

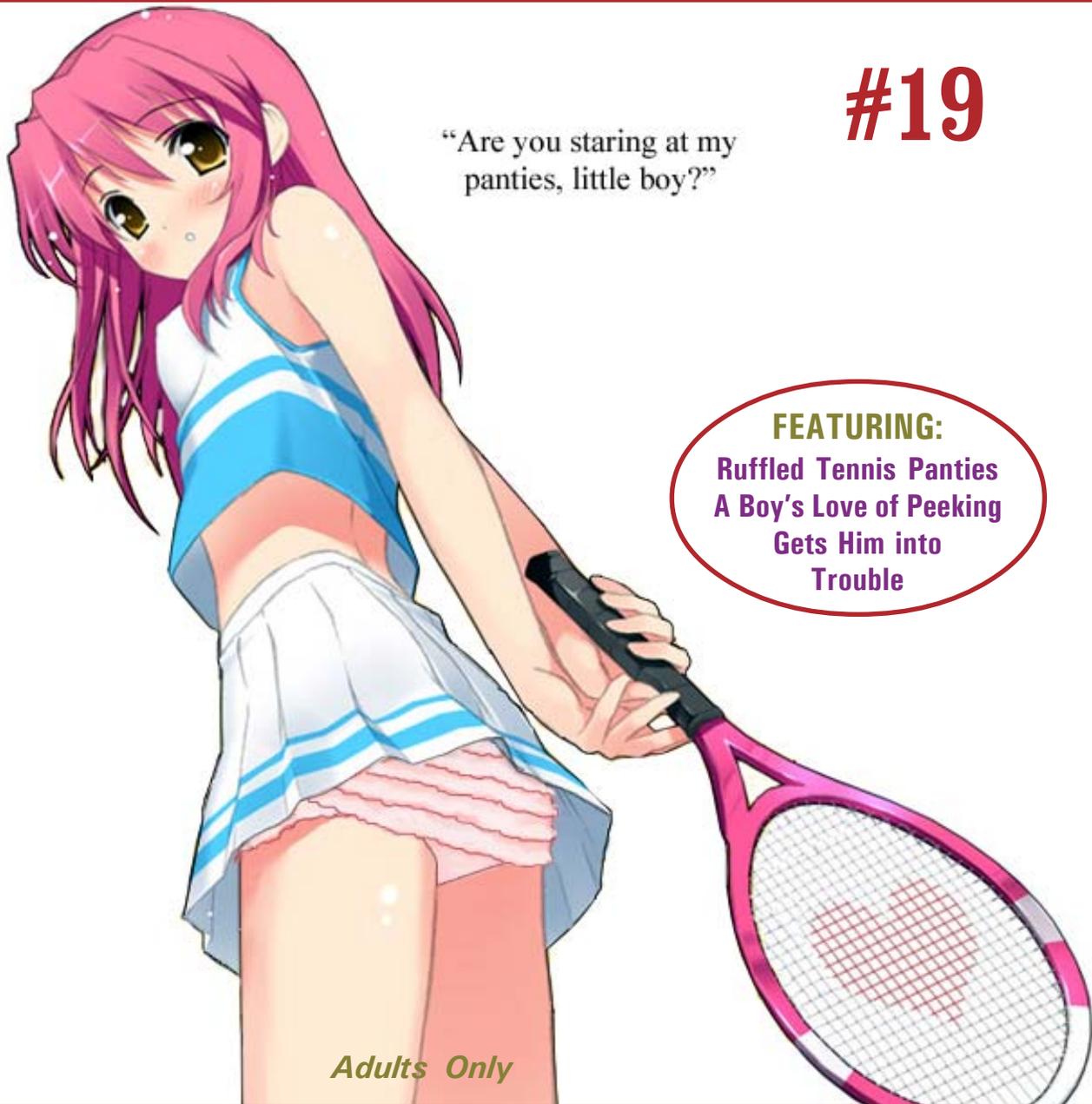
Princess Extra!

#19

“Are you staring at my
panties, little boy?”

FEATURING:

Ruffled Tennis Panties
A Boy's Love of Peeking
Gets Him into
Trouble



Adults Only

Princess Extra! features photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and other items of interest from our 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 sex themes.

Since 1981

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For His Viewing Pleasure!

By Ian

Chapter 1: What a Strange Hobby

The weather-worn canvas sack bound to the handlebars of his bicycle held the newspapers he delivered every morning, but that old bag held more than the Cleveland Plain Dealer. At the bottom of it, Ian kept a faded old baby blanket and under the blanket a couple of pairs of silky panties ready to be used whenever the weather was nice. No! He didn't wear the panties -- he wasn't a queer or a sissy -- but he did love to rub the soft nylon panties over his boy cock as he masturbated.

Ian had a strange hobby -- well for a twelve-year-old boy maybe it wasn't so strange --- he loved to look up girls' dresses. As a confirmed panty peeker, he engaged in his naughty little hobby whenever he could, on weekends, before or after school -- or like today, on his lunch hour.

With almost thirty minutes left before the bell rang that signaled for him to return to classes, Ian looked around to see if anyone might notice and then raced out behind school to his bike. He grabbed the blanket, tucked it under his arm and then stuffed a pair of his stolen panties down the front of his jeans and inside his underwear so they cradled his already thickening penis. Then he slinked along the far edge of the school grounds until he reached the tall hedges that divided his middle school from the tennis courts of Tearsdale Academy for Girls.

With the sun shining brightly and a brisk breeze, it was a perfect day for peeping from his secret place camouflaged by the thick bushes. Panting, not just from running but also from anticipation, Ian quietly wound his way through the dense greenery until he arrived at his favorite viewing point where he spread out his blanket -- well spotted with his spunk from previous visits.

He never thought of washing his blanket -- he'd just grin, even giggle a bit whenever he once again noticed those pecker tracks -- happy reminders of his previous Peeping Tom successes!

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Lying prone, he slid his right hand underneath his body and down into his pants to adjust his half-erect cock so it pointed upward flat against his tummy and then carefully arranging the panties into a teasing sheath around his boy meat. He gave it a teasing bit of massage to prime the pump. Still breathing deeply, he inhaled the odor of the lush green bushes combined with the musty smell of dirt and dead leaves as he waited nervously; he knew what was about to happen: Tearsdale's lunch hour overlapped his own by half an hour. His heart pumped at a steady rate as he lay in wait; at the sound of their lunch bell his heart suddenly skipped a beat and then began racing. Then there they were! Dozens of girls running out of the giant oak doors, many of them streaming onto the tennis courts.

It was mid-September, so the girls were still wearing their summer uniforms for a few days more before the start of autumn. The school's policy set the style for the short uniform dresses, but the girls could wear it in a variety of colors. From previous experience, Ian knew the school let the girls wear whatever kind of underwear they desired unlike some girls' schools that required their girl students to wear utilitarian panties in thick cotton -- boring -- boring at least as he was concerned. So with the girls in their short dresses and the wind kicking up, Ian prepared himself for many exciting peeks at nice panties as the girls began flitting about the court.

Peer pressure dictated that the girls wore a rather narrow variety of panty styles and colors, and being 1970 at a conservative girls' school that meant waist-high briefs in some silky fabric usually in white but often in other colors. Most of the panties were plain but many were decorated with lace or frills.

Ian lay hidden in the bushes, aware his cock was already bulging in his trousers. He wondered how lucky he'd be today. Would he get some really good looks up the girls' skirts? He unzipped his pants to give his dick some growing room. The wind was just right; he was hoping for the best. Of course, the girls didn't know Ian -- or any male -- was anywhere around -- much less peeking at them. They probably felt quite secure behind the high hedges surrounding the courts. Most of them seemed to have little compunction about keeping their skirts down. However, there were always a few prissy types concerned with modesty even in this private setting and were already fighting to keep their skirts down as the breeze played around their legs. Ian stared intently, and occasionally, a dress billowed up and gave him a brief glimpse of panty wonderland.

Like most hobbies, his pastime wasn't just an interest but a ritual. He kept a little notebook to record his sightings. He didn't know most of the girls' names, so he'd invent a name to his liking for a girl he didn't know after a successful peek, log in the pertinent info plus describe the panty color and style along with a few words to jog his memory for later jack-off sessions. Once in a while, Ian was treated to something special, like the very first time he discovered that these tennis courts were a great place to see up girls' skirts.



That first time, the senior boys from the high school linked to Ian's middle school were invited to play a tournament with the Tearsdale senior girls on their courts, and all the boys from Ian's school were required to attend and cheer. As he watched the game from the bleachers, the girls in their short tennis skirts definitely got his attention, but what really turned him on happened at the end of play, when all the tournament players, both girls and boys, assembled for a group photograph, and as they posed -- much to Ian's delight -- all the girls turned their backs to the camera and flipped up their skirts to show off their panties! And luckily, Ian was in a great position to see it all!

That unexpected event, instantly, had Ian pumping cum unto his shorts, but as good as it was, he also realized the girls were wearing shorts, tights or cheerleader panties or something much less revealing than ordinary panties. Just the same, it was exciting simply because he had never seen girls so brazenly yank up their skirts to show off whatever they were wearing. It didn't take a lot of imagination for him to pretend they were real panties.

A twelve-year-old boy doesn't have many opportunities to peek up a girl's skirt so after that first time, he started to sneak off to watch the Tearsdale girls play tennis, and much to his amazement, he soon discovered that when boys weren't around, the girls wore their regular panties under either their school uniforms or under their tennis dresses! All of a sudden, the Tearsdale tennis courts became his favorite peeking place!

For as long as he could remember, Ian had an interest in panties -- his mother's and his sister's -- that quickly spread to just about any female's panties. He had a small collection of panties -- five pairs to be exact -- one from his mother, two from his sister, one he found at Nelly's Laundromat, and the other pair he found discarded in the woods behind his home. Unlike his cum-coated blanket, he did wash and care for his secreted panties after he spurted into them. He just loved holding, touching and looking at panties, even seeing them in magazine and newspaper ads, on a clothesline or in a display window -- everything about panties thrilled him, but most of all, he loved the rare sight of actually seeing some girl or woman wearing them!

Such sights were rare for a young boy in 1970, so when he did discover these tennis courts, he felt like he had won the panty lottery! His purloined panties played a big role in his masturbatory games; he loved rubbing them on his penis as he strained to watch, hoping not to miss a single panty shot.

Today, he had a girly white satin pair of his sister Mary's panties around his boner, and he was ready for the tantalizing treat that would drive him over the edge. A group of girls on the side of the court, obviously bored waiting their turn to play, started doing handstands, their dresses turning inside out as they flung their legs up, fully exposing their pretty panties for him to see! Ian's panty-cloaked cock reared up as he stared. Some of the girls swung their legs up against the hurricane fence or up against a friend, who would seize their ankles to steady them from toppling over!

A sexy young blonde instantly drew Ian's lustful attention! She was doing a handstand against an older girl, her dress cascading downward displaying her pink panties to the light of day. Even though her elegant panties were very high-waisted, a big swathe of her naked body was exposed between the delicate elastic waistband of her panties and the falling waistband of her inverted skirt. She shrieked excitedly, wobbled and struggled to maintain her balance; she gasped and breathed deeply; her tummy ballooning in and out causing her shiny, silky nylon panties to ripple and undulate as they shimmered and reflected the sunlight.

The girl holding her legs grinned evilly and opened the helpless girl's thighs as wide as she could and then teased the girl about an imagined or real -- Ian couldn't tell -- spot in the crotch of her panties! The horrified girl desperately tried to bring her legs down to end her handstand, but the older girl fought to keep her upside down as some girls nearby noticed and began laughing. The victim struggled, trying to kick her legs free, but to no avail, and as she twisted and strained, her sensuous panties twitched excitingly! Ian could see the girl's pussy outlined against the pink nylon that rucked excitingly as she battled to stop the wholesale exposure of her thinly veiled cunt; the fabric of her panties ruffled and cascaded as it strained to keep her modestly covered. Ian's active imagination had him smiling; the nylon tension lines on her panties flowed in waves over her hips looking like smiley faces or eyes winking at him!

The distressed girl's face was just visible under the inverted hem of her dress, and Ian's eyes flitted from her blushing bright red cheeks to the portion of her teasing pink panties between her legs. His cock was now huge! He fantasized that these girls were putting on a panty show just from him!

To stretch out the experience, Ian fought to keep from cumming -- the girls had barely started playing tennis but his penis was already begging to unload! He'd already seen enough for a dozen great cums, but he knew there was more to see today and he wanted to see it all without the letdown of spurting too soon, so he slowed his stroke and slowed his breathing to contain his excitement. He took a break from fingering his silken dick, took out his notebook, thought for a second, then named the upside down girl 'Sally' and jotted down that name and a few basic facts in his book. At home, he'd enhance his notes with perceptive details as he recalled what he had seen. Of course, he had a rating system, and 'Sally' rated a solid '10.'

Once the girl was released, his attention was drawn to other girls who were doing cartwheels and handstands as they waited on the sidelines because such antics gave him even better panty views than the girls playing tennis -- a bevy of pretty girls with their panties not just revealed -- but -- he told himself he wasn't going crazy -- he could swear those panties were waving to him as they billowed and fluttered in the breeze! Ian's cock ached as he took in the girly show of exciting panties -- now with measured strokes he went back to leisurely teasing himself, massaging the panties over his cock; he wanted desperately to cum and his dick was leaking, but he was careful to keep himself on the verge without giving in to the temptation to explode!

He spied nylon panties rippling over hips, butts and the mysterious area between the girls' legs -- white, pink and blue silky nylon, satin and rayon clung to beautiful young bodies. In his secret code, he jotted down about the panties he ogled along with the girl's name -- a few of the girls' names he did know from bits of overheard conversations whenever they had been close enough for him to hear -- otherwise, he invented a name to suit his taste. His book full of notes read like a talent scout's list of prospective models: Julie pink polished nylon satin w scalloped red lace legs - pussy really bulges - wearing a Kotex pad? Marcy pink & green flowers silkscreened on white rayon w tight pink elastics; Ellie plain, very silky ecru probably satinette w interlocking red hearts appliqued on left side sexy fit. Tina thin white nylon w white lacy triangles both sides & wide lacy legs like hand-tatted Irish lace & great wider than reg. panty elastic with feathered edges ... and on and on he went. (Oh, yes, Ian studied all the panty ads in magazines and newspapers, he knew all various panty descriptors!)

How strange, he mused that most girls didn't mind showing off of their panties when just other girls were around, yet they hated it whenever they accidentally exposed their panties to any boys! Getting a good look at a girl's exciting panties is just what a randy young boy like Ian was willing to die just to see!

Ian's eyes searched through the girls for Muriel, an attractive, dark-haired, mature-looking girl who was the leader of a gang of bullies that liked to humiliate girls, especially the prim and proper girls from well-to-do families -- just by their stance and the way they acted Ian could tell the well-bred kind who usually abhorred showing off her expensive underpanties -- even to other girls. Yes! There she was! Muriel huddling with her gang, and he was sure from the way they were whispering and furtively looking about that they were planning an attack. A blonde girl was standing alone with a spoon in one hand and a cup in the other eating what looked like a small carton of ice cream, so her hands were fully engaged. Just by her appearance and how she held herself, Ian knew she was one of the rich girls that went to Tearsdale; she was the epitome of an upper class girl. He liked that about her; rich girls often wore fabulous panties!

Ian watched intently as Muriel snuck up behind the girl. "Go on," willed Ian, "pull up her dress! Let me see her panties! Go on, Muriel! Do it! Do it! Let me see her panties!"

As if she were a robot following his telepathic instructions, in a flash, Muriel reached for the back hem of the girl's dress and then yanked it up! And the girl's crisp, clean uniform flew up high above her waist, the back of her panties fully revealed to everyone -- including Ian! The girl screamed at the invasion.

"Panties! Panties! Look at the rich girl's panties!" Muriel and her gang shouted loudly attracting the attention of other girls. Ian's cock lurched as he looked, leered, or for a better description, gawked! A girl forced to expose her panties excited him even more than an accidental peek. His eyes were acutely focused on the scene, as Muriel, her gang and other girls now gathered around the victim with her thrillingly bold, bubblegum pink panties in full daylight for everyone to see. Her panties shimmered as she struggled, obviously expensive panties made from heavy gauge nylon satin! Ian loved sheer panties because he'd imagine he could see through them to glimpses of a tight teen girl pussy or a delightful ass crack. Sheer panties on a girl playing tennis were especially thrilling because if she got all sweaty, her thin moist panties would turn almost transparent!

But thick silky panties -- like this girl was wearing -- Ian was going to name her Beatrice -- thick silky panties had an allure all their own, especially if they didn't fit too tightly about a girl's hips, because then the fabric would twist and yaw and pull in bold waves from her waist elastic to her snug leg elastics -- why did rich girls seem to always wear panties with tight elastics? Ian wondered as he recalled the few times he did see a rich girl's panties momentarily yanked down to fully expose her nakedness -- which he found endlessly fascinating; however strangely, even more exciting to his eyes were the deep red marks left by the binding elastics. Panties down were a thrill, but panties snugged up and rippling like facial expressions and eyes winking at him seemed to reveal more than they hid from view, deep long lines pointing strategically to a girl's pussy and butt divide, like they were inviting a hand to come and touch -- if only he could!

The victim had been startled and immediately dropped her spoon and ice cream cup. Haughtiness about her showed the disdain she had for her attackers. With a look on her face that said, 'I'm better than you,' and 'how dare you even touch me,' she struggled to get the back of her dress down. Muriel squelched the girl's screams by covering her mouth with one hand while using her other hand to tickle her pantied bottom. The girl kept squealing through Muriel's fingers as she tried to put her hands behind herself to fend off her attacker's probing fingers, but that enabled Muriel's gang to pull up the front of the victim's dress -- pull it right up to her neck! Milky white skin was now visible over the waist elastic of her pink panties!

The expensive panties that rich girls wear run one or two sizes larger than the same size panties most other girls wear. They are generously proportioned full-cut panties, low cut on the legs and very high waisted, coming way up above their belly button -- very modest but also very enticing in a special way.

"Now we can really see your saucy pan-ties!" the bully sang. And those panties were fancy -- with ruffled edges and on each side a little satin bow in slightly darker pink.

One of the rich girl's friends ran over and tried to fight back by pulling up the dresses of the attackers so they would stop humiliating her friend. Up went Muriel's dress revealing her naughty black silky panties! They looked like real silk with that distinctive sheen somewhere between a matte finish and a lustrous shine. Panties that would have been the pride of St. Trinian's girls! The other girls in the gang attacked the rescuer, and soon both girls, heavily outnumbered, were pinned to the grass on their backs, their wrists and ankles held securely. Muriel knelt down beside the girl who had pulled her dress up. She was going to have her revenge and enjoy it!

'This should be fabulous,' Ian thought, as he desperately tried to do a masterful job of manipulating his penis, striking a balance between a vigorous panty pumping and a skillful restraint to keep from going over the edge -- a wank for the ages! Sights like this didn't come along every day! He was glad he had waited!

"I'll teach you never to try that again, Sybil!" Muriel snarled. Ah-ha! Now, Ian knew the name of the rich girl's rescuer -- surely a rich girl too! 'Sybil,' he thought -- a great name for her -- and to him she did indeed look like an elegant, stuck-up Sybil!

Muriel pulled up the hem of girl's dress, pulled it up above her waist and then down again repeatedly, like opening and closing the curtains of a theater production as she gleefully sang out, "Pan-ties! Sybil's pretty pan-ties! Look everyone! Sybil's panties are baby-blue, and do we all want a look at what's underneath!" The girl cried out, "Stop! Please, stop!" as the other girls crowded round to get a better look as Muriel was exercising her power over this girl!

"Get her legs open!" Muriel ordered.

“No! No! Please, don’t!” pleaded Sybil.

The two girls who were holding Sybil’s ankles forced her kicking legs wide apart. The groove of the girl’s silky light blue panty crotch was wedged deep into the divide of her pussy lips now totally exposed to the laughing girls and to Ian’s ogling eyes! “We can see all of your panties now,” gloated Muriel, “including how you wear them tucked up in your tight, juicy little cunt! Would you like me to pull your panties down?”

“No! Please, no, not that! Please don’t pull my panties down!” Tears began to roll down Sybil’s cheeks.

“Well, if I can’t pull your panties down, then I’ll have to be content with a good feel, huh?” Muriel chirped as she cupped her hand over Sybil’s panty-covered cunt, who jerked in shock indignation the moment her attacker began feeling her up.

As the girl shrieked, “O-o-oh! What are you doing? Stop!” the bully gloated. From the way Muriel dressed and handled herself, Ian guessed she was white trash -- not something altogether bad in his opinion -- girls like Muriel were brash and aggressive and they loved to taunt and tease the rich girls -- and Ian was more than OK with that as he watched Muriel now intimately fondling Sybil! The girl’s legs kicked in vain. She bucked in protest. Ian had no sympathy for Sybil as she struggled; he was in ecstasy witnessing her panties being intimately explored!

“No, no! Please don’t do that! Please stop!” cried Sybil, as Muriel’s fingers tickled her clit and pushed her panties deep into her pussy. Muriel smirked as she felt her victim’s panties getting wet. She trailed her middle finger up and down over Sybil’s most sensitive nub and grinned as Sybil jerked reacting to the forced sexual stimulation racing throughout her body.

“Would you like me to feel up your friend, Cynthia, instead?” sneered Muriel. “Yes, yes! Anything! But please stop!” begged Sybil, her voice and body trembling with shame and unwanted arousal; a bully girl doing to her what she hadn’t let any boy ever do to her! Muriel quickly moved over to her first victim and looked into her eyes that were filled with fear as she too struggled against being held down. Muriel laughed as she informed her, “Cynthia, your friend, Sybil, wants us to have a good look at your panties. Is that OK with you?”

Ian was happy to now know the original victim’s real name! However, at the moment, he was far too busy watching to correct it in his notebook; later he’d have no trouble remembering to replace the name “Cynthia” with “Beatrice.”

The rich girl, squealed, “No! Stop her someone! Please! I’m not a filthy slut like you, Muriel!” But the attacking girls just laughed and ignored her pleas. They egged on Muriel, “Go on, get the toffee-nose’s (the British expression for snobbishness really fit this girl) dress up so we can see her panties all the way up!” Muriel complied, slowly pulling Cynthia’s dress up, way up to completely exposing her lavishly elegant pink panties. Cynthia blushed and began to cry. Knowing how exciting a panty unveiling can be, Muriel extended the thrill by repeatedly pulling the girl’s dress up and down, singing, “Look at Cynthia’s panties! Look at Cynthia’s pan-ties! Look at her pink pan-ties! My-oh-my, these are expensive panties. I’ll bet your pervert daddy not only pays for your panties, he probably takes you shopping for them and gets you to model them for him too!”

Cynthia lay helplessly, abhorred by the onlookers ogling her panties as they relished her shame. Muriel’s mocking eyes flicked between Cynthia’s tearful face and her panties. “I’m going to play with your panties, now, Cynthia! Don’t cry, because I’m going to give you a good time. You won’t forget this! Just pretend my hand is your daddy’s hand checking the fit of these fine panties he spent so much money on to please you.”

Muriel began to play with the elastics on Cynthia’s panties, snapping the legs against her thighs and then seizing the waist elastic and pulling the panties up tight between the girl’s legs, jiggling the nylon so it slithered teasingly over her pussy and the got wedged up into her butt crack. Cynthia looked up at the onlookers, her tearful eyes pleading with them. “Please, make her stop. Ple-e-e-a-se!” But the audience was thrilled to see this rich girl sexually humiliated by a tart!

“Open the bitch’s legs!” ordered Muriel, and the girls forced them open so wide that the snug leg elastics gaped way from



her inner thighs and gave everyone a peek at her naked cunt underneath. Cynthia sobbed helplessly as the intimate display quieted the giggling girls; they waited for what would happen next. Then the girls began shouting.

“Touch up her pink panties! Feel her up, Muriel!”

“Yeah, give her a good feel, Muriel! Panty wank the bitch!”

“Reach under her leg band, tickle her twat and then show us her slimy dripping cunt!”

“I want a feel,” someone said and someone else immediately answered, “Oh, yeah, let’s all have a feel!”

Slowly and deliberately, Muriel placed her hand on the slithery nylon crotch of Cynthia’s panties and began to slide it over the writhing girl’s panty mound. “No, no!” pleaded Cynthia. But the crowd’s excitement was building and nobody wanted to stop the abuse of the innocent girl. Cynthia shuddered as she felt invading fingers first smooth the nylon over her most secret and sensitive parts and then began feeling her obscenely, slowly and deliberately fondling her in an explicitly sexual manner.

“OK, she’s ready for you to feel? Who’s first?” asked Muriel.

“Yes, yes. Let me!” said one. “No, me first!” said another. And “No! I should go first,” came the replies one on top of another as they lined up to touch her twat and asshole. The girls jostled for a bit of the fun. In a not too orderly fashion, they took turns feeling up Cynthia through the clinging pink nylon of her panties, their eyes darting back and forth between their hands on the double nylon crotch of her sweet panties and her tear-streaked face -- a great study in the utter humiliation of a snooty ‘I’m better-than-you’ type of girl getting her comeuppance! Muriel put her face right up to Cynthia’s face and looked deeply into the girl’s eyes that widened in shock each time a fresh set of fingers invaded her panty privacy. Finally, Muriel pushed the other hands aside and placed her flat palm between Cynthia’s legs and stroked her like a lover. “I know you really love this!” Muriel mocked. “I can feel you getting your panties soaking wet! I’m going to make you cum, little girl! You’re mine! All you rich girls are a bunch of lezzies; you’re going to love this!”

She rubbed the wet nylon over Cynthia’s cunt and expertly tickled the defenseless girl’s clit who panted loudly, moaning and groaning. Ian gasped! He was watching a girl being finger fucked by another girl -- being raped. His eyes were riveted on Muriel’s hand as it slithered and slipped over the thin covering of pink nylon that was the only thing that separated her fingers from the humbled girl’s cunt! Then Muriel slipped her hand under the leg of the panties and pushed her middle finger up into her victim’s slick pussy while using her thumb to gently and teasingly tickle the girl’s clit. “No! No!” Cynthia screamed, her gracefully proportioned, long tanned legs kicking desperately in the firm grip of the giggling dominant girls, and now, Muriel was taking her over the edge. Cynthia trembled

and contorted as waves of intense pleasure cascaded through her hips; she could only sob and moan as the older girl skillfully brought her to a humiliating climax!

Ian’s cock began to throb uncontrollably and was soon spurting more spots and stains onto his well-used baby blanket!

Moments later, the school bell sounded at Tearsdale, and Sybil and Cynthia were released. “Not a word about this to anyone!” snarled Muriel, “or you’ll get this every day!” As the bullies walked back into the school, the two victims of their bullying picked themselves up, tearfully straightened their clothes and followed their attackers through the big doors. Ian was exhausted! What a lucky day! What a wonderful show! The only problem now: he had lost track of time and hadn’t heard his own bell signaling the end of his lunchtime. His bell always rang five minutes before the girls’ bell; he had missed it!

But that had happened more than a few times before -- yes, he’d get demerits and his parents would be called and he’d get a lecture --- yadda, yadda, yadda! He’d trade that for a show like he witnessed today -- anytime! He was already looking forward to tomorrow, hoping for an equally amazing panty show!

On this most memorable day, something else caught his attention. He had been so busy watching the girls who were doing handstands and cartwheels and the bullies panty torturing the rich girls that he barely had time to watch the girls playing tennis, but he did catch a moment here and there, and he saw something new. He didn’t get any really good, close-up peeks but several of the girls seemed to be wearing very heavily laced and ruffled panties under their tennis outfits. Those panties looked tremendously exciting. On his next visit to the courts, he hoped to be able to get some good looks at this new style of panties that a number of the girls appeared to be wearing.

Ian’s parents were impressed with their son’s interest in reading one of the newspapers he delivered each day, but what they didn’t know is that he really didn’t have an interest in the news; he was interested in the lingerie ads, and since he always had a few left over papers after his deliveries, he could safely clip the ads and secret them into his bulging scrapbook of similar ads that he kept hidden in his closet in the bottom of his sports equipment box. He didn’t care that much for sports either but he had long ago convinced his parents that he did!

And after school on this great day he sat in his room updating his notebook and then going through the daily paper and was delighted to see an ad for a “new style of tennis panties” that were “the newest thing in tennis wear.” The ad called them “rhumba panties.” Ian thought it was a funny name; all he knew about the word “rhumba” was that it was some kind of crazy dance -- he didn’t get the connection -- but he didn’t care! The ad included pictures of those panties and they looked truly amazing! Furthermore, the ad said Fairchild’s Sports Center, had them on sale and had just received a gigantic shipment.



Ian ran downstairs and told his mother he had forgotten to make a couple of collections on his newspaper route and wanted to catch the people when they got home from work. She warned him not to be gone too long because she didn't want him late for supper. Of course, Ian wasn't interested in doing any collections; he jumped on his bike and was speeding off to Fairchild's Sports to see if he could get a peek at those fabulous panties featured in the sale.

As he approached the store, he was floored to see they had an entire outside picture window full of the featured panties! He could barely control himself from sliming his underwear right there on the street! He cautiously went into the store for an even better view, hoping they weren't hidden in some back corner of the women's department like most stores hid their panties, but he was blown away when he walked in and saw a huge multitiered rack right up in the front of the store with two manikins dressed in the panties. He was able to get very close to the panties, but since they were near the entrance and in a high traffic area, he couldn't linger very long. All he could do was pass by repeatedly and when he was sure no one was looking, he'd snake his hand out and actually touch a pair of the fancy panties. They were super silky with big rows of stiff and scratchy lace -- he thought that lace had to tickle a girl's legs like crazy. Most astonishing, they were like ordinary panties; the only difference being that they were like two pairs of regular nylon panties sewn together -- for a modest bit of protection, he guessed. The double thickness of silky nylon was fine, even great in his opinion -- double silkiness! He was so happy that they weren't made out of that stretch fabric like cheerleader briefs.

He went around and past the amazing array of panties two, three, four times; he had never seen girls and women's panties so boldly featured right in the front of a store. Then, suddenly, he sensed people were staring at him. He wondered if he was just being paranoid or if people really were noticing him. Then he did a quick turn and almost ran directly into an old lady sales clerk who looked down her spectacles at him and harshly asked, "Can I help you with something, young man?" Half scared to death, he spun around and speedily left the store, but he knew these panties opened a new chapter in his panty peeking -- and an exciting one he knew it would turn out to be!

Chapter 2: Hoping for More than a Reprise

Sure enough, the next morning, Ian was once more ensconced in the bushes. He had finished his newspaper route early and waited to see if any girls were playing tennis before the start of classes and hoped to see if they were wearing some of those new rhumba panties. But rain was threatening and he saw only two girls in a far court, and from what he could see they both had on fairly plain white nylon panties -- nicely exciting under most circumstances -- but now he was now on a mission to see rhumba panties.

During the morning, the weather cleared and after his quick lunch he was back in his old hiding place, baby blanket on the ground, a nice soft pair of his mother's white nylon panties wrapped around his cock and waiting for the Tearsdale lunch bell to ring. It rang and then the girls rushed out. Three girls walked over directly in front of where he lay hidden and sat down waiting for another girl to join them for a game of doubles.

The girls sat with their legs bent and parted, facing him and very close! He feasted his eyes on the feminine bulge of their panties between their relaxed legs, exciting double weight strips of nylon, one in pale green nylon, one in light blue, and the third in pale lavender -- and best of all -- they were all those luscious rhumba panties! The wind was stiff and so was his dick as he waited to see more. A quick breeze lifted up edges of their dresses, and he could see all three of them in better detail. Wow! The girls began to wrestle playfully. One girl tried to reach her hand into the blouse and bra of one of the other girls. "Helen, let me have a feel; have you grown any tits yet, or is this all just Kleenex you have wadded up in your bra?"

"Fuck-off!" was the unladylike response, as the girl being assaulted tried to fend off her attacker, who yelled out to the other girl, "Hey, Jill! Get her dress up and put your hand down her panties. Let's see if she has sprouted any pussy hair, yet."

"Stop it, you guys. You're messing my clothes all up!"

But Jill didn't listen and yanked up Helen's skirt and yelled out for anyone else to hear, "Panties! Panties! Look at Helen's new panties!" as she shoved her hand down the panties for a good feel. "Damn, girl, there isn't even one hair on your baby cunt!"

But Ian was more interested in Helen's shiny blue rhumba panties than her pussy; the panties were made of a double thickness of nylon just like the ones he had seen at the store! They hugged her body and even though he couldn't see through them, the way they smoothed over her cunt let him know that she indeed didn't have any pubic hair. What a sight! Helen was fiercely outnumbered -- the attacking girls were bigger, stronger and determined to have their fun -- even though they were picking on one of their own! What could she do but stop fighting and let her friends have their way with her sexy panties fully exposed -- sexy rhumba panties, bright blue and new with

delightful rows of wide white lace around the legs and in tiers all across the back. And Ian had a grandstand view!

Suddenly, Wendy pushed Jill away and straddled Helen, pinning her arms under her powerful knees. Wendy looked over her shoulder at the girl's kicking legs and then reached back and pulled Helen's dress right up, tucking the hem under her own well-shaped butt, effectively pinning Helen's dress above the waistband of her pretty attention-getting new panties!

"Stop! What are you doing?" Helen squealed.

Wendy had an ongoing rivalry with Helen despite being a member of their same clique and was taking this opportunity to put this girl in her place. She shouted out to draw a crowd, "Look at her panties, everyone! We all bought them last night. These are the latest style in tennis panties but this girl doesn't have any pussy hair so I don't think she is mature enough to wear such sexy panties!" With that, she reached back with her right hand and slipped it between Helen's thighs, her fingers wriggling and fondling! Helen's eyes widened with shock as she felt strong fingers digging into her pussy to arouse her.

"No!" screamed Helen, her legs kicking as she tried to unseat her attacker. "Stop her, someone!" But Jill and the other girls were enjoying this too much to help out! The sight of the beautiful Helen struggling helplessly under the tougher girl while her cunt was being mercilessly fondled was too good to stop. In fact, Jill, the other girl in this threesome began to cheer and shout words of encouragement. "That's right, Wendy! Have a good feel! Give her a good one!" And Wendy responded by slithering her hand all over the silky material covering Helen's cunny before zipping her fingers under the lacy leg opening and diving into her cunt. "No! No-o-o! Please, stop!"

"Don't stop, Wendy," shouted one of the onlookers, "have a really good feel. Wow, look how she's making the bitch squirm!"

Helen's buttocks bucked and her legs kicked, but in vain. The struggle only amplified the voyeuristic pleasure of the other girls as well as thrill randy little Ian in the bushes. Gradually, Helen weakened. Her kicking legs barely moving as Wendy continued to tickle, rub and squeeze her nylon enclosed twat, which was now swelling and moistening, and sending electric-like shocks throughout the girl's body. Gradually Helen was surrendering to the assault and she seemed genuinely excited. Ian could tell it was more than a game; it was real lesbian sex or rape. He sensed the victim was now only pretending to resist, her legs now splayed wide open like she was inviting Wendy to make her cum! Her fingers were flying up and down Helen's silk-covered slit. She tickled the super sensitive little bulge on top of her cunt and then again slid the leg elastic aside and dipped three fingers into the drooling pussy, "Gotcha!" Wendy yelled in triumph as Helen exploded into a trembling orgasm.

"Ooooooh!" Helen began to moan! "Oooooh! Oooooh!"

“Want me to stop now?” mocked Wendy.

“No! Please don’t stop! Make me cum!” she shamefully whispered gasping for breath.

The girls watching all went quiet. They realized she was cumming. Little squeals and moans were now emanating from Helen’s trembling lips. She panted ecstatically. Wendy shuffled forward until she was up by Helen’s neck. With her left hand she playfully tapped Helen’s chin as she used her right hand to continue the forced masturbation. “Cum for me, again, Helen. Come for Wendy! Do it now and then you can thank me by giving me a good cum with your mouth.” So saying, Wendy inched herself up and over Helen’s face, slowly lowered herself onto Helen’s mouth and nose, muffling the sounds of ecstasy from her captive within the folds of her voluminous lavender rhumba panties with bright white rows of lace and ruffles. “Mmmmmph!” was all Helen could utter.

Wendy slowly ground her pantied pussy against Helen’s horrified face, overwhelming her with the smell and wetness of her pussy juices leaking through her panty crotch. Helen tried to resist this lesbian attack as she shook her head from side to side, but that only helped Wendy slide herself into a position that she found more stimulating, like settling into a saddle, and helped lock her victim’s head more securely in place. Wendy reached behind herself again and slipped her hand under the waistband of Helen’s panties and all the way down to the girl’s sex. Ian watched excitedly as he could clearly see Wendy ramrodding her fingers in and out of the girl’s now gaping cunt! It made no difference that other girls were watching; Helen began to lick the panties pressed against her mouth in homage to the big girl masturbating her! Helpless! Gagged! Smothered! And being masturbated in full view of her classmates! A shudder visibly passed through Helen’s body as another enforced climax overwhelmed her in waves. At the same time, Ian’s cock was also shuddering and now spurting onto his putrid baby blanket.

Wow!

Eventually, the girls disentangled themselves, and all turned to look right in Ian’s direction. Still falling back down to earth after his big cum, he cringed. Had he made some noise and the girls noticed? Then the bottom dropped out of Ian’s world. From behind, a hand tapped him on his shoulder.

“Well, so this is what you do instead of attending classes!”

It was Mr. Tillman, the principal of his school!

“Wait until your parents hear about this!”

“Oh, please, sir, don’t tell anyone, sir! Anything but that!”

“Anything, eh?” murmured the master. “OK. Come to my office immediately after school.” Then the old man pointed to the girls

on the tennis court; amazingly, they were now right up by the fence and looking directly into Ian’s eyes. The three girls winked at him and then did a quick turn and bent forward to give him a good long look at their thrilling new rhumba panties peeking out from under their uniforms. But the terrified Ian now didn’t think those panties were all that exciting! The two girls, who had attacked and forcibly masturbated the third, now appeared to be the best of friends with her. The three then held hands and skipped back into their school. Obviously, along with Principal Trilling, these girls had staged this panty show to snare him!

Old man Trilling let out a ‘gotcha’ laugh and reminded Ian to be on time at his study or he’d telephone his parents.

Chapter 3: Now He Is the Peekee!

That afternoon, a very nervous Ian knocked on the door of Mr. Tillman’s study. He didn’t know it, but the supercilious Tillman was a pervert who used his power as the principal to his sexual advantage over select kids -- both boys and girls -- to satisfy his crazy fetishes and fantasies. As he sat in his office chair, safely hidden behind his desk, Tillman gently massaged his large cock fully erect under his trousers. He could hardly wait to get his hands on the young boy now knocking at his door. He was determined to show Ian that the pleasure he could get from girls’ panties wasn’t limited to peeking up girls’ dresses. He quickly checked his hidden still camera and movie camera to make sure they were ready before calling out to the boy and telling him to enter.

Ian walked into pervert’s lair! He shut the door, and stood in front of the master shamefaced, his hands clasped behind his back. He blinked his eyes; the room was so brightly lit! He didn’t know that Tillman had the lights way up so he could capture the best quality photos and movies.

Tillman surveyed the scared little boy. “Quite a pretty boy,” he thought, “and probably sexually naive too,” he guessed. Perfect! Then in an accusatory tone of voice, he bellowed, “So, boy, you’re quite a little panty fetishist, aren’t you?”

“S-sorry, sir. I don’t understand.”

“You don’t know what a panty fetishist is? Well my boy, that’s what you are -- it means a wimpy little boy who has a perverse attraction to girls’ panties! Am I right? You like to look up girls’ dresses to see what kind of panties they’re wearing, don’t you? You love to see a girl’s dress being pulled up, don’t you?”

Ian knew he couldn’t avoid admitting it. “Y-y-yes, sir!” He shamefully mumbled, not wanting to antagonize the principal.

“Have you ever worn girls’ panties, Boy?”

“N-no, sir! Gees, no! No, sir! Never!” What a question!



But Ian was lying. His mind leapt back to something that had happened three years earlier. His mother had sent him into his sister's bedroom to get her best pair of black shoes so she could polish them, but while in her room -- where he was usually forbidden to enter -- and with his attraction to panties, he couldn't resist peeking into her dresser drawers, and wow! He saw her panties and they were all silky nylon and pretty with decorations! In the past, he had only been interested in his mother's panties of soft nylon, not his sister's because she always wore plain white cotton panties like a lot of little girls wear, but these were thrilling to look at; they looked like his mother's best panties but in a much smaller size. Right on top was a pair of Mary's lacy light blue deluxe panties. He touched them. They were so soft and silky! His mind immediately wanted an answer to: "What would they feel like to wear?" But the next thought that bombarded his mind was: "How stupid! Boys don't want to wear their sister's panties!" But, those panties seemed to be whispering to him: "Wear me! Wear me!"

Quietly and quickly, Ian slipped off his shoes, socks, shorts and underwear. He then picked up Mary's light blue panties, held them against his body and looked at himself in his sister's wall mirror. His heart was hammering in his chest. "What would he look like if he put them on?" "What would they feel like?"

"Put me on, Ian! Put me on!" the panties seemed to be saying to the excited boy.

He pushed all the shaming thoughts out of his head, held the silky panties open by the waist elastic and looked down into them. They were the epitome of girlishness! Boys just didn't do this, unless they were sissies! But, he no longer cared. He could

not resist. His heart pounded even harder as he stepped into Mary's panties, and with a strange mixture of shame and excitement, he pulled them up over his young cock. He looked in the mirror. The front of the silky blue panties outlined his growing cock! The silky material cradled his balls. He looked pretty! He even looked sexy like a cute girl!

Suddenly, he was overwhelmed by a feeling of intense pleasure. He thought he was going to wet the panties! Quickly he pulled them down, and cupped his cock in his hand. He was too young to spurt, but he did have a thunderous dry cum. His first climax! A bit frightened, he wondered how his hobby of peeking up skirts had turned into this! Scared of his own thoughts, he took off the panties, threw them back into her drawer, dressed himself and ran out of her room. The guilt was too much and he swore he would never do that again, but he never would forget how wonderful it felt for his cock to nestle in silky panties. No, he was never going to wear them again, but not long after, he decided, he'd steal some panties and use them to rub on his penis without putting them on, and from that day forward that was how he loved to pleasure himself.

After that, whenever possible, he would massage his dick with a pair of his mother's or sister's panties as he lay in bed at night. He would manipulate his erect cock in the panties so the silky material slid over it as he'd tease himself for as long as he could, until his cum refused to be dammed up any longer. And just within the last six months, his dick started to spurt cum. Panty wanking was wildly better once that started! He'd moan in ecstasy as his cum jetted over his stomach! He became addicted to playing with his sister's and his mother's panties!

Ian's memories were interrupted by Tillman saying, knowingly, "I don't believe you. I think you wear panties a lot. All panty boys wear them! I'm going to investigate your little panty fetish. Tillman then flicked a secret switch to start his hidden cameras.

"I've got some pictures to show you, my boy! I'm sure you'll enjoy them!" he said as he removed some magazines from his desk drawer. He thumbed through one, and then held it open for Ian to see a photo of a woman holding her dress up to reveal her sexy nylon panties! Ian was immediately aware of his cock stiffening. Tillman watched Ian's developing erection with satisfaction. He showed the boy some more sexy lingerie photos. Ian gasped and his cock twitched! Then the old pervert showed him a stack of pictures of men and boys wearing panties, bras and other girls' clothes, some with their cocks erect and wildly stretching out the nylon panties! "Look at how excited these boys are in their silky panties, Ian!" he teased. "I bet you'd love to be in their shoes, or should I say in their panties!"

Soon the boy's four-inch cock was sticking up as hard as ever. Then, Tillman reached into the drawer and took out some frilly panties! "Let's get some panties for you to wear, boy."

"Oh, no, sir! Don't make me wear panties. Not girls' panties!"

"Yes, girls' panties, Ian! Girls' panties for Ian, the girly-boy!" He held the panties up. "Pink. Frilly. I bet you love this type of panties best, huh? Frilly pink panties are universally the favorite choice among sissy panty boys like you. Step into them, son! Don't make me wait!" he commanded as he held the pink panties open by Ian's feet. Tears dripped down Ian's cheeks as he put his hands on the man's shoulders to steady himself. Nervously, he offered one foot at a time. As soon as Tillman had the panties threaded around the humbled boy's ankles, he directed Ian to look at himself in the large mirror on the side wall. He then stood behind the cowering boy and turned him to face the mirror as he said, "Hands back on top of your head, kid! Look in the mirror. Watch me panty you!" The innocent twelve-year-old lad watched helplessly as the principal slithered the pink nylon panties up his legs, over his knees and up his thighs until they were bunched under his balls. Tillman held the waist out.

"Lucky boy! You'll love this!" Then he slowly inched the panties up over Ian's cock. Snap! The elastic stung Ian's tummy like a bee sting as Tillman let it go. At the sensation of feeling silky pink nylon around his erect cock, Ian's knees buckled with an intense sense of shame! He had been forcibly dressed in girls' pink panties! The principal placed his index finger against the boy's nylon-clad balls and slowly traced upward feeling the kid's erection. Shivers raced through Ian's body. "Oh, sir! What are you doing? This is naughty!" A loud moan escaped Ian's lips as Tillman boldly took hold of Ian's cock, began to slowly squeeze it and gently jerk on it through the soft nylon. "I'm feeling your cock through your own silky panties. Oh, yes, these panties are yours now. No girl would want to wear them after a sissy boy has worn them. Ian, look at what I'm doing! Look how much your little twig of a penis loves his new panties.

Feels pretty nice, huh? I knew you'd like it."

"O-o-o-oh! Please, don't do that. Don't do that, please!"

But the old pervert didn't stop, didn't even hesitate as he began to slide the silky material up and down the boy's cock, smiling as he felt the young dickette twitching in response. "You like this, don't you Ian? You like the feeling of silky nylon slithering over your petit penis, don't you? I bet no one else has ever fondled your cock through girls' panties, have they? Tell me you want me to do more."

"O-o-o-o-oh! O-o-o-o-oh! Please, can I go home?"

"Go home? Oh, you silly little sissy. You can't have this much fun at home. Just relax and learn how to enjoy it." Tillman then moved in front of Ian, pulled up a chair, and sat down, his face only inches from the boy's bulging panties. He placed two fingers under the boy's balls, and began to jiggle them up and down. He leered at Ian's cock as it bounced around in the pink nylon, causing the silky material to sensuously slip and slide over it. The boy's cock was now thrusting like a ramrod in the embarrassingly girlish panties! "Turn around, and bend forward, I'll bet your butt looks just like a little girl's; I need to see it!"

Pushed even deeper into shame, Ian did so.

"Open your legs, boy!"

Ian did. The old pig savored the sight of the boy's tight buttocks beautifully filling out the stretchy pink panties. But Tillman wasn't just looking, he was touching. He leaned down to look between the boy's legs to where the young balls and cock were cradled in the silky nest between his legs. He ran a finger down the crack between the boy's cheeks. Ian jumped. The old fart steadied him. "Easy, boy!" He then trailed his fingers between the boy's legs, gently caressing the lad's dick and balls through the pink nylon! Ian had never been so degraded -- nor had he ever felt such intense sexual sensations. His cock lurched with each tantalizing illicit touch. Tillman laughed as he explored as Ian involuntarily wriggled his bottom provocatively in reaction. "I do say, girls' panties are perfect for you. A lot of panty fetishists look ridiculous in panties, like a stupid boy in panties, but oh, not you. I know a lot of boys who can't resist playing with girly panties, but none of them look as fetching as you do in panties. I think I better call your parents and recommend they buy you a big supply of nice frilly panties and have you wear them all the time -- and throw out all your old boys' underwear. It's a joke for you to wear boys' underwear. You're not a boy; you're a sissy, much closer to being a girl than a boy."

Ian was horrified at such a suggestion. He opened his mouth to complain, "OH, not my parents ..." but Tillman slapped the boy's tender inner thigh and told him, "Just shut up and enjoy this, kid! Look in the mirror and enjoy!" In the mirror, Ian saw the principal leering at him with devilish eyes as he toyed with the kid's pantied privates. Tillman stroked his right hand palm

upward between Ian's legs, cupped his contracted balls through the femmy panties and gently squeezed while also tickling the end of the boy's penis with his middle finger. With his other hand, he poked at the boy's asshole through the pink nylon.

"O-o-o-o-oh, sir!"

Tillman didn't want the kid to climax yet, so he stopped his fondling, and told Ian to stand upright again and face him. "Let me tell you something about the panties you are wearing. They are my wife's panties. Pretty exciting, huh, and they are real silk panties; I'll bet you've never had the pleasure of real silk. Well, now you are finding out just how wonderful they are."

Now completely terrified of Tillman, Ian obediently stood cowering on the stool dressed in Mrs. Tillman's fine panties, his little cock tenting out the pink silk! He didn't know cameras were catching it all on film. Again, Tillman felt up the boy's erect cock. He slid his fingers up and down the shaft while gently caressing the little boy balls. Tillman much preferred panty sexing young boys to having sex with his wife. And discovering Ian as a panty wanker perfectly coincided with his own urges. It's one thing to force a boy into panties, blackmail him into them, but such boys usually hate the panties, especially at first. Ian was different; the kid arrived in Tillman's lap already hooked on panties -- "so much more to work with" the old degenerate mused. He was going to take little Ian into panty sex heaven -- whether he wanted to go that far or not!

Ian could only watch in the mirror in stunned disbelief as this weirdo fondled him in the fine silk panties belonging to his wife! Tillman and his wife had a strange relationship. She kept an extensive collection of expensive lingerie because she liked to be beautifully dressed for her many he-men lovers. Being a cuckold was fine with Tillman. His love was to initiate kids into sex orgies. His wife didn't care that he did it and didn't mind him borrowing her lingerie while doing it! She loved his principal's salary and had little cares beyond spending that money freely.

Then, Tillman picked up a pair of jet-black panties and explained, "These panties my daughter wore to a party last night. They should be perfect to keep you quiet for what happens next!" He showed the boy the heavily stained panty crotch. "It looks like she had quite a good time at her party, and now they are ripe for you." Then, suddenly, he forced the boy's mouth open and stuffed the dirtiest part of the panties inside Ian's mouth and the part of the panties that had been wedged up between her ass cheeks, he carefully positioned over the kid's nose!

"Mmmmmph!" was all Hillman heard as the taste of stale vaginal secretions, urine and semen filled Ian's mouth! The smell of farts and shit invaded his nose. Quickly and with a bold laugh, the master tied a gag around the boy's head, securing the soiled panties exactly where he wanted them. Ian's nose and mouth were filled with disgusting panty aromas. It was so demeaning to suck on dirty panties! With each breath, the smelly nylon was sucked tight up into his nostrils, and with every motion of

his mouth gobs of those foul flavors landed on his taste buds. Ian had never even thought about smelling or tasting a dirty pair of panties, but he was doing it now! His cock throbbled in Mrs. Tillman's expensive silk panties. "Mmmmmph!" he groaned again but his complaining only delighted Tillman.

"Now for some slap and tickle!" the master said as he pulled over a chair and lowered his own trousers. Ian gasped through the panty gag. The principal had a huge erection that was pointing itself directly at him! "OK, cutie, in my wife's panties! Sit up on my lap, boy!"

Ian did so, aware that the panties he was wearing were slithering up against Tillman's naked cock. The principal held Ian's wrists behind his back and lewdly fondled the contents of the boy's panties through the silky material. Ian's feeble struggles only served to increase Tillman's excitement as his old man cock surged against the boy's pantied hips made him very nervous; he had never been this close to another cock. It felt so queer, made him feel so dirty and naughty. Men and boys weren't supposed to play penis sex games! Tillman loved his cock knocking at the door, poking at his wife's panties covering the boy's hips. He then paused to move onto the next level.

"Now, turn over! Get yourself over my knees!"

Ian obeyed and lay face down over the principal's lap. Tillman adjusted his position so his naked cock was now touching Ian's silk-covered cock. He raised his hand, and with a loud slap, he brought it down on the boy's bottom, which looked so inviting quivering in his wife's panties!

SLAP! "Mmmmmph!"

Ian jumped in pain. But then, Tillman started to toy with the thin panty elastic around Ian's waist and it made him squirm causing his pantied cock to silk slip and slide over the principal's hot cock! Two penises stimulating each other through the silky material of Mrs. Tillman's panties!

SLAP! TICKLE! And snap, snap the waist elastic.

"How are we doing?" Tillman laughingly asked as he slipped his hand under Ian's belly, and felt the lad's cock through the silky panties, now rock hard and throbbing! "Good! We'll soon be there! I'm doing this all for you, my dear sissy boy."

SLAP! TICKLE! And snap, snap the snug leg elastics.

The boy's small cock bounced and slid against the man's huge cock, the silkiness of the panties doubling their excitement.

"Come on, my lad. Let's cum together!"

"Mmmmmph!" and then Ian was shooting his load into Mr. Tillman's wife's panties as Tillman's cock throbbled and spurped to add to the goopy mess. When the old pervert's climax was

over, he turned the boy over so the video could capture the lad's spent cock now clearly visible through the saturated silk of his wife's violated pink nylon panties! From now on, Ian would be his panty slave; the principal had plans and ideas!

Chapter 4: He's the Main Event

Tillman had sent him home in the panties, and for the next few days, Ian had no direct contact with the principal put up with knowing looks and winks every time he saw him. He knew further ordeals were in store. Sure enough, Ian received a note from the principal telling him to come to the gym on Tuesday evening. Included with the note a photo of Ian standing by himself dressed only in Mrs. Tillman's pink panties that were soaked with cum! The picture made him think his world had come to an end; he knew he couldn't refuse the degenerate principal's invitation.

When Ian walked into the gym, he was surprised to see not only Tillman, but also Wendy, Jill and Helen, the three girls who had put on that panty show for him at the tennis courts, and now it was obvious: the pervert had control over these girls and surely had gotten them to do that panty rape show just to trap him. But there were three boys there too, including his arch-rival, Terry. Ian guessed that somehow Tillman had power over these boys too and he became increasingly nervous. Tillman shouted, "OK, girls, while I set up all my camera equipment, you know what to do!"

The girls seized Ian and marched him off to an adjoining room where he saw a stack of girl's clothes and a pile of fancy panties on a side table.

"So, my little panty peeker Ian, there are two ways of doing this," said Wendy, "either you do as you're told, or you get a beating and have to do it anyway. Understand?"

The boy cowered, and nodded.

"Take all your clothes off!"

Ian sheepishly obeyed, blushing bright red as he removed everything, even his underpants. The girls held him as Wendy took from a pile of clothes a pink suspender belt, which she dangled from her fingers. She advanced on him! "What a lucky little boy. Wendy is going to make you pretty for Mr. Tillman!"

After Wendy fastened the suspender belt around Ian's waist, the offending suspenders dangled loosely and tickled his hips. He was horrified to feel his cock erecting. He couldn't stop it. Wendy smirked as she noticed it. "All in good time, you naughty little boy! Nice panties will be kissing you soon, little man."

Then the girls rolled nylon stockings up his legs and fastened them to the suspenders. A preteen girls' A-cup bra was fitted around his chest and in the process, Wendy purposely brushed

her fingers over his nipples once they were covered with the nylon bra. They erected too! Lacy ankle socks and girls' tennis shoes were placed on his feet. Then they dressed him in a short half-slip petticoat, a white blouse and a schoolgirl's pleated skirt. He could see they were dressing him in a schoolgirl uniform identical to their own. Fall had just started so their outfits were now the winter uniform. Ian had never felt so embarrassed, but he had no idea how much worse things were about to become!

Much to his embarrassment to be seen like this, Ian saw Jill had a firm grip on Terry as she was leading him into the room and he was now completely naked. Ian couldn't help but notice that Terry's cock was much bigger than his own!

Ian looked away; he didn't want to be caught ogling another boy's cock, but then Wendy directed his attention to the clothes on the table as she said to both boys, "See that pile of panties, boys? Go choose a pair for your opponent!"

'Opponent?' Ian wondered what that meant. But then Terry complained, "Gees, Wendy, I ain't no faggot. I don't want to wear panties like this sissy Ian!" But the words were barely out of his mouth when Jill reached between his legs from behind, grabbed his balls and crushed them in her hand. He hollered, "Ye-e-e-e-o-o-o-w! OK! OK! I'll do it. I'm sorry. I'm sorry!"

Ian wondered what kind of hold Tillman and the girls had on Terry to make him so afraid of them. Both boys, resigned to their fate, walked to the table and each picked up a pair of panties. Terry selected a big pair of bright pink nylon panties for Ian, and Ian grabbed a light blue pair for Terry. He thought they were the plainest and most boyish -- if that were possible -- panties on the table. He didn't want to anger Terry any more than he already seemed to be irritated.

"OK! Put the panties on your opponent. Ian you do it first!"

Ian knelt down at Terry's feet, and held the blue panties open. Terry looked down at him. "You'll pay for this!" Terry snarled under his breath, but unknown to Ian, Tillman had compromising photos of Terry as well, so the boy had no choice but to step into the panties his longtime enemy was holding something that went way back to when they both played Little League baseball, even though neither of them had played any kind of sports for years now. Ian pulled them all the way up on Terry, being careful to avoid any direct contact with Terry's large dick. Much to their embarrassment, both boys' cocks began to swell. Putting another boy into girls' panties turned them on! No, that couldn't be. Ian wondered what sort of a boy he was becoming!

"Your turn now, Terry! Put those lovely pink panties on Ian!" the girls ordered. Terry smirked and knelt down at Ian's feet. In a taunting manner held open the waist elastic of the pink panties invitingly. He was enjoying putting panties on this kid whom he hated, and hated even more since Ian had just pantied him!

"Come on Ian! Step into these pretty pink panties! I bet you



“Ian, pull down your skirt and show the camera your panties, like we’re doing and you better smile for the camera, or I’ll piss down your throat!”

can’t wait to feel them around your little peter, heh, sissy?”

Suddenly, one of the girls noticed the bulge under Ian’s skirt.

“Hey! Look at this!” Jill shouted as she hoisted Ian’s plaid pleated skirt up to reveal his erection! “Look at his stiffy! He can’t wait to get his girls’ panties on!” Wendy said and the girls squealed happily. Helen added, “What a pansy! Go on, Ian, step into those panties! “Put your dinky dick out of its misery, Terry! Dress him in pink girls’ panties!”

Ian was helpless. His enemy was going to dress him in pink panties! How awful! He put his feet through the leg-holes as Helen urged him, “Come on, hurry up you faggots. Ian, now, ask Terry nicely to pull up your nice pink panties for you!”

Ian forced the words out. “Um, Terry, would you please pull up my nice pink panties?”

The girls were giddy giggling and Terry was more than happy to shame Ian. He made an exaggerated show of slowly easing the panties up the kid’s legs until they were gathered under the boy’s balls. Then, standing up, so he could look Ian straight in the eye and with a smirk on his face, Terry slid them up to Ian’s waist, tugged them up high and hard to punish his cock and balls and taunted him as he then pulled the waist elastic way

out and up before letting it go with a stinging snap against Ian’s round little belly. Ian’s dick and balls didn’t make much of a bulge in the smooth pink nylon even though the kid had an erection. “Pink panties definitely suit you Ian! A sissy like you should wear girls’ panties all the time!” he teased.

Jill commanded, “Terry check Ian’s panties. Make sure they fit nicely all over and check to see how nicely his baby balls and little penis fit in the panties.”

Terry followed her instructions; Ian sensed if he didn’t, the girls and Tillman had ways to force him to do anything. So Ian stood still as Terry fingered the elastic legs, smoothing them from front to back and then he surprised Ian when he gave the boy’s cock a rub and a squeeze before stroking it three times before letting go and lowered Ian’s skirt. It was a relief for Ian when his petticoat and dress dropped over his bulging panties!

“OK, Ian, pull down your skirt a bit so the top of your panties is exposed, like this,” Wendy showed him, “so you look like white trash!” Ian hesitated, but Jill and Helen pushed him to do it. Begrudgingly, he tried to imitate what they were doing; he had no choice. The three girls were going to force Ian to be photographed with them as they struck a slutty pose. They gave Terry a camera and told him to take their picture. “You’ll never show this photo to anyone will you? Promise?” Jill slapped

his cheek and said. "Just shut up and let Terry take the picture." And smile, Ian, or I'll piss into your mouth!" Was she joking? Ian wasn't sure of much of anything anymore, but surely she'd never do something like that -- but then again, he felt that these skanky girls were capable of most anything. So with a forced smile plastered to his face that was blotchy red from being slapped, the picture was taken. "I look like a stupid girl," Ian complained. That got him another slap on the face and then Wendy added, "Well, kid, I got just the thing to make you look even more like a girl, and a moment later, she was putting a short, pixie-style wig on him. Jill laughed, "Oh, how sweet!"

Then, the girls led the boys back into the gym as Wendy announced, "They're ready, Mr. Tillman!"

"How fabulous! Tillman exclaimed when he saw Terry wearing just the pale blue panties with their neat trim of white lace and Ian in his full schoolgirl uniform, the principal snapping pictures of them as the boys were led toward him.

"Excellent. Now boys, come over to this large mat. Right, you're going to wrestle each other in a cum-fight! Ian since you are our special guest, I'm giving you an advantage being fully dressed with Terry only in panties so you can get to his cock easier than he can get to yours. The prize? Whoever loses has to suck the winner's cock. Start the video camera girls! Go, boys, let's start."

Ian's mind was in a whirl. A cum-fight! He had heard about such things between boys but had never seen it. Two boys wrestling, trying to grab each other's cock. Then, one boy would get the upper hand, straddle the other boy and slip his hand behind himself to play with the loser's cock until it spurted into his underpants. Ian thought those fights were just a fantasy game, but he knew this was no game -- a fight to the finish -- he was sure that was what Tillman wanted from the two of them. But Ian felt so weak and vulnerable compared to Terry who was so much bigger and stronger -- and he had no intention of sucking Terry's cock!

Ian thought any boy who got into a cock fight had to be a queer who liked to touch and be touched, like to spurt from another boy wanking on them in a fight. He was sure boys had to be fags and might deliberately picking fights with other boys and then lose on purpose. Maybe the macho boys who fell for the challenge didn't realize that the sissy boy picking a fight with them wanted to lose! And now, he was going to be in a cum-fight while dressed in girls' clothes and a wig! As the boys circled each other warily and prepared to fight, Ian knew Terry really meant to toss him off while in those panties! Yuck!

"Get Ian's dress up, Terry! Show us the sissy's panties!"

Terry lunged for the hem of Ian's dress and yanked it up!

"Nice panties, Ian!" squealed one of the girls, and then the boys were wrestling in earnest! Soon they were entangled on the floor, Terry with his panties on full display and Ian with his

dress flying up giving glimpses of his panties. Gradually, Ian began to weaken. Terry forced Ian's wrists above his head, and straddled his chest, looking down at his opponent with lustful anticipation at the thought of what he was going to do next!

Ian feared what was going to happen next! Another boy was going to play with his cock! And it was a boy whom he hated! And it was going to happen while Tillman, three girls and two other boys watched! With photos and videos being taken! These cameras weren't hidden. Ian bucked and kicked his legs, trying to unseat Terry, but without success. His struggles caused his panties to slither over his cock, producing wild and exciting sensations that he didn't want to admit felt good.

"Got you!" Terry shouted triumphantly, looking down into his victim's tearful eyes as he held Ian's wrists with his left hand, then reached behind with his right hand, and pulled Ian's dress out of the way completely revealing, to Ian's overwhelming shame, his cock still bulging erect inside the pink panties, pushing the nylon out most embarrassingly to the excited audience. Terry looked back, pleased to see the bulge of Ian's erection in the panties. This was going to be easy! He then looked down into Ian's frightened eyes with contempt.

"You obviously love wearing girls' panties, Ian! I bet I know what you want now! You want me to feel that tiny cock of yours through these panties, don't you?"

Ian shook his head 'no' but once more Terry reached back and placed his right hand on the front of Ian's panties. "No!" screamed Ian again, as he felt Terry's fingers teasingly grab a hold of his panty-clad cock. He screamed more. "No! Please, Terry, don't do this! I'm not queer! I don't like it!" But anyone looking at Tillman knew the old pervert liked it! He loved seeing one boy forced to do queer things with another boy. "Yes! Play with his cock!" Tillman urged as Terry's fingers jacked on the captive panty boy.

Ian continued to struggle, bucking and kicking, but he could not dislodge his the bigger, stronger boy, nor could he stop the boy's fingers from feeling him up through his girly panties. The girls hovered ever closer, their own panties getting wet as they watched Ian being forcibly masturbated into pink panties. They were soon squealing and shouting encouragement.

"Go on, Terry! Feel the sissy's cock through his panties! Wank the sneaky little Peeping Tom. Panty wank him silly!"

"Tickle his balls, Terry! Get your fingers around his sissy cock and give him a royal hand fucking!"

To Ian's horror, he felt waves of pleasure spreading from his dick to his hips and then all over his body. Terry seemed to know what he was doing. Ian was sure Terry had handled other boys' cocks before this day. Tillman struggled to keep his own cock in check as it pulsed with excitement watching Terry's fingers mercilessly playing with Ian's panty-clad cock and balls!

Ian's ineffectual struggles only added to the eroticism of the scene! Tillman loved to see an innocent boy fondled and forced to ejaculate like a queer boy. "You've got him, Terry!" shouted Tillman. "Now, finish him off! Get him to erupt into his panties!"

Ian's struggles slowly weakened. His legs parted like a girl surrendering. Terry's fingers delved between Ian's thighs, tickling the base of the boy's cock and then moving up to slither the silky nylon over the rigid shaft. The smell of boy cum hung in the air -- that distinctive, acrid, hard-to-describe odor somewhat redolent of spoiled milk, sweat and veggie aromas all rolled into one. Tillman loved that smell!

He excitedly took photo after photo, hoping his cock wouldn't prematurely explode -- he had plans for his cum!

Wendy knelt over Ian's head and began to flick her dress up and down to show him her own pink panties drawn tightly over her pouting pussy because she knew how much he loved looking up girls' dresses. "Look, Ian! We're both wearing pink panties! Silky, slithery panties! Aren't you a lucky little boy! And you're having a lovely wank from Terry, aren't you? We can all see him playing with you through your panties! Cum for him and show us how much you are enjoying this, sissy."

Tears were now streaming down Ian's red face with the giggling girls and Tillman lewdly staring in fascination. It was horrific to be so publicly jacked off in girls' nylon panties and not be able to stop it! Ian's thighs and hips were writhing and in the process pulling at his garter suspenders that extended from under his panties down to the tops of his nylon stockings, crazily stretching out his panties from underneath!

"Please stop! Help me, somebody! Ple-e-e-ase!" Ian whimpered, realizing that his overworked dick wasn't about to wait any longer to spurt! He looked around for help; then he noticed the other two boys; they were naked and, surely under the evil dictates of Tillman, pulling on each other's penis. Everyone, even those two boys, seemed to be enjoying seeing Ian being royally raped and ravaged.

The old perv Tillman knelt down to get a close-up view of Terry's fingers at work on Ian's cock and balls. "That's it, Terry! Tickle him just under the head of his cock with your thumb while tickling his balls with your fingers!"

Ian began to moan!

"O-o-o-oh-h-h!"

"I think I've got him, sir!" shouted Terry.

"Cum fight, cum fight!" chanted the girls.

"O-o-o-oh-h-h-h!"

And when Ian heard one of the girls say, "Make him wet his

panties, Terry! You've beaten him!" he knew she was right.

Ian surrendered, his legs parted, giving Terry unfettered access to his privates, his bulging panties.

"Gotcha!" Terry shrieked in triumph and he alternately squeezed, tickled and then lovingly massaged Ian's penis. Ian had no idea anyone could make his dick feel this good -- and it was another boy who was doing it -- a boy Ian hated!

"Gotcha!"

Terry was now caressing the boy dick in Ian's panties, sometimes quickly, then slowly, sometimes firmly, and then softly fluttering his fingers like playing a clarinet.

Ian began to raise his hips as if entreating Terry to have a good feel! And, Terry did just that! He slid his fingers between Ian's thighs as if Ian were a girl, tickling the nylon band between his legs, and then forcing his middle finger up the crack of Ian's ass! He slid his fingers up and down his victim's rigid cock; he squeezed different parts of the kid's dick and jiggled the tight little balls up and down within their silky prison.

He played with the boy's panties, snapping the elastics, slithering the silky nylon up and down and from side to side and caressing the boy's pantied bottom, driving the kid nearly insane with pleasure.

"Girls' panties! Girls' panties!" chanted the girls. "Ian's going to cum in girls' panties! Pan-tees! PAN-TEES! Finish him off, Terry! Finish off our little panty boy!"

Suddenly, Ian was moaning in sexual agony!

Terry teased him, "You're in girls' panties! Lovely girls' panties! O-o-o-o-h-h-h-h yes, Ian. Put on a sissy cum show for us!" Terry deliberately slowed his fondling. His fingers surrounded Ian's cock, slithering a tunnel of nylon up and down the shaft!

"O-o-o-oh-h-h! You're making me cum!" hollered Ian in shock.

Terry grabbed both Ian's dick and balls through the nylon panties and squeezed rhythmically. He felt Ian's pelvis arch and stiffen even more. Then, he felt the boy's cock throb in his fingers. Ian moaned in ecstasy as his spunk jetted into the pink panties. Terry had made him cum and was looking forward to the winner's prize!

Not wanting to lose the magic of the moment, Wendy put a small stool down before them and the girls helped as they set Ian down on the stool with the front of his panties glistening with his spunk oozing through the nylon. Sitting there, his face was right on a level with Terry's penis. In victory, Terry stripped off his hated blue panties. He thought he deserved to dump the sissymaker garment for winning the fight and he was now getting ready to get his reward from his enemy. He leaned forward,

brushing Ian's lips with the tip of his cock.

"OK, you panty boy cocksucker, give me my reward!"

The gym went quiet! Tillman and the girls watched with without a sound. Then, utterly defeated, Ian parted his lips and sucked Terry's cock deep into his mouth. He thought if he sucked him off it might end this nightmare of an orgy. Terry instructed him how to give him a great blowjob; step-by-step he made sure Ian played his tongue over every part of his penis which got bigger and bigger, until Ian's cheeks were sinking in and bulging out with each violent stroke of Terry's crazed big dick banging around inside the little kid's mouth, fucking, thrusts building and seeking to break through, desperate to explode in triumph!

"I want to watch him swallow Terry's cum!" said Wendy, staring intently at Ian's Adam's apple!

And then, Terry was moaning.

"Ooh yes, oooohhhh yes!"

Terry's cock throbbed, and began to spurt salty creamy liquid into Ian's throat. Ian swallowed; his gulping mouth massaged even more spunk from Terry's cock. Eventually, it was finished. But Tillman wanted his pleasure next.

"Leave your cock in his mouth, Terry, relax and when you're ready, take a piss! Ian will swallow it or I'll rip off his nipples!"

Ian looked up helplessly. Terry concentrated! Then, a stream of hot acrid fluid flooded Ian's mouth. He had no choice but to swallow! It was that or choke. Everyone watching was stunned into silence as Ian gulped and swallowed.

"He's drinking Terry's piss!" whispered Wendy in amazement. "Now he's completely our queer boy panty sex slave! He'll do any slutty thing for us!"

When Terry finished, he took his cock out of Ian's mouth, but the boy's ordeal was not over. Wendy immediately hoisted her dress, and straddled Ian's face, holding his head tightly against her twat. Slowly and deliberately, she facefucked him through her panty-covered cunt as she rocked her hips.

"Mmmmmph!" was the only sound Ian could make!

Then Tillman said, "It's souvenir time. I want each of you girls to dress him in her panties and pose for a souvenir photo!"

So, as the poor boy struggled to endure his abuse, he felt each girl take a turn to pull down the panties he had been forced to wear and replace them with her own panties. He could hear the giggling and the clicking of a Polaroid camera as each girl posed with him for her private photo of this helpless boy wearing a pair of her own panties! Amazingly, Ian felt his cock stiffening again as the sexual humiliation merged into sexual excitement.

At that moment, Wendy had just had her picture taken with Ian in her panties. She then replaced her panties with a fresh pair of pink panties Tillman had handed her. With a thoroughly satisfied grin, she looked up at Tillman and said, "Why don't all you guys take him now and give our little panty boy a cum bath he'll never forget?"

Tillman laughed, "My girl, you are a mind reader!"

Ian wasn't sure what she meant by a 'cum bath' but his battered mind was beyond being shocked by anything else they could dream up, and he was about to find out what was next as Tillman put the final act in motion. He knelt in front of his newest victim, took his big cock out and, after easing aside the boy's fresh pink panties, not so gently shoved his cock up the boy's butt. Ian struggled and screamed in pain as the pervert began to fuck him with long and hard ramming strokes. The pressure on the kid's prostate made the boy's cock harder than ever in his clean panties. The other two boys, who until this point had been simply hugging, kissing and wanking on each other but prohibited not to cum yet by Tillman were now standing on each side of Ian; then Tillman commanded Ian to take each boy's penis -- one in each hand -- and masturbate it as Tillman himself continued to fuck him and call him sissy and faggot names. And Terry who had already shot his wad, joined in; he taunted Ian by sticking his still drooling cock in his face. All of them, boys and girls alike, now joined in fingering Ian through every part of his panties, over a dozen hands were touching him, simultaneously stimulating the boy's penis, balls and asshole through his panties and tweaking his naked nipples.

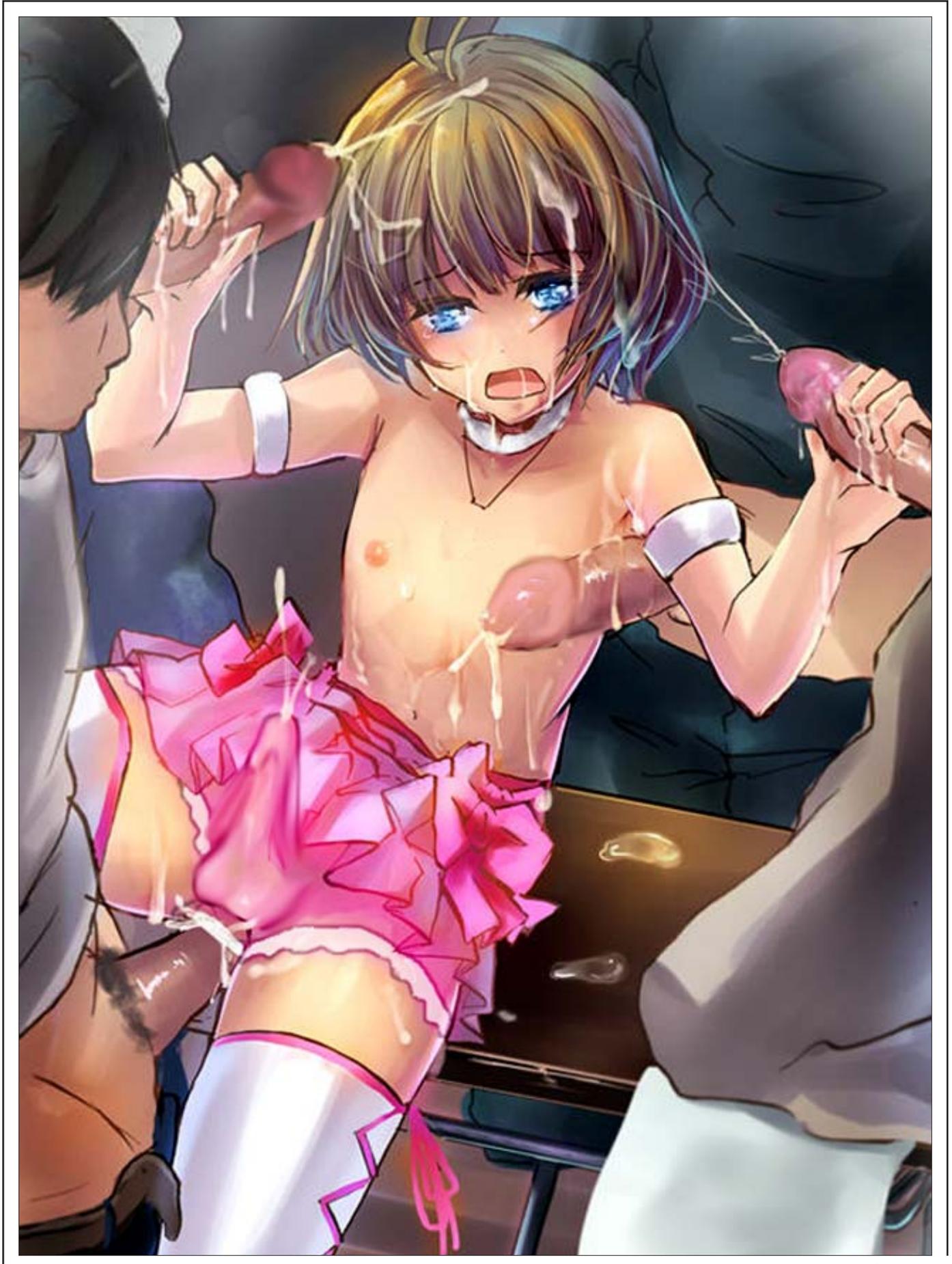
The boy with his cute little wig looked so girly all except for his penis-loaded panties! Ian was helplessly overwhelmed by this sexual insanity as Tillman started shooting cum up the kid's butt and that was the signal for all the others to cum at will; the boys aiming their spunk at their new panty boy sex slave! Ian was being spurted on from both sides and then Terry unleashed another stream of hot piss onto the boy, just to make it a totally depraved sex scene!

This was humiliation in the extreme! Utter humiliation in and with girls' panties by both boys and girls! Finally, when it was over, all of them collapsed and were slow to pull themselves together. Ian humbly asked, "Mr. Tillman, can I go home now?"

"Why of course, my boy, but I want you to go home and tell your parents and sister that you are a girly boy now and you want to start wear girls' clothes at all times. Tell your mom to buy you all girls' things, especially tons of panties because you will be coming to school in girls' clothes even though everyone will know that you are just a dolled up sissy boy."

"Oh, but Mr. Tillman, I couldn't do that. I don't want..."

"Shut the fuck up, you little sissy. Let me elucidate. You will do it or I'll just have to show your mom and dad all these lovely pictures and the movie we made here today. I even have pictures



of you jacking off in the bushes watching the girls play tennis. I was watching you for a while and Wendy and her gang at Tearsdale have known about you for some time. They caught you and came to me. That's how I found out. So unless you want your parents and everyone else in town to see your sex photos, you'll be our panty boy slave for as long as we want.

You're going to be a sissy girl-boy permanently now; you should be happy. You'll be in panties 24/7.

So what's next? Well, I'll tell the School Board that you are very sexually confused and under the care of a psychiatrist and transitioning into a girl hoping to eventually have a sex change operation like Christine Jorgensen. I'll start you on some female hormones tomorrow so you can grow a nice set of tits. Oh, don't worry, I'll be calling your parents and explaining it all to them, and I'll stop at your house this weekend to see how your life as a panty boy is coming along, and I thoroughly expect to see you in girls' clothes every minute of every day by then and doing it with your parents full approval -- even if they don't

understand. I know your daddy; he's a pervert -- oh, don't look so surprised -- we perverts know one when we see one. I've seen how he looks at your sister. So if your daddy pretends to balk at your new lifestyle, I'll let him know you'll give him a blowjob or let him fuck you then he'll stop complaining! As a principal, I'm good at bullshitting parents. It comes in handy when I want to fuck with one of their punk kids. Most parents even thank me afterwards for helping their lost child!

"And one more thing, just to fill you in; if you haven't guessed, I have this little club at school and the boys and girls here today are some of my members. Six others are also part of my exclusive club and we have sex sessions like we had today every Tuesday night and on Sundays, so I'll explain to your parents that these are special therapy times you are required to attend. Oh, and on Sundays we all get together right after church. We do want you to keep up your religious training, God knows you'll need it! And I go to the same church as your family, and Minister Jacobs is really into panty boys too!"



Ian's mom and sister, Mary, couldn't stop laughing when they had him model his panties for them!