

The Pantied Cuckold

Volume Three

It's My Fault That My Wife Went Black

You Provide the Money and the Laughs;
I'll Fulfill My Cock Teasing Dreams

You're Only Good as My Maid and Cum Sucker

Wimp Cuckold Can't Save His Sissy Son

Adults Only

Fantasy Entertainment

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

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

My Wife Prefers Sex with My Big Brother Instead of Me in Panties

From the time we were dating until well into our marriage, my wife, Sandy, loved having me make her cum by rubbing her pussy through her nylon panties. She put my hand up her skirt to panty masturbate her, even at the movies and in restaurants, and often without regard that anyone might be watching. If a young boy noticed, she'd look right at him and smile. One night lying alongside her in bed she put her hand inside her panties, grabbed my cock and started rubbing it. She asked if it felt good. I was so turned on I could barely speak, except to nod in agreement. I was dismayed when she stopped, ran to dresser and brought back a pair of pale blue nylon briefs with pink lace around the legs. I protested as she slipped the sexy panties over my feet, up my legs and then had me arch my back and lift my butt off the bed as she pulled them up to my waist. I was still hard from her manipulations and the contact with the fresh panties made me even harder. I told her I shouldn't be wearing her panties, but she silenced me by rubbing my wanton dick through the wonderfully exciting nylon until I filled them with hot jism.

That next night, as I got ready for bed, I saw those pale blue panties freshly laundered and tucked away in my drawer. I chuckled to myself and put them on without her asking. She whistled at me when she came out of the bathroom and saw me wearing them. She said, "Jack, you look sweet in ladies' panties. You should wear them all the time. After that, I started wearing them every night and she'd rub me in them until I'd cum. Then I'd shower and wash them out for the next time. One night after cumming in them, she handed me a new white nylon brief-style panty with pink lace on them. She pulled them over my feet and told me to pull them up the rest of the way. I did and they felt great. She told me she'd like me to sleep in them and wear a pair of panties to bed every night. I was getting hard. She rubbed my dick in them and then replaced her hand with mine and encouraged me to keep jacking myself off as she put her hand on her own pantied crotch and caressed herself. I almost lost it. I was so caught up in watching her that I stopped and just pretended to be rubbing myself because I wanted to delay my pleasure of this great moment, but after a few minutes she looked over and asked, "Jack, aren't you done yet?"

I really wanted it to last longer, but I couldn't help but fill those panties with my cum. I cleaned up and she gave me a clean pair of yellow nylon panties to wear for the night. That was our first mutual masturbation, something I will never forget. But after jacking myself off for her entertainment for about six weeks, I realized I couldn't get very excited without wearing a pair of panties. I hadn't fucked my wife in all that time, and I worried about it. Then one night she said, "Let's forget the panties tonight and just have an old-fashioned fuck." I gave it a go, but I couldn't get hard enough to piston in and out of her pussy without having my weak erection fall out of her. I apologized and she told me it wasn't important, but on each successive night for a week we tried it again with the same shameful result, so we went back to the panties and Bingo! I immediately got a raging hard-on and blew an immense wad of jism. My wife laughed a bit, but I knew she was hurt. She told me to start wearing panties every day and forget about ever wearing men's underwear again. The next day, she bought a pile of very feminine panties for me and put my old underwear in a box to donate to our church's clothing drive. Our sex life then became me jacking off in my panties as she watched. She no longer masturbated herself as I did it. She said it wasn't fun anymore for her and admitted she dreamed of being fucked by a big cock. My dick is about average size and always seemed enough to satisfy her, but now she openly admitted to dreaming about 'real men' with monster cocks fucking her.

I had no idea how upset Sandy was with my inability to fuck her, but I soon found out. The most humiliating experience of my life took place while we were at my parent's house. Sandy had me stand up in the middle of the living room with my mom, dad, big brother, little sister and a female cousin present. My wife told me to drop my pants and show them the pretty panties I wear for underwear. Everyone laughed and wondered if it were a joke. I balked, but she insisted. She explained that I had turned into a panty pervert (she never mentioned that she had panty trained me) and was no longer able to fulfill my husbandly duties -- bluntly telling them I couldn't get an erection for her -- only for my sissy panties. She then proceeded to show them by lowering my panties and letting them see my limp penis before pulling my panties back up and giving my dick a few jerks. As much as I didn't want it to happen, my dick grew to its full length and hardness within the soft panties. My mom shook her head and dad mumbled something about a sissy fag for a son. Brenda, my sister said, "I always knew he was weird like that!" And my ten-year-old cousin, Lina, was falling over laughing.

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A discussion of my penis ensued and all of them sided with my wife and admonished me for being a pervert who couldn't satisfy her. I have always been turned on by fantasies of humiliation, but this real life humiliation was not exciting in the least! I tried to defend myself but no one was listening. I had to admit to them that straight sex no longer excited me. My mother sympathized with my wife's need for a good fuck and wasn't interested in my "sick fantasies" as she called them. I was astounded when my mother said my unmarried older brother could take care of my wife if I couldn't. I knew he had a cock much bigger than mine, and Bart shocked me when he jumped right up and said he'd be glad to do it! I couldn't believe my family turning on me like that.

"I remember he used to get hard-ons when I whipped him," my father said. "I always knew he was a pervert. But playing with himself in ladies' panties instead of fucking this beautiful wife of his -- what a fucking freak!"

"I got news for you," said my sister Brenda. "Throughout high school I suspected he was jacking off in my panties. I'd find cum stains on them and knew it was him doing it.

"So that's what caused all of this," my mother replied. "You like to be spanked and you like jerking off in girls' panties, huh? And now you have trouble fucking -- well, it figures."

My wife said, "Jack, you never told me he used to jack off in your sister's panties; no wonder you like it. Now, look what it's made me do -- fantasize about being fuck by a huge, rock-hard cock."

I blurted out, "NO! Why are you doing this to me? I-I didn't...."

"BE QUIET, you damn faggot," my father said. "Just stand there in your freakin' panties and be quiet or I'll take my belt to you."

Mother said, "That's what he needs, Pa."

When I said, "What? No, you can't whip me, that's crazy, I ..." My father answered, "I said hush, boy."

"He deserves a spanking," my little cousin Brenda said. "I never told anybody, but Uncle Jack gives me the creeps because he is always trying to look up my skirt at my panties."

Mother said, "We have two problems here. One, Jack needs a good belting for being such a lousy man and husband, and two, we need to help Sandy if he can't." Then mother said to Sandy, "Honey, do you want Bart to take you upstairs and give you a good fucking? If you want a big, hard cock, he has a nice one."

Sandy looked at me with scorn, and half shouted, "Oh, yes!" She pointed to my hard cock bulging in my panties. "See, everybody, he's getting harder and even leaking cum with us talking about making him into a cuckold! He gets off on this shit." I was embarrassed as hell and tried to cover my penis as I heard cries of "disgusting" along with words like "sissy" and "jerk off."

"What are we going to do with him?" my wife pleaded to no one in particular. My mom said, "Sandy, why don't you let Bart take you upstairs to our master bedroom. You need some special attention. He can give it to you while dad knocks some sense into Jack." I couldn't believe it! My own mother was telling my wife to have a good fuck with my brother!

"OK, that sounds like a good idea...it's been so long since I had..." Sandy was almost in tears.

"I know, dear. It will be OK," my mother said. Bart got up and put his arm around my wife and led her to the stairway.

"Wait, dear," I interrupted. "Becky, this crazy, you can't..."

"No, Jack, YOU can't ... you're the problem here." Everyone laughed. I was almost in tears. Mother turned and looked at me. "As for you, Jack, you seem to like being humiliated and spanked." And to my father she said, "I think he needs a session with your belt, Pa"

"OK, pansy, you remember the routine," my father said. "Get to your room and get naked -- all except those lovely fancy panties you have on. This is going to be fun. I'm going to enjoy this, and anyone else can follow along for the show." I hung my head and began to hobble off, my pants still around my ankles. My little ten-year-old cousin clapped her hands and jumped up ready to go. She led the way up the stairs, deliberately twisting, turning and swishing up her short skirt as she made a big show of her panties for my benefit as I walked up the stairs ahead of my father and directly behind her. "You must be a faggot, wearing panties like that," my dad said. "If you want humiliation; I'll give it to you. Get your lips wet because you're going to be sucking my cock when I'm finished whipping you. Cocksucking is about all faggots are good for." Little Lina cried out, "Oh, goodie! I never saw a boy give a man a blowjob. Wait until I tell my friends about this!"

I looked around the room and saw the straight-backed chair my father had made me lean over many times for my whippings. I pulled it to the center of the room. My cock was standing at rigid attention as my dad entered carrying his leather strap. He ordered me to bend over the chair and reminded me not to let go of the seat or he would start over. He began swinging the strap and I cringed as the blows struck my ass. As much as the humiliation held some excitement for me, I was in terrible pain. And I was on the verge of throwing up thinking of having to suck my own father's cock. I begged him to stop but he kept on until I was blubbering like a baby and my ass was fiery red. "Now get in the corner, boy, and stay there until you're told to come out." He left the room. As I stood in the corner my tears subsided and the pain in my butt became only a dull throbbing. I began to think about Sandy and Bart. I had hoped dad had forgotten about making me suck his cock, But Lina was quick to remind him, and he said, "Oh, honey, I didn't forget, I'm going to make him do it once his wife is finished so she can watch too!" ♦

YOU'RE ONLY GOOD AS MY MAID AND CUM SUCKER

Look at yourself! You heard me...LOOK AT YOURSELF! What do you see? Well, what you see doesn't matter. What matters is what I see. Understand me? What I see is a PATHETIC excuse for a husband, let alone a man. What am I going to do with you? FUCK! Why did you have to come into my life? I bet you think your dick is great ... well it's NOT! It's a tiny, little peepee. I've eaten french fries BIGGER than your puny little pecker. And I KNOW you touch it a lot, just like you're doing now, diddling your dick in the corner, how PATHETIC!!! But I don't understand is when you reach into your zipper, how long does it take you to find the fucking thing?

I have to go out now and find a REAL man to satisfy my appetite for good sex -- someone whose dick I can wrap my hand around and several inches of it still sticks out beyond my fist. A real man wouldn't let me make him wear my panties, like I make you, and you do it because you know just how big of a sissy asshole you are. I need a man who knows what to do with his cock, someone who won't be a waste of my time, someone who WON'T dribble out his cum, someone who can keep it HARD for more than 2 minutes, and most of all, someone I don't have to PITY fuck or FAKE my orgasms for. You need lessons to even think about fucking ME!

You lick the cum out of your panties after you leak out your sissy juice; no real man would let me do that to him. I bet you even like the taste your own cum. You must like it; there's nothing stopping you from leaving. I only keep you around as long as you hand over your paycheck every week. I'll tell you what I'm going to do for you: I'll let you watch me FUCK another man and then ALLOW YOU to lap up his cum out of my pussy, how does that sound? You can eat up all my CREAM and his. That is as close to my pussy as you will ever get. I bet just the thought of it makes your dick hard! Maybe, just MAYBE, if you're a good boy and clean off my lover's cock too, I'll fuck your ass with my new strap-on. You'd like that wouldn't you?

Your dick is nothing more than an oversized clit. You don't deserve to wear men's underwear; you're not a REAL man to begin with. It's men like you who give women headaches every night. You sit around and wonder why I say, "Not tonight, honey. I've got a headache." It's because you're PATHETIC!!! You ARE my headache. Why bother trying with a man who can't satisfy me.

The only thing you're GOOD for is being my MAID and doing things like licking up the cream out of my spunky panties before you wash them. Be my "little maid" and take care of me and my lovers. If you're lucky, I'll let you drink up the golden nectar from my cunt and let you lick clean my ass hole after I take a shit! I might even fart on your face. If you're lucky! I know what a sorry wimp like you needs. Get to work shithead before I throw you out and still get your paycheck sent to me every week! ♦

You Provide the Money and the Laughs; I'll Fulfill My Cock Teasing Dreams

Hello, Sweetie, my name is Brittany and I married a man who provides for my monetary needs, but he's old and can't give me what I crave most. My new fifty-five-year-old hubby is completely inadequate at satisfying my sexual needs. What I lust for, he doesn't have or ever will have, and that's a Big Fat Black Cock. Nothing stretches or pounds my pussy like a BIG thick COCOA cock. What else could I do but turn my hubby into a cuckold. He's a sweet old wimp and fully understands my need for sex.

He doesn't mind my flirtatious nature. In fact, my cuckold hubby loves jacking off while watching other men fuck me. My hubby's cock gets so hard as he watches my pussy or ass get fucked RAW by a beautiful man's BIG black cock. My hubby can't wait for them to blow their load of hot creamy cum into my pussy. Afterwards, he cleans up my chocolate creampie-filled cunt with his loving mouth. He doesn't waste a drop of that milky spunk. He's such a good little cuckold hubby. I love getting my plump rump spanked as they hump my big booty with that big black cock. They love my big ass and can't pound it enough. Those beautiful balls slapping up against my cunt and ass feel so-o-o good. As the price of admission to this feast for his eyes, I make him wear a pair of used panties while he pumps on his pimple dick. NO, the panties aren't mine, my hubby is a skinny old fart; my panties would fall right off of him. No, he can actually fit into a pair of my kid sister's frilly little panties. She's just ten but wise in the ways of the world, and she loves specially preparing pairs of her used panties for his benefit. She makes sure they are well marked with her piss and poop stains before giving them to him, and as an added bonus, I let her help him and she holds open the panties for him to step into before drawing them up his scrawny legs. Then I let her watch my big black lover fuck me, but I think she enjoys even more watching my hubby stress and strain as he whips his prickette into hardness through her panties. Her laughter and cutting comments in addition to her mucked-up panties are great distractions while he tries hard to concentrate because he knows if he doesn't wank himself off into her panties, he gets locked back up in his chastity belt until the next occasion when we can all get together.

I just love getting a guy whose cock is so big I struggle to fit it in my mouth. They take their BIG black cock and slap my face with it, shove it down my throat so deep I can't help but gag and choke because it's so HUGE. My absolute favorite thing is getting train-banged. Tyrone, one of my 'booty calls,' loves to set up train bangs for me with his friend's because he knows how much I love BIG black cock. The last we did involved a dozen hung black men who took their turns fucking my cunt HARD. No foreplay, no romance, no lovey dovey shit, just pure unadulterated hardcore FUCKING!!! I got the pounding of my life. One after another, they filled my cunt with their big black cocks squirting their HOT seed deep inside me. I lost count of how many orgasms I had. I was so sore afterwards I could barely walk. ♦

It's My Fault That My Wife Went Black

My wife and I are both 32 and have been married for twelve years. Ellen is the same beautiful redhead I had met in high school, and our marriage had been very happy until I made my first mistake. I had been entirely faithful throughout our marriage, but I succumbed to a one-night stand with my secretary after a drunken dinner at an out of town sales conference. I might have gotten away with it, but my secretary, who knew my wife well, tearfully confessed all to her in a telephone call. When Ellen confronted me, she didn't seem overly angry. She simply stated my secretary had told her everything. She didn't want a divorce, which would destroy both of our families as well as both of us financially. But she did say she wanted some big concessions from me and would let me know everything she wanted in the coming days. The first thing she said was that she was, from then on, going to have a couple of nights a week out on her own. Alarm bells rang in my head, but I said OK so as not to upset her.

On her first night going out, she came downstairs in a little black dress that was obviously new, and it revealed a lot of her tits and legs than she had ever shown before. She had on very high black heels and a lot of makeup. Now I was really worried. She said she wouldn't be out too late. I worried while she was out, but she was back about 11, telling me she had just met some girlfriends. I decided it was best not to question her further, and did not worry any more until I met an old friend of mine a couple of weeks later. He told me that he had seen Ellen at a club he frequents, looking very friendly with a rather large black guy. My buddy was asking if my wife was going out on me, but I assured him that she had just met up with an old coworker, and I pretended to know all about it.

On her next night out, Ellen got back a little after midnight. I was awake in bed as she undressed quickly and got into bed in just her bra and panties. I asked her tentatively if she had a good evening. "Why don't you check for yourself," she replied, taking my hand and placing it on her pussy. Her panties were drenched with cum. "You've been fucked," I gasped.

"Nothing gets by you, does it Sherlock?" she sneered.

"Who was it?" I enquired, my voice shaking.

"All you need to know is that he is black, 20 years old, bigger than you in every way and is better in bed than you could be in your wildest fantasies. So if you are thinking of asking me to stop seeing him, forget it," she told me cruelly. I was shocked of course, and intensely jealous, but I had a hard on like never before. I wanted Ellen more even than the first time I fucked her.

"Any chance I can get a little, honey?" I asked, nervously. She snapped back, "No chance. You won't be fucking me at all while I am seeing Ben. He really knows how to fuck a woman; it would be disrespectful to him if I let you anywhere near my pussy while

he owns it." She laughed contemptuously at me, "Take a pair of my panties and pull yourself off in the bathroom if your little dick needs it that badly." She knows how much I appreciate when she's dressed in fine lingerie, and I realized a pair of her panties was probably going to be as close as I would get to her pussy for a while, so I did it. Most troubling to me is that while I pulled on my penis, all I could think of was this Ben guy fucking her, and I only wished I had been there to witness it! The idea was disgusting to me, but exciting at the same time. I thought about little else at work the next day, having to go to the bathroom a number of times to relieve the pressure. I only wished I had pocketed that pair of my wife's panties so I could use them to intensify my pleasure during those sessions.

Soon after, I had to broach the subject with Ellen. "What?" she yelled. "Dave, are you a crazed deviant? You mean you want to stand by and watch another man fuck my brains out? I know I've been married to an inadequate wimp all these years, but now I find he's a simpering pervert!" Her words hurt me, but she said she would talk to Ben, if only to give him a good laugh at my expense. When I got home next evening, she had obviously spoken to him and said, "Ben agreed to your suggestion, but both of us intend to humiliate you as much as possible, like making you kiss his cock and suck his cum out of my cunt. And one more thing -- panties, pretty ladies' panties, Ben wants you to wear them from now on. He said lacy panties are the only kind of underwear a cuckold husband should be allowed to wear."

I agreed, ashamedly and with revulsion at the thought of wearing panties and sucking another man's sperm out of my wife just to satisfy my need to see him royally fuck her.

The following day Ellen made me go with her to Carson's to buy a dozen pairs of the fanciest panties available, and she made it no secret from the saleslady that the panties were for me. Talk about humiliation -- I had no idea shopping for panties could be so humbling. It was a type of shame I didn't care to ever repeat. Upon returning home, I took off my male undershorts and watched my wife cart them away -- probably forever after.

Three days later, I had just finished my dinner, when Ellen came downstairs sluttishly dressed for this was to be the night. She told me that after I finished the dinner dish to take a shower and then get dressed, with my panties on underneath, of course, and kneel by the front door in the living room until he arrived.

He didn't even ring the bell; a half hour later, Ben simply opened the door and walked in. Shyly I looked up at him. I knew he was big, but in the flesh he was Mr. Universe proportions, 6'4" and wide as a house. "Nice panties, boy," he sneered as he looked down at me with pure contempt. "Gees Baby," he laughed. "I know you said he was small, but I can barely see a bump in his panties. How have you managed with that all these years?" My wife simply put her arms around his neck and launched into a long french kiss with him. Finally, she broke it off and said to me, "This is Ben. He will be the Master of this house while he is here. You will call him 'Sir' and me 'Ma'am' while we are together. We

will refer to you in nothing but the lowliest of terms. You will do everything we tell you to do immediately.

"Ben, show him what will happen if he doesn't do as told or hesitates in doing it."

CRACK! He hit me across the face with such force it knocked me off my feet. Ellen smiled down at me. "Oh, Ben, that was great. I like seeing you hurt the little prick; he deserves it for the lousy sex he has given me over the years as well as for cheating on me." Ben added, "That was just a small sample, piss face! Now get me a large bourbon and be fucking quick about it!"

Feeling like a fool, I danced around in my black-lace trimmed lavender panties as I rushed to serve them drinks and then knelt by them as directed as they sat chatting and kissing. Finally, Ben announced we should go upstairs. When we got there, Ellen whipped off the few clothes she was wearing as her lover stripped off. As he removed his underwear, I gasped at the size of his cock. Ellen walked over to him, took hold of it and stroked it to erection. "Ben's cock is impressive, isn't it, sissy?" she said with a wicked smile. "Now kneel down and suck his." Ben added, "Yeah, suck on my meat, panty boy. If you do a good job, I might let you put it in your wife's pussy for me." With my face still burning and hurting from the slap he had given me, I took his cock in my mouth and began to suck him, although my stomach was doing somersaults and I struggled not to throw up. Ellen stood by. "Wow! That's all it took to make my stupid hubby into a cocksucker! I love how he looks down there giving you a blowjob. Is he any good?" Ben laughed, "No, he is going to need a lot of practice." Ellen said, "I like watching him suck cock so much that I have a few ideas already how I can get him a lot of practice."

Once Ben was satisfied, they got ready to fuck. My wife lay on the bed, Ben parted her legs and told me to aim his cock at her pussy lips and feed it to her. I did and with one mighty push he parted them. Then he put his cock at her entrance and rammed it right into her; Ellen screamed with pleasure.

"Look at your wife, boy," Ben sneered. "She's just another dirty white slut who tastes black cock and then can't do without it." I wanted to demand that he didn't talk to her like that, but I thought of his possible reaction and stayed quiet. Ellen then backed him up. "He's right, sissy. I am a filthy slut who will do anything he tells me because I need his thick black cock. Look closely, I have got ten inches ramming into me and I love every inch of it."

"Yeah," Ben agreed. "This bitch will now open her mouth or her legs for any guy as long as he was black and I tell her to do it; she can't help herself."

"Oh, yes," Ellen continued, "It's true. I'll suck or fuck any black man Ben tells me to. I am his slut, his bitch, and all you will ever be now is the tiny dicked white wimp cuckold husband who watches his wife get fucked in every possible way. And you are the pervert who can only get a decent hard on by watching

someone else doing your husbandly job while you kneel nearby in your pink or lavender panties looking like the fool of all time." Her gasps were getting louder now. "Oh yes, baby," Ellen cried. "Do it to me Ben, make me cum, stretch my cunt so only a big black cock will ever satisfy me! Make me pregnant, Ben; give me a black baby to raise. I'd love it!"

I hadn't even thought about that! My wife pregnant by a black! We had gone along so long without her getting pregnant that I thought she couldn't have babies. "Watch him, David. Watch him stretch my pussy wide as he impregnates me, something you haven't been able to do!"

Their rigorous fucking was exciting me beyond belief, but I hated myself for it, and I was increasingly concerned I had lost my wife sexually forever. I was shaken out of my thoughts by my wife's now deafening cries as Ben started pumping really fast, until he tensed, groaned and shot his load deep into my willing wife. At the same time, she screamed out, "I love you, you fucking big black bastard," as an intense orgasm hit her.

After Ben withdrew and Ellen took a few moments to recover, I suddenly felt Ben grab my hair push my face into my wife's dripping cunt. "Suck my cum out of my bitch, boy," he snarled. "Eat my cum, knowing you have forever lost her to me!" There was nothing else but to do it. I cleaned my wife thoroughly, and then she sat up and ordered me, "Now suck Ben clean and don't stop sucking until he has shot a load of his precious cum into your sissy mouth!" I began sucking, desperately trying to please, knowing this would be a long job because he had just cum.

Ellen was behind me as I worked. She had pulled the leather belt out of Ben's trousers. Suddenly felt a sharp stinging crack of the belt across the back of my purple panties. I yelled in pain. "Suck my lover properly," she yelled. "Tell him you love his cock and want to please him because he's so good at fucking your wife. Tell him you want to swallow his cum!" I meekly repeated her words to him and despite my lips becoming sore and my cheek muscles aching, I continued to desperately suck him to get the cum out of his balls. Ellen continued smacking me with his belt up and down my back and butt, all the time urging me to do better. I was so grateful when I eventually felt my mouth filling with cum as Ben ejaculated. As he shot off, Ellen told me to swallow it or my beating with the belt would not stop. I let it shoot down my throat and swallowed every bit of it in my mouth. Then they told me to go to the bathroom, clean up and then just wait as they would be having a lot more sex, and I would be needed.

I went to the spare room and lay on my stomach, hoping the burning in my back and buttocks would subside. Over the next hour or two, I was treated twice to the sound of Ben cumming and my wife's loud orgasms. It went quiet for a while, and then they both came into my room. "I need you on your back," Ellen told me sharply. "No please Ma'am," I begged. "My back and bottom hurt too much." She laughed, "I know that, silly, but your discomfort is of no consequence, now lay on your back!"

Wimp Cuckold Can't Save His Sissy Son

I could not believe the change in her, she seemed determined to give me as much pain and humiliation as possible to repay me for my past sexual inadequacy. I turned over slowly, crying with in agony. She then jumped up and straddled my head, pushing her cum-filled pussy over my mouth. After she had emptied all their slim into my mouth, she moved back to kneel on my chest. Then she started to bounce up and down on me. The pair of them laughed uproariously as I sobbed and begged her to stop because of the unbearable pain on my back. Eventually she relented and got off. Ben then got up and forced his cock in my mouth. He began a rhythmic pumping, pushing his immense weight against me and my pain wracked body. The pain was incredible, though my cries were muffled by the huge cock.

My wife watched my face closely. "His tears are really flowing now," she told Ben. "Fuck him harder, choke the bastard with your cock, bounce up and down harder."

It took him another twenty minutes to cum, and when he finally got off, I was a sobbing broken man, in absolute agony, so much so that I had to take a week off work at the insurance agency. Towards the end of my recovery, Ellen asked me if my urge to see her fucked was still strong. I replied it was, but I could not bear that agony or the pain ever again. She replied, "I've got my revenge on that score now, although it was such a turn on at the time to see you get the suffering you deserved. I, however, still want to humiliate you."

And it has gone on ever since, minus the pain, thank goodness. Now all that is required of me is cleaning both of them up after they have sex, occasionally sucking off Ben, or one of his many friends, and being taunted and humiliated by them as I cavort about in my nylon panties.

Then, Ellen announced she was pregnant with Ben's baby. I was stunned, and immediately wondered about all the ramifications of that, but knew I had no choice but to accept it. She said, "David, at nights while Ben and I party, you will be looking after the baby. I think you'll make a good nanny. I heard somewhere you can develop as male's mammary glands so he is able to produce milk and suckle babies. I'm going to look into that for you. Aren't you a luck panty boy? You can be a wet nurse as well as a nanny to my black baby!" ♦

We knew our son was a sissy since he was a toddler. He was as cute as any baby boy you have ever seen, and my wife kept his hair long because she couldn't motivate herself to get it cut. Despite keeping him dressed in boys' clothes (no pink or flowers on his clothes, etc.), people were constantly calling him a girl, and they were usually surprised when we would correct them and tell them he was a boy. We thought this problem would be solved once we got his hair cut, which we did, but surprisingly people still mistook him for a girl, just a girl with short hair! Eventually, we stopped correcting them and just said 'thanks' to their girlish compliments. When Dickie was three, my wife's sister and her little girl, Tina, were over to the house, and the little girl was in a party dress with frilly pink panties on underneath. Well, little Dickie was so impressed with those fancy panties that he begged us to buy him panties just like them. We were a sucker for the kid's wants, and with my OK, my wife bought him a supply of lacy nylon panties for him to wear. We both figured he'd grow out of his desire to wear them, especially after he mixed with other kids and peer pressure would shame him out of his desire to wear girls' panties and convince him to want to be like other boys. But that never happened and he remained a sissy, though not overtly so. He still wore frilly panties as his preferred underwear when not in school, where he usually wore white panties without any of the lacy embellishments of his fancier panties, and in today's world, he could get away with wearing them because they were not unlike some of the skimpy nylon underwear other boys were wearing.

Now, he's nine-years-old, and I'm sitting in our living room and can't believe what I am hearing from our newest neighbor. He hadn't been in our house twenty minutes and he was asking me questions that were totally out of line, especially from someone I had only exchanged a few words with the week before as he was moving in. I sat across from Ben Phillips in complete astonishment, trying desperately to gain my composure but to no avail. Ben had the upper hand and there didn't seem to be much I could do about it.

I'm a 36-year-old tax accountant and am used to dealing with the public, but our new neighbor wasn't like anyone I had ever encountered. He said he was 40, worked as a carpenter at Hewitt's Window Company and had two kids from a previous marriage and they lived back in Ohio with his ex-wife. He said he missed his kids a lot, so I didn't object when he invited our nine-year-old son, Dickie, to sit on his lap. He remarked that he had noticed Dickie riding his bike in the neighborhood and was struck by how much he resembled his own child, who was about the same age. Dickie is a trusting child with his short blonde hair and flashing blue eyes. He looked nice today in a light blue shorts and T-shirt combination my wife had recently purchased. Dickie didn't seem to mind that Ben Phillips was holding him tightly, nor did he try to squirm out of his grasp when Ben's left hand began to work its way up his left leg. I watched in awe as the big black man's fingers slid up beneath the leg of Dickie's shorts. I was about to say something, though I'm not sure what, when Ben spoke again. "I've always had a fondness for kids," he beamed, still working his fingers upwards under my son's shorts. "To be quite honest, John, I guess you could safely say I'm a pedophile. Does that bother you?"

"I - uh, well, I - I've never known a pedophile," I said lamely, silently cursing myself for such a dumb reply. Ben laughed. "Your little Dickie here I noticed riding around the area on his bicycle. He is truly a stunning looking boy, cute enough to be a girl."



“Uh, yes, well ... uh, thanks,” not knowing what else to say.

I was wishing my wife was home, but she was out shopping with one of her boyfriends, probably buying more sexy lingerie for me to dress her in for when goes out on dates. Yes, I’m a cuckold, but I am happy with our life and our beautiful son, even if my sex life is limited to rubbing myself with used pairs of my wife’s panties while jacking off to porn sites of young girls I find on the Internet. My wife rarely lets me make love to her. I have to be a model lackey in her eyes to earn that privilege. What she enjoys is teasing me and bringing home her fresh creampie for me to eat out of her cunt. When I pursue her for sex, most of the time, she takes off her smelly, cum-filled panties and tells me to put them on, go surfing the Internet and wank myself to happiness. My wife knows what to do in any situation, and I was wishing she were here now, but she wasn’t going to be home for hours – I’m sure she was getting her fuck hole filled with some strange man’s cum to bring home to me. Maybe SHE would know what to do in a situation like this. I surely didn’t!

“Tell me, John, you don’t have anything against pedophiles?”

“Uh ... well, no, of course not,” I stammered. “It’s, well, like I said, Ben, I — I’ve never met one before.” My eyes were fixed

on his fingers and from the way my sweet son was beginning to squirm, I felt he must have reached a sensitive spot. Dickie’s squirming was not, as far as I could ascertain, an attempt to get away from Ben, which struck me as rather odd.

“Well, that’s good, John,” he said. “I’m delighted you have nothing against me being a pedophile.” Just then, Ben discovered a bit of white lace and pink nylon fabric peeking out of the leg of my son’s shorts. “Wow! Pink panties, that’s great kid. When I first saw you, sweetie, girls’ panties are exactly what I thought you should be wearing. Pink panties on feminine boys excite me to no end. John, I don’t mind telling you your little Dickie here has given me quite a hard-on. He’s so damn girlish! And his lacy panties are driving me out of my mind! He reminds me so much of the daughter I have with my white ex-wife. My girl loves me touching her panties too.” He was now rubbing his fingers on the lacy edge of my son’s panties and then he started massaging the outside front of Dickie’s shorts with his other hand. “With these tight shorts you have on, boy, I can’t feel much of what’s between your legs. Are you sure you’re a boy? You almost feel like a girl down there. Dickie blushed and pushed his face into Ben’s big hairy chest partially exposed through his V-neck T-shirt.

“John, you wouldn’t have any objections to me removing his

shorts, would you? I just gotta see this kid in his pink panties.”

Dickie began making a soft mewling sound.

“I-I ... guess not,” I managed to mutter, not realizing why I said such a stupid thing. Ben smiled broadly. “Tell me, John, has your little Dickie boy ever been fucked before? Or has he ever sucked a cock?”

“Oh no, no, of course not,” I responded quickly. “He hasn’t done anything like that.” I was sweating profusely now.

“Ah, a virgin; how wonderful,” Ben sighed. He let Dickie slide downwards until he was standing on wobbly little legs before him. “You know, John, why don’t YOU come over here and remove your pretty son’s shorts for me, OK? I’ll bet you’d like that, am I right?”

“I-I-uh, I...” I mumbled. “Come on, John,” Ben urged. “Don’t be embarrassed. Many fathers like seeing their sons defiled by other men. I can tell you from experience, John, that there are dads, just like yourself, who get quite a thrill seeing their young lovely little girlish boys sucking cock or getting fucked in their tight, hairless ass cunts. I’ll bet you have a hard-on right now, don’t you?” It was true. I did have a hard-on and was embarrassed by it. I flushed red and Ben chuckled again. “Come on, John,” he coaxed, “don’t be shy. Get on over here and get this little slut boy’s shorts off and then you can watch what I do to him, and you can even jack off as you watch, OK?” I nodded meekly in agreement and arose unsteadily from my chair, my cock pressing against my trousers. I down behind Dickie. My fingers trembled as I fumbled with the elastic waistband of his pull-up shorts and then lowered them around his ankles. Ben whistled when he caught sight of my boy’s cute pink nylon panties which had little flowers on them as well as the white lace around the legs. “Step out of your shorts, sweetie,” Ben told him in an authoritative voice, and then he had Dickie climb back up on his lap. I stumbled back across the room to my chair.

Ben grinned at me. “John, do you mean to tell me that with a great girlie boy like this under your roof that you have never been tempted to ram your cock down his sweet throat or up his tight asshole? You’ve got more willpower than I! Even if you have no yen for little boys and just like girls, your boy is so girl-like he has to excite naughty thoughts in your head, right?”

I guess it took this wacky moment to make me realize he was right. I did have to admit to myself that over the years I had looked at Dickie and felt a sexual thrill at his sweet girlishness. Ben kept snapping the waist and leg elastics of my son’s pink panties and made the kid dance in girlish glee. He broke through my thoughts as he said, “Shit, man, just look at the hard-on in your trousers! You can’t fool me. How have you been able to keep your hands off this kid all these years?”

“Watch this, John,” he called out, as he slipped his hand into Dickie’s pink panties and he began toying nicely with his little

preteen cock. My cock got even more erect and I was sure I was leaking pre-cum as I watched Ben finger fuck my son’s asshole. He then pulled him close and french kissed him. Dickie’s mouth opened widely to accept Ben’s 40-year-old tongue, and he moaned as they kissed. When their sexy kiss ended, Dickie sighed and Ben said to me, “Tell me, John, did you get a thrill pulling down your slutty little boy’s shorts, so I, a stranger, could have access to his panties?” I nodded shamefully. It was true. I did indeed get a thrill from doing it. I couldn’t deny it. Ben chuckled once more. He was now pulling off Dickie’s T-shirt. He tossed it on the floor and continued to finger fuck him vigorously. I watch his hand stretching out the back of my boy’s panties with a fucking motion. “He’s got a nice tight boy cunt,” he informed me. “I may need some help getting into it. I don’t know yet. But first I’m going to have him suck me off.”

It was then that he extracted his cock from his pants and I almost shit when I saw it. It had to be a good nine inches in length and it was very thick. I could not imagine how he could ever get his monster prick into my little Dickie’s asshole. To get the boy worked up a bit more, Ben masturbated his little prick in his pink panties; he made it come up hard, and Dickie swooned, but it still stood out only about three or four inches under the panty nylon. “They call you Dickie, huh kid?” My son nodded. “Well, I think you should tell everybody to call you ‘Little Dickie’ from now on, because that’s all you have between your legs, right?” I could tell Dickie was shamed, but he nodded. Dickie was then made to place both his little hands on Ben’s big black cock and stroke it up and down. He seemed curiously intent on pleasing this old man, much to my surprise and shock. After a while, Ben said, “Suck it, sissy bitch,” he demanded. “Come on, panty boy, suck my cock and suck it good or you’ll get a whipping. Understand?”

I was revolted by the words and tone he was using on Dickie but found it turned me on all the more. Dickie nodded, bent his head lower and opened his small mouth as much as he could and began to take in the shiny cockhead while Ben Phillips’ groaned in delight. “Look at your girly son, John,” Ben panted. “Look at your little whore son. He’s sucking his very first cock and loving it; I can tell. And I can tell YOU love watching him, don’t you?”

I nodded and blushed red once again. My poor cock was aching in my pants and Ben must have sensed this because he told me to pull it out and jerk off while I watched sweet little Dickie suck him off. I did as he instructed and was jacking slowly because I did not want to cum until HE did. I wanted to see his gobs of cum fill my little nine-year-old son’s mouth, as sick and twisted as such an idea was. To my amazement Dickie, naked except for his darling pink nylon panties, managed to get almost half of Ben’s large cock meat in his little mouth and he was sucking avidly as Ben cursed him and called him a “sissy slut,” “pantywaist cocksucker,” and “panty-wearing whore” while I slowly jerked off and thrilled to each dirty name he called him. “A-g-g-g-h-h, I’m gonna’ cum now, panty slut,” Ben yelled out, “and you better swallow every drop, you little boy bitch whore or you’ll get the beating of your young life! A-g-g-h-h-h-h-h ... shit, here it CUMS!” And cum he did. I looked on in sheer awe and blissful

lust as poor Dickie gagged and choked on his first load of cum, but he did manage to devour most of it. The rest Ben splattered across his face. "Don't wipe it off, you cocksucking panty faggot," Ben instructed Dickie, "I'm gonna' make your daddy lick it off your face." Then Ben grinned widely. "Get over here, John, and don't give me any shit about it. I want you to taste my cum from your little cunt son's face, and I know you want to, so get over here NOW. Doing it is no more perverse than buying your son girls' panties!" I had never tasted a man's cum before, not even my own, but I did as Ben commanded, bent down and licked every drop of his salty cum from Dickie's pretty face while Ben grinned and laughed at my humiliation. Then Ben told me to get him a cold drink and he said he would take the drink upstairs and instructed Dickie to lead him to his bedroom. "I should get hard again pretty soon," Ben informed me, "and when I do, John, I'm taking his cherry. You can come up and watch but no interference, is that clear?" I nodded submissively.

Dickie hadn't said a word throughout all this and I could not help but wonder how HE was handling it all. I finished jerking off and cleaned myself off and then went up to Dickie's bedroom where Ben had raided my son's panty drawer and tossed handfuls of his panties on the bed and then lay down naked on them on his back, his legs far apart. Still in just his pink panties, Dickie was ordered to crouch between his legs and lick his balls and asshole. "Try and get your little tongue up my ass, bitch," Ben barked. "Ah, that's the way, panty slut. Oh, yeah, just like that. Mmmm."

"Damn, John," Ben said as I stood there stupidly and watched my son lick Ben's asshole, "you got a natural cocksucker and ass licker here. You should be damn proud." I didn't reply. I just stared in lustful depravity as my little boy tongued out Ben's sweaty and hairy asshole. Dickie had shit streaks on his cheeks when he came up after Ben finally ordered him to stop. I noticed Ben's big cock had become erect once more. "Time to fuck your girlie-boy, John," Ben said matter-of-factly. "Get on your back, slut boy cunt," Ben told Dickie. "John, slide a pillow under his tight little pink pantied ass. Then I want you to hold his sexy panties aside and legs apart and while I work my cock up into him." I did as I was told. The demented pleasure I received from holding my nine-year-old son's panty leg elastic aside and his legs apart so he could get his first fucking from a complete stranger almost made me cum, even though my poor six-inch cock was just getting hard again! It took some doing and a lot of screams from Dickie before Ben was able to penetrate his little shit hole. "Tell your little fag son to stop screaming, John," Ben told me. "He's driving me nuts and I can't concentrate."

"Stop! Stop screaming, son," I said to Dickie. "Mr. Phillips is fucking you, and you have to learn to take cock up your butt hole; stop complaining and learn to enjoy it."

"That's the way, John," Ben grunted as he plumbed in and out of my darling son's panty-wrapped boy cunt. "Now you're gettin' the idea." I don't know what made me say such things to Dickie but the words just came out and I was glad they did. My cock began to rise strongly right after I commanded him to

cooperate. "Get down behind me, John," Ben moaned. "Lick my balls while I fuck your sexy slut son." I didn't hesitate a second. I got down behind Ben's hairy ass and licked his sweaty nut sac as he rocked in and out of my boy's little ass pussy. A few minutes later his balls contracted. I massaged them as he began filling Dickie with his seed. Ben then grunted and collapsed atop him. "God damn, that was good," he sighed. Dickie was now crying as Ben lovingly gripped his small, cute silken-pantied ass cheeks and gently massaged them. "This little whore is one fine piece of kiddie ass," he added. "I'm gonna' enjoy fucking him from now on, that's for sure." Ben then got off Dickie and lay beside him. He ordered me to pull aside my son's delicate pink panties and clean his bloody, cum-soaked little ass cunny with my mouth. I knew better than argue, so I at once did it as Ben watched and laughed lewdly. I moaned and he laughed again. "A lot of dads like doing that after I fuck their sons."

I told Dickie to take a bath and clean himself up before his mom got back home. Ben dressed and we returned to the family room. He then proceeded to tell me he had already fucked another little boy in our neighborhood within the week he had been here but would not enlighten me as to who the boy was. But he did say that the kid's dad had reacted exactly like I had, so I felt a bit of joy at not being alone in that aspect. He also told me he would be fucking Dickie from now on and that a couple of guys from where he worked would no doubt want to fuck him too. One of them was a black man with the biggest cock he had ever seen. I got a rush thinking of that man fucking my young Dickie. He said he and his buddies would probably be taking pictures too of Dickie as they sexed him, so they could sell them to a circle of friends they had developed over the Internet. He made me agree to have Dickie available whenever he wanted to molest him. I nodded in compliance, wondering how I would hide this from my wife. "You can watch of course," Ben said, "and clean him up after me and my buddies have him." I nodded again. Then he left the house. Before my wife got home I instructed Dickie not to say a word about any of this to his mother and he said he wouldn't, but that did not turn out to be the case.

My wife, Carrie, arrived home about an hour after Ben Phillips had left. Dickie was bathed and looked none the worse after his ordeal. My wife suspected nothing out of the ordinary. Things went fine for the next three days until I arrived home from work the following Wednesday. Carrie was in the kitchen preparing dinner, and she had a disturbed look on her face. I knew at once something was wrong, and it didn't take long for me to discover what it was. "Dickie told me he met our new neighbor the other day," she said icily. "Seems he stopped by while I was shopping."

"Oh, yeah, honey," I said, still not cognizant of just how much she knew about Ben's visit. "I guess I forgot to mention that."

"Yeah, I guess you did," she went on, her tone still frosty and bitter. "I guess you also forget to mention that he had sex with Dickie while he was here, hm?" I had no answer for that one, so I just stood there aghast, while my wife slashed away at some celery with her knife. I was hoping I didn't wind up like that

celery! There was an awkward silence in the room until at last my wife spoke again. "I'm not angry that he got sexed," Carrie said finally, much to my surprise. "What I am angry about, John, is that you didn't have the courage to tell me about it! Don't you feel I have the right to know such things?"

"Well, uh ... sure ... of course, darling. I - I just was waiting, I guess ... uh, for, you know, for the, uh ... the right time," I muttered. "And when would that be?" my wife questioned. "Oh, honey," I sputtered, unable to say anything.

"H-m-m-ph," my wife grumbled, now finished with the celery. She put down the knife, much to my relief, and then wiped her hands on her apron. "Oh, John," she said, her voice much softer now and closer to her normal tone, "I am only angry because you didn't tell me about it. It makes me feel as if you don't trust me. Instead, I had to hear it from Dickie when he came home from school today. He said it was supposed to be a secret, but he couldn't hold the secret any longer and had to tell mommy. You knew he would eventually, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I suppose so," I moaned, still startled that my enchanting spouse did not seem opposed to our preadolescent son having had sex with our perverted new black neighbor. "I'm sorry, babe. I truly am. Will ... will you forgive me?" I begged. "Yes," she said frailly, now coming over to where I stood and placing her arms around my neck. "And ... and, you're not mad?" I asked hopefully. "I mean about Dickie and Ben having sex?"

"No," she said in a purring voice. "Not at all. In fact, love, when he told me all the juicy details, I got rather wet. I still am." Then she laughed a gentle laugh, and it was then my cock got hard and I kissed her with craving as she pressed up against me. "Let's fuck," she whispered in my ear, binding her agile body into me as my wife reached down and began to tug at my zipper. "What about Dickie?" I asked. "He's up in his room, going crazy over a dozen pairs of fancy panties I just bought for him," Carrie said, now freeing my stiff prick from my trousers. She dropped to her knees of the floor and took the head of my rod in her mouth and started sucking it playfully.

"Oh-h-h, shit!" I called out. "Damn, that feels good, baby!"

"Tell me about it," my wife sighed dreamily, taking my cock head out of her mouth for just a second to speak. "Tell me how this wicked, dirty man fucked our little boy. Tell me, John, while I suck your cock. I want to hear all the filthy details." And so I told her, leaving nothing out; I related to her anxiously everything that had taken place between Ben and our little boy, while Carrie sucked ardently on my throbbing cock. When I again told her that Ben and two of his coworkers would be fucking Dickie soon, and that one of them had a monster cock, Carrie fingered herself to a screaming orgasm. "A-g-h-h-h-h-h-h-h ... oh-h-h! I want ... to see ... that," my wife cried out lustfully. "I want to see our little bitch boy in his pretty panties ... fucked by a big black man with a huge horse cock!" Then she reached another feverish orgasm, just as I shot my hot sperm into her mouth.

While I was gasping for air, we both heard a small voice behind us. "Hi, Mommy, you're sucking daddy's cock," Dickie said perkily. My wife didn't say anything, and then I realize why. Her mouth was full of my cum, and she came up to me, french kissed me and dumped my own cum into my mouth. She had never done anything like that before. Then she giggled, and all I could do was swallow my own seed.

"Yes, I am, or was, sweetheart," my wife affirmed. "But we're all finished now. We thought you were up in your room, honey, playing with all your new panties."

"I was, Mommy," he replied. "But I heard the noise down here and came to see what you were doing. "What's that, Mommy?" Dickie asked, pointing to some of my cum that had dribbled out of her lips. "That's your daddy's cum, honey," my wife explained. "Want to taste some?" Dickie said "OK" as he nodded enthusiastically, moving closer to us now. My wife used her fingers to swab her face, collecting my cum and then offered it to our son. Dickie opened his mouth gingerly, accepted the gooey substance, and then sucked his mother's fingers clean. "Did you like that, sweetness?" my wife inquired. "Uh-huh," Dickie smiled, licking his lips now. "Can I have some more?"

"Sure, honey," my wife laughed, giving him another dose. Dickie devoured it. "I think we have a real cum eater," Carrie said to me. "He seems to love the taste of sperm, doesn't he, John?" I could only nod in agreement as I watched our precious panty-wearing baby boy lick his mother's fingers dry once more. "Tastes good, huh, my little pantywaist boy?" she asked. "Uh-huh," he giggled, apparently pleased at being a cum eater. "Well, you'll be getting more of Mr. Ben's cock tomorrow night, little boy," I informed him. "He called me today at my office and wants you at his house at 7 o'clock tomorrow night."

"Goody," Dickie squealed with delight. "Oh, darling," my wife interjected. "You didn't tell me he'd called you." I told her it was the first chance I had to tell her. "Are ... are his two friends going to be there too?" Carrie asked excitedly. "Yes, they are supposed to be. I better call Ben back and let him know that YOU are now aware of what's going on and see if he wants you to be there." She begged, "M-m-m, please do. I definitely want to be there."

After dinner, Dickie donned a flowered and ruffled apron and helped Carrie with the dishes and I relaxed in the living room. I called Ben Phillips and told him the news about Carrie now knowing everything. He was quite pleased. "So, I can bring Carrie along tomorrow night?" I asked, hopefully. "Of course," Ben chuckled lewdly. "I can understand her wanting to see her little bitch trampson getting it from three men. It's not uncommon for a mother, just like a father, to want to witness the sordid corruption and sexual degradation of her child." Afterwards, I informed Carrie about my phone conversation with Ben, and she beamed upon hearing that she would be welcome.

Later that evening, Carrie went upstairs, and then returned with

a few magazines. She placed them in my lap. Dickie, ready for bed in his usual nightwear — a pink and blue nylon Cinderella nightgown, pulled away from the television and joined us. “Look at these, John,” my wife said, “and you’ll see why I am so excited about Dickie getting sexed by grown men.” I picked up the first one and gazed at its shiny cover of a large picture of a young boy, even a year or so younger than Dickie, sucking on the stiff cock of a man of about 50. The tyke’s eyes were closed and he appeared to be enjoying it. Behind the preteen boy was another older man, and he was about to jam his hard dick up the boy’s tiny butt. I began to flip the pages, with Dickie and my wife on either side of me, looking on at the vulgar, but pleasing, pictures. Most of the shots depicted very young boys being fucked and licked in every way imaginable, but there were also a number of glossy prints of young boys sucking and fucking in cute little girl dresses, ruffled panties, garter belts with nylon stockings and other lingerie. Dickie showed a great interest in those pictures, and I found them quite stimulating too. Many of the boys were crying and resisting as they were being force-fed older male’s cocks and a few were being painfully buggered up their tender, cute, young ass holes. What I found most arousing was a photo of a pink-pantied blonde boy of about six or seven being ass fucked by a grinning man of 60 or so while another man pissed on the lad’s adorable face and panties. My wife caught me staring at that picture and commented, “Like that one, do you?” she smiled knowingly. I nodded, admitting I did. “Well, we shall have to see about getting you a young boy soon, huh?” she said seductively. Despite being ashamed at such an admission, I lightly nodded while still looking at that shot. The Internet porn I had been jacking off to for years was tame compared to this stuff. I especially appreciated the little boys wearing makeup and little girls’ clothes. “M-m-m, I think I’d enjoy seeing you with a small boy, John,” she told me. “I’d like to see you fuck him, of course, but I think most of all I’d enjoy seeing you suck his little dick and then having HIM piss on YOU. I think YOU would like that also, wouldn’t you, darling?” Sheepishly, I nodded and said, “I’d love it if the boy were dressed up like a girl, you know, a cute little girl something like Shirley Temple; I remember being sexually excited by her even when I was a little boy and first saw her in the movies dancing around and shamelessly flashing the audience her fancy lace panties.” I know I was blushing when I admitted to that, but something inside me just made me want to share that with my wife and son. Carrie was obviously projecting my fantasies on to our son when she said, “Dickie needs to be used sexually by real men, not just a cuckold wimp like you. He knows you’re not much better than my ass wipe in this house, and now he needs to see that more than ever. I think it would be especially exciting to see him sexed up by big black men with you doing clean up! Ever since he has shown his feminine desires, I’ve always wanted Dickie to learn what it is like to be treated like a girl in bed, but I never knew how to bring the subject up with you and I didn’t want to force him into it. Perhaps, I thought, with him wearing panties and nighties and being so girlish from the start that he would become gay by the time he was a teenager, but now that it has happened and he obviously enjoyed being a girl for this man, I’m all for it. And by the way, since we are going to do

this, instead of you just rubbing yourself with my used panties, wanking yourself silly every night like a frustrated teenager, I want you to start wearing panties; I’ll get a load of pretty panties in your size tomorrow while you’re at work.”

“But, honey, panties?” I complained, not wanting our son to think I was even less of a man than I already appeared to be in his eyes. “I can’t wear panties ...” My complaining abruptly ended when she grabbed my balls through my slacks and squeezed. “Yes, you are going to wear panties. Many of my lovers tell me all pantywaist cuckold wimps should be wearing girly panties; I don’t know why I haven’t made you do it until now. I’ll buy them and you’ll wear them 24/7 – to work, to church and especially in front of Ben and my lovers. I’m sure they’ll appreciate seeing my husband as the pansy they know you are. “Yes, honey,” was all I could mumble. I didn’t want to look at the expression on Dickie’s face, but I could feel he was grinning at me. I went back to flipping the pages. Dickie’s interest in those three magazines was especially focused on the photos of boys near his age who were wearing lingerie while sucking cocks and being fucked. He liked the pictures of lingerie-clad boys being pissed on too. From his wide-eyed expression, I felt sure our little Dickie would soon be getting piss baths from boys at his school. The thought of THAT possibility inflamed my senses and my cock grew harder.

“Where did you get these magazines? And where have you been keeping them? They look rather old,” I probed my wife. “They are, honey,” she confirmed. “I’ve had them since I was in high school. A guy I used to date gave them to me. At the time both he and his stepfather were fucking his mother, his little sister and his effeminate preschool-age brother. I’ve kept them packed away with my women’s magazines all these years. John, I have often wanted to show them to you, but I wasn’t sure what your reaction would be until this thing with Dickie and our neighbor happened. Also from these books you can see where I got the idea to panty Dickie once I saw how interested he was in his little cousin Tina’s panties when they were both toddlers. They have some really nice pictures of pantied boys, don’t they?”

“Gosh, yes,” I had to agree. “Very nice indeed. You know, Carrie, I never realized until the other day when I watched our neighbor sexing little Dickie how exciting it is to see a young panty boy being sex up.”

“I know,” my wife agreed. “That’s how I felt that first time I watched my old high school boyfriend give it to his little sister while his pantied kid brother sucked on his balls. She was 10 at the time and the little boy was five. I liked seeing him do his mother too, but I enjoyed watching him with his kid sister and brother far better. Anyway, darling, that’s how I became hooked on kiddie sex and sissy boys. I’ve kept it pretty well concealed all these years, haven’t I?” I had to attest, “You certainly have, but I’m delighted it is out in the open now, sweetheart.” Then I leaned over and kissed her lips gently. Dickie was paying us no mind. He was intently studying all of the sleek sexy panty boy pictures in the magazines.

"Look at this one, Daddy," he quipped, pointing at a glossy shot of a young boy about 11 or 12 spraying his piss all over the face of a young boy half his age. "Mmm, looks nice," I commented. "Do you like that picture, Dickie?"

"Uh-huh," he said shyly. "Donny Burke said he wants to do stuff like that to me." I had no idea who the hell Donny Burke was or what my little boy was talking about. I asked him to explain, and he said, Donny Burke was in the seventh grade and had cornered Dickie after school the week before and told him he knew he wore girls' panties and was going to tell all the kids in school Dickie was a queer boy who wears girls' panties. Dickie didn't want to be humiliated like that, so he agreed to suck Donny's dick while he knelt in the bushes by school with his shorts down to expose his panties. After that, Donny told our son that some day soon, he was going to make him suck him off again and then piss all over him. Dickie said he had been thinking about it ever since and now seeing a boy being pissed on in these pictures made him want it to happen to him! He admitted, "I told Donny 'no' and have been avoiding him ever since, but now I think I'd like it." My wife said to our son in a most casual tone of voice, "Sweetie, I think you should let Donny and other boys do it; let him spray you with their warm piss. Don't you agree, John?" my wife asked of me. "I do," I said. The thought of our boy on his knees in his panties being splattered by the golden hot piss of seventh grade ruffians caused my cock to twitch with pleasure. My wife and I had no idea our sissy son was already being introduced to sex, gay sex, at school, but we were quickly learning and not about to deter his further sexual adventures. "So, the next time that boy tells you he wants to piss on you in your panties, honey, tell them 'yes.' And I think it would be a good idea for you to start wearing your nicest frilly panties every day and not just your plain panties. Young boys love looking at girls in their panties and I'm sure it will give them a thrill to see you in your most girlish panties too," my wife instructed him. "Yes, Mommy", Dickie replied softly. "Did that boy have a nice cock, sweetie?" Carrie asked. "And was good and hard?"

"Uh-huh," Dickie confided. "And did he say where he wanted to pee on you?" I asked. "Yes, daddy," came his response. "He said he wanted to pee on my panties and on my face." I sighed, "Mmmm, nice," as my cock now became fully erect in my pants. "You have to learn, Dickie," my wife lectured, "to do what boys and men tell you to do from now on. If any boy or any man wants to piss on you, then you are going to have to let them do it. If they want to fuck your cute little boy pussy or stick their cocks in your little slutty mouth, you have to let them, even if they call you names like queer and sissy and tease you about wearing."

"Yes, Mommy," Dickie said obediently. "I will do what any boy or boy tells me to do from now on. I promise."

"Good boy," my wife praised him. "Now, unzip your daddy's fly and suck his cock so he can give you a nice dose of his cum. Your daddy has gotten another hard-on thinking of how cute you will look when nasty boys make you suck and fuck for them and then

piss all over your pretty face and panties." I pushed the magazines aside and made room for Dickie to unzip my pants and extract my rock hard cock. Carrie took off her moist lavender panties with scratchy black lace trim and wrapped them around my cock. Then I sighed deeply as our son began sucking it like a good little slut panty boy. As he sucked, I looked down and loved the sight of him in his princess nightgown and lovely yellow lace panties. I envisioned boys spraying his little face with their pee. I couldn't wait for that to occur! Dickie sucked me, slurping amorously on my cock. I was delighted that he was already turning into a seasoned cocksucker, downing my average size cock much easier than Ben's big monster. I just lay there, stroking his short blonde hair and Carrie's panties around the base of my dick as visions of him sucking and fucking ran through my mind. My wife's eyes were glued to the vile scene, and I noted she was gently pawing her cunt. Dickie had both of his tiny hands gripping the base of my panty-wrapped prick. It didn't take long before I was flooding his mouth with my sperm. "Here it comes, panty boy!" I groaned. "Get ready to swallow it all, too!" Then I shot off, filling my little slutty son's mouth with my seed. He slurped, gulped, and even gagged a trifle, as my cum went down his throat and into his belly. Once finished, I pulled his small head from my cock. "Lick your daddy's cock head, Dickie," Carrie instructed our son. "You must always do that after you suck a man's cock."

"OK, Mommy," he said obediently. Then his little tongue flickered over my cock head. Dickie then asked if he could start wearing dresses around the house because the boys in those pictures looked so nice. "Mommy, do you think I could look like a real girl too if wore dresses and other girls' things?"

"Of course, you'd look like a girl, and not just an ordinary girl but pretty enough to win a beauty contest." I heartily agreed. My cock had barely gone soft from Dickie's excellent blowjob when it started to thicken again as I looked at Dickie's baby face streaked with a bit of my glistening cum and pictured him in a fancy dress with makeup and little high heels and stockings.

Dickie requested he be permitted to sleep with us that night, and we let him. My wife placed him in his silky nightie and panties between us, and Carrie licked Dickie's hairless dick through his panties as I watched with pleasure. Then, with my wife guiding me, I tongued out our son's precious ass hole, while Carrie taught Dickie the finer points of pussy eating. It was indeed quite a sensational treat for me to observe my wife having her gorgeous wet snatch licked and kissed by our nine-year-old panty-and-nightie-wearing son. I loved it! My wife loved it too, experiencing two thunderous orgasms as Dickie lapped her.

I got home the following evening just in time to witness Dickie and my wife standing in our laundry room. The washer was churning noisily, and Dickie was nude, except for a clean pair of his pink nylon panties and fluffy bunny slippers. "What's going on?" I inquired, as I greeted each of them with a kiss. "I'm washing Dickie's clothes," my wife said. "He was completely soaked with piss, John, when he got home from school today."

"Oh?" I muttered, a big smile crossing my face. "Did our little slut boy get pissed on by those devilish boys in his school?" Carrie nodded and said, "He certainly did, dear. And they did a terrific job of drenching his pretty panties, too! He was a complete mess when he came home. I had to bathe him and shampoo his hair. Now, I'm washing his clothes, as you can see."

"Well, well, well," I said with a grin. "I want to hear all about it." My cock was already beginning to grow hard in my pants. Carrie said, "Yes, he's anxious to tell you all about it, but first go up to your underwear drawer and put on a new pair of the panties I bought you today. Now, you're a panty boy too. Put on a pair of the pink panties. I think the first pair of your own panties you put on should be pink. The come down in just the panties and Dickie will tell you all about his day at school."

I was in no rush to give into her and start wearing panties, especially being made to parade in just pink panties before my wife and son, but I knew there was no sense in arguing, and like a beaten dog with his tail between his legs, I climbed the stairs to our bedroom, undressed and then put on a frilly pair of pink nylon panties with red bows on the sides and white lace edging around the legs, and blushing like a beet, went back downstairs. My wife and son greeted me with cheers and applause. I sheepishly went along with them and did a little bow. "OK, sit down, John, so Dickie can tell us about his school day," my wife stated. "Go ahead, honey, tell your daddy what happened."

Dickie let out with a big sigh and then began to speak excitedly. "Well, Daddy," he began, "right after school I went into the boys' restroom, and as I was coming out, I bumped into Donny Burke and his friend Tommy who were coming in to take a piss."

"Sounds like they were following you, honey, hm?" I mentioned.

"Uh-huh. I think they were, Daddy," he replied. "Anyway, they had really stupid looking smiles on their faces when they saw me, and they wouldn't let me get out the door."

"I see," I interjected. "Then what happened, baby love?"

"I couldn't get by them, Daddy, so I said, 'What do you want?' and Donny said, 'We want to see your panties and piss on you.'"

Anxiously awaiting his every word, I asked, "And what did you tell them," as I squeezed my pink-pantied cock through the silky nylon. "Well, I 'membered what you and Mommy told me, so I told them they could," he sputtered. "Well, you did the right thing," I told him. "Now, go on. What happened next, honey?"

"They made me get all the way to the back of the rest room, and then told me I had to get on my knees, so I did, even though the floor was cold. Then, Donny told me to open my pants and drop them down so he could see my panties. I had nice yellow panties on today with pink hearts and lace sides. Both boys laughed at my panties and called me a stupid faggot. Then they told me to

raise my head and open my mouth as wide as I could."

"And did you?" I asked with a heavy breath. "Uh-huh," Dickie said sweetly. "Good boy," I commended him. "Then both of them unzipped their pants, Daddy, and Donny and Tommy made me suck their cocks."

"Oh, Jesus!" I cried out, now jerking wildly on my swollen cock within the smoothness of my new silken panties. I began stroking it aggressively and my wife and Dickie both seemed amused by my horniness. She knew I was about to cum, so she said to Dickie, "Did they cum in that sweet little mouth of yours, honey boy?"

"Oh-h-h, ah-h-h-h, SHIT!" I grunted, just as my cum erupted and flew right through my nylon panties and half way across the living room, landing on the floor. Dickie giggled and squealed as he observed me shooting off wildly. Carrie laughed loudly.

"Uh-huh," Dickie cooed. "They didn't squirt as much goo as Ben did or even you do, Daddy, but they made me swallow it all. They called me dirty names too, Daddy, while I sucked on their cocks. Donny said I am a real good cocksucker and the prettiest whore in the whole school -- even prettier than all the girls. And Tommy says he wants to fuck me and have his father fuck me too. He said his Daddy hates queer boys and would go crazy seeing me in my girlie panties. He said his Daddy would fuck me in my asshole hard to make sure I knew I was not a boy but just a stupid sissy faggot." Then Donny squirted his pee in my mouth, but some of it got away 'cause I couldn't drink it all 'cause it came out too fast and went down all over my shirt. Tommy stood there and laughed as he made me hold up my shirt so he would see my yellow girlie panties all the way around. Then he started pissing one me too, squirting me on all sides of my panties as he walked around me peeing. Their pee went all over my face, my panties, my hair and my clothes. It even poured down to soak my socks and shoes. On my way home, their piss squished and squeaked in my shoes as I walked. That's why Mommy is washing my clothes now."

"Sounds like you did real well. Did — did you like how his piss tasted, son?" He answered, "It was OK, Daddy. It was kind of salty though."

After dinner, we dressed for our visit to Ben Phillips' house. After changing into a fresh pair of my new nylon panties that were pink with black lace on the sides and legs, I simply tossed on a sport shirt and a pair of slacks for the occasion. My wife wore a flirty, provocative white minidress with red heels and black nylons. And when Carrie had gone out shopping that afternoon, she bought Dickie a starter wardrobe of girls' clothes and surprised me when she brought him out fully dressed in a little girls' white party dress with a pink training bra and pink panties underneath that could be seen through the thin white chiffon dress because she informed me she had cut the lining out

of the dress. Dickie had on black nylon stockings and a tiny pair of red modestly high heels. His dress was short enough to give glimpses of his ruffled pink panties as well as expose the tops of his black nylon stockings clipped to a black satin garter belt. Our little boy was the sexiest preteen girl imaginable, a fabulous combination of toddler girl in that dress with his pink training bra and rhumba panties with his whore-like garter belt, black nylons, and 'fuck-me' red high heels! My cock jumped to attention immediately. Carrie patted my erection and said with a smile, "I see you love your new pink panties; slow down big boy, we should have a big night ahead of us. Or are you turning totally queer on me and thinking about raping our sissy son here and now?" She laughed and I groaned as she had Dickie spin around to show off his whore-like baby girlie-boy outfit. She had put a touch of makeup on his face, and she had put little red bow in his short hair. His boyish haircut did nothing to decrease from the sexy appeal of his appearance; in fact, it made him look that much more sexy and tempting. At first dickie wobbled a bit in the little high heels but adapted to them fairly well within a short time. We could tell he loved them as well as his entire outfit by the way he kept prancing around in front of the mirror and showering us with a thousand 'thank yous' for buying them for him.

Ben answered the door when we arrived. He greeted all three of us warmly, especially Dickie, whom he complimented profusely on his darling outfit and then took in his arms, hugged tightly and then planted a lingering french kiss on his little mouth. As they kissed, Ben had his hand up Dickie's dress fondling our boy's pink ruffled bottom. Carrie and I looked on approvingly.

As he ushered us into his living room, he explained with a hint of disappointment, "My one buddy, Conrad, is unable to make it, but my coworker Cliff is here and I'd like you to meet him. Cliff, this is the sexy little boy I told you about, and these are his pervert parents."

Cliff said, "I'm pleased to meet you, but are you joshing me? This cute little girl can't really be a boy! She's beautiful!"

Dickie blushed. Ben then pulled up the front of our son's short party dress, crudely grabbed Dickie's hard little cock through his pink rhumba panties and waved it at Cliff, "You won't one of these in many girls' panties!" He laughed gutturally. Dickie wobbled a bit on his high heels and gasped a few times adjusting to all the intimate attention he was drawing.

Ben then introduced us all by name. I shook Cliff's immense, hard hand. He was as black as the ace of spades, and rather good looking, too. I judged his age about 40 to 45. Ben seated Dickie next to him on the sofa, between himself and Cliff, while my wife and I were seated on a love seat across the way.

"So, tell me, Cliff," I said to the handsome black man, just after Ben returned from the kitchen with soft drinks for us all, "are you a pedophile too, like Ben?"

"I surely am," Cliff confirmed for me. "I'm divorced now, and never had any kids of my own, but I truly do love children and love having sex with them when the opportunity presents itself."

"Do you like girls too, or just boys?" my wife cut in. "Both, actually," he confided. "But I prefer boys, especially ones who are as cute as girls as is your little Dickie here. He's a beauty." Carrie and I both thanked him for the compliment, then I asked him how many kids he'd had sex with in his life.

"Oh, twenty or so, mostly white kids," he declared. "I like sexing the white children, and I've found that most parents whose kids I have sexed seem to be quite pleased seeing their little son or daughter violated by a black cock, even more than a white one."

Carrie and I noticed Ben was avidly feeling up our slutty little son's stocking tops and ruffled panty bottom as we chatted with his friend, Cliff, who told us about his most recent conquest, a pretty white boy of five whose mom and dad lived nearby. "A white buddy of mine found them on the Internet and put me onto them. Both parents were anxious to see their little boy turned into a slut for black cock," Cliff explained. "It seems they had watched a taboo video where a bunch of black men raped a young white bitch boy while the boy's parents were tied to chairs and forced to watch. Anyway, it apparently turned them both on so much they decided they too wanted their little boy used like that, so me and my brother, Jefferson, were glad to do it."

"Did — did you tie the parents to chairs too, while you and your brother raped their son?" I asked spiritedly. "Oh, yeah, you bet," Cliff laughed. "They loved it, too. We fucked that little honky slut's asshole all night long, and then we made his fucked up mom and dad suck our cocks clean after each fuck. They weren't expecting that, but what could they do? They were tied to the chairs," he said with a laugh. It was great! We just shoved our messy dicks in their faces, and they sucked us clean every time."

Ben now had Dickie on his lap and his right hand was wedged up under his short skirt. His friend Cliff looked over at him. "Looks like you're about ready for some fine preteen boy pussy, Ben," Cliff grinned. "I sure am," Ben smiled widely. Then he looked over at me. "John, why don't you come over here and undress your little slut of a son down to his lingerie for me, hm? I'm sure your charming wife would enjoy seeing you disrobe the little pansy for two strangers to molest and defile, am I right?"

"Yes," I heard my wife say with a sensual sigh. "I would enjoy seeing John undressing him so you two can abuse him."

"I thought so," Ben said, just as I began with twitching fingers to unbutton the back of Dickie's white party dress and then tug it over his head. His darling stocking tops, black garter belt, pink panties and pink training bra came into view, and from the hoots and hollers that came out of the two black men, I could tell our son's fabulous lingerie was most appreciated. With the dress off, I left on everything else, even his red shoes. Ben then directed, "Now, just for a moment, pull aside your fag son's pink

panties and give Cliff a peek at his baby-sized cock and balls. I'm sure Cliff here is most anxious to see them out from under all that lace and nylon. Am I right, old buddy?"

"You got that right," Cliff said. "I sure do want to gaze at this fine little white girlie-boy's equipment." I pulled aside the lacy leg elastic of Dickie's panties. "Part your legs a little, Dickie," I told him as I held aside his pretty panties. "Show these men what a beautiful little penis and balls you have."

He did as he was told, saying nothing, as Cliff reached over and probed at his hairless dick and balls with two big black fingers. Dickie shuddered, but did not move, as the black stud reached behind him and touched his ass pussy in a most perverse manner.

"I think it's time you and me got naked," Cliff said to Ben, as he arose from the sofa and started shedding his clothing. "I agree," Ben snorted, following suit. Both men hurriedly undressed, as Carrie, Dickie and I watched silently. When I, my wife and son caught sight of the size of Cliff's black tool, we gasped in disbelief; it was enormous, and would surely split our little boy's entire body in two if he attempted to jam it up his tiny butt. "Jesus, honey," I exclaimed to Carrie, "look at the size of that cock!" She sighed, "Yes, it's magnificent. I just hope he can get it all inside Dickie's little pussy."

"Are you crazy? He'll kill him if he does!" I said nervously. "No, he won't," my wife said in return, still staring at Cliff's monstrous sized fuck pole with his bright blue eyes. "He'll take it. I know he will."

I said nothing in reply, and focused my attention back across the way where Cliff was now bending Dickie's small head to his gigantic dick. "Ever suck a black cock before?" Cliff asked him as he pressed his mighty rod to his lips.

"Yes, Sir, but just Mr. Ben's, and you're bigger," Dickie said in a trembling voice.

"Well, get busy on it then, you queer little slut," he demanded. "Open that pretty mouth of yours and suck my black cock, and suck it good!"

"Yes, sir," he said shakily.

Carrie and I clasped hands, and watched in amazement as our little slut son stretched his mouth around that glorious, king-sized black shaft and began to suck on it dutifully. Much to our astonishment he was able to get almost half of Cliff's cock in his mouth. He sucked like a true slut fag boy and used his small hands to massage Cliff's big black balls as he sucked away merrily. "Oh, yeah, that feels so-o-o nice," Cliff proclaimed, relaxing his weight now against the back of the sofa. "You are one fine little cocksucker, sweetie. I like the way you are playing with my balls too, so keep doing that."

Ben was stroking his cock now, his mouth hanging open, as he

watched our son feed on the black man's huge prick. My wife and I were shocked that so much of the black stud's cock was inside Dickie's sexy mouth. The little whore was performing a most capable cocksucking job on Cliff's tool.

"Damn, your little slut is one hell of a dick licker," Cliff shouted to me and Carrie, smiling broadly, as our skinny little waif-like girlie-boy labored away on his prick with his mouth. The cheeks of his face were puffed out one either side like balloons about to burst. Ben reached over with the hand that wasn't pulling on his pecker and started feeling up Dickie's cute ass through his babyish ruffled pink rhumba panties as our boy continued blowing Cliff. Then I noticed Ben push his one hand down the back of Dickie's panties and his middle finger slide its way up the boy's tight asshole. Dickie squirmed as Ben maneuvered his finger around inside his rectum. "That's it, my little white baby cunt," Cliff cried out. "Suck my black cock! Oh, yeah, panty bitch boy, just like that!" Just then Ben pulled out his finger from Dickie's tight anus, put it to his nostrils, inhaled the scent, sighed and smiled, then he slipped it back up Dickie's rear end.

"Hey," Cliff said looking over at Carrie and me. "How do you two like seeing your baby bitch slut sucking on a black cock?"

"It's - it's wonderful," I told him with bated breath, my cock about to burst in my pants and panties. "It's heavenly," Carrie told him, sighing audibly, as she squeezed my hand tightly. "It's a beautiful sight."

"Why don't you get over here, mommy," Cliff said. "I'd like you to have a taste too."

Carrie looked at me excitedly, as if seeking my approval. "Go ahead," I urged her. "Suck his cock, darling. I know you want to, so do it." My wife almost flew to the sofa where Cliff and Ben were seated. She dropped to her knees in surrender alongside our sissified son. "Let your mommy have some now, baby," Cliff told Dickie.

Dickie stopped sucking and lifted his tiny head from the throbbing prick and offered it to his mother. My wife wasted no time grasping it and covering its head with her mouth. I could hear the sounds of her greedy slurping clear across the room. Her hands coveted the black man's nuts and she seemed to be worshipping them as she fondled them adoringly.

Ben now looked over at me and told me to get into the action. He told me to undress and come over by him. I tossed off my shirt and was about to take off my trousers and new pink panties in all one downward shove, but my wife must have realized that I was trying to hide the panties from these two hugely endowed manly black men, as she took her mouth off of Cliff's monster cock and said, "John, leave your panties on; I think the guys will appreciate the addition I made to your regular wardrobe." Sheepishly I took off my shoes and socks and with my head down, I dropped my trousers to leave myself standing there like a world class dork, my scrawny body clothed in nothing but the gaudy black lace-

trimmed pink nylon panties that went high on my waist. Ben tried to choke back his guffaw so he could speak. "Damn, man, those are some great panties! I love it! I love it! They look good on you, cocksucker. Carrie, was that your idea?" My wife had her mouth back on cliff's tool and never took her lips away as she simply nodded 'yes' with a smirk on her face despite it being crammed full of black meat. Ben said, "Panties look good on you, man. I hope you're going to wear them all the time." I answered meekly, "Carrie says I have to wear panties all the time. She threw out all my boxer shorts." As he looked at me, Cliff had a disgusted sneer his face that showed through the obvious pleasure he was having from my wife's blowjob. Ben slid down on the couch with his cock jutting out from between his open thighs. He now took hold of Dickie and placed him high on his lap, almost up on his chest with my son's thin, nylon-clad legs hugging him around his body. Ben looked over Dickie's shoulder outlined by his tiny training bra strap and said to me, "Ben, I see how you haven't been able to take your eyes off our big cocks, so why don't you come over here in your pretty faggot pink panties and start sucking on my big baby maker and get me ready to ass fuck your darling son. I'm going to break him in further to get him ready for Cliff's even bigger cock. So, don't just stand there, John, get down on your weak knees and start sucking on me or I'll have to hurt you as well as your wife and gay girlie-boy son. I hurried to do his bidding. With my mouth on his big black knob, I looked up and saw my young son's ruffled pantied bottom being massaged by the contrasting black of Ben's large hands, a sight I never could imagined, and a beautiful sight it was.

I heard some loud slobbering going on, and the noise wasn't coming just from my wife but from Ben and Dickie above me. I then realized Ben was passionately french kissing my girlish son as I labored away trying to please Ben's manhood.

A few minutes later, Ben slapped me away from his fully firm cock, pulled aside the leg opening of Dickie's pink rhumba panties and then lifted him slightly before lowering him on to his stiff dick, impaling him with it as he worked it inside his little boy cunt until Dickie's was crying as his small butt was resting on Ben's balls. Then he grabbed our son's pantied hips and began rocking him up and down on his baby-loving cock. Dickie was crying as well as cooing with pleasure as Ben fucked him ever so nicely and ever so lustfully. It was difficult for me to determine which demented scene I liked seeing best: My wife, down on her knees sucking a black man's huge cock or my nine-year-old obviously gay boy son being ravished by the cock of a true and warped pedophile.

"Oh, yeah, you white bitch," Cliff wailed to my wife, "suck my black cock, baby! Suck it good, you fucking slut!" I was thrilled by the lewd words Cliff was using on my enticing wife as she sucked fondly on his black cock like a whore. I just had to jerk off, and just as I started pulling on my average-sized dick through my saucy pink and black panties, I heard Ben say to Dickie, "Do you like my cock in your little boy pussy, Dickie?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Ben," he said in delight. "It feels real nice."

"I'm glad, honey doll," he replied with a long moan. "I see your daddy loves it too, so let's have daddy come over here and join us? He can lick my balls and your sweet ass pussy as my cock slides in and out of you. Wouldn't that be nice?"

"Uh-huh," Dickie groaned softly and nervously, his petite hips twisting as he enjoyed our pervert neighbor's cock up his tight, juicy butt hole. "Do it, slut baby. Tell him," Ben coaxed, now bouncing his little body more rapidly up and down on his gorgeous cock. "Daddy, please, come over here and lick Mr. Ben's nice balls and his cock as it goes in and out of me," my sweet nine-year-old son pleaded. His words inflamed me, and I moved quickly over to them, dropped to my knees, and commenced at once to licking them both as they fucked rapturously. "Oh, yeah, man," Ben Phillips groaned heatedly, as I licked his sweaty balls and my whorish son's rear cunt in unison. "That's fabulous! Shit, there's nothing like having a father lick your nuts while you molest and fuck his sissy son. I love it! Your daddy is a cocksucker and an ass licker, sweetie," I heard Ben tell my son. "I think when Mr. Cliff fucks you, darlin,' I'm going to make your daddy lick his black ass hole. Would you like that?"

"Uh-huh," Dickie sighed. "Maybe you could make my mommy do that too?" At that, Ben chuckled and told him, "OK, I will, and afterwards, Mr. Cliff and I can piss on your parents, baby boy, and you can hold our cocks and aim them at your mommy and daddy. Would you like that, Dickie?"

"Uh-huh," he said with a moan. "That would be fun."

Just then, right next to me, Cliff started to explode his wad into my wife's mouth. He came like a wild storm hitting, and Carrie almost choked as she swallowed his fuck juice in panic-like gulps. "Mommy's getting her mouth filled with goo," Dickie squealed, as he turned his head slightly to witness the end of the blow job his mother had given the black stud.

I licked away madly at Ben Phillips' sperm-filled balls and cock and my luscious son's ass cunt as they fucked in a frenzy. Juices from Dickie's obscenely stretched asshole and sweat from Ben's heavy balls coated my flickering tongue and lips as I worked to please them both to the best of my ability. I could hear my wife gulping down the black man's seed. Just then Ben's entire body seem to shook, and I knew he was about to go off. I licked his nuts with even more enthusiasm now as he began releasing his spunk deep up inside Dickie's beloved pussy.

He was rocking Dickie up and down now rapidly as the nectar from his fine set of balls filled him and then overflowed and leaked out. Ben knew that much of his cum was now running out of my son's shit hole, so he shouted out to me, "Don't waste any of my goop, John! Get it all!" I did my best to comply and sucked up as much of his slimy fluid as I could, though some of it ran down to my chin. "Damn, that was one fine fuck," Ben remarked

once he had regained control of his breathing. "You did a good job of licking us too, John," he added. "I don't think there's anything sexier than having a dad lick and suck your balls while you fuck his kid, do you, Cliff?"

"I think only one thing might be better," the burly black man replied, as he pushed my wife away from his now spent cock. "Oh, yeah? What's that?" Ben wanted to know. "Making the dad suck your cum from the kid's shit hole after you dropped a load in it," Cliff told him. "Yeah, I suppose that is even better," Ben said in agreement, his exhausted prick still nestled snugly in Dickie's assaulted rosebud. "OK, John, you heard what Cliff just said. Lie down on your back."

I did as I was told, and a second later Ben rose from his chair, keeping his dick inside my son until he was standing directly over me, one leg on either side of my laid out body, then he withdrew his cock and deposited Dickie atop my face, his saturated asshole flush against my mouth. "Open wide, daddy," Ben mocked. "Time to suck my cum from your little slut's fuck hole." Then he laughed lewdly. I moaned and began the chore of mopping up my sexy son's rear cunt with my lips and tongue. Huge gobs of Ben's fuck fluid ran down my throat as I did what he had ordered. When I was done, Ben asked Dickie, "Do you have to pee, honey slut?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Ben," he said softly. "I sure do."

"Well, go ahead then, baby boy," Ben urged him. "Lean backwards a bit, stick your dick in his mouth and piss right into your daddy's mouth. He won't mind," he added with a heinous chuckle. Dickie let go and his golden stream of urine began to sprout inside my mouth. I swallowed the salty liquid in small gulps at first and then as his flow increased so did my gulps! "You better not spill any either, ass licker!" I heard Ben say to me as I was forced to swallow even faster. Dickie was giggling throughout this demeaning ordeal and I knew he was enjoying the demented act of emptying his bladder into his daddy's mouth. I finally got all of his flow down my throat and I even licked dry the few drops of his piss that were intact on his puffy little well-worked and still rubbery hard baby penis.

Ben then pulled Dickie off my face and turned him over to his black comrade. I lifted my head and saw my wife finger fucking herself in a crouched position near Cliff's chair. "Did you enjoy sucking that big black cock, honey?" I asked her. "Oh, yes, John!" she sighed, "It was wonderful. His cum was delicious, too!" Both Cliff and Ben snickered when she said that.

Cliff now had Dickie on his lap and was french kissing him hotly as his huge black hands roamed over his small, boyish, lingerie-clad body. After a few minutes of that, the black man stopped kissing him, pulled aside his pink training bra and placed his baggy lips on Dickie's pink nipples and began to bite them softly. Dickie screeched with pain and pleasure. It was truly a most provocative, yet shameful sight to behold, seeing a grown black man molesting my own pretty white preteen son so

fetchingly attired in training bra, panties, a garter belt and nylons, and still with his little girl red high heels on his tiny feet. The shame of it caused my aching prick to begin to rise again in my cum-soaked panties; I didn't even remember cumming in my panties, or it was almost like an ongoing cum as I seem to be repeatedly leaking and sliming myself through this orgy of fun and shame. Cliff halted the kissing and biting of Dickie's pert nipples and moved him around on his lap so that the boy's head was in-line with his half-erect cock. "Put the head of it in our mouth, baby bitch," he demanded. "Get it nice and hard so I can ram it up your sweet little white boy pussy you have hidden under your nice soft panties/ I'm going to giving you a fucking that you, your mommy and your daddy will never forget."

Dickie wrapped his tiny hands around the giant cock and placed the head of it in his outstretched mouth. Carrie, Ben and I all watched in bewilderment as he began sucking on the monster-sized cock meat, gradually taking in deeper and deeper, like a snake eating its kill. It was a highly fascinating sight for us to observe, seeing that small white mouth slurp and suck on that prized mammoth black tool. Ben lay down alongside my wife and took her free hand and placed it on his cock. "See if you can get me hard, baby," he said to my wife. "I want to fuck you in the ass while Cliff screws your son." My wife nodded obediently and began to stroke his dick with one hand, still busily finger fucking herself with her other hand.

A few minutes later Dickie managed to get the black stud's prick erect. Cliff then pulled his head off his cock and placed our son's lingerie-decorated body over his cock. I ran over to help; I slid aside my son's pink panty leg opening and guided Cliff's big meat to Dickie's asshole. Then, Cliff began to very slowly enter his delicate fuck hole. I looked in utter disbelief as inch by inch that gargantuan black dick made its way up Dickie's boy cunt! Poor Dickie screamed and howled in bitter pain with each inch, but the black man paid no mind to his pain, insisting on getting all of his firm cock up the boy's wounded asshole. When he was finally in him up to his fat black balls, he began to rock him up and down on his rod as Dickie yelped in anguish. His arms were wrapped tightly around my son's waist and he toyed with the ruffles on Dickie's pink pantied behind as he fucked him ever so skillfully. I watched the tears flow from Dickie's crying eyes, and that made my dick throb even more! I had been so intent on viewing the brutal fucking of my little tyke from his black lover I hadn't even noticed that Ben was now crouched behind my wife's shapely ass and was entering her rear tunnel with his hard-on! "Get over here, John!" Ben bellowed, just as the head of his fine prick stabbed inside Carrie's anus. "I want you to lick my ass and balls while I fuck your horny wife's butt hole!"

I quickly scrambled over and got down behind his gyrating ass, sad now that I would not be able to any longer watch my son being gloriously fucked by Cliff. I parted Ben's fat ass cheeks with my hands and began to dutifully lick his foul smelling asshole as he fucked Carrie up her ass. "Push that whore of a wife over this way, Ben," I heard Cliff stammer. "I want her to make a chain and lick my nuts and her kid's ass cunt while I fuck the

panties off this little white slut.” As Ben moved slowly towards Cliff, my wife gasped, “Agghhhh...! Please, not sooo ... ugh, rough...” Carrie moaned. “Shut up, cunt!” Ben told her. “Lick Cliff’s balls and your queer panty boy’s twat, bitch!” I followed and crawled behind them and resumed applying my extended tongue to Ben’s asshole, and then I lavishly licked away at his swinging balls as he fucked the living hell out of my wife’s sensitive ass. As I did this I could plainly hear Carrie ardently slurping away at Cliff’s nuts and our cherished son’s ass pussy.

Ben removed his clutching hands now from Carrie’s hips and grasped both her succulent tits and squeezed them fondly. Carrie let out with a low groan of pleasure, and I continued to run my wet tongue over Ben’s celestial balls as he filled my wife’s ass hole with his superior cock. Dickie was still sobbing loudly and yelling too, but no one paid any attention to his protests, least of all Cliff, who was enjoying his fine tiny white asshole to the maximum. It was just as I took one of Ben’s tasty testicles inside my mouth and began sucking on it that I heard Cliff cry out. “Aghhh, shit! Holy Jesus, I’m cummmmming!” he shouted. He sent gobs of white semen up inside Dickie’s battered queer boy pussy that made my little boy shake and tremble and cry still harder as Cliff’s cock expanded to even larger dimensions just seconds before blasting off. I continued sucking on Ben’s left ball in my mouth as my wife sucked up the overflow of Cliff’s fuck seed from our baby boy’s damaged rear pussy. A minute later Ben’s ass began to shake violently as he squirted fuck juice deep up my slutty wife’s snug ass hole. When we were done, he pulled out with a pop and my wife shuddered.

“Clean me up,” he said to me, putting his smelly dick up to my lips. I opened my mouth and took his now spent prick inside it and began to lavishly cleanse it for him, tasting his cum and the slime from my wife’s bruised ass hole in the process. When Ben was satisfied that I had cleaned his magnificent cock thoroughly and properly, he pointed to the cum now seeping out from Carrie’s messy rectum and told me to cleanse that also. She was still very much licking and sucking away at our son’s freshly fucked boy cunt and Cliff’s now dangling nuts when I parted the splendorous cheeks of her ass and began gathering up Ben’s fuck seed from her rear hole with my mouth. Ben started whacking my black and pink silk pantied ass with a discarded belt from the floor, and I jumped in pain. “Make sure you get it all, John,” he barked. “Clean her asshole good, you hear me?” Then he strapped my ass once more with the belt. “Mmmmphhh,” I muttered, licking with more fervor now at Carrie’s anus.

I finished the job a minute later, and it met with Ben’s approval as he looked closely at Carrie’s rear opening to make sure I had cleansed it satisfactorily. Cliff released Dickie at this time and with a tear-stained face he made his way over to me and dropped his lingerie-clad body into my arms. I hugged him, trying to console him after the savage fucking he had just received.

“Did it hurt a lot, sweetie?” I asked him softly.

“Oh yes, daddy! It hurt lots! His cock is so-o-o-o big!” he said,

still whimpering and trembling.

“I know, baby doll,” I said, “but you’re going to have to learn to take it, honey bun. That was the worst; it will get easier and much more pleasurable every time you are fucked again. Many men will probably be fucking you from now on, and you will just have to learn to take it as they shove their big dicks up that cute little ass pussy of yours. Some of those cocks will probably be very big ones too, just like Mister Cliff’s, so you must learn to take them all, OK?”

“I’ll try, daddy. I really will,” he replied, still sobbing a bit. “Good boy,” I told him. Dickie shook his head up and down, then smiled through his tears and hugged me tightly.

“OK, time for a piss bath,” Ben called out. “John, you and your whore of a wife get your worthless asses into the master bathroom and lie down in the tub. Now!” Carrie and I swiftly got up from the floor and headed to the bathroom. We lay down as instructed in the cold tub and Cliff and Ben followed, bringing Dickie with them. “All right, Dickie, remember what I promised you?” Ben said as Dickie stood between him and Cliff. “Uh-huh,” he smiled, the tears now gone from his enticing little face. “Well, it’s time,” Ben smiled down at him. “Take hold of our big cocks now and aim them at your cocksucking and ass licking parents. Give them a piss bath from head to toe!”

“Can I aim at their faces?” he cooed. “Sure, if you want to,” Ben told him. Dickie giggled happily, then took hold of both cocks with his little hands and aimed them at his mother and me. Bursts of rapid fire hot piss splattered on Carrie and me, mostly on our faces, as Dickie shrieked with delight. Carrie and I were drenched in urine by the time it was over. Both Ben and Cliff laughed long and hard, and Dickie was giggling uncontrollably at the sight of his mother and father bathed in urine. After that, Carrie and I were permitted to shower and shampoo ourselves, while Ben and Cliff showered with Dickie in another bathroom.

Dickie informed us later that he had to suck both men’s cocks and lick their asses and balls while in the shower.

When we all returned to the main room, Ben had Carrie, Dickie and me bend over and touch our toes, side by side. Then, Ben and Cliff whipped all three of our asses and thighs severely with their belts. All three of us had marks, even a few welts and cuts, and some painful bruises, by the time the flogging was over.

Since that evening, at Ben’s mandate, we have had to join in with other humiliated and disgraced parents who bring their children to sex parties where they are fabulously and thrillingly abused, molested and used by perverted and corrupt adult pedophiles. Dickie also brings home various boys now, and even one of the teachers from his school, and Carrie and I take demented delight in watching them molest and abuse our little cutie panty boy son, and we help them in any way we can. ♦

