

# Princess Online



Adults  
Only

No. 38

Featured  
Stories and  
Letters from  
the Princess  
Productions  
Website

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

Since 1981

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**



## Carole Jean

Each month, Carole Jean, a good friend and popular author of forced crossdressing stories, gives us permission to Princessize a drawing from her many publications. By "Princessize," we mean that we colorize it and artistically alter it. Sometimes we only make a few minor changes, and at other times, we make a lot of changes -- all designed to reflect our (and we hope our loyal followers') interests.

The drawing shown here comes from volume 1 of "Schooled with Girls," which is about a boy forced to attend a girls' school, where he must do everything the girls do, including wearing the uniform. Here he is in a store being forced to select panties for himself.

Carole Jean has just released five new booklets: "Bound to Be a Maid" about a woman getting even with a man who had drugged and took advantage of a woman friend; "Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang" about several women who take on a group of thugs and feminize them; "Crave X -- A Wife's Revenge" about a woman who turns her philandering husband into a woman; "The Sarah School" about a cheating husband who gets sentenced to time at a girls' school; and "The Male Maid Book of ABC's" that pictures the life of men serving as maids -- A is for Adorable, B is for Brassiere, C is for Curtsey, etc., each page has a man-maid picture.

All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits and girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. The most distinctive feature of Carole Jean's books is the abundance of artwork. She has an exceptionally talented artist illustrate almost every page of her stories.

In addition to the booklets mentioned above, Carole Jean has published books both under her own name and under the name "Bill." Those books include "Beautified bullies", "Bill's Humiliation in Panties", "Henry's Vacation in Panties", "Darwin's Womanhood", "Jeff's Humiliation", and one of our favorites: "Schooled with Girls." You can purchase all her books directly from her website: <http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

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A  
*Watchdog!*  
**"VALUES"  
ALERT!**  
IT HAS  
BEEN  
DETERMINED  
FOR US  
THAT  
**SPANKING  
NAUGHTY  
YOUNG  
BOYS**  
WILL CAUSE  
HARM TO  
THEIR  
FUTURE  
MORAL  
VALUES  
AND  
PSYCHOLOGICAL  
DEVELOPMENT  
!

**HOWEVER! OUR "VALUES"**  
HAVE NOW DECIDED THAT MAKING BOYS WEAR GIRLS DAINTY  
SATIN PANTIES, SILKY SLIPS AND SISSY LITTLE DRESSES  
" TO HELP THEM "FEEL" THEIR FEMININE SENSITIVITIES "  
WILL CAUSE THEM NO MORAL OR PSYCHOLOGICAL HARM  
WHEN WEARING "PANTIES" ETC. IS PART OF A SCHOOL REQUIRED,  
BOYS FEMININE SENSITIVITIES TRAINING EXERCISE!

## Watchdoggie!

It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout `family values' and left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: errant males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be contained and constantly monitored. The way to save humanity from itself is to stop those hormones from ruining our men and boys, who in turn are ruining our world.

These radical groups advocate making grassroots changes right in their own communities, schools, churches and homes. They see the problem at its worst in young boys approaching or in the early stages of puberty, many of whom have difficulty controlling their actions because they cannot handle the hormones surging throughout their bodies. And if such boys aren't kept in check, they risk becoming abusive, disgusting and worthless members of society. The way to cure them, these radical groups maintain, is to subdue them with a good dose of panty and petticoat discipline. Therefore, males who can't conduct themselves in a proper manner are forced into fancy dresses and frilly lingerie. Such clothing shocks them out of their selfish, destructive thinking and makes them receptive to learning how to act properly. Lessons that, the leaders of this movement insist, will serve the boys throughout their lifetime.

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns and the girls in his fifth grade Catholic school during the 1950s. He still vividly recalls every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet that experience also taught him that our society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys. Radical groups bent upon destroying the male world circulate propaganda to their followers. Watchdoggie! monitors these groups, who are working to destroy present-day society! After almost 50 years, Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the pain and anguish he suffered undergoing petticoat punishment. As therapy, he makes collages like the petticoat punishment poster above. By abreacting in this way, he relieves the pain of the humiliation and terror he suffered while dressed in his punishment dress and panties.

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"I love bringing my son to  
'Bring Your Daughter to work Day'"

# Feminists say boys can visit workplace too

BY DAVID CRARY

NEW YORK—Starting next year, boys will get to punch the clock, too.

After a decade of successfully promoting "Take Our Daughters To Work Day," its feminist organizers said Tuesday they will open the annual event to sons as well.

Thursday will be the 10th and final daughters-only day. In April 2003, the Ms. Foundation for Women will promote "Take Our Daughters & Sons To Work Day."

"It's a work in progress in terms of the details, but not in terms of the aim, which is creating truly equitable workplaces," Marie Wilson, the foundation president, said Tuesday.

She said the new initiative, like its predecessor, would highlight career opportunities, but also would include a new emphasis on the challenges of balancing work and family. Background materials for the program will be distributed to businesses and schools this fall.

Begun in 1993, "Take Our Daughters To Work Day" caught on in many communities, often with the backing of employers, civic leaders and school officials. Millions of families have participated, and the program has been praised for expanding the career aspirations of many girls.

The decision to include boys disappointed Neil Merlino, who worked with the Ms. Foundation to create the first "Take Our Daughters to Work Day."

"The day has never been something against boys—it's pro-girl," said Merlino, a New York-based consultant. "It's eight hours where girls get a special kind of attention they don't get the rest of the time."

The National Organization for Women, a staunch supporter of "Take Our Daughters To Work," had argued in the past against including sons.

AP

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**Detail from an art exhibition poster of an unidentified boy in regal purple (the color of royalty) brocade, pink ruffles and pink pearls.**

**Oh, the way boys used to be dressed!**





## 1970s Boys as Girls Lingerie Pics

During the 1970s, a firm by the name of Photo Talents, located in Evanston, Illinois, sold hundreds of photos of women in lingerie and bondage. They also had some spanking and a few crossdressing pics. However, it's been rumored that a few times, when the photographer ran out of girl models, he used boy models, and then touched up the photos. One of those models is shown above in two different poses. The ratty wig is obvious, there's a noticeable bulge in the panties, and the model is completely flat chested. You can easily see the white falsies stuffed into the bra!

Anyone with any information about Photo Talents, please contact us. Do you have any of their photos? We'll gladly trade or buy Photo Talents photos from you to add to our collection. Also if you have info about them using boys as girls, or have any photos of females that look like they might be males, please share them with us. We'll be glad to reward you for your trouble. If you can help, please contact us.

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7-29-88

DEAR PRINCESS,

THANK YOU FOR YOUR GREAT PUBLICATIONS, MAY THERE BE MANY MORE, ESPECIALLY THOSE OF THE SILKY JERK-OFF KIND LIKE "PANTY LINES" AND "SHAMELESS MOTHERS". TO ME THERE IS NOTHING MORE EXCITING THAN MASTURBATING WITH SILKY PANTIES, AND READING ABOUT OTHERS ENJOYING PANTY LOVE.

IN "SHAMELESS MOTHERS IV" YOU WRITE "AFTER FALLING IN LOVE WITH PANTIES, BOYS CAN'T STOP PLAYING WITH THEMSELVES". I CAN TESTIFY TO THE ACCURACY OF THAT STATEMENT, AS I AM ONE OF THOSE SISSY BOYS IN LOVE WITH PANTIES. I AM 40 YEARS OLD AND FELL UNDER THE MAGIC OF NYLON PANTIES AT ABOUT THE AGE OF 5. I WAS BORN IN 1948 SO I GREW UP WITH THE PANTIES OF THE 50'S. NYLON BRIEFS, LACE TRIMMED AND A RAINBOW OF COLORS. I NEVER HAVE CARED FOR THE MODERN SKIMPY BIKINIS. I GUESS THE MORE PANTY THERE IS, THE MORE TO LOVE, FEEL AND MAKE LOVE WITH.

AT AROUND 5 YEARS OF AGE, MY 9 YEAR OLD SISTER AND I WERE PLAYING DOCTOR,

AND FOR SOME REASON SHE TOOK A PAIR OF HER PANTIES AND WRAPPED THEM AROUND MY PENIS AS A BANDAGE AND THIS MADE ME ERECT. SHE DIDN'T KEEP THEM THERE LONG, JUST LONG ENOUGH TO IMPRINT THE FEEL INSIDE ME. THE NEXT DAY I BEGGED HER TO PLAY AGAIN AND SHE FINALLY RELENTED, SO I RAN AND GOT THE PANTIES FROM THE HAMPER. SHE MADE ME PUT THEM BACK AND GOT A CLEAN PAIR FROM HER ROOM AND AS SOON AS SHE TOUCHED ME I ERECTED IMMEDIATELY. FROM THEN ON I WAS HOOKED AND WOULD DO ANYTHING TO FEEL THE NYLON PANTIES.

AS I GREW, MY SISTER REALIZED THE HOLD PANTIES HAD ON ME, AND WOULD HIDE THEM FROM ME, BRINGING THEM OUT ONLY WHEN SHE WANTED SOMETHING. AS AN EXAMPLE THE FIRST TIME SHE HELD A PAIR OF YELLOW SHINY NYLON PANTIES OUT AND SAID "I'LL LET YOU BORROW THESE FOR ONE HOUR IF YOU HELP ME WITH THE DISHES. NEED LESS TO SAY WHEN WE FINISHED THE DISHES, I WENT TO BED TO FEEL THE NYLON ON MY COCK, BUT TOO SOON DEBBY CAME IN AND DEMANDED HER PANTIES BACK, SAYING MY TIME

WAS UP. FROM THAT DAY ON I DON'T THINK SHE EVER DID ANY CHORES AROUND THE HOUSE AS I DID THEM GLADLY FOR A CHANCE TO "RENT" HER PANTIES.

THIS IS HOW I GOT TO BECOME A SISSY BOY, AND AS I GREW AND WAS DRAWN TO SLIPS + BRAS, NYLONS + GARTER, I BECAME A COMPULSIVE MASTURBATOR BUT ONLY INTO THE SOFT SILKY FOLDS OF MY BELOVED PANTIES.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO WRITE MORE IF IT WOULD BE OF ANY INTEREST.

Thank you

A SLAVE TO PANTIES

PANTIES - NO DRUG OR OTHER ADDICTION IS MORE DEMANDING

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## Boy TV on TV

In 1992, seven-year-old Dempster Malcolm appeared on "America's Funniest People," a television show featuring homemade videos. Dempster, one of the world's youngest female impersonators, is shown in the video in a pink and black outfit doing his comic dance he calls "Spider Rap." The other photos show him in the audience with his parents on the night his video was shown. He's wearing a flower print dress and blonde wig with a big white satin bow in his hair.

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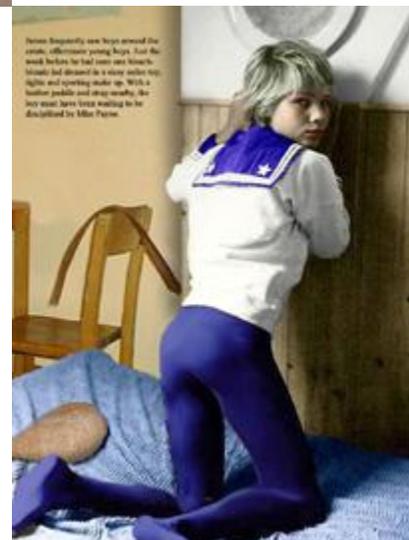
## Apprentice Maids

### Chapter 1

“Did you have a nice ride?” Miss Payne asked.

“Wonderful! Sugargirl is full of vigor as usual!” he said as he dismounted his appaloosa and led her into the stall.

“I’m not overly fond of the breed, but since you’ve been boarding her here, I’ve grown quite fond of her. She is spirited but a very good ride.



“In fact, James, talking about ‘spirited’ reminds me. You might know someone. I’m looking for two good stable boys. I’d like them to be spirited too. And I understand you have a boy who might be interested in a good position.

“Actually, I need two nice boys, about twelve or thirteen, book smart but innocent and lacking in knowledge of the ways of the world. I like them young; they’re so much easier to train than older boys. And I like them slim, well mannered and attractive – no sense having fat, ugly little nose pickers working for you. If they’re cute, good workers and fulfill all my needs, I’ll train them and teach them all there is to know about handling horses and . . . handling most everything else,” she said, as she massaged one of her pointed full breasts through her black satin blouse. “I might add, I like my boys kind of feminine. Young boys look just like young girls, and I like to treat them similarly.”

James stared. Marge caressed herself without compunction. He had known her for several years now and knew she was lacking in moral restraint. And on many occasions, he had eaten her lush, sweet pussy and then fucked her, or it was more like she had fucked him. She had always made it clear that she wasn’t interested in any kind of regular relationship. Cunnilingus and fucking, like all her appetites, were things that she wanted when she wanted them (and that was frequently). And whomever she fancied at the moment was the lucky one to get inside her designer panties – lucky because, her sex lackeys were rewarded in dozens of little ways. James, for example, got free board for his mare in her first class stable.

Still, James was unnerved to stand there in broad daylight with stable hands all around while she nonchalantly cupped with her titties and tweaked her nipples. He wouldn’t put it past her to reach between her legs or even shove her hand down the front of her jodhpurs and finger-frig herself to climax. But when she mentioned the staggering amount of money she was willing to pay these boys (or pay directly to the boys’ parents), it woke him from his lustful trance.

James figured it all out. She’d train the boys to her ways all right! The old tart was looking to have her quim licked with regularity and with alacrity. But, what the hell! That was her business. James had fucked her periodically, but he knew he was a last resort. She liked young boys. He saw them around the place frequently, but now she said she was looking for some young boys to stay on as permanent fixtures of the estate. From time to time, James has seen many of her ‘boys,’ and he always noticed they were kind of girlish looking. He didn’t pay a lot of attention, but from what he could see from a distance, he swore some of those boys were wearing make up, and their clothes were pretty pastels, satins and stuff like that, all very girlish. One he had seen close up a few weeks before, a boy of about thirteen kneeling up on a bed in the bunkhouse. James had gone looking for a stable boy to saddle up Sugargirl and walked in on this girlish boy. He wore a childish sailor top and blue tights. He had bleach-blond hair and sported make up – a goodly dose of lipstick, rouge and eye shadow. The lad must have been awaiting a paddling from old Miss Payne because a leather paddle and strap were nearby. But James had little regard for her private – or not so private – life. He didn’t give a damn. A lot of benefits had come his way by minding his own business and by being one of her standby fucks. So what if she was kinky. After all, who isn’t in some way or another!

Both James and his brother had twelve-year-old boys, and James knew his brother would go for

the idea — even if the old bitch wanted to gussy them up like girlish faggots. So the fuck what! Their boys were headed for nothing but trouble anyway unless they got them into something quick. James knew his wife would go along with it. As long as the old fart had her gin and social life, she didn't care about anything else. James and his brother John didn't really need the money, but with it they could indulge in their weekly poker games and semiweekly trips to the track without dipping into the family funds. And, if he played his cards right, James was sure he could win another prize for himself: his brothers' wife, Ruth.

Whenever he visited them, James would stare at the movement of Ruth's big tits and ripe, full ass as she scurried around the house doing her work. The skin of her arms and upper chest was smooth and creamy. Unlike his wife, who was flabby and had skin like old leather, John's wife was a robust young beauty in her early thirties. James' cock had gone hard a hundred times looking at her and trying to imagine how she would look naked, rolling around on a bed as he fucked her.

Just a few weeks ago, while he sat with his brother in a crowded tavern, he went hard again as John, after three mugs of stout, described how great his wife was in bed.

“Her big titties are as hard as apples, each a real handful. She likes to have them sucked, and I sure like to do it for her. She keeps after me to suck her quim too, but I'm damned if I'll do that. No, I just get my hands under that great hard ass of hers and ram my John Thomas up her twat.”

There was more. It inflamed James until he wanted to reach under the table and jerk himself off. He was thrilled with what he had heard because it gave him a way to get to John's wife. He'd get her in a position in which he'd propose licking her crack. Since she's been asking for it and not getting it, she wouldn't be able to resist the offer. Blam! James would eat her cunt in a second, and then he'd fuck her, probably tit fuck her for starters, shoot his spunk on her face, then give her a long, slow shot up the ass too.

Now, as he knocked on the door of his brother's house, his mind ran riot with thoughts of Ruth, as he told himself that he would go through with his plan.

Greetings were friendly, but James was quick to turn the subject to business. John's and Ruth's children, Martin and his younger sister, were playing across the room, but after James asked if they could talk in private, John sent the kids outside to play.

“What's up, James?” the man asked. “You look troubled.”

“Not troubled, shocked maybe. What would you think if I told you that I could get permanent jobs for our two boys? They'd get jolly good money -- and the money would be paid to us! We could use it for cards and at the track. Get back to our old style and get the wives off our backs about wasting away our legacy.”

“I'd think you've been in the cider – a good paying job for a pair of twelve year lads who have been trained in nothing at all?”

“That's right. They can start tomorrow. I have promised to deliver two good-looking lads of about their age. One of them will be my Tom, the other can be Martin if you give your approval, and if I decide to take him.”

“What do you mean if you decide to take him? We're brothers after all and you surely wouldn't get a good job for some stranger instead of my Martin.”

“We'll I'll come back to that later. First, let me tell you about the job Miss Payne is offering.”

Ruth was nearby painting her toenails. She wasn't saying anything, but she was listening intently. James couldn't resist staring as her robe gaped back exposing her finely proportioned legs all the way up to the hems of her purple lace panties.

He had to force himself to stay focused. James began by telling how they would be trained for work on the grounds and in the stables on the Payne estate and become permanent members of the household staff with a wonderful future.

When they had heard that much, he lowered his voice and told them that he knew what she really wanted. Old lady Payne was going to train the lads in sexual things, probably have them lapping her quiff, cleaning her ass, sucking her titties and doing anything else she wanted including good old-fashioned fucking. To his delight, James saw Ruth's eyes light up when he mentioned cunt lapping. His brother seemed shocked but excited.

“There, you have it. What do you say?”

Unable to answer, John looked to his wife who now sat open mouthed. She had been sitting carelessly, her legs akimbo, but with James talking luridly about cunt lapping, she immediately pressed her legs hard together and rested a hand over the juncture of her thighs. That confirmed James' suspicions that she was desperate to have a tongue up her cunny. He described in detail what he thought Miss Payne really wanted, and it was stoking the fire burning in Ruth's panty crotch.

“I don't know what to say, James,” Ruth managed as she fought for words. “I've never heard of such a thing. It seems wicked to turn a pair of innocent lads over to such a woman.”

“Wicked, aye, but perhaps a great thing too.”

“What do you mean, a great thing?” Ruth wanted to know.

“Well, before long, they'll learn those things anyway. They'll learn sex from ignorant farm girls or guttersnipes. We don't know whether they'll learn right or not. And they might knock up one of those loose girls or pick up some disease.

“This way, they'll be learning all the correct things from a fine lady and a beautiful one. They'll grow up to be fine lovers and make great husbands who will give their wives everything they want. Don't you think?”

Knowing that she wanted desperately to have her cunny lapped, James sensed that this was the right approach to get her excited enough for what he wanted.

“I never thought I’d hear myself say such a thing, James, but I do believe you are right. If John agrees, you may take Martin along with my blessing.”

“But the rumors say she likes gay boys. Surely you don't think . . . ,” John's voice trailed off.

“But she fucks them, so I don't think they're too gay! I think she just likes them sweet and innocent, perhaps a bit feminine. And have you looked at our two boys lately? They aren't exactly he-men. Your boy is into drawing and painting, and my boy hangs around with a group of girls most of the time. And they imitate those girl rock’n’roll groups with Tom signing real high like the girls. Sometimes I think he wants to be one of them. I even asked him once if he was queer. He said “no” – that he hangs around with the girls because he loves them all! But so the fuck what? Whatever they're going to be, they're probably already, so I say, let's turn them loose on old lady Payne and let her have a go at them. And, believe me, the money will be good. I showed her a picture of Tom, and she gave me a thousand just to consider it!

“You say Miss Payne will pay a good salary?” John asked.

“Absolutely! She's a generous woman when it comes to her sex life, and with the money we can set our boys up for life. She'll arrange it so she pays their money directly to you and me.”

Turning to Ruth, he continued, “John will be able to give you a nice addition to your trust stipend and have a bit left over so John and I can gamble a bit without even thinking about touching the nest egg. Everyone can use a little more financially. You could use a bit more, couldn't you?”

“You're damn right I could,” she answered. “Your fucked-up granddad left us a lot, but it decreases each year. We all promised not to touch the principal, just live off the interest, but you know we've been chipping away at the lot of it.

“We probably have more than all of us can spend in our lifetime,” Ruth continued, “but I do worry about the kids. We could easily spend most of it and leave them with nothing. And like you say, they aren't trained or capable of doing any work that pays a decent salary, so turn them into little gigolos, what the hell do I care. Lately, Martin has been spending most of his time in his room masturbating anyway, so he might as well be sticking it into that rich old whore instead and getting paid for it! Sure, I’ll let him go.”

“Not so fast, brother dear,” James said with a smile. “Now we go back to the point about whether I’ll take him there or not.”

John and Ruth first looked at each other then turned to stare at James. It was as if they couldn't believe what he had said.

“As I see it,” James began, “I’d be doing the both of you a pretty big favor by taking Martin

there.”

“Of course, James,” his brother said eagerly.

“And we would both be mighty beholding to ya,” Ruth added.

“That's what I want to find out. You see, a couple of times, Miss Payne has stripped bare and had me lick her twat, her toes and her arse and then given me a nice fucking. I've come to like things like cunny lapping.”

Glancing down, James saw that Ruth was rubbing her thighs in excitement. All he had to do now, he guessed, was to get by his brother.

“There's only one way you could show me how, um, appreciative you are.”

“What's that?” John asked.

“Tomorrow, I'll bring the two lads back here after they've finished their chores on the Payne estate. I fancy the chores will be pretty interesting ones too.

“We'll meet here and have them give us a full report on everything they saw and did with the her. That should get us nice and excited.”

“And then?” his brother asked.

“And then, we'll send all the kids out and the three of us will go to the bedroom and take all our clothes off and have a real fine time the way Miss Payne and her friends do when they get together.”

James watched as husband and wife looked at each other.

“You know,” he went on, “your Ruth is a beautiful woman. I must admit I've often thought of how much I'd love to use my mouth all over her the way I do with Miss Payne. Have you ever seen a man do such things to a woman, John?”

“No . . . no, I haven't.”

“I've watched often and it's a most exciting thing. That's the way these people live, you know.” To make it sound even more convincing, he described some of the parties in which he had participated or peeked at through a window.

“Financially, people like us are a step behind her type, a big step. We don't enjoy the fine things they do. We just fuck our wives and nothing else. They do anything they want and have all the fun.”

“Well, what do you say?” He looked from one to the other.

“What about it?” the man turned to his wife who was actually blushing.

“I . . . I don't know what to say,” she stammered.

“We could use the money,” John pointed out weakly, “and it hardly seems fair to rob the lad of a chance for a good job for the rest of his life.”

“There's much truth in what you say,” Ruth said in a tone that indicated her delight that her husband seemed in favor of accepting the strange offer his brother had made. “Besides,” she went on, “James is your brother. It's not as if he were a stranger. And you will be there when he eats my cunny.” There was a quiver in her voice when she said that.

“Aye, Ruth,” her husband agreed, “that's true, and we've always been close friends. To tell the truth, I got worked up at the thought of seeing him lap your cunny, your arse and all that. How about you?”

“You know, John,” Ruth's confidence was returning fast and her voice went up an octave, “I've sways wanted to have my cunny licked. I've never thought of having my arse licked, but that sounds like a thrill too. You sure you wouldn't mind?”

“Not if you don't,” John was quick to add.

“Well, now that we agree on it,” Ruth moaned in reply, “I don't know how I'll be able to wait until tomorrow.”

“I must say, my John Thomas is poking up real strong right now,” her husband said as he looked at his brother. “Do we have to wait?”

“I want to,” James replied. “I gave Payne's ass a real fine fucking this afternoon, and I drained my balls dry. I think she wanted to make sure she got her hands on our boys. It will be much better for me tomorrow night as I proposed.”

Both looked disappointed and then James saw how he could double his prize.

“I'll tell you what,” he said with excitement. “Just so we get used to the whole thing, why don't you and Ruth take all your clothes off and you give her a nice fuck while I watch?”

“I've never been fucked with anyone watching,” Ruth said, her yes gleaming, “but it does sound like fun. Will you take your cock out while we're doing it?”

Instead of answering, James reached into the front of his pants. He withdrew a pole that looked quite capable of anything a woman could want. As if it were the signal for the start of a race, the man and woman began getting out of their clothes. James felt his head swim, as he looked at his brother's wife in her white bra and purple panties. It was all he had expected and then some.

As she bent to grip the edge of the table with both hands, her big titties dangled like white melons tipped with big strawberries. His mouth drooled with desire to suck on them. She had a magnificent arse as well, the skin smooth as silk and fully arched as she stood with her strong legs braced wide apart and waiting for her husband to ram her from behind.

James left his spot for a moment and hurried to bend and look up at her from behind. Her quiff was hot, ripe and throbbing in her pure purple silk panty crotch, and he knew how much he was going to enjoy lashing it with his tongue and sucking the full lips until she came.

John could wait no longer. He pulled aside her delicate panties and then probed her cunt with the head of his cock until he found the opening. Crouching, James watched as his brother drove the full length of his prick into his wife's cunt and began slapping her beautiful big pantied arse with his big balls on each downstroke as he fucked her.

Standing beside the table, James reached for her big titties and fondled them roughly as Ruth eyed his throbbing cock dreamily. John shot his load much too quickly and James knew the woman hadn't had a come, but he'd see to it that she would have plenty of that the next evening, he vowed silently.

On his way home, James rehearsed discussing this setup with Ethel, his wife, and his son Tom. But he knew the money would stop both of them from having any second thoughts. Even the girlyboy thing James knew wouldn't be a problem. His son was a wimp, he'd do whatever a strong woman like Miss Payne would tell him to do.

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James frequently saw boys around the estate, effeminate young boys. Just the week before he had seen one bleach-blonde lad dressed in a sissy sailor top, tights and sporting make up. With a leather paddle and strap nearby, the boy must have been waiting to be disciplined by Miss Payne.

