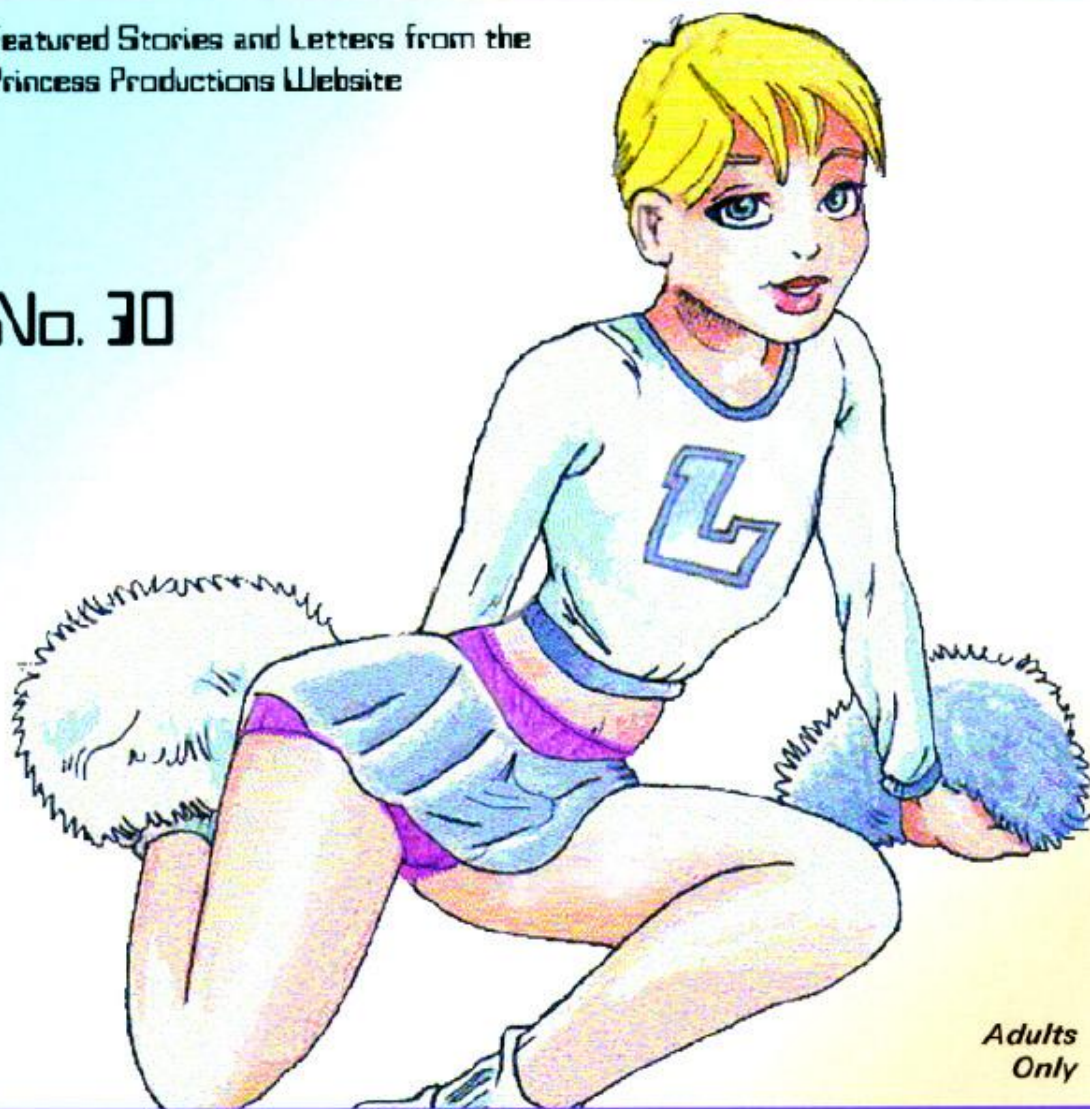


Princess Online

Featured Stories and Letters from the
Princess Productions Website

No. 30

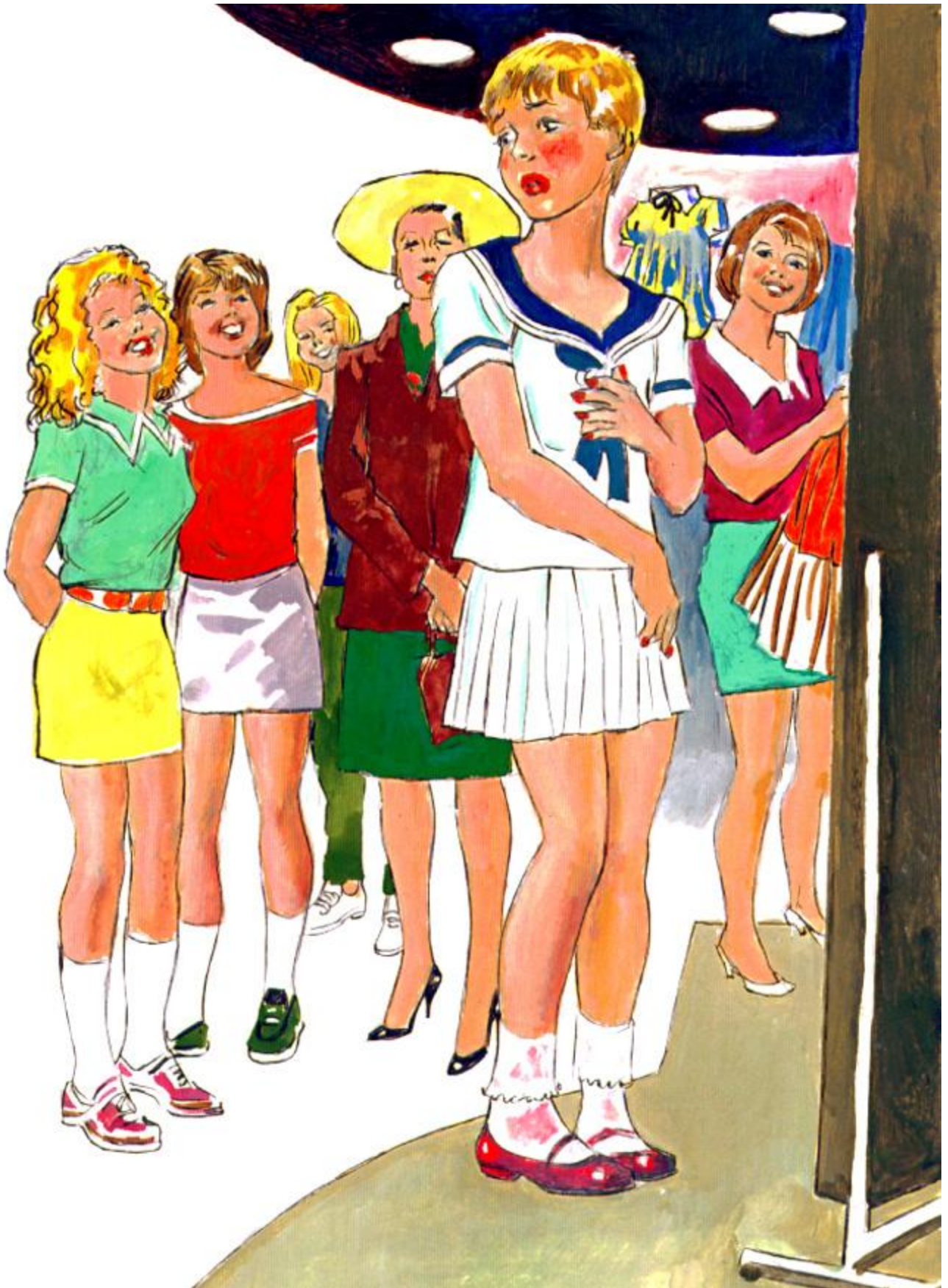


*Adults
Only*

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

Carole Jean, a good friend and popular author of forced crossdressing stories, has given us permission to colorize and publish each month a select drawing from one her various publications. 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. Every other page of Carole Jean's booklets is illustrated with a beautiful drawing by the famous Spanish artist Juan Sole, a.k.a. Juan Puyal.

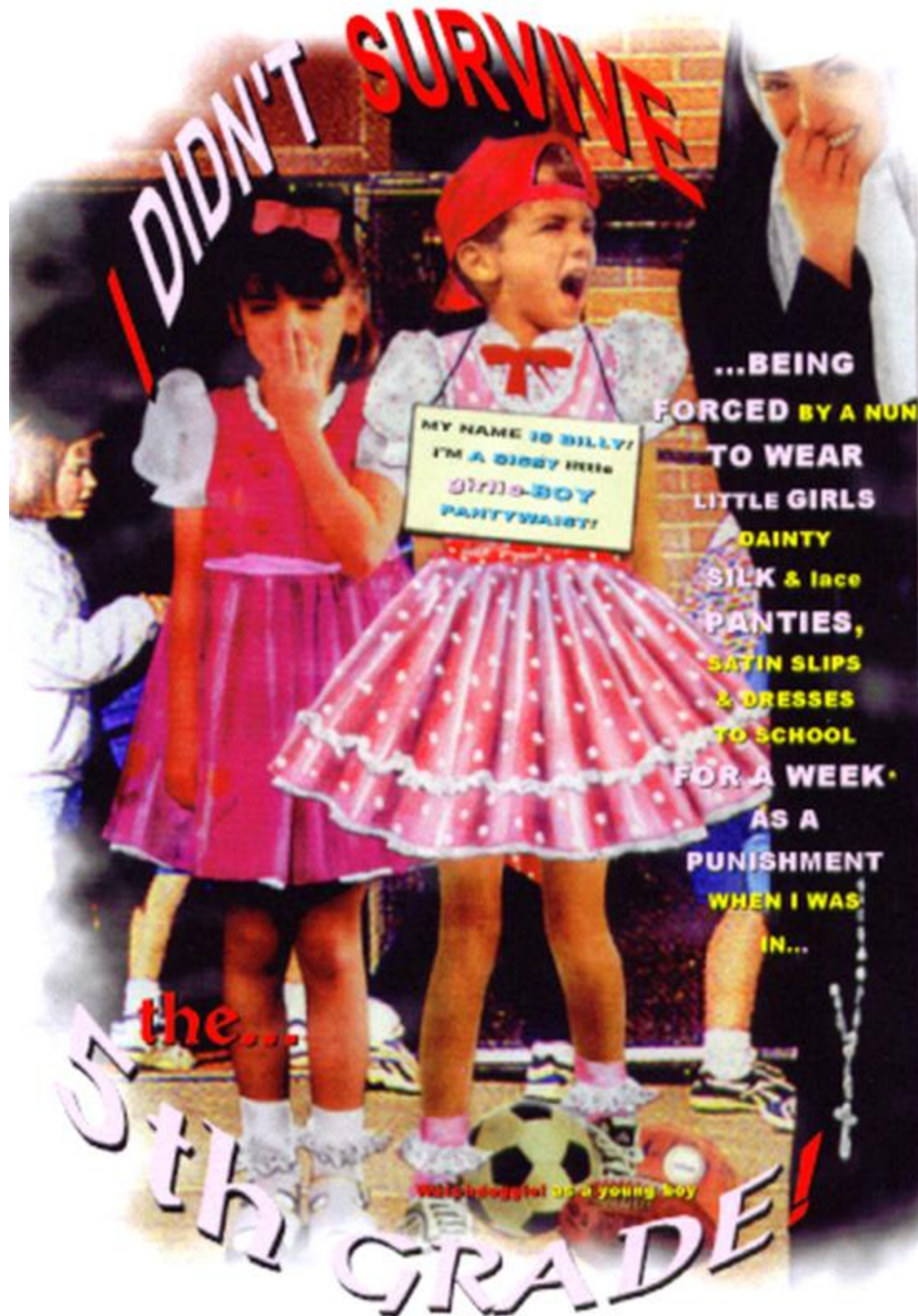
This month we feature a drawing from "Beautified Bullies." Every crossdresser has fantasized about trying on female clothes in a store and being made to model them in front of the clerks and other customers. Well, in this scene, Nick is coerced into modeling girls' outfits in a dress shop.

In addition to "Schooled with Girls," 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 her most recent, "Beautified Bullies." You can purchase all her books directly from her website:

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

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If I'm a wee bit KINKY, maybe it's because...



MAY 9 - 13, 1955

During the 1960s, there was no crueler way to punish a boy than to make him wear little girls' dainty silk panties, a sissy satin full slip, and a short frilly party dress, and then make him show himself off in that outfit in front of his freinds and classmates.

This type of discipline was very effective because nothing was more humiliating and degrading for a young boy than to be seen wearing girls' clothes, which everyone associatd with weak, helpless, sissy girls.

Boys being so punished were subjected to cruel names and were fair game for teasing and abuse by both boys and girls as well as teahers and other adults! No one had any sympathy for a boy underoing petticoat punishment!

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 while he was attending fifth grade in a Catholic school during the 1950s. He can still vividly recall 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 and his collage above is based upon one of their posters he saw through the window of the headquarters of one of these organization. Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the aftereffects of petticoat punishment after almost 50 years. As a form of therapy, he is committed to bringing attention to these clandestine groups, working to destroy present-day society!

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Ranma 1/2

A specific type of cartoon art from Japan is called "anime." And one of the most popular anime series is Ranma 1/2. There are hundreds of stories involving this character that can be found in comic books, on video and on the Internet. All the action revolves around the title character, Ranma, a 16-year-old boy who is cursed to change into a female whenever he gets splashed with cold water. Pictured above is Ranma in both his male (black hair) and female (red hair) forms.

If you aren't familiar with these fun stories and cute images, enter "Ranma 1/2" (in quote marks) in your Internet search engine and discover the tens of thousands of websites with stories, pictures and other information about him/her. You can also find a number of Ranma 1/2 booklets in stores that feature a large selection of comic books. There are also some "adults only" stories involving this character which can be quite graphic.

Note: There are no larger versions of the above pictures available.

Here is a brief description of Ranma and the other major characters found in these stories:

CHARACTERS PAGE: Click [here](#) , plus additional character information below.

Akane: Akane Tendo is Ranma's fiancé thanks to their parents. Although Akane puts up a "Who cares" and "Our parents arranged it" attitude, she is, in fact, in love with Ranma.

Azusa: Azusa is a martial arts figure skater who loves anything and everything that she deems cute. She stole, kept, and named many things including a balloon, a blanket, a fish sausage, and even Genma as a panda

Cologne: Cologne is Shampoo's Great Grandmother. She came from China to enforce the Amazon marriage rules. Cologne also teaches Ranma all his techniques. (Atleast through Great Eggspectations)

Copycat Ken: Copycat Ken is a formidable martial artist, despite the fact that he takes the appearance and techniques of others.

Dojo Destroyer: The Dojo Destroyer was a strong opponent who went from dojo to dojo defeating the owners, and taking their signs. He was only defeated when Ranma and Akane used the "Dual Jetstream Raging Waters Attack".

Dr. Tofu: The Tendo family physician. Doctor Tofu was Akane's first love, but he is in love with Kasumi

Genma: Ranma's father. Genma is also cursed by the springs of Jusenkyo; he turns into a panda. In his spare time Genma enjoys: eating, setting up engagements for Ranma, and eating.

Ghost Cat: This very big cat went through the Tendo's looking for a bell which, with the one he already had, completed a set. He searched for, but never found a fiance

Happosai: The "master" of Ranma, as well as Genma and Soun, although he doesn't teach them anything. Happosai could easily win the award of most perverted man in the history of the world.

Headmaster : The new headmaster of Furinkan High School was introduced in the "Outta Control" series. He comes up with many plans to anger the student body, and in particular, Ranma.

Jusenkyo Guide: The Jusenkyo Guide is supposed to help visitors of Jusenkyo with his knowledge of the cursed springs... but, he doesn't. He only tells people that they are cursed after they have fallen in the spring.

Kaori: Special props to QustionMrk of the Ranma 1/2 ML Kaori is another of Ranma's many fiancés. Her specialty are the dreaded Anything-Goes Martial Arts Takeout Techniques.

Kasumi: The eldest of the three Tendo daughters. Kasumi is a great cook who is, basically, the mother figure of the house. Her catch phrase is "Oh, my!"

Kirin: Head of the Seven-Lucky-Gods School of Martial Arts. Kirin appears in the first movie and takes Akane to marry her. His best offense and defense come from his chopsticks.

Kodachi: The "Black Rose," Kodachi is a Martial Arts Rhythmic Gymnast who is in love with Ranma. She often uses poisons with sleep effects.

Kuno (Tatewaki): The "Blue Thunder of Furinkan High School" is in love with both Akane and Ranma-chan. Kuno is most adept with a Kendo stick, which he is always carrying around.

Laichee: Another character introduced in the first Ranma movie. Laichee shows up in Japan to attack Happosai and await her prince. She is the owner of an elephant, as well as the scroll-half which Kirin desires.

Ling-Ling: One of the two Amazons who try to finish off Ranma after Shampoo could not.

Lung-Lung: The other half of the Amazon pair who attack with the ?Ancient Fire Dragon Technique?

Mikado: Mikado is the playboy ice skater who competes with Azusa and suffers the wrath of Ranma-kun after kissing Ranma while Ranma was in his girl form.

Miss Hinako: This school teacher was taught the by Happosai to drain the Chi (or "battle aura/energy" for the Ranma impaired) of any opponent. When Miss Hinako drains an opponent she grows dramatically in several areas. (Wowza*!)

Mousse: Master of the "Fist Of The White Swan," Mousse is, supposedly, a master of black magic, but I guess you can say that of anyone who fights with a training potty. Mousse's curse brings up one of the unsolved mysteries of the Ranma verse. More on that later.

Nabiki: The money driven Nabiki is a positive influence to all street hustlers everywhere, skillfully scheming ways to get money out of everyone.

Phoenix: This lovable bird is from the OAV series, although this OAV was originally released in the theaters in Japan. I'm counting the days until that happens in the U.S. Does anyone know what comes after quadrillion? Back to the point: This bird is arguably Ranma's toughest opponent ever.

Prince Toma: Prince Toma is a boy who wishes for a bride. Naturally there's a catch. Unfortunately for Toma there are no women on his cursed island. Therefore, for the second

movie, Ranma-chan and company find themselves caught by Toma to see who'll become his bride.

Ranma: The star of the show. Ranma is a strong and cocky martial artist who has great strength and speed. Ranma also has his share of problems; he changes into a girl, which would hurt anyone's masculinity, and he very rarely can admit his true feelings.

Onna-Ranma: Ranma's "better half." Ranma's cursed side (For the slower of mind among us, the reason why the show is called Ranma 1/2) which he hates at first, but learns how to deal with it, and even occasionally use it to his advantage.

Ryoga: "The Eternal Lost Boy" Ryoga is complex character. He's a fairly nice person, unless your name is Ranma or you call him P-chan. Besides his cursed sense of direction, he also turns into a pig, P-chan, thanks to his following Ranma to Jusenkyo.

Sasuke: The servant of the Kuno estate, Sasuke is a quick, yet pathetic, ninja who occasionally helps Kuno in Kuno's plots to defeat Ranma.

Shampoo: The beautiful amazon who Ranma originally defeats in his girl form and receives the kiss of death from. Ranma then defeats her in his boy form causing Shampoo to try to marry Ranma. Shampoo falls in love with him and repeatedly tries to win his affection. Shampoo's cursed form is that of a cat; very tragic.

Shinnosuke: Shinnosuke saved Akane's life when they were both young. Akane sets out to repay her debt to him in the OAV "An Akane To Remember."

Soun: The hardworking proprietor of the Tendo dojo, who isn't afraid of anyone, especially not his master, Happosai. Alas, sarcasm doesn't have the same effect when written. As the father of Kasumi, Nabiki, and Akane, Soun wishes Ranma to wed Akane and take over his dojo.

Tsubasa: Tsubasa is a cross-dresser who is in love with Ukyo. He can disguise himself as any inanimate object, which is so-o-o helpful because no one would be suspicious of a walking vending machine.

Ukyo: Ukyo can cook. As the cooking queen and resident cute fiance, Ukyo uses her spatula for good and evil, making a mean Okinomiyaki, as well as, assaulting foes.

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Dr. Laura

The following article was passed onto us. We'd love to see the video in question. Has anyone seen it or does anyone know if PBS is still playing it even though the article is several years old? We like to keep up on such things and see what's got Dr. Laura's panties in a twist.

Dr. Laura

'It's Elementary' doesn't teach tolerance

A FEW WEEKS AGO a listener faxed me a copy of a letter sent out by two producers of a videotape about homosexuality called "It's Elementary." In discussing their efforts to get the tape aired on PBS stations around the country, the letter says, "We can assume that the right wing will continue its vitriolic efforts to censor 'It's Elementary' and will do everything in their power to try and stop these broadcasts." The tape purports to be educational, to "promote respect in the very place where the discussion needs to begin -- in school, starting in the primary grades." Given that description, I wondered why the producers were so fearful that it would be censored. So I got hold of the tape and watched it. And I thoroughly agree that it should not be aired on PBS and certainly not shown to little children in the classroom. The intent of the tape is not to promote respect. It does not simply instruct young children not to laugh at or physically hurt other children who may be homosexual or come from homosexual homes. Frankly, were that the true agenda, I would wholeheartedly endorse it. The point of "It's Elementary," however, is to indoctrinate children with the belief that homosexuality is normal -- not a deviant or morally wrong behavior, nor a personal or societal problem -- but rather a totally benign and acceptable variation of heterosexuality, and its equivalent in every way. Now, I am in full agreement that children need to be taught respect, or (since all behaviors are not equally worthy of respect) at least politeness. So why not have a video that shows all the things that children often make fun of -- fat, big ears, red hair, religious observances, an accent, shyness, a seemingly "feminine" boy or "masculine" girl?

The point would be that we are all made in G-d's image; therefore we're all equally deserving of kindness and respect. Oops! Can't invoke G-d in the schools. Sorry about that. Well, let's see, maybe we could evoke empathy through role-playing that dramatizes how hurt children are when picked on and rejected.

"It's Elementary" makes no attempt to do that at all. As a matter of fact, this tape about "respect" features a small boy who says that Christians believe homosexuality is a sin. "So they torture and kill them," he adds solemnly. If the producers are fighting stereotyping and prejudice, how did they justify leaving this child's mistaken characterization of Christians uncorrected in the film? Might this not make Christian children feel bad, or stimulate hate and violence toward Christians? I asked these questions on my radio program after viewing the tape, because the homosexual activist groups label ANY disagreement with the righteousness of their movement as "hate" intended to "incite violence." Where once we were asked to tolerate diversity, now we are being intimidated to accept deviancy. If we don't, we're hate mongers. Well, the producers of "It's Elementary" must have been listening to my show, because they edited the comments of the misguided child out of the version of the show they are peddling to PBS. I know this because a listener sent a letter to her local PBS station asking the management not to air the tape and referred to that comment. Her local station responded saying that the tape would be aired, but that the section she referred to was no longer there.

In a plea for financial and moral support dated Dec. 1, 1998, the producers lament the opposition of the Family Research Council, Focus on the Family and Concerned Women for America, as well as some news services that "parrot the sensationalist rhetoric found in all the right-wing hate mail." Their letter associates the opposition with the "savage hate crime that took Matthew Shepard's life," ignoring the fact that most Christians oppose homosexuality because they believe Scripture defines it as sin. They are not motivated by hate; quite the contrary. Christians advocate love and redemption, not open season on homosexuals and lesbians. There is no question that humanity has a hateful, dangerous undercurrent, especially prevalent in the mind-set of young males. This undercurrent runs throughout human history and has found its outlet in self-aggrandizement by exhibiting power over the poor, the weak or the different. But to link this evil with the beliefs and attitudes of Christians is preposterous.

All traditional religions view homosexuality as a sin. Thus, many Americans who make a commitment to a religious way of life do not accept the assertion that two men or two women constitute the foundation of a family equal to the covenantal relationship of marriage between a man and a woman ordained by G-d. So we don't want our children to be taught that it IS.

That doesn't mean that we are joined in a conspiracy to cleanse the country of homosexuals and lesbians.

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Above are typical 1850's dresses for girls and boys. In the photo on the left, the boy's dress is much plainer than the dresses the girls wear. Also his dress is short, making it more suitable for a boy's more active life-style. But just as often, there were no distinguishable differences between dresses for boys and dresses for girls, as shown in the photo on the right.

At <http://www.directcon.com/wander/GR.htm>, we found the following article. When you find interesting items while surfing the Internet, share them with us so we can share them with others.

Excerpt from:

Costumes Of The California Gold Rush Era 1849-1859

Children's Clothing

Then as now, children's clothes reflect the social status of their parents.

Infants

Diapers of soft linen or cotton were simply squares of fabric, which were folded into the proper size with each wearing. They were usually folded triangularly. Since safety pins didn't have the protective guard around the clasp, they weren't very safe, and many mothers kept threaded needles on hand and basted the baby in with each change. Some diapers had loops and ties to keep them on. Diaper covers of wool, often knitted soakers, were used to keep the baby dry.

Infants wore a band around their abdomen, which was thought to ensure that the umbilicus healed properly, and that their abdominal organs didn't rupture. The band was also basted or pinned into place.

Babies wore long undershirts, which could be made of soft fabric or knitted of very soft wool. The shirt, a bonnet or cap, and a swaddling blanket of soft flannel constituted a poor infant's wardrobe.

Babies from families in more comfortable circumstances wore dresses. These were invariably white, because of ease of washing (boiled, not scrubbed), and were usually trimmed with embroidery, laces, and ribbons. They were quite long, often as much as a yard past the baby's feet. This ensured that the baby would not kick his covers off and catch cold. The style has survived in the modern christening gown.

Wealthy babies were burdened with elaborate dresses, skirts, shawls, cloaks, shoes, hats, and even a version of a corset: a bodice stiffened with cording that was supposed to support their backs. Mrs. Hale, the editor of Godey's Magazine, tried to speak out against these styles, but met with little success.

When a baby reached crawling age, the dress was shortened to just above the ankles. This was known as "shortening the baby". Once the child began to walk, dresses were shortened to knee length.

Until around the age of five, both boys and girls wore dresses. This was for ease in diapering and toilet training, and because a dress will dry faster than trousers when a child has an accident, an important consideration in the days before waterproof pants.

Boy's dresses tended to be more masculine in decoration, using braid rather than ruffles, etc., but not always. There are many portraits showing boys in low-necked dresses, necklaces, and curls. A page of children's dresses from Godey's has dresses identified as being suitable for a boy, a girl, or either sex, but I can find no identifying differences. Boy's hair was usually parted on the extreme left side, while girls wore the center part.

There are many myths about boys in dresses, the most common one being, "They dressed boys as girls." Boys were not dressed as girls; they were dressed in dresses. There is also a myth that this was done to fool the fairies/gods/evil spirits, a rather preposterous suggestion in a 19th century context.

At five, a boy was considered to have ended his babyhood and began wearing traditional male clothes. If he had long hair, it was cut. This tradition goes back for centuries.

Older boys

After five, poor boys wore miniatures of their father's clothes. These were usually handed down through families, and often were too large for the child. Cloth caps were worn more than hats, and boots were often replaced by leather shoes or even Indian moccasins. Wealthier boys often wore a "skeleton suit" consisting of long narrow trousers buttoned to a shirt with a wide collar, and a short open jacket matching the trousers. For very best wear, there was a fad for dressing boys in Scots kilts, a fashion started by Queen Victoria's children. . Short pants do not seem to have been worn until the 1870's.

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We put "feminine boy" in our search engine just to see what we'd find on the Internet. We got dozens of matches, and the above is one of them. This online place sells handmade photo albums that are specially decorated for every occasion. I'm sure any "feminine boy" would love to put his crossdressing photos in a book like this!

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Any sissyboy who sits
around with a pink bow
in his hair and his lacy
pink slip sticking out
for all the world to
see would surely love
to have a "feminine
boy" album cover for
his storybook.



Canary - Early Dressing

This circa 1960 photo shows a nine-year-old boy, playing dress-up with a skirt, head scarf, and a sweater stuffed with tissue to simulate breasts. The boy is Danny O'Connor, a transsexual who grew up to have sexual reassignment surgery and take the name Canary Conn. His/her life story is published in the book "Canary."

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Dance Competition

Caitlan McGregor and her brother Colin are ready for the stepdancing competition at this Irish feis (festival). Their mother was a national stepdancing champion, so it was only natural she taught both of her children this complex and physically demanding style of

dance. Even though Colin is a boy, she trained him like she had been taught. Colin became quite good and was most comfortable competing against girls dressed in the traditional Irish dress associated with this highly spirited dance. However, when dancing, his mother made no effort to disguise him as a girl. She did not have him grow his hair long, nor did she have him wear a teenage brassiere to give him a girlish shape. But to help him get into the proper feminine state of mind to match his girlish style of dance, she did insist that he wear a silk chemise and lace and bow-trimmed panties underneath!

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My son, the cross-dresser

Marina Cantacuzino's three-year-old has an impressive wardrobe of dresses and loves to put on nail varnish. There's only one thing that's odd about it – he's a boy

My son is a cross-dresser. He is nearly four and started when he was barely out of nappies. He loves nothing more than to wear girls' dresses – the flouncier, prettier and fuller the better. He has a "day" dress (an old satin bridesmaid's dress belonging to one of his sisters) and a "night" dress (a red baggy T-shirt, four sizes too large). He is obsessed with long hair and has even devised his own by putting green leggings on his head with the two legs hanging over his shoulders as plaits. He is deft at applying his own nail varnish, he can't stop watching *The Wizard of Oz* because he likes Dorothy's ruby shoes so much, and his favourite toy is a Barbie.

I have no idea where his obsession comes from. He has two older sisters whom he likes to copy, but then, neither is particularly "girly" and, besides, I know plenty of little boys with sisters who don't wear dresses. Equally, I know quite a few who do. It's not such an unusual activity, and never has been. For hundreds of years boys under the age of five wore dresses until they were allowed to wear britches, signifying a rite of passage into maleness.

However, the other cross-dressing boys I know have passed through their peacock phase much more quickly. My friend Cara was surprised to find her little boy doing it in secret, and wondered why there was already something furtive about what, to a two-year-old, was surely nothing more than dressing up.

"He'd try on his sister's pink silky dress with a net petticoat underneath," says Cara, "and then, when I went up upstairs, I'd find him hiding under the bed, looking sheepish."

The difference with Reuben is that wearing dresses is, at the moment, a visible and all-consuming activity. It's only when he goes to nursery that he never wears a dress, because he knows he would get laughed at there. But the moment he gets home, he asks to put one on, preferably the one that "twirls" the most. Then, applying his hair and putting on his pink tights and his sister's "clickety shoes" (clogs), he

sticks his head round the door and, with a grin, announces: "I've turned."

Sometimes my husband or I will take him out to the local shops in his dress. His sisters (aged eight and 11), who indulge him in most things, refuse to be seen in public with him dressed in anything that isn't strictly masculine. Out on the street there are plenty of smiles, though I'm not sure if it's because people are delighted to see a little girl in fancy dress or because he looks rather odd with his broad, boyish face and sturdy build.

One friend was concerned that I was allowing Reuben to be photographed for this newspaper. "But he loves to show off his dress," was my defence. To which she replied, "But what will he feel when he's older?" The exchange almost made me scrap the whole idea, until I realised that I would simply be buying into the homophobic premise that there's something weird or shaming about little boys wearing girls' dresses.

Older people do find it odd and worrying. My mother thought he looked bizarre when he turned up for lunch one day in his green hair and gold dress. Later, she said to me, "I do hope we're not limbering up for a whole load of trouble." My friends tend to find it more amusing than bizarre, telling him he looks beautiful while, at the same time, reassuring me that "he'll soon grow out of it".

As parents, we are often asked if we're worried. But the only thing that worries us is the assumption that we should be. In fact, I positively like the imagination that it shows, although, just as with any child's obsession – whether with Barbies or tractors – it can become tiresome. I had been delighted that, after having two girls, dressing a boy would be much easier, with none of the grooming or decorative trimmings. But Reuben is now the worst of the lot.

In tonight's episode of *Child of Our Time* on BBC1, Professor Robert Winston examines gender and development in humans and reveals that small children have an understanding of sexual identity from a few months old. One theory behind why

some boys wear tutus and some girls play with guns is that extra testosterone from the mother will make a girl more like a tomboy, while a shortage of testosterone, or even extra female hormones, make a boy more feminine.

Generally, boys stop wearing girls' clothes around the age of four or five, when they start school. Peer influence ensures that the sex roles kick in strongly at this point, with most children conforming to gender stereotypes – boys sticking with "boys' toys" (and rough, unimaginative play) and girls sticking with "girls' toys" (creative, inclusive play). In role-playing games, boys will be dads who go out to work, while girls will be mums who stay at home. Research has shown that this is still the case even if the parents have less traditional gender roles.

While no one much bats an eyelid when girls turn into tomboys, parents of boys often become

This much talked-about article appeared in *The Guardian*, a newspaper from England.

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Friend of Dorothy... three-year-old Reuben (left) adores The Wizard of Oz because of the heroine's ruby slippers

seven? Roberta Taylor (not her real name) has a son who has been dressing up since the age of three. Four years later, Sam still does it occasionally at home. He's getting more self-conscious about it now and often includes something more masculine, such as a Batman cloak.

"I'm trying to get him to stop now because it doesn't seem normal," says Roberta. "It's probably just a love of theatrics because he's an extremely creative child, but, even so, people are always making negative comments."

"By contrast, when my daughter went through her tomboy stage at exactly the same age, people thought she was sweet and comical, even though her obsession was far greater. She longed to be mistaken for a boy, only played with boys' toys and had a crew cut."

In one way, Roberta is right to be anxious because, in a society that encourages everyone to fit to a template, the older a boy is who likes the colours, textures and fabrics of girls' dresses, the more likely his behaviour will be considered odd or even deviant. Professor Joan Freeman, a developmental psychologist at Middlesex Hospital, believes that if influences were not brought to bear and little boys did not copy their peers, they would continue wearing dresses long after five.

Her advice to those parents with sons who continue the habit beyond that age is "not to be negative about the other, but start to praise the convention". In other words, accept the dresses, but praise the football shirts. Her reasoning is that, if wearing dresses becomes the norm, then a child will have difficulty assimilating. Most parents want their children to fit in reasonably well and, while you should recognise the other side of yourself, you don't want to flaunt it," she says.

Penelope Leach, author of the best-selling book *Baby and Child* who is seen as a sensible voice in parenting, reassures parents that "if your son wants to dress up as a queen, why shouldn't he? You would probably be happy to let your daughter dress up as a cowboy... Your child's eventual sexual predilections will not be changed by swapping roles in childhood. He or she is going to act out every possible role."

"If you try to make the child stick to the 'right' sex, you deprive him or her of half the world."

Tomboy or Sissy?, the second in the current series of *Child of Our Time*, presented by Professor Robert Winston, is broadcast on BBC1 tonight.

uncomfortable when their sons cross gender lines. Professor Winston says, "Boys, more than girls, are in the firing line and nearly always have to conform." Just the other day, I heard of a father of a cross-dressing toddler who forbade his son from putting on dresses, fearing it would "turn him gay". Six years later, now aged nine, the boy is still doing it - but in secret.

In Jan Parker and Jan Stimpson's book *Raising Happy Children*, Domenico Di Ceglie, director of the

gender development service at the Portman and Tavistock NHS trust, explains: "Parents should know that gender exploration is not the same as atypical gender development. The first is much more flexible; the latter is more fixed, with the child insistent that he or she actually belongs to the other sex. This is uncommon."

Although a three-year-old boy who looks like Eddie Izzard might be considered cute, what does it feel like to have a son still dressing in frocks at

The above article appeared in *The Guardian*, a newspaper from England.

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His & Hers Panties: Exposing My Love!

Dear Princess,

I am a single male, 30, and find the subject of spanking, especially with petticoat punishment, fascinating. I enjoy wearing a pair of sheer nylon panties and a slip and love to be spanked by a female while dressed like that.

Some months ago, I began allowing Nadine, the girl in the next apartment, to catch little peeks of me in my lingerie. At first I let her see the top of my lacy white full slip peek out of the open front of my robe when I went out in the hall to pick up my newspaper. I had waited until I heard her leaving her apartment to go to work to make my move. I knew she noticed the slip because she was really staring as I wished her “good morning” and she passed closely by me on her way to the elevator. While I have privately dressed in girls’ clothes for years, this was the first time I had ever allowed anyone to see me like that. I think she was a little shocked, but I received no real response except for her stare. I became so excited that I had to immediately go inside and masturbate three times before I could even think straight again!

I wanted to do it again the next day, but I waited. I was a little concerned about continuing to expose myself in frilly, nylon underwear while hoping to take it a stage further without knowing where I was going with this. And what about Nadine? Would she begin to ignore me? Complain to the management? Call the cops? Of course, I had dreamed of engaging her in wild lingerie games, but I knew those were just fantasies, and I wondered if I was taking a big risk by letting my sexual fantasies intrude into my life in the outside world.

My apartment building butts up to another building and my bedroom window is only a few feet from the living room window of an apartment in that building. A pretty young lady lives there with her two cute kids, a boy about six and a girl about eight. I began standing near my window with the drapes open, hoping that one or all of them would see me. I think I imagined that lady getting really pissed off at me and bringing her kids over to my place to complain and when she got here, I’d end up getting a hard spanking on my pink panties in front of her two kids.

Well, the two kids did finally see me. The boy just stood there and stared. The girl ran out of the room laughing and a moment later came back with her mother. I could see the woman's lips moving as she yelled something at me as she closed the drapes. Those drapes have been closed ever since.

After that, I wondered if most women who saw me dressed in a slip and panties would act like that. I guess I wanted to find someone who would get so irated at my despicable behavior that she would love to take my hairbrush and teach me a lesson. I knew one can't predict how any one person would react in such a situation, and the risk of not knowing was scary. I wondered if displaying myself publicly was on the right track? In my desperation to explore my fantasies, I was becoming more brazen, but I wondered if I'd get myself into an embarrassing predicament that I would regret.

Back to Nadine: After all, she didn't seem upset at seeing my slip, just a bit surprised I guessed. So twice after that I used the same scenario (in the hallway getting the newspaper), but on those occasions I wore just my jeans and a cut-off T-shirt. I let her see the top of my high-waisted nylon panties peeking out above the top of my jeans. The first time they were light green, and the second time bright pink. Both times I knew she could see and guess what I was wearing because she made no bones about staring and putting on a big grin that seemed to say, "I know what you're wearing, you naughty little panty boy."

That next day, I had been brushing my hair when I heard her come out of her apartment so when I ran to my door and opened it, I still had my hairbrush in my hand. This time she even stopped for a moment and engaged me in conversation, just meaningless talk about the weather and complaining about the air conditioning in the building, but I had a huge hard-on and I was leaking cum into my panties as she stood there staring and talking. She noticed the hairbrush and asked with a giggle, "Would you like me to take that hairbrush and give you a good spanking over your pink panties?"

Needless to say, I just about lost it right there. I don't think I said a thing. I think I just stared at her like a big dope. As she boarded the elevator, she turned and called back to me.

"I'm having some friends over on Sunday at five for a cookout. Why don't you come over and join us. I'm sure you'll have a lot of fun. It'll be very casual, just your jeans and T-shirt will be fine."

I was totally wasted for the rest of the day. I went back into my apartment and masturbated myself silly morning, noon and night! I had a big load of panties to launder that week. That Sunday I was going to wear my jeans and T-shirt like she told me, but I was in a quandary about the panties. Did she insinuate that I should wear panties peeking out like I had in the hallway? Gosh, if she was having other people over, I didn't think she meant for me to come like that. I wondered who her other guests were going to be.

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His & Hers Panties: Exposing My Love!

Part 2

Well, Sunday arrived and I didn't know quite what to do. Finally I got dressed, I kind of chickened out, things were getting scary close, and so I put on a pair of white panties. They had some nice champagne lace panels across the top of each leg opening, but near the top, they were quite plain. And I didn't have the nerve to pull the silky nylon way up so it would show between my jeans and top. I wore them low enough on my hips so they wouldn't show. Even then I'd have to be careful that they didn't creep up and expose themselves to whoever might be looking.

When Nadine greeted me at the door, the first thing she did was take a look down at my waist. I thought I detected a little frown of disappointment when she couldn't see my panties, but she didn't say anything. Nevertheless, she welcomed me warmly and took me out onto her balcony where she had the gas grill fired up and smoking and where she introduced me to two women,

Mary and Magda, and a girl who was about fifteen, Mary's daughter Rena.

It was a warm day and the females were in skimpy shorts and halter tops, stretched out on lounge chairs sunning themselves. We were enjoying ourselves a lot. I'm not a big conversationalist, but Nadine was serving a hearty Rhone wine with a noticeable alcohol content, and I surprised myself how it lulled me into becoming a real social animal. I was talking and joking and having a great time. I even tried to include the young girl in the conversation, but the kid looked like she was bored to death. She kept saying that she wanted to go home.

Then when I went into the kitchen to get us all some more wine, Nadine cornered me (literally) and put her arms around me. She talked sweetly to me and I thought we were going to kiss as she worked her cold hands over the bare flesh around my waist, but I gulped and I'm sure my eyes bugged out of my head when she slipped her hands down both sides of my jeans, grabbed a hold of my white panties and pulled them up high. She leaned back to have a look.

"Just white panties today? I thought maybe you'd be wearing some of those pretty pink panties that you have."

With that she kissed me quickly on the lips, laughed girlishly and led me back to the party. My panties were up, but I didn't even have the nerve to look down and see how far they were sticking out. I thought if I looked down at my waist, I would draw attention to myself and cause the others to look. Yes, I know, I've been dying to expose my panties to women, and here I was with four of them looking at me, and I was losing my nerve. I could feel their eyes all over me, and my panties were peeking out. I was totally unnerved. I suppose in the other situations when I was exposing myself I was in control, but since Nadine had pulled out my panties and orchestrating this whole show, she was in control, and the effect was maddening different than how I could have fantasized it.

After I got the wine open and refilled everyone's glasses, I was glad to sit down and shrink back from the limelight. I discreetly looked down. The panties weren't peeking out too badly. I guess Nadine wanted me to leave them out, so that's how I left them, but I was quite self-conscious for the rest of the night, and I lost a lot of my newfound conversational skills. None of the women said anything about my peeking panties, but they did stare at them a lot and smile at me when I caught them staring. I got a great feeling from that.

At the end of the evening and after I had gotten back to my apartment, Nadine knocked on my door. I saw it was her through the peep hole and hurriedly slipped on my robe since I had already taken off my outer clothes and was in a full-length, white satin slip with a lot of lace around the hem. It was a new slip and I didn't realize that the lace on the bottom stuck way out beyond the length of my robe.

When I opened the door, Nadine was there with a bottle of Remy Martin in one hand and two snifters in the other. She walked right in. She barely sat the bottle and glasses down before she was in my arms and we were making love. I could tell she loved me in my lingerie as she enthusiastically rubbed my body all over through the layers of silky nylon and lace and kept telling me how pretty my slip and panties were. She got up and made me get up too and then had me take off my robe so she could admire me in my lingerie. I was embarrassed to dance around in front of her like that (even though that was what I had always dreamed of doing with a beautiful woman like her!).

I made reference to her comment about being spanked, and she wowed me as she slid into a stern persona, told me to get my hairbrush and prepare myself for a spanking! I was amazed at her ability to extemporaneously act out the scene so convincingly. And she packed a wallop! She spanked me hard! Later I learned that she simply recalled her school days. She had attended a private girls' school and paddlings were a standard method of punishment. I love it when she tells me stories about the girls she saw getting paddled.

We made passionate love twice and probably would have done it again if she didn't have to get some sleep so she could get up in the morning and go to work. But between our two bouts of lovemaking that night she shocked me when she told me that Rena, the fifteen-year-old girl at the party was really a boy! Immediately my mind flipped back trying to recall every inch of his/her appearance. I couldn't believe it, but she assured me that it was true. She said the boy's mother wanted to turn him into a girl because she was sick of how he was turning out as a boy. She was even secretly giving the boy female hormones in his food. She had been doing that on and off from the time he was ten years old and kept it up enough to maintain tiny little breasts in the kid, keeping them too small for a girl his age but definitely too big for a boy his age. But it also retarded the onset of his puberty.

Nadine explained that Mary, Rena's mother, had forcibly dressed him as a girl every time he was bad. She had started doing that when he began going to school. But the boy always resisted, wanting to be a man like his father, whom Mary hated. Nadine thought that Mary was a little unbalanced, but she was a lifelong friend and in many ways understood what she was trying to do with Rena. Mary based her desire of raising her son as a girl from the time he was a preschooler because she said he always acted more like a girl than a boy then and only wanted to

play with girls and do girl things. She claims Rena was the happiest then and believes girlhood is his true nature. And this push to be like other boys, Mary blames on Rena's father and his peers who have talked him into acting stupid like they act.

Mary had told Rena that I would be at the party, and that I loved to wear lingerie. Mary hoped I would be an example to Rena, to show him that it was fun for a guy to wear girls' clothes. So I sat there for the night as an object lesson for the kid and I had no idea what was going on!

Nadine said that after first seeing me in my slip and panties, she liked the idea and got turned onto me, so she had planned her little party for us to get together and then thought it would be great to invite over her friends and the boy/girl Rena. Nadine also mentioned that before the party she had told Magda and Mary about me wearing slips and panties. So they knew about me before I even walked in the door! I can honestly say I'm very lucky indeed. I was taking a terrible risk. It could have turned out horribly if I had done those things with the wrong person. Nadine and I are still together and we love every minute of our relationship. We even wear matching panties every day. See the enclosed pictures! And we are great friends with Mary and Rena. And now that I've gotten to know Mary, she is a very smart, logical and wise person. I don't think she's unbalanced at all. She wants nothing but the best for Rena. Some people might disagree with her methods, but anyone would have to agree that she firmly believes she is doing the right thing in trying to turn her son into a daughter.

R. B.
Wisconsin

Note from Princess: Guys I don't recommend exposing yourself to neighbors or anyone else like R.B. did in the above story. You could get into a lot of trouble! Try finding someone you can share your secret with and tell her about your sexual fetishes in a more conventional way.

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BBS Poster Has Solution for Baggy Pants

One of our readers forwarded to us this posting from a bulletin board but the return email address was missing and they forgot to tell us what bulletin board it was from.

From: Ester Z.

E-Mail: xxxxxxxx

Subject: Re: Baggy pants

Comments:

I'm a 33-year-old mother of a son who is now in high school. Recently he had been hanging out with what he thought was the coolest clique in school. So he has changed quite a bit, as you can understand. We've all been through that time. One of his most repulsive changes has been the sagging of his pants. I'm sure you've all seen it. Those disgusting, sloppily dressed boys who wear big, baggy pants well down on their asses because they think it's cool. Well not in my house. I had enough of it after letting him go about it for almost a year. His pants got bigger and bigger, sloppier and sloppier. When it got to the point that they were practically falling off of him, I simply got sick of it and decided I'd find a cure.

Well I really started thinking about what I could do one day after I stumbled upon a forced feminization site. My first reaction to the site was that it was just a joke, or at least these women were man haters. They looked like lesbians. But upon further examination I realized that these women were for real and a couple of them were supposedly married and they dominated their husbands. It even had pictures of men wearing panties and all kinds of women's frilly clothes. Well, a few days later while I was watching TV, the idea popped into my head. I thought to myself "my son wouldn't dare sag his pants that low if underneath there was something to hide." So I decided to force him to wear panties. It was the perfect solution, and not just any panties either. I got him some really fancy pink ones, with a lot of lace on the front, big panties that went up to his waist so if he wore those ugly pants of his a good six inches of those panties would peek out! And I got him some matching lacy camisoles too when I bought the pink panties that were going to be his new underwear.

Mike wears them everyday now and doesn't dare wear his sagging pants because he'd be taking a big chance on exposing his dainty lingerie. It wasn't hard for me to force him into panties and camisoles. I simply told him that if he didn't, I'd give him a sound spanking. (Even though he's fifteen, he's on the small side, and I'm much bigger than him, so I can still overpower him if I have too and he knows it.) Yes, he still gets a spanking once in a while from me; I should probably be giving them to him a lot more often than I do. Anyway, if he resisted me, I told him I'd then I pay a visit to his guidance counselor and tearfully tell him that my son is a pervert and a crossdresser -- although that would be a total lie. Now, whom do you think the guidance counselor would believe: the parent of the child? Come on, you haven't been out of school that long. Then I'd pay a visit to his principal, a flaming faggot if I have ever seen one, and I'd tell him too. And I'd make it nice and juicy so he'd be drooling out of his penis-sucking mouth as I explained what my son did to himself while dressed up in my bras and panties.

Well, Mike was terrified that I'd even think of doing that. These kids today are very different than when you and I went to school. Gay kids are tolerated in school. They even have a club for gay kids at Mike's school. And like I said even the principal is a faggot. In my day, any gay kid would have been killed in my school. Anyway, even though the straight kids put up with the gays, they are often very homophobic about their own actions and associations. If I started those rumors in school -- Mike knew that if I told the guidance counselor and the principal, word would get out to all the kids soon after, and that would ruin any chance he'd ever have of getting to be down with his little clique. So he wears the panties, and lives one day at a time in total fear of being exposed. He's nervous as hell, kind of like a recovering alcoholic on the verge of going over the edge. And even though he probably wants to hang with those kids, he hasn't been with them from what I can tell. I think he's either too embarrassed or maybe someone already has seen

his panties. If they have, he hasn't told me. He repeatedly begs me to buy him regular boys' underwear (I had thrown all of his old ones out when I got the slips and panties) and to stop doing this to him so he can wear his sloppy pants like the other cool guys.

I just told him I'll not have him looking like a jailbird with his prison-style baggy pants, and until he's ready to cut them up and burn them and agree never to wear them again, he'll have to continue wearing the short little slips for T-shirts and lace panties for underwear. Then he started complaining that the two old pairs of waist-high pants that he has to wear are getting too tight on him and irritate him. He said he was afraid they were wearing so thin and tight in the seat that they might rip open one day when he's bending over or something, and that would be an unbelievable pain for him for everyone to see the pink panties I force him to wear underneath. That, he claimed, would be the death of him. He said he might as well join the gay club if that happened. I told him that the boys in the gay club were probably all very nice and dressed very nice. He stared at me like I was from outer space with that comment. I handed him the scissors and told him to start cutting up his baggy pants, and I'd get him some nice new proper pants and think about getting him boys' underwear. He said he couldn't do it. Not to wear pants like that was keeping him out of his group of cool friends. He just moaned that he hoped eventually I'd breakdown and change my mind. I told him "no way," and tears came to his eyes when I said I should go to the store soon and get him some more camisoles and panties, and I was going to find the fanciest ones available. Under his breath I heard him curse at me. In no time flat I had him stripped down to his panties and bent over my spanking stool for a good touching up with my old leather belt. He didn't fight me. He knew he had it coming.

So for all of those mothers out there who hate those baggy pants like I do, blackmail your boy into wearing slips and panties under his clothes, and he'll be too embarrassed to follow that disgusting fashion trend that has been going on way too long as far as I'm concerned.

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White Whipping Boy

It had taken me a week to get up the nerve to knock on their door.

“Hi, kid, what do want?”

“I thought you might like to have someone mow your lawn. I’m looking for work for the summer and –“

The girl started laughing. “Oh, I’m sorry – it's just that, that you're so young and ...

“Hey girls, come here!”



Two other girls came to the doorway.

“Who's the boy, Carla?” the one said.

“You're going after them kind of young these days, aren't ya?” the other one giggled.

“Hey, girls, the kid just wants to cut our grass.”

“I'm sure he does!” the tall brunette joked.

“No, silly! He's serious, but...”

“But he's so little. I don't even think he could push our lawnmower.”

“Yeah, sorry, kid. Besides, we usually get one of our boyfriends to do it.”

The blonde with heavily made-up eyes said, “But if you're looking for work, kid, we need somebody to clean up after us. None of us are good housekeepers. What d' ya think, girls?”

“Yeah, maybe. Would you be interested in that?”

“Sure! Definitely!” I jumped at the chance. Half the reason I wanted to cut their grass was just to be around these three gorgeous girls. They had recently moved into the neighborhood, and I fell in love with the three of them the moment I first saw them. I'd do anything for them!

They invited me in, and once inside, I had to agree with them. They weren't housekeepers. The place was a mess. They put me to work right away, picking up papers, throwing out beer cans and food garbage. They told me that they were all models. That didn't surprise me; they were so beautiful. They explained that between work and their boyfriends they had little time for anything else, especially keeping their house clean.

While I was emptying out the wastebaskets, I almost bumped into the redhead. She was coming out of her bedroom with her dress held up around her thighs, straightening out the hem of her lacy white slip as she walked. She caught me staring at her pretty legs and smiled. I boldly made my move.

“Gosh, now that I'm in high school, I'd love to date a girl like you.”

She choked back a laughed, and then took me in her arms and gave me a big hug and kissed me on the cheek. Her lusty perfume made me dizzy.

“Oh, you sweet boy. My name is Holly. Anyway, what makes you think a girl like me would want to go out with a boy like you?”

I didn't know what to say to that, but before I could say anything, she pulled away from me, took me by the hand and led me to the living room where we found the other two girls, Drew, the blonde, and Madra, the brunette, whom they called 'Maddie.'

"Girls, I think we have a case of little boy blue balls here! This young thing wants to date a girl like one of us."

"Did you tell him?"

"No, but I will. You see, Adam, we don't date boys like you. Sure, we're a lot older than you, but that's not the issue. The problem is you're white. We only date black guys. After you've gone black, there's no going back!

"We've long been fed up with white guys, their pimply faces, pissy ways, tiny penises . . . "

"Carla! You don't have to tell him that much!"

"Why not? You told me to tell him. Anyway, kids, that's where it's at. Black guys have big cocks and they know how to use them. So you can see, you'll never be able to date any of us. White guys are OK for a lot of things – like money! But they're no good as lovers. If you ever see us with a white guy, it's just to get money and gifts out of him or to get him to take us out to dinner. Then we usually send him home with a pair of our dirty panties and tell him to jerk off in them."

I was stunned by what she was saying. After that, my desire to become romantically involved with any of those girls seemed out of the question.

"White boys are good for a few other things, like waiting on us and cleaning up after us like you're doing. We'd have a live-in white guy to do our housework, but they get so nervous around our black boyfriends. And while the black men we date are great for sex, they're lousy at most everything else. The only other thing they're good at is spending our money. So you see, we can't have our boyfriends move in."

Maddie asked, "Since you're such a little guy, I'm sure the other kids call you a sissy, huh?"

I stared at her blankly. Yes, some of the bullies and other kids have called me names like 'sissy,' in the past, but I wasn't going to admit that to her. I was completely embarrassed just by her question.

"So, um, what type of sissy would you describe yourself as?"

Staring in horror, I remained silent.

"Oh, dear, you're a shy one, aren't you? Do you really like girls, or do you like boys. You know a lot of sissy boys your age haven't yet figured out what they want. I mean do you crossdress or wear panties? Did you ever kiss a girl? Kiss a boy?" she said with a wild laugh.

I was trying to not be shocked, but her questions were throwing me for a loop.

"Do you know if you're bi or gay? Would you be willing to go down on our black boyfriends if we were too tired to do them?"

I'm sure I was staring at her open mouthed. She hastily added that some of their black boyfriends could stay hard all night and shoot their cum a half dozen times or more and that's when it was handy to have a little cock hungry sissy boy around to finish off their boyfriends' monster dicks before sending them on their way.

"And do you think you'd pass on a double date?"

In response to me wrinkling my forehead, Carla explained, "'To pass' means that a boy can dress up like girl and go out and no one can tell that you are really a boy. Most black guys like transies – that's a guy dressed up like a girl – they even like to take transies out. They like the way transies give head. So a good transie that can pass and give good head is a find. How about you? Do you look good all dolled up?"

I finally found enough of a voice to emphatically tell them that I didn't dress up in girls' clothes and I wasn't a sissy. They really burst out into laughter when I told them that.

"Really," Maddie said, "I think you'd make a darling girl. You have the right shape and tone. With hair, makeup and a nice outfit, I could have you passing in no time."

I shook my head, reddening because this fox just told me I was so wimpy looking I could make a nice-looking girl.

"Do you think you could lick my pussy clean after I've had sex? And then lick my boyfriend's cock nice and clean?" Drew asked.

Stunned, I just sat there, again trying to shut my mouth, although watching her perfect body in her low cut blouse was making my little hard-on run push up the front of my trousers.

I think Carla realized my head was spinning over all this. She smiled and added, "I suggest you play up to our black boyfriends when they are here. They are pushy and don't like complications. If they tell you to take their dick out of their pants and suck on it, you better do it. The best sissies are flexible and not assertive or at all pushy."

"Oh, by the way, do you wear a butt plug, and if so, what size?"

Again I was speechless. I had no idea what she was talking about.

My lack of response puzzled her. She just shrugged her shoulders and wrote something down.

Prepared by that last question, I confidently answered in the negative to similar questions about cock and nipple rings, chastity belts, tongue studs and breast implants.

I was in such a daze that I hadn't even realized that they were stripping off my clothes as they talked to me. Moments later they had me in my first pair of girls' panties, and then a slip, nylons, shoes and a frilly dress!

These girls had me mesmerized. They taunted me with their lingerie-clad bodies and constantly touched me and kept me at the edge of sexual excitement. Then they put a cock ring on me so I'd stay hard, and they screwed to on so tight I couldn't cum, just painfully drool cum when my balls were bursting to overflowing and my overworked cock felt like it was ready to fall off.

I moved in with them immediately. They had me write a note to my mother that I had run away. I became their maid. The very first night they tied me up and beat me until I agreed to suck cock. Then they made me suck big black cocks until I thought black man cum was the only food on earth. I didn't see my mother or family for more than six years after that even though they lived less than a half-mile away!

By the end of those six years, my body was tattooed and pierced and heavily scarred from all the beatings and abuse. They had totally destroyed me and threw me out because "I wasn't fun for them anymore!" I've been looking for beautiful women and handsome black guys to rape and beat me ever since.

The end of Princess Online #30

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