

From the

# Princess Archives

Princess Archives  
Section 100-A

## #1



*Adults Only*

### ART

Forcibly Crossdressed and Spanked in  
Front of Neighbors

1960s Dress Disciplined Boys by Posey

Now, Let's See How You Do as a Girl

### STORIES

Family Tradition: It Wasn't Unusual to  
Dress Him Up Like a Girl

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Boy Rips Off Wig of a Crossdressed Boy

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Article: Boy's Life in Princess Dresses

Book Review: Boy Raised as a Girl

Items featured in this volume are of interest to crossdressers and pantywaist sissies like yourself and come from our readers, visitors to our web site, and our vast personal library that we have been collecting since the early 1960s!

Since 1981

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**

1950s Vintage  
Upskirt Gal



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## Family Tradition: It Wasn't Unusual to Dress Him Up Like a Girl

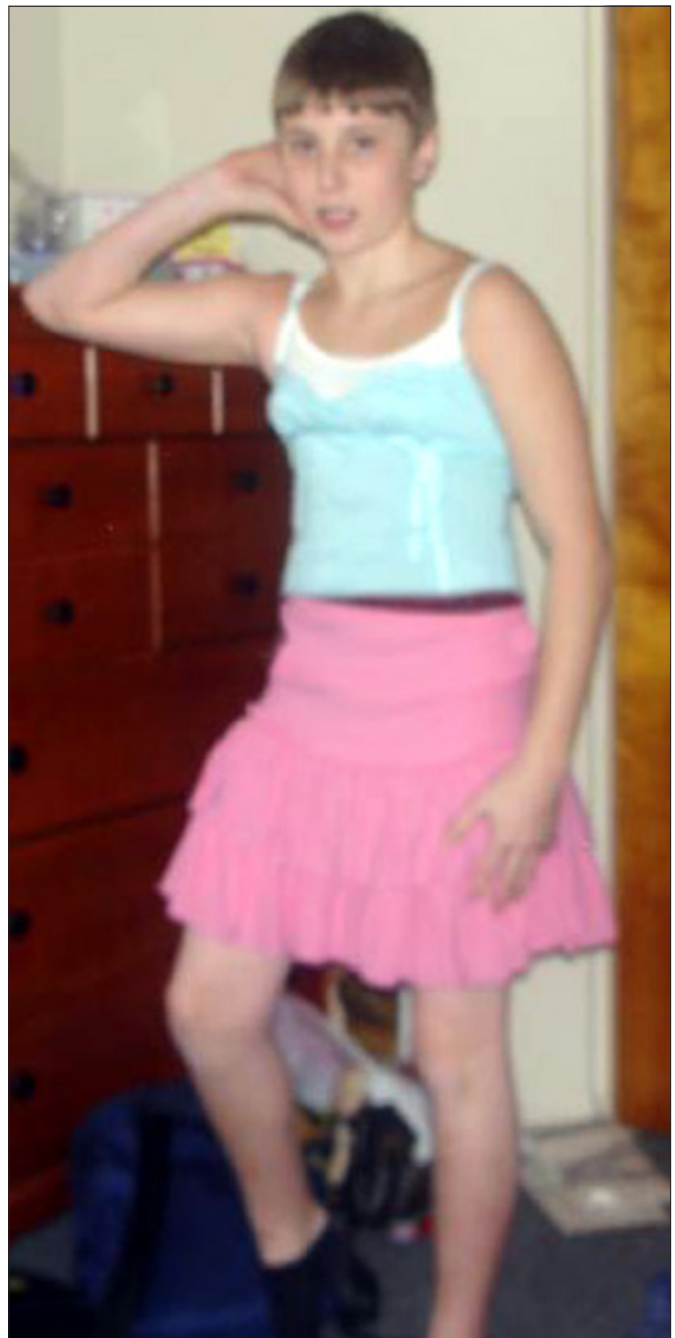
My grandma and grandpa on my father's side lived over 200 miles from us, so we rarely visited them. When I was thirteen, I dreaded the upcoming trip to visit them because they were getting older and had moved into a small apartment from their large home that I had always loved because it had a spacious backyard with plenty of room for exploring and playing. Dad told me his parents no longer needed a big house to rattle around in since all their children had married and moved away. This was destined to be the last time I visited them under the strange circumstances I'm about to relate.

The year was 1940, and Gram and Gramp moved from into their small cookie cutter Cape Cod style home. Each year my parents visited Dad's folks in March after our typically harsh winter weather, and in August or September, they usually visited them again, but for this visit, I also went along. I was six years old and deposited there for a weekend visit. We would leave home at about 5 AM, hoping to arrive in time for lunch. (Super highways didn't exist.)

After we arrived, we all had a light lunch, and then visited for the afternoon before having a big feast of a dinner prepared by two of my aunts, who lived not far away. They made most everything at their houses, then brought the food over to Gram's house and made a spread on picnic tables set up in the backyard of the apartment building since they had only a small kitchen-dining area. When the festivities ended for the day, I went home with my aunt and uncle and my cousin Jean Louise because Gram's small apartment didn't have a guest room. Jean was a few months older than I was.

I didn't stay with my parents at Gram's apartment because there was only one modest spare bedroom in their small home. While staying with my grandparents, I usually slept in just my underwear, but upon retiring at my aunt's house, she insisted I would wear proper nightclothes, and without my parents to plead my case, I had to put on one of Jean's best long nighties made of a slinky smooth fabric in peach and trimmed with yards of cream-colored lace. In the morning, we would be joining the rest of the family for church services with all us kids going to the church's Sunday school. Then we were to rejoin my grandparents, parents and other kin for lunch and a short visit before going home.

Aunt Fran decided I couldn't wear my shorts and polo shirt to Sunday school and Church services. I had to be properly attired. The only option available to her, since I didn't travel with a suit, was that I wear something of Jean's. Without discussion, I was stripped of my nightie and put into sleek, white lace-edged pink panties, bloomer panties that went a little way down my legs, and a matching vest and full slip followed by a summer weight white linen dress trimmed with pink and white lace. The dress buttoned up the back and was decorated with a pink fabric sash



that went about my waist and tied in a big butterfly bow below the buttons. The dress was trimmed with a pink satin ribbons and white lace about the short puffy sleeves, the square neckline and the skirt a few inches above the hem. Along with anklets and patent leather shoes, I was put into a white soft brimmed hat with pink satin streamers and taken to Sunday services.

At six years old, I knew I was a boy and not supposed to wear girls' clothes, but I had been trained not to question my elders. I simply did what they told me to do; however, I discovered how bad it was for a boy to wear his girl cousin's clothes upon entering the Sunday school.

Everyone gathered around me, the new kid, and wondered why I had such short hair for a girl, so my cousin Jean simply





told them I was a boy. The roomful of kids made fun of me for wearing a dress. The giggling began, and I was quizzed; they wanted to know if I was a mama's boy or a sissy or if I had been a bad boy and was being punished! Of course, if they wanted to see what I was wearing underneath, and they had a great time lifting up my dress and fancy slip to see the lacy pink bloomer panties I was wearing.

I was spared further humiliation when teacher arrived and she began giving us the weekly religious instruction. However, when the lesson ended the kids' questions began flying again. I was glad Jean told them I wasn't a sissy and I wasn't being punished. She just explained that I was visiting and didn't have any boys' clothes nice enough to wear to church, and so it was decided I had to wear an outfit of hers instead. That seemed to satisfy most of them, but a few of them continued to giggle and tease until we met up with my grandparents and aunt and uncle after their church services. Happily, my uncle shooed away the teasers, and the other children left me alone while my aunt and uncle visited to other worshipers. None of the adults paid much attention to me. They didn't seem to give a hoot why I had such short hair if I was a girl or why I was dressed like a girl if I was a boy.

One lady went out of her way to compliment me on my 'pretty country girl style dress' as she termed it and asked me all about how I liked wearing it. She even asked if I was lucky enough to be wearing undies as fancy as the dress. I had no idea if she knew I was a boy or a girl, and I wasn't about to inform her. With my aunt's blessing, the woman picked up the hem of my dress and swished it around in her hands; I know she was looking carefully at my panties. She gazed intently and frowned a bit but then gave me a kiss on the cheek and said I was brave to wear such pretty clothes when most other kids wore very plain outfits. While she was playing around and flipping up my skirt and slip, she surely saw the bulge in my loose-fitting pink bloomer panties, I don't know for sure if she then realized I was a boy, but I sensed she did because she just kept saying, "Oh, how sweet! Oh, how pretty to see a child who so loves wearing such dainty undies." Then she waved goodbye. I was glad she went away.

When we arrived back at Gram's, a luncheon buffet was set up on tables out in the yard. Other relatives that I didn't know stopped to see my father before it was announced we had to leave to go back home. I was surprised that my parents and other relatives said little about how I was dressed, other than generically complimenting me by saying things like, "Oh, John, you look so sweet, today."

Jean asked me if I enjoyed wearing 'nice clothes' as she put it. "Aren't soft panties, vests and slips comfortable? All the added lace and satin trim make them very special. You didn't seem to be overly upset dressed this way, so I think you enjoy wearing my silky slips and panties and one of my best dresses." I nodded and mumbled that the clothes felt nice to wear, but I was happy when she changed the subject.

Goodbye hugs and kisses were shared. When Dad told me to get into the car because we were leaving, I asked, "Can I change back into my own clothes?" Instead of verbally answering, he simply pointed to the car. I knew enough to get into it at once or he would give my pantied butt a wallop and make me dance in pain. At six, he never used a strap on me, but I just his big, calloused palm could impart harder stinging blows than my tush could stand.

All during the long trip home, dad said nothing about how I was dressed. I did fall asleep on the way, and my dress and slippers became rucked up around my hips. I woke up with the lacy pale pink panties on full display and my hands idling stroking the white lace around the panty legs. Still, nothing was said during the trip. While dad was at work the day, mom put me back into Jean's clothes and took me to see her mother, who lived just five blocks away. Grandma said to me, "You are too precious for words. Your aunts, uncles and cousins must see my new granddaughter."

So the following Sunday, I was dressed again and most of my aunts, uncles, and cousins on my mother's side of the family began dropping in to see the cute boy in a dress. I was crushed both mentally by the exposure and physically by the hugs and kisses of an endless parade of my relatives.

Around Halloween each year, my father's parents came to visit us. Gram and grandpa came by bus and usually stayed for a week or more. Then Aunt Fran, Uncle Bill and my cousin Jean would come to spend one night before taking Gram and Gramp back home the next day. On this visit, Mother had washed and pressed Jean's dress and lingerie and returned them to Aunt Fran. She accepted the dress but returned the lingerie to mom and said Jean had outgrown them, and I should keep them and wear them because they had been expensive when new and still had plenty of wear left in them.

When they departed, I owned the panties, vest, slip and a many-tiered petticoat. Mother placed them in my dresser with my boys' underwear. She told they were too nice not to use and that I would wear them on Sundays and other special occasions under my "dress-up" clothes.

I was unhappy with the prospect of someone finding out I was wearing satin and lace trimmed undies, but I wasn't given any choice. I wore dainties for Thanksgiving, Christmas and every week at Sunday school. I even had to wear the full slip tucked into my trousers when the weather got colder. Grandma had split the bottom of the slip front and back and fashioned them into homemade pettipants. After WWI, some exclusive women's shops did alter slips for women to wear under trousers, especially for the women who were then working in factories since dresses were not practical to wear on the job.





In 1941 the same scenario was played out again by Aunt Fran. I was taken to Church completely attired in a girls' dress outfit. When we sat at a table to wait for the teacher to arrive and the lesson to begin, a girl, whom I remembered as a teaser a year earlier, said to me, "Our little sissy has returned. Do you again have pretty panties on under your dress? I can see you have a nice camisole and slip."

I remembered her. I said back, "Hi, Peggy, I can see your dainties too. Do you have pretty silky panties on too?"

"But, I'm a girl and I'm supposed to wear lacy silken dainties."

"Well, Peggy, I'm a boy and I don't like to wear girls' dainties, but my aunt makes me wear them just to make you look dowdy since my clothes are so much prettier than yours!"

As she was ready to respond, the teacher arrived and began the lesson.

When we were alone my cousin Jean said, "I'm glad you put Peggy down. She's a real pain in the butt." Then she whispered in my ear, "You love wearing pretty dresses and silken slips and panties, don't you? I'm going to tell Aunt Bertha that she should make you wear dresses all the time."

I responded, "Oh, no! Don't tell her that. I don't want to be a girl or even look like a girl in any way!"

"Oh, you can't fool me. I think deep down you love my pretty clothes, and you really do want me to talk to Auntie (my mom) about it, so I'm going to whether you like it or not."

Mom said to me when we headed home, "Your cousin Jean says I should get you some dresses and more lingerie, especially since the lingerie she passed onto you last year is now getting quite worn. She says you really love your soft, cuddly satin, rayon and lace panties. Should I, honey?"

I immediately answered, "No, Mom, it's not necessary." I quickly realized that I hadn't come out very strongly against it. I didn't know why I hadn't been more adamant. I felt an unpleasant tickle in my stomach as I had to admit to myself that it was fun to feel her ticklish slips and soft dresses floating around me, and I blushed thinking about how her silken panties tickled my hips and thighs and ... even if I abhorred the teasing that these sissy girls' clothes invariably brought on. However, I surely wasn't going to admit this to anybody, even my mom even if she was convinced that I did enjoy them.

World War II interrupted our visits to Gran and Gramps. Then in 1946, after the war, our visits resumed. I was then twelve, and when I arrived at Aunt Fran's, I was directed to change into a fancy dress outfit of Jean's. When I asked why I was to be humiliated in girls' clothes again, Aunt Fran said, "Isn't it obvious?"

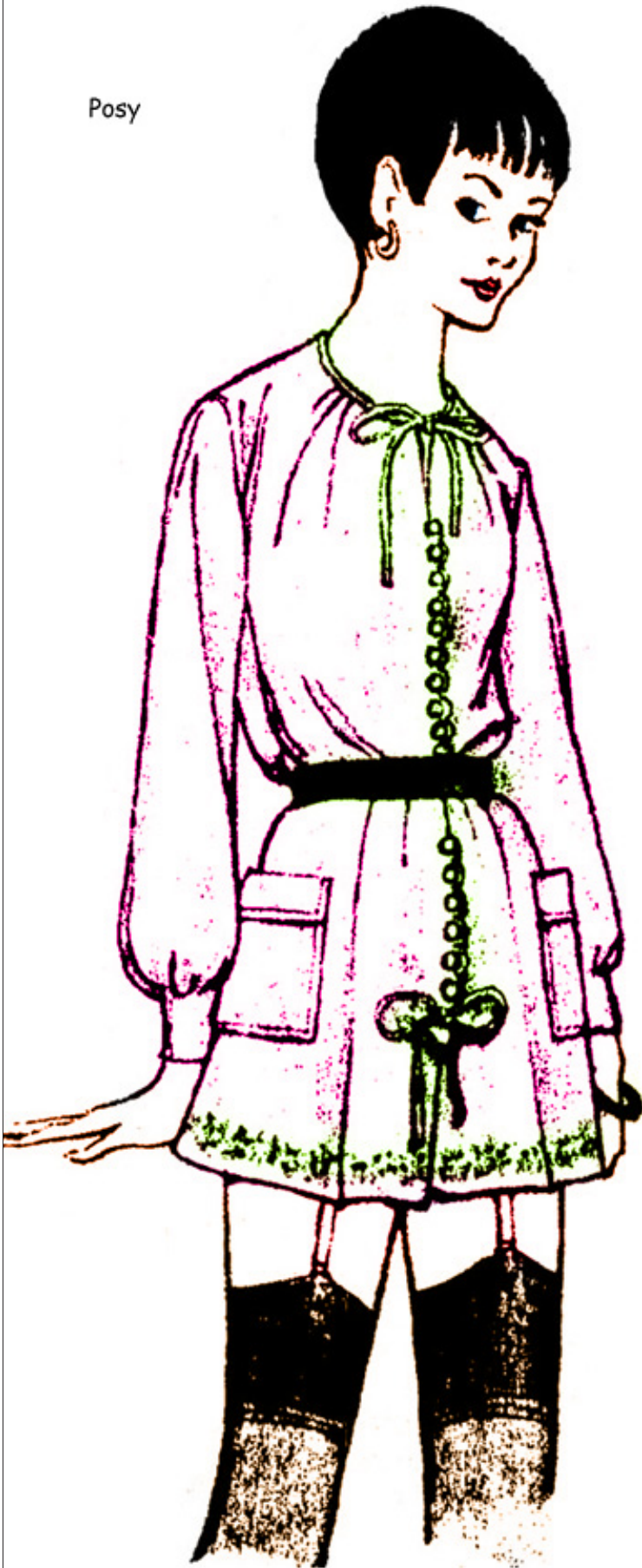
"No, Aunt Fran, I don't understand?"

"You're not being humiliated. It's simply that Jean's clothes are so much prettier than anything of you brought. We simply want you to look as nice as possible for Church, so you will wear a pretty skirt and undies."

Once again, I went to Church where I was greeted as a long lost friend.



Posy



Peggy said she wasn't surprised to see me in skirts again. I asked her why she wasn't teasing me as much as before. She said, "Well, I'm older now and with the clothes shortages during the war, I saw many boys who had to wear secondhand clothes from their sisters and relatives. It doesn't look so unusual anymore for me to see a boy in a skirt, even if he wears fancy girls' panties under his dress as you did before. I bet you have really fancy panties on under your skirt again today. I remember the finely decorated panties you had on years ago when you were here last; they were some of the fanciest panties I had ever seen. Can I take a peek?"

I was spared by the bell as they say as the teacher called us to attention and started the weekly lesson. After class, Peggy tried to pursue me, but my uncle was there right on time to pick me up, so I was spared the indignity because if Peggy could have seen the fancy my undies I had on under my blouse, skirt and coat, she would have teased me regardless of her then updated views. It was after the war and fancy lingerie was beginning to become available again, and my cousin had a drawerful of the laciest, fanciest and prettiest panties imaginable, even much more elaborate than those she had before the war. If they were discovered on me, I know I would have been not only teased but also held in disdain. Peggy was a developing into a sophisticated young woman, but I'm sure a peek at my ridiculously frilled and ruffled lingerie would have broken her facade and had her screaming and crying out with glee like a menacing and hysterical little preschooler.

That day, I was wearing a panty-girdle with two pairs of lacy panties — because my cousin and aunt said they knew how much I loved MY panties! I had one pair of panties under the girdle 'to help the tight girdle slide on easily' and another pair of panties on over the girdle 'for appearance sake' in case anyone would 'like to peek under my skirt'! In addition, I had long nylon stockings attached to the garter straps of the girdle. Those were quite unnerving to wear too! The constant pull of the garters couldn't be ignored! I also wore a soft training brassiere under my blouse that held me with a freaky, mind-upsetting snug grip that was kept reminding me of its presence. If I were to take off my suit jacket, the straps of my brassiere would clearly be visible through my thin blouse and slip. At least my aunt did not insist upon stuffing the little 'cheaters' into the bra that made it look like I had mini breasts, which she did make me wear at the house upon our return from church.

In 1947, I made my last trip to my Gram's, soon after they both died. Afterwards, when we were going through a box full of snapshots from Gram's house, I stopped when I saw four very similar photographs



of Aunt Fran as a little girl. However, they were marked Easter 1907, 1908, 1910 and 1912. I said, "Mom, did Gram make a mistake when she labeled these pictures because they go over five years, but Aunt Fran looks shorted and younger in the last two pictures taken years later."

Mom said it was strange and would ask dad about it. Then, two days later, mom told me the first two pictures were Aunt Fran on consecutive years, but the next one was of my father two years after that when he was able to fit into that same dress. The

last picture was on my Uncle Ted who was two years younger than my dad and then wearing the same dress he had worn and passed onto him. Then I realized that my aunt had been dressing up her brothers and other boys in our family her whole life! Any wonder, my father, aunts, uncles and other relatives weren't surprised or upset about seeing me in panties and dresses whenever I stayed with my aunt and grandparents! I was simply carrying on a "Family Tradition."







## ROBIN - THE TRANSVESTITE & HIS WIFE

1110-P-1 Soft as Wax, 1969

Six years ago, while I had been treating Robin for stress, he confided in me he was a transvestite, a condition I advised him would probably be a lifelong addiction but not something that harmed anyone, so he should just live with it. I did cast doubts on any chance of his getting married since I thought it might be difficult for many women to tolerate. Then over a year later, I was surprised to be invited to his wedding. I couldn't attend, but four years later, when I was asked if I had any experience dealing with transvestism in my patients, and if I did would I want to contribute to a paper on the subject. I then thought about Robin and called him to inquire as to how his marriage was progressing. He was very pleased to hear from me and invited me over that evening. I told him about the paper I might be preparing and asked if I could bring along Marsha, my young assistant, and he agreed.

At the door, we were met by Robin and his wife, Paula, a comely couple in their late twenties, both rather short of stature and slender of build. They were dressed in matching white jersey turtle-necked pullovers and blue stretch capris. Marsha later mentioned to me that she had immediately noticed their matching outfits were women's fashions. Both had wavy hair, Paula's brown and Robin's black, but her hair was pixie short, and his

was longer and came down over his ears, as was the fashion at that time. Paula served coffee and cake while the two of them told us about their marriage and brought me up to date on the events in their lives since the last time I had seen Robin. Beforehand, I had told Marsha that Robin was a transvestite, and she was more than a little fascinated. As we visited, she looked repeatedly at his fine features, masculine but with feminine traces. She was equally interested in their story, and as soon as we sat down, Paula mentioned she knew about and accepted Robin's transvestism.

They had met while both were IBM machine operators. Robin was immediately attracted to her because of her slight build that matched his five foot six height. He rarely dated the girls in his office because he was shy about being a transvestite, but when he observed Paula, the new girl in the office, she appeared quite shy too, and it emboldened him to ask her out to dinner and a show. On their date, he discovered her to be witty and charming beneath her demure facade, and both had a thoroughly good time.

He asked her out again, and on this second date, he realized he was in love with her, and that propelled him to want to stop his crossdressing. He was determined to no longer attire himself in women's clothes and flip through transvestite magazines while he masturbated. Therefore, he gathered all his feminine apparel and books, securely wrapped them in bundles and at the city dump, he then threw them out the window of his car before quickly speeding away with a feeling akin to being reborn. He then drove to Paula's house, picked her up for a late hamburger. As they ate, she sensed a new excitement in him. That night,



alone in his bed, he felt excruciatingly happy and more virile than ever felt before.

Robin began seeing Paula more frequently even though he felt her parents disapproved of him. They always had a good time together on their dates, and afterwards, they would neck for hours in his car. He was very proprietary about this, parking close to her house, and never going beyond a little breast play, always done through the protective covering of her clothing. Still the times were wildly exciting, and it was all he could do to keep from masturbating once he got home. However, he'd fall into a deep sleep filled with erotic dreams involving feminine clothing, Paula, and nocturnal emissions.

Paula dressed in fine, thoroughly feminine clothes, and just sight of her aroused him. Increasingly, he found it hard to pass by women's shops without pausing to stare hungrily at the feminine garments on display. He longed to feel again their fragile textures against his skin. He had been going out with Paula for three months when the occasion of her twenty-fifth birthday arose. Robin went to a department store to buy a sweater for

her, and when the salesgirl found he was shopping for his girlfriend, she good-naturedly teased him about buying something more intimate, like a negligee or a fancy bra and panty set, all of which she brought out to show him and let him handle. Before he could think, Robin bought not only the sweater, but also a negligee and a beautiful boxed set of bra and panties. He had them gift wrapped and then hurried home with them, the boxes on the car seat beside him made him keenly aware of their presence.

At home, he sat and stared at them for a long time, then picked up the smallest box and tore it open. He crushed the dainty white bra and panties against his face, then ripped the buttons off his shirt and slid the soft panties over his hairless chest. The clothes seduced him; he was caught in their web. There was no turning back. He took off all his clothes, put on the bra and panties and then opened the box containing the negligee and put that on too. He longed for his heels and makeup that he had discarded, and with shaking hands, he stuffed the cups of the bra with tissue and then paraded before his mirror in the erotic lingerie.

The negligee came off and the sweater went on, and then he felt like he was inside Paula's body, thrusting out his chest to display small, firm breasts like

those that she had, and gliding his trembling hands over them as he did to her breasts when they neck in his car. Then overcome with his need for release, he rubbed his erect penis until he had ejaculated in the precious white panties.

Racked by remorse, he washed the panties in the bathroom basin before returning to the living room to sit with his head in his hands and stare at the clothes he'd bought, fully realizing that his aberration was anything but gone. He was sure he would need psychiatric help, but since he was trying to save money so they could get married, he had no money for that. He did not have the strength by himself to overcome his shameful fetish for women's clothes, and the thought of giving up Paula was unbearable. He could try again to overcome his warped desires, but he knew it was hopeless — as I had warned — for just by looking at the pretty things he'd bought already had his excitement stirring again.

He decided to make the best of his confused desires and try to live a double life, enjoying the company of Paula while still



indulging in his need for female clothes. That night, beneath his trousers, he wore the white panties when he called on Paula to give her the sweater. It was a lovely, expensive sweater, and she loved it. She demonstrated her pleasure later that evening as they sat in his car they had the most torrid necking session to date. The intensity of their love session left Robin trembling with fear that she might discover the panties he wore. At home, he wore the bra, panties, and negligee to bed, and his dreams that night were gloriously erotic.

As Robin joyfully increased his wardrobe, he continued to see as much of Paula as he could. They had progressed farther with their necking; Robin was now exposing her breasts and he was passionately kissing them. He knew he could have gone farther even to having intercourse with her, but he stopped again because of his secret transvestism.

He was then more deeply involved with crossdressing than ever. He wore panties, garter belt and hose to work every day, and on nights he wasn't with Paula, he'd dress completely in women's clothes, apply makeup, put on the wig he'd bought, and relax while he masturbated. He always wore panties when he took Paula out. At work, they were accepted as the office sweethearts and often invited to parties hosted by coworkers.

One of these was a house party given by Blanche, the office flirt. In her bachelorette apartment, it was a raucous affair, and following a fad at the time, everyone brought a bottle of liquor, and all the bottles were opened and poured together in a large punch bowl with a few mixers. The final ingredients were enough to stagger the imagination. Robin and Paula drank the punch as they chatted with others and danced to the records. Blanche's party was like many other parties they had been to, save for that punch. By midnight, Paula was giddy, and Robin was feeling grand. Everyone was in a happy mood, but by then, most were too tired to keep on dancing, so they were sitting about on the floor and singing with the records. Robin excused himself to use the bathroom. As always, he sat on the toilet to urinate like a woman, and as he did it, he looked across to Blanche's clothes hamper. The lid was open crack, held there by a most intriguing bit of black lingerie. Robin snugged his pink panties up and went forward to the hamper, his trousers down about his ankles. He lifted the lid and reached inside. His breath whistled out as he withdrew a black merry widow corset, complete with steel stays, wired cups, garters, laces, and tiny red bows as decorations.

For years, he'd mooned over such garments in exotic lingerie catalogues, but he never had the courage to purchase one. Now he held one in his hands. Its texture was both rough and smooth. It was very light and stretchy, yet extremely strong, as if it would mold to any figure. He held it in front of himself and looked in the mirror, grinning at how ludicrous he looked still wearing his necktie and shirt. He decided he had time, if he acted quickly, and soon his shirt and tie were off. He suppressed an inebriated and excited giggle as he wrapped the black corset about his waist. It was wonderful the way the cups stood out even without any padding. He then hooked some of the little hooks,

and it fit even better as the cups stood out even more proudly. He took very deep breaths and sucked in his belly to the limit to fasten the rest of the hooks, and the effort was well worth it, for his waist had taken on a decidedly feminine shape, and he still hadn't even touched the long black laces. He had time to do them up just a bit.

He was aglow with excitement as he began cinching them up. At each tug, his waist took on a better contour. He felt dizzy with his insides severely compressed by the demanding but exciting corset, and the short breaths he was forced to take added greatly to his excitement. His penis bulged hard in his pink panties as the dangling garters sent warm chills through him. He swooned with rippling waves of excitement as he pulled the laces as tightly as they would go and then tied them in a bow. Looking in the mirror, he knew thought it was the ultimate in exciting feminine lingerie with how it immediately gave him such a girlish figure.

Rattling of the doorknob startled him almost out of his wits, and he simultaneously clutched at his trousers and tore at the laces as he called in a shaky voice, "Just a minute."

"Hurry up," came Blanche's voice, and Robin pulled at the laces again, only to find the bow had slipped and they were now tightly knotted behind his back. He should have untied it carefully, but he had pulled as hard as he could, and it made the knotted laces even tighter. The doorknob rattled again, then turned, and he tried to throw himself at it to keep the door closed, but he stumbled over his trousers and landed heavily between the wall and the toilet. Outside, Blanche's voice called, "Hey, somebody's fallen down in the john. Pete, help me get this door open."

Robin struggled frantically to get free of his wedged position, or at least to get his foot against the door to hold it closed, shouting as he did, "I'm all right in here. I'm all right."

They couldn't hear him. There was a din outside now as more and more people gathered to discover what was happening. Then the door splintered, a drunken cheer went up, and then faded as they caught sight of Robin in the corset and panties, struggling to get up and pull up his pants. It started as a titter and then spread through the onlookers until they were wildly laughing as the red-faced Robin buckled his trousers about his waist. However, they sagged forlornly about his very narrow corseted waist. He groped blindly through his tears for his shirt, a towel or anything to cover his shame and the false breasts that stuck out from his chest. Head down, he tried to push his way past the howling little mob and put his shirt on as he went, but Blanche stopped him, shouting loudly, "Oh, no, you don't. Little Robin isn't getting away with my corset."

"I can't get it off," he choked through his sobs.

"You shouldn't have put it on in the first place, you lousy queer," one of the men said.

Another guy said laughingly, "You know, we ought to help

him. Ought to help Blanche, huh? Come on, guys. Let's help the sissy out of his corset."

"Are the panties yours, too, Blanche?" someone asked.

She shook her head and loudly said, "No, they must be his!"

One guy wasn't laughing, he muttered, "Goddamn queer. I hate queers."

Five of his male coworkers had been laughing, but their mood was changing, and they too were disgusted at seeing Robin in lingerie. They cornered him in the bathroom and buffeted him back and forth, as they got him out of Blanche's corset after cutting the laces open. Their words were as rough as their hands, and Robin would have died right there if he could have. They only gave him time to drag his shirt and trousers on over his panties before they gleefully let him flee out of the bathroom and herded him humiliated through the apartment and down the stairs. He kept running when he reached the sidewalk. The keys to his car were in his coat pocket, still upstairs, but he didn't want them. He just ran and ran until they stopped pursuing him and he dropped of exhaustion.

Over an hour later, he arrived at his apartment exhausted and completely run out of tears. He slumped down to sit against his door, unwilling to rouse the landlord at that hour as he then contemplated ending his life. When his door opened behind him, he didn't even turn around to see who it was, for nothing worse could happen to him than what already had — losing his love and his job, being more humiliated than it was possible for a person to be. Then he heard Paula say, "You better come in and take a shower, Robin. You'll feel better."

"Go away. I'm sorry. I don't want to ever see you again."

"That's foolish. It's not the end of the world. Now come in and do as I say. I have a pot of coffee ready and you need it."

"Go away. Didn't you see me back there? Didn't you see how they made fun of me? Of course you did. Please, go away."

"I will not. Now you get in here and do as I say. She took him by his ear and yanked hard, and as the startled young man easily came to his feet, she said, "Just do as I say!"

He showered for a long time, both hot and cold, and when he emerged, he found his clothes were gone. With just a towel around him, he poked his head through the door and called, "What did you do with my clothes?"

"Come out here now. Your clothes are a mess. Come on, I saw you at the party; it won't hurt to have me see you again."

He hitched the towel about him, and red-faced with shame, he stalked out, only to be halted in his tracks by the sight of Paula sitting there completely naked and smiling. She had carefully

placed all her clothes on the couch around her.

"Uh," he said. "What's the ... uh ... idea?"

She tossed him her panties and said, "Here. Put these on if they'll make you more comfortable. As for me, I'm perfectly fine the way I am."

"Paula, don't you make fun of me, too. I couldn't stand any more of that tonight."

"Just put my panties on," she said sternly. "Then we're going to have a nice long talk."

Panties on, she firmly drew the towel from him, had him sit beside her and said, "You know you really look cute in lace-trimmed panties. How long have you been wearing them?"

"Ever since ... ever since I was a little boy."

"Tell me about it."

"I can hardly talk with you sitting there like that. Paula, you're beautiful and I'm so embarrassed."

"You'd better talk. Now or never. And I'm not going to put on any clothes until we have this settled, one way or another."

It was dawn when he finished his tale of the secret life he'd led since boyhood, and even after all those hours, Paula still looked wonderfully exciting to him.

She put a hand on his knee and said, "I wish I had found about this sooner. You see, with the way you weren't very aggressive making out with me, I was afraid you were queer."

"I am," he said.

"Oh? Do you have sex with men?"

"No, but ..."

"But then you aren't a homosexual. You just like to wear women's clothes. They excite you sexually, just like you excite me sexually."

"I do?"

"You know you do, but I was always afraid to go too far with other boys. Maybe because I'm so small. However, I have wanted to go all the way with you for a long time now. I want to now. Do you?"

"Yes. Oh, yes, but I don't know how."

"Neither do I, but I bet we could learn together. Would you put on some more of my things if I insisted you to do it?"



"No! I never want to wear girls' clothes again."

"But what if I want you to wear them?" she said with an impish grin, her hand sliding further up his leg.

"You'd want me to?"

"Yes. If it gets you excited. I would like you to."

"You get me excited. I'll never need anything more than you."

Then they made love. It was inexpert, fumbling, and halting, yet thoroughly satisfying to both of them.

They talked some more afterward, and Paula agreed with Robin when he said, "Of course, I can't go back to my job."

"You're better off out of there. That place isn't for you."

"I agree. Besides, it wasn't enough money. I want to support you in style, Paula, and I can't do that on those wages. I wish I had money to start my own business; I've had a plan in mind for a long time. By the way, you will marry me?"

"Of course, I'll marry you. In addition, I think I can talk daddy into putting up the money for you to start in business."

"No. I don't think he likes me."

"He does, but he's been soured a little because you haven't asked me to marry you before. I can handle him."

He grinned. "Just like you handle me?"

"Not exactly. Could we make love again, Robin?"

Today, Robin and Paula are still making love as a happily married man and wife.

I said to Robin, "I know you didn't quite live up to your promise never to wear women's clothes again. Now I'm wondering how it is that you still practice your transvestism."

"Yes, now I do it and more often than ever! We both get a lot of pleasure out of wearing matching women's clothes ... this outfit, for instance, they are all from the women's department. In addition, I can dress like this in our business."

"What business are you in?" Marsha asked.

"A ladies' lingerie and sportswear shop," Paula grinned.

"And we're doing very well at it. Still, frequently, Robin has the urge to dress up completely. He's very good at it now. Sometimes we go out to lunch together as two gals who are the best of friends. I love to dress him up and tease him in front

of my best girlfriend too. We're into bondage games too. With him in sexy lingerie, I tie him into a helpless condition. Then I torment him with my clothes and my body! Afterwards, we always make torrid love."

"It's really got to stop soon, though," said Robin. "I wouldn't want little Georgie to find out about his crossdressing daddy."

"How old is your son now?" I asked.

"Paula interrupted, saying, "Now, Robin, you know that won't work. When you quit before it only drove you more deeply into your crossdressing and you took unnecessary chances like the humiliation you suffered at Blanche's office party. Even though you now find it exciting to remember that event, in other circumstances it could have been taking an awful chance that could have ruined your life in many ways.

"No, dear, you will keep on dressing up, and at some point, we will tell little Georgie about his daddy's hobby. He's a smart kid, and I'm sure he'll be able to handle it. Besides, I haven't told you about something. I've been waiting for the right time, and I guess that time is now as well as any other.

"Twice recently, I caught our little boy putting on my pink babydoll nightie and the matching panties after I had taken them off and left them in the bathroom. I think the apple didn't fall too far from the tree!"

## **Blossom in Bloomers** **Granny's Bloomers Control Him** **By Coquette**

Times were hard, but since his mother had left, Granny made sure her grandson always had the best of everything she could afford along with plenty of good home cooking, but she never pushed her grandson to exercise or do things in healthy ways. Too often, she spoiled him with rich desserts, not at all worried that she might be making him soft and effeminate.

But Robert had a naughty streak and all of Granny's spoiling had made him even naughtier. (I think you know what I mean.) Instead of doing his homework, he would spend his evenings looking at pictures of scantily clad ladies he got from a boy at school. Although, far too young for such entertainment, Robert found these ladies fascinating, and his favorite pastime was to spend hours staring at their breasts and panty-clad bottoms while munching on chocolate éclairs and candy bars of which



his Granny had an endless supply.

One summer evening, he lay naked on his feather bed, his taste buds enjoying Granny's cookies and his big blue eyes feasting on a lovely mature lady dressed in nothing but a pair of frilly, full-cut bloomer panties. "Mm!" he sighed, fascinated with the

ladies' erect nipples and the billowy folds of her long panties that both hid and revealed. With his hand, he was waking up his dearest friend. He sang out in joy, "Blossom! How pretty the lady is! Look at her silky panties with the lace around the hems! I wonder ... I wonder what a lady looks like under her panties. Blossom, do you know?" Robert toyed with his shy penis that was waking up to his touch. He was embarrassed at his thoughts about the lady.

'Blossom' was a growing girl, slim and beautiful in her nakedness. From her neat little bottom to her pretty red head, Robert's blood pulsated through her veins; she was his own private goddess of puberty with ultra sensitive nerve-endings just beneath her creamy surface, ready to be ravished and waiting for the touch, the magical touch of a special lady, her one lady-love, the wonderful lady wife who would one day come and take control of her and lead Robert into pleasure beyond his dreams.

Robert was happy to hear Granny open the kitchen door and go out into her large garden. In summer, she would spend hours tending her flowers, like today, and left alone, he would spend hours entertaining his Blossom as he gazed at his naughty pictures.

Looking even more intently at that lady, he was intrigued by her big panties. From the pictures in the ads in the newspaper, he was sure most ladies wear much smaller panties, but these panties that covered so much of her hips and legs, mesmerized him.

Dreamily, he swung his legs off the bed and quietly walked across the landing to his grandmother's bedroom. As he neared, he could smell her perfume. "Mm! How sweet ladies' things are!" he whispered.

Upon opening the door, he paused, a pang of guilty fear squirming in his tummy and then tiptoed inside. This was naughty. Granny would not like him sneaking into her bedroom. Repeatedly, she had told him never to go in there without her.



Robert didn't know what he might find in her mysterious bedroom, but as soon as he walked in, his eyes were drawn to a piece of silky fabric and lace setting on her bed. "Oh, Blossom!" he cried in pure delight, "Look!"

The little heap of satiny silk was a brand new pair of Granny's panties, and no ordinary panties either: these were bloomers made of shimmering nylon, just like the ones he had seen only moments before on that beautiful woman in his naughty girlie magazine. Nylon fabric was a new fashion in lingerie that arrived from America soon after the introduction of the first nylon stockings. The ravishing feel of sheer nylon panties was a guilty pleasure certain lucky boys were soon to experience. Such boys would be unaware of the powerful spell nylon could cast upon them until they were hopelessly hooked. Granny had bought this pair just the day before. The long-legged panties were full cut with the thinnest elastic at the waist and legs, a very simple design with sleek seams up the front and back and a most ample fullness. But sometimes the simplest things are the most potent.

Robert blushed as he studied the silky panties, so innocently lying on Granny's bed. He couldn't turn his eyes away from them as he quietly closed the bedroom door behind him.

"Oh, Blossom..." he breathed. The windows were closed. The afternoon sun made the bedroom uncomfortably warm and the claustrophobic air was laden with the scent of potpourri and lavender. A strange thrill excited him and his stomach felt as if it were tied in a knot. "Oh, my dear Blossom, they're beautiful ... I know you'd love to touch them."

Blossom bobbed happily and hungrily as Robert tiptoed up to the bedside. With a thrill, he stared in awe at the whorls and waves of panty nylon. What struck him most was the color of the bloomers. The little boy, used to just the dull, plain white of his own little underpants, was fascinated. Out the window, the setting sun lit the darkening sky with subtle hues; a blush colored the clouds along the horizon a creamy, rose pink. Robert realized it was the exact color of this new pair of his Granny's panties. "They're b-beautiful," he mumbled with a lilt in his voice.

He leaned over and was about to pick them up. "No, no, you mustn't," warned Blossom, her voice echoing in his head. But Robert had already plunged his hot little hands into the cool nylon. And seconds later, he was pressing them to his face, closing his eyes and moaning involuntarily, "Oh, my, oh, my, oh, my... Mm..."

Blossom shook as his boyish heart quickened and pumped warm blood enthusiastically into her. "Oh, no," she sighed. "Oh, no, Robert, this is very naughty." But greedy Robert had buried his nose into the perfumed bloomers, and taking long, deep breaths. How did he automatically know how to make love to ladies' bloomer panties? "No, don't do that, Robert," Blossom pleaded, but the poor boy was already lost in the heavenly scents and devilish silkiness as his two little balls beneath little Blossom's firmness were loading their seed. "No, no," she cried again, "you

mustn't, you must wait ... Robert, you must wait for your one true lady-love." But his boy flesh couldn't resist this wonderful new nylon. Blossom felt her twin appendages tighten. "Oh, you, bad, bad boy, you mustn't," was all she could say.

To her relief, Robert took Granny's perfumed panties away from his nose and breathed the sweet bedroom air again, but her respite was short for, in an instant, he was sitting on the edge of the bed, and putting the panties on! "Surely, he's not going to wear them?" she thought. But Robert was giggling, and poor Blossom was preparing for the worst as the long silky legs of the bloomers slipped up Robert's legs and over his thighs. "No, no ... please stop, Robert!" she cried.

To her relief, he stopped pulling up on the panties just as they were about to engulf her firmness. He left the panties there, encircling his thighs. "Thank goodness," she gasped. "Good boy; that's right. Granny said you must always be a good boy. Now, take Granny's panties down and put them back."

But Robert had only momentarily stopped as he bent to slip the lacy hems of the big bloomer panty legs up and over his feet. A moment later, he knelt up on the bed and dragged the waist right up; they were large on him and they went all the way up his chest until he settled them just under his armpits. Poor Blossom was trapped. Her treasonous baubles frolicking in the soft folds of Granny's bloomer nylon loosely gathered between his legs. Blossom could barely see through the pink mist of the panty front. "Oh, Granny," she squealed, gasping for air. Though brainless, she knew she should never be inside Granny's panties. "No, no, Granny," she sobbed, "please, please, let me out," and a thick tear welled up in her eye, and Robert's little nipples, buried in the big bloomers too, were getting very hard.

Robert saw himself reflected in Granny's mirror. Almost every other boy would have been ashamed to see himself wearing ladies' panties, and speedily, he surely would have taken them off and run from the bedroom to let his maleness breathe fresh air again. But a wicked grin crossed Robert's face. "No, I will not let you out," he said to his precious Blossom, adopting a cruel tone quite unlike how he usually addressed her. "You shall stay in Granny's panties until ..." he thought for a moment. "Until you love them properly!"

Robert gave the panty waist elastic a wicked little tug and a snap that reverberated throughout his body. He pulled up on the waist again to cuddle Blossom deeper into the bloomer's pink nylon. It was a light, almost imperceptible brush, a mere kiss of panties against her soft lips, but her loose skin slipped open and her fat purple-pink bulb emerged like a flower. When Robert tugged up again on the full, soft panties a sensation like a lightning bolt overwhelmed his little blossoming penis.

"Oh!" cried Robert, with a gasp. The naughty boy was shattered at the discovery of the power and passion of Granny's nylon panties. His teeth gleamed as he ran the tip of his tongue around his lips and smiled a smile so broad and wicked that Granny

would have been quite shocked to see it. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "They are so wonderful!" Then he addressed his helpless Blossom. "So," he said, cuddling his trembling penis in the sexy nylon, "you're scared of Granny's panties?" Robert giggled, a long, dirty ripple of a laugh, so unlike the good little boy he was. He knew his helpless little Blossom was drowning in Granny's panties. "I will make you love Granny's panties," he said. "It's no good trying to hide away." And he pulled at the loose front of the bloomers. Oh, how wicked! His poor little balls ached from being ravished by the soft nylon of the bloomers between his legs. "You see, you do love them, don't you?" he said, giggling at what the panties had done to his innocent flesh. "Now, Miss Blossom," he added, pinching his recalcitrant penis through the silky panties, "it's your turn to show Granny how much you love her panties." Robert grinned as he tugged up on the panty waist again. Again and again.

In the perfumed quiet, there was only the soft rustle of boy flesh against ladies' nylon. His pretty young penis rose unwillingly, resisting every heartbeat. But she could not hold back forever and, little by little, the grinning Robert teased her into her hardest-ever stiffness. "Pretty girl. Feel Granny's lovely panties ... Mm ... Up you come, young missy," he giggled, as the poor thing struggled inside the bloomers, thrilled into undesired spasms by his pudgy little fingers, until she stood painfully erect, her pretty little head stretching the nylon, and so ashamed at her excitement that she wept slippery tears. Robert was triumphant. "You dirty little girl!" he laughed, cruelly. "Look, you're dripping! You do love Granny's panties, after all! Don't you!"

Now, as the sky turned a deeper shade of pink and Venus sparkled brilliantly through the windowpane, clever Robert turned and knelt on all fours on Granny's bed. He spread his knees and tickled Blossom through the panties until she could bear it no more. Then, he stretched out a hand and pulled open the top drawer of Granny's dressing table alongside the bed.

"Granny's b-b-bra!" he cried. Blossom saw the straps and flicked in terror. Then, all at once, the goddess of love spurted forth her libations. Robert didn't hear himself scream but felt the splattering of Blossom's thick cream she made as she filled Granny's panties. He then knew a fleeting moment of the purest ecstasy he had ever felt before he felt Granny's hand spanking his bottom!

"You dirty little boy!" scolded Granny. "Stop that! Stop it at once! Dirty boy! You dirty little sissy boy! Those are my new bloomers! And you are ruining them! I'm going to make you wear them for a week as punishment, and spank you in them every day to teach you a lesson!" But Blossom loved every smack of Granny's bony fingers hitting the boy's bloomed bottom as she continued to squirt every last drop of her juice in pure delight until the bloomers drooped with Robert's first cum, first true love, the purest white cream, the sweetest, juiciest, most copious semen panty boy ever makes.



**At such an early age, this little boy appears to be interested in what a lady wears under her skirt as the camera catches him taking a peek at the lady's panties. Wouldn't you if you could?**





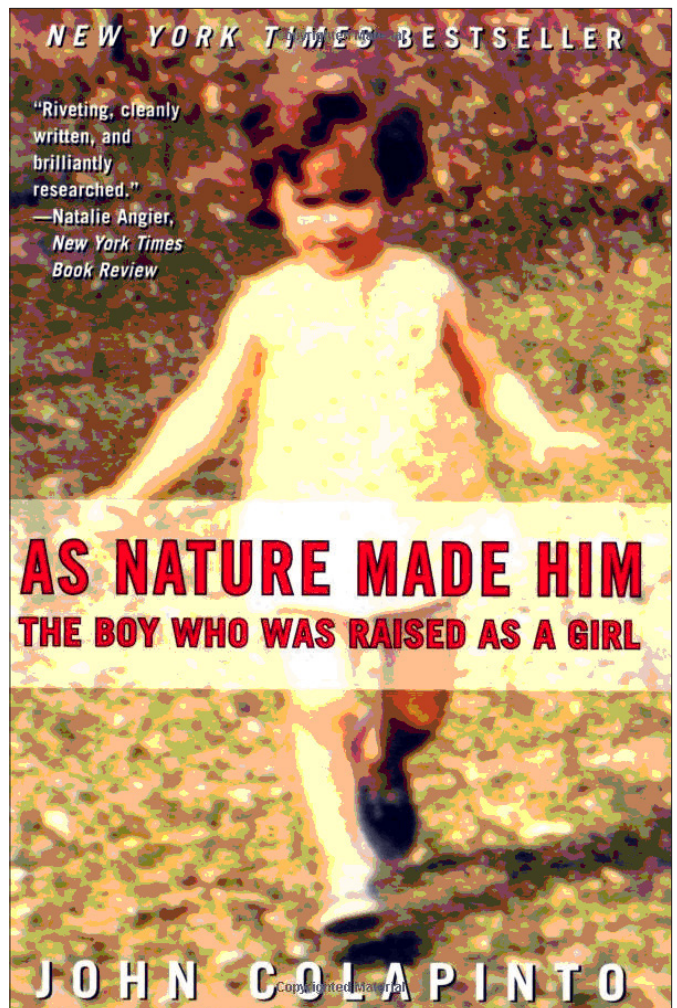
In his wig and lace, is this piano-playing boy channeling Beethoven or Just a Sissy!



## As Nature Made Him: The Boy Who Was Raised as a Girl by John Colapinto

Amazon.com: Once you begin reading this mesmerizing story of a medical tragedy and its traumatic results, you absolutely won't want to put it down. Following a botched circumcision, a family is convinced to raise their infant son, Bruce, as a girl. They rename the child Brenda and spend the next 14 years trying to transform him into her. Brenda's childhood reads as one filled with anxiety and loneliness, and her fear and confusion are present on nearly every page concerning her early childhood. Much of her pain is caused by Dr. Money, who is presented as a villainous medical man attempting to coerce an unwilling child to submit to unpleasant treatments.

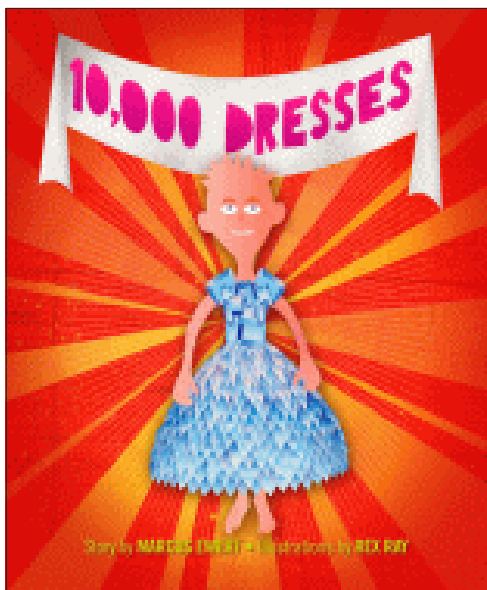
For more, visit <http://www.amazon.com/As-Nature-Made-Him-Raised/dp/0060929596>







**Schoolgirl Dresses  
Up Her Boyfriend**



## 10,000 Dresses

**10,000 Dresses by Marcus Ewert**, Hardcover, Illustrated by Rex Ray  
 Finalist, 2008 Lambda Literary Awards, 2009 Rainbow List Book  
 Honor Book, 2010 Stonewall Children's & Young Adult Literature Award

This gorgeous children's picture book is a modern fairy tale about becoming the person you feel you are inside, and it will delight people of all ages. Every night, Bailey dreams about magical dresses: dresses made of crystals and rainbows, dresses made of flowers. But, unfortunately, when Bailey's awake, no one wants to hear about these beautiful dreams. Quite the contrary. "You're a BOY!" Mother and Father tell Bailey. "You shouldn't be thinking about dresses at all." Then Bailey meets Laurel, an older girl who is touched by Bailey's imagination and courage. In friendship, the two of them begin making dresses together. And Bailey's dreams come true!

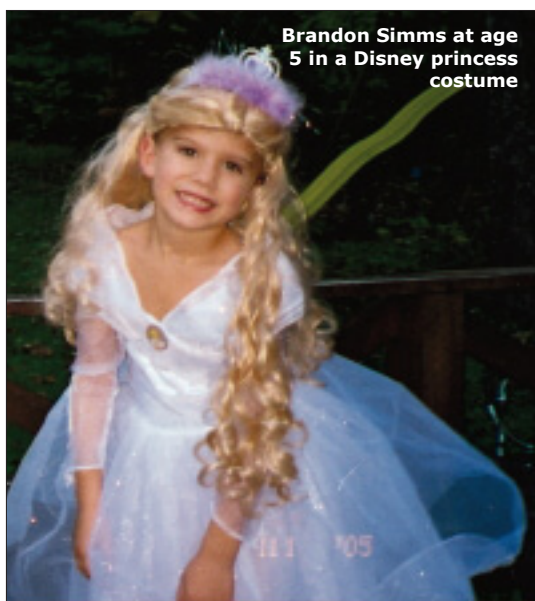
Available from Seven Stories Press at \$11.21 (25% off \$14.95)

For more, visit <http://www.sevenstories.com/book/?GCOI=58322100167510>





Boy, above in the pale blue dress, is crying because the boy in the red racing outfit just pulled off his blonde wig and is waving it around in the air! I think we could come up with a good punishment for the boy in red for doing that!



Brandon Simms at age 5 in a Disney princess costume

## November 2008 Atlantic

### **A Boy's Life in Princess Dresses** by Hanna Rosin

Ever since he could speak, Brandon, now 8, insisted he was meant to be a girl. This summer, his parents decided to let him grow up as one. His case, and a rising number of others like it, illuminates a heated scientific debate about the nature of gender—and raises troubling questions about whether the limits of child indulgence have stretched too far.

As a toddler, Brandon would rip off his clothes as soon as Tina, his mom, would put them on him and instead wear things from her closet—lingerie, dresses, shoes. “He ruined all my heels in the sandbox,” she recalls.

At the toy store, Brandon would head straight for the Barbies or the pink and purple dollhouses. One afternoon, while Tina was on the phone, Brandon climbed out of the bathtub. When she found him, he was dancing in front of the mirror with his penis tucked between his legs. “Look, Mom, I’m a girl,” he told her. “Happy as can be,” she recalls.

For more <http://www.theatlantic.com/doc/200811/transgender-children>



1950s Vintage Upskirt Gal

