

# Princess Extra!

**#18**

**FEATURING:**  
Sissy Cuckolds and  
How They Got  
That Way!



*Adults Only*

Photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and other items of interest from our Internet website for the fantasy fulfillment of adult sissies. Items range from "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

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## ***“Mommy! Paulie has no balls!”***

Many cuckold stories describe what life and sex is like for a man living with a cheating wife. Yes, that's the kind of life I have now, but I thought people would be interested in how I got to be this way.

I was named Paul, after my grandma's brother, Uncle Paul, who everyone called 'Paulie.' He was my mom's favorite uncle and a very sissy man who talked with a lisp and cried over every little thing like a girl. He married just out of high school but he was not happy because his wife constantly ridiculed him for not being tough like other men. She went out on dates with strange men all the time and even brought home her lovers and had sex with them while Uncle Paulie slept on the couch in the living room. So my being named after him was an omen of what my future life would hold!

I was born with a very small penis and almost nonexistent testicles. But it was the early 1940s and people didn't even talk about such things. Instead they ignored my obvious defect like it was unimportant. When I was five years old, my favorite toy was a small doll I got from the girl who lived next door. She was the only child in our area close to my same age. However, my brothers liked to make me cry by taking my Tina doll and doing weird things to it like throwing it in the toilet and blowing their nose on the doll's dress. All my brothers are more than ten years older than I am and we couldn't relate to each other in any way. They would call me sissy, pantywaist and crybaby. Then everyone else in my family, even my parents and sisters, teased me and started calling me names too like pansy, wimp and weakling because I didn't like playing rough games and wanted to do girlie things like play with the girl next door, read books and draw pictures.

They all said I acted like a girl, so my father commanded my mother to let my hair grow long and start dressing me in girls' clothes; he thought it would make me hate being girlie and get me to want to

be a boy like my three tough and wild older brothers. Everyone laughed at me and taunted me endlessly. When we went out shopping on Saturdays or went visiting, I often had to keep on my girlie clothes and I was shown off to everyone as a boy in a dress. My parents wanted other people to know about me and laugh at me, hoping it would make me want to be manly. It went on for almost a year before mom more or less put a stop to it. (An old photo is enclosed of me with long hair and a bow in my hair ... but I still looked like a boy in a dress. I have a scowl on my face probably because I was being severely teased at the time.)

They all hated me for wanting to act like a girl, but despite being a laughing stock, I loved looking and acting like a girl because that's what I wanted to be. I learned to handle the teasing and ridicule pretty well. It felt natural to me to wear petticoats and fancy lacy panties like my sisters. When I was six and ready to start school, my parents said I should go back to wearing boys' clothes regardless of how I felt about it. I no longer had any boys' clothes that fit me so mother bought me some clothes; however, she said it was fine to keep wearing my sister's outgrown vests and panties because they wouldn't be seen under my boys' clothes.

My oldest sister, Megan, who was ten at the time, took me to a store that was giving a free toy to each poor child during World War II. My father was a shipping clerk and with our large family we were very poor. (I had three older brothers and three older sisters.) I very much wanted a new doll that I saw in the store, but my sister insisted I take a car or truck because she said dolls were only for girls and I had to start being more of a boy now. So unhappily I took a fire truck, but I still wanted the doll.

To make me more aware of being a boy, I was given sailor suits and shorts in the summer and long-pants suits in the winter. When my youngest sister was old enough to play outside in warm weather, mother gave her a pretty sunsuit to wear. I complained that I wanted one like it, but it was denied me because I was supposed to be a boy.

Mother used the hand-me-down system of dressing us children as much as possible so she bought my youngest sister loafers,

slippers and saddle shoes, very popular with girls at the time, but simple enough in design to be passed onto me. She also bought her simple ankle socks, slacks, striped shirts, pajamas, and even camisoles and panties -- all simple enough in style to be eventually given to me.

At times, my sister complained that she wanted fancier items, so mother did comply and mother started buying her very fancy slips, camisoles and panties, hoping to satisfy my sister's desire for prettier and more girly clothes. These underclothes were eventually passed onto me; my mother told me at the time that they were very girly, but it didn't make any difference because no one else would see them under my boys' clothes. I loved those lacy camisoles and ruffled and beribboned panties. They really made me feel like a girl. I wore them for more than a year before the other kids at school discovered I was wearing fancy girl's tops and panties, and I was severely ridiculed for it, but I did get sympathy from a few of the other kids when I told them my mother forced me to wear them to save money. I think most of them understood that we couldn't help that we were poor and it spared me from being teased by a lot of the kids.

Other than the girls' clothes passed onto me from my sisters, my wardrobe of boys' clothes mostly came from rummage sales, church donations and things passed on from neighbors. So, at least my outer clothes were boys' clothes and my hair was kept short because school demanded it even though I always dreamed of having long curly hair like I used to have in my preschool days. People thought of me as a boy, but inside I thought of myself as a girl. I did girly things like have a limp wrist and swing my hips when I walked. I'm sure these were mostly unconscious actions because I modeled myself after my sisters and how they walked, talked, sat and acted.

At about this time, when I was in the bathroom one day with my pants down, Jane, my oldest sister, came in, looked at me, and said, "Let me see between your legs." She took a close look and then said, "Your penis is tiny and you have no balls! I'm going to tell dad." And she did.

I was laid on the dining room table, and mother and dad, both doctors of chiropractic, worked on me, massaging my hidden balls to get them to drop down. Mother and dad did this to me every two or three days for years! I think it's why I am bisexual today because I got sexual pleasure regardless of which of my parents worked on me. The way they did it was like masturbating me, and I looked forward to these sessions! An additional sexual element came in because my parents would do this handling of my genitalia through my panties for modesty sake! Wow! It was great. And they ignored how my little penis would get so pleasurable hard in my silky panties; they didn't seem to notice my increased breathing and excited moans. However, strangely, my penis never grew very much, but they had concentrated on enlarging my balls, and that did happen; by my late teens my testicles had grown to be huge and they packed a lot of cum



before my parents finally decided they were developed enough. My parents wanted me to father grandchildren someday and that is why they had this slavish devotion to enlarging my nuts. It wasn't sexual to them; they thought they were just doing what knowledgeable, concerned parents should do! What they did do was make me into a masturbating panty fetishist for life!

One winter my youngest sister got a new light pink two-piece snowsuit with a hood and furry white trim. I very much wanted one for myself, but I had to be satisfied with an old dark-colored one-piece snowsuit. One day during a program put on at our school auditorium I kept looking longingly at my sister's snowsuit, and feeling I wasn't being treated right. However, surprise, surprise -- the following year my sister had grown quite a bit and it no longer fit her so it was passed onto me even though it wasn't excessively girlish. I got teased a lot at school for wearing a girls' coat since the kids noticed the color and the fact that it buttoned on the wrong side for a boy.

As long as my sister and I slept in the same room and in the same bed or later in separate beds, I recall no problem with our look-alike clothes. In fact, when I ran out of an undershirt or panties, I would simply take a camisole or a pair of her panties out of our lingerie drawer since I had grown and we fairly close in size. And she did likewise when she ran out of clean underclothes to wear! But at some point my eldest sister convinced my mother that I shouldn't sleep in the same room with my sister and we shouldn't share underwear. She was all worried about incest and possibly my semen (I had just started to cum) might impregnate her!



All of a sudden, rules for me changed, and from then on, I was never allowed to play in any of my sisters' bedrooms or even enter those rooms. My mother and father's ancestors were Calvinists, as were the Puritans. That speaks volumes for itself! But against my will, I had to start sleeping in my brothers' bedroom with them and that greatly increased the amount of teasing they did of me about wearing girls' nightgowns, which I had always worn from being passed onto me. And since no one outside the family saw the nightgowns, they were always quite girlish with lace and ruffles. I didn't get teased so much about my panties since I had always worn them and everyone in the family knew. I did dress and undress away from my brothers so they couldn't see the panties, even though I know they saw the panties and camisole tops after mother did the laundry because she would simply put them on top of my dresser until I noticed them and put them away in their proper drawer. I didn't wear boys' under shorts regularly until I was in the tenth grade and had to take mandatory medical examinations.

One day after church I put on my elder sister's high-heeled dress shoes and came downstairs to the kitchen wearing them. Surprisingly, my parents didn't say much, only laugh at me like I was trying to make a joke saying I would hate to have to wear high-heels like my sisters every day! However, my sister really got after me, made me take them off and put them back in her closet! For some time, I had been tinkering with some of mother's things. She had nice clothes, but she was tall and big, so her things didn't fit me. I did play with my sisters' clothes when I could sneak them from the laundry, but it was so difficult since I was then staying in the same room with my brothers.

I remember wearing slacks that zipped and buttoned up the side. I had no problem wearing girls' clothes, especially if no one made fun of me. I wore panties throughout elementary school but took care to hide the fact in the boys' restroom, whether I stood up or sat down. But before I left that school, all the doors on the stalls were removed in the boys' restroom except one reserved for the janitor, so I'd use that. From the boys' restroom, I could look down the corridor and see the girls' restroom. I wanted to go into there when no one was around. I did go in there a couple of times at least part way.

For many years, when I would get cars or trucks for my birthday or for Christmas, I would run them into furniture, step on them, kick them around, throw them, or otherwise handle them roughly so that they would break apart or wear out very quickly.

Also when I was eight, for a joke, two of my sisters dressed me up in their clothes as a girl at bedtime and presented me to our granddad as "Pauline." He thought it was funny and got me to sit on his lap and kiss me like a girl. I could feel his penis pressing up hard against my pantied bottom, but at the time I didn't know what that meant. Then when I was 11 and mother and dad were out of town at a chiropractic convention, my youngest sister rather easily persuaded me to put on a dress and a slip and then go down the street in broad daylight to a house in the next block to play with some other neighborhood

kids. We played in the backyard of the home of a young boy's grandmother whom I didn't really know.

My sister assured me it would be all right as we were only playing, and my only concern was that I needed some nice panties to go with the dress in case they would be seen, so she gave me a pair of her best pink satin panties with ribbons on them. The only reason I didn't let her do this sort of thing more often was for fear of being ridiculed or punished.

I always preferred to play with my sister, closest to me in age along with her girlfriend from across the street, my female cousin, other neighborhood girls, their female friends, or my female relatives rather than with my brothers or the neighborhood boys, who played too rough for me. The only exception was with one young boy playmate who was gentle like me and never wanted to fight with me like most other boys. I never had any interest in fighting or boys' sports.

Often while playing with the girl across the street in her sandbox or at her house, the girl's mother or her aunt (who lived with them), would tell me through the kitchen window that I should not play with girls but go play with boys. So I would leave and feel very unhappy about it.

One evening during World War II, a new family moved up the street from us, and the mother invited my sister and me to play with her daughter and her younger brother. Their father was off as an officer in the navy. As we played in their bedroom, the boy bent over and I noticed that he wore girls' silky panties. When we left, I asked my sister outside why he wore them. She said she had noticed them too. She said their mother obviously used the hand-me-down system of clothing her children too.

Once when I was at a girl's house with my sister and we were play with a bunch of girls, one of them said I should leave and go play with the boys. The girl whose house we were at liked me, but she didn't say anything to defend me so I left very unhappy and went home. The next day, the girl said she was sorry her cousin made me leave, and she invited me into her bedroom, and we played with her dolls for two hours. I even showed her that I wore panties just like a girl. She thought it was great and gave me a guided tour of her walkin closet full of pretty dresses and even showed me her lingerie including a huge drawerful of delightful panties. She laughed when I ran my hands through her panties and moaned in pleasure. Then we got into her mother's makeup. We were caught and admonished and then I was sent home with the makeup still on my face and my dad spanked me and told me it was time to be a boy, and he said that while spanking me on my pale yellow nylon panties! However, I remained great friends with that girl until her family moved away after the war.

At a very early age I took conscious note of the shoes, clothes, and jewelry of the neighborhood girls and at elementary school. I especially remember the T-strap shiny black patent-leather flats with perforated toes worn with white lacy cuffed anklets



**Marla loved butt fucking Paulie with her dildo with his big balls hanging outside his panties and his tiny penis spurting cum inside his panties.**

by two girls who lived across the street from us. I really loved that shoe-anklet combination! And many years later while still married, I bought a pair of T-strap flats for myself when the style was available in women's sizes for a few years. The public elementary school I attended had a segregated playground for the boys and girls of grades six through eight. The girls in the front playground had swings, slides, merry-go-rounds, and the like. The boys in the rear had a football/baseball ground and basketball courts. I wanted to play with the girls on their ground, but was not allowed to.

At school, some of the boys, including some younger than I was, liked to fight me or corner me. When I wouldn't fight

back, they would call me a sissy and a weakling and force me over the fence into the girls' side. Invariably a teacher would catch me and I'd be punished. One of the punishments for a boy being caught on the girls' playground was for him to wear a hair ribbon for the rest of the day; I suffered that punishment a number of times. I actually loved the ribbon in my hair; I just wished I could have worn it without all the teasing from the teachers and other kids.

Two of my brothers tried to teach me how to wrestle, fight, and box in their bedroom, but I just wasn't interested. When I was 12—the age when some girls began to be interested in boys—the boy I liked the best hit me and knocked me down. It made

me feel awfully bad! I wasn't hurt physically, but emotionally. I just sat up right where I was knocked down near the baseball catcher's fence and cried inside if not outwardly. Finally the boy came over to me and made up with me, saying he was sorry, and I felt much better.

My grandma liked the girlie side of me and quietly encouraged it in little ways. She always giggled and cuddled with me like girls do and would comment positively when she noticed I had on any girlie bit of clothing handed down from my sisters. She would take me into her bedroom when she dressed and undressed and put on her makeup. She'd always ask me what color panties I had on and I'd open my trousers and let her see; she always made a big fuss over how pretty they were and told me that if I lived with her, she would let me a girl all the time!

Mother would get on grandma when she found out she said such things to me! Grandma loved to take me shopping so I could give her my opinion of the clothes she bought for herself. She loved walking with me around town as we shopped. She once noticed I walked by too much like a boy and suggested I should walk by on the balls my feet like she did, showing me how to do it. As I practiced walking like that, she said that is the way top models walk and make themselves look so graceful prancing down the walkway. It was hard for me to do, and I didn't keep doing it because I didn't want any criticism or ridicule from walking like a girl anyway. But I naturally walk like females now without thinking about it.

When I was twelve years old, I had to start chopping wood for our wood-burning furnace as part of my regular chores. My hands were still growing, so this kind of work tended to enlarge them beyond what a girl my age normally had.

Virtually all the pictures taken of me from babyhood through my teen years show me as pouting, solemn, disgusted or even angry. I didn't want my picture taken! The only picture of me I recall as a child that I liked and in which I was really smiling was one taken: by my dad of me and my youngest sister—me seated on a tricycle with her standing on the rear axle step. We both played together outside like that. Almost every picture of me dressed as a girl while growing up was destroyed while I was in high school when my parents were trying to force me into being a boy and to have me forget about my girlie past. When my mother died, I told my eldest sister to destroy all my childhood pictures of me dressed in boys' clothes, as I didn't want any of them.

When I was seventeen, my parents thought they could make a man out of me by forcing me to get married to a sixteen-year-old girl named Marla. She was really sweet to me and actually enjoyed my feminine side, but she admitted that she married me just to escape her abusive father and brothers. And when she discovered my penis was very small and my balls almost nonexistent, she laughed, "No wonder you're so much like a girl. You're not even man enough to be a little boy." She did apologize for making fun of me, and I knew she was sincerely

sorry, so I told her it was no big deal as I was used to it. She did admit that she liked sex and said she would need to have sex with other men since I wasn't up to it. I had no defense against that so I shamefully admitted it was OK and now I even offer to help her get dressed for her dates. A few times she has brought home men and I dress as a maid and wait on them. These men do not know I am a man too and Marla's husband. My wife and I really like fooling guys like that. For sex with me, my wife enjoys dominating me and fucking me with her strap-on dildo as shown in the enclosed picture.

Written by Paulie & Marla Phillips, December 25, 1996

## *Cuckolding Dad, Bopping My Mom & Sisters*

My name is Frank. I have blonde hair, fair skin, and blue eyes and stand 6'3". I weigh 230 lbs. with big muscles from lifting weights. I'm told that I'm hung like a horse. I have an eleven inch cock. My father is an asshole; he stands 5'7", weighs 125 lbs., and has receding hair.

My story is about how our whole family fell apart because of my abusive father. A good place to start my story is to jump right into the middle of it when I was 14, a turning point in our lives. At the time, my father was 45 and my mother was 32 and a very hot woman with long auburn hair and misty green eyes. At 5'5" and 100 lbs. with her 37-26-36 body she awed people and attracted attention like a supermodel.

I have two sisters, twins, Pattie and Mattie, they had just turned ten. They were also great looking with auburn hair and green eyes like mom; their bodies were younger versions of mom and already developing cute, perky tits.

From the time I was three, my father was a very abusive man. He would go out all night and drink, come home and beat on my mother, sisters and me just because he felt like it. He hated the world and took it out on us. But we had to stay together because he brought home a good paycheck as the vice president of production at the Overton-Wells Foundry here in South Philly.

When I was nine I saw my father whipping my mother with an electric wire as she cowered in the corner of the twins' bedroom; he was calling her a slut and a whore amongst other names. Well, he didn't see me come into the room; I jumped on him and bit him hard in his ass and he had to get three stitches. In those days doctors didn't report most cases of abuse, so our old man didn't suffer any consequences besides the bite I gave him on his butt. When he got back from the hospital, I got my arm broken and two teeth knocked out for helping mom; mom got beat again and then he beat on the twins. Mom made me tell the doctor that I had fallen downstairs so I wouldn't report dad.



She feared he'd just beat us up harder, and if he had to go to jail, we couldn't afford to be without his paycheck.

That is what it was like for years, and then I started lifting weights and taking martial arts classes from age ten at the local recreational center. I grew quickly and at thirteen, I got my third degree black belt in karate, the art of fighting with the empty hand. I was proud of my achievement and when I got home to show the family my new belt and certificate, I found my father drunk again and yelling at mom about the twins being whores like she was because they dressed in super short miniskirts with their panties peeking out. The twins' faces were bleeding from the mouth, and mom was crying and her nose was bleeding.

I walked in and said, "Hey, asshole, why don't you try beating on me, or are you afraid I'll hit you back?"

Well he jumped up swinging at me; I let loose and creamed him. Mom screamed, she thought I had killed him when he ended up sprawled on the floor and not moving, but I had only knocked him out. He came to and told me to get out, I told him to make me. He went to his bedroom and came out with a gun. He was going to shoot me! I told mom to get the twins to my room and lock the door. She did as I told her as the asshole cocked the gun to point it at me and it went off, hitting me in the chest just inches from my heart. The cops arrested him.

At his trial, he said the gun accidentally went off. The judge believed him and wouldn't hear anything from us, only from him. He got time served (three months) and probation. Then after about three months, he started again with the drinking and hitting. I hid his gun and he tried to get me removed from the house saying I was molesting the girls and my mother. She tried to tell the judge that my father that was doing the abusive one, not me, but the judge believed him, and 14, I was placed in a correctional facility for two years.

I was released to my mother's care and told never to come back or they would make it hard on me. I was 16 and home just two hours when my father came in and started on my sisters, making them blow him right in front of me. Mother said he had been raping and beating her and my sisters the whole time I was away. He was half drunk and didn't even realize I had gotten my camera out and was taking pictures of him beating my mother and sisters and shoving his dick down Pattie's throat. I told him I got it all on film and I wanted him gone or I was going to see his ass in jail. He tried to get the camera from me, but I was too strong and he couldn't do shit.

He asked what I wanted; I told him he had to leave and sign over his paycheck to us and we'd give him an allowance or I'd turn over the pictures to the cops. That worked only for about a week. Then, while I was out, he came back and hit mom again, and hurt her badly. Well, I flipped out and went after him. I broke him up good, both legs and his right arm.

Mom was hurt to the point she couldn't work, the twins were too young to work and the asshole didn't work because I had injured him too badly and he went onto disability.

So that left me to bring money into the house. I was just 16 but big and strong, so I went to a local numbers runner and got a muscle job running and collecting cash for him. I was pulling about a grand a week, working four or five hours a day, six days a week. Mom and the twins enjoyed the cash, the bills got paid and our asshole father just sat there doing nothing. He had no money to drink because I took his disability check and he got nothing from me or the others.

When mom and the twins asked where the money I was making came from, I told them not to worry about it. Father knew where, but didn't say shit for fear of getting his ticket punched again. I gave mom and the girls money, just enough to live on because, otherwise, they would buy drugs. No matter how much I tried to stop them, they were increasingly getting into drugs. I didn't know it at the time, but mom was whoring herself out to get money for drugs for herself and the girls and she gave dad some money for his alcohol so he would shut up and not tell me about the whoring. Our home was turning into a shit hole.

Then mom and the twins began getting very friendly with some black gang guys down the block, some guys I didn't like. After a while I left the guys a message not to fuck with my family, or else. Well, they didn't care what I had to say; they were a group of drug dealers and were getting them high on drugs and fucking them whenever they pleased; my little sisters were barely fourteen years old at that time. It got worse and then one day I found them on our front porch, cranked up and half out of their minds.

That next day I told my boss I couldn't work for him any longer. I had family business to take care of and didn't want anything coming back to him because he had a relationship with the same gang these drug pushers worked for, so he couldn't be involved. But he said if it worked out all right, I could come back; I had a job anytime I wanted it.

I still had my father's gun and at about 3 am that night there was a shooting down the street, seven dealers were dead and their abandoned building was burning. The cops couldn't find any perpetrators to the crime, but they weren't looking very hard because all those dead assholes were drug dealers and the cops were glad to be rid of them.

By then mom and the twins were total sluts. I told them it had to end. I didn't allow them to have money. With the money I had saved, I got the food, paid all the bills and dealt with everything in regards to the house. Mom came to me asking me to get her high. I told her no. Then the twins did the same, but still they didn't have the cash to get high like they were used to doing. Then I kept catching them selling their bodies to get drugs. I had to take charge!





On that day I was sitting in the living room watching TV with our so-called father, when they all came in begging me for the cash so they could all have their high. I said, not ever again would they get high, drunk or anything else. If they wanted to get a rush then they could get down on their knees and blow me, get high on sex: become my sluts, my whores, my women. They all three got down and asked me how I wanted them. I said, "Free and willing. Not like some low life drug addict, just needing a fix like this peace of shit," pointing at my father.

He told me, "Go fuck yourself. If I had my legs, I'd kick your ass out of my house."

I said, "You don't have a house, you bum, you low life scum bag. I am the man of this house, and you are a cocksucker if I say, get me hard, prick lick, you will do it."

He spat in my face and called me a jerkoff; I told mom to go to her room and get a pink bra and panty set that I knew she had.

When she came back, I stood up and walked over to dad and told him to let mom put him in the bra and panties because that is what he would be wearing from now on — forever. And if he put up a fuss, I'd make him wear a dress and take him outside. He tried to hit me but I knocked him right back into his chair and told him to put on his bra and panties or I'd kill him. He was sure I had knocked off those drug dealers, so he let mom put them on him. I told mom to get out some of her pink ribbon and make bows to put in his hair. Mom laughed, "Sure, son, but his hair is too short to attach bows." I went and got the crazy glue and I told her to glue the fucking bows onto his hair, which mom did. Then I pulled out my eleven-inch cock and said, "Suck my cock, panty boy bitch!" and pushed it into his face, he yelled but he had been clearly defeated, so I pushed my cock into his mouth and said, "Now, suck me off, sissy bitch, and if you bite me or if I even feel the edge of your teeth, I'll knock out every tooth in your mouth and then you will be able to give great head, as there's nothing like getting a blowjob from a 'gummer' -- a guy with no teeth with just his bare gums to pleasure you." I had learned all about gummers when I had been locked up.

I said to my mother, "You watch and learn how a bitch sucks her man off because you're next, mommy dearest, then the twins will learn to suck me off. All of you are going to make me a lot of money by being whores for me."

Father in his bra and panties got me hard; I pulled out and said, "Mother, come here and suck your son's cock." I came in her mouth and then made dad open his mouth so mom could spit my cum from her mouth into his. I made dad keep my cum in his mouth. I thought he was going to vomit, but I told him if he did, I'd make him scoop up his vomit, eat it and swallow it.

After he did swallow, I told him to suck me hard again. With his time being locked up, I'm sure he did his share of sucking off bigger stronger guys. He did as he was told, and I had Mattie come over and strip to her bra and panties, and I fucked

her until she passed out, then I made Pattie get down to her bra and panties for her turn. She came four times and was begging me not to stop.

"Mother, it's your turn to be my slut, get over here and spread your legs for your son, your new man."

Mom said, "You can't fuck me; I'm your mother."

I said, "I'll not only fuck you, but I'll knock you up, mommy, and I'll put babies in the bellies of the twins too. All of you contributed to this horrible life I've had, but now I am in charge and all of you will wear only bras and panties and be whores for me. It's payback time. Dad always beat me harder and longer than he did any of you, and I always tried to help you but you all wanted to stay away from me and not help me because you thought dad would beat you even more if you did help me. He always called me a sissy and a faggot, well, now he's the sissy and the faggot and you all are pig whores, and you better be good at it, or I'll beat you all worse than dad ever beat you.

"You see this worthless piece of shit you call a man," I said pointing to my father. "He is not worth my time, but he will suck my cock if he wants to eat regularly. And you three will become my women, you will carry my kids, and will serve my needs whenever I want you to, is that clear?"

All three shook their heads, yes. I said, "Is that clear, you fucking bitches?" Their reply was, "YES, SIR! WE WILL BE YOUR WOMEN."

That night I fucked each of my women, starting with mom; I had her come to bed with her pale green pantied ass greased up so I could fuck her asshole. She'd never had her ass fucked, but she did that night, and during the night, I also fucked her cunt and made her take a big load down her throat. The next morning mom cooked me a breakfast befitting a king. She wore a silk nightie that got me hard just watching her walk around in it. I had mom bend over the table and I took her again in her pussy, mom was a very happy woman from then on.

That night after dinner I had Pattie come to the master bedroom where I fucked her slowly and deeply. She was begging me to stop because she wasn't protected and could get pregnant. I said, "Good, I want you knocked up with my kid, so everyone knows that you belong to me. And if the kid is a boy, you'll dress him in lacy panties and a little training bra just like you wear, you skinny little bitch. We'll all make him a bitch too!"

Pattie asked, "You really going to knock up all three of us?"

I said "HELL, YES, I AM, AND I'M GOING TO KEEP YOU PREGNANT, YOUR BABIES WILL HELP PAY FOR YOUR SINS AND THE SINS OF OUR FUCKED-UP FATHER!"

"Why would you do that, Frank? I thought you loved us."



“I do, that’s why I am going to keep you barefoot and pregnant.”

I fucked Pattie long and hard that night; she was unconscious about 4 am when I went to sleep. I woke up at ten the next day, hungry and content, knowing my family was going to belong to me forever. Mom was cooking breakfast again for me and the twins, and father was asking to be fed. I told him to get off his lazy ass if he wanted to eat, he could walk slowly, and he ambled over to me. I said, “I love your pink panties, dad, now I need a blow job, give me one.” In pain, he got down on his damaged knees, fished out my cock and sucked me off while Pattie and my mother fed me. After he blew me, I had him keep my dick in his mouth until I softened and then I pissed down his throat, asserting that I was now the real man of the house. Dad was learning quickly; he gave one very good blow job; he had taken about ten inches of me down deep in his throat and bobbed his head slowly until I came. He didn’t even complain about me pissing in his mouth; then I knew for sure that he had been a real bitch while he had been in the slammer.

I kept them all prisoners in our own house, and once all of them were safely off drugs, I went back to work running numbers and collecting. Eventually, I did get all three of them pregnant. Mom had another set of twin girls, which I had sucking on the tip of my dick like a pacifier from the time they were born, and then I started breaking them in for fucking them when they turned two with mom right beside them licking their assholes and eating them out afterward. Mom has turned into a real cum slut (mine). I fuck them all just about every day ... my asshole father too! So far, over the last fifteen years, my sisters have given birth to four kids, one girl, and three boys, and all three boys are the cutest little panty-wearing sissy faggots you have ever seen — and they are great money makers too! Currently they are twelve (Sandy), ten (Dana), and four (Tiny). We gave them each a name that could be either a girl's or a boy's name, depending upon whatever role we want them to play on any given day. However, they do wear lacy lingerie at all times no matter if they are wearing boys' or girls' clothes on top. I had all the kids sucking cock early and immediately started enlarging their assholes and cunts with dildos to take

increasingly larger cocks. By the time they were four, I could fuck each of them in any orifice. They were all MY whores. I made good money, especially selling the little kids for sex to rich guys. I just got three grand from a sissy queer who paid me that to fuck four-year-old Dana. The kids are all great money-makers. I had too because no one wants my old mom or dad for sex, but I do make them perform perverse sex acts when we have our little parties with groups of select customers.

Pattie's twelve-year-old Sandy can cum now, and last weekend we had him fuck my dad — his great-grandfather! I now let him fuck Pattie once a month just to show him it's a man's right to show his mother who's boss. By telling you all this, I want you to know that anything is possible even if your life is total shit, and if you need to cuckold your asshole father, just get the upper hand and then blackmail him into submission.

By fintinman

## *My Cuckold Story*

"Darling, have you seen my new pink panties? They were heavily soiled, a real mess!" Darla Jenkins asked her husband. She knew full well what had happened to them, having found them the weekend before in the back corner of her husband's closet, full of cum stains. At the time, she hadn't confronted him with the evidence because she wanted to know more of what was going on with him and why he had them, but now she had a lot more information and many newfound suspicions.

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

"Well, Donald, earlier today, I saw them hidden in the back of your closet and now they're gone. And they were full of cum stains. You jacked-off in them, didn't you? And from the way the cum stains were on the panties, my guess is you were wearing them. Am I right? Admit it, admit you're a wimp-- or are you a panty pervert? Or are you going queer on me, huh?"

Don hung his head, mortified beyond belief. Over the last couple of years, he had found it more and more difficult to make love to his wife, and he had been forced to endure Darla's mocking, accusing smirks each time he tried to fuck her and his cock failed to stay hard long enough for pleasurable sex. At such times, when it did go soft halfway through screwing her, she made him feel ashamed and horrible.

She is slim and elegantly proportioned with a lovely face and a sexy, devilish smile -- a smile that could tease and tantalize you, but in a bad situation that smile could become a manhood killer used it to humble him -- without saying a word she could give him a look that could make his dick droop in an instant. And just knowing she'd shoot him one of those grimacing, toothy smiles was enough to kill his mood before he would

barely get started. And she knows she's a beautiful woman, so it wasn't her fault.

But Don saw it differently: His greatest fantasy centered on getting a blowjob. He wanted her to do it, but it was years since she had even tried. She loved sex, missionary-position sex; she just didn't like doing weird stuff like that.

When 'normal' sex with her began to be boring, Dom began to have problems staying hard; he wanted more adventure, and most of all, he simply wanted a great blowjob once in a while. It made him wonder: For being a good husband and provider, was that too much to ask?

Just looking at Darla around the house, especially when she was dressing or undressing and down to just her lingerie, excited him greatly but not enough to sustain that excitement through the mechanics of fucking her -- and knowing how she would make him feel bad if he failed, made sex with her real work. But strangely, he began to be highly attracted to her lingerie. She was very sexual to him, but his disdain for sex didn't damper his libido, and in some weird way he transferred his sexual interest in her to her lingerie. At secret moments, he'd check out her dresser drawers and dirty laundry bin to touch her sexy silk, satin, and nylon lingerie, toy with the sensuous fabrics in his trembling fingers and inhale her womanly aromas from her unwashed garments. Then, like a randy teenage boy, he would get terribly excited and jack off while rubbing a pair of panties over his body. Soon after, he quickly advanced to actually wearing her panties in secret while wanking himself silly.

Making matters worse, whenever Don was able to get out of the house, he'd put on a pair of his wife's panties and secretly drive to the adult theater in town. He found that jacking off in the panties while watching a porno flick not only got him rock hard with ease, he would have the most glorious orgasms he'd ever had. Sometimes his cum would spew right through the thin panties and shoot as high as two feet in the air before splattering nastily on the floor or the seat in front of him.

As his perverse attraction to her lingerie evolved, he still wanted someone to give him oral sex and he knew the porno theater was populated with faggots; in the shadows it was easy to see one guy getting a blowjob from another guy. It wasn't much of a leap for Don to want to give it a try -- even if it meant getting blown by another man -- after all -- a mouth is a mouth, right? Not much of a difference. Also, some of those gay guys were very nice looking and as feminine as many cute girls. He convinced himself that having a femmy guy giving him head didn't make him gay. He wasn't going to give another guy a blowjob and he wasn't going to let some guy fuck him in the ass -- those things were very gay!

Darla had discovered those panties three days before and watched them each day to see exactly what he did with them. Then earlier on this day, he reminded her it was his regular



poker night with the boys, and as he was in the bathroom getting ready, she checked the panties and saw they were gone from the closet, so when he left, she discreetly followed him in her car and saw him drive to the adult theater. She was sure he was wearing the panties and sure he was doing something inside there other than just watching the movies. Jacking off? Meeting up with other guys and doing sex things? She could only guess.

So she just went home and waited for him to finally return, and that is when she confronted him.

“Well, Donald? I’m waiting for an answer. Can you explain your actions to me?” Darla glared, arms crossed, a stern expression on her face.

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

“So tell me, my darling wimpy husband, did you wear my panties to the porno theater?” Darla asked again.

“You ... you know about that?” Don asked, his face turning crimson again.

“Yes, baby. I know about you going there. Do you still have those panties on right now? I saw you, Donald. After you lied to me about going to your poker game, I followed you. I saw you go into that filthy theater, you liar! So just confess to me; I’m not all that angry, even though I have every right to be. I’m just horny for some good sex and my husband is turning into a fag. It looks to me like it’s that simple. Is that it, Don? Tell me what you do there, and don’t you fucking DARE leave anything out.”

“It’s true,” Donald admitted quietly, the shame so great now he could hardly stand it, especially since at that very moment he was still wearing those panties that Darla was asking about and they held a fresh batch of his sticky cum. He liked wearing them when they were filled with his slime. As he stood there accused and numb, he had a flashback to his short history of going to that theater:

It started out with him just jacking off into the panties as he would watch the movie and knowing other guys were getting blowjobs around him, excited him further. Then, one night, a thin, blonde-haired stranger sat down next to him. Even in the dark, don could see the guy was only about twenty and distinctly feminine in the way he moved. Don had his trousers down around his thighs and he was openly wanking. He hated being interrupted, so he just kept pulling on his pantied pud. The strange guy then undid his own pants and started jacking off too. Don didn’t realize it, but the light from the movie screen was bright enough that the man could see what Don was wearing and he said, “Nice pink panties, you got there, sweetie!” Another guy had never called him ‘sweetie!’ Don wasn’t so much embarrassed as excited by the stranger’s comment. The two of them then settled down into a bout of mutual masturbation with the guy reaching over and fingering the silkiness of Don’s

panties, and that excited both the men even more. And the moment Don started spurting into his panties, the guy unexpectedly stood up in front of him and unloaded his cum onto Don’s panties too! That was the start of mutual masturbation with guys that soon evolved into various strangers giving him a panty blowjob. Don rationalized that having a blowjob through the panties was even less gay since there was no mouth-to-dick skin contact.

The deafening silence of the moment with his wife glaring down at him brought Don back to the present, knowing his wife was expecting some kind of explanation, he sputtered, “I ... I’ve worn them to the porno theater. And I’ve cum in them,” he confessed, his voice quivering with shame.

“And how often do you go to the theater and do things like that? You better tell me the truth or you’re out on your ass.”

“I may be out on my ass, anyway,” a contrite Donald mumbled weakly, gauging just how much he should admit to Darla.

“Not if you tell the truth, Donald. I swear if you tell me the truth about what you’ve been doing, I won’t throw you out. But if I catch you in even the smallest lie, you’re history. IS THAT CLEAR, you weaselly little prick?” Darla screamed.

“YES!” Don hissed, startled by the venom in his wife’s voice. “I, um, I go there once a week or two or three times. I haven’t gone to my poker night for a long time. Sometimes I leave work early and go there before I get home.”

“And you were there today.” Donald nodded and whispered something. “What? I can’t hear you, faggot. Speak up!”

“Honey, I’m not a faggot! Yes, I said I was there today,” Donald answered louder, immediately regretting his impertinence or at least what he felt sounded like impertinence.

“And are you wearing my panties now, Donald?” Darla asked.

“Uh-huh,” he whispered, his head down, the humiliation of his confession crushing him; yet, somehow, something about telling Darla about it, something about unloading this secret from his soul was exciting. He felt his cock twitch in the wet, cum-stained panties, and suddenly it was growing.

“Take your pants off, Donald,” Darla snarled. “I want to see what you look like as a panty-wearing sissy.”

Strangely, Donald’s embarrassment was acting as a stimulant to him, and as he slowly unbuckled his belt and opened his pants to let them fall to the floor, he WANTED Darla to see how hard his cock could get when doing something sexually exciting like wearing her panties; his shame was now exciting him too!

“My God, Donald, my panties are all WET! They’re stained with CUM!” she gasped. And then she began to laugh. “Oh,

Donald, you pathetic little sissy. Is that what you do there, sweetie? You jack off and cum in my panties? Is that why I found them all sticky like that in your closet? Or is that cum from doing queer things with another man?"

"Yes ... and ... other men," Donald said almost proudly. He wanted her to know he did it because it was her fault because she refused to do it. Suddenly, with the emergence of a full erection, he seemed to become more defiant.

"Well, my little pansy husband, if you don't know what to say, I do. Only a little worm ... only a sick faggot would even consider wearing his wife's pink panties and then get off on wearing them! That's not normal!

"So you like to go to those porno flicks again, huh? I remember when we were dating you used to talk me into going to those dirty movies with you; I let you know how much I hated them and told you I wouldn't go back, they're disgusting. That place is filthy, and the whole scene made me feel dirty. But now, you have started going to them, again, huh?"

He shamefully admitted it with a nod.

She continued, "So, when you're there, do you let some guy suck you off? You used to beg me to get down on the filthy cum-slimed floor of that dumpy theater and suck your dick. I tried that one time; it was the most disgusting thing I had ever done. So, now, do you want it so badly that you have some queer guy suck you off? There certainly aren't any women going into those porno films that I could ever see. So tell me, do you have some guy suck you off? Suck you off while you're wearing my pink panties? TELL ME, GOD DAMN IT!" Darla screamed, her hands on her hips, her glaring gaze so frightening Donald wondered if he might faint.

"I ... yes. I ... I have," he whispered, so ashamed now, so humiliated, he wanted to cry. How had it come to this? What evil forces had driven him to so debase and embarrass himself, he wondered. Yet it was true what Darla was saying.

"You have been WHAT?" she screamed.

"I've been wearing your panties ... to that theater ... and I jack off or sometimes I've been ... letting men ... letting them suck me off," he whimpered. His marriage was crumbling and he was powerless to do anything about it. "I'm sorry, honey. You won't give me a blowjob, so I guess I was just so desperate."

She sensed he was close to tears. "Oh, Donald, you bastard; so sex with me isn't good enough? With me you have a limp dick, but with some strange gay guy you get hard and shoot off in his mouth ... so you are turning queer on me, aren't you? Tell me, do these guys want you to return the favor? Have you also been sucking men's cocks, Donald? Or fucking them? Or letting them fuck you? Have you? TELL ME, DAMN IT!"

"No, no! It's not like that. I'm not a faggot. It doesn't make me gay if a guy does it to me. A mouth is a mouth ... and while a guy does it, I'm thinking of you the whole time and imagine you are doing it to me. I just need a blowjob once in a while, honey. To me, it's my favorite way to cum, and since you won't ..."

"Don't go blaming it on me, you son of a bitch! Sucking a man's dick is not natural; that's what perverts do. How did you ever develop a need for such a filthy act? And what made you start wearing my panties? You are such a wimp. A normal man doesn't wear his wife's panties; I'm sorry, but that is gay, such a fag!" Darla sighed. "Don, this changes our whole marriage. Do you want a divorce?"

"Oh, no, honey, no! Never!"

"Well, by doing things like this, I don't know. I'd like to believe you, but how many women in a similar situation do you think would go along with something like that? Most everyone would think it's pretty fucking weird.

"But, do you know what? I don't think I really want a divorce either. In all other ways, we have a wonderful life, so are we going to let sex mess it all up between us? So you're not satisfied with our sex life. Well, I don't like it either! But my trust in you has been badly shaken. I gotta think about this.

"Come here, Don," she cooed. "Sit next to me. Right here. On the bed. We need to talk about this," she said, patting the spot next to her at the edge of the mattress.

Don walked over to his wife and slumped down next to her.

"In think you can understand why I'm so upset with you. We're supposed to have a marriage. As your wife, I'm supposed to be enough for you. What's wrong with fucking? What's wrong with fucking me? That's MY favorite way to have sex, and it's what married people do.

"If you wish to save this marriage, Donald ... if you wish to remain living in this house, you must tell me everything you have been doing. EVERYTHING, Donald. Is that clear? Otherwise I'll throw your faggot ass out on the street and take you for every penny you ever had or will have for as long as you can imagine. Now, fess up, sweetie. Tell momma all about what a bad-d-d-d-d little boy you've become," Darla said lightly.

"That's it, honey, just what I told you ... blowjobs that's all. Guys do it to me; I don't do it to them. That's all."

Darla nodded her head like she accepted it as fact. "OK, I'll accept what you admitted at face value. The both of us have a lot of thinking to do. Let's continue this conversation after we've had time to digest it all."

In bed that night, Donald made a move to hug her and perhaps try to start to have sex with her, but she pushed him aside and

said she needed some space at that moment. Then, as she lay there awake, she began to think about herself ... she had been dissatisfied with their sex life not just for months but for the last few years. Now realizing that her husband had some sexual interest in other men, she did wonder just how gay he was, but he wasn't admitting to anything else. He was her husband, she told herself; she should trust him and take his word for it. But, strangely, her thoughts began going in another direction, like her husband having this need for oral sex that she didn't want to satisfy but he could be satisfied by other men ... hm-m-m-m-m ... thinking about it spun her mind off into a new direction ... she began thinking about her own sexual needs. Darla fantasized ... since he was so selfish and cheating on her ... she wondered what it would be like to cheat on him ... or better yet, not to cheat on him but to openly have sex with other men with him knowing all about it.

Don was OK as a lover, or at least he had been long ago, he was no longer giving Darla the kind of sex a hot woman like she needed. She had him at a great disadvantage; she knew he owed her big time for what he had been doing behind her back. She could get a lot in return ... but having more straight sex with him when it wasn't really all that special ... wasn't what she wanted. But sex with other men ... that almost immediately excited her ... hm-m-m-m. So she fantasized about it and soon she knew she wanted to do it, and she immediately began moving in that direction, creating a plan of action as she went along.

That next night, Don approached her like a puppy dog wanting to make up. As they hugged and kissed, she hinted at how much fun it might be to have another person in bed with them - another man. "Since you can get off by a man, I think I'd like to try it with another man too ... interesting, huh?" Don paused, and then just shrugged his shoulders. "And, honey, since you like to have oral sex done on you; I think I might like that too. Tina and some of my other friends say it's the greatest, even better than fucking. Go down on me, baby, eat my pussy. You used to do it at times. I know I was always a bit uptight about it with my strict Baptist upbringing, but I've been changing, and I'm quickly becoming much more open-minded. And your cheating on me has opened my eyes in new ways. Go down on me, put on a pretty pair of my panties and eat my cunt, sissy!" She said it with her hand on his penis and she smiled to herself as she felt his penis quickly erect. She giggled as she pushed him out of bed and pointed to the panty drawer of her dresser.

He snapped off the light on the side table. She figured he was a bit embarrassed to put on the panties with her watching so intently. But when he got to the dresser, he found he had to turn it back on so he could see what he was doing and pick out a pair. Not wanting to appear freaky about it, he simply took the pair of panties on top of the pile the moment he opened the drawer. He turned to snap off the light again, but Darla said, "Oh, no, honey, leave the light on. I want to see my man in my panties!"

Blushing furiously, Don unfurled the panties and stepped into them. They were pale lavender with white ribbon and lace trim.

Anticipating this line of action, Darla had placed those panties on top, one of her nicest pairs, hoping she'd get him to wear them, and now he was rather clumsily sliding into them, trying to do it quickly, surely out of embarrassment. She whistled; he blushed more and jumped back into bed and under the covers.

"You look good in girly panties. I think you should wear them all the time. I'm sure your sissy boyfriends wear their fancy panties 24/7. I just might make you into my lesbian lover and then get real men to sex me up when I need a good fuck!"

As they lay beside each other, she kissed him and fondled his tight butt through the panties ... then she wanked on his penis; he was so hard she thought he would cum any moment, so she let go of him and said, "OK, my sissy panty boy, my lesbian lover, or whatever you are ... get down between my legs and pleasure me."

Don was now wearing that clean pair of her light purple panties with her watching him eat her pussy ... and it felt great! She was truly letting herself go and for the first time, she was enjoying having her cunt eaten out like never before. Her cheating husband had made it easy for her to dump her inhibitions and outdated religious beliefs. She was now thoroughly enjoying it. After she came once, she made him stay down there until she climaxed three more times; then she told him to stop because her pussy was so raw that she couldn't stand anymore. He came up exhausted and put his head on the pillow. She saw his face glistening with her pussy juices and laughed. He asked if he could fuck her now.

"Oh, no, honey; I'm much too sore. Why don't you just jack yourself off into my panties?" Don nodded, grabbed his penis and started to rub. "Oh, no, no, no, honey, get out of bed. Stand up and do it for me; let me watch you pull on your willy until you juice my panties with your cum. I want to see you do it!"

Embarrassed or not, Don was primed to placate her in any way; so, sheepishly, he stood up and in the glare of the light on the nightstand he massaged his penis through those sissy purple panties with tears of shame leaking out of the edges of his eyes and the smell of male precum permeating the room, but he was able to concentrate enough to slime those sweet panties with surprisingly few strokes. He then started to take them off.

"Oh, no, baby, keep my panties on; you look so sweet in them. Keep them on with your juice in them. You said yourself that you like doing that. You baptized those panties with your cum, and you know, after a baby is baptized they don't wipe the oil and water off her forehead; they leave it on for all the world to see that she is a new member of the church ... in the same way leave those panties on for the night so I can look over at any time and what a sissy pantywaist you are ... see and feel you in my smelly, crusty, cummy panties ... you're a sissy, Don. You are! Now get in bed but not under the covers; I want my little pansy hubby right here for me to see whenever I want!"



Don was in no mood to go against her wishes. So he did what she asked. Since he was following her lead with little complaining, she wondered if he had told her everything? She almost didn't care. Even if he was doing other things with other guys. She knew she'd find out soon enough.

In the morning, she woke him up by saying, "Take them off, Donald. Take off your panties," Darla snapped.

Donald did, stripping the panties down over his cock and balls, over his knees, and then to his ankles and off.

"Give them to me," she commanded, holding out her hand.

Donald draped the wet panties across Darla's hand, and then waited to see what she would do next.

"Good, now go to my dresser again and get a clean pair of my panties and put them on."

In the glare of the early morning light, he hurriedly complied, yanking open her panty drawer and pulling out the first pair he grabbed -- a bright pink pair with little roses on them and shocking red lace around the legs. As soon as he got a good look at the sissy panties he thought about putting them back and finding a less faggy looking pair, but he knew she was watching him and a move like that would make him look even worse, like he wasn't satisfied with the color or style -- he wished he wasn't looking like such a wuss in front of his demanding wife. Pink or not, he halfway jumped into the panties to get them on quickly and then return to sit on the edge of the bed next to her.

"Nice, baby," she cooed, "my fancy panties in bright pink look great on you, look so natural on you." She was holding the still slightly damp pair of purple panties he had just taken off. He stared at her as she touched the panties to her nose, sniffing them, the unmistakable scent of male cum filling her nostrils as her hooded gaze glared at her husband.

"Come closer, Donald," she said menacingly. He did. "Now lick them. Lick the cum from them, Donald." He stared at her, a bit shocked at her command, but he knew it was a command and not a request. He took a deep breath and began licking his cum out of the panties.

He had tasted his own cum before. As a teenager, he tried it several times after masturbating -- what teen boy hasn't? So he knew the taste, and just to keep things as smooth as possible with his wife, he did it. Sure, it was stinky and slimy and smelly ... but he wanted to keep peace with her, whatever the price. He did wonder where all this was going to end.

With one hand on his slinky panty-clad butt and her other hand on his morning hard on through the fresh pair of perfumed, gleaming pink panties, she played with him as she whispered with a taunting tone in her voice. "You like it, don't you, Donald?"

Licking cum out of your panties and me masturbating you in this nice sissy pair of very pink panties. You like it all, love it in fact, don't you, Donald?" Darla purred. "All that nasty cum ... all sticky on your face ... like this," she said, mashing the cummy panties all over his face, smearing his slime on his lips and cheeks.

"No! They're so stinky! Honey, please, no more. I'm not gay. I want you, not some gay guy in a porno theater blowing me; I only did it because ... because ..."

"Oh, god, Donald, simply because you're on the receiving end, do you actually think what you do with another guy isn't gay sex? Tell me what will happen when some big guy approaches you, smacks you around and forces you to suck him off? You don't think that could ever happen? There are some pretty scary and mean guys hanging around that creepy theater. Then if that happens are you going to tell me it wasn't gay to suck him off because you were forced into it?"

All the while she had been talking to him, she was jacking on his cock through his panties and his dick was amazingly hard. Then suddenly, he moaned, his excitement boiled over and he let loose with three strong jets of jism that shot right through the panties and landed on her bare thighs.

"Why you little SHIT!" Darla laughed. "So you're not a fag, huh? Shooting your cum all over your panties; I have a feeling that my hand could have been some ugly old guy's hand wanking on you and you would have gotten just as excited. Now look at the slime you shot all over me, get down here and clean it up!"

He didn't challenge her assumption and didn't even try to tell her that he'd rather not do it; he was shamed into it. Don dropped to his knees and immediately began licking his goo off Darla's legs. Above him, his wife stared down at him with that man-killing smile of hers as she continued to smear his neck and cheeks with the soiled panties.

"Good boy," she said, patting him on the head like a puppy. "My good little boy **LIKES** to eat cum, don't you, snookums? So bad ... so nasty. He'd just wuv to eat some nasty old hot cum out of mummy's pussy after a mean old man fucks her, wouldn't he?"

It was shameful, but Donald's cock remained hard, and when Darla saw it she told him what she wanted next. "Listen, Donald. You haven't satisfied me sexually for a long time, if ever, yet here you are in my panties, cumming repeatedly and still hard enough to go for another round ... so know what I think?" He looked at her questioningly. "I love you, maybe not for fucking, but for everything else about our life, so I've got a solution in which you can get your jollies and I can get mine too."

"What ... what are you going to do, Darla?"

"Why, I'm going to let other men fuck me, of course ... lots of other men. And then I'm going to have you eat me afterward."



This is my life: Wearing a lacy bra and panties, with my wife's dirty panties on my head, as she forces me to suck off her men friends. It's what a panty-wearing sissy does for love!

I'm going to straddle your face and smother you in hot cum from strange cocks, Donald. And if you're VERY good, I'll consider having you suck on my lovers to get them nice and hard so they are ready to fuck me again. Would you like that, Don?" she cooed, like a cutesy teenage girl coming up with a bright idea for a school project.

"I ... oh, gees, honey ... I don't want you fucking other men, darling," he moaned.

"Well, since you like to dance around in my panties and jerk off wearing them, or let some degenerate suck you off through them, I thought you'd love the idea. This way you don't have to strain yourself to try to perform for me; you can just lie back and relax all dressed up in silky lingerie and watch a real man screw me, a man who wants to screw me more than anything else in the world! If you don't like it, it's just too bad.

"You started this, sissy boy, so it's my turn now to plan our sex lives. But don't worry; I'll see to it that you can have all the panties and pretty lingerie that your heart can desire."

He shook his head and grimaced like it was painful just to think. He had no answers, just questions, but he wasn't about to ask her for anymore details of what she was thinking up. He slid under the covers and tried to get a little more sleep, a little sleep often helped solve a lot of problems, even though he didn't think this would be one of them.

Then, that weekend, Don sat meekly to the side watching as his beautiful wife got dressed to go out without him. Regardless of where she was going or possibly going to be doing, it excited him to see her dressing, especially dressing for sex, like she used to do for him years ago. She had on her sexiest panties, a pair of high-waisted black brief-style panties, trimmed in white lace, a short pink tennis skirt with a black belt, a slinky pink tank top with a lacy black bra showing through the thin fabric and a pair of white tennis shoes.

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

"To get you your cum, darling," she answered with a giggle, her pussy aching with the thought of what she was going to do.

"Sex with a stranger, do you think that's wise to do. You have it wrong, honey; I don't need that," Donald said weakly, cautiously.

"I think I'll go over to the bar at the Hyatt. I've heard it is always loaded with good-looking businessmen traveling through and ready to pick up a nice girl like me. Now, look who's talking about how unwise it is to have sex with strangers!" That comment bounced around in his head as she took a last look at herself in the mirror and then left.

Four hours later, she walked in the door a little tipsy but with a huge smile of satisfaction on her face. She pulled Don away from the TV, pushed him into bed and sat on his face. He tried talking and resisting, but she wasn't talking just demanding with her attitude. He asked about who she had fucked and she barely mumbled a few words. Poor Donald didn't even know who the lucky fucker had been. All he knew was that he was now eating the stringy, warm cum from his wife's pussy and she was moaning in ecstasy with his cuntlapping skills.

He thought that might satisfy her for a while, but then, the next night, he saw her get dressed again in all black lingerie and a slutty miniskirt with a see-through top that showed off her black bra. He asked, "Gees, sweetie, are you going out again tonight?" His downtrodden expression told her he wasn't happy about it. "Where are you going, honey?" he begged to know.

"Why the same place you go, darling. I'm going to go to your movie theater. And I'm going to suck and fuck strangers, Donald. But don't worry. I won't be out too late. The cum will still be warm when it leaks out of my pussy and into your mouth," Darla smirked. "And don't you DARE jackoff into your panties until I get home. By the way, how do you like those nice silky panties I bought for you? Really nice. Cute. I bet you love them; all cum eaters should wear panties. But, Donald, if you cum in your panties before I get back, I'll spank your sorry ass with my dress belt until it bleeds. Understand, pansy?"

"Yes, Darla," he whispered. His cock was so hard it ached. He had to admit that he liked his wife in a dominant role. She was so sexy that way, but he hoped this fascination she had would end. He dearly loved her and didn't want a divorce; in divorce court everything would come out ... his wearing panties ... his getting blowjobs from queers at the theater. Both his family and his employer couldn't handle that! He'd lose both of them! She had him over a barrel and they both knew it. But making him eat her pussy after she had sex with strangers was something he had hoped would be a very rare happening. He did because she demanded it; she was giving him payback and he knew he deserved being treated like shit for being so unfair and unfaithful to her.

But going to the adult theater that he knew she hated didn't make sense. Why there? He guessed she was just trying to thoroughly humiliate him and not because she just needed a good fuck. He hoped her little game would soon end. Was she REALLY going to go to the porn theater? By HERSELF? Shit!

The men there would be on her like maggots on a dead body. He could imagine what they'd try to do to her. Would she let them?

The hours passed slowly as he sat waiting for Darla to return. She had left around 6:00 and now it was getting dark outside. The clock had chimed nine times a few minutes ago, and Donald was beginning to worry. Then he saw the flash of headlights pulling into their driveway. He was confused and nervous; he didn't know how he'd react to whatever she had done. As instructed, he was wearing the lingerie Darla had told him to wear while waiting for her ... a black bra, black garter belt and stockings, and a pink full slip and matching panties ... the small black bra had been made for heavyset little girls just blossoming out, but on him, it held his pudgy tits nicely inside its lacy confines.

Donald waited in the bedroom as he heard the garage door open, listened as the car motor stopped, and then heard the kitchen door open while the garage door began to close. His cock hard now, Donald held his breath, listening as Darla clinked a few ice cubes into a glass. After an eternity, she appeared in the doorway of the bedroom. Donald's mouth dropped open as he stared at her.

"What's the matter, baby? Didn't you believe me when I told you where I was going?" Darla smirked. She was a total mess. Her blonde hair was streaked and it looked like gobs of thick, white cum! Her tank top was dirty and ripped. She reeked of cum, and as she walked toward him, Donald could smell the familiar scent of sweaty, unclean men on her.

"Kiss me, Donald," Darla said, leaning down to her husband, grasping his cock in her fingers through his panties as she french kissed him. He could taste man cum in her mouth. "I've been saving that for you, Donald. I drove all the way home just after giving some old bum a blowjob and held as much of it as I could in my mouth just for you."

"Oh, shit!" Donald gasped, nervously twitching as a small gob of cum erupted from his penis and into his new panties. The stain would wash out but his mental image would last forever!

Darla felt the cum pumping into his panties. "Gees, Donald, you are a really big sissy aren't you, creaming your panties like that? If you like man cum so much, we better get you fixed up with a supply right from the source!" she giggled, smearing his cum over the front of his panties and then putting her cummy hand up to his face and having him lick it clean.

"If you think so, honey," he hissed, knowing that's what she wanted to hear. She pointed to a trail of slime that tracked across her face, and he dutifully slurped it up. She already thought he was a sissy faggot so what difference did it make now? He had no desire for a divorce; this was all so weird but ....

"I have more, Donald. I brought you a souvenir. Look," she said, holding up a used rubber. It was full of cum, and as Donald



stared at it, Darla began to slowly tip the contents of the used scumbag into his mouth.

“Oh, no-o-o-o-o!” Donald moaned but he swallowed it.

“I bet that was good,” Darla teased. “I found it on the floor of the men’s room. I have no idea who left it there but you don’t care, do you, sissy boy?”

“You kidding me?” Donald cried in shock.

“I wouldn’t do that. Girl Scout truth! Keep eating it, babe,” Darla snapped, squeezing the base of the rubber tightly together, then running her fingers down the length of it, draining a puddle of cum from the rubber into Donald’s mouth.

“Oh, please, honey, no more, no-o-o-o-o!” he hissed, but she shushed him and insisted that he eat it all up.

“Poor baby. So hot ... so depraved. Coming again already, are we, Donald?” Darla laughed, squeezing his prick, feeling the thick cum collecting around his cock inside the panties.

“Oh ... oh ... oh!” Donald moaned, his cock spurting again as Darla teased and laughed at him.

“Since you like that so much, taste this, dear,” she said, crawling onto the bed. Pushing Donald down onto his back. She stood above her husband’s face; her sopping panties drenched with cum. “Suck me, Donald. Suck the cum from my panties, then pull them aside and swallow all of it.”

Darla lowered her crotch to her waiting husband’s face, smearing the gooey mess all over his lips before settling down onto his mouth. Donald dutifully lapped the thick, wet cum from her panties, feeling it all over his face, on his lips, and in his mouth. As quickly as he could, he tugged at the edge of the panties with his teeth, pulling them aside, freeing Darla’s cunt hole from the captivity of the panties. And then he was drinking it, drinking rivers of hot, dirty, nasty cum from her cunt, sucking it, tasting it and eating it.

“Holy shit! I’m a cum slut,” he thought to himself as he devoured the sticky dirtiness. How could I be doing this!

“Donald, my little pansy, you do eat me so fucking good; I’ll give you that. You do know how to please a girl with your mouth and tongue. But you’re such a nasty slut. Eating your whoring wife’s pussy after it’s been fucked by two nasty old strangers. Shame on you, sissy boy. Have you no self-respect, do you?”

“NO!” he moaned, pushing his tongue further up inside his wife’s cunt, wallowing in the filth of the nasty river of cum flowing over his lips and into his perverted mouth. “I love you and I’ll be whatever kind of husband you want me to be,” he moaned from somewhere deep in her crotch.

“Then you’ll love this, too,” Darla said, suddenly taken with a new way to humiliate her husband. Slowly, leisurely, she began to relax. And then she pissed, directly into Donald’s mouth.

“HMMMM!” Donald cried out, pressing his mouth even harder against her pussy, tasting what she was doing to him, making him feel even more like a pervert engulfed in his wife’s piss and the filth and cum of strangers.

Darla backed away from his face while continuing to piss all over his face. “You like that, too, faggot?” she smirked.

He didn’t answer, only gasped and licked at the stream she was spraying all over his face, her cunt moving around in a circle, drenching him as he let her splatter him with her golden flow.

Above him, Darla giggled madly. She felt as though she might be going insane and believed Donald already had. What man would drink piss from a cunt that had been recently fucked by strange men? What kind of man would allow his wife to go out and GET fucked in the first place? And what kind of man would suck up the cum dripping from his wife’s freshly fucked pussy if he wasn’t mad ... insane ... truly sick?

“But I don’t care,” she heard herself saying aloud.

“What darling?” Donald asked.

“Nothing, worm. Keep drinking my piss. And while you’re at it, I think you’d better clean out my asshole, too. A large black man fucked me there, and I think you need to eat that, too, don’t you, Donald?”

“Oh, please, no!” Donald moaned.

“Just shut up and do it.”

His throbbing cock was not going down. This was all so demeaning, but strangely exciting. Darla moved up, still dribbling piss droplets across his face, holding her ass cheeks apart for him, for his licking, sucking mouth. And then she felt it ... his tongue in her asshole, probing, sucking, tasting the cum draining from her there. God this was wonderful! Her husband was such a sick puppy, and she was as darkly evil as he was sick. She loved this ... abusing him this way, just as the men in the theater had abused her. And they were just beginning this new marriage relationship they now had started ....

The next day, a Saturday, Darla woke up still wearing the black panties from her marathon sexing the night before; they were a sticky, smelly mess, but she liked the feeling that reminded her constantly of all the great sex she had just hours before. She told Don to dress in his new lingerie again. “I want you to wear lingerie all the time now, my little pantywaist, even under your clothes to work. Also, I have a surprise for you, Donald,” she smirked.

“What?” he asked.

“You have no right to ask me anything, you’re my sissy sex slave now. Just go get your pudgy ass in a pair of your new pink panties and that nice black teenage A-cup bra and thigh-high stockings I got for you. Forget the slip for today. Now MOVE!” Darla snarled, noticing a car pulling into the driveway.

Donald scampered off toward the bedroom, as Darla went to greet her sister and her husband before the doorbell rang.

“So what’s up, sis?” Tina asked her sister.

“You won’t believe it, sis,” Darla said, ushering Tina and her husband Carl into the living room. “Well, I’m ready to join your little sex group. As I told you on the phone, I’m now open to all kinds of new sex things, and I’m now ready to join your wife-swapping group or whatever you call it, but I don’t know if you guys are ready for me!”

“That’s great. Of course, we’re ready for anything that you’re up for. Don too? Will he join us too or just you?” Tina asked.

“Oh, he’ll join us, but in a very special way.”

“Well then tell us,” Carl said, grinning seductively at Darla. They had been fucking around with other couples for over two years and had repeatedly been asking Darla to join them.

“Well, you see, Donald ... the little prick has been wearing my panties and going to that porno theater on the south side to get blowjobs from other guys. I caught him at it, and now the little fucker is my sex slave. He’ll do anything I want, Tina, and I do mean anything. I want the three of us to use him today. I want you to be as nasty as possible with him, especially you, Carl. I want you to fuck him, and to come in his mouth and all over his face. Hell, you both can even piss on him if you want to ... he loves it all. Believe me.”

“You’ve got to be kidding!” Tina laughed. “Donald? Pudgy little Donald, one of the most successful accountants in town? A gay sex slave?”

“Well he does have nice fat lips,” Carl grinned. “Hell, he can suck my dick if he wants to. The little fucker probably gives a pretty good blow job, you know?”

“Why Carl,” Tina teased. “Are you’re into men, too, darling.”

“Hell, I’m into getting my cock sucked,” Carl laughed. “Don’t much give a shit who does it. Lips are lips, baby. And a blowjob is a blowjob. I don’t have to fucking LOVE somebody to fuck ‘em in the mouth.”

“Well let’s go see how the little sissy performs on a real cock then,” Darla giggled.

The three walked down the hallway toward Darla’s bedroom. In the doorway Darla said, “Donald? Are you dressed as I instructed yet?”

“Almost finished, sweetheart,” he called out. “I’m just snapping the stockings to the garter belt.”

“That’s great, Donald, because your surprise is here,” Darla sang out, opening the door, leading Carl and Tina into the master bedroom.

Donald turned and saw his sister and brother-in-law staring at his lingerie-clad body and his humiliation instantly became complete. His face turned crimson, and he could certainly not do much to hide his feminine costume, even though he tried to cover his cock with his hands.

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

“A sissy fag, too, baby,” Tina giggled.

“And he’s a cocksucking sissy fag,” Darla smirked. “Aren’t you, baby?”

“I ... I ... oh, shit,” Donald gasped, slumping to the bed, his arms at his side, thoroughly beaten.

“Hey, little buddy, it’s okay,” Carl said, walking over to the bed. “Actually, you’re kind of cute. Hell, all you need there is a fucking wig and a little makeup and you’d almost be cute enough to be a hooker.”

“No thanks,” Donald said sarcastically.

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

“I ... I’m sorry, baby. It’s just that ... that ....”

“That WHAT?” Darla snapped.

“Nothing,” Donald said, hanging his head meekly.

“That’s better. I’m only doing this for you, Donald.” Darla pointed to her panties. “Sorry for how I look, but I had quite a night of sex and my panties are worse for wear. Hold on a sec while I change. Get me a fresh pair of panties, Don.”

Still shamed to the core, he scampered over to her dresser and got out a clean pair of pale pink panties and helped her step into them without being asked. Darla took her stinky, sex-sodden black nylon panties and pulled them over her husband’s head. “Let’s hide this ugly faggot face while he tends to us,” she giggled, causing Carl and Tina to laugh too.

Then, without explaining anything to Donald, Carl and Tina both walked over to Darla and began kissing and hugging her.



Carl fondled Darla's breasts as Tina ran her fingers over Darla's fresh pink pantied pussy.

Without even looking at her husband, Darla told him, "Tina and Carl belong to a little open sex group and we are going to join them. I'll fuck and suck whomever I want and you, my dear pantywaist, will be our lingerie clad maid ready to service anyone in any way they want. Now, you're going to watch as the three of us fuck each other. But first, your job is to get Carl nice and hard for him to fuck me, and afterwards, you can clean us up. OK, sweetie?"

Donald wanted to say, "Do I have too?" But he knew that would only get them in trouble and big, strong Carl who already had his hard cock out and was stroking it up. Carl's cock was huge, almost twice as large as Donald's, and that made him

feel all that much more submissive. Carl grinned at Donald, and stupidly, Donald grinned back.

"Turn you on, buddy?" Carl asked softly. Donald choked up unable to speak. "Then suck it, pal," Carl said, walking over to him. Donald looked at the cock, inches from his face as Carl moved closer, so close now Donald could feel the heat from the cock on his face. And then he was doing it ... he was sucking the cock, slathering spit all over it, accepting his fate as a panty boy sissy cocksucker. And surprisingly, he felt his own cock growing very hard as he licked and sucked.

"Didn't I tell you?" Darla said to Tina. The two women were fondling each other as they enjoyed the sissy blowjob show! Tina told her sister that she had a huge strap-on dildo that they would both love using to butt fuck Don.