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A Sissy in May

17 May 2002

There is something about seeing you in panties.

The first time I put you in the tight little pink ruffles, I felt myself getting wet just as you became hard in them. Almost instantaneous. Like it was natural, the thing to do. You looked so helpless and humiliated, and your eyes begged for some shred of mercy.

We both knew that mercy was not an option.

Having you in panties means that I completely own you. When I make you wear them at work, I imagine you conducting business in front of all those cocky sales reps, and I imagine what they would think if they knew that underneath your designer suit you were wearing something lacy and nasty.

I wonder what the women in your office would think if they knew what you wear for me. Hell, I wonder what they would think if I offered to let them have a go at you. That sweet blonde girl in your front office, the one with the perfect nails and painted lips - I imagine her in a strap on for the first time, and how she'd feel when she slid the tip of the cock for the first time into your vulnerable ass.

There is nothing like seeing a woman take a man from behind for the first time. The look in her eyes would be priceless. Does it bother you that I picture her holding you by the hips and mounting you while I watch, instruct? Masturbate, smile, giggle and you and encourage her to take the full shaft all the way into you?

See, this is the kind of mood I am in. My sissy, slutty nasty little boy, oh how I want to humiliate you and dress you up, take you shopping and actually make you try clothing on for me. The lingerie at Victoria's Secret. You know the sexy redhead we always see? That one. I want to tell her.

I want to tell her.

My slut here, he wears panties for me.

He is wearing them right now.

I would say that right in front of you. Just to watch you blush a shade of pink to match the panties I would have you in that day. My poor, humiliated slut. Isn't it all worth it

though?

You do this for me because you want to make me wet. You want my panties to be soaked, because then perhaps, maybe, just maybe, my focus will shift from humiliating and torturing you to instead pleasing myself. To cumming. To having an orgasm right on your face. Maybe riding you, sitting on your face, smothering you and cumming on you.

Is that better than being used like a slut, a whore, in a public mall?

We shall see. After all, we have the whole weekend.

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