

From the Princess Archives

From Archives
Section 102-B

#6



Adults Only

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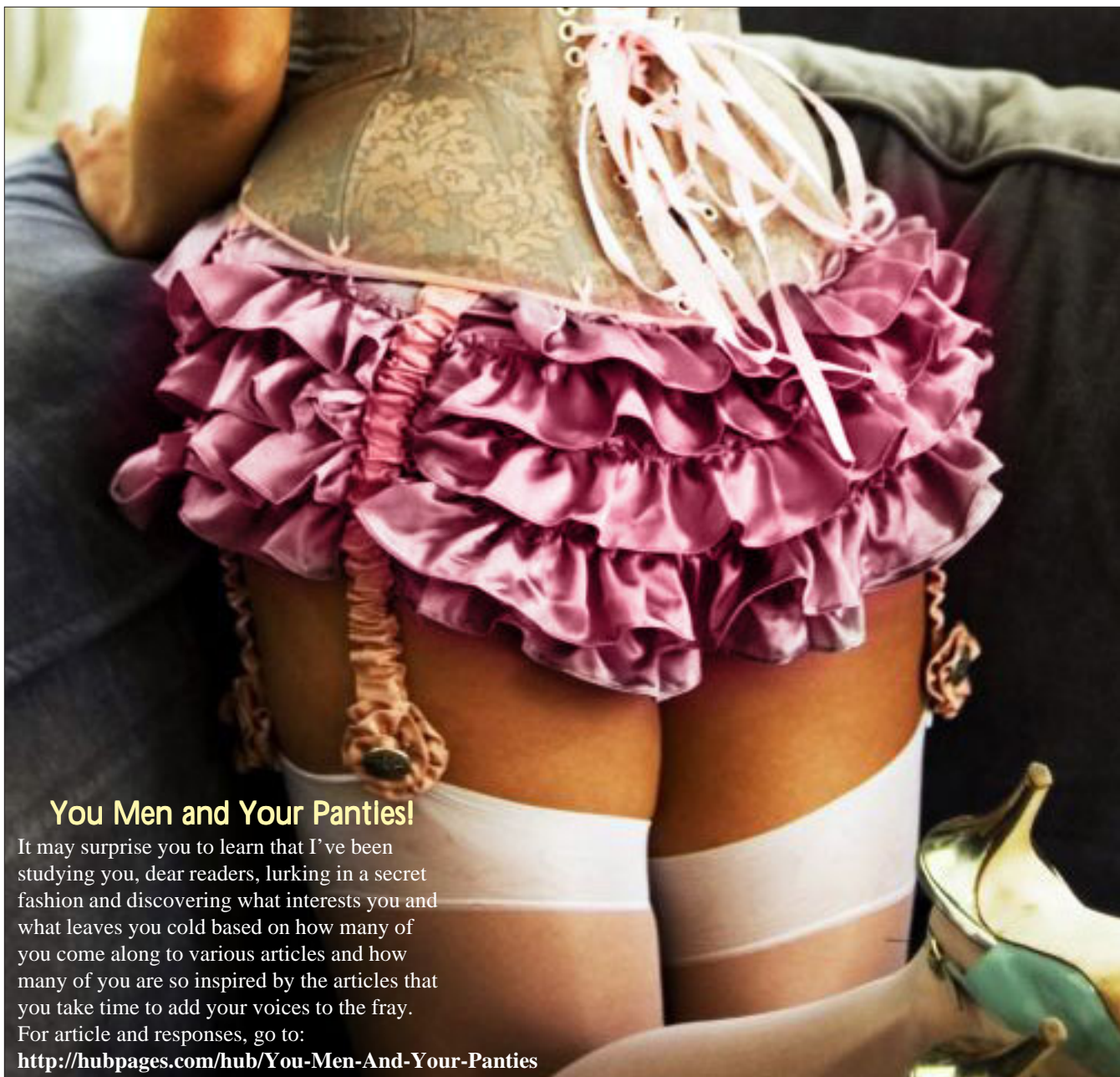
Internet: You Men and Your Panties!

Internet: Spanking - Over Her Knee

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 P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N



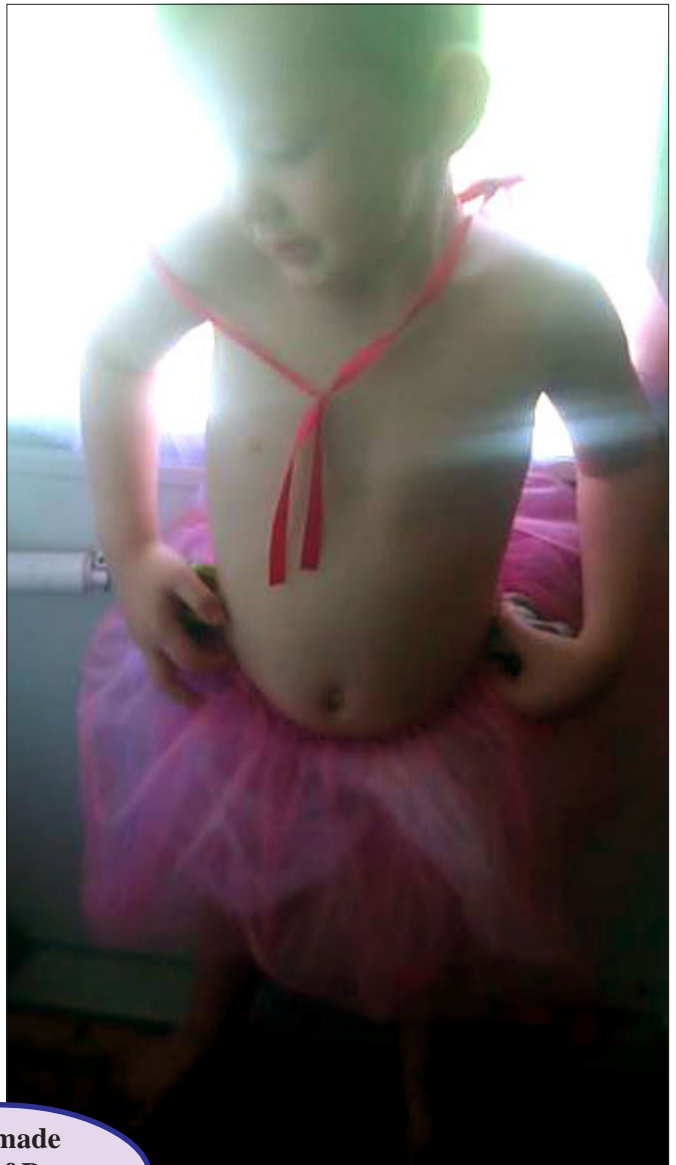
You Men and Your Panties!

It may surprise you to learn that I've been studying you, dear readers, lurking in a secret fashion and discovering what interests you and what leaves you cold based on how many of you come along to various articles and how many of you are so inspired by the articles that you take time to add your voices to the fray.

For article and responses, go to:

<http://hubpages.com/hub/You-Men-And-Your-Panties>

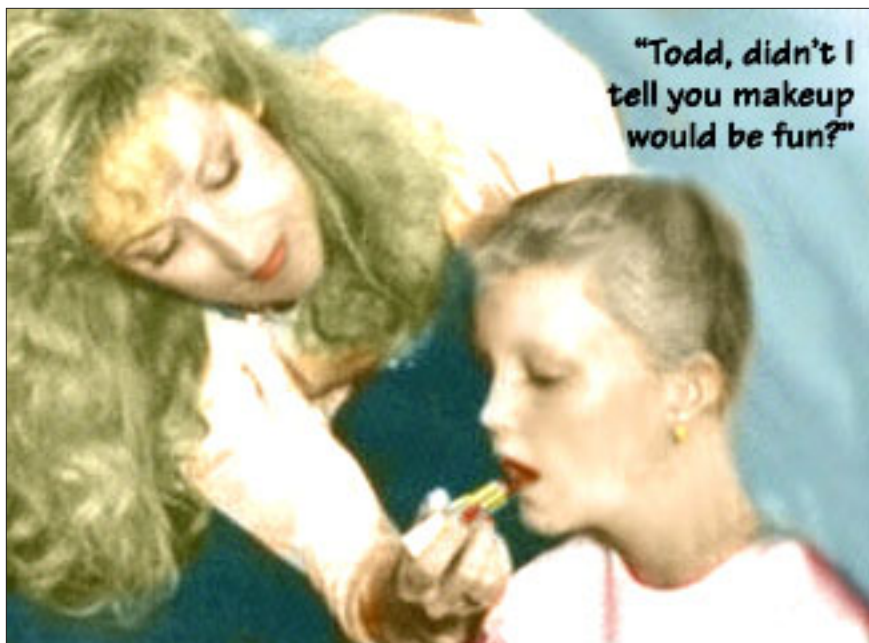
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Homemade
Photos of Boys
Dressing Up







Forced to Be a Girl and Sold at Farm Auction

Todd's father said, "We are moving to Texas, and there will be a lot of changes in our lives." Todd thought to himself, "OK," but he didn't understand why his mother and father then had dropped him off at this remote farm house. It was an old house with animals grazing nearby, and a sign in front announcing that a farm auction was to take place that day at 12 noon. As they got out of the car, his mother told him, "Have a good time. This is the start of a great change for us. We'll check on you a little later to see how you're adjusting before we permanently leave for our new home in Texas."

Minutes later and now alone, Todd was standing in front of Julie, a typical teenage Iowa farm girl. She towered over him in her well-worn jeans, red flannel shirt and old tennis shoes. With a grin she said, "Todd, sweetie, take off your shirt and undershirt, you won't need them anymore." Unsure why she wanted him to do that, he didn't protest and simply removed them and put them on the nearby loveseat. "Put your arms through here, boy," Julie demanded as she held before him the straps of a preteen training bra. He didn't know what it was until she started sliding it up his arms. "Hey! Isn't this for girls?" he asked. "Yeah, so what?" she answered. "Well, I'm not a girl. I don't want to wear it! Take it off! Take it off!"

Just then, he felt pain in his butt as Julie smacked him with a heavy wooden paddle. Todd looked at her in shock and fear, but let her pull the bra all the way up his arms. She clasped it in back and let go of the strap with a snap that made him jump. As she finished adjusting the bra, Julie asked, "Why are you so sad? This will be a lot of fun for you. You look rather cute in a training bra. You'll need a bra pretty soon, so you might as well get used to it because you will be growing nice

big girls' breasts. Just as big as mine." Todd fighting back the tears, said, "No I won't! I told you, I'm not a girl. Boys don't grow breasts, and I don't want to wear girls' underwear."

"Hold up your arms, honey," she ordered. He saw the paddle in her hand, so he put up his arms. As he sobbed, she lowered a fancy, lace-edged full-length, white satin slip down over his arms and head. He pulled back and complained, "No! Stop doing this! I'm a boy! I don't want to wear this stuff -- it's sissy ... Ouch!" he screamed as he again felt the sting of her wooden paddle smack the seat of his pants. He began to cry loudly.

Julie, with a firm voice said, "If you don't want me to beat your butt anymore, you must do as I want! I have to get you ready for the auction." Todd had no idea

what he had to do with the upcoming auction; he was more concerned about the bra and the long slip now traveling down his body with little static stings. He shivered at the touch of the cool silky fabric as Julie smoothed out its slinky softness over his naked upper body. He put his hands on the sides of the slip and marveled at its strange and exotic texture. With a laugh, she said, "Oh! You do like how it feels; don't you?"

The nerdy boy didn't know what to do. Just yesterday, he was happily at home drawing pictures and reading his books -- the things he most loved to do. Who would have thought that today he would be forced to wear a girls' training bra and slip.

With a laugh Julie said, "Well, honey, I'm putting these clothes on you because boys' underwear doesn't go well with the pretty dresses and things you'll be wearing from now on." That comment made no sense to him whatsoever. Reaching up under the long slip, she undid his trousers and pulled them down along with his underpants. Todd fought for a moment but then remembered the paddle and its bite. "Step out of your pants, honey." As he did, Julie picked up a pair of silky blushing pink panties and helped him put his feet through the lacy leg openings of the panties before pulling them all the way up his long skinny legs until she settled them high around his waist under the equally silky slip. As the boy was still in awe of what was happening, she quickly gathered up a bright pink and white chiffon and satin dress with short puff sleeves and slid it over his head and body until it was in place like a cloud of femininity fully engulfing him. Julie buttoned the back of the dress and tied the sash with a laugh, "Button back dresses -- the only proper clothing for sissy boys!"

After he screamed at her that he wasn't a sissy, it took only a couple more swats with her paddle to get him to sit still and cooperate as she put white, lace-trimmed ankle socks and

low-heeled shoes on his feet. Then, after his crying stopped and his pouting slowed, Julie wiped the tears from his face before a pretty lady with long blonde hair entered the room.

Compared to the boyish-looking Julie, this lady was frilly and feminine in a full-skirted dress and wearing a captivating perfume. "This is Miss Barbara," Julie said waving her paddle. "She will be supervising you now. But I'll stay here to make sure you don't give her any trouble. Do what she says, or I'll see to it that you won't be able to sit down for a week!"

Todd didn't doubt her, so when Miss Barbara approached him with a tray of cosmetic and told him to sit still, he did. "Todd, you're going to love wearing makeup. Lipstick and made-up eyes are the final steps to turning you into a pretty little girl." He wanted to protest but sat still because his butt was already in pain. With his face fully painted with all the goo girls wear to look pretty, Todd was led into an adjoining room that was very brightly lit. A gigantic mirror covered one full wall of the room. He heard someone speaking over a loudspeaker nearby. Then, as he picked up a few of the words of what was being said, he remembered seeing the sign announcing an auction to take place at this farm.

"The next auction lot is here in room C to your left ..." Todd knew it was about noon, so he guessed the auction had started. Miss Barbara made Todd walk up and down the length of the room, turning this way and that like a model. She kept telling him to face the mirror and to smile. Julie spoke in a soft voice, encouraging him to smile and act like a prissy little girl or she'd spank him. "The sooner and the better you do it, the sooner you will get out of here," Miss Barbara said.

She continued, "OK, Todd, now face the mirror, get right up close to it and lift your skirt. We want to see your slip. Nice! Now, lift your slip too. We want to see your pretty panties. Higher, boy! Higher!" Julie added, "Todd, get that dress and slip all the way up to your shoulders so everyone can see your pretty panties and the little bit of boy nothing you have inside your panties or I'm coming over there with my paddle." She started to advance toward him and that made him yank up his dress and slip, but as he did it, he thought about what she had said --- "so EVERYONE can see your pretty panties" -- EVERYONE? And as his dress went up, he heard a crowd of people yell and scream in approval as if people could see him, and he then tuned into what the auctioneer was saying, "Folks, look at Todd's pretty pink panties! Aren't they adorable? And what about Todd's sissy boy penis inside his panties? I know you can hardly see it, but believe me, Todd is a boy, even though he makes a beautiful little girl.

Then, on the other side of the two-way mirror the lights went on, illuminating an audience of about a dozen men and women in attendance, and the auctioneer then said, "OK, let's start the bidding for Todd. Can I have an opening bid of \$1,000? Good! "2,000 ... and \$3,000 over there"

Todd dropped his skirt and slip as the bidding went on. He looked closely at the mirror and could now see not only the auctioneer but also the crowd in the next room. He was being sold to the highest bidder! He ran to the side and right into Miss Barbara's arms. She hugged him and then led him away when the auctioneer's gavel hit the podium. Someone had just bought him for \$12,000!

Leading him back into the sitting room of house, Todd was crying and screaming. The dress, slip, panties and everything else had a girlish vice grip on his body and mind, making it hard for him to walk, much less think. He tried to rip off the girly clothing, but Julie was right there to paddle him into submission. "Tell me you're a sissy and you love to wear lacy panties and party dresses," she demanded. Three more smacks of the paddle left him bawling and in a heap on the floor before he was broken and yelling out, "I'm a sissy and I love wearing lacy girl's panties and fancy party dresses!"

Todd was now sprawled across the loveseat in the sitting room. As his tears slowed, Julie brought out to a young girl. "Cindy, Todd is having a rough time adjusting to being a girl. He needs you to massage him into the world of femininity."

Cindy was a beautiful little girl in a purple party dress that was so short it almost fully displayed her heavily ruffled rumba panties. Todd thought she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, but he was so shamed to be seen by this pretty girl while he was in a dress and clothes almost as girly as hers.

Julie made Todd slide over so Cindy could sit next to him on the loveseat. Cindy giggled and kissed him on the cheek and told him everything would be OK. Julie and Miss Barbara left them alone. Todd was still pouting but immediately tried to talk to her, telling her he was a boy and didn't want to be a girl and didn't want to be there. He just wanted to go home. Cindy hugged and comforted him as she told him that his parents didn't want him anymore and he had been sold to a farmer and his wife who wanted him not as a boy but as a girl to be their maid. Todd cried harder. He told her he didn't believe his parents didn't want him anymore, but he stopped crying and became even more confused as Cindy put her hands up under his dress and slip and started masturbating him through the silky panties he was wearing. He wanted to stop her, yet he couldn't because she was making him feel so good. It took only minutes before her manipulations caused him to close his eyes and launch into a sexy dream state as he shot off four powerful spurts into his silky panties. Through half-closed eyes, Todd saw Cindy giggling as she licked his cum off her fingers before cleaning him up and taking off her lavender panties trimmed with white lace around the legs and across the back. She had him step into her panties, and as she pulled them up, Todd saw her now naked under her short party dress and he saw she had a skinny short penis and a tight set of balls between her legs! Cindy was a boy! A boy had just jacked him off like a sissy queer! And Todd was now wearing that boy's purple panties! Before Todd could break out of his

dazed state and resist, Cindy kissed him fully and deeply on his lips and then said, "Wait here, Julie will be here shortly. I gotta go and get myself some fresh panties. See, ya, sweetie girl!" She skipped out of the room, her boy toys jiggling luridly between her naked thighs.

Julie entered the room, "Well you had your fun; now it's time to get you ready. Julie led him into a bathroom with a bathtub filled with bubbles, stripped him and gave him a bath. She washed and shampooed his hair and rinsed it then let him soak in the hot bubble bath as she laid out his clothes. Then she got him out of the bath, dried him and then told him, "OK, kid, put on your panties." Julie knew it was important for a boy to panty himself at this point of his transition. He didn't have to look at her to know she was standing with paddle ready if he didn't do it. He picked up the pair of silky pink rumba panties and paused. "Step into YOUR panties, NOW!" The tomboyish girl commanded. Todd was confused when his penis started to erect. Julie lashed out with her hand and swatted his penis. "Ouch!" he screamed. "Boy, you've had your fun. No more playing, get you panties on, NOW!"

Todd pulled the panties on as fast as he could. She helped him put on a pink training bra and a full petticoat was then floated down over his head and arms. Then a thin white blouse with long puffy sleeves went over his upper body. As Julie buttoned the blouse down the back, he was horrified to look down at himself and notice he could see right through the chiffon blouse at his pink bra and satin slip beneath. Next, a navy blue pleaded skirt was pulled into place and his blouse tucked in. White knee socks and black Mary Jane's T-Bars completed his outfit. Miss Barbara then entered with her tray of cosmetics. Todd submitted to her and even forced a smile when commanded to do so. "See, I knew you would enjoy wearing makeup."

Then the two females took Todd in hand and walked him into the living room where a nasty, cigar-chewing man and a very stern-looking woman were waiting. Miss Barbara said, "Todd, this is your new mother. Her name is Helen Morgan. And this is your new father, Bronco Dan Morgan. People call him that because he used to be in the rodeo. Oh, by the way don't think you can get away with things. The Morgans are far stricter than we ever thought of being." Helen Morgan wasted no time. She pulled up the hem of his skirt and petticoat to check the boy's panties. Bronco Dan grabbed Todd's penis through his panties, grunted, and said, "This kid's dick is so small he could be taken for a girl right now, but we still better cut his toys off in the bull castrator, so he doesn't get any ideas about running away and trying to be a boy again."

Todd fainted and minutes later awoke on the loveseat with Cindy at his side. He jerked back from Cindy, now knowing she was a boy, but Miss Barbara then calmed him and said, "Todd, we have a couple of visitors for you." "I don't want to see anybody. I just wanna go home!"

"But, Todd, your parents are here to see you." At that, he looked up and saw his mother and father, and despite his shame at how he was dressed compounded with the fear that he might be forced to live with that mad farm couple, he ran to them and hugged his arms around them. He was deliriously happy to see them. His father said, "My, oh my, why all the tears? We told you we'd be back to check on you."

Todd pleaded, "Oh, daddy, please, take me away from here. Look how they dressed me like a sissy girl. They even made me wear girls' underwear. I hate them! Please, take me home so I can get into my own clothes."

As Todd watched, Miss Barbara handed a stack of money to his father. Then his mother pulled him aside and said, "Todd, quiet down and listen to me. The deal is done. You will soon be in your new home with the Morgans. You are already in your new clothes. Your father and I are moving to Texas and we've had enough of you. You're such a sissy. We can't keep living with a sissy. I'm sick and tired of you stealing my best panties and masturbating in them, but now you can wear your own fancy panties all the time. We know this will make you happy. You are a major disappointment to your father because you aren't much of a boy -- you have so much going against you as a boy -- you are no good at sports, you only have girls for friends, and worst of all, you have a very undersized penis. The boys at your school know it and they've made fun of you for years and none of them want to be your friend."

His father continued, "Todd, it's been difficult to love you because you're a sissy. We've had to accept it, and now you have to accept it too. We made this decision and are sticking by it; we're sure you will much prefer living as a girl."

His mother said, "Son, you are an embarrassment to us, especially your father, we have to let you go. That's why when we heard about this special place that has a way for girlish boys to live out their lives to the fullest, we knew this was the life for you. Now, dry your tears, straighten out your dress, give us a last kiss and hug goodbye, we will be on our way, and you can start your new life."

"But, mom, dad, they're making me into a queer. They've already made me do sex things with a boy! Please, take me with you" He continued to plead with them as they pried his arms loose from his hug. As they left, Julie held him firmly and Miss Barbara tried to console him. "You know it's best for both you and your parents. They decided that they couldn't have a panty-stealing kid for a son. Your mother hated finding her panties after you wanked off into them, even after she caught you so many times, you wouldn't stop. Do you think she was kidding all those times when she threatened to take drastic action if you couldn't stop it?"

Julie yanked on his arm and said, "We have to clean you up for a trip to the hospital. We're going to make you into a real girl, just like the Millers ordered!" ♦

How I Came to Accept Myself as a Silly Little Panty-Crazy Sissy Boy

My mother wanted badly to have a daughter. She got four boys, instead. It is very likely that in her wish she might have transmitted this desire to me during pregnancy. However, as far as I can recall, I was never treated like a girl.

Since a very early age, I had a penchant towards girly stuff. Why? I simply do not know. I was five years old when I had my first encounter. Very frequently, at that time, my little girl cousin, aged four, was brought to our house for us to play together. I started noticing the differences in our clothes and developed a keen interest in the things she wore. I was especially intrigued by the very lacy and colorful panties she wore under her short dresses. One day I suggested we play a funny game and switch our underwear. We hid behind the sofa. She took her panties off and tossed them to me and I did the same with my boys' briefs. Then we jumped up and began pointing fingers at each other and laughing.

Our parents heard the noise and came into the den to check on us. We both got a good spanking, and a very stern message was directed to me: boys must never put on girls' clothes — even for a joke. Boys wearing girls' clothes? Completely out of the question. Period!

While in high school, I had a lot of free time to myself, and as my hormones built within me, I started to take notice of my mother's lingerie, which she washed out daily and hung to dry all over our bathroom. I started to lock myself in the bathroom to examine her lingerie in private. I began to do this day after day.

Being an extremely curious kid, it was only natural that I wanted to experiment further, and one day, I took one pair of my mother's panties and tried them on. They were a beautiful pair of full-cut, pale yellow, high-waisted brief-style panties with flower-embroidered side panels that I found especially appealing (and will always remember with deep affection). After getting into them, I stood in front of the mirror. I couldn't resist touching my hard penis through the panties,

I loved it best when my wife let me dress up completely as a woman at home with my wig and nice dresses, but after a while I think she felt her femininity threatened. Now she is only comfortable with me going to bed with her in just my bra and panties, but a sissy has to accept whatever he can get from a wife who tries to understand him as much as she can.



and the next thing I knew I was spurting cum wildly. That was the moment in my life that I left the genie out of the bottle! That was 43 years ago. Since then, I have worn panties on thousands of occasions. And each time has been as joyful and satisfying as the first one. Panties are very addictive, and there is simply no other thing like them, at least not for fellows like me whose craving for panties is hard wired into our systems. It is not something I can switch on and off at will. It is a part of me forever; I know that.

The problem is I am of Mexican descent; my culture harshly condemns any feminine leaning in males. Consequently, I've grown up with a deep guilt complex. Many times, I struggled to free myself from the lure of panties, but I always came back to them. Now, finally, I accept that I cannot stop my attraction toward panties: they will always be part of my life.

Less than a day after exploding in the first pair of panties that I had ever put on, I was back in the bathroom putting on my mother's panties again. Soon after, I began experimenting with all my mother's lingerie and started going into her room to steal various items to experiment with in my own room. As I grew, I no longer could fit into my mother's tight girdles or garter panties, as I had become addicted to wearing her nylon stockings too, so I had to find another way to hold up the stockings. Then, I noticed that our young live-in maid wore garter belts when she had a night off but otherwise kept them in a drawer in her room. I usually didn't borrow anything from her because my mother had much prettier bras, slips and panties. However, I remembered her having a couple of garter belts in her dresser, and I started going in and borrowing them. The maid was quite attractive but a little plump, so I was sure they would fit me and hold up my mother's stockings, and they did!

Putting her garter belt on, and then pulling the stockings up and adjusting the snaps was thrilling. The silky feeling of the panties I had on combined with the way the stockings felt on my legs was fantastic — a feeling I hadn't felt in almost a year since my mother's gartered panty girdles no longer fit me. Moreover, the garter belt showing through the semi-sheer panties thrilled me immensely and almost drove me nuts as I pranced in front of my bedroom mirror jacking on my dick.

The thought of being caught stealing girls' lingerie kept me from doing it even though I had many opportunities. Eventually, I overcame my shame and mustered the courage to enter a store and start buying my own lingerie. To my surprise, apart from a few raised eyebrows, nobody seemed to care. Being able to buy my own bras, panties and other intimate items only brought me even closer to my addiction.

I did get married, and it was the longest I was able to stave off my need for lingerie. I dreamt about dressing up almost constantly but somehow found the strength not to actually do it. Eventually, I did succumb, and the relief of reintroducing myself to the pleasures of silks and satins made me feel alive again. Then one day, while having a particularly heartfelt discussion with my wife, I found the courage to tell her the truth. While confessing, I thought my marriage was finished. To my surprise, she took what I said quite calmly and honestly tried to understand me. She then agreed to making love with me while both of us wore fancy old-fashioned lingerie. The first time I was fully attired in front of her, both of us became highly aroused. After that, her interest did dwindle a bit. I once asked her if she would buy panties for me as a surprise. Although she did, and I was in rapture when she did,

she admitted it made her feel very uncomfortable, "A wife shouldn't be buying women's panties for her husband," she said. She was brought-up in Mexico as well and the cultural indoctrination is just as strong for females as it is for males when it comes to the taboo of men and boys engaging in anything that is the least bit feminine. Eventually, my wife had to have a total hysterectomy that brought on menopause and cut short her good will towards my fetish, and to save our marriage, I felt it necessary, for the most part, to go back underground with my love affair with lingerie.

Wanting to spare my wife from my flaunting my lingerie habits when she was around, I safely stored my lingerie in a bottom drawer of a file cabinet in my office. I kept a couple of lacy garter belts, one black and the other white, several pairs of nylon and fishnet stockings, and a dozen pairs of full-cut, pastel-colored nylon panties, all quite frilly, a brand I had found with wide crotch pieces that fit me comfortably. Almost everyday, upon arriving at work, I would lock myself in a secluded back room, off-limits to strangers, and dress myself in an ensemble of fine lingerie. I relished going around, doing my everyday's chores with my feminine (unpadded) bras, garter belts, stockings, panties, and even slips hugging me sensuously under my men's clothing. When going home in the afternoon, I took the garter belt and stockings and other items off but kept the panties on, as my wife accepts that I wear them all the time and knows that I like to sleep in them. My wife is quite square, but understands my needs, respects my privacy and avoids raising an argument. This is why I still love her tenderly, after thirty years of marriage.

To paraphrase a saying by Oscar Wilde: "*The only way to get rid of a temptation is to submit to it.*" Happily, I did.



Picture from http://oshioki.typepad.com/over_her_knee/





**Boy Parading Around
in His Sister's First
Communion Dress**





"No, I won't reconsider. You'll wear your pretty new panties every day, even under your school clothes. Get used to it, sissy! But at least the panties are 'blue for boys,' that should make you happy!"



"Tom, you're such a little sissy. Putting you in panties was the smartest thing I've ever done!"



"Mommy, don't let sis spank me and make me wear her panties."

"Of course, I'm going to let her, and I'm going to beat your butt next and make you wear dresses too!"

*We 'princessized' these fine drawings
from
http://oshioki.typepad.com/over_her_knee/*



We 'princessized' these fine drawings from http://oshioki.typepad.com/over_her_knee/





An Unusual Early Interest In Fancy Girls' Clothes

I knew as a very young boy that I was different from other boys. While most other boys had no interest in girls, I was very interested in them. Why? I don't have a clue. I didn't have any sisters, but I did have some girl cousins, both older and younger than I was, and I liked playing with them when we visited, but I never did any girls games or dressing up or anything like that. When I was eight, my parents started me in Cotillion (now I've aged myself), and I had to take dance lessons each Saturday during in the summer. We learned all the ballroom dance steps of the 1950's, and we always practiced dressed up in our good clothes. I liked dancing with girls because I got a chance to be close to them. I remember the excitement I had when I would put my arm around a girl and I could feel her slip and lingerie through her dress and her cancan crinolines pressing up against the front of my body when we danced the waltz. I think that was the start of my fetishism for girly clothes, but my interest didn't come on full force until I was in junior high school.

I discovered that girls were now dressing in young teen fashions instead of little girl clothes and I took a great interest in the lingerie they wore. If I would have had the nerve, I would have spent hours looking at lingerie displays in store windows. I went out of my way to get a peek of any girl's unmentionables. If she bent over or was sitting carelessly, I would try to look up her skirts or down the back of her slacks for a peek at her panties. I remember sitting in class behind a rather well endowed girl who was wearing a bra with three clasps in the back. It was clearly visible through her thin white blouse, and the sight of the back of her bra through her blouse

kept me in quite agitated throughout the entire class. I wondered what it felt like to wear a bra and panties. Soon after, I got my chance.

Our mothers took turns driving three girls and me to school, and one day, my mother was driving us and the last girl to get out accidentally left her gym bag in our car. As she was exiting the car, I started to say something but all of a sudden realized the opportunity and found I couldn't say a word. It was a Friday, and I hoped the bag contained some of her clothes because I wanted to try them on, even if they were dirty and she had been wearing them all week for PE. After we got home, I was able to sneak the gym bag up to my room. That night, my parents went out and left me home alone.

When I opened the bag, I found some sweaty gym clothes, a tunic top and some baggy bloomer like heavy panties she wore for PE. However, there were also two pairs of dirty panties with bloodstains in the crotch. Eek! I had no idea what that was all about. There was also a box of 'junior' Kotex pads. I didn't know what they were for, but since I had seen the blood in the dirty panties, I thought she had injured herself in some way and the Kotex pads were just gauze pads to put over open wounds. In addition, there were two clean pairs of panties (I guess she had them as spares if she bloodied her panties and needed to change into clean ones while at school), and two bras, one dirty one and one clean one. I tried on the clean bra and panties and masturbated my self repeatedly in them that night. I came three times in them before my parents were due home. I was hooked. Every moment I had to myself over that weekend, I was playing with myself in that girl's bra and panties. Finally, I washed everything that Sunday evening and let them dry overnight. In the morning, I put the clothes back in the gym bag, but I couldn't resist keeping one pair of her white nylon panties, and I hid them in my closet. I then snuck the gym bag back into our car, and left it there for my mother to find and notify the girls' mother.

For days afterwards, I was worried sick that the girl would realize one pair of her panties was missing from the bag. I was sure I was going to be asked about them, and I knew I wouldn't be able to hold up under questioning. I cursed myself for taking the panties, convinced I was going to be caught. Then one day passed, then two, then three, and eventually, I knew no one realized the panties were missing. I had those panties for years and jacked off in them and wore them until they were in tatters. By then I finally had gotten up the courage to buy panties of my own. So, that was my start. ♦

Aww, What a Pretty Little Girl! Except He's a Boy.

Welcome to the Babies Online Blog!

My son, almost two, is usually wearing a dark blue shirt with a fire truck on the front, sweatpants, dark blue boots, and clutching one or more of the following: plastic snake, plastic beetle, real beetle, plastic alien, plastic pirate, stick, pebble, truck of some kind. But he has long blond curly hair, and that seems to surpass all the other 'boy' things about him. It's not even that long, just below his collar. It's never been cut since he was born. I can't bear to cut it. What's wrong with long hair on boys? Plenty of adult males have long hair, and no one thinks they are girls, do they? I seem to be in a minority, especially here in the Midwest. Perhaps I should move to Hollywood? Cindy Crawford, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Julia Roberts' sons have, or have had, long hair at one time. Kate Hudson's 4-year-old son Ryder son has long hair, although she cites "religious reasons" for not cutting it. I'm a wimp. I'll cry if I have to chop off my son's baby hair. So what are your feelings on long hair for boys? Awful, or cool, or just don't care?

Responses to "Aww, What a Pretty Little Girl!"

On April 5th, 2008 at 4:16 PM

Science-mom says...

I don't mind long hair on my boys. I find them cute. But their dad minds. He says they look wild and cuts their hair every 3 to 4 months. Then they look so much like real big boys that I feel like I've lost my babies overnight.

On April 6th, 2008 at 1:05 PM

Dawn Allcot says...

I think long, golden curls look gorgeous on a boy! Men and boys with long hair are at times mistaken for girls. They live with it for their choice. (But it's more embarrassing for other people when they realize their mistake ... and probably a source of amusement to the men!) I'm not in your town, so I can't say for

certain, but I bet it's not that people don't accept your choice, they are just unobservant. I would say something exactly like you posted in the blog, "Actually, he's a boy. But thank you. I think he looks lovely too!" Don't justify with an explanation ... (Although, if I were in a bad mood, I'd probably add something like "Note the fire truck and plastic snake?" This would probably result in a debate with a total stranger about gender roles and stereotypes; for example, girls can like fire trucks and play with snakes, too. Yeah, your best bet is simply, "Thank you. He's a boy."

On April 7th, 2008 at 10:48 PM

Ashley says...

My 8 month old has extremely long eyelashes and big blue eyes. Ever since he was born, he has been mistaken for a girl. I totally know where you are coming from! I think long hair is just fine as long as it's in good taste!

On April 29th, 2008 at 1:31 PM

Justine says...

I have a 3-yr-old boy who is mistaken for a girl all the time! He has hair down to the base of his neck and bangs too ... its not as if I dress him girly or anything ... "Oh, what a pretty little girl!" ... "Oh, he's a boy... he just has girly hair!" I think his hair is so-o-o-o cute ... its like red with blond and brown highlights. People ask if I color his hair. I don't. I actually came on the Internet today to look for a way to cut his hair so people wouldn't think he was a girl anymore, but I somehow got to this website. But now I think I'm gonna keep it how it is!

On April 30th, 2008 at 6:18 PM

Samantha says...

I don't mind long hair on little boys. I think it's cute. I work in a children's store and we have a mom who brings in her child who is 4 1/2. He has very long, beautiful blonde hair to the middle of his back. I always thought he was a girl until she just smiled and corrected me. At times, he has his hair down straight, the next time it's in curls, and a couple of times, it's been in pigtails - complete with bows! I think that maybe he was SUPPOSED to be a girl!



On May 1st, 2008 at 8:46 PM

Jackie says...

Things like Samantha mentioned are happening more frequently now. I know exactly what she's talking about with a boy in pigtails with bows on the ends. We have a mother who brings her two sons (aged about 3 and 5) in like that all the time. They are indistinguishable in appearance from little girls although I will admit they act more like boys. Is anyone else seeing this sort of thing?

On June 29, 2008 at 8:25 AM

Jennifer says...

I just stumbled on your website, but I have a bit to add. Jackie, when you say little boys with 'girl's' hairstyles are happening much more frequently, you're certainly right. I'm a cosmetologist (and mom!) and work at a salon that does a lot of children's hair. You wouldn't believe how common it is for little boys to come in with girlie hairstyles. Probably the most common are high ponytails or pigtails (frequently with



ribbons or bows). Barrettes and clips are also common. I also see a lot of French braids or braided pigtails. On average, I probably see at least two such boys a week. And, of course, those are just the ones I know are boys! There was one child of 5 who regularly came in with long hair and blunt-cut bangs down to the eyebrows. Her hair was frequently in bouncy curls—obviously the result of a curling iron—when she came in. I had seen her several times before I was giving her a trim one day and found out that she was named Allen. I asked him if she said 'Ellen,' and the child's mother said, "No, **his** name is Allen." And his mother stressed the 'his.' I've only been working there a little over a year, and it's been eye opening. Some parents (it's not just moms) are probably thinking, "What the heck, barrettes are easy." But there are others who are obviously more systematic. And hairstyles aren't the only thing either. I've seen a few other things that are more shocking.

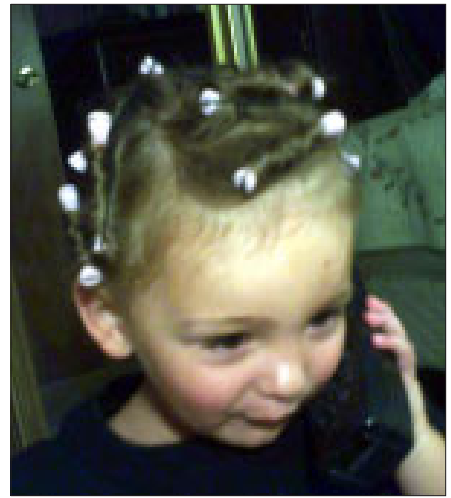
On July 15, 2008 at 7:45 AM
Samantha says...

I'll probably be sorry, but I have to ask, Jennifer, what were the more shocking things? Inquiring minds want to know...

On July 21st, 2008 at 1:02 PM
Jennifer says...

Samantha, I probably sounded a little more dramatic than I intended when I said "shocking," but there have been some eye-opening moments for me since

working at this salon. Besides the things I described, I see many little boys wearing nail polish. But I can't throw stones b/c my 2 1/2-year old son has worn polish, much to my husband's chagrin. Also some boys come in girls' clothes, usually just a top in pink with a little bow, lacy edge, or a T-shirt with a graphic like Dora or a Disney Princess. I usually guess they are hand-me-downs from an older sister, but several boys I have seen come in wearing dresses. One I've seen in a dress repeatedly. He's 4 and comes in with his mother. About half the time he looks like a boy with long hair, but when he comes in wearing a dress, he doesn't look like a boy at all; he is really pretty! The dresses look new and fit him well (I'm sure they're bought for him rather than hand-me-downs), his hair is always super-cute, his nails are polished, and at times, he is wearing a touch of makeup. Anyway, he seems to enjoy the attention he gets because I and the other women fuss over him quite a bit because he is so pretty. Most of us think it's a little weird, but we don't want to make him uncomfortable, and his mother is a steady client who seems normal enough otherwise. What did border on "shocking" happened last Christmas, one of our regulars brought in her 3-year old son to have him 'done' for a child's beauty pageant, and he was entering as a girl. He always had long hair (below his shoulders) but we were all surprised because he never looked girlish all the times he had come in before. But apparently his mother and grandmother had decided he was pretty enough to compete and, to be honest, they were right. The boy was going right from our salon to the contest, so we got to see him get dressed after we finished his hair and makeup. The boy came in that day wearing his boys' clothes, and when he was ready for his costume, he got undressed in the back of the salon -- we could all see him -- and here's the shocker: He was wearing lacy pink panties and a pink nylon camisole under his boys' clothes! The little girl heavily ruffled rhumba style panties would have made a princess blush! His mother put a tiny bra on him with a bit of padding, a full-skirted white slip, lacy ankle socks, pink Mary Janes, and a pink and white



party dress. He looked extremely pretty when he left the salon. We found out later that he didn't win but placed third! I wondered about that sort of thing, so I asked our owner and she said she'd seen it a few times before. She said that most of the time, those incidents happen when making over boys for costume parties or stage shows. One interesting thing is that I didn't see this sort of thing nearly so often when I worked in a major city. My current salon is in an upscale suburb, and I've seen it a lot more here. I guess I would have expected the opposite for some reason. Concerning the boy who was in the beauty contest: His name is Angel! Seeing him with a camisole and panties on under his boys' clothes that day made me wonder if he always wore lingerie instead of boys' underwear. It took several more visits, but I did find him wearing lavender panties under his trousers one day after I shampooed his hair and had him lean far forward for me to towel it dry. In the process, I sneakily and supposedly accidentally, pulled up his T-shirt in back and low and behold I saw the thin little white waist elastic and a big swath of girls' purple nylon panties sticking out above the top of his pants in back! Unmistakably girls' panties! Wow!

On August 3, 2008 at 10:08 AM
Stephanie says...

I'm a hairdresser and have several boys coming into our salon with curls or wearing barrettes. They range from about 5 to 9 and all have long hair. We polish all little girls' nails free while their mothers get their hair done this includes the boys, after asking the boy's

mother -- and most of them say, "Yeah, go ahead and polish his nails." One mother had me perm her 9 yr old son's long hair. I also did a roller set on a boy for a wedding and pinned his sides back off his face. I have curled high school boys' hair for school dances and proms. Most off the small boys look very girlish; two of them even have both their ears pierced -- and wear girlish earrings.

On August 24th, 2008 at 10:59 PM

Karen says...

Hi, I just found this thread. I am also a hairdresser for 10 years now and have done a number of boys that were brought in by their moms. I've worked on at least 18 boys in my time. Most seemed quite happy getting their hair done. One boy was about 9 and had long brown hair to his waist. His mom asked to have it trimmed to mid back and wanted him to get a spiral perm like one of his girlfriends at school. I cut and permed his hair and when it was done, both he and his mother were very happy with the results. Since that time, he has come back numerous times and he is now 16 and though he wears his hair in a most decidedly feminine way, I think he enjoys being a femme boy rather than a girl. If a boy is apprehensive in the least, I will refuse to do it. I have only refused on 2 occasions. One boy was about 6 and crying; after his mother told me to put his long black hair in braids and then handed me two pink ribbons to tie on the ends, I asked him if he wanted it done. He didn't say 'no,' but I knew he didn't want it and was scared to death. The other boy I turned down came in not only crying but in a short little party dress. His parents were there. His father repeatedly threatening to spank him -- "dust off his lacy panties" is how he said it -- if the boy didn't cooperate. His mother told me she was punishing him for peeking up girls' skirts at school, so she was making him wear a dress that was so short his dainty little pink panties were on constant display! I turned him down, but the other operators (most of whom were laughing off their heads) said I should do it as they had no sympathy for a Peeping Tom. I still refused, but another operator willingly did it. That's my two cents.

On August 25th, 2008 at 2:19 PM

Judi says...

Hi, my hairdresser has three little boys who accompany their mothers to the salon quite frequently. The boys are markedly feminine with mothers who are not at all bashful showing them off. They are very proud of their girlish boys although only one of them brings in her five-year-old in a dress. (I know them personally.) The other two boys are usually wearing girlish blouses and slacks but the mothers have stopped short of putting them in dresses, at least when they come into our salon. All the boys look cute and I am pleased that our stylists are non-judgmental and quite willing to give the boys girls' hairstyles. The children are obviously loved by their mothers and that is important. It is important to support moms who do not feel compelled to go along with the crowd.

On August 31st, 2008 at 8:46 PM

Stephanie says...

Jenn, here's info on some of my boys. I did spiral curls, nails and makeup on two 16-yr old boys for a school dance. On one, I gave him curls and pinned them up into an updo. The other, I did tiers of swirling curls down his back. I'm not sure what they were wearing to the prom but they did admit they were openly gay and going as a couple. The little boy I did the roller set on sat still better than any girl did his age. His mother wanted his curls pinned off his face so he could play, which I did. I also polished his nails a pale pink. We have a 5 yr old boy who always has his hair curled and has pierced ears. His name is Lonnie and wears Barbie earrings. Most times, he has a cute barrette on top or in the back. His mother gets his hair trimmed and curled every 5 weeks along with hers. We have an 8 yr old boy with long hair who gets a curl quite often; his mother always has polish on his toes and nails. She is raising the boy as a sissy because she despises men and doesn't want her boy to grow up like her husband who cheated on her and gave her a very serious venereal disease. We have two more small boys who always get a girlish cut and their moms mothers always want it curled too. Many of the small boys then go right to our manicure stations at the request of their mother to get their nails polished. Just last week I did a roller set on a man in town for a crossdressers meeting; he had the most beautiful long hair and it curled so well. Hope to hear more about some of the feminine boys, the boys seem so polite and well mannered and dressed in feminine outfits. I think it's great that mothers are willing to let the feminine side of their boys' personality come out. Keep up the good work.

On September 8th, 2008 at 6:21 PM

Maria Robins says...

My son is growing his hair now and it is quite long but you can still see that he's a boy! But, in school he has a friend who is really girly and doesn't seem to care what people think. According to my son, the boy was teased at first, but then the teachers and other kids came to accept him or at least ignore him. He's amazingly strong because we all know about peer pressure. The other day, I saw this boy in school while picking up my son and I could hardly believe my eyes! I hadn't seen him for a long time, and I didn't even recognize him! He has the most beautiful curly hair you could imagine! It was extremely long, blond, wavy, way down his back, and so girly! On top of that, he wore a girls' pink coat! My son reintroduced him to me. He was very sweet and he seemed very happy and comfortable with his appearance. My son later told me that the girls volunteer to comb his hair -- I guess they envy him! But, as I said, it was very, very brave of him to withstand all the looks from others just to be himself.

On October 30th, 2008 at 10:23 PM

Traci says...

I was so glad to find your thread -- I admit I'm one of those moms who love having her son's hair 'done.' My boy has had long hair all his life (now 10), and he's never asked to have it cut. About 3 years ago, he started asking if he could have curls like his big sisters, and after some hesitation, I said, "Why not." I did it on hot rollers, he loved it and I could not



believe how pretty he looked. Since then I've been setting it on rollers a few times a week and I've gradually added satin bows, headbands, barrettes, etc. For school, he wears it in a high ponytail, back in a headband or in 2 braids. I take him into my stylist every couple of months for a trim and roller set and the girls at the salon just adore him. I get compliments all the time on his hair and I dread the day if he ever decides to get it cut! I think as long as it's the boy's choice, it's fine to let young boys express their girly side.

On October 31st, 2008 at 5:35 PM

Ellie in Calif. says...

I'm also a stylist and I've seen a related phenomenon: boys coming in as bridesmaids. We're in Northern California, near Napa, so we do many wedding parties. In the last year, we've had about half a dozen weddings that included young boys as either bridesmaids or flowergirls. We gave all of them the full makeover — hair, makeup, nails — and, with one exception, they all seemed enthusiastic and enjoying the process. One was especially interesting: he was about seven and it was clear that his mother had been dressing him in girls' things for some time. He came in twice, once a few days before the wedding for a trial, and then on the morning of the wedding with the rest of the bridesmaids. For the trial, his Mom brought her own rollers. He was wearing a girls' mini skirt, a top with Cinderella on it, white keds and lacy white ankle socks, and had his hair in a high ponytail and his nails painted bright red. I assumed he was a girl until one of the other stylists told me otherwise. We trimmed his hair (it's really quite lovely, down to mid back with bangs), set it in rollers and put him under the dryer. They left with him still in rollers. He didn't seem crazy about the whole thing, but he didn't protest either. We talked afterward and the owner said she had chatted with his mom and she said she'd decided when he was three to raise him as femininely as possible. He came

back with the other bridesmaids and we gave all of them, including him, updos, makeup, and manicures. He seemed to be enjoying himself more that day and the other bridesmaids were very sweet to him. The other ones we've done were obviously onetime deals, either at the request of the bride or just for fun. Our owner says she's seeing this more often. We thought it strange but also a lot of fun to makeover boys. A couple of them were the prettiest ones in the wedding party!

On November 4, 2008 at 4:25 AM

Gina says...

Traci, you're situation is very interesting ... my son is quite girly as well. His hair is shoulder length and he wants to grow it out. I have always styled it in a rather feminine way but now I'm afraid of what people might think if I continue to let him have his way. Two questions: One, does your son like to look girly? For example, my son has his ears pierced and loves jewelry. And two, how do you handle any negative reactions?

On November 4th, 2008 at 5:12 PM

Traci says...

Hi Gina, yes, my son definitely prefers his girly hairstyles. He gets mad when I make him pull it back in a 'guys' ponytail, and he'd be very upset if he couldn't curl it or wear ribbons and barrettes anymore. How girly is he? I buy him the fanciest and frilliest little girl pink rhumba panties because he insists upon it. He wears them all the time, even though the ruffles on those panties bulge out his pants and even peek out below the bottom of his shorts. We do have some negative reactions and I've spent a lot of time telling him that people who judge others by their appearance are small-minded, and that if he's comfortable with his looks, it doesn't matter what others think, etc. He gets teased a bit at school, but the principal and teachers are very supportive. He's been wearing his hair in girls' styles for so long now that the other kids just accept it. (He has a couple of close girl friends who love to braid and style his hair.) How old is your boy? When you say "a rather feminine way," do you mean curls? Braids? Accessories? I'd love to hear more. Thanks for supporting long haired boys.

On November 7, 2008 at 9:54 AM

Maria Robins says...

It's so lovely to have this conversation about our sons! I want to hear more about girly and feminine boys! My son is very feminine in his appearance! He's been increasingly friendly with the other boy I mentioned in my earlier letter. (We can call him Alex!) They are together after school almost every day, and my boy and Alex are playing dress up like little girls all the time, wearing dresses, skirts, frilly blouses, girls' coats and silky lingerie. 24/7 Alex wear nylon panties, fancy sleek panties (usually in pink)! Following his suggestion, my son now wears cute sissy panties all the time too. The other day, I found them combing and brushing each other's hair! Alex's hair is so beautiful; it's stunning! I'm so amazed that a male can grow such fantastic lovely hair and be brave enough to keep it that way in front of others! And I'm so fascinated that it can be so girly and sweet and LONG on a boy! I've

promised my son he could let his grow really long, and today, his hair is half way down his back! I also frequently take him to my hairdresser's to have it curled! Actually, seeing Alex and my son standing there in their skirts and pink blouses treating one another in this feminine way was so sweet! I even saw them giving each other little pecking kisses. It was so-o-o-o cute! What's more inspiring and hopeful for the future is that Alex and my son are sort of showing the way forward for their school mates! Several boys have grown their hair long too and started wearing skirts, even though boyish ones, like jeans skirts and skorts (shorts that look like skirts)!



On November 20th, 2008 at 4:01 PM
Tara says...

My son has extremely long hair, he is turning 6 and his hair is past his bum. He is constantly mistaken for a girl, even though everything else about him screams boy. It doesn't bother me that people call him a girl because, yes, he is beautiful! We just casually correct whoever calls him a girl. They usually are the ones who apologize and are embarrassed. We just tell them don't worry, it happens all the time. His dad has a long braid too, but he's never mistaken for a woman. As my son grows and goes through his bodily changes, he will obviously be male. I am lucky though that my baby boy will never be offended because he has autism and couldn't care less what people say about him. He is a very happy child and loves life. People relate beauty with girls. I'm sure you're son is pretty; I know my son is, that's why people think he's a girl.

On November 22nd, 2008 at 4:54 PM
Maria Robins says...

Dear Tara! Thanks for your letter about your lovely little boy! Yes, he seems to be so happy! There is no reason why a boy shouldn't be able to enjoy long hair – they used to in the late 1800s without comments then! It was natural with both boys and girls to not only have long hair, but to have it curled and dressed with ribbons and bows! In those days, all little children, girls and boys, wore fancy dresses and lacy bloomers too! You're so right about society just adoring beautiful girls – not boys! Actually, boys too can be beautiful (in their own way!) I must say that my son is "beautiful" and so is his best friend!

On February 25th, 2009 at 11:36 PM
Bob says...

I don't know how I stumbled onto this page, but found these comments interesting and pretty amazing. I knew my mother wished I were a girl when I was a boy, and she would try to get me interested in girls' stuff, but I rebelled. Boys were merciless back then about anything sissyish. I got a doll from an aunt once, undoubtedly at my mother's request, and when I

got home, I threw it in the trash. I was embarrassed about it. I have photos of when I was very young, and I'm wearing dresses with pretty long hair. I don't remember that far back but I don't doubt the photos. I had an older brother, so the dresses weren't hand-me-downs from a sister. He doesn't have boyhood pictures of him in dresses; I guess my mother wanted a girl in me after having my brother. I played with boys, but did play with a neighbor girl, and she'd want to play dress-up and trade clothes with me. I was very reluctant, but did put on her dresses and panties a few times. Girls usually wore dresses back in the 1950s, and I couldn't imagine any other boy willingly putting on

a dress and lacy panties; I did it, but I felt very guilty about doing it for years afterwards until one day I found the idea exciting and wanted to dress up in girls' clothes again, and that was my start as a crossdresser. When I came back from Vietnam, I grew my hair long, and wore it in a ponytail at the factory where I worked to keep it away from the machinery; the women who worked there loved putting barrettes in my hair. That's girl fun, I suppose. It's nice that people and kids are so accepting of that kind of thing these days. If I were a little boy now, I imagine my mother would have been more aggressive about encouraging me to be girly. I definitely knew from comments and some of the slightly girlish clothes she sometimes bought me that she wished I were a girl. I did feel she didn't love me as much because I was a boy. The idea of boys wearing panties, bows, earrings, dresses, nail polish, and girls' hairstyles is something I've rarely seen, but I'm all for it. If females can dress like males, then males should be able to dress like females, but I am surprised that today's boys aren't teased more.

Some of best from the web site:

100 Worst Ways to Be Castrated

http://uncyclopedia.wikia.com/wiki/Worst_100_Ways_To_Be_Castrated

- 80. By Syringe: "It'll just be a LITTLE shot?" This one won't!
- 79. Jehovah's Witless: "We're are here today, oh, my dear Lord, it's a tiny demon. Quick, Brother, your hunting knife!"
- 78. Chocolate Sauce: You decide to be more adventurous in your love life, and you have your new partner strap you to the bed and pour chocolate topping on you and lick in off. At least that was the plan. What she neglected to mention is that she is lactose intolerant, and so decides to replace the chocolate topping with hot caramel. And for the \$300...
- 76. Castrati: As a young man you show a magnificent ability to sing Opera and your parents decide to maintain your lovely high registers permanently.

75. A Dirty Knife: Wouldn't be the same with a clean one.
74. By Castrifying/Castrification: Yeah, you've never heard of it, but think of upside-down crucifixion combined with intent to castrate, and you've got the idea. Can I get fries with that?
73. Chewed up and swallowed by Megan Fox. Taste good?
69. A cannibal: Just reread that title again. Got it? Good!
68. In Your Sleep, By Any Method: You dream you step across a barbed wire fence. You feel light as a bird from then until you wake up. And then you really feel light.
66. Clickety click
65. Mrs. Wiffle Giggles: The 58 year-old, gray-haired widow of a Kansas lumber miller chloroforms you in an 1880s-era dry goods store and you wake up in her horse barn, naked as she cackles maniacally and pulverizes your balls with a wiffle bat, and on top of all that, the only horse you can see has gargantuan balls, and he keeps whinnying at you.
63. Get Thee to a Nunnery: Never dis the sistas! Remember Sister Mary Francis from Shady Meadow Parish?
58. By a Rabbi with hiccups
57. Drunk Zipper: You're drunk, just need to spend a penny, and zipped up before putting it away.
56. The 2 bricks and a piece of string method: Get a piece of string as long as the victim is tall. Tie a brick to either end. Hold the string taught around shoulder height of the victim behind the neck. Pull it forward slightly to have both bricks in front of the body where they will swing down simultaneously and collide at a predetermined position. Watch the victims face as the bricks are released.
54. Eaten by a supermodel: No worse than a few of the other ones mentioned here, but the horrible irony is that you know that she'll just throw it up again in a few minutes anyway.
53. Seducing the virgin: Very difficult. Definitely done by an angry yet sexy femme fatale, who seduces a young man into her bed. Getting him aroused and letting him know that it will be the best lay of his life, and as soon as the sail is hoisted - snip! The physical pain is also accompanied by the mental anguish of knowing that he's now going to die a virgin.
50. Replacing the blown fuse in your pickup with a bullet so you can get back to driving and five minutes later the bullet has heated up enough to discharge straight into your nuts.
49. Defenestration: Being thrown out of a window but having aspects of your personality being held behind.
47. By Public Auction: Being sold to the highest bidder to have your balls taken off while strapped to the auction block.
46. Cut off by a jealous spouse: You're doing the deed with Mrs. Milf when her husband comes in and sees you in bed with her and he happens to have his Swiss army knife handy.
45. Broken glass: Somehow you manage to get away from the husband and stark naked you jump through the plate glass window a piece of jagged glass cuts through 1% of your body.
43. Jealous spouse redux: So you get out of the bed, out of the bedroom, and into the car, out of the driveway, and get home, and you think that you've managed to get away with it all, but then you get home and Mrs. <insert name here> is cutting vegetables, wants to know why you have come home in the middle of the day with no clothes on, and you just aren't quite quick enough to come up with an excuse. I miss you so much I'm taking part of you with me.
42. Dating a Goth chick: Because up until this point you thought that the labia rings were really sexy.
37. Gymnasium IV: You've decided to take steroids in order to get into the Charles Atlas way. Unfortunately you missed the class at school where they warned you about steroids abuse, and your testes shrivel into the size of peas.
26. Dogs Running Loose In A Dogpark!
25. New puppy: Isn't the puppy cute. OOOW - NO DROP THAT! BAD DOG! You're wearing nothing but a dressing gown, and your new puppy becomes fascinated by this thing dangling between your legs and decides to take a bite.
20. Mommy's Revenge: Running with scissors. If she'd told you once she'd told you a thousand times.
17. In a lens grinder: The perfect way to make a spectacle of yourself. (Thank you, folks. I'll be here all week.)
16. The Chrysippus: You laugh so hard at number 17 on this list that you hernia your balls into a Gordian knot, whereupon they strangle and die. Forgot to do your leg lifts, first. (Look up Chrysippus on Wikipedia, if you must.)
13. Lucky for some. You lose money betting on cock fighting but know you can come back so you borrow a little from Don Curlioni to place on #13, Tiny Dancer, a sure thing. But Tiny Dancer immediately gets it's neck broken by #19 Hairly Squatter. The Don is less than happy when you can't pay up, and chooses to take your Tiny Dancer as payment.
10. Kung Fu style: Three days prior to the completion of the film "Stretch", David Carradine, best known for his role as the boy who took the stones of the old guy in "Kung Fu" TV show, was found dead in the closet of his hotel room. He was in the closet with a rope around his neck and another part of the rope around his penis. For more information on his untimely demise, click here. Bangkok police believe that his death may be linked to an attempt of auto erotic asphyxiation. Editors note: Wherever possible on this list we've attempted to remain true to reports of Castration, and this is one that was just way to good to pass up. I'm sorry if you're offended but this is damned funny. His kung fu was not strong!
9. Chemical Castration: It's done to convicted sex offenders in many countries and is spreading. According to the "experts" at wiki, "As with the majority of prescription medications, the use of Depo-Provera can cause several side effects including weight gain, fatigue, malaise, hypertension, mild depression, hypoglycemia and rare changes in liver enzymes."
8. Like Sheep: Imagine being a sheep for a moment. You lose your nuts by having a rubber ring slowly constrict your manhood and cutting off the circulation until they drop off.
3. Crikey! A special favorite of those in Australia. Going to the outhouse in the dark of the night and neglecting to check the toilet seat prior to sitting down, and getting bitten by a Redback or a Funnelweb spider.
2. Vengeful Wife: When instead of doing the chores, you've spent your time trying to think of the worst 100 ways to be castrated. (I'll let you know how it went!)
1. Tea-Bag a Bear Trap... Imagine how horrendously painful that would be... NO BALLS, how would you get that shit out?