

The Pantied Cuckold

Volume Six

This issue contains just one 'long' story with just two pictures to illustrate it. We believe you'll be swept up into this maddening tale of a man who is tricked into giving a blowjob to several men and dressing in drag. But they want to fuck the man's prim and proper wife too and they force the man to make it happen, but then these degenerates discover the man's young daughter and crossdressing son, and they then want to sex up the kids too!

Adults Only

Fantasy Entertainment

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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

My first Cock

How I Sunk So Low that Now I Know I Belong in Panties!

**By Princess Lacey and her old friend,
the famed cuckold porn writer Russ Lair**

Chapter 1

My wife, Trish, never really liked sex very much, and when we did fuck, she was uninvolved and cold. So I began to visit a new peep show when it first opened just south of the Loop here in Chicago. It's right by UIC Circle Campus, where I work in maintenance fixing every imaginable thing for the University. This porn place was new and clean but the booths didn't have doors, only curtains. I'd go into the rooms, pop in my quarters and jerk off watching the films. I most enjoyed videos of girls sucking cocks because the girls looked like they enjoyed doing it, unlike my wife, who swore she'd never wanted to put a filthy cock in her mouth.

One night after work, I was watching a hot video when this older guy pulled aside the curtain and came walking right in to my booth. I was sitting on the bench with my hand down my jeans fingering my dick so I was a bit surprised that he was so bold to invade my privacy like that, but I didn't want to make any trouble, so I didn't say anything. I just hoped he would turn and leave. He didn't say anything either but just stood there next to me. Usually if a guy mistakenly walks into an occupied booth, he mumbles an apology and then leaves. But this man said, "Mind if I watch with you?" His demeanor was somewhat intimidating, so the wimp in me took over and I nodded that I didn't mind. He sat down next to me on the bench. I had a stack of quarters on the ledge and as I popped them into the machine, we sat there watching. I wanted to be quiet and concentrate on the video but he was a talker. He kept asking me many personal questions and I was much more forthcoming than I should have been, hoping my short answers would shut him up and he'd leave me alone. Within moments, I had stupidly told him I'm 28 years old and my name is Rick, plus I am married to a beautiful blonde named Trish, and we have two kids, Lena and Brad. He wanted to know all about my wife and the kids. I told him Lena was ten

and a great tap dancer having taken lessons for years. I told him Brad was seven and a 'mama's boy' not interested in sports or typical boy things. He laughed and wanted to know what made him a mama's boy; I explained he was always following around his big sister and wanted to do everything she did. "Does he dress up in her clothes?" he wanted to know. I nodded and said, "Yeah, he does that. He's always putting on his sister's dance costumes and, you won't believe this, but my wife bought him girls' panties in his own size so he'd stop stealing his sister's panties."

I knew that was much more than I should have said, but I just wanted him to shut up! Then when he asked why I was there since I had a beautiful wife at home, I answered, "I get off watching videos of girls sucking cock because my wife won't give me a blowjob; in fact, she doesn't like sex of any kind, except if I eat her pussy, but she never returns the favor." I started breathing heavily because the girl sucking that dude's cock on the screen was hot and maybe this guy would get the idea to leave so I could jack off in peace! Damn! I wanted to cum but this asshole was sitting there next to me wanting to talk! When I saw some movement, I took my eyes off the video for a second and saw him unzip his pants and pull out his cock. He started to slowly jerk on it saying, "I hope you don't mind. I just need to give this monster a bit of fresh air." I didn't say anything and tried not to look at him but I did notice his cock was a lot bigger than mine.

"Panties, huh? Your little boy wears panties!" He laughed. "Are they cute panties, all silky and nice, with lace and frilly stuff? I'll bet they're pink, huh? Are his panties pink?" I nodded, "Yeah, they're pink." I was hoping to end this dumb conversation, but then he stood up, complaining that his cock needed more freedom. Since I was still sitting and he was now standing in this small room, his cock was just off to my side between my face and the screen. I couldn't miss seeing it even if I didn't want to but I could smell it too, drooling with precum. It was huge and made me feel very inadequate. Finally he turned so he was facing me. I kept trying to watch the video and avoid looking at his bobbing cock but it was right in my line of vision. He made a grunting noise like he was really excited; I looked up at him and he was looking down right into my eyes and not on the screen and he said, "Suck it! You know you want to! You'll like it just like the girl in the video." He moved even closer to me so his cock was only about an inch from my lips. He was so domineering;

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he wasn't shouting or being mean, but he had a strong, manly smell about him. He was a man's man; it reminded me of the times in my life I had been called a wimp, a pansy, a sissy. Just because I'm below average height and have a 'baby face' sometimes guys get the wrong idea but, of course, I wasn't a pansy or a queer like some guys had tabbed me. I was a man as much as any other guy; I have a wife and two great kids! But then as he continued to stare down at me, I did feel weak and very inferior to him. His cock was so perfect, strong and manly! I wished my cock was half as big and as that powerful looking. Then he touched it to my lips and said, "Come on, suck it for me!" Highly offended, I jerked backward but I hit my head against the back of this small booth because I was wedged into the corner and I couldn't move away. Boxed in like that, he leaned forward and put his cock up to my mouth. He slowly rubbed his smelly precum across my firmly closed lips. Out of fear, I froze. I sensed he wasn't going to take 'no' for an answer and thought he was about to smack me in the face! He said, "You have a sissy son running around wearing lacy little panties and you're not man enough in your own home to put a stop to it! You're no man; I bet your wife buys panties for you too, huh? Is that why you think nothing of letting your little girly boy wear panties? I bet you're wearing panties right now, huh? What color are they, pink?" He was laughing at me; I groaned "no" and shook my head from side to side to let him know he was wrong, but being corned like that only served to rub my lips back and forth over this cock. "Open up, panty daddy with the panty boy son. You're going to love this! Open up and suck my cock!" I glanced sideways at the girl on the screen as she sucked a big cock. I noticed she was smiling as best as she could with her lipsticked red mouth stuffed with cock meat! She looked like she was really enjoying it! I glanced up at him again as he continued smiling down at me and said, "Come on, suck it!"

He grabbed my hair and steadied my head so I couldn't avoid his cock jabbing at my lips. I felt tears filling my eyes as I looked up at him. He wasn't smiling at all when he said, "I said suck my cock, boy! Open your fucking mouth and suck it!" I was crying and trying to complain through closed lips that I wasn't queer, but then he slapped my cheek. It stung like hell! I wimped out; I slowly opened my lips and for the first time in my life another man's cock slid in! He then held my head with both hands started to pump his cock in and out of my mouth, fucking it! I couldn't believe it was happening, but for some strange reason, I thought it wasn't as bad as I had imagined sucking a cock would be. I kept telling myself it was like sucking on a finger – no different! I feared how this would end; I tried to think how I could distract him, get him to stop somehow and then escape out of there.

"I knew you were a cocksucker when I first saw you walk in here. I just knew my hard cock would be in your mouth!" he said as he continued facefucking me. He forced me off the bench and down to my knees without letting me pull away from his man meat. I cried. I sucked, I knew I was conquered. After this humiliation, I wondered if I too should be wearing

satin panties like my sissy son. He asked, "Does your wife know you're a cocksucker? Is that why she knows your boy will grow up to be a cocksucker too and why she buys him panties? Does she also buy him short little dresses so he can bend over and show off his pretty panties to all the boys? In your neighborhood, I'll bet everybody know he wears pretty panties? I'll bet he's already sucking cocks like crazy, huh?" It seemed to excite him to taunt me like that as he forced his fuck pole in and out of my sore jaw and aching lips. "Does your little sissy boy often come home from school so full of cum in his belly that he isn't hungry and doesn't want to eat dinner? I can see it all now, panty queer daddy with panty queer boy," he roared with laughter.

I kept sucking hoping it would end, but he kept talking and taking his time enjoying it. "Do you and your pantywaist son get together, dress up all girly and then suck each other off through your panties? Does your little daughter know you like hard cocks fucking your mouth? Does she have the girls in the neighborhood bring their brothers for you and your son to suck off?" I hated him talking like that but I couldn't say anything with his hard cock banging away at my mouth. I thought about my wife and how she had only tried to suck my cock once but stopped saying it was too disgusting. I thought to myself that she was wrong because I was sucking some strange guy's cock and it wasn't the worst thing in the world – no, I didn't want to be doing it but the horrors of blowing a guy were way overstated. Why in the hell couldn't she suck my dick? Especially for a girl, it shouldn't be a big deal!

"I'll bet your cock isn't this big, is it panty boy?" he asked. I didn't respond. Then he pulled his cock out of my mouth and pulled my hair so I had to look at it. He demanded to know, "Is your dick this big, faggot?" I feebly told him it wasn't. "I didn't think so." He painfully kept pulling on my hair as he continued, "Open up, suck it some more, you little pansy." I didn't resist. I opened up my mouth so he could again put his cock in and started to fuck my face even harder. "I'll bet your wife has never had a big cock in her mouth or for that matter up her hot pussy either. With a wimp like you for a husband so lousy at fucking her that now she goes for girls; yeah, I bet that's the case. She now a lesbian, huh? Well, maybe I should come over to your place and give her a good fucking. Show her and you how a real man fucks a woman. Maybe I'll have your daughter blow me too, and that sissy son of yours – I can picture him right now on his knees wearing only his little bra and panties sucking me off like a preteen hooker. If he wears panties, I'm sure he wants to be even more like his sister and wear little training bras too. Does your wife buy little Brad training bras too?" He laughed so loud I wondered what the other guys milling around outside by the other video booths might think about what might be going on in our curtained cubicle. He wanted an answer. "So, does your little boy wear training bras?" He pulled his cock out of my mouth long enough for me to say, "Yeah." I was blushing so red hot that my warm tears trickling down my cheeks felt quite cold.

He kept fucking me and going on and on. "I can see the four of you now on your cocksucking knees fighting each other to get to my cock next. Would you like that? Would you like your wife to see you and your kids, all of you dressed in pink bras and nylon panties and vying with each other to suck a real man's cock? I'll bet you would." Then he jammed his hard cock into my throat hard and said, "Drink it up, you little pantywaist fag! Drink a real man's cum, cocksucker!" as his cum shot into my mouth. I had no choice but to swallow it. After he was done spurting, he pulled out his cock, wiped it on my cheeks, then put it back in his pants and walked out of the booth. I was still crying, totally ashamed of what I had just done, but I had been raped; I had never wanted to do it. His cum coated my mouth and kept trickling down my throat. Yes, it was bad for me to have done it, but again, I told myself it wasn't the worst thing I the world; I continued to wonder, "Why in the hell couldn't my wife do that for me? It was no big deal! If she would do it, I never would have to come to a place like this and get raped like a queer slut."

As I walked out of the room to leave, he was standing there with three other guys and as I passed them he said, "Come back anytime and bring your wife next time. We have lots of hard cocks for you both to suck on!" They all laughed as one of the guys said with a laugh, "Next time, wear one of your wife's bras and a nice pair of her fancy panties. We would love to have you as one of our regular girly men."

Chapter 2

For two weeks my mind kept going back to the horror of that night. I had sucked another man's cock! At home I washed my mouth out and gargled repeatedly, but I couldn't get the taste of his putrid cum out of my mouth, now permanently imprinted on my taste memory. Like it was forever painted on the inside of my mouth that ugly flavor would instantly reappear in my mouth whenever I was reminded of it!

I wanted to go back to watch videos of girls sucking cock; I dearly missed them, but I had been so humiliated, especially by all those crazy things that strange man had said about me my son. Yes, my seven-year-old son, Brad, is a sissy and wears girls' nylon panties, but hell, he's just a kid and kids do stupid things like that all the time. It's just a phase; he'll grow out of wanting to wear panties and wanting to be like his sister. And how did that man know my wife buys Brad little pink satin training bras too? Well, I guess he just put two and two together, after all, if my wife buys him panties, no one would be surprised to know she also buys and lets him wear training bras. But all that shit that he had said about me and my son painted such an insane picture in my mind that I couldn't get those crazy pictures of family fag sex out of my mind! Brad was such a sweet kid – yeah, too sweet, I admit, but he'd never end up like that, a sissy cocksucker who could never get enough boy cum to swallow. It was crazy!

I finally decided to go back to the arcade; I needed a good wank watching chicks giving guys blowjobs, but this time I wasn't going to suck anyone's cock. I just wanted to see some videos, jerk off and leave. I was hoping that guy wouldn't be there, and if he was, I wasn't going to suck his cock again. I remembered the night of the week and the time he had been there, so now I was going to go there on a Sunday afternoon, hoping he wouldn't be there. As I nervously walked in, I got some quarters and headed for the peeps. As I walked in it was too dark to see anything. I could tell there were some guys there but couldn't really see their faces. I picked a booth and went in. I didn't particularly like the film but it got me hard. I walked out and went looking for another machine, and there he was grinning at me. He didn't say anything. I looked the other way and went into a booth that had an overstuffed chair in it instead of a wooden bench like most of the other booths, but I didn't sit down in it. I put a quarter in and stood with my back to the curtain so I could block anyone from coming in. I could tell someone was right outside, and the next thing I knew a big hand came through the curtain and pushed me aside and into the chair. It was him. He walked right up to me and already had his hard cock out. "Back for some more, cocksucker?" he asked as he waved his prick up and down in front of my face. "Not this time." I responded. "Last time I didn't want to do it; you raped me and I should have reported you to the cops. Just get the hell out of here; you can't make me do it again."

"Bullshit! You loved it last time, and you know you will do it again! You won't report me to the cops! Because then your wife, kids and everybody else will know you sucked a cock!" I didn't respond. He grabbed my hair and pushed his cock to my lips. I resisted as he yanked me off the chair and onto my knees. I was again facing his cock like just a few weeks ago. Why couldn't I stop thinking about what an impressive cock this guy had! It was big, perfectly shaped and arched upward, dipping and ready to go! I felt like a wimp with it staring me in the face. Tears came to my eyes as I slowly opened my mouth and was once again sucking this guy's cock. Like last time, he grabbed my head with both hands and fucked my mouth mightily as he again taunted me about my wife and kids, especially little Bradley, my little panty boy. I tried not to listen to him slamming me and my family as a bunch of weak-willed pussy wimps. I closed my eyes and started to really suck his cock, wanting it to be over with! Nevertheless, I couldn't believe how I was thinking about how nicely a big cock fits so perfectly into the human mouth; I realized that mouths were made for facefucking! That hard cock pumped away at my cocksucking mouth like it deserved to be there, and I knew I was so inferior to this very manly man. I felt it was my job to honor his magnificent cock by giving him a blowjob! Crazy thoughts like that kept circling in my mind!

Like a slut, I grabbed his thighs and pull him closer so his big hard cock went even deeper into my mouth! "That's a good, cocksucker! Your wife would be proud of how well you suck cock!" he said. "Hey, I thought you'd bring that slut wife of

yours this time. I wanted her to feel a real man's cock in her sweet mouth and up her hot pussy!" He didn't know my wife was anything but a slut and would never let someone's cock go into her mouth, much less into her not-often-fucked pussy.

As I continued to suck, I felt guilty that I almost didn't mind it; well, it did feel weird going in and out of my mouth, but it did feel natural! When I opened my eyes I noticed two other guys were on either side of him with their cocks out and they were jerking on them and aiming them at me. I knew they wanted me to suck their cocks also. One was bad enough! I didn't want to suck any more cocks, but then suddenly the guy pulled his cock out of my mouth, picked me up like a father would pick up his kid and along with the other two guys they hauled me right out of the booth and into a small room in the back of the arcade. It was like a break room for the employees. There were a couple of guys sitting around and smoking and drinking pop. One of the guys asked, "Did you wear your wife's bra and panties like we asked you to?" I gave him a look like 'go to hell, buddy,' but they were then pulling off my clothes and seemed disappointed that I hadn't worn a bra and panties, but then they opened a closet in that room and I saw it was filled with all kinds of trashy lingerie and slutty fashions. They laughed up a storm as they dressed me all in a white bra, stockings and a lacy nightie-like top before slipping a fancy pair of pink panties on me. I was too stunned to react, but I didn't resist. All of these guys were much bigger and stronger than I was and I wasn't about to fight them. The original guy explained, "We have regular girly men here who love to take care of our hard cocks. Jake, the owner, lets us keep a bunch of clothes here so our girly men can feel all sweet and feminine while they service us. You should feel honored. We're officially making you into one of our special girly men." Someone smeared a big swath of lipstick on my lips and even put a long brown wig on me! They put me in front of a mirror so I could see myself, but I couldn't see much through my teary eyes. I had never worn any female clothes in my entire life, yet here I was, I had just let these macho brutes dress me like a slut.

I didn't have time to worry about my plight as that first guy pushed me down to my knees; he motioned to the guy on his right and said, "Suck this guy's cock for a while, panty boy! I've got to invite some of the other guys back plus get some lube." That second guy walked in front of me and I took his cock in my mouth and started to suck it! What had happened to me not wanting to do this! I kept my eyes closed trying to imagine I was somewhere else -- anywhere else, but then I could feel two other cocks, one rubbing up against each side of my face! But what I noticed the most was the guy with his dick in my mouth; his big balls were hitting my chin. Talk about a strange sensation. They were huge balls and probably loaded with humongous amounts of cum. Those balls bouncing on my chin were a sensation I never could have imagined! The next thing I knew, I'm going from one cock to the next and they were all laughing at me and telling me what I cute girl I make and telling me I was such a good

cocksucker. Of course, I was hugely disappointed in myself for not resisting. I wasn't being raped; I was just giving in to men who were so vastly superior to me.

Then there were even more men in the room, all talking and laughing. The guy I was sucking erupted into my mouth and I swallowed his cum without much thought! Another guy was sitting in a nearby chair stroking his hard cock and he said, "Feast on this one now, cocksucker!" I crawled over to him in my funky white lingerie and started going down on him. He put a little bottle to my nose and said, "Deeply breathe this in and hold it a second." I did. My head went crazy! It felt like I was drunk. But it also made me very, very horny! I wanted that cock in my mouth! I found it and started to suck it! I mean I really started to suck it! I felt a guy behind me and he began massaging my butt in the lacy panties. Then he reached around and started to play with my cock through the front of my panties; it felt great! He then discovered how small I was as he said, "No wonder he's a cocksucker. His dick is hard, but it's only about four inches long. No wonder his wife doesn't want anything to do with it!"

I wanted to complain: My dick is longer than that! Well, a little longer, but I had his big cock in my mouth and I was too busy to say anything! Then the first guy said, "Like I told you, his wife buys their seven-year-old son panties, so I expected this cocksucker to be wearing panties too; maybe he put on a pair of boxers today trying to act like man for a change." All the guys laughed. I was the entertainment!

Someone said, "Let's make him air tight!" and I felt someone behind me pulling my panties aside. I tried to resist but really couldn't. Plus I was so disgusted with myself that I didn't much care what they were doing to me. I then felt something wet on my asshole and tried to move away but one of them said, "Just keep sucking that cock, pansy. We're just trying to make you feel good." So I stopped trying to evade him and continued to suck. I then felt someone stick a greasy finger up my asshole and move it around inside me. The guy was right; it did feel good. After doing that for a minute I felt the finger leave. Then I felt a different pressure on my asshole and it dawned on me someone was trying to put his cock up my ass! He was trying to fuck me! I struggled and really tried to move away but then that cock slid right up my asshole and it really hurt. The cock in my mouth fell out as I hollered from the pain in my ass. But it was no use, I was being held down and the guy's cock was all the way up my asshole! The guy with his cock in my ass leaned over my back and said, "Now you're a true little faggot, one of our girly men, one of our shop faggots, one of our girls! And the more we fuck you, the better you'll like it! We have the girly clothes you love and we're always ready to give you tons of the man cum you need. So just relax; you are among friends now. Just relax and take it like a man, or should I say a girl!"

I realized it was the guy whose cock I had sucked that first day I was there. I heard someone say, "Fuck him, Larry, fuck



the boy good!" And he started to slowly push his hard cock in and out of my asshole as the guy sitting in the chair yelled at me, "Get my cock back in your mouth, motherfucker!"

So 'Larry' was the name of the guy who first made me suck his cock. It was kind of nice to know his name! The pain from Larry's cock going in and out of my ass started to go away. I liked the feel of his hands massaging my ass cheeks through my silken panties as he butt fucked me. In front I took the cock back into my mouth and started to suck it again as Larry grabbed my hips and started to fuck me harder. The more he fucked me, the better it felt. Soon the guy's cock in my mouth erupted as his cum hit the back of my throat and I swallowed it. He got out of the chair and another guy sat down. I stayed there on all fours and Larry's cock never left my ass. He kept right on fucking me. I was being gangbanged by these guys, just like some slut. I could picture what I looked like with one guy's cock in my mouth and Larry's in my ass. I then felt Larry cum inside of me. He pulled out just as it was starting to feel good. I didn't want him to stop. But as he moved away I felt another hand pull my panties aside and another hard cock enter my asshole. It slid in easily and didn't hurt much at all. That guy grabbed my hips and started to fuck me hard. I was amazing being bounced back and forth between the cock in my mouth and the one in my ass!

Then a new guy came into the room and took out his cock. "Hey, guys, I'm glad you called me. I see we have a new girly man today, can I get a shot at him ... oh, I mean her." They all laughed as he got in line to be next. I heard someone say, "Does anyone know who our new faggot is?" And the guy whose cock I first sucked said, "I do. His name is Ricky." My

god! He knew me! Then I remembered that I had stupidly told Larry my name that very first day he came into my booth. Just then this guy's cock in my mouth started to squirt, "Swallow my cum, Ricky, you little pantywaist faggot!" For the last squirt he pulled all the way out and spurted on my face. On my blushing hot face! It actually felt kind of good. Plus I was relieved that the guy who originally raped me only knew my first name and didn't really know me.

Then the new guy got into the chair as soon as the other guy got up. He held my chin up for a second and stared at my cum-painted and lipstick smeared face. Then he paused a long moment and in an amazed voice I heard him say, "Ricky Wilkins, gees! I thought it looked like you. No shit! It is you!" I wrenched my head upward to look at him through the cum in my eyes, trying to see who it was. MY GOD! It was this guy named Bill Kitson, and he knew me from church! He and his wife knew my wife and kids too! He just grinned at me and said, "Seeing you at choir practice is going to be a lot more fun from now on, Ricky!" Then he simply shoved his hard cock into my mouth and I started to suck it.

Guy after guy shoved his hard cock in my mouth or up my ass as they continued to gangbang me. Bill got hard again and fucked me, and as he was fucking me he said, "Ricky, what I'd really like to do is fuck your pretty little wife; she's a real beauty, prettiest woman I know. But I guess I'll just have to be happy fucking her husband instead!" Then it was finally over. Someone handed me a roll of paper towels and dropped my men's clothes on the cum-streaked floor before leaving me alone to clean myself up and get dressed. I stripped off all the offending lingerie and then pulled up my pants over my

sore, well fucked asshole. My jaws ached from all the cocks I had sucked. As I was hurriedly leaving and still wiping cum off my face, I passed the group of guys I had repeatedly serviced. Bill, said, "Hey, Ricky, leave that cum on your face, you earned it! You're a damn good cocksucker. Now I know what we can do on Sundays when Bishop Montgomery's sermons go on a little too long." Bill laughed and pulled me aside, "Be here tomorrow night at 8 and wear some of your sweet wife's panties. I want to see what kind of panties she wears and I want to pull them down and give you a good fucking." Larry was there and he added, "Yeah, be sure to put on one of your wife's bras too. Then we'll be thinking about fucking her while we're fucking you."

Luckily that next night I knew Trish was supposed to go out shopping with some of her friends. We were going to have a babysitter for the kids and I was supposed to play poker with my regulars, but I could get out of that easily enough. Like it or not, I had to come back to the peep show and try to talk to Bill alone and get him to keep this all a secret. Even if I had to suck him off and let him fuck me again, it would be a small price to pay to keep him quiet.

On the way home, I thought about my family. My wife would throw me out of the house if she found out what I was doing. Sure, she accepts our son, Brad, as a sissy and even enables his lingerie fetish. I take some of the blame for Brad's girlish streak; I'm not very macho and I barely protested when years ago he started dressing up in his sister's clothes, imitating her and even putting on Trish's makeup at times, and I didn't object when she bought him lacy nylon panties of his own simply because he insisted on it. Of course, dads have the guilty pleasure of seeing their young daughters parade around in lingerie from time to time, just a benefit of fatherhood, but now, I was feeling weird because while I always enjoyed seeing our ten-year-old Lena in her lacy smooth panties and training bras, I had to admit that I also had an appreciation for how cute little Bradley looks whenever I would see him prancing around in his silky little panties and satin training bras. He is amazingly cute, sexy and girly.

Chapter 3

All that shit Larry had said about me and my family as he had taunted me weighed heavily on my mind, and now that Bill knew I was a cocksucker, I felt like I was about to go out of my mind. He had to keep this a secret! I had to make sure.

With the exception of me going to the video arcade that fateful day, it had been a typical Sunday afternoon. Trish and the kids had gone swimming at the Y. I was glad they were still out when I got home. I hot showered long and hard to rid myself of my debauching sexcapade, and then I fired up the Weber on our back porch so I'd be ready to cook our usual Sunday dinner ribeye steaks. I was busily preparing mashed potatoes, green beans and crème brûlée for dessert as my

wife and the kids came home. We all ate dinner without a lot of conversation, which suited me just fine. They were all tired and starving hungry from swimming; I was exhausted. Besides, with my mind in quite a whirl, I would have had a hard time carrying on a decent conversation anyway -- unless they wanted to discuss cocksucking techniques!

Then we watched reruns of America's Funniest Home Videos before retiring. I got into bed hoping to fall asleep quickly, but I couldn't sleep, thinking about the threat to my family that Bill posed. I did think about panties a lot too, and Bill's request that I wear a pair of Trish's panties that next night and meet him at the video arcade. I couldn't refuse him. He could end my marriage, my life! I did have a little money from my family's inheritance, maybe I could pay him off! It got to be too much for me, so at one point I got up, opened my wife's panty drawer and looked in. All her panties were neatly arranged, each pair rolled into a small package like a little pillow and lined up like tiny lady soldiers in the battle of the sexes. They were all silky in pretty pastel colors, all sweet and superbly feminine. Nothing is more feminine than a pair of panties, and my wife had dozens of them. It seems like women can never have enough panties. I just stared at them and gingerly touched them. They teased the nerves in the tips of my fingers. I even got a little static shock as I first touched the panties. I tried recalling what those panties felt like that I had been forced to wear at the peep show that day but having been ravaged in so many ways, those sensations were all mixed up in my mind, but I did know my wife's soft panties would feel good when I would put on a pair for Bill; I knew that I was going to do it. I had no choice. I knew they'd feel nice on my penis ... but not now. I could wait, especially with Trish just down the hall now putting the kids to bed.

When she came in I asked her if she was still going shopping the next night and she confirmed that she was and added that they would probably go for a drink and girl talk afterwards. I told her my poker game was still on even though I'd already called Desmond earlier and canceled. I didn't fall asleep until utter exhaustion overwhelmed me. I had a rather restless night, and early in the morning as I tried to get a few more much needed winks, I felt my wife snuggle up to me in her silky nightgown. I put my arm around her and cuddled her when I heard my wife say, "Now, that IS cute." I opened my eyes to see her standing beside the bed over me with my arms cradling our sleeping son in his slinky bright yellow princess nightgown! Little Brad often snuck into our bed during the night, so his being there wasn't unusual, but the way we were nestled together had to look very gay. I broke away from Brad and half jumped out of bed. Trish thought it was funny. "I thought you two cuddling so nicely together was sweet," she said. I didn't know what to say. So I just gave her a fake grin and said nothing.

As soon as my wife left to take the kids to school, I went to her panty drawer and pulled out a pair of her panties that I always liked. They were white nylon with little red and green

flowers printed all over them with several little satin bows, very innocent-looking panties like very young girls wear. My dick leaped to attention in those panties. I wanted to cum in them. I needed to cum in them, so I did. I jacked on my dick until I shot my sperm into them and then let it seep through the nylon panties and drip into my hand. Without thinking twice, I raised my hand to my lips and licked up my jism. It tasted pretty good. I quickly took the panties off, rinsed them out and then hung them up to dry behind my workbench in the basement. I got dressed and went to work. That night, I knew I'd had to meet Bill at the arcade – and had to meet him in a pair of Trish's pink panties. I just hoped I could get him alone and work my way out of this situation with him.

Once Trish left to go shopping with her friends and the babysitter was busy with the kids, I went into our bedroom, locked the door and stripped naked. From my wife's panty drawer I selected a pair of pink panties with white ribbon bows and a big skirt of lace around each leg opening. Slowly, I pulled her panties on. They felt good. My cock was so hard. Then I remembered Larry saying I should wear one of her bras too. So I pulled one of her bras out and put it on. It was pink and had soft cups so it flattened out since I didn't have any tits. Luckily it fit me. I looked in the mirror and while I didn't look like a total disaster, the bra did look funny all flattened out. So I took a few more pairs of panties and stuffed them into each bra cup. Trish isn't very big busted so the panties made for gentle little mounds – actually kind of girlish looking I admitted as I looked again in the mirror. Then I got dressed and hurriedly left, barely saying goodbye to the kids and the babysitter lest they see those little mounds from the panty-stuffed bra under my thin dress shirt. Then I headed for the peep show.

I got there early and went to the counter to get some quarters. The cashier smiled at me and said, "Back for some more?" I didn't respond. "I'm Jake; I own this place. It's not very busy, why not come around here a minute. I have something to show you," he said as he guided me up into the register area. "Get under the counter; I need a blow job," he commanded. "I think it's a little too public," I complained. "If you're going to suck dick here, you are also going to have to suck mine, so get under there and suck me off or get out!"

I had to meet Bill; I couldn't leave, so I crawled under the counter. He pulled his zipper down and slid his cock out and I opened my mouth and started to suck him. I heard the door open and stopped. "Don't you dare stop," was all he said and I started to suck his cock again. Within a minute he erupted into my mouth and I swallowed his cum. I crawled out from under the counter and out of the corner of my eye I saw two women looking around the store loudly giggling and I knew they were laughing at me. I couldn't look at their faces. The counter area was not all that high so anyone coming in the door could have seen me. On my way back to the peep shows, I walked along the far side of the arcade to be as far from them as possible, but still I could hear them talking and

giggling about what the faggot cocksucker. Thoroughly humiliated, I walked into the darkness of the peep shows. I saw Bill standing in the back and he rubbed his crotch when he saw me and nodded towards a video booth and went in. I hesitated, then pulled the curtain back and saw him standing there with his hard cock out. I walked over and started talking. "Bill, I need you to keep this secret. I can offer you some money ..." He ignored me and just asked, "Did you wear your wife's panties like I told you to?" And I said yes. "Well, then, take your clothes off. I want to see what they look like." I took off my pants along with my shirt. "Holy shit, you've got her bra on too!" Bill said with surprise. He came over and squeezed my ass and said, "Does your wife's ass look this nice in these panties?" I didn't say anything. He just snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor. I fell to my knees in front of him and reached for his cock. He said, "Suck my balls first," as he held his cock up to give me access. I started to lick and suck his hairy balls as he rubbed his hard cock on my face. I didn't want to lick his balls, but I wasn't about to refuse him anything.

Then he said, "Come closer, ladies, do you want to join in?" I heard a female voice say, "No, Bill, we just want to see him suck your cock." I tried to move but Bill said, "Hey, Ricky, you aren't going any place until I give your mouth a good fucking. Besides, the ladies want to watch." Those obviously were the ladies who had been out front. I recognized their giggling. "Oh, dearie! He's wearing a bra and panties, how sweet. No wonder he's here giving blowjobs." More laughter, more humiliating comments. Bill said, "OK, that's enough on my balls; now for the main event. Open up that cocksucking mouth, panty boy, and suck my cock!" I opened my mouth and his hard meat slid in and I started to suck it. It was weird since I knew the two women were watching me.

I heard one of the women say, "Bill, you weren't lying to me. That is Trish's husband, Rick!" I lurched and tried to move away in horror but Bill grabbed the sides of my head and started to fuck my mouth hard. I could hear the girls giggling as I sucked his cock. They were now kneeling down next to me for a good view and I looked and saw it was Bill's wife, Dawn, and her friend Tammy, two of Trish's friends! Bill continued to facefuck me and the women were cackling and giggling. Then he pulled his cock out of my mouth and aimed his cock at my head. The girls screeched, "Yuuccckkk!" as his cock squirted cum all over my face. Then Bill handed me a paper towel to wipe my face off, went out into the hallway and told me to follow him. He nodded toward the room we had been in the night before. I went in and the two women followed. Bill entered with two other guys and said, "Assume the position, faggot! Lie across that chair like yesterday and get ready to get fucked!" I did as I was told.

One guy walked in front of me and shoved his hard cock in my mouth and I started to suck it. They didn't dress me up in the female clothes from the closet; they were happy just to have me there in my wife's pink bra and panties. Bill kept

rubbing his hands over my ass in those silky panties. Then I felt him pull aside the leg elastic and put some lubricate on my asshole. Soon I felt his hard cock sliding into me without much resistance. He grabbed my hips and started to fuck me. His hands on the silky panties heightened the strangeness of being fucked by another man. "I love these panties you have on; you're a real sport, Ricky. The bra is pretty s damn cute too. I think you should wear them all the time, like your faggot-in-training little panty boy son."

Even though I was stretched out across the overstuffed chair wearing just my wife's panty-padded bra and her silky pink nylon panties and busy sucking and being fucked, I could tell more people were standing by, watching faggot me getting royally fucked! Bill pounded my asshole hard and soon I felt his cum squirt up my ass as he said, "Take it, you god damn pantywaist faggot!" When he pulled out of my ass, it was immediately replaced by another cock. Then a guy shoved his cock into my mouth and shot his cum down my throat in short order. I looked around. Tammy and Dawn were intently watching! "My God!" I thought, "Will they tell Trish?" But I was too spaced out to really care. Another cock was pushed into my mouth and the guy behind me continued to fuck me. I could see Dawn out of the corner of my eye; she was stroking a guy's cock and it wasn't her husband Bill's. Tammy had Bill's cock in her hand, jacking on him as they all watched me! I knew Tammy was married too but I didn't know her husband and whether or not he was part of this crowd. The next time I looked around, Dawn was on her knees sucking that strange guy's cock. Tammy had Bill standing behind her and her slacks were down around her knees. She was leaning forward and her panties were tugged aside and Bill was butt fucking her. He had to have amazing potency to stay hard so much and to cum so much! Damn, I envied him.

Finally the guy in my mouth and the one in my ass both came and then pulled out. I was no longer the center of attention; Dawn and Tammy were as they were taking on one guy after the next. The guys were all hovering around them. I finally got up and after all the guys were satisfied, I walked over and shoved my cock into Dawn's mouth. She sucked it until I came. Then she laughed. I knew she was laughing because my dick was so small compared to all these other guys. Soon, however it was all over, and everyone was leaving.

As I passed them on the way out, Dawn said, "You have a nice penis, Rick, too bad it's so small. Does Trish know you wear her panties and give strangers blowjobs?" And then she giggled along with Tammy. I didn't answer, I just left, got in my car and headed home. I was angry with myself for not being able to negotiate a secrecy agreement with Bill. And now his wife Dawn and their friend Tammy knew. At least they were all into sex as much as I was; maybe that would be enough for all of them to keep everything secret. I hoped!

That night when I got home, I paid the babysitter and sent her home. She looked at me funny. She probably could smell and

see all the slimy cum on my clothes and the remnants still plastered on my face. I just hoped she didn't recognize what she was seeing or smelling. I checked the kids. They were fast asleep. As I tucked Brad in, I saw he was again wearing his princess nightgown. It was rucked up and I could see his miniature penis poking up like a stiff little thimble in the front of his matching bright yellow nylon princess panties, a Princess Belle matching set of babydolls. I kissed him good night and couldn't resist running my hand over his little pantied penis. It twitched! I had a desire to put it between my lips and give him a panty boy sucking but thankfully I was able to stop myself.

Chapter 4

I took a hot shower and got into bed just as Trish got home. I asked her if she had a good time shopping and she said, "I ended up going alone. I was supposed to go with Dawn and Tammy but after I met up with them, I changed my mind."

Ye, god, she was supposed to go out that night with Dawn and Tammy! I had no idea they were who she was going to go with to the mall. All I could do was nervously ask, "How come they didn't go with you?"

"Well," she said, "they wanted to stop at one of those adult bookstores first. I didn't want anyone see me go into one of those places. Dawn said Bill had told her to meet him there if they wanted to see something really wild; he didn't explain, just told her she wouldn't believe it unless she was there to see it for herself. Tammy was all for it, but I told them I'd could easily skip seeing degenerates like those who hung around a porn shop." Thank goodness she turned down the invitation. I couldn't believe what it would have been like if my wife had been there! Not knowing what to say, I said, "Trish, you should have gone; a place like that is no big deal." I couldn't believe I said that! But then I knew I was safe, my wife would have never gone into a place like that.

In the morning, after Trish left to take the kids to school, I called Dawn. "You aren't going to say anything to Trish, are you?" I asked. "Ricky, Bill didn't tell me that you were down at the porn store sucking cocks; he just told me to be there if I wanted to see something really wild. But when he heard I was supposed to go shopping with Tammy and your wife, he laughed crazy like and told me to bring them along, but he never told me why. He just promised we'd all love it. I think Bill wanted Trish there because he's been fantasizing about sex with her for ages and hoped he get to fuck her there. So, last night when I asked Trish and Tammy to go with me, your wife flatly refused. Like I said, I had no idea Bill's surprise was you being gangbanged until I got there and saw you!"

"So my wife doesn't know anything?" She answered, "No. And I won't tell her if you don't want me to. Your wife is a stick in the mud when it comes to sex. By the way, I'd

appreciate you ever don't to say anything to Dan, Tammy's husband." I responded, "I don't even know Dan, and if I did, I wouldn't say anything to him." We both assured the other that we were going to keep it all secret. Then I added, "I wish Trish was a little more like you. She won't even give me a blowjob like you did last night even after I eat her pussy."

"Yeah, I know." Dawn said. "Hey, can we have lunch today and talk some?" I said sure and we agreed to meet at Denny's for their BLT lunch special. Denny's was close to where I work. As I was getting ready to go to work I had the urge to put a pair of Trish's frilly panties on, so I picked out a nice, soft lavender pair, put them on and then left for work.

Chapter 5

Lunchtime finally came and I met Dawn at Denny's. We did the normal hellos and then Dawn started, "You may think Trish is not really interested in sex, but she's actually very sexual. She just never got the pleasure from it that lived up to her fantasies. You may not know this but when she was very young, even before she was in her teens, she and another little girl had experimented sexually, mostly oral sex and inserting objects into each other and she found it wonderfully exciting. Since then she has only had sex with one man -- you and after last night, seeing how small your penis is ... I can see why she finds sex with you very frustrating. Oops, sorry!"

"Oh, it's OK," I answered. "And no, I didn't know she had ever done anything with anyone, especially as a little girl."

Dawn continued, "You are the only man she has ever had sex with, so she has no idea how exciting it can be. The only time she ever has an orgasm with you is when you eat her pussy; even though her cunt has to be tight as a drum, she claims she can barely feel you when you try to screw her and it just frustrates her to no end."

I shrugged my shoulders. She was right. Dawn then said, "Sorry, but I think Trish just needs to have her brains fucked out by a guy with a big cock to turn her onto sex. Maybe then she'd be more understanding and feel better about having sex with you. It's a shame that she doesn't like sex; a beautiful woman like her should love sex and be able to have as much of it whenever she wants. I think Bill has told you that he'd love to fuck Trish, and he measures over eight inches."

Of course, I knew Dawn's husband had a pretty big cock, and he had told me how much he fantasized having sex with her. I was sure my wife wouldn't do anything with him, but I did wonder if I should try to convince her to let him do it. Maybe then she would discover sex was great fun and be more willing to have sex with me. I thought it might be worth a try. "So tell me," I said, "do you and Bill have sex with other people all the time like you did last night?"

She said, "We really love each other but from time to time we do have sex with others. It's kind of our hobby. However, last night happened after Bill saw you there the day before. He often goes to that place looking for other people we can invite to our wife-swapping club. He never told me it was you; he just teased me and told me to show up and that I'd love it. All I can think is that it would have been intense if your wife had decided to come along. Bill probably shouldn't have tried to encourage me to bring her there, but Bill is devious that way. I know he wasn't thinking of you or my friendship with Trish; he just wanted to get into her panties -- instead he fucked you wearing her panties!"

If my wife had been there, I'm sure it would have turned out badly, but I thought if I could just talk to her and gradually try to convince her to try sex with another man, it might turn her onto sex. It was worth a try -- anything was worth a try.

Dawn explained, "I've always had a fascination with sex, and I love watching guys making it together, I was just stunned when I saw it was you. Last night kind of got crazy with all those guys sexing you up. It was the wildest orgy I've ever seen, and Bill and I have had been in some pretty good orgies. Tammy is a lot like you. She's really sexually starved; her husband never wants any kind of sex, so she often joins Bill and me for sex play. But she doesn't want to lose her husband because he's a lawyer making big money and he'd give her a really rough time if he ever found out about her having sex on the side. He has a prenup that would leave her without much if they divorced. Sure, I'm glad to keep what you are doing a secret from your wife, but you should try to get her into having sex with someone with a big cock and knows how to use it. And if you ever do meet Tammy's husband, Dan, for her sake please keep her secret. As I said, sex for all of us got a bit out of hand last night, but with sex that happens sometimes. But the way all those guys so heavily abused you, I later felt bad for you."

"Yeah, I'm still in pain. I don't know what has gotten into me. Those men were all so domineering and macho. Yes, I was raped, repeatedly, but in some strange way I felt like I deserved it because I'm not much of a man, at least compared to those guys. They kept making fun of me and teasing me about Brad wearing dresses and how I wasn't even man enough to put my foot down and stop that. When I got there that Larry guy asked me if I was late because I had been out panty shopping with my seven-year-old son, gotten carried away and lost all track of time. By saying things like that they were raping my mind, and instead of getting mad at them, it just seemed to make me even more submissive with them. I'm ashamed that I gave into them like a cheap whore, but I was like a moth attracted to a flame, part of me, maybe my guilt complex over my small dick made me feel like I'm a prime wuss and deserved what I was getting."

Dawn affectionately touched my arm. "Men can be such brute assholes at times. I mean a guy can't help it if he was

born with a small dick. Women generally don't make fun of another woman if she is small breasted. Yet if some men find out a guy has a small dick, they can be merciless. Even my husband joined in with those guys making fun of you and your sissy son. It was like a crowd mentality that took over. Rick, I couldn't believe how they were going on and on. Yes, little Brad is a sissy, but how in the hell did they ever find out about him? They knew all about him wearing lacy panties, training bras and dresses. That was weird." I sheepishly told her that at a weak moment I had accidentally blurted out all about Brad that first night I was at the arcade as that man Larry manipulated a lot of personal information out of me while I was trying to watch those cocksucking videos and just saying things to him so he'd shut up and leave me alone. But once he heard about Brad, I guess he then typed me and my son as sissy boys and fair game for use and abuse."

"I love your little boy, Rick. He is so sweet and innocent, girly yes, but a lot of little boys are like that these days with so many strong women role models. Not like olden times when women were brainwashed to be submissive. I guess the vastly increasing number of sissy boys is a natural outgrowth of the women's lib movement. Gees, do you think those animals down at the arcade would ever try to do something with little Brad ... I mean like force him sexually?"

"Oh, Dawn, I'd never let anything like that happen. He's just a little kid. They threatened stuff like that but I think they were just making fun of me. And I probably deserve it."

"Stranger things have happened. I wouldn't put it past some of those guys to fuck a child. I like a lot of sex, but some of those guys are very scary perverts."

"Tell me about it! I had never done anything sexually with another man until just a couple of weeks ago. I was raped into doing it and then manipulated into the same situation again. It all started just because I had gone to the porn place to watch some videos of girls sucking off guys because that's something Trish refuses to do for me. She doesn't really like sex of any kind very much. I guess it's a miracle we have two kids. Anyway, I can understand how Tammy feels about being sex starved in her marriage. I've wanted to do all kinds of sex things with Trish but it has never happened. So I just wanted to get my rocks off watching some dirty movies and I ended up being a mentally castrated, panty-wearing playtoy slut for the guys hanging around that place."

After we got home last night, Bill and I talked about it a lot. He has the hots for your wife ever since he served with her on that committee at church ... what was it called, oh yeah, The Happy Family Committee, where they try to figure out ways of doing things to make for a better family life. Bill's been wanting to screw her ever since! Should we work together and try to get Bill and your wife together? Trish told me she has never had sex with any other man than you, and maybe that's all she needs is a good sexing, someone to thrill

the panties off her with a big cock – sorry, Rick. No offense." I blushed, "Oh, don't worry. No offense taken. I know I have a small dick, I feel like I deserve to be abused – and if Bill fucking her would do it; I'm all for it. Still, I'm sure Trish wouldn't do it, but it's worth a try. Do you really think we could come up with some kind of plan to make it happen?"

"Bill says he knows how to get her interested; he wants to get together as soon as possible and talk about it. Bill said if you want, we can all get together after work today and talk?"

"Definitely! I'm open to any suggestions."

"Good, he said we can all meet at Kammon's bar on 4th Street. Bill and I know it because every Saturday night after hours they have a pretty good swinger's party. Other times it's just a quiet little hangout; do you know the place?"

"Yeah, I've seen it. On the corner by Bennett's Deli. And tonight is good. I get off an hour before Trish gets home from her job at the library, and the kids stay at Trish's parent's house until I pick them up. I'll just call them and tell them I'm going to be a little later than usual."

"Great! See you just after four then, OK?"

I agreed. The rest of the day went slow for me as I anxiously awaited meeting up with them. I close up everything at the machine shop each day, so I shut down everything early and was at Kammon's right on time. When I got there Dawn and Bill were sitting with another man I had never seen before, and he was very tall and very black. I was intimidated by his massive presence just as I sat next to him with all of us in a booth. "Ricky, this is Roland. He owns this place. We told him all about your situation." Having even more people know about me made me nervous but I was there to learn what we might be able to do to ignite my sex life with my wife. I listened intently and they all had good ideas. They made me feel like an amateur sexually – and I admitted it.

The place wasn't busy at all, so we could talk pretty freely. We decided we'd all try to work it out to have Bill and Dawn come over to our house that night and get the ball rolling. I excused myself and made a call to Trish's parents; they had no problem keeping the kids until bedtime. Then I called Trish and asked her if it was OK if Dawn and Bill came over and gave her the excuse that Bill was still on that "Happy Family" committee and he wanted to get together about it. Trish is never one to turn down a chance to get together with one of her girlfriends, plus she loved working on that church committee, so she agreed, especially after I told her that her folks were willing to keep the kids for the evening. I told her I'd get some ribs to go and we'd eat before they all got there.

When I got back to the booth, they were happy to know it would work out, and then out of the blue, Bill said, "Roland was nice enough to let us use his place and he gave you a lot

of good sex advice but it's made him all horny and he needs to be serviced." I didn't hold back as Roland then had me get out of the booth and sit down on a straight-back chair in a rear corner of the bar. Without a word, he nosily pulled down his zipper, pulled out his cock, just smiled at me and said, "Now, suck it!" It was HUGE! I felt like I had no choice. I'm a sissy cocksucker and this big black man needed relief! I leaned over and took as much of his cock into my mouth as I could. Dawn squealed in delight.

"Damn, you were right, Bill. This girly boy does know how to suck cock! Nothing like having a little wimp around to suck your dick whenever you need it," Roland laughed.

"He knows how to do other things too," Bill said as he pulled me up out of the chair but kept me bent over, never letting me take the man's cock out of my mouth. "Undo your pants and drop them, Ricky," Bill commanded. As I continued to blow him still bent over halfway, I unbuckled and unzipped my pants. Dawn stepped up to help pull them down. "Damn Ricky," she giggled, "you have a pair of your wife's purple panties on? You are one horny motherfucker, aren't you? Like a bitch in heat you need lots of cock, don't you? Well, Roland and Bill will give it to you good, panty fag boy!"

Bill got behind me, and as Dawn held aside the elastic leg band of my lavender panties, Bill lubed up my asshole. I was still sore from being raped repeatedly from the night before, so I didn't want his cock up my ass, but they were all so willing to help me in my marriage, I felt I owed them relief. I could feel the pressure of his hard cock poised at my asshole and then it slid into me easily, but with a lot of pain. Bill had a big cock but better it was him buttfucking me instead of Roland and his black monster! Bill grabbed my hips and gave me a really good fucking. I was moaning loudly. Roland said, "Damn, this little pussy boy in panties loves dick up his ass, doesn't he? Listen to the little cocksucker moaning. Just wait until Ole Roland puts his big hard baseball bat up your ass, sissy white boy. Then you'll really moan. Let me know when you are done back there, Bill. I wanna fuck this little faggot! I like queers who wear fancy panties."

Bill continued to fuck me hard and fast! But I was trembling, wondering how Roland's cock would feel. It was much bigger than any of the big cocks I had already taken up my butt. Bill was then banging me so hard, he knocked my mouth off Roland's cock! He said, "Take this, faggot!" and shot his cum inside me. Then Roland laughed as he told Bill he was going to fuck me so hard his weak heart would probably give out and he'd die happily fucking a panty queen like me. I felt obligated to service him but I feared his cock, the biggest I had ever seen, but as a slut panty boy I was also curious how that monster would feel, even if it did tear me up inside. "Go behind the bar and lie on your back on the padded cushion on the floor, boy, and then put your legs up," Roland said. Bill followed ready to help hold me in position. Then they had Dawn kneel over me facing my legs and had her sit on my

face; her sopping wet pantied pussy dripping her juices into my mouth. Roland said, "Bill, grab his legs and pull them back. I don't want this pansy trying to get away from me when I shove my hungry cock up his tender asshole." My feet were then pulled up to give him access. Roland then looked between my legs at my hard penis making a lump in the front of my wife's purple panties. "Holy Shit!" he said. "Look at that pathetic little dick on this white boy. And he's married? Damn, no wonder he wears his wife's panties. This pussy boy's wife needs some real cock by the looks of that little thing. Maybe Ole Roland needs to come by tonight and give your little wife some real cock! Then she'd never want your little thing in her again." I felt the pressure of his cock on my asshole as it started to stretch me, pushing its way in. As he got part of the way in it HURT. I tried to holler for him to stop, but I couldn't with Dawn sitting on my face, plus the pain in my asshole took my breath away.

"Hurts doesn't it, you silly little panty faggot? Ole Roland's cock is a little too big for that tiny white asshole of yours. But tough shit, you're taking it all, cocksucker!" Roland said as his cock went in my ass further and further and the pain grew more intense. Finally he was all the way in and my legs were over his shoulders. The pain was unbearable! He slowly started to push his cock in and out of my ass and it continued to hurt horribly. Finally he said, "Enough of this shit!" and he started to fuck me hard and fast in my upturned ass! The pain slowly went away as pleasure took its place. I was moaning; then he stopped fucking me and had Dawn raise herself off my face. He said, "Beg me to fuck you, panty boy." I looked at him and said, "Fuck me, please! Fuck me with your big hard black cock!" He got a shit eating grin on his face and started to fuck me again, ever harder and faster. Repeatedly, I shouted, "Fuck me! Fuck me!" He drooled on me as he said, "I'll bet you'd like Ole Roland to come over and give your wife a good fucking with my big black cock, huh?" I moaned, "Yes, I want you to come over and fuck my wife! Make her suck your cock too, yes, please!" and that's when I felt him yank his cock out of my ass and jets of his hot cum shot out all over my stomach and chest. Without a break, he then said, "I'll be there tonight and I'm gonna fuck your white wife." And I said, "I don't think she'll let you do that ..."

Roland laughed, "Oh, you'll convince her to do it or Bill here will show her the video he just took of you sucking cock and letting us fuck you with you wearing her dainty little lavender panties. Understand?" Roland stated. I shook my head yes. My God! They had videoed me sucking cock, getting fucked and begging for it. What choice did I have? If she saw that tape she would divorce me and I didn't want to lose her and the kids. Then I knew this was all a plot just for Roland and Bill to both fuck my wife and there was nothing I could do to change it! I agreed by shaking my head as I straightened up my wife's panties and the rest of my clothes. I didn't even bother to wipe Roland's cum off my body. I left with all of them laughing. I heard Bill say, "We'll be there at six-thirty, so hurry on home. Sorry but you don't have enough time to

stop off at a store and buy yourself a nice new pair of panties or a cute little babydoll nightie for our little party; maybe next time, girly man. But do go home and get cleaned up and put on a fresh pair of your wife's panties, nice pink ones."

I begged, "Yes, I want you guys to help me so my wife will want to have sex with me, but I don't want her to see me wearing her panties." Roland said, "Well, buddy boy, tonight we'll do all the fucking. And if we fuck her up nicely, in the future, she'll be wanting to have sex with everyone, maybe even you, asshole, and even with you while you are wearing her nice panties. So it's pink panties for you tonight but you can keep your trousers on. Whenever Ole Roland is around you are always to be wearing pink panties, got it? But if you don't want to wear them around her, I don't give a shit." I nodded again, then added, "But Trish doesn't have too many pairs of pink panties; she'll start missing them if I keep taking ..." He slapped me across the face. "Listen up, faggot, make sure they're pink. Go buy yourself some if you have too, but all your gibberish makes you sound like a talky little bitch, and that's one thing I hate. During sex, I do all the talking, so shut the fuck up whenever I'm around unless you want me to bitch slap you into oblivion." I shut up.

I called Trish up at her work and let her know that Bill, his wife and another man would be coming over after dinner and told her I'd grab some ribs and slaw on the way home so we could have a quick bite before they arrived. I explained to her that there was some urgent business that had to be discussed by the committee. She said she didn't mind and was glad to help The Happy Family Committee in any way she could.

After being raped by his monster cock, I struggled to walk normally as I got the food and hurried to get home before Trish got there. I came in, took a quick shower and then got a fresh pair of nice pink panties out of my wife's panty drawer and daintily stepped into them as Roland had commanded me because he wanted me wearing pink panties anytime I was in his presence; I just wanted them to stay hidden under my clothes so my wife would see me wearing them. They felt good on my hips but I didn't want to think about it because I wanted to keep my boner down. I just finished getting dressed as Trish came in. I set out the food as she hurried to freshen up and change into something appropriate for our Bible toting guests. It was kind of excited knowing that these guys were actually coming over to try to fuck her. I was sure she wouldn't do it, but we had to try. I asked her to wear her nice pink suit, thinking how it nicely showed off her cute little ass and tits. It had a flirty pleated skirt and a thin pink chiffon blouse with a big ruffled collar that showed off her lingerie underneath. She asked if it maybe wasn't conservative enough, but I assured her it was. Then she went to her panty drawer, looked inside and paused before saying, "That's funny. Since I'll be wearing the pink suit, I like to wear pink lingerie with it and I see my new pink bra is here but not the pink panties that go with it. I could have sworn they were right here this morning." I brushed it off, "Oh,

honey, I believe you have a lot of pairs of pink panties; I'm sure any of them will be fine." We were already running late so she just shrugged her shoulders and picked out another pair of pink panties to wear.

We just had enough time to down a few ribs and some slaw before Bill, Dawn and Roland showed up. After I introduced my wife to Roland, I took an order for their drinks and as I went out to the kitchen to fix them, Roland followed me and said, "Here, put this in your wife's drink. It will make her as horny as hell. I got it in Mexico; it works great and it won't hurt her!" I poured the powder he gave me into her bloody mary. He gave me some more to use for a second drink.

We all sat around drinking in our newly redecorated African safari theme basement rec room, Trish said she had never seen Roland at church before. He explained he was a new member. Bill then led a faux conversation about the work of the committee that evolved into more talk about personal interests and our kids. Roland talked like he had many kids, and I didn't doubt it. He said he loved kids, and just the way he said it with a wink made me think he loved them sexually too! As we started our third round of drinks I noticed Trish was feeling the effects of the alcohol and was acting in more of an uninhibited way than I had ever seen her act. She even told an off-color joke and laughed harder at her own joke than we did. Then, out of the blue Roland said, "So tell me Trish, have you ever had sex with a black man?" She looked stunned and her face turned red but she replied "No, Rick is the only man I've ever been with, but I've heard a lot of black guys are pretty big down below, pardon my expression." Bill laughed and countered, "Some of us white guys are big too."

We all laughed. Then Trish went to the kitchen to get more chips and I followed her. "So, you've been wondering about black guys and how big they are, huh?" I asked. "Not really," she replied. "Well I can understand it if you did since my penis is kind of small." Trish said, "You know these guys have been undressing me with their eyes all night and really flirting with me. Does that bother you?" I answered, "I don't mind. In fact I think it's great that they find you so attractive. If you're having fun, ease up a bit and flirt back some. We're all adults here. It can't hurt anything." Trish said, "I can see they both have bulges in their pants. I think they like looking at me." I answered, "Trish I don't mind. Maybe you should ask Roland to see his penis. I'm sure he'd show you."

"Ricky, I couldn't do something like that but I am curious," Trish said blushing as we went back into the living room. We drank a little more and when she went back out to the kitchen Roland got up and followed her. Bill and I got up and looked around the corner without letting them see us. While she was talking to Roland, but not looking at him, he took his cock out. When Trish turned and saw it Roland said, "How does this look to you, beautiful lady?" Trish just stared at it in awe. "Touch it!" Roland commanded in a surprisingly strong voice. Trish giggled, but reached out and took that big hard

black cock in her hand ... that same black cock that had fucked the hell out of me just a couple of hours before. Just seeing that giant cock made my asshole ache all over again. Her tiny white hands contrasted so nicely with his black cock. But she then quickly turned and headed back to the rec room. Bill and I scrambled back just ahead of her. Roland came out after her and discreetly slipped me more of that powder.

Trish looked flushed as she sat back down on the couch. I had made her another drink with the powder and she quickly drank it down. Roland was standing right next to Trish, his pants were really bulging out and his zipper was open. She kept looking at his crotch and then looking away. He then reached into his pants and pulled his cock out. It was at face level with her sitting on the end of the couch. She said, "My God! It's so big!" She looked at me. I just smiled and nodded to her. I got down on my knees in front of Trish and ran my hand up under her dress and made contact with her pussy. Bill came over and sat down next to her. Her legs tightened up, trying to forbid my access to her pussy but I finally had my hand on her panties and she sighed as her head went back on the couch. I pushed her panties aside and slipped a finger into her using my thumb to rub her clitoris. "What are you doing, Rick?" she asked as I started to fingerfuck her. I said, "Trish Honey, I know my cock is very small and I feel bad for you because I can't make you happy with it. I want you to enjoy sex and I'm not big enough to do that. Relax and enjoy it. We will only go as far as you want us to, no further."

Bill reached over and slid his hand down the front of her blouse and her bra and cupped one of her small but firm tits. Trish quickly looked over at Bill as he smiled at her. I said, "Bill, squeeze her nipple. She likes that." I could tell he was doing it as Trish again let out a loud sigh. Roland then said, "Grab hold of my dick, Trish!" And Trish's hand went up and grabbed Roland's cock. "Pull it back and forth, girl," Roland commanded and she complied. I pushed her skirt up higher and moved my face down between her legs. She grabbed my head as if to try and stop me. But I moved in and started to lick her cunt as she slowly spread her legs apart. "Oh my god, pleassssee!" was all she said as I licked her clit through her panties. Bill pulled his cock out of his pants and placed it in Trish's other hand. She blinked her eyes, surprised to see how big it was. She started to stroke it saying, "My God, another big one! You are right, Rick, yours is so damn small. I didn't know they got this big." There was my pretty wife with me licking her pussy while she held a strange manly cock in each hand. I never thought I'd see her doing this. Her face was so red and flushed as she started to breathe heavily.

"Suck it, girl!" Roland said as he looked down at Trish. "I don't think I can do that," she said. "Yes, you can. All the girls like to suck Ole Roland's big dick. Do it! Suck it!" he ordered. Trish looked down at me. I smiled at her and said, "Go ahead, honey, suck it. Suck Roland's big black cock into your mouth! Make him feel good!" Trish looked at the big hard monster staring at her. Roland put one hand on the back

of her head and guided it to his cock. Then he rubbed his cock over lips and said, "Come on girl, open up. Suck Roland's big cock for him. You'll like it!"

I watched in amazement as Trish opened her mouth and let his big hard black cock slid in. Her mouth started moving back and forth as she sucked him as best she could. I'm not sure if she was sucking it or Roland was pumping it into her mouth. One time he pushed it in and she gagged on it but didn't stop sucking. She was still pumping on Bill's cock in her hand they both pushed her back down the couch.

Bill then crawled up between her legs and started rubbing his cock against her nylon panties ... the only thing between his dick and her pussy. He was about to pull aside her panties when she pulled her mouth off Roland's cock and said "No, Bill, you can't do that to me." He purred, "I promise not to put it in you. I just want to rub it around on the outside of your soft panties. It will feel good for both of us; Dawn doesn't mind if you and I have sex. She often has sex with other guys. She's kind of a sexaholic." Trish looked at Dawn who nodded with a big grin on her face. Bill continued, "Now, if you don't want it in you, I'll understand, but if at any time you do want to feel a big boner fill you up, just let me know." Bill said as Trish relaxed and seemed to except that idea. I could tell that Bill was doing as he said as his hips moved from side to side rubbing the head of his cock on Trish's nylon pantied pussy. She went back to sucking on Roland's cock and it looked like she was really enjoying it. Then suddenly Bill yanked aside her panties and plunged his hard cock up her cunt; she hollered through the hard cock in her mouth. He started to ram his cock all the way up inside of her, fucking her hard and fast. She tried to resist being fucked but that resistance lasted only a few moments. She then let out a loud moan and I knew she was coming as he continued to fuck her pussy. I was watching as one man fucked my wife's pussy and another one fucked her mouth. I could tell she was in heaven and my cock was as hard as it could get.

Bill continued to fuck her sweet cunt. "This is the tightest pussy I've ever fucked!" he yelled gleefully. Roland said, "Now, Bill, as soon as you're finished, I'll get of piece of her. Let her sissy boy husband watch as I jam my monster black bat into her cunt, fuck the hell out of her, and maybe even give her a beautiful black baby. That would be nice, huh?"

A worried expression flashed across Trish's face. I don't suppose she had even thought about that between the alcohol and the powder I had put in her drink. But she was too far gone; she just went back to writhing and moaning enjoying Bill pounding away on her pussy. Until that moment, I hadn't thought about Trish getting pregnant either. She wasn't on the pill and hadn't used any kind of birth control in years – yes, she could get pregnant! To me, the thought was not entirely unpleasant. Bill pushed her down on the couch, pulled her legs up over his shoulders and started to fuck her hard. She came again. Finally he hollered as he came and

then he pulled out. "I want some more, Bill, don't stop, I want more!" Trish begged. Bill said, "Don't worry, bitch, you're going to get a whole more right now, Roland is going to do the honors!"

"Get up, bitch, and bend over the arm of your sofa. I wanna fuck you deep from behind." Roland said. Trish got up and did as she was told. "What a fine ass this bitch has. I like it that she still has her panties on. I kind of got a fetish for pink panties – not on me of course, but on my women as I fuck their pussy from behind." He then turned to me, "Damn, Ricky, you are a lucky man to have this fine ass in bed next to you every night. You better start fucking it right or Ole Roland's gonna have to come over and fuck it on a regular basis for you." The big man said as he got between her legs. I saw that black cock slowly head for my wife's pussy. Trish was looking over her shoulder in anticipation. She was still breathing heavily from the fucking Bill had given her. "You want this, bitch?" Roland asked her. "Yes, I want it." She said. "What do you want me to do?" he teased. "I want you to put your big man meat inside of me," Trish responded. "Put what inside of you?" he questioned. "Your cock; I want your cock inside of me," Trish said. "You do, huh? What do you want me to do with it inside of you?" Roland asked her. "I want you to fuck me! Make my pussy feel good with your big hard black cock!" Trish begged, "Please, Pleassssseeee, fuck me!" Roland laughed, "And what if I give you a pretty little black baby?" She squealed, "I don't care. I just want your cock. If I have a black baby I'm sure it will be the prettiest little baby in the whole world. Oh, yeah, give me your black baby. I want to feel it growing inside my belly." He still had his cock poised at her pussy from behind; he still hadn't entered her and was teasing her in anticipation. "You got it, honey!" Roland said as he then motioned for me to come closer. "Ricky, you big sissy, come over here and hold my hot cock and help me plug it into your wife's cunt. You're nothing but a pimple dicked faggot. This is something you can do for your wife. If you can't give her a decent fuck, you should at least help her out when she needs a big guy to fuck her." I did as I was told. Slowly Roland eased his hard cock up my wife's tight pussy. Inch by inch I watched as another man's cock slid through my trembling hands on its way up her cunt. Trish's head started rocking back and forth as she had an orgasm just from having that fat cock slowly enter her. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Make my pussy yours! Make me your bitch! Give me a black baby!" Trish hollered as his cock disappeared up her sweet white twat. Her head was down on the sofa and her knuckles were white as she squeezed the sofa cushion. Finally he was all the way in. Trish's mouth was hanging open and he began fucking her savagely. Trish was screaming as if she was being killed, half in pain, half in pleasure, they were screams of lust. Lust for the hard cock buried in her cunt.

Bill now snuggled up to my wife's head up and said, "Suck my cock, bitch! Get it ready to fuck you again." Trish acted like a woman possessed as she tried, and finally did, get Bill's

cock into her horny cocksucking mouth. "Damn, ya know what?" Bill stated, "She sucks cock almost as good as you do, Ricky." I couldn't believe he said that! I didn't want Trish knowing about me sucking or being fucked. She acted like she either didn't hear it or didn't care at the moment. Trish was screaming so much that she wasn't doing much sucking of Bill's cock, so he said to me, "Down on your knees and suck me, cocksucker." I looked at him with agony in my eyes, I moaned, "Here?" I knew I had to do it. "Of course, here, faggot!" Almost instantly, I had his cock in my mouth. I hoped Trish was too busy being fucked to notice, but I wasn't as lucky as I heard her say, "My, god, Rick what are you doing?" But I continued to suck his cock. Bill simply stated, "Your husband is getting my cock ready so I can fuck you again, bitch. That's what he's doing. He knows when there is a better man around." Roland let out a holler as he pounded into Trish's asshole and came. Bill pulled his cock out of my mouth and headed for Trish who wasn't moving. I started to get up. Roland got up to let Bill have my wife's ass next as he said, "Stay right down there white boy and clean this cock up with your tongue and mouth. After all, it's you wife's shit on it." He stood in front of me. I stared at the cock that had just been up my wife's ass; I didn't want to suck it, I just couldn't. "I told you to suck it, white boy!" Roland said as I looked up at him. I still didn't move. Then Roland bitch slapped me on the face, knocking me down and said, "Suck it you faggot before I beat the hell out of you!"

I opened my mouth and the cock that had just been up my wife's asshole was now in my mouth. As I was sucking it, I noticed that Bill already had his cock up Trish's ass and was fucking her. Trish was watching me and soon she had a tremendous orgasm as she hollered and screamed "FUCK IT! FUCK MY ASSHOLE! AND THEN MAKE MY FAGGOT HUSBAND CLEAN YOUR COCK TOO! I LOVE SEEING HIM SUCK! FUCK MY HUSBAND'S POTTY MOUTH!" And Bill hollered as he pounded into my wife's asshole and came. He then pulled out of her ass but Trish just lay in the same position like she was waiting for more cock, and she was intently staring as I finished cleaning Roland's cock and then Bill's. They both put their pants back on, went over and patted my wife on her ass and then left saying, "We will be back for some more from you two cocksuckers!"

Chapter 6

As they were about to leave, we all heard noise coming from upstairs. Trish blinked, she shook her head obviously trying to throw off her drugged up and sex-crazed stupor and half shouted to me, "Damn, that's grandma with the kids. I told her I wanted to get the kids home so I could get them to bed early because they have a big day at school tomorrow."

We all scrambled into our clothes. I ran upstairs, greeted grandma and thanked her for taking care of the kids and told her we were having a church meeting down in the rec room.

She wanted to talk to Trish but I explained it wasn't a good time. I got her to leave, but then I realized the kids were already running down to the basement. I quickly followed hoping to get everyone to leave so we could close up from this exhausting night. But when I got there Roland was eyeing the two kids like a gourmet dinner and Bill and Dawn had big smiles on their faces. Trish was dressed but looked pretty bad for wear; her hair was messed up and the skirt of her suit she had on backwards! Of course we had to introduce the kids to our guests and Roland spent a lot of time giving a welcoming hug to Lena, his hands roaming all over her body. Trish's eyes were bugging out of her head and I was nervous as hell. Then he hugged little Brad. Of course, Roland knew all about Brad being a sissy boy from our conversation at the bar, but I couldn't believe it when he snaked his big hand up the leg opening of our boy's shorts (they were sissy pink plaid, how embarrassing!), felt around and then tugged down a bit of the lacy leg elastic of our son's pink panties. He gave them a snap as he laughed, peeked over the kid's shoulder hugging him again to get a better look at the lacy bit of now exposed panties. Bill and Dawn were all eyes, enjoying the whole thing, but I wanted to break this up so I said, "OK, kids, it's off to bed. You have the V-show at school tomorrow and have to go in early to get ready for the show. They moaned, wanting to stay up longer, but Trish insisted they needed to get ready for bed. She tried to get up but had been so well fucked she could barely stand. Dawn came to the rescue and said, "Trish, just stay there; I'll take the kids up and get them ready for bed." Then she took the kids off to their bedrooms.

After she left, we all took a breather. We needed to catch our breath after that close call. Roland said, "No shit, that boy actually does wear pink panties. How in the hell..." Then he and Bill laughed as they looked at me like I was such a wuss for allowing my wife to let our boy wear panties like a world class sissy. Trish was getting better by the minute and she urged them to get going. Roland said, "I'm going to be back for more. You want me back, don't you, bitch?" he teased. Trish blushed heavily but nodded her head. Bill said they'd all be going as soon as Dawn came back down. Well, about two minutes later, she came back and both the kids were following her. She explained that the kids wanted to come back down to say good night to everyone.

Our little Lena looked like a preteen hooker in her skimpy babydoll nightgown in pale pink with bits of blue and white lace and oversized ribbon trim. But Brad! He was in his Princess Belle nightgown! I watched both Bill and Roland, their eyes popping out when they spotted him, swishing around in his yellow nightie and clutching his Barbie doll. My wife and I were both taken aback as the kids hugged and kissed everyone good night. Roland was the last in line and he held Lena like a lover would. He ran his big, hard hands all over her silken body. She giggled and loved it. He even kissed her on the lips and forced his tongue into her mouth as he stroked her pussy through her matching babydoll nightie

panties. She was panting in excitement and he had a huge boner pushing out the front of his trousers! But then he got to Brad and he hugged him just as erotically and planted a dozen little kisses all over his neck and cheeks. He squirmed in the big man's arms and twisted around girlishly. Roland got Brad to talk about his Barbie doll and how he had her all dressed up in a nightie for bedtime too. The big black man then said, "I love your nightgown, Brad. Do you wear it to bed every night?" Brad nodded and then added, "I have two other nighties, a pink one for Cinderella and a blue one for Snow white." Roland laughed, but the whole time I noticed he had his hands up underneath our son's yellow nightgown and he was fondling his panty-clad butt and front. We knew he was toying with Brad's miniature penis though his princess panties. My wife and I could only stare. Thoroughly amazed, we couldn't do anything to stop it. Brad didn't mind in the least, giggling and swooning from the intimate touching. "I can feel you have some nice silky panties on; can I see them, Brad?" Roland boldly asked. Our little seven year old didn't hesitate; he handed the big black man his Barbie and then instantly hoisted up his nightgown all the way up to his shoulders to proudly show off the yellow nylon panties he had on underneath. The saucy panties featured a colored picture of Princess Belle right in front. Roland just had to touch that printed-on picture and repeatedly rub his hand over it and downward over Brad's small penis that was standing up in his panties. "Gees, these are nice panties you have on, Brad. Does your daddy let you wear nice panties like these all the time?" Our boy nodded. "Well, you are a lucky little sissy boy, aren't you?" He again nodded yes and added, "Oh, yeah, I love my panties. Mommy takes me shopping for panties all the time. Do you want to see my panty drawer?" That set back Roland for a second. Wide-eyed, he answered, "Damn right I do!" But then Trish got up the nerve to speak. "Maybe next time, honey. Our new friend Roland has to go home now and you two have to get to bed." Thankfully, Roland didn't push the matter. Trish had been watching all this with horror in her eyes. Finally, aching sore from her thorough fucking, she was able to struggle up to her feet, still pulling together her clothes and trying to straighten herself out. She shooed both the kids out and then slowly followed to get them into bed.

Just as soon as they left, Roland said, "Damn, man, you have two really great kids. Prime white meat kids ready for the fucking." I moaned, "Please, don't." He just glared at me. "If I want to fuck your kids, I'm going to fuck them, understand, faggot?" I nodded. "Just look at what those two little slut kids of yours did to me." He was pointing down to the huge bulge in his trousers. "You better get over here and suck this down so I can go home; otherwise I'm going to have to go upstairs and molest both your kids. I hurried over to him, hoping to end this night and send them all on their way. I wanted to suck off Roland before Trish got back and saw me doing it. As I was about to go down on my knees before him, he told me to take off my shirt and pants. I didn't want to because if my wife came back in she'd not only see I was giving him a

blowjob but also wearing her pink panties, but I was in no position to stall or haggle. I stripped down.

"Nice, pink panties, just like I told you to wear. No wonder your boy wears panties with such a pussy for a daddy!" I didn't say anything; I just wanted to suck off Roland and get them out of the house. "You're a damn good cocksucker, panty boy. You could make good money downing cocks!" He was taking forever to cum. I was trying to hurry it up; but he was in no hurry. Bill and Dawn sat there petting each other enjoying me being reduced to a pantied white boy slut. Just then, I heard a shriek; I knew it was Trish! "Holy cow, Ricky, you're wearing my panties and sucking cock like a faggot! Just how long has this been going on?" I had my mouth full so, of course, I couldn't answer, but I had no answer anyway, and now there was no need to rush. I hadn't wanted her to see me like this, but now that she had, so I just went back to blowing Roland, and he was enjoying every second of it. I could tell as I looked up at his grinning, scowling face. When he was finally ready to explode, he took his cock out of my mouth gave it a final few strokes and unloaded his jism all over my face. This was at least the fourth time he had cum this day and he still had a ton of cum in him, or at least he did until he painted my face with it. He was a very manly man; it made me feel woefully inadequate – that is if I could feel any lower than I did already kneeling there with his man juice dripping down my cheeks. It had sprayed into my mouth, my eyes, my nose. I was a sissy, a pink pantied white boy slut. I knew it; now everyone knew it. Altogether, they didn't say anything as Bill, Dawn and Roland got up to leave. But then on the way out, Roland said, "I'll be back tomorrow night. Make sure you are here -- and the kids too!"

My wife didn't say anything to me either. What could she say? She went first and then I was going to go second to take a shower before retiring. When she came back from her shower, she got out one of her waltz-length nightgowns (I've learned a lot of female attire terminology in recent weeks) and a matching pair of pale blue, high-waisted panties loaded with lace and frills around the legs and set them on my half of the bed saying, "Wear these to bed, cocksucker!" I then took my shower, pantied myself, slipped on the pale blue nightie and literally slid into bed. Trish was still awake. She said, "I don't want anyone fucking our kids. All that shit Roland was doing with the kids ... was that some kind of sick joke? He had to be joking. He couldn't possibly fuck kids with that monster cock of his ... I didn't appreciate his weird sense of humor. Let him fuck you in panties, not our kids." I agreed. Mercifully, sleep came quickly, but I did have a myriad of crazy dreams that night; they were all sexual dreams and none of them made sense, but why should they? My life wasn't making any sense!

The next morning I woke up with the regurgitated taste of cum in my mouth. Trish was curled up next to me with her ass in my crotch. Of course I had my normal morning hard-on and gleefully pushed it towards her sweet ass. Then I

reached around and started to play with her pussy as she slowly woke up. She rolled over on her back and I climbed on top of her as she spread her legs. I was excited to feel her giving me access to her cunt. Maybe all this craziness worked and she was now ready to regularly let me have sex with her.

Soon I was inside of her, fucking her well fucked pussy, but then she pushed me away and said, "This isn't working; roll over on your back." I did as she asked and she climbed on top of me and started to fuck me. My cock kept falling out of her as she moved. She became upset. "Fuck!" she hollered, "Your little cock won't stay in; I'm still too wet and stretched out from last night."

Then she moved her pussy up over my face and lowered it. I stuck out my tongue and she rubbed her pussy all over my tongue and nose. She went wild cumming. "Eat my pussy! Fuck it with your tongue you, panty wearing cocksucker! Clean me out, faggot! Your dick isn't big enough to fuck me. I only want big cocks from now on but I'll keep you around as my little pussy lick. From now on, you'll start wearing panties 24/7 just like our pussy boy son, and nighties in bed too. I can't stand the thought of making love to a man in a nightie and panties, but you will wear them and eat my pussy every day -- and that's all you can do with me. You will be my lesbian husband. You can still give blowjobs to all your friends, like I give a shit! Roland said you were a much better cocksucker than I am. I guess you can teach me a thing or two. Now eat my pussy like lezzie. Make me cum, again, asshole!" She went absolutely crazy on my face. It was hard for me to even get a chance to breathe. Soon, she hollered and I knew she was cumming. I then felt a liquid come out of her pussy and I was impressed that I had made her cum so hard. But it was her piss. "Drink my piss, you cocksucking faggot! That's what you deserve you little dicked queer!" She said. My God! She was pissing on my face and in my mouth. She was having a powerful orgasm as her piss continued to fill my mouth and cover my face. I couldn't help but swallow some of the warm liquid. Then she went to the bathroom, got cleaned up and ready to leave. On the way out, she said, "Tonight, you have a job to do. Along with me, we have to keep Roland drained of his cum so we won't try to sex up the kids. I agreed that I'd do my best.

Chapter 7

Before she left, Trish gave me a fresh pair of pink panties and a matching bra as she said, "Wear these today, then you can keep them and all the other pairs of my panties you've worn so far and that now are in the laundry basket. You've dirtied just about every pair of pink panties I own. Tomorrow we can find time to go lingerie shopping for you. I don't want to share my bras and panties with a little queer cocksucker." I told her it would be too hard to keep the bra hidden while I was at work, so I'd just wear the panties until I got home. She got angry. "You will wear both a bra and panties 24/7 from

now on; Roland wants you to wear them, so you will. If any of the macho jerks at your shop happen to find out you wear a bra and panties, just give him a blowjob to shut him up."

After work, I picked up the kids from grandma's. Lena asked, "Why do you smell funny, daddy?" Brad echoed a similar question. All I could figure is that I had been swallowing so much man cum that it was now coming out of my pours and people could probably smell it on me, so as soon as we got home I took a shower; I didn't want to smell like a scumbag. Trish then came home, hurriedly made us cold chicken sandwiches and warmed up some left over veggies. Roland was coming over at 6:30 and we wanted to be ready.

"Where do you think all of this is headed?" I asked Trish as we were getting ready. She shrugged her shoulders but then said she was looking forward to Roland fucking her again. She said he had been rough on her with that monster prick of his but she needed to experience it again, wondering if it would be just as exciting the next time. I understood, just nodded and finished getting changed. I didn't realize that the pink bra I had on showed a bit through the white shirt Trish told me to wear. We got the kids set up to watch "Beauty and the Beast" thinking that would give us enough time to keep Roland busy and drain him of his juices. Both of us realized we were going to have to figure out where this relationship with Roland was headed, and how we'd be dealing with Bill, Dawn and Tammy in the future.

When Roland showed up both of the kids heard his booming voice and came running to him. My wife and I watched as each of them enthusiastically gave him a big hug. He then surprised them as he pulled out a small gift box for each of them. The kids tore off the gold paper and then opened the boxes. From inside, each of them pulled out a very fancy pair of pink rhumba panties covered with oodles of white lace and ribbon bows. Lena said, "Oh, thank you, thank you, Roland. I love them!" Bradley grinned happily, held them up excitedly and danced around with them high in the air. "Oh, Mommy, look! Lena and I have matching party panties! Can I put them on? Can I put them on right now?"

We had hoped to avoid anything sexual between Roland and the kids and already things were now going in that direction, so I tried to tell Bradley, "Oh, no. Save them for later ..." But then Roland reached over with his big hand, slapped my face and commanded me, "Sit down, you big sissy and shut up." Thoroughly shamed I cowered and sat down. Roland's face changed from the mean scowl he had for me to a lecherous big smile he aimed at Brad as he told our little boy, "Why, of course, you can. Both of you kids come over here. I'll help you put on your new panties." That's how it started.

He took Lena first. As he reached up under her short green skirt and pulled down the white lacy panties she was wearing, she asked, "Roland that was funny. Why did you call my daddy a sissy?" He explained, "But of course your daddy is a

sissy just like Bradley." And with that, he reached over and snapped my bra through my shirt. "Faggot, get your clothes off and show your kids you're a sissy." I wasn't about to refuse or even hesitate. I knew he could kill me with one hand if he so wanted. Both our kids then stared at me with laughter in their eyes as I soon stood before them in one of my wife's pink bras and a pair of her pink panties. The kids broke out giggling but did take it all in stride.

Roland laughed in triumph, a man like that certainly always has a feeling of superiority, and now with the four of us at his feet and afraid to do anything to cross him, he probably felt even more powerful. He already had a huge boner in his dress slacks. He went back to tending to Lena. Surely it was by accident, but Lena innocently put her hand right on his bulging crotch as she steadied herself and lifted one leg and then the other to step into the new panties he held open for her. He had her keep her skirt up as he ran his hands all over her lower body, supposedly to "check the fit." She giggled and then started breathing heavily as he teased her with his hands and then left her wanting more as he patted the seat next to him on the couch for her sit down as he then reached for Brad. "You're a sissy, just like your daddy, aren't you?" Roland asked, lighting up with a big smile. Our girly son smiled and nodded. He had on a simple pink and white cotton dress and was already stepping out of his pale blue satin panties in his rush to put on his new panties. Roland held out the panties and took his time slowly pulling them up the kid's skinny legs, much to Brad's frustration who seemed to want to be in his new panties as quickly as possible, and once they were all the way up his body, he twisted and squirmed around doing an erotic dance reacting from the sensation of feeling himself encased in all that slinky nylon and crisp new lace. He had his mini dress pulled way up to his shoulders so he could look down and see all of the lacy panties decorating his body. He kept swiveling his hips like a stripper doing a bump and grind, delighting in being pantied by this big black man who then stunned us all as he said, "Kids, do you what fucking is?" Brad looked at him with a blank expression. Lena laughed, "Oh, that's a dirty word."

"No, it's not," he told her. "Fuck is the most beautiful word in the whole world. And fucking is what we do when you want to make Ole Roland happy. Don't you kids want to make Ronald happy?" They nodded in agreement as they played up to him with their new panties on full view and him molesting them with his sex hungry eyes and his calloused roaming hands. The kids didn't know what fucking meant, so Roland told them he was going to show them and then he was going to fuck them too, "And this is what I'm going to fuck you with," he said as he opened his pants and quickly pulled out his gargantuan cock. Lena and Brad both looked down and stared in awe since they had never seen one that big or that black. He had both of them put their lily white hands on it and then he showed them how he liked little children to play with his man toy. "Now, let me show you what silly white boys do for big men like me. Ricky, get over here and suck



on my cock. Make it nice and wet so I can fuck your wife with the kids watching and then I'm going to fuck your kids, sissy little Brad gets it first." As I scrambled to get down in front of him, he announced, "Kids, I'm going to teach you what cocksucking is all about. Or rather your father is going to teach you. Watch him closely as he puts my black beauty into his mouth, kisses it and makes love to it. Pay attention because you will both be doing it too."

Yes, it was supremely humiliating to kneel before him and do it with me still wearing my wife's set of pink bra and panties, but I thought this was my chance to drain him of his cum, and then maybe Trish would fuck him so well that he would again empty his cum into her and then he might be so satisfied that he'd forget about fucking the kids. So I started giving him the best blowjob I knew how. I strained my completely stretched out mouth to down as much of him as I could; I wanted to make him unload his jism like never before, but then, suddenly he pulled out of me, whacked me on the head and said, "That's enough; it's time I fuck your wife. As he told the kids to get up on the futon we had there in the rec room so

they could watch. He told me to sit in the overstuffed chair in just my bra and panties next to the kids and watch too as he had Trish get down on the couch. Then he undressed completely and waved his big cock around in front of our wide-eyed kids before mounting Trish and savagely thrusting his meat into her. She screamed, probably half in pleasure and half in pain. He was a brutal fucker. "What do you want, Trish?" he asked her. She responded, "Your big cock fucking me hard and fast. I want as much of your cock as I can get!" Roland hollered at her, "Well, I'll tell you what I want. I want to fuck that sweet little son and daughter of yours. Do you want me to fuck them? Do you want me to fuck them so they know what it's like to fuck a real man?" Trish yelled back at him, "No!" That made Roland instantly stop. "Listen, bitch, I'm going to take my cock out of you right now and never fuck you again unless you tell me you want me to fuck both your kids, and if you say no again, I will fuck them right now anyway and you will never know the pleasure of Ole Roland's' cock again." Trish was crying but had a scared, wanton look on her face. She pleaded, "No, I mean, yes. Yes, fuck my daughter and my son, yes! Yes! Yes, but first fuck me, pl-e-a-se!" Roland laughed, "Sure, bitch, anything you say!" I was stunned that my wife was so willing to give up our kids to this lecher just so she could get fucked again with his monster dick. He pounded on her a dozen bruising times and then pulled out of her without cumming. Trish looked at him in horror, "No! Please, please cum in me, please,

Roland, I love you. I want your black baby in my belly. Please fuck me and give me a black baby." He simply yanked her off the couch and onto the floor; he obviously wanted to save all his man cum for the kids. "No, bitch. Ole Roland is the one to decide when he cums and in whom he cums; you're now at the back of the line. Trish wanted to protest, wanted to milk that cum out of him, but a long mean look for him told her not to complain or he'd surely hurt her badly.

Completely naked he sat down on the couch proudly displaying his erect man meat. He invited the kids over and they slowly approached not knowing what to expect. He had them take turns sucking on the end of his cock; he surely would have loved to fuck their little mouths but his cock was just too big. He knew he's have better luck fucking them. He had both of them strip off their clothes so all they were now both wearing were their training bras and the fancy pink and white rhumba panties he had given them.

He then put Brad on his lap straddling his big cock. The boy kept staring down at it as Roland talked to him about how he

was going to fuck him with it like he had fucked his mommy. Brad looked a bit fearful but did everything the man told him to do as Roland leaned back and then pulled aside the boy's panty leg elastic. The panties were a bit large on him and that made it a little easier as the molesting old man inserted his cock up the back of the boy's fancy panties.

"Trish you small-titted slut, get over here and hold your sissy son's legs apart for me while I fuck the little bastard. And Ricky, you silly cocksucker, get over here, take some lube and grease up my cock and Brad's asshole; he's gonna need it so I don't split the little faggot right in half!" Trish held Brad and I did the grease job, and we both watched, holding our breath as that asshole black bastard tried to butt fuck our precious little boy.

Roland broke open a vial and gave himself a quick hit. Then he cracked open another and held it to Brad's nose, "Inhale! Sniff it up, sissy!" Brad did and the adult size dose made him go wild as Roland banged away at the kid's asshole until he finally got in. Brad was crying and trembling all over with tears flying out of his eyes, repeatedly he stopped breathing with had long gasps of choked silence; he could barely even scream out as he was being raped. Roland quickly blasted off with a cum that made him groan loudly like a freight train and shake all over. He just kept trembling and shaking in an unearthly way. As his penis slipped out of our son's asshole it remained up inside the kid's pink rhumba panties, cum was pouring out of the kid's gaping butt hole, surely unable to close quickly after having been cornholed by the monster cock. That invading cock then slid out from underneath the kid's panties as Roland slumped back and Brad slid off his muscular legs and down to the floor, crying, now moaning and groaning loudly.

Trish and I rushed to hold him and hug him. Roland didn't try to stop us. I turned to that big creep and started to berate him; I didn't give a shit if he would slap me around or even beat the shit out of me; I had to yell and scream at him for what he had just done. Trish, still clutching Brad in the safety of her arms, started yelling at Roland too, but he wasn't responding; he was now stretched diagonally out across the couch. He had turned blue! I knew the son of a bitch was dead! "Burn in Hell," I shouted. Then I went to the phone, called 911 and reported that some black bastard had forced his way into our home, raped us all and then died while butt fucking our son.

Since the guy was black and we lived in a redneck town, no one doubted our story. The police knew Roland as the owner of the wife-swapping bar. Besides, he had a record of sexual convictions. The cops were able to keep the details out of the local paper. Trish and I didn't say much of anything to anyone. We stayed in and abstained from sex for almost a week. We spent all our time comforting and administering to our kids, especially Bradley. I even went back to wearing my boxer shorts and tried to forget all that had happened.

Then Trish woke up one morning and said, "Here, Ricky, put these panties on." I did. With her in a dominant mood, I was willing to do whatever she wanted. Then she helped me put on a matching pink bra. I saw the kids standing at our bedroom door still dressed in their princess nightgowns. Both were giggling at me as Trish snapped closed my bra in back and then gave the bra strap an extra snap to trumpet in my brain that I had on a woman's bra like a big sissy faggot. She grabbed a pair of breast enhancers she had and stuffed them into the bra as she said, "You're a sissy fag, and I need sex, but not from you. I now know I need cocks, big cocks, and yours will never do. I going prowling for big cocks and you can do whatever you want -- suck cocks -- get butt fucked -- I don't care. Just make sure you wear bras and panties 24/7.

"Let our kids know what a freaky sissy cocksucker you are. You can be a good role model here for little Brad. He's surely going to turn out gay. He's talked about that night Roland raped him and said it hurt a lot, but he wants other boys to put their penis up his butt, just not big ones like Roland's. Even you can fuck our boy if you want with the little boy-size cock you'll be keeping in panties from now on. I'll take care of Lena. We talked about sex and now that she knows what fucking is, she says she never wants to do that with a boy; maybe she'll want to be a lesbian -- fine by me, and if that's what she wants -- I want you to give her your full support.

The nipples on the breast enhancers stuck out of the bra like they were real. But I went along with my wife wondering if our future was going to like she was outlining. Then Trish put a pink garter belt on me and told me to put on a black pair of her stockings. And I did. She fastened the stockings to the garter belt. She then gave me a tight little pink miniskirt that she had and I pulled it up over my legs. Then she handed me a white pull over sweater with pink and blue flowers on it and I put that on also. Then she gave me a low pair of white high heels and I also put them on. She told the kids to get dressed, we were all going to the mall to buy some new clothes and that especially included a lot of pink panties for daddy.

This all started simply because I just wanted Trish to give me a blowjob once in a while. It all happened four years ago, and now, my wife and I and the kids still live together. Now Trish still gets all the big cocks she wants and I get all the dick I want. Lena changed her mind about boys and fucking; she has a boyfriend, even though she says they have not had sex yet. Bradley -- yes, he's gay all right. He makes money at school giving boys blowjobs and taking it up the ass. He's just eleven years old but already has enough money to buy a nice car when he's sixteen! We sued Roland's estate in civil court and got awarded most of his possessions including Kammon's, the bar, which we still run, giving my wife and I pick of all the sex starved people that show up at the swap parties. It's been a winding road but I guess it all worked out and now all of us not only know exactly what we want we get as much of it as we want!