

Princess Lacey's Picture Album #33

Boys Dressing Up Like Girls

Amateur Photos of Cute Boys Impersonating Girls



Adults Only

Many parents think it would be fun to dress up their boys like girls to see what they would look like if they had been born girls, and others use forced dressing in female clothes to discipline their wayward boys and in this volume we explore those true life situations.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

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Read Donny's story on the next three pages.

Donny's prom made the local TV news. Many people called the station and most of them commented that Peter was prettier than his girlfriend (in pale blue). We wonder how that's going to work out!





Memories of Being Raised Like a Girl

Donald's mother dressed him like a girl until he was six. Relatives and neighbors rarely commented about it. Most of them thought he was cute -- cute enough to have been a girl -- hardly what you would expect from people living in very conservative 1980s South Carolina.

Surprisingly, even Donald's father enjoyed his sweet little son in girlish garb, but in a twisted bit of logic he was always after his

wife to keep the boy's hair cut short; "after all," he'd say, "we don't want people to think he's a little girl!"

They did stop dressing him in panties and dresses when he was about to start public school. Donald was very upset when his frilly clothes were taken from him and stored away. After a few months of being forced to live as a boy in trousers, he became accustomed to his new way of life and began to develop as a normal boy.

He played with other boys and got along fine in school. Then while he was in the sixth grade, his mother was cleaning up the attic and brought out some old picture albums. As his parents poured over the old photos, Donald discovered the dozens of photos of him in girls' clothes during his years as a preschooler.

His parents were surprised to realize he had forgotten all about those years, but as he examined the photos, those memories started to come back to him; slowly at first and then in a torrent. He studied the pictures of him in fancy little dresses with lacy bouffant slips and ruffled panties that peeked out from beneath his teasingly short skirts. His face shined with the sweetness of a girlish angel; his excited smiles showed him how happy he had been. In the ensuing years, he wasn't especially happy and wondered why he looked so happy in those old photos.

Those pictures became a great fixation for him. He took those old albums into his room and for hours he would study them the pictures. One in particular he loved was taken with him between his mother and father. They were holding hands and he was a sweet little girl in her Sunday go-to-church dress with white stockings and black shoes with gold buckles. Another picture showed him pulling up his yellow flowered dress to show off his heavily ruffled pink rhumba panties. He repeatedly read his name, his age and the dates when the photos were taken; the memories brought tears to his eyes, but they also made him wonder what it had felt like being a little girl.

He enjoyed being around the girls at his school, and he began to pay close attention to them and what they were wearing. He was so struck with studying the girls that -- even without thinking much about it -- he began to adopt many of their characteristics: how they walked, talked, acted, and moved their arms. The boys who had been his friends for years noticed the changes even if he consciously didn't. It wasn't until they began to make fun of him that he eventually realized what was happening.

"You know, Donny," reflected one of his best friends as they walked home from school, "some of the guys are saying you act almost like a girl these days and want to know what's going on

with you.” Donald blushed, but in a weird way he was proud of what he considered almost a compliment. “Some kid in the lunchroom was passing around a picture he drew of you wearing a dress. He and his buddies were saying you walk like a girl and act like one. Are you turning into a sissy or a pansy or something?”

Donald knew what the words ‘pansy’ and ‘sissy’ meant. He didn’t want his friends to think of him that way. “I’m no pansy,” he protested as he tried to make his words sound hard, but they came out almost musically like the voice of Shirley Kesselmeyer whom he had been listening to so intently and trying to imitate for weeks. He loved her voice and he wanted to talk like her. He even practiced her speech patterns in front of his bedroom mirror. Now it was coming out of his mouth automatically! He liked how his adopted voice sounded; he doubted if that other voice, the one he had always used, would ever return! He didn’t want to go back to talking that way even if people thought he was now weird.

Being compared to a girl made Donny feel good and made his penis swell in his cotton underwear. He hated his boys’ underwear ever since he had once saw a pair of his mother’s nylon panties in the laundry basket and lovingly ran his hands over them.

He answered his critics by saying, “So my voice is a bit high; but I’m not a pansy!” His friend defended, “I didn’t say that, but I heard some of the eighth grade boys talking at lunch yesterday. They were laughing at you and calling you a sissy and a pansy.”

“Oh, they’re just sore losers because I beat all of them in the spelling bee even though they’re two years older than I am. I don’t care what they say.”

“I care because you’re my friend, and I don’t like them talking about you like that. They might start thinking about me like that too because we’re friends.”

Donny called those boys stupid and told his friend to ignore them. What those boys were saying didn’t bother him that much. Besides, those eighth grade boys would be graduating soon and they wouldn’t be around anymore.

Donald was in a rush to get home. He had better things to do than worry about what the older boys were saying about him. As he often did these days, he was hurrying to home to his new hobby of secretly going into his mother’s room and playing with her lingerie. He had over an hour to do that each day after school since she didn’t come home from her job at the dry cleaners until five o’clock. Alone in her room, he would slip into her soft, satiny panties. It was fast becoming a habit. But that was all he’d put on because everything else was much too large for him, and he didn’t want to look like a clown; plus, there was always the chance of being caught. Why he feared being caught so much he didn’t know, but he knew there was a stigma attached to boys sneaking around and wearing their mother’s panties.

He wanted to look like Shirley Kesselmeyer and the other girls. He liked their short skirts, pretty blouses and sweaters. It would

drive him crazy to see a bit of a girl’s slip hanging below the hem of her dress or be blessed with one of those rare glimpses all the way up her skirt to see her panties. He wanted his hair long and curly and decorated with colorful ribbons.

He didn’t know how to make himself look like a girl and wondered who might be able to help him feminize himself beyond the just the baby steps he was taking toward femininity. He yearned to be like a girl in every way. He knew both of his parents loved him dearly and would probably do anything for him. He hoped to talk with his mother about it but didn’t know how to even start. For a moment, he even thought about asking his father for advice, recalling those old photos with his father cuddling him, holding him on his lap, kissing him on the lips and fawning over him like he really was a girl.

But it was hard for Donny to think that his rough and tumble father, who worked hard in a paper factory, would be OK with it. He’d never understand! Besides, that first day when they were all going through those pictures both his parents laughed heartily at his girly-boy photos like it all had been a joke as they remembered those times. Donny worried that they laugh at him or even ridicule him if he told them he wanted some girls’ clothes and wanted to learn about female things.

His dad laughed as he recalled those times. “Your mom wanted to let your hair grow long so she could curl it, and she did let it get quite long a few times, but I always got after her to get it cut short because with your hair long, it made it hard not to think of you completely as a girl! Even then, it took a long time for me to think of you as a boy even after we changed you over to boys’ clothes,” his father said. His mother cheerily giggled as she reminisced about all the fun she had taking you shopping for fancy little girls’ clothes. Undoubtedly they would laugh again, and that was something Donald didn’t need or want.

His desire to become as girlish as possible fully blossomed on a Sunday school picnic as he and Shirley Kesselmeyer lay back, alone under a tree. He had gotten his nerve up to put his arm around her. He felt so extremely comfortable yet so thoroughly excited being with her. He told her that her dress was beautiful and he loved all the pretty clothes she wore. He said girls were so lucky to be allowed to wear such pretty clothes and she seemed to have so many very frilly and exciting clothes.

She laughed. “Donny, for a long time I’ve noticed how much you like my clothes. You always tell me how nice I look, and I love that about you. In fact, I often dress in the morning with you in mind and hope to wear something pretty enough for you to give me a compliment. No other boy at school ever compliments me on what I’m wearing. You’re a special boy who has an appreciation for such things. I think that’s so cute. And maybe you didn’t think I ever noticed, but I know how you like to discreetly touch the fabric of my dresses and other things when we’re together.”

“I mean no harm...”

"Oh, I know. I spend a lot of time every day gussying myself up, so it's nice to know that someone appreciates it, and it's especially nice to come from a boy, even a sweet boy like you. You're a bit of a sissy; I like that about you."

Wow! Shirley even noticed that he was girlish! And she called him a sissy! But when she said it, it sounded wonderful to his ears, not horrible and demeaning like when those nasty boys said that about him. Yet, he wanted her to like him as a boy too and he thought he should say something to defend his masculinity, but before he could say anything, she said, "Hey, Donny, why don't you come over to my house someday soon, and I'll show you all my pretty clothes. Would you like that?"

He couldn't get any words to come out of his mouth; he could only nod, slowly at first and then enthusiastically.

Two days later, Donny was at her house. Her mother was busy cooking as Shirley took him up to her room and gave him a guided tour of her walk-in closet. Donny was in Wonderland as he touched the various fabrics, lace and frills, but he was careful not to appear to be too enthusiastic. She then took him by his hand and led him to her tallboy dresser and opened drawer after drawer to show him all her lingerie. They were both having a lot of fun with her giggling as he went gaga over her lace and frills. She even had him examine one of her satin garter belts and laughed as she held up one of her training bras to his chest.

The last drawer she opened was filled to near overflowing with neat stacks of the most beautiful silky nylon panties he had ever seen. He had only seen such frilly panties in lingerie ads in the newspaper, but he had never seen in one place so many sensationally frilly panties, each pair looking more inviting than the next. When she noticed the bump in his trousers, she giggled and then had him put both his hands into the drawer and told him to feel all her elegantly silky panties. Then she saw the glistening of tears in his eyes like he was ready to cry with happiness.

"Have you ever put on some panties?" she wanted to know. He blushed and turned away. She knew his answer. Do you have some panties of your own to wear at times?" He shook his head 'no.' "So I take it you've tried on your mother's panties, huh?" Shamefaced, he nodded. "Well, that's OK. A lot of the girls who have brothers tell me they've caught one of their brothers or even their father touching or playing with their panties and lingerie. I guess a lot of guys are like that." Donny couldn't believe this whole conversation with the girl of his dreams, especially while his hands were buried in her panty drawer! Then she really stunned him. "Why don't you pick out the pair of my panties you like the best? You can have them. My gift to you. We're about the same size, so I'm sure they'll fit you."

After a long pause, Donny found himself attracted to a particularly fancy pair of pink panties in shiny, heavy weight nylon satin. His fingers tingled from just touching the luxurious fabric adorned with white lace and tiny red satin bows. If they felt that great to hold he could only guess how much better they would feel

against his slim hips, his butt, his tight balls and his now fully erect penis. Shirley gleefully took the panties out of his hands and told him to hurry up, take off his clothes and put them on. Donny was mesmerized. At that moment he would have done anything from her no matter how crazy or dangerous. For him it was like an out-of-body experience as he mechanically took off his clothes and then stepped into the panties as she bent down and held them open for him. He wobbled on weakened knees as she inched the soft panties up his skinny legs. Once the panties fully engulfed his trembling body, the thrill of wearing them defied description; it was even better than he had imagined. "Steady, boy," she said, "we're just getting started!" She then proceeded to dress him in a training bra, garter belt with nylons and a long white satin slip. In her mirror, he could see the pink training bra and pink panties through the thin nylon slip. She then had him don a fancy pink party dress. Throughout his dressing up, she was smiling brightly at him, but not laughing at him.

Donny was so overwhelmed that he felt he had to explain himself to her. With little tears leaking from his eyes, he confided in Shirley about the strange desires plaguing him ever since he had discovered those pictures of him as a little girl. She was not put off by his desires. He had feared it might make her run from him, but he told her anyway because he just had to tell someone, and he wanted to tell her more than anyone else in the world.

In response, she took him in her arms and cuddled him, and at that moment, he remembered how comforting it was when his mother and father cuddled with him when he was being a little girl for them. Just then, Shirley's mom passed by the open door of her bedroom, looked in and saw him in her daughter's clothes. Great fear swept over him as she did a double-take, and then stepped into the room. But when Shirley explained they were just playing dress-up, his mom smiled and told Donny he looked very pretty!

Realizing how he felt, Shirley finally persuaded him to tell his parents. She was with him when he had them listen to what he had to say. They were surprised, but realized it was a serious issue with him and didn't laugh. Eventually, they accepted his desires as his father said, "Well, we started dressing you up, so I guess we're to blame. And you were so sweet; I actually enjoyed you as a little girl. So if you want to dress up from time to time, we have nothing against it, especially since you have such a beautiful girlfriend who so wholeheartedly supports you."

Donald and Shirley stayed together throughout high school and Donny even went to his senior prom as a girl with Shirley as his date! (See the photos on the previous pages.) They remained together through college. Donny became an architect and Shirley became a school teacher. They got married and had two sons, and both of the boys they dress as girls at home. Now, every day after school, the boys come running home to put on their dresses and lingerie and their father changes into his feminine outfits and joins them as soon as he comes home from work every night.

*From #1124-P Sex Shrouds and Caskets
By Ed Wood, Jr., Viceroy Books, 1968*



Fifteen-year-old David has a bigger, better and far sexier wardrobe than his older sister who is always borrowing his clothes!







Patrick took
1st place in 'The Most
Beautiful Boy Contest'
fundraiser put on by
his Boy Scout troop.
(See next page.)



Adams Street
Elementary School
Boy Scout Troop #46

Most Beautiful Boy
Contest Winners

1st Place - Patrick
(previous page)

2nd Place - Jake
(left)

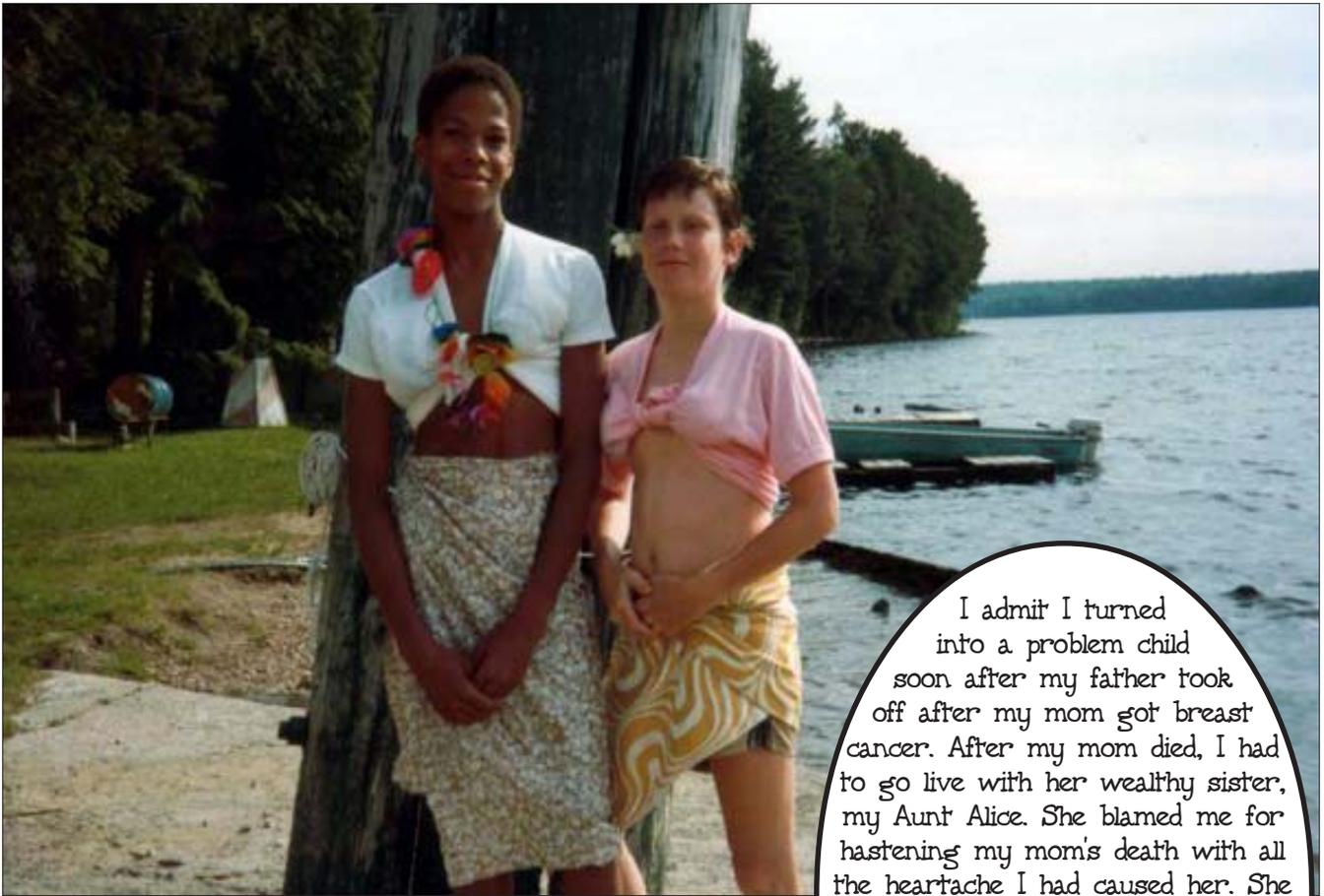
3rd Place - Encil
(below)





Strong willed Mary Ann Savage had always wanted a sister, but her daddy remarried and she got Eddie for a stepbrother. It didn't stop her from changing him into her sister, much to her daddy's amusement and her new stepmother's stunned delight.





I admit I turned into a problem child soon after my father took off after my mom got breast cancer. After my mom died, I had to go live with her wealthy sister, my Aunt Alice. She blamed me for hastening my mom's death with all the heartache I had caused her. She began to reform me by moving us to a remote tropical village where the women run everything. My aunt put Malya, a strict local woman, in charge of me. She gave me herbal medicines like female hormones and taught me how to be feminine.





Robert, a cute 13-year-old TV star from England loves his role playing a crossdressing little boy!





Woman Advises Other Mothers to Petticoat Their Sons

I have found that petticoat punishment is the most effective way to take control of a rowdy boy. With my own son, Mike, I started forcing him to wear silky feminine panties nearly five years ago and now he is frequently crossdressed completely even if he hasn't done anything wrong. I do it just to keep him in line. It has a very positive effect on his behavior.

He was eleven when I started petticoating him. Up until that time, I had used spanking to discipline him, but it was never that effective. One afternoon when I was about to spank him, he informed me in no uncertain terms that he was too old to be spanked by his mother anymore. Naturally I was furious, and told him he could take his choice — either accept the spanking or be dressed in his sister's clothes as punishment. I had read about it in a women's magazine and laughed at the idea even as I told him about it. He chose to be spanked but soon regretted it. I was very angry and gave him a severe spanking, using my hand, my fingernails on his bare butt and both sides of a wooden hairbrush.

In a few minutes Mike was in tears and pleading for me to stop. I told him that if he asked me politely to be dressed as a girl I would consider stopping the spanking. Through his tears he asked if he could please wear girls' clothes. I stopped spanking him and then removed his clothes before I took him into my daughter Anne's room. I wiped the tears from his eyes and then put him in front of Anne's panty drawer and told him to pick out a pair of panties. When he wouldn't do it, I picked out a nice purple pair with white lacy sides and little ribbon bow in front. I put them on him and couldn't help but laugh at him. I could tell he felt terrible. He was crying anew and I wasn't even spanking him. Through the tears he said, "OK, mom, I put them on; now can I please take them off?"

"Of course, you can't! Listen, buddy, you are going to be in girls' panties every day until I tell you otherwise." He complained, "But, mom, they're purple; only girls and fags wear purple!"

He put up such a fuss that I had to pull him over my lap and give him another spanking, but I had barely started and he was begging to put on the panties. Spankings do work but their effectiveness is so short term. I stood him in front of a full length mirror so he could see how silly he looked and pointed out to him that he didn't look like a boy too old to be spanked anymore. He immediately became quite contrite, and compared to the spankings, wearing panties kept him subdued for as long as he had them on.

When Anne got home she couldn't stop laughing at what I had done to Mike, and kept referring to him as Millie, but she did complain that she didn't want him wearing her panties. I agreed and said I would take him shopping for his own panties. When I told her he complained that purple was only for faggots, Anne suggested I should get him a T-shirt with that printed on it, and the next day I took him to a T-shirt shop in Chicago's Old Towne and had the T-shirt made -- in purple -- of course. The girl who made it laughed her head off at him, especially as I made him change into the shirt right there in the store before taking him panty shopping. Anne was along to capture it all on film.

That night I made 'Millie' wear one of my old nightgowns to bed and the next morning warned him that each time he was dressed for punishment it would be for a longer period and more girls' clothing would be added. Since then, he has been crossdressed with increasing frequency and many times for extended durations.

One other thing: I don't know if it was the panties and dresses or if he just happens to be that way, but I'm sure he's turning out to be gay. I don't really care; in fact, I love it! I have a gay uncle who is my favorite relative. If he turns out like that I would love it. Gay boys are so nice and good to their mothers. But knowing that, I've started using well-greased dildos of gradually larger sizes on him to prepare him for when he has to go all the way with a guy. I'm going to start having my Uncle Charlie come around too.

Mrs. AD., Colorado

My Love of Panties Never Ends: It Only Grows Stronger

I fell in love with your publications because, for me, you capture the thrill of crossdressing better than anyone else. What I love most is your focus on panties, and you love frilly old-fashioned nylon panties like my mother and so many other ladies used to wear. They are by far my favorite style of panties! I've attached a photo of myself to show you just how much of a panty-wearing sissy I am. Yes, that's my real hair and you'll notice just a little bit of breast development because I have been on hormones for just over five months. My mother is the one who feminized me. She took my juvenile interest in panties and parlayed it into a lifelong addiction. My father knew about my interest in panties and feminine things but didn't trouble me about it. He'd simply call me a 'mama's boy' with a little laugh. At times he'd gently chide me for being girly but he loved me and wanted me to be happy. He had a terrible childhood so he always told me he would let me do and be whatever I wanted as long as I didn't hurt anyone else. My mother and daddy were both beauticians -- no, he wasn't gay in any way. In fact he was quite a womanizer, and my mom didn't make too big a fuss about it when he's occasionally be tempted and led away from his marriage vows. But he loved my mother and me dearly; there was never any doubt about that. He died just four years ago after a bad bout with the flu. I still live with my mother and am devoted to her.

While growing up, I loved to crawl into my mommy's bed and snuggle up with her after daddy left for work. She always wore babydoll nighties like teen girls use to wear. They made her look so young and cute. I would daydream as I hugged her and idly let my fingers feel the silky nylon of her top and matching panties. I loved the smell of her perfume as I skimmed my fingers over her body, lovingly touching the waist and leg elastics of the full-cut, high-waisted panties hugging her hips and bottom. Her panties were always so pretty, feminine and elegant, yet very girly and always trimmed with delicate lace, ribbon bows or embroidered or printed designs like little hearts or flowers. With my tiny hands, I'd trace the edges of those decorations and glance down to get peeks at how prettily they decorated her panties. The material of her panties was like nothing else, so slippery and silky. I couldn't stop touching them.

Sometimes as I got a little too carried away with my fingertips dancing over the satiny nylon; she'd press on my hand to get me to stop and whisper for me to lie still so she could get a little more sleep. Sometimes, as she drifted back into a deep sleep, she'd gradually slide my hand down over her pantied tummy, and a many times my hand would end up right over the mound in the front of her panties. I'd hear her breathe deeply and know she was fast asleep again and then, I don't know what she would be dreaming about, but she'd suddenly shove my hand along with her own hand down between her legs and crush my hand against her pussy. Her breathing would become irregular and she'd

eventually sigh deeply. Her panty crotch would be very warm and moist and her womanly aroma filled the room. I could lay with her like that forever. After a while, she'd stir and I knew she was waking up. I'd pretend to be asleep and she seemed to only then realize that my hand was between her legs as she'd slowly ease my hand away from her and let it go. That happened many, many times and I loved that intimacy we shared. Then at one point she finally picked up on the interest I had with her lingerie and said something to me about it.

On that morning, just after we both woke up, she cooed in my ear, "I notice how you like to touch my pretty panties ... you like them, don't you?" I had been looking into her eyes but I had to look away as I nodded my head and blushed. She continued, "Yes. They feel so good to touch and they feel even better to wear. I love my pretty panties. Girls are so lucky to be able to wear nice soft panties, aren't they?" I nodded again, still looking away. After a long pause she asked, "Have you ever wondered what it feels like to wear a pair of beautiful panties?" Beyond shrugging my shoulders I couldn't find the words to answer. "Hmm?" she said trying to prompt me to answer. "Would you like to know how they feel on your body cuddling you?" I still didn't answer. "Come on, you can tell mommy. Would you like to try on a pair of pretty panties just like mommy's? Find out how silky they feel, huh? How they feel sliding up your legs? Then hugging your body? You want to, don't you, baby? You do want to wear satiny panties, huh?" I could only moan as she had me all figured out.

Many times before I had thought about wearing panties but had no idea how I would be able to do it. I loved my mommy's panties but I would never touch any of her things without her OK and I was too bashful to ask; besides I knew my mommy's panties would be much too big for me, so I was content to just live vicariously and touch the panties mommy had on or that I saw in our laundry basket whenever I had a chance.

I knew I was audibly moaning but I couldn't help it. She whispered, "It's OK. I don't mind. In fact, I think you would look sensational in pretty little girly panties in a size to fit you. Tell me you want to put on some nice panties just like mommy's."

Yes! I wanted to wear panties more than I had ever wanted anything in my life. Finally, my desire to wear panties overcame my fear of admitting it and I blurted, "Yes ... I do, mommy."

But she wasn't going to let me off that easily. "Do what, sugar? Tell mommy what you want. I want to hear you say that you want. I want you to say 'Mommy I want to wear pretty panties just like the panties all little girls wear.' If you say, it, Billy, I'll get you some of your own panties in a small size to fit you. Say it!"

I groaned in terror but eked out the words, "Yes, mommy, I want to wear panties, nice pretty panties like little girls wear. Panties like you wear, mommy."

She abruptly got out of bed and led me to her panty drawer. She picked out a pair of panties that were silky and frilly in pink



nylon, panties just like she wears – but in a small size! My heart was racing. I shook as she pulled off my pajamas and held those panties open at my feet. I had to hold onto her to steady myself as I stepped into them. I was nervous as she drew them up my legs and into place high on my body. They were just a tad too big on me but felt so incredibly wonderful. Mommy hugged me and rubbed her hands all over my pantied hips and butt. It was so amazing, I cried just a little; it was so wonderful. And before I knew it, she had me facedown across her lap and she was rubbing my pantied bottom!

My penis ached because it was so hard. As she rubbed my bottom, she teased me, “Oh pretty panties feel so good, don’t they, baby? You LOVE wearing girls’ panties, don’t you, baby? So pretty. So silky. They make you feel like a pretty little girl, don’t they?” I was breathing so fast, I couldn’t answer. Then I gasp as she ran her finger over the back of my panties along my butt crack and then stopped at my poop hole and shoved a bit of the loose-fitting panties into the entrance of boy pussy! “You love feeling like a girly girl in pretty panties, don’t you? I’ll make you feel really feminine in your panties. Pretty, silky, femmy, girls’ panties. They excite you and make you feel so pretty, so girly ... you’re not a boy at all. No, you’re a girly boy, a sissy, and I’ve known it for a long time ... and I love you for it. You’re going to make such a lovely little girl. From now on, you’ll be wearing nice panties all the time – all day and every day!”

She then thrust her finger a bit deeper into my asshole, causing me to groan. With her other hand she reached underneath me and started yanking on my hard penis through my panties. It was so good! So magical. I never wanted it to end! “You’re such a pretty girl in her pretty panties. Cum for me, baby. Cum into your pretty panties for mommy. Show me how much you love wearing silky panties! Show me what a good girl you are in your new panties. Show mommy how much you love her and love the piles of panties she bought you. Yes, I did buy panties for you – piles of panties! You’re in panties now and forever, sweetie!” I was too young to spurt but I did start humping my hips up and down as I had my first dry cum that made me shake all over, drained and weak like a defenseless little girly boy who had just been raped by his beautiful mommy. ”

And that’s how my life in panties started!



Five-year-old Nathan with his shaggy hair makes a sweet little girl, but what's the big bump between his legs in his bathing suit!







