

# Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

## Volume 19

### ***Panty Addicted***

*She was taking psychology in college, so she knew exactly what to do when she found her little brother trying on all her panties!*

### ***Bad Boy to Good Sissy Boy***

*She found her son peeking up his stepsisters' dresses, so it's petticoat punishment for this naughty little boy!*

### ***Sorry Panty Thief***

*He had no choice but to do what she wanted when she caught him stealing her bra and panties!*

### ***Gypsy Sex Lessons***

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### ***"I don't care if you're gay or not — suck that cock!"***

*Cuckold is a wimp; he knows it, and now she makes him act suck off her boyfriend like the sissy he is!*

### ***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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## Bad Boy to Good Sissy Boy

Rita was sitting on the vanity stool in her bedroom, staring at her son. “Oh, don't cry, honey. Try to smile for mommy. You look so pretty in my clothes. Mommy's just trying to help you. I'm angry with you because you've been so naughty lately. I realize you don't know how to get a long with girls. You've never been around girls very much before, and now that mommy is married again and you have two new stepsisters, you have to learn how to get along with them. You're eleven years old, Teddy, and they are just seven and eight years old. And you can't go around hitting them or being mean to them.

“Girls are quiet and gentle, not rough and nasty like you have been. Now I dressed you up in my clothes for punishment because I want you to learn what it's like to be a girl. I would have dressed you up in your stepsisters' clothes, but they are too small for you. And my clothes are a little big on you, but they'll do for now until we can go shopping this weekend at Field's and get you a whole bunch of your own pretty girlie clothes.”

“Shopping? Oh, mommy, no! I can't...”

“Now, just hush up there, Teddy. You're going to love wearing pretty clothes. Let me give you a big hug.”

“But, mommy, I'm a boy. I'm not a girl. I can't ...”

“Oh, dear!” Rita said as she parted her legs and pulled him to her. The skirt of her dress slid up her thighs, and as they hugged, she felt his penis thrusting up against her from under the dress, slip and panties he had on -- her dress, slip and panties -- his amazingly hard cock. “You are a boy all right -- a big boy! But you're going to have to spend some time as a girl to learn how to get along with your new sisters. I'm going to teach you how much fun it is to be a little girl. But to be a little girl, I'm going to have to do something about your hard cock. It really seems to love my silky slip and panties,” she said as she slid her hand up under the pale green dress he had on to rub his cock through the silken white satin slip and pale pink panties.

“Just to show you how much fun you can have in girls' clothes, I'll jack you off with my hand, dear. It will make you feel so good. Do you ever play with your penis like this?” she asked as she worked the skin on his dick slowly back and forth through the nylon slip and panties.

“Just with my hand in the bathtub.”

“But I can tell my slip and panties feel a lot better on your cock than your soapy hand in the tub.”

“Uh, huh, ooooo ...”

“See, I can tell you love it. I'm going to make you feel so good, dear. I'll make your tears and all your tension go away. You don't have to cry because I made you wear my clothes.”

“But, mommy, don't let people see me like this. People would laugh at me.”

“Of course, we're going to let people see you in girly clothes. We're going to tell everybody that you're learning how to be nice to girls. And as soon as we're all finished dressing you, I'll take you downstairs so your new little sisters can see you. I told them all about how pretty I was going to make you so you will be real nice to them and play with them when they play with their dolls and all their dress-up games.”

“Dolls! Oh, no, mommy, oooooooo ...”

“Sure! Dolls! You'll love playing with dolls, just like you love me playing with your penis in my panties. I bet you didn't know ladies' panties could be so much fun, huh?”

“Oh, no ... oh, uh, oh, uuuuuuhhhh ...”

“You have a beautiful dick, dear. It's so long and strong. It's much bigger than average. Did you know that?”

“No. Is that good, uuuuuuhhhhhhhh?”

“Yes, dear, it's very good. Women and girls will love this dick. It's so long and slim. It will get way inside a girl and make her feel so good. Have you ever had your dick in a girl?”

“Oh, no,” he gasped.

“You will, Teddy, and you'll love it. Girls will too when they feel this long bone stroking them in the little slit between their thighs.”

“Oh, mommy ... mommy!”

“Just relax, dear. I'll jack you off in my pretty panties and make you feel so good,” she told him as she moved around behind him.

She pulled up her dress up high around her waist, and then turned him around to face away from her as she pulled him back against her. And as they looked at their reflection in the mirror, he moaned as he backed up to her and his pantied buttocks made contact with her pale yellow nylon panties, she gyrated her hips and kept wiggling her yellow pantied tummy against his pink pantied bottom as her hands came around each side of him to once again toy with his strongly throbbing penis sheathed in her slip and panties.

“You are such a lucky boy. Most boys don't know anything about how exciting it is to wear girls and women's panties. There now, Teddy, doesn't this feel nice -- your panties against my panties.”

“Yes ... yes ...” he panted and she wondered if he was about to spurt, but he didn't, so she was going to draw out his pleasure a little longer.



“Just relax now, dear, while I wank your lovely dick and make you feel so good. You may wriggle your bum against my belly, your panties against my panties.”

“There . . . there . . . there,” she whispered huskily as her right hand masturbated him with delicious slowness while he pressed and rubbed his smooth girlish butt in his nylon panties against her nylon panties.

“Oh, mommy ... oh, mommy ... oh, mommy,” he was huffing and puffing, moaning and groaning as Rita made love to his throbbing cock in panties.

She was really excited playing with him through her panties with gentle hand strokes while his buttocks responded by rubbing more and more firmly against her wildly exciting panties, exciting both of them even more.

“How strong and hard your beautiful cock is, dear,” Rita told him. “You really need to be jerked off in panties like this, every day, don't you, dear?”

“Yes ... yes, mommy. It's so good . . . so good.”

“Are you going to shoot a big load of cream into your panties for your mommy, dear?” she asked as she continued to masturbate him so slowly that he agonized with her every teasing panty stroke.”

“Yes, mommy ... a lot of cream, mommy ....”

Until then, Rita hadn't planned on where she would have him spurt his semen since the panties he had on surely wouldn't hold it all, and she didn't want it to drip all over the floor. So as she looked around, she realized that right beside her was the basket full of dirty laundry she was getting ready to wash. She halted jacking him off for a moment, but kept one hand on his pink pantied cock as she leaned forward and with her other hand and rummaged through the laundry and came up with two little pairs of nylon panties, one pair covered with pink and green flowers and a little white satin bow in front, and the other pair pale purple with a ruffle around each panty leg. The flowered panties were Debbie's panties, his new seven-year-old stepsister. The purple panties were DeeDee's panties, the eight year old, his other new stepsister. Rita had to stretch to reach them, but she was able to get them fairly quickly, barely interrupting the panty wanking she was giving her son.

“Tell mommy when you're ready to shoot your cream.”

“Now, mommy, now ...”

“Good, well, I have a surprise for you. Open your eyes and look, Teddy.”

With his body twisting and his tummy going in and out with his heavy breathing, he peeked through his half-closed eyelids and saw his mommy's hand in front of him holding the two little pairs of nylon panties. He blinked, wondering what she was going to do with them.

“The flowered panties are Debbie's dirty panties. And the purple ones are DeeDee's dirty panties. Here smell them,” she said cheerfully as she shoved them up to his face and made him breathe through the little girl panties soiled with little girl panty stains.

“Now, that you're ready, I'll let you smell Debbie's panties while I stroke you with DeeDee's panties and you can shoot your cum right through mommy's panties that you are wearing and into DeeDee's panties. Isn't that exciting? And then we can go downstairs, and you can tell them all about being jacked off with their panties and show them DeeDee's panties filled with your boy slime. Won't that be exciting?”

“Oh, mommy ... oh ... panties, oh ... I'm going to ...”

Through both panties, hers and DeeDee's, Rita felt his big penis swell in her hand, and he was groaning and grunting, his behind in silky panties rubbing hard against her tummy in her smooth panties as he spurted a volley of cum through his panties and into the little purple panties his mother held over the end of his pantied cock.

He shot more than the panties could contain and Rita felt the semen seep through the panties and into her hand. As he drained himself, he groaned weakly and collapsed backward against her with a final slow rubbing of his pantied buttocks against hers, and she milked the final drops of his cum from him and then just held his cock tightly without stroking it, just firmly holding it to enjoy the feel of it pulsating as the blood gradually slowed its surging and let his big cock collapse into the wet cum-drenched front of his panties; his cum quickly cooled as he woke up to a whole new world of being a mommy controlled little panty boy with two little stepsister who would soon rule his world too.

“There now, Teddy, don't you feel much better?” she asked.

“Oh, yes, mommy ... but I feel silly ... panties, mommy ...”

“Yes, panties! Aren't panties great? Now, you loved every second of it, didn't you? You loved me making you cum in my panties, and in DeeDee's panties, while you were smelling Debbie's panties ... now, don't lie to me, you loved being panty wanked, didn't you?”

“Oh, mommy, yes, but ... but ... but, panties, mommy ... I'm a boy, mommy. I love you, mommy; don't make me into a girl, mommy.”

“You silly little boy! I'm not going to make you into a girl. No, no, no, just a panty boy, that's a boy who loves girls' panties, and you love girls' panties, don't you, sweetie?”

To lock in the moment, she gave him one stinging slap on his silk pink pantied butt.

“What we just did was a very normal thing. There's nothing wrong with cumming in panties, a lot of boys do it every day.”

“Oh, yeah?”

“Of course, and do you know what? DeeDee, Debbie and I do it all the time. Sometimes we even masturbate each other.”

“Girls mastur...?”

“Masturbate. Yes, girls masturbate, and they are so lucky because they get to wear silky panties every day all day long and they can masturbate anywhere and everywhere and a lot of times do it so sneakily and so quietly that people near them don't even know!”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, you can wear panties all the time too.”

“No way!”

“Oh, yes, in fact, I'm going to insist upon it.”

Tears were quickly coming to his eyes. He was scared. “But, mommy ...”

“Don't worry, baby, you'll love it, and besides that almost everybody loves a panty boy.”

“Really?” he moaned.

“Yes, really! But right now we have to go downstairs and show your little sisters that they have a panty boy for a big brother and show them your boy spunk that you shot into their panties. We'll tell them all about it! They will really love you now, just like mommy loves you.”

“But ... but at Sunday school, they taught us that it's wrong, you know, like a sin.”

“What nonsense. Masturbating is as normal as breathing or blowing your nose. How could something that feels so good be bad? Besides, if you don't do it every day, you could get sick, yes, get sick because too much boy juice inside of you gets stale and turns into poison, you have to get it out, and for a panty boy like you, shooting off in panties is the best way. I can jack you off in your panties, Debbie and DeeDee can do it to you, or you can even do it all by yourself through the panties, but I think you'll find that it's the most fun if one of the girls or I do it to you.

“Want to see how much cream you shot into DeeDee's panties?” Rita asked and showed him the big puddle of semen in the purple nylon.

“Gee, it's a lot.”

“So much that I even got a lot on my hand, see?”

“I'm sorry, mommy.”

“That's nothing to be sorry about, dear. I like little boy juice,” she told him and smiled as she stuck out her tongue and tasted it much to the amazement of her wide-eyed son.

“Haven't you ever tasted your own cum?”

The started boy shook his head ‘no.’

“Here, you taste it too.”

He could smell it as she held her hand up to his mouth. He didn't want to do it, so he hesitated, but she just shoved her hand up to his mouth and rubbed some of his cum on his lips and then forced her fingers into his mouth to rub some inside there too. He winced and wrinkled his nose but couldn't avoid tasting it.

“Boy cum is so good. You'll learn to like it. You know your new daddy makes a lot of man cum, and he has to get rid of it every day too. I bet you'd like drinking it right out of daddy's big cock. His two little girls suck on his cock all the time, but you know what? He told me that he thinks you're a sissy, and it was his idea that I dress you up like a girl for punishment. But I don't think it's much of a punishment because I can tell you love to dress up in girlie clothes and shoot your cum in silky panties. I know he's going to love seeing you dressed up like a pretty little girl. In fact, I'm sure he'll get so excited that he'll give you lots and lots of his man cum to drink. That will be so exciting seeing you kneeling in front of your new daddy in a dress and pretty panties and sucking on his big cock while your baby sisters and I watch you do it. You are a lucky panty boy! Now, let's get going downstairs so your sisters can meet their new panty boy brother, and daddy will be home soon, so we can show him too!”

*Based on an excerpt from “Dr. Guenter Klow's Gallery of Women: Anita” #01199-P.*

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**"I don't care if you're gay or not, suck that cock!"**

The dark-haired young man stood there in the bedroom and looked down at the floor. He could not stand to look at his wife, not now, not after she had caught him. He was ashamed of himself because she had caught him wearing her bra and her panties. The blonde



wife looked her husband over and thought he looked cute, strangely sexy, but she didn't want to tell him that at this moment. She had to make him suffer a little first.

“Well, little girl,” she snarled, “so you like to wear girls' bras and panties?”

The man said nothing, but the shame rose in his throat. He sat on the edge of the bed next to her green satin cocktail dress that he had laid out. Obviously, he was getting ready to put it on when she came in and interrupted him. She picked it up and threw it at her husband.

“Put it on,” she said with a hiss in her voice. ‘Put it on, little girl. Let's see how you look in a dress too.’”

He caught the dress and just sat there staring at it. And he felt his cock getting harder and harder with lust in his panties. He looked at his blonde wife and he sensed she knew that making fun of him was turning him on. He was willing to do anything to please her, even out on a dress. In just lingerie he felt even more vulnerable than being naked. Putting on the dress would hide some of his embarrassment even though it would add a new level to his shame. As he held it, he didn't have to look at his wife to know she was laughing at him, even though she wasn't laughing loud enough for him to hear. He guessed she was saving her shrill, taunting and shaming laughter for an even more auspicious moment, a moment surely soon to come.

\* \* \*

Dick had never known his father, a worthless drunk who staggered out of the house one day and never returned leaving the infant boy to be raised by his mother, who always seemed tired and irritable, and Eileen, his older sister, a girl five years older than Dick. She hated him because for some reason she blamed him for making their father run off. Another baby at that point in their lives was too expensive to afford in the old man's eyes because it would cut into his drinking money.

Even though he knew his sister despised him, Dick tried to be friendly with her. She was a pretty girl who from an early age dated older men and fucked them too. She avoided her little brother as much as she could except for the times when she had to watch over him while their mother went off to her part-time job as a waitress at a banquet hall.

During one of those afternoons when Dick was fourteen years old, Eileen got drunk, started laughing and then turned on him and said, “I think that you would make a pretty girl, Dickie.

“Dick,” she muttered drunkenly. “Such a name! A man named Dick should be a stud. But you will never be a stud, Dickie.”

As she looked him over, he trembled with fear.

“You would make a good looking girl. You'll certainly never be a stud, so you might as well be a girl.”

Then she pulled him off the couch and dragged him into her bedroom. He was afraid of her, so when she told him to take off all his clothes, he did while she took some lingerie out of one of her drawers and threw them at him.

“Put this stuff on, Dickie. Put it on or I'll beat your fucking brains in.”

Dick stepped into the panties and pulled them up his boyish legs. Once they covered his cock and it was out of view, his sister seemed less agitated. He stopped, thinking for a second he had given her enough by putting on the panties, the soft pink panties she herself had worn.

As he felt the softness of those panties against his cock and balls, he remembered the night he had watched from his bedroom window as his sister and a man lying on the ground in their backyard, fondling each other and kissing. In the light of the moon, he could see the man holding his sister close and then he saw the man raise her skirt and touch her panties. These could well be the same pink panties!

Through his open bedroom window, Dick could hear Eileen giggle slightly as the man touched her between her legs. For the most part, he couldn't hear their lovemaking whispers, but he distinctly did remember hearing the word “hot.” And, now that he was wearing her panties, he felt hot too, very hot. The combination of the softness of the panties and the heat of that memory made his cock harden.

Eileen saw his stiffie and smiled and then snarled at him drunkenly, “You like it, don't you, little girl?” she asked. “I knew you were the type of sissy boy who would like wearing my panties. You're not a boy at all; you're a queer kind of girl.”

When she called him a girl, Dick's automatic reaction was to become angry at her, an anger that conquered his fear of his sister for a moment, and he yelled back at her, “I am a boy! I have a cock!”

Eileen laughed and said, “Shut up and put on this fucking bra! You're a girl in your heart!”

Dick did not deny his sister's words. Fear of his sister overtook him again, and he pouted and stuck out his lower lip as he put the bra on. He fumbled with it, and Eileen grew restless and staggered toward him.

“Helpless little girl,” she said slurring her words as she helped him on with the bra, hooking it in the back. She stumbled over to her dresser and pulled out two handfuls of panties and came back over to him and stuffed them into the bra and made it look like her little brother had nice, firm tits. From her closet she pulled out a dress, a bright, red summer dress. She turned and threw that dress at Dick.

“Put that on too, little girl, and don't you ever tell mom about this or I'll tell her you begged me to dress you up in my clothes. She knows you're a little faggot.”

Dick put the dress on slowly while protesting that he wasn't a fag. He knew he would never tell his mother about it. He rarely talked to his mother anyway. She was always too tired to talk to him, but most of all, he wouldn't tell her because he himself didn't really understand what was happening to him. He just knew that as he pulled the summer dress on over his head, his cock got harder and harder in his sister's panties. It got so hard that he thought it was going to burst right out of the panties.

After his sister moved behind him and zipped up the back of the dress, Dick got a look at himself in the mirror. His dark hair was long and curly, and he was surprised just how much he did look like a girl. He sighed with the pleasure the soft panties provided as they embraced his cock. He sighed even more when his sister, standing behind him, put her hands on his shoulders and leaned against him. He felt her real tits against his back. She ran her hands over his fake tits, the panty-filled tits that she had given him.

"You are such a pretty girl, Dickie," she said.

It was about the only compliment she had ever given him.

As he felt his sister's hands on him and listened to her soft words, he reacted to her dominance. She touched his stomach through the thin dress and moved her body against his back.

"You're such a pretty little girl, Dickie," she said again, murmuring in his ear as he looked at himself in the mirror. "You're so pretty. You're getting me all hot."

"Hot!" The word exploded in his brain. He was hot too, and the pressure in his cock in the panties made him even hotter.

"Oh-h-h-h-h, E-i-l-e-e-n," he moaned as she moved her hands down touched his cock through the dress and panties.

In Akron, Ohio, that afternoon, Dick was getting a royal introduction into a fetish for girls' clothes as Eileen touched his cock. He groaned with lust her touch through those sexy clothes.

"I not thinking of you as my brother, Dickie. I not even thinking of you as my sister. I'm just thinking of you as something that turns me on and makes me really hot!"

"Hot," groaned the boy in the red summer dress.

He put his arms around his sister and kissed her passionately. She kissed him back and forced his lips open with her tongue and tongue fucked him as she pushed his dress up and touched his panties. Dick remembered how that man had touched her out there on the back lawn, and now more than ever he understood then what she meant by 'hot.' Now, he was hot too, hot enough to fuck his own bitchy sister.

Eileen and Dickie fell back on the bed, and she pulled aside the leg of his panties to free his prick. She clutched it with her fingers and continued to kiss her brother. He smelled and tasted the liquor on her breath and lips, but he didn't mind it.

As they kissed, she steered him to the bed and then pulled aside her own panties and stuffed his hard cock meat into her cunt. Sissy or not, for very different reasons, they both needed this fuck: She needed to satisfy her nympho lust and the thrill of dominating her kid brother; he needed to satisfy his teenage lust but also reaffirm his masculinity -- even if he was satisfying it while dressed in his sister's bra and panties!

\* \* \*

Of course, Elizabeth knew nothing of this incident that had started her husband on the road to crossdressing in secret. After the initial shock of seeing her husband in her lingerie, Elizabeth moved away from the window. She had forgotten her front door key and had to go around to the back of the house to use the key they hid in the flower pot to get in the back door, and in the process of doing that she had passed their bedroom window and saw her husband playing with his cock while dressed in her lingerie. She had to admit he looked cute dressed like that. She looked him over and sighed and felt her pussy tingle with passion. He was thin and small and he wore his dark hair long. She had never admitted it to herself, but she now realized that he looked like a sissy even when he was dressed in his male clothes. But now, in her lingerie, he looked like a sexy girl.

Elizabeth didn't know quite what to do. She wanted to rush into her husband and tell him that she had seen him, that she did not mind at all that he liked to dress up like a woman. But she wondered if she could do that. After all, her husband had not told her about this secret life. Maybe he would be frightened or ashamed. She did not know how he would react to her seeing him while he was wearing her clothes.

The blonde leaned against the house and touched herself, felt her hot, quivering pussy through her dress. Elizabeth had an alternate sex life too. She had just returned from fucking Rod, their neighbor with a big cock, but now, after seeing her husband dressed like a sissy, she was getting turned on all over again thinking of her husband as a lingerie lover. She'd be more than willing to play lingerie games with him, and maybe they could have a lot of fun together if both of them had their secrets out in the open. Her mind was being flooded with all kinds of ideas of things she'd like to do with her sissy boy husband.

\* \* \*

Dick, now in shock and standing there in front of his wife in her bra and the panties, couldn't think of anything to say, she with her green eyes flashing. She was excited but somewhat in shock herself to be confronting her husband like this, but he misread her steely gaze as anger, and he couldn't look into her eyes. He put his head down, crouched down on the bed and tried to cover himself with his hands while he moaned and asked for forgiveness. She looked down at the bra. She stuck out a finger, flicked the elastic waistband of his panties, cleared her throat and then laughed. Dick cringed. His face red with shame.

“You look very pretty,” Elizabeth said. “I like you this way. You remind me of an old girlfriend I once had. She was very close to me.” Her voice was calm, almost soft with love, as she spoke to her husband.

When he heard that voice, Dick realized she didn't seem to be very upset at finding him in her lingerie, but still he was humbled to be caught in such an embarrassing position. He sat on the edge of the bed, hung his head in shame and pouted.

She pointed to her green dress next to him that he had laid out so neatly. Undoubtedly, he had been preparing to put it on too. She picked up the dress, threw it at him and said with a condescending smirk, “Put it on. Put it on, little girl. Let's see how you look in a dress too.”

He caught the dress and just sat there staring at it. And he felt his cock getting harder and harder with lust in his panties. Dick didn't know what to do for a moment. Elizabeth obviously accepted him the way he was, in her bra and panties. She even seemed to enjoy seeing him like that. And he looked at that sleek, green dress in his hands. He knew the dress would feel wonderful on his body, but he couldn't bring himself to put it on in front of Elizabeth.

When she saw his nervousness, Elizabeth understood his tension, but she knew she couldn't let him to get away with stalling. She had to take command of the situation.

“Girl. Girl. Sissy girl,” she teased.

Every word she said made him jerk as if she had struck him.

He sat there in shock and fear just holding the dress, but before he got a chance to break the spell of the moment, Elizabeth changed her mind and decided to give him another order, a harsh and cruel order.

“Stand up, little girl. Stand up and show me your fucking, little cock.”

Dick did stand up. He moved to his feet slowly and felt his knees tremble. He was afraid they were going to buckle with his fear and self-disgust, as he tasted the lipstick on his lips, but his excitement remained. His cock was still hard in the panties. And Elizabeth's harshness and command of the moment greatly contributed to his cock's hardness.

Elizabeth ran her fingers up and down his cock in the pink panties and scoffed him. “Such a little cock, little girl.”

Dick stood there and took the abuse. He liked being abused, and he suspected it thrilled Elizabeth too. She tugged up on the panties, pulled them up high around his waist, pulling them up hard enough to crush his balls in the panties between his legs. “Let's pull these panties up real good and make you look nice, little girl,” she snarled.

Dick looked at the panties too. He loved his wife's panties, but now they were being used against him, and he knew he deserved it. The panties felt soft and wonderful on his cock.

“Good,” Elizabeth said with a cruel smile, staring at her husband in her panties. “These are your panties now, shit face,” she said.

“What?” Dick did not understand what she meant.

“These are your panties now. I'm never going to wear them again, ya little pansy.”

“Uh...”

“Uh ... is that all you have to say?” she said, mocking him. Then she laughed with a cruel arid sexy sound. “What is the matter, little girl? I bet I know. I bet my little girl has never had a pair of panties of her very own. She has always had to borrow panties from other girls and women. But now you are lucky enough to have your own panties, your very own pink lacy panties. So this pair of panties will always be very special to you because they are the very first pair of your own panties; isn't that right, little girl?”

Dick stealthily touched the soft fabric and felt his cock underneath the panties. He didn't say anything to his wife. He just touched himself.

“Won't these pretty panties always be special to you, little girl?” his sexy blonde wife asked again.

She picked up her hairbrush, raised it in the air, menacingly, threatening to hit him.

“Yes,” Dick muttered.

“Yes what, you worthless, shitty, little girl?”

“Yes, these pretty panties will always be special to me.”

“Why?”

“Because ...” he paused. He didn't know what exactly she wanted him to say.

“Why,” she yelled, demanding an answer to her cruel question. “Why will they be special?”

“Because they were yours and now they are mine,” Dick said.

That was such a sweet thought, such a sweet thing to say. But she couldn't let him know that. She had to be even harsher with him. She had to show him he was nothing.

“Turn around,” she ordered.

“What?”

“Turn around! Turn your fucking, little panty girl butt towards me!”



Dick turned around and stood there, stood very still.

“Now,” the woman said, “bend over, you little pantywaist.”

“What?” he muttered with his back turned to her.

“Bend over! Bend over and grab your ankles!”

He did what she told him to do, and, when he did it, his ass was up in the air. His pantied ass, she thought, looking at that soft material and the tight buttocks under it. They weren't her panties any longer, they were his panties, she reminded herself. They would always be his panties, her husband's panties. And the blonde knew that she would have to go out right away and buy him some more panties. She would have to buy him a whole bunch of bras and panties and maybe even a couple of dresses. She sighed as she made plans to do that. But, even as she made plans, she moved up behind him and raised the hairbrush.

Just before she brought it down on his pantied bottom, she said softly, “I love you very much, but you've been naughty wearing my bra and panties and keeping it all a secret from me. You deserve to be spanked.”

And then she smacked his upturned pink panty ass hard with the hairbrush. He flinched and felt the tears come to his eyes. His wife loved him, he thought. She had just told him so. And now, as she smacked his ass again and again— now, as she gave him more punishment and more pain— now as she hit him with that crop, he knew she loved him truly, even loved him in her lingerie, dressed like a faggot sissy. In a strange way, as the pain in his butt increased with each smack of the hairbrush, it reassured him that only a wife who truly loved him could sense his innermost needs and do this to him. It was a punishment, but it was an act of love too. It was a sign Elizabeth was happy with him, perhaps happier at this moment than she had ever been before. She knew that Dick, her husband, now her slave, her girlfriend, whatever--would give her everything she desired.

And she desired being fucked often by Rod. He was so much more of a man than her puny husband. She had been fucking him for almost five months now. Dick was sure his wife was fucking Rod, but they never discussed it. He knew he didn't live up to what his wife expected of him in bed, so he didn't get upset or intervene when she started going out on him. He was a cuckold and he knew it; plus her time away from the house getting her three- and four-times-a-week fuck, gave him the time to play in her lingerie, which he had come to love a lot more than fucking her.

As her husband fell back on the bed moaning and breathing heavily from the hairbrush spanking she had just given him, Elizabeth took her cell phone out of her purse and called Rod.

“Hey, darling,” she said, “it was a great fuck we had this morning, but I need it again. Can you come over after dinner?”

--- “Yeah, that's right, come over to the house for a change. We can do it right here.”

--- “No, you don't have to worry about Dickie, he knows all about us, and he doesn't mind! In fact, he'll be here tonight when you fuck me, won't that be fun?”

--- “Yes, I'm sure. As I've told you before, Dickie is lousy in bed and he knows it, so he's just facing up to the fact, and he's delighted that you can take care of me in that department, so he doesn't have to do it!”

--- “So about seven?”

--- “OK, see you then, love.”

That afternoon, Elizabeth took Dick shopping. She bought him pair after pair of panties, and then added a couple of training bras and two slips. They ran out of time, but she promised him they'd be back on the weekend and get him some dresses and everything else they'd need for his new life-style.

Elizabeth decided the best way to handle this was to just be direct and forceful with both her husband and Rod.

“My husband loves to jack off in my panties,” Elizabeth said to Rod when he came in the door and saw Dickie standing in the middle of the living room wearing nothing but a pair of his wife's pink panties. “I just found out today.”

“And it's OK with you?” Rod asked, appearing a little puzzled.

“Absolutely!” she replied. “It's the ticket that will make everything work beautifully between us. No more sneaking off to your place or hiding our relationship. Dickie has known for a long time, but I didn't want to rub it in his face--so to speak--even though I always did enjoy literally rubbing my pussy in his face after you fucked me. I found it strangely exciting making him eat my sloppy pussy filled with your big cum deposits. He had to have known that all the slop in my pussy wasn't just my juices.”

“No shit!” Rod said. “He jacks off in your panties, huh? Is he a faggot?”

“Not in the least,” the blonde said. “He just likes to dress up in lingerie. It thrills him when he feels the soft material against his body, and it thrills me when I see him like that.”

“Rod, have you ever worn women's lingerie? Dickie tells me he loves how it feels on his cock and balls.”

“Um, well, actually I did once. My mom dressed me up as a girl for Halloween. I haven't really thought much about it since, that was twenty some years ago ... yeah, she had this crazy idea and dressed me up as Minnie Mouse with the polka dot dress, lacy slip, bloomer panties hanging out and all that ... yeah, the panties did feel pretty good. But that's just because they were made of nylon. Hell, if I wanted to get that feeling again, I'd just buy some men's underwear in nylon. It was the fabric that did it not that they were girls' panties or anything. I remember that, but I

haven't worn them or any nylon underwear since! They didn't really do anything for me. That was the only time I let my mother do something like that. I'm a boy for god's sake; I'm not gay, and I sure as hell didn't want to be a god damn girl!”

Elizabeth said in surprise, “A god damn girl, huh?”

Rod didn't seem to take note, but Dick did. He knew his wife was offended by that “god damn girl” comment. Her vengeful mind was hard at work. She needed a little thinking time.

“How about we all have a drink, OK?” the sexy blonde asked.

“Sure,” Rod said, beaming with a smile. “Straight vodka. No ice. No nothing.”

“No nothing, huh?” she repeated. “Nice English!”

“Wouldn't even use a glass if I didn't have to,” big Rod muttered, smiling and acting very proud of himself.

He acted like he had made points with her telling about wearing that Halloween costume as a kid and then making it sound like he was man enough that it had absolutely no effect on him. He looked at Dick in his wife's bra and panties and chuckled. He looked at Elizabeth, walked over to her and gave her a long, hot kiss, both of them kissed with their mouths fully open, and it made her husband feel quite uncomfortable. She was certainly something, Rod thought. Yeah, she was cute and sexy, but there was something else about her, something he sensed. He could tell she was a woman who wouldn't take shit off anybody. So he decided not to shit around with her. He came right out and asked, “You want to fuck?”

Dick just stared at him. He could not believe the nerve of this man, but he was stunned even more when Rod opened his pants and said to Dick, “Hey, pantywaist, take a look at this. This is why they call me 'Big Rod,’” he said as he pulled out a half-hard cock that Dick thought looked to be at least a foot long.

Elizabeth smiled. “So I guess now you know why I prefer sex with Rod, BIG ROD!” Then she turned to Rod and said, “Dick makes a cute girl in his bra and panties, doesn't he?”

“Yeah, almost looks good enough to fuck.”

“That's what I was thinking too,” she said. “How about you give my crossdressing husband a little sample of that horse cock of yours and shove it up his ass?”

“No way!” Dick half yelled. “You know I'm not gay, honey.”

“But you'd do it if I told you to do it, wouldn't you?”

“Well, but, gees, honey...”

Rod quickly added, “Well, I don't know about him, but I ain't gay, like I said, I'm not gay. Get somebody else to fuck your pansy husband.”

Dick sat there embarrassed, but the shame of this whole line of conversation also excited him.

“Holy shit! Your pantywaist husband has a hard on! He IS a fag! No wonder you need me to fuck you!”

Dick protested, “No, I not gay either! I'm not gay,” but his cock was erect and battling the soft panties he had on. He was fighting to hold back his tears.

“So how about if I have my husband give you a blowjob?”

“Honey, no, please, p-l-e-a-s-e!” Dick pleaded with his wife.

“Shut up! If I want you to suck cock, you'll suck cock!”

He sucked in his breath to stifle his tears. He saw the little sparkle in Elizabeth's green eyes. She twitched her upturned nose slightly, and he knew her well enough to know that she wanted it to happen, and he felt so owing to her, so submissive to her that he knew he'd do whatever she wanted. Then she looked at Big Rod again.

“You yourself said he looked almost good enough to fuck, so how about you just let my little Dickie suck on your big dickie a little bit?”

“Shit! You want me to do that? I dunno. I ain't gay...”

“Yeah, I know, you've already said that about a dozen times. Now, just because a guy sucks on your cock, that doesn't make you gay. Come on, do it for me, baby. Let him warm you up, and then you can fuck me all night long!”

“OK, you can have him kiss my big cock. I'll take it as a sign of respect and his acknowledgment that I'm the man doing the job he should have been doing all along, but since I'm not gay, I'm sure I won't even get a hard on, even if he's as talented as a times Square hooker. I know I won't get hard.”

Elizabeth put her hand on her husband's shoulder and gently pushed downward. He knelt.

“Take his cock in your hands.”

With tears in his eyes, he did, but then immediately let go. “Honey, p-l-e-a-s-e-, I-I can't!”

“You can, and you will! I'll tell you what. Rod, why don't you put on a pair of panties? My hubby is gaga over women's panties, so if you put on a pair of my panties, I know he'd be a lot less reluctant to kiss you cock if it were in a nice pair of my silky panties.”

“What?”

“Come on, do it for me, my big man! Show me you're man enough not to fear putting on a nice pair of my panties. Besides, it won't be the first time you put on panties, you already told us that. And we know you're not gay, so show us that you're not homophobic. Just put these on, baby,” she said, as she pulled a pair of panties out one of the bags from the lingerie shopping trip she had been on that afternoon with Dick.

He felt cornered by his own words, so he agreed. “You know I'm only doing this because you're one great fuck. So let's get this over with!”

They were pale green panties with a narrow white waist elastic and a neat edging of pink lace.

Elizabeth brought Rod and her husband close together, but before she could get her husband to touch the man's cock, it was swelling up in the green panties.

“It ‘won't get hard,’ huh?” she said with a bit of mocking evil in her voice.

“Damn,” Rod mumbled, “it must be the god damned nylon, fucking shit would get any guy hard.”

“Oh, I just had an idea, I'll be right back.” Elizabeth ran off to the bedroom and moments later returned with something in her hands. She hurriedly stripped off her clothes, all except the pale purple panties with white lace that she was wearing. Both men looked at her lithe young body, and it made their pantied erections even more erect and ready.

“If both my guys are just in panties, I suppose I should be just in my panties too, and do I ever have a surprise for you,” she said as she slipped her panties down to the base of her belly and strapped a harness around her waist and through her legs. Both men watched in wonder as she took a pair of scissors, cut a little hole in the front of her panties and then picked up a huge plastic cock, inserted it into the hole and screwed it onto the harness.

“Don't look at me so weird, guys! It's just a little joke gift one of the girls gave me a long time ago at my wedding shower. I never knew I'd find a use for it. Now we're all alike, all in nylon panties, and all of us have a cock – some big and some small!” She laughed at her own joke, but both guys weren't laughing. Both of them were wondering exactly what she planned on doing with that big fake cock sticking out of her purple panties. They became even more apprehensive when she opened a jar of Vaseline and greased up the big plastic cock. “Relax, guys, well, at least, Rod, you can relax, but my dear hubby, I'm going to fuck you in the ass while you are giving Rod a blowjob.”

“Honey, don't do that, I'm a virgin, a virgin back there.”

“So it's OK for you to break my cherry and fuck me whenever, and now I can't fuck you! Let's put an end to this double-standard, OK?”

Rod shook his head, and Dick looked away in resignation.

“OK, Dickie, get to work,” she said.

Dick knew what she wanted him to do.

“Touch Rod's cock in his green panties, It's making a fine show of itself, isn't it?”

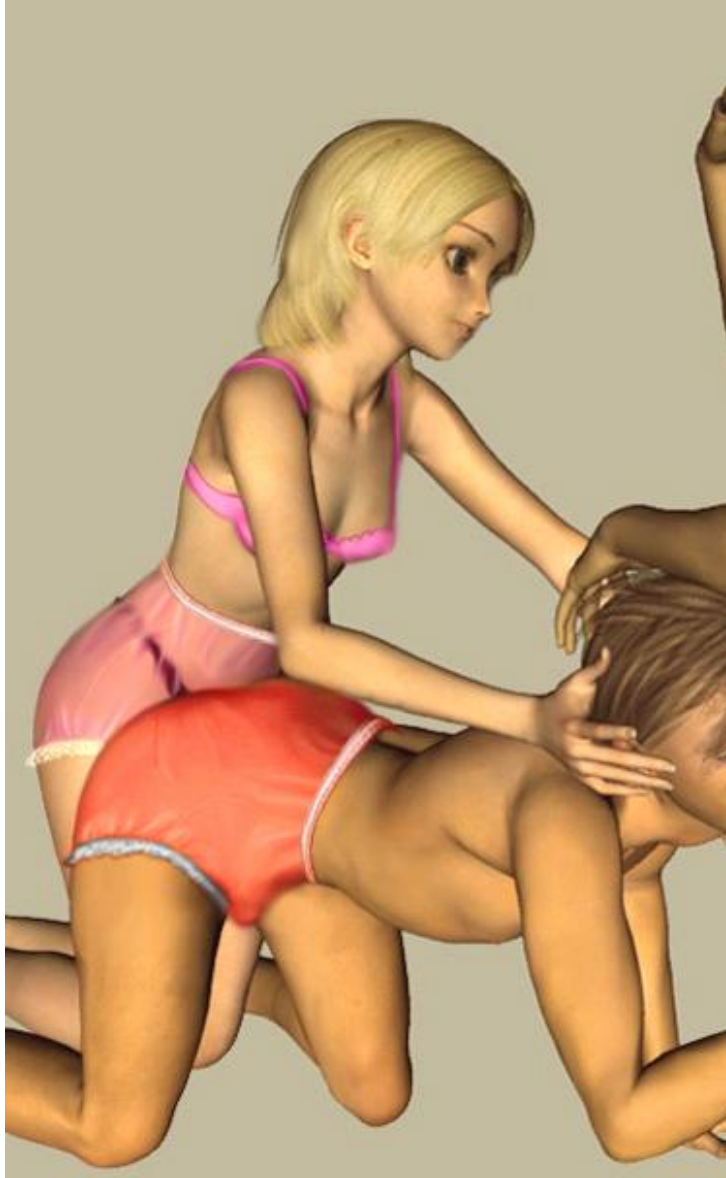
Dick touched the man's cock. It was the first time in his life he ever touched another man's cock. But he was experienced in handling his own cock, so he knew how to stroke Rod's penis to further excite him. Elizabeth shoved his head forward, and Dick kissed Rod's long cock, and then put the tip of it in his mouth and he suck on it through the green nylon panties. Elizabeth did not miss the fact that her husband's penis, though a lot smaller than Rod's, remained hard in his pink panties.

Rod sucked in his breath. His gasping revealed that he was quite excited. Elizabeth didn't say another word. Both of the guys couldn't look at her. They were both shamed that she was able to control them to the point of getting them into this position. But then Rod was not just gasping from embarrassment, he was breathing irregularly and heavily – he was sexually excited – very excited. Moments later, he was shooting a load of cum through the panties and into Dick's mouth!

*Based on "Her Night on Top" #01034-P.*

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## **Taking Her Anger Out on Her Son**

At 27, Clara was quite beautiful. A tall, well fleshed woman with nice breasts and long firm legs, she would have attracted any normal male, but her sexual tastes were a little different ever since she had been raped at 15 and had a son as the product of that most disgusting criminal act.

For the most part, Danny was a good boy, and she was good to him, but her hatred toward men sometimes got in the way of her love for him, especially whenever he did something bad or something that got on her nerves. So the boy learned to stay out of her way and not do anything

to upset her. He did love his mother, maybe a bit too much because he began to envy her beauty and he had an undue interest in her clothes. At times when he was alone in the house for a few minutes, he'd sneak into her bedroom, go into her closet and open her dresser drawers to run his hands over her clothes and admire them. He could hug the clothes and pretend his mother was in them. It was very soothing to the sensitive and high-strung twelve-year-old boy.

He had recently discovered the joys of her dirty panties; he fell in love with playing with them and sometimes even trying them on and wearing them under his own clothes for a while. Those were always very scary moments, but sensationally exciting moments because he feared being caught wearing the panties by his mother.

Then one day, he went into her bathroom and got a pair of her panties to play with. He found a pair of pink panties. Pink and black must have been her favorite colors because she had a lot of pink and black panties.

As he inhaled her pussy-scented panties, he unzipped his pants with his other hand, reached in and started stroking himself. He didn't have to worry about his mother interrupting him for a long time because she was on the phone, and she always talked for a long time when she was on the phone with one of her girlfriends. But then he was shocked to all of a sudden hear her coming down the hallway. If she came into her bedroom, he'd be trapped in her bathroom, and that's exactly what happened. All he could do was hide behind the half-open bathroom door and hope she didn't come into the bathroom.

She didn't. Instead she closed her bedroom door and sat on her bed sipping a drink she had brought with her. Danny could see her through the narrow crack between the door and door frame on the side of the door by the hinges. He watched her as she set down the drink, stretched herself out on her bed, raised her dress and put her right hand down inside her shiny black panties. With a long, beautifully manicured finger, she began to stimulate herself. Danny couldn't believe what he was seeing, and his cock became harder than ever before. He still had the pair of her pale pink panties in his hand and he brought them up to his nose and inhaled the aroma his mother had left on them. He just had to massage his cock.

Clara stopped fingering herself and sat upright when she heard an unexpected small noise that came from her bathroom. Danny had been so excited that he couldn't remain quiet even though he crushed the panties against his nose and mouth to prevent himself from making a sound. He closed his eyes and didn't move a muscle, hoping she'd disregard the noise he had made and go back to frigging herself. But it was too late. She had heard him. He froze in position and that's how she found him with his one hand in his trousers and his other hand holding her panties up to his face.

Clara was shocked to see her son standing there like that. He trembled, knowing she was going to punish him for invading her privacy.

"You dirty little boy," she snapped from the doorway as she looked at little Danny who looked up with a gasp of shock.

“You're going to be soundly spanked for this.”

“I . . . I'm sorry, Mommy. I was only...

“You were only playing with your dick?” she snapped. “And what are you doing with my panties? Have you jerked off in my panties?”

“No, honest, Mommy! I was just holding them.”

“So you were sniffing my panties were you?” she mocked. “Well I'm going to give you something to sniff about and to cry about too. Imagine this, my dirty little boy sniffing mommy's panties and playing with his dick.”

“Oh please, Mommy, don't spank me. You know how it makes me cry when you spank me on my bare bum.”

“Yes, I do know and that's just what I'm going to do,” the woman said, her tone firm as she walked to the dresser, opened the top drawer and took out a leather soled slipper and an old fashioned wooden-backed hair brush. “See these?” she asked as she held them up for him to see. “You remember them. They're my little punishers and they're going to make your bum cheeks very red and very hot. I'll teach you what to expect when you're tempted to sniff mommy's panties and play with your prick. You were going to shoot your cream into my panties,” Clara asked, “weren't you, you dirty little boy?”

“Yes, Mommy,” he admitted with tears in his voice.

“Imagine,” she snapped with disapproval. “Think of how messy it would be if I put those panties on without noticing and got sticky cream all over my pussy and bottom?”

“I'm sorry, Mommy. I won't do it again. Please give me another chance,” he pleaded, tears welling up in his blue eyes.

“I'm sure you will do it again and I have no intention of giving you another chance. I'm going to take you on my lap and give you a sound spanking on your bare bum.

“Shut up! Now strip naked, and get ready for one of the hardest spankings you've ever had,” Clara shouted.

Blushing and already starting to cry, he began to undress. Danny had a girlishly smooth body without a trace of hair. As he pushed his pants down, his penis bulged in the front of the pale pink nylon panties he had on underneath his boy clothes.

“Why, you degenerate little thief! You stole another pair of my panties, and you're wearing them! That will mean additional spanks for you. Look, you filthy little pervert, there's a circle of your cum on my panties. Your ass will pay dearly for that.”

She had never thought of such a thing before, but all of a sudden the idea of seeing her darling little boy in her panties and stretched out across her lap for a spanking excited her – sexually excited her!

“No, on second thought, instead of smacking you on your bare bottom, maybe I'll make you keep my panties on for your spanking since you seem to like them so much.”

There was more sobbing and pleading on his part, and more firmness on her part. It was almost turning into a game for her.

“Please, mommy, don't spank me. I didn't mean to hurt your panties. I'm sorry.”

He was trembling in her silky panties, and she noticed the circle of his precum getting a little bigger.

As she sat on the padded, armless chair, Clara put the spanking implements down on a low table, slightly behind the chair so they would be ready to pick up and use, then she spoke sharply to her terror-stricken victim and had him stand between her parted knees.

Still scolding and threatening the sobbing youth, Clara slowly pulled his panties down to check out his penis. It leaped up and she saw it twitching in anticipation. She licked her lips in anticipation, still not having decided whether to keep his panties up or down for his spanking. She pulled the panties back up and decided she'd do both. Then she was going to masturbate him and have his semen spurt into her lovely nylon panties, now all distorted out of shape by his hard little cock.

Danny sobbed more loudly as she threatened some more as she closed a gentle hand around his upstanding pantied cock and he trembled violently.

“I didn't give you permission to get a hard-on, you dirty little boy. Make your cock go soft at once,” she added and gave it a few exciting, slow masturbatory pulls.

“I can't, mommy,” he sobbed. “I can't make my dick get soft.”

“Is that so? Well then, get across my thighs with your prick tucked between my legs. We'll see if I can get it soft by spanking your bottom good and hard.”

She wondered if he'd shoot off on her thighs during his spanking. That would be exciting too, she thought.

Clara was in no hurry. As she felt his hard little thing throbbing between her warm thighs, she played with his excitingly plump, smooth, girlish behind through the slinky nylon of her panties he was wearing. He moaned in response to her panty massage of his butt, and she admired how girlish he looked and anticipated the thrill of making his white bottom turn into a fiery pink, or even a red darker than her panties.

He squirmed and kicked and cried over her lap.

When she was ready, she raised her open right hand and paused, then brought it down in a stinging spank. Danny gave a loud cry and again begged for another chance. Instead he got another spank, this time on the other cheek, her strong hand slid over his sleek panties and squeezed the spanked spot.

While Clara scolded and he cried and rubbed his body on her lovely big thighs, she gave him a long, brisk spanking which caused a heavy sheet of tears to flow. Between every few smacks, she pulled down his panties in back and checked to see his ass cheeks turn to warm pink and then a darker pink. She paused and reached for the slipper with the thin leather sole.

“Oh, please, mommy, no more,” Danny pleaded, tears in his voice. “Please don't spank me with your slipper.”

SLAP! The sound rang through the room like a pistol shot and his cry immediately followed. SLAP, the hard leather came down on his other cheek and Clara paused to take a peek down his panties at his butt now getting quite red.

SLAP ... SLAP ... SLAP ... the leather sole bounced off his butt time and again as Clara went on scolding and spanking him, delightfully aware of his stiff penis throbbing between her thighs while her repentant victim cried and squirmed.

“So you want ... SLAP ... SLAP ... to sniff my panties ... SLAP ... SLAP ... and wear my panties and play with your hard dick in them ... SLAP ... SLAP ... do you? SLAP. . . SLAP. . . Is that what you want?” SLAP ... SLAP.

“Well, I'll teach you a lesson you won't . . . SLAP . . . soon forget ... Take this . . . and this ... and this . . . Take it on your ass in my panties, like this ... and this ... and this . . . SLAP . . . SLAP . . . SLAP!”

While the sounds of spanking and crying filled the room, Clara felt his hard dick throbbing more and more strongly and felt it expand as he jerked and bounced over her lap. Then she felt his semen spurting right through her panties he had on and onto the warm nest of her silken thighs.

Dropping the slipper, she fondled his buttocks while spurt after spurt shot from his penis until he was totally drained.

As she held him on her lap, allowing him time to regain his composure, Clara felt the thick fluid oozing in the warm space between her thighs as she played with his hot, red buttocks. He was still sobbing and sniffing and gently thrusting his hips against her thighs.

“Now then, you naughty little boy,” Clara said as she lightly spanked his red behind, “it's about all this cream you shot over my lap. How dare you drain your prick on me like that? You're not only a panty pervert; you're a sick sissy boy who can't even hold back from spurting on his own mother's lap! You're disgusting, now lick it up!”

“Wha...what, mommy? I'm sorry, Mommy. I didn't mean to do it. Really!”

“Shut up you little panty freak,” she said as she pushed him off her lap and pointed to the stickiness on her thighs. “Start licking or your butt will be so sore, you won't be able to sit down for a month! Get going, now, my hairbrush is waiting!”

He couldn't hold back his tears; now his tears came from the humiliation of what she was demanding he do rather than from the pain in his butt. He grimaced, but crawled between her legs and started licking his boy juice dripping from her inner thighs. All the while he licked, he got a generous view up her skirt at her black panties and he could smell her drooling fresh pussy juice into those panties.

“Yeah, go ahead and look up my skirt, you little panty freak. Take a good look and then you can think about it while I punish you again for your naughtiness.”

“Oh, Mommy, you're not going to spank me again, are you?” he asked dreading additional punishment.

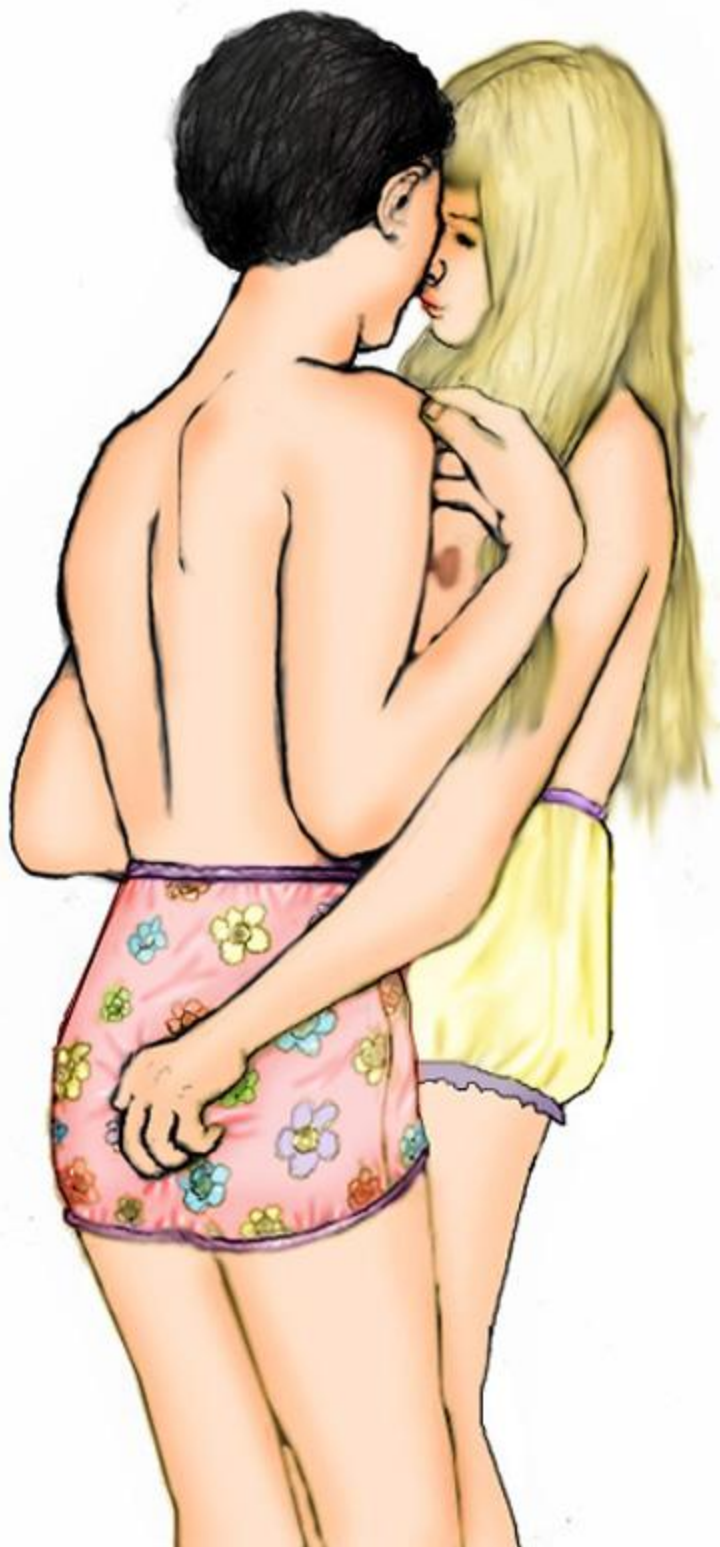
“Of course, I'm going to punish you some more. And this time, I'll do it with my hairbrush. You were a bad boy to shoot cream all over my panties and thighs.”

But she was too excited to do any more spanking at the moment. And he was so excited too, so she just held him in her arms and jerked him off in his pink panties until he shot a second round of his cum through the panties and high into the air. At that moment, she loved at least one male more than she had ever loved any person in her life. This dominant abusive mother and her sissy panty-wearing son with his frequently well-spanked bottom were gong to have a great life together.

*Based on "Boys for Bed" by Dr. Guenter Klow #01187-P.*

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## Gypsy Sex Lessons

Paul and his wife were descendents of Gypsies and their heritage was evident when it came to teaching their kids about sex. Twelve-year-old Hal and eleven-year-old Heather sat silently and totally engrossed on the loveseat in the master bedroom. They had just watched their parents make love.

“OK, the show is over,” Paul said. “We can talk all about it tomorrow. Right now it's time to get you kids to bed.”

He ushered them out of the master bedroom and into the bedroom the kids shared.

“Wait a minute,” he said before leaving them to go back to eating his creampie out of his wife's cunt, “you two are probably pretty turned on by what you just saw, and I don't want you two trying what you just saw me do with your mother. That could get Heather knocked up, so Hal, take your cock out.

The boy blinked in surprise.

“Come on, come on, get it out,” he snapped. “In fact both of you take all your clothes off. Heather, you can keep your panties on, but I also want you to go get a pair of your dirty panties out of the laundry basket.”

Both children were startled but knew they had to obey their father; so shyly, they obeyed. As soon as Heather was naked all except for her lemon yellow nylon panties with purple lace around the legs, she ran and got the dirty pair of flowered pink panties she had worn that day. She blushed as she handed them to her daddy.

Hal was naked now too. Their daddy pushed the boy's hands away so they could see his prick standing up in front of him.

“Have you ever touched a boy's prick? And seen one that's standing up all hard like Hal's prick is doing right now?” Paul asked her.

“I've helped changed little baby boys' diapers sometimes. I touched baby cousin Davy's penis a few times. Sometimes it stands up hard, and he breaths real funny like when I rub it. I know he likes it.”

“Good girl. You're learning. Well, I'm going to teach you how to handle a prick because when a boy gets to be around Hal's age, his body starts making the juice that makes babies in a woman, and if a boy doesn't get rid of that juice every day or two, he can't be trusted alone with a girl. He might want to stick his prick in a woman or girl and fuck her until he shoots his juice out, like

you just saw me do to your mother. And once that juice is inside you, it could start a baby growing inside you. Now, it's OK for mommies and daddies to make babies, but not little girls like you, Heather. You don't want to make babies until you're older and get married.”

Heather nodded.

“See how Hal's cock is hard? Well, when it's hard, he wants to fuck a girl and shoot his baby juice, and he might not be able to stop himself because boys don't think very clearly when they have a hard cock, and they might try to fuck the first girl they can find. Well, we don't want him to make a baby in you, so he has to get rid of his juice somehow, and I'll show you how to help him do it. It's like a safety valve. As long as your brother has a hard-on, there's a risk that he'll try to stick his cock up your virgin cunt. We can't have that, not tonight anyway. Soon, we'll teach you how you two can fuck each other without taking a chance on making babies, but you need to learn a lot more about sex first. But right now I want to teach you how to jerk off your brother.”

Heather made a funny face and was reluctant, but Paul was persistent and in a few seconds, Heather was giggling as she held her brother's hard tool in her hand, and Paul had his hand over hers as he showed her how to masturbate the boy.

“A girl's dirty nylon panties can help a lot. They're silky soft and feel good and smell good to a boy. And when a boy's cock is hard and sticking up, and you don't want him to fuck you, you can take a pair of your dirty panties or just take off the panties you have on and let him smell them while you take his cock in your hand like we're doing ... slowly pulling it, we do it nice and smooth, that's it, start out nice and slow ... you got it!

“Here, Hal,” Paul said, handing the boy his sister's flowered nylon panties, redolent with her body aromas. “Have a good smell of your sister's panties. A girl has a weird but wonderful smell in her cunt. You need to get used to it.”

Hal gingerly held the panties to his nose and took a little whiff. Then at his father's urging, he put them up closer to his nose and inhaled deeply. He winced and coughed a bit.

“Just keep taking deep breaths. You'll soon begin to love the smell of your sister's panties. In fact, ever girl and woman's pussy smells a little different, you'll get to love them all.

“You can also rub the panties on your prick. That feels really good. Go ahead and try it.”

Heather had been lightly stroking his hard cock, but took her hand away so Paul could drape the panties over his son's dick. Then he took the boy's hand and showed him how to give himself a good panty hand fuck. Hal beamed. It was obvious he loved the feel of rubbing silky nylon panties on his cock meat.

“Hold down, boy,” Paul warned. “I know the panties feel great, but don't shoot off just yet. We can make it feel even nicer if instead of you doing it, a girl does it for you.

“OK, Heather, now you rub your panties over Hal's cock. ... That's it. The silky nylon of your panties feels really great on his penis, and a boy likes it even better if a girl rubs her panties on his cock. Now, when he's ready to shoot, you'll be able to feel his cock throb in your hand. He's doing it now, can you feel it?”

Paul had Heather pause for a moment and just hold her brother's prick without stroking. She enthusiastically nodded her head.

“Oh, I can feel it throb, daddy!” She had a big grin on her face. She was taking this sex lesson very seriously. She loved making her big brother all excited in her panties.

“Now that he's getting ready to shoot, make sure you have your panties covering the end of his penis, so all his cream ends up in the panties instead of making a mess and shooting all over the place.”

“Daddy, maybe Hal should just put on my panties if he likes them so much? Shouldn't he just put them on, huh?”

Paul was taken back a bit. “Wear them, huh? I don't know. Some boys like to do that, but ... Well, what the hell ... If he wants to ... Hal do you want to put your sister's panties on?”

Paul and Heather were talking about jerking him off, but Hal wasn't really listening. His eyes were rolling back up into his head with all of this teasing of his cock. He was on the verge of cumming and didn't care what they did to him. He just wanted them to get back to jerking him off so he could shoot his cum.

“Please, please ... I gotta cum ....”

Heather took that for a ‘yes’ and opened the waistband of her dirty flowered panties and held them by her brother's feet. He hurriedly stepped into them and moaned as she whisked them right up his legs. They were a little tight on him, but the stretchy nylon easily went up over his thighs and hips. His tight butt looked great in her lacy pink panties with the little pink satin bows on each hip. In front, his penis pushed out the nylon panties.

Paul put his hand on his son's panties penis. It was harder than ever.

“Gosh, son, I guess you like wearing your sister's panties. I never would have thought ... Here, Heather, now play with your brother's penis through the panties.”

Heather's hand replaced her father's hand, and she jerked her brother's tool, her nervousness was replaced by excitement.

“Now, get close together, kiss your brother, and to make it all that much more exciting, rub your nipples against his. Great. Now reach your hand behind him and rub you fingers up and down his ass crack through the panties.”

Heather pulled her lips away from Hal's and said, "I can really feel his penis pressing up against me through both of our panties. It's really throbbing a lot, daddy."

"I can see it jumping around like crazy between you in the panties. You're doing a great job, honey."

Hal grunted, his knees sagged and he bent forward as he jerked his hips in a fucking motion, fucking himself against his little sister's hand jerking on him between the two of them in smooth nylon panties. Then he gave a series of final gasps, tensed, and pumped a big charge into the panties. Then he fell back onto the bed, racing to catch his breath as he eased back from the best orgasm of his young life. Unconsciously, he was fingering the lace and silky fabric of the nylon panties he was wearing, and he was just awakening to the fact that he was wearing his sister's panties and she had jerked him off in them. It had felt wonderful, but now he started to feel really weird about it. He was wearing panties! In front of his sister and his father, and he had been so excited, he had shot his cum into them.

"Wow! Hal really took to your panties, didn't he honey?" Paul said to his daughter. "Look at his cum all over the front of your sexy panties and soaking through the nylon. You really did a great job on him, Heather. Now, like I said, you have to keep his cum away from your pussy lips, so be careful."

She was standing there awestruck, staring between her father and her cum-coated hands, her fingers dripping wet.

"See what you did to Hal? You made him shoot his cum into your panties. Now that baby juice you don't want to get anywhere near your pussy because it could make you pregnant, but you can lick it off your hands. It won't hurt you. In fact, it's good to eat, and eating it won't make you pregnant. It's a little salty tasting, but I know you'll get to like it, just like Hal got to like the smell of your hot little cunny on your panties. "Go ahead and taste it, baby."

Now staring intently at her dripping wet fingers, she slowly brought them to her lips and tentatively stuck out her tongue and took a little taste. She sighed, and before she had a chance to really think about the taste, her daddy pushed her cummy fingers right into her mouth. She groaned not only from getting a mouthful of her boy cummy fingers but also from what her father was doing to her.

In all the excitement, he couldn't help himself. Throughout this brother-sister sex game, he had his hands all over his daughter as he coaxed her on, and at some point, he had started to fondle her ass cheeks through her darling yellow little girl panties, and now he had moved his hand between her legs and was fingering her little girl pussy lips from behind.

"You're a fast learner. You're going to know all about sex in no time. You did a fantastic job on your brother with your panties. And your idea to have him wear the panties was awesome. Now I think you deserve a little reward. Get up on the bed beside Hal. He can watch and learn as I give your little cunt a good night kiss. Come on, don't be afraid. I'm just going to kiss it real nice."

Heather resisted only a little as Paul eased her down onto the bed and parted her legs. Hal was staring at her, obviously still highly aroused, and still wearing her panties. He was just as hard as before and stroking himself again through the pink flowered lace panties as he watched his father do more than just kiss the little girl's pussy, he had her moaning and groaning and squirming as he ate her pussy until she was strung out with the most incredible sensations she had ever felt. She had her first orgasm, a big one, and then it was over.

As Paul got up to return to his wife in their bedroom, he noticed Hal's erection tenting up his pink panties. "Oh, dear," Paul said, "Heather, I see that your brother is hard again in your panties. I think you might have to jack him off again in your panties – that's what they call it – jacking off. Go ahead and do it again, and then both of you can put on fresh panties and get some sleep. Hal I think it would be a good idea for you to start wearing nylon panties all the time. Seeing how hard you get in them, I'm sure you want to, don't you son? I know your mom would love having you wearing girls' panties. She often told me, she thinks you would make a pretty girl, and she always had this sense about you that you'd grow up to be a cocksucker. Good night, kids."

*Based on "Boys for Bed" by Dr. Guenter Klow #01187-P.*

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## Panty Addicted

I walked into my bedroom and found my eleven-year-old brother in my closet digging through boxes of my old clothes and trying them on. He had on an old cancan slip I used to wear under my party dresses. Beside him was a pile of my old panties and it looked like he had been trying on every pair. Davy always was a wimp and a mama's boy, but now, I knew he was a pathetic panty-addicted sissy boy. I had learned about such things in my psychology classes on sex, learned how many young teenage boys are fascinated with lingerie, and here was a textbook example of it right before my eyes.

I kept my cool, but he started to cry audibly.

“You know you're a sissy for doing this. Everybody would call you a sissy if they knew you liked to dress up in my clothes. Hold up the slip. I'm sure you're wearing a pair of my panties too. You are, aren't you?”

He nodded. Tears streamed down his face as he pulled the slip all the way up to his shoulders. Sure enough he had panties on, the pink ruffled panties that matched the slip.

“Pink panties, I could have guessed. What a fucking pantywaist you are. You don't want people to know this about you, do you?”

He wiped tears from his face, swallowed and struggled to hold back his sniffing. “Sis, I'm sorry for wearing your clothes. But they're so pretty. I know I'm a sissy. I love you, and I don't want you to be mad at me.”

“Are you gay? A faggot? A cocksucker?”

“Oh, no, sis! I love girls, and you and mom and all women and girls. But I love wearing girls' clothes too. And I love wearing girls' panties the best.”

“Panties, huh? Do you jerk-off in them?”

“Uh, I'm sorry, sis. Really, please...”

“You're pathetic! My own brother! And he wants to wear my old party panties! Aren't you afraid I'll tell mom and dad and everybody about you, you little jerk-off panty thief?”

He let out a small burst of tears, but then stifled his sobs, gathered himself, and much to my surprise, he admitted out loud, “Don't be mad at me, sis, but I want to wear your pretty panties all the time. You don't wear these old panties anymore. May I have them? Please...?”

“Wear them all the time? If you go around wearing panties all the time, people will find out. How are you going to hide it from mom and dad and hide it from the kids at school? Actually, I think it's pretty funny. Seeing you in my old slip and panties makes me want to laugh at you and call you sissy names. What do you think of that, you sneaky little pantywaist?”

“I don't care, sis. I don't care who knows I wear panties. In fact, I want everybody to know that I'm a sissy boy and that I wear my big sister's panties. If you give me your panties, you can make fun of me in your panties. Make me show your girlfriends that I'm wearing your panties and let them laugh at me too. Take me to a lingerie store, buy frilly panties for me and tell the sales girls the panties are for me and then show them the panties I'm wearing. Make me try on the panties you buy for me right in the store and let the sales ladies and anyone else in the store see me in the panties as I try them on. Make me put on big silky panties like old ladies wear and frilly rhumba panties like baby girls wear. Make me wear mommy's panties and make me show her that I'm wearing them. Make me tell daddy I'm a sissy and want to wear panties and make me ask him for money so I can buy a lot of girls' clothes for myself, including a big supply of my own fancy panties.”

“My, oh, my! All that and you don't suck cock?”

“No, sis, I don't do that. I just want to wear panties and dresses and everything girls wear.”

“Davy, if you go around wearing girls' clothes, people will think you are a queer, and some guys will attack you and fuck your face.”

“No, I don't do that, sis, but I really don't care. I just want to wear panties and girls' stuff.”

“So that's what you want, huh, even if some mean boys make you get on your knees and make you suck on their cocks until their slime goes shooting down your throat?”

“Will they let me wear my panties?”

“Shit, yes, they'll let you wear your fucking panties.”

“OK.”

“You're pathetic. Sure you can have all my old clothes, consider it a starter wardrobe for you. I can use the room in my closet anyway.”

“Oh, thank you, sis. Thank you!”

“No problem. So I guess I have to get used to having a little sister instead of a little brother, huh?”

He didn't answer. He just kept hugging me. He was crying, but I could tell they were tears of joy, not of shame or guilt. Let me tell you, it's pretty strange hugging your brother when he's wearing panties and a cancan petticoat, even if you know he's a sissy. Oh, well, I knew I could handle it.

And at that very moment, I kind of liked the idea, but I still had a lot of sisterly disdain for my kid brother. A girl with a wimp brother knows what I mean, like he's an embarrassment to even be around. Well, maybe I could make something of this. I had an idea.

“Stay right here, I'll be back in a minute. And keep your slip up. If you like panties so much, I'm sure you love showing them off to me.”

I went to our parents' bedroom, rummaged through mother's lingerie drawer and found a pair of her pink panties, made of an extra silky satiny material. I went back to my bedroom, where I had left my brother, now lightly weeping, and still holding the big slip up. He was looking at his pantied reflection in my mirror and twisting from side to side like a world class pansy.

“Get my pink panties off. I got something else for you to wear.”

He slipped the panties down and stepped out of them.

“Hold your dress right up.”

As he did, I got a good look at his cock. It was small I'm sure even for an eleven year old, but it was stiff. He didn't seem to be embarrassed at all to have me stare at it. I advanced on him invitingly holding up mother's pink panties.

“All right,” I said, “I'm going to dress you in a nice pair of mommy's panties, and then we'll go downstairs and show mom and dad when they get home. Step into them.”

I could feel him trembling as he held onto my shoulder to steady himself as he slipped his feet through the leg holes of the panties. Then, slowly, I pulled my mother's silky panties up my brother's legs, up over his knees, up over his thighs, up over his prick. There was something very obscene about the sight of his tinny dick bulging inside mom's panties. It really made me feel wicked. I wanted to make him cum in her panties, so I made him lie on the bed.

I began to caress his hard little cock through mommy's panties. He started to moan.

“Oh, sis, don't make me cum in mommy's panties. Please don't. Mommy will get mad at me,” he pleaded, but already his cum was flooding into the soft panties. Now he was completely mine.

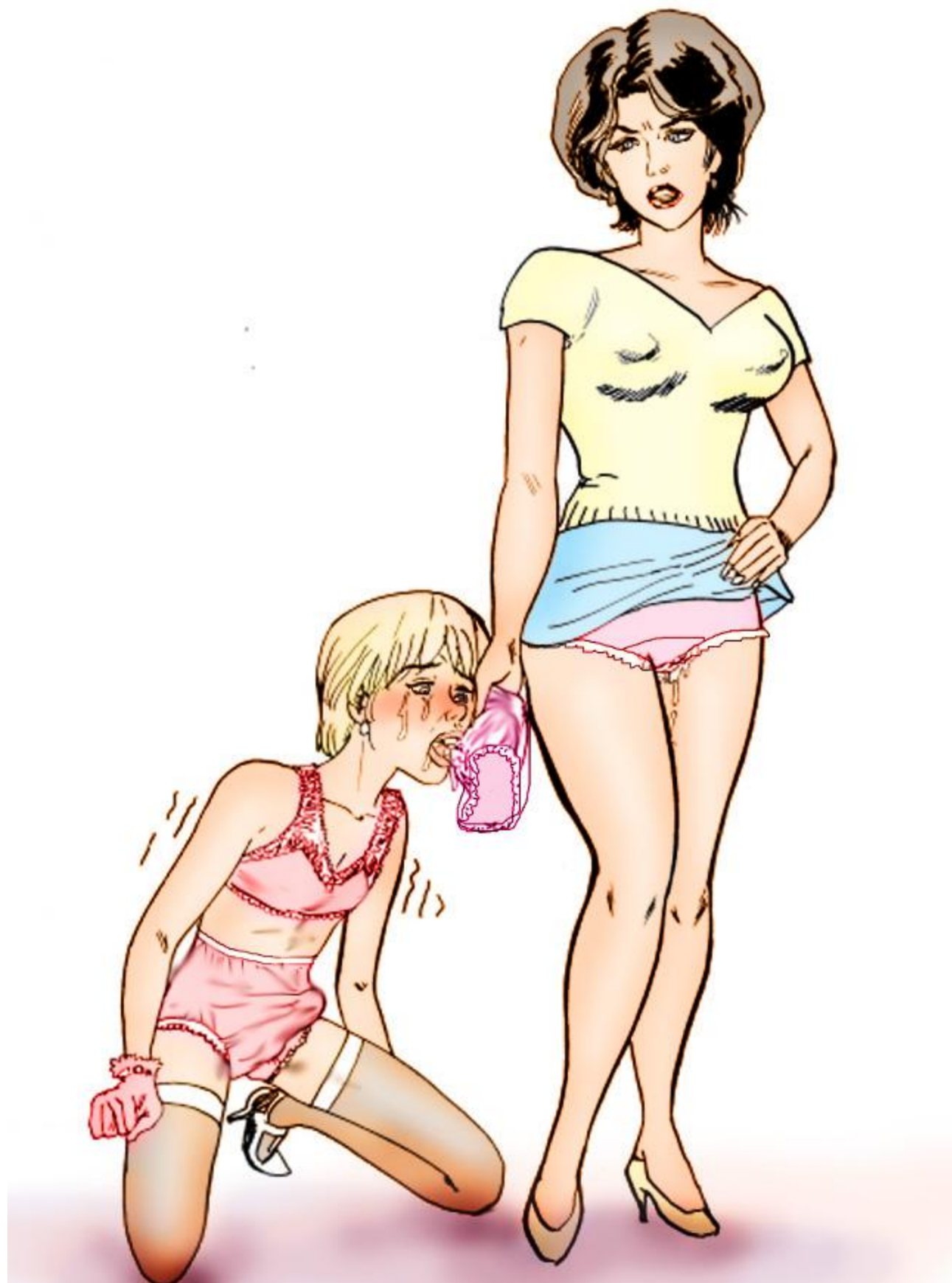
After he cried for a moment, lamenting the fact that he had creamed his mommy's panties, I had him get up and put the pink ruffled panties back on over mommy's panties now loaded with his cum. Then I took him downstairs and made him sit in the living room until our parents came home, and then made him stand up when they came into the house and explain to them that he was a sissy who wanted to wear panties and girls' clothes all the time.

After he tearfully gave them his little confession, I made him lift his skirt and show them the old pair of my pink ruffled panties he had on, and then I took them down to show them the pair of mom's pink panties he had on underneath and pointed out his load of sticky, smelly cum staining the front of them.

Mom acted like it was no big surprise to her. She must have known about his panty fetish. He cried and mom pulled him up into her big tits and hugged him, as she kept telling him that he was mommy's sweet little child and everything was going to be all right. But dad must have been totally in the dark about it. He did admit that he knew Davy was a mamma's boy, but he had no idea he was such a pathetic sissy. He threw him a wad of bills and told him to buy all the girly clothes he wanted. Three days later, dad packed his things and moved out. Good riddance dad!

Based on an anonymous old story entitled "Ensnared in Knickers."

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## Sorry Panty Thief

When I was fifteen, the house behind ours was sold to a fifty-something widow with no kids. Although I was disappointed there wouldn't be any new kids to play with, I thought the woman, Angela, that is what she asked me to call her when we met, was sexy. I had helped her with some boxes and she gave me 20 dollars and asked if, from time to time, I could help her with some things around the house since she lived alone.

I readily accepted and almost every Saturday did work at her house. This is when I discovered, quite by accident, her extensive collection of panties, stockings and bras. The panties made me excited and I couldn't stop myself from stealing a pair. They were pink nylon with lace down the sides.

When I got home I started playing with the panties and came all over them. I washed them out and realized I was hooked for life. Adding to my addiction, I discovered that on every Wednesday if the weather was fair, Angela would wash her lingerie and hang it out on the clothesline strung out in her backyard. At such times, I would find excuses to tell my mom I wanted to stay up in my room, and from my upstairs bedroom window, I'd watch Angela hang up her lingerie. I thought watching her handle her bras and panties was the most exciting thing I had ever seen, and I'd put on the panties I had stolen from her and jerk-off while hiding behind the drapes and staring down at her.

I desperately wanted more pairs of her panties and planned on stealing another pair. Finally, I got my opportunity one Wednesday after she hung her panties out to dry, and then I saw her drive off somewhere in her car. I stopped playing with myself slipped on my gym shorts over her panties I had on. Then I ran out into her backyard and took a pair of the softest white nylon panties I had ever felt or seen. On second thought, I grabbed a big, lacy bra too.

I couldn't wait to play with these and hurried back into my house. I wasn't back more than five minutes and trying to figure out how to hook the bra around my chest when our phone rang. I answered it and was shocked to hear Angela's voice. She sounded upset, and she told me to come to her house immediately. Then she abruptly hung up.

So, I hurriedly slipped the bra off, pulled my T-shirt back on, and then ran over to her house but without changing out of her pink panties that I still had on under my gym shorts.

As I sat in her living room, she told me she had forgotten the coupons she wanted to take to the store with her and had turned around and then pulled up in front of her house so she could run in and get them, and that's when she looked out her back window and saw me take her bra and panties.



I started to make up a story, but immediately realized she didn't believe a word of what I was saying, so I knew I had been caught, and in tears, I admitted to taking them.

She then said I could either let her punish me or we could get my parents and the police involved. I asked what punishment she was going to give me, and she said she knew what to do with perverted little boys who steal ladies' panties. She was going to spank me.

She ordered me to pull my gym shorts down because she was going to give it to me on my bare behind. I decided I had better do what she said or everybody would know what I did. I was sure she couldn't spank me one tenth as hard as my dad spanked me, so I pulled down both my gym shorts and her panties at the same time hoping she wouldn't see I had on her pink panties.

Boy was I wrong. She not only noticed but said I needed extra punishment for being such a disgusting little pervert and wearing them as well. She ordered me to pull up the panties but keep the gym shorts off. She then took my shorts and told me I'd have to walk home in just her panties after my spanking.

I felt I had no choice but to do what she demanded. I lay across her lap and she pulled the panties down just low enough to start spanking me. As much as the spanking hurt, it was even more embarrassing, knowing she was staring down at my naked butt with her panties stretched across my upper thighs. I could hear her laughing. She wasn't even trying to hold it back. She spanked me twenty times with her bare hand and told me to walk, not run, home as she would be watching. What I didn't know is she had her video camera set up and was filming my spanking, and then she aimed the camera at me through the window as I ran home in the slinky, see-through nylon panties.

I got home, undetected and thought my humiliation was over, but then the phone rang again, and again it was Angela. She told me to come right back; it was a test to see if I would follow her orders.

She told me to bring with me the bra and white pair of panties I had stolen and to not wear anything else, except the pink panties I had on. She again reminded me if I didn't do as I was told, she would call the police.

I had no choice. I went to my room and got her bra and the sexy white panties, and as I walked past the hallway mirror, I saw myself and the strangest feeling came over me. I was turned on by what she was doing to me and my cock was as hard as it had ever been. With my cock solid and thick, I looked silly with just a pair of pink panties on. The phone rang again, and Angela wanted to know what was taking me so long. I don't know why I felt the need to be so honest with her, but I told her I couldn't come out of my house because I had a hard-on.

She laughed but said she didn't want any excuses, and that if I wasn't back over in one minute, she was calling the police. I had no choice. I ran over and as soon as I got to her backdoor, she was standing with her hands on her hips yelling at me to go back and walk over, not run, and to go to her front door.



There I was outside in nothing but a pair of pink panties and carrying her stolen bra and another pair of panties with a raging hard-on. I turned around and walked back. When I finally got back to her house and up to her front door, she made me wait several minutes before she opened the door. She let me in and had me sit down in the living room because we needed to talk.

She asked if I had put on the bra and white panties. I told her I was trying to put on the bra when she first called me. Angela seemed pleased to hear that and then held out her hand for them. After I handed them to her, she set them aside and picked up a stretchy little bra and helped me put it on. She explained it was a training bra belonging to her thirteen-year-old niece who sometimes stayed with her. I told her I thought I looked stupid in a bra with a flat chest. She laughed and agreed with me! Then she stunned me as she lifted up her dress and slipped off the panties she had been wearing. They were a pale green pair with some white lace around the legs. She did that rather quickly, so I couldn't see too much. I was surprised when she slipped on the white panties I had stolen. Then she handed me the green ones she had been wearing. I must have had a funny expression on my face as I looked up at her because they were wet in the crotch. She just laughed and told me to put them up to my nose and smell them and then stick out my tongue and taste her juices in the panties.

I did it!

She told me to kneel in front of her and tell her what made me take her bra and panties. I told her how sexy I thought she was and liked to put on her panties and feel myself up through them while watching her hang up her panties and other lingerie on the clothesline every Wednesday. She told me to show her how I touched myself. I started to protest, but she said she had me on videotape getting my spanking in her panties plus shots of me running outside back to my house in just her panties, and if I complained one more time, she'd call the police and show them the tape.

I was crying now but slowly started to play with my cock through her panties. She told me to hold out the waistband so she could see my hard-on. I did and continued to jerk-off. She wanted to hear again how sexy I thought she was, and to my delight, she lifted her dress and started to rub her pussy. I could see glistening bits of her juices on the insides of her thighs and the white panties she had just put on were already soaking wet in the crotch. I was just a kid, so I was pretty ignorant about females, but with her breathing heavily, I knew enough to know that she was getting excited like I was. That was too much for me, and I came all over my hand and her panties.

That really pissed Angela off. She screamed at me that she hadn't given me permission to cum. As punishment, she made me lick up the sticky slime in my hand. I wanted to object, but realized I was in no position to refuse her, so I started licking up my cum. Through my tears of shame, I told her that it made me feel like a queer because I knew only queers ate cum.

She let out with a lusty laugh, shook her head and said that any little boy who steals and wears ladies' nylon panties is a queer and should get used to licking up cum – his own cum or the cum of other boys and men. I cried and protested that I wasn't a queer. She laughed again said that

maybe she should invite over her boyfriend and let him see me in her panties and ask him what he thought, whether or not I was a queer.

I was really crying. And she was laughing louder than ever. It was so humiliating but I also was shocked to feel my cock getting hard again in the panties. Angela saw it and told me to go home and jerk off like the queer pervert I was. She said she wouldn't call the cops or tell my mom or dad, but I'd have to work for her for free every Saturday from then on, and if I was a good worker and a proper little sissy for her, she'd give me pairs of her panties from time to time, but warned me that if my parents ever caught me with her panties, she'd deny knowing anything about it and pretend to be horrified that I was the panty thief who had been stealing all her panties. Or maybe she'd just show them the part of the video of me running out of her house in her panties. Then she added that if I didn't do work for her for free, she would show the cops and my parents the video. Then she laughed loud enough to make the whole room shake as she said she just might invite her boyfriend to see me dancing around in her panties sometime, and if I wanted to suck his cock or have him butt fuck me, she just might let it happen – after all, she assured me every queer boy who wears panties really wants to do sex things just like a real girl. I cried. She laughed.

I was frozen with fear and could not speak and got up to go back home, but then I noticed my parent's car in our driveway and knew I couldn't go home in just the panties – my cum-soaked panties. Angela laughed when I explained the situation to her and begged her to give me my gym shorts back. Instead, she just picked up the phone, told me she was calling her boyfriend, and that he'd be therein about twenty minutes, and if I was still there .... She didn't finish the sentence but did tell me she would never give my back my gym shorts because they were evidence. I had to run home in just the bra and panties, and I was lucky enough to sneak into my house without being seen!

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