

## THE MOST DELICIOUS EXPERIENCE

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I've been interested in the true stories titled "Why I am a sissy" in recent issues of The Sissy Times. I also noticed one titled "Why my husband is a sissy." Although trans gender fiction can be entertaining, there is nothing for me to equal true stories of how we became sissies - and how we enjoy it.

I had first thought of titling this article "Why we are sissies" because I want to tell a number of true stories. On reflection, I decided to call it "The most delicious experience" because I want to concentrate on one particular aspect of cross dressing that is for many, perhaps even most, of us the most delicious, most sensual, most powerful, and most desirable one: being turned into a sissy by a female, whether that person is a mother, aunt, sister, cousin, baby sitter, or just a woman in the neighborhood. I have heard true stories of feminization by all the above categories of women. The purpose of this article is to tell you some of them.

Because of a listing in a trans gender magazine, I receive many letters and phone calls from sweet sissies who love silk and satin and nylon and precious panties and pretty dresses and heels and all the other delectable girl clothes as much as I do. Most of us also seem to have something else in common: we think the most delicious experience, and our greatest fantasy, is to be dressed as a girl by a girl. In my listing I say I have written some stories about boys being sweetly dressed as girls by girls, and the persons who contact me are greatly interested in that. Many have gone through petticoat training or punishment themselves, and many have also written stories based on effemination of boys by girls or women. Some of the stories are based on actual happenings; others are pure wishful thinking or fantasy.

In this article I don't want to get into the technical or clinical aspects of the why of cross dressing: Is it genetic or environmental, or both? Are some of us more predisposed to it than others? I don't think there is any definitive answer in spite of all the theories and all the medical journal articles and books. I've heard enough and read enough to know that persons start dressing at different times in their lives and under different circumstances. Some start on their own. They see a garment, usually panties, of their mother or sister, have the urge to try it on - and they are hooked. Others are feminized by females. To paraphrase the famous statement, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them" (may not be an exact quote), I'll say "Some are born sissies, some achieve sissiness on their own, and others have sissiness thrust upon them." It is this latter group I want to write about here.

One of the most knowledgeable professionals in the field of cross dressing is Dr. Robert Stoller, for many years professor of psychiatry at the U.C.L.A. Medical School and author of many books and medical journal articles in our area of interest. In his private practice, Dr. Stoller saw almost exclusively transsexuals and transvestites. From his vast experience he wrote in his book Sex and Gender that he believed transvestism came almost exclusively from a boy being dressed as a female by a female. He has one particularly powerful and interesting chapter titled "The transvestite and his women" in which he gives many case histories of boys being dressed - and how this led to their lifelong love of dressing.

Even those who maintain the love of cross dressing is genetic would have to agree, I think, that being dressed at an impressionable age as a girl has a powerful and stimulating effect on a boy. I have no research to back it up, but I maintain that almost without exception if any boy is properly feminized - and I stress properly - he is going to love wearing girls' clothes the rest of his life. There may be some exceptions. I've seen some red necks who may not love wearing panties even if they were put in them when young. And I'm sure there are many who deny and repress their love of and longing for girls's clothes. But I think most of the honest ones of us will admit that once we've experienced the ecstasy of wearing panties and dresses there's no turning back. And the initial experiences are perhaps more profound if they are associated with our being feminized by a female who knows how to do it right and, even better, one who likes doing it. Oh what putty we are in the hands of a girl who introduces us to the joys of panties. Was it Richard III who said, "My horse, my horse, my kingdom for a horse?" Anyway, couldn't many of us say, "My panties, my panties, my kingdom for a sweet pair of panties - and a woman who will put me in them."

So as to preserve anonymity and confidentiality, I'm going to refer to all the sissies in this article as Betty. In fact, none of them has that name. I also want to make one more disclaimer: I believe all of the stories I have heard are true - although some may sound pretty far out. I can't prove anything; all I can go on is what persons tell me. If some are carried away by wishful thinking, so be it.

Betty #1 has called me several times in the past week, and in today's mail should be a number of pictures of her ranging from the time she was a tiny boy girl of 3 through her teenage girlhood to the present. She is now a young woman of 27 still living with her mother. The mother, living alone and with no other children, wanted a daughter and made her wish come true. Betty was raised in dresses and with long hair. She was sent to a private school where the school authorities knew she was a boy girl. At first her classmates didn't know, but they learned in time. One of the delightful aspects was that there were three or four other sissies in the school. Their mommies didn't totally keep them in dresses, and they weren't sent to school that way, but the mothers did feminize them and highly approved of their playing dress up with Betty. Many slumber parties on week-ends were held at the various homes. The mothers, relishing in the process, helped the little darlings into panties and dresses and other pretty lingerie and encouraged them to model the clothes in style shows. At bed time each sweet little sissy was put in a nightgown or baby doll, tucked in with a goodnight kiss, and drifted off to girlish dreams clutching a dolly.

Can you imagine anything more wonderful? As much as I adore my big girl clothes, my lovely WonderMaid pink panties with ecru lace (style #9996) and matching slip (style #2996), my garter belt and Christian Dior nylons, my slim heels, my fashionable Talbots dresses, skirts, and blouses - and my many nightgown and peignoir sets - I wonder if perhaps it isn't even sweeter to be a pretty, sissy little boy girl of say 5-10 and to be put by Mommy or one of my sisters into rhumba panties with ruffles on the bottom, a crinoline, a puffed out organdy or black velvet dress with big bow in the back, white ankle socks and Mary Jane's, white wrist length gloves, and then have a pretty big bow put in my hair and given a dolly to play with. Of course, I'd have doll clothes to dress my Barbie or other doll up in. Then Mommy would take me out to show me off to all her women friends who would ooh and aah and say what a pretty little girl I made and that I should have been a girl instead of a boy. This kind of fantasy has been a reality for many Betty's I've talked to.

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Being a big girl has its compensations too. I do love my stylish clothes and going out, which I frequently do, to a fashionable restaurant with good food and being waited on like a lady. I have two special restaurants I frequent, both of which I went to last week. Saturday night the owner of own remembered the table at which I'd sat the previous time and showed me to, as he put it, "your table." He also remembered what I had ordered the last time. And as I leave those restaurants, I am most cordially welcomed back. Evenings like those give a girl a wonderful feeling.

Betty #2 tells me her mother kept her in panties until she was about 10. She still remembers vividly her sixth birthday. The relatives were gathered round and Betty opened a present from her mother. What was in it? Six pairs of panties- for all the relatives to see. Betty blushed to the roots with shame and embarrassment, but at the same time the most glorious sensations coursed through her. I'm sure you know what I mean. I'm long past the age of embarrassment or shame over my wonderful desire to wear girls' clothes, but an element of embarrassment at the right age can add to the sensual pleasure. I'll always remember a time when I was about 12 or 13 and my mother came home while I was still dressed. I rushed to the garage and hid on the back floor of the car. My mother kept calling me - and finally discovered me. You can imagine the climax of the story - pun intended.

My mother was somewhere in between the mothers, like the mother of Betty #1, who wanted a daughter and who proceeded to create one, and the mothers who did not want their little boys to dress. I think my mother secretly wanted me to, but I got mixed signals. Some times she would even suggest I dress up, and would be there with me when I did. One Halloween she suggested I go to a party dressed as a girl. I was dying to do it, but too embarrassed. A number of Betty's I've heard from were forced to go to such parties dressed. Sometimes the little boys secretly wanted to go dressed, but protested. Other times the little boy really didn't want to go dressed, but after he did he was hooked. That was the first time for many. It all goes back to my theory that it's a rare little boy who is not going to adore the feeling of panties and dresses once he has worn them.

Betty #3 tells me not only about herself but about her cousin whom I'll call D. Betty's hair was kept long and uncut until she was about 11 or 13. She was also put in dresses, and of course undies, many times by her own mother but also by her aunt, the mother of D. D. had it even better. He was in many respects like Betty #1. He was raised and sent to school as a girl. He even went off to work in a major city as a girl. D's mother had learned about the feminization of boys from a stay in Europe where apparently the custom was quite common. She determined that if she ever had a son he would be feminized - and so he was.

Betty #4 tells me that when <sup>she</sup> <sup>year old</sup> ~~was~~ one her mother learned that her father had sired a daughter out of wedlock. The mother, furious, ordered the feminization of her son by saying to the father, "You wanted a daughter; OK now you've got one." The little boy was henceforth to be raised as a girl. The father was too cowed to object. Betty, an older lady now, says she was in junior high before she realized she wasn't a genetic female. I realize that is hard to believe, but this was long ago and Betty swears that is the truth.

Betty#5 has a marvelous story. She had two older girl cousins who loved feminizing her. They would dress her up and then let her watch them as they bathed and dressed. Then the three girls would sit on a bed and have lots of girl talk, including about boys.

Betty #6 also has a good cousin story. When Betty was about 16 her cousin, a budding beautician and hair stylist, was 20. Betty had fairly long hair in those days. One time when Betty was at her cousin's, the cousin asked Betty if she would mind if she practiced on Betty's hair. Betty agreed - and the cousin proceeded to fix and arrange the hair in a lovely feminine style. Betty was bowled over. Then the cousin asked if she could make-up Betty. The answer was yes. Finally, the cousin asked Betty if she would like to put on some of the cousin's clothes. By then, Betty was all ready and well on the road to feminization. When the pink panties and all the other items, including much jewelry, were on and when her toe nails and finger nails were painted red Betty was, to use her word, "damp." Yes, I can understand, and you probably can too. She has written me a number of letters telling me of many other wonderful experiences with that cousin. One time Betty wore a pink crushed velvet evening gown.

Speaking of evening gowns, it's only been within the past year that I have acquired one of my own. I got it at a bridal shop and had it specially altered to fit me. Obviously the clerk and alteration lady knew it was for me - and that was fun for all of us. It's black taffeta with pink ruffles, bow, and hem. It's spaghetti strapped - although it can be worn strapless - and is absolutely adorable. A black and pink cape comes with it, although except on cold nights the cape is a little too much trouble to fool with. I have long elbow length white gloves to go with the outfit. I wore it to a party New Year's Eve and to one of my favorite restaurants before and will wear it to an affair this Saturday. Theme is "Hooray for Hollywood." We're supposed to come as our favorite movie star. I'm not going to try to be any particular star. If I had my wish, I'd look like Grace Kelly. Every time I see her in that white chiffon evening gown in To Catch a Thief I drool with envy.

This article already is becoming longer than I had anticipated so I'll end by quickly telling you in a sentence or two the stories of a few other Betty's.

Betty #7: She used to spend every Friday afternoon till Saturday night with her grandmother who bought a whole supply of girls' clothes for her, including nighties she slept in every night she was there. Grandfather was around but his wife ruled the roost. Mother knew about what was happening and did not object.

Betty #8: She was, at age 4, visiting her aunt and two girl cousins. She had been "bad," or so she was told. That night at bedtime, Betty was brought a pair of pink panties and nightgown. And the next two weeks she was visiting she was kept dressed as a girl.

Betty #9: She had two girl baby sitters, sisters, who bathed Betty <sup>frequently when she was a</sup> ~~as a~~ pre-schooler, dried her off, then stood her up on the toilet seat and proceeded to dress her in little girl clothes. They they would hug and kiss her and tell her what a beautiful doll she was.

Betty #10: She also was being "bad" and had on a little boy's baseball uniform. Momma yanked him upstairs, and while he was screaming and protesting took off the baseball uniform, put him in a dress, and buttoned it up the back. He was kept that way all day. Funny thing is there were no daughters, so why was the dress ready and waiting?

5.

Betty #11 was 6 and had never had her hair cut. The first hair cut was scheduled for a Monday. On the preceding Saturday, Betty went into her bedroom and saw panties and a dress laid out on her bed. Her parents, including her father, had decided to take some pictures of her before her hair was cut. Years later Betty remembered being outside on that Saturday while her picture was being taken. She remembered the soft summer breeze blowing up her dress and the feel, delicious, of her panties. She never got over it.

The last two Betty's I'm going to mention are not ones I've heard from personally, only ones I've read about in a newspaper and in a book. Betty #12 had been a "juvenile delinquent," or at least a "bad" boy. His punishment was to dress as a girl for an entire summer. Do you think the judge might have had vicarious pleasure in handing out that sentence?

And finally, one of the best stories of all. Dr. Stoller writes in <sup>one of his</sup> ~~Sex and~~ Gender of Nikki. Nikki's mother was very avant garde. So were her friends. Her sweet little boy girl was raised as a girl. When friends came to parties, Nikki was paraded out in all his/her finery. Nikki's hair was kept long, and she too was sent to school as a girl. I would love to meet Nikki today, but my guess is she is still a sweet sissy.

I'll close by saying I admit to, and am happy about, being a sissy. If someone has never worn panties and dresses, he has missed out on one of, in fact the greatest of, experiences in life. I don't have to try to convince the sissies reading this article. You know what I mean!

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"Stepping"

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