

Princess Online

Adults
Only

No. 36



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 artistically alter and colorize the drawing. 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 "Beautified Bullies," which is about two brothers who get coerced into dresses by a witchy old neighbor lady who is taking care of them. In this scene, Nick is releasing his older brother Mike from his locked-on bra. Mike is being given this partial reprieve from his petticoat punishment because Nick agreed to wear girls' clothes too.

Carole Jean has just released five new booklets: "Bound to Be a Maid" about a woman getting even with a man who had drugged a woman and took advantage of her; "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 new booklets mentioned above, Carole Jean has published books both under her own name and under the name "Bill." Those books include "Bill's Humiliation in Panties", "Henry's Vacation in Panties", "Darwin's Womanhood", "Jeff's Humiliation", and one of our favorites: "Beautified Bullies." You can purchase all her books directly from her website:

<http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

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If pay backs
were hell
maybe there
would be
fewer...



...school
BULLIES
and less violence!

-weechdoggy1970:

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. Here he recalls the humiliation and terror he suffered while dressed in his punishment dress and panties. As therapy, he makes collages like the petticoat punishment poster above.

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NANCY



Cartoon with Our Kind of Twist

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Masquerade

We have a lot of photos of boys wearing girls' or sissy clothes from costume parties, fancy dress balls, Halloween contests, turnabout parties, etc. This picture came to us from a reader who dug out it out of his childhood photo album. At the time, his mother quickly threw together this comic Halloween costume with her wig and an old skirt. But we wonder, with his large T-shirt padded in front is he supposed to be fat or look like he's pregnant?

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Male "Maid of Honor"

Postings from the Etiquette-Network

Posted by Debra on September 13, 2000 at 14:49:01:

I would like to have my best friend as my "maid of honor," but he is male. I have spoken to my fiancée about this, and he is 100% supportive of my decision. Basically, I want to let people know my best friend's importance in my life. I am seeking suggestions for alternate ways to address him appropriately as my "maid of honor" in the invitations and during and at the wedding. I certainly do want to address him properly and with respect without others misunderstanding his role in my wedding.

Thanks!
Eleana

Follow Ups to Eleana's letter:

* Your male friend must certainly be special if you have chosen him as your maid of honor, which, as far as I am concerned, should be precisely how you should refer to him throughout your wedding.

Gender is a non-factor here; what is more important is your relationship with your friend, and by designating him your maid of honor, you are openly expressing how you feel. Anything less would diminish your expression. I strongly suggest you retain the title of maid of honor for your male friend. Whether or not you request him to wear a tux or a dress, well that is your own private decision.

Good Luck!



* My good friend Sandra was just married and she chose a boy she knew to be her "maid of honor." It was really sweet to see the way he "honored" her, as he must have done his homework and carried out all the appropriate responsibilities perfectly. He was referred to as the "maid of honor" throughout the ceremony and he even dressed to match the bridesmaids with matching colors, flowers, ribbons, etc. No, he did not wear a dress or anything like that but he did look and act quite feminine. So from my experience, I'd just leave the title as "maid of honor" and leave the gender factor to happen as it will.

Best Wishes.

* I too, have a good friend who was just married (August 2001), and she had her best friend Joey as her "Maid of Honor." Similar to your story, he was dressed and accessorized in every way possible to match the girls in the wedding party. He didn't wear a dress, but he did wear the cutest back button jumper and blouse combination in the same fabric and color as the girls' dresses, not to mention coordinating shoes (with a noticeable heel) and matching nylon trouser stockings. Add to that some lace, ribbons, and flowers and if you didn't know him, you'd really think he was just one of the girls. Best of all his behavior was absolutely adorable and everyone thought he was the perfect maid of honor. As for me, I absolutely urge any bride considering having a male maid of honor to abandon any gender prejudice and dress and accessorize him in any way she so desires, even if it means zipping him into a dress!

* I was asked to be a bridesmaid at a friends wedding, and the bride wanted me to dress like the other girls in the wedding. She thought I would be "so cute." Well, since she knows I am gay and really care about her, I went ahead with it. I had a wonderful time and received many compliments. I even went out a few times with one of the men I met at there. I am now spending more and more of my time dressing as a woman and took a part time job at the bride's family restaurant. What is really ironic is that her father has been making passes at me lately. (He and his wife are divorced.) So let him be a MOH in a dress. One never knows where it may lead.

* As a maid of honor he should wear a bridesmaid's dress. Otherwise he is Master of honor. As Master of honor it makes him the "Master" of the ceremony, which is not what you seem to want. If he is special enough to be your maid of honor then he should dress appropriately. I had a friend who had a male Maid of honor at her wedding. The friend never regretted dressing appropriately nor did the bride or her husband.

Best wishes

Rebecca

* If I were ever asked to be a maid of honor, I'd have no problems wearing a bridesmaid's dress, if the bride said that was what she wanted even though I'm a straight male with no persuasions in that direction ordinarily. If a bride thought enough of me to ask, I'd accept her conditions. I agree it would be a little strange to have all the female BM's then a guy in a dress as MOH, but there's nothing wrong with that - if it's what the bride wants.

* Why is it acceptable for women to wear men's clothes and not vice versa? A serious double standard needs to be addressed here. Have a great day!

Chantel

* I never heard anything more ridiculous! Not only should a male not wear a dress in a formal/religious situation, but doing so upstages the bride and groom on their special day. Not only would a man in a dress be distracting at the ceremony, it would also be the one thing most remembered about the couple's wedding day...not the love of this couple, but the fruit in the dress. A male bridesmaid should wear a tuxedo with a matching cummerbund, tie and flowers as the other bridesmaids.

* As a man I would have no problem with wearing a bridesmaid's dress if I was ever in this situation. I don't think it would make me any less of a man. I would consider it respecting a friend's wishes, and anyone who thought it ridiculous, would have little respect for the wishes of the bride. He should wear the dress and be proud you consider him important enough in your life, to be asked too. Let us know how you get on, and all the best to you.
Colin

* I never heard of a male bridesmaid, but I did have a boy flower girl -- my own son! When I remarried my second husband, all my kids wanted to be in the wedding. I have a ten-year-old daughter, and two sons, six and four. Well, Cindy was too old to be a flower girl, so she was one of the bridesmaids. Chuckie, my older son (who would have nothing to do with a dress) was the ring bearer, and that left little Carl. I talked him into being the flower girl because we had no little girls available. I convinced him that he'd have a lot of fun, and he did seem to enjoy the pretty white dress and all the lacy underthings. (Afterwards, he asked me why girls got to wear such pretty things and boys didn't. I told him boys could wear whatever they wanted, but most boys didn't want to wear girls' things. That was probably kind of a stupid answer but that's all I could think of at the time. We still have the dress and lingerie packed away. When I asked if he might want to wear it for a Halloween costume, he jumped at the chance! So if a bride wants a guy to be her maid of honor, and the guy wants to do it, I say why not? Even if they decide he should wear a dress!

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My True Life Story as a Brownie

Part 1

I'm nine years old in the picture here. It was a time in my life when I got to be very close to my loving but most atypical uncle. Whenever my mother had some shopping or errands to do, she had me stay with Uncle Pete. So every few days he looked after me, and on one of those days while we were walking through the park, he caught me staring at a couple of young girls in play dresses climbing around on the monkey bars, sliding across the bars, hanging from them and swinging themselves upside down.

He asked me why I was staring at them. Of course, I told him that I wasn't staring -- but I was. I liked looking at them, especially when they weren't very mindful about keeping their skirts down and exposing their panties. One girl had white panties on with some kind of flowers or a design

on them, I was too far away to see clearly, and the other girl had light blue panties on. Both pairs of panties looked so silky and pretty. I always had an attraction for girls' clothes. I was staring. I couldn't help it.

I had an older sister and did get to inspect her clothes close up from time to time, especially her underwear as they hung on the drying rack in the back room of our house, but I never had the courage to actually try any of them on. I didn't think they'd fit me, besides I knew I would be in serious trouble if I was ever caught doing anything like that.

After a bit of teasing and joking, Uncle Pete finally got me to admit that I was staring. Not only that, he got me to admit that I thought girls' clothes were pretty and that it might be fun to see what they felt like to wear. And it might be fun to see what I'd look like as a girl. When I got home from the park, I was blushing wildly, having admitted such things to my uncle, things I hadn't even clearly thought out for myself. My mother wanted to know why my face was so red. I just told her it was a little chilly out and the cold wind must have made my face so red.

Uncle Pete didn't pressure me about it, but for some reason or another whenever I was with him, the subject of boys in girls' clothes kept coming up. We'd see some guy on television dress up like a girl as a joke or for some contest show, or we'd see some pretty little girl in a fancy dress while we were out and around. He'd look at me and I knew he was thinking about the secrets I had shared with him. Then he'd make a comment and we'd start talking about it again. It made me embarrassed to talk with him like that - but I loved it! Even when we weren't talking about it, it seemed like the subject was always there just under the surface.

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My True Life Story as a Brownie

Part 2

One day I showed up at Uncle Pete's house, and he had a full set of girls' clothes in my size spread out on his bed. There were a pink party dress, a long white slip and some peach-colored panties made out of a silky material with white lace on the front. The moment I saw them, I knew they were for me.

He sat down on the bed, pulled me close to him and said, "Thought you still might be wondering about what it would be like to be a girl. I got these things for you. Now, you can give it a try."

"Oh, uncle, whose clothes are these?"

"They're yours, Ron. I picked them up for a few pence at the



church jumble sale."

Tears of joy, confusion, embarrassment and a million other sensations were going through me. He thought I was going to all out cry, and he made a move to take me out of the room, thinking maybe it was all a bit too much for me, but I stopped, turned and looked at the frilly clothes. I knew I didn't want to move away from them. Once again he sat on the bed. When he started to unbutton my shirt, I didn't resist. As he helped me out of my boy clothes an urgency built up in me. I couldn't wait to put on those lovely clothes. I hurriedly stripped out of everything I had on and just dropped them on the floor. He gently helped me into the panties - wow! Were they great! Then the cool, silky slip went over my head and slid down over me, the ruffled dress took the same path and the nerves over my entire body were tingling with joy.

While he dressed me, he made me feel good about what I was doing by telling me that while growing up, he became fascinated with girl scouting troops, especially Brownie girls. He loved their uniforms, their camaraderie, and sweet innocence. He wished he could have had a uniform like them and joined a Brownie pack.

I loved the clothes even though I was so embarrassed wearing them in front of him. He did everything he could to make me feel comfortable, but I knew what I was doing was naughty and shameful; still it was the most exciting thing I had ever done. I admitted to him that I liked the Brownie dress girls wore too, and it was so cute when you could see their panties under their uniform. Uncle Pete said that he'd see what he could do to get me a uniform like that!

This all happened more thirty years ago. Today the standard Brownie uniform features culottes and a sweatshirt, but in those days, the UK Brownie uniform was a long-sleeved plain brown dress with two patch pockets, a leather belt and a yellow neckband that was worn under the collar of the dress. On many girls the dress was very short because parents typically bought only one dress for their approximately two-year membership time in Brownies, and of course, as the girl grew taller the dress became shorter and shorter.

My uncle bought me my first Brownie dress from a secondhand clothing store. Even though I was small for my age, we knew it was far too small before I even tried it on. It was so short it barely covered my panties (or knickers as we call all types of girls' panties in the UK), and the full-length sleeves only covered two-thirds of my arms! It was ridiculously short, but my uncle and I both loved me in it until he could find another one at a secondhand store that fitted me perfectly. He also bought me the official Brownie Guide Handbook from which I could read and learn all about being a Brownie. I learned how the Brownies came into being, the Brownie Promise and the Brownie Song (without knowing the actual tune!).

One evening every week, I would put on the uniform, become 'Veronica' and go through what we thought was the ritual of a Brownie meeting. Following requirements outlined in the guidebook, I learned how to make a cake, make tea and coffee, sew on buttons and repair clothes. I learned about birds and butterflies and conservation, as well as houseplants and arranging flowers. In general, I learned how to help others in almost every way possible. Only after my uncle tested me and I demonstrated my skill and knowledge in a particular area did he award me the respective Interest Badge that I then sewed onto my dress myself. I was awarded

my sewing badge after sewing on my Interest Badges!

My uncle got the badges by purchasing old Brownie dresses (even ones that were much too small for me) that had badges left on them at second hand stores wherever he took one of his many trips into the country. I felt very pleased when I considered that I had earned every one of the Interest Badges through my own efforts, even if I was not an official member of the Brownie Guides. To be an official member would have been a lot more difficult, although, thinking about it now, had I built up the courage and confidence to dress as a girl in public a little sooner, I might even have managed that.

When I was young I looked very girlish plus I looked about two years younger than my chronological age. When we went out in public dressed like a girl no one ever guessed that I was actually a boy. I would dress in various girls' dresses and skirt-blouse combinations, but my favorite was to go about dressed as a Brownie. Most people just took it for granted that I was on my way to or from a Brownie function or meeting and being so readily accepted helped build my confidence when out dressed like a girl.

Uncle Pete knew how much I wished I could have gone to an actual Brownie meeting. He said he understood completely because he had similar desires when he was my age. I wonder how many other boys felt the same way we did. I liked being a boy and fully accepted that I was one. And I liked doing the things boys did. It was just that I ALSO wanted to be a girl. I wanted to look like a girl, dress like a girl, and act like a girl. I wanted to do all the things girls did. At times I felt I was a girl and should only have been doing girl things rather than boy things. I wanted to play gentle, rather than play rough as boys did. I wanted to look sweet and dress pretty. I liked pretty things. I liked to see girls looking pretty and wanted to look pretty myself. Boys neither looked nor dressed pretty. Boys wore trousers, which, to me, were not look pretty at all. Girls wore dresses, which were pretty. So I wanted to look and dress like a girl.

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My True Life Story as a Brownie

Part 3

One night, Uncle Pete announcement in the evening and Brownies were to march services on the following Thinking Day, which is held nearest 22nd February (the the Guide movement) for the World Guide family.

Uncle suggested I might want wanted to, but how could I do belong to a Brownies pack?

Quite simple, my uncle said. a dress bought at a second sewed it on my uniform.

the Guide's march in nearby Birmingham, and we were all set. And on that Sunday, I dressed once again as 'Veronica' in my uniform, and we drove to Birmingham and parked where the Brownies and Guides were assembling for the march. It wasn't particularly cold for February, so most of the girls marched without cardigans and coats. I loved being with them and seeing them in just their uniforms. Uncle found a Brownie leader and explained we were visiting from Bristol and asked her if his niece (me) could join her pack for the day. She agreed and I was soon amongst hundreds of real girls. Initially, I was quite apprehensive being a ten-year-old boy cast in the midst of all these girls, most of them were between six and eight years old, a few who were nine years old at the most, the age when they graduated to become regular Guides. This was the acid test! I guess I passed OK, looking young enough to be taken for one of them and being readily accepted.

After being introduced to some of them as a visiting guest Brownie, a number of them adopted me and I began to feel more at ease. I took a place alongside the older girls in the rows at the back of the pack, quite a few of them were taller than me and that made me feel a bit more comfortable. We began the twenty-minute march to the church. I had been outside dressed like a Brownie and in other girls' clothes many times, but separated from uncle and just marching alone with young girls, giggling and talking in excited tones -- this was different. Quite different!

After filing into the church and sitting down, the service started with the Brownie Guide Song. I knew the words, but the tune was nothing like Uncle Pete and I had imagined it to be! I had to



showed me an newspaper that the Guides and then attend church Sunday to celebrate each year on the Sunday birthday of the founder of members to think about the

to take part. Of course, I that when I didn't really

He took a pack badge from hand store in Bristol, and I Then he got details about

mime the words rather than give away that I did not know the tune! It was the same with Brownie Bells, the prayer that is sung at the end of every meeting. After the service had finished, all the girls met their parents outside the church. I of course met Uncle Pete, and after saying good-bye to the girls, we headed for the car. I could not believe how well the day went or that I had actually done what I did. It was not only a night to remember, it added so much to my confidence. Although I did continue to go out in the evenings dressed as a Brownie, I was getting older and growing taller, and I began to think that I'd never again have a chance to join other Brownie girls at any of their functions.

Uncle knew I wanted to do such things; so one evening he told me I'd be going to a Brownies' meeting the following week. I didn't think he was serious, since he often said he'd take me to a meeting, but it never materialized. Then the appointed day arrived. He picked me up at school and announced I had a meeting to go to. He produced my uniform, and excitedly, I changed right there in the car without regard for any passersby who might have taken notice of me changing from Ronnie the boy to Veronica the Brownie girl.

As he drove us back to Birmingham, Uncle Pete said he had arranged for me to attend a Brownie meeting along with the girls I had befriended on Thinking Day. Realizing that this was for real and not pretend, I told Uncle I wasn't sure if this was a good idea. What if someone found out I was a boy? How would they react? But, how would they find out unless I told them? After all, I did look like a girl when dressed like one. I REALLY wanted to go, but in truth, I was terrified. Just as we pulled up to a church hall where the meeting was to take place, a Guider (leader) with three Brownies alongside her walked towards us.

Uncle Pete jumped out of the car, opened my door and helped me out. Thankfully he blocked their view of me because I was so nervous that I forgot how to modestly get out of a car. Uncle reintroduced me to them. I didn't have time to wallow in my nervousness as the three chattering girls took me by my hands and led me off, giggling and talking miles a minute. I turned to see the leader tell Uncle Pete to come back for me at 8 pm.

I began to relax as we talked. It was early so we helped the leader set up the room for the meeting. I intended to make the most of the occasion. As we positioned chairs and decorated tables, I got to know the girls. Their names were Clare, Julie and Helen. I told them my name was Veronica but known as Ronnie and I was nine years old and from Bristol. They asked me about Bristol, whether I had any brothers or sisters and about my Brownie Pack. I made up answers. They noticed all my Interest Badges and told me I must have worked hard to get the number that I had.

As more girls arrived, I was introduced to them. We hung posters about conservation on the walls and laid out books on various subjects onto a couple of tables. Finally, we placed a big plastic toadstool in the middle of the floor. I knew what that was for, I had read about it in my Handbook. We would start the meeting off by singing and skipping around it. Wow! This was a REAL Brownies' meeting! What if my mates found out about me doing this! Or the boys at my school? Or even worse, my mum and sister! I knew I had to be very careful not to give myself away.

The Guider thanked us for our help once we had the room all ready, and since it was still about ten minutes before the meeting, she told us to go outside and play for a few minutes. About 15 Brownies were already gathered there and others were arriving by the minute. Little groups began to form. Some girls just talked quietly amongst themselves. Others began to skip rope or ran back and forth playing tag. I had been staying close to Helen and Julie, and I realized we were in line to take our turn to skip. Help I thought! I had never skipped rope before and didn't want to end up flat on my face.

I was greatly relieved when they complained that the wait was too long and stepped out of line and walked toward a garden wall. I followed, but to my horror, Helen and Julie began doing handstands against the wall and encouraging me to do the same. Help, again! I thought. What do I do now? As soon as their feet went over their head and came to rest against the wall, their dresses dropped down over their chests to reveal both were wearing shorts. They kept their feet against the wall for as long as they could before returning to earth. With all the blood having rushed to their heads, their faces were bright red but now that they were standing on their feet again, their coloration began to return to normal. As they straightened their skirts, they kept urging me to do a headstand.

"Come on Ronnie, you have a go! It's your turn now. How long can you stay up for?"

I backed away, but they badgered me to give it a try. What was I going to do? I had never done a handstand before. It was something little girls did. And here was I being pushed into doing one. And even if I managed to get myself up, my dress would drop over my head and reveal my lace panties to the whole world! And worse than that, they'd probably notice the outline of something quite strange in my panties. Then I remembered seeing girls on the playground at my school minimize exposing their panties by tucking the hem of their skirt into the legbands of their panties when they weren't wearing shorts.

Reluctantly, I agreed I to do a handstand. It took me a few goes at it, but I was finally able to tuck quite a bit of my skirt under the legband of my panties in front and on each side. It took me a few goes to get my legs over my head and put my feet against the wall, but I finally did manage it. I felt terrific. Not only was I attending Brownies, here I was managing to do a handstand as the girls did at school, with my dress tucked into my panties. This was better than being a boy! Both Julie and Helen giggled a bit.

"Right pretty panties, you're wearing, Ronnie. I wish I had some that nice," Julie said.

"I used to have some lacy like that when I was little," Helen said.

When she was little! That broke my concentration, and I came tumbling down. Then I noticed that a few other girls had gathered around, some of them were doing handstands too and a few were looking at me and giggling. I wondered if they were laughing because I came falling down or because I was wearing such fancy panties. Surely they weren't laughing because they noticed anything unusual in my panties! No, I was sure my skirt had been well tucked in and they could only see some of my pink panties from the sides.

Soon we were all called into the meeting. I pulled my dress out of my panties and tidied it up. Brownies did have to look smart, after all! There were three Guiders and about 25 girls. I wondered if the meeting would go as Uncle Pete and I had previously guessed it would.

We stood quietly once we were called to order. We were all welcomed to the meeting. I was singled out as a visitor, which was embarrassing, especially when they gave me the Pack Salute. This was a hand clap given three times, once above the head, once to the right and once to the left, followed by the Brownie Salute. With each clap the word 'welcome' was called. Thankfully, I remembered that I had to return the salute; otherwise they might have wondered about me and started asking questions. Since I had become acquainted with Julie, Helen and Clare, and they were members of the Imps Six, the Guider told me that I'd be a member of that Six for the night, and so I went and stood with them, all easily identifiable by the yellow patch on their sleeve that had an Imp embroidered onto it. Two Guiders put their hands together to make a gate and all the girls began to clap and skip and get into line. I did likewise.

In lieu of the words, they began to 'la' the Brownie song. I vaguely remembered the tune from Thinking Day. Each of the la-laing and clapping Sixes skipped through the gate before forming a circle around the toadstool. Then they began to sing the Brownie song with the proper words. If my memory is right, the words were:

"We're Brownie Guides, we're Brownie Guides, we're here to lend a hand,
To love our God and serve our Queen and help our homes and land,
We've Brownie friends; we've Brownie friends in north, south, east and west,
We're joined together in our wish to try to do our best".

Notices were then given out about forthcoming plans for the pack as well as a run through of what was to happen that night. We were also told to read the posters on the walls, as we would all find them of interest. It appeared that posters were put up each week covering a different subject. Once the notices had finished, we all held hands and sang the song once again, before breaking the circle. Having been told to go into our Sixes for some Badge work, I joined the girls of the Imps Six.

Julie was the Sixer for the Imps and was therefore in charge. She wanted to know from the other girls what they had done during the past week. Karen, who had only been in the Brownies for a few months (she couldn't have been much above six), was having problems with her sewing. Since all the other girls in the Six were involved in their own projects, and since I already had my sewing Interest Badge, Julie asked me to help Karen, which I happily did. After about 10 minutes, she had improved dramatically; after all, it was only basic stitches that she had to learn. I quite enjoyed helping her. I was of course keeping the last part of the Brownie Promise - "A Brownie thinks of others before herself and does a good turn every day."

I wonder if I still would have been asked to help if it was known that I was a boy!

After badge work, we played a few games. Some of them were quite energetic and a number of the girls really played to win, which I found surprising. I thought only boys played hard like that. One game was called Body Parts. You had to draw an outline of a body and indicate where you

thought your heart, kidneys, lungs etc. were. Every time I now see children playing this game, I think of my night in the Brownies.

We then played a memory game that I enjoyed. We sat cross-legged on the floor in a big circle around the toadstool, and one girl sat in the middle wearing a blindfold. She was given an object and had to guess what she was holding by the smell and feel, and by deciding if the answers given by the other girls to her guesses were right or not. (In this all-girl environment, I noticed many of the girls sat carelessly exposing their shorts or panties. I made sure my dress was well tucked under my legs, especially when it was my turn in the middle!)

Next they discussed plays as they tried to decide on one to do for their parents and friends later that year. I laughed a bit to myself when they discussed and then ruled out Robin Hood because there are too many boys' parts in it, and there weren't any boys in the pack! If they only knew! One girl said she didn't care which play they did as long as she didn't up playing the part of a boy again! I never did find out which they chose for a decision was put off till the following week.

The time passed quickly, and soon it was nearly over. We formed a circle for the last time. Holding hands, we sang the prayer Brownie Bells. I remembered the tune from the Thinking Day service and so was able to sing along as they sang "O Lord our God, thy children call, grant us peace and bless us all". Amazing how I can remember it to this day after all this time!

As the meeting came to a close, I was thanked for coming and told I would be welcome again, but due to my age, it was thought I would soon have completed my Highway Journey into the Girl Guides. I was given the Pack Salute once again, but this time it was 'good-bye' that was called with each clap. After standing still, the other girls gave me the Brownie Salute, and I returned it to them. With that, the meeting broke up. I offered to help clean up, but a lot of the girls were doing that and I saw my help wasn't needed.

Once again good-byes were said, and I walked out of the hall. Outside Uncle Pete was waiting, along with many of the girls' parents. I waved good-bye to the girls as I got into his car. Wow, what a night. I was now so relaxed, especially after remembering how nervous I had been as the start of the night.

I must have driven Uncle Pete mad the number of times I spoke about it afterwards, but I never did get to another pack meeting. I was after all getting older and it was increasingly difficult for me to pass as a nine year old. I did graduate to Girl Guides and worked from the Guide Handbook in exactly the same way as I had done with the Brownies. I went about in public (usually in the evenings) dressed as a Guide in a uniform bought in exactly the same way as my Brownie dress, but I never did get to a Girl Guide meeting or attend Thinking Day dressed as a Guide. I think the main reason for this was that as I got older, I began to look more and more like a young man and therefore it was getting increasingly difficult for me to pass as a girl. If I wasn't convincing when dressed as a girl without the aid of make-up then I didn't want to go out so dressed in public. I did continue to dress as a girl at Uncle Pete's house but even that came to an end when he moved away to work in Brighton.

I am truly grateful to my Uncle for giving me opportunities that I now realize other boys only dream about, and I think back to those days frequently. It's not the kind of subject society talks about in general, but I cannot for one moment think that I was the ONLY boy who not only had such feelings, but who also went about in public frequently dressed as a girl, with or without help from anyone else. I'm pictured on this page in one of the nice dresses my uncle had purchased for me.

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Acculturation of His Desires

Part 2

Patrick's mother used to put red polish on his nails too. His father, a disgusting macho jerk, never paid much attention to those little mother-son girly games, but on several occasions when his mother had refused to have sex with his father, the old man took out his anger on Patrick. He'd masturbate while he forced the boy to put on some of his mother's lingerie and dance around like a stripper. It usually would culminate with Patrick's father grabbing him by his hair and forcing him down in front of his cock so he could spay his cum in the boy's startled face. Patrick's mother knew what was going on, but she ignored it, preferring instead to sit back, stoke up some weed in her pipe and drink vodka until she passed out.

Aunt Gwen had left the door to her bedroom wide open on this night, sure that the boy's curiosity would lead him to investigate, and soon Patrick stood at her doorway masturbating himself through the silky folds of his white nightie, using both of his hands to run up and down the full length of his huge cock and massage it through the exciting, sleek nylon. He had heard about such things as two women making it together but never thought he'd see it with his own eyes. Yet, there before him, Cherie had her face buried between his aunt's thighs. As she breathily gnawed away, her butt waved around high in the air. He could see she had a dildo in her asshole, buzzing away and making her dance and shake with convulsions of pleasure. But she steadfastly kept her mouth glued to his aunt's glistening pussy. Patrick had never seen a woman naked, and here were two beautiful women spread out before him wearing fully opened wispy negligees making love with abandon. It was too much for the boy. He didn't hold back; he couldn't hold back. With loud grunts and tears of pleasure running down his face, he spurted heavy sprays of jism into the nightie bunched up in his hands around his throbbing meat. He steadied himself by falling against the doorjamb. With eyes closed he reveled in the silky touch of the nightie against his skin and the tingling sensations of his powerful orgasm.

When he opened his eyes, he was staring into the face of his aunt Gwen and Cherie. They were eyeing the sodden front of the delicate white nightie with disgust. They could even smell the stench of his spend. The two women glanced at each other with a knowing look. Aunt Gwen had been right; the boy was ripe for the picking, a wimp ready to be ramrodded into complete femininity. She already had a supply of female hormones ready and waiting and was going to start adding them to his food first thing in the morning. She pretended to be angry.

"What's the meaning of this, you disgusting little boy?"

Patrick was dazed, speechless from his depleting orgasm and the shock of being face to face with his dominant aunt and her maid, both with a look of horror on their face. The women had been caught in the depths of a perverse lesbian act, they should have been the ones to be embarrassed and cowering, but they knew a boy his age never thought that way, he was consumed with how perverse he looked to his aunt. She knew exactly what she was doing. She knew how to treat males, especially ones like Patrick who were young and easy to manipulate.

The women's greatest shock was discovering the size of the boy's erect penis – it had to be at least ten inches long, and his balls were huge, but Gwen and Cherie kept their surprise to themselves, each of them instantly dreaming up uses for such a big, beautiful tool! Aunt Gwen grabbed him by the ear. She was hurting him as she propelled him on wobbly legs into her room. Cherie helped to pull the nightie off over his head and they made him stand there naked before them. They knew how to humble a boy. Despite his still partially erect, stud-size dripping penis waving up and down with his every pout and moan, their grinning faces killed any masculine feelings the extremely well-equipped boy might have had at that moment. Gwen had Cherie take a soft pair of silk pink panties out of a drawer and hold them open for the boy; he didn't resist. He stepped into them. They were beautiful, expensive panties with delicate lace edging. Patrick would have loved the panties under any other circumstances, but standing there abashed and befuddled all he could do was beg to be spared any further humiliation.

“My dear, boy, you are a pervert. You proved that by what you just did. Well, there's only one cure for a sex pervert like you, a Peeping Tom who gets his jollies by watching women love each other. For now on, I'm going to treat you like a girl. Your mother and father fucked you up, and now I have to deal with you in the best way I can. I'm going to turn you into a girl. That's the only hope there is for you, the only hope that you will turn out to be a decent human being. You'll never be able to make it as a man. All I can do with you is turn you into a sissy slut. Now that I've covered up that disgustingly smelly penis and your repulsive big balls with a nice pair of my panties, you'll do everything I tell you to do, without question, or I'll take away that thing that seems to give you so much pleasure. I have a friend who is a nurse. I'll have her cut off your prick and balls, cook them for dinner and feed them to you! Or maybe I'll have them stuffed and then butt fuck you with your own miserable cock.

“Cherie, get him the matching pink nightie. Then we'll put him into bed between us, so we can make sure he doesn't start playing with his cock again.

“One more thing. From now on, you are no longer Patrick; your new name is Tricia! Get into my bed.”

The boy's reaction to being dressed in a girls' nightie proved that Aunt Gwen was right about the nature of his libido. He cowered as she forced him into panties this first time; he began accepting his shame and her bossiness. He liked girly things but he had thought that part of his life was over. His hope to be like other boys as much as possible was now more remote than ever. Tricia's punishment began that night and would continue for a long time. His life was soon to be filled with a lot of corporal discipline, stress, fear and humiliation. Aunt Gwen was thrilled with how her plan was unfolding. There was something so satisfying in the destruction of this miserable little boy's shaky masculinity. She believed in absurdism, the idea that we live in a meaningless universe and the more we try to bring order to it, the more we are in conflict with the universe; hence her own passions and interests were all that mattered, and by destroying Patrick's masculinity, she was destroying his desire to conform. She was sure that ultimately he'd thank her for what she was doing, bring him out in the open and let him be the slutty little girl that deep down she knew he really wanted to be. Maybe he didn't know it yet, but she did!

“You’re a very poor specimen of a boy. That big cock of yours is a waste on a sissy like you. But I’ll use it when it pleases me, and when I get tired of it, we’ll get rid of it. To force yourself to conform to being a boy is against nature, my dear boy. Nature is ruthless and not meant to be controlled. The best you can do is relax and go along for the ride. You’re a lousy boy, you can’t be completely a girl, but I can make you into a pretty good faux girl, so get used to the idea!”

With the new panties on Patrick -- now Tricia, his tingling penis erected once again to its full stiffness and stood out straight and stiff, bulging out obscenely in the front of the panties, reconfirming to Gwen that she was indeed doing the right thing. And she was going to have a lot of fun seeing this kid’s life as a boy come to an end.

Delighted by the success of the first attempt to crossdress the boy, Gwen and Cherie were ready to go all out and transform Tricia into a fabulous little girlie-boy. Except for his cock, Tricia was small and slender and Cherie’s clothes and lingerie fit him well. Makeup and wigs were added, and Gwen demanded that Tricia not only look like a girl, but act like one too. Tricia was taught how to walk like a girl. Immediately he had to stop walking with a boyish free-swinging gait. Whenever they caught him walking like a boy instead of mincing along, he was punished with an immediate and sizzling strapping applied to his lace-pantied bottom. It wasn’t good enough not to walk like a slovenly little boy, Tricia had to walk like a sexy little lady, putting a teasing wiggle in her walk, rolling her silk-covered buttocks and swaying her hips from side to side, so she could be constantly reminded of her femininity as her skirt and slip and panties all slid against each other. Aunt Gwen and Cherie enjoyed many hours of amusement as they instructed Tricia in the art of being a young lady.

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Aunt Gwen and Cherie had all kinds of plans
on how to use Patrick's huge cock and balls.





Acculturation of His Desires

Part 3

The trio lived alone in the isolated house, devoid of prying neighbors and intruding relatives. In the beginning, Tricia could not admit, even to herself, that she welcomed the change from boy to girl. He resisted. No, he wasn't much of a boy to start with, but he didn't want to give up his masculinity. Daily he lived in fear that his aunt would make good on her threat to cut off his cock and balls. She made him tell her each day how much he loved his pretty clothes. Sure they were pretty and felt good to wear, but he didn't want to be a girl. Aunt Gwen made him beg her each day to be turned into a girl. He'd say it because she wanted him to say it; she was firmly in charge and that's how she tormented him and kept at bay his dreams of growing up to

be a man. Tricia was under the watchful eye of his tormentors even when he went to the bathroom. No longer could he do it standing up, holding his thing the way boys do. No, Tricia was a girlie-boy, and therefore condemned to do it sitting down, with her skirt up and her delicate panties stretched across her thighs for her to stare at while she did her little peepees. Aunt Gwen said he would never be allowed to go to the bathroom alone because he couldn't be trusted not to masturbate. But masturbating wasn't the only thing that would earn him a spanking or some other form of punishment. Every time Tricia forgot her training -- not speaking in a soft lisping voice, not sitting modestly with her legs together, not swishing like a faggot when she walked, or any of a hundred other things -- she would be subjected to spankings, tight bondage, and debased in the most extreme ways his captors could conceive.

Tricia was taught not to object to any use the women made of his body, no matter how intimate or embarrassing. Most of the things done to him gave him pleasure even when they involved pain and humiliation. That confused the young boy and made him wonder if he was losing his mind. During any day, at a moment's notice, he had to stop what he was doing, lift his skirt and slip and submit himself for panty inspection, a job the women took very seriously. They'd examine every inch of the silky fabric and dainty trimmings of his panties, making sure that there were no telltale signs of a penis leaking any sort of fluid. Throughout these inspections, he had to remain perfectly still, even though the ladies snapped and adjusted his elastics, repeatedly smoothed the nylon over his hips and ass and toyed with his penis, demanding at one moment that it should be kept hard, and then at another moment, berating him because his erection was offensive. Sometimes they would spank his pantied penis and balls, and at other times they pulled down the front of his panties so they could poke at, pinch and laugh at his naked penis. At times, when she sensed his cum had built up to the bursting point, Aunt Gwen would have Cherie take Patrick's cock into her mouth and suck on him until she drained him of his juices, but she would not swallow it.

“That stuff belongs to you,” Aunt Gwen would say, as she’d direct Cherie to spit his cum into his mouth so he could swallow it.

“Before long, I’ll have you taking cum from other men and boys. It can be your little contribution to the world and prove to me that you do have a purpose in life. I’ve had my fill of men and their nasty cocks, but I have a lot of male friends and obligations. It’s one way that you can make yourself useful around here.”

“Aunt Gwen, you . . . you don’t mean that you want me . . . “

“Of course, I do. I want you to become an accomplished cocksucker. In case you didn’t know. That’s what faggot sissy boys like you do. They suck cock. Some days I’ll have you gobbling up so much boy cum that you’ll be too full to even think about wanting to have any normal food to eat that day.”

Cherie giggled at the thought. Patrick felt his stomach churn. Just the idea was making him sick. His father had molested him in horrible ways, but at least Patrick never had to suck his dad’s cock. His aunt was making it sound like she intended to make his life even more unbearable than it had been with his parents.

“And being a faux little girl will also require you to make your little bottom pussy available for your boyfriends.”

“What does that mean, Aunty?”

“Well, it means that your little boyfriends will put their penises up between your ass cheeks and fuck you from behind, my dear.”

“NO!”

“Well, of course, dear, it’s all part of your training. Don’t get upset about it. I’m sure you’ll learn to love it once we get your asshole stretched out so you can accommodate a man blessed with a big penis.

Abhorring the idea, Patrick turned to run from the room. This had all gone on much too long, and it was getting very scary. He didn’t know where he’d go or what he’d do, but he knew he did not want men to fuck him in the face and ass. Memories of his fat, disgusting father abusing him flooded his mind. He remembered being forced to dance for his father in a big silky pair of his mother’s panties, while his father masturbated and shot his cum at him. More than once his mother sat nearby and watched, laughing and telling him what a great little cunt he was going to grow up to be. He had hated it then and he hated the idea of it even more now. But before he could get away, the women grabbed him and wrestled him to the ground. They laughed when they saw his hard cock tentpoling his stretchy silk panties.

“Maybe you say you don’t like being used like a girl, but your cock surely likes the idea! Believe me, I’m making you into what you were meant to be. Don’t be mad at me for the life your

miserable parents set you up for. Now, be a good little girl. Cherie will get you ready for bed now. I'm going to pick out especially pretty panties for you to wear tonight, and I'll get one of my special little books loaded with girly boy pictures in it, and we'll study it together as I jack you off. When you're ready to cum, I'll pull your panties back and aim your cock upward so you can squirt your dirty jism right at your face, maybe even catch some in your mouth. You'll like that. Then you can sleep with cock juice on your face and dream about taking care of all your new little boyfriends.

"To be a sissyboy in every way means giving pleasure to a man in girlish ways," Cherie added.

"Oh, please, I could never, never do anything like that! Not with a man!"

"Of course you can, Tricia, and you will. And soon."

Patrick was determined never to do such things.

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Acculturation of His Desires

Part 4

Three months later, Gwen was entertaining Leo and Ruby Comstock. During college, Gwen and Ruby had been roommates and lesbian lovers. They had kept in touch ever since, so when Gwen had taken in Patrick and began turning him into Tricia, she told Ruby about it.

And when Gwen was ready to take Patrick's feminization to a new level, she invited Ruby and her husband to join the fun and help her with the process. Ruby and Leo had a marriage of convenience. Both came from wealthy families and

both were gay, but they had to keep up family and social appearances so they got married. They were actually very good friends and had a lot in common since they both were on the board of the city's leading art museum. They also shared an interest in the symphony, and were two of the orchestra's biggest benefactors. They just never slept together.

Ruby liked young women artists, and with her position on the board and her influence over many gallery owners, she had an ever-ready supply of sweet, adventurous young women. Leo liked very young boys, especially feminine boys, and that is why Gwen had invited them for this fun weekend. Now they were all gathered in Gwen's family room. Tricia was serving them cocktails and snacks. Even he was drinking a glass of chardonnay. Aunt Gwen decided that he needed it

because he had been extremely upset of late since his breasts were starting to develop. He suspected his aunt was somehow making that happen but he knew nothing about female hormones or the fact that she had been feeding them to him daily since she had started his feminization. The wine was also to help assuage any fears he had about this evening. He had a pretty good idea of what his aunt was going to make him do. He had learned to accept her authority, but that didn't stop him from being very nervous. He was dressed in a short dark blue dress with a very full skirt and a dainty little apron. And with a stylish new wig, he made a lovely looking maid. Cherie put on some soft music and turned down the lights as Gwen took Tricia and led him over to Leo. She had him pull up his skirts and full slips before seating him in just his frilly white panties on the man's lap. Tricia could feel that Leo was well equipped and hard. The man's warm penis pressed against Tricia's butt encased in the sexy panties. Patrick dreaded what he knew was expected of him. He feared that man's big penis even though his Aunt Gwen had been preparing him for this moment by nightly fucking him with a series of ever-larger dildos. The wine brightened Tricia's cheeks and made his eyes shine brightly. Leo encircled Patrick's slim waist with his brawny arms. Tricia sat with her knees spread apart. The hem of his satin skirt rode up to the middle of his pale thighs as he squirmed on Leo's lap. Leo kept his hand under that skirt, leisurely stroking the boy-girl's big penis and balls within his silky panties.

Tricia was nervous and whispered to Cherie that he had to go to the little girls' room. She took him by the hand and led him away. When they returned he saw Aunt Gwen, Ruby and Leo talking in low tones. He knew they were talking about him. His stomach twisted with both excitement and terror. He felt small and helpless, at their mercy. They all turned their lustful faces toward him. They smiled evilly. Tricia knew that the most dreaded part of this weekend was going to begin.

Aunt Gwen commanded him to come to her. The pleasant joking tone of her voice was gone, replaced with acrimony. Whenever she changed into her harsh and demanding mode, it aroused him as well as intimidated and scared him.

"Let me check your panties," she said. "A girl has to be perfect in matters of personal hygiene, I won't have you making any kind of a mess in your panties when you use the bathroom, so up with your skirt."

Blushing and squirming, Tricia raised his skirt up to his waist. The thin fabric of his panties made them almost transparent, exposing his erecting penis. Aunt Gwen turned him around to face their guests and invited them to conduct his panty inspection. They reacted with delight at seeing the boy's huge tool so sexily presented to them. Ruby's large breasts swelled and strained against her blouse as she breathed heavily, leaned forward and took hold of his pantied penis with one hand and then began fingering his big pantied balls with her other hand.

"Everything looks quite nice and tidy down here," she said as she closely eyed the firm and growing boy meat in her hands.

"Oops! What's this? I do see a little droplet of something here." She touched the end of his penis through the panties where a bead of moisture was emerging. She gathered a bit of the wetness on her fingertip, turned toward her husband and stuck that finger into Leo's mouth.

He contemplated the flavor for a moment. “Precum! This slutty little boy is rapidly getting excited,” he announced.

“Tricia,” his aunt scolded, “you know better than to stain your expensive new panties. Such insolence! You’ll have to be punished for this!”

So often it was like that for Patrick, sexual excitement mixed with fear and humiliation. The terror of being treated like a kid caught with wet panties on top of being teased and manipulated to knee-weakening thrills.

Leo and Ruby stood up next to Cherie and his aunt. With the four of them looming over him, he felt hemmed in by these large adults. His throat was dry and his cheeks burned as they undressed him. It was very sexy to have his dress and slips taken off by these lecherous adults, all hungering for his feminized boyhood. They wanted him to be both a boy and a girl for them. Being the center of adult sexual excitement made him feel powerful, but he knew it was temporary. He sensed that their gentle and teasing way of handling him would soon turn. He knew he was about to experience new kinds of pain and horror.

Tricia had never been so lovingly handled by anyone as he was now being handled by Leo, who was stripping and groping him in a loving way. The smell and touch of a man was so different from the perfumed delicate way women handled him. It was both sexy and scary. In many ways Leo reminded him of his own father, who had put Patrick in panties then tormented him and sprayed his cum on him, always followed by hearty condescending laughter. He wondered if Leo was going to laugh at him too when he was finished using him. He knew that was it. He knew Leo was the central figure here. He knew it was time for his aunt to follow through with her desire for him to take a real cock in his mouth and ass. Tricia was afraid but resigned to it. He had no choice. He had nowhere to go, especially now that his breasts were growing. And now that his dress and slip was off and he stood bare-chested in just nylons and frilly panties, the four adults grinned in appreciation of his sensitive enlarged nipples and sprouting little titties. Like a flock of birds, their eight large hands descended upon him, groped and massaged his tender breasts. The slightest touch on his nipples teased and tormented him, and now with all this attention, his head ached with pain and pleasure. His huge penis throbbed inside his white panties. The size and firmness of it did not go unnoticed. Now hands were stroking his cock as well as his breasts. It felt great but he knew other strange, great and painful sensations were soon to come. He felt himself being hoisted onto Leo’s lap. That was when he first noticed that Leo was naked from the waist down. Leo’s penis was large but not any larger than his own. Leo’s penis was red and glistening, coated with a greasy balm. Tricia got only a momentary glimpse of it as he was being seated on the man’s lap. But then he felt it nestled against his pantied ass cheeks. It felt like a million little hands were helping. Hands eased aside the stretchy legband of his panties. Leo’s hot slippery cock was aimed at his rosebud; after a little squirming to get everything correctly positioned and few mild thrusts, that cock entered Tricia’s bottom.

“O-o-o-o-ouch!” he screamed. The pain in his ass was counterpointed with a stinging slap across his face.

“Be quiet,” his aunt shouted, “you thankless little slut! Leo is making a real girlie boy out of you now. Stop your yelling and complaining. Get into the flow and learn to love it. This is what you were made for, you slutty little panty boy!

“Here this will make you feel better,” she said as she started to stroke his cock in his panties.

The pain was not that great, but the horror of what was happening to him had made his cock collapse. But Aunt Gwen’s ministrations and Leo’s cock rubbing up against his prostate were now bringing Patrick’s cock back to its full rigidity. He had been prepared for this moment with his aunt’s dildos, but a real cock was different. It was alive like a snake up his butt. It wiggled and moved inside him unlike any greasy dildo. It was very unnerving. Just the idea of having a man’s hard cock up his ass was the most frightening factor.

As Leo started to cum, his cock grew so thick and hard that it made Tricia’s head spin. The hot cock throbbed as it deposited the dirty old man’s semen into his young butt. It was agonizing and something Tricia would never forget. As Leo’s cock abated, it continued to throb, gradually growing smaller and smaller and then finally sliding out of Tricia’s asshole with a quick, wet shrinking motion. The three women helped the boy to his feet, turned him toward Leo and then forced him down on his knees. It was time to clean off the man’s dirty, smelly, greasy cock, and they made Tricia do it — lovingly — with his mouth and tongue. As he did it, Tricia was amazed to feel the man’s dick grow with renewed life. It grew in his mouth. It took a long time for Leo to cum again, but after an endless series of jackhammer strokes banging up against Tricia’s lips, Leo pulled his penis out of the boy’s mouth and shot his wad of jism all across Tricia’s pretty little face -- just like daddy used to do!

The end of Princess Online #36

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