

The Pantied Cuckold

Volume Two

Paying the High Price of Getting
My Wife to Dominate Me

Sissy Hubby Caught in Panties

The Making of a Cuckold

He Wanted to Be Dominated, but This!

Performing with My Wife's New Friends

His Panty Fetish Destroyed Him

Adults Only

If you are one of those guys who just doesn't measure up and can't compete with real men and boys, this publication is designed to let you know you are not alone and should be pantied, feminized and taught your place in the world -- serving your masters and mistresses.

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N

Paying the High Price of Getting My Wife to Dominate Me

I'm a creative type, and it has paid off big for me as I have my own small advertising agency and it provides a more than comfortable living for our family. Having a vivid imagination has blessed me with wild sexual fantasies, and as the years have gone by, I wanted more and more to live out some of those fantasies. And now that our son is in junior high school, he is becoming more independent, giving my wife, Betty, and me more time to ourselves.

I had been trying to get my wife to dominate me, but she was having trouble getting into the dominant role. As we talked about it, I started asking her about her love life before we were married. She was reluctant to go into details but began telling me more and more when she noticed I was getting more excited then she had ever seen me. When I got a little bolder and asked if any of her past lovers were better hung than I am, she giggled and refused to answer.

When I asked why she was laughing, Betty wanted to change the subject, but I kept pestering her. That pissed her off, so she looked me in the eyes and said, "You want to know why I laughed? Fine! I'll tell you. I've had sex with seven men before I met you, and all seven of them were bigger than you, and most of them were considerably larger than you and your little boy dick. How long is it? Five inches? Maybe on a good day. Four inches is probably more like it! Now, are you happy I told you why I laughed at your question?"

Well, her reply shut me up. My wife had told me what no man wants to hear from his wife or lover. But, astonishingly, humbled or not, I had a rock hard dick in my pajama pants; she noticed the little mound it was making. So instead of apologizing for making fun of me or changing the subject to ease my hurt, she ran with it.

"Samuel was the name of the man who had the biggest cock I've ever had in me. I was sixteen and he was a thirty-six-year-old black man – and handsome as the devil!"

That shocked the hell out of me since she had never mentioned him before. She then explained she had never told me about him

because she knows my whole family is racist, and occasionally, she has even heard me make racist comments. She also explained Samuel was very dominant, even abusive with her, and she learned to enjoy being submissive to him and that was why she had little interest in dominating me. Several of her other lovers had been quite dominant with her too. Then when she met me, I was a refreshing change from the brute men she was used to, and she related to me on a softer, more submissive level.

When we had sex for the first time — I remembered her laughing a lot at the time — I thought she was laughing because she was having a fun, exiting time, but now that I looked back, I realized she had been laughing at me and my little dick that kept falling out of her pussy! And that first time we had sex she got pregnant! — I guess I made up for my lack of penis size with the potency of my dribbling cum! Our parents conferred, and Betty and I agreed, we had to get married, and after we did, she immediately set aside her attraction to macho males and quickly settled into the traditional mothering role to our little boy. I did know she had screwed around before we had gotten married and was much more sexually experienced than I was, but I had no idea of the extent of her sexual past until this night.

She reached into my pajama pants and lightly held my little penis in her cool hand. "You like me telling you about getting fucked by my big black master, don't you?"

I was blushing, but despite myself, I nodded. I cleared my throat and asked, "Why haven't you ever asked ME to dominate you?"

She giggled, "You have to be kidding! After Samuel, I couldn't be dominated by anyone with a prick as small as yours!"

Zing! She stomped on my masculinity gain! – And I shot my little spurts of cum!

That was the beginning of a new relationship for us. She quickly got into it and became more and more aggressive. I could tell she was learning it was fun to dominate me and take potshots at my lack of penis size. I had wanted her to dominate me for so long, and now she was, but it was all unfolding differently than I had expected — finding out her past included abusive sex with black monster cocks and that she now took joy in so thoroughly debasing me gave me pause, you certainly could describe it as one of those situations 'be careful what you wish for!'

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From the beginning, the only way we could ever fuck was with me on top. With me on the bottom, my little dick would constantly fall out of her, and even with me on top, I couldn't stroke my dick in and out without coming out; so the way we always did it was for her to guide me into her pussy, and then I'd just keep myself pressed up against her loins and rock back and forth. After I would shoot, she would cum from the weight of my body as I humped myself on her clit.

But now when we fucked, she was reaching back, grabbing my balls and telling me how tiny they are and saying how it's one of the Seven Wonders of the Modern World I was ever able to get her pregnant with Arthur, whom we call Artie, our twelve-year-old son. From me he inherited by creative streak. He's smart, highly talented and artistically inclined. From Betty, he inherited good looks and a good body, lithe and strong like a swimmer.

The way it had been going, mostly what we talked about during sex was Samuel and how she missed his big black cock fucking her, and she usually described in detail what it was like as she pressed her face into my shoulder to stifle her laughter. Every time she referred to my penis. She'd call it "my little boy dick."

Let me tell you about my wife, Betty. She is 5' 7" with a perfectly flawless baby white body (she avoids the sun because of a hypersensitivity to it) — she's very athletic and keeps herself in great shape — great tits, butt, legs — the works. We have about every piece of exercise equipment ever made, and she uses them all, unlike me with my little beer belly and enough flab on my pectorals to fill a teen girls' beginner bra — more about that later! And for me, fucking her is a dream, even with my limited endowment and her ridiculing me all the way, it's still great sex — for me anyway. She has developed the muscles in her pussy and can even give my bit of nonsense a good squeeze!

Well, we had gotten into this routine of fucking while talking about her premarital sex bouts with Samuel, but then one night she brought me to a new level. As I was mashing my hips against hers, she said, "Oh, I have something to tell you about Artie."

I slowed my movement, thinking this was going to be off topic from our fucking and kill our mood. I just said, "Oh, yeah? What?" hoping she'd tell me whatever she had to say quickly and then we'd get back to humping.

"When our Artie came home from school today, I could tell he was down in the dumps, so I had to press him until he said he wanted to show me something. Well, he dropped his pants and asked me if something was wrong with him because his penis was so small. He cried and said the other boys make fun of him when all the boys take a shower together after gym class. I looked and had to hold back my laughter because it's about the size of my little finger. No wonder the boys make fun of him. Of course, I told him it was perfectly fine for a boy his age."

Artie is a sensitive kid, and I'm sure being teased hurt him immensely. But worse than that, he surely noticed his mother's

glee if she talked to him as she was now talking to me. I doubt she really did hold back much of her laughter. Artie's lack of penis size was also a slam at me. She knew it. I knew it.

Betty then told me he moaned, "The kids call me names."

And when my wife pushed him to tell her what kind of names they call him, he cried. She asked, "Do they call you a sissy?" He nodded. "A girl?" He cried harder and nodded again. "Queer?" He looked at her. She said he either didn't understand what she meant or didn't want to admit something like that to his mother, so she didn't press him any further.

Our fucking had slowed to a gentle rocking, but this conversation was quickly getting too much for me. My eyes rolled back into my head, and I shot my wad. Betty blurted out a short, snorting laugh and then rolled both of us over, grabbed a fistful of my hair and pulled my face into her cum-filled pussy. "If you miss a drop of your slime, you'll be sorry."

This was a drastic new twist, but the perversity of the situation must have appealed to me because I went to work on eating my cum out of her pussy. She loved it. She ground her pussy on my face and said, "Being a cum eater is all you're good for. Too bad you aren't licking Samuel's cum out of my twat, you'd really have a load to gulp down, not the wimpy dribble you deposit."

After she orgasmed and then dismounted my bruised lips, she saw my face covered with a mix of our fluids, laughed uncontrollably and said I looked cute with cum on my face. I had been humbled again by my wife, but much to both my surprise and hers, I was hard as a rock again. When I tried to remount her she just closed her legs and asked me what I thought I was doing.

I begged her to please get me cum in her again, but she just smirked and told me to stop whining. "You know, I've been thinking — you're a pansy, and since you act like a pansy and now a cum sucker, you should start dressing like a proper sissy."

I asked her what she was talking about.

For an answer, she went to her dresser, pulled out a pair of her pink satin panties and told me to put them on. I refused and told her a joke was a joke but this was going too far.

She looked me and loudly said, "Get your sissy ass into these panties right now or you can forget about ever fucking me again. All this talk about Samuel has made me hungry for a big cock. I'm tired of doing all the work during sex with you. It's such a struggle to keep you in my cunt. I can't move enough for a proper orgasm without having your dick fall out, and then I have to reach down for your pimple dick and stick it back into me. That's why the best orgasms I have with you is when I ride your face. So from now on, you'll wear my panties, or I'll tell Artie he has a tiny dick because his daddy has a tiny dick. And I'm going to buy you a big supply of your own panties too!"

I could tell she was serious, so I reluctantly picked up the panties, put them on and stood crimson with embarrassment for my wife's inspection. "I'm amazed how well a flimsy pair of my panties hides away your dick. You look more like a girl than a guy. Go to bed, sissy. I'm going to dream about Samuel and big cocks. If you need to dribble your cum again, go into the spare bedroom and jerk off into your panties."

As she rolled over and prepared to go to sleep, she said, "Oh, take another pair of panties out of my dresser and put them on in the morning and wear them to work."

When I came home from work the next evening, she didn't say anything, but gave me a instant panty inspection, inserting her fingers down the back of my pants, pulling out the nylon and elastic waistband of my pink panties, and then letting them go with a snap as she snorted a giggle. And she did it right in front of Artie, but thank goodness he didn't notice what she was doing. She told me to serve up dinner and after we ate, she was going out and wouldn't be home until late.

As she was leaving, she told me to sleep that night in just my panties. I was about to ask her where she was going but decided not to. I was in the doghouse and knew it.

I let Artie stay up late but finally got him to go to bed by ten. I stayed up beyond my usual eleven PM bedtime waiting for her, but by half past midnight I was too tired and had to go to bed. Instead of putting on my pajamas, I went to bed in just the panties as she had commanded. I missed not having my wife next to be in bed; and while thinking about her I caressed my hips through the silkiness of her nylon panties and strummed my fingertips over the snappy panty waist and leg elastics.

Hours later I was awakened as my wife, still fully dressed from her night out, mounted my chest and told me to open my mouth. In anticipation of tasting her delicious pussy, I opened. She reached behind herself and felt my penis in her pink panties and laughed noting I was instantly getting hard in her panties. I opened wide in anticipation but was surprised in the near darkness to feel something like a penis being shoved into my mouth. I tried to pull away but my head was trapped between her thighs and I couldn't stop her from shoving her rubber cock down my throat and calling me a "sissy cum slut and cocksucker."

About a year before, while on vacation in Mexico, we had gone into a sex shop and bought a bunch of marital aids as a joke and now I knew what was in my mouth, the double-headed cock-shaped rubber dildo from that box of sex toys. She had one end shoved up her cunt and the other smashed into my face as she kept calling me a "pantywaist faggot" and a "sissy cocksucker." I tried to protest and tell her she had tricked me, but it was useless trying to talk with her shoving the dickie dildo down my throat. Well, I conceded I had wanted her to dominate me, but now this was passing my wildest expectations, I started to get into it, especially since she was continuing to tease my cock through my – I mean – her panties.

She told me to beg for her cock and pulled it out of my mouth. Hornier then I had ever been, I begged her, "Oh, honey, put your cock back in my sissy mouth. Shove your cock down my throat."

"For a long time, I was pretty sure you were nothing but a little faggot, but now I know for sure, you lying there in my pink panties and pleading with me to put my cock in your mouth. I bet you're imagining it's Samuel's big cock being shoved down your throat just after he has fucked me."

Strangely enough, the fantasy did excite me, and I found I just couldn't get out of my mind the thought of my little pale white wife being fucked by some huge black guy. She told me to beg for her big black cock like she was Samuel. She had me so turned on, I did just that, and when she pulled it out of my mouth, I'd say things like, "Oh, god, Samuel, please put your beautiful big black cock back into my mouth. I'm your panty boy. Shove it down my throat. I need to eat your cum." And with that she shoved the entire length of her rubber cock down my throat causing me to gag, which she ignored and just kept pushing until I had the entire length in. And once her tummy hit my nose that was it, I lost it and shot cum all over the inside of my panties.

She was laughing hard as she removed the double dildo from my mouth and then pulled it out of her cunt. She then scooted further up on my chest and planted her pussy on my lips, and even though I was exhausted and wanted nothing more than to go to sleep, I started eating her out only to discover the strange taste of her pussy leaking slime into my mouth. Immediately I recognized the taste from having tasted my own cum. She had been fucked and was now feeding me some other man's cum!

The realization bought tears to my eyes, but I meekly obeyed as she fed me a stranger's man juice and called me a long list of sissy boy, panty boy and cocksucking names. After I brought her to a violent body-shaking orgasm, she rolled off me and shoved the dildo back into my mouth and told me to suck it as she watched; however, this time she put into my mouth the end of the dildo that had been in her pussy with a mix of her juices along with remnants of the man cum inside her. With one hand she held the dildo in my mouth as I sucked and used her other hand to slowly get me hard again in my wet pink panties until I was begging for release. She let me explode and then told me to get myself cleaned up and go into my dresser drawer, put on some clean underwear and come back to bed.

Dutifully, I got up and went to the bathroom, happy she was going to let me go back to wearing my own underwear instead of humbling me around the clock by making me wear her panties. But when I opened my underwear drawer, I had to pause and blink to clear my vision in the dim light as I looked at neat little piles of pink fabric. And I had to put my hands in the drawer to confirm what I was seeing and feel the silky nylon, crisp lace and satin bows – a drawer full of pink panties, silky panties with lace and frills. As I stood there like an idiot, I moaned, "Oh-h, no, honey, no-o-o-o!"

My wife said, “Oh, yes! Now, go ahead, put on a clean pair of your new panties. I bought them for you today; you need to dress like the cocksucking pantywaist you are. After all, it would be false advertising for you to pull down your pants and be found wearing men’s underwear whenever you go down on your knees to suck cock. Yes, pink panties are the only kind of underwear you will wear from now on.”

I didn’t sleep well that night between wearing sleek nylon panties and sliding around on our satin sheets and thinking about my wife having been fucked by another man. As she was waking up in the morning, I rolled over and asked, “Honey, who was it? Who did that to you?”

“She cleared her morning throat, looked directly at me and said, “Rodney Jackson. Now are you happy you asked?”

“Bu-bu-but he’s black! He works for me!”

“Yes, and Rod has a mighty big cock too!”

“How could you?” I groaned on the verge of crying.

Rodney was our gofer at the office. I paid him minimum wage to clean the restrooms, do deliveries and fetch whatever was needed. I didn’t even know my wife knew he existed. Betty saw the look on my face and guessed what I was thinking and explained she had noticed Rodney months ago because he reminded her of Samuel, her old boyfriend, and one day while she was at the office, she had a few minutes conversation with him while she waited for me to finish up a liquor store ad presentation, and during that conversation with Rodney, she could tell he was interested in her and had sprouted a noticeable lump in his pants. So when she wanted some big black cock, he immediately came to mind. She had called him at my office that afternoon and found he was more than ready to party with her.

How was I ever going to return to the office? She was reading my mind and warned me not to fire him, or I’d have hell to pay. I decided to stay home from work that day to digest it all, hoping Rodney wouldn’t tell anyone at my office that he had fucked my lovely wife!

And as long as I was going to be home for the day, Betty told me she wanted to sleep in since she had been out so late on her fuck date. She told me I could do some of her chores for a change, and I could start by waking up Artie, laying out some clean clothes for him and making sure he got dressed and to school on time.

I pulled on my clothes over my new panties and then plodded out to Artie’s room. I woke him up but he was still groggy as I set out clothes from his closet and then opened his dresser drawer to get him clean underwear. I wanted scream, but for a long moment I was too shocked to move. Artie’s underwear drawer was full of lacy pink satin panties — just like mine — and all in his size of course! ♦

The Making of a Cuckold

My shy, quiet wife Anne has brought up our children to be virtuous and good; and with a little help from me she has made up for all those years of being the faithful loving wife who went to church every Sunday and thought of nothing but what to cook for dinner and occasionally condescend to having missionary sex with me, about once a month if I was lucky!

I have often fantasized about her with another man. I think most husbands do from time to time, and when she finally got back to work after almost twenty years to bring up our children, I never thought anything would happen, at least not so soon.

She got a job at a local hospital, taking blood samples etc., just two days per week. The very first week there was a change in her; she was more confident and cocky and looked different. She had started to wear makeup and have her hair done again, which I thought was OK given her new job. She had always been reluctant to wear the fancy lingerie I bought on special occasions, but slowly it came out from the back of her wardrobe and I began seeing it on the clothesline. The radio station I worked at had been taken over by a conglomerate and I lost my job. I did get a big severance package that was sustaining us nicely, but I was having trouble finding a new job and was home a lot. Out of guilt, I did more around the house, but she seemed to be taking advantage of the situation, like leaving her clothes lying around expecting me to wash them as well as care for the kids a lot.

She was keen to fit in well at work and her department had a night out once a month. She didn’t ask me if she could go, she just told me she was going out the following Friday. When the day came she told me I would need to do the kids’ dinner, as she needed to get ready to go out! This from the person who normally just pulled a cardigan on before going out with me for a meal.

While I took care of the kids, she bathed and then shut the bedroom door while she dried her hair and got ready for her evening. She was in there for over an hour and the kids were asking “where’s mom,” etc. I told them she would say good night when they were tucked up in bed. I bathed them and put them to bed and then found myself knocking on my own bedroom door and asking if I could come in. “Yes,” she said and I felt awkward as I opened the door to the heady smell of her perfume and the dazzling beauty that sat before me at her dressing table.

She wore a red leather miniskirt, black clingy mesh top stockings, and I wasn’t sure in the light if she had a bra on. Her face was radiant and looked like I had never seen her before — stunning. I was speechless and stood like a dumb fool. “Yes,” said Anne, “what is it?” I mumbled about the kids wanting to say good night and she got up and walked past me to reveal she didn’t have a bra on and her short skirt showed she had a garter belt on, the one I bought her last Valentine’s that she had never worn before.

She returned to the bedroom to find me sitting on the bed and asked me to hook her necklace for her. I did without question and finally spurted out, "You look stunning, Anne," and went to hold her but she pushed me away and said she was being picked up in a few minutes. She told me she had no idea what time she would be home, and told me a list of things to do: cleaning, washing, checking the kids' homework, etc. and finished my saying make sure you stay away from those porn channels and gave me a vicious stare (she had caught me watching some soft porn and wanking into a pair of her panties a few weeks earlier).

Then she descended the stairs and reexamined herself in the hall mirror while I watched her from the top of the stairs. Her breasts were now clearly visible and I wanted to tell her to put a bra on, but the words never came out in time. The bell rang and she quickly opened the door and greeted Beverly, one of her new friends. Beverly said how wonderful she looked and was she looking forward to her night out. They both shrieked with laughter as the front door slammed shut.

I shot to the upstairs window to watch them toddling down the path arm in arm like two schoolgirls. The taxi was waiting, actually it was more of a mini bus, and as they approached it, a guy stepped out to open the door and greet Anne. He gave her a big hug and stood back to admire her, before she stepped into the mini bus with him close behind and his hand on her leather clad bottom and no doubt seeing her garters and stockings if not her lacy panties too. I was furious but what could I do? I had the kids at home and a list of jobs to keep me busy until almost midnight when I finally sat down on the couch

I had just tuned into the porn channel featuring great babes in lingerie and settled back rubbing my cock with a pair of Anne's pale yellow rayon panties, feeling I deserved a little forbidden pleasure, angered about what Anne was up to when suddenly there was a knock at the front window followed by hysterical laughter. I fumbled for the controls, but it was too late, I turned to see four faces at the window killing themselves laughing. I shot to the front door, opened it and hoped the laughter was a sign it was being taken in good humor. Anne immediately invited the other three in, and as they walked past me, they were giggling to themselves, "Who's been a naughty boy then," etc. I was so embarrassed. I was still struggling to close up my trousers, but Anne said with a laugh, "Why don't you leave them off, now that we've all seen that little thing you call a penis."

As I shut the door, I began to work out who was who, the girl was Bev, but I didn't know the guys. Anne beckoned me to the kitchen and in a loud voice began to scold me for watching porn and shaming her in front of her friends by wanking into her panties again. I asked her to be quiet, but she just laughed and continued to castigate me loudly and then forced me to say I was sorry to her in an equally loud voice. She then instructed me to put the panties on I had been using and wear them under my trousers and then go in and take drink orders from her new friends, Bev whom I'd heard so much about, and James and

Andy, who were two guys they worked with at the hospital.

As I reentered the lounge she whispered to me to apologize to them also, so I said quietly, "M-m-m-m, sorry about before, what can I get you to drink?" Anne said, "That won't do, Neil? Apologize properly, take off your trousers and let them see those darling yellow panties of mine you are now wearing like a little queer boy, and say something like, 'I'm sorry for my shameful behavior earlier, but I'm a pantywaist pervert and need help,'" at which point she undid the front of my trousers and pushed me towards them as my pants went down and they all doubled up with laughter. I apologized, tried to smile and asked what they wanted to drink. My wife made me step out of my trousers and told me to serve them wearing just the yellow rayon panties since I seemed to love them so much.

When I returned, Beverly was on James' lap and I could see right up her skirt, beyond her stocking tops to the lacy edge of her panties like she didn't notice or care. Anne explained James and Andy were interns who worked very hard and this was their first night out in weeks. She said Andy had looked after her most of the night and I should thank him, which I did.

"He's so cute. Don't you think, Neil?" she asked me as she bent down and kissed him on the lips. Andy, bless him, looked a bit awkward, but Anne assured him I was OK with it since I was more interested in porn and panty wanking than her. She sat next to him on the couch and stroked his leg saying, "I have to thank you for such a great evening." Then she began kissing him. Andy, who seemed a nice guy, looked at me with a helpless look. I shrugged my shoulders and sat on the chair. They kissed for ages while Bev and James sat there smirking at my predicament.

I gave a sort of a cough and stood up, still not believing what I was seeing and not sure what emotions I was having either, anger, outrage, jealousy? But a strange pleasure too; yes, I was enjoying this spectacle before me — my normally boring wife and mother of our children cavorting in our lounge with a handsome young man almost half her age.

When Bev mentioned I looked upset, Anne broke away from her embrace and said, "What do you expect when I have spent 20 years with him and without much real sex. I have a lot of time to make up for; if you don't like it, Neil, you can leave," at which point she began unzipping Andy's trousers. I was in awe and speechless, so she turned to me and said, "Well, if you're going to stay, come on then, make yourself useful help me pull his pants off." In a trance I knelt down in front of them and helped pull down his trousers — so my randy wife could get to his cock! "Finish the job, darling," she said indicating I should undo his shoes and pull his trousers clean away.

Even Anne was a little nervous at this stage as she was facing the most enormous bulge in Andy's boxers she had ever seen, but then again she had only ever seen mine before. "Oh, my god," she exclaimed as she lightly touched it with her fingers. "It's enormous!" She kissed him deeply. He had been busy with

Anne's breasts and had her top completely up round her neck as they continued their embrace. I remained on my knees in front of them, saying nothing and found myself rearranging my throbbing cock in the confines of my yellow panties, just as Anne repositioned herself. "Enjoying this, are you, darling?" she said sarcastically as she thrust her foot against my crotch and pushed my aching dick hard downwards. "Look, Andy," she said, "my pathetic husband is enjoying watching us," as she turned her attention to his boxers. She ran her hand up the length of his bulge and let it slip in the front opening before lowering her head to kiss the outline in front of her. She turned to me again. "Neil darling, there seems to be more clothing here for you to remove, be a dear and take them off for me, will you?"

There was no turning back now. I had never worn Anne's panties before — or any female's panties, and I was finding them erotically stimulating against my penis, especially at that moment when Anne had vigorously pushed down on it within the panties with her foot. And they made me feel like a wuss. I was in the realm of a strange new world and leaned forward, took the waistband of his boxers, eased them down, and then his cock sprung out just inches from my face. I had never ever seen a cock so close up. I was transfixed, dumbfounded and unable to move.

"You like it, don't you ... you little pervert!" she scolded. I looked away in shame. She moved her dainty hand with perfectly painted nails round its thick shaft and pointed it at me. "Look," she teased me, "a real cock, a real man's cock, isn't it, Neil?" She whispered to me, "I think you should tell Andy just how great his cock is; go on, sissy, tell him it's the most beautiful cock you have ever seen; go on, do it now." I tried opening my mouth to speak but my throat was dry and my lips felt like they were stuck together. "I see you are going to need some encouragement," she said as she grabbed my hair and pulled me closer. Looking me in the eye, she held onto my hair with one hand and still had hold of Andy's cock in the other.

"If you can't speak, you'll have to show it, my darling husband," she said. "Kiss it." This was out of control, but I looked at her as she repeated, "Kiss his cock, honey, to show Andy how great it is; go on, you know you want to do it." I had forgotten about Bev and James who had now untangled themselves to watch my humiliation. "Go on." Bev urged me. "Maybe you'll like it," and she pushed my head literally onto his cock. I sort of puckered my lips and could hear them screaming with delight when they touched his cock. "I'm enjoying this," exclaimed Anne, "you know, darling, how you always want me to suck your puny cock? Well, I think it's time you sampled a real cock for yourself. What do you think, guys?"

Beverly and James were all for it, but Andy whispered something in my wife's ear and she burst out laughing. "Neil, darling, Andy has a special request. Since you're acting like a girl who has seen her first cock, Andy would like you to look the part, and I think it's an excellent idea, so run along to my wardrobe and put on my ivory silk nightie and matching panties, you know which ones, and do it NOW," she said pointedly while still holding my hair

tightly and giving me a kiss on my forehead as she let go.

I went to the bedroom and found the Christmas present I had gotten her but she had never worn, stripped off my clothes and pulled on the silk nightie and matching panties in ivory white with pale pink lace. But I couldn't hide my cock in the flimsy panties, as the whole experience was just too arousing. As I descended the stairs, it felt wonderful with the air billowing out her nightie; how lucky women were I thought to myself.

I entered the lounge to see Andy had removed Anne's blouse and skirt and she was down to her garter belt, nylons and black satin panties; he was now naked. Bev and James weren't as far gone, just enjoying some heavy petting and a bit of voyeurism!

As I walked in, I heard whistling and screaming, making me feel strangely pleased and excited. I was made to twirl for them and Anne noticed my dick poking out at the front of her panties. "You're really enjoying this, aren't you? But unfortunately that so-called cock of yours is spoiling the lines of my panties; push it down between your legs so we can't see it!" she commanded. I tried hard and eventually if I bent forward slightly and kept my knees together it stayed out of the way. The four of them sat on the couch and laughed at my predicament. "I think it would be nice if you did a dance for us," said Anne as she put on the stereo. So I began a slow dance routine in front of my wife, her friend, and their lovers ... while dressed in her nightie and panties!

They laughed at me and then returned to each other's bodies. I guessed they had forgotten about having me suck Andy's cock, and I was happy with that because I was sure I didn't want to do it. Anne was mesmerized by Andy's cock, worshipping it, kissing its length, and then putting her lips over the tip. She opened as wide as she could, and I guess 2-3 inches went in before she could take no more. Andy leaned towards her and told her, "I want to take you now; I want to make love to you." She let his dick slip out of her mouth and rose to meet his tender kiss, but then she said she wasn't sure if she could take him all, but he told her not to worry. Other girls had found it easier to take him from the rear. She knelt on the rug and said, "Yes, please, please, fuck me, Andy, please fuck me properly with your gorgeous cock." He positioned himself carefully behind her and pulled her legs apart, he then rested the tip of his cock on her panties from behind; she sighed as she felt him slide aside her panty leg and put his cock at the entrance of her pussy; he slowly nudged it in and further and further until she had taken about six inches with more to go. He held it there and told her to relax.

She was tense, so I moved round the front to see if she was OK. "This is your fault, you pantywaist queer," she said. "If your cock wasn't so fucking small, Andy's cock wouldn't hurt me this much. Hold my hand, while a real man fucks me, my dear little panty-wearing husband," she commanded. I knelt down in front of her in my nightie and panties and held her hands as Andy resumed the pressure on her pussy. She grimaced in pain until it was in, and he took another rest before starting his slow lovemaking. Her face changed from one of pain to one of joy and

her grip relaxed on my hands, as she learned to accommodate his huge cock. She looked me in the eye and said, "This is the most wonderful feeling, Neil. I never felt like this with you inside me; this is heaven." She stopped talking suddenly as an almighty climax hit her body and she screamed out "Oh, yes-s-s-s-s-s!" and tears were rolling down her face, tears of joy.

I stayed with her at the front while he pummeled away at her, but I could tell from his movements he was getting close, and sure enough he suddenly went twice as fast again and collapsed on top of her whilst filling her pussy with his spunk. They were now both lying on the floor with me facing them still holding Anne's hands. She reached her head round to kiss him and said, "Andy, that was the best ever; you are wonderful."

The excitement had been too much for me with my dick pushed down between my legs, and just before Andy filled my darling wife, I came in Anne's panties and made a mess on her nightie.

He rolled off her to display a limp dick at least as big as mine was when erect! I wondered what it had done to Anne's pussy and tried looking as she got up. She noticed me staring and said, "Want a look, do you, pervert panty boy? Well, come on down here then." She sat back down on the floor with her legs wide open. I couldn't believe my eyes; her hole as still wide open, as though she had just given birth, and his semen was all over her, in her bush, on her legs and running out of her pussy. "Neil, darling," she said, "you missed out on getting your mouth around Andy's dick; it's mine now anyway, I don't want to share it with you, but get in here and clean me up; that way you can at least get a taste of him. Come, on, now, I know how much you like licking my pussy, just use your tongue."

I knelt down before her, not quite sure where to start, when she grabbed my head and pushed me hard into her pussy; the aroma was incredible, she reeked of sex, and as I gasped for air I got my first taste of another man's cum, salty and slimy, yes, but not as unpleasant as I thought it would be — I had to admit to myself I am nothing but a pantywaist cum sucker. I proceeded to lap his juice out of her pussy and then ate the globules that lay around the outside of her pussy lips. She meanwhile was lying in Andy's arms kissing and cuddling with him like a teenage lover.

Bev and James hadn't ventured very far, content with kissing and petting and watching us. Bev announced her husband doesn't mind her having a bit of fun, but he's not a pantywaist fag like I am and doesn't allow her to put another man's cock in her pussy. She also made a point of loudly saying he would never be caught dead wearing a silky nightie and panties and kissing another man's cock!

Oh, did I tell you? Andy is black, but maybe you guessed that already! Beverly and James left soon after, but Andy stayed the night and into the next morning. My wife woke up and was in a generous spirit, as she decided to share his cock with me and had me give him a morning blowjob because she was too sore from taking his monster cock several times during the night! ♦

Sissy Hubby Caught in Panties

I have to laugh when I think of how easy it was: A beautiful but neglected housewife married to a weak man who had fantasies about his wife being fucked by another man. The trouble is, he assumed that when I pulled my cock out of her sweet cunt she would still be his.

It began one day when I was surfing the net and happened into a cyber sex chat room. I began to chat with a young wife named Kim, who obviously wasn't being fucked enough by her husband whose name she said was Roger. I asked her if she would like to meet me on ICQ and get a good hard cyber-fucking, and she couldn't say yes fast enough. That was when I knew I had a very hot little slut on my hands.

I asked Kimberly what she was wearing and she told me she had on a crop top and running shorts and underneath a sexy black lace bra and matching panties. I told her to play with her nipples and twist them and make them stiff. She did everything I asked of her, and soon she was begging me to shove my cock deep in her cunt and fill her slutty married pussy with my cum. I was amused when I found out her idiot husband knew she was being cyber fucked and he was too lame to just fuck her for real.

Little by little I told her what she wanted to hear until finally one day she said she wanted to meet me face to face. She told me her husband had fantasized for quite some time about watching her with another man and they might be ready to go through with it, but they wanted to get to know me first. We made plans to meet in Philly, a city close to where they lived at a hotel bar. I told Kim to wear a slinky black cocktail dress and to have Roger wear a (stupid) red bow tie and I would find them. I was laughing my ass off at the thought of her stupid husband dressing like Pee-wee Herman to bring me his wife so I could fuck her!

I got there a bit early, got a room and waited in the bar for them to arrive. To say I wasn't let down would be an understatement. She was wearing a black skintight cocktail dress made out of a thin stretchy material that left nothing to the imagination. She had on black high heels and black hose which I was to find out later were being held up by a lacy black garter belt. Her dress was so short she had to keep tugging it down or the tops of her stockings would show. It was low cut in front and her big C-cup tits bulged out of it like marshmallows. Every step she took made her tits jiggle, and my cock began to harden as I thought about the surprise I had planned for Kimberly and her husband.

I sat down and we talked, careful to keep the talk lighthearted and soon they began to relax. The band started a slow song, and I asked Roger if he would mind if I danced with his bride. He said no problem. I took Kim in my arms and held her, close but not too close and soon she relaxed and let her body press against mine. I could feel her firm tits as they rubbed on my chest and after a few minutes I let my hand rest on the top of her firm round

ass. After the next song I could feel Kimberly's tight little pussy against my stiff cock and I know she had to have felt it too. She smelled of lilacs and expensive perfume as her head rested on my shoulder and I knew soon I would own this young wife.

We went back to the booth where Roger was sitting patiently, still in his stupid bow tie. We tried to chat but the music was a bit too loud and soon Roger said, "I wish there was somewhere that we could go to talk and get to know each other better." Kim agreed and I said to them, "How about going up to my room, just to talk, of course, and that way if you guys don't feel comfortable you can go to your own room and I won't even know where you are, how about that?" They both thought that sounded like a great idea so I led the way and soon we were in my room.

"Have a seat you two," I said, "I've got some really good brandy, would you like to try some?" They both agreed but what they didn't know was that I popped knock out drops into each of their glasses and before they knew it they were going to be out cold. "As of now we are just experimenting a little bit," said Kimberly, as her big sexy tits almost fell out of the top of her dress, "Maybe some day we might do a little fooling around, but we aren't ready quite yet. I mean, it's one thing to have cybersex or cock tease a little bit, but it's something else to go all the way. And also because of our jobs and our standing in the community, we would have to be very careful and discreet."

Roger said, "It would be a really big step to let my wife actually have sex with another man, you know. If we ever decide to though with it, we'll call you, Mark," he said with a dopey grin on his face. "Wow," he slurred, "this stuff is really strong!" With that he slid down into his chair just at the same time Kimberly leaned all the way back onto the bed she had been sitting on. I had only been pretending to drink, so I was wide awake and ready to proceed to the next part of my plan.

I stripped Roger's clothes off and then I tied his hands behind his back with a cord I had brought with me. There he sat with a stupid look on his face and his useless little pecker hanging limp between his legs.

Next I turned my attentions to Kimberly. I pulled the little slut up by her shoulders and reached behind her and unzipped her dress. I was going to teach this little slut you can't cock tease a man and just walk away. I pulled the front of her dress down over her shoulders baring her big tits which were clad in a black lace bra. Then I wiggled her dress down over her sexy hips and pulled it off her, leaving her lying on the bed in only her bra, panties and matching garter belt plus her black hose and high heels. What a fucking piece of ass this girl was going to be. I got out my instant camera and shot several pictures of her like this making sure her face was in each shot.

It was obvious the little whore had purposely dressed to make me want to fuck her even though she was trying to back out on the deal. No woman dresses as slutty as Kim did that night without knowing what effect it will have on the men around her.

I reached behind her back and unhooked her bra and pulled it slowly away from her body. Her big firm tits stood up like they couldn't wait to be sucked so I took them in my hands and tweaked her nipples roughly, causing them to stiffen almost at once. My mouth went to her tits and I sucked them and licked them making little bite marks on her luscious white skin. Snapping pictures the whole time, I pulled her panties, garter belt and hose off her body leaving her completely naked and with her legs spread wide open. I placed her hand between her legs as if she were masturbating and then took a picture of her again being sure to include her beautiful face.

I turned to Roger and pulled Kim's lovely lace panties up his legs and onto his body pushing his wimpy little cock down into the panties until it barely made a bump in the stretchy nylon of the black silk panties. I was laughing at him as I snapped his picture, knowing he would now have to do anything I wanted in order to ensure these pictures never got out. Now that I was done with business it was time to proceed with pleasure.

I climbed up onto the bed and straddled Kimberly's chest and held her nose shut until she opened her mouth. When she did I stuck my ten-inch cock into her slutty, cock-teasing mouth and began to face fuck her. Her lipstick smeared up and down the length of my dick as I wrapped my hands in her long brown hair and enjoyed the feeling of her tongue on my cock. Next I moved down her body until I was in position to tit fuck her creamy white boobs. My cock, still slick with her saliva felt like heaven between her big tits and soon I began to spurt my cum all over her tits and some of it even shot up onto her pretty face. I rubbed my cum into her tits, massaging them and pinching her nipples and even in her sleep she started moaning like a total slut.

I climbed off and scooped up a glob of my cum and slathered it onto Roger's face. It glistened in the light of the lamp and I took a picture of him, looking for the entire world like he had just dressed up in his panties and sucked a nice big cock.

I looked back at Kimberly, lying naked on the bed with her long sexy legs spread wide open and looking so inviting, and felt my cock begin to stir again. I climbed between her silky smooth legs and positioned my cock right at the entrance of her pretty pussy and gently pushed forward. She was just beginning to wake up and not knowing I wasn't her husband she began to push her cunt onto my cock and soon I was deep inside her, feeling the warmth of her body. She was still very groggy but awake enough to begin to respond to my thrusts and soon she was fucking back at me, trying to get every inch of my cock inside her horny cunt. With her eyes still closed she began moaning and said, "Oh, my god, Roger, your cock feels so much bigger than it usually does. Keep fucking me! Your cock feels twice as big as usual, FUCK ME! FUCK ME, HARD! Don't stop I'm cumming! OH, YES! Just then I filled her pussy with a huge load of my potent seed and that's when she really started to come around and realize I wasn't her husband.

"Uh, you're not my husband! Oh, no, did you fuck me? Did you cum inside me?" she said frantically. Roger was coming to just in time to watch me slowly pull my cock out of his wife, an inch at a time, leaving a stringy rope of cum dripping from her well fucked cunt.

"What the hell's going on?" he said groggily. "I never said you could fuck my wife! We were just playing around a bit!" He struggled to get up and then realized he was tied and when he saw the frilly panties he was wearing his face turned bright red.

"Shut up and listen you two," I said, "I've got pictures of Kimberly fingerfucking herself, being fucked and sucking cock and I've got pictures of you wearing women's panties with cum smeared all over your face, Roger! I'll tell you what you will or won't do, so get used to it. Unless you want everyone in your town to know what a slut your wife is, you will do everything I tell you, when I tell you. I'll call you later and tell you when our next session is!" Then I threw a couple of the pictures on the bed to show them I wasn't bluffing and walked out the door. I had already taken Kim's ID from her purse, so I knew exactly where to find them the next time I wanted a good hot fuck!

The following week I called their house on Thursday. "Hello?" said Kimberly in her sweet, sexy voice. "Hello Kimberly," I said, "How is my sweet girl, today?" She paused and then said, "What do you want?" "I want you Kimberly, and I'm coming over tomorrow so be sure to wear something nice and slutty for me." "I can't; I have to work tomorrow," she replied. "Then call in sick," I said. "And tell that pussy husband of yours I want him there too and wearing a pair of your most sissified panties! Or would you both rather I send copies of your pretty pictures to Roger's boss and perhaps your in-laws? I don't suppose Roger's family has ever seen him in slutty lace panties with cum on his face and you sucking cock, have they, Kimberly? I'll be there at one PM, and be sure to wear something I'll like!"

When I got there, Roger met me at the door and tried to look threatening. He stood in front of me and sucked in his gut, thinking I might be intimidated. "Hi Pee-wee," I sneered at him and shoved him out of the way. "I'm here to fuck your wife, but I'll bet you want to watch, don't you? If you don't have your wife's panties on under your clothes, you better run and get them on pronto; I'll give you two minutes." I had been a heavyweight golden gloves champion in college so a pussy like Roger didn't worry me in the least. "Get this straight, Pee-wee," I said to him in a hoarse voice, "As long as I have those pictures of you and Kim I own your limp dick, you got it? And your cock-teasing wife is mine to use as I see fit so get used to that too!"

I went into the living room and there was Kimberly, with her big brown eyes wide open. She had been smart enough to listen when I told her how to dress and she was wearing white silk running shorts with her lacy pink panties peeking out of the leg openings and they were so tight you could see her pussy lips pushing out in front. She was in a thin pink tank top and her big sexy nipples were poking through the fabric.

"You look good, Kimberly," I said as I grabbed her by her round ass. She struggled a bit but only enough to make it look good for her husband, and then she melted into my arms, pushing her big slutty tits against my chest and grinding her cunt against my swollen pecker. "I've got some unfinished business with you, Kimberly," I grinned. "Now climb up on the couch with that hot fucking ass of yours toward me! That's it bitch, now get those bitchin' shorts off. Leave your panties on. I want to get them all smelly and slimy for your husband to have a souvenir of this day. I'm sure he missed the taste of my cum. I dropped my pants and climbed on the couch behind Kimberly, my stiff ten-inch cock shoving against her heart-shaped ass.

"Now Roger, do you have your panties on under your trousers? You better have them on. Drop your drawers and let me see."

The fucking idiot was bawling as she lowered his pants. Holy, shit, the wimp was wearing a pair of his wife's pink panties! Lucky for him, he had taken my advice and dressed accordingly. But then Kimberly explained, Roger was a panty wanker, and they weren't her panties at all; they were a pair of his own panties! Talk about the luck of the Irish! I was going to have a lot of fun with these sickos. I laughed, "Roger, you sit on the end of the couch and watch what I'm doing to your wife. You can jerk off in your panties, but just keep your fucking mouth shut and sit still. I don't want any distractions," I said with a sadistic grin. "That's it, Pee-wee, now just watch and you may learn something about fucking your little slut wife!"

My cock was now between Kim's legs rubbing on the silky smoothness of her panties, anointing them with precum. She was dribbling in them too. I reached around and began pinching and twisting her big brown nipples, causing her to moan in spite of herself and then I said, "Do you want to be fucked Kim? Do you want my big cock in your cunt? Huh?" "No, you bastard," she hissed, "I hate you! I hate the way you touch me!" I took her tiny hand and wrapped it around the head of my dick, her hand barely managing to reach around its girth. "Rub my cock up against your panties, baby, make 'em nice and smelly for your sissy hubby. Now, have you ever been fucked by a cock this big before?" I said. "No, I've never even seen one that big," she said in a shaky voice. Even though she tried to pretend she hated what was happening, her dripping pussy was telling me the truth.

I held my hand over her tiny hand and rubbed the head of my dick between her cunt lips and said, "All you have to do is pull your panty elastic aside and push my cock into your cunt, Kimberly, just push it in, and I'll fuck you like a real man fucks a woman. In fact, let's make it better; let's have your panty faggot husband pull aside your panty elastic and guide my cock into your pussy. Would you like that, you stupid slut? You're so stupid you married a panty wanker like Roger!

"Is that what you want Kim? You know you want me to fuck you, admit it!" I let go of her hand, leaving it wrapped around my cock and felt her begin to stroke the head and then grip the shaft

between her fingers. "Tell me what you want, Kimberly, and tell your husband to help you."

She gripped my swollen shaft and screamed, "YOU BASTARD, I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME! Please fuck my cunt!" Then she pushed her hips backward in search of my cock, turned to her husband and screamed, "Roger, get over here! Pull aside my panties and stick his cock in me. Roger, I need it more than I've ever needed anything else before!"

Roger, looking like a shaking, terrified rabbit about to be eaten by a snake, shifted over, gingerly held my cock and pulled aside her panties. He put it by her pussy lips, and I shoved forward impaling her cunt on my cock and began to violently fuck her.

"Oh, god. Oh, yes. It's so damn big!" she cried. "Oh, I'm sorry, Roger, but you got your panties, and now I got what I've needed for so long. It feels so fucking good; I've never been fucked like this!"

I reached around in front of the hot little slut and began pinching her nipples and squeezing her big tits and then I began to draw my cock all the way out of her tight cunt only to suddenly shove all ten inches back in as hard as I could. With each thrust I looked over at Roger, sitting on the end of the couch with a stupid look on his face as I fucked his wife's tight little cunt until she was almost crying in ecstasy. "Oh, god, I'm cumming," she screamed. "Please don't stop fucking me! I'm going to cum. Oh, god, I never had it this good before!"

Afterwards, Roger looked like someone had punched him in the stomach as he stared at his wife collapsed over the back of the couch. Slowly, inch by inch, I pulled my wet cock out of Kimberly's dripping pussy and then I grabbed him by his hair, pulled him up to my cock and made him lick it clean. "Have you ever sucked a cock before, little boy?" He started to shake his head 'no,' but I knew he was lying and hit him in the head to knock some sense into him.

He cried and nodded, 'yes.' I laughed and said to Kimberly, "Take a look, babe, your pantywaist husband has just admitted to me he's sucked cock before. Isn't that beautiful? I could tell because he's really making me feel good, good enough to make me cum again, isn't that nice!"

Then, Kimberly surprised me again as she explained, her father had made Roger suck his cock one day when he caught him wearing panties and looking at tranny porn videos! ♦

He Wanted to Be Dominated, But This!

Several years ago I was fortunate to meet a very dominate lady who later agreed to marriage on the understanding she wears the trousers and I stay home to do the household chores. She said she was marrying me because I was a properly submissive male in addition to enjoying my company since we both loved classical music and the theater. She added she expected me to be 100% faithful to her, but she did not intend to be faithful to me. She explained the type of typically masculine males she liked having sex with held little interest for her outside of the bedroom, and I was not the kind of male she was sexually attracted to.

Before we actually married, she tested me in many ways to make sure I could meet her requirements as well as demonstrate I was capable of learning how to keep house up to her high standards. Not only was I expected to carry out all the household duties, but I was also expected to be at her call 24 hours a day and to always look neat and tidy for her. To this end we gradually accumulated a complete wardrobe of new clothes for me to wear around the house that started out with a large collection of expensive silk panties—I was amazed she wanted me, a man, to wear such femmy underwear but quickly realized she didn't consider me a man at all, just a wimp whom she wanted to turn into a sissy slave, but to me she was a vibrant, exotic and fabulous woman, and I loved her, so I went along with her, even when she added several little girl-style frocks and pinafores to my wardrobe.

The day of our marriage was the last time I wore men's clothes, and even then I had on a full set of lingerie under my tuxedo. She was quick to throw out or give away to charity every item of men's clothes I owned.

My reward for being a good housemaid is the once weekly hand relief she gives me if I have performed well during that week, and when it happens she lets me know I am very fortunate to receive such treatment. Even this one small pleasure is not dealt with lightly as my mistress ensures I derive only the smallest amount of pleasure possible in ejaculating. Whenever I am entitled to my "reward," it is administered on a Sunday, and each time, I am subjected to the same ritual.

First, I have to bathe myself thoroughly, and then dust myself with baby powder before dressing myself in a flimsy pair of pink panties and then reporting to the correction room. I then have to wait patiently in just sissy panties with my hands on my head while she prepares herself to administer to me. Finally she enters and finishes my dressing, adding a short petticoat and little girl party frock that only reaches to my naval and then completes my outfit with short, lacy ankle socks. I then kneel at her feet and beg her to play with my cock that is by then usually straining my nylon panties for its promised relief. The session usually goes something like this:

"Please, Mistress, will you play with my little willy?"

"Certainly not, you dirty little boy."

"Oh, please, Miss, I've been a good little boy all week; please play with it."

"Why should I?" she says playing the game further. "It's such a dirty habit. If I do it, I will then have to punish you."

"Of course, Miss; you can spank my little bottom and make me cry and cry and cry, but please play with my little willy in my pretty panties, now; I beg you, please."

Finally she agrees and I stand, hands on head, while she puts on a pair of rubber gloves. She then touches my rock hard cock waving at her from within my shameful panties, and with a look of disgust begins to massage my aching member. As she slowly brings me to the point of cumming, she tells me how she is going to make me suffer afterwards. "Once you have had your fun, little boy, I'm going to paddle your panties so hard you'll whimper, squirm and wriggle like a properly beaten child."

As I near the point of no return, she senses it and stops to make me beg once more.

"Please, Miss," I gasp, "Pla-ah, please, Miss, don't stop playing with my little willy; I promise I'll be a good little boy, do all my chores without complaint, and do anything you say, but please don't stop now."

She smiles and with a few practiced movements of her hand finally let me blow my scum into my soft panties. But even before I can recover, she has me strapped down over the punishment table and her paddle ready.

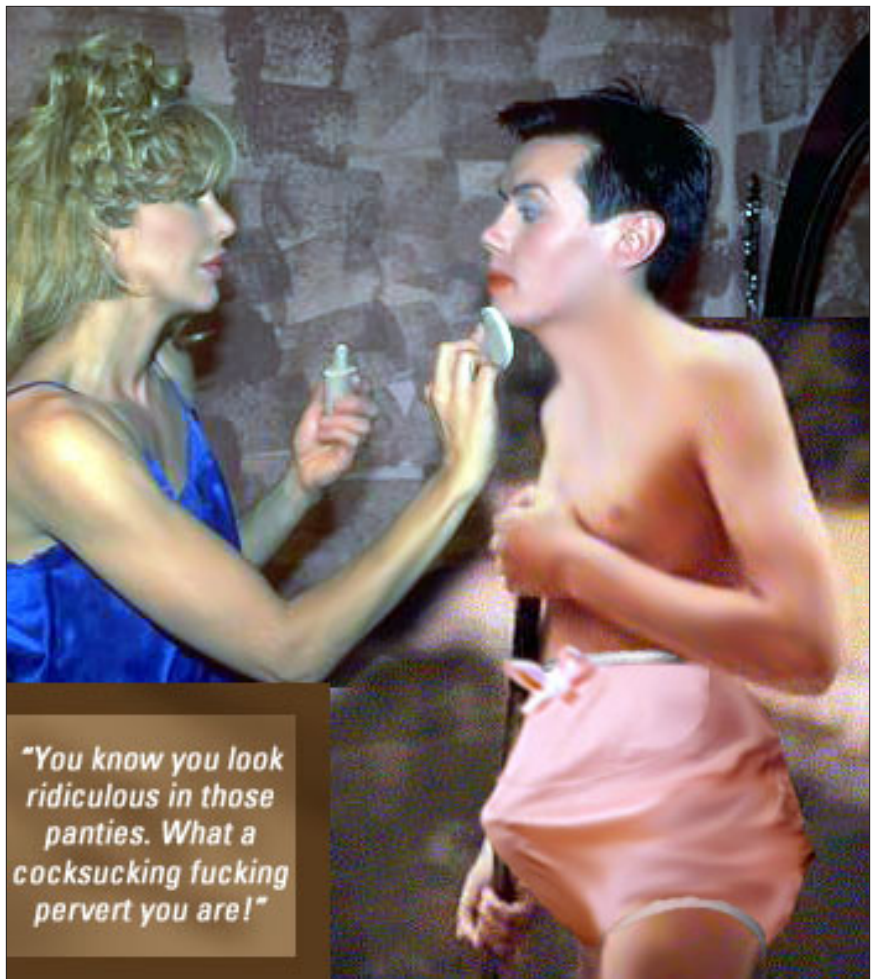
"Slowly, say after me, thank you, Miss."

As I say it, each word is accompanied by a smack from the paddle. She continues slowly beating me all over my bottom, and I am forced to thank her for being so nice and kind to me. When it is over, I am released, put to bed in her bedroom, where I am allowed to sleep fitfully while she usually goes out, only to wake me a couple hours later with a big cream pie to eat -- her pussy full of frothy, gooey cum from some stranger she had picked up in a bar -- and for the rest of the night, I give her oral pleasure before I am finally allowed to retire to my cot in the basement for a bit more sleep before rising again at six to start another day of household duties.

* * *

My wife is quite the lady, she loves to taunt and tease.
Nothing thrills her more than having me on my knees.
Around the house, I work my fingers to the bone,
Because it must be clean when my wife arrives home.

Petticoats, panties, stockings, and a bow in my hair.
I don't have men's clothes like other husbands wear.
I've been well-trained to stay pleading on my knees
My penis luxuriating in the softness of nylon panties. ♦



His Panty Fetish Destroyed Him!

"Darling, have you seen my pink panties?" Darla asked her husband, knowing what had happened to them.

"I ... gee, no dear," Don answered meekly. "I've no idea what you did with them," he continued, his face burning with shame.

"Well, I found them in the back of your closet, Donald, and they were full of cum. You were wearing them, weren't you? Admit it, you wimp."

Don hung his head, mortified. Lately, he was subject to her mocking, accusing smirks each time they tried to make love. He had tired of having sex with her; she was too demanding and made him feel like a wuss. Sex had become a chore, leaving him shamefaced and humiliated as his dick wilted. But also working against Don's potency in their marital bed was his newly rediscovered 'other' sex outlet.

When Don was a teenager he was highly attracted to women's panties and loved jacking off into them. But during their two years of marriage, Don was able to put aside his panty fetish and be satisfied with sex with his wife

— that is until now. Early in their relationship he had revealed to her he became most excited when she kept on her panties leading up to and during sex. And then he confessed he especially loved old-fashioned, high-waisted nylon panties like his mother and sisters wore when he was a boy. She went along with his fetish and frequently wore his preferred panties to keep him sexually happy. But then she started leaving off the panties to test his sexual prowess, and when she did, he found it difficult to stay hard. She accused him of being more attracted to the panties than to her. He insisted that wasn't case, but she would belittle him when he tried to do it without her wearing the panties, and of course that only made his ability to maintain a hard-on worse.

And now he was back to jacking off into panties like he was a horny teenager – but it was much more. As a teen, he had been caught many times by his mother, but she would simply tell him to change out of the panties and stop doing it. He had desperately wanted her acceptance; he wanted her to tell him it was all right to wear girls' panties, take him shopping for panties and – his ultimate dream – to watch him while he jacked off in them. Eventually, he would have been satisfied with ANY kind of reaction from her, even if she got angry, humiliated him or even gave him a heavy dose of corporal punishment.

But none of those things ever happened, and her lack of hysteria and emotion in dealing with his panty fetish made him feel ashamed and humiliated and left him wanting acceptance even more — even if that was a backdoor type of acceptance like humiliation or a spanking.

Then he met Darla, and he was able to transfer – at least temporarily – his panty fetish to their having sex together, and when he got her to have sex with her while she wore panties, it proved a good substitute. But that part of the honeymoon was now over for Don, and he was back to wearing panties, jacking off in them – and exploring new thrills.

Returning to his panty fetish brought back his need for acceptance stronger than ever. Several times, he had tried to bring up the subject with Darla, like when he mentioned guys wearing female clothes after they had seen a commercial for an upcoming talk show on crossdressing, but her reaction to such situations was “Those guys are sick!” That quelled any attempt he was about to make to try to get her to participate in his panty wanking, and pushed him to look elsewhere.

He started doing crazy things like wearing shorts or a short T-shirt that didn't stay stuck down into his pants and while wearing lacy panties underneath; he'd let the lacy leg bands peek out of his shorts or let the thin waist elastic stick out as he went into stores and fast food places and flashed the clerks and customers.

Laughter, being called a ‘sissy’ and similar reactions drove him crazy with pleasure and made him run to the nearest restroom to jack off into his panties. His need for acceptance had turned into an exhibitionistic act that morphed into a need to be humiliated.

As Darla became more demanding and dominating, it turned him on in one way but also turned him off in another way because she was then challenging him to perform without her wearing his fetish panties.

His sexual needs drove him to try other things. He let other men get a glimpse of his panties whenever he went into a public restroom, enjoying the various reactions he got from them. And most recently, he even went to an adult movie theater and sat next to various men and then opened his trousers and let them see he was wearing panties and jacking off in them as he pretended to watch the dirty movie. One guy reached out and touched his hard-on in his panties, but that was too much for Don, and he made a quick exit of the theater.

“Well, Donald? I'm waiting for an answer. Can you explain how my panties got filled with your slime?” Darla glared, arms crossed, a stern expression on her face.

“I ... I don't know what to say,” he stammered, which was the truth ... what could he say? He had no idea.

“Well I know what to say, you little worm. You're a little faggot ... you've been wearing my panties, and doing what? Sucking men's cocks? Or letting them fuck you? Have you? TELL ME, GOD DAMN IT!” Darla screamed, her hands on her hips, her glaring gaze so frightening Donald wondered if he might faint.

“I ... yes, I ... wearing them, but not ... doin' those other things,” he whispered, so ashamed now, so humiliated, he wanted to cry. How had it come to this? What evil forces had driven him to so debase and embarrass himself, he wondered.

“So, you have been wearing my panties. And what do you do once you put them on, huh? WHAT do you do?” she screamed.

“I've been wearing your panties, wearing them when I go into town and stuff like that,” he whimpered, closer than ever to tears now. His marriage, he realized, was crumbling, and he was powerless to do much about it.

“Donald, you're such a wimp,” Darla sighed as she switched from her dominating stance to a loving, accepting wifely role. “Come here, sweetie,” she cooed. Sit next to me. Right here. On the bed,” she said, patting the spot next to her at the edge of the mattress. He didn't know if she was now taunting him or genuinely trying to comfort him.

Don walked over to his wife and slumped down next to her. “What?” he whined.

“If you wish to save our marriage, Donald ... if you wish to remain living in this house, you must tell me everything you have been doing. EVERYTHING — is that clear? Otherwise I'll throw your faggot ass out on the street and take you for every penny you ever had or will have for as long as you can imagine.

Now fess up, sweetie. Tell momma all about what a bad-d-d-d little boy you've become," Darla said lightly.

He broke down and told her everything about wearing her panties including how he flashed people while wearing them; he even told her about his recent visit to the adult movie theater. She was a bit shocked, especially about the adult theater incident, and that made her realize Don might be interested in other men. Immediately, Darla began fantasizing about how that little tidbit of information might improve her life. Don was OK as a lover; his penis was adequately sized and he performed well when she wore those old-fashioned granny panties — or at least he had been a decent lover in the past. But lately, since she started rebelling about wearing the panties, he wasn't able to give her the kind of sex a hot woman like herself needed.

She really didn't want to divorce Don. In most other regards they had a good relationship. But her family owned a local bank, and she would have to control Don. She couldn't have him running around town exposing himself in panties and take a chance on his being arrested and bringing disgrace upon her family. And even though Don had been an OK lover, he was far from the best she had ever had, and she longed for those old times, those times she had sex with a caring, unselfish, sexually talented man.

After Don confessed his guts out to her, she told him they could stay married, providing he went along with the following changes: 1) No more flashing or doing panty fetish things in public. 2) She would give him all the fancy, old-fashioned panties he had her wear and he would have to start wearing them everyday in place of his men's underwear. 3) He could only cum in his panties with her permission. 4) She was going to search for another man or several men to make into steady lovers. 5) She would only have sex with Don on her terms and of her choosing — and that might be never again!

The next night, as they lay together in bed, both of them in a pair of the big, old-fashioned nylon panties Don loved so much, she hinted at how much fun it might be to have another man in bed fucking her while he lay next to them masturbating into his panties. As she talked, she noticed he couldn't resist touching his cock in his silky panties. She stuck her thumb into his mouth and made him suck on it, telling him to pretend it was another man's cock, right there in front of his face, fucking his mouth while she watched. Well, he came almost immediately.

She did that three nights in a row, but then the next night, she told him she was too tired and made him eat her pussy without providing him any relief and prohibited him from jacking himself off. Knowing he would be horny the next morning — it was a Saturday morning, she got up right after he did and secretly followed him when he went out. He pulled up to a MacDonald's and before going in, he took off his dress shirt revealing that underneath he had on a short T-shirt that exposed his midsection. Even from her car parked to the side, she could see his pink panties peeking out above the top of his pants — he was going in to flash his panties!

She quickly got out of her car and followed him in. Luckily there was a big woman with two kids, a boy and a girl, walking just ahead of her and she was able to hide behind the woman. Once inside, Darla stood off to the side hidden behind a large Ronald MacDonald display and watched.

While standing in line right behind Donald, the little girl started giggling and pointing. Obviously she had noticed his pink panties. The girl began laughingly explaining to her mother and brother what was so funny. The boy stared amazed at their mom, as she spouted out, "Holy, gees!" And then took both kids by the hand and hurried them out of there, grumbling in a loud voice, "Damn, faggot!" The girl was nearly in tears with laughter and the boy was complaining he didn't want to leave because he wanted to get a Big Mac.

One other person, an old man, was in front of my husband in line, and two high school age girls were in a second line along side us. The girls had noticed the commotion, looked over and soon saw Don's pink panties too. They started laughing uncontrollably. Aloud, one of them jeered, "Hey, nice panties, Mister!" and the other girl was pointing out Don's peeking panties to the pimply-faced boy cashier waiting on her. When the big, burly manager came over and asked the boy what was gong on, Don panicked, ran out of there, got in his car and raced back home.

When he got there, he didn't even notice his wife wasn't home and ran to the bathroom to jerk off. Moments later, Darla walked in the house, went to the bathroom, listened at the door until she heard him grunting and cumming and then knocked and insisted he open the door, explaining she had followed him and had seen everything. He pulled up his pants and opened the door crying.

"Take down your pants," she commanded. "I want to see what a pathetic sissy like you looks like wanking in your panties."

Donald's embarrassment was strangely acting as a stimulant, and as he slowly unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his pants and let them fall to the floor in front of her, he was suddenly glad his cock was hard again. He WANTED Darla to see how hard his cock could get when provided with the right kind of stimulation.

But instead of being impressed with the size of his boner, she gasped and said, "My, god, Donald, you have my panties all WET! They're stained with your CUM!" And then she began to laugh. "Oh, Donald, you pathetic little sissy. Is that how you like to spurt off, sweetie? You have people make fun of you and then you jack off and cum in my panties?"

"Take my panties off at once, Donald, and give them to me!"

He stripped the panties down over his cock and balls, over his knees, and then to his ankles, where he stepped out of them.

Darla held the wet panties reeking of the unmistakable scent of male cum. "Come closer, Donald," she said menacingly. "Now

lick them. Lick the cum from them, Donald,” she said, watching as Don shyly did it. She shoved the wettest part of the panties into his mouth.

“You like that, don’t you, Donald,” Darla purred. “All your nasty cum ... all sticky on your face,” she said as she continued mashing the cummy panties all over his face, smearing his lips and cheeks with cum, washing his face with them.

“Oh, god!” Donald moaned, and uncontrollably he suddenly ejaculated a second time and dribbled cum on Darla’s leg.

“Why, you little SHIT!” she laughed. “Now look what you have done. Clean it up!”

She shoved him down to his knees and made him lick his own cum off her leg. Above him, his wife continued to smear his neck and cheeks with the soiled panties. “Good boy,” she said, patting him on the head like a puppy. “My sissy boy **LIKES** to eat cum, doesn’t he? I know my pantywaist husband would just love to eat some nasty old man cum out of my pussy after some mean old man has fucked me, wouldn’t he?” she teased.

Remarkably, his cock remained hard, and when Darla saw it, she knew she had his number. But she was angry with him for not abiding by her new rules and told him she would have to think of a suitable punishment.

That night in bed, Don was super hard in his panties as his wife got him to talk all about his ‘panty problem,’ as she termed it. She told him she was giving him another chance but would not tolerate any more public exposure because it would jeopardize her family’s business and surely her inheritance.

“Listen to me, Donald. While you have failed to satisfy me lately, it’s clear you still can manage a hard cock under the right circumstances. Therefore, my pet, I will work on creating the right circumstances, just for you, because I do love you — even love this weird side of you. It’s just that I want great classic sex with a man, and you want this sissy sort of panty sex you need.”

“What ... what are you going to do, Darla?” he asked.

“Why, my dear husband, I’m going to let other men fuck me, of course ... lots of other men. And then I’m going to have you eat me afterward. I’m going to straddle your face and smother you in hot cum from strange cocks, panty boy. And if you’re **VERY** good, I’ll consider even bringing some of my lovers home so you can suck them to get them hard before they fuck me. Would you like that, Donald?” she cooed, watching her husband to gauge his reaction to her plan.

“I ... oh, god, Darla ... I don’t want you fucking other men; I thought you were just teasing me,” he moaned.

“Well, that’s too bad, now, isn’t it, sissy boy. You started this, Donald. And now I’m going to have my way. This is your

punishment for breaking the rules, and remember there is no next time for you. I can’t afford to have a sex criminal for a husband, a pantywaist sissy flashing his panties at young kids, so you’ll do what I say from now on and take my punishment, or love or no love — we’ll have to end our marriage.”

Two days later, on Saturday afternoon, Donald sat meekly on their bed watching as his beautiful wife got dressed to go out without him. He thought she was really trying to get to him as she put on a big pair of ruffled tennis panties – white with pink lace and ruffles – and wore them under a short tennis skirt along with a thin tank top without a bra, and a pair of white tennis shoes.

“Where are you going to go, Darla?” he asked.

“To get you some real man cum, darling,” she answered laughing, her pussy aching with the thought of what she was going to do. “I’ll show you how much cum a woman can get out of a man with a little bit of **LEGAL** panty flashing.

“But where?” Donald asked cautiously.

“Why, I’m going to the public tennis courts at the rec center. There are always some guys over there, and I’m sure a lot of them watch the women and girls playing just to get a peek at their ruffled panties. Well, I’m going to pick up one of those guys, let him fuck me and then bring his cum back for you to swallow. Sounds like fun, huh?”

Donald doubted she was really going to do that. He thought what she was doing was just to tease him and was just part of the punishment she had promised him.

“Donald, don’t worry. I won’t be out too late. I’ll plug the cum up inside my pussy with a Tampax, and it will still be warm when I bring it home to you,” Darla smirked. “And don’t you **DARE** jackoff until I get home. If you do, I’ll not only feed you man cum, I’ll piss into your faggot mouth too! Understand?”

“Yes, Darla,” Donald whispered. His cock now so hard it ached. Every angry word uttered by his sexy wife was like a pair of lips caressing his pink pantied dick. Was she **REALLY** going to let a guy fuck her? God, with her tempting those guys at the tennis court, they would be on her like flies on honey. He could just imagine what she’d let them do to her. Donald was afraid of what his wife was about to do. Was she really going to do it? It both thrilled and scared him. But he would just have to wait to find out the answer.

The hours passed slowly as he sat waiting for Darla to return. She had left around 2:00 and now it was getting dark outside. The clock had chimed seven times a few minutes ago, and Donald was worried, but then he saw a flash of headlights pulling into the driveway. Instantly his cock began to harden. As Darla had instructed, he was wearing just his pink panties and nothing else while he had been awaiting her return.

Donald waited in the bedroom as he heard the garage door open and then the car engine stop. Next he heard the kitchen door open. His cock hard now, Donald held his breath, listening as Darla clinked a few ice cubes into a glass. After an eternity, she appeared in the doorway of the bedroom.

Donald's mouth dropped open as he stared at her. She was a total mess. Her dark hair was streaked with gobs of thick, white cum, and her tank top was wet and caked with it. She reeked of dirty, sweaty men, and as she walked toward him, he could smell the familiar scent of male semen.

"Kiss me, Donald," she said, leaning down to her husband, grasping his pantied cock in her fingers as she french kissed him and passed along the taste of man cum from her mouth to his mouth. "I've been saving that for you, Donald. I drove all the way home without washing out my mouth just for you."

"Oh, shit!" Donald gasped, his cock twitching as excited penis leaked a small gob of moisture from its tip into his panties, staining them.

"You like that, baby, don't you?" Darla snarled, smearing her cum-caked cheeks against his as she felt the droplets of his precum soak through his panties and onto her fingers.

He groaned. She had done it! She had let a guy fuck her, maybe even let many guys have sex with her!

"I have more, honey. I brought you a souvenir. Look," Darla said, holding up a used condom tied in a knot to hold in a full load of semen. And as he stared, she shoved it into his mouth. "Chew on it, baby; chew on that rubber like it's bubblegum until it breaks and you get to swallow the surprise inside."

"Oh, god!" Donald moaned, as she massaged his pantied hips, tickled his asshole through his panties and encouraged him to chew harder and harder on the rubber until it broke open.

His eyes flew wide open the moment the rubber burst.

"Oh, isn't it so nice, huh, honey? All that man cum to drink up! Open up, baby, let me see it as you let it slide down your throat!"

Darla was highly excited and then decided the time was right to blow his mind as she said, "I had three guys I sucked and fucked in the men's public restroom at the tennis courts. No, I'm not like you getting your kicks from exposing yourself in public; I had the guys put up a 'restroom being cleaned sign' and take turns guarding the door while sucking and fucking them. Oh, and by the way, the rubber you're chewing on I found on the floor of the men's room. Donald. I don't know who left it there, but I don't care, and you don't care either, do you, my cum slut sissy boy?"

"No! How could you!" Donald cried, his voice garbled with horror as he tried to spit out the deflated condom!

Darla took it out of his mouth, held it up and squeezed the base of the rubber tightly together and then ran her fingers down the length of it. She demanded he put his head back and open his mouth as she drained a puddle of cum from the tip of the stinky rubber onto his tongue.

He was crying but shaking and with her hand back down on his pantied cock she felt him now exploding, spewing messy gobs of cum into his panties.

"Poor, baby. So hot ... so depraved. Cumming already, are we, honey?" she laughed, squeezing his prick, feeling the thick cum collecting around his cock inside his panties.

Donald moaned, as she continued to tease and laugh at him.

"My, oh my, panty baby, if you like that weird batch of strange cum so much, taste this," she said, pushing him down onto his back and crawling onto the bed over him. She put her pussy by his upturned face, pulled aside her wet panties and slowly pulled out the Tampax. Immediately she shoved her cunt onto his face and felt the jism inside her drain into his slurping mouth and swallowing throat. "Suck me, Donald. Suck the man cum from me, you candy ass sissy faggot."

Darla smeared the gooey mess all over his lips as she rubbed her pussy aggressively against him. Donald lapped the thick, wet cum from her pussy. He had no choice except to swallow it. He drank rivers of hot, dirty, nasty cum lazily sliding out of her cunt. "God I'm a pervert," he thought to himself as he devoured the sticky dirtiness, hating the humiliation — but much to his surprise also loving the excitement of her dominance!

"God, Donald, you do eat me so fucking good, darling. I'll give you that. You do know how to please a girl with your mouth and tongue. But you're such a nasty panty-wearing cum slut, Donald. Eating your whoring wife's pussy after she's been fucked by a group of strangers. Shame on you, sissy boy. Have you no self-respect, Donald?"

He just moaned.

"Then you'll love this, too," she said, suddenly taken with a new way to humiliate her husband. Slowly, leisurely, she began to relax. And then she began to piss directly into her husband's trapped open mouth.

He lurched in surprise, but had no where to go and just started swallowing to keep from drowning, admitting to himself he was more of a pervert than ever.

Darla backed away from his face while continuing to shoot spurts of piss all over his face. "You like that, too, don't you, panty boy? Now you're a pissy panty boy too!" she smirked.

He gasped, licking at the stream she was spraying it all over his face, her cunt moving around in a circle, drenching him with jets

of her golden flow as she giggled madly. She felt a weird combination of power, disgust, and love for Don as she laughed and degraded him. What kind of man would drink piss from a cunt recently fucked by strange men? What kind of man would allow his wife to be fucked while he stayed home dressed in her panties? What kind of man would suck a used condom filled with cum from heaven knows where? And what kind of man would eat the slimy cum dripping from his wife's hard-fucked pussy if he wasn't mad — a sick, panty perverted slut faggot?

"But I don't care," she heard herself saying aloud.

"What?" Donald asked.

"Nothing, panty boy pervert; just keep drinking my piss. And while you're at it, I think you'd better clean out my asshole, too. A large black man was in a stall watching us and I let him fuck me there just before I left; you need to eat that, too, don't you?"

"Oh, god, no!" Donald moaned, but she was already sliding forward, repositioning herself and sitting on his face with her asshole over his mouth, the abused opening dipping a black man's cum. Her husband's throbbing cock was about to burst with cum again into his pink panties.

"Dumb shit! What a pervert," Darla thought to herself as she moved up a bit more, still dribbling piss droplets across his face, and now holding her ass cheeks apart for his licking, sucking mouth. And then she felt it... his tongue in her asshole, probing, sucking, tasting the cum draining from her there. God this was wonderful! Her husband was such a sick puppy, and she was as darkly evil as he was sick. She loved abusing him this way. She had no idea this domination game could be so much fun, so exhilarating, so fulfilling!

As he licked, she fingered her clit to two orgasms, but then she had enough, totally sexually satiated. She practically fell off her husband but not before picking up her slime-laden Tampax, shoving it into his mouth and commanding him to suck it clean. Then she pulled her cum-drenched panties over his head and told him to keep them covering his face and keep the gamy Tampax in his mouth all night long before wishing him, 'good night.'

The next morning, a Saturday, Darla told her husband to thoroughly shower, clean the bed and then dress just in pink panties for the day. "I have a surprise for you," she smirked.

"What?" he asked.

"You have no right to ask me anything; you are being punished!" Darla snarled. "Go wait in the bedroom until I come in."

Like a scolded puppy, he scampered off toward the bedroom, his pink panties rippling over his butt cheeks as he hurried.

A short time later, Darla saw her sister's car pulling into their

driveway, and she went to greet her and her husband before they were able to ring the doorbell. Once inside, she served them coffee and after a bit of small talk, Tina, asked, "What's up, sis?"

"You won't believe it," Darla said.

"Well, then tell us," her husband, Carl, said, grinning seductively at Darla.

Unknown to Donald, the three of them had fucked several times within the past few weeks, and now Darla was anxious to show them what a pantywaist slave she had made of her sicko, panty-wearing husband.

"It's Donald. The little prick has been wearing my panties and going out in public and flashing people, even little kids and then jerking himself off silly into my panties. I caught him at it, and now the little pantywaist is my sex slave. He'll do anything I want, Tina, and I do mean anything. I want the three of us to use him today. I want both of you to be as nasty as possible with him, especially you, Carl. I want you to fuck him, to cum into his mouth and all over his face. Do you think you could do that to him for me? Hell, you both can even piss on him if you want to ... he loves it all. Believe me."

"You've got to be kidding!" Tina laughed. "I know you said you were starting to dominate him and it had been working for a while, but then you said he was losing interest. Donald? Pudgy little Donald, one of the most successful accountants in town? And you made him into a gay sex slave?"

"Well he does have nice fat lips," Carl grinned. "Hell, he can suck my dick if you want him to. I wouldn't doubt the little fucker gives a good blow job. I have always thought he looks like a cocksucking faggot."

"Why, Carl," his wife teased. "Don't tell me you're into gay guys, too, darling."

"Hell, honey, you know I'm always up for a blowjob," Carl laughed. "I don't much give a shit who does it. If a girl isn't available, lips are lips, baby. A blow job is a blow job. Like I had told you, I made a fag suck me off once while in the service; he was good at it too. I don't have to LOVE somebody to fuck 'em in the mouth. And I'm not a fag if I let a fag down my meat."

"Well, then follow me; let's go see how my little sissy performs on a real cock then," Darla giggled.

The three walked down the hallway toward the master bedroom. As they approached, Darla called out, "Donald? Are you dressed as I instructed?"

"Yes, dear."

"That's great, Donald, because your surprise is here," Darla sang out, opening the door, leading her sister, Tina, and brother-

in-law, Carl, into the bedroom.

Donald turned and saw them staring and giggling at his pink pantied body and his humiliation instantly became complete. His face turned crimson, and he couldn't do anything to hide his sissified condition, even though he tried to cover with his hands the big lump his cock made in his panties.

"Gee, Don, you sure do look pretty as a fag," Carl laughed.

"A sissy fag, too, baby," Tina giggled.

"And he's not just a panty boy fag, he's a cocksucking sissy fag," Darla smirked. "Aren't you, baby?"

"I ... I ... oh, god, wha ... what are they doing here?" Donald gasped, head down and slumping down on the bed, his hands cupping his cock in his panties, thoroughly beaten.

"Hey, little buddy, it's OK," Carl said, walking over to the bed. "Actually, you're kinda cute in your wife's pink panties. Hell, all you need is a fucking wig and a little lipstick and you'd almost be cute enough to be put out on the street as a ten-dollar cocksucking hooker."

"Thanks," the defeated man said sarcastically.

"Donald, you wimp! How DARE you talk to Carl that way," Darla snarled.

"I ... I'm sorry, baby. It's just that ... that"

"That, WHAT?" Darla snapped.

"Nothing," Donald said, hanging his head meekly.

"That's better. I'm only doing this for you, Donald," Darla said, unbuttoning her shorts, letting them fall to the floor as she removed her tank top. She was naked now, except for a pair of the old-fashioned high-waisted panties her husband loved so much. And as Donald watched, Carl and Tina both walked over to Darla and began kissing and hugging her. Carl fondled Darla's breasts as Tina ran her fingers across the fancy panties she wore and then snaked their way underneath the panties' leg elastic and into his wife's pussy.

"They've been fucking me for weeks, now, Donald. Ever since you stopped satisfying me, my sister felt sorry for me and they came to my aid, and now you're going to watch as the three of us fuck each other. But don't worry, we won't leave you out. You can suck on Carl's big mean and help get him hard, and then you can clean us up afterward, OK, sweetie?"

Donald stared at Tina and Carl as they undressed. Carl's cock was huge, much bigger than his own sizable cock. Carl grinned at Donald, and uncontrollably, Donald looked back, staring like a deer caught in the headlights as that cock came toward him.

"Turn you on, buddy?" Carl asked softly as he gave himself loving long strokes to help inflate his dick.

Donald gasped.

"Suck it, pal," Carl said, now standing in front of Donald and holding it just inches from his face.

Unconsciously, Donald licked his lips; he continued to stare at it as it started to swell and Carl moved even closer, so close now the pantied man could feel the heat from the cock on his face. Carl grabbed a handful of Don's hair, pulled his head close and shoved his cock into his brother-in-law's face, and when the poor guy opened his mouth in an effort to say "Wait!" Carl shoved his penis tip past the startled man's lips. And he couldn't now believe it, but Don was doing it ... he was sucking a real cock, and the big cock in his mouth was going in further and further with each forward thrust, stretching his lips to the limit, squeezing tears out of his eyes.

"Didn't I tell you he's now a cocksucker?" Darla said to Tina. The two women were hugging, fondling one another, and as Tina continued to watch her husband being sucked off by Donald, Darla dropped to her knees and began sucking her sister's cunt.

"Oh, yes, sis, eat me, suck my pussy; like I used to make you do back in high school," Tina groaned.

"Damn, panty boy, you sure do a good job of sucking cock! Your wife said you were new to this, but I kinda think you been sucking cock for a long, long time!" Carl gasped. "You've been a fag all along, haven't you?"

Donald wanted to complain, let them know he had never sucked cock before, but with his mouth crammed full of dick, he couldn't; besides, what was the use? He was a cocksucker now!

Tina gasped, her hands firmly planted on top of Darla's head while hungrily shoving her dripping cunt against her sister's lips and looking over to the blowjob in progress for inspiration. "Oh, yeah, Donald, yes, yes, yes! Blow him; suck him, my little sissy husband, until he sprays you with his man cum!"

"It won't be long now, sweetie," Carl moaned, pumping his hips into Donald's face, feeling the cum boiling in his balls as Donald continued sucking him while gasping for breath. He could hold back no longer; he let his gusher shoot one blast down Donald's throat and then pulled out to shoot the last strands of his jism across the startled man's face. The two women took a break from their lesbian love fest to cheer.

Donald was a cocksucker now – and he concluded it wasn't so bad. He did get his wife to dominate him and he now could wear panties and jack off in them all he wanted. He could handle it. Life was good and surely only going to get better! ♦

Performing with My Wife's New Friends

Before she left, Lilly, my wife, had applied heavy, slutty-looking makeup to my face and helped me dress like a whore: a black satin corset and black satin panties, both with red lace and bows, black thigh-high stockings, and black open-toe sandals with three-inch stiletto heels. My fire engine red finger and toe nails added a sexy touch, she had said while applying the lacquer. She had me bound with wide leather straps around my wrists and ankles secured to my punishment stool in the corner of our master bedroom with just the radio on for company, dialed to a station playing hard-metal rock (that I hate) while she was out. Of course, I had no choice and was bound and sitting on my stool when Lilly walked in with her new friends.

This was my “payment” to her for the privilege of living as her husband while at the same time enjoying my crossdressing hobby. For more than a year now, once a month she gets to choose with whom, when, where and how she has some extramarital fun. Each time we did this, she added new twists, and I never knew quite what to expect, so I was always waiting in great anticipation with both fear and erotic excitement.

At first, after Lilly would dress me in some slutty attire and sentence me bound to the bed in the guest room before she went out and let herself be picked up, bring the guy home and leave the bedroom doors open so I could hear them fucking and sucking all night long. Then she progressed to having me bound and hidden in the master bedroom closet so I could watch them fucking through a small hole in the door. Afterwards, she would lie on top of me in bed and force me to eat the man cream out of her cunt before putting on her strap-on dildo and fucking me in the ass as she told me how great it had been to have sex with a real man, and now fucking me, her lousy sissy husband.

Then she made my punishment stool, a simple wooden stool with a plastic cock bolted to the seat, so when I sat on it with a greased-up asshole, the ersatz dick when up inside my rectum, and I had to sit on it in the walk-in closet while she had her fun. The torture of sitting on it plus the agony of watching her getting fucked by some stranger would get my cock going. My leather-bound hands were positioned so I could just barely touch my aching cock and tickle it through my silken panties.

I'd try not to, but usually I couldn't resist nursing my hard-on through my soft panties and ejaculate more out of frustration and sheer sexual torment than pleasure. She had the rule that I was not allowed to cum while I watched them, and afterwards she would quiz me about the guy and what they had done to make sure that I had watched and paid close attention. And if I had an “accident,” the night didn't count as her one time that month. Sometimes Lilly tried very hard to make me cum, wearing clothes that turned me on and doing things with her stranger-lovers designed to excite me, like talking about me, her sissy husband, making it impossible for me to resist spurting.

Now this night she had brought our sex games to a new level; I wasn't in the walk-in closet, but in the corner of our master bedroom and strapped onto my dildo-equipped punishment stool. This time she seemed determined to make me have much more than an accident — I was going to be part of the action!

I gasped when they walked in. My beautiful wife wearing a dark blue miniskirt and matching jacket over a baby blue bra discernible through a silk shell with tan hose and sexy stiletto pumps. I had gasped because she was accompanied by three large men, two of whom were black. She just giggled and said “Don't worry, honey, I'll share!” and the men all laughed.

She told them to strip while she got them drinks. In her absence, they looked me over, pinged the elastics on my panties and asked me things like, “How do you like being married to a slut?” And “You look like a whore more than she does.”

Lilly came back and then told them to sit and enjoy the show. She put some Barry White music on and moved very sensuously as she took her clothes off until she was down to her bra and panties. One of the guys asked her why the old-fashioned lingerie and she said she wears it because it excites her husband (me). The she went to each man and encouraged him to reach into her panties and run a finger across her cunt lips to feel how wet all of them made her with the anticipation of feeling their big cocks in every part of her body. Then she came over to me and put her lavender nylon pantied-covered pussy close to my face. I could smell how hot she was. She turned around and bent over, presenting her ass to me as she pushed her butt into my face and had me sniff the musty, sweaty scent of her asshole. She got almost close enough for me to lick it, and then pulled away. “Not until there's some cum in it,” she giggled.

Then it was time for the real party to start. First she got on her knees in the middle of the floor and had all three men gather around her. They all had hard cocks jutting towards the ceiling. She spent several minutes sucking, licking, and jacking them. Then she stood and bent over the couch, and had each one enter her sopping pussy and stroke just a few times. Each one, when he pulled out of her, came to me and shoved his cock in my face and made me taste her musky juice on his hard cock. When the first one approached me I kept turning my head away but he grabbed my hair and pulled on it so hard I let him stick his dirty cock in my mouth. After I did it, he slapped me silly, so when the next guy approached, I didn't resist. These guys were taunting me, telling me what a pantywaist cunt, faggot, and pussy I was for letting them do this to me and my slutty wife. One said, “I don't know which is the biggest pussy in the room ... the one I just put my dick into or the cocksucker sitting on the stool.” My face burned in humiliation.

Lilly was now getting into some serious fucking. She absolutely loves to have a hard cock pounding into her, and will usually cum several times before the man in her does. But she was having too much fun tormenting me. She lay on the floor on her

back with her head toward me so I could see the first stud enter her. The white man went first. He supported himself with his arms so I could see his big cock stroking in and out of my sexy wife's pussy. He was slamming her hard, and she was moaning and cumming. I was thinking, "Damn, she's going to be force-feeding me a lot of creampie tonight!"

I guess she had prearranged it with them. The white man fucking her increased his tempo, like he was building to orgasm. I watched, fascinated, expecting to see my beautiful wife take the first load of the night deep inside her. But instead, just when I thought he was about to go over the top, he pulled out of her and rushed to stand in front of me. My wife joined him, on her knees, and reached out to grip the shaft glistening with her juices. She jacked him hard and fast until a big spurt of cream cum shot out and hit my cheek. Another spurt hit my chin, another landed on my chest just above the corset. The two spurts that had hit my cheek and chin ran down and dripped off my jaw, onto my chest and corset. Surprisingly, Lilly directed his shooting sperm away from my mouth. In all I counted four hard spurts plus the ooze collected on my wife's hand. I looked as she raised her hand to her own lips and looked into my eyes as she licked it all off.

Next one of the black men crawled between her spread legs. I watched his huge black cock pistoning in and out of her. This time I was sure she would let him finish inside her, but she didn't. Again she had a few good orgasms, and then his tempo increased until he pulled away and stood in front of me. Again she joined him, her long white fingers wrapped around his glistening black shaft, and jacked him until he pumped spurt after spurt of white cream onto my face and chest.

By the time the fifth man had fucked her and sprayed me, my corset was a mess; I had cum in my hair, all over my chest and face, even on my shoulders. A lot of it had even dripped onto my black satin panties, but none of it had landed in my mouth. I had been so intent on watching them, I barely noticed the incredible pressure in my panties ... pressure caused by my cock so hard it hurt when I touched it. All the time they were fucking my wife and shooting on me, they were talking and laughing about me. One of the black men, the one with the biggest dick in the room, told my wife if she wanted him to he'd bend me over and fuck my ass. But she told him no, all the cock was hers this time.

By the time the third man had cum on me, the first one was ready for seconds. This time she let him cum in her. This time she let them all cum in her, one after another. She lay in the same position so I could see their big dicks pumping in and out of her, and each time one of them came he would pull out and squeeze the last of his cum on the neatly trimmed patch of hair at the top of her slit so that I would know they had just spewed cum in my wife. They all looked over at me and smiled, even laughed, as they did it. Finally all three had fucked her and had a second good cum, and I figured the night was just about over. I figured they would soon dress and leave and then she'd ride my face with her sloppy wet pussy. I was wrong again!

My wife stayed on her back, but instructed one of the men to unhook my wrist and ankle cuffs so I could lie down beside her. I had been on my dildo stool for several hours at this point and dislodging myself from the rubber dick was a great relief. All the guys laughed when they saw the big dildo; they had no idea I had a slit in the back of my panties and I had been sitting on it all night long! When I was in place on the floor, Lilly flipped over on her knees with her swollen, sloppy pussy right over my face. "Here you go, my little cum whore," she said as she got up on her knees. "Here's what you've been wanting for, all night." She squeezed, and a huge blob of cum slipped from her and hit near my mouth, most of it went in and I swallowed it. I felt a peculiar new shame eating my wife's creampie while the guys who made it looked on. They really chided me for being such a panty pervert cum sucker. A few more squeezes and a few more blobs, and then she sat down on me. She rocked her hips, sliding her sloppy cunt all over my face, smearing me from forehead to chin and ear to ear with the remains of her infidelity. All the while she was talking to the men, telling them how much I loved their cum, how much I enjoyed being her cum-slut and watching her take load after load of hot cum so I could suck it out of her. She referred to me as "she" and a bitch, a cunt and a whore.

With my face now coated with man cum and her juices, she got her feet under her and squatted over my face. A lot of the combined juices had traveled down her crack and into the area of her asshole, so she sat down so that her puckered, cum-coated butt hole was directly on my mouth. She rocked back and forth, moaning as she told me to clean her out back there too. She loves me to tongue fuck her ass, the three guys laughed heartily watching me abase myself even more by doing it in front of them. She sat her soft, big ass down so hard on my face I couldn't breathe. Her ass cheeks gripped my face and nose cutting off my air supply. I could still feel juices draining from her pussy onto my chin and chest.

Throughout all this terror and excitement I had not shot my cum; I was going to show my wife I could take even this and not shoot off without her permission, but then it happened. Suddenly, without warning and me gasping to breathe, without my even knowing it was going to happen, my hips jerked. Lilly stepped off me and they all watched. The first spurt of cum shot so hard from my cock some of it went through the thin material of my black satin panties — my whore-like black panties with the red lace and bows. The spasms raised my ass off the floor as spurt after spurt shot out of me. Finally the involuntary jerking ended, and I relaxed and slowly came back to reality to hear the raucous laughter of the three men and my wife as they made fun of the fact that I was such a slut fag and pantywaist wimp for cumming because I was being humiliated into eating other men's cum out of my wife's twat.

I just lay there with my eyes closed. I knew I was quite a sight with globs of cum on my corset, panties, my face and chest, and my panties clinging to my cock and balls in cummy wetness with my wife and three strange men laughing at me. What a life! ♦