started jotting down the things they were saying. This is pretty close to what I heard:

"Panties!" Marjorie said with a giggle. "I can't believe he'd be interested ... in my panties."

"How many times have you found your lingerie drawer messed up lately?"

"My lingerie? Messed up? Well ... uh, come to think of it, a few times, but what's that got to do with ... ? You mean to say ... you think Raymond ... ?"

"Well, who else do ya think has been into your things? The bogeyman!"

"But, Flo, do you really think ... Raymond ... oh, my god!"

"Who else could it be, dearie?"

"Ya know, come to think of it ... I'm missing some things, some things I had put in the wash."

"Probably something frilly, silky, very feminine ... ."

"Uh huh! A matching bra and panties, light pink ... yeah, with a lot of lace."

"It figures; a lot of boys go for pink, so feminine ... and they like 'em fancy ... so, so un-boy-like, so sexy!"

"But, but what would he want with ... ?"

"Touch them, kiss them, smell them ... put them on!" Flo said now sliding into a hefty laugh. "Now's the ideal time to do it."

"Put them on? He'd do that? You've got to be kidding!"

"I know for a fact ...."

"I can't believe he'd do something like that!"

"You got a live one, girl! Panty train him before he gets away!" Flo said with a laugh.

"Oh, I couldn't! Is he ready? He's so young."

"Are you kidding? Now is the ideal time to do it. Wait too long, and god knows how he'll develop. Strike now and you can get control of him before he becomes an asshole like my oldest

one. You've heard about female domination, panty training and stuff like that. Now's the time to do it, girl."

"I've heard stories, but, that's just what I thought ... they were just stories."

"Well, I can tell you for a fact those stories are true. When you confided in me, I had to tell you. Any good cousin would do the same. I mean, you were so upset over it. Don't be down. Look at it this way; it's a great opportunity. You'll soon ..."

"Opportunity? But I'm afraid he'll turn into something weird, or something, you know like a pervert or ..."

"Sally, this is a rare opportunity. Most mothers miss a chance like this. They just don't know that a boy playing with his mother's panties is ripe and ready for picking! This is a chance





to really take control and make him into a loving son for life. Right now, he's using your panties as a substitute for you. He's showing his love for you in the crazy way some boys do. Your panties are a symbol."

"But he already loves me. He's so sweet and nice now."

"When I say 'loving son,' you have no idea what I mean. This is a chance to gain control over him like most people can only dream of."

"If I catch him red handed with my panties, what then? Should I have my paddle and a dress ready for him to wear?" Sally said jokingly.

"You can do that or a thousand other things. Shoot for the ultimate you can dream up. Believe me, it won't take much for a properly trained boy to be whatever you want him to be. And, yes, I like the idea of the dress. He's so cute. We should get him into girly clothes as soon as possible. Does Raymond have a girlfriend?"

"Yes, Kelly, Kelly Ann Bradberry. A little girl from ..."

"Oh, I think I know her family. They live down on Central .... Cute girl. You can get her in on the act too. Humiliate Raymond in front of her as soon as possible. If my hunch is right, she'll love it! These young girls today are something else! I'll bet she'll help you twist the web so tight that Raymond will be following you two around like a hound dog in heat!"

"I don't know. Maybe you can do this, but, but, you're so much more alluring than ... and, and sexy."

"Nonsense! When it comes to taking control of an impressionable young boy, no one can do it better than the boy's own mother—especially if he's already stealing her panties! You'll see."

"First, you've got to catch him red-handed. Set a trap for him. Drape a nice pair of your fanciest panties over the towel rod in the bathroom. Then take a tiny bit of paper and carefully put it on the towel rod and under the panties. Watch him, and the next time he uses the bathroom, go in right after he comes out and check the panties. If the little bit of paper has fallen down, he's handled the panties. If he's into panties like I suspect, he won't be able to keep his hands off them."

"Then what do I do?"

"Confront him, of course! Tell him you know that he's been playing with your panties and stealing them from your laundry. But remember, act calm, casual, stay in control. If you get all excited and start screaming, he'll get defensive, deny everything and argue with you."

"And don't be afraid to flash him. Wear a sexy short skirt, sit across from him while you're talking to him and give him a good long "accidental" peek up your skirt. Eye candy, we call it!"

"But Flo, how do you know so much about all this?"

"See that sweet little thing over there? That's my little Davie. Last year when you saw him he probably looked a lot different! I like to call him Daisy, now."

As the two women came around the table to get a better look, they discovered me with my book. I quickly put my nose in my book and pretended to be consumed in my reading. I don't know if they thought I had overheard anything or not, but they did talk in low tones after that and I didn't hear anymore. But I did get

a look at Davie/Daisy. He was a real cutie, a boy for sure with a short haircut and all, but he was wearing girls' shorts with bows on them, lacy little ankle socks and girls shoes—what a sissy! I'll bet he was wearing panties underneath those shorts too! I got a picture of him while some other boys were teasing him and giving him a hard time!

Jason  
Oakland, CA

## Nasty Sister Dominates Momma's Boy

8/26/99

Dear Princess,

I'm not very well endowed even when I'm fully hard (as you can see from the enclosed picture). But that's OK with me because girls' panties fit me nicely. Besides, no one ever said a man with a big penis gets any more pleasure than a man with a smaller one, so size is of little importance.

My mother tells stories that I used to dress up in my sisters' clothes when I was real little, but the first occasion I remember CDing was when I was seven. I recall watching my sister put on a dress. At that age, I knew boys weren't supposed to be into girl things, but I wondered what it felt like to wear one, so I picked up a white party dress she had laid on her bed and put it on. Frances, my sister, is a year younger than I am. She giggled like crazy as I pranced around like a sissy in front of her big mirror. I loved it, but when Franny kept teasing me, she got to me, calling me a big baby and a sissy, and I started to cry because she wouldn't stop.

Still in the dress, I ran to my mother. Yes, I'm a momma's boy; she has always been there to protect me. I'm not embarrassed to say that even at seven I was still breast feeding. It's the ultimate in feeling secure and comfortable. Mom hugged me and told my sister to stop teasing me as she undid her nursing bra and pulled me to her.

"That's a very pretty dress you have on, sweetie," she said as she slid her hand under the dress, then pulled it up to see what I was wearing underneath.

"If you're going to wear a dress, you have to wear pretty panties too, baby."

Turning to Franny, she said, "Get me a pair of your good panties. My baby boy can't wear boys' underpants when he's in a pretty dress."

I could tell Franny was laughing as she ran out of the room. While she was gone Mommy slid my underpants down my legs while I kept hugging her securely, never letting my lips leave her nipple for a moment. Moments later Franny came dancing back through the doorway swinging a bright yellow pair of her panties in her hands.

"How are these, Mommy?" she asked.

"Just fine, honey. Help me put them on him."

With the dress up I was fully exposed. My sister couldn't hold back her gales of laughter even though Mommy gave her a mean look.

"Why's Alex's wiener so small, Mommy?" my terrible little sister wanted to know.

"Well, he's just a little boy, honey."

"But other boys have much bigger ones, Mommy."

"And how would you know that?"

"The boys always take their things out to pee behind the garage. We girls like to watch them. Alex has the smallest wiener of all of them."

"I guess he takes after his father," Mommy said with a laugh.

After a lot of wiggling around, sis had the panties pulled all the way up around my waist. She made a point of carefully smoothing them out all around, taking every opportunity to snap the little elastic bands and rub the silky panties against me. She tickled my penis and felt my balls too. Mommy saw what she was doing but didn't say anything. Then Mommy started feeling me between my legs too.

"Well, I guess it isn't very big is it?" she chuckled. "Oh, that's, OK, baby. Baby boys are supposed to have little toys, and you'll always be my baby boy, and you can be my baby girl too if you want to!"

It just so happens we were scheduled to go visit my aunt that weekend because my dad was out of town on business. Mom let me keep on the dress, and even packed some of my sister's other clothes for me for the trip. Franny brought a camera along and even took some pictures of me in her dress while we were on the train. But her intense teasing bothered me and I did a lot of crying that weekend. You can see it in one of the pictures. In the other picture, I was laughing about how the scratchy cancan petticoats kept tickling my naked thighs. When we got to my aunt's house, she welcomed me with open arms and treated me like a little girl throughout our stay.

That was a turning point, something different than anything that had happened to me before. I loved the feeling of the dress and panties, and as much as my mother was accepting of me like that. My sister made my life miserable, so after that I mostly stayed away from putting on her clothes to spare myself from being humiliated at her hands.

My sister never let me forget it. She'd always tease me in private, but usually ignored me and played it cool while we were around our parents. When she teased me she tried to get me to wear her clothes. I did so periodically in secret, and she knew it—at least she said she knew, but I don't know if she was guessing or really knew. But she wanted me to put on her clothes out in the open so she could degrade me, which she loved to do. Even in front of Mom and Dad, whenever she got new clothes, she'd insist upon taking them out of the bags in the living room and teasing me with them, asking me if I wanted to try them on, or saying that since she now had new things, I could have her old dresses and panties and stuff.

Mom protected me from a lot of Franny's teasing, but Dad didn't. He seemed to be disgusted with me in general and made no secret of his lack of love and respect for me. Dad and Franny had an alliance going, and Mom and I weren't a part of it. One time, Dad had a father and son luncheon at the Lions Club, and he had Franny dress up in some of my boys' clothes so he could take her instead of me! Years later I found out that he was fucking her at a young age. I don't know how

early it started. Franny admits it evolved over years of being close and touching. Dad died the following year, but to this day, Franny claims it wasn't child abuse. She says she wanted it even more than he did! So we were one screwed up family, but what else is new. Probably every family you meet is screwed up in one way or another. Well, after that first incident in the dress, a couple of days later, I went into my sister's room to get a record to play on my little record player. I couldn't resist looking in her closet and dresser drawers. Everyone else was busy so I changed into a dress and some pink panties and went to my room and played the record. My Dad came walking into my bedroom wanting something, but when he saw me, he said, "Holy shit!" and left. I thought he was going to tell Mommy and sis and they'd come and see me. But I guess he didn't say anything because nothing happened, so I just stayed in the dress a while longer then decided it was time to change back.

Not long after that, I wondered into my mommy's room looking for something to do and her makeup caught my eye.

That day I discovered how much I loved to wear red lipstick. It felt so sexy and femmy to have my lips coated with a vibrant glossy red. But even though I loved the feeling, I only tried it one or two times after that.

Over the next year or two, I forgot about dressing up and everything. After our Dad died, we moved and my sister and I changed schools, and in general, things were going fine. Except, Mommy starting dating other men, and she abruptly ended my breastfeeding days! I missed the closeness I felt during those times, but it wasn't as hard to give up as I thought it would be when she first denied me her breast milk. I cried for days, but Mom insisted that I "grow up." I think she was embarrassed to introduce me to her dates because I was such a sissy.







Johnny is a boy who I often played with during that time, and one day instead of playing outside like we usually did, we went inside our house because a rainstorm was brewing. In my room, he started talking about all the things that happened to him that he thought was interesting, so for some strange reason, I told him about the times I had tried on my sisters' dress and my mom's makeup. I told him I sometimes still felt like I wanted to dress up and pretend to be a girl. He freely admitted he had tried on some of his mom's things too, but had gotten over it. He told me that if I wanted to get over it, I should get all dressed up and go outside and see how I felt after other people saw me. He said if I still liked it, I was a fairy, and if I didn't like people seeing me like that, I would get turned off and not want to do it again. Well, kids have a strange way of thinking sometime, and I believed him. He seemed to be so confident.

Well the weather had cleared up so I decided to give it a try. With Johnny's help, I got dressed in one of my sister's pretty dresses, a purple party dress. I also put on some white lace panties and a new white slip she had, plus some lipstick and rouge. I used a scarf to cover up my short hair. Her shoes didn't fit me, so I had to wear my own shoes and socks. We snuck out the backdoor of my house and went to the local playground. No one took notice of me until I got close to a bunch of kids playing tag. One of the girls laughed and told me my slip was showing. I looked down and saw it was sticking out a couple of inches. I didn't know what to do to fix it. The girl then recognized me and

started screaming out my name as she told the other kids I was a boy in a dress. Well, they teased the hell out of me, ten times worse than my sister ever did. And low and behold who showed up but my sister with two of her girlfriends! How could I have been so stupid! She and her friends joined in abusing me. I took off and ran home. I ran right in the front door past Mom, who was entertaining one of her boyfriends. My sister gave me the hardest time after that. And one of her friends was the biggest blabbermouth in school, so everyone in town knew about it, and the stories flourished for months.

My mom met someone, and after about 2 years, she decided to move us to Florida where he had a job, so they could get married. For the next two years I didn't crossdress because I never had a chance. Mom was always home after the first year, because she was pregnant. By that time I was eleven years

old, and my sister was ten, and she was discovering makeup herself (he-he, she was just starting to wear it, I had loved it ever since I was 7!). One day I noticed she had a little baggy in the bathroom, and in it was a tube of the most wonderful shade of red lipstick I had ever seen, now, my mom was in the other room, folding laundry, so I closed and locked the door, and quickly tried on the lipstick, it was the most beautiful color I had ever seen. It was one of the few sissy secret moments I had during those years.

Even throughout my years in high school, I tried to resist my urges to cross dress. I was trying to be a man.

Franny and her friends were always after me to let them give me a makeover so they could practice their makeup. They usually blackmailed me into doing it, telling me they'd remind everyone about me liking to wear makeup and party dresses when I was younger. I always said 'yes' to spare myself any more abuse. As humiliating as it was, I always wished I could tell them I really did like it, but I don't think I even wanted to admit it to myself in those days. Looking back, those are fond memories, but at the time, I was very confused and didn't know what I really did and didn't want.

This was a time when I started to think I was some gay freak (no offence to gay people of course). I would go to school, walk into class and sit in the back of the room. I never socialized with anyone, except for a girl named Stephanie, who was always nice to me as well as everyone else. I confided in her my troubles and



confusion. She didn't put me down, even when I told her about my girlie feelings. We'd kiss and make out. I loved her, but I think she did it because she thought I was lonely and needed loving and a friend.

Larry T.  
Utah

## The New Millennium Church of God

10/2/99

Dear Princess,

I'm taking a big risk in writing to you and providing you with the following information about our Church. That's why I can't use any real names here. But we have a mutual friend in \_\_\_\_\_, and she persuaded me to contact you. She thought you should know what we do. She says we are putting many of the things you talk about into practice. I'm taking a risk because I could be barred from our Church if they knew about this email and the attached photos. My Church is a New Age approach to God, and without Board approval, they strictly prohibit disclosing details of secret Church proceedings to outsiders.

I belong to the New Millennium Church of God (not the real name but pretty close to it). We seek to live like the earliest followers of Christ as described in the Book of Acts 2:42-47. From the verses, we encourage and emphasize the six activities that were the strength of those first Christians and apply them to our lives today. Those six cornerstones to our faith are: The

Word, Worship, Prayer, Fellowship, Service and Love.

However, we believe most Christian religions have it all wrong. They are male dominated and oriented. If you just read about Christ and the words attributed to Him and not to those who followed Him (especially the woman-hating Paul), you'll discover that women were very special to Jesus. If properly nurtured and allowed to blossom, females are naturally virtuous and loving. Males commit the vast majority of crime in this world, and the vast majority of women who commit crime usually do so because of a man.

Our church is new, only seven years old and still developing, but we think we have it right. Our members are the happiest people you could ever meet. That's what the enemies of the early Christians said about them: They never could understand why they were always so happy—even while being slaughtered in the Roman Colosseum! Well, they were eternally happy because they were under the influence of God and not men. God vitalizes anyone who lets Her in.

We say God is a She mostly to offset the idea that God is a male. Surely, God is neuter, or at least both female and male, since She is all things. Spiritual beings do not have physical bodies; therefore, they do not have sex organs and sex hormones. That's something that we are burdened with in this life, and it is something that must be overcome to fully experience the joy God can bring.

Everything God created in the physical world has both good and bad aspects. When it came to human beings, most of the good characteristics were given to females and most of the bad were given to males. And since God gave the world to Satan until the end of time, males tend to dominate most everything.



Yet females are the key to goodness and happiness.

We reach out to all people through regular mission projects. Everyone is welcome at our regular Church services. In Christ we are one people. But males must be purified before we can fully accept them into our congregation. The purification process is long and demanding. It requires males to accept a long list of feminine ideals, show the utmost reverence for all females, and adopt numerous female attitudes and characteristics.

Of course, many males cannot do that, but those that can are eternally happy for having done so. We believe love is not just a word; it's caring, giving, working and being involved. We are involved in all kinds of community projects, and when we are outside of our Church, we look like everyone else on the street, so we don't stand out. Most people become interested in us after meeting one of our members and seeing how very happy they are. Such people become curious. They wonder what our secret is. Our members are taught to slowly open themselves up to others and let them know about our matriarchal approach to God with the hopes of eventually having them join us.

Our worship services blend contemporary style with some traditional music. We are very thankful to a major insurance company, which provides a wonderful meeting area and many side rooms for our weekly worship celebration and Sunday school classes. Worshiping in an insurance building is a challenge as each week their large cafeteria is turned into a place of worship and then afterwards restored to its original setup with all our items are put into storage. The chairman of the board of

this insurance firm is one of our associate members. He would like to become a full member but does not have the courage to fully invest himself. He fears losing the life and career he has built for himself as a traditional male. Yet he has no qualms about letting us use his facilities. His generosity and this entire setup serve as an important reminder from Sunday to Sunday, that the Church is not a building. As Followers of Christ, we are the Church! We leave the building each Sunday with a definite awareness that our ministry in Christ goes with us into our schools, offices, stores, factories and homes. Spirituality is not found in a place; the Spirit must be always at work within you.

As a new church, our first worship service was held on June 21, 1992. Pastor Gail Gordon, our founder, and thirteen people she had personally developed from the community were present. A year later, the Church was fully chartered with 92 members. Since then the church has grown to 282 members. Our Church is like most others in the things we do and how we conduct ourselves. Our difference is the reverence we hold for femininity and almost all things feminine. Our mutual friend thought you'd be most interested in hearing about our Sunday school. We presently have eighty-four children registered, slightly more girls than boys. The males who are members of our Church are mostly children since we have found that training males from birth or a very young age is the most successful approach to having them accept our teachings. Once males start school, peer pressure makes it difficult for them to accept what we preach. And as they get older, it only becomes more difficult. However,





young boys respond very well and continue to develop. As they get older they are prepared to shield themselves from peer pressure and remain true to our ideals.

One of the things that is a regular part of Sunday school is panty training the young boys. Each week we set up a large alter and stack it high with pink panties, donated by our female members. After the boys arrive, they have to change from their trousers into a skirt. And unless they are new boys, they are already wearing a pair of pink nylon panties under their trousers when they arrive. Then, Millie Angston, their teacher, makes each boy show the class the panties he is wearing. Then one-by-one the boys have to go up to the panty alter and pray out loud to the dirty pairs of pink panties on the alter. If she doesn't think the boy is sincere enough, Ms. Angston will make him kiss or lick the crotch of the panties or make him pick up a pair in his hands and dance around the room with them like he is dancing with a girl with music blaring. Any boy who is unruly is forced to wear a dirty pair of panties over his head. Ms. Angston delights in reserving the dirtiest panties for that purpose.

Why the focus on panties? Simply because they are the most female of all garments and are worn over the sacred place that is the entranceway for all humanity into this world. They are a

perfect symbol of the female and all things feminine. Devotion to panties teaches boys proper respect not just for females but also for all things. The boys are warned about the problems they will have if others outside our Church discover they wear panties, so they are constantly on guard. Our boys almost never get into a fight or any kind of trouble, fearing their panties would be exposed. The self-consciousness a pantied boy feels is the perfect foil for blocking the bad influence of other boys and men. Wearing lacy panties is a constant reminder to the boys to remain true to our ideals.

One other thing: With all the focus on panties, you might be tempted to think our women and girls would be running around half naked at every turn, but you must realize that other than using panties to contain male sexuality, there is nothing sexual in what we do. Actually the boys never see a female wearing panties. Yes, they all wear frilly panties daily, and they see, feel and hear about panties constantly, but they are forbidden to look at a female in her lingerie, especially her panties.

They are not even allowed to look at lingerie advertisements in catalogs and newspapers. By not being allowed to see lingerie actually being worn by females, the boys develop an intense craving to see females in lingerie. Years ago, when ladies were



trained to keep their legs together, males found it fabulously exciting whenever they got a peek up their skirts. But with today's loose morals and women willing to spread their legs for any reason, women are not only debasing themselves, they are losing this powerful tool. Sometimes we overdo it, and the desires to see a female in her lingerie gets to be a little too much for some of the boys, and they get caught trying to look in the girls' washroom or trying to peek up the girls' skirts. Boys caught doing that are forced to stand on a table for the Sunday school session and all the other kids, both girls and boys, are encouraged to look up the naughty boys' skirts and tease them about the panties they are wearing. That teaches them how humiliating it is for a girl when someone looks up their skirt.

Well that's a peek into what we do. The enclosed photo shows Ms. Angston with some of her Sunday school students. She's conducting a panty training session. Note the pink panties she and one of the boys are holding and the stacks of pink panties on the altar behind them. You'll notice the boys all wear a flower in their hair on the right side, and the girls wear one on the left side. We do that because some boys are so cute to be mistaken for a girl in our Church services, and with a flower over their right ear, we don't have to lift up their skirt to find out for sure if they are a boy. But I'm of the fun-loving mischievous sort, and I love lifting boys' skirts whenever in doubt!

The adult males in our church must attend services in full female attire, from high heels to a wig. They do not have to arrive



so attired. They can change into their female clothes in one of our special dressing rooms. Fully outfitted, they can take part in all of our services and Church functions. An important part of each week's service is for all the males to publicly confess their sins in front of all the other Church members. One-by-one they are led in front of the congregation, made to curtsy before the altar, then hold their skirts up to expose their pink panties as they make their confession. They must speak up so everyone can hear. Our pastor or one of her ministers will assign a penance, which can be anything they decide as a proper punishment. A favorite form of penance is to be spanked in front of the entire congregation. Our women can really lay the paddle on hard. Some of them even do a great job just using their bare hand. Every Sunday, we have many thoroughly humiliated, totally defeated and crying crossdressed males signing our praises.

Elaine G.  
Cape Cod

## I Love to Wear Girls' Panties

1/31/00

Dear Princess,

Hi! My name is Billy, and my mom was the one who put me in panties. They were white and lacy. I was three years old. She did it for fun while playing around with Pat, my sister, and me in my sister's bedroom. The next day, remembering how nice they felt, I went into my sister's room and got a yellow pair of panties and put them on myself. I was still inexperienced in dressing myself, so while I was struggling to get my trousers back up, my mom and sister came in and saw me. They laughed. Mom told me I looked cute, but panties were just for little girls.

When I told her I didn't care, and that I really wanted to wear them, she threw her arms up and said, "Well, why not?"

From that day on I've worn nylon panties instead of boys' underwear. However, while I was going to school, Mom got me plain white panties to wear, and I got away without anyone at school ever finding out, even though I did have a few close calls. Wearing panties every day led me to experiment with other girls' clothes.

During high school my sister became very aggressive with me, and since I wore panties she got me to do most whatever she wanted under threat of telling other people my secret.

However, when she went too far and I resisted, she'd tie me up until I gave in. All through high school, she was much bigger and stronger than I was, so she had no

problem holding me down and tying me up.

One day, after she had me stripped to my pink satin panties and tied up on the floor, she had two of her best girlfriends come over to the house to see me. It was the first time anyone outside our family had seen me like that and learned my secret. I was crying furiously because I was so embarrassed. I told her Mom would really be angry with her, but that didn't stop her.

The two girls laughed and laughed. I can still hear their laughter every time I think about that day. Pat and her friends were very sexually curious, and I was their guinea pig that day. They took turns masturbating me, first through my panties, and then they pulled them down to examine my dick closely. Just as my penis was freed of my panties, I started to shoot.

The girls shrieked. One of them got it all over the front of her dress and was shocked. She worried it would wreck her dress. Mom heard all the commotion and came in. It didn't take her long to figure out what was going on. But she took it all in stride and explained that boy cum could easily be dabbed up with just a bit of soap and water. Then Mom got angry with me! Here I was tied up and stripped naked with my pink panties down around my thighs and my penis dripping, and she was mad at me for letting those girls play with me like that! Like I had anything to do with it! They untied me and pulled up my panties. Mom marched me to my room and gave me a spanking with my dad's old heavy leather belt. She gave me about twenty licks. I was howling like crazy.

Later I heard Mom tell Pat not to do such things with me since there were plenty of boys in town she could use to discover how their boy equipment worked. The only problem: As much





as I was very embarrassed, I was sad to hear Mom say that to Pat because I would have loved to have had her and her girlfriends play with me like that on a regular basis!

I am 39 now and to this day I still love to wear my pretty girls' panties every day. I also like to dress up as a girl and to wear a long silky slip or nightgown at night. Sometimes I wear a bra too, padded out with pairs of panties in the cups.

Thank you very much  
Billy  
Juno, Alaska

## My Story

6/18/00

Hello Princess Lacey,

I am a 46 year young single male from VA. I grew up with two older sisters and their clothes were always all over the place. I have two older brothers too, so I was always referred to as the baby of the family. While growing up, I hated hearing that because it made me feel inadequate compared to everyone else.

From very early on I knew I was different than other boys. Inside I identified with girls. Their things excited me, especially panties, and I was dying to wear their clothes, but I had to conceal my feelings so everybody wouldn't laugh at me, I always acted like my big tough brothers and tried to do everything like them, the things big boys were expected to do.

But my weaknesses caught up with me. My brothers were good at sports, and my father made me play sports too. I hated it, and I wasn't very good. That just helped to turn my father against me. Also, I let my hair grow longer than my brothers. It was one way I could express some of my inner feminine desires. But my longish hair upset my dad.

"Hey, sissy," he'd say, "when are you going to start wearing dresses?"

That would embarrass me totally but didn't stop me from keeping my hair as long as possible. Then one time he just blew his stack and told my mother to take me into my sisters' room and dress me like a little sissy girl because that's what I looked like with my long hair. Mom went into the back of my sister's closet, brought out a bunch of their old clothes, stripped me down and put me in panties, a slip and a dress, then took me right back out to the living room where my brothers and sisters had gathered to see. They all made fun of me, but I did a good job of holding back the tears.

At least until my dad asked my mother, "Is the little sissy wearing the works?"

When she nodded, Dad pulled me over to where he was sitting and yanked my dress up so everyone could see me in my sister's white lace panties.

"That damn thing is so little you might as well be a girl," he said to me as he pinched my tiny penis right through the panties.

"You're a disgrace to me; you little fairy!"

I screamed in pain. He really had pinched me hard and hurt me, but he just laughed. My brothers were laughing too, but it

was a nervous type of laugh. My father had that scary way about him that made people react like that. With me crying, Dad sent me off and told my sisters and mother to teach me girl things. They took me into the kitchen where Mom was making a couple of pies and had me help out. A little while later, Dad came into the kitchen with our Polaroid camera. He took me out behind the house and made me pose for pictures in the dress. One of those pictures is enclosed.

It wasn't a very good camera so the quality isn't so hot, but looking at it now, I'm amazed because, by today's standards, my hair isn't very long at all in the pic.

But at that time, my father thought it was outrageously long for a boy. Gosh, how times change. Believe me, I didn't hate or dislike my dad for doing all that to me.

Actually I knew he was right on the mark, but at that age, I didn't know what was what. And it was the way he did things, like when he pinched my penis that made it all so horrible. I don't blame anyone or anything for my being a sissy. I want to be one, and I think I always have wanted it.

I started wearing panties around age ten. I would steal them from my sisters or my aunt and her daughters who lived next door. It was a time when people, for the most part, still hung their laundry outside to dry. I put together quite a collection from the women and girls that lived near us and from Laundromats and friends homes that I visited. Through all of my growing up I was never caught stealing or wearing girls' panties. My mom or my



sisters may have missed some things, but nothing was ever said to me about it.

I tried marriage once in the 80s, but it was a disaster for us both. My wife never knew, and I never told her. That's the crux of my dilemma. I know I am a sissy for loving panties and wearing them every day, but I'm scared to death that my employer, family or a neighbor will find out. I just want to find others like me and enjoy life. It's just a shame that there isn't a club somewhere that caters to guys like me. Maybe there is; then again, I would probably be very apprehensive about joining. I have been 24/7 for about 10 years now and only own 1 pair of male underwear, for the doctor. I am thinking about throwing that pair away too. Anyway, that's a little bit about me and I apologize for ranting on about nothing but what the hell—I'm a sissy. Hope this finds you well and in good spirits.

Jim  
San Diego, CA

## Sissyhood and Punishment

7/22/00

Dear Princess Lacey:

I've been buying your magazine, *Panty Lines*, for some years. I love when I take the mag up to the clerk (I always wait until there's a lady at the register), and she sees what I'm buying. It gives me a shameful thrill.

I am honestly delighted that you are sympathetic to people like me. I have never wanted to be a he-man, and I'm just as glad I'm not "well endowed." I think men who are modest in size have a right to be sissies to compensate for not being "big." I wonder if your other admirers feel that way.

My wife doesn't know about my sissyhood, but for the first time I am less ashamed of it and more willing to enjoy it. I think that view of myself comes in large part from reading your publications, and I want to thank you. I used to be ashamed of myself every time I wore panties under my clothes. (I buy my own, mostly satin.) But now I just enjoy them and much more intensely. Presently, I am PROUD that I have a modestly sized penis, and your kindness toward me has much to do with those positive feelings.

One advantage: My small size makes it easy to hide my boy parts inside my panties. They are no problem to tuck away and leave me with a very womanly front. (See the attached photo.) While I

don't have a lot "down there," I am able to enjoy my sex life (mostly masturbation) much more now that I am comfortable with myself. Even sex with my wife is good these days since I feel no pressure "to measure up" to some unknown standard, but I do fantasize about panties when we do it.

One thing: I wonder if sissyboys in general like being spanked more than regular men. I love it. My understanding wife does it for me. Now if I could only get up the courage to get her to spank me while wearing panties. Do you think I'd endanger our relationship if I admit my sissyhood to her—at least in part? I think I'm getting close to telling her.

Your Honest Admirer,  
Pat  
Northern Michigan

