

Princess Lacey's

Picture Album #31: Raised as a Girl

His mother wanted a daughter NOT a son!

He was born Carlo but his mother raised him as Caroline, a girl!



Adults Only

Fantasy Entertainment

If you like boys dressed up as girls and raised as girls, this publication is for you! This mother wanted a girl baby not a boy, so when she did have a boy, she raised him like a girl until he was eleven years old! The photos and story will tease and please all love boys in girls' clothes.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

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Carlo to Caroline
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Mother wanted a daughter NOT a son!

My father was a much-in-demand diplomat and traveled frequently to wherever the U.S. State Department needed him. At times, when he was going to be stationed in one place for a long period, my mother would travel and stay with him. This was in the 1970s.

Then my mother became pregnant with me. From the time she was a little girl, my mother wanted a baby daughter. She never wanted a boy, so once she was expecting, she was convinced she was going to have a girl. Consequently, she took the spare bedroom in our house near D.C. and decorated it to the hilt as a nursery for a baby girl. Plus, all the baby clothes she bought before I was born were girls' clothes. Then I came along, and to her great surprise and disappointment I was a boy. Since I had the wrong body parts, my mom was sad and confused and had trouble accepting me as her son.

It was actually my father's idea to raise me like a girl. He was home at the time I was born, and when he saw how depressed my mother was over my gender, he employed his diplomatic skills to suggest to her that she dress and treat me like a little baby girl. He thought it would be a temporary solution until she got over her need for a baby girl. He also told her that they should keep trying for another child with the hopes that child might be a girl. My mother was quick to adopt his suggestion and almost immediately began putting me in dresses and all the pretty girls' baby clothes she had stockpiled. Even though I had been baptized Carlo, mother began calling me Caroline. She also liked to call me Carla for short. My father was glad his idea brought his wife out of her depression and he was able to get back to

work traveling around the world. So while I was a baby, mom stayed home and raised me as a girl and my dad was rarely around; however, each time he came home between assignments, he expected to see me becoming more of a boy and less of a girl. In stead, Mother let my hair grow long and she styled girlishly with barrettes and ribbon bows.

Dad did try to reason with mom to get her to begin bringing me up as a boy before it was time for me to start school but she ignored his suggestion. Then when I was six years old, my father had us travel to and join him in India where he was going to be stationed for at least a year. There, he hoped he could have greater influence over her and hoped to convince her to raise me as a boy. But mom was adamant that I remain as her daughter, and I started school as a girl.

During my grade school years, I did spend a few short periods in U.S. schools, but during



most of that time, dad was posted in Hong Kong, India, Japan and other places, mostly in the Far East. In those countries, I attended the American embassy school with other children of diplomats and embassy employees, and I always attended as a girl. In some of those countries, I had a private tutor for my studies, and I usually had a nanny or a babysitter — a local woman or girl who would live with us and help care for me as my mother was quite busy as the wife of a famous diplomat. In a few of the photos you will see the ladies who cared for me and children I befriended during those times. One note: the caretakers almost always knew that I was a boy and they had no problem with that!

I lived as a girl until I was eleven years old. We were back in the States and I was just beginning junior high school. During the first week of school, I had to take an unannounced mandatory physical and my true gender was discovered. The doctor threatened to have me taken away from my mother unless she immediately began raising me as a boy and sending me to school as



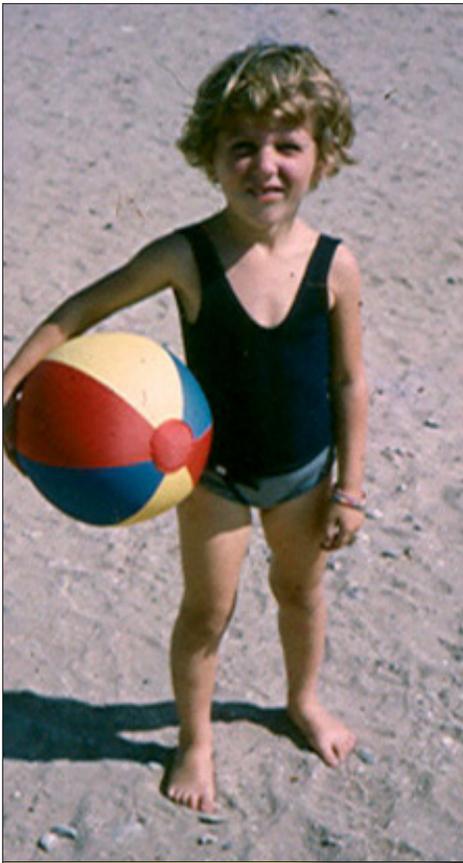


a boy. She took it hard at first, but surprisingly adapted. I guess she realized she had lived her fantasy for as long as possible and it all had to come to an end sometime. I've included one shirtless photo of me at eleven as I was transitioning from being a girl into a boy; however, I still had my lovely long hair that my father eventually demanded that I completely cut off!

I had known for years that I had a boys' body, so the only shock to me was then beginning life as a boy. Even before I had entered grade school, Mother told me I had a boys' body but that I was a special boy who could live as a girl if I so wanted. Of course, I was five then and, by that time, well used to living as a girl. I







loved my relationship with my mother, pretending I was a girl, and dressing in all my pretty clothes, so I told her I always wanted to be her loving daughter. She then explained to me that I could be a girl as long as no one ever saw the little penis and balls between my legs. My boy parts would be 'our secret' and no one else had to know!

Mother taught me how to hide my male anatomy. She helped to help disguise my boyish bulge by always buying me play outfits and swimsuits with ruffles all around the bottom (as you can see in the photos shown here). For the same reason, she almost exclusively supplied me with frilly rhumba panties with a lot of lace both on the front and the back for the





loved showing off my panties! I was always doing somersaults, bending over, and dancing around showing off my panties without a care in the world!

My father actually wore dresses when he was very young but he was put into trousers at about four years old – it was pretty common then. That’s why he didn’t think raising me as a girl for the first few years of my life would mean anything except to capacitate my mother. But after it went on for years and years, he did regret giving her the suggestion to start with. Over time they did fight about it and it took a toll on their marriage until my true gender was discovered and my masquerade ended.

same reason. I do admit that all that nylon and lace on my tender little boy parts did tease the devil out of me and made me a panty fetishist at a very young age! When I was ten years old, I went through a growing spell and could no longer fit into the girls’ size 13 panties – the largest size Mother could find in frilly nylon rhumba panties, so she had a seamstress add rows of lace to the tailored nylon panties in a lady’s size that fit me. But Mother also loved to see me in very short, cute little dresses that easily showed off my lace-encrusted panties! As you can see in a few of my photos, I





At eleven, after being discovered, my father insisted I start being a boy. He bought me boys' clothes and eventually had all my hair cut off – even though long hair was then in fashion for boys. He personally collected all my pretty dresses and girls' clothing and gave them to charity.

Inside, I ached to go back to being mommy's little girl, but I was forced to deal with having my life changed so

drastically. For a while, I cried and cried and my father whacked me on the back of the head and told me that it was time I started being a man and that men don't cry. I hated the way I looked with such short hair and when we got home and my mother saw me she ran into her bedroom and cried.

Father expected me to act like and be a boy and go out and play football, roughhouse and get into fights with other boys, but I was a delicate little kid, I didn't like football and roughhousing. I liked wearing dresses, playing with dolls and being a little girl. I





hated my father for forcing me to be a boy and I was mad at my mother for allowing him to turn me into a boy after she had raised me for so many years as a girl. I was also mad at her because I thought she had abandoned me.

Once my father had hold of me and turned me into a boy my mother stopped spending much time with me. She never took anymore pictures of me and I was sent off to an all-boys boarding school. Those were the worst years of my life with one exception: There was a boy at the school named Robbie who was very delicate and feminine like I was. The two of us were best friends but we always got picked on and ganged up on. I tried to complain to my father but he simply said I had to learn to fight like a man.

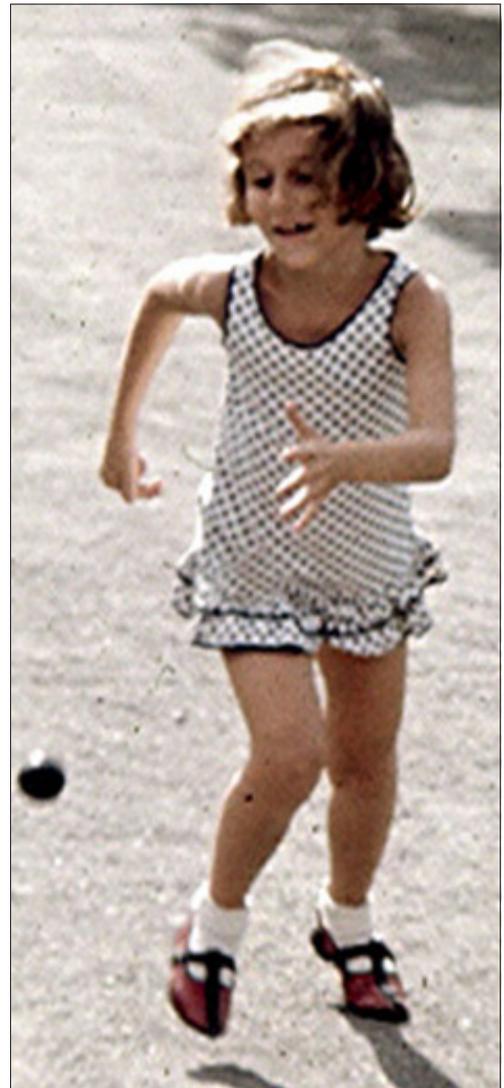




By the time Robbie and I were thirteen we had developed strong feelings for each other and we would sneak off to places where we could hold hands and act girlish together, and at one point we started kissing and toying with each other. One day a teacher caught us kissing and dragged us off to the headmaster who called our families.

My father was furious with me and blamed it on my mother for raising me as a girl for so long and said that I was confused and ruined. He took me out of the school so that I wouldn't see Robbie anymore but we still wrote letters that I had to always intercept before anyone else saw them. I was given another private tutor for the rest of that year and then I was off to high school.

I did find ways to get girls' clothes and dress in secret. But my girlie relationship with my mother was over and dressing up became a solitary pleasure for me. However, those were very memorable moments, a respite from the insanity of those years. After being caught a few times wearing something















I'm a stockbroker and doing very well. I never married but I do have had several very close male and female lovers who enjoy me being 'Carla!' In the end, my mother told me to forget about my childhood; I was a man now and needed to move on from my childish memories.

Both of my parents have now passed on. As a child, my mother snapped photos of me all the time, so I knew hundreds of pictures of me as a girl existed but I never found them and feared she had destroyed them all out of guilt. Then, to my delight, while sorting through my mother's things I found them hidden in an old chest in the attic. I love seeing myself as a little girl and I want SO MUCH to be that little girl again! ♦

girlie, my father disowned me. My mother no longer had an interest in me as a girl or as a boy for that matter. I think my father had manipulated her into feeling very guilty over raising me as a girl. He blamed her for every wrong he saw in me. My parents got divorced when I got out of high school.

Not long after that, I moved out of my mother's house and started to buy girls' clothing and wear them frequently and, to this day, I still crossdress. Despite my parents lack of support I did become a success in life.

