



Stories

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Billy in Panties

The first time I caught Billy in my panty drawer was on a Sunday afternoon. I had just gotten home from some grocery shopping and saw the door to my room cracked open.

"Billy!" I snapped when I saw him. I caught him, abruptly, just as he was holding up a pair of my satin red panties.

Billy jumped, dropped them, and slammed the drawer shut. He looked around and put his hands in his pockets, blushing. "I, uh..." he scrambled. "I thought some of our laundry got mixed up."

"Yeah," I nodded, giving him a scowl as I shoved him toward the door. "Right."

It wasn't until a few weeks later I realized this was a pretty common habit for Billy. I caught him a few more times, but this time didn't scare him or let him know I saw. He would go into my room when I wasn't home, go through my dirty laundry, and if he didn't find any he liked he would go into my clean panty drawer.

I saw him try on a pair, and I saw him masturbate with another pair.

At the time it made me feel a little weird - silly. My roommate - such a conservative guy, too. We had not spoken much since he moved in, but he was always the big brother type. Well built, very masculine. Definitely not gay.

But he had a thing for my panties.

I had a thing for Billy, I'll admit, and a few days later I realized this could turn into something...advantageous for me.

The next time I caught Billy in my dirty clothes hamper, I shouted his name and called him a sick pervert.

He jumped and dropped what he was holding, a teddy of mine from the night before, and then sputtered something about missing a few socks.

"You lying bastard," I scowled. I was in tight jeans in boots, a cut-off t-shirt and no bra. Hell, it was Sunday, and I was casual - my hair was up in a high pony tail to keep it out of

my face.

"I wonder what your friends would think if I told them," I snapped, grabbing the pile of clothes from the floor and tossing them back into the hamper while he stood dumbfounded.

"I..please..." he hesitated.

I put a finger to his chest and backed him up into the wall. "You will do as I say, Billy. You will do exactly as I say, or that little envelope in your room will make its way to your friends."

"What envelope?" he asked, his eyes widening a little.

"Go look."

Of course, Billy was gone for quite some time. I'm sure he needed to sit alone and look closely at these photos. Pictures I had snapped of him when he wasn't looking, pictures of him in my white thong bikini briefs admiring himself in the mirror, and another of him kneeling with my pink silks wrapped around his cock jerking off.

Yes, I had Billy by the balls. And this was just the beginning.

It was a matter of about a week until I had all of Billy's normal underwear gone. I made him kneel in his bedroom and watch me go through his clothes and dirty hamper, and I took every single pair of boxers and briefs he owned.

"What are you doing?" he asked nervously.

"Shut up." I snapped.

He kept quiet and soon I had a handful of his underwear in my arms. I left the room with it and came back with a bag from Victoria's Secret. "This is what you will wear," I told him.

Billy took the bag and slowly peeked inside. Black lace panties, just his size. His face turned bright red.

"This is just the start, Billy boy," I sneered, backing up to his door. I hiked up my short skirt quickly, showing him the white flowered pair of silk panties I was wearing. "Soon you'll be in these."

Billy's slut training, as I called it, progressed quickly. And I liked it more and more. Soon he was cleaning the whole apartment wearing nothing but a tight pair of panties and sometimes some thigh high stockings. He wobbled unsuccessfully around in heels at times, which was quite a little show for me.

I made him tell me what a sissy whore he was, and on command he had to pull down his pants so I could check to

see that he was in his panties.

Best of all, I sent him to the lingerie store to add to his collection, but didn't tell him that I knew the store clerk.

When Jennifer, a tall beautiful blonde rang him up at the counter, she added with a seductive smile, "I'm sure these will look wonderful, slut boy."

And I heard from her that he nearly died.

We giggled all night on the phone over that.

And the next day, I caught Billy again in my dirty clothes hamper.

"What the fuck is your problem?" I snapped. "Can't you get enough? You WEAR panties now yet you still have to pilfer through my dirty clothes?!"

"I...I can't help it.." he blushed, standing before me in nothing but winter green panties and black stockings, holding my thong from the night before.

Right then I heard the doorbell. My date was there, right on time. We both looked up.

"You stay here, little slut," I ordered, forcing him down onto his knees, still holding my panties in front of him. "Wouldn't you hate it if Rick saw you like this?" Rick, my date, was also one of his good friends.

Billy looked mortified.

I left Billy kneeling there, hissing to him that if I came in and caught him masturbating with my soiled panties, there would be hell to pay. And I told him I would be back, later, and he would wait. Right there.

Indeed I came back. I came back after excusing myself from the couch, after telling Rick I needed to change. Rick and I had been making out on the couch for almost an hour, his hands all over my tight body and his fingers creeping down toward my crotch. A few times he had slid them down into my panties and I ached for him, rubbing my pussy against his touch eagerly.

As a result, I was soaked. My panties were hot, wet with desire for Rick, and I told that to Billy when I entered my room and went to my closet.

Billy was still kneeling there helplessly. I bet he could hear our moaning in the next room.

I was going through my closet, trying to find a sexy teddy to put on. Yes, this was the night I was going to fuck Rick for the first time.

"Rick's going to get to fuck me tonight," I told Billy.

Billy's face dropped with jealousy.

I walked over, holding a hanger with a sexy lace red teddy on it. I pressed my crotch up close to Billy's face. "Smell that? That's how turned on a real man makes me!"

Billy moaned to himself and shut his eyes, but I grabbed his head and held it against my pussy, hiking up my skirt a little.

"I bet you'd love to get your hands on a pair of panties as wet as this!" I told him, rubbing my fingers between my legs. Indeed, I was wet, and my panties were soaked. I shoved my wet fingers into Billy's mouth and told him to suck.

Here he was, kneeling in panties and stockings, sucking my fingers off.

What a slut, I smiled. And I am about to fuck his friend in the next room.

I had special plans for Billy this time. It came over me quickly, and the urge was hotter than the caressing I had received from Rick. I peeled off my wet panties and dangled them briefly before Billy as I reached into my utility drawer, fumbling past scissors until I found a roll of silver duct tape.

Billy watched me carefully, eyeing the panties, the duct tape, and me. The red teddy was tossed onto the bed so I could have two free hands, and as I trussed up Billy I reminded him of our pact. That he was my slave. That he was my panty slut to be used.

I put my soaked panties over Billy's head and wrapped duct tape around his chin and face to make sure they were secure, the wet crotch right over his nose and mouth. He moaned and struggled, but a warning knee to the balls shut him up pretty quickly.

Next I duct taped his wrists behind his back, his ankles together, and hogtied him. "I'm going to go fuck Rick in the next room," I told him as I trussed him up. "And maybe later the two of us will pay you a visit!"

Billy moaned and whimpered, and I left him curled up on the floor. He looked helpless and uncomfortable, but his cock was so hard it bulged right out of the panties. His head was engorged and it was dripping pre-cum.

As I changed into my teddy, right in front of him, I commented to him about what he looked like, finally dragging my full length mirror over and propping it up against the bed so he could see himself while I was gone. He peered as best he could through the panties and duct tape, then lowered his head.

Before leaving, though, I crouched down over his face in my thong teddy and showed him my ass. "Look at what you can

never have, Billy boy."

And longingly, with a whimper, he looked up toward my glistening pussy.

Rick and I fucked like rabbits. We fucked on the couch, then in front of the fireplace, then somehow he ended up with me pinned against my room door, slamming his hips so hard into me that the door rattled. I'm sure Billy could hear everything.

Rick was panting, plunging his hard cock into me, gasping, "Let's go into your room, to the bed...c'mon..."

I was smiling but Rick couldn't see it. I was smiling because I'm sure Billy heard that, all trussed up and smelling my sweet scent, mortified that any moment we could come barging in and see him.

I will admit - the idea excited me. Getting on the bed and having Rick fuck me like mad while my little sissy boy watched helplessly in panties, all wrapped up in duct tape. So useless and helpless.

But Rick was not a good man for that job. So I let him keep fucking me up against the door, and my moans became screams, and when I came, I'm sure the neighbors heard in addition to Billy.

It was well after 3am when Rick left and I went back into the room, my red teddy hanging loosely off my body.

There was sweet Billy, all curled up in a ball with my panties still over his head. He looked up sleepily, his cock still pulsing and throbbing in the panties. Now they had worked their way down a little, but I promptly pulled them up taught and in the meantime rammed his balls good, the panties riding up his ass painfully. He winced. I smiled.

I was glowing, I know. He could see it. I was a woman that had been fucked hard, by a strong man, all night long.

"I know I said you'd never get to taste me," I told Billy as I started carefully cutting away at the duct tape. "But I lied."

His breath was hard, hot. He was moaning softly. He smelled like my pussy -the juices had covered his face.

"But actually, all you will really taste is Rick," I said as I laid on the corner of the bed, opening my legs wide, hands on thighs. "Crawl over here," I ordered, "And clean me up before bed."

Billy crawled over to oblige, and not only did he clean me out, he gave me two more orgasms in the process. When we were done, I laid there in exhaustion, one foot resting in his hair as he was still kneeling at my bedside.

"Billy," I sighed, breathless. "I think we may have found your niche..."

Our relationship did continue to grow, but Billy remained my slave and property pretty much. He wore panties and stockings only when we were home alone, and always wore panties under his clothes.

Billy was not allowed to masturbate or see women, but I was allowed to cum whenever I wanted. I dated frequently, and there were even times that I made Billy watch, tied up, as men fucked me. Then Billy had to clean me out, and one time even suck off the guy.

There was also a time when I didn't warn Billy but invited over a bunch of my girlfriends so they would catch him dressed like that, and it was the most embarrassing and humiliating night of his life. But that is a story in itself.

Unfortunately, I finished college and needed to move back home to find a job, and Billy and I parted ways. We kept in touch via mail for awhile, but last I heard he was serving a dominant couple as a housemaid.

I'll admit, I miss him sometimes. I miss him when I come home and go through my dirty panties and don't find any missing.

Mostly, I miss him after a good fuck, knowing the job he would do on me when I got home.

Billy, are you still out there?

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