

## Princess Lacey's Picture Album #30

### Real Boys Raised as Girls

Photos of Cute Boys Who Would Grew Up as Girls



*Fantasy Entertainment*

*Classic Reprint*

*Adults Only*

All around the world, boys are turned into girls for a variety of reasons. It happens to boys of every age and description and from every country and background, be they rich or poor, average people or from famous families, religious or nonreligious -- no boy can avoid it if it is his destiny.

*Since 1981*

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**



## Picture Album #30 Achilles: Raised As a Girls

Raising boys as girls has been going on since the beginning of civilization. In Greek mythology, Achilles' mother knew he was destined to become a great warrior but also knew he would die in battle, so to save him from that fate, she had him raised as a girl amongst a family of girls.

This painting shows Achilles at the age of fifteen, when he was discovered masquerading as a girl. Some men suspected his impersonation and tricked him into revealing himself by pretending to be merchants selling dressmaking fabrics. They

had hidden among their fine fabrics a sword, a helmet and a shield. When Achilles saw them, he immediately tossed aside the dress fabrics and was drawn to the sword as is shown here.

Yes, the story of Achilles and the battle between the Greeks and Troy is from mythology and probably never really happened, but the fact that this story is one of the greatest stories of the ancient Greeks surely influenced some mothers who didn't want their sons to be warriors, and perhaps they too raised their boys as girls to prevent them from going off to war.

In this publication we present true stories documented with photographs about the phenomenon of boys being raised as girls, some willingly, some tricked into it, and some by force.

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### Mark & Molly: Twins with Cross Desires

For as far back as I can remember, my twin brother and I wanted to be each other! I know it sounds weird, but it's the truth. In the picture that I enclosed of the both of us, you might have a hard time figuring out which of us is the girl and which is the boy. Well, I'm on the right, topless and in the bikini bottom, and my brother is in my one-piece sundress on the left.

Maybe it was a case of 'the grass is greener' or something psychological like that, but Mark and I always wanted to play with each other's gender specific clothes and toys (trucks and guns for me, dolls and tea sets for my brother).

Since we were twins, even though we weren't identical twins (not possible with a boy and a girl), it was so easy for us to become each other! When relatives came over we often traded clothes to surprise them. Everyone thought it was a joke, but we were very serious about it. Our parents eventually gave



into our wishes and let us change places for real, letting Mark grow his hair, and letting me cut mine. Finally, when his hair was long enough, we officially made the switch and had no problem passing as each other. By coincidence, our family did move between our first and second grade in school, and that's when we made the switch, and no one ever knew, except our grandmother, who took it all in stride. However, we did have to impersonate ourselves for a doctor's examination in order to transfer to a private Christian school when we relocated.

The other photos are of Mark as his hair grew out and he became his female self. Today, my brother is living as a woman and contemplating SRS. A current picture is also included.







As for me, after the sixth grade, I no longer dressed in boys' clothes because my brother and I then went to a public junior high school, and I resumed my own female persona, and Mark went back to being a boy; however, we were going to a liberal school in New York that tolerated transgendered children so he was able to 'come out.' The school did not allow Mark to wear skirts or dresses to school, but he could wear girls' slacks and tops, etc. I went for unisex clothing. Today, I'm bisexual and enjoy relationships with both males and females.





### Miko: My Life in Costume

I'm from Japan and males dressing as girls are a part of our national heritage. As a boy I loved playing dressup and I always chose to wear girls' costumes like my sisters and cousins, and my parents enjoyed my impersonations and never told me I couldn't do it or discourage me from pretending to be a girl. They let me dress up as often as I wanted, and that became so often, that they eventually enrolled me in a girls' school. Now I am what you would call an effeminate male, but in my heart I am all girl, and I am a big practitioner of cosplay, which is a Japanese dressup form of play, and I dress in the most outrageous and feminine costumes one could imagine. It is so much fun to be a super frilly girl!



### Sissy: Ballet Boy

We don't know much about this boy; however, this photo does speak 1,000 words. Boys studying ballet do not have to wear pink, and just the fact that this boy does wear pink -- and a lot of it -- tells us a lot about him.

Do you think it's possible that he is anything but a sissy? If he's wearing a pink leotard, pink tights and pink ballet slippers in public, how do you think he dresses at home?

Despite his black leotard shorts and white ankle socks, all that pink in his outfit tells us volumes about him. At home you can bet he dresses similarly or, quite possibly, even more girlishly.



### **Teddy: Raised the Victorian Way**

The influence of Victorian and Edwardian times from the mid-1850 to the early 1900s was far reaching. One of the last remaining examples is Theodore Alfonse Middleton, pictured here in 1988, by a mother who still believed boys should be raised in Victorian fashion.



### **Charles Dodgson: The Liddell Family**

Charles Dodgson is the real name of Lewis Carroll (1832-1898) the famous author of *Alice in Wonderland* and other children's stories. Dodgson was a bachelor throughout his life, but he loved children and his favorites were the children of the Liddell family.

He is photographed here (c1870) with Mrs. Liddell, two of her daughters, and her only son, Harry, who is in the middle. As was the tradition at that time, Harry was being raised like his sisters. We see him here in a lovely frock puffed out with petticoats.

They lived in England during the Victorian era, so named for Queen Victoria who reigned during that time. The queen dressed her sons quite girlishly in kilts, skirts and dresses, and especially members of the wealthy classes followed her example and dress their young boys in clothes very similar to or even exactly matching their sisters and other girls. Boys weren't put into trousers until they were enrolled in school, and sometimes not for quite awhile after that.

Young Harry here does appear to be quite a bit older than a child about to enter his first year of school. Though it was standard practice for parents to raise their boys and girls alike, once a boy was 'breeched' -- put into long trousers, shorts or knickerbockers, he was then reared differently from the girls and expected to 'be a little man.'



### George 'Cindy' Collins: 1950s Girlie Boy

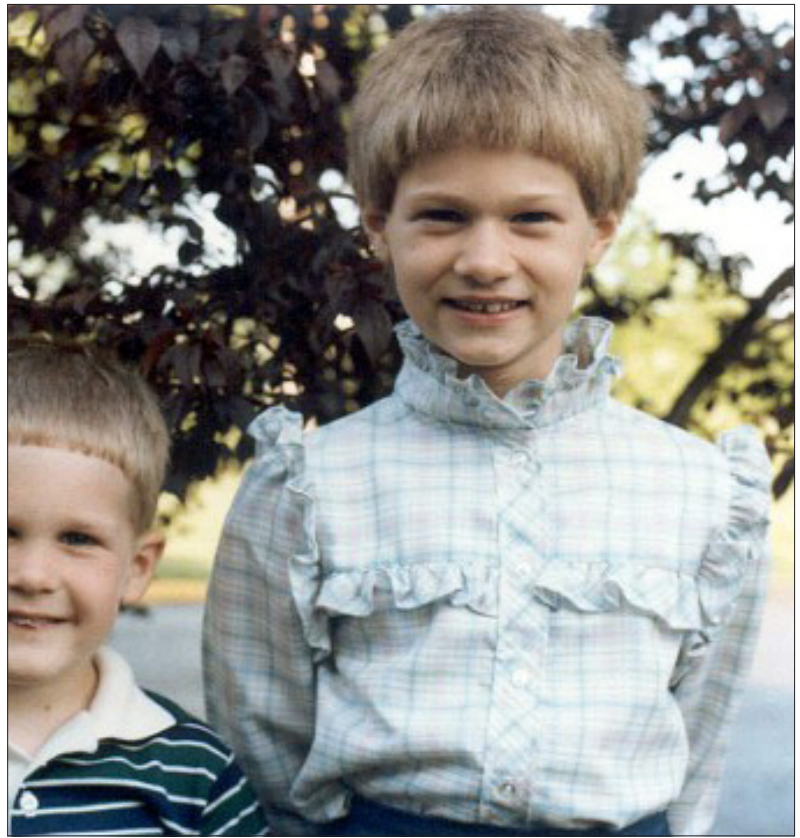
George's father never married his mother and left before the boy was born. His mother baptized him George, but desperately wanted a daughter and began treating him more like a girl than a boy and calling him Cindy after hearing about Christine Jorgensen, who in 1952 was a news sensation after going to Europe and having a male to female sex change operation. Coincidentally, Jorgensen also had been born with the name 'George.'

Young Collins and his mother got along beautifully; he grew up never wanting to be anything but a girl. He perfected his role as a girl, even attending school as a girl. However, he was always very self-conscious about his hands and feet that he considered to be too large compared to other girls. Then, as a teenager, his secondary sex characteristics took over his body quickly, and he began growing a beard and developing muscles. His mother was able to finally find a sympathetic psychologist who guided them to the proper medical channels for George to start receiving female hormones both by injection and by pills. It was just in time as the boy's voice was starting to break and sound more masculine. The hormones did halt that from fully happening, but his body had already started turning him into an adult male so he had to resort to a lot of padding and foundation garments to attain a convincing female figure.

After graduating from high school, George traveled to Algeria for sex surgery and returned to the States as Cindy. But making it as a woman in the business world was difficult, but she did find work appearing in female impersonator shows, even though with the operation, she was legally a female!







Cameron 'Carla' Gilles in the 1970s

Cameron/Carla, at ages 2 1/2, 3, 5 and 6,  
is pictured here with his little brother.







### Marista: Feminist Mother

As a feminist mom, I think boys must learn what it feels like to be a girl in order to better understand girls and females in general. I believe we must feminize boys to have any hope for our planet. Way too many wars, crime and cheating in life and business is the work of traditional males with macho attitudes and a sports mindset, who think 'winning is the only thing.'

Females are much more moral and considerate of one another and the environment. We must help all males become more feminine, especially our sons, whom we have the greatest influence over so their generation can make some real progress in righting this crazy war-minded world in which we live.

That is why I raise and treat my son as a girl. He is 7 years old now. His birth name was Robert, but now I call him Roberta. I started to raise him as a girl two years ago. Here I have posted a couple of photos of him at the beginning of his feminization two years ago with his big sister, Sandy. I started out using her outgrown clothes for dressup games with him because Sandy had so many beautiful clothes as our family is in the public eye and we have to go to many formal functions that include the children and they have a lot of 'Sunday best' clothes, so we have a lot of expensive, fancy dressup clothes.

In the beginning, it was embarrassing for him as I started by changing his clothes item by item. I became more and more serious about it especially when I realized there were a lot of really bad male role models in our neighborhood.



Nowadays, it's still sometimes a bit embarrassing for him to wear his girlishly styled clothes like blouses, pink sweaters, and other obvious girls' clothes. Skirts and dresses, he wears at home all the time, and only outside on occasions of my choosing. At school, it's unisex or simple girls' clothes with lace-trimmed nylon panties and, in certain situations, a training bra underneath whatever he is wearing.

I'm sure that with even more time, he will get more and more used to his new gender role. To make him more girlish, I decided to enroll him at a gymnastics club. I know the coach, so I asked her if he could join the girls' team. She agreed. I am so happy that he does gymnastics like a girl. While in class, she addresses him as Briana and requires him to wear exactly the same outfit as the girls -- leotards and tights -- with sleek nylon panties underneath, of course. He and I both like the gymnastics class.

I for one realize that as a boy, he needs a lot of physical exercise to keep healthy throughout life and he must become accustomed to an exercise routine, now, early in his life, and the girls' class is an ideal way to accomplish both those goals.

He's quite good at it too, but he didn't like the tight panty girdle I made him wear to keep him 'tucked in' so to speak. So now, I simply make him wear three pairs of snug nylon panties and that does just as good of a job as the panty girdle and he doesn't object to the panties. Actually, I think he likes them as I have no trouble making him wear girlish panties for his everyday underwear all the time now, even when in his boys' clothes.





### John/Joan Albright: Home Vs School

John is a girl in a boy's body. He's a sophomore in high school where he has to attend in boys' clothes and maintain a male persona as his school will not allow him to wear girls' clothes as they find it 'too disruptive.' However, at home and in his neighborhood he wears only girls' clothes and can't wait until he graduates so he can live as a girl full time.'







### **Teesha: Raised a Girl Since Birth**

I was born in a very poor neighborhood in Cleveland in 1972. Violence was all around us and my mother was determined that I would not grow up to be in a gang or involved in violence in any way, so she simply brought me up as a girl.

After she had me, she told everyone she had a baby girl and dressed me accordingly. I never knew I was a boy until my mother told me shortly before starting school. Even then she didn't say I was a boy, but a girl with a birth defect and therefore never to allow anyone to see between my legs. I lived that lie until junior high when my secondary sex characteristics started to appear, then mother had to tell me the truth. She had no money for doctors or female hormones, so she then had to let me grow up as a male and send me to school as a boy!



### **Arlan: Classic Petticoat Punishment**

Recently, on the Internet, I heard someone comment in a TV forum that petticoat punishment is making a big comeback as females are more dominant than ever and finding it a good solution to controlling boys who are difficult to handle.

I have never seen a boy being petticoat punished, other than myself, as my mother did it to me -- a lot! So I know all about the subject from being on the receiving end. I was born in 1962. I don't think I was a particularly bad boy, but my mother thought I was. She was always bemoaning the fact that I was disrespectful and destructive. Her solution was for me to have frequent 'girlie days,' during which time she would dress me completely like a girl, and I mean completely including panties, full petticoats, camisoles, ankle socks, shoes, a purse, gloves, hats and even miniature training bras she had found during a vacation in Mexico. I had many such outfits, all the parts selected to match. I was better dressed as a girl than any girl in our area. After mother would dress me up, she usually made me simply sit on a chair and listen to record albums of Broadway show tunes, which were her favorite type of music. I had to sit there for hours, and to this day I can sing the lyrics to every single Broadway musical from that era.





### **Mom & Dad: Let Me Be the Girl I Am**

I always thought I was a girl inside. My parents sympathized with me and did buy me girls' clothes when at age eight, I finally got up the nerve to ask them. Dad wanted to know what had brought this on. All I could tell him is that I envied my two girl cousins (who I often played with) and wanted to be like them. I got so excited just talking to mom and dad about it.

After they bought me a few clothes to start with, they said I made a very pretty girl and that made me feel great. Mom even got me a nylon babydoll nightie to wear to bed. That first night I had it on, my penis got so hard that it hurt. I was a tender little boy and I told them about it. I was innocent and thought maybe something was physically wrong with me. However, we have a very Bohemian family approach to sex and they explained that I had an erection from a combination of the nylon panties of the pretty nightie plus the excitement of wearing the clothes that made me feel on the outside like I felt on the inside. Then, with mom watching, my father showed me how to masturbate my penis through my silky panties to make myself feel better. Believe it or not, I had my first 'dry' cum by my father's hand!



### **Feminist Mom: Teach Boys Submission**

There is nothing wrong with a male being submissive to his wife, girlfriend, mother or sister as long as it is in the context of a loving and caring relationship. I'm the decision-maker in our home. My husband and son look to me for leadership, and we are a happy family. With a female in charge, it is much easier to feminize boys because they often want to imitate the strongest, most in-charge person in a family. My son Keith is in that position. He has always said, "Mommy is my hero, and I want to be just like my mommie!"

When he says things like that, some people giggle and make my friends jealous! I started on the road to being a dominant female after being disgusted with boys in high school who only wanted to 'get into my panties.' I decided I would find a boy who would look up to me and respect me. I have always worked in the advertising business, and at an industry convention, I stumbled upon Clark, who I would eventually marry.

I liked him immediately because he was so different from the strong, macho males who populate most of our industry. He asked me out, and I made it clear to him that if we got serious I would have to be in charge, and he had no problem with that. We had a son, Keith, and my husband never discouraged me from feminizing him. Keith has a great life with both a male and a female persona. He's great at being either, and I think that has made him into a complete human being who will be a great credit to the world no matter what he decides to do in life. As you can see in the photo, Keith loves wearing mommy's wigs!



## Jan & Deena: My Jealous Sisters

As a kid, my two sisters who were jealous of me because I got my own room and toys, and they had to share everything. They felt our parents loved me more than they loved them, so they were always trying to get me into trouble. When Jan, my oldest sister, turned 12 she was put in charge of Deena, 9 my other sister, then 9, and me, 7, because mom went back to work. With both parents working, we kids were left home a lot. Our family wasn't poor but we always had money issues because dad played the horses and mom felt she had to spend money like her former high school friends who had a lot more money than we had. So we were penny pinching at home and that led to me having to wear a lot of my sisters' old clothes, like jeans, some plain blouses and sweaters, but my jealous sisters loved to tease me about wearing girls' clothes. When they saw how upset they could make me, they began forcing me to wear some of their dresses and more girlish clothes when we were home alone. They could easily overpower me, lock me in a closet, spank me and do anything else they wanted to me because they were bigger and stronger. I had no choice but to give in and wear their lingerie and dresses and do their chores. The picture here is from a Halloween in which they made me go trick-or-treating as a girl. If I ever refused to do what they wanted, they would complain to mom and dad that I was a sissy and always stealing their best girly-girly clothes to wear. To prove their point they would always hide some of their clothes in my room where mom would find them. After finding girls' panties hidden in my room about a dozen times, mom told me I could have them if I wanted them so badly, but then she shocked me when she took away all my boys' underwear and told me to wear the panties but to keep it a secret



from others because she didn't want me to be an embarrassment to our family. So I spent from age 9 until 15 in fancy panties, and no matter what I said, I couldn't sway my parents otherwise because I couldn't out argue my sisters. Mom and especially Dad believed my sisters, and it always ended up with me forced to admit I was a liar and really did want to wear girls' lacy panties but just didn't have the nerve to admit it!

## Kate: Another Jealous Sis

When I was born, I was premature and had so many health problems that I was not supposed to live beyond four or five years old. Consequently, I was cuddled and babied and that made my older sister jealous. Mommy raised me like a girl in dresses and little girls' lingerie. I had a drawer full of those fancy rhumba panties loaded with lace and frills on the back and loved to pull up my dress and show everyone my pretty panties.

My father didn't stop my mother from raising me like a girl because he thought I would never grow up and go to school, so he thought it was harmless what my mother was doing. But over the years my medical conditions improved and I turned four, then five, and then six. I know my sister secretly wanted me dead, but when



it didn't happen, she only hated me all the more, and when it came time for me to start school it was a major problem because everyone thought I was a girl, so my parents had no alternative but to continue my masquerade and send me to school as a girl.

My sister knew I was a boy and at times tried to expose me but everyone just thought it was her jealousy, and her attempts to let people know I really was a boy only got her into trouble.

Well, obviously, I didn't die. Today, my medical problems persist but I can live with them. The picture here is with our grandparents. My sister Kate is 14 on the right and I'm 12 and on the left.





### **Girly Boy: European Pop Singing Sensation**

**Kim Petras is an internationally known singing sensation from Germany. She was born a boy and started her singing career after a talent agent saw a YouTube video she made. As the now 17-year-old explains in her bio, she always loved feminine things and her understanding parents let her dress up at a young age and be the girl she wanted to be. We look forward to seeing a lot more from this beautiful young boy raised as a girl, and many boys surely envy her for having such accepting parents.**







Mother was raised with the belief that boys never, never, never hit girls, no matter what the girl did to the boy. I didn't think that was fair, so when my sister would hit me, I would hit her back. It made no difference if my sister started the fight, mom's rule of 'boys never hit girls' meant I was destined for punishment and my sister would, at most, get a stern scolding.

After mother did it to me once, she was convinced it was a very effective way of disciplining me, so she did it more and more after that. My little sister's clothes were too small for me, so she borrowed some girls' clothes from that mother down the block who dressed her son for punishment as he was pretty close to my size. The woman also encouraged my mother to take pictures of me dressed like a girl and hang them in my room to remind me what would happen if I got out of line.

Maybe my recollection is wrong, but it seemed like my mother was using sissy treatment on me more and more. Eventually, she bought me my own girlie clothes and at one point I had more girls' clothes than boys clothes since my punishments often extended for days or even weeks, and the ironic part -- when I outgrew my girls' clothes, mother passed them onto my sister -- how's that for a turnaround! And the funny thing about that, most of those clothes my sister didn't like because they were too frilly and girlie-girlie for her tastes! I hope you enjoy the old picture from 1969 of my mother punishing me in a dress and pinning up my longish hair in curlers! Also here is a picture from the 1990s when I was in my mid 20s and when I think I looked my most girlish wearing nothing but some makeup.

### Max: Surviving Petticoat Punishment

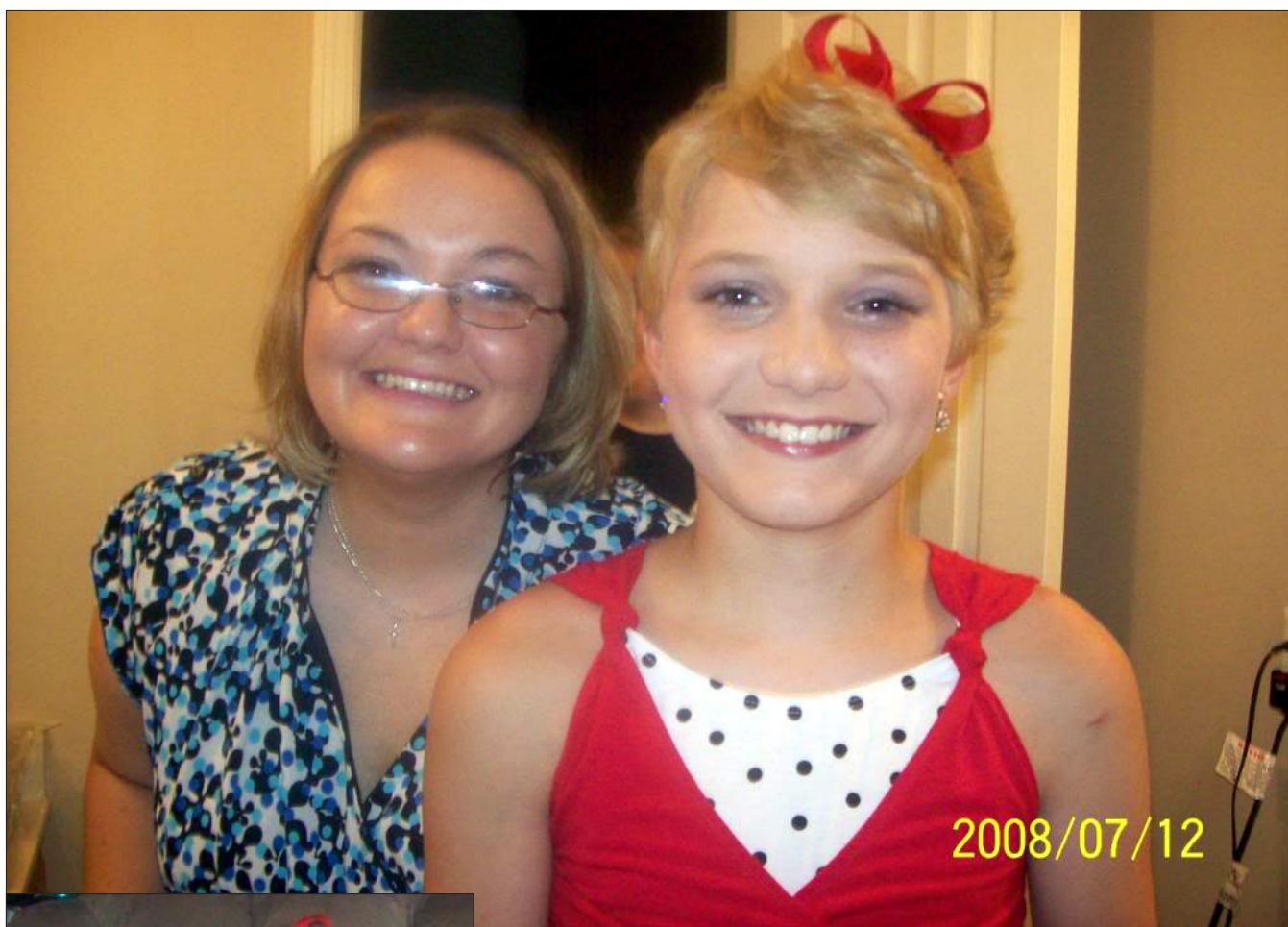
Even though I had never heard the term 'petticoat punishment' until after years of crossdressing, I was very familiar with the process. You see, my mother practiced petticoat punishment on me but she probably had never even heard the term either.

What my mom did to me she called 'Sissy Treatment' and sometimes, especially when we were around other people, she would simply threaten me by saying something like, "If you don't settle down, young man, I'm going to give you a 'treatment' when we get home!" Of course, that would make me blush and even cry because I knew exactly what she meant.

I grew up in the 1960s, and my mother learned about dressing me as a girl for punishment from a neighbor lady who did it to her own son whenever he acted up. Mother first did it to me for fighting with my sister. We were always fighting, and mother finally had enough and thought treating me like a girl was a good punishment for a boy who fought with girls.







*Mom started dressing me up at an early age.*

My Mom is an expert seamstress and makes a lot of our clothes, but she obviously made a lot more clothes for my sister than for me because she made things about 10-to-1 for her to what she made for me. She said girls needed a lot of more clothes than boys. However, I was close to my sister in size so mom would use me to fit and alter the clothes she made for my sister. She also had me wear my sister's new shoes whenever she bought them for me to break them in for her. At first I objected, but my sister was always busy with her friends and I was always hanging around the house, so I got recruited. Consequently I became very interested in girls' clothes. My parents were very strict Christians so when they caught me stealing around and wearing my sister's clothes they couldn't understand why I did it, but I did it so often that finally my mom gave me some girls' clothes and told me I could wear them in the house whenever my dad wasn't around. I asked her if I could have a training bra and frilly panties too but mom said 'no' until my sister kept complaining that I was taking her lingerie. Mom then gave in and bought me some lingerie of my own. One time my father caught me with a pair of yellow nylon panties on when I fell down and tore my pants open and he saw the lace. He spanked the Hell out of me hoping to cure me but of course, it didn't. Some parents can't handle it, or like my dad, they really don't want to know about it! Today, I'm in high school and have a great girlfriend accepts my fetish and we have secret dressup dates. Life is good. Mom knows we do it, but she just shakes her head and tells us that one of these days I'll have to grow up and stop playing childish dressup games.



### **North Carolina Bad Boy to Good Girl**

**My Teddy/Tanya is 11 and has been in dresses since 9. His mother, my sister, was a druggie and the court took him away from her and sent me to live with me. I'm his Auntie Barbra Lou. After he ran away a couple of times, I put him in dresses to keep him home. I told him he was now MY daughter Tanya and not my nephew Tony. I thought as a girl he would give him a fresh start in life and help him forget all the bad things that had happened to him, like the police taking away his mom, his rebellion doing bad things like stealing at the grocery store for something to eat. He even tried to burn down the house once.**

**I live in a very remote rural area. I got the idea from a neighbor who disciplines her son by making him wear dresses, mostly because he refused to help out around the house, complaining that those chores were was women's work.**

**My Tanya really resisted at first, but I'm much stronger than he is and with my big old-fashioned wooden hairbrush, I had to paddle a lot of sense into his butt to get him into his new role. Now he accepts his fate in dresses. My neighbor home schools her son. He's 12 now and has a unisex name, Sandy, so she didn't have to come up with a girls' name for him. She home schools him because the nearest school is 23 miles away, so she keeps him in dresses almost all the time.**

**I hated Teddy spending 2 hours a day just riding the bus to and from school because he could have been helping me out doing a lot of chores during that time. Once I started feminizing him, I**

**couldn't send him to school in a dress and panties, so I got the OK and began having him homeschooled with Sandy, and since Sandy's mother used to be a teacher, it was easy to do. Now the two boys get along famously and they are both in dresses all day and silky nightgowns at night. They get along great and often have sleepovers. It reminds me of the sleepovers I had as a teenage girl.**

**We don't allow the boys to play any sports or roughneck games and insist that since they look like cute little girls, their play is limited to girls' games. A little begrudgingly they accepted that. The two boys were always delighted with their panties; I guess nylon panties really feel good on a boy's 'stuff' if you know what I mean. I can understand that.**

**Recently they discovered how exciting full-length nylon slips can be, and both boys wear them usually under their dresses, and at times, especially when it's hot and muggy out like it gets in this area by the ocean, they like to go around and play in just their slips. They are so cute! I had an opportunity to get some recent photos of them playing -- they were having a tea party in just their sweet nylon slips, and these pictures show the results. In the picture where they are together, Teddy/Tanya is on the left and Sandy is on the right. The boys are quickly approaching that age when girls start developing, so Sandy's mom and I decided to take them shopping next week for a surprise if they do well this weekend on their second quarter exams. We know they will because they are both excellent students and, educationally, way ahead of the kids who go to public school. They keep begging us to tell them what their**





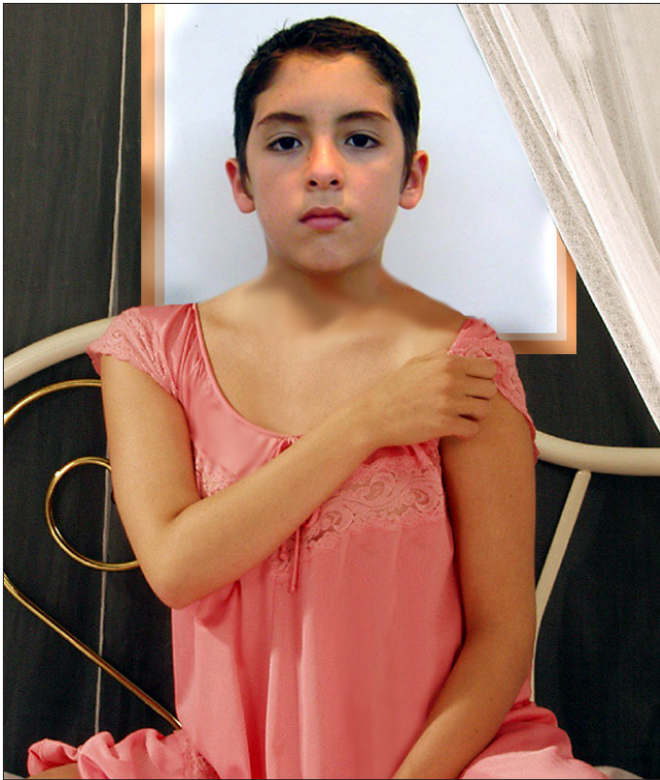
surprise will be but we aren't telling. They won't know until we take them in to be fitted for their bras. We know they will be delighted because they both have been hinted that they want to begin wearing bras, even though neither of them has come right out and asked for one. That I can understand. When I was eleven, I had a difficult time asking my mother for my first bra.

My husband is 'all man' but he has no problem with me raising Teddy as Tanya since Cal works in the field all day everyday with our three farmhands who bunk in an old house we have out back. Cal is so busy with the farm and the extra money he makes fixing other farmers' tractors that long ago, he told me running the house is my bailiwick. He was a bit against having us take on Teddy at first because after one look, he saw the kid was a sissy and would be of no use to him in the field. But now I know he enjoys having a girlie son. He warned me to have him be careful around the farm hands who tease him with dirty talk all the time and make him blush like a real girl. With Teddy running around in his slippers and dresses, those men look at him like they would enjoy having their way with him; we just have to be careful that he's never alone with them. Hell, I don't even trust those guys around the farm animals! Those men are crude and dirty and Teddy has admitted to me that he is happy that he doesn't have to do dirty work like they do and end up smelling like the pigs at the end of the day.





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**Nicholas In the Demale Society Manual #23**



**Robert in Picture Album #12 & #13**



**Teddy in Lollipop Mothers #1**



**Photo Set #4 and Picture Album #7 & #21**



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**Photo Sets #6 & #7 and Picture Album #23**



**Justin in Picture Album #26**



**Picture Album #8**



**The Demale Society #28**