

Blossom in Bloomers

Granny's Bloomers Control Him

By Coquette

Times were hard, but since his mother had left, Granny made sure her grandson always had the best of everything she could afford along with plenty of good home cooking, but she never pushed her grandson to exercise or do things in healthy ways. Too often, she spoiled him with rich desserts, not at all worried that she might be making him soft and effeminate.

But Robert had a naughty streak and all of Granny's spoiling had made him even naughtier. (I think you know what I mean.) Instead of doing his homework, he would spend his evenings looking at pictures of scantily clad ladies he got from a boy at school. Although, far too young for such entertainment, Robert found these ladies fascinating, and his favorite pastime was to spend hours staring at their breasts and panty-clad bottoms while munching on chocolate éclairs and candy bars of which his Granny had an endless supply.

One summer evening, he lay naked on his feather bed, his taste buds enjoying Granny's cookies and his big blue eyes feasting on a lovely mature lady dressed in nothing but a pair of frilly, full-cut bloomer panties. "Mm!" he sighed, fascinated with the ladies' erect nipples and the billowy folds of her long panties that both hid and revealed. With his hand, he was waking up his dearest friend. He sang out in joy, "Blossom! How pretty the lady is! Look at her silky panties with the lace around the hems! I wonder ... I wonder what a lady looks like under her panties. Blossom, do you know?" Robert toyed with his shy penis that was waking up to his touch. He was embarrassed at his thoughts about the lady.

'Blossom' was a growing girl, slim and beautiful in her nakedness. From her neat little bottom to her pretty red head, Robert's blood pulsated through her veins; she was his own private goddess of puberty with ultra sensitive nerve-endings just beneath her creamy surface, ready to be ravished and waiting for the touch, the magical touch of a special lady, her one lady-love, the wonderful lady wife who would one day come and take control of her and lead Robert into pleasure beyond his dreams.

Robert was happy to hear Granny open the kitchen door and go out into her large garden. In summer, she would spend hours tending her flowers, like today, and left alone, he would spend hours entertaining his Blossom as he gazed at his naughty pictures.

Looking even more intently at that lady, he was intrigued by her big panties. From the pictures in the ads in the newspaper, he was sure most ladies wear much smaller panties, but these panties that covered so much of her hips and legs, mesmerized him.

Dreamily, he swung his legs off the bed and quietly walked across the landing to his grandmother's bedroom. As he neared, he could smell her perfume. "Mm! How sweet ladies' things are!" he whispered. Upon opening the door, he paused, a pang of guilty fear squirming in his tummy and then tiptoed inside. This was naughty. Granny would not like him sneaking into her bedroom. Repeatedly, she had told him never to go in there without her.

Robert didn't know what he might find in her mysterious bedroom, but as soon as he walked in, his eyes were drawn to a piece of silky fabric and lace setting on her bed. "Oh, Blossom!" he cried in pure delight, "Look!"

The little heap of satiny silk was a brand new pair of Granny's panties, and no ordinary panties either: these were bloomers made of shimmering nylon, just like the ones he had seen only moments before on that beautiful woman in his naughty girlie magazine. Nylon fabric was a new fashion in lingerie that arrived from America soon after the introduction of the first nylon stockings. The ravishing feel of sheer nylon panties was a guilty pleasure certain lucky boys were soon to experience. Such boys would be unaware of the powerful spell nylon could cast upon them until they were hopelessly hooked. Granny had bought this pair just the day before. The long-legged panties were full cut with the thinnest elastic at the waist and legs, a very simple design with sleek seams up the front and back and a most ample fullness. But sometimes the simplest things are the most potent.

Robert blushed as he studied the silky panties, so innocently lying on Granny's bed. He couldn't turn his eyes away from them as he quietly closed the bedroom door behind him.

"Oh, Blossom..." he breathed. The windows were closed. The afternoon sun made the bedroom uncomfortably warm and the claustrophobic air was laden with the scent of potpourri and lavender. A strange thrill excited him and his stomach felt as if it were tied in a knot. "Oh, my dear Blossom, they're beautiful ... I know you'd love to touch them."

Blossom bobbed happily and hungrily as Robert tiptoed up to the bedside. With a thrill, he stared in awe at the whorls and waves of panty nylon. What struck him most was the color of the bloomers. The little boy, used to just the dull, plain white of his own little underpants, was fascinated. Out the window, the setting sun lit the darkening sky with subtle hues; a blush colored the clouds along the horizon a creamy, rose pink. Robert realized it was the exact color of this new pair of his Granny's panties. "They're beautiful," he mumbled with a lilt in his voice.

He leaned over and was about to pick them up. "No, no, you mustn't," warned Blossom, her voice echoing in his head. But Robert had already plunged his hot little hands into the cool nylon. And seconds later, he was pressing them to his face, closing his eyes and moaning involuntarily, "Oh, my, oh, my, oh, my... Mm..."

Blossom shook as his boyish heart quickened and pumped warm blood enthusiastically into her. "Oh, no," she sighed. "Oh, no, Robert, this is very naughty." But greedy Robert had buried his nose into the perfumed bloomers, and taking long, deep breaths. How did he automatically know how to make love to ladies' bloomer panties? "No, don't do that, Robert," Blossom pleaded, but the poor boy was already lost in the heavenly scents and devilish silkiness as his two little balls beneath little Blossom's firmness were loading their seed. "No, no," she cried again, "you mustn't, you must wait ... Robert, you must wait for your one true lady-love." But his boy flesh couldn't resist this wonderful new nylon. Blossom felt her twin appendages tighten. "Oh, you, bad, bad boy, you mustn't," was all she could say.

To her relief, Robert took Granny's perfumed panties away from his nose and breathed the sweet bedroom air again, but her respite was short for, in an instant, he was sitting on the edge of the bed, and putting the panties on! "Surely, he's not going to wear them?" she thought. But Robert was giggling, and poor Blossom was preparing for the worst as the long silky legs of the bloomers slipped up Robert's legs and over his thighs. "No, no ... please stop, Robert!" she cried.

To her relief, he stopped pulling up on the panties just as they were about to engulf her firmness. He left the panties there, encircling his thighs. "Thank goodness," she gasped. "Good boy; that's right. Granny said you must always be a good boy. Now, take Granny's panties down and put them back."

But Robert had only momentarily stopped as he bent to slip the lacy hems of the big bloomer panty legs up and over his feet. A moment later, he knelt up on the bed and dragged the waist right up; they were large on him and they went all the way up his chest until he settled them just under his armpits. Poor Blossom was trapped. Her treasonous baubles frolicking in the soft folds of Granny's bloomer nylon loosely gathered between his legs. Blossom could barely see through the pink mist of the panty front. "Oh, Granny," she squealed, gasping for air. Though brainless, she knew she should never be inside Granny's panties. "No, no, Granny," she sobbed, "please, please, let me out," and a thick tear welled up in her eye, and Robert's little nipples, buried in the big bloomers too, were getting very hard.

Robert saw himself reflected in Granny's mirror. Almost every other boy would have been ashamed to see himself wearing ladies' panties, and speedily, he surely would have taken them off and run from the bedroom to let his maleness breathe fresh air again. But a wicked grin crossed Robert's face. "No, I will not let you out," he said to his precious Blossom, adopting a cruel tone quite unlike how he usually addressed her. "You shall stay in Granny's panties until ..." he thought for a moment. "Until you love them properly!"

Robert gave the panty waist elastic a wicked little tug and a snap that reverberated throughout his body. He pulled up on the waist again to cuddle Blossom deeper into the bloomer's pink nylon. It was a light, almost imperceptible brush, a mere kiss of panties against her soft lips, but her loose skin slipped open and her fat purple-pink bulb

emerged like a flower. When Robert tugged up again on the full, soft panties a sensation like a lightening bolt overwhelmed his little blossoming penis.

“Oh!” cried Robert, with a gasp. The naughty boy was shattered at the discovery of the power and passion of Granny’s nylon panties. His teeth gleamed as he ran the tip of his tongue around his lips and smiled a smile so broad and wicked that Granny would have been quite shocked to see it. “Gosh!” he exclaimed. “They are so wonderful!” Then he addressed his helpless Blossom. “So,” he said, cuddling his trembling penis in the sexy nylon, “you’re scared of Granny’s panties?” Robert giggled, a long, dirty ripple of a laugh, so unlike the good little boy he was. He knew his helpless little Blossom was drowning in Granny’s panties. “I will make you love Granny’s panties,” he said. “It’s no good trying to hide away.” And he pulled at the loose front of the bloomers. Oh, how wicked! His poor little balls ached from being ravished by the soft nylon of the bloomers between his legs. “You see, you do love them, don’t you?” he said, giggling at what the panties had done to his innocent flesh. “Now, Miss Blossom,” he added, pinching his recalcitrant penis through the silky panties, “it’s your turn to show Granny how much you love her panties.” Robert grinned as he tugged up on the panty waist again. Again and again.

In the perfumed quiet, there was only the soft rustle of boy flesh against ladies’ nylon. His pretty young penis rose unwillingly, resisting every heartbeat. But she could not hold back forever and, little by little, the grinning Robert teased her into her hardest-ever stiffness. “Pretty girl. Feel Granny’s lovely panties ... Mm ... Up you come, young missy,” he giggled, as the poor thing struggled inside the bloomers, thrilled into undesired spasms by his pudgy little fingers, until she stood painfully erect, her pretty little head stretching the nylon, and so ashamed at her excitement that she wept slippery tears. Robert was triumphant. “You dirty little girl!” he laughed, cruelly. “Look, you’re dripping! You do love Granny’s panties, after all! Don’t you!”

Now, as the sky turned a deeper shade of pink and Venus sparkled brilliantly through the windowpane, clever Robert turned and knelt on all fours on Granny’s bed. He spread his knees and tickled Blossom through the panties until she could bear it no more. Then, he stretched out a hand and pulled open the top drawer of Granny’s dressing table alongside the bed.

“Granny’s b-b-bra!” he cried. Blossom saw the straps and flicked in terror. Then, all at once, the goddess of love spurted forth her libations. Robert didn’t hear himself scream but felt the splattering of Blossom’s thick cream she made as she filled Granny’s panties. He then knew a fleeting moment of the purest ecstasy he had ever felt before he felt Granny’s hand spanking his bottom!

“You dirty little boy!” scolded Granny. “Stop that! Stop it at once! Dirty boy! You dirty little sissy boy! Those are my new bloomers! And you are ruining them! I’m going to make you wear them for a week as punishment, and spank you in them every day to teach you a lesson!” But Blossom loved every smack of Granny’s bony fingers hitting the boy’s bloomed bottom as she continued to squirt every last drop of her juice in

pure delight until the bloomers drooped with Robert's first cum, first true love, the purest white cream, the sweetest, juiciest, most copious semen panty boy ever makes.

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