

Princess Online

Featured
Stories and
Letters from
the Princess
Productions
Website

No. 39



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

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

The drawing shown here comes from volume 3 of "Beautified bullies," which is about two delinquent brothers who are petticoated and thoroughly humiliated by an old neighbor lady who is watching over them while their mother is away recuperating from an illness. The above scene is a flashback that shows the two brothers when they first discovered the local sissy being fitted for a dress by his seamstress mother.

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

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

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

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Watchdoggie! ...remembering the pain and intense humiliation of being Petticoat-Disciplined in the 5th grade.



"...when I refuse, Sister grabbed my arm and again ordered me to pull up my sissy dress and slip so she could check to be sure that I was wearing dainty little pink silk panties as she had ordered. Gad! Kids all around me giggled and urged the Nun to spank me, shouting out, "Pull up his dress Sister and spank his panties!"..."

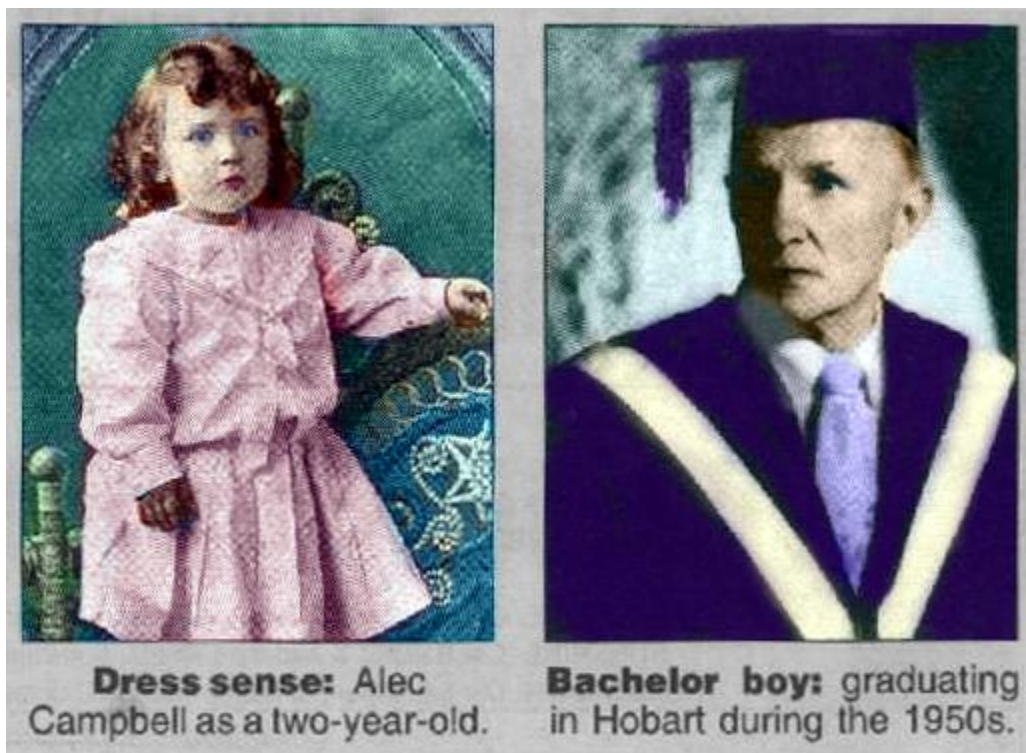
Watchdoggie!

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

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

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

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Recently deceased last survivor of Australia's WWI Gallipoli Campaign
At two years old he was in dresses and curls; no wonder he remained a bachelor!

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Click on each photo for a close-up view.

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Pic. #1
Douglas Taylor
in "The New
Adventures of
Pinocchio",
UK/Lux/Ger. 2001





Pic. #2
Douglas Taylor
in "The New
Adventures of
Pinocchio",
UK/Lux/Ger. 2001



Wendy City Creations

Here's a nice 'little' item: a lacy panty for your cock and balls. Just the thing for the true sissy boy to wear inside his regular sissy panties! A panty in your panties -- it's heaven! They call it the "Dickie Dress," and it's available from Wendy City Creations in Chicago. We've heard a lot about the outstanding quality of their products, which include maid's outfits, sissy fashions, little girl clothes and adult baby wear. If you order from them, let us know how you liked their products and service. You can order directly from their website: <http://www.wendy-city.com/>

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City/suburbs

Week of wackiness: Homecoming, 1990s style

By Jessica Seigel

In the cafeteria at Buffalo Grove High School, Seth Abramowitz adjusted the socks in his bosom, twirled his pink skirt and danced a little cha-cha after lunch.

"My mom wanted me to wear makeup," said Seth, a sophomore. "But I drew the line."

During a week of controlled zaniness for homecoming, Buffalo Grove students dressed like members of the opposite sex, wore pajamas to class and painted their hair blue and orange, the school colors.

October is homecoming month when high school students will go to class with their clothes on backward, impersonate their teachers, wear silly ties, join lip-synch contests, chug-a-lug soda pop and snarf pudding.

A modern version of an old tradition, homecomings increasingly involve a week of wacky behavior that lets kids break loose from today's academic pressures while administrators keep it all under control.

Twitters from teenagers followed Coach Joseph Scarpino through the hallways.

"Did you see the coach?"

"A definite hormone problem."

"Gloves, the gloves are perfect."

The 41-year-old shot and discus

coach had come to school dressed as a nurse, complete with the required ample bosom, white skirt, blond wig and surgical gloves. A group of girls doubled over giggling when they saw him.

It was just too much fun.

The teenagers themselves picked the daily themes, which have become more outrageous each year. Buffalo Grove Principal Marvin Christiansen explains it this way: "We're building healthy traditions the kids will remember. A sense of being part of something bigger than yourself is important and we encourage that."

The week of wholesome wackiness replaces a cruel "Animal House" mentality which underlied homecomings at Buffalo Grove in the mid-1980s, Christiansen said. Then, upperclassmen hazed freshmen by making them push pennies down the hallways with their noses.

The activity took a less noxious form in past decades when freshmen had to stand in the corners of the hallways during passing periods and sing the school song. Now the inter-class rivalry is played out at lunchtime as students see who can eat cherries out of a plate of whipped cream the fastest.

At Prospect High School in Mt. Prospect they competed to find chocolate kisses in pudding, and at Glenbard West in Glen Ellyn they

tugged of war and held canoe races on Lake Ellyn.

As in past decades, homecoming week still ends with a pep rally, football game, greeting returning alumni and choosing a king and queen. Elaborate homecoming dances with Big Themes, Big Dresses and Big Hair increasingly rival the prom in their extravagance.

One tradition—the homecoming parade—has almost vanished. With after-school jobs and today's variety of after-school activities, students are no longer interested in spending hours building floats for such an event, teachers say.

Wacky weeks and decorating the school are less labor intensive. At Hersey High School in Arlington Heights, students covered the hallways from ceiling to floor with blue and green streamers, balloons and nautical decorations.

"Looking good, looking good," Bill Baar, the orchestra conductor, said to students as he helped tape decorations into the higher corners. Following that day's dressup theme, Baar wore green like the other teachers. Freshmen wore yellow, sophomores purple, juniors blue and seniors red.

"Everybody's really excited, and you don't have to be a jock or anything to participate," said Kathy

Brunner, 16, "Even the teachers get into the spirit."

After the school clubs finished decorating, the hallways were a vision of "Enchantment Under the Sea." The students took the idea from "Back to the Future," a movie about a modern teenager who travels back to the 1950s and attends a dance with that theme.

The scene was indeed back to the future for teachers such as Baar, who graduated from high school in 1972, when such peppiness was out of favor. Though homecoming is cool again, a sizable minority of students are still irritated—as they've always been—by the focus on the football team and cheerleaders.

"They're just a bunch of preppies," said Shawn Whitworth, 15, who goes to Hersey and hangs out behind a fence frequented by a group called the "burnouts."

Even today's peppiest teenagers may disagree with adult expectations about homecoming. Home-wood-Flossmoor High School discontinued the traditional bonfire this year because the event no longer seemed to connect with "school spirit," said Howard Spicer, senior-class sponsor.

Students no longer wanted to burn the other team's mascot or rally around the football team, but



Tribune photo by Michael Budrys

Mike Goldstein (left) dresses as a girl in contrast to the masculine apparel of Kelly Lancaster.

instead turned the bonfire into an excuse to listen to rock music on a school night, some teachers felt.

Students at schools where they were allowed to run the activities themselves seemed most enthusiastic about homecoming. One of the few high schools that still holds the traditional parade down Main Street, Glenbard West in Glen Ellyn, is expecting one of the big-

gest homecomings in years.

"This has nothing to do with the adults," explained Mike Prentiss, 16, parade chair. "This may sound really hokey, but it lets us express ourselves. Other things are so restrained. The pressure is really pretty high to get good grades and get into a good college. For homecoming, they really give us a long leash."

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Apprentice Maids

Here are the concluding chapters of this story that we began on last month's website.

Summary of the first two chapters: Marge Payne is a wealthy owner of a horse farm, but her favorite sport is sex. She loves sex with most anyone,



but especially with winsome young ladies and sissified young males. James stables his horse on her farm. He is a longtime friend of the woman and an occasional sex partner. Marge confides in him that she is looking for a couple of sweet young boys to add to her staff. James knows what she really wants the boys for. Nevertheless, when he heard the huge amount of money to be paid for such boys, James was quick to recommend his own son as well as his nephew as ideal candidates. The boys were brought to the estate the next day and they were all Marge had hoped to find. She and her young assistant, Miss Beth, tutored the boys in serving them sexually in every way. James, his brother and their wives lived by little moral reference, and any second thoughts about having their sons debauched by old lady Payne, they quickly tossed aside as they learned about the monies that would be paid directly to them for their sons' services. James, who had long lusted after his sister-in-law, added a further requirement. For getting his nephew this fine job, he got his brother and his wife to agree that he could have sex with his sexy sister-in-law. As we rejoin the story, James is about to pick up the two boys at Miss Payne's mansion after their first day of 'work.'

Chapter 3

As he waited in his car near the servant's entrance to Miss Payne's house to pick up his son and his nephew at the appointed time, James anxiously thought about Ruth and how his carefully laid plan was coming to fruition. It had been a long torturous wait since the night before when it had been agreed he would be allowed to take his brother's wife to bed and do everything he wanted with her. He thought about Ruth and her big tits and lovely ass. And now, as the time approached, he felt his cock strong and hard in his pants. Everything was set, he told himself, unless — the thought poured over him like a cold shower — either Ruth or John had a change of heart since last night when he had watched them fucking.

As the boys climbed into the car, they looked a bit tired and weary, and their cheeks were blushing pink. 'No doubt they're mightily abashed after spending the day with the old dame,' James thought. He knew the feeling! Miss Payne had a way about her that made even a strong, full-grown man wither in her presence. Nonetheless, he hoped the boys were well primed to talk. And to forego any embarrassment they might have about talking about what they had done in the house, James told them that they were going to Martin's house and the two boys were to tell him, his brother and Ruth everything they had done at Mrs. Payne's, but they were to tell only them and no another person.

"And you don't have to be bashful. I know what goes on between Miss Payne and the young boys she gets up to the house. And Martin, I told your father and mother too, told them that Miss Payne would have the two of you between her legs in no time. You know what I'm talking about; don't you, boys?"

They stared at him, still blushing.

"Sucking on her titties, fingering her pussy lips, probably even fucking her . . . as I said, I know what goes on up there."

“We didn't fuck her, Uncle James,” Martin spoke up.

“But you did the other things, I bet,” James said as he looked over the backseat at the two boys.

They nodded and blushed a deeper red.

James let out with a hearty laugh. “Oh, yes, I know. I know!

“Now, I want you boys to tell us all about it when we get to your house, Martin. Your mom and dad are anxious to hear. I want you to tell us all. And if you tell your story, I have a bonus for you. When you're finished, I'll send you to over to stay with my wife and daughter for the night. Martin, your sister is already over there. I'll be staying the night with your mom and dad. Now, when I send you two out to leave, before you go, sneak around to the back of the house by the bedroom, your folk's bedroom, Martin, and you'll see a very exciting show.

Upon arrival, James looked at his brother and his wife. They were all smiles. It looked like everything was set. He pushed the two boys into the house ahead of him and assured James that all had gone well. Ruth had obviously been scrubbed until her white skin glowed with a suggestion of pink. There was a scent of soap about her and he guessed that she had just gotten out of the tub. Even his brother looked much cleaner than usual and was freshly shaved for the event. By arrangement, Martin's younger sister had already been sent to spend the night at James' house with his wife. And when the boys, Tom and Martin, were finished telling their story, they would be sent there too so that the three adults would be alone in the house all night.

They went into the den so that they could sit and talk in comfort. The boys were obviously nervous. The adults thought it was because what they had been through and now knew what was expected of them, but what was making them nervous was the satin panties they were wearing under their clothes. They'd tell their parents most of what they wanted to hear, but the spankings and being made to wear panties was too embarrassing to tell.

But after the brief bit of nervousness, Tom began to answer their questions and tell in vivid detail the things that had happened. He told how Marge Payne had him lay on a bed while she crouched over him with her purple panties in his face and got him to lick the crotch of her panties as she started his training in cunnilingus. John and James were smiling wickedly. Ruth was loving it! Martin found courage in the performance of his cousin and was soon eager to tell almost all with equal frankness. He told how Miss Beth, the young girl that was Miss Payne's special assistant, took him in hand and gave him similar lessons.

As the report went on, it was Ruth who asked the most probing questions, most of them about eating the women's pussies. She wanted to know the details, the manner in which the lads had licked and loved those cunts but also wanted to know how they felt while doing it, what positions the women assumed and how the boys liked the taste of pussy.

The boys as well as the adults found the questions and answers erotically stimulating, and each boy held his hand on his lap to cover his erection, which was merrily pushing upwards against

his panties and trousers. It was embarrassing to have a hard-on in front of one's parents. John noticed their bulging pants and wondered if they had gotten relief.

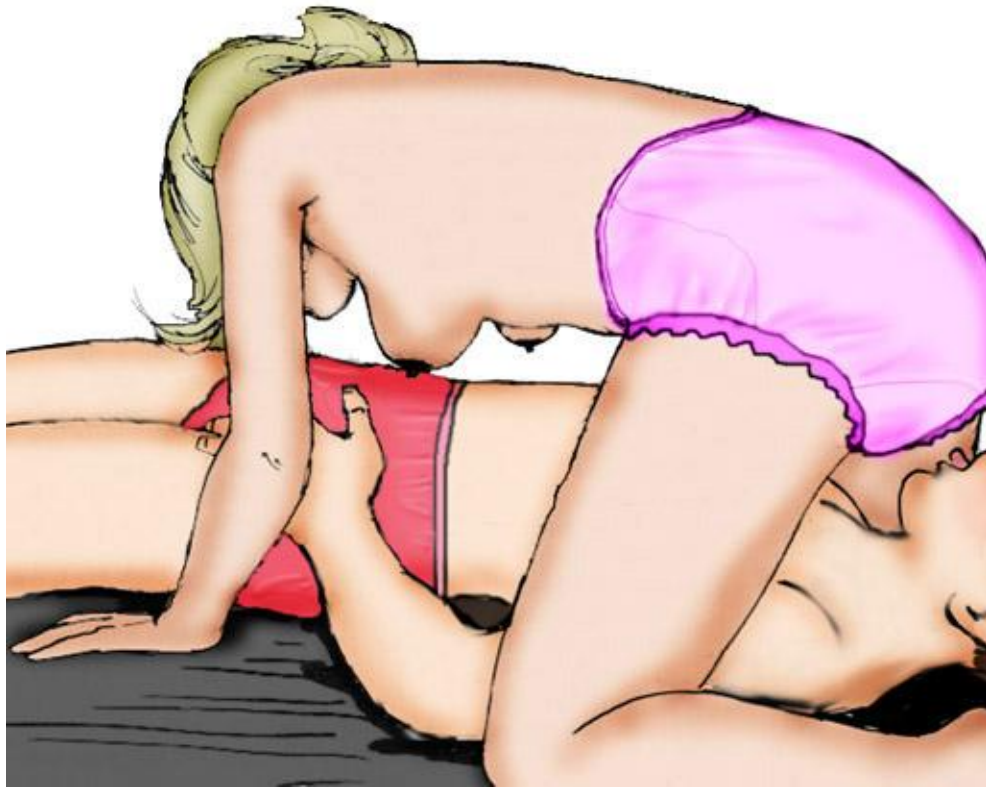
“But you didn't get to fuck them?” John asked in obvious surprise.

“No, sir,” Tom replied. “I think Miss Beth wanted us to, but Miss Marge, that's what Mrs. Payne told us to call her, said she wanted to save that for another day.”

“I'll bet your cocks were very stiff by then,” Ruth said in an excited tone.

With a show of embarrassment, both boys admitted she was right. By then all three adults had noticed the fullness within the boys' trousers. Ruth insisted that the boys take down their trousers and show them their swollen penises, but both of them tried to dissuade her because they were still wearing the satin panties beneath their trousers.

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Apprentice Maids

Chapter 4

But Ruth disregarded their reluctance, and advanced on her son.

“Oh, what’s to fret about; I’ve seen your willie a thousand times, so let’s have a look. And Tom, it hasn’t been that long since I used to give you a bath on those times when you stayed over. I saw that bit of flesh you got down there many times. So give your old folks a thrill, show us what we’ve been raising here. The two of you, let’s see what you got.”

The boys resisted. Ruth wondered why the boys were embarrassed, as she laughingly struggled with her son. He was no match for her strength and expertise at undoing trousers. With little effort she had his belt open and his zip undone. As she opened his trousers, the zipper spread to form a wide-open “V” . . .

“Oh, my goodness,” Ruth giggled. “Look what we have here! Panties! My little Martin in girls’ panties! Satin panties at that, with lots of nice sissy frills! The old cunt is making my boy into a faggot right off, is she?”

“These are nice panties. I’m sure she paid a pretty price for them. I’d like some like these myself – if they didn’t have so many frills on them – they are awfully girly!”

“No wonder your boy didn’t want to open his pants,” James said with a wild grin on his face. “I told ya, she like likes her boys feminine like.”

“God, those panties do make him look awfully girly – if he had longer hair . . .”

Ruth looked at her husband with a knowing stare, “So you like our little Martin in panties, huh? Got you thinking about bugging him?” she laughed.

“Oh, No! Nothing like that,” John protested. “I was just saying . . .” and then to deflect the scrutiny away from himself, he said, “Well, if Martin’s got them on. Your Tom must be wearing them too?”

All eyes shifted to Tom. He had slid off the bed, was blushing and now shrinking back into the corner. Just by the cowering look on the boy’s face, they all knew he had panties on too.

“OK, you get your pants down too,” Ruth said. “We won’t laugh at you – well at least not too much! I’m sure you’ll look pretty in panties just like my Martin. So get them open. Let’s have a look. We can all see that little penis of yours making a mighty bulge – that’s what we all want to take a look at!”

Tom didn’t move. Ruth left Martin standing, humiliated and gently crying with his trousers around his ankles, the men grinning at his discomfort, but continuing to comment about his god awful frilly panties and the partial erection pushing away at the front. Ruth cornered Tom. He didn’t resist, only hung his head as she divested him of his trousers with a few quick motions. Tom’s panties were pink and equally frilly.

While the adults watched, the lads drew down their panties, and each displayed a very stiff young bone. They were glad to shed the panties. They weren't embarrassed about showing off their cocks, even if they were just little by cocks.

"To think," she sighed, "that tomorrow, you will be sticking those things into women's cunts. Isn't that exciting?"

The boys told in great detail what they did with the women while up at the big house, only omitting details about a lot of the girlie stuff and the 'sample' spanking they each endured. And now that Martin too was talking freely about what had gone on, Ruth was fascinated hearing her son's reaction to wearing satin panties. Martin blushed deeply when he told her the best part was when Beth took his penis out from under the edge of his pink panties and sucked it into her mouth to stimulate his interest in mouthing her pussy. Ruth loved hearing her son give details of how he had been taught to give Beth a good pussy licking. But all the excited talk was making the adults wild with desire for each other, and they were anxious to get the boys out of the house so they could get on with their own sex games. As he looked from Ruth to John, he expressed his anxiousness and the others agreed. The lads were directed to go to Tom's house for the night.

They still blushed with embarrassment as they pulled up their humiliating pink panties and then hurriedly pulled their trousers up over the faggoty panties distorted by their untapped erections. And outside the house, instead of immediately walking down the path to Tom's house, they went around behind Martin's house and stood in the bushes in front of his parent's bedroom window.

As soon as they got into position they saw James draw back the drapes a little and then light two lamps, which lit up the scene very nicely for them.

Both watched as Ruth entered. James took her in his arms and kissed her passionately while his hands fondled the swells of her massive arse. John entered and Martin watched as his father undressed. Both boys were more than impressed by the size and hardness of John's cock as his pants fell to the floor.

While the James and Ruth still kissed, John caught the hem of his wife's dress and pulled it up and over her head, giving the boys a full view of her full womanly breasts and arse encased in matching yellow bra and panties. James massaged those lush pantied cheeks with his large, dark hands, but rather than blocking the boys' view, it made the whole scene more exciting.

James momentarily broke away to divest himself of his clothes, and while he did, Ruth maintained the momentum by bouncing her massive ties and rubbing them with excitement.

Without exchanging words, each boy unzipped his pants and reached in to fondle themselves through their silky panties. They had to press themselves close together to peer through the slit in the drapes, and in so doing their hands and cocks were alongside each other. In their excitement they began rubbing themselves in unison, four eyes close together, breathing lips near lips, hot little cocks aligned, primed and long overdue for action. Unintentionally, they touched each other as their hands flew loosely and quickly over their pantied cocks. Without even realizing why they did it, they took hold of each other's cock as it boiled over into their much-needed release.

When it was over, their hands and panties sodden with their juices, each boy turned away and zipped up his pants enclosing his quickly cooling, clammy feeling, jism-filled panties. Embarrassed about touching each other in the heat of passion, the boys looked back through the widow to watch their parents have at one another.

Although he sensed it was wrong, Martin was overcome by a desire to be in the place of his uncle and to be able to kiss, lick and play with his mother's big, white arse and ripe cunny.

Beside them, Martin's father was madly jerking his bone and the boys waited to see him shoot. Both were becoming excited again as they wondered aloud to each other how far he could shoot with such a big cock. From time to time they had held contests to see who could shoot the farthest, but both were sure that their achievements would not compare with the ability of such a big boner.

He didn't shoot though. Instead, as James stopped lapping and got up with his stiff rod swaying, his brother threw himself on the bed, fitted his cock between his wife's thighs and began fucking her.

Both boys were disappointed at how quickly the fuck was over. It was as if he had stroked it inside her only a few times before he shot and got up with his cock wet and limp and made room for his brother.

But then he got onto the woman, James had her turn over and get onto her hands and knees on the bed with her side to the window. Her arse quivered just the way it had the previous evening when John fucked her while she lay over the table. Her big titties hung fully and softly over the edge, doing an exciting dance for the benefit of two men and the unseen boys.

James stuffed his pole just under her arse for a moment, then, fumbling under her as she wriggled, he fitted the head between the lips of her twat and began to push it home. Unlike John, he took his time about it and gave her more than a few strokes before he had it all the way in and was rubbing her bum with his belly.

He paused then to reach around her and capture the pair of pink tipped melons with his hands. As he rubbed them, it caused Ruth to wriggle her arse and the boys almost fell off the roof in their excitement.

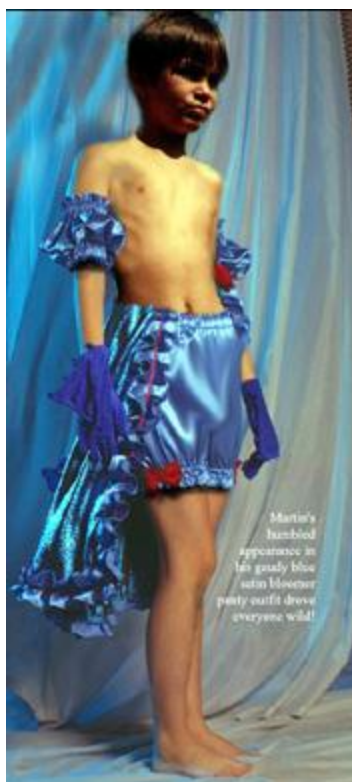
They saw James kneel up straight again and, after taking a nice grip on her hips and thighs, he began to slide his cock in and out of her snatch.

From time to time, Ruth would turn her head to look warmly at the man who stroked against her arse in such a masterful fashion and she seemed to be telling him something. It must have been something good, the boys agreed, because it caused him to smile as he kept giving her a very slow fuck. As they watched, the boys had time to agree that he was more interesting to watch in action than Martin's father had been.

When James did finally break away and then dive down between Ruth's legs and began eating her cum-filled cunt, both boys became very aroused once again, remembering how they felt that afternoon when they were indoctrinated into cunnilingus. With automatic motion, both boys undid their trousers, and inserted their hands into each other's pants opening and teased each other through their sodden panties. Never once they looked at each other, but only kept their faces pressed together peering inside as the adults continued with wild sex play.

The boys didn't take long to bring each other to a second climax. It was different than the frantic fist cum. It was slower and more intense as they touched each other through their sensitized penises. And when they did shoot again, one soon after the other, they had their faces appressed cheek to cheek. Both wanted to kiss the other, but both were too embarrassed to initiate a kiss. Relieved of their jism for the second time, the boys were finally able to relax sexually, but their minds freed of their sexual hunger were now fully alive and unable to ignore what they had done with each other – twice! In silence, they pulled their clothes back together and gingerly walked along to Tom's house, their wet, cold and clammy panties repeatedly sticking and then pulling away from their groin and privates with every step. Abased and disoriented from the long day of sexual activities, the boys decided it was time to hurry to Tom's house, and they ran the rest of the way.

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Apprentice Maids

Chapter 5

The next morning, the boys awoke in silence, turning their backs to each other as they opened their little pink packages and withdrew fresh new panties to put on under their clothes. Martin's panties were rich royal blue, extending down his legs like bloomers and ending in frills and red ribbons. Tom's panties were passionate purple and equally ornate with white lace and bow. They were ready and waiting when the chauffeur arrived to take them back to the house.

Beth and Miss Payne greeted the two with lingering, open-mouthed kisses, and then quickly undressed the boys, spending time to examine and play with their sexy panties, and dressing them in little satin armlets and half skirts that matched their bloomer panties. Soon they had the

boys in makeup too. After a morning of teasing sex play, in which neither the boys nor the women reached a climax, each of them had a hunger for an orgasm that was increasingly difficult to ignore. Then after a light lunch, Marge had Beth take both boys up to her suite of rooms to teach them the niceties of being a lady and a lady's maid. The boys were then undressed to their panties and instructed in the proper manner of undressing a lady for her bath. Beth was instructed to keep them excited and not let them cum, so they would better learn their lessons.

While Beth gave instruction to the boys, James arrived at Miss Payne's house and gave her a thrilling account of the boys' reaction to their first day of 'work' as the boys had reported to him the night before. James also told Marge and all that had happened after that.

Beth taught the boys how to give an unhurried, erotic bath. Both proved to be eager students as they were taught the correct method of washing from throat and arm-pits, along titties, belly, arse and cunt, and down to toes.

Beth stood full nude before them as she instructed them in the best manner of toweling a lady. There were places where they had to rub hard and make the skin glow and there were others where they had to learn to pat gently with the towel to remove moisture without causing the least bit of discomfort.

Beth saw that both boys had maintained rigid little cocks in their panties, and other than an occasional little tweak or tug, she dared not toy with those hot cocks too much or she knew they would explode. Marge had instructed her to keep the lads hot but keep them waiting for their first fuck.

"Martin, darling, I need to pee. And I want you to be my pee pot."

Martin paused to think for a moment, and then laughed. He wondered exactly what she meant. Tom watched in avid interest.

"All right, you sweet little thing," Beth said with warmth, "come sit on the floor while mommy gives you a nice warm drink."

Martin lay on the floor. Beth place a small pillow behind his neck to tilt his face in the right direction as she then stood straddling him and bending just enough from the waist to ensure that the stream would be aimed properly into his mouth. Beth gave him a little kick in the side and told him to open his mouth wide and be ready to swallow her precious pee.

Tom looked on in disbelief. Both boys thought they had learned and seen everything there was to know about sex within the past twenty-four hours, but this was something new. They had heard the women talk about peeing and drinking it, but it all sounded like a joke. Yet, now it appeared that Beth was actually going to pee into Martin's mouth.

"Now, Tom," she said, "if you are going to learn, you should get closer so that you can see properly."

Tom quickly accepted the invitation and moved as close as he could.

“Ready, dear?” Beth asked.

Martin nodded, mouth still wide open.

“Here it comes now.”

As Tom stared into the narrow space between Beth’s legs and Martin’s open mouth, he saw the pale yellow stream spurt forth. It flew directly into his cousin’s mouth and he began swallowing as fast as he could.

The boys couldn’t believe it and yet it was happening. The big, beautiful woman was bending, smiling, her pretty titties hanging full and lovely as she peed directly into the mouth of the pretty little boy beneath her, who struggled to drink every drop as his bright blue eyes sparkled, staring up at the little hole that was the source of it all.

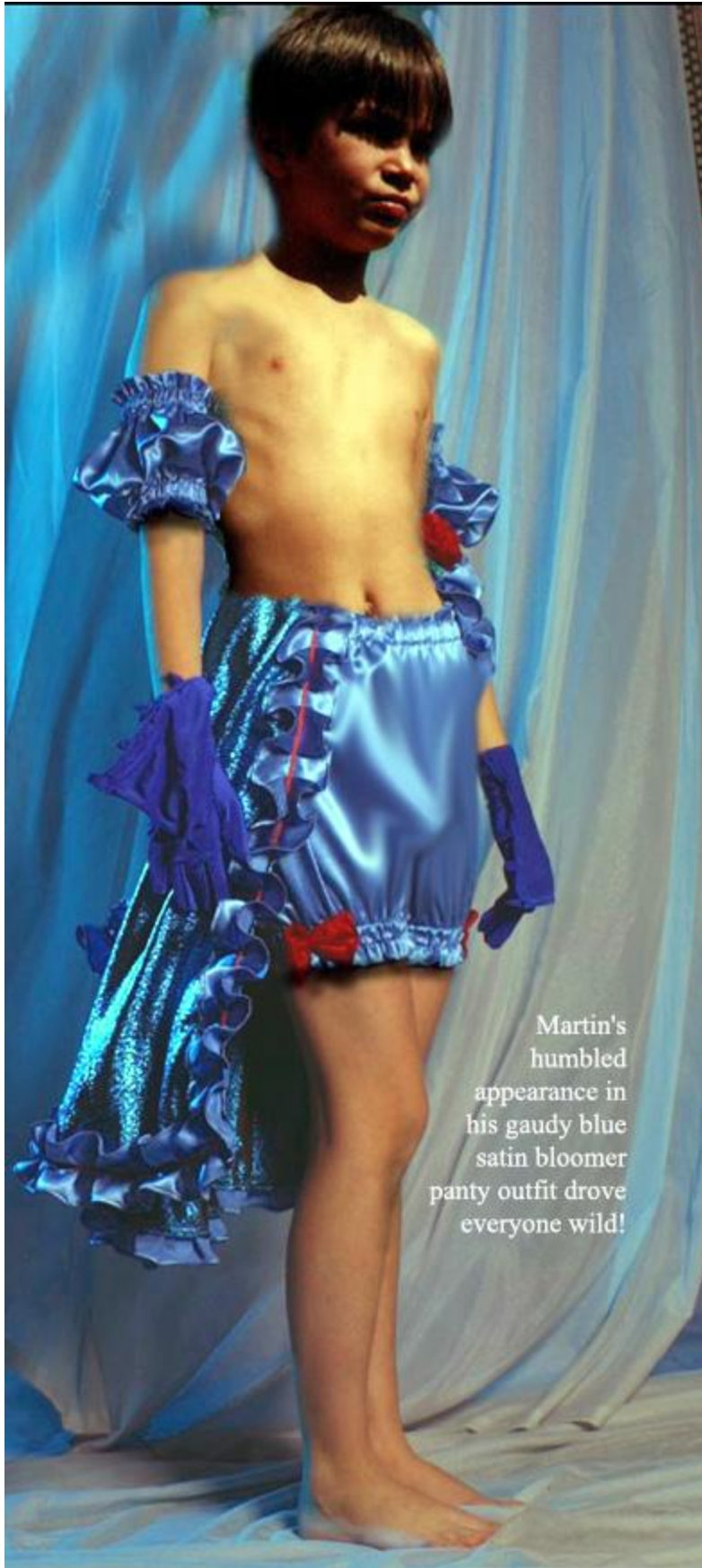
As the end of the pee dribbled, Beth brought her pussy lips down and had Martin tongue out the remaining drops and lick her crotch dry and clean.

“Was it truly nice, darling?” Beth said. Then turning to Tom, “Don’t worry. You’ll get your turn soon enough.”

Tom had found it exciting to watch, but he wondered if he could do it.

That night the boys went home again with fresh pairs of panties and matching camisoles in their little pink bags, but they went home highly excited and still without advancing to the point of having their first fuck.

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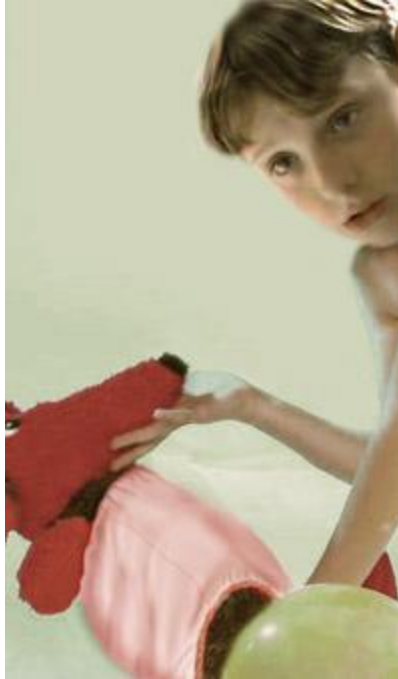
Martin's humbled appearance in his gaudy blue satin bloomer panty outfit drove everyone wild!

Apprentice Maids

Chapter 6

The next day, Beth taught the were required to know, and downstairs, and unknown to the Ruth, Martin's mother, whom seduction with beautiful and like she would never be able to would be thrilled with her to turn her body over to them

On her way to the mansion, had been summoned, but she especially since Miss Payne all whom she befriended.



boys more of the things they while she did that, Marge was boys, preparing to entertain was to be enticed into her extremely expensive clothes afford. Marge was sure Ruth lovely gifts and be delighted for any joys they wanted.

Ruth was wondering why she was quite happy to go, seemed to be so generous to

"You must be Ruth," Marge asked the woman whom the maid had brought to the parlor. "You should have come to the front door. After all, you are here as a guest."

"Thank you Miss Payne. You're very kind to the wife and mother of servants."

"Please call me Marge and this is my friend Beth. I hope we shall all be friends."

Introductions over, Marge rang for a maid to bring a tray of drinks. They chatted easily and Ruth was surprised at how quickly she was able to reply with them.

"Do you think your son is enjoying his work?" Marge asked as she smiled at the woman over her glass.

"I know he is," Ruth replied with warmth. "You and Beth are making a real little man of him."

"You mean you can see the difference already? Tell us how, please."

Ruth was anxious to sound as sophisticated as the woman and girl and felt that by talking frankly, she would be like them.

She told them about how she had become so excited the previous evening as the boys provided her husband and his brother, James, with the exciting details of what they had done at Miss Payne's. Ruth said her nephew Tom had been especially thrilled about sucking Marge's big titties.

"I think," Marge interrupted, "it would also be exciting to suck one of your titties. They look so big and firm. I should love to feel them through your dress if you don't mind to much."

Without waiting for a reply, Marge raised both her hands and cupped the big beauties. They really were, she discovered, as big and firm as James had told her, and she complimented her accordingly.

"You are both very kind to say such things," Ruth said with an air of shyness, "but I don't have nice clothes to show them off properly."

"Oh yes you do, Ruth," Marge smiled. "You just don't know it, that's all."

"What do you mean? "

Marge got the stack of packages from the chair at the side of the room.

One by one, Marge held them up for Ruth to admire. Each was so costly in appearance and so well fashioned that Ruth would have never dreamed of owning such things.

"They are all yours, Ruth," Marge said with a smile, "and I am dying to see you in them. Don't bother with the gown though, you can try that on later."

Ruth blinked a number of times as the impact of it hit her.

When she was finally convinced that the woman was not playing games with her, she asked where she could change.

"I think right here would be a lovely place," Marge answered. "That way, I shall be able to admire your fine body. I'd like that. Would it make you nervous?"

"A little," Ruth blushed, "but I'll do it anyway. I'll do anything you want."

As she said it, Marge stood and removed her silk robe. Ruth looked at Marge's mature, beautiful figure.

"To think that my little boy sees and touches and sucks and fucks the likes of you. What a lucky fellow he is indeed."

"Do you think it would be nice to suck me?" Marge wanted to know.

"I've never sucked a woman, not even her tittie, but I do think it would be exciting."

“You will, dear,” Marge said quietly. “In a little, we shall all play with each other and you will suck me. I shall suck you too. Do you think you will like that?”

“Oh yes,” the woman almost sobbed.

“Then take off all your clothes so I can see you.

Ruth began undressing. Her hands trembled, but she was able to get her clothes off. When she stood naked, the woman stared in disbelief at the strong, generous beauty she displayed.

Marge lovingly touched Ruth’s titties. When both nipples became hard and big, she mouthed them. Then she bent to explore her behind and crotch. She rubbed the strong thighs and thrilled while she thought of how they could rub her face while she sucked.

Marge led the woman to the couch with a boldness that made Ruth’s knees go weak. It required no pressure at all to move the big thighs wide apart. At Marge’s urging, the woman moved her arse right to the edge of the couch and leaned back and opened her twat. Marge fitted her lovely face into the waiting warmth of Ruth’s crotch and the full red lips made gentle contact with the lips of her quim. With a sigh of ecstasy, Ruth surrendered her body to the invasion.

Ruth came very quickly and Marge suggested that she should rest for a minute, then, for the first time in her life suck another woman’s twat.

Their rest was a brief one and Ruth was more than anxious to feel a cunt on her mouth for the first time. After pausing to stare into Marge’s lovely crotch, she pressed her face into it and began kissing. She loved it right from the start as she pushed her tongue into the warm, wet slit so that she could lick the woman’s moist cunny.

Considering that she was lapping cunny for the first time, Ruth did it well and provided Marge with a full measure of pleasure when she came and, after the trembling passed, gently pushed the woman away from her crotch.

The women stopped for another drink then and when it was finished, Marge led Ruth back to the couch. Before they did anything though, she rang for a maid and sent her to get the boys.

A minute later, Beth escorted in the lads who were naked except for their frilly panties with their little cocks nicely raised and hard within the satin panty fronts. They looked very surprised and just a little uncomfortable as they looked at the woman who was mother of one and aunt of the other.

“Ruth and I are going to do some nice cunny lapping now, boys,” Marge announced. “I want you to watch very closely so that you may learn to be even better at it.”

With Beth and the boys looking on, Marge pushed the big woman down, raised her left leg high to provide a wide path to the big cunt, and then pressed her face into it. She lapped roughly and had the big woman moaning under her.

In the meantime, Beth had drawn the boys close and placed the hand of one in her crotch while guiding the other's hand onto her arse. Both boys played nicely, and Beth in turn manipulated their penises within the confines of their silky panties. All three felt the wonders of excitement when Ruth came with a roar of approval while Marge went on lapping until the woman came merrily.

Before the afternoon tea, Beth had her lying on the couch with her legs kicking high in the air as Ruth was sucking her twat. She had a lively come.

"Now then lad," Marge said, it's time the two of you part before you get overly tired; it is time we did something with these cute little bones of yours. I think she shall give you your first lesson in fucking."

The boys looked at each other with excited anticipation but also a trace of embarrassment as Ruth sat playing with Beth's bum as she lay across the wide lap.

"For this time, I think I shall take Martin's little cock into my cunny and you, Tom, will get on your aunt's belly and give her a nice fucking. Just think, what other little boy is lucky enough to fuck a beautiful woman."

With a gleam in her eye, Ruth lay back with her cunt open and held her arms out to her nephew. Nervously, Tom went to her and she very quickly pulled aside his snappy panty elastic, fished out his worm of a penis and fitted the little fucker into her slit.

It required a sharp slap on his bum to get him going, but once he started, he gave her a nice fucking although his cock was really quite small for her.

When he began to tremble against her as he squirted his cream, Ruth wrapped her big legs around him and raised her arse right off the couch, taking the boy for a wild ride.

Next, Marge took Martin to the couch.

"How lucky you are," she told him as she lay back and prepared to get into position, "to be allowed the pleasure of fucking a beautiful grown woman."

"Yes, Miss Marge," he agreed with obvious sincerity.

"Do you want to fuck?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then you shall fuck me. Perhaps after you get home, if you are a good boy, your mother may let you fuck her if you can get your cock hard again."

“Then,” she went on, “if you are a real good boy, perhaps your daddy would like to have a go at you, since you’re becoming so girlish. I think he’d like that. You can let him fuck you up the arse.”

Martin went wide-eyed at that, but was too consumed with the moment to dwell on that.

Every person in the room was trembling with passion then, and Marge had the lad to get between her legs. She slid his cock out from under the veil of his pretty panties and inserted it into her hot, wet and slippery cunt.

Marge slapped his butt the way other woman had done to get him going, but it wasn’t necessary as his arse began to bob up and down at once, as he got right down to the job of fucking his mistress with even more vigor than she had expected.

Marge was witness to her son and nephew going at it for their first fuck, but she was content to sit and watch, repeatedly reliving her mind the excitement of having her cunt lapped by a woman for the first time.

The afternoon ended with an impromptu fashion show as Ruth donned the clinging exotic lingerie Marge had presented to her. The black lace brassiere had an exciting effect to her massive titties. The sheer, black silk panties were lovingly stretched to their limit to contain her stunning arse.

All of them, the women and the boys, explored the wildly erotic lingerie with their hands and eyes. Ruth then donned the white silk gown and shoes that had been provided. The combined effect was entrancing and almost started another round of sex play, but the afternoon was over and Ruth had to get home.

“Oh by the way, Ruth,” Marge said as Ruth and the boys were going out the door, “now that I’ve had my cunny sucked by you, and your son, I think I’d like to go for the whole family. I’ll talk to you another time about arranging to meet your husband and your daughter.”

“Daughter? But she’s only ten, Miss Payne.”

“Silly, what does that matter. I love having my cunny lapped by such a little girl. After all, would you want her to wait as late in life to discover that joy as you did?”

“Oh, I see what you mean,” Ruth replied with a smile. “Should I train her a little?”

“Don’t actually let her do it to you, but it might help to get her interested. Perhaps let her watch you get fucked when you get home, and show her how much fun it is to play with herself through her panties. That will stimulate her interest.

“And Martin, you can help out. Give your sister this stuffed animal when you get home, but before you give it to her, take this pair of my pink panties and put it on the toy. The panties are filled with my perfume and pussy juices. Teach your sister how to kiss and like the crotch of the

panties, and that will prime her for eating my pussy.”

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Apprentice Maids

Chapter 7

On their way to the car, Ruth talked to the boys about what fun it would be to have the girl watch while she got fucked. Ruth stopped to pick up Anna at her girlfriends house where she stayed that afternoon. Then she dropped Tom off at his house. Only his mother was home. As usual, she was intoxicated, slurring her words and having difficulty walking around.

On the table in front of her, there was an open box that contained an elaborately frilled pink satin dress. James had told his wife what the boys were doing up at Miss Payne’s house each day. Tom’s mother had called him a pansy since before he even started school, so she wasn’t surprised how he was taking to his sissy training by the rich old bitch. But Tom did become embarrassed as his mother belittled him and called him a faggot. She said the dress had arrived by messenger. It was addressed to Tom, but she had opened it and read the note, which commanded him to wear the dress the next day to arrive at the Payne mansion in the dress and fully made up. Tom’s mother laughed in his face, coughed and snorted as she laughed and poked fun at him. She made him put on the dress and model it for her. Finally, the day of drinking had taken its tool, and she fell back on the couch and drifted into a drunken stupor.



When Ruth, Martin and Anna got home, they read a note from John. He and James had gone to a tavern to celebrate finding their sons such fine jobs.

Alone with her son and daughter, Ruth took Anna into her arms and hugged and kissed her, kissed her full on the lips and forced her tongue into her little daughter’s mouth, in a loving, motherly way.

Anna was surprised. She knew such kissing was for men and women. She often pretended to do it with her boy dolls. But she did not resist. She relaxed and seemed to enjoy the motherly oral invasion. But what did surprise her was her mother reaching up under her dress and rubbing her silky panties all about her hips. The girl squirmed. It tickled as well as sent shivers up her spine. It felt especially good when her mother began rubbing her sweet hairless cunny through the folds of her soft panties.

In full view of Martin, and without stopping her stroking, Ruth leaned back and looked in her daughter's eyes, "Do you like it when I do this?"

Anna nodded her head. Ruth had masturbated herself in her panties from the time she was a toddler. She wondered if Anna did such things too. Well, Anna had experienced such things. She like to have kissing games with her best girlfriend and they liked to stick pencils and carrots and things into each other's pussy lips. Sometimes they would stick carrots into their pussies, then pull up their panties and run around with the carrots pushing out the panties like they each had a penis in their panties.

Ruth warned herself that she was getting herself all worked up. She realized that she would soon be to the point where she would do something with her son and daughter that most people would deem not only wrong but unthinkable.

Instead of becoming afraid, she told herself that her son was already doing such things with a strange woman anyway and so it really wouldn't be wrong if he did them with his own mother. And as for her daughter, Miss Payne was right, why should she have to wait years and years to learn about such pleasures?

Ruth signaled to Anna and Martin to follow her into her bedroom. There was a lot of time before John would return. She didn't need to hurry.

"Martin," she said, "give Anna the present we have for her from Miss Payne and teach her how to play with it."

Ruth watched for signs of interest or resistance as Martin took out the stuffed animals wearing Miss Payne's dirty panties. Anna thought it was funny, seeing the panties on the doll, and laughed a lot more when Martin showed her how to make love to the doll and suck on the crotch of the panties. But Anna went along with it and delighted in following her big brother's instructions. Ruth felt good that object lesson had gone as well as possible, but now it was her turn. She told Anna to continue to cuddle her new panty-wearing doll while she and Martin showed her how grown-ups had fun.

"Pull my dress down like you do for Miss Payne," Ruth told her son, "and take my titties out I want both of you to really see them. Would you like that?"

Martin nodded enthusiastically. Anna looked at him and then nodded too.

It seemed strange to be doing this to his own mother, but Martin opened the top of her dress and pulled it down to her waist. He had seen her titties the night before with his father and his uncle fucking her and he had seen them at Miss Payne's that afternoon, but both those time were from a distance. This time he was close enough to actually touch them. He did. Ruth prompted Anna to touch them too.

"Oh, that's nice, my dear little sweet things. Go ahead and suck them for me."

Without answering, the children each took one of the big mounds in their lips. As they sucked, they felt the nipples getting much bigger.

As each of them suckled, Ruth pulled up Anna's dress and fingered her through her panties. Then she unzipped Martin's pants and fingered his cock through his panties.

Now highly aroused herself, Ruth asked, "Oh, Martin, tell me, do you truly enjoy sucking Miss Payne's cunny?"

"Yes, it's fun and makes me excited."

"How wonderful it must be. Your father won't do it to me, Martin. Would you do it to me? Anna you can watch and learn. Both of you can look at me and touch me all over, and then Martin, I'll let you fuck me. Will you?"

He gave a strangled sob of agreement and began taking his clothes off. When Anna saw his gaudy satin panties, she howled with laughter. He cringed in embarrassment from having his ten-year-old sissy make fun of him like that. He wanted to strip off the panties, but Ruth told him to keep them on. They were so pretty and he looked so delicious in them. Anna kept laughing even after her mother told her to learn to appreciate sissy boys like her big brother. Anna brought it down to a giggle as she watch her mother and brother get all worked up and into position for a fuck. All the while, Anna was stroking her own panty-covered pussy in earnest.

As one hand strayed into her crotch, Martin realized that he hadn't really seen her cunny yet except for the big patch of pussy hair on the bottom of her swelling belly. He bent over and, putting his face between her thighs, looked straight up into the biggest crotch he had ever seen.

Impulsively, Martin turned over onto his back, raised his face and kissed the warm quiff. With a groan, Ruth moved her knees apart and lowered herself onto his face.

He was smothered by her big arse, thighs and cunt, but Martin loved it. He had learned well and it didn't take long to bring his mother to the point where she felt her cum beginning. She made every noise possible including two loud farts, but nothing could spoil it for the boy. With his fingers digging into the big, firm pillows of her arse, he sucked until Ruth thought she would go crazy. Finally, she had to tear herself away from him.

"Oh Martin," she gasped in wonder. "That was so good. You're better for a woman than your old man ever was. Let's do this often. Would you like to?"

Martin told her he enjoyed it and would like to do it every chance they had, but she detected a note of pain in his voice. It was then that she noticed his stiff, throbbing little cock waving around inside his lacy panties.

"Oh you poor boy. Your little bird needs something. I'll do it with my hand or my mouth or let you stick it up my bum or in my cunny. Which way do you want it?"

“I...I’d like to fuck you in your cunny. Would you let me do it?”

“Of course dear. After that lovely sucking, I’ll give you anything you want. This way?” she asked as she lay on her back with her legs drawn up and open wide.

He mumbled an answer that she didn’t hear as he crawled up over her belly and settled between her big, smooth thighs with his little poker in his hand. A moment later, he had pushed it into her and began the stroking motion of his first fuck. The motions came instinctively and he had, after all, gotten some education in the matter by bum fucking Tom.

His face could just reach her tities so he closed his mouth over one and sucked as his arse bobbed up and down as their bellies slapped and his little rod worked back and forth in her hot juicy twat.

“Oh you sweet little motherfucker,” she panted; she urged him on. “We’ll do lots of things together from now on. I am going to suck your cock and you will bum fuck me and fuck my cunt and everything.”

Martin was excited by her words, but he stopped hearing them then as he began to cum. It was the first time he had done it inside a woman’s pussy and it felt great, as frantic jerking tore through his body until the last of his cream spurted weakly into her slit.

That was the way John found them.

At first, he roared with anger, but before long, his wife calmed him down. She pointed out that he had agreed to send his son to suck and fuck Miss Payne, and that he agreed to allow his brother to suck her twat and fuck her, and reasoned that there was not any greater crime involved in doing the same things with her son.

“You see, John,” she said firmly and with a tone of authority that took the man by surprise, “since having my twat lapped by your brother, I just have to have it. You will let Martin do it for me, or do it yourself.”

“All right, Ruth,” he shrugged, “you’ll have him whenever you want, but so will I, and I’ll have Anna too.”

As she looked, her husband took out a very stiff cock with his right hand while his left traced patterns over the tender pantied arse of the lad.

“Your daddy is going to bum fuck you, dear,” she told Martin softly. “Raise your bum up nice and high for him. If you like, you can suck my tittie while he does it.

“Anna, darling, you watch closely because your daddy will be stick his big cock into you one day soon. I think we’ll have to exercise your twat a lot before you’re ready to take him, so sit beside me. I’ll finger your pussy and work it out while we watch you daddy fuck your pantywaist brother.”

Anna still giggles, and it did tickle when her mother fingered her, but it was so much more exciting that way she did it compared to how it was poking things into her pussy with her little girlfriend.

Martin didn't much like the prospect of being rammed by so big a cock, but he knew there was no choice. He wasted in anticipation. John fumbled for a moment in the nightstand drawer and got some lubricant. A moment later, John shoved his goo-coated finger up his son's asshole. Martin squirmed like a girl. That was followed by his dad's lube-coated penis. Martin let out with a cry of pain as the enlarged head of the man's prick forced an entry into the tight hole but Ruth pulled down on his head and brought his mouth back to her aroused and hard nipple. He sucked avidly as a distraction to assuage the pain.

With a look of contentment on his face, the man held his son around the middle as he gave him a long, slow arse fucking. Martin had stopped crying and was busy with the generous tittie and watching his mother masturbate his little sister. Now that the worst was over, the fuck didn't hurt so much and he knew it was the price he had to pay for many hours of joy on the thrilling body of his big mother.

The man drew his son's arse right up to his belly as his cock streamed juice. It made the boy feel like a thoroughly ravished little girl. Drawing his cock out, John spanked the boy lightly on his lace-pantied bum, complimented him as a 'good fuck' and let him know that he was going to fuck his pantied ass with regularity. Exhausted from day-long bouts of sex, they bid each other good night and found comfort in each other's arms, snuggled together in the parents' king-size bed.

THE END

Adapted From APPRENTICE WOMEN By Andrew Miller, A Classical Novel, 1968.

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Tom just couldn't help it, constantly wearing makeup and rich satin dresses and panties made him feel like a sissy little girl.

