

The Pantied Cuckold

Volume One

Gum Eating Pansy

My Whole family Calls Me Sissy

I'm a Sucker for Black

My Wife Says Doing What I Do Isn't Being Gay

The Man Who fucks My Girl Buys Me Panties

Big, Scary Black Guys Own My Wife and Laugh at Me

Plus More, More, More Cuckold Stories!

Adults Only

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

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My Wife Says Doing What I Do Isn't Being Gay

I have been reading your publications for a while and never thought I would be writing to you or anyone else. This is my first letter I have ever written to any magazine and my first letter asking for any kind of assistance.

My wife found several of your publications in the trunk of my car where I keep things I don't want her to see. She read them and was quite taken with what you said about women and that they should be allowed to have sex with other men, not just their husbands. She left the magazines in such a way that I knew she had looked at them, and soon after, she started having sex with other guys.

I always agreed with you that women should go out on their husbands -- just as long as it's the other guys' wives doing it! I never thought my wife would do it, but she is doing it, and I'm upset. I know all you have said and written about women having the sexual freedom they deserve, but with me, it's driving me crazy.

One evening, two months ago I found her parked in our driveway with a guy. I didn't recognize the car, and the windows were all steamed up. I snuck down the back stairs and crawled up to the car. What a shock I got. She was in this strange car with two guys, one white and one black! She was sucking off the black guy while being royally fucked by the white guy. It went on for about twenty minutes until the guy screwing her came and then the two switched.

She had been sucking the black guy's penis, but now he actually had it in her pussy and was screwing my wife! A black guy! I never thought of myself as being racist, but I got so much angrier seeing the black guy fuck her than when the white guy had done it. I had to admit I wasn't as liberal as I thought I was and felt shamed by it. I don't know how long their little sucking and fucking party went on. It seemed like hours before the white guy came in her mouth, and the black guy was then seated and I could see her bouncing up and down on his prick. I heard her telling him how good it was. She was telling him, "Pump all your hot spunk into me." He was calling her a white pig and saying, "Take all of my black baby-making cum, bitch!" They both screamed as he came.

I was in tears but also very surprised because I had one of the biggest and hardest erections I have ever had! Feeling both miserable and weirdly excited, I staggered back into the house and went up into our master bedroom. My penis was still hard, and I needed to release the tension. When I saw one of my wife's white satin slips and a pair of her lavender nylon panties on the floor, I put them on and began fucking her pillow. I don't know what the fuck made me do it; I had never done anything like that before.

Just then she walked in. I never heard her come in the house. She asked what the hell I was doing, and in tears I confessed everything, spying on her, getting excited and then putting on her clothes feeling submissive and longing for release. I cried in shame. She put my hand up under her skirt, and I felt cum running down her legs. Her pussy was soaked; gooey man juice oozing out of it. She asked if I enjoyed seeing other men fucking her. I tearfully confessed I did. Then she pushed my face between her legs. I had never sucked her pussy or any woman's pussy before. It's something I never did all those times she hinted she wanted me to eat her cunt like her old boyfriend used to do before we met. Being in a high state of excitement and feeling terribly guilty about spying on her and being caught wearing her slip and panties, I didn't refuse as she began riding my face. She twisted around and began sucking me too, but sucking my cock right through her slip and panties. I had never sixty-nined before either. Finally she told me to lie on my back. She mounted my throbbing dick and told me, "Except for my lover being in lingerie, this is how I like to do it to with all my men now!"

She rode me with her cunt against my cock covered in her slip and panties. I was ready to cum, but she told me I had better hold it because she needed more sex, and if I let go, she was going out again that night and pick up another guy or two!

I was crying, begging her to let me cum and pleading with her not to go out again that night. Finally she sat completely down on my cock as I kept straining not to shoot off before she wanted it. She reached behind her back, pulled on my balls and squeezed them. She crushed my dick with her pussy and told me, "Pump your hot slime into me, you sissy!"

Oh, it felt so good when she let me cum, but she was not done with me. She sat on my face and made me be her like I was a douche bag."

Now she brings guys home and they get into our bed. She has gotten me a big supply of my own lingerie, and I have to wear slips and

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panties and babydoll nighties as I serve her and her men drinks in bed, and douche her with my tongue and mouth after they get done fucking her, and I have to do it right in front of these guys, who usually laugh hysterically at me going down on her and slurping up their hot semen!

She says I must now start wearing a garter belt and stockings too while serving her and her 'satisfiers,' as she calls them. She says she loves me and that sex is different than love. I love her too, even though she seems to be bringing home just black guys now. She says it's because they have bigger penises than white guys, but I'm sure she is also preying upon my racist feelings and the rage I had foolishly told her I experienced when I had first watched her being fucked by a big black buck.

Actually we get along nicely now with no arguments. Our marriage is unusual, but working. She's extremely happy. I'm happy too – go figure! But still I feel uneasy. It's hard for me to believe Anne really loves me like she says, especially when she puts me down, calls me a sissy and a pansy all the time and tells the guys she's fucking I'm a hopeless panty faggot and not a man at all.

Some of the guys she fucks work with me at the auto assembly plant, and it's very embarrassing when they see me wearing women's slips and panties as I serve them and then clean and powder their dicks after Anne sucks their meat and they fuck her. She now has knocked me down even further in status: She bought me a French maids' outfit that I have to wear for her boyfriends, and they love to lift up my skirts and peek at my dick and balls hanging in my panties.

At work, they laugh at me right in my face, make fun of me and teasingly ask me what color of panties I'm wearing that day. Some of the guys tell me I can suck them off during break time because they can't wait until they get a chance to shag my wife again.

Please help me. I'm so confused.

John S. in Girard, Texas

Dear Sissy John,

Why are you confused? You admit you are happy and don't seem too upset that your wife makes you wear lingerie and serve as her sissy maid. She has exercised her sovereign right as a liberated wife to satisfy her needs with extramarital lovers because you obviously aren't up to the task. If you were big enough, long-lasting enough, and manly enough, she might not need other men, but even that's no guarantee. She would still be within her rights to have sex with other guys. Your smart wife knows you better than you know yourself and has turned you into a screaming sissy! And there's nothing wrong with that. All husbands like you should be downgraded and sissified.

Listen: there is NOTHING wrong with your wife indulging in sex with other men (or women if she wants). It's her right as a female. We females have been kept under the heels of males for too long. We are now making our move.

In reply to your fears, I'm sure your wife still loves you and loves you even more than the day she married you. You, like most males, confuse sex with love. If sex in the manner you describe is what your wife wants and needs, it is your duty to help her fulfill those needs. And if she wants you to wear panties, even wearing them under your clothes to work where other guys know about you and tease you, be a proud cuckold, do it and don't complain!

You say the fellows at your job make fun of you and ask you what color of panties you are wearing, and they want you to suck them off as a stopgap measure until they can sex up your wife. Well, why don't you tell them what color panties you have on? Or better yet, why don't you drop your trousers and show them? I'm sure a lot of other people you work with would enjoy seeing a sissy cuckold like you modeling sexy panties. And there's nothing wrong with downing a few loads of man slime at work to keep these guys happy – you know you certainly don't want to have them upset with you and consider you a prude for neglecting their needs!

So take that last sissifying step, get down on your knees and pay homage to the big manly cocks that fill your wife and contribute to your happy marriage! Don't you realize these guys are doing you a favor? And remember, sucking cock doesn't mean you are gay as long as you are dressed in your pretties, even if you are just wearing femmy nylon panties under your clothes at work. In your maids' outfit, or even in just panties, you're a fem and sucking cock is a perfectly normal HETEROSEXUAL thing for you to do!

You neglected to tell me about your panty training. If you truly are panty trained, you're a sissy many macho guys would love to use as a cum receptacle. Healthy man cum is good for you; all that protein will give you nice long nails and a beautiful sheen to your hair, and it tastes great too!

After I received your letter, I wrote to your wife, and as I'm sure she mentioned to you, we spoke on the phone. She assures me your letter is truthful and that your panty training is continuing. I asked her about having you suck cock and take dicks up your ass, and she said she has been urging you to be a sissy fag but you are resisting. Now, listen to me, you little pansy -- after modeling your nicest panties for your wife's boyfriends, I want you to get off your high horse, get down on your knees and start downing dicks! What kind of pantywaist are you, anyway? Giving blowjobs and being cornholed by real men are just the natural progression you started all by yourself the day you jumped into your wife's slip and panties and started jerking yourself off like a miserably lost little sissy. Get with the program, nancy boy!

And love that woman of yours. Cherish her. She really does love you with all her heart. You really are lucky; most pansies like you never have the wonderful setup that you are lucky enough to find yourself in. ♦

My Whole Family Calls Me a Sissy

My wife, Lou, and I are in our 50s, and although I seem to have an insatiable need for sex, she lost her desire many years ago. I occupy myself by reading sex stories I find on the Internet, mostly about eating pussy, which I definitely like the most of any sex act. Maybe that's because I have a below-average-size cock and tend to cum too quickly. With oral sex, I can enjoy the encounter and intimacy much longer. Plus I really enjoy bringing women to orgasm, and once they are thoroughly satisfied, I love to just masturbate myself to a good cum. Now what woman wouldn't want a husband who would give her great oral sex anytime and anywhere she wanted and not even expect a payback in kind? Not my wife!

With our busy lives – I'm a supervisor at an orange juice processing plant and my wife is a real estate agent — we've never gotten to know most of our neighbors. This is a story of just how much fun one of our neighbors turned out to be, and how much I've missed by not getting to know them sooner.

Our neighbor Dan Colturn is 45 and of average size and shape, except for a little beer belly. His wife Mary is 48 and very young looking and attractive in a Molly Ringwald kind of way with slender with long legs and a meaty teardrop ass. Her physique is the type where there's a gap between her legs at her crotch when she stands with her legs together that accentuates her big-lipped pussy. Her C-cups tits are beautifully shaped and firm for her age. The total package is very attractive, and she looks much younger than her age. The Colturns usually keep to themselves, although Dan often invites a few friends over to watch sports on their big-screen TV, and he and his friends go fishing a lot on weekends. Sometimes Mary goes with them.

As I became frustrated about not getting sex at home, I became obsessed with Mary, admiring her from afar, and started watching her in her yard sunbathing or playing with her two big dogs, Collie-Shepherd mixes I think.

Needing to add a feminine bent to my fantasies, I started masturbating into my wife's panties as I dreamt about eating Mary's pussy. It didn't take long for my wife to discover I was soiling her panties because I guess I didn't cover my pecker tracks very well and she found a bunch of her panties caked with my dried-on cum. She was mad and told me I was a sissy wanker and she wasn't ever going to have sex with me again — like I was getting any sex from her anyway! She told me to stop baptizing her panties with my slime because it was creeping her out.

Then the next day she handed me a gift-wrapped pink box with a dozen pairs of pink panties with lace on them and in my size. She told me if I wanted to jack off in panties, fine, I could do it in my own panties and not hers, but she did add that if I was going to be a low-down panty wanker, she expected me to wear the panties 24/7 as an admission of my true status.

"Besides, she added, "with your small penis it's only right for you to wear panties. Your little dick never did much for me – it's amazing you ever got me pregnant, and what the hell, panties will surely fit you a lot better than your Jockey briefs that flop around like an empty bag in front."

The panties did come in as a good release for my sexual tension, and I did try them on and enjoyed how they felt – they sure kept me hard a lot. What the fuck! I wasn't getting any sex from my wife, so I figured I might as wear the panties at times, especially under my shorts while I sat outside under our big oak or worked on the yard work while spying hungrily at Mary. I finally had to admit to myself I really did enjoy wearing nylon panties – I mean, what guy wouldn't if he could only get over his homophobic fears of thinking it was so gay to wear them.

Then one day after being outside for over an hour ogling Mary, I got a classic wakeup call when I went into the house and into our master bedroom. My wife was standing there in front of my tallboy with our 27-year-old daughter and our daughter's six-year-old twin son and daughter, and my wife was holding up pairs of my pink panties and obviously showing them and telling them all about me! I quickly made an exit and took a long drive. And ever since then, our daughter, her husband and our grandkids give me funny looks and giggle a lot when I'm around.

On Thanksgiving, I guess it got to be too much for my grandson, and after dinner he blurted out, "Grandpa, since you wear ladies' panties are you a girl now or a sissy?"

I dropped my fork, everyone laughed. Lou said, "Danny, your grandpa isn't a girl now, just a big sissy, but we still love him."

Ever since then everyone in our family calls me 'sissy' most of the time -- even in public. They think it's funny and always laugh when they say it. I don't like it, but I'm getting used to it. And my daughter and each of the twins have sought me out privately and asked me if they could see the panties I had on at the moment. Feeling defeated, what else could I do? So I just unzipped my trousers or pulled down my running shorts far enough so they could see a bit of the nylon and lace of my panties. My daughter laughed and shook her head, and each of the twins stared and wanted to touch them. I think of myself as a good grandfather since I gladly do anything for those great kids, so sure, I let them feel me up in the panties. I just hoped they wouldn't tell their little friends or steal a pair of my panties and use them for "Show and Tell" at school. I dreaded my lumberjack-like son-in-law cornering me at some point and demanding to see my panties and talk about them, but thank goodness, that hasn't happened -- yet.

Then one Saturday morning I was doing chores around the house but keeping an eye on Dan and Mary's house because their fishing boat was in the driveway and three of Dan's friends were repeatedly going in and out of the house, obviously getting things ready for a fishing trip. Mary was dressed really sexy that day in an oversized T-shirt that came down to her hips. I

imagined she was naked or just in panties under it, and that gave me a good hard on.

Just after my wife left to spend the afternoon shopping, the men were ready to leave and getting into the SUV, but before they pulled out of the driveway, Mary went around to all of the windows and kissed each man lovingly on the lips! Once they were gone, I knew it was a great time to strike up a conversation with her and went over near her as she started tossing a ball to her two big dogs that would run and compete to retrieve it. I somehow got the courage to say something.

At first I joked with Mary about not going with the guys on the fishing trip, leaving her home alone for the weekend and then told her she was very attractively dressed. She smiled. I had never said any such thing to her before.

She came back at me and playfully asked just what I thought was so attractive about her. I explained I was always impressed by how in-shape she was and how she kept herself looking so young. I brazenly mentioned I was so smitten with her that I often fantasized about her. She moved closer to me, put her cool, pale white hand on my bare forearm and encouraged me to explain how she fit into my fantasies. I nervously told her how she looked so sexy to me, and then mentioned my wife had absolutely no interest in sex. Mary seemed to be getting mildly excited as I talked. She insisted I be more specific, and I finally had to just come out and tell her I dreamed about sucking her pussy to multiple orgasms with her sitting on my face. That caused Mary to start breathing heavily, but then she giggled and told me eating her pussy greatly appealed to her but wouldn't be a good idea just then! I was so aroused I had to ask what was wrong with eating her pussy right then and there. She said I could do it, and she'd surely love me doing it, but I would have to eat her pussy that was presently filled to the brim with cum.

Mary explained Dan was well-endowed and always ready for sex, and they had a very active love life. He always made sure she was well-satisfied sexually before leaving on any of his fishing trips without her. A little puzzled, I asked how she could have had heavy sex action that morning since I had seen Dan's three friends going in and out of the house all morning long. She told me to trust her that her pussy was full of cum, and that she used a thin panty liner to keep all of that cum in her because she loved the feeling of having a sloppy pussy — the knowledge and sensation of a pussy full of cum kept her aroused for hours.

How much could her husband have cum in her? He certainly wasn't superhuman. I visualized her overflowing cunt, and I was getting so excited I could barely contain myself. I told her that even though it would be a new experience for me, I wanted to taste and suck her pussy so badly I didn't care if she had some cum in it. In the back of my mind I was thinking it really couldn't be that much anyway. I asked her if Dan liked to suck her pussy, but she said he is a classic alpha-male who expressed his dislike for muff diving by saying, "I don't eat what I fuck."

I really got her attention when I told her I was pretty much the opposite, and said, "I'd rather eat a pussy than fuck it, especially yours." She said both she and her husband had enjoyed receiving oral sex in their previous marriages and had tried it on each other on their honeymoon, but neither of them liked to give it. She did admit they really missed receiving oral sex at times, but there was no tit-for-tat because they both hated giving oral more than they loved getting it. Mary loved the idea of me eating her pussy, but asked me if she let me do it, if I wouldn't mind not being paid back with a blowjob. I assured her I didn't need her to suck me as long as she didn't mind me having a good wank once she was satisfied. "Wow," she said. "From now on, I think we're going to be really good neighbors." Once again, she wanted to make sure I didn't mind her pussy being full of cum. I bravely told her it wouldn't bother me in the least. She said a man slurping up another man's cum from a woman's cunt was called eating a 'cream pie.' I had never heard the term before and just laughed. She said if I was ready she was ready and indicated she'd love the feeling of having her pussy sucked again after all these years. She admitted she was getting wildly aroused and warned she tended to be assertive, even domineering, as she skidded from orgasm to another. After I said I was used to being called names and taunted, she took my hand and led me into their house.

Once in their bedroom, she asked me to excuse the messy bed with the bedspread and covers stained and all in a tangle. Like I gave damn! She spread a large towel out on the bed and then pulled off her big T-shirt revealing her great looking boobs pointing right at me and her pussy just covered in a snug pair of lime green panties. She explained the panties held her panty liner tightly against her pussy to keep the man slime from leaking out. Seeing her panties suddenly reminded me of the pair of my pink nylon panties I had on at the very moment under my sweatpants. I didn't know how she would react if she saw them, and I didn't want to blow this whole gig, so I was determined to try to keep her from seeing them.

I took off my T-shirt. She climbed on the bed and I climbed on after her, positioning myself between her legs and stared at her sweet panties as she reached down inside them and pried the panty shield away from the crotch of her panties. Then she eased the crotch piece of her pale green panties aside but continued to hold the shield in place against her cunny.

She had me lie face up, and then climbed over me and straddled my chest, facing the headboard of the bed, and she then scooted forward until her knees were on either side of my head and her cunt was right over my face.

Mary grabbed my hair and said "I hope you're ready for this," as she removed the panty shield from her cunt and immediately shoved her pussy up against my open mouth. Cum -- thick, gooey cum oozed from her pussy, and I was lapping it up. The aroma emanating from her well-fucked cunt was strong, but pleasant, a mixture of her juices and a large amount of cum. As I parted her cunt lips with my tongue, a thick river of cum flowed into my mouth. Mary must have seen the surprised look on my

face at the volume of cum and then admitted she had been fucked eight times in the last two hours, twice each by Tom and his three friends. She didn't want to tell me that earlier for fear I wouldn't want to suck such a sloppy pussy since she had gotten so turned-on by our conversation that she couldn't face not having her pussy eaten as soon as possible.

I was a little overwhelmed by the amount of cum and had to swallow quickly to avoid choking. The salty taste wasn't bad, a mixture of sweet and bitter flavors, obviously reflecting the differences in the four men who had fucked her. The texture varied from thin to thick, and the continued flow was proof she had been fucked one hell of a lot! She asked me how I liked eating her big cream pie, and since my mouth was full, I could only nod a little to show her with my eyes that I was delighted.

As I continued to suck her cunt, Mary started to slowly move her hips forward and back, sliding her pussy across my face. Her cunt lips were parted now covering much of my face. On the forward thrust, I would end up with my nose at the bottom of her cunt and my mouth on her asshole, which I licked and sucked. On the back stroke, I would end up with her large clitoris in my mouth with my chin pressed into her pussy. She had a fairly large and protruding clit, about the size of the tip of my index finger, and I focused a lot on gently teasing and sucking it. After she became comfortable with the rhythm she had established, she started thrusting more rapidly, and the sensation of having her fuck my open mouth was awesome. With my face covered with her juices and the cum of those four men, I felt very submissive under her with her using my head like a sex toy.

"I thought you wanted to jerk off while you ate me," she said.

I told her I would love to, but with her sitting on my chest, my arms were a little constricted and it was difficult for me to manipulate myself. That's when she reached behind herself and, without looking, shoved her one hand down inside the stretchy waistband of my sweatpants and instantly took hold of my cock through my nylon panties.

"My, those are sleek under shorts you have on. Are they silk?"

"No, nylon," I admitted, hoping that would end her curiosity and prevent her from turning around to take a look!

Now as she rode my face, she jerked on my dick. She smiled down at me and said, "I guess why you're a pussy eater; your penis is pretty small -- oh, I'm sorry, I mean kind of average, if you don't mind me saying."

I could feel tears in my eyes. I really didn't want to appear anything less than a real man for her, especially at this moment as she was thrilling me by jacking on my prick in my panties.

Between her pulling on my pantied dick and me sucking and eating her cunt, I was in heaven. She didn't stop jerking on me but stopped wiggling her hips on my face as she paused for a

moment and said, "So, for how long have you been wearing women's panties?"

With a mouthful of pussy I could only groan and look up at her with pleading, sorrowful eyes.

"Don't worry. I think it's cute you wear panties. I guess you have to do something to entertain this little guy of yours since your wife isn't interested in it. And panties on you make sense since I don't suppose you're too anxious to show girls what little you have down there; after all, a girl usually wants to see what you have before she lets you fuck her."

I was happy when she stopped talking because it was all so close to home and making me a little nervous, and happy she didn't mind my wearing panties — humiliating panties that had more lace and frills on them than the ones she had been wearing! But it was all so nasty and perverted too, and I loved it.

Mary, sensing my submissiveness, pushed herself forward a lot more and had me lick and suck her asshole and said things, like "Suck my shit hole, panty boy!" And "No wonder you like to suck my pussy full of man cum. Since you wear lacy panties, you must me a fag. I bet you'd like to suck my husband's big cock even more than you like sucking my pussy, you sick fuck."

She had several small orgasms in the process of fucking my face, and I could tell when they were happening because she'd slow her thrusting and place her weight more heavily on my face. Her vaginal contractions during these orgasms also caused a little more cum to be pushed out into my mouth, and it made me feel like I was being totally enveloped in her pussy. Mary continued fucking my face for more than 30 minutes, having many small orgasms, but when the big one was about to come, I wasn't expecting what happened. Through heavy breathing, she told me to open my mouth as wide as I could, cover her whole pussy, and swallow as fast and as much as I could. She hit a gigantic orgasm, yanking painfully on my pantied dick as she did, and then she slowed the thrusting of her hips and increased the pressure on my face. Then, I had no choice in the matter as her orgasm subsided, and she let loose with a gush of urine, a forceful and continued release of piss! As she writhed above me, all I could do was keep my mouth on her cunt and swallow repeatedly to keep from gagging. Later, she explained, having her pussy eaten caused her to involuntarily release her pee, and she apologized for that — with a girlish giggle — and apologized for calling me a sissy, fag, pantywaist, and all the other shameful names she had called me during her throws of excitement.

Drinking piss was a first for me, and although I wouldn't have willingly drunk it under normal circumstances, in the throes of passion, all I could think about was pleasing her. And me? I shot a big load (for me) into my panties, but I barely remember releasing my spunk as she rode me like bronco. I did know it all felt wonderful! Mary, exhausted after her big orgasm, laid back on me to recover. I thought our fun was over, but as she lay there, we were then in the 69 position, and she took the opportunity to

closely examine my panties. She made me squirm and twitch as she stroked my nylon panties over my hips and penis. She giggled while looking at my undersized dick, but regardless, I was getting hard again and her handling of me and brought me to a lovely orgasm. As I shot off, she put her mouth over my penis through my panties and took my semen into her mouth. Then she scooted up to me, face to face with her lips tightly shut, and I knew what was next. She kissed me and deposited my cum into my own mouth.

“You liked that didn’t you, panty boy?”

What else could I do but agree with her!

As we got cleaned up and dressed, Mary wanted to know about why I wore panties, and I told her the whole story and how my wife bought them for me after catching me jerking off in her panties. Mary said she had an open marriage, and she wanted to tell Dan all about me. She said he wouldn’t mind my eating her pussy and would probably get a kick out of hearing I had eaten her creampie full of all their juices.

I begged her not to tell Dan about my panties, but she assured me he could handle it and not think anything less of me. Then she told me she wanted me to come over sometime, do a little dance for them in just my pink panties and then give Dan a blowjob! I was very hesitant, but then she explained her husband was bi (and she was too), and that when the guys went on their fishing trips, they spent most of their time fucking and sucking each other! She sounded a little offended that Dan would suck off his buddies but not eat her pussy! Oh, well, I guess there’s a chink in every situation! And maybe that’s why she gobbled down my few drops of juice.

This was the start of a great relationship with Mary and Dan, and I would go over to their house often – and actually got to enjoy sucking Dan’s huge cock – what a sissy that made me feel like! For a long time now, I think my wife suspects something is going on with me and the Colturns, but as long as I keep bringing home my paycheck to her and doing my share of babysitting the grandchildren, fixing things around the house and staying out of her way, she doesn’t give a shit what I do. ♦



is something nature bestows upon each of us, not something that happens to a guy when he puts on a bra and silky panties.

I’ll go even further: So many sissies mistakenly think that if they suck a guy’s cock, it means they are gay. That’s not true! It’s erroneous to think that way. When a pansy sissy boy wears panties and girls’ clothes — for all practical purposes, he IS a she and she should act and think accordingly, like a normal female acts and thinks. A majority of real women and girls love to suck cocks and get fucked, so when a sissy does these things, he’s not

gay, he’s just acting as his clothing dictates and is indulging in these harmless and loving acts. A sissy boy is actually a heterosexual girl when he is wearing his girlie clothes and sucking or being fucked by men and boys. There is no valid argument against that fact.

However; should that same sissy boy wear male clothes while performing sex acts with a male, then that sissy is a homosexual. Most any crossdresser and panty boy is disgusted at even the thought of having a penis in his mouth or up his butt while dressed in his male clothes, but once he is in a dress, mentally, physically, and emotionally he is a female, and it’s only natural for him to want sex with guys. #10224 ♦

Cum-Eating Pansies

It is about time to clear up a few things with regard to what’s gay and what’s straight. Every day we get letters from panty sissies insisting they are straight and not gay, and we agree with them.

We think it’s awful so many panty-wearing boys have been hornswoggled by our misguided society into thinking they are gay ... homosexual ... faggots ... queers ... or whatever just because they like to wear fancy lingerie. In truth, the vast majority of men and boys who wear panties are NOT gay. Of course, some gay boys wear panties and some don’t. Being gay

Big, Scary Black Guys Own My Wife and Laugh at Me

I'm best described as a poorly endowed thirty-nine-year-old wimp, and our family consists of my thirty-six-year-old wife, Sheila, fifteen-year-old daughter, Pam, and twelve-year-old son, Robert. Also living in our house is my mother-in-law, fifty-seven-year-old Ann, who we all call Mother Ann.

After my wife and I married, we had no luck producing a baby because I had no ability to hold back from cumming whenever my little dick just got near my wife's pussy. I couldn't blame her for being upset with me, so I dutifully relegated myself to a submissive position and gave her the power to make all family decisions. We finally were able to conceive our children through artificial insemination. Our first child was a girl, but when we found out our second child was going to be a boy, Mother Ann, told my wife she should abort the baby since there was a great risk he would turn out like me, small in stature and a weakling compared to other men and boys -- OK characteristics for a girl, but disastrous for a boy and destined him to be a disappointment -- a disappointment like I am. Even though back then, Mother Ann wasn't quite that blunt, my wife and I understood exactly what she meant. We didn't follow her advice and had the boy. Ever since, Mother Ann frequently reminds us of that decision. Robert is small (in all departments physically) and pretty much of a weakling, but one thing I can say for the lad, that unlike me, he can stand up for himself and fight for what he thinks is right, plus he's a bit brash and unruly at times -- qualities he probably inherited from my wife and mother-in-law.

My mother-in-law is the supreme ruler in our house, and two years ago, unexpectedly, she put aside the vibrator that had been her basic source of sexual satisfaction (other than my slavish pussy licking tongue) and began dating black guys. She didn't hide it from my wife, me or the children. Of course, I wasn't happy about that because I had to eat that old pussy all those young black studs fucked! Every weekend she seemed to bring home a different guy, some of them young enough to be her grandsons. Gradually, I grew accustomed to having these young black men in our house. They all seemed so assertive, so manly; I couldn't have stood up to them if I had wanted to. At night my wife and I would lie in our bed listening to her mother being fucked half to death in the room next to ours, her lustful cries echoing into the small hours. I know the kids could hear her too.

I suppose it was inevitable my wife and daughter would follow Mother Ann's example. It happened so fast. One night Mother Ann came home with two black studs and told Sheila she could try one of them in bed if she wanted.

Well, my wife told me to sleep out on the porch that night and led the guy up to our bedroom. And this all happened in full view of the kids! Our daughter was all googly-eyed and looked at the younger of the two black guys with a wanton look I had never seen before on her. Our smart-aleck son sneered at the men and

wouldn't even shake their hand until Mother Ann insisted, and then he only did it with a look of contempt.

My wife's personality changed overnight! The next morning I was a wreck with a backache because of a lack of sleep from trying to rest on our old wooden porch swing, but Sheila was bouncing around like a teenager, wide-eyed and glowing with happiness. Was that just from getting a good fuck, or two, or three, or whatever? Well, several times a week after that, Mother Ann would bring home two black studs and share them with my wife. Soon, Sheila was going out to clubs with Mother Ann, either staying out all night and doing god knows what or coming home as soon as she found a guy she wanted, waking me up and throwing me out of our bedroom so she could have the guy fuck her silly in our marital bed. Eventually, I just started sleeping out on the porch whenever my wife went out to save me the inconvenience and humiliation of being told to "get the hell out" of my own bed by some foulmouthed black guy, who was usually twice my size.

Then one night my wife went out and came back early enough that our two kids were still up. She brought home Gregory, a black guy she had been seeing frequently. He took one look at our daughter and whispered something to my wife.

Sheila asked Pam, "Honey, I know you've been peeking in on me ever since I've been dating Gregory, and I know you told me you think you are mature enough to have sex and anxious to do it. As I explained, you should have your virginity taken by an experienced lover like Gregory, here, and not by some pimply faced teen boy who has no idea how to properly make love to you, so if you're ready, Gregory is here and more than willing."

I don't know where I found the courage to jump up and put a hand to his chest and tell him, "In no way are you going to screw my precious daughter, you big black asshole!"

Gregory smacked me upside the head so fast and so hard I went flying backwards and landed on the couch.

Pam jumped up, rushed over to Sheila and Gregory and begged, "Oh, yes, mom! I want to! I want to! Please! I saw your big cock, Gregory, and I want it in me -- now!"

My wife laughed, and said, "Sure, baby."

They ignored me, sobbing on the couch and nursing my cheek where he had struck me that was sure to turn into an ugly bruise.

But then Gregory said to our little but obviously not-so-innocent Pam, "I'd love to fuck your brains out, little girl!" Then he turned to me. "But I think it is only proper I get your daddy's permission first. He grabbed the front of my shirt, pulled me up and held me face-to-face with my feet barely touching the floor. "So, how about it, daddy? You want me to do it, don't you? You are going to beg me to take your little girl's cherry, right?"

God, he was a scary mass of huge black manhood. The terror of the moment and the pain in my hard-slapped jaw brought tears to my eyes that trickled down my cheeks as I said, "Sure, yeah, Mr. Gregory, please, oh, please, do make love to my only daughter, Pammy. Please, take her virginity!" Of course, I felt like a total wuss saying that, but I was actually in fear of my life if I had said anything in the least bit different.

Still with me in his firm grip, he added, "So how about if I don't use a rubber and give your little girl some of my baby juice and make her pregnant. How would you feel about that?"

I cried at that, but said, "Oh, sure, Mr. Gregory, -- sob, sob -- whatever you want. If you want to give her your baby, I would love to have a little black child running around in our house."

He laughed at me and threw me back down onto the couch. Then my wife spoke up. "Why you miserable wimp! What an asshole you are. Gregory -- and his name is Gregory NOT Mr. Gregory, you stupid dork! But to you, I think you should call him 'Master' or 'Master Gregory.' Anyway, NO, Gregory IS going to use a condom on his cock once our baby girl is done sucking it to full hardness. Pam needs to finish high school and go onto college before she is blessed with a black baby. I just put Gregory up to that question so we could all see how miserable of a jelly-bellied husband you are!"

I was audibly crying, a fully disgraced husband and father. Our son was about to walk out of the room in disgust of me, but Gregory said, "Hey, you little faggot, sit down and stay put!"

Robert snarled at him, and said, "Hey, jerk, I'm not fag!"

Gregory stepped over to our son and was about to smite him like he had done to me, but my wife stopped him and made Robert give the big man a feeble apology for being so rude.

In the morning, I made breakfast for everyone. I think I did it more as an apology to my family for me being me rather than for any other reason. One after another, everyone trickled down to eat. I just served everything up and didn't say anything beyond a "good morning." Pam showed up exhausted and with puffy eyes but with that same look of contentment and sublime happiness my wife had on her face on mornings after she had been given a top quality black buck fuck.

As Gregory was about to leave, Sheila told me to thank him for making a woman out of our daughter and taking her innocence. Of course, I did it!

That next night, Gregory was back and ready to further sexually break in our little Pammy. He surprised me by handing me a little box, saying, "Here, I bought you a little something to thank you for letting me take your beautiful little girl's sweet cherry."

I was a bit dumbfounded and just stood there -- stupidly I'm sure -- until my wife and daughter urged me to open the box. And

when I did, I saw it contained a pair of old-fashioned, high-waisted sissy pink panties. I immediately thought they were for my wife or maybe for Pammy and was about to hand them to one of them, maybe he wanted me to put them on my wife or daughter -- I had no idea what he wanted me to do until he spoke up.

"Hey, listen, old man, this nice pair of panties is for you to wear! A sissy husband like you needs to be in pink panties. So whenever I'm here I want you to wear them! It will mark the pecking order in this family, acknowledging that you are on the bottom rung! Now, get your clothes off and put them on. Model them for us, fagola hubby boy."

Robert yelled back, "Hey, man, my dad's a shit but he's no fag!"

I was impressed with my son for standing up in my defense, but I asked Master Gregory to forgive our son and took control of the situation in the only way I could: I instantly pulled off all my clothes and stepped into the panties, which were super soft nylon and loaded with more lace and ribbons than I had ever seen on any pair of women's panties. My haste in complying with his orders I think assuaged Gregory for the moment because he began laughing heartily at me, and I'm sure it kept him from smacking down our smarty pants little boy.

"Hey, kid," he said to my wiseass son, "how do you know your daddy isn't a fag? You saw how fast he jumped into those faggot pink panties, didn't you?" and he laughed some more.

I stood there like a shithead. I didn't know what to do with my hands. I wanted to cover the little bulge my dick made in the front of the panties, but I thought, what the hell, it's so small anyway -- besides, everyone including my kids already had a good look at my pimple dick as I struggled into the ridiculous pink panties -- so, what was the use?

My wife said to me, "Pull out the front of your panties and look at what's written on them." I did and saw some numbers embroidered right up by the waistband. "See the date, there: 7-10-04?" I nodded, well that's yesterday's date, the day Gregory ruptured Pammy's cherry. Gregory told me his mother is very handy with needle and thread and she embroidered the date on your panties, and she's the one who also added all the nice lace and sassy satin ribbons. She did a great job, huh? Gregory also told me he is going to being you a present of a new pair of panties, always pink ones of course, every time he fucks our little girl, all embroidered with the date plus the added frills. Isn't that nice of him and so sweet of his mother? Don't you think you should thank him for that?"

"Thank you, for these, these under things," I said in barely more than a mumble, standing there terrorized and half freezing in direct line of the draft from the air-conditioning vent.

"Is that all?" my wife said like she was surprised. "Now, thank him properly for his gift and tell him to thank his mother for all the trouble she has gone through for a lowly sissy wimp like you."

And please, call them ‘panties’ and not ‘under things!’ And while you are at it, describe them so we know exactly what you are thanking him for.”

“Gees, Gregory, I mean, Master Gregory, thank you so much for the, uh, pink pants, uh, I mean, nice pink panties, decorated with all this lace and bows ... and stuff. I think I like ... no, I do like them a lot, and be sure to thank your wonderful mother too for all the work she put into fixing them up for me.”

That seemed to satisfy my wife and Gregory. I was so ashamed I didn't look up, and when I did, all I saw was this huge black guy leading our darling daughter up the stairs to her bedroom. His club of a hand was up the back of her skirt, and our tiny little girl was actually bouncing as she walked, her own hand under her mini skirt and surely rubbing her cunt through her panties in front in hot anticipation of being fucked again all night long!

Two days later, Gregory was back again to sex up our baby daughter, and once again he brought me another pair of pink panties, embroidered with the date and sewn full of frills. Gregory came over a lot after that, and now I have so many panties no room is left in my underwear drawer for all of them so my wife threw out all my men's underpants and commanded me to start wearing my pink panties all the time because it was so much trouble for me to run up to my dresser and quickly change from underpants and into panties the moment I got notice he was about to arrive. Many times it had been a close call, and I barely had time to change, and after being caught a few times not wearing my pink panties and being smacked upside the head so hard my bell rang, my wife told me to forget any hint of masculine pride I had left and just start wearing my pink panties all the time. It would make my life easier and save me from being beaten up by Gregory. Of course, I did what she told me to do. Our son knew all about it; he knew because my wife made a point to telling the kids right in front of me after dinner one night, that from then on, I would only wear ladies' panties for underwear. Our son slurred my manhood (?) under his breath. My wife told him to watch it or he'd be in pink panties next. He reacted by pretty much ignoring me completely after that. But of course, our daughter loved me pantied, always telling me I was cute.

In just over a year so much had changed, I was no longer the man of my own house, as if I ever really was, but now I was officially a panty-wearing freak; everyone in our family trampled on me. I now slept on the porch every night dressed in a babydoll nightie top and panties. I got up every morning as soon as the sun came up so I could get back into the house before any of the neighbors saw me in the babydoll. My wife and Gregory thought it funny to periodically take me shopping and add more ladies' lingerie and garments to my collection, and now I regularly wear stockings and suspenders, slips and modestly high heels that I'm getting used to walking in. The high heels are nice in one regard, they make me taller, something I do enjoy. My household duties have increased, and throughout the night I'm at the beck and call of Mother Ann, my wife Mistress Sheila, daughter Princess Pam, and of course, Master Gregory. Most notably, my nightly

duties are as an obedient pussy cleaner for the ladies of the house between their bouts of sex. I do most of the housework, trotting and wobbling around in my heels and lingerie, much to the continued disgust of our son and the delight of the three females, all three of whom have steady black boyfriends now who need their cocks drained on most nights, and often several times a night. They really keep me busy going from bedroom to bedroom and guzzling cum. I take medicine to ease my stomach.

In addition to my wife's boyfriend, Gregory, Mother Ann's steady is named Leroy, and Pammy's boyfriend is Wayne. And all three guys sometimes bring their friends over to share the wealth, and the three females in this house don't mind at all! Sometimes, much to my dismay, there are too many cocks in this house leaking cum and desperately needing to be tapped, and I'm embarrassed to say, I'm then called upon to give these guys blowjobs or – ouch! -- allow them to fuck me in the ass! More than once our son has caught me on my knees in the middle of the living room downing a big cock or having my face sprayed with huge amounts of black man cum. Needless to say, my son doesn't even look at me anymore.

Whereas I had learned to be a properly submissive servant to superior black males, sadly, one member of our family hadn't learned that lesson, our insolent son, Robert. I had tried to explain to him that black men are our betters and he should show them the respect they deserve, but he ignored my suggestion since he held me in such low regard ever since I had allowed this bunch of rough and nasty black men to take over our house. Robert had a great disrespect for everyone in our house and showed it with his actions. Only my wife saved him from numerous beatings by the black men who regarded him as a snippy little pest. Eventually, Sheila had enough and decided, there as only one thing to do: to have Leroy, Gregory and Wayne take our boy in hand and teach him some respect.

The thought of the three black men converging on our sassy son and doing heaven knows what to him scared me, but I knew enough to stay out of it that one Sunday afternoon when Sheila, my wife told him his constant rudeness towards the black men had to stop immediately. He started to say something in protest, but Gregory slapped him hard across the face and brought him to tears. The three black monsters then quickly frog marched him upstairs, followed by the three cheering females. As he was led away, he strained to plead with me for help, but I just smoothed out my new pink satin half-slip, put on my frilly over-the-shoulder pink apron and minded my own business as I began cleaning up the dirty dishes from lunch.

I had no idea what they had in store for our son, but I knew for sure it was going to be something extremely humiliating. After doing the dishes, I busied myself by starting a roast for dinner; I knew there would be many hungry mouths to feed.

My first glimpse of what was happening to our son occurred when they brought Robert back downstairs, and I saw the handy work of my wife and her mom. Standing now before me was my

poor defeated son, his face red with shame, dressed only in black stockings, suspenders, little high heels and pink satin panties with rows and rows of ruffles and lace across his butt, the kind of panties tiny little girls wear under their party dresses that horny boys and perverted old men love to peek at. Around his neck he wore a dog collar, and he was being led around by his grandmother. I knew the redness on his face wasn't makeup. I knew he had been slapped around quite a bit.

I'd never seen my Robert looking so down and ashamed, but what really caught my eye was Mother Ann holding his leash with one hand and jerking him off through his panties with her other hand while my wife and daughter snapped his panty elastics and rubbed the ruffles and nylon of his panties against him to agitate him to distraction. The poor kid was crying, wobbling on his heels and panting like a beaten sissy. Mother Ann told me they wanted to show me the progress they had made in such a short time and now wanted me to be present as they completed his 'retraining' as she termed it.

That's when, Wayne, Pammy's young boyfriend stepped forward with his swollen black meat in hand. Robert was shoved down to his knees in front of Wayne and forced to open his mouth and start sucking upon his fat black monster cock. My little boy was choking and coughing but trying his best to comply with Wayne's demand to suck and suck him off well, or he'd be beaten to a shit. Looking up at me, my son's battered face looked a picture as he paid homage to Wayne's ten-incher ballooning up and getting ready to shoot, and he did shoot but not before pulling out of Robert's mouth at the last moment and baptizing my son's face with huge globs of black boy cum. While our daughter laughed, my wife and mother-in-law and their black boyfriends cheered our now no-longer-sassy Robert as he gave that mean black bastard the best head job he could. It ended like a porn movie with Wayne spewing copious globs of spunk all over our son's beet red face.

The three females took turns licking the cum off Robert, and then the other two men took turns fucking his face. Everybody then left our son in a messy, sticky heap and took a break. I served drinks, and then a half hour later, the three black guys took turns taking down my boy's panties and mounting him as they introduced his asshole to their rip-roaring big black dicks. One thing was for sure, my son's life would never be the same.

As a finish, they had a gift-opening ceremony, like it was Christmas for Robert as they had him sit in the middle of the living room floor in his cum-stained lingerie and open a stack of boxes all filled with girlie clothes, mostly styles designed for very little girls with oodles of lace and frills. I'm sure Gregory's mother had been sewing up many of those clothes with extra lace and sissy decorations like she did to every pair of my sissy pink panties. Sheila then told our son he would be under my wing, and it was up to me to teach him how to be a proper, respectful sissy boy and for him to work with me and learn how to do the housework and service their every need. I cried for him, but he didn't even cry; he was way beyond crying. ♦

I'm a Sucker for Black Cock

Being named Randy, my wife always jokes about how sexually randy I am all the time. I'm completely in love with my trophy wife and willing to do most anything she wants. She wanted to go to a swap party once, and we got lucky with another couple. Sheila is such a stunning beauty she can get most any guy to bend to her will in exchange for a crack at her crack. We went to several more swap parties after that and she sought out couples who were bi, and even though I'm not gay, she once got me to suck another guy's cock. Then she had me do it several more times. Next, she advanced my submissiveness by having me crossdress in lingerie before giving guys head. Soon after Sheila began forcing me into my new role as a pantied cocksucker, she fully realized how much she loved her power over me. I think she spent most of her time thinking up new ways to control and humiliate me, and now, the more she pushes me into being subservient to her, the more she likes it.

One day she bought me some of my own nylon slips, bras and panties, and when I opened my underwear drawer, saw them next to my regular underwear and asked what they were doing there, and she just said, "I thought it was about time you had some of your own pretty lingerie. When you wear my things, you're too hard on them and pull them all out of shape. So I got you your own. Now, aren't you the lucky one?"

Then every time I opened my underwear drawer, a shaming chill run up my spine. It was a stab at my masculinity seeing my own slips, bras and panties neatly stacked in there. And she encouraged me to wear them around the house and at times under my clothes when we went out. It seemed like she was always upping the ante and planning new ways to humble me.

She suspected our friends, Steve and Jennifer, a great black couple, would go along with an idea she had because they were always bragging about their raucous sex life. Steve worked with me at my insurance company's corporate office, and we palled around a bit because our wives got along quite well. And when the two of them got together, like most women, they talked about their husbands and sex, and Jennifer was always saying how much cum Steve would shoot and how she hated to swallow it.

So one day when Sheila was out shopping with Jennifer, she asked her if she thought her husband would let another guy suck him off, and if Jennifer would like to see that. Jennifer replied enthusiastically she would love to see another guy take Steve's "huge globs of cum" and thought he would go along with it because she mentioned Steve had admitted to her he had been sexually adventurous with other guys in the military when he had been stationed at a remote outpost in Alaska.

So Sheila put her plan into action one Friday night when I got home late from a business trip, she had dinner on the table as I came in the door, and while we ate, she informed me that Jennifer and Steve were coming over to play Trivial Pursuit,

which I love to play because I usually win! She said she had really missed me while I was away and since it was still early, she told me to take a shower and get ready for a loving blowjob. She doesn't give me blowjobs often, so I jumped at the chance.

As I went into the bathroom, Sheila said it would make it extra exciting for her if after my shower, I would put on the new slip, bra and panties she had just bought for me and had laid out on the bathroom vanity. Hey, whatever my wife wants, she usually gets, so after I dried off, I put on the pale pink bra and panties and covered them with the white satin full slip with a ton of lace around the bottom edge, an old-fashioned slip like my grandma used to wear. I affectionately remember how she would always walk around with about five inches of the lacy bottom edge of her gleaming white slip blatantly peeking out below the hem of her housedresses.

Sheila continued to buy me lingerie and now I had more panties than I had under shorts – but I wasn't about to quibble, so I blushed as I looked at myself in the mirror and cheerfully wore the lingerie in anticipation of a great blowjob. I came out of the master bath and saw Sheila on the bed fetchingly attired in a light blue babydoll nightie like a teenage girl would wear.

As I approached the bed, she told me to stop and asked, "Honey, stand there for a minute so I can get a good look at you in your new white slip. ... Now, may I see your new panties too?"

I coquettishly raised the slip and gave her a quick peek at my pink panties.

"Why you little tease! I barely got a good look. I'm your wife, not some guy you're teasing so you can suck his cock! You must be ashamed to be a panty-wearing, cocksucking faggot?"

"Uh, yeah, honey. I'm ashamed about that." I didn't know where this conversation was going, but I played along, knowing she liked to jerk me around a bit and hoping this meaningless talk would end soon and I would get her pretty lips around my aching dick that was swelling quickly to full size within my crisp, ticklishly new nylon panties.

"So, are you my sweet little cocksucking panty boy?"

"Oh, yes, baby! Can, you do me, now, baby?"

"In a minute, first, tell me, baby, tell me you like to suck cock for me. Tell me you would really love to suck a big black cock for me right now."

I didn't know why she wanted me to say it at this precise moment, but I was on my way to getting head from her, so I said, "Oh, yeah, baby, I'm your cocksucking panty boy! And sure, baby, I want to suck a big black cock for you."

"Oh, I love it when you tell me how much you love to give guys blowjobs. And now that I know you want to suck off a big black

guy, maybe I can arrange it. Now do a little dance for me like the sissy fag you are before you come over here and collect your reward," she said as she pushed the button on our CD player and a Cher dance tune came on.

My cock was like a steel flagpole standing up against my belly in the panties. It was good the panties were the old-fashioned high-waisted style of panties that completely covered my seven-inch cock even when it was fully hard. The panties felt so-o-o-o good! I held my pantied cock and gave it a few teasing strokes as I started to swing my hips like a gay sissy boy doing a sexy little dance. My wife smiled and I really got into it, and when I did a little spin I almost fell down because Steve and Jennifer were in our bedroom; I hadn't seen them standing off to the side in just their underwear. I nearly leaped out of my skin diving under the blankets as I yelled, "Hey, guys, what's going on?"

Sheila said, "Well, honey, I told Jennifer you're my queer little cocksucker and she said she wanted to watch, so I told her if she got Steve to agree to let you do it, you'd do it. And here they are!"

Jennifer added, "Yeah, Randy, I always figured you were a little different, but I didn't suspect ... until your wife told me you were a pansy and a queer, a real skin flute player. My, my ..."

Steve's cock was throbbing in his boxers and threatening to rip them open; he interrupted his wife and said, "So when do I get that blowjob, dude? I hear you like to swallow cum and your asshole is tight," he laughed.

I looked at Sheila and she began talking in a stern voice. "Randy, get your ass out of this bed, get over there, and service Steve like the pantywaist cocksucking whore you are. And make him really happy so he deposits down your throat one of those huge loads of cum he dishes out, and Jennifer and I want to see the whole thing, up close and personal!"

She pushed me out of the bed. I was stunned and shamed at the same time. I felt horrible in the lingerie in front of my buddy and coworker. It was much more humiliating than appearing crossdressed in front of total strangers like we met at swap clubs.

As I stood up, Sheila commanded, "Crawl, Randy. You're not man enough to have your head at the same level as Steve's. You're the cocksucker and he's the cocksuckee!"

I crawled out of bed, and Steve pulled me by my ear into the center of our bedroom while Jennifer and Sheila situated themselves on the nearby loveseat.

I was ashamed of myself but my cock was rock hard. Jennifer saw it and whispered to my wife that it confirmed I was not just a crossdresser but a panty boy faggot. Here I was about to suck cock again for my lovely wife simply because she told me to do it, but now I was doing it to a friend with his wife watching!

I crawled over to Steve and looked at Sheila for instructions.

“Yes, queer boy, now take down his shorts.”

As I slowly pulled his underwear down and off, I tried not to touch his hard cock any sooner than I had to.

“Good, my little pansy,” Sheila cooed. “Now, get up on your haunches and suck Steve’s beautiful black cock!”

“Sheila, please don’t make me do this. This is so humiliating.”

Steve slapped me on the face and yelled, “Hey, fag, I just heard you say you wanted to suck a big black cock, well, here it is. I’m waiting and I’m ready, as you can see. Your wife promised me a Grade A blowjob tonight, so am I going to get it from you, or do I get it from your wife and then fuck you in the ass!”

“Oh, no,” Sheila said. “Randy, you know I don’t like to suck cock, so you better do it for me, honey. Besides, I know you want to do it with all your heart; you just need a little encouragement.”

“But, honey, you had promised to give me a blowjob tonight, not this!” I complained.

“Randy, I promised you no such thing! You must not have been listening. I told you to get ready for a blowjob. I didn’t tell you I was going to give you one! Do you ever listen to what I say?”

Steve was getting anxious and he raised his hand like he was going to hit me again, so I reached out, grabbed his velvety, warm cock and gently stroked it to assuage him for the moment.

“Now, Randy,” Sheila continued, “I thought you’d genuinely enjoy sucking off your close friend. And it will be your first black cock – I think. I mean, I don’t know what you do on all those business trips of yours. I wouldn’t doubt it if you have been downing lots of cocks, even lots of black cocks on the sly. I seem to remember you liked sucking cock. Now, you’re not a little bit of a racist, are you? Not wanting to suck a nice black cock? You didn’t complain that night at the swap club when you were ‘Queen for a Day’ and were downing cocks and slugging down man cream like it was the only liquid left on earth. And I thought you liked it when the men were giving it to you up your ass too.”

“Honey, that was different, I won, uh, I mean, I lost the drawing and was forced to be the queen that night. I hated it. I got sick to my stomach and threw up after I had been forced to gobble up all that cum, and my asshole bled like crazy and hurt for a week!”

“Well, you could have fooled me. All I know is you shot your wad in your panties repeatedly. Didn’t you go through three or four pairs of clean panties that night?”

“Sheila, I told you that was a bad night for me. You know I don’t want to go to that club again. I, uh ...”

Steve had grown weary and anxious. In mid-sentence he grabbed

my hair and pulled my face up to his crotch. “Open up, fag. I’m tired of all this babbling on like a cock-teasing teenage girl. Start sucking or I’ll rape your wife and still come back and rape your mouth and your ass too!”

As I put my lips around his mean-looking cock, Sheila said, “That’s it, Steve, don’t let my little nancy boy fool you and pretend he doesn’t want it or like doing it. He’s capable of giving a \$1,000 blowjob; don’t accept anything less from him.”

By the sound of her voice, I could tell Steve’s wife, Jennifer, was excited as she said, “Yeah, oh, yeah, this is super! I never saw a fag in action in person. Wow! Randy, I want to see you suck my man off to completion and swallow his big load.”

I could feel his cock getting warmer and bigger up in my mouth.

“Randy, make sure you play with Steve’s balls too,” Jennifer added. “He really likes that.”

“Yeah, Randy, play with them?” my wife yelled. “Take a break from slurping his cock and put your sexy mouth down there and suck on Steve’s balls. Right now, bitch!” Sheila commanded.

I leaned forward and took one of Steve’s balls in my mouth and began sucking and licking it gently. Then I worked on his other nut. He let go of my hair, moaned and put his hands on his rocking hips. I wanted to do a good job. They were all expecting it, and if I didn’t, Steve might be angry enough to beat me up, and my wife wouldn’t let me forget how much I had let her down. After doing what I thought was a great job of stroking and ball licking, I moved up and took the head of Steve’s cock into my mouth again. Steve moaned and Jennifer let out a soft “m-m-m-m.” With a sideways glance, I saw Sheila with her hands in Jennifer’s panties, one hand in front diddling her twat, her other hand in back fingerfucking her asshole, but that didn’t stop her from doing a little narrating. “See, you two; I told you Randy was a queer. He’s a great cocksucker, and I know that deep down he really likes it. You like sucking cock don’t you, Randy?”

“Uh, huh, m-m-m,” I said. With my mouth full of Steve’s cock, what good would it do to protest now and tell them I really didn’t like sucking dick!

“No, no, my little cum slut, tell us all how you love sucking cock and why!” Sheila said.

It seemed like when I began to get comfortable with my current level of humiliation Sheila turned the heat up another notch. I took my mouth off Steve’s manly cock long enough to say, “I love sucking cock because Sheila makes me do it.”

“Aw-w-w, Randy, you know that’s not true. You know the real reason is that you just love the taste of hot cum and can’t get enough of it, right? Why else do you suck your own cum out of your panties after every time you jack off in them?”

That is another of our little secrets our friends didn't need to know. The truth is I only suck my cum out of my panties because Sheila considers it high entertainment to watch me trash my masculinity practically every night as she laughs and watches me jack off in my panties and then lick them clean.

I had my mouth full of cock again and couldn't argue back that she made me suck up my own cum and not that I wanted to do it like she had made it sound. My head was now under Steve's full control. On each side of my head, he had a firm handful of my hair with the ends of my long hair sticking out of the ends of his fists. It probably looked like I had each side of my hair done up in little girls' ponytails that he was using like handles to jerk my head up and down his big black dick.

He was breathing faster and faster. I could tell Steve was about to cum. So could the girls. Jennifer squealed, "Oh, my god, I've never seen anything like it! I love it. I love it. Get ready for my husband's big load of slime, you pantywaist dick lover."

My wife tuned in, "Good boy, Randy, you cocksucking fag. I know how much you want to take Steve's big load and swallow it all for yourself, but instead, when he cums, I want you to keep it in your mouth and then come over here."

I could only moan a muffled agreement as Steve was painfully yanking on my hair and moving my head faster and faster up and down his ever-swelling shaft.

Jennifer said, "Steve, honey, give him one of your huge loads."

"Yeah, fuck his face good, Steve," Sheila added.

With Steve holding onto me like a drowning man clinging to a life preserver, no way could I have pulled away to avoid his oncoming load. As his cock started to swell to its full size in my mouth, he said, "Take this, you cocksucking fairy; it's real man cum. Not the pussy boy juice you suck out of your panties!"

He slimed my mouth. It was an astounding amount. Jennifer was right. Steve came in gobs and gobs. My mouth quickly filled with his hot sticky spunk. I couldn't hold it all and it began to seep out of both sides of my mouth. Steve pulled his cock out of my mouth and gave me the last shot across my face, shooting it into my eyes and some even went up into my nostrils.

"Now get over here, my little pansy boy," Sheila yelled. "And don't swallow. Put your mouth on my pussy lips and use your tongue to stuff Steve's cum into me. Do it now!"

As I crawled over to Sheila's spread legs and put my cum-filled mouth to her pussy, my cock was so hard I thought it was going to explode, yet I was amid the heaviest sexual humiliation I had ever experienced. I used my hand to widely open Sheila's pussy. I could see how wet she was. As I bent down and opened my mouth to plant my lips on her cunny lips, I felt Steve's cum spill from my mouth and into my wife and mix with her juices.

"That's right; push it in with your tongue, cum slut," Sheila demanded as Jennifer and Steve were watching with smiles on their faces. "That's good enough, panty slave boy. Now lie on your back... good. What a big hard on you have there. I bet you'd like to jerk off in your panties, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, honey, I would love that very much," I said.

"Well, go ahead and do it. We don't want to wait all night for a fool like you. And remember how you finish up once you shoot your measly little thimble full of cum into your panties."

For the shame of it all, my wife talking to me like that was so demeaning but also so exciting that I couldn't believe myself; the more she humbled me, the more I loved her and loved the nasty things she made me do.

I jerked off quickly. I was more than ready.

Then I slid off my wet panties and made a big show of licking out my slime and danced around like a fairy while I did it. I knew that would please my wife, and I did it amid the flashes from her camera that blinded my eyes. Click. Click. I had been in such shocked, stymied state throughout this whole experience that it wasn't until that very moment I recalled Sheila had been taking photos of me every inch of the way – or should I say while downing every inch of Steve's big cock! The realization made me stop for a moment.

"Oh, don't stop, now! Looks like you missed a spot. Go get the stripe of cum on the side of your panties. That's it, panty boy."

Click. Click.

"Hey, sissy, since you love gooey man cum so much, I've got some more for you right here," Sheila said pointing to her pussy. She held her hand over her cunt to keep it in, pointed for me to lie back on the floor, and then said, "Open wide, my little pantied cuckold," as she squatted over my face and let the cold slime in her pussy flow back into my mouth. I knew I was supposed to swallow, and I did."

Click. Click.

"Oh, wow. Gees. Ugh," Jennifer moaned in delight.

I guess I made her day – made all their days!

"See, Randy is just a cum slut. Aren't you, babe?" my wife said.

Click, flash.

Laughing happily, they all went to the living room for a cocktail, leaving me to clean myself up. I took a long, hot shower, and wondered what my scheming wife would think up the next time she wanted to advance my homosexuality and cuckoldry. ♦

The Man Who Fucks My Girl Buys Me Panties

“Wow! What a surprise!” Mandy screamed from the open doorway looking down at me on the mattress. She had caught me and discovered the secret I had kept from her. I struggled to pull away, but Nathan wouldn’t let go. He must have heard her open the door but decided it was time she found out about me wearing lacy panties and sucking his black dick. I struggled to crank my neck around to see Mandy’s face, but Nathan held my head tightly, slowly thrusting his cock into my mouth with long strokes. I was humiliated at having my girl see me like this. Nathan is 38, a muscular farm-boy type. Mandy walked around the bed, sat down next to me, and started rubbing my back.

I had been having torrid sex with Mandy for over a year -- I love really young girls. She was 15 with big brown eyes and a sexy thin body that made every guy hunger for her. She had lost her mother at age three. Her father was always on the road and gave her over to her sex-addicted aunt. Mandy was on the way to becoming the town whore, but I rescued her from that life with my voracious appetite for sex. I wasn’t ‘a manly hunk’ -- quite the opposite with my long hair and slight build, but I knew how to keep her sexually satisfied. She loved the way I ate her pussy. She knew about my fetish for fancy 1950s style panties, as I had bought many pairs for her and loved her wearing them whenever we had sex — but she didn’t know my fetish for panties extended to my wearing them too — but she did now! I tried to pull my lips off Nathan’s cock, but Mandy told me to continue sucking as it excited her, and as I sucked, she asked him the obvious question, “How long has this been going on?” He groaned, “Oh, a couple of months. He’s downed my cum about a dozen times so far.”

I struggled to get out of his grip, but he was much stronger and wasn’t letting me go. I didn’t like him telling her all about us, but he seemed anxious to tell her. She asked if I was giving him head willingly, and he said, “Usually, but now, he’s resisting. Maybe ‘cause you’re here.”

Mandy calmly stroked my back, said it was OK and told me to relax and enjoy it. She urged me to do a good job. When I saw how excited she was, I stopped struggling. Nathan eased up. He seemed to want to make it last. When she asked him how it started, he slowed even more and told her about Bobby, a mutual friend, who after a few too many drinks at a bar one night had let it slip to Nathan that I had given him a blowjob. He told Mandy that I first had sex with Bobby after losing \$140 to him in a poker game that I couldn’t pay back. But Bobby said if I sucked him off, he would forget the debt, so I told him I would do it.

I have a huge fetish for old-fashioned girlie panties and Bobby found my stash of panties once while at my house and got me to admit the truth. Then on the day I was to give him that blowjob, he surprised me by giving me a beautiful pair of high-waisted panties like I love. He had guessed right; I had agonized over giving him head, but the panties did make it a lot easier for me.

I put on the panties and sucked him off and found it not as unpleasant doing it while wearing the panties. It keyed into my fantasy of giving a guy oral sex that I had from the time I was ten years old when my crazy Uncle Ralph forced me to put on a pair of his daughter’s nylon panties and suck his smelly cock. I hated it at the time, but it evolved into a fantasy ever since.

After I gave Bobby that blowjob, he demanded I do it more and more, and each time he’d buy me a great pair of fancy panties. I had such an astounding panty fetish that I didn’t mind servicing him. Then one night after boozing it up, Bobby told Nathan, and now Nathan was telling my girlfriend how he then tracked me down in a bar and introduced himself as a friend of Bobby’s. He told me he knew all about what I had done for Bobby and wanted some too since he got a kick out of sissy fags downing his cum. I told him I wasn’t a sissy fag and didn’t do that, but Nathan knew too much, including where I worked. He said he’d visit my office and expose my panty habit and surely get me fired if I didn’t do him. Then he opened a bag and pulled out a lovely pair of yellow satin old-fashioned panties with white lace down each side and four big satin bows — Bobby had obviously told him EXACTLY the kind of panties I loved; they were about the most beautiful pair of panties I had ever seen. He smiled when I drooled over those panties. Nathan then said, “Boy, if you want these panties, you’ll put them on and take care of this,” as he rubbed his crotch. Like a pathetic wimp, I said OK, providing it would be just a onetime thing, but I knew even as he handed me the panties and told me to change into them in the restroom that it would be far more than a onetime deal. I was a careless sissy as I stood in the middle of the restroom, the panty pervert in me made me a pull off my clothes in full view of two drunks standing at the urinals pissing away their beer. I stepped into the fabulous yellow panties and pulled them up wiggling my hips like a whore. The two assholes were probably pissing on their shoes as they gawked at me, like I gave a shit! It felt so great to wear those lacy nylon panties that I just had to finger my hard little cockie in the crisp new satin. I got dressed and went for a ride with Nathan and ended up in a far corner of a Walmart parking lot. He had me lower my jeans so he could see my panties and laugh heartily at me as I jerked on myself through the panties while giving him that blowjob. That one time quickly turned into more and more times. He was smart enough to always have a lovely pair of panties with him, knowing that’s all it took. I’d then suck his big black monster without complaint. He kept my secret, so I continued to do as he wanted, but lately I was giving him blowjobs in my apartment because it was more comfortable than in the back seat of his car. That brought us to my present predicament. With glee, Mandy told me she was surprised I had kept such a big secret from her but then added, “Now show me just how well you suck a guy off.”

With that, Nathan and I both relaxed into our usual routine, except he seemed to be getting off dominating me in front of Mandy. She had known about the blowjob I had been forced to give Bobby because I had told her, but she thought it had only happened once. But I had lied to her about it being a onetime thing as well as how I wore panties most of the time when I

wasn't with her. But now as I knelt before her pantied and humiliated, she said, "Tommy, I'm going to make you wear panties 24/7, not just when you're sucking cock!"

Mandy asked me if I wanted a little help, knowing I once had expressed a desire to watch her suck another guy off. I nodded my head. I assumed we would take turns dangling from Nathan's dick; and it would make me feel less humiliated. Unfortunately, she didn't mean to help me out in that way; instead she said, "OK," and pulled her top off. She wasn't wearing a bra. She had perfect but tiny tits, upturned and tight like a budding little girl, tits that could still fit into a babyish A cup.

She rubbed her nipples against Nathan's and started kissing him with me still just in the new pink panties he had given me that day. He took to Mandy's advances, welcoming the extra action from my girl. He was married but said his wife was a total bitch, probably the reason for his regular need for my lips on his prick. So when Mandy offered herself to him, he took to it like a dog to meat. Instantly, I felt his cock grow even harder in my mouth. Despite wanting to see Mandy do another guy, I was now jealous as Nathan made out with her, and she was enjoying herself.

Finally, my head was released so he could rub her tits. I pulled off his cock and not knowing what to say after all this, I spouted, "Come on, this isn't the deal we have."

Mandy pulled away from his big lips and said how she was just trying to excite him a little more to speed things up. Then she got a wicked sensual look in her eye and said, "Now get back to work, cocksucker, and jerk yourself off in the nice new panties Nathan got for you. And don't speak another word until he shoots his cum down your queer boy throat." She then went back to frenching him and rubbing her hard, pert nipples against his bare chest while looking down every once in a while to laugh at me and tell me I looked like a silly little freak wearing lacy girls' panties and sucking cock. She reached a hand down and snapped the waist elastic of my panties. She giggled and snarled, "Pantywaist faggot! Fucking sissy! Panty-wearing pansy!" I jumped, but I liked her making fun of me. She grabbed a fistful of my hair and started to accentuate the bobbing of my head on his cock as she muttered, "Com'n, panty boy, you can do better."

Nathan's cock is about seven plus inches long, very thick and it gets very rigid. His cock I consider the best I have ever sucked since I was a kid sucking off my uncle. As Nathan always did, he was moaning, audibly enjoying himself looking down on me sucking on him and laughing at me in the panties he had brought me. Mandy dropped her jeans. She couldn't take her eyes off me, and I had to strain to see, but I couldn't take my eyes off her because she had on a lovely pair of sissy pink panties with a lot of girly-girly frills. With Mandy now gleefully humping her pantied cunt against his leg while he fucked my mouth, I wondered if she might be involved with Nathan and me in the future. I got jealous of Nathan moving into my territory. I loved my sex with her. Before now she hadn't known anything about me sucking cock or wearing panties. She knew I liked panties

but thought that only extended to how she looked wearing them. So now, with a giggle and a wiggle, as she playfully asked, "Hey, fag, do you want to get into her panties?" I nodded "yes" and she laughed and said, "Well, then, you'll have to wait until I'm finished wearing them!" She laughed at her own joke.

Mandy told Nathan she didn't like the taste of cum, but then bragged how great she was at deep-throating a cock because then she could swallow his slop right down her throat without barely even having to taste it. She said it was so much better than having a mouthful of the icky, nasty flavored slime sloshing around in her mouth and gagging trying to force herself to drink it all down.

After boasting about her ability to deep-throat, she asked if I had ever swallowed Nathan's cum before. And even though I had many times, Nathan said he never forced me to. I shook my head violently, as I really didn't want her to see me humiliated that way in front of her. I agreed with her. I didn't like swallowing unless I was given no choice. Then she said, "Nathan, I want you to force feed him your entire load and make him swallow it."

I started to protest, but both of them commanded me to get back to work on Nathan's cock. He lay back on the mattress, and I got jealous when Mandy snuggled up beside him as they continued their tongue dance and pet each other. I was getting mad as they teased me about how much they were enjoying making out while I sucked his cock. I paused, but he grabbed my hair and told me he wasn't finished yet. I told him I didn't care to see him playing with my girl while I did this for him and he reminded me I could stop at anytime if I didn't mind being outed at my office and in the neighborhood as the biggest cocksucker in town. I put a look of hatred on my face and went back down on him. Mandy took off her wet panties and stroked my head through a glove she had made out of them, rubbing her pussy-soaked, silky panties on my face and over my nose as I sucked away on Nathan's cock. She called me a good gay boy in my new panties and then resumed tending to Nathan and whispering instructions to him about how she wanted him to violate me for the big cum finish, telling him to push his cock faster and deeper into my mouth. When I started gagging, she told me to relax and let him to keep going at me like that, and I would learn to handle the gagging reflex. I became worried when she said maybe 'next time' she would further my lessons in deep-throating him. My eyes darted to hers in disbelief hearing her imply she had already decided on doing this again. I struggled to stop and tried in vain to get off his cock, but he was getting ready to cum; her words had given him all the permission he needed to fully assault my mouth anyway he wanted. He was pushing into me deeply and in long strokes. I felt his legs stiffen and knew he was ready to cum. Normally he would withdraw a little, shoot his load into my mouth and I would spit it out when he was finished. I had grown to like his little uncontrolled jerks as he came in my mouth. But this time he was in me way too deeply and Mandy was coaxing him to 'feed me' a proper meal for being a good little cocksucker. His hold on my head and hair was unrelenting and then I felt him cumming. I struggled like hell to get his cock out of me. Mandy

kept egging him on, and he didn't release me until he was finished shooting. I was ready to pass out from a lack of air when he finally pulled out and said, "That is the best sucking you have ever given me. We're going to need Mandy around more often." I said, "No fucking way; the deal is over." I wasn't going to let him fuck my girl or give him any more blowjobs.

Mandy told him to forget about me for the time being; that she would talk to me. Mandy held my chin up and told me to open my mouth. I did and she stated, "Wow, you did swallow every drop. Such a good blowjob. I should be angry with you for not holding it in your mouth so we could watch you do a slow swallow, but since I had Nathan ramrodding your throat as he shot off, I guess I couldn't expect you to do that. But next time,

I want you to hold it all in your mouth so I can have you open your lips so I can it. Then I'll have you to slosh it around in your mouth before you let it slowly go down your throat with little swallowing motions. That will get you to learn to love the taste of it. I want to see you do it right, like a good little panty boy. I'll have you do it that way next time, and then after that, I'll go back to teaching you more about deep-throating."

Mandy then started making out with him again as I sat back and watched. It was obvious she liked this big old black guy. Being caught by her was bad, having to swallow his load of cum in front of her and at her direction was worse, but seeing her making out with him was the most painful offense. I loved her so much; I was hoping this had been a onetime thing, and it wouldn't change our relationship. But I knew things surely would change!

Mandy finally pulled away from Nathan, I could tell she wanted to fuck him, but instead, gave his cock a sweet tug and told him he had to leave so she could talk with me. He got dressed, looked at me and said he would see me around. All I could do was shoot him a pissed-off look.

As soon as the door closed behind him, I blurted, "Mandy, how could you do that with him? I thought you loved me."

With disbelief, she responded how I could question her love for me after she had caught me doing what I was doing and keeping it a secret from her. We both took a deep breath and backed off and tried to relax. Then she giggled and said, "It was really hot watching you service him in your silly little girlie pink panties. Do you really think he'll just walk away from a guy who gives him head as great as you just did?" I was still steamed. "Did you enjoy yourself egging him on and getting him to make me swallow his cum? That was disgusting and embarrassing having to do that, especially in front of you!"

Mandy said when she first saw me sucking on him, before I had seen her, it was obvious I was enjoying it and not being forced to do it. She added, "You can't stop blowing him? He'll tell everyone you wear girls' panties and suck cock?" I said I'd live with it somehow.

But she said, "I couldn't... as much as I love you, I couldn't stay with you if everyone knew you wear lace panties and suck off guys. It's obvious you love wearing your sissy panties and don't mind giving him head, especially since he brings you such fine panties, so continue sucking him off, and I'll fuck with him as much as he wants, but I can't have anyone know I have a fag for a boyfriend. No, you continue sucking and indulge in your childish little fetish; keep on jerking off in your panties. It's a good deal for all of us." I shook my head no.

She said, "What's the big deal? It takes you only a few minutes to do it, right? And if all the panties he buys you are as pretty as these..." she said as she flicked the waist elastic of my silky panties, "you must have a lovely collection. Let me see them." I begged, "Please, don't tease me, Mandy."

"Now, if Nathan, Bobby and all the other boys you've sucked off have been giving you panties for however long, you must have quite a panty collection. I want to see all your panties. Come on, show me. Nathan buys you a new pair every time, right? He says that's the price you've always charged boys for some head, huh? C'mon, let me see them."

I said, "Please, Mandy, no, it's so embarrassing, you catching me like this. You know, he's going to want more. Plus he'll want to fuck you. I'm not going to have him fucking my girlfriend."

Mandy countered, "Is it asking too much to keep us together? I can put up with you wearing lacy panties. Now, how many girls would put up with that? Most girls don't want a panty-wearing faggot for a boyfriend, but it's fine with me. I even love the idea, as long as no one else knows. You look so cute in pink nylon panties, especially when you're wearing nothing but your shiny new panties and choking down a big cock. It doesn't bother me, and you know I would do anything for you as long as it's a secret. Keep doing Nathan and he'll keep quiet. Don't take a chance on him telling people and getting you fired, being run out of town and losing me. Just do it, and have fun doing it, OK?"

It was time for her go home for supper. Just before she left, she turned, pulled me close and kissed me. She said, "You have no choice; you have to keep sucking him off because if he tells anyone I'll have to break up with you. That would kill me, so please, just find some way to keep doing it, OK? And remember, I want you wearing panties all the time now, fancy panties, sissy panties, the most girlie panties imaginable. You're now our little cocksucking sissy panty boy! And the next time I'm over, you have to show me your panty collection, and model them for me!"

That night I saw Mandy at her house and we talked. At one point, she reached down my jeans and stroked my hard on through the pink panties I had on. Then she pulled her hand out of my pants and brought a big handful of the waist elastic and nylon panty up so they stuck out way above my jeans. Then she just sat there and toyed with the panty nylon and waistband, stroking, snapping and lovingly rubbing my panties as we continued to talk. She assured me I was the one she loved and she would never leave

me for another guy, even if he were a better fuck. She went on to say, "Hell, this isn't that big of a deal. Please, be my little panty boy and just keep sucking him off. Sure I'll fuck him, but I'll love you, and I'm willing to help you any way I can!"

I told her I would continue for now, but couldn't promise anything. Then she floored me. She said, "You know about a month ago when we talked about how sex had nothing to do with love? I was so happy you felt that way because ... you remember that night that you thought my pussy tasted funny? I had hitched a ride over to your place. The guy was so suave he had talked me into a quick fuck on the side of the road on the way into town. The reason I tasted so different was that you were ... really tasting his cum. I felt a little guilty, but now I find you've been downing man cum for months, and I didn't even know!"

I was stunned! We had talked about how sex with others really wasn't cheating, but we were each thinking of our own hidden episodes at the time. As long as we didn't fall in love with anyone else, we agreed it wouldn't be cheating. I didn't know what to say and just left to go home, change my clothes and then go to my night job at the Ryder shipping office.

At my place, Nathan was parked out front. He told me to hop in. Not feeling like I had a choice, I did. He told me that day had been a wild fucking time, wanted to do it more and promised to keep my secret. I hadn't expected him to want another blowjob so soon, but when I saw his hand go to his crotch, I knew he was horny. He drove around looking for a quiet spot to take me but ended up right in front of Mandy's house. He pulled over and insisted I go get her. He said we should all take a ride and talk. Reluctantly I went and got her. She jumped into the back seat.

I suggested we go to a restaurant to talk, but he said, "But you probably don't want to suck my cock in public, do you?"

I looked at Mandy, and she had a giddy smile on her face but dropped the smile when she saw I wasn't in the mood to blow him at that moment. She rubbed my head and said just make believe she wasn't there, and I'd be fine. To make me feel better she told Nathan she wasn't going to fuck him - ever! He would simply have to appreciate the blowjobs I was willing to give him. Nathan said that was cool, but he had two hands to keep busy while I sucked away at him. She stared at me and answered, "OK, you can mess around with me, but no fucking. Agreed?"

He said that was OK if it had to be that way as he drove to an old picnic area and had us all get out. It was normal for me to suck him off in his when it was dark but it wasn't dark yet. He handed me a silver paper bag. Inside, as expected, was a new pair of frilly panties, beautiful pink panties with a very wide band of lace around the legs and more wide lace down each side. I knew I was going to love wearing these saucy panties. So he said for me to put them on. I dropped my clothes on the spot and luxuriated in the feel of the panties as I pulled them up my legs. I didn't mind it when Mandy laughed as I wiggled my hips to settle the panties into place high on my waist.

Nathan said, "OK, my little panty boy, stop admiring yourself and get down here and get to work on my cock." He told Mandy to get close and watch her boyfriend give him another blowjob. As he leaned against the car door, I got down on my knees and started to open his pants. Nathan told her to get down close so she could direct the action and tell me what to do.

That's when she said she wasn't ever going to suck him off either. "That's his job," she stated, and in almost a proud tone, she announced I was the only cocksucker in this arrangement. Nathan surprised me when he said that he would love to suck and fuck Mandy, but he had been having so much fun cumming in my mouth that he now preferred my blowjobs to girls, most of whom, he said, didn't really enjoy it. He said I was good because I loved slurping up his hot sperm. So he said no fucking or sucking with Mandy was OK as long as he could get me to service him with regularity. So Mandy told me to hurry up and start working on him. She kept telling me little things to do, and as I looked up past the cock in my mouth and at her, she peeled off her blouse. The lust in her eyes showed she was extremely horny, and since all the sex that day had only involved me; she hadn't gotten off. She opened her slacks, pushed her hand in and played with herself through a fresh pair of white nylon panties with daisies on them. She gave me orders as Nathan rubbed her tits. She asked me if I was ready to hold his cum in my mouth and do a slow swallow, and I shook my head "no."

Nathan said I was being a poor sport and asked Mandy if she thought I should swallow his cum again. As I stared up at her she got a wicked smile on her face and stated in a positive tone, "It's not a real blowjob unless he swallows, right, hun?" I felt betrayed again but understood her watching me humiliate myself excited her as she rubbed herself off through her panties.

She ordered me to suck his balls for a while and then go back to nibbling on his cock as she frantically jerked her hand in and out of the unzipped V-front opening of her slacks, moaning and kissing with Nathan between excited gasps and orders hollered out to me. Nathan was squeezing her tits and nipples wildly. His legs jerked, signaling me to get ready. He held me tightly and unloaded himself. I tried not to choke and gag as I dutifully held it in my mouth. Mandy's face was full of lust, and she cooed her delight as I opened my yap and showed her the pool of slime in my mouth, swished it around like mouthwash and then tilted my head back and swallowed it with open mouth, just kind of letting it slide down my throat. She cheered, "Great job, you slutty, cum-sucking panty boy!"

Once Nathan recovered, he said, "Now, listen, bitch. Whenever I want your girlfriend, I'll just take and fuck her, and neither she nor you will have anything to say about it. You see, I went to one of those spy stores today and bought myself one of those tiny video cameras that works off my car battery, and our whole little sex bout here on the picnic table I just captured on video. So, smile, because both of you are going to give me all the sex I want or this video will be this town's next feature attraction! ♦

