

Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 17

The Reluctant Sissy

She teases her husband, dominates him, then puts him in a dress and invites other people to see him!

Well-Spanked Silly Little Jerk-Off

His new wife is a lesbian and she humiliates her pantywaist husband by feminizing his son!

Pantied & Paddled

His parents make him dress up in a party dress and panties for a spanking — and then the dildo stool!

Panty Jerk-Off Fag in the Peep Show Booth

He opens the door to his booth and lets other guys see him in panties and stockings, and they invite themselves in!

School Principal Makes Boy Dress as a Sexy girl!

News article reports the incident with a picture of the boy!

Plus a lot more!

Adults Only



A collection of fascinating and exciting stories, letters and pictures sent to us by visitors to our Internet website. Both true stories and fiction about both forced and consensual crossdressing. Fantasy entertainment for adult pussy boys. Ratings range for "G" to "X"

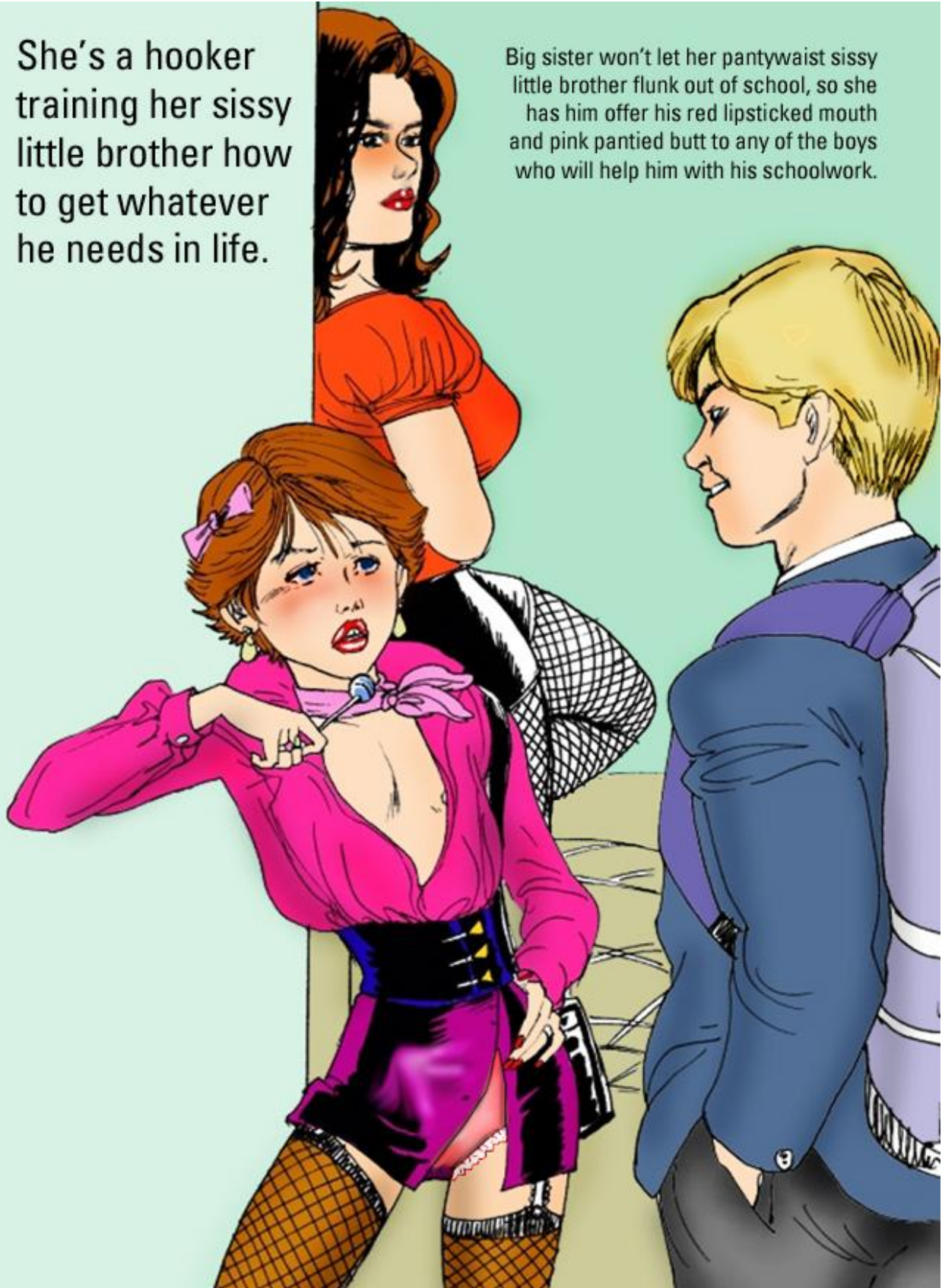
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She's a hooker
training her sissy
little brother how
to get whatever
he needs in life.

Big sister won't let her pantywaist sissy
little brother flunk out of school, so she
has him offer his red lipsticked mouth
and pink pantied butt to any of the boys
who will help him with his schoolwork.





Head makes b

dress

as a g

Headmaster Arthur King strongly disapproves of boys in his school having long hairstyles.

Even the neat "Georgie Best" cut worn by 12 years-old Trevor Raiston aroused his stern rebuke. Mr King decided on an amazing punishment.

He ordered Trevor to be dressed up as A Girl.

In mini-dress, tights, bra, high heels, ribbons and lipstick the boy was made to stand in front of his class while everyone laughed at him.

It happened at Broadmead Independent School, Luton, Beds a fee paying private school run by 65 years old Mr King.

Trevor explained the incident at his home in Markyate, near Luton.

"The headmaster said that only girls had long hair, then asked three of the girls to bring some of their clothes in the next day and dress me up as a girl."

"The next day, after lunch, and between the English and the spelling lessons he told me to go to the toilets and change into my football shorts and then go into the school waiting room to be dressed as a girl. I felt silly, but I had to do it.

"When I walked into the waiting room two of the girls, Linda Marshall and Pearl Adams, came in. They had all the clothes.

"The girls then put a bra on me and helped me into a mini-dress. They gave me some shoes

and put lipstick and eyeshadow on my hair up in ribbons.

"Then they took me back into class and Mr King made me stand in front of the kids for about a minute. The headmaster then went to go and change."

"Since I dressed up he calls me a girl."

Later Trevor's mother said: "I don't know anything about this until now and I don't know if the headmaster has ever spoken to me or my husband about this, and I don't know if he wanted the boy's hair cut."

Mr King spoke about the incident in an interview in Barton, near Luton. "I don't think I should complain or make a fuss about it. It was all harmless fun and the boy is a good boy. I thought this would be a good way to have his hair cut."

"I don't agree that the dressing up has had a long-term detrimental effect on Trevor. I agree, however, that it was probably a good thing to do."

Daily Sky



The Reluctant Sissy

Tease. That's what it was, and since the two were married, the teasing had been developing into an odd form. Delona baited her husband with sex time after time, until he was putty in her hands. He had an insatiable sex drive, and she had an equally strong sex drive but an even greater drive to tease. And her teasing gave her a sense of power over him and now had evolved into humiliating him. Roy was a powerful military contractor, a macho guy bossing around hundreds of other macho guys every day, but when he came home to his wife, she knew how to make him bow to her every wish. For him, his submissiveness toward her was a relief from the pressures of his work. Kind of a game. It was strange that he found joy in being teased and humiliated by his sexy young trophy wife, but he couldn't deny that just her dominating presence gave him a big, aching hard-on.

They had been married for just three months, but during that time, Delona got Roy to give her more and more. The woman lacked for nothing. Their home was a showplace, and she herself was a magnificent showpiece with her expensive salon visits and an ever-growing wardrobe worthy of a royal. Their high flying social life together wasn't enough for her. She also had this need for sex, teasing, and now a growing need for power over a powerful man.

Roy was totally infatuated with her and had no desire for sex with anyone else, but she told him she had a need to periodically make mad passionate lesbian love with a little girl, and she wasn't going to do it behind his back. She simply told him that before they had been married that she used to enjoy the intimate company of a young girl once in a while. She hadn't done anything about that need until now. Two days before, the gardener's daughter Fiona had made a pass at her, and Delona had decided to bring the cute little girl into her bed for a night of female-to-female pleasure. And if all went well, she would likely be a regular visitor to her bedroom.

Roy had been surprised when she had told him that, but lesbians had always excited him, so instead of objecting to what she intended to do, he surprised her when he asked her in his booming voice, "You gonna let me watch?"

With barely a second thought, she decided she'd allow it to happen. There was something about making lesbian love to a young girl right in the face of this huge, strong manly man that excited her sense of lust and adventure.

And on that night Fiona told her father that Mrs. Graver (Delona) had some work for her to do for in the main house and they would be working late, so she would be sleeping there as well that night instead of coming back to their cottage. As an excuse, she said she didn't want to take a chance on disturbing his sleep since he got up early every morning to tend to the estate's never ending landscaping needs.

After Delona, her husband, and Fiona had a light dinner, Delona took Fifi (what she liked to call the girl)



up to her bedroom and explained to her a lot about the unusual sexual relationship she had with her husband. As they gently petted one another, Delona bragged, "In fact, he knows that we may be having a little fun together tonight, and he has no objections. Even if he did, I'd still make love to you, but happily he doesn't. I believe in being very upfront with him, and I'd never do anything with someone else behind his back."

Fifi found it all very interesting, especially when Delona explained in more and more detail about how she not only gets everything she wants from her husband but also how she loves to dominate and humiliate him.

In turn, Fifi explained she was extremely adventurous, especially when it came to sex. She had a boyfriend, Tommy, and he too was quite under her thumb. She was definitely in charge in their relationship, and it evolved that way because he was a virgin when he met her with very limited sexual experience.

Their first few attempts at sex ended with him shooting off before he barely entered her pussy. She was gradually getting him to hold off a bit longer each time before he shot off, but still it was frustrating for her, so most of her sexual pleasure she got by resorting to the ongoing long-term relationship she had with two of her little girlfriends. They had been engaging in little lesbian love fests ever since they experienced french kissing each other in kindergarten. And now she had encountered Delona, and there was something very exciting to her about this woman of grace and beauty but even more importantly this woman of obvious power. That's what made her smile invitingly at Delona and lick her lip in an obviously sexual way when the two crossed paths in the rose garden two days earlier. And now, for the first time, she was going to be making lesbian love with this beautiful, rich, exciting and surely very sexually experienced woman!

Then, as the woman and girl chatted happily, kissed and hugged teasingly, Delona told the girl how she man-handled her husband. Fifi was greatly excited by what she heard. Delona then nodded off to the side and -- surprise of surprises -- the door that had been partially open now swung fully open and Roy's face appeared around the corner. He stepped into the bedroom, wearing nothing but his bathrobe.

The man was built like a house, huge, and beefy. His well-chiseled face usually exuded confidence and manliness, but now it glowed with a bit of perspiration and blushing uncertainty, and his slightly nervous and fidgeting manner oozed sexual anticipation. Plus the front of his bathrobe stuck out in front and moved around as he walked like there was an animal underneath, restless and struggling to get out. His dark hair that was usually slicked back was now hanging loosely in his eyes a bit and his breathing was rapid and nervous.

"It's Ok with you if he watches, isn't it, Fifi darling?"

A little hesitantly, the girl slowly nodded. She seemed a bit apprehensive.

"Don't worry, darling, he'll mind his manners and stay put in that chair over there unless we choose to do something with him.

"Roy, be a good boy and keep your robe open. I, and I think Fifi too, want to see the effect we are having on you."

Turning to the girl, she said, "Sex will be so much more fun with a pervert like him watching. Don't you agree Fifi?"

Fiona nodded her head. She was getting turned on by the situation. She let the experienced woman undress her and then herself until both of them revealed themselves to Roy in their elegant lingerie. It was expensive lingerie. Roy had guessed correctly when he suspected Delona had specially ordered the fine lingerie the girl was wearing and had it delivered to the girl for this evening's fun and games.

It was an odd threesome, to be sure, with the husband sitting there on a chair with his robe open and his cock stiffening more and more by the moment.

The woman and little girl were now making out furiously. Their horny, silk and nylon lingerie-clad bodies closely entwined creating fiction like two sticks being rubbed together and getting hot enough to break out into flame. The silkiness of their lingerie hissed and rustled as they slid from one sexual position to another with hands and mouths searching for love from each other until they were now eating each other's pussy like it was the best tasting dessert on earth.

But then Delona abruptly stopped ravishing the girl, and had the girl stop eating her. She had another need to take care of. She looked at her husband and directed the girl to look at him too, and in a voice that showed her annoyance, said, "O-o-o-o-o-h, darling, wait a moment. ... Roy, I can't stand to see that big stiff prick of yours sticking up in the air. It's distracting. Cover it up."

Just a moment ago she had told him that she liked the idea of having his cock there while she seduced the perky little girl, but now she was bedeviling him and telling him he would have to cover it.

He pulled his robe closed over it, but Delona told him that wasn't good enough. At her direction he stood up and held his robe open so the girl could see his problem penis.

Fiona could see his dick was something to write home about: the hardest, biggest, thickest thing she had ever seen on a man.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked, clearly confused.

"Cover that schlong of yours. Nobody wants to see that big thing rearing its ugly head when we're trying to girlie fuck each other over here," Delona said as she reached to the nightstand, grabbed a pair of sheer black nylon panties and tossed them at him.

He caught them in midair and, unsure what to do, asked, "What are these for?"

"Put them on, stupid. You've got to hide that thing for a while. I can't properly make love to this darling little flower here with that big thing of yours staring back at us and threatening to shoot its filthy jism all over us. I can tell it's making Fifi nervous."

Fiona was truly impressed as this big brute of a man slipped his foot into one of the panty leg holes. Actually! Her face lit up in a smile as she saw it happen. He then put his other foot into the other leg hole and pulled the panties up, pulled them up and up and ever tighter until the huge pair of stretchy, shimmering nylon panties covered his hips, ass, and stomach, coming up high on his waist and completely covering his dick, its thick girth and pulsating length. His dick stuck out obscenely, only slightly flattened between his stomach and the panty nylon.

Clearly outlined, Fifi and his wife could see his big cockhead throbbing, and then it happened. He was teetering on his feet, wobbling, obviously very excited – excited by putting on the panties? Fiona thought – how weird! The man seemed almost half crazed as he followed through with an irresistible urge to grab himself through the black silky panties. He gave that monster cock about ten lightning quick full length strokes and then the tip of his panty-covered cock opened up began shooting huge ribbons of slimy jism right through the now glistening sheer black nylon. His legs buckled and he fell back into the chair breathing heavily, shaking and grasping his big cock mightily in the black panties.

"That's more like it," Delona said, calmly.

And then as he sat there heavily panting from his huge panty orgasm, an orgasm that was so thrilling but so humiliating for the big man to do in front of the little girl, he stared in awe as his wife turned around and the two of them went right back to eating each other's pussy pie. It was the oddest scene Fiona had ever been involved in.

After they drove each other crazy with repeated orgasms, the woman and the little lesbian girl finally just cuddled with one another and fell asleep. Roy felt weird to be still sitting there in his cum-wet black panties, but watching them go at it was tremendously exciting and worth the humiliation of looking like a sicko panty pervert to the young girl. He fell asleep too.

After they had all slept for nearly an hour, Fiona woke up when she heard something and looked up to see Delona standing at the foot of the bed helping her husband get out of the panties he had shot his cum into. They were trying to be quiet but arguing a bit.

"I'm not gonna wear a fucking dress!" Roy half shouted.

Delona took the dirty panties, shoved them into his mouth and told him to keep it shut and to keep the panties in there until she said he could take them out.

He was moving his hips and making it difficult for his wife to pull a fresh pair of pink panties up his legs. But there was something else making it difficult for her to pull his panties up. He had an erection, a huge, thrusting hard on.

Delona heard Fifi awaken and turned to her. In a taunting way, she said, "He swears his love for me and tells me he'll do anything for me, but he doesn't like me to put him into a dress. Sure, he likes the panties I buy him all right! They make him shoot his snot, like the pathetic little pantywaist he is. God I wish his pack of yes men at work could see him spurt in his panties like you just saw him do. I might make him do that one of these days!"

Roy hung his head. He didn't say anything with the slimy panties gagging him, but he probably wouldn't have said anything even if he didn't have the panties in his mouth. He knew she'd do all kinds of humiliating things to him – she already had – but she'd never do something like that, something that would jeopardize his huge income. Still, just the idea of it humbled him. Delona just kept on talking.

"But oh, no, he doesn't like wearing dresses! Men! What a fucking bunch of fuck-ups! If they're not queers, they're jerks – and they want us to think they are strong, smart and in control – what a fucking bunch of wimpy, pansy fakes! I guess he thinks wearing a dress makes him less of a man. Well, what in the fuck does he think he looks like jerking off like a sicko lingerie pervert in lacy nylon panties? If he really had any balls, if he really were a man, and confident of his manhood, he'd put on a dress and not be threatened."

She turned to her husband. "So like it or not, just because you're making such a fuss about it, I'm going to make you wear a dress and a whole bunch of prissy lingerie, and you'll wear them the whole time Fifi is with us tonight."

To the young girl, it all didn't make a lot of sense, but Delona didn't have to. She was the queen bee. What she said was law around here and that impressed the little girl immensely.

Fiona watched in wonderment, watched Roy for the second time in two hours with a massive hard on. At Delona's urging, Fifi came close and touched his mammoth cock, beating with a heart beat all its own. Something about that man. The way Delona teased him. The size of him. So much bigger than her little boyfriend. And the way the woman pushed him toward the brink - and could shove him over the brink at will. It was something to see all right. It was an art form.

"Those panties, that corset, all that stuff over there," Delona shouted to Fifi as she pointed to the pile of lingerie on the vanity table "Get those things on him while I change, he's got to wear something under his dress, so let's put him in a second pair of panties, and that corset, the corset and a second pair of panties might hold his cock down for a while! The big sissy likes panties, so let's double panty him again!"

Fifi could tell Roy didn't want to do it, didn't want to be dressed in all those faggoty sissy things in front of this girl, but Delona's eyes were steely and set firm.

Her grip around his cock in his pink panties was solid. And she had her knee up between his legs like she was ready to strike him in his nuts if he didn't go along with her. There seemed to be little doubt in her mind or in Roy's that Delona would knee him if he tried to disobey her. He was a big brute of a man; she was two-thirds his size, but there was no question about it, she was in charge. Then she did knee him -- not too hard, just hard enough to make him cough and sputter, fall back into the chair and let him know she meant business. She snorted a laugh and told the young girl she could now dress him in the lingerie laid out and ready for him, and that he wouldn't give her any resistance.

Fiona picked up the purple satin corset, wrapped it around his waist, laced it up, and then worked the long nylons over his feet, one at a time slithering them up his legs. They went on easy despite Roy's mild protests, muffled by his mouthful of dirty panties. But his wife heard him complaining, and as she tended to herself in the bathroom with the door open, she called out for him to stop complaining unless he wanted a really good knee kick to his nuts.

Once the nylon stockings were in place, Fiona had fun snapping the corset's garter straps onto the tops of the stockings. They were black stockings, sheer, sexy looking. The panties set out and ready for him were the same color as the corset. Fifi admired the woman for seeing to Roy's needs so studiously.

"Yeah, put the lavender ones on him too," Delona ordered as she came walking back into the room. She was dressed in a matching purple satin corset. "I want to see him in lavender. A real prissy color. Ought to go real nice with his complexion."

Roy lifted his right foot up and the girl slipped the lavender see-through glossy panties over his toes, and then his ankle. She did the same with his other foot, and then slid the panties up his legs. From the look of his dick right now, she hoped they were king size panties, or they would surely snap under the strain unless they stretched a lot. Fiona hadn't tightened the corset very much and now his cock was pushing out the front.

"Oh, no," Delona said, as she watched Fiona try to put the panties on over Roy's corset-covered thick prick stick, "that thing is just too damned big. We're gonna have to do something about that."

"Like what?" Fiona said, asking the question very innocently and as though she was completely in the dark as to what Delona had in mind.

"I'll think of something," his wife said, as she put a little lipstick and rouge on him and then pulled a wig onto his head.

Just then, the doorbell rang. It was eight-thirty at night. They all looked at each other, they weren't expecting anyone. From the intercom in her bedroom to the front door, Delona inquired who was there.

It was Tommy, Fifi's young boyfriend. He had stopped at the gardener's cottage looking for her, and her father told him she was there. Delona was about to send him away when she decided to invite him in! She loved playing the game this way with unexpected twists and turns, all the better to tease her husband and add unexpected excitement to her love fest with the little girl.

Fifi was a little apprehensive about having her boyfriend there, especially as it was without warning, but Delona put her at ease and said, she'd handle everything.



But Roy was more than a little agitated. He was sitting there in lingerie and he had no idea what would happen next. He certainly hoped his wife wasn't planning on inviting this lad to come into the bedroom and see him dressed like a sissy pervert!

Delona put on a sheer robe and went downstairs to answer the door. Fifi put her skirt and blouse back on over the garter belt, nylons and silky pink bra and panties she had on and then went downstairs too.

Roy sat in his faggot purple corset with his wig, nylon stockings and purple panties, trembling, nervously hoping they'd just visit with the boy for a moment and then send him on his way.

But downstairs, Tommy was all eyes as he couldn't stop staring at Delona since he could see her sexy purple corset and black nylon stockings right through her sheer white robe. Fiona was a little upset that he couldn't stop staring at the woman. She complained; he blushed and apologized. Delona liked the looks of young Tommy. She was quickly making plans and in trying to make them work, she surprised Fiona by telling her that if Tommy was her boyfriend, she'd have to punish him for staring so brazenly at another woman.

Fiona did a double take, and then played along, realizing the potential of bringing her boyfriend into their little sex games.

“So, how do you think I should punish him?” the girl asked.

“You, my dear,” Delona said as she stared into the boy's eyes, “should do like I do to my husband when he does something so disrespectful to females, you should dress him like a girl and stare at him, make fun of him, and let him know how it feels to be treated like a sex object.”

Tommy almost fell off of his chair. He slowly stood up and started slowly walking backwards toward the door, but Fiona grabbed him, made him admit his wrong, and made him admit he needed punishment. But he had no idea she meant NOW and meant he should be punished immediately, but then he felt both women hustling him along up the stairs to the master bedroom. On the way, Delona explained that her husband was already dressed in female lingerie for his misdeeds that day, so when they entered the bedroom, the boy was not totally freaked out when he saw Roy sitting in the chair in a purple corset, nylons and panties that matched his wife's lingerie outfit.

But unlike his smiling wife, Roy's mouth was wide open in shock. Another male had never seen him in lingerie, and it was exquisitely embarrassing. Delona guessed that would be her husband's reaction, but she underestimated just how shameful her husband felt to be so exposed to Tommy. And when she did see the abject horror on her husband's face, it sent chills up her spine and a rush of wetness to her panties. She pulled the wet black panties out of her husband's still open mouth. And didn't say a thing as she unfurled them and held them up for the boy to see.

“Roy, say hello to Tommy, Fifi's quick-on-the-draw faggot boyfriend,” Delona said haughtily.

Roy didn't say anything. He hung his head in shame.

Tommy was tongue-tied; he mumbled something that Delona guessed was an attempt to protest that he wasn't a faggot, but she just told him, “If you can't talk properly little boy, I can think of some other uses for that sissy mouth of yours.”

She turned and walked into her room-size walk-in closet. She selected clothes, and minutes later she and Fiona approached the boy and told him they were going to dress him up like a slutty little girl.

He could have turned around and made a run for it, but Fiona had him mesmerized lifting her skirt to show him her expensive lacy pink panties, sexy garter belt and silk stockings Delona had bought for her, and she was also massaging him lightly through his clothes. She wanted him excited but didn't want him to cum!

Delona then reappeared carrying some pink clothes, including a large pair of soft pink panties, stretched out between her slender fingers tipped with their long, fire engine red polished nails.

“Fifi, I see your little slave is still here, I guess that means he wants to join us, so he'll have to put these

on now," she crooned. "Come on, Tommy girl. Let's see how you look in these delightful pink panties."

"No way," the boy said, through trembling, excited lips. "I couldn't fit in them. Anyway, I don't want to."

"Nonsense," Delona uttered. "Of course, you do. All little sissy boys want to put on girls' silky panties. I bet you've tried on your mother's panties hundreds of times, probably shot your smelly little boy juice into them too. Did mommy punish you when she caught you in her panties?" she teased.

As he stumbled over his words of protest, she just ignored him and held the panties open at his feet for him to step into.

"No, please," the boy said, tossing his head around in protest.

"Listen to me, Tommy," Delona said, growing angry with his limpid protests, "and listen well. You're in my house now. See my pantywaist husband over there... Yes, I know he's a miserable lot, but he's strong and he does whatever I tell him to do, and if I tell him to smack you around a bit, he'll do it, and believe me then you'll be glad to put on these lovely pink panties. You're going to love what we'll be doing to you, your little Fifi and me. Now lift up your foot.

You're about to have some thrilling lessons in love and the best time you ever dreamed of!"

Tommy let Fifi strip him of his clothes, and then standing naked, she lifted up his foot, despite himself. The woman presented a convincing case. And, he loved the feeling of Fifi's that hand on his prick. His mixed feelings of curiosity, sexual excitement and horror kept him hard but also kept him from exploding running away or prematurely exploding.

"Oh, shit," the boy said out loud but too himself, as he felt the pink panty nylon and elastic encircle his legs and then his thighs. He moved his hips around in hot, horny erotic circles. That gave Delona just the opportunity she wanted. She slipped the panties all the way up around his middle and let go of the elastic.

"That's it!" she said as she snapped the stretchy waistband as the panties finished their trip up his body and finally came to rest over his hips, his ass and his hard cock. By the time he said, haltingly, "You're not gonna put those on me," they were already on him. His mind and what he was saying was in slow-motion. The reality of being pantied was speeding ahead.

"Yes, I am," Delona brayed, "if you want your lesson in love, you'll just have to go along with wearing these pretty pink panties and a few other very nice clothes. A very small price to pay for a night you will remember for the rest of your life. Oh, my oh my, you are very excited, little boy; I don't think you want to stop now, do you?"

He was getting his lesson in love. But now, Tommy didn't want that lesson taken away from him. He was

too excited and learning too much.

His cock throbbed in angry passion.

They were standing close to Roy, and after Delona gave her husband a few hand gestures to let him know what she wanted him to do, he balked. She reached down, grabbed his nuts in his pink panties and with a twisting squeeze, Roy yelped and then quickly followed her orders. He knew it was the only way to stop her from crushing his balls.

The big man was now massaging Tommy's much smaller cock in the panties his wife just put on the boy. The kid hadn't resisted this faggoty handjob because he had his eyes closed, swooning and didn't even know Delona had taken advantage of the moment to get her husband involved.

Tommy's dick ached with lust and arousal. He opened his eyes and looked down to see the man's brawny hand working his pantied dick up and down. He saw his dick through a rose-colored screen of silky panties tightly fitted to his body. No sensation could compare with the feel of that hand running dutifully over those sleek panties, amazingly, even if it was a man's hand!

It was too much for the kid's young mind: The man's hot, calloused, hard hand pumping this boy's cock. Soft, feminine panties caressing this boy's balls and pushing them up hard against his body. The surprisingly strong very feminine pink nylon panties held his prick flat against his slim tummy. But still his dick banged and throbbed and made him itch all over. It was making his groin glow with fire and appetite. It was a man's hand exciting him, but he didn't pull away. He didn't try to stop it in any way. He couldn't, and even if he could, he sensed his girlfriend and this amazing, astounding woman wouldn't want him to do anything but stand there and let himself be panty jerked by an ugly, brute of a man.

Delona commanded her husband to keep on masturbating the boy through his pink panties but also told him to stand up and with his other hand pull his own cock out from under his own panty leg band.

Roy knew better than to argue. She had done a clever thing in getting the novice boy instantly into girlie drag. That was one of the real points of power of this woman. She was always doing clever things. She had put the panties on the kid. And then made Roy excite him. Roy was no fag, but he did what his wife told him to do. It excited him to obey her even if many of the things she made him do repulsed him or even horrified him!

As an aside, Delona turned to Fifi and said, "I love to see males dressed up like this. It's just what they deserve. They're all fags anyway!"

Roy continued to playing with the boy's pantied prick outside of the nylon, making the panties into a silky sheath around the boy small but very hard cock. He was twisting the nylon sheath around. Making it caress against the boy's dick. Twisting it up into a snug panty coat and masturbating the prissy prick within it.

Making his boy cock jump and wiggle in response to every stroke, twist and tickle he gave to the kid's swelling dick and tightening balls.

"M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m," Delona said, approving the way her husband and the young boy were going panty pansy queer under her direction.

Tommy didn't resist as Fifi and Delona put makeup on him, including a heavy coat of bright red lipstick. They were sad that they didn't have another wig that they could put on him, so they just twisted his hair into little curls and set it with hairspray. They followed that up with nylon stockings, a pink dress and a big red father boa like a stripper uses as she struts around the stage.

Throughout this dress up game, the boy blushed and whined. Roy sat in a deepening humiliation, but he kept exciting the boy through his pink panties and his own cock remained with a raging hard on now that it was sticking out of the leg opening of his own panties and waving around like it wanted to cum again, and that let the woman and the girl know that deep down inside Roy secretly loved what was happening to him, even if he tried to make like he wanted to protest. At one point he even mumbled to his wife that she was going too far. She just ignored him.

But the biggest shock came for the man and boy when Delona and Fiona tried to force the boy to his knees before Roy and were coaxing him to take the man's giant cock into his mouth.

"Now, I want to see some real male to male action. Put his cock in your mouth, Tommy."

The boy had real tears in his eyes and started to shake his head no.

"I said," Delona jumped in, almost spitting her command in his face, "put his cock in your mouth if you know what's good for you. This man is my husband. He can hurt you if I command him to unless you do what I order. Suck his prick. Now!"

Fifi added, "Come on, Tommy, you know you want to do it. You're a wimp. Look how you let us dress you up in a dress and panties. You love it with Roy jacking you off in your nice pretty panties. So go ahead and pay him back for all the nice panty wanking excitement he just gave you. Kneel down before him and take his big cock into your mouth and suck him off, or get up right now, go out the door and never see me again! Suck it or get out of my sight forever. Do it, panty boy!"

Tommy closed his eyes in shame. The thing had started out in fun, but now it was a real contest of wills. And he had the strangest, creepiest sort of feeling that in a contest of wills, Delona and Fifi would win. For some strange reason he wanted to please them.

As he sunk to his knees, he felt the sweet, hard hands of the man who had been so expertly stroking his cock in his pink panties as it gave him one final loving rub to his wet, hard pantied cock tip. He slid all the

way down onto his knees. It felt awkward, kneeling at the feet of this man. Then, the man stepped up close to the boy and the kid really got a good look at this man's mighty man cock, sticking out of the side of his also pink and also equally frilly lace panties.

And now Tommy just wanted to get it over with. He wasted no more time.

"Now suck! Show us just what kind of a panty faggot pervert you really are!" Delona commanded, her face contorted in a pained and powerful mask.

The boy took the man's hard prick in his hand. Then, in one stolen moment, one he couldn't recall so well later, he took the man's dick and let it slide past his lips. It felt burning hot, feverish. It thudded and thumped in his mouth against his tongue and cheeks, sliding back chokingly to the back of his throat as the man couldn't help himself and started a thrusting motion. He felt the wrinkled piece of skin around the uncircumcised cock head grow smoother and firmer and then retract exploding open with an even larger mushroom head. It was strange. He had never had a cock in his mouth. He hadn't even touched another's guy's cock. But he couldn't deny the power of that dick in his mouth. It made him feel so submissive to be dangling from the end of this powerful man's big hot cock.

It made him feel so girlish and feminine. The clothes were becoming more comfortable as well as even more exciting as the moments ticked on. As the cock kept on insisting it wanted to go right down his throat, Tommy felt like he knew how a girl would feel overpowered by a man with a big cock; he also felt he now had some idea of how a girl felt to be raped, not to have the power to stop what was happening to her. It all made him feel very weak and feminine.

His mouth ached from being stretched so wide to accommodate the big dick, and then with an agonizing push, it banged hard against the back of his throat. He hadn't meant to swallow so much of the man's dick at once. But he had.

Delona and his Fifi were standing at his back, urging him on. Covering his ears with curses and threats and calling him disgusting names, names like pansy, faggot, pussy boy, queer, pantywaist, and dozens of other names that would have been fighting words at any point up to this point in his life.

Roy closed his eyes in disbelief. He was being forced to do this, yet he couldn't quite believe it was happening. Was the kid in front of him, the one at his feet now, really a queer boy already? No, he was the girl's boyfriend – but the girl was a lezzie – oh, too much to think about at this very moment with his jism rising up in his balls and ready to shoot out of his cock. Roy felt he couldn't do that for his wife. Suck another guy off? Oh, well, maybe he could, but he certainly had no urge to do it and didn't want to think about it. Was there nothing he wouldn't do for his wife? He sure hoped she would never give him such a test.

He was afraid to open his eyes. What would he see there? A young boy dressed up like a trashy girl blowing his prick to kingdom come? That's what it felt like.

And that's exactly what was happening. Damn – boy or not -- it sure felt good!

Delona used to give him head only after he begged for it -- and then she only did it with a lot of disdain, like she was doing this disgusting thing for him as a favor. It was part of her ongoing effort to keep him in her power.

But this kid wasn't doing it like a very reluctant wife who was being bullied into doing it. In fact, he was sucking his cock without complaint and sucking the hell out of him. If this kid never sucked a cock before -- and he rightly guessed he hadn't -- he sure was learning quickly. He wondered what was going on in that kid's mind, was this kid – new to panties and dresses and now new to giving blowjobs too going to be instantly turned into a screaming panty-wearing, cocksucking faggot?

And adding to the moment, that little girl Fifi was tickling Roy's balls through his pink panties – a little girl young enough to be his daughter -- and his wife was masturbating the boy's cock and balls thorough his pink panties! Wow! What a sissy, panty boy orgy!



“Like that, do you little boy?” Delona hissed to Tommy while digging her fingers into his balls. “Well, you're gonna get a chance to get a lot more,” she roared.

She walked around behind him, took a well-greased rubber dildo off the night stand that she had intended on using on Roy but now was going to use on the virgin boy.

After pulling his nylon panties aside, she parted his ass cheeks with her hands, explored his rosebud with a greasy finger, and then shoved the fake cock up against the kid's asshole. Amazingly, the kid didn't miss a beat as he continued to suck on Roy's big cock, and after a lot of squirming on the kid's part with her ramming the head of that dildo up against him, his asshole opened and the Vaseline'd dick slid in.

“Ow-w-w-w-w!” Tommy let out between sucking slurps.

“Take that up your butt and like it, sissy!” Delona said.

Delona laughed as she kept thrusting the rubber cock in and out of his ass, calling him sissy names all the while.

God! Did he feel feminine, not just like a sissy, but girlie, as he wiggled his butt in response to being butt fucked with the dildo? Like taking a soul-relieving shit that just kept coming out!

“Ready to cum,” Delona asked her husband.

His wiggling and panting answered her question.

He couldn't believe how good it felt to have this panty faggot in training giving him a blowjob.

“Suck it, you fucker,” Delona snarled at the sissy boy on his knees, sucking like his life depended on it. She jabbed him harder with the dildo.

Roy felt a flood of cum shoot through a wall somewhere up inside him. It boomed out of his man nuts and flew out through his pecker. It shot out hard and plentiful into the shocked kid's mouth. But Roy was even more shocked as Delona and Fifi held the kid by his hair and around his neck and kept him from pulling back and getting away from the slimy onslaught. They held him, laughing like schoolgirls, and made him start swallowing Roy's heavy, hot spunk.

Tommy gasped and gulped.

“You must swallow, dickface!” Delona commanded, wringing the dildo around inside his flared-out ass cheeks to further screw it up into place.

The boy was surely relieved that it was about over, but then as the goo slid down his throat but still clung to the insides of his mouth, his attention must have returned to his own sexed up state. That damn dildo fucking him in the ass was massaging his prostate like crazy and quickly bringing his own seed to the boiling point. He shot his slimy load out the end of his dick and thoroughly wet the front of the pink panties he was now more than ever aware that he had on.

“Well, well,” Delona said, afterwards. “Let's see now...” she said, pulling out the panty waist elastic and looking down into Tommy's panty at the jelly like coating of glistening white jism clinging to the inside of the kid's pink panties. “Let's see, who should get to eat the cum pudding?”

Roy looked down. He wanted to shrink away. But as Fifi and Delona helped Tommy to his feet, lifted his dress and eased his cum-saturated pink panties down his legs, Roy knew he was going to be the one to eat the boy's cum out of those panties. He had never tasted another male's cum, but he knew that he was surely just moments away from the humiliating task of eating that boy's slime from the kid's first

faggy pair of pink panties.

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PIC: Almost a queen, student Carver Harris entered a beauty contest at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester hoping to become the 1968 Rag Queen. He lost by just two votes.



Panty Jerk-off Fag in the Peep Show Booth

I am a submissive sissy with humiliation fantasies. I love sniffing and wearing used panties -- panties worn by guys or girls! I get excited when I purchase panties and lingerie and always wonder what the clerk would think if she knew I was buying them for myself. I get hard as I wonder if the woman waiting on me is laughing at me inside as she imagines me in the panties I'm buying.

My last real life experience was at an adult bookstore in Dallas. The store is equipped with private viewing rooms. I stripped down to my pink panties and thigh-high white stockings, fed the machine a \$5 bill and started watching some hot she-male videos while rubbing my big sissy cock through my pink panties. After a few minutes when my tiny panty bulge was getting wet with my precum, I opened the door and stepping into the hallway. There were several guys standing around, and I spread my legs slightly and bent my knees and thrust my hips at them like a stripper before slipping back into my viewing booth breathless and sweating from my daring. I pulled the front of my panties to the side and freed my dick and pumped it really fast. I flipped my rock-hard cock back into my stretchy pink panties and it pushed out the front like a telephone pole. Then I opened my door and a couple of guys were standing right outside. I rubbed myself in front of them, pulled my panties down and showed them my cock before pulling my panties back up and stepping back into the room. Before closing the door, I asked the guys if they wanted to watch, and one of them came into the room.

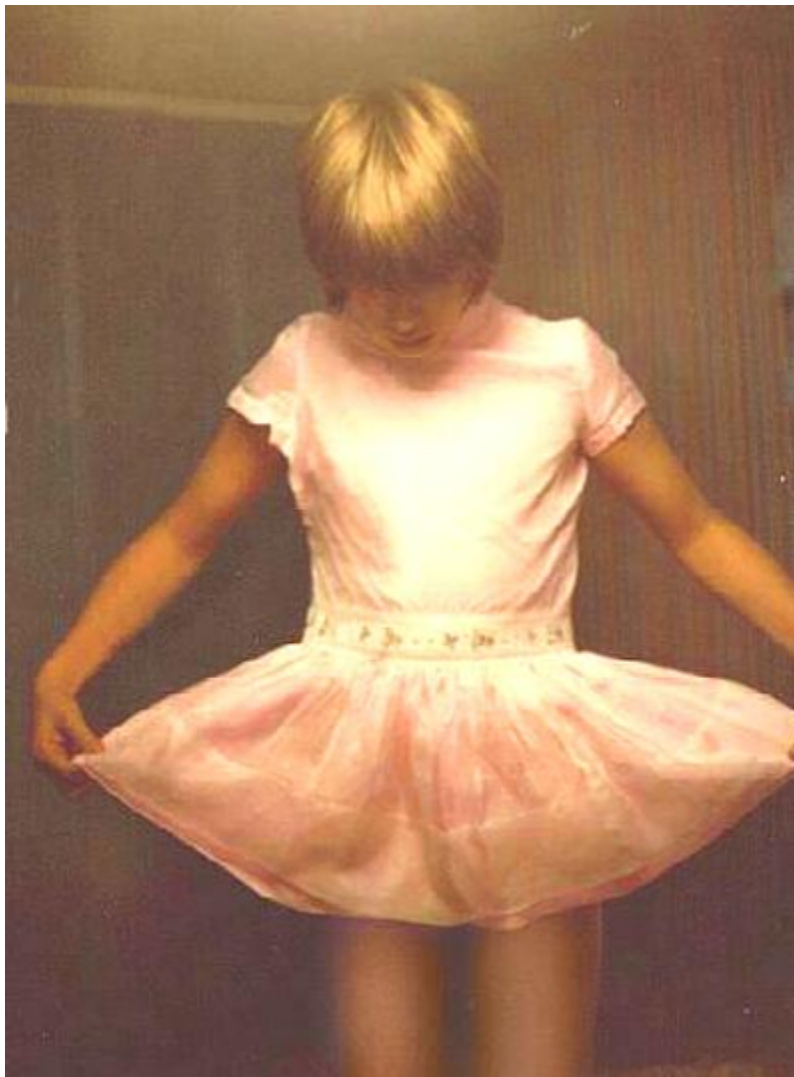
I danced a little for him thrusting my panties at him with my hips and turning around and bending over and rolling my silky ass for him.

I told him he could take his cock out and he did. He was really big. I asked if I could have a couple of jacks. He said yes so I moved close and put my one hand over his dick and my other hand over my pantied dick and jacked us both at the same time. I rubbed the head of his cock over my panties and up and down my cock in my panties. His cock really felt good against mine and I came immediately, my jism

flooding through my panties. Most of it I caught in my hand.

As I was licking the cum off my fingers and letting it drip off my lip he started pumping his cock really fast. I asked him if he wanted to cum on my panties too, and when he said he did, I kept rubbing his cock against my panties with it pointing up toward my face. I licked my lips and opened my mouth in anticipation of his cumming. Even from that distance, I could smell him, and he smelled so good, a mixture of sex, piss and sweat. When he started cumming, I slid down the length of his body as his sperm hit me right on my nose and mouth. I quickly licked up as much as I could with my tongue and then leaned back and began to jackoff again. While I was finishing my second jack off, he zipped up and left. I stayed a while and tried to cum a third time but I was totally empty. But I walked out of there with cum on my face and cum saturating my panties. I knew it was seeping through my pants and a wet spot was forming, and my face glistened with some strange man's cum dripping down my chin, but I had no intention of wiping it off and didn't give a shit about what I smelled like or looked like, I was in fagola heaven!

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Pantied & Paddled

I'm the mother of a very active eleven-year-old boy, who is a good most of the time and not that difficult, but at times he does things and I have to discipline him. Whenever David gets into trouble, my husband or I send him down to the basement where he has to dress for his punishment in an old pink party dress I got from one of his cousins and a pair of pink lace panties. He goes through quite a few pairs of panties over time, so I buy him pink panties by the dozen pair, and I get the laciest panties I can find. The frillier the panties, the more I know they humble him.

Then he waits sitting on the chair my husband or I will sit in for his spanking, and he has to stare at his punishment stool (more about it later) that he'll be put on after his punishment if we think his wrongdoing merits it. Depending on what he has done, we let him sit anywhere from five minutes to an hour. Since he knows what to expect, this gives him plenty of time to think about his offense and fret about what is going to happen to him.

When we're ready, we go to the basement and ask my son if he is sorry for whatever he did wrong. Usually he does some crying and pleading, and almost always he gives us a yes answer with no excuses and with a promise to do better. My standard statement is that I'm glad he is going to do better, but I'm sure he'll remember to improve after I am finished.

After a long lecture detailing what he had done wrong, he knows it is time. His humiliation now starts in earnest. We make him stand up and lift up his pink party dress fully exposing his lacy girlie panties. He has to finger the lace on the panties, tell us how pretty he thinks they are and how much he loves to wear them.

That alone is usually enough to start the tears really flowing because we know he hates the panties and hates to wear them. The silkiness of the sweet white panties usually does its job and he's now standing before us with a little boner poking away at the front of those panties. That's something really funny to see, a hard little boy cock in little girl panties -- it never fails to make both my husband and I laugh out loud. We usually like to call him names like "sissy," "pantywaist," "nancy boy," and "pansy" at these times. It's very special!

In the corner of the basement we have a horizontal water pipe running along the wall a couple of feet off the floor. He has to bend over, grab onto the pipe and keep holding onto it through his spanking or more cracks are added to his punishment. Either my husband takes off his belt, or I pick up my husband's old fraternity paddle, a paddle that is over one foot long so it covers both buns with one swat, and one of us delivers his punishment. Making him hold onto the pipe occupies his hands and makes him less likely to reach back. After ten or fifteen swats or maybe a few more for really serious matters, we stop.

All we want is a change in his behavior not a brutal beating, so if we feel he has had enough, he's sincerely contrite and we believe he'll change his behavior, we may let him off without further punishment. But when he has done something particularly bad, or when we feel he is not had enough punishment to reform him, we pull aside the legband of his panties and make him sit on his punishment stool (that is standing beside him and he has been made to stare at through his paddling).

That stool has a seven-inch plastic dildo attached to the center of the seat. The toy cock is black and well greased. He always does a lot of huffing, puffing, and usually a fair amount of screaming as we make him ease himself all the way down on the plastic cock, but a lot of the time, we think he's just play acting. It can't really hurt him all that much. From experience, we know he adjusts fairly quickly to the length and girth of the fake cocks he has to take up his asshole, so we have gotten longer and fatter dildos from time to time to make sure his dildo butt fuck session is an effective and memorable punishment. Once

he's on the penis-loaded stool, he has to sit there anywhere from twenty minutes to several hours.

Last week David got into trouble along with another boy. They had been caught stealing candy from our corner store, and as we discovered, it was our boy who had talked the other boy into stealing candy along with him.

So much to David's horror, we invited that boy over to watch his punishment. We explained to the kid how we punish our son by making him wear girls' clothes for his paddling. We told him that if he wanted to remain friends with David, he was going to have witness his punishment, and to make sure he kept what he was going to see a secret, he's have to put on a similar pair of girls' panties to watch his punishment.

He thought I was joking, until my husband handed him a pair of lacy pale pink panties. He wanted to refuse, so we went to the phone and told him we'd call his parents and invite them over to see David's punishment and recommend they put him into panties to and punish him in the same way.

Of course, we wouldn't do that, since we don't know this kid's parents very well and have no idea how they'd react, but he was convinced that we would do it, so he gave in, and though he was crying, he took off all his clothes and put on the lacy light pink panties. They had little blue bows on them and he looked adorable! He was scared witless when David came out in his pink party dress and panties, got paddled with the dress up and then dildo fucked on his punishment chair.

We cautioned the boy never to get into trouble again with our son, and we warned him never to tell anyone know about what he had witnessed, and just to make sure he wouldn't ever tell a soul, we showed him the pictures we had taken of him with a hidden camera that clearly showed him sitting and standing wearing his very girly pale pink lacy panties.

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A Well-Spanked Silly Little Jerk Off and His Son

After Ron's wife passed away in a car accident, he realized it was an opportunity to take his life in

another direction and remake in a way he had only dreamed about. He didn't miss his wife; in fact, he was glad she was gone. They hadn't loved each other in years and only had stayed married for convenience. Ron often described his wife as “the bitch of all time” to friends, the people who worked for him and even complete strangers.

Ron had built a very successful small electronics firm, and that's where he spent all his time, only going home when he absolutely had to. And another attraction for Ron at work was his personal secretary, Enid. Even though she was a lesbian, he loved her more than any woman he had ever known. They were great friends, and she loved him too, even if they never had intercourse. But Enid loved playing sexual games with him, teasing him, spanking him like a naughty little boy and occasionally jerking him off into her panties.

Ron would have spent even more of his time at the office to avoid his wife, but they had a twelve-year-old son, and Ron felt sorry for the kid who had to try to survive with “the bitch of all time.” She was just as bad as a mother as she was a wife, and poor little Daryl had a miserable life. His mother spanked him almost daily, and spanked him to the point of abuse.

Trying to make up for her abuse of the boy, Ron took him to ballgames and movies and tried to spend some quality time with him, but he couldn't make up for all the terror the kid had endured for most of his life. But as a result of those years of abuse, the kid had developed a need to be punished! No, he didn't like being spanked – the pain was often unbearable – but he had gotten so used to it, that now he craved the intimate attention that comes with a stinging hot butt; it was a little bit of reassurance that his mother did care about him at least in SOME way!

But then bitch wife and mother died – the wicked witch was dead!

And it happened just as Ron was in negotiations to sell his company to a major corporation, and five days later, Ron became a multimillionaire as he signed over his company. He immediately went into retirement. Enid retired too, and they got married after a three-week engagement.

Ron and Enid were deliriously happy, but little Ron was miserable even though his dad and Enid tried their best to cheer him up. Sure, he was happy to be free of his abusive mother, but he had been so thoroughly dominated and so intimidated for so much of his life that now he was lost without her.

With Ron's permission, in fact with his encouragement, Enid's lesbian girlfriend, Mona, moved in with them. Though she was half Mona's age, she was great eye candy for Ron even though he knew sex with her was off limits. Mona had a gift for understanding people too, especially troubled people like Daryl because she herself had been through a troubled life, growing up with an alcoholic mother and a father who had ignored her. She had developed into a beauty and now knew she was pretty, plus she knew how to dress to show off her charms. Around the house, she wore short skirts and skimpy tops. Her sexiness and beauty were a constant thrill for Enid who got to spend every night in her bed, but Ron found her presence just as thrilling even if he couldn't fuck her, and little Daryl took immediate notice of

the hot bodied little minx. Just her presence seemed to improve the kids' mood.

Then three days after Mona had moved in, Ron was sitting off to the side in his new wife's bedroom and jacking off into a pair of the girl's white panties as he watched her and Enid kissing and undressing each other as they prepared to make lesbian love. Enid knew someone was lurking outside their bedroom door. She had Ron duck into the closet as the two women opened the door and caught the boy in the act of spying on them through the keyhole of the bedroom door.

It was no surprise to the ladies that he had a sweet little hard-on that didn't go down even after the two lingerie-clad ladies dragged him into the bedroom, but what did surprise them is that the boy stayed hard through out the spanking Enid gave him.

"Well, well, is daddy's little boy turning into a big boy and starting to masturbate. Oh, that's so cute! I bet you it feels good to play with your little penis while you watch ladies in their lingerie, huh?"

Daryl didn't answer. He was still in shock from being caught.

"Now, you're going to have to be punished for peeking at us while we were undressing. I'm going to think about a good way to punish you, but first come over here and kiss my panties," she said as she eased up the hem of her long white slip until the crotch of her matching white satin panties came into view.

She nodded to Mona, and the girl guided the kid between her lady lover's legs and gently pushed his head into her crotch. With a little shove she pushed his face into Enid's panty crotch, drooling with her excitement and held his face there.

"Kiss and lick her pretty panties, you naughty boy," Mona said with a cheery little giggle. "Bad boys like you have to learn their proper place in the world!"

Enid was squirming. She wanted desperately to grind her pantied hips into the twelve-year-old kid's face and bring herself to a wild orgasm, but she wasn't sure what his father, who was still hiding behind the partially closed closet door, would think about it. So she waved off Mona and let the boy stand up.

"My, my," Enid said as she grabbed his cockette, "your penis is little but it's still so very hard. Now, go to your room and stay there while I think about your punishment. But just to let you know that I understand about little boys, and I know you're very excited and I'm sure you'll want to pull on the silly little cock of yours, so take those panties," she told him, pointing to a pair of lavender panties on the dresser. "I've worn them all day. When you pull yourself, shoot your cream into them. I think you'll enjoy that.

"Is your bum still tingling from my spanking?"

"Yes," he sobbed.

“Good. A burning hot ass makes jerking off much more enjoyable, dear. Now go and have a nice jerk off in my pretty panties.”

Still sniffling from the spanking and with her pussy juices smeared on his face and a look of disbelief on his face, the boy gingerly picked up the panties. His mouth was a gaping hole of stunned amazement. The taste of her pussy was in his mouth. He never could have imagined that a pretty woman in just her lingerie would have him piss her between her legs and then tell him to take her panties and jack off in them! Acting like he feared she may change her mind, he gathered in the silky ball of lavender nylon panty and ran from the room.

The moment the boy was gone, his father came out of the closet stroking his hard cock and panting with excitement.

“I take it you approved of my little game?” she asked as she pushed her full-length white satin slip off her shoulders and let it slide to the floor.

“Shit, yeah! Hell Enid, I almost shit when I saw what you were doing, and then I got so randy I almost came in my pants. Christ, when I watched him sucking the crotch of your panties, I just about went crazy.”

“He's a randy little bugger too, darling. Did you see that he kept his hard-on all through the spanking?”

“I did and what boy wouldn't in the presence of you two sexy ladies teasing the hell out of him! Shit! I wish some hot woman would have done that to me when I was twelve. And you sending him off with your panties and telling him to jack off into them, wow! What a lucky kid!”

“Well, your boy is going to get a lot luckier tomorrow.”

“You mean you're going to let him fuck you?”

“No, but I'll let him play with and suck on my tits and train him to become expert at eating my cunt. Then, I think I'll let him fuck Mona. He couldn't take his eyes off of her, and I could see how much fun she was having playing with him.

“You'd let the horny little kid fuck you, wouldn't you, Mona?”

Mona enthusiastically nodded yes.

Enid turned her attention back to Ron. “Any objections?”

“No, of course, not! For once in his life, he's going to be one lucky little boy. It kind of makes up for all

the years he was abused by his mother. But why are you doing it? I didn't think you and Mona liked guys,”

“Well, I'm going to let him fuck me. I've never had a cock inside my pussy and it's going to stay that way, but Mona is bisexual, and I know the idea of letting a little boy fuck her turns her on. But right now we have to punish the kid, at least punish him in a fun kind of way.”

Mona added, “But, darling, maybe we should give him an even harder spanking. He's one of those kids who liked being spanked. I can tell. Sure he cried even though you didn't hit him too hard, but he was bucking his hips not from your smacks but from his excitement of rubbing his cockette against the satin slip across your lap. I think you should give it too him good, and may add some humiliation to make it all that more exciting and traumatic for him. I'm sure that's what he craves.”

Ron stood there with his hard cock in his hand and nodding in agreement as he thought about it.

Enid added, “And look at it this way; the way it is now, we have to wait until he's in his room or off somewhere before we can play our sex games, but if we bring him into our games, we can walk around the house in little or no clothes and do whatever what we want wherever we want. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Ron darling?”

“You mean we'll let him watch us spanking and sucking and fucking and all that?”

“Not only watch, but join us!”

“Wow, what a life that lucky little kid is going to have.”

“Lucky for us too we caught him and now have him where we can do what we want with him. I never thought about doing sex things with a little boy, but his kissing on my panties really excited me and made me want his face down there more, dear. And I have this urge to humiliate him. I think it's time for some panty humiliation. Go in my panty drawer and get a nice pair of pink panties and put them on.”

“You want me to put on a pair ...”

“Yes, darling! You know you love to wear them. I told Mona how you love to wear my panties and run around like a silly little sissy and jerk off in them. She won't laugh at you, will you, honey?”

Mona was already giggling, and trying to hide the fact by holding her hand in front of her face.

“Oh, well, so she is going to laugh at you! So the fuck what! Just get some panties out and get into them or you'll be getting a dose of punishment.”

Ron avoided looking at the giggling Mona as she went to the dresser, carefully took out a pair of fine

pink panties and stepped into them. He loved how they felt on his body and grabbed his cock through the nylon and just held it tightly. He dared not stroke it in the panties or he'd blow his was right then and there.

"Get over the bed, you naughty boy. We're going to give you a nice butt-warming spanking to tame that hard dick you have in my nice pink panties."

Enid took a sorority paddle out of the closet and gave Ron a hard paddling on his pink panties. For him it was both painful and exciting, but it did the trick and his aching hard-on went down.

"Now dry your tears and get yourself together. I think we'll do a little panty training on your son next. Come on, let's all go to his room."

"Can I put my pants on...?"

"Ron, of course not! I want your son to see you in my panties. I'm going to panty train both of you together – a father-son panty training session sound very exciting, don't you think?"

Mona nodded enthusiastically. Ron wasn't so sure, but he was letting her make all these decision. He knew it would be exciting regardless of how humiliating it was going to be for both him and his son to wear lace panties and put through their paces before the women and each other.

When little Daryl had left the ladies' bedroom, he was crying. His tears stung as they rolled down his hot blushing cheeks that were also wet with Enid's pussy juices. Through his blurred vision, he stumbled and tripped his way to his room with a still hungry penis. He closed the door behind him, and then wiped the tears out of his eyes so he could stare down at the panty treasure in his hands. Silky lavender panties! Real ladies panties –in his hands! And a beautiful, sexy lady gave them to him, and gave them to him to use to tickle his penis and pump his cum into! Daryl had only recently matured to the point of being able to shot his cum, but he was a fast learner, and now with sexy females living in the same house with him and tempting him around the clock, he was hard all the time and masturbating practically nonstop. However, Ron, Enid and Mona had been so happy with their new arrangement and so involved in their own pleasure that none of them had taken much notice of the teenager. And until now, they didn't know his balls had filled with cum and he was delirious with pleasure and happier than ever before in his life as he was regularly emptying his balls several times each day.

Without taking his eyes off the frilly panties, Daryl shucked off all his clothes in an instant, and then he sat down on the edge of his bed and hugged those panties to his chest; their womanly aroma wafted up to his nose. He had never thought about what a woman smells like. Sure he had often smelled their perfume, but this was different. The aroma from the panties was ethereal, acrid and weirdly musky, yet pleasant. He put them to his nose. And their smell and the acrid taste still on his lips combined for an all-sensory experience with his breathing that was audible and wildly gasping. At this moment he could see, smell, taste, feel and even hear sexual excitement.

Just at that moment, Enid opened his door and walked in along with Mona. Daryl gasped and jumped but there was no where to hide his nakedness. Still lovingly clutching Enid's panties, in embarrassment, he dropped them down and covered his hard cock with them.

"So you like my panties sliding up and down your cockie?" Enid asked.

He hadn't thought about that so much as just using them to cover his excitement, but now that the panties were down there, they did feel good being held up against his cock, even though with the two bra and panty clad women standing in front of him it was a little discombobulating to fully enjoy it at the moment.

"Hi, sweetie," Enid said. "Sorry to interrupt your little wanking session, but I decided we'll make it all a little more exciting for you. You can shoot your juice into my panties and then I teach you how to wash them out for me."

She put her hand on top of his over the panties against his cock. She moved his hand up and down causing the sexy panties to slide up and down his cock.

"I have an idea, let's have you put on my panties while you play with your cock in them, OK."

He looked at her strangely and pulled his hand out from between her hand and the panties covering his cock. He was a submissive, thoroughly dominated boy, but she had struck his "anti-sissy" nerve and scared him. Mona had some selling to do. She held the panties in her left hand as she wrapped her right around his hard little tool and stroked the tip of his penis against the balled up panties. He tensed. She knew he was ready to shoot.

"See, your little penis loves my panties. Now, do like Mona wants and let me put them on you. If you like the tip of your penis touching my panties, imagine how nice it will be to feel my sexy nylon panties covering your whole body. I guarantee you'll love them!"

The two women were standing side-by-side in front of him, and now both of them were gently touching his cock and balls and rubbing them up against bits of the silky panties. They could tell the boy was a bit fearful, unsure of this strange new thing to do. So Enid touched Mona's arm indicating for her to step aside. Both women parted and Daryl looked up to see his shamed father standing before him in a humiliatingly feminine pair of pink silky panties loaded with white lace and satin bows. Embarrassed to be so displayed before his confused little boy, Ron self-consciously fingered the lace and bows decorating the sides of his panties.

"See, baby, your daddy is wearing his silky panties. His cock is hard in his panties, so you know he loves wearing them and showing his pink panties off to you. So stand up and let's get these nice purple panties on you. I don't think you want to wait another second to deprive yourself from the great thrill it

will be to wear ladies panties for us.”

The boy was trembling, but he let them thread the panties up his legs and quickly pull them up his legs, lest he change his mind and decide to resist. As soon as they were all the way up around his hips, both women seized him with their hands and touched him all over through the panties. They had been pulling on his nylon panty-cover cockette for only about thirty seconds when they felt him tensing and then his body heavy to and fro as he fired a big load of jism into the panties and all over the women's hands. When he was finished, Mona squeezed the final drops of semen into the panties.

“What a little sissy boy you are, shooting off in my panties. Now go you're your daddy to the bathroom and he'll teach you how to wash out a pair of panties. It's part of the duties of a good sissy.”

Daryl wanted to protest that he wasn't a sissy, but he was more unnerved as he approached his father because at not much below Daryl's eye level, he couldn't ignore his father's big cock thrusting up and at the front of his own panties. Hand-in-hand, they walked to the bathroom. The two women giggled as they stared at the tight silk pantied asses of father and son walking down the hallway.

As Ron helped Daryl off with his wet panties and then instructed him on how to hand wash the panties, Mona came into the bathroom with a fresh pair of panties – pink panties for Daryl to step into. The boy didn't resist putting them on even though they did make him feel a bit stupid, very submissive and very unmasculine. Mona was so beautiful in her pale yellow bra, panties, garter belt and light beige nylon stockings. Daryl would have done anything the sexy teenage girl would have asked him to so, no matter how humiliating. Ron's cock lurched back and forth inside his own pink panties at the closeness of Mona's sexy lingerie clad body. Go, how he wanted to touch her, fuck her! It took all his will power to resist the temptation. Then both father and son stared in awe as she sat on the toilet and took a shit! All the while, she held Daryl by his penis inside his panties and made him talk to her, tell her how happy he was and how much he had enjoyed the spanking and wearing girls' panties and everything else that they had done to him.

“That's sweet, baby,” she told him. “You'll get plenty of spankings and we'll play all kinds of panty games. Enid and I are going to fully panty train you and your daddy.”

“P-panty train?” the boy asked.

“Yeah, panty train – we're going to make both of you panty-wearing, cocksucking faggot sissy boys, and you're going to love every minute of it!”

Just then she released a big turd into the toilet bowl with a plop as it hit the water. Daryl turned up his nose, but didn't try to move away.

“We have some girlfriends who would love to be served by such a nice, gentle boy and his daddy. Here, I'll give you some practice,” she said as she stood up with her panties around her thigh, her pussy lips

inches from his face before she turned around, bent forward and said to him, "OK, wipe me. It makes me feel like a queen to have a little panty boy wipe my ass for me."

Trembling, with delight, the boy performed the task, and then crouched below her to stare between her buttocks to assure both himself and her that he had done the job properly. The sight of a real girl's ass and pussy right in front of his face gave him a raging hard-on in his delicate pink panties.

"I see you love your panties already," Mona said as she held onto his hard little penis through his pink panties and used it like a handle to lead him along. With her other hand, she took his father's panties penis in her other hand and led the two of them into Enid's bedroom.

She then left them standing along side the bed as she embraced and kissed Enid passionately. They played with each other's buttocks through their panties and their tits through their bras, as their breasts and tummies mashed together as they squirmed in mounting passion on the bed. With their bodies locked in an end to end embrace, they did a 69 and gave father and son an up close lesbian sex show that culminated with both of them going at it with thrilling slurping sounds and warm muffled sighs and moans as they lapped each other until they banged their hips against each other's face and writhed and jerked into shared orgasms. After only a brief rest, they resumed the erotic position and each gave the other a lovely lapping until both climaxed again.

As Enid had figured, Daryl had a magnificently strong erection. Calling him to her, she held it in her hands, squeezed it in his sexy silky pink panties, and then asked him, "Do you want to fuck a lady some day, dear?"

"Oh, yes! Please, let me do it to you. Let me do it, now!"

"Let you do what?" the woman teased.

"Please . . . please let me . . . fuck with you."

"Fuck me? Oh what a naughty boy you are. Where would you like to fuck me, in my ear?"

"No, you know, between your legs."

"You'll have to be more specific than that if you want to get fucked."

"I mean in your . . . your cunt."

"Oh, I don't think so. You see, dear boy, I'm a lesbian, that means no man or boy gets to fuck me, but maybe you can fuck Mona. Would you like that?"

“Oh, yes, she's so pretty,”

“So you want to fuck my cunt, do you?” Mona asked with a squeal. “Well, OK, but you'd better use your mouth to make it nice and juicy for me. I like my cunt to be very slippery before I let little panty boys to slip their little dicks into me.”

After he spent twenty minutes eating her pussy, and with her precise instructions, she taught him how she liked it done. She was able to ride his face to three orgasms, and then when she was ready, she pulled him up on top of herself, took his little penis out of the leg hole of his panties and slid it into her hot, wet cunny. Daryl was in such a state of euphoria that he took little notice of what Enid was doing behind him with a strap-on dildo, fully greased and ready for action. She pulled aside the leg elastic of his panties in back and thrust the plastic cock up against his virgin asshole, and with a few good surges forward, she was able to ram her way into his asshole, making the boy scream and shoot his jism into Mona as Enid fucked the hell out of his asshole that she was tearing up with every nasty stroke.

Mona reached under her and began squeezing the big liquid-filled sac at the base of her realistic looking cock, and as Daryl groaned with joy and pain, he felt the thick fluid shooting up into his bowel, giving him the weirdest and wildest experience of his young life.

His new life with Enid, Mona and his pantywaist daddy was now so filled with joy as well as the pain he had learned to love, that it was like being born again. In his old life, there had been no love, no warmth. Now, suddenly, he had two beautiful, exciting and very sexy women and a panty-clad daddy to share a weird but exciting life. He was to receive a lot of spankings, forced to be a maid to their friends, made to eat pussies, suck cock, and lick dirty assholes clean, but it was all tremendously exciting.

Enid was a true lesbian and never permitted him or his father to enter her body with a penis, but from time to time she did allow them to use their mouths and tongues to eat her pussy and lick clean her shitty asshole.

Enid did allow both Daryl and Ron to fuck Mona from time to time, though not frequently, and most of the time it was simply done as an entertainment for her many friends who regularly visited for around the clock sexy weekends. Part of those shows usually included the pink panty-clad father and son sucking or jerking each other off, or having them simultaneously minister to her asshole and pussy, and then after she had ascended to as many orgasms as she could handle, she have father and son end the session by having them slide down between her legs and french kiss each other with shit, piss and cum in their mouths.

The women enjoyed showing off their well trained man and his son to their very best lesbian friends who were also allowed to engage in their sex play. Daryl especially enjoyed undressing these women guests and performing whatever sexual services they needed. But what he really liked best was when a woman would warm him up for the task by taking him over her lap and giving him an erotic spanking to

inflammé ses fesses en panty. Il avait toujours aimé la douleur, la domination et maintenant l'ajout de plaisir en panty.

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