

The Pantied Cuckold

Volume Four

For a Birthday Present, She Wants
Her Cuckold Husband to Go Gay

Cock Teasing Wife Wants Another Black Baby

Wimp Husband Forced to Panty Train His Son

Boys Make Mistake of Laughing at Cuckold Uncle

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

Wimp Husband Forced to Panty Train His Son

Four weeks ago, Tony, our son, had the day off school and was helping clean the house when he found some pictures of me in my girlie clothes. I'm a lifelong crossdresser and when my wife found out four years ago, she lost all respect for me and told me I could keep on dressing up but other things were going to change. I write and produce independent films, so she loved our lifestyle and the crowds we ran with here in the mountains of Colorado, so Beth had no interest in a divorce, but she said she couldn't enjoy sex with a sissy husband so she was going outside our marriage for sex. She told me it was my job to keep my transvestite desires private from our son, but he's a very smart kid and if he ever did find out, she was going to have to tell him the whole story, including the fact that I was a sissy cuckold.

Tony was in our guest bedroom that also served as our office and my little dress-up room when he found photos Beth had taken of me the week before serving as the maid at a little party my wife had with Jerome, her current black lover, and some of his friends, while we had Tony staying overnight at his cousin's house. Tony then realized all the female clothes in the closet and dresser in that room were mine. I had printed out the photos on our computer the night before and forgot to put them securely away before going to bed.

I had taken some photos of my wife that night too, and Tony asked why she was kissing Mr. Dawson, who was naked with his big cock sticking up in the air. Tony knew Jerome well, but always called him Mr. Dawson, who he assumed was my friend who came to our house once a week with some of his buddies to play poker with me. However, as soon as Tony went to bed on those nights, Jerome and his buddies would play 'poke her' with my wife while I went and played at my crossdressing hobby and became their faggy cleanup boy. Well, in response to Tony's question about the photos, Beth admitted to him the clothes in fact were mine.

Our son is seventeen and a senior in high school. He figured out the rest from there and asked if I was a TV. My wife explained I was her crossdressing cuckold and told him what

that was. He accepted it without question. Beth knew our son had feminine inclinations, so she asked our son if he would like to try on some of my clothes since we were close to the same size. He was a little hesitant at first but then said OK, saying he would just like to see how he would look as a girl.

So, he pulled off his jeans and shirt and then put on one of my dresses and a wig. She told him he had to put on some panties too, and he said they would make him feel weird, but she insisted, so he did. Looking at himself in the mirror, he said he thought he looked silly, but Beth assured him that he just needed some makeup as well as learn how to stand and move like a lady. She sat him down at her vanity and in about an hour, Tina was born. When I came home and saw him for the first time, I didn't recognize him and had to take a second look. He looked so great, I got an erection. My wife pointed out my boner to Tony and told him to come to me, open my pants and see what was inside. Our Tony/Tina didn't hesitate and was soon kneeling before me undoing my belt and zipper. I was too taken aback to react at the moment. My pants opened in a V and my erection under the veil of my bright yellow nylon panties popped right out in front of our son's face. Beth told him, "Jack off your daddy through his panties. He's a panty boy and that's how he likes to cum."

As Tony started to masturbate my cock through my panties, I was overwhelmed looking at this little beauty so prettily dressed and kneeling between my legs, but I summoned my courage and complained, "Honey, I don't think we should be forcing Tony to do something people would consider gay." She looked at me and said, "You don't really know your son. He has been gay since he was at least nine when I had to drive up to his summer camp and pick him up -- not because he was sick like he told you, but because he was caught sucking another boys' cock. At the time, he made me promise not to tell you because he didn't know you were a fag sissy cuckold and thought you were like other fathers and had that macho thing going on, so I never did tell you. But now that he knows about you and accepts you, you need to know about him." That shut me up.

Then she asked Tony how he liked wearing girls' clothes; he said it was nice but he wasn't comfortable in them and afraid other people would laugh if they saw him like that. Beth explained that since he made such a beautiful girl it would greatly benefit him in attracting boys to be able to come onto

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them as a pretty girl. As our Tony — looking like the lovely Tina — continued to play with my penis within my smooth silky panties, I was knocked over when she asked him if he found me, his daddy, sexually attractive. Despite being abhorred at such a question, I kept my mouth shut because I know my place in our relationship. Tony never took his eyes off my pantied erection as he answered her, saying he did find me attractive and ever since he was five years old, he loved to see my naked dick whenever I showered or during any other chance he got. He said my dick was the first he had ever seen besides his own and he had always wanted to touch it as he was touching it now!

Beth then commanded me to teach our son how to love pretty feminine clothes and recommended I start by panty training him and teaching him how wonderful it is to ejaculate into silky nylon panties. Starting that night, I was to sleep with him in the guest bedroom with both of us in sleek satin nightgowns and frilly nylon panties and we were to tease each other repeatedly into ejaculation through our sissy girlie panties. That way he would become excited by panties as well as love wearing them enough that he would have the confidence to wear girls' clothes openly and want to wear them to attract boys. I shot my cum at that moment. Tony then licked up my jism as it oozed through my panties. He had surely sucked up cum many times before!

The next day Beth told me she was keeping Tina home from school the following week. I asked if that was a good idea and she said he already had a scholarship to Stanford and even if he missed the rest of the school year, it wouldn't hurt his standing since he already had all his credits to graduate. Then I told Beth I had been thinking that if Jerome ever saw our son as Tina he would want to fuck her or get a blowjob from her. My wife agreed and then floored me when she said she wanted to introduce Jerome to our new daughter, Tina. I asked why and she said that she thought our son would enjoy being a girl with him. Jerome was the latest black man fucking my wife every week when we had our 'poker night.' My wife told me that she was sure Jerome would want a piece of Tina's boy ass and Tina would enjoy it as much as I do whenever I have to be a cum receptacle for my wife's lover and his well-hung friends. Then she said I should be the one to educate our son/daughter on the finer points of sexually pleasing grown macho men like Jerome. She said she would help guide Tina through the process the night of his initiation into sexing big black cock, but I should be the one to teach him the basics. I told her we should think about it first, but she said it was too late as she had already made a date with Jerome for the following Friday at 7 PM at our house. She had told him all about Tina and he couldn't wait!

That afternoon Beth and Tony went to the mall. When they came back, I saw them with a bunch of packages, and about an hour later, my wife called me into the house from working in the garden and there standing in the kitchen was this pretty red haired girl. She was a knockout. I didn't know

what to say, but I told her I would never have recognized her as a boy if I hadn't known. She smiled and said she was glad and was getting to appreciate pretty clothes, adding "...especially after last night with you in bed, daddy!"

My wife had been coaching Tina, who was now moving around like a sexy little bitch. I sprouted another boner that was obvious to my wife and Tina, who looked at it hungrily like a brazen cock whore. "Daddy, can I suck on you cock?" she asked! It sounded like a wonderful idea, but I explained I was all dirty from working out in the yard and would need to be cleaned up. Still, I begged off saying to him, "Honey, I would love it, but I'm still exhausted from all the fun we had in bed last night, and I want to not just clean up but build up my stamina and save myself for the fun and games we'll play tonight in our nighties and panties while in bed."

Every day now, Tina was prancing around the house in her newfound feminine persona, and the last three days of the week, I took off work and gave our lovely little girl a thorough sex education. It was amazing and she was becoming more of a little lady than the boy she had ever had been. Finally, Friday came and shortly before 7 PM, the doorbell rang. I answered it and Jerome came in. I told him the girls were almost ready, and he told me to get him a beer and then bring them in. I had Beth and Tina come out of the bedroom and down the hallway. Tina was really hot with a shiny pink minidress and a thin white chiffon blouse; through it, you could see his bra straps and the lacy top of his pink, full-length slip. Jerome glared at Tina. He told her she was beautiful. She blushed and told him she liked all his muscles obvious through his snug T-shirt. He sat on the couch with my wife on one side and Tina on the other. He asked her if she had ever been with a black man, and she told him she hadn't but had seen and admired my black boys in the showers after gym class at school. She told him it was almost impossible to look at all those cocks and not get excited. She asked Jerome if his cock was a big one, and he told her to see for herself. She rubbed between his legs and then he put her on the floor between his legs. She unzipped his fly, opened his pants and then began to pull them down. Beth started to tongue kiss Jerome deeply, and I just sat there and watched.

Jerome's cock pushed out the front of his pants and Tina had to lift it out with both hands to get it to her mouth. She licked his shaft up and down and then sucked as much of the head as she could get into her mouth. Between my wife's kissing and my son's cocksucking, Jerome became really hard. He stood and told us we should all go to the bedroom.

Once there, he had my wife get down to her peach and angel white lingerie, and he had Tina remove her dress but keep on her sexy whore-like black and red bra and panties that he wore under his pink full slip. My wife showed us how she had cut the back out of Tina's panties exposing her butt pussy so the front of the panties could stay up keeping his/her boy dick hidden. Jerome then turned to me and told me to

suck him hard so he could fuck my son. I knelt before him and took his cock in my mouth and sucked as much of him as I could. After a few minutes, he was very hard, and my three incher was dripping cum into my panties. They ridiculed me the whole time for being a fluffer for my faggy crossdressed son and said I obviously wasn't a man if all I could produce for offspring was a cocksucking boy whore like Tina.

Finally, Jerome pushed me away and told me to go sit down and jack off in my panties while I watched. He spread Tina's cheeks, and with him bent over the bed, he battled to push his cock deep inside of him/her about halfway. I can still hear her squealing as my wife held her and Jerome repeatedly backed out only to thrust forward again, constantly working his way ever deeper. Tina's crying squeals gradually became moans of pleasure. My wife was kissing Jerome as he was fucking our boy. Tina loved the man cock she was getting. Jerome was banging into her faster and faster and almost knocked her off the bed when he finally came deep inside her. As he came, she cooed that she could feel his hot cum shoot up inside her. He pulled out, lay on the bed panting and told me to come over and clean out my bitch girlie boy.

That was something new for me and that I wasn't expecting to do, but I did it any way. While doing it, I could taste man cum as well as whatever disgusting bits my son had in his bowels. Jerome told me to suck Tina's cock and give her some added pleasure. I moved aside the front of her black panties with the red lace and inhaled her dainty little boy dick. I sucked it until it was real hard, hoping to make it cum.

My wife was kissing Jerome, and he was hard again and he told me to stop sucking Tina cock and to guide it into my asshole. During my sex training sessions that was one thing I hadn't done with Tony/Tina even though I had fuck him in the ass at least a dozen times. Well, my boy put his small penis in my butt hole and quickly came inside me!

Then Jerome had my wife straddle him and sit on his cock. I then had to clean Jerome's creampie from my wife's cunt, and Tina had to suck his own creampie out of my ass, all for Jerome's entertainment, who was now on the phone calling his friends to come over because he had a houseful of bitches needing black cock. That was three weeks ago and Jerome is now coming over each Friday night with his friends for a sex party with us that sometimes lasts all weekend. Tina is now completely sold on girls' clothes and is a masturbating panty fanatic. Being a teenager, he cums a lot and in between all the sex he gets, he still constantly jerks on his pantied erection until he soils his panties. Beth bought him two dozen pairs of panties, yet he sometimes has to borrow some of my panties because all of his are dirty! I think Tina is going to pass on her scholarship; she's so panty crazed that she would never have time to go to school and study. Besides, he wants to wear dresses all the time and he loves to humiliate me, so now I'm not only submissive to my wife and her lovers but also to my son/daughter! ♦

For Her Birthday Present, She Wants Her Cuckold Husband to Go Gay

"So, honey, what did ya get me for my birthday?" my smiling wife asked me.

Oops! I had totally forgotten, so I said, "This year, I decided I'm going to give you whatever you want, no matter how much it costs. With my promotion to plant manager at Allied Motorworks, I can afford it. I'm yours for the weekend."

Crossing her arms over her breasts, she just sat there and glared at me. "So you forgot, huh?"

"Anything you want, baby. Nothing is too good for you. Just name it!" I said happily, as I cleared the breakfast dishes and then sat in front of her and gave her a foot massage. She's a sucker for that and I knew it would gloss over my having forgotten to buy her a gift.

"Do you really mean anything?"

"Yep." I had no idea what she was thinking, but it was too late to back out now. "You always complain we never do anything new, so this is your chance."

"Oooohhh, that feels great! So many ideas are popping into my head. Give me until dinner. I'll think of something."

As I watched her pretty little behind sashay its way down the hall, I wondered what I had given her permission to do. When we'd first met, she was a wild gal. I loved it at the time, but now it worried me. She had thought many kinky things in the past, and I tried doing them to keep her happy, but now, seeing that familiar smile on her face, I could tell she was going to think up something bizarre.

Two hours later, I heard Vicky yell to me from upstairs, "Mark! Meet me in the bedroom."

As I stepped into the bedroom, I couldn't believe my eyes. The woman standing before me couldn't be my wife. "Wow," I told her, whistling softly. She had dyed her straight, blonde hair and transformed it into a full, wavy cascade of fire. Then, to match her new hair color, she had painted her nails a bright red and really laid the makeup on thick, giving her a slutty, whorish appearance that really turned me on. It was like the old days all over again. She could see I liked what I saw. "Good," she said, "Now, we just have to shave."

"Meaning what? Do you want me to watch?"

"Nope. Not me. You're the one who's going to get shaved."

As soon as I saw her smirk, I knew what she meant. She'd hinted at it for a long time, and I guess this was her chance to have it completely her way. Oh well, if this was the worst she had to offer, then I guess I could live with it. She had me shower and then got into the shower with me, lathered me up and then shaved me from head to toe. "So, are you happy, now? That's all there is to your birthday wish?" I asked.

"Not even close, buster. You promised me the weekend, and I plan to use it all. Follow me." In our bedroom, she started dressing me in her clothes. She had gotten me to wear her panties from time to time, even under my clothes to work at the plant. That was disastrous one day when I fainted because I had taken too much insulin after lunch. I woke up a few minutes later in the nurse's office with my pants open in front so she could give me a shot of glucose in my abdomen to counteract the insulin. And there I was with my lacy purple panties fully on display for her to see. The giddy young nurse sneered at me and didn't say anything about the panties, but after that, the way the workers on the assembly line treated me, I was sure she had spread the word around and everyone knew. Things really bottomed out when I started getting notes that had been pushed in through the air vents of my locker with offers to suck off some of the guys. Once, one of the notes promised me an all-expense shopping spree at Victoria's Secret in exchange for a good blowjob.

Now, here I was in our bedroom with my wife dressing me up and she wasn't stopping at panties, she was putting me in full drag. Yes, I'm a cuckold husband, but not a sissy. I admit I get enjoyment out watching my wife have sex with other men, and I love it when she gets plugged and royally fucked by a guy with a great big cock. After working all day putting engines in the new crossover vehicles, the guys get pretty greasy and dirty and always shower at work. Well, I used to brag to my wife that I knew the size and shape of every penis of the guys working at the plant, and after I told her which of them had the biggest dicks, she made a point of coming onto them and getting some of them guys to fuck her! You have no idea the humiliation a guy feels if he comes home to find his wife being fucked by some man you work next to every day!

Now she had me in pink panties — the only color for a sissy cuckold she said. Then she followed that with a white satin garter belt to which she attached long black stockings she had teasingly drawn up my legs, then a big padded pink bra, and a white half-slip before topping it all off with a slinky, pearly pink short-skirted dress. Just then, I noticed our video camera set up and running in the far corner of the room. I was about to complain, not ever wanting anyone to see me dressed like that, but she just said, "Smile!"

I was expecting her to put some of her shoes on my feet, but she said they wouldn't fit me so she just had me get up on the bed. "Lie down," she told me, "And spread your arms and

legs." I knew what was coming next. We'd played this game a few times before, and I'd actually enjoyed some of it, but now with me in drag. "As least use the padded ones, please?"

"Of course, anything for my sweet sissy husband."

A minute later, and I was handcuffed face up on the bed, each of my hands and feet secured to one of the bedposts with fur-padded cuffs. She then climbed on me, pulled up my dress and half-slip and started sucking on me through the sensuous panties. "Oh, that feels good, baby. Mmm, ohhhh, yeah." This was great even though I wasn't into dressing up in her clothes; I wasn't a fag, and I didn't eat creampiees like other cuckolds. I was just a 'normal' guy who liked to watch his wife get fucked by other men.

One thing I had loved about Vicky having had sex with an endless number of experienced men was that they had taught her to be a champion cocksucker. Many mornings I would wake up to find her pretty lips wrapped around my dick, just waiting for some breakfast cum, and today, she was in rare form. She started slowly, just taking my dick head into her mouth, but quickly progressed from there, alternating vacuum sucking on the down strokes and blowing in on the up ones, she took a bit more into her mouth each time, eventually ending up with her lips pressed up against my pink pantied balls. That's one advantage of having a smaller than average size cock, a gal can take the entire thing in her mouth and still stick her tongue out and lick your balls! "Ohhhhhh, fuck, yeah!" I groaned, pleading for more.

"You like that, eh?" she teased. "Would Mark like more?"

"You know I would, you slut."

"Mmm, too bad this is my weekend, not yours." For a moment, I was afraid that meant the blowjob was over, but she added, "Then again, I think I would like some more." This time, she took a deep breath and swallowed by dick up and kissed my balls again. "Oh, shit! That's it!" I growled, "Here it comes!" She pulled back and let me fill her mouth with my explosion of cum. As I felt spurt after spurt of my creamy white stuff shoot out and fill her mouth, she backed off my cock completely and the final spurt came flying through the panties I had on and landed on my stomach covered by the shiny, white bunched-up half-slip. "That was incredible," I panted, still unable to believe how hard I'd cum. Smacking her lips together, she climbed off the bed and walked across the room to her dresser.

With her back to me, she was digging in her dresser drawer where she kept her sex paraphernalia and then fiddled around with something before coming back to me. "I have something nice for you," she whispered in my ear, and a moment later, she shoved something into my mouth. I tried to spit it out, but she pushed in all the way, as I tried to complain. Whatever it was, it had straps attached to it, and she took the little belt-

like straps and buckled them around my head to hold the thing in place! “Mmmph! Hmmmph!” was all I could say as I tried but couldn’t push the object out of my mouth. Then, as the initial panic faded away, I realized what it was.

“Ohhh, you look so pretty, my little cocksucking whore of a husband,” she teased. “Don’t you love it?” The hand mirror she was holding up showed me exactly what she had done - not that I needed it. She had fitted her favorite penis gag over my face, but only after coating it with my cum from her mouth! I wasn’t a cocksucker or even a cum sucker, and I wanted to spit out the penis-shaped gag, then run to the bathroom and wash my mouth out, but I couldn’t. It was as secure as my handcuffs, and she knew it.

“Now, Mark, I’m gonna go out for a few hours for a little bit of hot sex since it’s my birthday, but I’ll be back to play some more later.” Slipping a tape in the VCR, she hit ‘play’ and smiled. “I think you’ll like this one,” she told me, “I do. As I tried desperately not to think about the cum-coated plastic dick in my mouth, I saw an image appear on the screen of a big titted woman giving a blowjob. How fitting.

“I combined five of my favorites on this tape - that’s almost eight hours - so I don’t think you’ll get bored.” As she finished putting on her jewelry, she gasped and said “Ooops! I almost forgot.” Grabbing the remote from the floor, she cranked the volume up to thirty - a setting we usually only use for music videos. Then, coming back to the bed, she leaned down and told me “These tapes have the greatest audio, you really gotta love it. Every scream, every cry, every grunt and every groan. Not only that, but they really love to talk dirty about what they’re doing. Enjoy!”

Now, I was worried. Looking up at her with my pleading eyes, I hoped she’d at least remove the gag. Far from it, she squeezed my cheeks and laughed, “Smile, honey - you’re on candid camera!”

Only then, did I remember the video camera grinding away. Gulping in surprise, I couldn’t help but taste my saliva and cum trickling down my throat, aided by her squeezing my cheeks. Vicky gave me a quick kiss on the nose and was gone, closing the bedroom door on her way out. Alone, I decided to make the best of things and enjoy the video, even if I couldn’t masturbate to it.

The scene suddenly changed, showing the guy now on his knees, while the blowjob-girl held his head against her tits. At first, I couldn’t understand why he looked so disgusted, but then the camera panned out to show him being butt fucked by another guy while he sucked her nipples! Then the woman stood in front of the man and dropped her panties and a big cock popped out, which she stuck it in the guy’s face and made him give her a blowjob. The poor guy was being fucked in his mouth and his ass and he appeared to be both disgusted and excited about it!

Still tasting cum in my mouth, I grimaced in disgust and closed my eyes. Unfortunately, I could still hear the big-breasted transvestite screaming, “Oh, yeah, you look so pretty with a big, fat cock in your mouth. Suck my meat, baby, lap it up as I spray your sissy-face with girlie-boy cum! Mmm, don’t fight it baby, just suck it up!”

I wasn’t into fag boys or transvestites, despite how I had been forcibly dressed. I tried not to watch. I tried not to listen. It was no use. The audio was very descriptive as Vicky had said, and my imagination was happy to provide the pictures — but with me in the place of the cocksucker on screen. Upset with myself, I tried to ignore the fact that I was getting hard again. It was a long night. Three hours? Four? I had no idea. The videos got worse. No willing women in the movies, just wives and mistresses making their sissified husbands and lovers dress in drag and down cocks or take them up their pantied asses. Suddenly, I heard my wife come in and say, “Hi, baby!”

She was bouncy and in high spirits. I knew she was happy and drunk on sex; I was sure she had been supremely fucking some guy all during the time she was gone while I was forced to watch one queer fucking and sucking video after another.

“Ummmm. Mmmnnngghhh. Urrrgghhh,” was all I could say. “Sorry, darling,” she said, “but I can’t understand a fucking word you’re saying.” Sitting down on the edge of the bed, she smiled and told me “You really shouldn’t talk with your mouth full.”

“Uuuuaaggghhh!” It was no use. Until she removed the gag, there would be no way for make her understand me. “Mmm. I see you’re enjoying the show.” As her nail traced a line up and down my erect cock that jumped up with my panties in response to her touch. “All nice and hard from watching these gay movies, huh, dear?” I felt like I would die of embarrassment. For hours, I had been forced to watch guy after guy being orally and anally raped while girlfriends/wives/etc. looked on in delight, vocally urging them on.

“Would you like to cum? Huh? Would you?”

“Mmmnnngghhh.” Grunting, I nodded vigorously. Taking my nodding as a sign of my agreement, she wrapped her hand around my cock and began jerking it up and down. I would have preferred her lips or her pussy but would gladly take her panty wanking me. It wasn’t long before I was ready to cum. Thanks to hours of intense stimulation without release, my cock was harder than ever. “Come on, my little girl, Markie, cum for me, panty boy,” she urged me on with a gentle twist to her masturbating hand. Vicky began pumping faster and faster. For a brief moment, I was able to forget the movie playing behind her and focus only on us. “Unnnngghhh!” Bucking my hips off the bed - as far as the handcuffs would allow - I watched my cock explode, my cream spurting

through my panties with such force that it put ribbons of jism up my chest all over the minidress pushed up by the padded bra underneath. One glob even hit my chin since my wife was aiming my pantied cock up toward my face, probably hoping some of it would make it all the way to my mouth. Happily, for me it didn't, but I didn't miss her intentions. It made me grateful for the gag just in case it would have made it that far!

Standing, she walked over to her dresser and rummaged through the bottom drawer. Suddenly, my stomach began to knot, as I feared what she was looking for. When she returned to the bed, a triumphant smile on her face, I knew she had. Doing my best to twist and turn away from her, I watched helplessly as she scooped my cum off the dress and my face as well as the panty column covering my penis, collecting it into a small pink funnel the size of a shot glass. She had one finger over the bottom to keep it from leaking. After she had gathered all she could, she crawled up the bed toward me. Her fingers were coated with my cum and she began spreading it around my nose and mouth still crammed full with the penis gag. Disgusted, I turned my face away and was rewarded with an eyeful of her cummy fingers. Surprisingly, it really stung, bringing tears to my eyes. "I'm sorry," she cooed, "But you made me slip." Swallowing my pride, I remained motionless as she finished my sperm facial. "Oh, you look so pretty," she howled, bouncing up and down on the bed, "with you in your pretty dress with cum all over your face." Then, running a cum-covered finger over my gag, she leaned down and whispered, "If you like that, you're gonna love this!" With that, she pried open the plug on the gag and popped the funnel in the hole. Jiggling it back and forth, she smiled at me and said "We're gonna fill it up good! Bet ya never thought of using it like this, hmm?"

She was right. In the past, we had filled the dildo portion of the gag with things like beer and wine for her to suck on as she fucked one of her guys. I had never imagined anything like this. Oh well, at least I knew she couldn't force me to suck it. Of course, I wondered what else she had in mind.

"Ooooh! We filled it right to the top," she laughed, withdrawing the funnel to allow a small stream of semen to run down my cheek. Then, bracing my head between her knees - so I wouldn't turn and spill the cum - she asked, "Are you ready for me to fill your sissy-mouth with cum? Huh? Just like they do on queer videos?" Unable to shake my head 'no,' I had to rely on my eyes to show her how much I didn't want to do this. Either she didn't notice or she didn't care. Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out something that looked like a small rubber ball with a nozzle on it. The fact that it was pink assured me it was meant for the gag. "This little doo-hickey cost me an extra twenty bucks," she complained, "But is worth every penny." Screwing it onto the cum-filled hole, she grinned and cooed, "Open wide, darling - here it cums!" Every time she squeezed that ball, the rubber penis shot a little spray of my own cum into my mouth. Again and again she squeezed and again and again I felt my mouth

being filled with cum. I had no choice but to swallow or choke on the stuff, so I swallowed each spurt, hoping it would keep me from tasting it too much. In the end, it made no difference, I'd taste my own cum well after she removed the gag.

"Well, now that you've been milked and fed, I'm gonna go downstairs and play with a few of my new friends." She then removed the pump, sealed the dildo shut and climbed off the bed. Smiling at the look of confusion on my face, she began peeling off her clothes, exposing her slutty lavender lingerie. "Mmm. Do you like how I look?" she asked. Giving her ass an exaggerated wiggle as she left the room, she told me, "If you're lucky, maybe I'll bring some of my friends upstairs to play with my gay husband. Would you like that?"

I started to shake my head 'no,' but she slammed the door shut as soon as she finished the question. Painfully aware of the sounds and pictures still coming from the TV, and the taste of cum in my mouth, I wondered again what I had I gotten myself into. For the next two hours, I just lay there, trying to ignore the video but becoming increasingly aroused despite the horrible situation.

"Hi, honey!" Startled by the voice, I looked up to find two naked guys carrying my wife through the door, while a third held it open. "Sorry to leave you out of our fun for so long, but we kind of got carried away." If she was aware of the pun, she gave no sign.

Oh fuck, what did she have in mind now? Judging by the sweat on their bodies, my wife's disheveled hair, and the guy's limp cocks, I could only hope they were too spent to do anything to me. Then I recognized the one guy; it was Ray, a big black man who worked in the foundry at the plant. The other two guys looked familiar too. I knew they worked at the plant too.

"We've got a really special treat for you," Vicky sang from her perch, resting comfortably in the grasp of the muscular men, her hands clasped tightly against her pussy. "You know," she told me, "They say you can't have your cake and eat it too but, since it's my birthday, that doesn't apply." As she nodded, the third guy came over the bed and removed my penis-gag. Relieved, I tried to ask her what the fuck she thought she was doing, but he clamped a hand over my mouth at the first sound. Nodding, the guy moved as close to the wall as he could and waited for his friends. Holding my wife aloft with one guy on each side, from the foot of the bed, they walked her over me until her pussy was just above my mouth. "As you've probably guessed," she told me, "these fine young men have all had my cake - or pie, I guess you could say - but I've saved the eating part just for you."

At that, the guy nearest the bed took his hand from my mouth and placed some kind of clamp on my nose. "Ow! That fucking hurts!" I cursed, feeling the pressure on my nose.

“What the hell do you think...” Suddenly, I was unable to continue the sentence as the two guys carefully deposited my wife onto my face, making sure her gaping, raw pussy was directly over my mouth. That wouldn’t have been so bad, but even before her cunt touched my lips, I felt a colossal load of hot, gooey semen fall into my mouth. Surprised, I swallowed it, only to be rewarded with what seemed an inexhaustible supply drooling from her pussy.

“Ohhh, yesss,” Vicky cried out while humping my face. For my information, she shouted out what had been going on downstairs. “You should have seen it, honey. I walked right into the bar at Louie’s, flashed my tits and asked who wanted more and invited them to come home with me and fuck my brains out.”

Oh, shit! Louie’s was the bar a block away from the plant where I worked and all of the guys went there for drinks after work! And this is where she picked up these guys to fuck her!

“Yeah,” added one of the guys. “She had about a dozen guys follow here to your house and she’s been fucked by one after the other for the last two hours. She kept her pussy propped up on a pillow and told us to keep filling her up and not to fuck her too roughly to prevent any from spilling out, and now she’s giving you her birthday present!”

Disgusted, I was trying my best to hold my breath but was quickly reaching my limit. A muscle-bound black guy, one of the men who had been carrying her rasped, “When we was done, your bitch had us all jerk off all over her cunt. Said she wanted it covered inside and out.” Ramming a fist down on my stomach, he forced me to take another breath and receive another load of semen in the process. “You is probably downing about twenty loads of cum, white boy.”

“Oh, fuck yes!” Vicky screamed her ecstasy to the whole neighborhood. “I let a bunch of your work buddies fuck me silly, Mark, and you’ll be delighted to know that many of them asked about you, asking things like ‘what color panties did you have on today’ and ‘how much do you charge a guy to take down your panties and fuck your ass.’ Well, panty boy, I saved all their ooey, gooey, hot and tasty cum just for you!” she giggled triumphantly while frantically humping my face, and the guys kept hitting my stomach to force me to open my mouth to breath and take in all the slim draining from her cunt. She cried “Oh, fuck, shit, yes! That’s how I like it, hon. Suck my pussy! Eat their slimy cum, my sissy panty boy!”

“Oh, man! He’s really lapping it up!” cried one of the guys. “Shit! He’s sucking our cum from her like a baby at a mother’s tit.” The other guy added, “Yeah, and look at the fucking hard on he’s got!” Followed by laughter and, “Of course he does! When he’s done cleaning up our generous helpings of semen-surprise, he’s gonna want desert!”

What the hell were they talking about? Could they really believe I was a willing participant in this debauchery? I wanted nothing more than to escape, puke my guts out, take a long shower, and get as far away from this lunatic called my wife as possible. Instead, I was still guzzling the unending streams of cum dripping from her pussy, forced to swallow them if I was to breathe. What’s more, she hadn’t left me much room to breathe, and every time I inhaled, I helped suck out a little more cum.

“Might as well just relax and enjoy yourself,” one guy whispered in my ear. “After all, we got all this on video and we’ll have it on sale at the plant for \$20 a copy.” Terror now slowly replacing my disgust, I listened while he idly speculated as to what my boss, coworkers, friends, and family might think of my performance.

“Thank you, honey,” Vicky panted from above, “This was the greatest birthday present I could have ever imagined.” ♦

My Cock Teasing Wife Wants Another Black Baby

“Now, now, Danny boy, if you force me to decide between you and Leroy, you might not like my choice.”

“I was afraid you might choose Leroy over me if I demanded you stop seeing him. I love you with all my heart and soul but look at it from my perspective; I’ve been a laughing stock. Both you and I are as white as sheets yet we have a black baby, not even a beige or a tan baby — a black as coal black baby! And you don’t help. When we’re out, people naturally assume we adopted little Leroy Junior; however, you’re always quick to add that you’re his biological mother and you introduce me as the father. They look at us as if we’re from outer space. People aren’t dumb, honey! They know some black guy fucked you, not me! They probably wonder if I stood by like a pervert and watched!”

“But, Danny panty boy, you are the father! Not the biological father, of course, but the father none the less — and a very good father I might add.”

“Thank you, honey, but that’s not the point. Don’t get me wrong, I love being the father to little Leroy. And please don’t call me panty boy.”

“Little Leroy?” Liza said with a smirk on her face.

“Leroy Junior, I mean. That’s another thing. I’m glad he’s almost fully toilet trained, because it still stuns me when I have to take him out of his diapers and see his, his...”

“His cock? Having a hard time saying it?” she laughed again. “It’s big, isn’t it? Just like his real daddy. I’m sure he’s going to grow up and have a monster cock. He’s just three years old, yet his penis is probably bigger than yours already.”

“Oh, that’s not true, dear.”

“Pull down your pants and let’s see.”

“Oh, that’s not necessary, Liza. Yeah, the kid has a big one, all right, but let’s get back to the point I’m trying to make. I love the kid, but especially out in public, it’s embarrassing, and now you want to have another black baby with Leroy. Why does he want you to have another? Doesn’t he have any regard for my feelings?”

“Well, why should he? He’s my lover, not yours. He worries about my feelings, not yours. Or are you such a pussy boy that you have been thinking of going gay to get some manly attention too?” Liza laughed at her joke.

Danny cringed and shook his head. “Baby, you know that’s not the case. I like women, not guys, and I love you, and if I had a little bigger penis, I know I could satisfy you as much as any of those black guys you hang around with for sex.”

“But you don’t, Danny panty boy! Your penis — I don’t know if ‘penis is the right word for one so little — and it is very little, my little puppy,” Liza said with a broad smile while waving around her little finger. “And as for calling you ‘panty boy,’ you are a panty boy. You’ve worn nice ladies’ panties many times in the past, and I think you liked it.”

“Hon, that’s not true. When you of you made me wear those panties, it was as if you were cutting off my dick. The panties made me feel like even less of a man then how you always treat me. Sometimes, I think you just want to shame and ridicule me. Is that what it’s all about?”

“Danny, I love you. I just like to have a little fun sometimes.”

“You’ve made me do some awfully shameful things in the past, and it’s high time I put my foot down and tell you that enough is enough! I have put up with you running around with other guys anytime you want to have sex because I know I can’t satisfy you. Your pussy is now so stretched out from those monster cocks that I can’t cum inside you because there’s no friction. We haven’t tried in a long time, but whenever I used to try to screw you, my cock felt like it was flopping around inside an oven mitt. I couldn’t feel you — it was just warm, sloppy and wet inside you! I’m sorry I don’t have a big dick like your lovers, but I still love you in every other way, but you humiliating me makes my life miserable.”

“Danny, I still do love you — and in every way except for having sex. Isn’t that enough? You yourself freely admit you

can’t satisfy me, so I don’t think it’s wrong for me to want to have a little sexual fun in my life, wherever I can find it.”

“A little? Like almost every night until four or five AM?”

“Now, who’s watching the clock each night? You should be getting your sleep, not waiting up for me. You know you need your rest so you can do a good job at the office. That brokerage firm just wouldn’t be the same without you. And you have to admit I have helped you be the most successful stockbroker at your company. All of my black friends go to you whenever they want to buy stock, and they buy a lot of stocks from you, don’t they?”

“That’s true, but that’s off the point again. I’m talking about how humiliating it is to be me with a wife who has black lovers and a black baby and now wants another black baby! Besides, I feel sleazy dealing with those black guys who come to me for investing. You can’t fool me, I know their money is all from drugs and hookers; they don’t even try to hide the fact. And when they do come in to me, they make me feel like a worthless wimp.”

Liza was laughing. “I liked your expression ‘when they come into me’ — do they cum in you, honey? If they don’t, maybe that’s what you need. Maybe you are turning gay on me. You already like to wear girlie panties.”

“Liza, that’s not funny. Don’t make such jokes. And that’s not true about the panties! I hate wearing panties. It upset me when you made me wear them in the past. I’m glad you don’t make me do that anymore. Can you please help me out, here? I’m leading a sham of a life; it’s embarrassing to be me. If you love me, why can’t you make me happy like you make other guys happy?”

“Well, dear, I don’t know what else I can do. After all, you’ve always said, ‘A happy wife is the way for a man to have a happy life.’ Right? Well, I’m happy — happy as can be, so now has your philosophy changed? Now, I want to be even happier by having another baby, and if you are against it, maybe you should take that up with Leroy.”

“Oh, gees, no, honey. He doesn’t respect me. Um, the last time, I said, ah, said something he didn’t like, I thought he was going to ... he looked at me and I was ...”

“Scared? So you are really scared of my sweet dear Leroy? He thinks the world of you. If you don’t want me to have another baby by him, go talk to him about it.”

“Honey, I can’t. I’m afraid he’ll beat me up just for asking. He’s so big and strong and whenever I say anything to him, he squints his eyes and frowns. I can sense he’s on the verge of pounding me into the ground.”

“Yes, some of Leroy’s friends are bad people, and they don’t

put up with any shit, but my Leroy is a sweetie, and he would never hurt you, at least not hurt you badly even if he was in a sour mood, and that's because you're my husband and he likes you being my husband. You shouldn't be afraid of him. By the way, Danny love, do you remember the time Leroy and you had that fight? It was the first time he came over to the house and had sex with me in our marriage bed, and he ordered you to get out of bed because he had a powerful erection and he couldn't wait for our date the next night."

"P-Please don't r-remind me. I-I've been trying to forget about that for a long time. I-I've even considered going to a hypnotist to help me forget."

"That maybe the wrong approach, maybe you should be trying to remember the lesson he was trying to teach you. He didn't hit you that hard, just a bit harder than I did, but his forcing you to wear my panties and watch him fuck me did make you realize that he is the man in this house. Yes, he did laugh at you afterwards with your face buried in my pussy eating up his cum with your skinny ass up in the air swinging back and forth in my pink panties. I loved it when he kept snapping the elastic on your panties the whole time. He wasn't being disrespectful to you; he was just having some macho man fun. Men like Leroy can't help themselves when they are with a wimp like you. When you put on my panties without even a peep of protest, he was in hogs' heaven."

"Yeah, his snapping my panty elastics really hurt. No, don't laugh. Snapping them like that repeatedly builds up to be very painful. Please, Liza, I-I don't even want to go there. That was years ago. I-I..."

"Danny panty boy, remember Leroy made you wear panties every day for a year or more after that. Just thinking about it, I remember how sweet you were during that time. Just why I ever let you go back to men's undershorts, I don't know. How did it happen that I let you out of wearing your panties?"

"Honey, I asked you if I could stop wearing them and you said I had been so good that it was OK with you, but I had to ask Leroy. Well, I did ask him. I guess I caught him at a good time. He had just had sex with you and was eating a huge slice of fresh blueberry pie a la mode I had made, and after I asked him, he said OK."

"Now, see that was easier than you thought. So, now, why don't you just go up to him and tell him you don't want me to have another one of his babies? But I warn you, I'm sure he won't be pleased to hear you don't want his baby."

"Oh, I have nothing against his babies; it's just that I'm already pressed to the limit. I would have a hard time taking care of a baby as well as a toddler plus hold down my job!"

"You know, Danny, you've been getting pretty uppity lately.

Just now, I realize you were much nicer when you were pantied. I kept all those panties we purchased in your size. Maybe you need to start wearing them again so you remember your proper meek little role in this marriage."

"N-NO! Liza! P-Please don't think about making me wear panties again. It was so embarrassing. So many people found out about it! You were telling everybody who would listen that I, your husband, wore lacy girlie panties like a faggot. You know I'm not a fag, why did you torture me like that?"

"I was just keeping you in line, and look at you talking back to me now. You've been backsliding more than I thought ever since we let you out of panties."

"Liza, let's just drop this conversation. I thought this was all past us. And please, d-don't ever tell anybody again that I-I ever wore panties. It was only recently that the guys at work stopped teasing me about it. I don't know how they found out, but it was bad! I used to find notes on my desk like 'show us your panties, cutie.' And 'Meet me in the restroom in ten minutes, sweetie, and make sure you have your pretty panties on.' It was so humiliating. If I wasn't the firm's #1 broker, I would have been fired. Those are very conservative guys down there; usually, they don't put up with anything that's not in keeping with their rather macho image. I have no idea how they ever found out. My boss was giving me bad looks for ages. And most of all, please, don't remind Leroy of those times. He may want me to..."

"Yes, Danny, he might want you back in panties. Yes, this is important; I will have to tell him. I'd be in trouble with him if I didn't. Not only him, but what about your mom? You know she helped me pick out over half of the four or five dozens of nylon panties we bought for you. They were all so very lacy and frilly. And the funny thing was that your mom was really delighted because most of them were in various shades of pink and lavender - your mom's favorite colors."

"Oh, OK, Liza, I give up. I know when I'm beaten. You and Leroy go ahead and do your thing. I guess I'll have to plan to have another mouth to feed about this time next year. But can you promise me that this will be the last one? It's not cheap or easy raising a bunch of kids these days."

"You'll have to take that up with Leroy, darling. Besides, both our moms, and especially your mom, indicated that they'd like us to have a bunch of babies. You know they want a lot of grand kids. I can't wait to tell them about my idea that we should put you back into your sissy panties."

"Please, honey, don't tell them that! I know they both have mentioned that they want you to have many babies, but it hurts me to know that even my own mom doesn't care that your babies aren't mine. That's cold for a mom to say to her son." Danny sat down and hung his head in his hands.

"Come on, panty boy, I know you've had some difficulty from time to time with this arrangement of having to share me with other men, and occasionally their buddies, but that is no reason to be angry or upset at my wanting to please my lover the way I do. It's not to demean you. It's done to show him I think more of him than just as a guy with a hard dick for my hot pussy. You know I love you in a different way than how I love him. Overall, we have a great marriage. Plus, you know I'm being well taken care of between your mouth and Leroy's cock. How many husbands can say with certainty that their wives are fully satisfied sexually? You can. You know so. I also know you love Leroy Junior as if he is your own. And our parents, they really are super supportive of us. I really couldn't ask for better in-laws, and I know you get along well with my parents too. That reminds me. I did forget to tell you something your dad said to me about six months ago. He said even he liked you much better when you were in panties, and he admitted he used to get a kick out of it when you would bend over and he would see the pink nylon and waist elastic peek out above the top of your slacks or when he could see a bit of the lacy legs of your panties whenever you wore those nice short shorts I got for you. I still have those shorts. Yeah, I did get them in the ladies' department, but they were so cheap and so cute on you. As soon as you're back in panties, I'll get you into a pair of those shorts again and have you prance around in front of your dad. I would like to have Leroy there too. He'd love seeing your dad going wild over you mincing around like a fag. Do you think your dad is gay for having said something like that to me? What do you think? Is he turned on by guys, by boys in panties?"

"Liza, how could you say something like that? My dad is as straight as an arrow. He was in the war and everything. Seriously, did he really say those things to you? He's not gay; he's my dad!"

"I swear he said it. I wish I had remembered to tell you about it before now."

"I'm sorry, Liza. Can we forget about the panties thing? I'm so sorry; I was just trying to act like a man again instead of a pantywaist cuckold because it's not the way I want it to be between us. I feel so inadequate around Leroy, and making me wear sissy nylon panties makes me feel like even less of a man. And now I'm going to feel weird around my own dad! Damn, I guess I'll have to get over it and accept it as fact that you'll be getting pregnant by Leroy again. But, honey, can we forget all this we said about me and the panties?"

"Sorry, Danny, it's all your fault. If you had not been backsliding all this time, then I could forget about it, but I've been blind to how your respect and love for me and everyone else around here seems to have deteriorated. We need to get you back into shape, and I'm sure panties are the answer."

Danny hung his head. He was speechless when she said, "As my husband, you should be happy Leroy is making up for

your inability to get me pregnant and keep me satisfied."

Danny was silent and just looked at his beautiful wife, but she wanted him to say something. She wanted to hear him say it. "Well, I guess it doesn't matter what I want. It seems like the more I say, the worse it is for me. I wanted to plead with you not to have another baby and now you're on a mission to get me back into my sissy panties. I suck Leroy's cum out of your pussy after he fucks you, I work like I'm the nanny and the mother to Leroy Junior, plus I hold down a full-time job. Isn't that enough? By putting me back into my panties, are you trying to make a queer out of me? It sounds like you'll want me to suck cock next!"

"Danny, my dear husband, what's so bad about sucking cock? You're so funny; you sound like a homophobe. You eat man cum out of my pussy. There's no big difference if you were to get it directly from a nice strong cock. Besides, a big firm dick in your mouths feels soooo good."

"Liza, no! It's not the same, I'm not queer. I'll never do it!"

"Well, my sweet little hubby, I think you would make a great cocksucker, so don't get all hung up about it being gay and all. I want you to know that your eating me out after Leroy has shot his cum deep in me is even more pleasurable than him fucking me. I cannot live without having you do that for me. It's a precious intimate thing between us that bonds us just as close as how I feel about having babies for him. Please don't forget that, my love. OK?" As his wife spoke, her tone had an edge to it, as she was looking straight into his eyes. It was obvious she was very serious.

"OK, Liza, whatever you say. But can I get a 'no' on the idea of me wearing panties?"

She just shook her head. "Of course not. I have to tell Leroy all about it; you would have to take that up with him."

"I guess I better forget it. He doesn't like me. He doesn't even respect me for all that I do for him."

"Of course, he respects you. He's always remarking how good of a job you are doing raising Leroy Junior. You're teaching him so much — the kid is really smart. You already have him starting to read and he's just three. That's amazing."

"Well, I spend a lot of time with him because you're out so much. Speaking of the boy, I don't like it when he calls me 'panty boy.' Did Leroy get him to embarrass me like that? That's embarrassing. He even says it in public sometimes!"

"Well, you know Leroy likes to call you 'panty boy' and your mom calls you that sometimes too. Junior probably just overheard it from one of them at one point. But what's so bad about that, huh? You did wear panties for a long time, didn't

you? And as a lifelong mommy's boy, it's only natural that you're a panty boy. Your mom has told me about when you were young. Cindy, your cousin, used to get you to dress up in your mom's clothes when she was ten and you were twelve and thirteen. So you have worn panties and ladies clothes long before I ever met you. You really are a mommy's boy as well as a panty boy, aren't you? Your mom told me how she always cuddled and protected you. She knew you might have it difficult in the world because you have such a little dick. She realized you needed her protection as you would be going through life. Men with small dicks can have it rough."

"Like you have to tell me!"

"Danny, talking about your mom reminds me; your mom is all in favor of me having another baby."

"You talked to her about it before you talked to me about it?"

"Now, just settle down. Your mom is always looking out for you. As you know, she loves Leroy Junior and has been begging me for a long time to have another baby. Plus, Leroy wants me to have another one to further strengthen the bond we have. Leroy does have a conscious, Danny. He hasn't demanded I leave you. He is quite content to share me with you. He's a good guy. If you could fuck me, he wouldn't mind you having sex with me too, but he knows you can't, so it's not an issue. But that's how good of a guy he is."

"How noble of him," Danny groaned in frustration.

"Now, Danny, don't be smart with me. Leroy's a good man with a conscious."

"If he had a conscious, he'd leave us alone and let you be my wife, the way it was before he came and got in the way."

"Danny, you know it's more than that."

"But he gets off on humiliating me."

"Oh, come on, be a good sport. Leroy works hard; he just likes to have some macho man fun at times."

"Yeah, like humiliating me."

"Danny, darling, you know I love you deeply, but once Leroy introduced me to his big fat prick and long-winded sexing, I knew what I wanted and had to readjust my love life to revolve around men with some real meat between their legs. What I'm trying to say, Danny, is that if it weren't for Leroy, there would be another man in his place, and believe me some of those black guys that I like are stern masters. They don't put up with any shit from wimpy white guys like you. Some of them are very scary and even carry guns, but I can't help myself. I need big hot cocks and I'll do whatever I have to do to get one in my pussy with great frequency. You have

to realize that Leroy is a gem, a gentleman and a really nice guy. Some black masters would kill you just for looking at them the wrong way. You have to learn what a sweet guy I have in Leroy."

"I see." Danny said with a sigh and in a dejected tone.

"Danny honey, you know I don't mean to hurt you when I say you're inadequate in the prick department, but that's a fact. You know it, and bless your heart, you've always sucked my pussy like a prince to make up for it. But you know I need more. I need a big sturdy, meaty dick as well as your talented mouth and tongue. There are millions of big cocks in the world, but a good muff diver like you is a rare find."

"I-I was hoping you were getting over Leroy and would come back to me once and for all."

"Danny my little panty boy, I could never go back to your little tinker toy. It's your tongue that stirs my love for you, and I love it best after I've been fucked long and hard by a muscle man with a cock the size of your forearm. We have a good arrangement here, Danny; let's not upset things, OK?"

"Liza, can't you see how humiliating it is for me? The first baby by Leroy was bad enough, but I was able to overlook that because I really and truly love you. I knew that Leroy is very persuasive and so macho and good looking; I could see why he'd turn your head and make you do things that you ordinarily wouldn't do."

"He didn't make me do anything I didn't want to do. He's everything you aren't, but he hasn't lessened my love for you. It was your mother and my mother who told me to latch onto Leroy because they knew how sexually frustrated I was with you. They persuaded me to see him more openly and not to sneak around behind your back. That's why I told you early in my relationship with Leroy how badly I needed sex and how I had no choice but to go outside of our marriage for it."

"Early? Leroy said you were going out with him for almost a year before you told me. You always said you were going to your knitting group. But I guess it was no real surprise to me what you were doing. We weren't having sex, and you were knitting that afghan for months and it never got finished."

"I was just trying to spare your feelings. I knew you knew I was having sex on the side. You can't tell me that you honestly didn't know you were sucking some man's heavy loads of jism from my pussy whenever I came to bed after one of my dates. You know what male cum tastes like. You had to know it was real man cum you were slurping up and not just my pussy juice, right?"

"I guess I didn't want to know," Danny admitted shamefaced. "But in the depth of my heart, yes, I guess I knew, but I did it because I knew how great it made you feel when I ate your

cummy cunt. You seemed to get off even better than when you had an empty pussy. I was just so afraid of losing you. I never told you about my suspicions, but I told mother I was sure you were having sex with other men and wanting me to eat their smelly cum deposits out of your cunt, and she told me to just eat it up and get use to it if I wanted to keep you. If mother hadn't advised me, I'm sure I would have lost you."

"Well, since this is an honesty session, I should tell you that your mother did tell me the things you told her."

"She did!"

"Of course, she did, and she did it to keep us together, and she was right. I'm sure it helped you shut your eyes to what you were doing in the process of making me happy."

"Maybe you were happy, but I felt miserable, knowing I was eating another man's cum. Then, when I learned Leroy was a black man and your favorite fuck, ye gads, then I really felt like crap and a worthless scum bucket."

"Danny, are you prejudiced? Why I never! I better tell Leroy about that comment!"

"Oh, Liza, please, NO! I'm so sorry I said that. It just slipped out! I'm not a racist. You know that. Please, p-l-e-a-s-e, don't say anything to Leroy about it. I'm afraid of him."

"Maybe that did come out the wrong way. Maybe I'll forget to tell Leroy about your racist comment, but as long as we are clearing the air like this, I should tell you something else. A while ago, I asked you if you thought your dad was gay. Well, maybe he is a bit."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Danny, your mom told me that when your dad was in the Navy, he had sex with a transvestite hooker on several occasions and really loved it! He likes to recall those times while he has sex with your mother! God's honest truth! No wonder he likes to get peeks of you, his sissy son, flitting around in his skimpy pink lace panties!"

"Mother really told you that?"

"Yes, she did. I really respect your mom for her wisdom and insight and for how she raised you. You are a great husband in every way but one. That's wonderful! Most men are lucky if they have one good quality when it comes to being a good husband. Now, we'll get you back into your panties, and once again you'll be a better husband than ever."

"Liza, you just don't know how it feels to know that my own mother did this to me. Her own..."

"Danny, don't say anything bad about your mom. I will not

allow that. She was helping her son, you, to have a good life, and now she is helping us have a stable and loving marriage. Danny, unexpected events test the strength of relationships. The situation with Leroy really proved to me how much you really loved and wanted me. It helped me see how much I loved you and that you were indeed the husband I needed."

"Well I'm glad for that. I guess many husbands wouldn't have agreed to what I have agreed to with you. It's just that I love you so damn much!"

"I know you love me. I guess it was the baby shower when I really knew how much you loved me. You impressed me by arriving even though it was a girls' only event. You had on under your clothes a nice pair of lavender, yellow and pink nylon panties that your mother had bought for the occasion, and she gave me the OK to let all the ladies see what you were wearing under your feminine slacks that day. It was great! And when some of my friends pinned you down, opened your slacks and started jerking you off through your panties, you got a hard on that was bigger than any hard on I had ever seen you get, but you were crying and begging them to stop because you loved me alone and didn't want to experience sex with anyone but me. Wow, I knew then you really loved me, so I did what any loving wife would do, I took over for the ladies and jerked you off into your sweet mommy panties. And I know you loved it, didn't you, my little panty boy?" Danny could only sheepishly nod as he recalled the incident.

"While I was pregnant with Leroy Junior, do you remember I kept finding all sorts of reasons for you not to screw me? I didn't want your sissy cum anywhere near my macho man's baby. Remember how I jerked you off in panties almost every night for over three months until I had the baby. You in silky panties and my hand pussy were all you got. Remember? And you were wishing that once I had the baby I would be satisfied that I had the child I always wanted and our parents would have the grand child they always wanted. You thought that I would then forget Leroy and we would live together happily ever after as a very ordinary man and wife — even though we had a black baby! Well, I'm sure you know that the last time you tried to fuck me was before I got pregnant — that was almost four years ago. You loved my panty handjobs like I still give you when you're an exceptional husband. Well, I haven't let you screw me since because with all that fucking Leroy gave me, he ruined me from ever having sex with you again. As you said, my pussy is just too big for you; your dick is like a stubby pencil. I don't jerk you off with two hands or even one — I do it with just two fingers! It's too bad, but that's how it is; you're not man enough to properly fuck me. You need to be back in panties as soon as possible."

"Liza, those panties make me feel like a sissy. Please, not that again! Yeah, I remember the baby shower our mothers gave you. That's when I had to concede I was going to be a

lifelong cuckold. I was hoping you'd have a change of mind and m-maybe abor..."

"Don't even say that word! If a man knocks me up, I plan to have that baby. Understood?"

"OK, Liza, I'm sorry for touching that sensitive nerve but, honey, back to this idea of having another baby for Leroy, can't you talk him out of it?"

"No, darling, I can't. He told me he wanted it and let me know that in no uncertain words that I was not to try to prevent it. He made me promise to come to him ready and unprotected. The only birth control he's willing to permit is your tongue, that is after we fuck."

"Oh Liza, I-I don't believe this. Surely..."

"You can talk to him dear. Maybe you can change his mind."

"Liza, the more I think about it, the more ridiculous it seems. Why I am even talking about changing his mind? You're my wife. All I need to do is demand you ignore him and forbid you from getting pregnant by him. There, I've said it. You will stay on the pill and you are not to have his baby. It's bad enough I agree to let him screw you with my full knowledge, but I have to draw a line somewhere, and put my foot down sometime. There are some things a man just has to do."

"SLAP!"

"OWWWWE!"

"L-Liza, t-that hurt! D-Don't come near me! D-Don't hit me again! L-Look a-at what you've done... my nose is bleeding!" Danny cried because of the hard, vicious and unexpected slap across his face that hit him like lightning.

"Danny! Are you dreaming? I'm just trying to wake you up. Yes, a man does what he has to do, but the only real man around here is Leroy. Got it? Go put a cold, wet towel on your nose. That will stop the bleeding. No permanent damage, though you may be black and blue on that side of your face for a day or so. You'll be okay."

"OK, I'll get the towel and be right back."

When he returned, Liza said, "For that little outburst, I should tell you something Leroy told me. Just three weeks ago, he told me about the other thing you did for him when he was unhappy with you and said he might consider making you move out of the house. Remember?" The smirk on her face was wide and bright. Terror filled the little man.

"N-No I-I have n-no idea, t-that is other than when he made me wear t-those awful panties a couple of years ago."

"No, I'm not talking back then, I'm talking NOW! C'mon, Danny, I-I can see it in your face. You sucked his dick for him when he came by that night when I was at my mom's house, and since then, he said you did it two other times when he called. I wasn't here and he complained of an aching erection that was driving him crazy and needed relief. You did it, didn't you?" His wife said as she raised her voice and smiled even brighter and wider. "H-How c-could h-he say s-something so-so..." Danny's red face and stammering was a sure giveaway, but he still tried to pretend it didn't happen.

"Danny, darling, when he told me that, I became even more in love with you and knew more than ever that you are the ideal husband for me — a true help mate of a husband. One who truly loves his wife and who shows it by helping his wife with her other men and her having those other men's babies. When you add sucking the other man's dick to those qualities, it makes you a true gem, Danny panty boy."

"Oh, I wish h-he hadn't told you about h-him forcing m-me to do that. I-I..."

"Danny, he told both our mothers too. In fact, we had all planned it together. And when you did do it, he said he merely suggested that you help him out. He never forced you to go down on him. He said it would be a way for you to show him your love for me, and you did it. He said you were so sweet about doing it just the way he wanted it done — after you swore him to secrecy. When he reported back to our mothers and me, we were delighted to hear how you told him you 'had to get ready,' and then when you came out of the bathroom and knelt before him, you lowered your pants without being told, I might add, so that the frilly pink lace panties you had put on showed as you knelt and sucked on his rigid dick and swallowed all his sticky jism."

"I-I should've k-known h-he c-couldn't be trusted. L-Liza I-I was desperate. I-I w-was so s-scared I was losing you to him; I was sure he was going to try to take you from me, so I wanted to let him know that I can cooperate and I can get along with him, no matter what he wanted. I just put on the panties because it helped me get into the proper mood. I wanted to please him so he would not be angry with me and steal you away from me. I admit I had lost the battle. Now, I feel so ashamed, and now you, and especially our moms, must think I'm a big wuss and a horrible sissy, not a man at all, but I just did it because I thought as a man in my situation, and I had to do it to keep the woman I love."

"If you were a real man, I would do whatever you want of me, but as my husband it's OK for you to be a cocksucking, panty wearing, sissy and wuss. By the way, your mom thought it was very noble of you to get on your knees in frilly girlie panties and suck dick to keep from losing me. My mother thought it was also gallant and romantic of you. She told me she couldn't wait to see you in panties again. She wants me to show you off to my twin six-year-old nieces in

just your panties. It's about time they learn about sissy boys and how to play with a wimpy boy's penis in nylon panties. You'll love having two darling six year old baby girls jacking you off, huh, my darling panty boy?"

"Y-Your nieces? Ally and Elly? Oh, gosh! I never thought, oh, Liza, I only want you! I-I really hate that all of you found out about me putting on my old panties and sucking off Leroy. H-However, I-I guess you have a right to say that about me since I stooped so low to do what I had to do."

"That's OK, darling, my love for you is now stronger than ever before. I'll be at your side as long as you're at my side, no matter how many other men I fuck in addition to Leroy," Liza replied gleefully as she embraced her husband warmly. As they stood there intertwined with each other, Danny felt good holding the woman in his arms that he adored, even at the expense of his manliness and pride. Danny concluded that to stay in the life of the woman he loved, he'd have to keep her happy and, to do so, meant he'd have to accept being something less than a man, a cuckold — even a sissy cuckold while she was a cum bucket for real men with big dicks.

Things were silent for a moment, and then his wallowing in his thoughts was interrupted when she said in a blustering voice, "Danny darling, we'll have you start wearing panties again, right away. I know Leroy will be all for it, especially when he wants you to suck his dick from time to time. He said you did a great job, and he loved looking at you in panties. With your longish hair and your pantied butt, when he looked down at you it was as if he was looking at a skinny little white girl. Most importantly, it proved to him that you accept your lowly place in our relationship. Now that you will be pantied again — and this time permanently, I think to remind you of your proper faggy husbandly role, I should also add matching stockings and garter belts to your charming panties, maybe even a nice bra and get you into miniskirts and dresses around the house. I'll ask Leroy's opinion about putting you on hormones, but I'm sure he would be all for you growing a nice set of tits. They would be great for a sissy boy like you to show off to his two little six-year-old nieces too, huh? What do you think? I'm going to talk to our moms about it."

Danny cringed nervously in response to his wife's words. "But why do you want to be in panties and make me be a cocksucker? I'm your husband for heaven's sake!"

"Very simply — for your happiness. Danny, my dearest, you are a very 'oral' person. Maybe it goes back to your toddler days. Your mother said you suckled milk from her tits until you were in the second grade. You would even come home from school for your 'special lunch.'"

"Why did mother have to tell you that?"

"No, sweetie, it's good for me to know such things. It

explains a lot. That's probably what makes you so good at cunnilingus. At that early age, you first associated sexual excitement with your mouth. Your mother said you often had a baby erection while you sucked on her breasts, so you were sexual even at that young age."

"That's hard to believe. I was just feeding, nothing sexual."

"Oh, I beg to differ. I went on the Internet and studied all about it. Take my word for it, you're happiest when you are giving someone oral pleasure. And men who share your early childhood experience are usually just as happy sucking cock as they are eating pussy. They seem to be most excited by giving oral pleasure — regardless if they give it to a female or a male — instead of having traditional intercourse. Such men are often crossdressers too — it's in the research. So that's why we know you do love your panties and should go back to wearing them immediately. And I'm convinced more female clothes will make you even happier. See, my dear husband, I do love you. Your parents and my parents love you too. Even Leroy loves you in his own way. We all want you to be happy. We all appreciate that your income is what is providing us with a good life, so we all want to do our best to make you happy. Now, let's go upstairs and get you into some nice panties. Maybe I'll get one of my old babydoll nighties out for you to wear too. Babydoll nighties are so sexy to wear. You'll just love them!" ♦

Boys Make Mistake of Laughing at Cuckold Uncle

When their parents went on vacation, the three Roselle kids were deposited with their Aunt Peg. They had not visited her in years because their father thought Aunt Peg (his wife's sister) was crazy and her family weird. He knew she was a stern feminist and a believer in humiliating punishments. Aunt Peg didn't like most males; her husband was a wuss, and she had an especially low opinion of young boys. Mr. Roselle wished the kids could have stayed with someone else, but they couldn't find anyone else to take in the kids for the two weeks, so it was off to Aunt Peg's. Heaven only knew what outrageous stories the kids would come back to tell.

Jack, Teddy and Rosy were unfamiliar with their aunt's house, and on their first day there, thirteen-year-old Jack happened to walk into the wrong room, thinking it was the bathroom. Instead, it was the master bedroom, and Aunt Peg was pulling a big pair of pink lace panties up the legs of Uncle Mitch. Jack couldn't believe his eyes, so he stood and stared and then started laughing and screaming, "Uncle Mitch wear panties! Uncle Mitch is a faggot! Uncle Mitch wears panties!" And that's what he was screaming as he ran through the house on his way to find his kid brother and sister in the basement rec room to tell them about it. In his wake, Aunt

Peg came storming downstairs in search of Jack. She found him with his siblings, Teddy age ten and Rosy age nine. Both of them laughing crazily about the news that their uncle is a queer and wears ladies' panties. Aunt Peg's two daughters were in the room too, but they were sitting quietly, sensing an oncoming storm.

Aunt Peg grabbed Jack by his ear. "Ow! Ow! That hurts," he screamed as she pulled him along. She sat down in a big blue overstuffed chair and made him stand before her. "Listen, you nosy little brat, your uncle has special needs and he has special clothes he has to wear sometimes, and it's none of your business what you saw." Jack, with fear in his eyes, answered, "I'm sorry, Auntie. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to laugh." She pulled harder on his ear and hauled him over her lap; she yanked down his shorts and underwear. "Jack, I have a mind to make you wear some nice girls' panties too the whole time you are here just show you a thing or two." He protested, "Oh, no, Auntie! I, uh, I can't! I'm a boy! Please, don't make me wear panties like a girl!"

At the thought of her big brother wearing panties, Rosy was laughing wildly, and Aunt Peg's two daughters, Karen age fifteen and Pammy age ten, cheered in unison, "Yeah, Mommy, make Jack wear panties. Make him be a little girl!"

Aunt Peg peppered Jack's naked butt with a couple dozen smacks. He was crying and trying to escape her swatting hand but she was a big woman more than capable of holding him still for his punishment. When she was finished, she rubbed her hands over his bottom and pinched and scratched his butt cheeks to increase the pain. Then she stood him up with his pants at his ankles and his glowing red bottom facing his brother, sister and his two girl cousins as well as Uncle Mitch, now in his regular pants and shirt, standing to the side, happy to see the nosy boy getting his comeuppance.

Aunt Peg told Jack, "It would be a good idea to keep you in panties. Making naughty little boys wear pretty nylon panties is an excellent way to keep them out of trouble, and it would be a good punishment for making fun of your uncle." Through his tears, Jack moaned, "Oh, Auntie, I'm sorry. It was accident. I didn't mean to go into your room. I'm sorry I laughed. Don't make me wear girls' stuff, please?"

"Jack, I'll think about it, but I'll do it if you give me anymore trouble. You've been here less than an hour; I thought it would take you longer than that to act up. However, you did, so here's the deal: For the whole time you are here, you have to obey everyone else in the house. Understand? That includes your Uncle Mitch, my daughters Karen and Pam and even your own sister, Rosy." Then she looked at Jack's little brother, "And Teddy, that goes for you too. Now, in my experience, most men and boys are a big pain in the ass, but I'm ready for you boys if you step out of line, so don't test me. I know you and your brother have to mind your little sister at home because she is good and never gets in trouble.

Your mom told me Rosy can tell you what to do at home and if you don't do it, your mom or dad will spank you. Well, now, the same goes here; you have to mind Rosy as well as everyone else in the house, got it?" Jack and Teddy stared at Aunt Peg. Jack shook his head 'no,' saying, "Then everybody will tease and be mean to us! Teddy said, "No! I don't wanna. I hate sis making me get naked and playing with me."

"Teddy, don't talk back to me! I see you need discipline along with your nosy brother. She unceremoniously took her paddle and beat repeatedly on the little boy's butt until he was slumped over crying in pain. Now the two of you go into the bathroom and clean the tears off your faces. In ten minutes, I'll meet you up in your room for a little talk."

When the two boys entered their room, she made both of them strip naked and then told them to go to the dresser and take out clean underwear. When the boys opened the dresser drawer where they had unpacked their underwear, they were amazed to see all their boys' underpants were gone and replaced with stacks of frilly nylon panties. Both boys stood dumbfounded. Jack wanted to think it was a crazy mistake and asked, "Auntie, someone took all our underpants. There are only silly girl's things in here!"

"Boys, I didn't think I would have to panty you so soon after your arrival, but it's obvious you both need to be kept in check, and I've found that keeping men and boys in lacy nylon panties works wonders. So I had your uncle throw out all your boys' underwear and replace them with nice new girlie panties that I bought in preparation of your visit." One stack of panties was in a larger size and obviously meant for Jack, and the pile of smaller underpants surely were for Teddy. All the panties were in soft pastels with the color pink most prevalent, and they all featured lace and frills. The wide-eyed boys groaned audibly. "Now, quiet! I just sensed you would need them. Now, each of you pick out a nice new pair of panties and put them on unless you want another paddling, and even if I have to smack your butts to get you to do it, you're still going to have to wear them, so get them on!" Just then, the boys heard a sound and turned to see their Uncle Mitch enter the bedroom; he was naked except for a fancy pair of lacy pair of pink panties — the same panties Jack had seen Aunt Peg put on him a short while before.

She said, "You boys can see how nice and quiet and helpful your Uncle Mitch is around the house. He's more like my maid than my husband. He's always been my little slave and now I don't much care if you or anyone else knows. I was going to spare you from that information, but you're just like most other males — arrogant, stupid and disrespectful of females. Now, turn back around, pick out a pretty pair of your new panties and put them on. You have ten seconds!"

"Teddy was still crying from his spanking; through his tears he moaned, "Oh, Auntie, please don't make me wear panties! I'll be good!" Jack added, "Yes! Yes, we'll both be good, it's

not necessary..." But as their aunt got off the bed and headed in their direction with her paddle in hand, each boy reached into the drawer and grabbed the pair of panties on the top of his respective panty pile, hurriedly stepped into them and pulled them up. Both boys were crying from the humiliation of wearing silky girls' panties. Each had his mouth open and wanted to complain, to say something, but looking at their aunt, they decided not to. "That's better. You each came very close to having your bottom tanned again. Now, don't say a word. You're both wearing girls' panties for your entire stay — the full two weeks until your parents come back from their Hawaiian vacation. Be good, or they just might make you wear panties at home too once they see how nicely they make you behave. In fact, I'll recommend it."

Aunt Peg looked at Jack. He had a nice boyish bulge in the front of his pink panties that were decorated with lacy white hearts and ribbons on the sides. It looked like his dick was getting hard. She took that as a good sign. Uncle Mitch noticed too, and it excited him. His pencil dick was hard in his panties and menacingly pointing in the Jack and Teddy's direction. Teddy's prick was soft in his pale lavender panties embellished with pink and white lacy edges and a Cinderella picture printed on the front. Nevertheless, it was obvious his cock was huge! "My-oh-my, what is my little nephew Teddy packing in his panties?" she asked with a laugh. "Mitch, you old panty fag," she said to her husband, "go check it out."

Uncle Mitch approached. Teddy backed away but there was nowhere to go. Mitch grabbed Teddy by the arm and walked him over to the bed. He sat on the bed with Teddy in front of him and lowered the front of the kid's purple panties. "Gees!" was all he could say upon seeing the little boy's cock that was at least six inches long completely soft. Aunt Peg laughed. "Damn, boy, that is bigger than your uncle's. Mitch give it a little suck and see if we can inflate it a bit." Teddy didn't move. Uncle Mitch's hands on his naked penis felt good, but he gasped when his uncle sucked his big schlong into his mouth and expertly teased it with his tongue. And it grew! Both the boy's aunt and uncle marveled as it unfolded and became hard, but his aunt then told her husband to put it back into his panties and let the boys get dressed again. Teddy's big boner was laughable in the panties. His panties were full-cut, little girl style panties that went up high on his waist, yet the kid's hard cock was long enough to reach almost all the way to the panty waist band! It took several minutes for his erection to subside before he could put on his shorts again. As they waited, Aunt Peg said, "Boys, you will be wearing girls' panties the whole time you are here, and if you are smart, you will not try to take them off except when you take a shower. Now, I'm willing to make a deal with you. Your uncle and I won't tell the girls that you wear panties as long as you are good, but break any of my rules, and I'll take your shorts down and spank you no matter who is around, and of course anyone nearby will then see your panties. So, now you know why I have you in panties; they will guarantee that you obey all the rules and never give me or the girls any

trouble. Isn't that neat how panties work on taming down boys? Now, let's see how long you little rascals can keep your panties a secret from the girls. But I have to warn you that if they do find out, they will make your life hell! Girls find it hilarious when they see a boy in girls' clothes, and they will not give you a moment's peace! Good luck. One more thing, your uncle called my special friend Big John to join us for some fun this afternoon. I should explain to you that on many nights I sleep with Big John and not your Uncle Mitch. Do you boys know what a cuckold is?" They both shook their head 'no.'

"Well, simply, my husband, your uncle, is a cuckold and that means I no longer have sex with him — you know what that means, right? It means I don't let him fuck me and try to get me to have a baby. Instead, I have Big John come over to the house and fuck me whenever I want it. He's called Big John because he has a big cock, and I love it deep inside me. I just might let you watch him fuck me some night — I'm sure it would be highly educational for you. Your uncle has a pretty small dick that's why I make him keep it in panties. I have no interest in his penis except as something for my girls and me to play with whenever I want to tease or embarrass him. It's been that way for years now. After he gave me two babies — your two girl cousins, I wised up and became sick of his selfish, disrespectful and egotistical ways. Besides, he did a lousy job of satisfying me with his little dick, so I told him if he wanted to stay in this house and remain part of this family, he'd have to become a slave to me and the girls and I would stop having sex with him and find real men to fuck me on my terms. Well, as you can see, the wimp agreed and that's how it's been ever since." She then turned to her husband, "Mitch, go get changed into your maids' outfit. Now that the cat is out of the bag — or the pussy boy is out of the bag so to speak, you can go back to being the maid and dressing like one as you usually do. I'm sure the boys' little sister will get a big kick out of seeing you in your black miniskirt costume with your white rhumba panties peeking out at every turn. Go change and then come downstairs. You have ten minutes."

The boys were in shock, too stunned even to speak. Their aunt made sure they were properly dressed with their panties neatly tucked away under their shorts before sending them back downstairs. They arrived looking terribly sheepish and self-conscious, sure everyone had X-ray vision and could see their girlie panties under their shorts. They felt a little better when no one said anything — happy that their sister and cousins didn't know they had panties on just like the girls themselves wore. Both boys pretended to be busy to avoid drawing attention to themselves, and most of all, they tried their best to be good and not break any rules or upset anyone. Teddy saw the TV was setup with a video game and he started to play it as Jack settled in with his Harry Potter book to read. It was an embarrassing relief when a few minutes later their uncle came sashaying into the dining room where most of them were gathered. They all saw him decked out as a maid in a black satin dress that didn't hide the tiers of his

lacy petticoats or the ruffles of his white rhumba panties under his too short dress. Mitch did not wear a wig. Peg didn't want her husband to look like a lady, but he did have on makeup and black patent leather high heels. The sight of him certainly did distract at least the boys' sister Rosy who had never seen a man dressed like that before. Her cackling laughter almost made her Uncle Mitch cry. Aunt Peg wished she could can and sell such delightful male-crushing little girl laughter. It would make her millions!

Teddy was disheartened to find it was a Princess and Pirates video games he was playing, surely intended for girls since the princess was the focus of the game. She was good and the pirates were bad, yet the player controlled the princess and through her cleverness had to defeat the nasty pirates. Teddy would have preferred any other video game or to do anything else, but he was so shaken by his paddling and the panties under his shorts that he decided not to make any trouble and simply sit on the family room floor and play the game.

Just then, from the boys' point of view, there was another welcome distraction, Big John arrived. He made a loud entrance, taking Aunt Peg in his arms, bending her over and giving her a long and hard kiss. He wore tight pants, and both boys took notice of the huge bulge in the crotch of his pants. By then, Rosy's girl cousins had told her all about Big John, and Rosy too stared at his package, but most of her attention was now directed at Uncle Mitch. She couldn't get enough of looking at him, peeking up his skirts and asking her cousins a million questions about her crossdressed uncle. It astounded her when Big John looked at her uncle and snapped his fingers. Mitch dropped to his knees and kissed the bulging crotch of the man's trousers.

Soon, it was time for dinner, and all the kids helped Aunt Peg whip up side dishes and set the table as their maid uncle grilled steaks on the outdoor barbecue. Rosy loved that he had no compunction about going outside so dressed. She was sure the neighbors on both sides of their house had probably seen their queer neighbor man prancing around like a prissy little maid. Mitch served the steaks to everyone before he sat down at the table too. The boys were unusually quiet. The girls just assumed Aunt Peg had given them a good talking to and perhaps another spanking up in their room and that is why they were not being their nasty selves.

After dinner, Aunt Peg and Uncle Mitch cleaned up the table and tidied up the kitchen. Big John was out in the kitchen too, not helping, but interfering, as he kept kissing and petting Peg, while her husband did most of the cleanup. Teddy went back to the princess video game in the family room where Jack now sat in a corner reading his book.

All three girls walked into the family room. Karen asked her nine-year-old cousin, "Hey, Teddy, do you know that's a girls' video game?" He nodded that he did. "Are you the princess or the pirates?" Karen teased him. "Um, I can't be

the pirates because whoever plays this game has to try to kill off the pirates." His sister Rosy then wanted him to say it, "So that means you're the princess, right?" He looked at her with a forlorn look. "I want you to tell us. Are you the princess?" He nodded, "Yeah, I guess, I'm the princess." Little Pam said, "Well, if you're a princess you sure aren't dressed like one." That made him doubly aware of the lace panties under his shorts. Karen said, "Teddy, whenever you're sitting down on the floor like that, we want you to keep your legs spread wide open. We know you have a big dickie for a little boy and we want you to be proud of it and keep the big bump in your shorts pushed up so we can always see it. Go ahead, now, open up, princess boy." He wanted no trouble. He slowly opened his legs and stretched them wide apart, ever mindful of the girly purple panties he had on underneath. He just hoped the legs of the shorts were long enough to hide the lacy edges of his panties. No one said anything, so he assumed his panties were safely hidden even with his legs wide apart. "Thanks," Karen said, "we like to keep track of that big wiener of yours. Now, if you close your legs or try to cover up, I'll tell my mom and she'll use the strap on you for not minding me." Timidly, he obeyed and made sure his legs were as wide apart as possible. "Here let me have a feel of that," Karen said reaching down to fondle his penis and testicles through his shorts. "Sure is long." He was reaching his limit with her so close to discovering his panties, "Hey, please, leave me alone; I'm playing a game." He would soon learn pleas were futile with these perverted little girls, but for the moment, they did leave him alone.

Next, they spotted Jack in the corner chair and came over to him. Karen said, "Oh, there you are, Jack. What are you reading?" He kept his head down. "Harry Potter, what's it to you?" She hissed, "Well, dear cousin, I just came in to tell you to take off your clothes. I want to play with your penis." Astounded, he said, "Not on your life. I'm thirteen now, and my mom says I don't have to let girls do that to me anymore. Eat shit, you little bitch!" Karen began doing that fake whine girls are good at as she ran to the kitchen door and moaned, "Mooooommmmm, Jack won't let me see him naked, and he told me to 'eat shit' and he called me a bitch!"

A moment later, Aunt Peg came into the room. "Jack, that's no way to talk to your cousin. You disrespect girls when you say such things. Now, I don't think you want to break any of my rules, do you?" He gave her a pained look as he realized the gravity of his situation. "Jack, I think it would be nice if you took off your shorts and let the girls have a look at how big your penis is these days. Go on, just slip your shorts off. I know you're used to going around without clothes at home." He rebelled and half cried, "No, Aunt Peg, please don't make me do it. Mom said I didn't have to anymore because I'm older, now." His Aunt said, "She did, huh. Well, that may go at home, but you are in my house, and your mom said before she left that when you are in my house, you have to follow my rules. So if I were to tell you to strip, you would have to do it, wouldn't you?" Jack nodded, "Yes, but I hope you

don't make me do it. I want to be treated like a man, not like a little boy play toy for girls anymore."

Just then, Karen started to unzip the front of his shorts, Jack reacted automatically and tried to slap her hands away. Karen cried — she was a big girl and they were fake tears, but it was enough to send Aunt Peg into action. She smacked him hard on one cheek and then the other. "Don't you dare hit one of my darling girls, you heathen! Young man, strip off your shorts, now, or I'll cut them off and strap your ass and not let you wear any clothes the whole time you're here."

Jack was trapped. He instantly knew he never should have hit her, but he was so afraid of having his panties exposed that he did, and now he was eternally sorry. He begged his aunt to reconsider; the look of pain on his face communicated to her that he wanted her to help him keep his panties a secret. But his Aunt did nothing but stand with her arms folded and stare down her nose at him as she told Karen to proceed. Again, she took down his zipper and then tugged them down his shorts. Jack could only put his hands over his burning red face. Then all was quiet for a few solemn seconds, but for Jack it was like hours until the sounds of laughter, shouts and screams began. Everyone could see the frilly pink panties he had been wearing on under his shorts. Karen shouted, "No wonder he didn't want me to take off his shorts! Jack's wears sissy panties just like daddy! Is Jack now a cocksucker too?" she laughed. Little Pam was beside herself with glee, jumping up and down, singing, "Jack wear panties! Jack is a girl. Jack wears panties!" But Jack's little sister, Rosy, was making the most noise. Her deep guttural laughter reverberated around the room. Tears were in her eyes as she fell to the floor.

By now, the scene had attracted everyone's attention. Uncle Mitch stood by smiling with his penis as hard as it could get deep in the folds of his white rhumba panties. Teddy stopped playing his game and stood by watching but stayed far back, hoping Jack's horror did not shower down on him too. Big John looked at this thirteen-year-old boy with interest. He asked Peg, "Does the boy suck cock?" Aunt Peg shook her head 'no.' "Well, if you need me to help train him — you know I like an occasional sissy downing my meat — well, if you do, just dress him real petty, and I'd let him dangle from my big cock and give him the load of man cum the little sissy needs." He laughed thinking he was making a joke.

Aunt Peg shouted, "Jack, get all your clothes off, except your panties." Rosy was still laughing as she watched her brother strip off. "Jack, rub it; make it grow," she commanded. Jack didn't respond, so Aunt Peg said, "Mitch — my bitch! Get over here and make Jack hard. The girls want to see how much cock he has inside his panties." Mitch dropped to the floor in front of Jack, his face just inches away from the boy's pantied hips. The sissified man maid expertly manipulated Jack's penis with one hand while using his other hand to cup, cuddle and make love to the boy's balls through his panties. He whispered, "You're going to fall in love with

your panties, my dear girlie boy. I'll make you so excited in your panties that you'll never want to take them off. Mitch gently stroked the boy's virgin meat inside his saucy pink lace panties that he was soon destined to wear forever. The girls watched in awe as Jack's penis grew to a firm four inches and made a strange sight thrusting its way against the inside of the fancy nylon panties that were never designed to contain a cock. Aunt Peg told Mitch to back off, and then said, "Go ahead, Karen, you can play with his penis for a while." Karen grabbed both his penis and balls as the adults adjourned to the kitchen and let the girls have their fun. Then Pam took her turn. They had him hard and panting but not quite excited enough to blow his wad. Pam then squeezed his left testicle and he screamed in pain. It made her happy to make her big cousin writhe in pain. Pam then said she wanted to check out Teddy, and she left Jack to the other girls.

Pam approached Teddy and said, "Get up. I want to feel your wiener and stick my finger in your hole." He said, "I don't want you to," and began to tear up. "You better do it or my mom will beat you with her paddle again." Teddy got up begrudgingly and followed her back over to where the other two girls were playing with Jack.

"Let me feel his boner, too," Rosy begged to Karen. "Shit, he's your brother, you can feel him any time you want." "I used to, but like I said since he's thirteen, our mom says he doesn't have to let me do it anymore." Then Rosy giggled and added, "Besides, I've never touched his penis in panties before." Karen then handed over Jack's erect penis to his little sister, who pulled on it happily. "Better be careful. You know he can shoot cum now and if you keep that up, he'll squirt; I guarantee it." Rosy asked, "What's cum?" Karen showed off her knowledge. "It's the juice that makes girls pregnant with a baby." Pam, Karen's little sister nudged her way in. "I want to see." Karen said, "Do you want to do it, too, pumpkin?" as she had Rosy hand his penis off to the other little girl. Karen added, "I'll do my daddy while you do Jack. I like to jack off my daddy in his panties. Daddy, get over here. I want to panty wank you and show Rosy how I do it, so she can do it to her brothers." Uncle Mitch quickly darted over, stood in front of her and pulled up the front of his black maid's skirt and petticoats to expose the front of his white rhumba panties with a little protrusion pushing out the front of the nylon as he nervously waited for his daughter to stroke it. Rosy laughed. "Gees, Uncle Mitch has just a little wiener. Is that all the bigger it gets?" Karen said, "Well, you watch. I'll play with it in his panties. It will get a little bigger, but not much. He's a sissy man with a little dick, but he'll spurt his cum, and if you wank on Jack's dick like I do my daddy's, Jack will blow a wad of cum too. So how do I do it?" "Like this?" "Yeah, keep the panties just a little loose around his penis and then rub it up and down so he can feel the silkiness of the panties and it will happen. Now, run your hand under the back of his leg elastic so you can reach his ass, then stick your middle finger up his butt hole; it will make him cum a lot faster. Good, keep rubbing the panties

into his dick like you're doing; now stick your finger up his shit hole as far as you can and wiggle your finger." "How do you know so much about this?" Rosy inquired as she continued wanking and fingerfucking her big brother. "We have sex ed at our school, and mom lets me play with daddy and even Big John sometimes." Karen sang proudly. "And they teach you that at school?" "No, but they talk a lot about masturbation and tell us how boys do it."

The girls' sex demonstration was drawing everyone's attention and they were now gathered around to watch the show. Aunt Peg said, "My little Pammy is just learning how to jack off boys. Hey, Big John, you haven't had Pammy give you a wank, yet. Come on over here and join the jacking party." Big John came over, "Oh, yeah, I'd love getting a handjob from sweet little nine-year-old Pammy. But I ain't wearing no panties." Aunt Peg laughed, "Now, honey, I'd never ask you to do that. John, I'll tell you what, instead of you wearing panties for a panty wank, I'll have my darling Pammy take her silky panties off, wrap them around your cock and masturbate you with her panties that way, OK?" He thought about it and then nodded in agreement.

Pammy was already with her hands under her skirt stripping down her white nylon panties with Princess Belle pictured on the front. Aunt Peg let Pammy do the honors of opening the man's zipper and dropping his pants and boxers. Just the idea of having this baby princess girl jack him off had John's cock uncoiling and coming to life. Everyone gasped at the size of the man's cock, even Jack and Teddy. Pammy used two hands to jack on his man cock after she carefully wrapped her soft panties around it like a sexy little nylon blanket. Teddy was the only dick not being loved, so Aunt Peg told her husband to wank Teddy through his panties to make the jerk-off party complete. Uncle Mitch was already in ecstasy from his daughter Karen working his penis through his white rhumba panties, but the old queer welcomed the opportunity to masturbate darling little Teddy's huge boy cock.

It didn't take long, and one after the other cum was flying in all directions. Jack came first, his cum shot like a rocket through his panties and onto his sister Rosy's arm and dress. Big John came next. Little Pammy's panties covered only half the length of his cock around the sides but his cock head was exposed and unrestrained. He shot a big load that little Pammy aimed to land right on Jack's face while the boy was still too carried away reeling from his own orgasm to move out of the way. Uncle Mitch was next, but his daughter Karen had to work hard to make him ejaculate. Aunt Peg was sure he was delaying cumming as long as possible because he was in heaven handling little Teddy's long cock within the boy's faggot purple panties. Teddy was not old enough to shoot jism but he did have a series of three dry orgasms during this little panty jerk off party. Uncle Mitch's cum just oozed through his ruffled rhumba panties and dribbled down his leg, mostly landing on his naked thigh between the top of his nylon stocking and the lacy leg of his panties.

Four males were now huffing and puffing, moaning and smiling as they were floating down from the heights of sexual bliss, but Aunt Peg wasn't about to stop the show for their sake; she wanted to show the girls a lot more.

"Mom this stuff is sticky," observed Pam as she used the finger she had removed from Big John's shitty anus to feel a bit of the white substance that had landed on her arm. Aunt Peg then ordered, "Teddy, get over there and lick that cum off your cousin's arm. Lick it off her shitty finger too."

"What?" Teddy cried, his erect penis bobbed and his eyes widened in disbelief at what he was being ordered to do. "I said lick Big John's cum off Pam's arm, plus suck her finger." Teddy said, "I'll go get some toilet paper to do it." Aunt Peg grabbed her paddle and applied three quick cracks across the ten year old's ass. He barked a high-pitched scream following each crack. "Now, are you going to do what I told you to do, or do I have to burn up your panties with my paddle?" With tears in his eyes, the boy's tongue made contact with the goo on the little girl's arm. "Eeewww, he's doing it." His little sister Rosy announced as if she was calling a sporting event. "Look, everybody, Teddy's licking it off. Wow, I wish my mom would let me do this to them. It is sooooo cool." Rosy delighted in the moment and was commanding the scene. "Lick it good, Teddy; now lick your brother's cum off my arm and then off my dress. Next, suck off all of Big John's cum that landed on your brother's face."

Crying constantly, the boy raised his head from Rosy's arm and then paused. "You heard your sister. Now, lick it off your brother's face too," Aunt Peg ordered. "Since you're not old enough yet to cum, this will give you a belly full of slimy jism and make you appreciate what so many girls have to do for their piggy husbands and boyfriends." The ten year old did as he was told, licking up globs of cum. When he was finished, he raised his head. Then Karen ordered, "Now lick Jack's penis through his pink panties and make sure you clean all the stuff off the tip of his sissy dick. Then work on his panties and suck all the cum out of them." Again, the boy looked to his aunt, "You heard her, do it." As he lowered his head and began licking his brother's pink pantied penis, Rosy uttered, "Oh, shit, this is great. I wish I could make them do this at home and have my girlfriends in to watch! I wish both my brothers wore panties all the time at home too; that would be soooo cool!" Just then, Jack's penis showed new life and everyone laughed when it grew fully hard as Teddy continued to suck on him.

"Well maybe we can arrange for your mom to see this little show when she comes to pick you up. If she sees it, she'll probably enjoy it enough for you do this back home too." Rosy said, "Yeah, but Dad will shit." "Well, I know your mom, and I think she could change your dad's mind. Maybe she should get your daddy to wear frilly girlie panties too?" Rosy laughed loudly at the thought of that happening! ♦