

Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 36

I Never Questioned How My Mother Dressed Me Until I Started School

Without a father in the house, I spent all my time with my sister and mother, and I just accepted how they treated and dressed me like a girl!

Black Master Tells How He Loves to Sex Women with Wimpy Husbands

He goes searching on the Internet for sissy men and then goes after their wives and girlfriends as he cuckolds the men and satisfies the women!

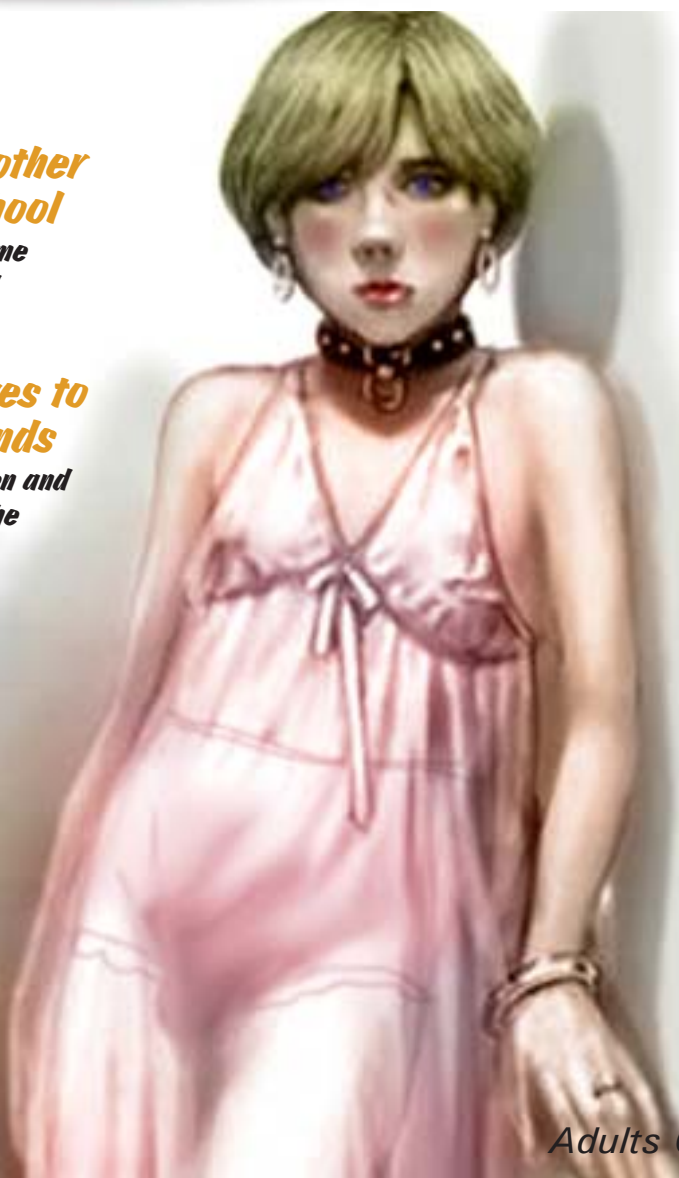
Shy Boy Tries to Understand Girls by Studying Lingerie

He was unable to ask girls for a date, so he tried to learn about them and become comfortable with them by studying their lingerie, but he fell victim to them never to escape!

Boys as Flower Girls

Letters from four different mothers who had their sons take the part of a flower girl for a wedding when no young girl relative was available!

Plus much, much more!



Adults Only

A collection of fascinating and exciting stories, letters and pictures sent to us by visitors to our Internet website. Both true stories and fiction about both forced and consensual crossdressing. Fantasy entertainment for adult pussy boys. Ratings range for "G" to "X"

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**Hal at 9 years old
in clothes he stole
from his big sister.**

Shy Boy Tries to Understand Girls by Studying their Lingerie

I'm a sissy who got caught, but it turned out great! When I was nine, I had a very early interest in girls -- I liked looking at them and being around them, but I was very shy and had a difficult time even trying to say two words to a girl. I tried to learn about girls by watching them closely. I would wander into my sister's room to see what her things were like, and I got the crazy idea that if I tried on some of her clothes, I'd learn a lot about girls and getting to know them would be easier.

My sister was sixteen and just getting into really neat lingerie. I often got peeks at the things she was wearing, and I became very interested -- they looked so-o-o-cool! I had been periodically visiting my sister's room when she wasn't around, and one day, while the whole family was in the backyard having a cookout, I snuck into her room and tried on her new Victoria Secret's Wonderbra that I saw her showing mom just after she bought it the day before.

But I didn't stop there; I put on a garter belt and her nylon stockings after spending a lot of time trying to figure out how they worked. Then I put on a pair of her panties. They were white nylon with a lot of lace and some pink and blue ribbons on the sides. I had lost track of time and she walked in and caught me prancing around her girly room like a true sissy. She was furious, and I thought she was going to hit me, but settled for giving me a good bawling out. I most feared her telling mom and dad. I begged her not to tell them.

She thought about it, but then a wicked expression came over her face and she said, "Well, if you want to dress like a girl, then let's do it right! Next Sunday, mom and dad are going to out all day, and I'm supposed to watch you. So we'll have a lot of time, and I'm going to really fix you up like a girl."

I told her I didn't want to do it, but she told me she was going to do it anyway as punishment for my getting into her things. I had no choice in the matter!

That Sunday, she marched me into the bathroom and made me take a bubble bath because she didn't want my dirty body in her good clothes. When I came out she toweled me off — she even dried off what she called was my "sissy little excuse of a penis" before putting me into a clean pair of white

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panties, white lace bra, white stockings with a white garter belt. These items were all fairly plain. She said I had to earn the right to wear fancy panties and her good lingerie. She sat me at her vanity and painfully plucked my eyebrows into shape and then applied foundation, rouge, mascara, eyeshadow, eyeliner and lip gloss to my face before putting me into a short plaid skirt with white blouse and a tie, remnants of her old Catholic schoolgirl uniform from elementary school. I had to wear Mary Janes, and she spritzed me behind my ears with Chanel, which she also put on my wrists and on the front of my panties.

She then made me to stay in her room and not to touch a thing until she came back. She came back with a camera and snapped two pictures before I could



Hal at 15 years old.

even cover my face. Twenty minutes later, the doorbell rang and she let in two of her girlfriends to see me.

Sharon and Jennine burst out in laughter. I really felt terrible with them making fun of me, especially Jennine, because she was a beautiful cheerleader and one of the girls I most liked to dream about.

The three of them fussed over me and made me do girlie things like curtsy and kiss at myself in the mirror. My sister, Vicky, made me lift my skirt and show them how small

Hal at 12 years old.



my penis was in her panties. They had fun with me playing around with my makeup and hairstyle, adding jewelry and more perfume. My nails were painted red and my mom's long black wig was fitted on my head. They made me stand in front of the wall mirror; I was shocked at the image that stared back at me -- a sexy teen girl. I had to then do cheers for them as they laughed at me.

Unfortunately, I got a run in my stockings and Vicky got angry with me. She threw me over her lap and spanked me really hard with a sorority paddle that had belonged to my oldest sister who was then married and out of the house.

I screamed that they couldn't do that to me and told them I was going to tell mom and dad, but when they reminded me that then I'd also have to tell them that I had been sneaking around and wearing Vicky's clothes, dad would surely spank me a lot harder than what they were doing. I was so humiliated but I knew I couldn't say anything to anyone without making myself look like a big sissy. They teased me that if I didn't mind them, they would make me go outside and show my friends how I looked as a schoolgirl in the uniform and lingerie.

After that, my sister was pretty nice to me. She would give me some of her old clothes to hide in my room but warned me to stay away from her good clothes or she would tell on me. Vicky and

her two girlfriends never dressed me up again, but they still teased me once in a while. However, they did let me tag along with them at times and treated me like a girl even if they didn't dress me up again. At those times, and whenever I knew I could get away with it, I would wear my sister's hand-me-down panties under my clothes. They knew it and I would blush like crazy when they'd joke around and ask what color panties I had on that day. Embarrassing but great! I learned a lot about girls from them, especially how to be comfortable with them. Eventually, they all went to college, got married and all, and by the way they still joke about how I used to dress up, they all assume I no longer wear dresses and lingerie. To then it was a 'phase!' Boy, wouldn't they be surprised to see me now with the huge wardrobe of fancy girlie clothes I have amassed over the years!

Sissy Hal





Boy Flower Girls

One of the most common situations in which boys are coerced into spending time in girls' clothes is when, for one reason or another, they take the part of a flower girl in a relative's wedding. Herein, are a few of the letters we have received from mothers on this most interesting topic.

Stanley Couldn't Say No

Sandy was so nervous about being a flower girl in her aunt's wedding when she was getting remarried that she literally made herself sick! Here it was the day before the wedding, and Sandy was throwing up and crying. She's a very sensitive girl, and is very nervous around crowds, so we knew she couldn't go through with it. We had the dress and everything and were all set to go, so what could we do? Sandy was the only little girl in our extended family; however, she has a twin brother, Stanley, and he's her same size, so when our aunt suggested he take his sister's place, a lot of eyebrows were raised, but once the giggles subsided, we asked him, and what a sweet boy he is. He agreed to do it!

We all knew that Stanley sometimes liked to play dress up with his sister and they would change clothes. All of the family never made any big deal about it; his dressing up was just a game, but I'm sure that is what made auntie think of it and lead to us to ask him.

The wedding was a huge success, and Stanley absolutely loved prancing around all day in the dress, and yes, he had all the accessories too, including the lacy panties and a delicate little training bra and big, bouffant petticoats. He loved getting dressed along with the bride and all the bridesmaids, and they made a big deal about what a sweet boy he was to do it for his sick sister. My sister was a little worried about how he'd look, but when she saw how cute he was in his flower girl dress, she just gave him a kiss and told him he was the best nephew any aunt could have!"

After the wedding, the costume went into the twins' closet; however, the lacy panties went into Stanley's dresser drawer because his mother said, the children shouldn't wear each other's underwear, so Stanley did wear them for 'good' on Sundays for the better part of a year until he wore them out. A bit later, we found out that he did miss the panties when he was caught periodically stealing pairs of his sister's panties;

however, knowing his mom's rule about underwear, once he stole them, she made him keep them in his underwear drawer because she said she didn't want her daughter to wear them after he had put them on. So he had to wear those panties, a good half dozen or more pairs, until he wore them out! But he did keep stealing more panties and he never did stop wearing them until he was eventually wearing his sister's hand-me-down panties every day!

I Learned that Teasing the Flower Girl is the Wrong Thing To Do

My name is Greg. When I was five, my mother got really angry with me for teasing the flower girl at my sister's wedding. I guess the strain of planning the wedding and dealing with so many relatives had put her on edge. Anyway, after she caught me making fun of the fancy dress the flower girl was wearing and making her cry, my mother told me that as punishment I would be given the chance to wear a dress too.

I didn't think she was serious, but she was. After the wedding, Carol, the flower girl wanted to change out of the dress and into something more comfortable and that is when my mother snatched me up and took me into the changing room and as the girl undressed, I was then dressed in the outfit, and then had to go out into the reception area and let everyone see me as the flower girl. Of course, they had to get a lot of photos of me so dressed. I begged to be allowed to get back into my own clothes, but I had to stay in that dress for the entire reception and even had to wear it home. At home, mom made me keep on the dress, slip, and flat little training bra -- all of them in lace, netting and white satin. That was my outfit for bed. In the morning, I had to go down to Sunday breakfast still in the dress. Dad makes Sunday breakfast, and he had a good laugh at my expense. He asked me if I wanted to wear dresses all the time now, but I screamed back at him "no" at



the top of my voice and called my dad a bad name -- that outburst led to me being put back into the lingerie and the flower girl dress so mother could invite in all the girls who lived in our neighborhood, who laughed their heads off at me, and when the boys I hang with came looking for me to join them in a game of baseball, dad let them see me. That was a horrific experience, and none of those boys wanted to play baseball or anything else with me until many weeks after.

A Great Family Story

"I still tease Bryan sometimes by pulling out this picture and showing it to his girlfriends. When he gets married I'm going to make sure his wife and everyone else gets to see what a cutie he was when he was young. The story behind the picture is one of those great family stories that we tell over and over again.

Bryan was jealous of all the attention I was getting. I was his little brother and the ring bearer in the wedding and Bryan just couldn't stand the fact that I had something so special to do in the wedding and he didn't. Then my mom was talking about Bryan not having any part in the wedding, and the bride's mom, said jokingly that there still was space open for flower girl since there were no young girls relatives on either side of the family.

My mom took her seriously and thought it might be a good idea and she talked Bryan into putting on a dress just to see how he looked, and he looked really pretty, so mom then convinced him to be the flower girl -- our mom could get George Washington to take himself off the U.S. dollar!

Now if you ask him, Bryan says he didn't really want to do it and that mom had forced him, but when mom tells the story, she says it didn't take much convincing and that he loved spending the day in a flower girl dress with all the trimmings."

Too Sick to Be in the Wedding

"What were we supposed to do? The wedding was two days away, and Emily was so sick with the flu that we knew she wouldn't be able to be the flower girl. The custom-made dress and shoes had already been bought, and we desperately needed to find another little girl to take Emily's place.



Just then, as we were thinking we'd have to have the wedding without a flower girl, Brandon walked into the kitchen where



One thing I will always remember is the sight of him walking down the aisle in front of the bride sprinkling flower petals and looking absolutely precious. Just thinking about it still brings tears to my eyes!

Dressup Games

"The three of them are inseparable, but Todd is the real leader. One of Todd's favorite games is to play dressup, and his mother has never minded, even when it involved his dressing up

we were talking. I think the idea hit all of us at the same time. Brandon was a year younger than Emily but very close to her same size. My cousin said out loud what all of were thinking, "Why not see how Brandon would look in her dress?" I don't think he realized what was going on as his grandmother, mother, and two of his older sisters whisked him upstairs to get him bathed, prettied up and put into the pristine white satin panties, sheer tights, three full slips, a lace training bra, white patent leather Mary Janes and the flower girl dress. As you can see, he prettied up wonderfully, especially after we got a wig he could wear from the beautician who was working on the bride and bridesmaids.

Brandon did have doubts and fears about doing it, but all of us females gave him no other choice. He did like all the attention, and most of the people at the wedding had no idea he was a boy until Dennis, his one little rascal of a cousin, figured it out and started telling everyone.



in girls' costumes. His mom always discounted it by saying that the boys are just having fun and exercising their imaginations -- just harmless fun. I've sometimes wondered if she actually encourages it, because she buys Todd all sorts of girlish outfits for his dressup box, and once when we were watching female figure skaters on TV, I remember she said to Todd how cute he'd look in a skating outfit and that she would buy him one the next time she went shopping.

As a result, Todd and my son Conner and their best friend Kyle spend a lot of time at Todd's house dressed in girlish costumes. I got a bit worried when Conner asked me to buy him his own panties a few months ago. He said Todd had some of his own, so why couldn't he have some too. He said he had tried on Todd's several times and really enjoyed how soft and silky they are on his body.

I didn't want to make a big deal out of it, so I got him some panties. He insisted getting some made in nylon and wanted to pick them out himself. He wasn't embarrassed in the least even though the sales girl following us around as we made our purchases knew Conner was a boy and I was buying girls' panties for him. She did giggle a lot but made no judgement about what he wanted!

Raised Like a Girl

My dad left when I was two, so our family consisted of just my mom, older sister, me and our dog. We lived just outside Buffalo. Mom took very good care of us, and I always felt that I got just about anything I wanted, and I don't think I was what you would consider 'spoiled' like many of the kids I knew while growing up, who did get everything they wanted but who also abused their parents, threw tantrums, were disrespectful, etc.

I had many friends in and out of school, and I think I was 'normal' in most every way, the only difference being that even though I was born a boy, I was raised, treated, and dressed as a girl.

I never questioned how my mom raised me because to me it was normal. All my parents' friends thought I was a girl. Both sets of my grandparents had passed away before I was born and both of my parents were only children, so I had no aunts, uncles or other relatives that might have questioned how I was being brought up. I guess it became too much for my dad and I'm sure that's why he left us.

My mom didn't have a 'thing' like I did between my legs, and neither did my sister, so of course I was curious. I first saw the difference when I was very young and when I asked my mom about it, she just told me never to show it to anyone, and I never did. But as time went on, and I got older, I asked mom again when I was six because I had seen another boy's

Conner got me to buy him three pairs of the fanciest panties in the store, you know, party panties, the kind with lace and ruffles all over the back. He started wearing them all the time and I ended up having to get him six more pairs.

Todd's cousin on the other side of the family was getting married and about a week before the wedding, Conner came home and asked if it would be OK if he went to the wedding with Todd and Chad. He said both of them were going to be in the wedding and he was invited to be too. I couldn't see the harm so of course I said OK. It was only when it was the day before the wedding that I learned that the three boys were being enlisted to serve as flower girls! I was a bit upset, and spoke with Todd's mother about it, but she told me I was being really silly. She said she was taking care of everything. She had already bought the boys their dresses and gotten them wigs, shoes, tights and gloves. She said that when I would see how pretty they looked, I'd realize what a good idea it was. Well I have to admit, she was right!

But I don't know what to do now. Conner keeps asking me to buy him a party dress and a girls' sequined dance outfit that he can wear around the house.

penis when he was standing up and taking a pee outside. Of course, by that time, I knew there were boys and girls, I just thought I was a girl. Mom brushed off my question, saying kids shouldn't be looking at each other naked. Finally, when I was eight, mom sat me down and told me that I was different than other girls, and that I was just as good as any of them or anyone else but I was different, and she said she would explain things to me in more detail when I was older, but at that age, it wasn't important to know about such things.

I knew that I was different, and just after my 10th birthday, mom realized it was time to explain things to me. "Jennie," my Mom started, "I'm not sure how to say this -- I knew this day had to come, but I have always wished it never would."

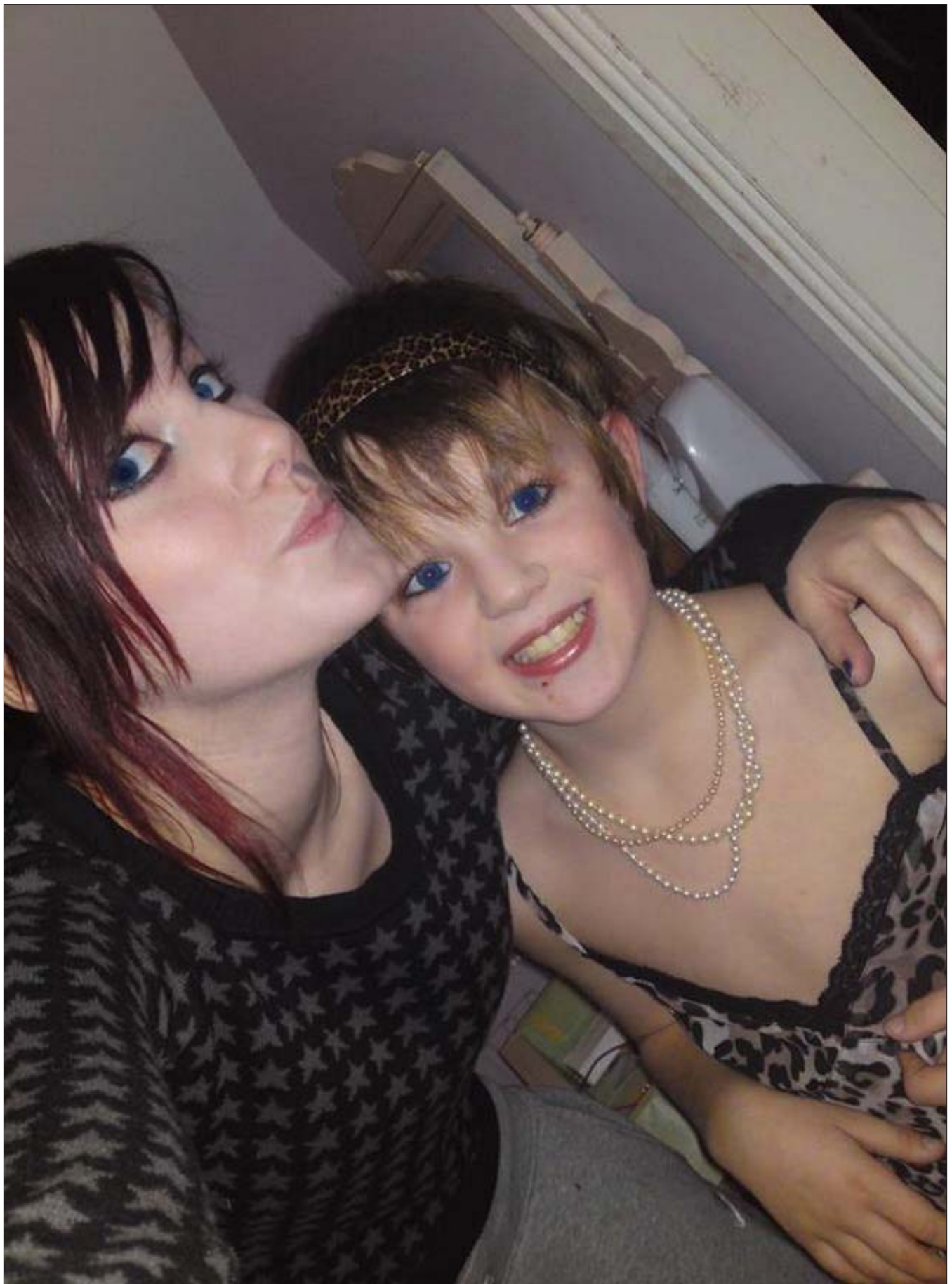
"Mom, don't worry, you can tell me anything. I'm a big girl, I can handle anything," I said as I took her hand in mine.

"That's just it, Jennie," she said as she took a deep breath and slowly let it out, "you're not a girl, um-m, Jennie, you weren't born a normal girl ..." Mom said. "I know, you've told me that before." I said as I cut her off. "But the whole truth is that you weren't born a girl at all," she said with her eyes getting more and more wet.

"What? Do you mean I'm a boy?" I said as I laughed.

"Yes," she said.

My jaw dropped, I couldn't believe it. "But if I am a boy, why do you want me to be like a girl?"





"I just always wanted you to be a girl, and after your father left, I just decided it would be better if you were a girl — so I decided to raise you that way. I hope you aren't angry with me," she said as she hugged me and started to cry harder than I had ever seen her cry. She moaned that she had never thought of me as anything other than a girl, and that I was so sweet and pretty that she was glad she raised me like a girl.

I thought about it and said, "Mommy, I love my life; I want to stay the way I am. I don't know how to act like a boy."

My mom gave me another big hug and then said, "I do understand and I love you as you are, but male hormones are changing your body. You won't develop breasts like your sister and will never be able to have babies. I'm sorry that I did this to you, and I hope you can forgive me, but now, I want to be fair to you. If you think you may want to be like other boys, I'll help you in every way possible. If you want to stay a girl, you can, but it could be a very rough life for you living everyday in disguise while being a man underneath. If you finally decide to grow up a man, I will make it right in any way I can. I started raising you as a girl because you were so pretty as a baby and so cute in girls' clothes, and that fun just got away from me over all these years, I hope you can forgive me, but I do want you to try life as a boy if at all possible. I think that is the least I can do for you. I understand there is

something called a sex change operation in which boys can be physically made into girls as much as physically possible, but from what I understand it is often not an ideal life either. So I have put together a lot of information for you, and we will go to some doctors and you can decide for yourself what you want to do, and whatever that is, I will support you 100%.

Well, I did think about it for over a year, and during that time my hormones surged and I found I was attracted to girls and was sexually curious about them. I wanted to be married and have children, so I decided I wanted to grow up a man. But being in love with my pretty clothes, I happily discovered, I didn't have to give up. When I heard about heterosexual transvestites, I knew that is what I wanted to be, and it is what I became!

I've enclosed a photo of the birthday cake mom gave me on my 21st birthday with a picture of me in girls' clothes. Mom, my sister and I all had a good laugh over it. I now have a wife, and two sons, who happen to love dressing up in girly clothes too but I make it clear to the boys that they are boys and only pretend to be girls from time to time!

Jennie/Jim



"I finally decided I should look at all this porn you keep hiding on your computer. So, you like this cuckold and interracial stuff, huh? You've been living your secret fantasy on the computer. Well, now, you won't have to anymore. I'm going out with this real nice stud of guy at work; he's big and black and handsome. He's been hitting on me. Don't try to object: I've saved all your files to a thumb drive. Oh, you had so many stories about these cuckold guys being forced to wear their wife's panties all the time. That's a good place to start. Throw out all your lousy underwear and help yourself to my panties until I can get you some panties of your own."

Master Tells of the Joys of Cuckolding Sissy Husbands

I found your site when I did a search for "sissy wimps" and found some of your stories and letters quite interesting, especially the ones about women who have cuckolded their sissy wimp husbands. I'm what is called a 'bull' because I'm a real man, a black man with a nice nine-inch cock, and my favorite thing to do is take care of lonely white women who have a sissy wimp submissive for a husband.

Women mostly find out about me by word of mouth, hearing about me from a satisfied friend and then giving me a call. I usually first do a woman in private, but after the first two times, I insist that the woman's husband be there to watch. That's just me I guess. I love doing the women, but just as much I like humiliating the guy. Of course, some women never call me again at that point, but many do. I can only imagine some of the interesting conversations that must take place! "C'mon hun, if you love me you'll do this for me." Or more likely: "Look. You aren't man enough to satisfy me so I've found someone who can, and now you're going to watch if you know what's good for you."

Most of the sissy wimp husbands I humiliate are successful in their careers, and they've included doctors and lawyers and businessmen and even a politician and a school principal. They may be the bosses outside the home, but in their own bedrooms, it's their wives who rule, and when their wives invite me in, the wimps are in for some serious humiliation.

Most of them don't really realize how poorly they are at satisfying their wives until I arrive on the scene. But once they see my equipment compared to their own, and once they see how their wives react to being fucked by me, they learn quickly the difference between a real man and a wimp. My policy is that they get to watch the first time wearing their clothes, but after that, they have to be naked, except that they have to wear their wife's bra and panties after she takes them off for me. That's a moment I always love. The sissy is standing there naked with his little weenie hanging down while his wife is about to take me inside her, and I turn to the wimp, point to his wife's panties, and tell him to put them on. Usually I'll say something like, "OK, sissy, it's time to put your little cock in something frilly and pretty while I put my cock in something wet and hot."

And after a few times like that, I add a bit more to the routine, making the sissy wimps present themselves to me with their genitals and entire bodies clean shaven, and wearing a garter belt and stockings in addition to panties – and by then it's their own panties and other stuff, not from their wife. Usually, it's panties and lingerie that I've picked out for them and sent them to buy for themselves. What they don't know is that at the shop I send them to the woman who owns the shop is a friend of mine and when the wimps come in to find the specified garments, she knows who they are and why they're there. She'll even make comments to them to let them know that she knows they are a sissy cuckold wimp to really rub it in. I also make the wife stop having sex with her husband. By then, her pussy is mine to use, or share, as I see fit, and I never see fit to have it used by the husband.

Then, when I do come over to fuck their wives, I expect the sissy wimp husbands to greet me at the door, wearing only his garter belt, stockings, and panties, and then he has to show me his body and little cock and balls are all shaven and smooth as a baby's. He has to serve me and his wife drinks like a good little sissy maid, put on music for us to dance to, and after the wife and I have gotten ourselves really horny, I'll also make him 'prepare' his wife for me by taking her clothes off while I watch, and then juicing her up by licking her tight pussy.

Then I'll make them help get ME ready, helping me take off my pants and licking my cock and balls to get me nice and hard for the wife. The wives always seem to like that part of it, with their husbands in lingerie and panties kneeling in front of me using their mouths on my big cock. I never let the wimps touch themselves while I fuck their wives, but after, while their wife and I lie in bed following a rigorous hour or so of sex, I make the husband masturbate into his panties.

Most of the women I service are only interested in the sex, and I'm always careful about having safe and protected sex with them, but from time to time I also have women who want me to go bare because they want to get pregnant. Of course, that isn't something their husband can take care of as long as I'm in the picture, since I don't allow a hubby to have intercourse with his wife. However, in most of the cases it has been the wife's preference that I be the one to impregnate her (hey – I'm tall, good looking, athletic – just what most women want in their kids).

I really enjoy those sex sessions a lot with the sissy wimp husband will meet be at the door, dressed in his panties, garter belt, and stockings, knowing that I'm going to be planting my seed inside his fertile wife. When his wife and I get it on, I do it doggy style with the wimp husband actually lying underneath her – feet

toward the head of the bed and his head right underneath her pussy – so that he can see right up close when I cum inside her, and when I pull out my jism leaks out of her an onto his upturned faced. Most of the wimps just accept this without complaint, but a few have gotten quite upset when I do that, with them crying and whimpering and begging their wife not to have me cum inside her. But I've never had a woman stop once I'm inside her, no matter how much her husband whines and begs. On the contrary — if the woman doesn't simply ignore their husbands, they are likely to say something like. "Shut up, sissy. You're not man enough to get me pregnant so you better be quiet while someone else does your job for you." Wow I love it when they say shit like that!

It really gives me a charge to humiliate a rich, sissy wimp this way. And I assure you, I never have any trouble finding lots of wives who want me to do them. Friends tell friends and the referrals never stop. One night a few weeks ago, for instance, I was at a restaurant, and saw a table with three couples at it – and all three women were women I take care of, and one of them has a child by me. You should have seen the look of shock on each husband's face when they saw me. Why I bet their little bald cocks were quivering in their lacy panties. In fact, what I've been thinking of doing is trying to get that entire little group of friends together with me sometime. That way all the wives could see all the husbands in their sissy wimp outfits, and after the wives and I have had some very satisfying group sex, we can get the wimps together and do a panty boy circle jerk for us. Sounds like fun, huh?

Terence, the Master



While doing your daily duties as a faggot cuckold maid of cleaning your mother-in-law's house, you find an old photo of her husband and your daddy in wigs and homo drag sucking big black cock, and you realize why your father-in-law and daddy were so happy when you married your wife because she would surely make you into a pansy and have you carry on this family tradition.

The Pink Dress

Young Sam demands to wear a dress to school, forcing his parents to make a decision: protect him from ridicule or cultivate his self-expression?

BY SARAH HOFFMAN

The Pink Dress

At seven o'clock on a Thursday morning, my 4-year-old son announced, "I'm going to wear a dress to school today." I froze, teacup halfway to my lips. I shouldn't have been entirely surprised by his statement, given Sam's history on the pink side of the dressup box, but this time was different.

The previous weekend, Sam and I had visited his grandma in Malibu. Looking to cool down after a sunny playground romp, we wandered into a high-end children's boutique. While his grandma and I snickered over rhinestone-encrusted Converse sneakers and \$600 infant sweaters, Sam was drawn to a frilly pink sundress. "Can I have it?" he asked.

I blinked at him. Trying to keep things light, I told Sam the dress was not his size. He dropped his chin to his chest, big blues fixed on me. "Well, are there dresses in my size?" he asked shyly. I paused, trying to decide what to say. "Boys don't wear dresses," came to mind, but that wasn't true—Sam had always loved trying on his girlfriends' princess costumes. "I'm not going to buy you a \$270 dress from this ridiculous store," also came to mind, but that didn't address the point—his or mine. He would be asking the same question about a \$7.99 sundress at Target, and I'd still be wondering why my boy wanted to wear one—and why, really, he couldn't. As I steered him out of the store, Sam started to weep. "I wish I had a pink dress!" he wailed.

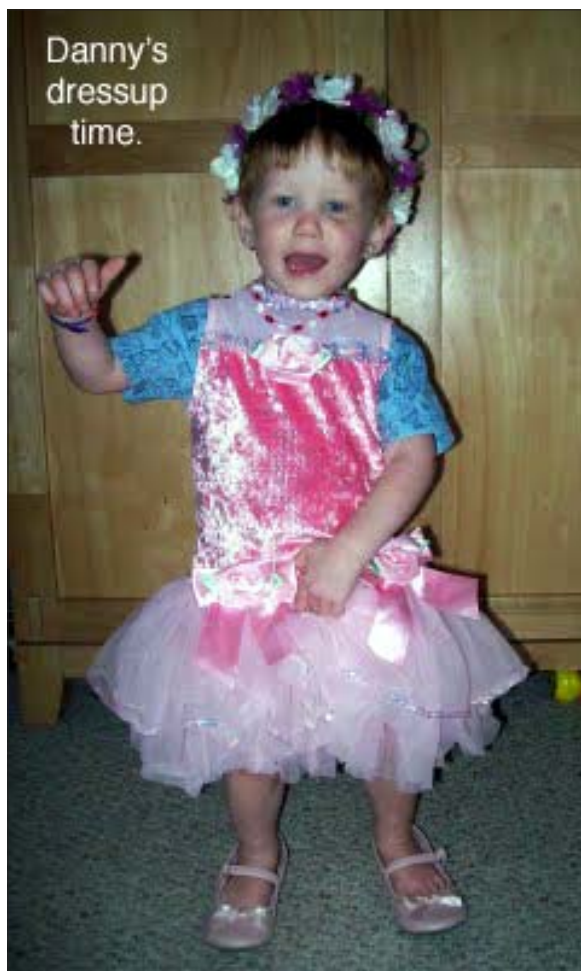
"But sweetie," I said in my best calm, concerned mommy tone, "you have two pink dresses. Your princess dressup costumes are both pink."

"But I want one I can wear to school!"

At 4, Sam has been expressing his preference for pink for half his life. My husband and I have bought him several pink items that fall in the sort-of-odd-but-socially acceptable range: pink Converse sneakers (hold the rhinestones), pink T-shirts, and—our most risqué to date—a hot pink polo shirt. His

grandparents gave him a pair of pink light-up Skechers that he adores. The dressup box at home overflows with pink tulle, lace, and marabou feathers.

But for public appearances, my husband and I realize that certain things—hair accessories, flowery clothing designs, dresses—are on the other side of a line we haven't been quite willing to cross, one that sits right between eccentric-but-cute and is-that-a-boy-wearing-that? We have tried to find a comfortable place on the near side of the line where Sam can express himself without inviting ridicule, and we knew that a pink sundress would go beyond that. But it was starting to look as if Sam was no longer happy within the narrow parameters we'd established to protect him.



Aww, What a Pretty Little Girl! Except That She's a Boy!

Welcome back to the Babies Online Blog! If you haven't already, be sure to subscribe to our RSS feed and be the first to get breaking parenting news and take advantage of our members only giveaways. Thanks for visiting!

Moms just love to get compliments about their children, don't they?

My son, almost two, is usually to be found wearing a dark blue shirt with a fire truck on the front, grey (or similar color) sweatpants, dark blue boots, and clutching one or more of the following: plastic snake, plastic beetle, real beetle, plastic alien, plastic pirate, stick, pebble, or a truck.

But he has long blond curly hair, and long blond curly hair seems to surpass all the other "boy" things about him. It's not even that long, just below his collar. It's never been cut since he was born. I can't bear to cut it.

What's wrong with long hair on boys? Plenty of adult male people have long hair, and no one thinks they are girls, do they?

I'm not the only one, although I seem to be in a minority, especially in the Midwest. Perhaps I should move to Hollywood? Cindy Crawford, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Julia Roberts' sons have, or have had, long hair at one time. Kate Hudson is quite well known for her 4-year-old son Ryder's long hair, although she cites "religious reasons" for not cutting it.

I'm just too much of a wimp and I'll cry if I have to chop off his baby hair. The current plan is to get it cut if it looks like it may catch on things, or when he asks for a haircut.

So what are your feelings on long hair for boys? Awful, or cool, or just don't care?

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

On April 5th, 2008 at 4:16 PM

Science-mom says...

I don't mind long hair on my boys. In fact, I find it cute. But their Dad doesn't. He says they look so wild. He cuts their hair every 3 to 4 months. Then they look so much like real big boys that I feel like I've lost my babies overnight.

On April 6th, 2008 at 1:05 PM

Dawn Allcott says...

I think long, golden curls look gorgeous on a boy! Remember, though, men with long hair sometimes are mistaken for women (especially from behind) ... it's something they live with for their choice. (But it's more embarrassing for other people when they realize their mistake ... probably a source of amusement to the men themselves!)

I'm not in your town, so I can't say for certain, but I bet it's not that people don't accept your choice, they're just unobservant. I would say something exactly like you posted in the blog, "Actually, he's a boy. But thank you. I think he's cute too!" Don't even justify with an explanation ... (Although if I were in a bad mood, I'd probably add something like "Did you note the fire truck and his plastic snake?"

This would probably result in a debate with a total stranger about gender roles and stereotypes; for example, girls can like fire trucks and play with snakes, too. Yeah, your best bet is simply a "Thank you. He's a boy."

On April 7th, 2008 at 10:48 PM

Ashley says...

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

On April 29th, 2008 at 1:31 PM

Justine says...

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

On April 30th, 2008 at 6:18 PM

Samantha says...

I don't mind long hair on little boys at all. In fact, most of the time I think it's cute. But I work in a children's store and we have a mom who brings in a child who is about 4 1/2. He has very long, beautiful blonde hair nearly to the middle of his back. I always thought he was a girl until one of the other women said something and she just smiled and corrected her. At times, he'll have his hair just down straight, next time its in curls, and a couple of times, it's been in pigtails - complete with bows!

I think that maybe he was SUPPOSED to be a girl!

On May 1st, 2008 at 8:46 PM

Jackie says...

You know, I'm beginning to believe things like Samantha was relating are happening with a much greater frequency than it used to. I know exactly what she's talking about with a boy in pigtails with bows on the ends. We have a mom who brings her two sons (about 3 and 5) in like that all the time. They are indistinguishable from little girls although I will admit they act like boys. Is anyone else seeing this sort of thing?

On June 29, 2008 at 8:25 am

Jennifer says...

I just stumbled into this conversation but I just stumbled onto it, but I do have a bit to add.

Jackie, when you say that little boys with girls' hairstyles are happening at a much more often now,





On July 15, 2008 at 7:45 am

Samantha says...

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

On July 21st, 2008 at 1:02 PM

Jennifer says...

Samantha,

Well, I probably sounded a little more dramatic than I really intended when I said "shocking," but there have been some eye-opening moments for me since going to work at this particular salon.

Besides the hair-related things I described before, I see many little boys wearing nail polish. I admit that I can't really throw stones here b/c my 2 1/2-year old son has worn his share on his fingers and toes, much to my husband's chagrin. There are also boys that come in wearing clothes that are certainly more geared towards girls. Most of the time it's just a top in a "girlish" color with a little bow or lace, or a t-shirt with some graphic like Dora the Explorer or a Disney Princess. For the most part, they are probably hand-me-downs that are simply too good to waste. But there have been 2 or 3 boys that I have seen come in wearing dresses. But there's only 1 boy I've seen in a dress repeatedly. He's probably 3 or 4 and comes in often with his mother. About half the time he looks like a little boy (though with long hair), but at least 3 times he's come in wearing a dress. And not just wearing it—he looks really pretty! The dresses fit him well (probably bought for him rather than hand-me-downs), his hair is always super-cute, his nails are polished, and I think that at least the last time he was

wearing a touch of makeup. Anyway, he doesn't seem bothered by it at all and he actually seems to enjoy the attention he gets because the other women at the salon and I fuss over him quite a bit because he is so pretty. I think most of us that work there think that it's a little weird, but we don't want to make the boy uncomfortable, and his mother is a steady client who seems normal enough in most respects.

Probably the thing I've seen that would most border on "shocking" was back around Christmas, one of our regulars brought in her 3-year-old son to have him "done" for a pageant, and he wasn't entering it dressed as a boy. He'd always had long hair (below his shoulders) but we were all surprised because he'd never looked girlish when he'd come in before. But apparently his mother and grandmother had decided that he was pretty enough to compete and, to be honest, they were right. We didn't get to see him in his dress, but he looked extremely pretty when he left the salon. We found out later that he didn't win though.

As I said, I've only been at the salon for a little over a year, but that indecent made me wonder about that sort of thing. I asked our owner who has been there for years about it. She said she's seen that sort of thing before, but not too frequently. She said that most of the time that she had made over boys had been for costumes or drama and that sort of occasion, but she also mentioned other incidents as well.

greater frequency, you're certainly right. I'm a cosmetologist (and mom!) and work at a salon that does a lot of children's hair. It's very common for little boys to come in with girlish hairdos. Probably the most common are high ponytails or pigtails (and yes, frequently with ribbons or bows), barrettes and clips are also common. I also see lots of French braids or braided pigtails, and boys with very long hair that is obviously intentionally long (i.e., not the result of neglectful hair-care). I would say that I probably see at least 2 of these types of things per week on average. And, of course, those are just the ones that I know are boys! There was one child of about 4 or 5 who came in with her mother on a regular basis that had very long hair (mid-back) with blunt-cut bangs down to the eyebrows. Her hair was frequently in bouncy curls—obviously the result of a curling iron—when she came in with her mom. I had seen her probably 4 or 5 times before I ended up giving her a trim and found out that 'she' was named Allen. By that point, I'd seen a few things and wasn't too shocked, but still...

I've only been working here a little over a year, and it's been eye opening. Some parents (because it's not just moms) are probably thinking "what the heck, barrettes are easy." But there are others who are obviously more systematic. And hairstyles aren't the only thing either. I've seen a few other things that are probably more shocking. Boys in panties -- Oh yeah!

One interesting thing is that I didn't see this sort of thing nearly so often when I worked in a bigger city. But my current salon is in a suburban area and it happens a lot more here. I guess I would have expected the opposite pattern for some reason.

On August 3, 2008 at 10:08 am

Stephanie says...

I'm a hairdresser and have seen several boys come into our salon with curls or wearing barrettes. They are about 5 to 8 all have long hair. We polish all little girls' nails free while their mothers get their hair done this includes the boys I'm talking about at the request of their mothers. One mother wanted us to perm her 9 yr old son's long hair. I have done a roller set on a boy for a wedding and actually pinned his sides back off his face. I have curled high school boys' hair for school dances and proms. Most of the small boys look very much like girls; even 2 of them have their ears pierced.

On August 13, 2008 at 10:27 am

Jennifer says...

Stephanie,

It doesn't surprise me that you've seen similar things as I have, but you're the first stylist from a salon besides my own that I've heard mention this. I have to admit this trend fascinates me and I'd like to hear more about your experiences. However, I don't want to clog up this blog on a topic that is obviously not the real purpose. If you don't mind sharing your experience, you could email me at very.jenny@yahoo.com

On August 24th, 2008 at 10:59 PM

Karen says...

I just found this thread and wanted to let you know that I am also a hairdresser for going on 10 years and have done a number of boys that were brought in by their mothers for hairstyling. I have worked on at least 18 boys in my time. Most have seemed quite happy to be getting their hair done and if they seemed apprehensive in the least, I will refuse. I have only refused on 2 occasions. There was one boy in particular that I remember, he was about 9 years old and had long brown hair to his waist and his mom asked to have it trimmed to mid back and wanted him to get a spiral perm like one of his girlfriends at school. I thought that was a little bit much and asked the boy if he wanted his hair done like that. He said he did so I cut and permed his hair and when it was done, both he and his mother were very happy with the results. Since that time, he has come back numerous times and he is now 16 and though he wears his hair in a decidedly feminine way, I think he enjoys being a femme boy rather than a girl. Sorry if this goes on for long but I just wanted to add my two cents.

On August 25th, 2008 at 2:19 PM

Judi says...

Hi, my hairdresser has three different little boys who accompany their mother to the salon quite frequently. The boys are all similar in that they are markedly feminine and have mothers that are not at all bashful about showing them off. They are very proud of their girlish boys although only one of them brings her five-year-old in a dress. (I know them personally.) The other two

boys are usually wearing girlish clothes but the mothers have stopped short of putting them in a complete girls' outfits. I think all the boys look cute and I am pleased that our stylists are non-judgmental and quite willing to give the boys a girls' hairstyle. The children are obviously loved by their mothers and that is what is important. It is important to support moms who do not feel compelled to go along with the crowd.

On August 31st, 2008 at 8:46 PM

Stephanie says...

Jenn, here's info on some of my boys: I did spiral curls, nails and makeup on two 16-yr- old boys for a school dance I pinned the curls up on one and curled back on the other, I'm not sure what they were wearing. Last week, a little boy I did the roller set on sat still better than any girl did his age. His mother wanted his curls pinned off his face so he could play, also polished his nails a bright pink. We have a 5 yr old boy who always has his hair curled and wears Barbie ear rings he has both ears pierced his name is Lonnie. Most times, he has a barrette on top or in the back. His mother gets his hair trimmed and curled every 5 weeks along with hers. We have an 8 yr old boy with long hair that gets it curled quite often for a different reason, his mother is very domineering and insists he look and act girlishly. She always has polish on his toes and fingernails. We all know her as a man-hater. The boy had little choice. I have no doubt that he wears dresses at home, everything else he wears is surely girls' clothes. We have 2 more small boys that always get a girls' cut and their mothers always want it curled before leaving. Many of the small boys go right to our manicure stations at the request of their mother to get their nails polished. Just last week I did a roller set on a man in town for a meeting; he had the most beautiful long hair and it curled so well. Hope to hear more about some of the feminine boys, the boys seem so polite and well mannered and dressed in feminine outfits. I think it's great that mothers are willing to let their boys' personality come out. Keep up the good work.

On September 4th, 2008 at 1:09 PM

Stephanie says...

Hi, it's Stephanie, bakerstephanie74@yahoo.com is my email if anyone wishes to chat or share experiences about feminine hairstyles and outfits on boys. Jenn and Judi, I would love hearing from you.

On September 8th, 2008 at 6:21 PM

Maria Robins says...

My son is growing his hair now and it is quite long but you can still see that he's a boy! But, in school he has a friend who is really girly but doesn't seem to care. According to my son, he was teased in the beginning but he seemed not to care. That's amazingly strong because we all know about group pressure.

The other day, I saw this boy in school when picking up my son and I could hardly believe my eyes! I haven't seen him for a long time now and he was not recognizable! The most beautiful long and curly hair you can imagine! Not only is it extremely long (all the way passing his butt!), it was so girly! A fantastic cascade of blond wavy hair and on top of that, he wore a girl's coat! Yes, he was very sweet and he seemed very happy

about it! The girls around him cued to comb his hair—I guess they envied him! But, as I said, very, very brave of him to withstand all the looks from others just to be himself.

On October 30th, 2008 at 10:23 PM

Traci says...

I have to admit I'm one of those moms who love having her son's hair 'done.' He's had long hair all his life (now 10) and he's never asked to have it cut off. About 3 years ago, he started asking if he could have curls, like his big sisters, and after some hesitation, I said, "Why not." I did it on hot rollers, he loved it and I could not believe how pretty he looked. Since then I've been setting it on rollers a few times a week and I've gradually added headbands, barrettes, etc. For school he wears it in a high ponytail or back in a headband or in 2 braids. I take him into my stylist every couple of months for a trim and roller set and the girls at the salon adore him. I get compliments all the time on his hair and I dread the day he decides to cut it! I bought him a drawerful of girls' lacy pink nylon panties because he insisted on it. His only friends are girls and I know he puts on dresses when he plays with them at their houses. I think as long as it's a boy's choice, it's fine to let young boys express their girly side.

On October 31st, 2008 at 5:35 PM

Ellie in Calif. says...

I'm also a stylist and I've seen a related phenomenon: boys coming in as bridesmaids. We're in Northern California, near Napa, so we do many wedding parties. In the last year (last 2 summers), we've probably had half a dozen weddings that included young boys as either bridesmaids or flower girls. We gave all of them the full makeover—hair, makeup, nails—and with one exception they all seemed enthusiastic and enjoying the process. One was especially interesting: he was about seven and it was clear that his mother has been dressing him in girls' things for some time. He came in twice, once a few days before the wedding for a trial, and then on the morning of the wedding with the rest of the bridesmaids. For the trial, his mom brought her own rollers. He was wearing a girls' skirt and t-shirt, with white keds and white socks, and had his hair in a high ponytail and his nails polished. I assumed he was a girl until one of the other stylists told me otherwise. She had us trim his hair (it's really quite lovely, down to mid back with bangs), set it in her rollers and put him under the dryer for 20 minutes. Then they left with him still in rollers.

I have to say he didn't seem crazy about the whole thing but he didn't protest either. We talked afterward and the owner said she'd chatted with the mom and she said she'd decided when he was three to raise him as femme as possible. He came back with the other bridesmaids and we did updos, makeup, and manicures on all of them. He seemed to be enjoying himself more that day and the other women bridesmaids were very sweet to him.

The other ones we've done were more obviously onetime deals, either at the request of the bride or just for fun. Our owner says she's seeing this more and more. We all thought it's kind of strange but also a lot of fun to makeover boys like that. A couple of them were the prettiest ones in the wedding party!

On November 4, 2008 at 4:25 am

Gina says...

Traci, You're situation is very interesting... My son is somewhat girly as well. His hair is about shoulder length and he wants to grow it out. I have always styled it in a rather feminine way but now I'm afraid of what people might think if I continue to let him have his way. Two questions: One, Does your son like to look girly? For example, my son has his ears pierced and loves jewelry. He has many complete sets of girls clothes that he mostly wears at home, and he wears fancy nylon panties at all time. And two, how do you handle any negative reactions?

On November 4th, 2008 at 5:12 PM

Traci says...

Hi Gina, yes, my son definitely prefers his girly hairstyles. He gets mad when I make him pull it back in a regular guys' ponytail, and he'd be very upset if he couldn't curl it or wear his headbands and barrettes anymore.

We do have some negative reactions and I've spent a lot of time telling him that people who judge other people by their appearance are small-minded, and if he's comfortable with his looks, it doesn't matter what others think, and so on. He gets teased a certain amount at school but the teachers and the principal are very supportive and to tell the truth he's been wearing his hair in girls' styles for so long that the other kids just kind of accept it. (He has a couple of close girl friends who love to braid and style his hair.)

How old is your boy? When you say "a rather feminine way," does that mean curls? Braids? Accessories?

I'd love to hear more—feel free to email me at tt8847@gmail.com if you prefer. Thanks for supporting boys with long hair!

On November 7, 2008 at 9:54 am

Maria Robins says...

It's so lovely with this conversation about our sons? More girly and feminine sides! My son's never been interested in the bridesmaid thing but is otherwise very feminine in his appearance!

He's been more and more friendly with the other boy I mentioned in my earlier letter! (We can call him Alex!) They are together after school almost every day, and my boy and Alex are dressing up like little girls all the time, wearing skirts and lacy frilly blouses, girls' coats and full girly lingerie!

The other day, I found them combing and brushing each other's hair! Alex's hair is so beautiful that it is stunning! I'm so amazed that a male can grow such fantastic lovely hair and be brave enough to keep it that way in front of others! And I'm so fascinated that it can be so girly and sweet and LONG on a boy! They really love it and now I've promised my son to let him grow his hair really long if he wishes—and he does! Today, his hair is half way down his back! I also frequently take him to my hairdresser's to have it curled!

Actually, seeing them standing there in their skirts and pink jumpers treating one another in this feminine way was so sweet! Alex's hair is among the most beautiful, wavy hair I ever experienced—just hoping my son's will be the same!

And, what's more inspiring now and hopeful for the future,

is that this boy Alex and my son, is sort of showing the way forward for their school mates! Several boys have started wearing skirts (even though very boyish, like jeans skirts and similar with boys' outfits like zippers and pockets) and now they grow their hair very long!

Maria – a proud mother!

On November 20th, 2008 at 4:01 PM

Tara says...

My son has extremely long hair; he is turning 6 and his hair is past his butt. He is constantly mistaken for a girl, even though everything else about him screams boy. It doesn't bother me because, yes, he is beautiful! We just casually correct people, no matter what they say. They usually apologize and are embarrassed. His dad has a long braid too, but he's never mistaken. As he gets older and goes through the changes, he will obviously be male. I am lucky though that my baby boy will never be offended; he has autism and couldn't care less what people say about him. He is a very happy child and loves life. People relate beauty with girls. You're son is probably beautiful, I know my son is, and that's the reason people mistake him for a girl. Best wishes.

On November 22nd, 2008 at 4:54 PM

Maria Robins says...

Dear Tara! Thanks for your letter about your lovely little boy!

Yes, he seems to be such a happy boy! There is not reason why a boy shouldn't be able to enjoy long hair – they used to in the late 1800s without comments then when it was natural for both boys and girls! You're so right about society just adoring beautiful girls – not boys! Actually, boys too can be beautiful (in their own way!). I must say that my son is "beautiful" and so is his best friend!

If you would like to drop a line, don't hesitate! You'll reach me at this email address (and I also invite all of you out there who are interested in writing me some lines and discuss and I can send you a pic of my son at swederobin@yahoo.se

On February 25th, 2009 at 11:36 PM

Bobs says...

I don't know how I stumbled onto this page, but found these comments pretty amazing. My mother wished I were a girl when I was a boy; she'd try to interested me in girls' things but I rebelled. Boys were merciless back then about anything sissyish. I got a doll from an aunt once, undoubtedly at my mother's request, and when I got home, I threw it in the trash. I was embarrassed about it. I have photos of when I was very young wearing a dress; I only had an older brother, so it wasn't a hand-me-down from a sister.

I played with boys, but did play with a girl a few houses away for a while, and she'd want to play dressup, and for us to trade



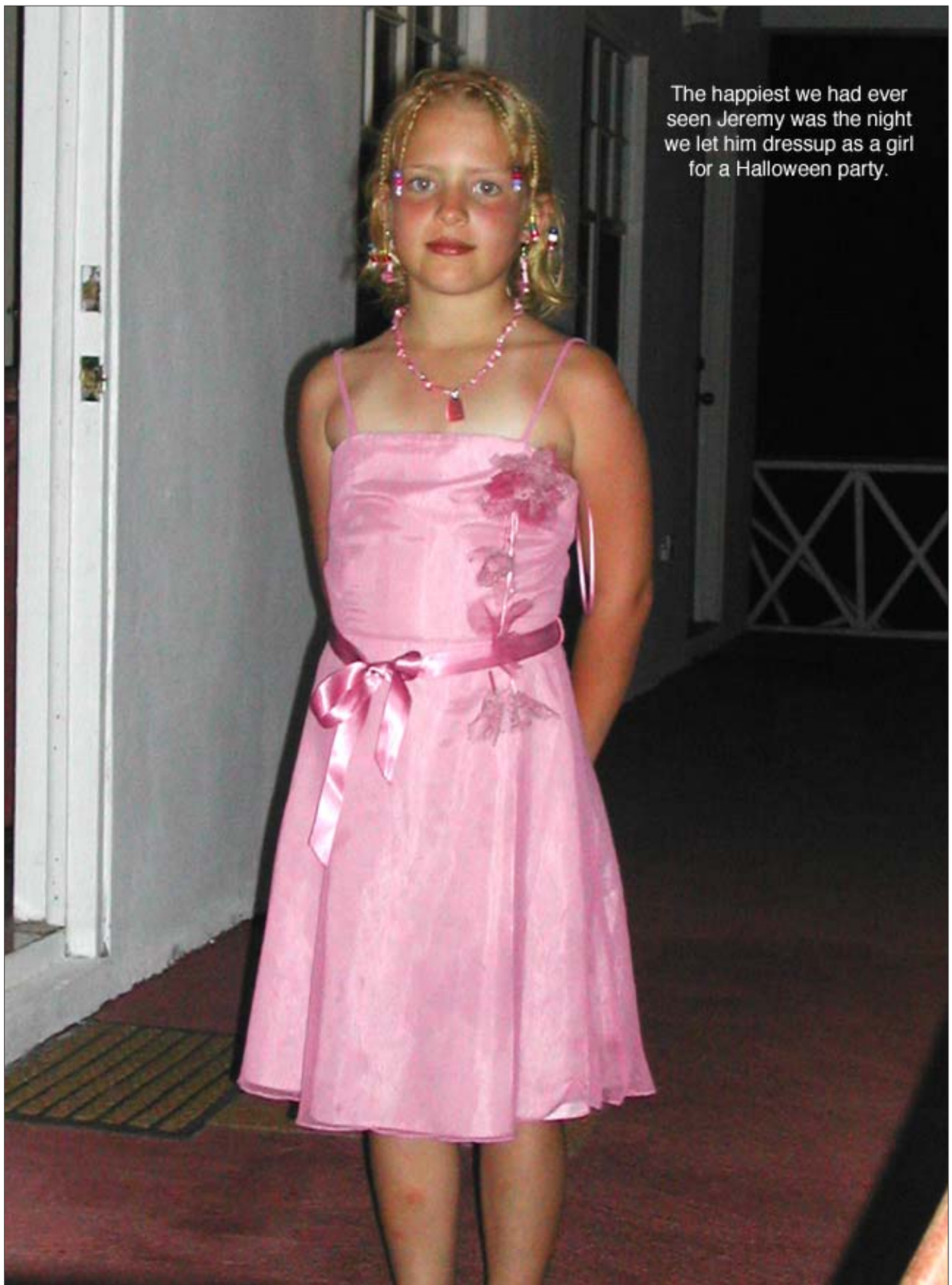
From the Willy-Goss Museum: A replica of a boy's dress and full slip from 1880.

clothes. I did it a few times, but I was very reluctant. Girls usually wore dresses back in the 1950's, not pants, even for active play.

I worked in a factory during college. I grew my hair long, and wore it in a ponytail. At work, to keep it away from the machinery, the women there really enjoyed putting barrettes in my hair.

It's nice that people and kids are so accepting of that kind of thing these days. If I was a little boy now, I imagine my mother would have been more aggressive about encouraging me to be girly, though I don't know. I definitely knew from her comments that she wished I were a girl, though didn't feel that she didn't love me as much because I was a boy.

Boys wearing earrings, nail polish, and girls' hairstyles, even dresses and panties (yikes!) is something I've never seen, but if girls can dress like boys, then males should be able to dress like girls, but I'm surprised the boys aren't teased more. ♦



The happiest we had ever seen Jeremy was the night we let him dressup as a girl for a Halloween party.