

Princess Extra!



Some of the most astounding sissy boy antics imaginable!

#22

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Odd, Strange & Unusual Sissy Boy Features

Adults Only

"Jack, bend over just a little more for the camera so I can get a good shot of you."

"Gees, Daddy, my panties aren't showing, are they?"

"Oh, don't worry about that. Showing a little bit of your slip and panties is so-o-o cute! Smile!"

Princess Extra! features photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and other items of interest from our website for the fantasy fulfillment of adult sissies. Items range from "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay sex themes.

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The Sissification of a Naughty Boy

March 23, 2005

When I divorced Jack I thought I was through with macho womanizers, but as my son Mark approaches his teens, he is becoming just like his father. Frequently, he gets into fights at school and makes abusive comments about women and girls. I caught him reading some old Playboy magazines his father had stashed away in the garage and he brazenly stares at women's breasts -- even mine. Granted I have a rather full bosom, but a boy shouldn't stare at a woman's breasts like that -- especially his mother's! It's so upsetting. I can't bear the idea of raising a macho son who's going to mistreat women just like his father did.

This afternoon, I went shopping at the Easton Mall, hoping it would cheer me up. As I passed the Petticoat Junction store, I saw Doreen, an old friend who used to live by us. Like me, she's a single mom; her son Billy is the same age as Mark. They used to play together until Doreen moved across town. I haven't seen them since the boys were about six. Doreen was always beautiful and she's as pretty as ever, even on a Saturday afternoon at the mall. She was dressed sexily with a slinky short skirt, heavy makeup, jewelry, perfume, black nylons, and high heels. Full-bosomed and nearly 6 feet tall in heels she was absolutely stunning.

Well, we got to talking and I told her about my problems with Mark and I assumed she was having the same sort of problems with Billy. But she said she wasn't. Then she asked me if I knew about the Demale Society. And when I hadn't, she explained, "It promotes a new approach to relationships between males and females that's very beneficial for females." Then she asked if I had a bit of time and would like to stop over to her house. She said simply seeing her Billy would convince me that something could be done to drastically improve Mark's behavior. I was curious so I got into my car and followed Doreen to her place. Inside it was beautifully decorated and neat as

a pin. "Billy, darling," Doreen called into the kitchen, "are you here?"

"Yes, mother," he softly responded in an almost feminine voice. I followed Doreen into the kitchen and was stunned. There was a boy who bore little resemblance to Billy as I remembered him, but it definitely was him.

He looked up and blushed when he saw me. He was wearing a colorful robe, standing over an ironing board and carefully putting the finishing touches on a frilly blouse. On a nearby rack hung freshly pressed skirts and dresses and stacks of neatly folded lingerie were on a side table. Obviously Billy had been at the ironing board for some time! But the most distinctive part of his appearance was his long blonde hair up in curlers -- he certainly did look like a little housewife doing her chores!

"You remember Mrs. Buxley, don't you, darling?" Doreen said to him. "You know, Mark's mom. Say hello, dear."

I'd never seen anyone look so mortified. The poor boy couldn't bear to look me in the eye. With his head full of curlers angled downward, he put his right foot behind his left and bent his knees, performing a little curtsy. In doing so, the front of his robe gaped open at the bottom and I saw a generous portion of the lacy hem of a white satin slip. "Hello, Mrs. Buxley," he said softly and girlishly. Towering over the feminized preteen boy in her sky-high heels, Doreen was beaming with pride. "Darling," she said to Billy, "Mrs. Buxley and I would like some tea. Please fix it and then serve it to us, sweetie, and bring along some of those tasty butter cookies you baked. We'll be in the den. Oh, and one more thing, darling. Do something about your appearance. I know you weren't expecting company, but now that Mrs. Buxley is here put on something nice and sweet for us."

"Yes, mother dear," he softly responded with a bit of creaking in his throat. Doreen drew him to her and gave him a warm, motherly hug. It was then that I noticed a distinctly not-so-feminine bulge in the front of his robe.

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Could he have been sexually excited because of the way he was dressed and with me there gawking at him! I know boys his age get an erection with the slightest provocation. I guessed the silky slip he had on was doing a number on him! He saw me staring and blushed and then quickly turned away to fill up the kettle and put it on the burner.

As he did that, Doreen said, "Darling, I see you've been working on your embroidery. I see you're becoming quite good." Doreen caught my attention and motioned toward a pair of shocking pink panties on the table. I could see rather amateurishly embroidered onto the panties the words 'Sissy' and 'Spank Me!' I was amazed at what I was witnessing and still trying to adjust as Doreen took my arm and led me into the den. As we sat down I noticed copies of Seventeen and Cosmo Girl, and Doreen pointed out that they were both addressed to "Billy Masterson!"

Doreen told me about the Demale Society and tried to answer the dozens of questions I was firing at her as fast as I was asking them. She explained that members of the Demale Society are determined to turn the world into a thoroughgoing matriarchy.

"Inside every male," Doreen said, "is a boy who's afraid of his mother. After all, mothers are bigger, stronger, and more powerful than their son during his formative years, and the idea is to use that as a model for all relationships between males and females regardless of the male's age. A young boy is powerless in the presence of his mother and the idea is to build upon those feelings of inadequacy and extend them until he feels submissive to all females. Boys are then taught to dedicate themselves to serve females. Ultimately all demaling relationships between males and females are modeled on the relationship between a mother and her son -- her sissified son.

Then husbands will better relate to their wives, brothers to their sisters. Demaled males learn to relate to all females as they relate to their mothers. Initially, they do it in fear of a hairbrush spanking or other unpleasant punishments that a mother is best equipped to carry out. In the beginning, physical punishments like a spanking are the only way to get through to some headstrong males -- the shame of being spanked like a little boy is as painful as the spanking itself and to have it done in front of others makes it all that much more horrific of an experience. Boys try to avoid a repeat of such physical punishments, but the lessons learned are only temporary and that is where feminization comes into play. While the boy is properly submissive and willing to do most anything to



avoid another spanking, a woman begins his feminization. And once a man or boy begins the process, it's easy to change from physical to humiliation-type punishments, which are much more effective. Shameful situations, especially public humiliations, work much better than a spanking. Won't the end result be wonderful? To live in a world in which mothers, wives and other females feminize and completely subjugate and control their sons, husbands and the rest of the male population?"

I was fascinated as Doreen explained that in a Demale Society household males are totally subservient to their mothers, wives, and sisters. Even the oldest male must obey the youngest female or suffer very humiliating consequences. The males are trained to cook, clean, wash, iron and to be maid-like servants to the females of the house -- some women even love to keep their sissified males dressed in dainty little French maids' outfits with short skirts, volumes of petticoats and constantly exposed ruffled panties. So when ruffians like Mark get into fights or chase after girls, boys like Billy bake cookies for their mothers or wash and iron their pretty clothes. Demaled

males must also receive permission from a female before sitting down or leaving the house and in most instances they have to be escorted and watched over every minute while taking a bath and sitting to use the toilet.

"It's not too late to demale Mark," Doreen added. "Granted," it'll take a little effort. I started demaling my Billy shortly after we moved here, when he was six. It's the ideal age and it's easier to feminize a male when he's quite young, but it's not too late to do it to a 12-year-old like Mark."

I told her I had my doubts because Mark was already exhibiting so much aggressive behavior and showing such contempt toward females and disrespect toward me.

Doreen just smiled as she said, "Actually, from what I've learned at our Society meetings, that is a good sign! I'll bet he's already a closet sissy. That's why he's been acting so macho. He's trying to repress his feminine feelings and desires. Tell me, have you ever noticed your lingerie drawer in disarray at times when you know you didn't leave it that way? Have you seen Mark not only staring at your breasts but also staring at any bit of lace that peeks out from under your skirt or a cute bra strap accidentally exposed as it slides down and off your shoulder?"

I thought for a moment; I couldn't relate to that, and then all of a sudden I had noticed such things! Blushing, I admitted it to her. "I thought it was just more of him ogling my body. Do you mean he's interested in my lingerie?"

"Oh, yes, my dear. It sure sounds like it! Young boys hunger to see women and girls naked but such opportunities are so rare that they transfer that desire into an attraction for lingerie -- those items of clothing that cover a female's secret places. Not only that, the progression usually continues, the lingerie becomes so exciting that they have to not only look at it but touch it on the sly they like exploring your dresser drawers or diving into your dirty laundry hamper. But it doesn't stop there. Some boys get so excited that deep down they want feel what it's like to be sexy and pretty, not rough and aggressive, and they are tempted to try on their mother or sister's lingerie. Soon they want to girlishly mince about in panties, makeup, jewelry, perfume, bras, garter belts, nylons, and heels.

"But every boy knows that trying on lingerie would make him a sissy and an outcast in society, so he fights the urge and usually can't even admit to himself that he wants to

experience being feminine, so he fights those urges by acting macho. A psychologist would call it 'compensating for the stress of having feminine tendencies.' A boy tries as hard as he can to be masculine to counteract perfectly natural desires, and the downside: it often results in him becoming abusive toward females. In a weird way he's trying to prove to himself that he has no interest in female things. It makes him feel superior to females.

"Strip away the macho veneer and you'll see he's really a sissy. Of course, he'll be angry at first -- he'll resist. You'll have to use a bit of force. But before you know it, he'll actually thank you for it. Don't be surprised the first time he asks you to buy him more and fancier panties, paint his nails, pierce his ears, and let him wear high heels. Then you can train him to cook and clean, wash and iron, and help you dress. When other boys play football, your sissy son will be hand washing your bras and panties and when other boys go hunting and fishing, he'll bake cookies and have tea parties with the neighborhood girls. When other boys chase after girls, he'll put on his maids' outfit and serve as a maid for you and your girlfriends.

"Of course, he'll never be totally comfortable as a girl. In our culture males aren't supposed to dress and act like females. So even though he'll learn to love the soft, frilly clothes, he'll feel inadequate as a male. But that's OK; those feelings are what make Billy and any boy easy to control. An added benefit: you'll never have to worry that he will try to sexually force himself upon a female.

"Mark isn't too old to start the process, especially if you start right away. And I'd be happy to help. Tomorrow wouldn't be too soon. You appear to be very open to what I'm telling you. Just remember, you'll actually be doing him a favor. I'm willing to bet, although he can't admit it, deep down there's nothing he wants more than to be a sweet little girly boy and please his mother."

Just then Billy reappeared. He was a knockout! His hair was gently curled and fluffed up in a sexy do. I think he had added some extensions too. He was fully made up and wearing a fashionably short teenage tease white mini dress that showed off his long legs in thigh-high white stockings. Through the thin dress, I could make out the lines of a snug little bra and waist-high panties. His walk was decisively girlish with dainty steps and a seductive little wriggle. He was carrying a full tea tray. As he drew closer I noticed his makeup -- rose pink lipstick, a touch of blush, a full application of mascara and eyeliner, like he was ready for a date with a hot young guy! Even from



"That's an excellent job of embroidery on those cute panties, Billy.
And in the mirror, I can see you have your lovely lacy slip peeking out of your robe. Very sweet!"

a distance, I could smell his perfume -- a cheap but nice scent, excellent for a teenage girl. I think it was "Here's My Heart" by Avon. I've liked that scent going way back to the 1960s.

He stood before his mother and me and executed a well-rehearsed little curtsey. Then he set down the tray and poured our tea. His slinky dress couldn't hide his cute little bulge.

It was small, but obviously stiff. I don't know what came over me, but I wanted to reach out and stroke and caress the little thing. He was just so adorable. I hadn't been so interested in touching a penis in years, but for some strange reason I wanted to hug and kiss this sweet feminized boy and wank his little penis and give him some pleasure for all the fun I was getting out of seeing him with his sissy boy dickette so prominently standing at attention. I could picture him in panties with his dick so happily swathed in his soft nylon -- panties? With the outfit he was wearing I had no doubt that he had panties on under that dress. And my mind's eye went on from there; I imagined my Mark mincing about in lipstick, lingerie, nylons, and heels and found it incredibly exciting.

After Billy poured our tea, he asked his mother if she needed anything else. "Yes, darling. I'd like you to stay here with us. You're so pretty that I think Mrs. Buxley would like to look at you some more." He modestly blushed and stood to the side. Then, as Doreen and I were sipping our tea and nibbling on the delicious cookies he'd baked, he said, "Mother, dear, may please I sit down?" I could hardly believe my ears. Not only did this adorable twelve-year-old girly boy serve us tea, but he wouldn't dare sit down in a woman's presence without asking his mother for permission. If I could ever get Mark to be like that, I think I'd faint! "Yes, darling," Doreen said. "You may sit down in the blue chair."

Then much to his mother's delight and mine the charming boy went over to the chair, put his legs together, moved his hands behind himself and smoothed his dress as he primly seated himself -- back straight, legs modestly pressed together, hands upturned and resting in his lap. I looked to Doreen and she gave me a smug, satisfied smile. What I wouldn't give to get Mark to sit demurely like that instead of sprawled out on the sofa like a macho slob. I can almost see his father in Mark when sits like that with his knees boldly set apart and his arms up with his fingers clasped behind his neck -- or when he crosses his legs like a man -- one leg horizontal, the ankle resting

on the other knee. These macho men think they're such hot stuff!

As Doreen described her training methods I couldn't keep my eyes off her shy, girlish son. He still couldn't meet my eyes and looked off to the side or at my high heels or his mother's. Unlike Mark, who at this stage couldn't keep his eyes off a woman's breasts, Billy seemed terrified of looking directly at his mother's large bosom or mine.

After a while he started to fidget. His back remained straight, his knees demurely pressed together, and his hands girlishly cupped in his lap, but he was now squirming. Then it dawned on me. His bladder was full and causing discomfort. The poor boy had to go. But in a female dominated household he couldn't get up and go without asking his mother's permission. And he understandably didn't want to humiliate himself so in front of me. Finally, he couldn't help himself. I could tell he really had to go. Doreen and I were still talking.

"Mother," he softly interjected, "may I . . ." But Doreen's icy glare cut him off. "How dare you interrupt your mother and another woman when we're talking!" she said, her voice full of righteous indignation. "Who do you think you are? A simpleton boy like you has absolutely no right to interrupt women when they're talking. Men have been doing it for thousands of years, but for demales that's all over. You should know that. You are nothing but a worthless lingerie loving pantywaist. Your needs are of little interest to me. Now be still until we're finished!"

The poor boy apologized and almost burst into tears. I'm sure he really had to relieve himself. The misery and distress caused by a full bladder was written all over his face as he strained to smile and keep his feminine posture -- back straight, knees together, hands primly cupped in his lap -- and at the same time keep from wetting what I assumed were his pretty panties.

Finally our conversation wound down and Doreen slowly turned to her sissy son. "Now, darling," she said, "do you have something to say?"

"Mother, dear," he softly said, "I love you and I apologize for interrupting. But please, mother, may I use the bathroom?"

Doreen looked at me and smiled. Then she turned to her son. "Why, darling? What do you have to use it for?"

Billy glanced towards me. He was so mortified. His mother was playing a game, teaching him a lesson, humiliating him for having the temerity to interrupt her. He knew what he had to say. So he swallowed his pride. "I have to tinkle, mother," he said like a child. "Oh," she said, "a big boy like you has to tinkle. How sweet. And how do you tinkle, darling? Tell Mrs. Buxley how a boy like you tinkles. Turn to her, darling. Look her in the eye and tell her how you tinkle."

Now, for the first time, the feminine boy's gaze met mine. The look of abject humiliation on his face gave me a thrill. It was so exciting! What a thrill to have such power over a sweet prepubescent male! And to think I could possibly have the same power over Mark. I savored the boy's mortification as his eyes became moist and he said to me, "I tinkle sitting down, Mrs. Buxley, with my lovely panties down my legs like a girl. That way I don't make a mess splashing my pee on the bowl. And I don't insult mother by leaving the seat up."

Then, just before the stress on his bladder and the humiliation of these words brought him to tears, his mother said, "Okay, darling, you go tinkle. But don't run. Ladies don't run when they have to use the bathroom. They walk, slowly and with great dignity. So I want you to remain very ladylike. Slowly mince to the bathroom, and, of course, don't close the door, pull down your pretty panties, and tinkle like a sweet little sissy. We will follow you and watch to make sure a dumb little prissy pansy like you doesn't forget to keep his hands off his tiny dickette." We could hardly contain our giggles as Billy slowly got up from the chair and girlishly minced out of the room, his saucy little bottom undulating with the same seductive wriggle that it did when he entered. I don't know why, but being able to witness him pulling down his panties, sitting on the toilet, and peeing -- "tinkling" -- like a girl got me really excited. I couldn't wait!

We followed Billy but at a much more leisurely pace than his hurried exit. On the way, I agreed to let Doreen help me "liberate" my Mark's underlying femininity. Since there was no time to waste, I agreed that we should start immediately. We then arrived at the bathroom. The door was left open as had been commanded of him and the contrite little boy was sitting on the throne with his minidress bunched up around his waist and his heavily frilled panties stretched between his knees -- they were bright pink panties with a great abundance of white lace and pink ribbon inserts. I could hear him tinkle with force as it hit the inside of the toilet bowl. The noise his pee

was making caused him to blush in my presence. Once he was finished, he reached between his legs and dabbed then end of his penis with a couple of sheets of toilet tissue. As he got up, Doreen told him to stand, keep his dress up and to take some more tissue and dab his penis dry again so he didn't deposit any stray drops of pee into his panties. Of course, that gave me a good look at his dickette, a good name for it since it was so small. Doreen saw my questioning stare and explained, "I have him on



a hormone regimen that keeps Billy quite calm and submissive that includes hefty doses of female hormones, select herbs, and male hormone blockers. Combined they rob him of his boyhood and have shrunk his penis down to toddler size. I'll be glad to tell you all about how it works as we get your Mark into the program. I was now more anxious than ever to get started and I told her we should definitely start the very next day.

As I was leaving, Doreen wrote out a list of things for me to purchase at the mall before returning home: a selection of fancy panties, a lightly padded training bra, a sexy babydoll nightie, a couple of simple, inexpensive dresses (since he might try to tear them off upon being introduced to them for the first time), a pair of simple girly shoes and, of course, all those items in Mark's size. Makeup, ear piercing, nylon stockings, and lessons in ladylike behavior, she said, could come later. We'd take him along with us when we shopped for other items he would need, a great opportunity to humiliate him in public and increase our control over him. Doreen knew of a special boutique that catered to demales and their "mommies." "Before you know it," she joked, "Mark will be selling his bike and baseball glove and using the money to buy more panties, makeup, jewelry, and dresses."

I did stop at the mall on the way home and purchased the items. But once I got started, I couldn't stop. Shopping for girls' clothes made me think of everything I'd missed by not having a daughter -- doing her hair, painting her nails, shopping for pretty clothes, showing her how to use lipstick and carry a purse and walk in heels, buying her first bra, and so on. So I couldn't resist also buying hair ribbons, a camisole, a teddy, a cute wraparound skirt, some clip-on earrings, bracelets and a necklace, a darling little pink purse, and a dozen pairs of the prettiest nylon panties I could find. Then I needed things to fill the purse. So I bought a tube of frost pink lipstick, matching nail polish, a compact, and a cute little pink billfold. It was so much fun -- shopping for a preteen girl and imagining all the things my new "daughter" and I would be doing together as I introduced "her" to our female world.

All this shopping got me thinking about redoing Mark's room. Wouldn't it be fun to redecorate it in feminine fabrics and colors? I could empty his dresser drawers and refill them with bras, slips, panties and nylons and fill his closet with pretty dresses. I'd also want to replace the weight bench his father gave him with an ultra-feminine vanity and mirror.

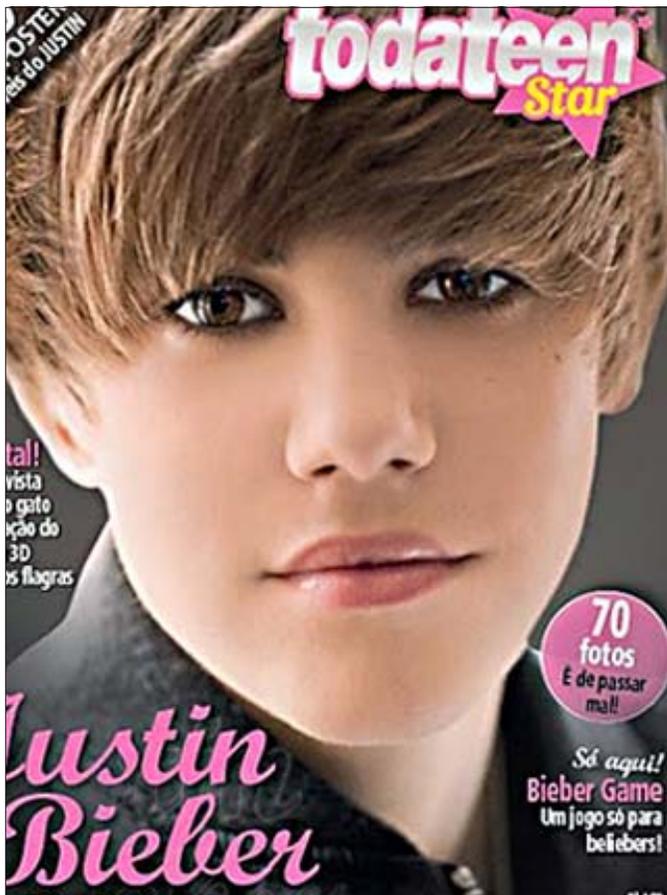
I'm so excited that I just had to sit down and write out this whole experience. I keep a diary every day, so I have the writing bug -- and now I look forward to adding a lot of sensational entries as my new daughter 'evolves!'

So, tomorrow morning Doreen is coming over to help me demale Mark. Given that his training is starting so late, Doreen thought it might at first take two of us to strip away his masculine veneer and bring out the sweet little girly boy within. For starters, I'll present him with his first pair of dainty pink panties and if he resists putting them on in any way, we will follow up with a severe over-the-knee hairbrush spanking -- one that will make him sob and whimper like a small boy. How mortifying it will be for him to cry like a child in front of two women towering over him in high heels. This, Doreen says, will immediately regress him psychologically. He'll feel like a toddler boy -- small and weak -- and see Doreen and me as big and strong. We'll ridicule his masculinity -- laugh at his penis as being too small to be of interest to any girl and convince him that he'll never measure up as a man.

After stripping away his boyhood and making him whimper and sob like a helpless little boy, we'll reinforce his sissy self, give him a perfumed bubble bath and dress him in his cute nightie. We'll give him his first dose of special 'vitamins' and spray him with perfume, paint his nails, kiss and caress him and tell him we only love boys who dress and act like girls as his brainwashing begins. Masculine behavior, he'll soon learn, will only bring him pain and ridicule at the hands of females. If he really wants to be loved, kissed, hugged, and caressed by girls, he'll have to cultivate the feminine side of his personality.

Before long, Doreen predicts, Mark will be as gentle and sweet and girlish as Billy. When this occurs I plan to celebrate by inviting his father over for tea. I can hardly wait to see the look on the face of my macho ex-hubby as his son -- wearing lipstick, nail polish, perfume, jewelry, a short dress and sexy lingerie -- girlishly serves him tea and cookies he baked himself. Revenge is so sweet!

Oh, I'm so excited I can't sleep. That's why I'm up writing this. I can hardly wait until morning. Tomorrow marks a new beginning for Mark and me and our relationship. I've never wanted anything more than to turn Mark into a sweet, submissive, adorable little demale like Billy. If Doreen is right, I won't really be imposing anything on him. Rather I'll be helping him get in touch with his true self -- what Doreen says is really a sweet, girlish self ... I can't wait to get started on Mark!



Side-by-side images courtesy of Styleite

This is the cover of TodaTeen, a Brazilian magazine aimed at teens and tweens -- and amateur drag queens, apparently! From what I can see, The Bieb is wearing eyeliner, foundation, powder, lipstick and mascara. HuffPo accused TodaTeen of “Photoshopping” the makeup on The Bieb digitally, but the magazine’s editor denied it: “We could not help noticing your comments

and tweets from the picture of Justin on the cover of Star TodaTeen. We would like to say that there was no change made in the area of the singer’s eyes. We had a technical problem that darkens certain areas of the photo. We also want to say that all of us find Justin very naturally beautiful. We’d never think it’s necessary to alter pictures of him. Natural beauty says it all, right?” UH... so The Bieb wears all of this makeup to pose for pictures, I guess that’s what they’re saying. I’ll guess he wears lacy satin panties too! Why not?

I’m Making My Son Grow Tits So He Can Breast-feed the Baby I Have on the Way

”Breast-feed, suckle, suck, nurse, wet-nurse, lactate, give suck.” Wet nurse, a word in use since the 16th century, was probably never considered to be a word describing a boy breastfeeding his little baby brother.

“Not possible!” you say.

Well, creation would argue with you because women who have adopted a baby have been able to breast-feed that baby with the help of medicines, herbs and breast

pumping, and the same technique can be used on a male to make him able to breast-feed!

Breast nursing is an important part of bonding with a child. It helps him to feel secure in the transition from birth mother to adoptive parent. It also helps build his sense of self-worth. Continuing to breast-feed as a child grows older helps this process to continue. Children as old as seven or eight and often times even older still suckle at their mother’s breast.

Studies show that breastfed babies are more secure and self-aware. They are healthier because they have received immunity antibodies from their parent’s breast milk.



Stanley is already exhibiting a good amount of breast development and my doctor says he's right on track to produce milk by the time my baby arrives.

Bonding is very important, and it's a great way to get to know your baby on an intimate level. It's the easiest and best way to start bonding with your child. Why should gay fathers or babies of gay male families be denied this important process just because it may not be socially acceptable?

So why haven't more men breastfed their children? You must admit that no one ever sees a male breastfeeding a child. There could be several reasons for that. Male gays adopting a child are in the minority of family types. The squeaky wheel gets the oil so most lactation info and research etc., have been designed to appeal to woman.

Breastfeeding may increase breast size. Men won't become a double "d" cup, but it is possible they could become a "b" cup." For a male, developing breasts may not be something that is desirable to you, your partner or others.

Another reason is that your partner may not be completely sold on doing it. It should be a family decision. While a lot of gay men seem willing to do anything for attention, some things may be too much! Remember everything you do reflects on your partner! You two need to take the time and effort to talk all of this through until you reach a mutual decision about doing it. And you may not get a lot of support from your families and friends.

I never thought my little boy would be a sissy and end up being gay. I'm sure he is already; he just isn't to the point of admitting it to me yet. When I found out I was pregnant, I wanted to breast-feed my new baby in the worst way, but due to medications I have to take, I not able to do it. Then I read an article about males being able to breast-feed babies and showed it to my son. He flinched but didn't say 'no' to me when I told him that I wanted him to do it. My son

Stanley is a sweetie. He's always been a mama's boy -- downright feminine actually. As a little boy he slept in silky little princess nighties and wore frilly nylon rhumba panties that I bought for him at his insistence because he wanted to be like his girl cousins and have sleepovers with them. That grew into them having tea parties and dress-up games, so I had to buy him some party dresses. Kurt, my husband, who recently died in a boating accident, was a good soul; he let me run the house and raise Stanley as I pleased. He didn't complain even though I swear I saw a tear in his eye the day I brought home two dozen pairs of fancy panties and told him to put them in Stanley's underwear drawer and to throw out all his boys' underpants. Kurt, like most dads, wanted a strong rough and tough boy good at sports, but it wasn't going to be with Stanley. My dear husband accepted that fact and even went out of his way to be supportive and nice to Stanley when our only child dove head first into girly time.

My whole family was pretty good with Stanley about his desire to be girly; only my father gave him some grief about it, but mom told me that he had been forced into having gay sex while he was in prison, and she reminded him of that in front of me. That pretty much shut my father up. That day, Stanley was in a Snow White costume and my mom had him sit on my dad's lap so he could apologize for being mean to my sweet little girly boy. Mom made them stay like that for more than an hour before dinner, and when Stanley finally did get up I could see my dad had a big boner in his pants! Of course, mom saw it too and has never let him forget it! Dad was no problem after that.



And now that I'm training Stanley to breast feed, I'm sure he won't be a problem. Mom already knows what I am doing and is fully supportive. She said if dad becomes any kind of a problem, she'll cut his balls off! My mom isn't the kind of woman to joke about serious stuff!

I gave Stanley plenty of time, patience and love as I positioned him to accept what I wanted him to do. We went to my doctor, a wonderful woman who has little regard for males, and she knew all about males breastfeeding since she had already helped two gay men with an adopted baby and the husband of a woman, like me, who wasn't able to breast-feed. I immediately started

Stanley on female hormones and male beta blockers to grow his breasts as well as gave him herbs and exercises to develop his breasts and encourage his ability to create milk. My son has been on this regimen and already he has developed nice little mounds on his chest and enlarged nipples. My doctor says he's right on track.

While milk-levels differ from person to person, it is important to realize one may not be able to produce enough milk to sustain your child on breast milk alone.

Don't become upset if it should happen.

There are actually special supplements that are delivered by a tube near to the nipple. They were invented for woman, but work equally as well for males. Anyone who wants to do it may not be able to find a lot of medical support. You will need to research to find a doctor like I am lucky enough to have, a doctor who will prescribe the meds and be available throughout the procedure. My doctor sent us to a lactation specialist to accelerate the whole process.

As I mentioned earlier, there are herbs and medications that will assist on the road to successful breastfeeding. There are three herbs that are particularly effective. Of these, fenugreek is considered the best. They are:

Fenugreek <http://users.erols.com/cindyrn/fenuhugg.htm>

Blessed Thistle http://www.findarticles.com/cf_dls/g2603/0002/2603000211/p1/article.jhtml

Alfalfa http://www.findarticles.com/cf_dls/g2603/0002/2603000211/p1/article.jhtml

These web sites provide information on each herb as well as important information about certain foods and herbs that go against one's ability to produce milk, slow down the milk supply or in other ways make it difficult to be a successful breastfeeding dad and, of course, those items should be avoided.



See: Herb Robert (*Geranium robertianum*), Lemon Balm, Oregano, large amounts of parsley (*Petroselinum crispum*), Peppermint (*Mentha piperita*), Periwinkle Herb (*Vinca minor*), Sage (*Salvia officinalis*), Sorrel (*Rumex acetosa*), and Spearmint. Some drugs have a side effect causing lactation. One of the best may be Domperidone (Motilium[®]) read about it at <http://www.bflrc.com/newman/breastfeeding/domperid.htm>. Raglan has also been used to induce lactation, but it has some serious bad side effects and can't be used safely for extended periods, as is necessary for adoptive nursing. I've tried to give all the negatives and the issues you need to talk over with your doctor, partner and family. There are also plenty of wonderful positives. Here is a list of websites to learn more.

· Lact-Aid International: <http://www.lact-aid.com/> Information on breastfeeding with the original, and most highly recommended, device available for providing formula supplement to a baby at the breast.

· Adoption and Nursing Bulletin Board on ParentsPlace.com : <http://rainforest.parentsplace.com/dialog/get/newadoptionandnursing.html> A general discussion plus be sure to explore the archives!

· La Leche League International: <http://www.la lecheleague.org/bfadopt.html> Five articles written by adoptive mothers for LLLI's journal for nursing mothers, "New Beginnings."

· The Nursing Mothers' Association of Australia: <http://www.breastfeeding.asn.au/index.html> A good resource for breastfeeding information and support, and related equipment.

· The Adoptive Breastfeeding Resource Website: <http://www.prismnet.com/~naomi/abrw/index.html> This site provides helpful links, discussion and a bulletin board for dialog about adoptive nursing.

Once you decide to breast feed your child find a lactation specialist willing to work with you. Believe it or not many specialists are familiar with adoptive breastfeeding. Contact a La Leche League (LOLL) Leader <http://www.lalecheleague.org/> or a Lactation Consultant <http://www.ilca.com/> that has experience with adoptive nursing induced lactation. Other resources are Lacto Net, <http://peach.ease.lsoft.com/scripts/wa.exe?A0=lactnet&m=23781/> a newsletter for lactation consultants. You will also need to learn all you can about adoptive breastfeeding. Read the web articles I have cited. Go to the library and read the books. Contact the La Leche League for info and help finding a lactation consultant.



My Tampon Sucking Panty Boy Cuckold Husband

My hubby Elliot has always had a panty fetish and loves the satin and silky types. I didn't mind it, but after he had been wearing them around the house for about two years, he thought I loved the idea. I only loved the fact that he enjoyed wearing them otherwise I thought he looked bloody stupid. Every time we made love I kept thinking how dumb he looked as he struggled to reach an orgasm.

Finally, about six months ago, I was fed up with his sissy brand of sex and found myself a lover (Tony) behind hubby's back. At the same time, Elliot had started suggesting that I take a more dominant role in our marriage and it was the turning point for us. I suggested a bit of B&D with him tied to our bed. We tried it but afterward he told me that I wasn't strong enough or mean enough!

The next day I told Tony about it and he just laughed and asked if he could help. I couldn't believe my luck. We made a plan and the next night I commanded Elliot to go to the store and buy some tampons and some Kotex pads for me. He protested but I just reminded him of his desire for me to be more dominant so off he went. Tony was parked just down the road and I had him come into our house and hide until my hubby got back. When Elliot returned, I had a pair of his panties ready at the front door and demanded that he strip and ask me if he could put them on. The little turd asked me but then complained that I wasn't very convincing trying to be dominant because I wasn't tough enough.



Humiliating Elliot is a lot of fun for me after all the criticizing he had done saying I wasn't dominant enough. Now, I bring him down to size by doing things to totally humble him. One of my favorite things is to take him to our local grocery store on a busy Saturday. I make him stand in the feminine hygiene section studying all the packages of Kotex and tampons like he's trying to decide which ones to buy. Being close to our home, many of neighbors have seen him there, and some of them have asked me what he's doing and I just tell them he needs something to keep his panties dry. Most of them laugh and think it's all a big joke, but Elliot stands there dying in humiliation. Two of my good friends know how I treat him and think it's great and wish they could handle their own husband in a similar way.

Well, after he put on the panties, I opened the box of Kotex pads and made him place one inside his panties. His cock was more than a little upright. I then removed my own panties, placed them over his head and had him to carry the pack of tampons as I led him to our bedroom where I put a bra on him. I then made him stand facing me in our walkin closet and I tied his arms and legs to opposite sides of the closet shelves.

He looked bloody stupid in his bra with a hard on in his Kotex-filled panties and my panties on his head, imagine it! I asked him how he felt. He replied that was how he wanted me to be, demanding, strong and dominant.

I laughed, put on a fresh air of panties and then lay back on the bed, opened my legs and started rubbing my pussy as I teased him, saying, "What in the hell am I doing with you? I need a nice big cock and a real man who doesn't wear ladies' frilly panties." He fell for the trap and blurted out that I didn't deserve a good husband like him.

Well if that's how he felt, he was about to get a big surprise. Tony walked into the room and stood there. Elliot was in shock, tied up and peeking through the leg holes of the nasty filthy panties I had draped over his head. Tony took out a camera and snapped a couple of photos. He laughed as Elliot squirmed in his bondage, trying to escape or shield himself from being photographed but,

of course, he couldn't avoid it. Tony laughed and then held my wimp husband as I tore open the packet of tampons and shoved one up his ass.

Then we shut the closet door in his face and made love until I was full of cum. Eventually, Tony got up and opened the door for my hubby to see. He was standing there with the biggest hard on in his panties I had ever seen him have. I told him that he wanted this lifestyle and now he was going to have to live with it. Furthermore I didn't wish to take a chance on having a boy child by sissy hubby. A kid by him would surely grow up to be a panty-wearing wimp like his daddy, so I said I would only allow Tony to have sex with me. My husband was defeated and he knew it. Tony then untied him and manhandled him over to the bed where he held him down against me and made him eat the cum out of my pussy. Then I yanked the tampon out of my hubby's asshole and made him suck on it, while I masturbated him through his silky panties and Tony snapped my wimpy husband's panty elastics until the big sissy shot his wad into his lacy panties!

I loved every moment -- the best sex of my life and my husband soon resigned himself to it. He did want to be dominated, but maybe this wasn't quite what he had in mind, but I don't give a shit about what Elliot wants. He knows he can leave at any time but the divorce would cost him a hefty part of the inheritance he got from his rich mother when she died since we have incriminating photos of him doing unspeakable things, like sucking off Randy, Tony's German Shepherd and making Tony jack off to make cream for his tea when he has tea parties with Tony's seven-year-old daughter, who is very sexually aware and a little dominatrix in the making! Now, my silly little Elliot has to watch while Tony and I make love and tend to all of our bedroom needs, not just eating cum out of my pussy. Now we have Elliot suck on Tony's cock to get him hard before he fucks me, and a few times that hasn't gone so well for Elliot because Tony couldn't stop and had to unload his spunk into my sissy hubby's mouth. At such times, I don't get angry or feel deprived. Tony is good as new a short time later, so there is plenty of his manhood to share with my queer panty boy hubby.

Each month I made hubby wear my used Kotex pad in his panties and suck on the tampons I used during my period. We did that until I finally got pregnant. We are now expecting a baby, of course, Tony is the father. I can't imagine the humiliation Elliot feels, nor do I care.

A happy wife,
Petra

Sissy Sex with My Sister

Fran, my sister, is just a year older than I am, but she has always been a real bully, so we never got along very well. For me it was a love/hate relationship. Some things about her I loved yet other things I hated. We shared a bedroom the entire time we lived at home because our parents couldn't afford a bigger house. Then one night when I was twelve while she was taking a bath, I was drawn to her dirty laundry hamper in the corner of our room. I had noticed that she had recently started wearing frilly and sexy lingerie. I was afraid to investigate her dresser drawers because I was sure she would know. But the hamper seemed to be a way I could take a look at the things she had started wearing without her knowing.

By today's standards, her panties were very old-fashioned but they were the peak of fashion for girls at that time. It was the 1960s. I marveled at Fran's slips, bras and panties, all decorated with lace and embroidery or nice ribbons. I couldn't ignore the distinctly pungent aroma coming from her panties. I took a quick sniff and that turned into several long moments inhaling the feminine essence she had left in them. They were well soiled front and back and I figured she must have worn them that day during her gym class. I loved the smell!

But with my dumb luck, she came walking into our room and caught me with my nose buried deeply into the crotch of her dirty panties. She stared screaming, "M-o-o-o-m! Michael is playing with my underwear..." I immediately began crying and pleading with her not to tell. She suddenly stopped screaming and stared at me long and hard. She wanted to know what I had been doing. I couldn't explain it to her. I just kept crying and telling her I was sorry. It soon became apparent that mom hadn't heard her because if she had, she would have been plowing into our room by then. Though I was still thoroughly terrorized, I took a breath of relief. But then I noticed a sneering grin on Fran's face that turned into a huge smile. She was wearing her nightgown and slippers. I barely realized that she had me take off my shirt and was sliding down my shorts and underwear until she tapped my leg to indicate she wanted me to step out of them. I panicked. Suddenly, I realized she had stripped me completely naked. I was still holding her dirty panties. She took them from me and I was glad to let go of them - - let go of the saucy item that had gotten me into all this trouble. I was still sobbing, though lightly now, and begging for forgiveness, promising her anything.

My wife just laughs at me when she sends me to do the laundry and catches me sniffing her panties.



The panties were sunshine yellow panties with buttercups embroidered on each side. I wondered what she was doing as she stooped before me and took the panties by the waist elastic and held them stretched wide open by my feet. She didn't say a word, but I soon realized she wanted me to put them on. "Oh, no, sis, I, uh, I can't ... no! I can't wear ..." She stood up and slapped my cheek hard -- it really hurt. "Oh, yes, you can, my little sissy brother. You can wear my panties, and you will. You're nothing but a little pansy so I'm going to see to it that you start dressing and acting like one." Tears flowed back to my eyes. I begged, "Oh, no! Please, I ..." Blam! She hit me again; this time on both cheeks. "Now, step into these panties or I'll beat you, then make you put them on and send you downstairs to show mom and dad how cute you look."

As she stooped down and once again and held them open for me, I danced around, I hesitated, but a scowling look from her let me know I had no choice. I put one foot into the open panties and then the other. Slowly she drew them up my legs. I felt their silkiness and lace trim as they

traveled upward. "Hey asshole! You just promised me you would do anything. And now you're already giving me a hard time about doing something as simple as putting on my panties ... or I should say your panties because these are your panties from now on. Oh, don't worry; I'm going to get you a lot more panties. I'll make you into a very sweet and happy sissy boy since that seems to be what you want. "But, sis, I'm not a sissy and I don't..." Blam! She hit me again! "If I say you're going to wear panties, you are going to wear pretty panties and love it. Got it?" I nodded. "Say it! And promise me." I trembled but managed to get the words out. "I'll wear your pretty panties and be your sissy. I promise." Then I cried. She went to her dresser, took out something long and frilly. It was a lemon yellow babydoll nightie and she put it over my head and let it slide down over my body. I just stood there and let her do it. I couldn't fight her or take a chance on upsetting her and then having her tell our parents what she had caught me doing.

Then she told me to sit on the bed because she was going to brush out my fairly long hair (for those days). It was a bit unusual for her to be so nice to me, and I wasn't about to complain. I sat on the edge of her bed, looking in the mirror, while she sat beside me. In the mirror I saw myself. I thought I looked like a fool in the silky nightie as she worked on my hair. Then Fran seemed a bit nervous. I don't know how to describe it. There was something weird about the way she was looking at me in the mirror while she brushed my long hair and it made me feel a little uncomfortable. Finally, she set down the brush and said, "Just stay still; I want to show you something."

My thoughts were a jumble. It was so crazy. She told me to look in the mirror and watch. I saw and felt her put her hand up under my nightie. I remember how funny it looked in the mirror, her face grinning by my shoulder, and her right hand pulling my gown up and revealing my panties.

I was frozen in place. Fran had always bullied me, but this was different. I felt she really wanted to show me something. The expression on her face was, well, full of anticipation. Her hand reached my panties, and she started stroking my body through the panties in a very pleasurable way, even though I was pretty nervous and not able to fully enjoy what she was doing. At first, I didn't feel much of anything, but as I relaxed, it began to feel really good, especially when she began playing with my penis though the silky panties. I could see Fran watching my face for my reaction in the mirror. She was smiling, obviously pleased by the way her touching was affecting me. I didn't

know why I was doing it, but I began pushing my little hips forward to press harder against her fingers.

I had no idea what an orgasm was, but I must have been close. I just remember how good it felt and that I wanted her to continue. She laughed in my face when I begged her in a weak voice, "Oh, Fran, do it some more." With a big grin she said, "OK, but you have to do something similar to me first." Well, I had no clue what to do, but Fran wasn't going to let that stop what she had in mind. She was obviously looking forward to this. She lay back on her bed, spread her legs and took my hand and told me exactly how she wanted me to touch her. Thinking back on it, it's probably what she had wanted from the start. Seemingly, I was really exciting her as my fingers played with her pantied pussy, and then following her command, digging into her panty crotch to tease her very wet cunt. Talk about an aroma from her panties. She was leaking moisture at a rapid pace, fresh pussy juice and it was even sweeter smelling than the essence in her used panties. She didn't waste any time. She took her hands and showed me exactly where she wanted to be stimulated and verbally instructed me how to do it. I could tell she was enjoying every bit of what I was doing for her. Fran didn't stop there, saying, "I'd like it even more if you used your tongue instead of your finger. I do it all the time with my girlfriends and it's unbelievable how great it feels. Go ahead, do it; I show you exactly how to please me."

How the heck she got me to do it for her, I'll never know. I just remember how dirty it seemed to me at the moment -- I mean that is where she goes to the bathroom -- but I did it! As I began to lick her, she went wild. She kept on telling me how good it felt and not to stop. As I did it; I didn't mind doing it. I thought it was a small price to pay if it would keep her quiet. Strangely, I even got to enjoy being able to excite her. But when she finally had an orgasm, I was convinced she was having a heart attack or something. She pulled my hair and her body shook and banged against my face. When she relaxed, I asked, "Are you, OK, sis?" With gasping breaths and moans of lingering pleasure, she said, "Oh, yeah! That was really good little bro. You're almost as good as Suzy Jenkins, and she's the best cunt lapper in our group."

Then she crawled into bed and told me good-night. I thought she was going to do something more for me but she didn't and I was too timid to ask. I took off the babydoll and panties and put on my own pajamas and went to bed too.

In the morning, Fran reminded me how great it was for her and told me, "Michael, I'll do that for you sometime." But she never did. Every night that week, she wanted me to lick her, and she'd make me put on a pair of her panties and one of her silky nighties and play with my pantied penis while I would give her oral sex, but she was always too tired to do anything for me. I quickly figured out how to masturbate myself, which I did quietly in bed after Fran was fully satisfied. It became a routine for us. She was usually still half awake and grinning happily as she'd watch me wank myself silly and spurt into my panties.

Surprisingly, mom and dad never caught us over the five years we did it together. Our bedroom was on the second floor and theirs was on the first and they rarely came upstairs, especially dad since he had been injured in Nam and came home with a bad leg. Besides, the stairs were creaky so we always knew when they were coming up.

Having sex fun with Fran was more than just a sexual thrill for me. She had always been a bully to me, but then suddenly, I had some power over her. She could pick on me all day, and not let me hang around with her and her sexy girlfriends, but in the evening, she needed me. A couple of times, when we weren't getting along, I even made her beg me to eat her pussy.

When I was there between her legs, she was totally under my control. I could make her cum quickly if I wanted or I could draw it out and tease her. Some people might say she was using me, but it didn't feel that way to me. As much as I was being used, it was because I was giving her permission to use me, and that put me in the driver's seat. I think we both knew who was in control once we were in the bedroom.

A couple of years later, Fran got a steady boyfriend, and we stopped doing it so often. I felt a little let down by that, but I had a girlfriend myself by then, and after going through a dozen girls, I found one I could open up to and tell her I was hooked on lingerie, sniffing it, wearing it and masturbating in it. But what really won her over was my talent at thrilling her with oral sex. I drove her so crazy she was willing to let me have my panty kicks anyway which way I wanted. Today, we are married and I'm her little housemaid. She regularly catches me sniffing and licking her dirty panties. She just laughs at me, calls me a pantywaist sissy and tells me for punishment I have to lick her to orgasm, which both of us know I am willing to do anytime she wants anyway!





Women at a Demale Society 'Intervention' as they introduce David to his new life in panties and girls' clothes. Here the women are laughing off their heads as they show each other the fancy panties they brought to contribute to David's demaling!



"I told you my son was a sissy and he wants to be a girl. You can see his penis in his panties. Do you believe me now?"