



Panty Training - S&M with Sis & Mom

I'm sure I wasn't born with any masculine deficiencies, but I always struggled to be a boy like other boys because of a life of being browbeaten and dominated by my

mother and older sister. That was especially true after my father walked out when I was ten years old because he couldn't take it anymore. By the time I was twelve, I realized the females in my house had won and I was broken.

That realization happened the day I came home from school and saw my mother sitting on the couch with a guy kneeling on the floor in front of her. He had on a pair of her gaudiest and laciest pink panties. His face was whorishly made-up with lipstick, rouge and eyeliner, and his hands bound behind him. Mother was slouched deep into the couch, her legs pulled up exposing her cunt pressed into his face. He had two bright yellow ribbons attached to earrings in his ears, and she pulled on the ribbons to control him, yanking on his freshly pierced ears to position his lapping tongue precisely where she wanted him to lick her. She had a nasty look of vindictive pleasure on her face as she manipulated the ribbons, making him cry and moan — the combination of his pain and slaving tongue kept her at the height of pleasure. Her cunt and his face glistened with the juices of her excitement.

Upon hearing me enter, the man jerked his head up suddenly, yowling in pain as he momentarily forgot about the earrings he wore. Mom yelled at him, "What the fuck are YOU looking at?" as she pulled on the ribbons to force his face back to where she wanted him sucking her cunt. I stood in awe, staring. She did not attempt to cover either herself or what they were doing. Instead, she just closed her thighs around his head as he dutifully resumed adoring him with his mouth. Unfazed by my presence, mother looked at me with half-closed eyes and slurred her words as she said, "Oh, gees, honey, I forgot about the time. I didn't expect you home so soon, but since you're here, let me introduce you; this is my new pet, Walter. We're just having a little fun. If you weren't so damn much like your dad, such a fucking wimp, maybe I'd let you take Walter's place, but I don't think a panty wanker like you could handle the pain I like to inflict on my pets."

A sudden uneasiness swept over me as I saw the calculating look in her bedroom eyes, the searching look that pierced through me. My knees shook, a fiery flush warming my cheeks. An amused sparkle came to her eyes; I sensed she knew what I wanted to say but was too scared to speak. She had called me a 'panty wanker' and the lurid way she said those words made them bounce back and forth inside my head as I rushed out of the room in confusion. I went to the kitchen and made my usual after-school snack, a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, but it tasted like cardboard so I threw it into the trash and walked back into the living room.

Deciding to give into my secret desires and give myself up completely to her, I moaned in a high-pitched voice wetted with tears of fear draining down my throat, "Mom?" I choked, trying to bolster my courage.

“Yes, dear,” she purred, the look in her eyes telling me she already knew what I was going to say.

“I want to take his place! I love you and I’ll do anything you say, anything at all! I just don’t want you to be angry with me all the time, anymore.”

For years, I had fought hard to be a strong boy and not a wimp like my mother and sister always accused me of being, but the way they treated me had taken a toll and made me question my masculinity. They were always teasing me with their bodies and talk, making it clear that I and all men and boys were inferior to all females. They would walk around the house with little or nothing on and talk about sexual things in front of me. They always left the door open when they went to the bathroom or took a bath and made me go with them when they went shopping for their clothes, especially their lingerie, and then back at home, they would model for me the things they bought and teasingly ask me if I wanted some pretty girlie clothes too.

I, of course, was curious to see how their bodies differed from mine, but I was never sexually interested – until recently. Now, all of a sudden, I was changing. My penis would get painfully hard and leak juice when I would look at them. Just the day before this day, I had to stroke myself to ease the painful twitching in my dick and ease my frustration, and I squirted my first real cum. Lately, I had been going through the dirty laundry to find panties belonging to my mother and sister and holding them to my nose to smell their feminine aromas. Then I would take another pair of dirty panties and rub them against my naked butt, hips and penis. I had been doing it in secret, always careful not to make them suspicious, yet now, mom knew! She had called me a ‘panty wanker’ — how could she have known? And now, the very first time I had ejaculated, I did it into a pair of panties, and my mom already knew about it! I was crushed.

Breathing in the exotic aroma of mom’s dirty panties while massaging my penis with a pair of my sister’s silky nylon panties so excited me that I jerked off with abandon and shot cum for the first time in my life. I caught my cum in the panties, luxuriating in the great feelings surging through my body. But how did my mother know? She was asleep in a drunken stupor at the time! Then I realized how she knew. In the morning, I had overslept from my night long orgy with their panties, and in a rush to get to school, I left the soiled panties in my bed, shoving them under my pillow, telling myself they would dry and I’d put them back in the dirty laundry when I got home from school.

I loved the aroma my mom’s pussy left in her panties; I loved sucking the slimed

crotch of her used panties. Now, I wanted more of her; I hungered to put my face where Walter had his face. I didn't want to just smell mom's panties; I wanted to smell and taste her pussy directly.

She stared at me with cold confidence, studying me as though I were a specimen under a microscope. "Joey, once you take his place, there's no stopping. You'll be a slave to your sister and me, a weak little sissy boy with no power over your own life. You understand that, don't you?"

"Y-yes, Mom," I muttered, my nervousness making me stutter, realizing it was a line I wanted to cross.

"What about me?" Walter whined, giving me a look of jealous hatred. "What am I to do? I desperately need your special love, Mistress."

"Walter, you're beginning to bore me, but now I'm going to make my wimpy son my personal sissy and piss pot, but don't worry, my pet. I won't throw you away. We'll find some use for you!" Mother laughed and slapped him lightly across his crazily made-up face. "My kid just started ejaculating; I saw the snot he left in his sister's panties. We've been waiting for this day, and the little prick has his first cum and he can't wait to get between my legs. Even I can't believe how fast this has happened. His sister Sue is going to be delighted. So, slut boy Walter, what in the hell am I going to do with you, huh? Oh, I have an idea; maybe I'll have you suck off Joey while he eats my cunt." Walter stared at her in horror. He silently shook his head; maybe he looked like a fag in mother's pink panties, but it was obvious he had no interest in becoming a cocksucker. However, mother just yanked on his ribboned earrings, made him scream and then kicked him away from her.

She stood up, took me by the arm and led me to the bathroom. After searching around in the dirty laundry hamper, she found a used pair of her panties, rubbed them all over my face and then pulled them up her legs and up over her plump, womanly rounded belly, white nylon briefs with little red rose buds all over the front and a narrow strip of white lace around the leg openings. She left me standing there for a minute, went to her room and then returned with a pointed, awl-like tool and sat down on the closed cover of the toilet.

She put her arm around my head to hold me immobile. Being held in a headlock and not knowing what to expect, I stood apprehensively and then winced as I felt the awl pierce the lobe of my left ear. I felt it withdrawn and a metal ring put in its place. She repeated the operation on my other ear and then led me into my sister's bedroom, where she rummaged through a dresser drawer, picking through items of lingerie until

she pulled out a baby-girl like pair of pink panties with big white rows of ruffles across the bottom. She had also picked out a white satin training bra. “Before your sister grew up, I bought these panties for her to wear to tease my little pet slaves, and I loved their reaction to seeing her parading around in this training bra and panties like an innocent grade school girl. Now, you’ll be taking her place, wearing these cute panties for my tricks and being my slutty little girl. I knew some day that you’d want to be a panty boy for your sister and me. As soon as I can, I’ll buy you a drawerful of panties of your own, plus many other sexy girlie clothes. My pet slaves will be shocked to see a sissified boy with a tiny drooling dick in such pretty baby rhumba panties.”

She shoved the panties into my hands.

“But, mother, I don’t want to be a girl; I don’t want to wear girls’ clothes; I just want to serve you, lick your juices and make you happy.”

She hit me across the face so hard it jarred my teeth and I tasted blood. “Well, stupid, you’ll make me happy by doing what I say without question. Being raised in my house, you surely have learned that much by now, haven’t you?”

“Yes, mother; I’m sorry, mother.” I quivered with humiliation. The look on her face told me she wanted more, and I wasn’t about to keep her waiting. “Oh, sweet darling mother, I desperately want to wear sis’s bra and pretty pink panties. I’m so excited that I can’t wait to put them on.”

“Well, that’s better, so what in the hell are you waiting for?” mother asked with fire in her voice.

I hurriedly stepped into the panties and pulled them on as fast as I could. They really felt weird to wear, all slippery and silky, my penis was instantly tickled into hardness. Mother laughed and playfully slapped my penis within the panties making it bounce around inside their satiny silkiness.

Mother realized I didn't know how to put on the bra, so she put it on me. “When I’m finished with you, I want you to practice putting on and taking off this little training bra. Your sister can spend time with you and teach you how to wear lingerie and do other girlie things.” She also pulled from the drawer a pair of garters, frilly pink lace things along with a pair of black silk stockings and showed me how to hook them up, making my legs look very girlie and feel eerily creepy.

She then dragged me into her bedroom, perched me at her vanity bench and applied

makeup to my face and arranged my longish hair like a girl's. I cringed with shame as she shoved me in front of her full-length mirror and made me look at myself. I complained, "Mother, I only want to service you; I'm not a girl – I'm a boy!" BAM! BAM! She hit me hard again on each side of my face. "Shut the fuck up, you little sissy, or I'll add more redness to your cheeks with even harder smacks plus beat the shit out of your pantied ass! Now, look at yourself and see what a nice little girl you make."

Being made up like a girl with makeup and wearing pink rhumba panties, a training bra and stockings was bad enough, but the worst part: I actually looked pretty! I had to look away in shame, but as I dropped my eyes, I caught sight of mother and I saw the look of satisfaction on her face and heard her derisive laughter. She pointed to her feet and smacked me on the back of my head for emphasis. I dropped to my hands and knees on the floor. I felt her naked foot on my back and had the wind knocked out of me as she stepped on me with her full weight and slammed me down hard onto the hardwood floor! My arms were pulled around behind me and I felt a silk scarf being wound around my wrists, securing them together. She pulled the scarf painfully tight, leaving me helpless with my arms bound behind me. Keeping me in position on the floor, she attached ribbons to the earrings she had put on me and pulled me up to my feet by yanking upward on the ribbon reins hooked to my skewered lobes. Unable to use my hands to get up made it nearly impossible to do, but with her pulling on my earringed ears, I somehow did it.

"Wow, wimp boy, you really do look PRETTY!" she said and smiled, pinching me here and there through the bra and panties, as I blushed deep scarlet and moaned in pain. "I ought to take you outside for a walk and show you off to the neighbors! Everyone around here knows what a wuss you are; no one would be surprised to see you in bra and panties and groveling like a proper sissy slave boy." A hilarious scream of laughter burst from her as she saw the look of horror on my face and the big tears in my eyes. I was suddenly beginning to regret my decision to be her pet and loving slave. She took the ends of the ribbons delicately in her hands and pulled lightly on them to bring my face within a half inch of the nipple of her left breast.

"Lick every place I put your face to!" she commanded. She held my head in that position so I had to strain my tongue to reach the soft sponginess of her nipple. The pain in my earlobes prevented me from pressing my face to her breast. She moved me slowly down over her belly pausing as my tongue tickled her belly button through the high waist of her white nylon panties. I absently studied the soft panties prettily decorated with a hundred little rosebuds stretched over her hips. Her exciting feminine aromas drifting up from her not pussy. Then pain shot through me again as she yanked me downward, interrupting my dreamy state as she jerked my head down to the crotch

of her soiled panties that were already gooey, dripping with a fresh slimming of her hot cunny juices! I gasped as she kneed me between my legs with all her might and smashed my panty snugged-up nuts into my body. I winced as I pulled back in reflex and the pain increased as the earrings tore painfully into my freshly pierced ears.

“That’s just a reminder!” she spat. “When I want you to do something, you’d better jump to it!”

After I slaved away at her cunt and brought her to countless orgasms, mother got up and left me alone on my sister Sue’s bed with a cunt-juice sticky face and her womanly flavor lingering in my mouth. I was happy. Despite being pink pantied, made up like a freak and with blood trickling from my pierced ears, I was delighted, knowing that my mother now loved me. During the past hour, more than ever before in my life, mother showed me her love for me in her own perverse way. I wanted more, but I realized I would probably have to be satisfied with the terrorizing form of affection she was showing me. As she went from my room to hers, she said she needed to take a nap.

Exhausted, I too looked forward to falling into a deep, recuperative sleep. However, sleep was not my reward for long for loving my mother how she wanted to be loved because minutes later, the door burst open and my sister came walking in with one of her dim-witted muscle-bound boyfriends. It was Stan, a blonde Greek god always ready to do her bidding. She screamed at me, “What the fuck are you doing in my bed, you dumb freak! And what are you doing wearing my lingerie, pervert?”

Hearing the commotion, mother came in from her bedroom and reached out to calm Sue. “Honey, your sick little brother is now ready and willing to service us. We’ve been waiting for his balls to drop and his cum to start flowing, and it has. Yesterday, he came for the first time – came into a pair of your fancy panties no less – I found them in his bed this morning. He had been sucking on a pair of my dirty panties too. Can you believe it, he shoots his wad for the first time, and today, the very next day, he comes home from school begging to take fag-face Walter’s place between my legs. We’ve trained him right, Sue.”

Sue’s expression changed from rage to sneering contempt. She always hated me despite that I loved her and so desperately wanted her to love me. From the dresser drawer, Sue pulled out her favorite sex toy that she loved to have shoved up her cunt as she walked around the house with her panties well snugged up to hold it in place. It was a perfect replica of an erect prick, with a big pair of balls at the base. Sue periodically threatened to make me suck on the plastic penis whenever she decided I had been talking too much. In reality, at home, I said very little around my sister or

mother, but almost any comment I made they considered talking too much. Sis had never before made me suck on that dildo but I felt that was about to change.

With a preoccupied smile on her face, she straddled my chest and shoved the plastic cock into my mouth until the big balls were pushing on my lips. Stan was delighted, “Hey, man, I never saw a fag boy give a girl a blowjob! Awesome, man!” The dildo filled my mouth completely, keeping my jaws spread painfully apart.

Now, she climbed onto the bed, pulled up her pleated Catholic schoolgirl miniskirt, bowed her legs open and hunched her lavender-colored pantied cunt out towards me. Her pussy lips bulged under her panties, the crotch of her panties hung loose and wet; I feared it contained a fresh deposit of Stan’s semen draining from inside her belly. Her nylon-covered twat was bathed in thick transparent goo. The strong fishy odor combined with the smell of boy cum exuded from her cunt as she crushed herself down on my head. She dragged her wet pantied cunt over my head from my forehead down to the fake cock in my mouth; my face soon coated with her slimy cunt juices, I was shocked and in awe of her skillful dominance. She knew exactly what she was doing.

Instead of years of idle threats, she was now acting on those threats. But she backed off and stared down at me with a mature womanly arrogance, dismissing me with contempt. She took the dildo out of my mouth after first shoving it deep down my throat to make me choke and send me into a coughing spell. She repeatedly slapped my face and commanded me to stop coughing and choking. To be abused by her was scary, but I also knew it was what I needed, and my cock hardened in my pink rhumba panties as I stretched my tongue out to lick at her cunt lips through her sopping purple lace panties. She held my head just short of being able to fully press against her cunt, and I was soon going mad with frustration of not being able to dive fully into her juicy crotch. She laughed as I squirmed on her bed as she let me come a fraction closer to her cunt until I could tease her twat but not eat her raw. I had never eaten a pussy before this day — oh, sure, growing up in my house I knew all about it — but my mother and sister had told me hundreds of times over the years that it was a pleasure I had to earn. I had always wondered what it was like to eat pussy; now I was finding out. Had I earned it? Earned it by just shooting off my dick into their panties? Such a short time before, in one long lesson, mother had taught me well; I knew that because I was making my sister jump around excitedly like a game winner on “The Price is Right.” Sue was cumming, screaming, humping me and singing out her pleasure. Stan had his meat out and was jacking on it. His log of a cock was aimed right at me, I feared he would slime me, but the fact that I was giving so much pleasure to my big sister made me forget that fear and delight in how good I was making her feel. The tip of my tongue was now tickling the silky wet softness of her panty-covered vulva and,

now, she was banging herself up against my battered face. I trembled in ecstatic torment from the pain and delight of giving her pleasure. She was now controlling the ribbons attached to my burning sore ears. I felt my head pulled down and brought slowly up again so that my tongue trailed between the lips of her cunt, lapping away at her disgusting putrid but satisfying and flavorful drippings.

I felt a tremor through her flesh as she teased herself on my tongue — repeatedly she worked my tongue over her cunt until her juices were flowing freely; she was going for another orgasm. I could see Stan standing like a goofy-eyed robot looking down at me, his cock in hand. He reached out and started to snap my bra straps and my panty elastics. SNAP! SNAP! SNAP! He laughed and called me a sissy faggot. He knew I was sucking up his manly spend and grinned at me slavishly eating it up, trickles of the slick substance oozing slowly down my tongue and into my mouth, tickling my throat as it drained down into my stomach with syrupy slowness. Sue pulled down on the ribbons, forcing my head down deeper into her crotch, and now I stared up at the full expanse of her lavender panties with their high waist covering the womanly roundness of her belly. Then she pulled aside her loose panty leg elastic from behind and slowly lowered her naked bottom onto my face until my tongue lightly touched on the no-man's land between her cunt and anus. I saw her shiver with sexy sensations as I lashed the sensitive area of her crotch with my tongue. Drops of juice from her excited cunt dripped onto my forehead and eyes, putting me in an erotic state of trembling excitement that threatened to make me cream all over my soft, feminine nylon panties! The ribbons tugged on my ears, forcing me farther back toward her anus. The odors from her asshole filled my nose as I ran the tip of my tongue with feather like softness over her little brown hole, bringing a giggling gasp of pleasure from her. Suddenly, she farted on my face—it was a shitty wet fart that left poop on my shocked face. Laughing uncontrollably, she got off the bed. Stan saw the shit on my face and had to hold himself up so he wouldn't fall over laughing. Talk about a pervert! My shitty face must have excited him to greater heights as he jerked his cock a few more times and then sprayed my face with his hot jism, me, a sorry little bra and panty wearing boy with shit on his face, and now several slugs of semen to boot!

The whole time, mother had been sitting on a side chair with eyes aglow as she watched my sister and her dumb boyfriend put me through my paces. When they were finished, mother told Sue and Stan to stay there, and she would bring me back in a little while for a surprise visit, but she told Stan to hold back from cumming again, since she wanted him to save up a big load for 'a certain little panty-wearing sissy fag boy.'

Mother then took the ribbons attached to my ears and led me in a crouched over-position into the living room where we had left Walter almost two hours earlier. He

was still there on his knees. He laughed as we entered, getting a kick out of the way mother was leading me along like a puppy. He laughed some more when he saw the shit stains on my face and the cum dripping from me.

“Laugh all you want, little man,” mother said. “I’ve figured out how you can serve me, by servicing my sissy son.” Walter recoiled but remained in position kneeling with his head respectfully bowed, but the smirk was gone from his face and fear filled his downcast eyes. As she pulled on his ribbons and brought his face to mine, she commanded him to lick the shit off my face. He cried and moaned but did it. Moment by moment, I was getting an education in the type of depraved slavishness I was increasingly expected to endure. Mom next led me over to the couch, making me kneel with my back to it, and then she bent me over backward so my head was down on the cushion. She looked down at my juice smeared face with a grin and, holding my nose to force my mouth open, spat into my mouth, telling me to stay in that position, suck on her spit and learn to enjoy the flavor. A look of lewd joy filled her face as she turned to Walter. She grabbed the ribbons that dangled from his ears and pulled him over in front of me.

I heard his horrified gasp as he saw what she had intended for him to do; I listened in abstraction to his little boy pleadings. Mom gave a low laugh and I felt his hot face pressed to my groin. Holding him in that position before my boy parts, mom pulled aside the leg opening of my panties and revealed my slim dick. A nauseated sound of sobbing breath came from Walter as she forced his mouth open and made him swallow my limp prick. Much later, I learned that Walter had no gay interests but that made my mother want to subject him to homo punishments all the more. Despite his lack of experience, his licking excited me, and I felt my wick quiver in his mouth as it grew into a full erection.

Holding the ribbons in her hands like reins, keeping him in place with his mouth on my cock, mom turned, straddling me, and I saw the beautiful sight of her bottom hovering over me, her soft flesh covered in her thin white nylon panties descending onto me, the nylon crotch spreading wide, her oil-slick lips spreading out over my face, the soft flesh of her posterior settling in heavy warmth on my head, driving me into the cushion of the couch. I felt her pelvis drop deeper and deeper over my face until my jaws were spread wide, her silky white, wet-pantied cunt pressing against my tongue and my face immersed in the hot balm of her juiciness.

The wet fire of mom’s cunt on my face made my prick shoot to full erection in Walter’s mouth! I felt the head of my prick swelling against his cheeks, puffing them out as my dickhead jumped around in his mouth. I felt mom’s excitement as she watched Walter suck on me and felt the trembling in her flesh as I voraciously lapped

up her cunny. She squirmed on my face, her juice-swamped twat making slurping sounds of suction over my mouth as her slobbery cunt lips sloshed over me. My lungs were straining for air as she drenched me with her powerfully scented fluids.

My prick was rumbling ominously in Walter's mouth, pulsating in slow, heaving motions. I squirmed in an agony of pleasure as my prick reached the point of ultra sensitivity, the electrifying moment that precipitates explosion. Mom's hot bottom thrashed in frenzied motion down on my head as she went into climax, her gushing cunt slipping over my mouth wildly, jamming down on me with mad deliberation as her whole body shook with the force of her climax! I felt my quivering tool jump like a striking snake, flooding Walter's mouth with an outpouring of hot sticky cum. I came and came, sobbing insanely under the splashing violence of mother's banging cunt!

Then it was over!

I lay in a daze, an unreal coma, as mother slowly lifted her dripping vagina from my face and my cock shrank down and withdrew in slow retreat from Walter's mouth. I looked over at Walter. He had an expression of absolute revulsion on his face. He looked like he was ready to throw up all over the place. A thin trickle of my semen dribbled out from the corner of his mouth as he gagged in nausea. Mom gave a scornful laugh and put her foot to his face and gave him a shove that sent him sprawling into the corner. She told him, "Keep my boy's cum in your mouth for fifteen minutes. If you swallow it before then, I'll serve you shit sandwiches for dinner and then have my daughter's boyfriend fuck you in the ass. And if you dare to throw up, I'll make you lick it up!"

She turned to me with an impersonal air, grabbing the ribbons and pulling, jerking me painfully from my reverie, yanking me to a trembling halt at her feet. My ears felt like they were on fire as I licked her toes like a dog. I was worn down from cumming and in need of a rest. Instead, she stood me up, took me to her room, freshened my makeup and finished my absurd costume by crowning my head with one of her wigs. She pulled on the ribbons, bringing me to my feet with a sharp tug, the ribbons pulling on the earrings in my ears. She made me step into a pair of high-heeled shoes, gave me a final inspection and led me to Sue's bedroom where I knew my sister and her boyfriend would subject me to even further humiliations. I followed her, staggering to keep my balance in the unfamiliar high heels.

Laughter bubbled out from them when I entered Sue's room. They were laughing at my inability to walk in high heels. Stan gave a low whistle and mockingly winking at me. My face was on fire with shame.

“Do a little bump and grind for them, Joey,” Mom ordered. I stood still, wavering in the unsteadiness of the heels. Tears sprang to my eyes as she twisted the ribbons in her hands, the earrings tearing at my ears. Feeling like the misfit of the century, my face burning scarlet, I unsteadily attempted a bump and grind. From my years of being a submissive son, I knew all about slutty things like a 'bump and grind.' Their laughter became hysterical as I wobbled through my dance with mother jerking on the ribbons, controlling me like a marionette, now and then and making me go into weird contortions and movements. By the time she told me to stop, I was sobbing openly. Stan came over to me and patted me on my pantied ass in mock affection, ogling me exaggeratedly. Once again, he got a big kick out of snapping my bra straps and panty elastics, making me squirm to the repeated stinging snaps that mounted and were starting to become painful.

Walter had followed us from the living room and he was now looking at me with a mysterious look of glee, his lips still clamped shut with my cum rolling around inside.

The situation was bizarre. Stan was stripped down and shook his hefty pecker at me. I jumped as mom's hands came around from behind me. She gave me a kick right in the ass and I went sprawling onto the bed. The bed bounced wildly as the rest of them joined me.

Mom lay on her back and forced Sue's dildo into her cunt, attaching the ribbons to her garters as she had done before. Sue lay next to her and they began fondling each other's breasts, while necking like lovers. I noticed Walter crawl between Sue's legs and soon heard the telltale slurping sounds of cunnilingus as he began to devour her cunt. Mom's hips began to heave up and down, her legs moving slightly, pulling on the ribbons and forcing me to bank the dildo into her cunt. I wondered vaguely where Stan was as I struggled to keep my movements harmonious with the movements of mother's hips, trying to avoid the torturous tearing of the earrings in the lobes of my ears.

I soon knew where Stan was at as I felt my panty leg elastic tugged aside, and then I stiffened with horrendous pain as I felt the head of his hard piston split wide the narrow passage of my anus! I became one big torn up and abused kid, flashes of pain were centered in my tortured mouth, my ears, my asshole and they all came together to ripple through my whole body in continuous shock waves as I was jerked to-and-fro by the erotically maddened group!

I blacked out for a moment as Stan gave a herculean shove that drove his throbbing prick deep into my guts, feeling as though it would split me apart and drive itself up to

my tonsils! A sort of numb abstraction of consciousness kept me dimly aware of what was happening. The pain seemed far away, the driving of his prick into my ass not quite so terrifying anymore, putting me even further into a dazed state. I felt my pecker swelling inside my silken panties, straining against the nylon that held it prisoner. I felt as though I were in a nightmarish dream, everything unreal as I felt myself approaching orgasm. Burning fire coursed through the shaft of my cock as my cum spurted out over my belly, the panties provided no resistance as my juices shot out and then bubbled through the porous slick nylon. I drifted into a deep well of blackness, sharp flashes of pain shooting through my skull as mother battered on the dildo forced into my mouth, through her climax, until I fell into a merciful, unfeeling coma. For a moment, I didn't know where I was. I felt myself being shifted and moved around, a strange numbness in my arms and a dull roaring in my ears.

As full consciousness came back, memory of what had happened returned and I found that they had put a box on the bed, propping me over it so that I was in a kneeling position. Mom sat on my back, holding the ribbons like reins, keeping my head pulled back and up. With a vindictive grin on his face because I was stealing his place in my mom's life, Walter moved onto the bed in front of me, kneeling so his loins were directly in front of my face. His fingers toyed with his half-hard prick. He had been excited to the point of cumming while eating out Sue's cunt and some of her cum was smeared over his prick. Sue was now eating her boyfriend Stan, working him up to another hard-on.

The ribbons pulled on my ears and strained my head backward and forced my mouth open. Walter moved closer, the heavy odor of his unclean prick nauseating me as it came under my nose. I felt the hot stocky head brush against my mouth, probing my lips, making me shudder with the queasy feeling of my stomach turning in revulsion and disgust. Sue had brought Stan to another hard-on and I prepared for another onslaught as he moved to the side of me; he played with the ruffles on the ass of my panties before yanking the leg opening aside. I gasped in terror as his huge prick waved in the air like a baseball bat before he stepped all the way behind me and began rubbing his cock against my ruffled panties. Then he slid it up the leg opening of my panties and used it to probe between my ass cheeks. This lowlife redneck wanted more of me! He was going to fuck me again!

Walter took his short but very thick prick in hand and rubbed it slowly over my face as the head of Stan's prick began its butt-ripping journey into my ass. I felt myself becoming hysterical with torment and disgust as Walter rubbed his prick over my face and against my nose before he pushed it into my mouth. He laughed with glee at my misery as he pushed his cockhead all the way in and then began a slow fucking motion, stroking his cock shaft with his fingers, leering down at me, as it became rock

hard, bulging against my cheeks. I felt it throbbing, pulsating in heaving swells.

“UNGH—UNG—GNOOO, NGH, NGH!” Choked screams came from my throat as my hysteria reached the point of insanity. My ass was burning up, my insides turning into watery mush from the furious banging of Stan’s prick spearing in and out of me. Walter pulled his cock out of my mouth, moaning and writhing. He rubbed his prick over my face some more. I saw the evil-looking red head as it pointed at my eye and saw the silvery wetness forming in the little hole at the tip of it. It was trembling violently against my face. Suddenly he hooked his thumbs in my mouth, pulling it open wide and, aiming the head, jammed his prick inside. I gagged as sticky wetness blasted my mouth, clogging my throat in gooey floods. His prick jumped repeatedly, emptying the contents of his nuts into my mouth. Finally, he pulled it out, his prick quickly shrinking in size. Stan still hadn’t cum and while I gagged in nausea, my sister’s boyfriend continued the brutal banging of my ass until once more I began to slip into unconsciousness as I heard the sounds of my mother and sister laughing and high fiving each other and heard Stan yell, "I'm cumming!"

That was just my first day of the rest of my life, my life of total slavery to my mother and big sister! w

#01091-P S&M with Sis & Mom

By Gina Kent. Revised by Princess Lacey.

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