

Princess Online

Featured Stories and Letters
from the Princess
Productions
Website

*Adults
Only*



Originally featured on our Internet website, these are our best letters, stories, articles and other items of interest for the
of adult pantywaist sissies. Stories range for "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



October 2000 Letters of the Month

Subj: Re: Wearing Panties

Date: 7/26/00

Hi - Princess,

I became interested in panties by hearing my sister (she's two years older than me) and one of her little girlfriends talk about how nice and soft silky new panties made them feel. My sister had just gotten some satin panties, and she was saying how nice they were next to her skin. They were talking quietly in the corner of our playroom, and I was doing my homework. I'm sure they thought they were talking quietly enough so I couldn't hear, but I did!

Before then, I never really had thought about girls' panties, but for some reason what they said intrigued me. So later that evening, when everyone was busy, I snuck into my sister's room and found the drawer where she kept her panties. Then I noticed a paper bag on top of her dresser, and inside the bag were five brand new pairs still with the price tags on them. They felt cool and so slippery silky in my hands, I had never felt anything like them before.

Immediately, I knew what my sister was talking about. If they felt that good in my hands, I could well imagine how wonderful they would feel to put on and wear. I dared not take a pair of the panties because they'd surely be missed. I wanted desperately to try them on. I started to feel funny between my legs and in my tummy. I became scared, so I put the panties back in the bag, closed the drawer and got the hell out of there.

I waited two days to gather up my courage and to have another opportunity. We had all gone over to a neighbor's house on that day for a pool party, but I snuck back home to do my dirty deed. I went right for those panties. By then, they had all the price tags removed and three pairs of them were neatly folded away in my sister's drawer. I assumed my sister had worn the other pairs, and they were in the wash. At that moment, I realized that I could find her panties in the wash after she had worn them. Just thinking about that was very exciting, but I didn't know why.

But I didn't hesitate for a moment. I pulled off every bit of clothes I had on and put on a light yellow pair of panties with some nice white lace ruffled around the legs. They felt so wonderful that I nearly passed out. From then on, I borrowed panties from my sister at times when I knew I could get away with it.

A few days later I went to the house directly in back of our house because my mother was over there visiting, and she had told me that's where she'd be when I got home from school. For some strange reason as I was playing with some toys the woman had set out for me, she remarked to my mother that I wasn't just a cute boy but actually very pretty. That made me blush. I knew boys weren't supposed to be pretty, even though it did give me a tingly feeling down my back when she said it. Then she added that I would make a very cute little girl. That really made me blush! I became so nervous, I had to get out of there, and so I went outside to play.

But what the woman had said preyed on my mind. I had never thought about putting on a girl's dress, and I had never wondered what I would look like if I were a girl. But almost immediately those thoughts began to totally occupy my mind. I wanted to see. I ran home and put on one of my sister's dresses (her lacy pink Confirmation dress, which was the fanciest and most girlish dress she owned) over my clothes. Immediately, there was that feeling downstairs again! Since the dress felt so good, I knew I had to try it with the panties. I took off the dress and all my clothes, and then put on a pink pair of my sister's panties before putting the dress back on and stepping into a pair of her pink low-heeled pumps.

My reflection in the mirror blew my mind. All those clothes felt so wonderful and, I had to agree with the neighbor lady, I did look like a pretty girl! I knew I was hooked and started to sashay around, I had a terrible urge to start rubbing myself and wasn't ready when it happened. I spurted inside my sister's pretty panties. I was terrified; what was going to happen to me next? Would my sister or mother see the mess I made? That was my first ejaculation, so I didn't even understand what had happened. Was that what happened to boys who wear girls' clothes? I quickly shed all the clothes, then took a wet cloth and tried to clean up the panties. I put them back in my sister's drawer still wet. Later I thought that was pretty dumb, but luckily she didn't even go into her room until after dinner, and by then I was sure the panties were dry. I wasn't caught, and I breathed a big sigh of relief. But my sex life with girls' panties had started and two days later, I did it all over again. This time when I came I enjoyed it a lot more, and I had a wad of Kleenex stuffed into the panties just in case the same thing happened—and, of course, it did!

I don't have to tell you that I became a regular visitor to my sister's room. She had so many nice clothes; I don't think she ever suspected what I was doing. Besides, she was so busy with her own friends and things that she didn't bother much with me.

Then about a year later, my mother caught me. I thought she was out of the house, but she walked in while I was wearing one of my sister's full-length satin slips and trying to slide into a bright red sheath dress. My mother just stood there and watched me struggle. I didn't see her right away. After I got the dress down over my head, I found myself staring right at her. I could have died! She wasn't angry or anything, but she did calmly ask me what I was doing in my sister's room and trying on her clothes. I made a quick excuse and told her that our school had an annual "switch day" and all the guys came as girls and all the girls came to school as guys. I told her I was just trying on the dress to see what it would be like. She bought it! (My junior high school did have such a day, so I wasn't lying.) She asked when it was and I told her I thought it was the following week, even though I knew it was more than three months away.

Mom had been a little tense, I could tell, but my explanation got her to relax. She even joked a bit about what a pretty girl I made and then talked me into posing for a picture wearing the red dress. The picture is kind of silly because that white satin slip is sticking out a mile!

When that next week came, Mom asked me again when the "switch day" was scheduled. Then I told her the actual date and said I had misunderstood the date when it was first announced. After that, I was ever more careful. I've dressing up ever since. Today, I have a wardrobe any women would love to have.

Hugs,

Lisa Marie
Las Vegas

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October 2000 Letters of the Month

Subj: More About Wearing Panties

Date: 7/27/00

Hi Princess,

Just before high school, I began crossdressing. I remember hurrying home from school almost every day just so I could put on some panties and nylons and garter my silk stockings to a girdle. The clothes belonged to my older sister, Rose. She almost always did things with her girlfriends after school, and my mother worked, so I usually had a good one and a half hours to play my dress-up games before anyone came home. God, did the clothes feel great when I pranced around her room. Rose had a ton of pretty clothes but didn't take care of them. I'd put on a bra, full slip and a sexy dress or skirt that she had thrown on the floor or dropped on a chair.

Her room cluttered with pretty clothes was the trap that got me started. For years, I'd walk past her room to get to my room, and her clothes would catch my attention. For a long time I thought about them. Sometimes I'd duck into her room and just touch a few of her silky sissy clothes. Nice! Man, were they nice! Eventually, I then graduated to actually trying them on.

Shortly after I started doing that, I think she guessed that I was into her things, because she'd invite me into her room whenever she was getting ready for a date. We'd sit and talk and get real chummy. We got progressively closer. Then I remember the day she was sitting there all feminine and pretty in her bra, panties, nylons and a new item, a garter belt. I was fascinated as I watched how she gartered up her nylons. That garter belt was a lot sexier than the girdle she usually wore. All I could do was think about how soon I would have an opportunity to try on that garter belt with a pair of her nylons.

As she was applying her makeup, she asked me if I liked any girls in my class or did I just like to look at the ones that wore pretty little dresses and short mini skirts. Then she held up a long beige slip with a lot of white lace at the bottom and asked me what I thought about it and if it was a good match with the pale green dress she had laid out on the bed. I replied that they looked pretty together, but then asked her why she was asking me.

"I think you like girls' things," she said. "The way you watch me, and you can't fool me, I know you play with my clothes. Whenever I get home, they're never the way I left them, especially my drawer with my slips and panties."

I protested that I had never touched her things. She just smiled and changed the subject.

The next day, Winnie, her friend, came over to our house. When I came into the room, she said, "Hey, sissy boy, your slip is showing!"

I looked down at myself, but I was, of course, wearing my boys' clothes, so I looked at her funny and wondered why she said that.

"Made you look! Made you look," she shouted as she laughed.

Then she came up to me and said, "Would you like to come to my house and try on some of my clothes? I'll even let you play with my makeup and show how to use it."

I told her she must be crazy, and asked what she was talking about.

"Well, I know all about you, swishy. (That was the nickname she gave me at that moment, and she proceeded to call me that forever after.) Rosie told me you like to wear her things. So how about coming over to my place some time? You'd love it! I have a lot of great clothes, and lots of lingerie too—Rosie says you really love her panties and things! And I'm closer to your size. My things would fit you nicely."

She was wearing jeans and a stretchy top that left her stomach bare. And as she talked to me, I could see her pink panties peeking out above the top of her jeans. She caught me looking.

"Nice, huh, swishy? Pretty pink panties. I wear pretty pink panties a lot. They're my fav. See how nice they are?" she asked as she pulled the waist elastic up high so I could see them all around her hips and stomach.

I kept complaining that I didn't know what she was talking about.

"Hey, swishy, here! You can touch them. My panties! They're oh so silky!"

With that I ran out of the room. It was all too much for me.

But Winnie kept after me. It was about a month later that she did get me to go over to her house and try on some of her clothes. It remains one of the best days of my life. I made her promise not to tell my sister, but I'm sure she did anyway. We only did that one time, but that one afternoon has been good enough to supply me with a lifetime of pleasurable memories. It sure is great wearing pretty, sexy, feminine things. I guess that's what being a sissy is about: wearing pretty, fancy, lacy panties!

Mark (Marlene)
Snowmass, CO

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October 2000 Letters of the Month

Subj: Boy Doll
7/14/00

Hi Princess Lacey:

These days one of my favorite things to do is play dress up with a life-size boy doll that I have. I have some beautiful girls' clothes for the doll along with a nice wig and most of the accessories. I love to dress up my "Danny Boy" doll. I pretend he's been a bad boy, and I subject him to petticoat punishment. Then slowly dress him in panties, petticoat, training bra, dress, ankle socks—the whole nine yards! (I'm currently looking in second hand stores for some nice Maryjane shoes for him.) Now I know why little girls love to play with dolls so much!

Billy Jo
Dunkirk, NY



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October 2000 Letters of the Month

Subj: Re: Getting Caught!

Date: 7/29/00

Hi Princess,

It was a cold and dreary Detroit day, typical for fall. I was fifteen at the time. I don't remember where my younger sister was, but my older sister was out at some surfer movie with her friends. I was really into wearing panties. Girls were so lucky! My dad was drunk and sleeping because he had to go to work at eight that night. He was a cop. My mom was at the kitchen table drinking beer, smoking, and talking on the telephone. I knew she'd be gabbing away for hours. It was a perfect time to dress up in my girlie things. I snuck out of the living room, headed upstairs to my room and unlocked the padlock on the Marine footlocker my dad had given me. Looking inside, it never failed to make my groin tingle. Just gazing at my collection of pilfered slips, panties and other girlie things got me excited. I always get excited when preparing to dress up. Just talking about it gets me hard! I had to be careful and listen for anyone coming up the steps, since there was no lock on my bedroom door.

Trembling with excitement, I put on my pale pink panties with two little black bows on the side. The panties are always the first item, because they make me feel so feminine. Then I added

a bra and girdle and rolled a nylon stocking up each leg and fixed it to the garters. God, do I love the way they pull when I walk! Just as I let my full pale blue slip slide down over me, I heard a creaking on the steps, coming closer to my room. I knew I didn't have time to get out of my girly clothes, so I leaned against the door. Ma knocked and asked to come in.

I told her I wasn't dressed because I was changing my clothes.

"Are you changing into Lynn's clothes?" she asked.

Her question took me totally by surprise. I relaxed my guard, and she pushed her way into my room. There I was standing in front of my mother in my lingerie.

"What in the hell are you doing?"

"I'm playing dress up," was all I could say.

"Dress up? What are you a little sissy?"

"No," I answered as tears came to my eyes.

"Then why are you dressed like that?"

"I told you, I was just playing, mom."

"Wait till I tell your father."

"Please, ma, don't tell him."

"Go ahead and put Lynn's dress on since you've got it there," she said pointing to the gray dress I had set out ready to put on. She also motioned for me to put on the matching shoes.

"Now come down stairs."

"No, ma, Lynn will see me!"

"That's the point! Lynn told me she knew you wearing her panties and things because they were getting all stretched out, but she said she couldn't catch you doing it. Well, now, I have proof. It looks like she has a new sister!"

I had to stand on a bench in the corner of our rumpus room, my dad still asleep on the nearby couch. I had to stand and wait until my sister got home from playing and my dad woke up.

Sis came home first. She let out a holler and carried on so loud, my dad woke up. He rubbed the sleep out of his eyes to see me standing there like an idiot in a dress. I cried, knowing he would probably kill me. He didn't, but he did call me a "fucking fairy" and told mom not to let any of the neighbors see me like that.

My mom and Lynn made me act like their slave after that. I had to get things for them, wash the dishes and take out the garbage, all by myself. After that they showed me how to do cleaning and even started to teach me how to do some cooking.

All the time, they made me act like a girl around the house.

My father ignored me after that, and he totally disowned me the day he came home and found me hand washing lingerie (my mother's, sister's, and my own) in the bathroom and hanging it up to dry.

Jack(ie)
Detroit

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October 2000 Letters of the Month

Subj: Reference Panty Lines Vol 3

Date: 3/21/00

To: Princess

In your story "My Girlfriend Tells Her Friends That I Wear Panties," there is a picture of a mommy holding pink panties over her son and telling him how lucky he is that they can wear matching panties that day! It is a very sensuous picture to me with everyone in pink. I've masturbated to it countless times. I can put myself in that boy's shoes—or should I say Maryjanes!

I really love your magazines and look forward to downloading them. I get some fantastic orgasms from reading your stories and also from some of your pictures. I especially like the humiliation factor in stories. That gets me off and leaves me weak like a girl. As you say, "wear your best panties and keep stroking." I'd add: Use your imagination and fantasize that it's you in those stories. Believe me, it can't miss.

I was forced into panties by my aunt (true). It happened when my YMCA swim team had to put on a comic skit at a pool meet at intermission of a swim meet. We did a female swim ballet, and all members of the team had to wear female swimsuits. I had to wear a pink one-piece bathing suit with white ruffles adorning it. My aunt got for me. She loved it. Repeatedly, she'd hug me and pat my little behind and tell me how pretty I looked as a girl. Since the suit was borrowed, she said I had to wear panties under it to keep it clean. She gave me pink panties to wear, and they weren't plain ones, they were lacy panties. My aunt said that was all she could get for me. I was quite embarrassed the night of the show because as we all got undressed in the locker room, I could see that none of the other boys wore panties, but they had seen me in them (my aunt had me show up wearing them under my clothes!) as I got undressed, and I couldn't take them off then because they would have thought I was a fairy then and wore girls' panties all the time. I explained that I had to wear them to protect the bathing suit, which was borrowed. The panties were quite frustrating because they were long in the leg and kept creeping out from beneath the leg of the high-cut swimsuit, and people could see them, lace and all. All night long, I know that I was blushing a brighter pink than those panties!

This initiated my aunt into thinking of me as a girl. After that, she'd tease me and get me to dress up in clothes she got from somewhere, clothes in my size, so I know they weren't hers. Within a few years, I was a full-fledged crossdresser and dressed up at every opportunity. One day while I was exercising my curiosity and secretly going through her closet, I found that pink bathing suit. She hadn't borrowed it from anyone. She had bought it for me! I discovered that because she kept it stored in the box that it came in, and in the box was the receipt!

There are some stories about me that resulted in me wearing nylon panties, slips and other lingerie, but I'll save them for next time. I'm sorry, this started out just to be a note, but I just got carried away!

Jim
Washington State

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October 2000 Letters of the Month

Subj: Argentina tragedy

Date: 8/20/00

Dear Princess Lacey,

I have a most amazing story to pass onto to you about one of the most unusual and horrendous things that happened during the 20th century.

Angelina Esquez, a young woman whom I got to know quite well last year while I was in Argentina as an exchange student has recently learned that her entire life is a lie.

She's from a small coastal resort town that is about as close to paradise as you can get. About three months ago, she had just come home from her computer science class and was trying to decide what to wear for a date she had that night when she heard someone ring the doorbell.

Her parents answered the door, and a few minutes later she could hear a lot of noise and screaming. She went to investigate and saw three police officers arresting her parents. Two other people with the police had identified her parents for something they supposedly had done.

At the police station, Angelina discovered that the people who had raised her were not her real parents. Further evidence was presented to her that she had not been born at the local hospital but in Argentina's most notorious prison and torture center, the Naval Mechanics School in Buenos Aires.

The police officer she thought was her father had been positively identified as the one who had tortured, mutilated and murdered her real parents. They were just two of the estimated 30,000 Argentines that people call "the disappeared," victims that were murdered and had all records of their fate destroyed by the dictatorial military regime in power from 1976 until 1983.

Esquez's real mother, Ana Sargaro, was pregnant when she was detained in 1977. Survivors of the torture camps report that about 500 pregnant women were kept alive until they gave birth, then murdered. Their babies appropriated by the very police and army officers who had murdered their mothers and fathers. The most insidious aspect is that these murderers saw the stealing of these babies, to be raised hating what their parents fought for, as the most complete victory, the supreme act of capitulation and the total humiliation of their enemies.

After learning about her past, Esquez became highly depressed. Everything she had ever known was not true. She didn't even know her birth date. November 22, 1977, is the day she was brought home, not the date of her birth as she had always thought.

Amnesty was granted in 1990 to all former members of that military regime, and thousands of those former murderous criminals now walk the streets, even bumping into their former victims in shops and on street corners. However, the amnesty did not absolve crimes against children, and there have been over a dozen arrests of military officers involved in kidnapping babies. Angelina had always been aware of "the disappeared," and she had seen the old women parading around the capital's Plaza del Mayo, carrying photographs of their missing sons and daughters, still hoping to discover what had happened to them. Anyone born between 1975 and 1980 could be a stolen child, but Angelina never thought she might be one of them.

She refused to believe that the man who had raised her was a murderer.

"He was always such a wonderful person to me," she told me. "All my friends liked him too."

He had taken her to frivolous teenage movies, encouraged her to take modeling and dancing lessons, kissed and cuddled her whenever she was ill, and regularly took her shopping for the latest fashions.

"His favorite thing was to buy me lingerie. He insisted upon picking out everything himself, and if there wasn't enough lace and ribbons on the panties he bought for me, he'd take them to the old lady at the end of our street and have her sew more frills and bows on them.

"We even had a little game. Every day, he would try to guess what color panties I was wearing that day. He'd guess, and we'd joke around. Then I'd lift up my dress and spin around and show him. Sometimes at night, when he'd come in to wish me goodnight, he'd touch my panties under my nightgown and remark how soft and silky they were and how lucky I was for him to be rich enough to buy me so many wonderful panties and other nice clothes.



"Please, don't get me wrong," she explained to me. "There was nothing sexual in all of these encounters. In Argentina things are different than they are in your county [the U.S.], and I believe it's common here for a father to be heavily involved in all aspects of his daughter's life including being interested in his daughter's clothing, even her intimate garments.

"Now every time I think about papa touching me in my panties, I shiver. I long for his touch and his sweet words. I can't believe he could have been involved in such an evil scheme."



But Miguel Esquez has confessed to police that he isn't her father, and witnesses plus a mountain of evidence point to him as the murderer of Angelina's real parents.

Two days after the arrest, Angelina was put in a hospital suffering from severe depression. That is when more bad news greeted the usually cheerful and sweet young woman.

Tests at the hospital revealed that Angelina is in fact a male. When she was very young, perhaps four or five, he was subjected to a sex-change operation. It wasn't a very skilled operation; in fact it was little more than a brutal mutilation of his/her body. Angelina had always been told that she had cancer as a small child but an operation had successfully removed the tumor; however, it resulted in her never being able to have children. Also she never questioned the fact that she regularly took pills as an ongoing treatment for the cancer. However, in the hospital, the pills were discovered to be female hormone pills and accounted for her near perfect female development. The sex change of the poor young boy was the ultimate act of hatred and vengeance Miguel did to mock Angelina's parents even after their death. This monster Miguel continued to revel in humiliating the parents and their fight for freedom by emasculating their young son and making him into a thoroughly feminine little girl. It was a revenge that grew and blossomed, and Miguel was there to witness it and promote it every day!

Upon being released from the hospital, Esquez was summoned to the magistrate's office. "They officially told me that I was not a woman but a man and that the people who I thought were my parents were not, and they wanted me to testify against them since I was apparently the son of some other people.

"They showed me photographs of when I was very young as both a boy and then as a girl. All I could do was cry.

Under hypnosis, I relived those early experiences. As a toddler, my fake "papa" beat me and teased me, brutalizing me daily until he came up with what he thought was the ultimate humiliation, to turn me into a girl, a completely feminine girl.

"They said that they had evidence that it was probably my new mother who did the operation. She was a skilled operating room nurse, who also worked at the Naval prison.

"Having changed me into a girl, achieving what he thought was the most outrageous act of victory, my papa's attitude toward me changed. He pretended to be very loving of me as his daughter."

Esquez understood only one thing. Her eyes filled with tears, and she said, "I honestly believe that he truly loved me, and they were asking me to be the instrument to punish and condemn my mother and my father, the man who lavished me with love and lingerie and looked after me for twenty-two years."

To add to her misery, the state demanded the return of Angelina's documents—her passport, student card, and driver's license—claiming they are no longer valid, as she is not Angelina Esquez.

"It feels as if they are trying to erase my whole existence," she said. "My human rights are being violated in the name of human rights."

"It's very traumatic for the children when they discover the truth," reported an official involved in the investigation that spoke with me. "These children usually need some time to learn the real story of their past, who they are."

But Angelina's case is probably the most grotesque and horrific I have ever uncovered. She sees her illegitimate father's intimacies with her as love, but in reality, this man was spitting in the face of his enemy every day as he bought her frilly panties and then stroked them against her lithe young body. It was a supreme act of hatred toward his enemies. This man had no love for this child. Doing those things daily to Angelina made him feel powerful and victorious. Long after the repression was over, he continued to fight and win his own war. Daily he tortured his enemies and vanquished their dreams and ideals by perpetrating against his faux daughter some of the most vile, disgusting and perverted acts of hatred ever recorded. But Poor Angelina doesn't see it that way. She still loves her "mama" and "papa," as she calls them, even though she knows that they are a disgrace to the human race!

Included are four pictures of Angelina, three of them around the time of her sex change operation. The one picture is a close-up that shows her with a black eye, obviously as a result of physical abuse by her "papa." For years after, her hair was purposely kept short as an embarrassment to her and an entertainment of her kidnapping parents. The fourth photo shows her at about eight years of age in a school picture with what was then her typically short hair. As time went on, they allowed her to grow her hair, and her parents treated her in a more traditional and loving manner.

Laurie L.
Huntsville, AL



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November 2000 Letters of the Month

Subj: Grandpa Caught Me
Date: 7/1/00

Dear Princess,

I thought you'd like to hear about the most traumatic weekend of my life. I was ten years old at the time. I was up in my grandparent's attic one day dressed from head to toe in a lavish, little girls' satin party dress, and my grandfather discovered me.

"Oh! There you are, Kevin. Your mother wants you to come down for lunch," was all he said. I think he was as surprised to find me like that as I was surprised to be so discovered. Then he simply turned and went back downstairs.

About a year before, I found out that I made a much better princess than a prince. I learned that exploring the trunks full of theatrical costumes in my grandparent's attic. My grandmother used to be a vaudeville costumer, and she had every kind of costume you could imagine stored away up there. I wasn't supposed to play in the attic because it was dusty and dirty and smelled of mothballs. Still, it was my favorite place to explore whenever we visited them.

I was so scared that I immediately pulled off all the clothes, stuffed them back in the trunk, got my own things back on and limped downstairs. I knew I was in trouble.

I thought I was in for it when my mom yelled, "Where in the hell have you been for the last two hours?"

But before I could answer, Grandpa said, "I had him helping me straighten up the junk in the attic."

As mom drove us home that night, she wondered why I was so quiet. I was thinking a lot about Grandpa and why he hadn't told anybody about finding me all dolled up. I was really thankful. I wanted to thank him somehow for sparing me the humiliation, but I couldn't say anything to him. It was just too embarrassing.

That very next Friday, my grandmother called my mother and asked us all over for dinner again. We only see them a few times a year, so I wondered why they were inviting us back so soon, especially since they have a lot of grandkids, and if they invited one bunch of them over every week or so, we'd only see them about every month or two. Mom wasn't especially close to them (they were my dad's parents), but she welcomed the opportunity to improve relations with them. They were pretty wealthy, and knowing my mother, that was part of her motivation too! I was nervous as hell about it, and I didn't want to go, but Mom wouldn't let me get out of it.

As we headed out, I didn't know what to expect. Our grandparents greeted us at the door with the usual hugs and kisses. Nothing was said about me dressing up and I was feeling relieved. Then at dinner, Grandpa asked my mom if I could stay for the weekend and help him clean out the attic! He told her that he'd pay me well for the trouble.

I was really feeling nervous at this point and I was a little afraid what would happen if I did stay. I tried to get out of it by saying that I didn't have my pajamas or any clean clothes with me, but Grandpa Roy just stared at me and said, "Oh, I'm sure we can find something around here for Kevin to wear."

After my mom and sister left, Grandma and Grandpa told me that I could stay into their daughter's old bedroom for the weekend. It was a picture perfect bedroom for a little rich girl, and they kept it just how it was when she still lived with them.

"We've kept all of Jody's clothes," my grandfather said as she opened a huge walk-in closet.

My grandmother added, "From the time she was born until she left for college, they're all here. She always wore boys' jeans and sweatshirts so there are plenty of them here if that's what you'd like to wear. But have a good look around; you're welcome to try on and wear anything you want."

As they left me to explore the room, Grandma said, "Since you don't have any pajamas, I left

something for you to wear on the bed."

I turned around to see a beautiful long, pale purple satin nightgown stretched across the bedspread.

"Roy told me that he thought you'd like it. Now, why don't you get yourself fixed up real pretty and come down in a bit to watch television with us? I'll be back in about twenty minutes in case you need any help buttoning up buttons or fixing your makeup!"

Needless to say, I was stunned. For a few minutes I just stood there in a dreamlike state, wondering if it were all real. Then I cautiously started looking in drawers and cabinets. They were loaded with elegant, expensive clothes. By then all those clothes were somewhat dated, but since I loved fancy old-fashioned clothes I was in heaven! They were all so frilly and feminine. I tried half a dozen things on before settling on a puffy full dress like Alice-in-Wonderland would have worn. When I heard a knock at the door, I opened the door, shaking with excitement. Grandma and Grandpa welcomed me with hugs and kisses. I spent the weekend trying on clothes. I think I tried on everything in my cousin and grandmother's closets! My grandparents loved me all dressed up, and after that I was their favorite grandchild, and I spent many weekends with them. They bought me tons of clothes over the years and treated me more like their daughter than their grandson!

Kevin V.
Australia

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November 2000 Letters of the Month

Subj: Maid to Do It

Date: 7/11/00

Dear Princess,

My husband's 'cumming out' happened while he was attending his friend Jill's thirteenth birthday party. Since Jill was then thought to be a 'big girl,' her parents trusted her and her friends to behave themselves while celebrating in the basement of their house.

After having ice cream and cake, they were playing games and things were getting heated up. Jill herself proposed that they play spin the bottle, and that the first boy and the first girl selected would have to pay a forfeit. And since it was her birthday, she would decide the forfeit!

They all sat around in a circle, and Jill spun the bottle. It came to rest pointing at Cynthia, a cute fourteen-year old blonde cheerleader fancied by all the boys. Jill spun the bottle again, and it came to a standstill pointing at Dan, my future husband. He was a shy boy who hated being in the limelight. He blushed immediately.

"Right," said Jill, "here's your forfeit. You two have to change clothes. You can use the bathroom over there."



The kids hooted with glee. This was going to be fun! Dan's face was scarlet. Cynthia was wearing a short black and white dress with some lace around the edges, and he was going to have to put it on! Cynthia took his hand, and led him into the bathroom.

As they left, one of the boys, Terry, smirked and yelled to them, "Remember, now, Jill meant exchange ALL of your clothes!"

In the bathroom, Cynthia had Dan close his eyes while she stripped off. He did as she instructed, listening to the rustle of silk and nylon as she undressed and then put a frilly robe on that had been hanging on the back of the door.

"OK, Dan, undress down to your underpants."

He did so, feeling highly embarrassed as he took off his trousers in front of the beautiful girl.

Cynthia approached him. Dangling from her fingers was her pink garter belt.

"This is one of the tricky bits; I'll help you on with it," she said as she put the belt around him and fastened it. Dan blushed profusely.

"Now, tuck the garters inside your pants and pull them through the leg holes. Sit on the throne, and I'll put my nylons on you."

Chaotic emotions flooded over Dan as Cynthia knelt at his feet and slowly rolled the nylon stockings up his legs then fastened them to the dangling garters.

Once they were on and he stood up, he immediately became aware of the exciting contrast between the tight pull of the garters and the silky feel of the stockings. Cynthia picked up her bra and fastened it around his chest.

"Arms up," she ordered.

Shivers went through his body as she slid her silky white slip over him. Next, she dropped her dress over Dan's head, adjusted it around his waist and slip, and then zipped it up the back, effectively imprisoning him in the flouncy feminine garment. She steadied him as he stepped into her high-heeled shoes.

"Try walking," she said.

Teetering wildly, Dan tried to walk around the room, acutely aware of the silky slip brushing against his nylon-sheathed legs with every step.

"You'll soon get used to the shoes. Now, take off your underpants and give them to me."

Dan reached under the petticoat, and slipped off his underpants and gave them to Cynthia.

"Turn around, and don't peek."

In a few seconds, Cynthia put Dan's clothes on.

"OK, there's just one thing left."

Dan turned round and stared in horror at the pink nylon panties Cynthia was holding in her hands.

"I can't wear those! It's . . . it's not right."

"Well," she replied, "if you don't, and the others find out, they'll really give you the devil! Come on, be a sport. Step into them!"

She held open the waistband of the panties invitingly, and Dan knew he had no choice. Balancing with difficulty on the high heels, he slipped them off then put his feet through the leg-holes of the panties and watched as Cynthia pulled them up his legs. They were still warm! Cynthia's hands disappeared up his dress and she tugged the panties up over his thighs. Dan stood there as if paralysed as the silky garment was eased higher and higher, until, with a snap of elastic, they were in place, encasing his cock in a soft web of pink nylon. To his horror, he felt his cock stiffening in the panties.

"Good! Now, we better go out and join the others," she said as she half pulled him out the door

and into the middle of the room. The party had been in full swing, but as they appeared everything came to a dead halt. Then the giggles and the comments started.

"Ah, doesn't he look sweet."

"Dan, that dress does suit you."

"What a sissy. Look at him!"

"Are you wearing her panties, Dan?"

"Did you put him in your panties, Cynthia?"

Cynthia nodded.

Terry gloatingly stepped up to Dan, and asked, "What color panties are you wearing, Danny girl? Are you going to show us? Or do I have to pull up your dress for us to find out?" He grabbed the hem of the dress and tried to pull it up.

"No, stop," pleaded Dan.

But by then everyone was shouting, "Lift his dress up. Let's see his panties!"

Brenda, a big girl, grabbed Dan's arms and pinned them behind his back. He was helpless.

Terry bent down and slowly began to ease the dress and petticoat up.

"Pull his dress right up, Terry. Let's see his pretty girls' panties."

Terry pulled the dress and petticoat up above Dan's waist.

"Pink ones!" Jill's little sister, Laurie, screamed. "Look everybody; Dan's wearing pink panties!"

And everyone WAS looking at him in the panties.

"My, what pretty panties!" gloated Terry. "But what's that little bulge in front? I think we'd better explore a little."

Dan gasped as he felt Terry's fingers touching his cock through the panty material. Then, Terry was squeezing Dan's cock, then rubbing it, and then tickling it.

"Anyone else want a feel?" said Terry, grinning lewdly.

"Yes," many of them cried.

"OK, line up," Terry told them.

"Can I have a feel of what's in this pansy's panties?" someone asked, and then everyone else joined in: "I want a go at him! Let me have a go! Me too!" They were yelling, impatient for their turn.

Eventually every boy and girl took his or her turn fondling the increasing bulge in Dan's panties.

Jill's little sister was last in line. Everyone laughed as they watched Laurie reach up with both hands to explore Dan's prick in the panties.

"It's getting bigger!" she squealed.

And sure enough it was. Dan's shame was complete. In spite of his utter humiliation, his cock grew larger in her hands. She laughed, her eyes wide with delight. Soon, it was fully erect, moving around and pushing out the silky material as tiny Laurie talked to it and petted it like it was a little animal in his panties.

"Brenda, your kid sister has given him a big hard-on! What a pervert he is!"

A camera flashed. It flashed again and again. Polaroids! As each picture developed, Cynthia showed them to the poor boy.

"Imagine these going round the school."

"No, please. Not that," he begged. "I'll do anything."

"OK, Brenda, let him go."

Brenda released Dan's arms, and the dress and frilly petticoat fell around his knees.

"Take your seats for the cabaret!" shouted Cynthia. The boys and girls sat in a circle with Dan in the center.

"One order each. And, if he doesn't obey, the photos go round the school. You first, Brenda."

Brenda clapped her hands with glee.

"OK, Dan, give us a show. Parade round the room with your dress and slip held high and make lots of froufrou."

Tears began to fall down Dan's flaming cheeks as he bent down, plucked up the hems of the dress and the petticoat and lifted them up to his shoulders, fully revealing his bulging pink panties. As best he could, he walked round the room in his high heels as everyone clapped and giggled.

"We can see your panties! We can see your panties!" they sang.

"Come on, Dan. Wave your petticoat around like a cancan girl!"

Dan did as he was told, the frills and lace of the petticoat framing his panties as some of the girls sang cancan music and he made froufrou.

Jill took a tube of her mother's lipstick and made his lips bright red. She found a lacy white apron and put it on him, saying, I have a feeling he'll need this so he won't get Cynthia's nice dress all dirty!"

In combination with the black dress, the apron made him look like a maid. Everyone started to joke and call him a pretty little maid. Everyone laughed when Jill called him a "milk maid" and said they were waiting for him to deliver his milk!

Dan was crying and telling them the game was over and he wanted to go home. He tried to take off the apron, but Brenda slapped him twice on the face and threatened to beat the shit out of him if he didn't play along.

Terry whispered something to Jill, and she nodded. He had found some chain and two little dog collars.

"Let's chain him up, so he doesn't escape," he told everyone. "Once he's bound, we can all play with him some more."

The girls put Dan's hands in the dog collars and buckled them to the ends of the chain that Terry was loping over the top of some water pipes near the ceiling.

As soon as he was secured, Jill ordered him, "Spread your legs wide apart!"

She held his dress and slip up as he obeyed. Terry went around behind him and as Dan looked downward, Terry's hand appeared, palm up, and about six inches under Dan's panties.

"OK, sissy-boy, we all know what you want. Now, come and get it!"

This was awful. Dan knew what was expected of him. He bent his knees and lowered his pantied genitals into Terry's waiting hand. The moment his balls came to rest in Terry's cupped hand, the fingers began to move, fondling Dan's panty covered balls and then moving up to his cock.

"That's right, Terry. Feel up the silly little sissy!"

Terry took complete control of the helpless boy. He fondled Dan's private parts through the silky pink nylon, revelling in the feel of the sissyboy's cock twitching in the panties. He caressed the boy's balls until he moaned wantonly. Then he slid his fingers slowly up and down the erect shaft.

Brenda walked up to Dan, looked in his eyes and told him, "Ask Terry to wank you off into pretty Cynthia's silky panties. And say please!"

Dan forced the words out.

"Please, Terry, wank me off in Cynthia's panties. Make me cum!"

Terry grabbed Dan's cock between his thumb and fingers in a tunnel of silky nylon and began to gently stroke up and down, slowly at first, but then faster and faster. Dan's legs began to tremble. Helpless, he felt his climax beginning.

"Ooh, that feels good. Don't stop! Please don't stop! Make me cum, Terry. Make me cum in Cynthia's panties. Ooh, yes. I'm going to cum now. Hold my cock tight!"

And Terry did just that, feeling Dan's cock throbbing in his hand as it spurted into the panties. Dan had surrendered. He was all his. Terry was now hungry to humiliate his victim further.

"Who'd like to clean up this pathetic little sissy with the wet panties?"

Brenda volunteered. Dan's will to resist had collapsed.

While Terry held Dan's dress up, she dragged down his soaking wet panties. Jill got her a wet cloth and Brenda had fun washing his genitals. Meanwhile, Jill went to a nearby wash bin and returned momentarily with a dirty pair of high-waisted, pink silk panties that belonged to her mother.

"Get me a marker pen," Terry asked.

Jill did so, and on the panties, Terry wrote, "I love wearing ladies' panties."

Jill took the soiled panties and rubbed them over Dan's face.

"Lovely silky panties, Dan, just for you. A nice frilly pair of my mother's best panties! And look what Terry has written on them."

She dangled them in front of Dan's face, as roars of laughter erupted from the boys and girls watching.

"You do love wearing ladies' panties, don't you? They make you feel all girly, don't they sissy-boy? You are a big sissy, aren't you?"

"Answer me!"

She slapped Dan's face viciously.

"I'm a big sissy, Jill."

"And what do big sissies love to wear?"

"Sissies love to wear ladies' panties, Jill."

"So, what do you want me to do now, Dan?"

"I want you to put me in those silky panties!"

Jill stooped down, holding the panties open by Dan's feet. Dan stepped into them, and watched as Jill eased the panties up his legs, still encased in Cynthia's nylon stockings.

"Beg me!" sneered Jill.

"Please, Jill! Oh, please, pull up those lovely silk panties around my cock. Make me wear your mother's panties!"

Triumphantly, Jill slipped the panties over the boy's cock and snapped the elastic round his waist. Dan was once again dressed in a full set of feminine underwear: pink garter belt, bra, panties, nylon stockings and heels. Once more, he was surrounded by mocking boys and girls. They were anxious to sexually humiliate him further. They all ogled him. He was aware of their eyes feasting on his bulging panties, his cock clearly visible through the thin pink silk, and framed by Terry's words decorating Jill's mother's panties.

Let me gag him," said Susan, a gorgeous black girl. "First, I'll prepare his gag."

She disappeared into the bathroom, hitched her skirt up and sat on the toilet, still wearing her panties. She felt her crotch go warm and wet, and then her piss spurted through the panties, saturating them. When she was finished, she took the soaking wet panties off, and went back to the party. Dan looked in horror as Susan triumphantly approached him holding the black panties high, dripping with her piss.

"Oh no, not that. Please, not that," he whined.

"Open wide!" giggled Susan as she forced his mouth open and shoved in her piss-soaked panties. Once the panties were completely inside his mouth, she tied a stocking round his head to hold the gag in place. The pressure forced some of the piss out of the panties, and she watched as Dan's throat gulped.

"That's right, panty lover, drink my piss. Suck on my panties. Taste me!"

Tears streamed down Dan's face as he was forced to swallow her piss. His pleas for mercy were stifled by the panty-gag.

"Now for a blindfold," said Terry. "I need a pair of black panties and some black pantyhose."

Jill reached under her skirt, and slipped off her black nylon panties, moist with her juices, and gave them to Terry.

He smiled wickedly as he pulled the black panties over Dan's head so the slick crotch was pressed against Dan's nose. With sadistic satisfaction, Terry pointed out to the energized audience how the smelly gusset got sucked in against Dan's nostrils with every breath he took. Then, Wendy gave Terry her black pantyhose. Terry pulled the panty part over Dan's head, and then wrapped the rest of the garment round Dan's head enclosing him in total darkness. Dan was now utterly helpless, knowing that further sexual humiliations were inevitable.

Soon he was writhing as unknown hands fondled his cock through the silk panties. If he tried to bend forward to escape, other hands grabbed his butt and squeezed, forcing him upright again.

"Please don't let me get excited again," he silently prayed, as both boys and girls fondled his silk-clad cock, still flaccid in the panties.

"Does anyone think they can give him a hard-on?" asked Terry.

"Let me have a go," said Gail.

She began to slide her fingers over his panties, constantly murmuring in his ear.

"What pretty pink panties you're wearing. All soft and silky! Jill's mommy's panties! Can you imagine her daddy playing with them like this? You'd like a man to play with your cock in his wife's panties, wouldn't you? His wife's panties round your cock, and his daughter's panties on your head, and her friend's panties in your mouth. You are immersed in panties, and everyone is watching your cock grow bigger and bigger!"

Once more, Dan's cock betrayed him and reached full erection, looking as if it wanted to burst out of its silky prison. Gail slithered the silky material over the tip of Dan's penis. Moans emanated from under the gag and blindfold. Moans of ecstasy!

"Naughty sissy. You must be punished."

With Terry still holding up Dan's dress and slip, Gail began to spank him hard with one hand while she continued to masturbate his pantied penis with her other hand. Dan struggled helplessly as the slaps rained down on his silk-clad butt. It felt like a dozen other hands took her place slapping away at his behind, while Gail used both of her hands to stroke up Dan's panty-covered cock and balls. Dan's pain began to turn to pleasure. He writhed his butt outward to eagerly meet the spanking hands, and then forward to meet her cock stroking. Gail winked at Terry, who knew immediately what she had in mind. She took over the duty of holding up Dan's skirt and slip and Terry continued the sexual massage of Dan's cock through the silk panties. Terry forced a hand between Dan's legs, took a hold of his balls and began to squeeze and tickle.

"Spanky wankies!" he shouted.

The boys and girls watched with mounting excitement, as Dan's body shook and wiggled in his girlie clothes as Terry and Gail took turns playing with his genitals and spanking him. His head tossed from side to side under the pantyhose hood. The enfolding blackness meant that all of his

senses were focussed on his sexual parts. He was powerless to stop his climax, which was quickly overwhelming him. His muffled screams of pleasure were stifled as his cock began to pulsate in Terry's hand. His cock spurted, seemingly endlessly. His surrender was complete!

By the way, this is my story too. You see, I'm Jill! I married the little pantywaist once we got out of high school. He's still a big panty-wearing sissy, and Terry, Cynthia and some of the others still come over to the house frequently to put Dan through his paces! When it was all over that day, we did admit to Dan that Terry (who is gay and we all knew it even at that early age) and I had planned the whole thing. We didn't know which boy was going to end up being our victim. We were prepared to have it be any of them that were there that day. It just so happened that when the spinning bottle stopped, it pointed at Dan!

Jill
New Bedford

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November 2000 Letters of the Month

The Baby-sitter
7/22/00

Dear Princess,

My life changed the day we got a baby-sitter.

"Mom, I'm old enough," I pleaded. "I can watch the girls and the house. We don't need a baby-

sitter."

"No, I don't think so. You're only interested in your own things. You're not very responsible. I've arranged for Jean to stay with you and your sisters while I'm at work."

I wanted to complain so more. I was thirteen and confident that I could be in charge. Jean wasn't much older than me. She had just turned sixteen. Besides I was a boy. In fact, I considered myself the 'man of the house.' I felt that having a baby-sitter at my age would make me the laughing stock of the neighborhood. But I could tell my mother's mind was made up. There was no use arguing once she got that determined look on her face. I had learned long ago how far I could go arguing with her. Any more and I knew I'd be getting the strap. Mom really knew how to strap. Once you got it from her, you did most anything not to repeat the experience.

Up until the time, everything had been fine. Then my father passed away. Financially we were OK, but my mother said she needed to work to make sure she could send Karen and Jamie, my two sisters, and me to college.

Jean Rosen and her mother lived in the addition we had put on our house years ago to bring in extra money. I hated the idea that she'd be our baby-sitter ñ God! I even hated the word 'baby-sitter.' I wasn't a baby! But my sisters liked her a lot and were thrilled with the arrangement. I finally resigned myself to the fact and tried to look on the bright side. At least my little sisters wouldn't be tying me down for the summer. I'd be able to spend a lot of time hanging out with my friends.

Things changed that very first day. I woke up and still groggy-eyed went downstairs in my just underwear only to be momentarily surprised to see Jean in the living room reading a magazine. Then I remembered that my mother had already gone off to work to start her new job. With her sitting there in some cutoffs and a crop top staring at me, I felt stupid standing there half naked, so I ran up to my bedroom and got dressed.

Back downstairs I was a little surprised because she had taken off her cutoffs and was lounging around in just her top and some shiny blue panties. I stared at her for a moment. She was pretty even if she wasn't very nice. She put her hand on her lap and was idly stroking the silky panties right above her crotch. I got all tingly inside watching her, and I had to clear my throat before I could talk. I told her I'd fix myself some cereal and then get out of there. I was going mountain bike riding with some of the guys.

But she had a different idea.

"You can go out with your friends this afternoon, but this morning you have to stay in and play with your sisters. I told your mother I'd do the laundry, and so I need you to stay here with them. You can play some of their games."

"No way! Me play their stupid little girl games?"

"See," Karen said. "I told you that he's never nice to us; he just bosses us around."

"That's because I'm the oldest, so I'm the boss."

Jean interrupted, "Well you aren't the boss when I'm here. I'm the boss now and your mother said you had to mind me. Therefore, this morning you will play with your sisters and you will play nice."

During all this, she was still rubbing her hand back and forth on her panties, her hand inching further and further down between her legs. She asked Karen and Jamie, "What would you girls like to play?"

Karen grinned and whispered something to Jamie. They giggled. Then Karen went up to Jean sitting in my mom's chair and whispered to her.

"All right," Jean said, "the girls want to play with their dolls. So go up to their room and play

dolls with them."

My sisters giggled when they saw my mouth fall open in shock.

Thoroughly red-faced, I shouted, "I'm not going to play with dolls! Only stupid girls play with dolls! And you can't make me."

I saw a flash in front of me as Jean lashed out and smacked me hard across the face. It stung and I was in shock. Her fingers were moist and they left a perfumed aroma on my face where she had hit me. I grabbed my cheek as tears came to my eyes. She took me by the arm and led me up to my sisters' room.

"Well then we'll just have to put you in the proper frame of mind for playing with dolls.

"Let's get him ready, girls."

With ear-piercing squeals the girls ran ahead of us up to their bedroom. Jean followed, dragging me along with a firm grip on my ear.

In the bedroom, she started to unbutton my shirt. I wondered what was going on until I saw the frilly clothes laid out on the bed. I didn't believe she'd actually dress me in those things, but once she had my shirt off I knew that's exactly what she was planning on doing.

"You're going to play dollies just like a little girl."

I struggled as hard as I could and screamed out, "No-o-o-o!" but she was a lot stronger than me. She held me down on the bed with my hands behind my back as she had my sisters undo my jeans.

"No don't please! Please!" I begged as my jeans and underpants came down to my knees, exposing my penis and balls to the three of them.

"You asked for this, Bobby. Now you're going to be a good little girl since you can't be a good little boy."

My sisters laughed gloriously as they took off my shoes and socks and yanked my jeans and underwear completely off.

"Get the panties, girls."

Karen quickly picked up a frilly fluff of nylon and lace.

"Let me see the panties you picked out, Karen," Jean said.

Karen held up a pair of pink panties with a flower on the front and some lace around the leg holes.

"Oh, those are very pretty. I'm sure Bobby will look cute in them. Go ahead and put them on him."

Karen knelt before me and tried to force my feet through the lacy leg holes, but I struggled. I kept kicking my feet so she couldn't put them on me. But Jean reached out and grabbed my penis and balls in one hand and squeezed them real hard. I screamed in pain, but she didn't let go until I promised to let my sister put me in the panties.

"You're going to make a cute little girl, Bobby," Jean said as she giggled wildly.

The world stopped and all four of us watched as the panties slithered up my legs.

"No, don't! Please, don't! I'll play dollies with you! But don't put those things on me!

PLEASE!"

But Jean had no intention of stopping what she had started. The panties went up and up until they were high around my waist. Looking down, I saw the lace and frills and felt like my head was going to fall off. I was in such shock that they didn't even have to hold me still as they lowered a little girl's sailor-style dress over my head.

"From now on, Bobby," Jean said, "whenever I tell you to play with your sisters, you'll play with them. Otherwise, I'll put you in a dress and panties and you'll still have to play with them."

She twisted my arm behind my back until I ended up lying across her lap. She pulled up the back of the dress and started walloping me on my panties with dozens of quick slaps with her hand. My sisters joined in. Their little hands slapping away as hard as they could. It was more shocking and embarrassing than painful. I was amazed as tears filled my eyes! It was so humiliating. My little sisters giggled as I cried and kicked my feet while they spanked the daylights out of my little pantied butt.

"Promise to be a good little girl, Bobby. Promise," she demanded as the pain built up and I began to cry hard.

I sobbed out the words, "O-o-o-ow! Please, I'll be a good little, o-o-o-ow! Please stop, I'll be a good little girl."

My sisters giggled. They stopped spanking me.

Jean pushed me onto the floor before her.

"Now, straighten out your dress and go play dollies with your sisters. And play nice!" Jean said. "And when you play with your sisters, Karen will be the boss. If you know what's good for you, you'll do whatever she says."

"Teach this little girl how to play dollies nice," she told Karen and Jamie. "If she doesn't mind, let me know and we'll spank her little pantied butt again."

My sisters continued their nonstop giggling as Jamie set up the dolls and dumped out a bunch of doll clothes then said, "Start sorting the clothes by color, little girl. We're gong to have a dolly fashion show."

They all laughed as I began sorting the clothes under my little sister's strict direction. As I sat there I was looking at the dress I had on and wondering about it. It was too big for my sisters. I wondered came from.

Jean read my mind.

"Oh, by the way. Your mother bought that dress and those panties for you. This was all her idea, and I agree. It certainly is a good way to get you to be nice.

"And now that I've seen that pathetic little penis of yours, I think I'll be putting you in this dress and panties a lot. And if you fight me, I'll just tell all the kids around here what a little penis you have. I might even invite some of them over from time to time and give them a look!

"I better tell your mother to get you some more dresses and panties. I have a feeling we're going to be needing them!"

Bobby B.
Las Vegas

The end of Princess Online #18

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