

No. 2

Cum and get

Party Wasted!

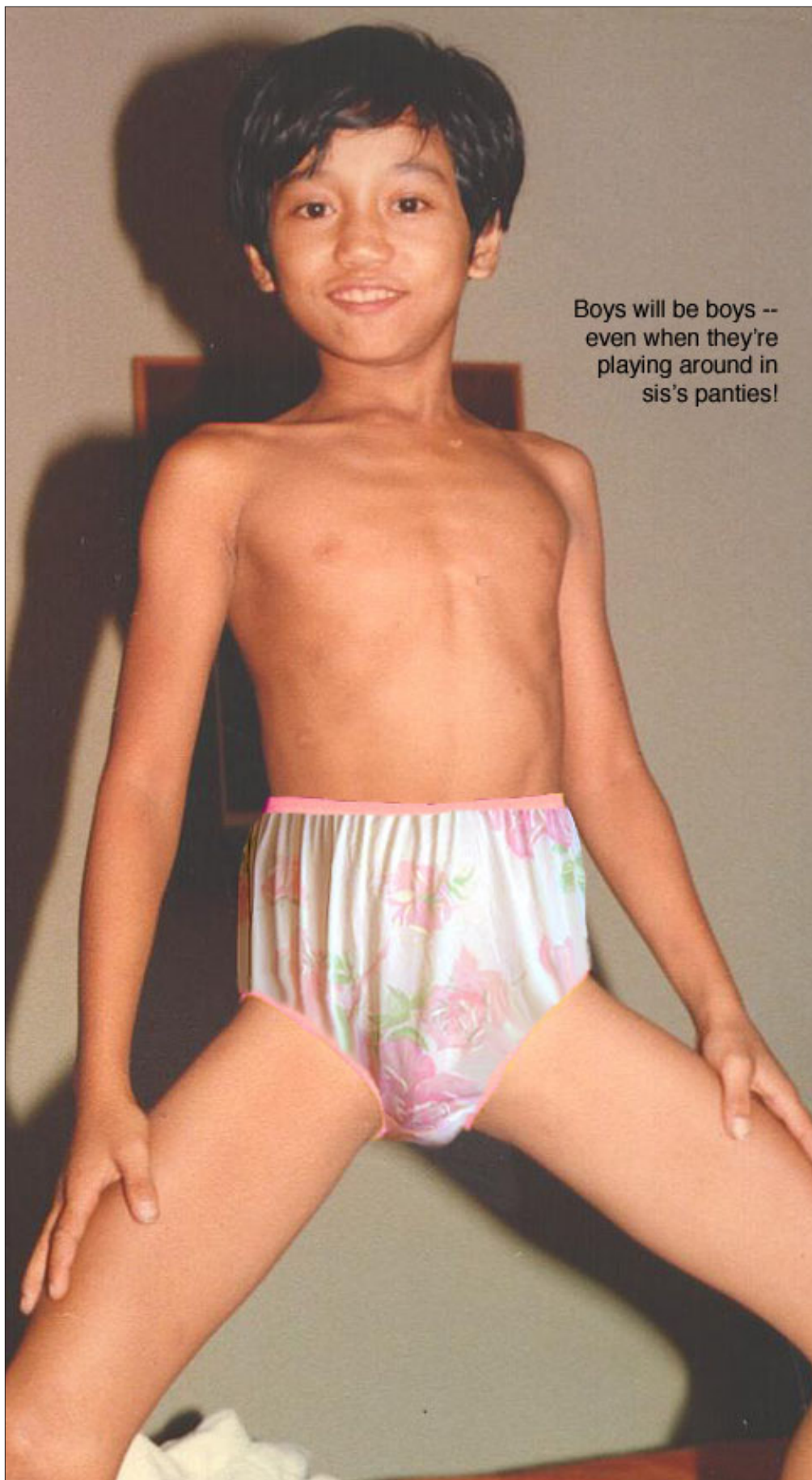


Adults Only

Photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and other items of interest from our readers for the fantasy fulfillment of adult sissies. Items range from "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N



Boys will be boys --
even when they're
playing around in
sis's panties!

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So, do you
boys want to
get into my
panties?
Well, then
let me get
you a pair!





Pretty Girls
in pretty
panties,
oh yeah!





Crazy Over Panties & Bloomers

On Halloween night when I was eight, my mother and sister decided I should go out trick-or-treating as a girl! I remember kicking and screaming while mom dragged me to a neighbor's house to be dressed in the clothes of the little girl who lived there. My sister and mother and the little girl and her mother and father all watched me being forced into the young girl's panties, camisole, slip, dress and socks and shoes, and it scared and shamed me. I was so embarrassed. I sensed the boy part of me was dying, especially when the girl's father said to me, "Sven, you look better as a girl! I always suspected you are one of those boys who is like a girl."

I hated them all for a long time after that, especially since they all teased me about it at times. Then three years later, when my family was out for the day, I realized I was very curious

about female clothing. I started looking in my mother's drawers. To my nervous delight, I found the mysteries and magical allure of her lingerie — panties, bras, girdles and slips galore! I had to try them on without a second thought. Oh, what delicious sensations they evoked in me! My whole body was tingling with electricity.

I kept invading my mother and sister's clothes, and even though I was very secretive about it, somehow, my sister discovered me. I was eleven at the time and my sister was fifteen. She promised not to tell on me if I did what she wanted, and I did. She undressed down to just her bra and panties and had me put on panties, a girdle and a bra; they all belonged to her since she was now wearing foundation garments like those all teenage girls wore in the 1950s. Commenting that I needed some padding, she stuffed the bra with panties. She told me to walk with a wiggle like a girl, and I pranced around happily. She insisted on playing with my penis from both outside and inside the panties. She made my dickie get very hard, but what interested her most and made her laugh was that my dickie became much harder while she

played with it inside her panties than when she played with it naked. She said that confirmed that I was queer, as only queer boys would love wearing girls' panties. In those days, any cross-gender activity was considered 'queer!' However, if being called a queer was the price to pay for being able to wear my sister's lingerie and have her accept me for wanting to do it, I was more than willing to pay.

Two years later, sis went off to college and gave me permission to play with her clothes as much as I wanted because she was getting all new clothes for school. She told me I could wear her panties, slips, panty girdles and all of the clothes she left behind but warned me not to get caught, as she would not back me up with our parents and ever tell them that she allowed me to wear her clothes — and I did wear them almost every day.

When I was fourteen, I discovered my cousin, Manfred, liked panties too and that fired up my love of panties even more. We would sleep at each other's house most weekends and have panty wrestling sessions while wearing my sister's or his mother's panties. His mother wore great panties, expensive ones known as "deluxe" panties in those days, which meant they were very full cut, going up high on the waist, and fully decorated with loads of lace, frills and ribbon bows. We would have extra long sessions of running our hands through the collection of silk and satin and lace of all colors in my sister or his mother's lingerie drawers and marvel at how lucky they were to wear such beautiful and silky clothes. Eventually our wrestling sessions became quite intimate, and in the spirit of having innocent fun, we would tease and pull on each other's penis through the panties we were wearing. Well, that quickly escalated and soon we were masturbating each other and blowing our cum into our panties. We'd just laugh and wash them out before cleaning off our cummy wet bodies and frantically rush to get into fresh pairs of panties.

One night when our grandmother was staying with us and Manfred was at my house, we were in bed together in my sister's panties. I was in a lovely black silk pair with black chiffon side panties, and he was in a fantastic pair of white nylon panties decorated with a girlish floral print. We were jacking on each other and had just flooded our panties with our hot, stick boy juice when, suddenly, my grandmother, who was staying in the guest room next door, opened my door and demanded to know why we were making so much noise when we were supposed to be asleep. She made both of us get out of the bed. We had no choice, as she had her paddling yardstick in her hand ready to spank us. So both of us got up and stood before our grandmother in just those great panties with big cum stains on the front and dripping down our legs.

"What are you doing in your sister's panties?" she yelled.

I was too embarrassed to say anything, but my cousin tried to mumble an explanation. Both my cousin and I were still intensely excited and our boners were bobbing around and

pushing away at the fronts of each of our panties. Grandma talked to us both and told us we were queer boys for doing what we were doing. She asked if we liked girls or just boys; we both insisted that we liked girls, but she just gave a huff and shook her head as if she didn't believe us. She told us to go to the bathroom, clean ourselves up, wash out the panties we had soiled and leave them draped over the sink. She said she would put them in the laundry when they were dry. She told us she should tell both of our parents, but she didn't, much to our relief, because she knew they would be very angry and probably beat us severely.

We were then naked when we passed grandma in the hall going back to the bathroom, she said, "I left something on your bed for the both of you to wear to sleep in since your parents, Sven, won't be home until noon tomorrow. If you are queer boys, it's OK with me, but don't make too much noise the rest of the night because I'm trying to sleep. And you should get some sleep too or you'll look a mess in the morning when your folks get home."

Well, on the bed grandma had laid out for each of us a long full slip and a pair of bloomers! Each was made of pure silk and trimmed with oodles of lace and ribbon decorations. Grandma was a small lady and close to us in size. The petticoats and bloomers fit us deliciously! After we had them on, grandma knocked on my door and asked if she could see us, and we let her. She smiled and told us we looked beautiful in her best lingerie. I was in pale pink satin with white decorations and my cousin was in a peach combination with pink lace and frills. After telling us to be gentle with her good pettis and bloomers, she bid us good-night.

On and off, we played with each other throughout the night, and at one time while we were quietly snuggling in a lover's embrace, we could hear moaning and little screams coming from grandma's bedroom! However, we were so ignorant about sex that we thought she was just experiencing one of her frequent backaches or having a nightmare in her sleep. Only years later did we realize that grandma was probably having some sexy lingerie fun of her own!

Manfred was very reluctant to leave the next morning, and of course, he didn't leave until we had massaged each other to two more orgasms! After he left, granny had me try on a pair of her pale blue satin bloomers that were her favorite pair, and she insisted upon taking a picture of me in them!

Over the years, my cousin and I still meet for our sessions in silk and lace. Just the sound of the word panties to us is a powerful incantation to send our hearts and boners throbbing. I dream of being caught and shamed and forced to perform a panty fashion show, with slips and girdles, too, for a roomful of strong, assertive women, laughing mockingly at my girly boy cousin and me. How exciting it is to be a sissy with him. It just feels so-o-o-o good to be in love with lingerie and having a lovely, willing sissy boy cousin to enjoy it with! ♦



The fabulous
Abi, a longtime
Internet Queen
of brief-style
panties!





1950s
Pinup
Gals in
brief-style
panties!



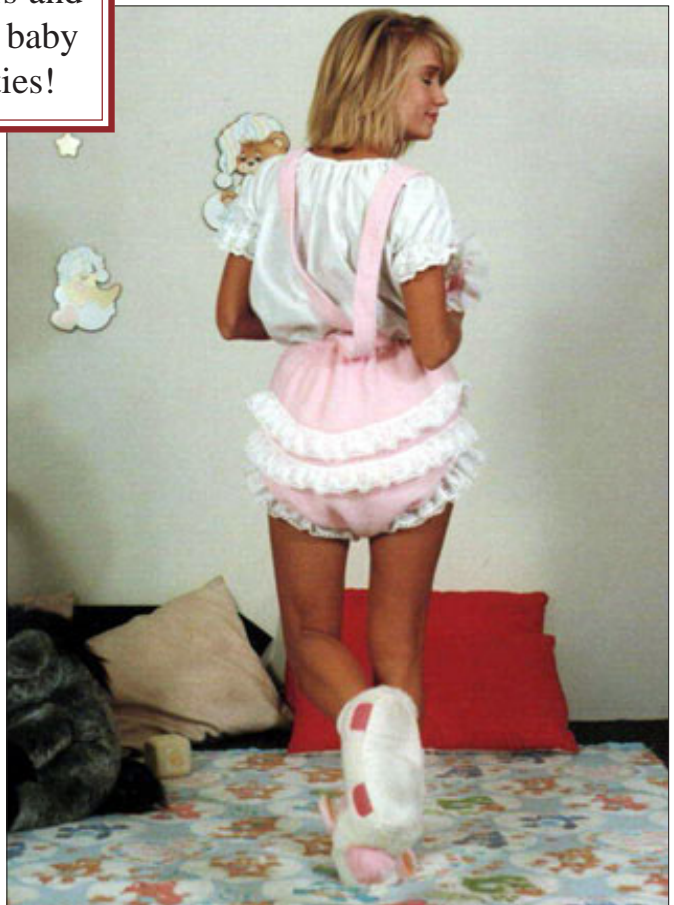
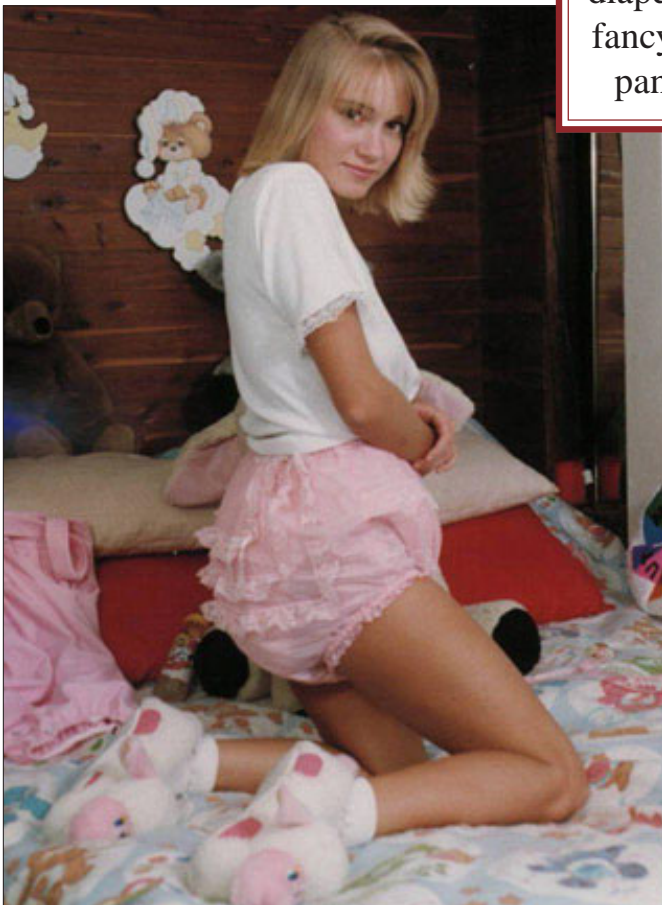


Bettie Page
in pretty
lingerie
and in
color!





Pretty
Ladies in
diapers and
fancy baby
panties!





Upskirt Peeking was His Downfall

Lisa was in Brian's 6th grade class at school; she was a tomboy despite being very pretty and not looking and dressing boyishly like other tomboys. Brian would soon find out that was because her mother insisted that she dress like a prissy little girl and not like a roughneck boy.

At school, Brian would look at her and daydream what it would be like to have her as a girlfriend. Out on the playground, she was always playing with the boys instead of the girls. She was good at baseball and the boys had no problem with her wanting to join them whenever they played.

Brian thought that was cool that she — a girl — could play ball with the boys. He wasn't very athletic, so he envied her even more. As she would play, he'd watch her with great interest. One day at the park next to school, she was climbing a big tree despite the fact that she was wearing a dress. Brian was sitting in a park bench near the base of the tree enjoying

how well she could go from branch to branch with all the strength and ability of any of the boys.

Brian blushed when he realized he could peek all the way up her skirt and white slip. He could see she had on shiny white panties with lace that went around the leg openings. Suddenly, she stopped and didn't move as she stared back at him. She could see he was peeking up her skirt. She didn't close her legs or change position to prevent him from his naughty upskirt gazing; she just froze in position and stared back at him until he looked up from between her legs to see that she had caught him peering at her exposed panties. Brian jumped a bit when she said, "So do you like looking up my skirt?"

Brian swallowed hard and his face turned bright red. He looked away but it was too late; he knew he had been caught. Lisa then climbed down from the tree and jumped from the last branch to the ground with a big flourish of her skirts that billowed out and surely exposed the mysteries of what was under her skirt, but shamed Brian wasn't looking. Embarrassed to the core, he was gazing at the ground, hoping Lisa would just walk away.

Instead, she came up to him and sweetly asked him if he wanted to come over to her house to play some games. Brian was so happy that she wasn't angry with him and so delighted that she was talking with him and even inviting him to play that he simply nodded 'yes.' He walked with her to her house.

Lisa was a small, slim, light brown haired, blue-eyed beauty. All the way to her house, she was constantly talking to Brian, but all he could think about was her beauty and how exciting it was to be close to her. All of a sudden, she stopped and groaned a bit. Brian asked what was wrong, she said her feet hurt because she had on a new pair of shoes and should have broken them in before wearing them all day at school. She said she wished she were wearing nice flat, comfortable tennis shoes like the ones he had on. They walked on a little farther, but she stopped again and complained about her feet hurting. Then she asked Brian, "We're about the same size, would you mind if we switched shoes until we get to my house?"

Brian was shocked that she would ask him to do such a thing, but he wanted to please her in any way, so he agreed! Her shoes were one-strap sandals — they were girls' shoes all right, but he thought they didn't look too different from boys' sandals. They switched shoes and then continued walking. A group of girls passed them and they said "hi" to Lisa as they kept on walking; however, they did look him over and were giggling nonstop as young girls do. They didn't say anything, but Brian was paranoid and was sure they were laughing because they saw he was wearing Lisa's sandals.

When they got to her house, she told him her mom was at work and wouldn't be home for a while. She took him up to her bedroom. He had never been in such a thoroughly feminine environment; everything was pink and lacy and ruffled. She told him to go into her walk-in closet and look through her games to find one they could play while she went to the bathroom to clean up after playing so hard at the park. Brian took the sandals off and then entered the closet. It was lined on both sides with racks of frilly dresses and all sorts of feminine clothes. In a long row on the floor were dozens of shoes in every color and design. He spotted a stack of board games on one of the long rows of shelves that also held all her feminine accessories including neat little piles of slips, bras, and panties. Ignoring the board games, he had to take a close look at those panties. They were in an array of pastel colors as well as in white. He was drawn to the white panties; he had to touch them. They were a shiny, silky white fabric with lace around the leg openings. He realized they were identical to the panties she had been wearing under her dress in the park. As he gingerly touched and then lovingly stroked the sexy nylon panties, a bump popped up in his trousers, but he couldn't stop fingering the panties. Just then, Lisa walked into the closet and loudly said, "Why, you little sissy!"

He turned toward her about to burst into tears.

"Well, it's bad enough to have you look up my dress at the park, but now you have to come into my room and go through my panties in my closet! My, god, you are a sissy! I know some boys like to peek at girls' underthings, so when I caught you doing it, I thought you were just that kind of boys. But when I saw the lump in your panties from looking at my panties, I was sure you were one of those boys who likes girls' clothes more than he likes girls."

Brian was having a hard time keeping up with what she was saying, but he knew she had it wrong; he tried to protest and say, he was just curious because he didn't have a sister and knew very little about girls and that he had meant no harm.

Lisa then threatened to tell all of their classmates how much of a sissy he is. He begged her not to tell, but she told Brian if he let her dress him up in her clothes, she wouldn't tell. For starters, she told him to undress completely and put on the pair of white satin panties that he had been fingering.

Once he was naked, he was slow to put on the panties, so she took them from him and bent down to have him step into them. As she pulled them up his legs, his penis jumped up and became very hard. She eased the panties over his hard cockle and then snapped the elastic around his waist. She laughed as she then slapped his erection to make it go down. She warned him not to cum in her panties, but he had never ejaculated, so he didn't understand what she meant.

She told him to pick out a matching white satin bra from the next shelf. With tears of shame in his eyes, he did and then handed it to her. She helped him put it on. He complained that he felt like a sissy, and she giggled and said that is exactly what he was and he should get used to the feeling! Lisa then took off her flowered dress and put it on him!

She was now standing before him in just her white satin bra and lace-trimmed panties, but Brian was in such a miserable state he couldn't enjoy what his eyes were seeing. He was consumed with how silly he must look to her standing before her in her dress, underneath which he wore a teen bra and panties that matched hers!

She put pink lipstick, eye shadow and blush on him before shaping his brows with an eyebrow pencil. She made him put the sandals back on and prance around daintily for her like a sissy. She hugged him like a boy hugs a girl and put her hand under his dress and started jerking on his penis within the panties; he was helpless and couldn't do anything to stop her, but it did feel good. Then it felt like he had to pee and the fear of doing that truly scared him, but she wouldn't let go of his twitching hard penis as she manipulated it in his panties, then all of a sudden, he had to let go and he shot his first strands of slime into the panties, all the while, he cried. He didn't object when she put her hand up to his mouth and told him to lick it clean. She fed him his own jism and laughed at him and called him a sissy panty boy the whole time he lapped it up. ♦



What a lovely surprise to find lacy ruffled rhumba panties under Donna's schoolgirl skirt!







He Learned to Love Being Humiliated

I lived with my aunt when I was young and remember the day she found out about me. I was severely punished and humiliated when she found me dressed in her panties, bra, stockings, heels and full slip. She spanked me and told me I was to remain dressed like that all weekend. She made me do all the housework and then she called her next-door neighbor and told her she had a little sissy to do all her housework for her if she had some cute lingerie for the little sissy to wear.

That afternoon I was sent next-door in only a robe. My aunt told me I'd better act the part or she would send me to school

wearing girls' panties under my pants. I was 14 at the time. Well, I had to tell the lady next-door that I loved wearing ladies slips and panties and loved doing housework in ladies' heels. She made me confess that I was a sissy and then act like one as I swished my butt back and forth whenever I walked. She laughed and said she had some beautiful old-fashioned lingerie she had packed away for years. She then unpacked them out of the back of her closet and dressed me in her long-out-of-date panties, bra, garter belt, stockings, and a slip and heels. She put makeup on me and then I spent the afternoon doing all her housework. When I had finished she told me I could keep the lingerie I had on as payment for my maid services, then she freshened my lipstick and perfume and sent home that way. I ran from her house to mine, hoping no one would see me.

My aunt laughed and laughed. After that, she made Saturday cleaning day, and I had to don a lingerie costume of her choosing and work all day cleaning the house. Many Sundays I was sent over to the neighbor lady's house to do her cleaning, and every time, I got paid in old-fashioned lingerie and sent home with nothing but a slip to cover my bra and panties. Even though I loved dressing in female clothes, I hated doing all that hard work for them with them as they laughed at me and made fun of my lack of masculinity. Eventually, I accepted it and learned to like them berating me. I guess they had successfully trained me to be a panty-wearing sissy masochist.

Once I got out of high school, my aunt sent me out into the world to live on my own and she moved across country to Seattle. I had

nowhere to go, but by then I had become friends with three gay boys who had gone to my school. I wasn't gay, but they accepted me as a sissy crossdresser. We were living in New Orleans and they introduced me to a guy who worked in a female impersonator show downtown. I got to know all the boys in the show and had fun with them dressing me in their fancy costumes. I did go to bed with many of them and let them have gay sex with me. I was young and just thought that was the least I could do for them since they eventually had me living with a group of them in a big apartment. They fed me, bought clothes for me, took me to movies and did most everything for me, so I didn't mind sucking their cocks; however, most of them wanted to fuck my tight ass; I let them.

I developed a real need to be humiliated. One day, I went into a department store and picked out a big pair of panties, nice

lacy briefs and a cheap pair of red high heels. When I got to the cashier, I asked her in a very sissy voice if they had full-slips. She said they did. I asked her how much they cost and she said that depended upon what kind I wanted and what size I needed. That was so embarrassing! A black lady behind me started giggling, and the cashier asked me again what size ladies' slip I wear. I said I didn't know, and she asked the lady behind me what size slip she thought I would need. The lady looked at me and asked what I wanted a slip for, and I turned red in the face when the cashier said I wanted a slip because I was a sissy. The lady laughed and the cashier held up the panties and heels and asked, "Are you sure these are your size?" I was so humiliated, I wanted to leave, but the cashier took her time in ringing me up and kept talking to the black lady. The two of them got on a laughing jag at my expense and it seemed like forever before my purchases were bagged up and I was able to get out of there.

Eventually, I was old enough to work as one of the 'chorus girls' in the drag show. It was a fabulous experience, and I remain friends with all the great old drag queens I worked with. Eventually, I went to college with money I had saved up from the show and became an accountant — I know it sounds boring, but now I have a good paying job and can buy myself

all the beautiful clothes and lingerie I want. Of course, I still enjoy shaming myself in front of the women and girls who wait on me in stores. Frequently, I get them to allow me to try on the clothes right there in the store — even lingerie! One time, I asked the young teen girl waiting on me if I could try on the panties I was looking at to check them for fit. At first, she didn't know what to say, but then she simply said, "Well, usually, customers don't try on panties before they buy them, but I guess it's OK. The changing room is over there. However, make sure you try them on over your panties, OK?"

No, I hadn't told her that I was wearing panties, but I just about creamed my panties when she said 'your panties!'

Note: Young female clerks are fun because they are often too embarrassed to deny whatever you want. You can get them to hold panties up to their waist to see what they would look like on and get them to talk endlessly about the panties and lingerie they have on, etc! I even got several salesladies to tell me about other men and boys they had waited on who were buying lingerie — and they were sure those men and boys were buying the lingerie for themselves!

Chrissy, New Orleans ♦

My Intro into Sissy Boy Sex

When I was twelve, I had to stay for three nights with our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Anson, because my parents had to fly to Peoria to attend the funeral of my father's brother. Since I had only met him once and my parents didn't want me to miss any school since I was doing poorly on my grades, dad decided I should stay home and they hurriedly arranged with the Ansons to have me stay with them. Those three nights were the turning point of my life because that man and his wife thoroughly molested me.

I had to stay in their daughter's old room. She had quit high school and was married and with a baby. She had moved down South. I had always had a thing for girls' clothes and had secretly tried them on whenever I had the chance like when I visited relatives on holidays. Luckily, I had never been caught; well, that changed the first night I was at the Anson's.

Much to my delight, when I went to get ready for bed, I found that their daughter must have left most of her clothes behind because the room was fully stocked with everything a teenage girl could want. Instead of opening my suitcase, putting on my pajamas and getting ready for bed, I started trying on her clothes. Soon I stood in front of her mirror decked out in a pink satin dressy party dress with a pink training bra and pink ruffled panties on underneath. I was lost in my femmy world as I massaged by wanton dick through the dress and panties.

That's how Mrs. Anson found me when she opened the bedroom door to tuck me in for the night.

She didn't get angry at me for playing with myself in her daughter's clothes, and she didn't laugh at me, call me names or scream her head off, as I would have imagined how most people would have reacted. Instead, she came up to me, hugged me and told me I made a very pretty girl. I had been so engrossed in pleasuring myself that I didn't even hear her come in until she was right in my face! Not only that, she pushed my hand aside and took over manipulating my cock through the satiny dress. "Oh, I can feel that you have nice silky panties on under your party dress, sweetie. I love little boys who want to be little girls." She then kissed me full on the lips and forced my mouth open as she held my head securely and tongued fucked my face. I was in shock and limp in her arms; she could do anything with me and I had no power to stop her — and I knew I didn't want to stop her.

Then she took my hand and started leading me out of the room. I pulled back, wondering where she was taking me. "Come along, dreary, Big Tom is going to love you like this. I'm sure my face had panic and fear written all over it. "Oh, come on, my husband loves girlie boys as much as I do. Let's go see him and have some fun! If you want to be a girl; we'll show you all about it."

I let her tug me along, but I was dragging my feet. When we got to the living room, I saw her husband in his reclining chair watching television. I took a deep breath, expecting him to take one look at me and start humiliating me or maybe even



start beating on for dressing up like a sissy girl. I was ready to apologize with all my heart and promise never to do such a stupid thing again, but his reaction stunned me.

“Hey, Tom, look what I found: a cute little girl anxious to have some fun. She got herself all dressed up in Goldie’s old dress-up clothes and was diddling herself when I found her.”

When Mr. Anson looked up at me, he furled his brow. I looked down at the floor, expecting to hear his rage and feel his anger if not the stinging end of his belt, but instead I heard him say, “My oh my, Millie, how did this beautiful little girl get into our house without me seeing her? She’s a peach; bring her on over so I can have a good look at this hot little babe.” I knew he knew it was I -- the little neighbor boy, and I was sure he was just teasing me.

Mrs. Anson towed me over to her husband's side. "Oh, this isn't a real girlie; it's that cute little neighbor boy, Davy, who is staying with us. I caught him all dressed up in Goldie's things, I guess he wants to be a girl while he is here. Isn't that right, precious?"

I didn't answer. I was still looking down, wondering if this was just the prelude to my utter humiliation. I was now expecting to be yelled at, hit or punished in some way. Mr. Anson was still stretched out in his reclining chair, and I was now standing right alongside him. He startled me when he turned toward me and began rubbing his hands over my hips through the silky dress and soft panties.

"I told Davy we'd help him be a girl, won't we, honey?" Millie said to her husband.

I wasn't looking directly at him; I was looking at his hands massaging me, but I could tell Mr. Anson was shaking his head yes. And since I wasn't getting hit or yelled at, I did look up a bit at him. He had just a robe on, and it was open and his cock was hard and sticking right up in the air!

"Oh, yeah, baby, we'll teach Davy about being a girl."

The way Mr. Anson said it in a breathy, moaning voice was scary, but not as scary as that monster cock that was pointed right at me.

Mrs. Anson said, "Davy, we were just watching a movie, why don't you come and join us. I think you'll like it. Come on over to the couch. Tom, come join Davy and me on the couch. We will all have a good time."

I sat on the couch, and they sat on each side of me. Mr. Anson didn't even try to close the front of his robe. When I looked up at the television and saw what they had been watching, I was blown away. It was a sex video; one guy was fucking a girl in the ass while at the same time he was sucking off a second guy! I had never seen an "R" rated movie much less a "Triple XXX" video like this one! I was mesmerized and just stared in awe at the sexual high jinks on the screen. The video was really making me hot and I noticed that Mr. Anson's cock was hard and bouncing up and out of the opening of his robe.

"Whata ya think of the movie, boy?"

"Uh..., uh, I donno, Mr. Anson. It's ah..."

Mrs. Anson broke in. "Davy, don't call my husband Mr. Anson. We're all friends here. Call him Big Tom, OK? And call me Millie. Better yet, we're like family, here. Why don't you call us mommy and daddy, OK?"

I just nodded, still unsure how everything was coming together. Then Big Tom said, "This movie is getting me horny

as Hell. Davy, would you mind if I jack off? And as long as we're in the 'family' mode, I think I'll call you 'son.' Is that OK with you, sweetie?"

I nodded. What else could I do?

"You two might want to join me in a nice wank," he said as he reached to the front of my dress and gave a tug to the hard little mound that covered my dick.

I jumped a bit in surprise, but Mrs. Anson — Millie had her hands on the bottom of my dress and pulling it up. Her husband was now jacking on his cock and watching my dress going up my legs instead of eyeing the screen.

"Wow! Nice panties, kid," he said.

The panties I had taken from Goldie's dresser were pink (my favorite color, naturally) with white chiffon side panels with little pastel-colored flowers embroidered on the chiffon. The panties had crisp white lace around the legs that tickled my thighs; the lace was so stiff, bright and scratchy that I thought the panties were new or at least almost new. There wasn't any lace or decorations on the front of the panties — that's how I prefer panties to be since I like my hard dick covered just in plain silky nylon and a lacy front sometimes can irritate my boy toy, especially during a long jacking session. However, a little decoration on the front of the panties would have been welcome at that moment to help mask my embarrassing erection that was obscenely poking up front and center. My dick looked like a baby's finger pushing away at my panty nylon, its small size made me feel extremely inadequate while sitting next to Big Tom's boner.

I wondered if his wife called him Big Tom because of his monster cock. That would have made sense to me. Later in life, I realized he didn't have anything more than an average size dick, but to me at the time, it did look like a monster.

Both of them took my hands in one of their hands and together we all massaged my dick. I looked back at the screen to see more fucking and sucking that defied my imagination. To my left, I noticed Mrs. Anson pulling open her blouse to expose a neat white brassiere with her titties overflowing the lacy cups. I stared at them in awe.

"Would you like to see them, Davy?" she asked.

I nodded energetically.

"Well, then ask me."

"Uhg...geez... Mrs. Aston—"

"No, no, call me Millie. Better yet, call me mommy, OK?"

"Um, mommy, can I see you, you know, without, ah, a bra?"

"Sure, sonny."

Mr. Anson was leisurely wanking away. "Damn," he said, "I need a little more help. Hell, yes, babe, get that bra off and show Davy one great set of tits. Then, play with them for us."

Without replying, she undid her bra, lifted it up and pulled out her fine large breasts. She was nearly fifty at the time but slim with a great figure and firm boobs. She fiddled with the nipple on her right breast with one hand, whilst rubbing her pussy through her jeans with the other.

While her husband and I were enjoying this, Mr. Anson said, "Damn, I still need more to get my big old baby maker going. Davy, get down on your knees and suck you daddy's prick." I wasn't sure if I had heard him right, but his hands and his wife's hands were already pushing me off the couch and onto my knees before him. I'm sure the expression on my face was one of terror, but they sweet-talked me to get me to relax.

Millie said, "Son, do a good job of sucking off your daddy, and I'll let you fuck me with both of us in pretty girlie clothes. Go to it, sissy boy. If you really want to dress up like a girl, you better learn how to suck cock or you'll find yourself unable to get out of trouble over the years."

Fucking Mrs. Anson sounded great, so I closed my eyes and let them guide me closer and closer to Big Tom's meat. I took my daddy's cock in my mouth. I nodded my head back and forth, working my tongue on the tip, soaking it with my saliva. I had known about cocksucking, but I had never dreamt I would be doing it, so I just tried to imitate what I had just seen those guys do in the video we had been watching. To me, daddy had a very big dick, and I tried not to really think about what I was doing and just get it over with, so I tried my best to make it good for him. I did have a fear that if I didn't please him, things still might turn out badly for me.

"That's good, boy. Suck your daddy's dick," he groaned. "Oh yeah, I knew you were a cocksucker when we first moved in two years ago." I could feel his cock throb on my tongue while it banged against the insides of my cheeks and gagged me as it tickled the back of my throat.

"Don't keep your daddy's cock all for yourself, son," Millie said. 'Mommy' stood up and stripped off down to her pale blue panties. She looked awesome, and I felt my cock stiffen even more in my panties. She got on her knees next to me. She took my mouth off daddy's cock and kissed me deeply, sharing the taste of daddy's prick. Then she had us both licking and sucking on her husband's cock, me on one side and she on the other. Next, she told me to watch as she sucked his balls, taking one at a time into her lips and gently mouthing it. She then had me ball suck him as she took his cock in her mouth. She put my hand on her ass and whispered to me, "Feel me up, son." I felt her ass and her pussy from

behind while still licking daddy's hairy balls. Her pussy was soaking wet and dripping through her pale blue panties.

Next I heard daddy screaming, "Oh-h-h-h, I'm cumming!" Mommy guzzled greedily and daddy filled her mouth. She held it there and didn't swallow it. A bit of it began to dribble over her lips. She pulled my head up, smiled a cummy smile and then kissed me deeply again. However, this time she was shoving gobs of daddy's cum into my mouth, sharing the taste of his warm semen. "Swallow, Davy," is all she said. And I did. It was slimy and salty; the smell of it filled my nostrils. I didn't want to do it, but I did. Lights lit up in my head — I was now a cocksucker, a cum eater, and a faggot! By then, I had known all those terms for a couple of years, but I stupidly thought nobody really did those things; those were just disgusting things boys joked about when they got together, but now I knew they were true, and I was all of them!

"Sweetie, now that daddy's cum, it's time for you and me." Mommy then turned be around and settled me down on the floor. Daddy shoved a pillow from the couch under my head to make me more comfortable. It also gave me the ability to look down the length of my body, clothed in the pink training bra, satin dress and frilly panties with my dick arching up and aching for attention. Mommy knelt over me and between my legs and pulled the crotch of my panties aside to free my dick and then pulled aside the crotch of her panties and guided my dick up the groove of her pussy. She trembled as she easily slid my cock into her dripping wet cunt. I fucked her as I had dreamed of fucking a girl. She cried out in pleasure. Now, I wonder exactly how much I did excite her. With the small size of dick compared to her husband's biggie, I can't imagine I was busting her pussy, but maybe she was just so excited from the thought of fucking the little neighbor boy, a twelve-year-old kid who loved dressing up lie a sweet little girl. I'll never know, but I still think about it often.

Her pussy was red hot; she came repeatedly, and I tried to hold back because it felt so good, but after less than three minutes, I blew my brains out of my cock. Exhausted, I just lay there breathing heavily, but they weren't finish.

"Excuse me, guys. Don't get too comfortable," daddy interjected. Mommy rolled off me, lay back on the floor and opened her legs. My cum was oozing out of her pussy, she pressed her hand against her panty crotch to hold it in until daddy got down there and drank my semen from her crack and then rubbed his face in her soaking wet panty crotch. Arm in arm, mommy and I listened to daddy's slurping sounds. We kissed. When he was finished, he embraced both of us from above and brought all our faces together. I could see his lips dripping with his wife's pussy juices and my cum. He had the three of us kiss, sharing the juices and my cum from his mouth to ours. When he pulled up, pearly strands of my jism drooled down from his lips to each of our mouths. I could feel daddy getting hard again. He pressed his cock against my pantied hips and urgently whispered, "Turn over, boy." ♦



My crazy brother, Dexter, in my clothes and a wig trying to be funny with his skirt slipping down exposing mom's yellow panties he wearing! My shoes were too small for him.