

Princess Online

The
New

No. 3

February 2016
Pictures, and Stories
from the
Princess Productions
Website

"Bobby, if you
are going to
be a girl for
me, you can't
have one of
these things in
your panties!"



**Sissified &
Humiliated
Special Issue**

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

A Message from Princess Lacey

The Word Sissy

Dear Sissies,

I don't know you, but I'm calling you a 'sissy!' You don't mind, do you? I'm doing that because I'm assuming that about you based on the type of guy most likely to read my publications. To you, the word 'sissy' is probably a good term. However, most likely, except in public, you love being called a sissy by anyone who knows and accepts your feminine obsession.

The term sissy aptly describes crossdressers, who can be gay, straight, bisexual or asexual. A male crossdresser is any guy from one who only wears panties to a guy who fully dresses up.

Even if you like being calling a sissy, I'm guessing that at one time, you found it horribly shameful to be so named, especially when you were young, confused and struggling to preserve your masculinity -- before you gave into your sissiness and realized that being a sissy is a good thing, even a great thing.

I doubt if any macho man has as much sexual pleasure as a sissy. It has to be a lot of work (and surely not much fun) for a guy to have to constantly act in ways that prove to the world how manly he is. He's a guy ready to fight you or even kill you if you call him a sissy. He doesn't know what a relief it is to go over that bridge, shed those disgusting, abusive, smelly and angry ways and give in to a truly rewarding lifestyle. What's a macho guy get out of treating females like shit as he tries to fuck a different woman every night? Not much, I'm sure. For him, having sex is probably exhausting if he'd ever be truthful enough with himself to admit it.



Women may love to be seen with a big, macho guy, but what kind of guy do they really love to be with? Gay guys (like their hairdresser) and sissy men who enjoy what they enjoy. Guys who love to talk about fashion and relationships and go shopping and to movies (not big budget action movies), the theater and fine restaurants.

To many, any guy who crossdresses is gay, even though most gay guys are not crossdressers, and to those same people the word sissy usually means homosexual; that's not fair to crossdressers, gays, or sissies. In our constantly evolving world, pledge to do whatever you can to further understanding and acceptance, and respect our differences regardless of who we love and what we choose to wear.

Love,

Princess Lacey

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HEALTH

LIFESTYLE

HEADLINES

Special Issue: Sissified & Humiliated



Wife exposes crossdressing hubby

Mountainview, CA: A lazy man who never did any work around the house was a secret crossdresser who'd rent hotel rooms to dress up. His new wife and her mother followed him one day, got into his room and caught him a maids' dress, they pushed him out the door and locked him out.

Every day since then, he has been forced to be the maid at home doing all of the "women's work!"



Queen for more than s day!
Marla's parents forced her to get married but she was a lesbian so she married a wimp, turned him into a sissy crossdresser, and for sex, she lets him jack off with his head in panties between her legs eating her pussy through nylon!

She gave him a fetish!

Harding, OH: After having three babies in four years, Julie Wells didn't want to have sex anymore, but her horny hubby was always after her for sex, so every night she masturbated him with her lingerie. She thoroughly hooked him on her slips and panties then refused to do it anymore and gave him all her silky lingerie and told him to pleasure himself. Now she wears his old Jockey shorts and she and their three daughters watch him wank himself silly!

Naughty macho boy gets lesson in lace

Silk Lake, MA - Trevor loved sports so much that he didn't mind his mother when she'd tell him to stay home and do his homework before being allowed out to play ball. But he ignored her and repeatedly snuck out of the house. His mother cured him of not minding her by taking away his boys' clothes and making him wear panties and a fancy party dress, but after he got caught ripping off the dress, putting on clothes he found in the attic and then sneaking out to play, his parents bought him stacks of lacy panties and dresses and brought his friends in to see him. Then they never wanted to play sports with him again.

Survey: What does a female get out of feminizing a guy?

Someone she can talk to - 8% Sex her way when she wants - 10%
Give him pussy envy - 7% Lots of laughs - 6% All of Above 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Her husband kept looking at other women, so she dressed him up & took him to a drag bar for gay guys stare at him

Disappointed in his son's lack of manliness, man made the boy wear girls' clothes and go to a finishing school
Whenever their parents were out, girl made her brother dress in her clothes and do all her chores

Three man-hating women arrested after years of kidnapping boys, putting them on hormones and raising them like girls

Woman adopted a boy on the black market but couldn't handle him so she had him castrated forced to be a girl

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*Photo from the
Pantywaist Weekly.*



*Photo from the
Pantywaist Weekly.*



How I Got Sissified

A True Petticoat Punishment Tale

This is my true story, not a work of fiction -- even though it's so weird, it might not seem real. As I wrote this, I couldn't find the words to relay just how awful the pain was at the time it happened. I didn't choose what I am; other people shaped my life. I never wanted to be anything but 'normal.' My biggest sin: As a young boy I was cute -- even pretty -- that's what people would say, And I suffered for that first by my mother, then by one of my teachers and eventually by my wife.

As a preschooler, I remember people saying things to my mother like, "He has such nice hair and long eyelashes; it's a pity he's not a girl." Many of my relatives loved to hug and kiss me and comment, "He's so pretty." I didn't think about it much until I kept hearing it over and over again from so many different people. I thought I was just a normal boy; that's all I wanted to be, so it confused me when people said things like that. My mother didn't help; she'd just laugh and agree with them!

Mother let my hair grow rather long, sometimes down over my ears in a Beatles-like cut, other times in a bowl cut short in back but trimmed around my ears, and always with thick bangs down to my eyebrows, both were typical styles for boys in the 1980s, so my mother wasn't trying to make me look like a girl.

Since my father made a big salary as an executive for Mobil Oil here in Texas, they could send me to an exclusive private school. In the third grade, I had a hard teacher, Mr. Carlisle, who really launched me into sissyhood. Spanking was still allowed in Texas but our school had recently prohibited it, and Mr. Carlisle was 'old-school' and I think he was disappointed that he could no longer paddle his students. But he would make up for it in other ways; he'd humiliate his students, and as we now know, humiliation can be much more devastating than corporal punishment. He'd make kids stand up in front facing class for an hour or more, and during that time he would take every opportunity to make some teasing comment or humbling reference to the

student, usually tied into a lesson he was teaching at the moment.

Being raised by a loving but dominant mother, I was quiet and withdrawn and given to daydreaming. Even my father was quite subdued around her, so I didn't have a macho male role model at home.

One day at school, I was lost in my thoughts, and Mr. Carlisle asked me a question that I didn't hear. I was called out in front of the class. We were studying history about the time before child labor was outlawed. The teacher said, "It was time when children were forced to do dangerous manufacturing jobs, little kids just eight and nine years old, like our little Frankie here," he said pointing to me. "And not just the boys; little girls had to work those jobs too. Frankie, with your long hair and pretty face, you could have been one of those sissy little girls. Do you do you think you could have done that?"

I shrugged my shoulders like I didn't know. "Oh, common, it can't be that hard for you to pretend to be a little girl. Just look at you with your pretty face and long hair; you look like a girl to me. (The class laughed.) Now, would you be able to work in a dangerous factory like other little girls your age?" I meekly objected that I wasn't a little girl. "Well, OK, so you're not a girl. Then let's say you're just a weak little sissy boy, as weak as a little girl. You should be able to relate to that. You look like a sissy to me. What do you think, class? Is Frankie a sissy boy?"

The class erupted in laughter. I started to cry. "Oh, my goodness, Frankie is now crying like a little girl, or a little sissy, huh? What do you think, class? Is Frankie a little girl or a little sissy?" Half the class started shouting "girl" while the other half was screaming "sissy."

Mr. Carlisle, added, "OK, OK, it doesn't make much difference, does it, class? Little girl, little sissy, they are pretty much the same. So, from now on we'll call our little sissy boy 'Francene,' right, class?"

Of course, they all started calling me Francene. I cried even harder. The worst part: I had to go to the bathroom. And as I stood there crying, I was squeezing my legs together and dancing around

trying to hold it back. Our teacher noticed.

"Francene, what's wrong? Why are you dancing around? Through my tears, I told him I had to go to the bathroom. "Well, go ahead then, girl; run off to the bathroom, we don't want you peeing in your panties and making a big mess on the floor. As I started to run out of the room, he said, "Francene! Stop, hold on. Make sure you use the girls' toilet, not the boys. We can't have a sissy using the boys' room. " He then pointed to Linda Mauer sitting in the front row. "Linda, go with our little sissy and make sure he uses the girls' room. No, go!"

I ran out of the room and Linda was running right after me. I approached the boys' room but she screamed, "No! No, you don't. Use the girls' toilet or I'll report you!" I ran into the girls' room. I had never been into a girls' bathroom before so there were no urinals. I had to go into a stall and sit on the toilet. I was crying with my shorts and Star Wars cartoon underpants down around my ankles. I guess Linda could see my underwear below the open part of the stall door. "Nice panties, Francene," she said giggling in that humiliating type of giggle only a little girl can do.

I quickly grabbed my underpants and pulled them up high enough so she couldn't see them anymore. As soon as I was finished, I pulled myself together and ran back to the classroom with laughing Linda right behind. Back in class, I had to stand again in the front of the room.

Mr. Carlisle asked Linda, "Did Francene use the 'correct' rest room." She was still giggling, "Oh, yes, Francene used the girls' room all right. I made sure of that, and he, I mean 'she,' is wearing nice panties too." Our teacher and the whole class really laughed at that. Eventually, Mr. Carlisle had me sit back down just to get the class to settle down again so he could get back to teaching. For a very bad offense, Mr. Carlisle would call the pupil's parents after school to tell them about it. But I was sure he wouldn't call mother because I had only gotten into trouble for inattention, not for breaking some major rule. However, I was wrong. He not only called my mother, he told her all the details about my humiliating punishment.

I arrived home to find my mother waiting.

She said my teacher had called. "Mr. Carlisle said you barely objected when the class called you a sissy and a girl, you just cried like a little sissy. He said the kids started calling you Francene and you didn't do anything but cry. He said a girl had to take you to use the girls' restroom because you were acting like such a little sissy. He said everyone laughed when the girl said you were wearing nice panties."

"Frankie, what am I to think of you? Are you a sissy like he was saying? Did you cry like that? Tell me, did you?" I started crying again and said 'yes' meaning that, yes, I had been crying, but she took that to mean "yes" I was a sissy. "So you're a little sissy. Why did he say you were wearing panties? Where did you get panties to wear like a little girl?" I was crying and objecting, but she just kept berating me. I finally got through to her that I hadn't been wearing panties, and Linda had just made that up after seeing my Star Wars underpants. Mother gave me a spanking and that made me cry even more. When my father came home. He just listened to her and then went into the den to watch TV and get away from it all.

The following Saturday, I came in from playing and found a 3-pack of girls' panties on top of my dresser. I wondered why mother had put them there but I was not about to ask her about them. Then at bedtime, she came into my room and asked if I had seen them. I nodded I had. "Do you know these are girls' panties?" I nodded. "Girls wear them -- and little sissy boys wear panties too. So I bought you some."

I looked at her in awe. I gasped, "But, mom, I don't want them. Take them back," I began crying again. "I will not take them back; they are for you and you will wear them whenever you act like a little sissy. Now, stop your crying. Only sissies and little girls cry at every little thing." I struggled to hold back my tears as she cut open the plastic and made me take them out and hold them up to look at. There was one pair in pink with red hearts on them, a pale blue pair with dark blue stars and a white pair with little pink and green flowers on them. Each pair also had a narrow white lace trim around the leg openings and a tiny satin bow on the elastic waistband in front. She

took them from me and held the white panties up to my waist one by one to check to see if they were my size and said, "Yes, these will fit you nicely." When I told her I'd never wear them, she smacked my butt. "Oh, yes, you will wear them whenever I tell you to and that will be whenever you act like a little brat and a sissy." I started crying. "There you go bawling again. Didn't I tell you only little girls and little sissy boys cry over nothing at all. So, stop crying or I make you put a pair of your new panties right this minute. Now, I want you to fold up each pair of your new panties and put them in your drawer neatly with your boys' underwear. Put them right on top so you will see them every day to remind you what waits for you if you act up."

It was just too much for me. I became snotty with her and screamed I would never wear stupid sissy clothes, and for the first time in my life, I tried to slap her. She fended off my slap and instead gave me multiple slaps on my face. My cheeks stung like crazy. I couldn't stop crying.

"You are a sissy, trying to slap your mother, crying like little toddler girl." On and on she yelled at me as she yanked off my clothes, took the pink panties and started to force my feet into them. I resisted and tried to twist away from her. The tears were pouring down my cheeks in sheets, as I pleaded, "No, Mommy, no! I'll be good. I'm not like a girl, Mommy!" She overcame by resisting. "Well, if you're aren't like a little girl why are you now crying like a little girl? Or are you just a little sissy? Which is it? Are you a little girl or a little sissy?" I felt the slithery nylon panties being dragged up my long skinny legs. Her anger with me showed as she smacked my tender thighs and bottom repeatedly until I stood still and let her yank the panties up so high and hard. I'm surprised she didn't rip them. Under the threat of being spanked again, I could only stand with my head down looking at the horrid color pink covering my boy parts. That was so strange. Boy parts should never be covered by panties. The panties made me feel like my penis and balls weren't there anymore. I knew that was what made the difference between a boy and a girl and they made me feel like a girl.

She commanded me to put on my pajamas. I quickly did it to cover up the panties. Then mother took me

downstairs to say good-night to my father. "George," she said, "today I found out that we have a sissy for a son, so I bought him new underwear, and whenever he acts like a sissy little girl, I'm going to call him 'Francene' and make him wear them. So, Francene, show your daddy, your new underwear." I didn't move, but I knew better than to resist as she roughly pulled down the elastic waist of my pajama pants for him to see. I stood crying with my pink panties fully exposed. My dad stared with a crazy expression on his face. He shook his head and then turned back to watching his TV show. As mother started to lead me out of the room, father said, "For god's sake, Helen, don't let any of the neighbors or anyone else see him wearing those things or it will get back to my work and those guys will make my life miserable."

After that, mother would make me wear the panties at times because she knew how meek and quiet I'd be wearing them. I was going through a growing spell, so not long after, she bought me more panties and made me accompany her while she bought them!

Mother's hobby was sewing, so she began making me sissy-like costumes to go with my panty wardrobe, outfits she designed with a lot of lace and frills, but she always made me sissy-like shorts, never dresses. She'd laugh and say that only good girls get to wear dresses. One particularly humiliating outfit is shown in the attached photo of me out in our backyard. The heavily ruffled bloomer

panties were so embarrassing to wear, but I had to wear them because if I resisted, I earned even more punishment. Thank goodness she never made me wear those outfits out in public or even in the house when people visited; however, if anyone visited and I was undergoing a punishment period, I did have to wear my panties under my boys' clothes.

To my knowledge, my mother never let anyone else know about my punishment clothing until after high school, when I started going steady with a girl my mother liked. When we were going to get married, she told my sweetheart all about my girly outfits and offered to keep making the sissy clothes for me.

My future wife was a strong woman (and still is) a lot like my mother. Subconsciously, maybe that was why I was so highly attracted to her. She was a bit shocked at first to hear about my petticoat punishment but quickly came around to mother's way of thinking and saw the advantages of having a sissy husband. The first time, mother made me model several of my sissy outfits for her, she let out a laugh I had never heard from her before as I had to swish around the room. That laugh so reminded me of little Linda's bloodcurdling laugh from when I was in the third grade. It was devastating.

We got married and she has been a dominant but very loving wife to me ever since, but most of the time I feel more like her wife than her husband!



A picture of a boy in a dress at school from a movie that reminds me of my greatest fear when I was that age.



From Boy to Sissy Maid

[Here is another story about a boy being abused and humbled in school, an incident that set in motion his lifetime of pain and anguish.]

In telling you my story, I'll leave out most of the pain I experienced when first petticoated by my mother, then physically punished in school and then ending up being a humiliated crossdressed husband. My life, like most lives, is complex, it wasn't all bad, so don't get the wrong idea. Parts of my life have been and are wonderful, but many key moments in my life were times of conflict, and as I learned in creative writing class, a story without conflict isn't a story at all, just a series of boring incidents that put the readers to sleep.

I'll try not to do that to you!

I remember when I was a young boy; I knew my mother had wanted a daughter. As a preschooler, she never dressed me up in girls' clothes or tried to feminize me in any way, but she was very outspoken about the fact that she had wished I had been born a girl. When she'd say that to other women, they would sympathize with her, like they understood. I can't remember any of them trying to correct my mother and tell her that she shouldn't say stuff like that in front of me. Mother would say, "Jamie knows how I feel. You don't mind, do you, sweetie?"

Growing up in that kind of atmosphere, it was the first nail in the coffin that killed my masculinity. However, nothing else unusual happened in regard to my masculine identity until my first year in middle school in 1970. I had a science teacher, Mr. Clifton, who used the cane on his pupils who misbehaved regularly.

One day I forgot my homework at home, and when Mr. Clifton asked me about it, I swore to him I had done it but had forgotten it. He didn't believe it and insisted I was lying, so he called me out in front of the class to get six cuts of the cane, three on each hand. I held my right hand out, waiting for my punishment. Swish! Swish! Swish! Quickly I had received three painful cuts. My hand was on fire. I had never experienced such pain before. I was told to put my left hand out for the final three cuts. I could not stand any more pain or humiliation. I ran out the classroom door, down the stairs, and didn't stop until I was out of sight of the school.

I usually traveled to and from school by bus, but now I had to walk the nearly four miles home. At home, mother was waiting. The headmaster had phoned her and told her what I had done. She yelled at me, "You're not a very brave if you can't take a few swats on the hand. You must be a wimp. Your father isn't going to be pleased when he comes home. It's the strap for you, then bed without dinner. Go to your bedroom and think about your fate."

I lay on my bed dreading what was next, and at six o'clock I heard my father arrive home. I listened through the door as my mother told him. When I heard them approaching and I ran back and got on my bed.

My father had anger in his voice. "I hear you have been a coward at school? Running away when you couldn't take a simple punishment. I've never heard of a boy doing anything like that. Only a sissy boy would do something like that," he said as he unbuckled his leather belt and pulled it off through the belt loops on his pants.

"I intend to make this hurt your sissy little butt far more than your teacher's cane. It's twelve lashes for you, my boy." Mother commanded, "Take off your pants. Only real boys deserve to wear pants." Mother told me to lie face up on my bed. I did so nervously. "You won't run away this time," she said as she got up on the bed and sat on my chest facing my feet. Father then had her hold my legs up over her shoulders so my bottom was turned up for my father to whip. I could not wriggle out from under her

weight. I turned my head to see my father raise his belt above his head. Then the sting of it wrapping itself about my bare backside made me scream. I loudly yelled, "Stop it, please!" only to feel the pain of the next blow. I kicked and screamed as each of the remaining ten welts bit into my bare butt.

It was over in a minute or so. But the throbbing pain went on forever. A gasoline fire on my butt couldn't have hurt any more. Left alone, I finally got the strength to get up and look at my backside in my mirror. I was horrified as to how much damage had been done. I lay down again on the bed sobbing for more than an hour as the pain slowly subsided. When it finally did ratchet down, I felt intense pangs of hunger since I hadn't eaten since lunchtime. Mother came into to check on me. I asked for something to eat. She brought me a big glass of water and told me that was all I would get until breakfast. She told me she had to go out shopping but my father would strap me if I went out of my room any further than the bathroom. I lay down and sobbed to myself. Eventually I fell asleep.

I awoke in the morning like a normal school day. My mother had already driven my father to work and was back and in the kitchen having breakfast. My bowl of bran flakes was waiting on the table. I poured on the milk and gobbled it down. I asked for another bowl. She filled it again saying, "Eat it quickly, then it's off to the shower for you. You're not going to school today."

I was happy to eat it up quickly, and in the shower it felt good. The cold water on my bottom felt wonderful, like I was erasing my sins. As I showered I thought since it was Friday, I'd have three days off from school. Great! I dried myself off and then walked back to my room to get ready for the day. But sitting on the bed was a frilly white girls' dress. As I stared at it wondering why it was there, my mother came in and said, "I'll show you what happens to sissy boys," as she handed me a pair of girls' lacy white panties and a satiny petticoat. "Put these on and then the dress, sissy." I wanted to scream but in as controlled of a voice that I could muster, I said, "No, mother, I can't put on a girls' dress; I'm a boy." I saw the belt in her hand. "No, you are not a boy; you're a sissy. There's a big

difference. Don't argue or I'll use the strap on you." I complied. She continued, "Good, I think I will call you Catherine. That was my best friend's name when I was your age and you look a lot like her."

My behind was still amazingly sore and just the sight of the belt in her hands made it hurt even more, so I reluctantly obeyed. It was so shameful to put on those clothes with my mother staring, watching my every move, commenting the whole time about how the slip and panties suited me and how nice I looked in the dress. She picked up a pair of nylon stockings and a garter belt that I hadn't even seen sitting there. Then I noticed the shiny black pair of girls' shoes on the floor.

Mother instructed me how to put on the garter belt and then the stockings so I wouldn't put a run in them. The shoes followed, and they fit me perfectly, so I then knew mother had bought these clothes just for me the night before. That thought signaled to me that I might be forced to wear these clothes for a long time. I broke down at that point. I didn't want to cry in front of my mother while wearing a fancy dress and lingerie; but I did cry and it made me really feel like a sissy.

Mother stepped back, looked me over and said, "You look nice as a girl, much better than your grubby self as a boy. I never liked you growing your hair out like you're trying to look like a rock-n-roll star, but now, I'm glad you did. It's nice and naturally curly, and I can fix it up. Sit down here and I'll take my brush to it." She brushed out my hair until I looked like the short hairdo Blondie wears in the Dagwood comic strip. When she produced a blue ribbon and tied a bow in my hair, I suddenly hated having long hair. I looked in the mirror and saw a stupid-looking girl in the reflection. "Not quite right yet," mother hummed as she went out of the room, and then came back with a tube of her red lipstick that she applied to my lips. "That's better; now you are a real sissy boy."

I had to do 'girls' chores all day at home under mother's close watch. She was on my tail every minute, telling me how to do things in a feminine way, and correcting my every mistake, no matter how minor. She said I needed to learn because other people would be seeing me and I had to perfectly

impersonate a girl or she would expose me as a sissy boy pretending to be a girl. I didn't doubt her. I knew I needed to pay attention to what she was teaching me no matter how upsetting it was and how much I dreaded having anyone see me like this.

At the end of the day, she announced, "It's nearly four o'clock. Your father will be 'knocking off work soon. We will go to pick him up." I was terrified at the thought of my dad seeing me in a dress, but mother had been walking around all day with the belt in her hand. She had already given me a few swats on my tenderized butt whenever I didn't do something in a feminine enough way for her. I had no choice in the matter. I couldn't bear another strapping. I knew going outside would be a horrid experience but another strapping by my mother and then my father too would be even worse. So I just tried to remember every little lesson mother had taught me that day and summoned up my courage and followed her out the door. Just being outside in a dress was a whole new sensation that I didn't expect. Every sight I saw and every movement of my body made me so self-conscious; my whole being just vibrated with strangeness.

We waited outside his place of work, Anthony's, an upscale eatery that catered to businessmen. He was the daytime chef. I sat nervously in the car as various members of the staff exited the back door of the restaurant and walked past us. Some of them recognized my mother and said a word or two to her through her open window as they passed us. I was sure anyone of them would look in the car, see me and start laughing and calling me names. It didn't happen, but it did leave me a nervous wreck.

Finally, my father came out and approached. I tried to hide myself as he came up to the driver's side. I tried to hide behind my mother, but she got out and told him, "Look inside at our new little girl. Catherine, is her name. Isn't she pretty? Better than that grubby boy we used to have, isn't she?"

Mother was a very dominant woman, always getting her way. My father stared at me with his mouth open. I knew he wanted to say something, but instead just, mumbled, "Yes, dear." I guess that's all he could say. Mother got back into the car to drive us

back home. Father got in the back. Normally, he would have gotten into the front seat of our big, roomy Chrysler with me in the middle. But I guess he didn't even want to get near me. On the way, we only stopped so he could buy the evening paper before going home.

At home, I raced to my bedroom to take off the dreaded dress and change into my boys' clothes. But my parents came in right behind me, and then mother told me to stay in my dress and since it was Friday, we would do as we always did on Friday nights, go to the Elks Club for the weekly fish fry.

"I can't go there like this," I protested but before the words were barely out of my mouth, my mother said do you want your father to give you another taste of his belt?" He was already undoing his belt. I knew it was useless to resist. I meekly said, "It's OK, I'll go."

At the club I got nervous and started to beg not to go inside, but one look at my parents and I knew I was appealing to deaf ears. They just pushed me ahead of them and right into the main room to the booth where they always like to sit. Mother smiled at me and told me I was doing fine and if I did a good impersonation, she'd buy me an ice cream sundae for desert.

The waitress came to the table and they ordered without incident. Mother was happy no one seemed to notice me even though she had to keep reminding me to keep my head up and to put a sweet smile on my face; otherwise, I looked like that grubby little boy I used to be, except I was a grubby little boy in a dress. My father was noticeably uncomfortable with me out with them as a girl. He tried to hurry us through the meal so he could get us back home. The only scary moment happened when a boy who was in my class and working there as a busboy came to our table several times to give us water. I don't think he even looked at me, and I only looked at him with a hand in front of my face and sidelong glances. Mother thought it was funny how I feared discovery. I did get the ice cream sundae and ate it quickly. I wanted to get back home again even more than my father. We finished, my father paid for the meal and we left.

Back home, I rushed in to change out of the dress, but my mother asked what I was doing, and then informed me in a brusque manner, "You can take off your dress if you want and hang it up in your closet, but then you'll just have to go around for the night in your nice slip and panties. I stopped in my tracks and decided to keep the dress on. Mother than put me to work packing away all my boys' clothes. Most of the items she marked to be picked up by Goodwill. A limited number of items she had me put in her locked closet. She told me that for the time being, I would wear girls' clothes exclusively in the house and outside whenever she so decided. She said she would control my boys' clothes and only let me wear them for school and at times when she thought it was wise to do so.

She brought out a selection of clothes she had purchased the night before along with the items I had on. She explained she bought them while I had been recuperating from my strapping. All of the clothes were awful, all very frilly and feminine. I was sure most girls my age would find them too sissy and girly for their taste. Mother made me properly hang them up and put the lingerie in my now empty dresser drawers. As I finished I cringed when she proudly presented me with a fluffy pale yellow babydoll nightie with matching billowy bloomer panties and set them over my bedspread in preparation for my bedtime. She then sat me at the dining room table to do work on a writing project due the following week. It was difficult to sit there with those creepy clothes tickling my body; I couldn't ignore them, and it made it very difficult for me to concentrate and try to write my essay. I barely saw my father the whole evening. He was reading the newspaper or watching the TV in the den.

At bedtime, mother told me to undress, hang my dress up, put my panties and stockings in the laundry basket and then take a shower. She added, "Don't forget to use the lavender talcum powder before you put on your nice new nightie and bloomer panties."

I showered and then suffered the male-killing indignity of putting on a nightie like a preteen girl might wear. Mother came in and remarked that I looked lovely in the babydolls. She then made me go down to the den and model the nightie for my father,

including making me raise the top up to my eyebrows and slowly turning around so he could see how the big bloomer panties came way up on my chest. She made him say, "You look cute, son, just like a girl." His voice cracked with those words he had been coerced into mouthing.

In my room, I was happy to get into bed because I was exhausted. At first, I felt relaxed in my silky smooth yellow rayon nightie. But as I lay there in bed with nothing going on except the insane thoughts buzzing around in my head and the slinky nightie and super soft matching panties tickling my penis, I felt so weird. I touched my firm penis through the panties; it demanded to be noticed. I couldn't ignore it. But then, I closed my eyes and tried to think of a happier time. Soon I was sound asleep.

I awoke with a start in the morning because I was very hungry and the foreign sensation of the silky babydolls wrapped around me. I went downstairs still in my short nightie since I had no boys' clothes to wear. It felt cool against me as I walked to the kitchen. My cereal was waiting on the table. After breakfast, mother told me, "Catherine, have another shower, dry yourself properly, and don't forget to talcum your body. Put on your blue panties and dress today along with your clean stockings I washed out and hung up in the bathroom. Use my hair dryer to dry your hair and then put on your lipstick."

I did as I was told. It was futile to argue, especially with the memory of a burning bottom still fresh in my mind. I showered then donned what I knew would be the proper lingerie and the blue dress. I did a poor job with the lipstick and when mother came in she made me redo it several times until I learned to do it without making a mess on my face. She then brushed and styled my hair. This time she tied two blue ribbons in my hair one on each side.

"Sit at the kitchen table and wait," she said, then left and returned holding a small bottle of pink nail polish. "Give me your right hand." I didn't protest as she painted each of my fingernails pink. "Wait here until they are properly dry. I'll get dressed and then we are going to visit Mrs. Kenzie."

This time outside was a little more comfortable, but the weird sensation of being out in public soon resurfaced as we walked towards Mrs. Kenzie's house. Her husband, Dr. Kenzie was one of the owners of Anthony's Restaurant where my father worked. They lived in a grand house with many rooms and a huge garden facing the harbor. My mother had been invited for morning tea. She rang the doorbell. Mrs. Kenzie answered, "Come in, my dear, I did not know you had such a lovely daughter. I love her curly hair. It's so nice," she said and then addressed me, "What's your name, young lady?" I answered meekly in a high-pitched voice that mother made me practice. "Catherine, is a pretty name, my dear. Tea is ready. My cook baked us some of her famous scones."

We enter the lounge room of the house. It was ornately furnished with antiques and expensive looking everything. The tea table was set up and as we sat down, a girl in a white frock similar to the one I wore yesterday entered. "This is my daughter, Anne, and Anne, this is Mrs. McGuire and her daughter, Catherine," motioning to me.

The girl near my age made me instantly nervous; I surely thought Anne would recognize me as a boy in girls' clothes, but she just smiled at me.

A woman in black wearing a white apron entered bearing a silver tray with a silver tea set and then another silver tray stacked with a dozen scones. Two bowls of strawberry jam and Devonshire cream were already on the table. Mrs. Kenzie had us fix our own tea to our liking and then we started on the scones. They were so delicious that I wanted to gobble up the whole plate like I would have as a boy, but I knew better and tried to eat 'daintily' like a little girl.

After a while Mrs. Kenzie said, "Anne, you and Catherine must be bored with us old ladies. Why don't you two go out and enjoy the garden."

Anne showed me the way, and as soon as we were outside, she said, "You're a boy? Aren't you?" I was so surprised at her directness that I simply lowered my head and said, "Yes," in a low voice."

"My you look pretty in your blue dress. I'm glad you

are a boy. Mother never lets me play with boys. We instantly bonded, walking around the rose garden talking as boy and girl. Anne admitted that she never would have guessed I was a boy if her mother hadn't told her. She knocked me for a loop when she said it was her mother who had recommended dressing me as a girl for punishment when mother had tea with her weeks earlier after my mother told her she was having discipline problems with me. Anne said her mother recommend what's called "petticoat punishment" because they were an old-fashioned family and many of the boys growing up over several generations had spent time in petticoats and girlish finery.

My mother had obviously taken the advice to heart and had waited for the opportunity to do it to me. After all, Mrs. Kenzie, from one of the richest and most influential families in town in addition to being my father's boss's wife recommended it, it was sometime my mother thought almost obligated to give a good try.

I remember that day well. After that, the morning went quickly and mother came out to fetch me. "We have to go and meet your father from work now."

We said goodbye to Anne and Mrs. Kenzie, and then walked towards the bus stop. Father had taken the car to work that day, and we were going there to ride home with him. Father was equally under my mother's domination. Almost every day she either drove him to work and picked him up or we took the bus to meet him when he takes the car because she didn't want him going to the bar for a drink with the men after his work. I think she also wanted to make sure he wasn't out anywhere he might meet other women.

After driving home with father, I was about to head towards my bedroom, but mother stopped me. "You don't get away that easily. You have to do the ironing. I will teach you to how to sew after you finish. All girls must learn how to sew and mend. I spent the remainder of the evening ironing and trying to learn how sew up a tear in one of my mother's dresses, plus got a lesson in how to add more lace to a pair of my new panties. The panties certainly didn't need to be any fancier, but I think it was just an

exercise to drive home the fact that i was a sissy now under her rule and expected to be a sissy in all things.

I got a break from sewing and mother served dinner. She mentioned she was going to start teaching me how to cook the next day. After dinner and doing the dishes, it was back to do more sewing and ironing for me. We then watched an episode of Mary Tyler Moore until half past eight. Then I was sent to shower, put on my nightie and go to bed. I realized I was getting used to the soft, silky nightie that didn't feel quite so strange anymore.

On most Sunday mornings, my mother and father usually sleep in. But today they are up early, I found them at the breakfast table. "We're going downtown shopping now."

I was dumbfounded. "Mother, please, you can't do that; people will know I'm a boy," I pleaded.

"Remember the strap, sissy boy? Don't give me any trouble or you'll get the strap no matter where we are at, and then your father will make it so you won't sit down for a week after he paddles your butt when he gets home." I stood in shock. It was like I was in a trance as she led me out the door and down the street.

She saw I was still concerned. "Catherine, you did amazingly well yesterday at Mrs. Kenzie's house. Just do the same and no one will know. And do it well; I don't want a dumpy, ugly little boy embarrassing me at the stores I love to patronize."

On our way, one of our neighbors who we didn't know very well was passing. She stopped to look. "Martha, I did not know you had a daughter. She's quite pretty. I wish I had a daughter. I just have boys; maybe we can all get together sometime. I so miss girl talk. What's your name, girl? Mother came to my rescue, "Yes, she is a pretty girl. Thank you. Her name is Catherine."

My legs were shaky as the conversation ended and we walked away. But at least I hadn't been recognized. We walked to the bus stop. The cool breeze was making the skirt of my dress balloon

upwards. "Catherine, dear, hold onto your dress; put your hands down in front of you, unless you want people to see your nice slip and panties." She laughed at her little teasing. I pushed down firmly on my dress front to keep it in place.

Walking down the street towards us were two men I knew from our neighborhood. I tried to hide behind mother as much as possible. As they passed, I was relieved that they didn't recognize me. Then I looked back and one of them was looking back at me and he whistled when the wind lifted up my skirt in back. I had no idea if he had seen my panties, but I dreaded the worse and assumed he had. Mother reprimanded me, "You have a lot to learn, girly. You have to keep that skirt of yours under control. People will think you're a hussy, letting the wind blow it around like you don't even care who sees what!"

My skirt again blew up revealing my panties. "Keep that skirt under control. I don't want you turning into a slut," mother admonished. I didn't know what a slut was, but I knew it was something or someone bad or unladylike. We waited at the bus stop for twenty minutes before one came along. I stood at the bus stop with my eyes down in shame in case I was recognized. We got onto the bus. It had some seats facing each other. Mother had us sit in one. Then a man got on and sat directly opposite of me. Mother whispered in my ear, "Keep your knees together, girl. That man's looking up your skirt." I quickly brought my legs together, looking down sheepishly at my feet for the remainder of the journey into the city. We got off at the town hall stop, and then walked over to Dunning Street to Alexander's our town's main department store in those days.

Mother entered with me following close behind. She had us take the elevator to the second floor ladies wear department and then walked directly to the ladies' powder room. I meekly followed her. She whispered in my ear, "Don't forget; we girls always sit on the toilet. Girls don't pee standing up!" I went into the first cubicle, upped my dress, lowered my panties, and sat down. I was so nervous that it took a while for me to let go and pee. Mother wondered why and came to my closed door and asked, "Is everything OK, Catherine, dear? You must not take all day!" When I finally finished, I opened the door

and saw several women and girls waiting for a cubicle. I hadn't even noticed them on the way in. I followed mother as we washed our hands, and then she took out her lipstick, smoothed the it on her lips and then handed it to me. I was quite nervous doing that with others watching. I had been practicing putting on lipstick so I was careful not to make a mess of it. I just dabbed a bit on and gave it back to mother. In more ways than one, it was a relief to get out of there and then go to the handbag section where she took her time looking for a little girls' purse for me. After she paid for it, she led me to the cosmetics department and bought a light red lipstick for me.

She then had us spend over an hour looking at dresses for me in the young girls' department, frequently holding up a dress to me before deciding what to buy. She picked dresses that were styled for girls much younger than my actual age. She chose two and sent me to the changing room. Terrified, I took off my white dress, put on a childish-looking pink dress and then went outside when mother insisted I come out so she could see how it fitted on me. Then I went back in and tried on the yellow dress she had selected. She liked that one better and we bought it.

From there we went down the street to a lingerie store where she shopped for a long nightgown for me, saying my babydoll was fine in the warmer weather but on cooler nights, I'd need a longer gown. I blushed heavily as she held several against my body before selecting a blue satin one with lace and ribbons at the top. I thought we were leaving until mother put me through the agony of shopping for a selection of panties. She had me hold them as we walked around the department as she kept adding to the stack of panties in my hands. She delighted in embarrassing me as she'd hold pair after pair up to my waist like she was checking the size but she was just playing with my already frazzled nerves. Three or four times she made a point of saying, "... a girl can't have too many pairs of pretty panties."

At home, I had to model my new dress for my father as well as hold up the other purchases. Thank goodness mother didn't make me model the panties, but I feared she would have made me do that too if I

showed any resistance. Father sat nervously like he was hoping it would all soon end so he could get back to watching his favorite Western on TV. Even though, I didn't have to strip and model the panties for him, it crushed the little remaining masculinity I had left in me to hold up pair after pair of my new panties for him to see. Mother made him comment approvingly on each pair as she had him touch the lace and test the stretchiness of the elastic and feel the smoothness of the satin and nylon. I'm sure she relished shaming him almost as much as she enjoyed shaming me.

That night I slept in my new long nightgown. In the morning, it was a school day and I feared what was going to happen as I ate my breakfast still in the nightgown. Then, I went back to my room. I found my regular boys' school uniform waiting on my bed. I dressed hurriedly so I could catch the school bus. I was Jamie, a boy again. As I was about to leave, mother yelled at me, "Don't forget to take your nail polish off. There is a bottle of remover in the bathroom cabinet. Make sure it's all rubbed off; you don't want the boys and girls to see you have pink fingernails." At school no one commented about my running away last week, except my teacher, Mr. Clifton. He said, Jamie, I understand your parents gave you an appropriate punishment. I hope you've learned your lesson, but if you haven't I'll be glad to encourage them to discipline you in addition to any punishments I give you. I was aghast. Did he know how I had to spend the weekend as a girl? His creepy smile told me that he did.

After school, at home my babydoll nightie was waiting on my bed. With mother standing there staring at me, I had to change into fresh lingerie and a new pleated skirt and a cream-colored chiffon blouse. Through it you could see the full slip mother had made me put on. "I had hoped to let you wear your boys' clothes again in the house, but after what you did last night, I'm very upset and not sure what to do with you. Now, stay dressed in that outfit and after we go pick up your father from work, we'll have dinner here at home and I have someone coming over tonight for a visit to help us deal with your problem. I, of course, had no idea what she was talking about. Knowing that I was in some kind of trouble again kept me so on edge that I could barely

do my homework.

Then after dinner, the doorbell rang, and I had to go answer it. I was stunned to see our minister, who everyone called Brother John. Sheepishly, I let him in. He stared at me with smiling, condescending eyes. "Jamie, you look very nice like that. I don't suppose you'll be getting into too much trouble as a girl, huh?" he smirked.

Mother corrected him. "Brother John, we call Jamie Catherine when he is like this, and contrary what you said about this miserable child getting into trouble as a girl, she did just that. After a moment of small talk, we all sat down in the den and mother brought out the long satin nightgown I had worn the night before, and she pointed to the dried-on stain on the front of the gown. I had no idea what it was but Brother John just said, "Oh, I see, a nighttime emission. Was this his first?" My mother said she thought it was. Then she asked me. "Is this the first time you have ever done anything like this?" Then I remembered getting up that morning and the nightgown was stiff in front but I hadn't thought anything of it. Then in the far reaches of my mind I did remember rubbing the silky, satiny nightgown over my penis and balls the night before and it had felt so good but that's all I remembered. I told them I had no idea what had happened. Of course, I didn't admit to them that I had touched myself through the gown. The reverend said, "Jamie, I mean, Catherine, I know you are lying. You have engaged in the filthy act of self-abuse. (I had no idea what that meant.) You need to be punished. I then had to go over my father's lap. He blushed up a storm as he pulled up my flippy pleated shirt revealing the gaudy purple panties with pink lace insets I had on that night. Brother John stared and even reached out and touched my panties on the side as if to confirm what he was seeing. His touch sent a chill right through to my very core. "My oh my, what wonderful panties you have on -- for a boy, very fancy panties, fancy like that soiled nightgown of yours. You must really be a big sissy to get excited by such frilly girly things."

My nervous state was causing my penis to erect. I didn't want it to happen, but I had no control over it. I hoped they wouldn't notice. But they did. As he pointed to my hardening penis pushing away at the

front of my panties, Brother John, said, "Oh, dear, look at that. He really gets excited wearing this sissy underwear. It's not natural for a boy to love silky girls' clothes. You have to stop this perverse fascination you have for girls' fancy clothes."

Mother said she would take away all the lingerie and burn them. She said maybe it was a mistake to punish me that way. She had thought it would shame me into fighting to be a boy not make me want to be a girl. I sobbed in shame and protested that I didn't want to be a girl. Brother John then turned to my parents. "No, I believe the only way you can cure him of this, is to make him wear his silky lingerie every night and be soundly spank him until he overcomes this crazy, unnatural interest he has in things that only girls are supposed to enjoy. Soon enough, I'm sure he'll no longer become so excited by such silly girly clothes." Mother said,

"OK, then, I'll make him wear panties every day, even to school, and I'll make him wear fancy slippers and nighties at home for a spanking every night until he stops leaving stains in his lingerie." Brother John nodded approvingly and said, "I'm sure that will do it. What do you think, Mr. McGuire?" he asked my father. My dad just stared at him and nodded like it was an OK plan; he was blushing in embarrassment as much as I was.

I had just one normal week of school after that, but



then it was summer vacation. I got away with wearing panties to school that week without anyone finding out. I did get an intense spanking, a whipping with my father's belt or a paddling with a long metal ruler every night. Invariably, every morning there were at least a little smudge or stain in my panties or nightgown so the nightly spankings continued. To my horror, mom told me that I was to spend the whole of the summer as Catherine until I no longer got excited wearing silken panties and staining my gowns. But I was a young boy with all of a young

boy's need to ejaculate and I quickly began shooting more and more copious loads into my lingerie. I didn't want to do it, but it did feel so good to relieve myself, which now I did consciously, even though I tried to pull down my panties or pull up my nightgown to avoid staining them. I'd shoot off into my hand and had nowhere to put my cum so I would slurp it up and swallow it. I hated doing that but my cum had such a strong stink to it that I couldn't just wipe my hand on something because the smell seemed to linger forever, so I'd just eat it to get rid of the evidence. Yet, I was a bit clumsy and some of it would drip on my lingerie or keep oozing out of my spent penis and leave pecker tracks in my panties for my mother to eventually find.

I got used to the strappings, as much as one can get used to that sort of thing. I learned to tune out the pain and travel with my mind focused elsewhere. The only problem was, my brain usually took me on a ride to was a land of girly clothes and the dreams of the enjoyment of playing with myself while wearing them.

Mother made me live as Catherine for the summer, but when it was time for school in the fall, my spankings finally stopped and my boys' clothes reappeared. The good reverend and my parents still had me wear panties and nighties when at home and I had to wear panties under my clothes for a weekly hour-long visit with my parents to see Brother John. He'd make me strip down and stand before him in just my panties. He'd berate me for the entire hour and keep watching my pantied penis. If it erected in the least, he'd take note and later report to my parents. He wanted to see if it was happening more or less over time. Sometimes I'd get hard, very hard. As you know, regardless of circumstances teenage boys can get erections at any time for no reason whatsoever, but of course, Brother John blamed it on the panties and my unhealthy attraction toward them. He'd report that to my parents. Eventually, I too believed it was the panties and believed it was the only thing that got me excited simply because he had been telling me that for so long; it was like I was brainwashed.

Strangely enough, when they stopped the spankings, I missed being paddled. Then I'd purposely get into

trouble to merit a spanking for some other offense and get a big dose of corporal punishment, and always with my panties on "for decency's sake."

However, by then, I had learned to love the spankings in my panties and I'd often shoot off my cum in my panties during those spankings. That horrified Brother John and my parents, but at that point, I didn't care. By then I was thoroughly hooded on silky lingerie and it was more pleasurable than painful to be spanked in my panties. I hated the really brutal whippings, but anything up to a really abusive spanking, I loved!

As I went through my teenage years, my male sex characteristics developed, but my experiences as Catherine were not forgotten. I left school at 16. My parents could not afford to keep me there any longer.

When I graduated high school, it all stopped. Even the panties and nighties disappeared from my room, but I was such a panty fetishist by then that I acquired them on my own, wore them and self-administered spankings over my panties.

I soon got a job and began to live on my own. Over the years I bought a collection of feminine attire, wigs, heels, makeup etc., secretly spending time alone as Catherine and then, more boldly, venturing forth alone as a young lady out in public on occasion.

I did find a girl that I really loved and we eventually married. I abandoned all my feminine attire and tried to do things 'normal,' but after a time, I again built up a new collection of dresses, lingerie etc.

Then, one day my wife found out. At first she was quite upset, but over time the hidden virtues of love prevailed, and she accepted my dressing in part as long as I kept Catherine hidden from the children. When the children were full grown and had moved out, I began dressing about the house and sleeping in a nightdress, and when I retired I began to dress more often and more openly.

My wife and I struck a deal. As a condition of being able to dress as Catherine, I had to do most of the housework, cooking, washing, sewing, ironing, and

the supermarket shopping. My wife then went one step further and said that since I was like the family maid, that's what I'd be. She was in Chicago once and went to a huge professional costume store and got me three maids' outfits, which became my daily wear ever since. As a servant to my wife is how I now live.

When I was still in school my mother would often threaten to send me to school in a dress; she never did, but it sufficiently scared me that the idea became part of my masturbation fantasies ever since.

I recently saw the movie "Bill's New Frock," and I loved the boy in a dress in his school. I imagined when I was that age, that was about how I looked. So I've included a picture here from the movie for your enjoyment.

I encourage you to see the movie too; it's great fun. I also attached a photo of me in one of my maids' outfits. This picture is already a number of years ago. I hope you enjoy seeing it too.

Maid Catherine



*Photo from the
Pantywaist Weakly.*